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PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISH CULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

—AND THE—

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

—IN—

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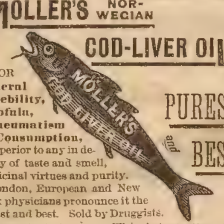
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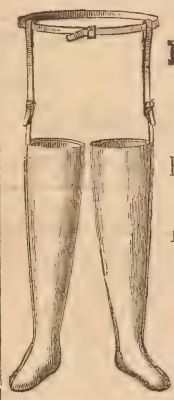
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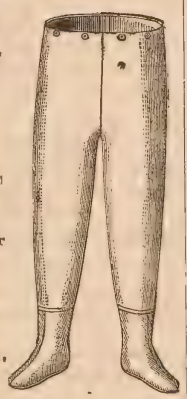
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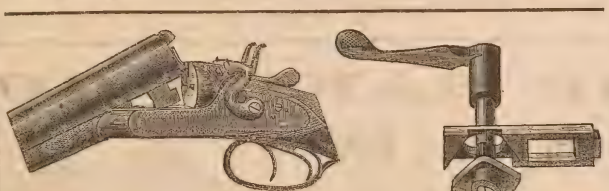
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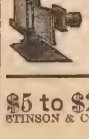
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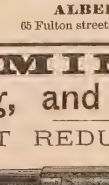
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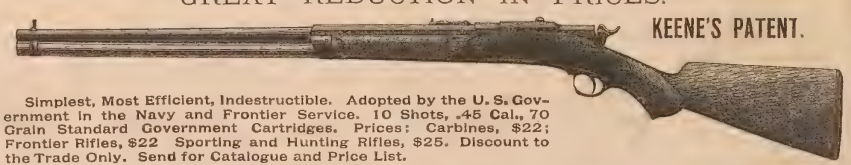
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We most heartily and emphatically acknowledge the kind offices of hosts of friends throughout the country, who have ever manifested such a generous interest in the success of the FOREST AND STREAM, and who have themselves so materially contributed to its attainment of that success. It shall be our ambition to maintain the excellence of the paper, to make it worthy of a continuation of these favors, and to win for it the continued endorsement of the public.

THE ARTISTIC ANGLER vs. THE BARE-FOOT BOY.

WE print to-day two communications on this subject; one from the veteran fly-fisherman, Mr. W. Holberton, and the other from our correspondent, J. R., Jr. These two articles present diametrically opposite views on the subject, the former represents the artistic angler; the latter gives the reasoning of the man who believes in getting a fish in any manner, so long only as you haul it in.

Now why is it that in this country—and this country only, so far as we know—the practice of fly-fishing and the use of fine tackle should be rated a sort of huge joke by those who cannot appreciate them? Is it not because the masses are not educated to that point where they may comprehend these refinements of the art?

It is not so in Great Britain. There, as Mr. Holberton says, the common people along the streams are anxious to secure fine tackle, well aware that it is the most killing of all tackle. But in some of the rural parts of America a fine fishing tackle appears to be held as synonymous with the outfit of a "duffer;" and the use of such implements by an angler is accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he must be a greenhorn, unskillful and unsuccessful in his sport. On the other hand, the employment of primitive tackle is associated in the minds of your rural reasoner with a big string of fish at the close of the day—the length of the string and the size of the fish being in inverse proportion to the diminutiveness and raggedness of the small boy who wields the pole.

Now we venture to assert our belief that these common tenets of the rural angler's belief arise from a total misconception of the facts and principles involved, and from a wrong association of ideas in the mind of the rustic reasoner. We will try to explain what we mean.

A certain country angler has a large local reputation. He uses tackle of the coarsest description. He cuts his "pole" in the woods. He is a successful fisherman; that is, he captures many fish. But his success is most certainly not due to his primitive tackle. He catches lots of fish because he knows every foot of the stream and just where the fish are to be caught. He loses no time in trying stretches of water where there are no fish. As a matter of course he comes home with a good "mess of trout." And just here we may say that this man has not the first conception of what sport is. His only thought is fish. If he has taken twenty trout in a day more than another man he deludes himself with the belief that he has had more sport, and that it is something to brag of. It matters not how the fish are taken. If another man came up with a net and forty pounds of fish more than he has, our genius of the pole would "knock under" to him as the superior fisherman.

The bait fisher, with his coarse tackle, may, at times, say in the middle of the day, take more fish than his companion with the fly, but in the long run, day in and day out, granting to each man an equal knowledge of the waters fished, the angler with fly and delicate tackle will excel the other both in amount of sport had and in weight of creel.

The ragged country boy with a bean pole cannot begin to compete with the man who has light tackle, if the latter be an angler and know how to use his tools. And yet an abominable fiction to the contrary has been going the rounds of the press for the past century, its corrupt doctrines perverting the minds of our angling youth. Stories without end of the urchin's string of fish bought by the "dandy" are rife in the rural press, but are not true in one case in ten. There may have been duffers who have thought that all that was necessary to make them anglers was to buy a great assortment of fancy tackle; but such men do not fish often. A trial once or twice convinces them of their error, and they lay their rods aside for the last novel, or for some other plaything.

As well may the wretch who baits quail in a furrow and rests his gun over a rail fence and blows twenty birds into eternity at a single blast, boast of his superior skill over the wing-shot, as the man who has slaughtered a creel full of trout with a worm, and thereby pandered to the baser appetites of the fish, crow over a fly-fisher, who may not, on that particular morning, have equalled him in numbers or in weight. Between the two there is no comparison. As for the barefooted boy, we don't believe in him.

The fly-fisher can fish over more water than the bait-fisher, and can thereby take more fish; and he has a higher kind of sport that the latter knows nothing of. The fly-fisher can take more either of trout or salmon, in a day than the bait-fisher if he knows the ground equally well; and assertions to the contrary would not be listened to by the most ignorant poacher in England, Ireland or Scotland, for he knows that the fly and fine tackle are the best equipment for taking fish.

Does any man mean to say that the boy with the disreputable trousers and the bean-pole would not take as many fish if he had finer tackle, say a fine hook on a fine gut leader and a fine line nearly invisible to the fish? If so, he is severely mistaken. No, friend of the boy with the letter in the post-office, your *protégé* would be a better angler for a little familiarity with fine tackle. He would take more fish and would learn to enjoy their capture as an evidence of his skill, for this constitutes the chief pleasure of angling, just as does the bag in shooting. So much for the tackle; and as for the fragmentary habiliments—there is no connection between the trout and the trousers. Clothes do not make the man, nor the lack of them the fisherman.

We not only take the ground that the angler can secure more fish with the fly, but that he has more pleasure than the bait fisher, and this position we are willing to maintain. No, friend in the rural districts, do not allow yourself to be too severely prejudiced against the gentleman who comes with fine rod, reel and line, and perhaps knee-breeches, to whip your streams; he may be able to teach you much that you have never known; at least, if he cannot, you will not often find him a boor. Much of this false feeling comes from a prejudice, often entertained by people in country and city alike, that whoever differs from themselves, either in manners, dress or equipments, must of necessity be an inferior, and a proper object of ridicule and sneers. Sometimes such persons make a mistake. The heavy lout who, in Fourteenth street, the other day, forced a fight with a dandy—the latter proving to be a graduate with honors from a noted sparring academy—found that he had picked up a very "hot potato;" and his fingers were well burned before he was through with it.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE prospect for a brilliant meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club at High Point, N. C., next November, looks very flattering. There is much enthusiasm among the members of the club, and they will spare no effort to make the coming event all that such a meeting should be. As may be seen by referring to the list of entries for the Derby, published in FOREST AND STREAM July 13, the running of this important stake will undoubtedly prove very interesting, both from the number and quality of the dogs that will compete, and in witnessing the display of their powers as they strive for the honor of victory.

Glancing over the list we find that the sire or dam of nearly every animal entered is a prize winner, either upon the bench or in the field, and in many cases both parents have achieved the honor. There are also quite a number of them who can proudly boast among their ancestors winners both on the bench and in the field, winners whose names are household words throughout the canine world. That the struggle for supremacy will be gallantly contested, and that every effort will be put forth to secure the honors of victory, we may rest assured; for not only will the winner receive a goodly purse, but the achievement will bring to the name an honor and fame that will far outweigh the gold.

The gentlemen who have entered for this event are animated by an active interest in the club, and a strong desire to see the present meeting in all respects successful, and also by a generous rivalry as to the merits and performances of their favorites. The enthusiasm and earnestness which we note as existing among the members of the association form the best guarantee of its success as an organization, as well as a measure of its usefulness to breeders and dog lovers at large. Where all are so interested it would perhaps be invidious to mention individual names, and to most of our readers it is unnecessary.

The first event upon the card is the Members' Stake. This should be the most important event of the meeting, at least to the members of the association, and everyone who can possibly attend should enter and run his dog. There is nothing more conducive to the success of such an association than the hearty and active co-operation of its individual members in support of the objects for which it was formed. We hope to see a large number of starters in this stake, and trust that every member who has a good dog will come forward and conclusively show that he deems the honors of victory worth striving for. The Free for All Stake will undoubtedly fill well, as many owners have already signified their intention to enter, and we have no doubt that the meeting will be far ahead of anything of the kind that we have yet seen. The great improvement of the dogs that are run,

which has been noted from year to year, will undoubtedly continue, and we shall this year probably be called upon to chronicle some of the best work that has yet been recorded. This is one of the chief objects for which the Trials were instituted, and that they have in a great measure accomplished this, a glance at our report of the different meetings will show. Never in the history of field sports were they more popular than now. Much of this is the direct result of our public trials, and we trust that from year to year they will exert an ever widening influence and develop and foster an ever increasing love for the healthful and invigorating sports of the field. Not the least among the benefits derived from the trials has been the manifest improvement in the manner in which the competitors handle their dogs. The measure of this benefit cannot be estimated, as not alone do those who participate in the trials profit by the improvement, but every sportsman who attends returns home with broader views and increased knowledge of the possibilities for enjoyment of his favorite sport, and by putting to practical use the advanced ideas there obtained, he adds much to the pleasure of his outings, and by the influence of his example upon the friends who accompany him, the good good work is continued and the best and noblest purpose of the founders of our field trials is surely accomplishing its mission by elevating and popularizing the sports of the field.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

III.—FISHING TACKLE.

GOING down the Fulton chain of lakes the party proceeded as before, Mr. Colvin leading in a boat rowed by "Jack" Sheppard, and the others following. At one point I happened to use a Chippewa word meaning to go on, saying "we must pucachee," a very common expression and rather a pet word of mine, and thought to be all that remained of former linguistic acquirements in that line; therefore it was a surprise to have a whole sentence in that tongue shot at me by Sheppard. This was a little staggering, but we managed to jabber so as to give Messrs. Mosscrop and Baker an idea that they formed the topic of conversation and that there were unknown terrors in store for them. This proved only ammunition wasted, for they didn't seem to scare a bit, perhaps the sign in the moon was not right. Later conversation with Sheppard developed the fact that we had hunted the same ground in Northern Minnesota and afterwards had served in the same army corps; and he was henceforward assigned to take care of me, Mr. Colvin giving us *carte blanche* to make forays into such waters as we pleased and to capture the fishes contained in them. Under this arrangement we have visited the Fulton chain by going back to Blue Mountain Lake, forayed into Forked, Long, Raquette, Big Moose and Little Moose lakes with the numerous "ponds" which lie about them; and have taken fishes of all kinds and sizes.

While the party was all together and camped in tents on Fourth Lake, on an island near the camp of Fred. Hess, it became necessary to administer a great amount of punishment to our two young assistants, Messrs. Mosscrop and Baker. I had explained to them in a fatherly way that a fishing rod was not a "pole," hoping thereby to start them right in the nomenclature of angling; but they persisted in their erroneous ways, evidently with malice prepense, and for the purpose of casting ridicule upon the angling fraternity. They had retired in a small tent, and were conversing in a low tone, when one said to the other, "Ask Mr. —— if you can borrow his split-bamboo pole to-morrow, just to see what he will say." The question was loudly asked, with deliberate emphasis on the obnoxious word; and in a moment after a veritable sapling was introduced into the tent and the dust was threshed out of the blankets which covered them. They begged hard, and shouted, "*Rod*, I meant *rod*," and upon promise of reform they were let off. It is sad to chronicle the fact that this treatment had to be several times repeated before the lesson was firmly fixed. In all other respects these young gentlemen were apt scholars.

Two rods, a stiff bait-rod of split-bamboo for trolling, and a fly rod of ironwood or hornbeam; two reels with water proof silk lines, flies, bait-hooks from the smallest minnow-hook up to those fit to take a "laker," trolling line, spoons of several patterns, swivels, gangs, sinkers, split-shot, landing net, and a twenty-foot minnow seine comprised my appliances for taking specimens of all the fishes to be found in this region. The ironwood rod was new to me and with the exception of being a trifle heavy it worked well; the action was very fair, and it was quick to strike; its weight, however, would be an objection to some men. I found that it was a good developer of muscle, and why has not Dr. Henshall, and other advocates of heavy rods, thought of this. By the way, I have lost ten pounds of flesh in the woods in three weeks, and the loss has been a great gain. When I went in I was fat and my flesh too soft, and a pack of seventy-five pounds on my back over the carries took the fluids out in copious floods, but left the muscle down to fighting weight, and the heavy rod has increased the muscles of both arms, for I hold it to be a great accomplishment to cast with both hands.

The reels both came to grief. One was of a new pattern and became loose on the plate so that it was a nuisance, and I want no more of it. The other had a click on the outside covered by a cap, and this flew off while handling a good-sized trout, which was lost in consequence. The click served as a drag and after this the line would overrun on the reel, if not closely watched, but it had to do its work, for there was no alternative. How often has the proper position of the reel on the rod been argued? The advocates of placing it on top of the rod are as firmly convinced that it is right as those who believe it should be on the under side. Perhaps both are right; and it may be that the proper place for it is where a man can handle it to the best advantage; but if a rod were placed in my hand with the reel in any other position but the accustomed one, I would be the veriest duffer you ever saw when a fish struck. For my use a reel must be on the under side, and the crank must be so placed that it comes to my right hand as I hold the rod in my left. This would be on top of the rod for a man who held his rod with his right hand and reeled his fish with his left, a thing which I doubt my ability to do, only that his line would be on the reel the wrong way. I fish with both hands alike, and if a fish strikes when the rod is in the right hand it must be shifted before any reeling can be done. This is force of habit merely, and I hold that the easiest way for any man to do a thing is the way he learned at first, no matter how awkward it may seem to others to adopt his plan.

In the matter of flies I would say: If I can not have but one fly let it be a red ibis. In all casts this fly has its place as the stretcher. The droppers may be changed if the trout don't rise, but it takes a long time between bites to rouse a suspicion that any other fly would be more acceptible than this scarlet one. Flies may come, and flies may go, but the scarlet ibis, Mr. Boffin, goes on forever. In the language of Patrick Henry I may say: I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me a scarlet ibis or there will be no trout for dinner. I find my books full of flies which are never used, for the reason that a few favorites such as the palmers (commonly, but erroneously called hackles) the queen of the water, the professor, and half a dozen others whose names seem to be badly mixed by the different makers, are always first chosen.

The nomenclature of artificial flies is a thing which, in its present state, it would be base flattery to call a science; perhaps inquiry at the insane asylums might show how much the study of the different names attached to these monstrosities has contributed to the mental afflictions of mankind. Having abandoned the hope of acquiring this branch of the subject when the suspicion dawned that it was purposely muddled by the fly makers and rival dealers, there is a feeling of security that my reason will not totter from this cause, but there are some fellows who are in a bad way. Determined to master the subject, they have thrown aside all former knowledge and applied themselves anew to Holberton's "Standard." Why should I renew my exertions to save them? There must be mental wrecks or the keepers of the asylums would be out of work, and thus kindness to one man is cruelty to another.

The fishing in these lakes suits my constitution, which is eminently adapted to fishing from a boat. Even the inlets cannot well be waded. There are anglers who love to get into cold water up to their knees, or higher, and wade along a stream and have fun sitting down on a particularly slippery stone at intervals not of their own choosing. The old Spanish proverb of a dry cellar and a wholesome house comes in here, and if any gentleman prefers a damp basement no one should object. Another reason for preferring a boat is that while wading a slippery stream is good exercise and makes one enjoy his rest afterward, fishing from a boat enables you to enjoy your rest while you are fishing. A friend says: "It never tires my feet to sit down." Do you think boat fishing lazy? Well, perhaps it is, we won't argue that, comfort and laziness mean the same thing to some, while others regard them as different things; they are evidently related.

F. M.

GREENWOOD LAKE.—We were on this lake last week and took some small black bass with the fly, and heard of a few good strings and some three-pound fish, although none of the latter size fell to our rod. The lake is a pleasant ride of forty-eight miles from the city, and a small steamer takes visitors to any portion of it. We had the pleasure of attending an informal reception and hop at the club house of the Greenwood Lake Association, and met many veteran anglers there, some of them expert salmon fishers, who find in the proximate bass a substitute for the distant salmon. A feature of the lake is the encampment at Warwick Woodlands, where the angler can find a comfortable and airy tent with board floor, bedstead, etc., at the water's edge, and take his meals in the dining room, all at reasonable rates. A camp meeting and revival is near at hand. We will go again.

AN INCORRECT CORRECTOR CORRECTLY CORRECTED.—We could wish that by some reflex action the Sag Harbor (Long Island) *Corrector* might react upon itself, for it needs correction on a point upon which it has been trying to correct others. In its issue of July 22 it states that there is some disagreement by the Long Island press as to the dates of the open woodcock season, and it proceeds to state as the law in force the clause relating to woodcock in the Newman bill, which was not passed at Albany. The woodcock season on Long Island opened August 1st. Our Sag Harbor E. C. means well, but it has made a mistake. We would recommend it, when discoursing on the game laws, to come to headquarters for its information. *Verb. sap.*

TEMPERATURE FOR TROUT.—At Fulton Market Mr. Blackford has usually kept one or two tanks of live trout through the month of May, and sometimes into June. This year he has a large glass tank with a large flow of water from the city mains coming in at the bottom and going out at the top. We were surprised to see the trout alive on July 1, and learned that the water had been cooler. At our suggestion Mr. Blackford left a dozen of the fish in the tank and placed a thermometer in it to see what they would stand. On the 17th the mercury showed 72 and the trout were uneasy and breathing quickly. Several died on the 19th, when one more degree was reached, and a week later the last fish succumbed at 74 degrees. July 24 is probably as late as brook trout have ever been kept alive in the water of New York city without ice. We noticed much fungus on many of the fish as the temperature rose. May not temperature be at the bottom of the "salmon disease" in England?

THOUGH MAJOR VERITY is a veteran officer in the Horse Marines, his tales are not wholly intended for the Marines

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE WARWICK WOODLANDS.

BY HARRISON W. NANNY.

YEARS before "*Infelicissimus*" was graven upon a tomb stone, in the noonday of a joyous life, that prince of sportsmen, that American Xenophon, who, though his achievements were perhaps less heroic, yet wielded the pen with all the grace of the Xenophon of Athens, paid a glowing tribute to the vale which had been the scene of much which was fair and beautiful in his life, and whose recollections thronged him in all their splendor to the hour when that life went out in sorrow and darkness.

It was a spot then as now, "fair as the garden of the Lord," though no wizard hand had smitten it into immortality. Since then the years have come and gone—years bringing peace and years fraught with war, years of harvests and of golden fields, but the Warwick Woodlands and the vale of Warwick, forest-crowned and wood-embowered as of old, breathe out the same inspiration as that which quickened the heart throbs and fired the genius of Frank Forester.

The mountains sentinel the vale as of yore, time-worn Sugar Loaf yet lifts its hoary head and bars the northern entrance, while to the westward, across the drowned lands, the Shawangunks still keep watch and ward. The range to the south yet holds the mountain tarn, but the great trout, in whose capture Squire Vandergriff, of Vernon, made himself famous, have become extinct, victims to a new race—the black bass—which like their human compeers, the Aryans, have swallowed everything in their course to empire. The sportsman may indeed dream the olden dream, but the day of overflowing game bags has departed; the runs and coverts, still alder-grown, no longer throng with ruffed grouse and woodcock, while the streams once abounding in brook trout are of less attraction to the angler. Even the unrivaled butter of the days gone by is seldom seen. The cattle upon the hundred hills are indeed as fruitful as in the days when Frank Forester's feet pressed the greensward, but the olden housewives who turned the golden rolls upon the "pats" are, alas, no more. The churning machine, that attachment to the rear of every farmhouse, whose early clank roused from their slumbers of the morning the tardy inmates, has been cast away, and to-day is almost as much of a curiosity as the great-grandmother's spinning wheel in the garret, or the great-grandfather's flax crackler behind the old barn. The pastures are as teeming as ever, the same farmhouses—most of them, at least the veritable ones—which half a century ago gladdened the sight of the passer-by, peep out from beneath a canopy of leaves, but in the cellars the long benches filled with pans of golden cream ready for the morrow's churning are no longer to be seen; the great churns standing under the "sweeps," and the rows of pails packed with that far-famed product of Orange county, rivaling in its hue the buttercups in her meadows, have vanished forever. In the dairy yard, where once the daughters of the house milked the patient cows and carried the warm, foaming pails of milk to the cellar to be strained, one finds two or three brawny men who, in the years gone by, at this hour of the day, would have been swinging their scythes in unison in yonder meadow, and making the morning ring with the music of their whetting, in the same meadow where now a Buckeye or Champion mower is doing with a deal of clatter the work of half a dozen. The farmers of those days and their helpmeets are most of them sleeping side by side in the old village burying ground, or perchance in the new cemetery, heedless of the march of progress. And who and what, do you wonder, has taken their places with its toil and dignity of labor?

Throughout the valley, here and there, stand plain, unpainted, unpicturesque buildings with a platform in front which is worn and torn with the bumping and friction of wheels of farm wagons and furrowed and creased by the rolling of milk cans and greased with their overslopping of pure Orange county milk. What the churn was to the farmer in this valley in the days of Forester, this pagoda is to his descendant. Here his main product is absorbed and here he seeks his monthly revenue. Here daily comes the milk wagon, driven by a small boy or the laziest of the family, with four or five cans of milk which are received upon the platform, gauged, emptied and the cans returned to the wagon with a possible suggestion to the driver that less water is desirable. Here is made the Orange county butter of to-day; here and at the railroad stations is received the milk which is seldom churned at the farm. Down the valley from the village of Warwick to near that neat hamlet of Vernon stretches away an embankment with its iron track—one of the highways of the nation—upon which, as if in mockery of that prayer of Forester, "May the lines of no hideous utilitarian railroad ever deface the velvet of your green pastures, the fiendish howl of that veriest car of Juggernaut—the thrice accursed locomotive—never awake the echoes of your breezy hills," is heard the thunder of iron wheels, while the whistle of the engine echoes from crag to crag along those mountain sides and across the meadows and through the shades which he loved. In one respect, however, fate wove his fancy into history yet to be. The

senatorial and gubernatorial aspirations of the vale of Warwick:

"Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all."

Seward has indeed, long years ago, been a Governor and Senator of the Empire State, and he and the weird prophet who foretold the day, but perished before all had been fulfilled, have alike passed into the silent land from which, though the eternal gates were opened to them, they would not return. Alas poor Forester! What of all the "dreams cherished amid the lovely landscape," save this, came to fruition? Was his life work perfected? Though at every entrance to the Eden of his day-dreams the angel with the flaming sword barred his pathway, though with his own human hands he lifted the mysterious curtain to enter unsummoned into the greater mystery beyond—who can answer?

It is perhaps enough for us that he has made the Vale of Warwick, if not celebrated in song like another Avoca, yet in the poetry of the wildwood, fairer to the sportsman than all the valleys of Ionian hills or—which is perhaps worth more than all the rest—that he raised poor Tom Draw up to share with him his own fame, that he decreed for him an apotheosis as immortal as a Cæsar's. It may have been, after all, with feelings somewhat akin to envy, that the author of the "Warwick Woodlands" saw Tom Draw become "well known from Maine to Mexico," and rank beside himself as a sportsman. Never was a fairer or more beautiful tribute paid to friendship, never was human attachment and appreciation more openly professed, than that of the scholarly writer for his less cultivated boon companion. Perhaps, in speaking to the literary and sporting world through the pages of a prominent magazine, he set the ideal above the actual in his efforts to please, indifferent at heart to the humble inn-keeper of Warwick. However it may have been, every sportsman, every man who boasts himself of a friend, cannot but regret that that last tribute of Frank Forester to Tom Draw, after the manly heart was stilled—that tribute in which he so bewails his lost friend—should have been given to the world, the result of a literary engagement, written by request for a compensation demanded and agreed upon between publisher and author.

From the entrance of the Vale of Warwick, looking southward, one with fifty years at his back may note wondrous changes. The forest on the left has been pressed sternly backward, the needs of the human below have denuded the upper crests of the hills of their timber. Dwellings gleaming through the foliage and hillowy grain fields occupy the places where, in the days of Forester, the ruffed grouse drummed in the thickets, and in front, where the solitary white spire of the old Baptist church alone marked the site of the pretty village concealed amid the willows and locusts, more modern spires now arise, and the inevitable brick buildings looming out in dull red against the landscape and stretching across the creek—the Wawayanda—tell that the hamlet in these years has quadrupled its size.

The waters alone go "unvexed to the sea." "Unromantic Wickham's Pond," now Clark's Lake, long famous for its pickerel, teems with the gamy black bass, almost rivaling for sport "the dim wood waters of the pure Truxedo," whither the genial proprietor of the former, that friend of anglers, so often resorts for new conquests, unmindful of the triumphs possible in his own pretty lake.

A little more than a stone's throw from the ancient hostelrie where "honest, whole-hearted, kind Tom Draw" presided at the jovial board, another Tom D., an angler like the first, dispenses hospitality to man and beast, and cheers the souls of luckless sportsmen with the comforts of his famous inn. Here mine host extends the hearty hand of welcome to enthusiastic anglers, and is always ready to pilot one to Greenwood and join in the sport in lucky spots known but to himself.

Southward from the village and on either side of the Wawayanda, across luxuriant meadows—rare hunting grounds in the good old days—the Forester Game Club has its preserves, the first attempt in the vale to prevent the wholesale destruction of game and to provide for sport in coming years. It was fitting indeed that its christening should be in honor of him whose spirit still lives and moves along the wooded upland, on the flowery slopes and in the quiet runs and swales; everywhere from that nameless rill on the north to the waters of the Papakating. Still southward, the meadows, once so wild and marshy, have been drained, and now produce burdens of choicest hay, the land then woody now teems with golden corn. While Forester has been sleeping the years of his manhood away, the axe and the plow have not lain in rust. Through the valley which we have traversed, until far away to the north, the cone of Sugar Loaf seems but a hillock, the years have wrought changes in customs, lives and sports. Yet think not that the sportsmen, of whom the vale contains not a few, fret away their lives.

To the eastward lie the Warwick Woodlands, in all their olden freshness and glamour; here at least nature has held the mastery over man. An ocean of forest with glens which have never yet rung with the sound of the woodman's axe, stretches away from Point Peter southward, away to the Hogback, and on and on until the forest takes other names, and that of the Woodlands is unknown; still on to the southward, until it passes beyond the limit of the vision, a dusky line on the horizon.

Below Point Peter, on the left, lies one of that series of tarns which extend from Schooley's Mountain, far southward in New Jersey, to the Highlands of the Hudson, the track of the glacier which in years gone by, beyond the limits of human reckoning, wrought annihilation to the men of the river drift—in other lands if not in this. This is Long Pond of old, Greenwood Lake of to-day, as fair, as beautiful in the dawn of the morning, as when from this summit Frank Forester looked down upon it in the days which saw him and Tom Draw among the living, and what is of far more interest to these pages, a spot where devotees of the rod and reel find sport rivaled by perhaps no spot nearer than the Thousand Islands, or may be the Delaware. Here, as well as in the vale, the years have left their traces. The long brown building at the head of the lake, known once as "Felter's," has become the Windermere; across the eastern arm that popular resort of old, known as "Huzen's," is now the Waterstone Cottage, while midway and on the western shore of the lake, the Lake Side House of to-day, in a transformed state, is all that remains of another "Angler's Home" of the olden time. The "lower end" was a sort of *aqua incognita* to dwellers on the New York side of the line; the grand fishing ground was at the upper end. Here great rafts constructed of logs were anchored, each with an aperture in the center in which could be set the car for the keeping of the minnows for bait or for holding the captured fish. These rafts were for the use of the pickerel fishermen, and were the scenes of many an hour of exciting sport, and of wilder fun "between bites." One incident connected with them is worthy to be recorded.

An enthusiastic party came in about sunrise one morning bent on a day's sport with the pickerel. They were duly placed upon one of the rafts and the sport which they had that day, though not uncommon at the lake, was such as to make the neophyte an angler forever. The members of the party all, save one, strung their fish and hung them over the edge of the raft, and hours before night the long-faced beauties which were tethered around were a sight which caused the glow of the afternoon sun upon the golden and embrowned autumnal foliage on the eastern mountain slope to pass unnoticed. The member who did not string his fish placed them one by one as caught into the car. His luck had surpassed all the rest; four, five and six-pounders had be taken from the water and dropped into the car.

The hour of departure came, and the party prepared for their journey homeward. The strings of fish were drawn in preparatory to their being packed, and "he, the chieftain of them all," began his arrangements for taking the fish from the car. The first dip of the net failed to bring up a single fish; a second dip was made, with the same result; a third and deeper one made evident the fact that some one had blundered, that there was no car in the opening in the raft, and that our fisherman, through the live long day, had been restoring his fish as fast as taken to their native element. Let every angler who reads these lines sketch for himself the expression upon that honest fisherman's face.

"I looked up at Nye, and he gazed upon me."

It cannot be caricatured.

In the spring time "Long Pond suckers" were a harvest for resident fishermen, and a luxury to the dwellers over the mountain. It was perch and pickerel, however, for which the lake was famed. To the latter have since been added black bass—both varieties—and salmon trout, and the fishing for the former has long been fine. Anglers now throng the lake by wholesale, attracted by the sport and the excellent accommodations afforded to those having families, by the half dozen hotels within easy reach.

On the western shore the club house of the Greenwood Lake Association, the Encampment Hotel and the Hall of Christian Philosophy offer new attractions to the sportsman, tourist and scholar. Though the members of the former are unknown to us by name, save one—W. O. McDowell, Esq., to whom the credit is due for the plan of the proposed Forester memorial monument—we are assured that the honor of the ancient order of gentlemen is safe in their keeping, and that the gentle craft will never be reproached for act of theirs. The gentleman above-named is, we believe, the founder of the club.

Teachman's cabin has become classic, and the halo of that night—the last of that "first week in the Woodlands," with its roystering and carouse, with Tom asleep "flat on his back like a stranded porpoise, with his mouth wide open, through which he was puffing and breathing like a broken-winded cab horse—his immense rotundity protected only from the cold by an exceeding scanty shirt of most ancient cotton," that "flash! slush! of a pailful of ice-cold water slap in the chaps, neck, breast and stomach of the sound sleeper," will hang around many a group of merry sportsmen, and the tale be told again and again to ears that never weary in hearing that rude exploit of Frank Forester and Harry Archer. Since then other nights have been made memorable at Greenwood Lake, and not the least of these the one on which the genial president of the —— —— Railroad attempted the role of physician to assuage the pains of his host, brought on by the partaking of too much cheese and too little applejack, or vice versa, or too much of each.

Miles away to the west, along that road fragrant with the memories of the morning ride to John Riker's tavern, we come to the "drowned lands," now to a great extent cleared and drained, stretching away from "Checkunk on the north far away into the Jerseys, as far as the eye can reach, a sea of coarse grass interspersed here and there with patches of swamp and thickets, with now and then a group of pines and cedars, venerable when he who made them famed was sporting away the hours of a happy boyhood among the green pastures of his native Wharfdale." One hundred and twenty-five woodcock bagged on these grounds of a day seems somewhat mythical to the modern sportsman, but grand shooting is still had upon these meadows in favorable seasons. The twenty thousand odd acres of the drowned lands with the great cedar swamp in its northerly portion will, with proper protection, be a favorite resort of the sportsman for years to come.

The Warwick Woodlands of fifty years ago, and the coveys of quail, woodcock and partridge were no myth. From the spot where on that second morning "Tom Draw pulled down a set of bars to the left and strode out manfully into the stubble" with Frank, and Harry, and Tim, up the valley, at the "Squire's Swamp Hole," "Seer's (properly Sayer's) Swamp," "Hell Hole," the white oak of Bill Wisner—the latter now a hale octogenarian—the sortsmen of those days could revel in game, and now in favorable seasons, along that historic track, enough may be found to suggest the good old days. The swamp holes are perhaps more drained, the ground less marshy, and the swamps proper a trifle less wooded, but the crack of Greeners and Scotts, in the season, breaking the stillness of the morning, tells that the past is being lived over again.

The group which on that autumn morning fifty years ago stood upon the white porch of Tom Draw's tavern and looked southward upon the orchards, the golden hillsides, and upon the mountain glens in front, have become as classic almost as the Laocoon, and in literature as immortal as the chieftains who joined in the quest of the Argo—those who winged their way with "pine cut down in the forests of Pelion" to the Colchian land.

All of human agony that the chisels of the great triad could wring from marble, all that the pen of Sophocles, dark with fate, could depict, commemorates but a tale of sin and retribution. Halcyon days they were, too, in that age of myths, garbed now in poetry and shrouded in a light that was never seen on land or sea. But halcyon days have ever been possible, whose record contained naught of woe, suffering or baffled hopes, whose picture is

As fair as Eden before the fall,
Ere the trail of the serpent was o'er it all.

Such days, such pictures, Frank Forester drew in colors which will never fade. The garden—the Warwick Woodlands—whose fruit could be gathered by no vulgar hands, have opened their treasures under the spell of a master's touch, and stand to-day famed in literature. Eastward from the vale of Warwick, and on a crest of the range overlooking the Woodlands and a panorama which will be stretched out in beauty forever, appreciative sportsmen have designed the erection of a memorial which shall keep alive the memory of Forester. What spot could be chosen more fitting than the one which overlooks the scenes of his "pleasant sports by day, of jovial boards at night, of dear, unforgotten friendships," the latter to him now, alas, as though they had never existed, unless indeed they be renewed somewhere beyond the ken of the mortal.

It was a saying of the great Lamartine, "What can man do for the man who is no more? Nothing but write a cold epitaph. Marble keeps the memory longer than the heart, that is the reason why a name and a word are graven on a sepulchre." Though the days when Frank Forester roamed these glades and angled in these streams are yet within the memory of living men, though there are hands still flesh which once grasped his own, and eyes which saw him and see him still though the sods of a grave lie between, the day is at hand when his memory, save in the world of letters, must perish unless kept in granite or in marble.

Let, then, the base of the memorial support the standing figure of the poet, artist, sportsman, with head bared and face turned toward the Vale of Warwick. Crouching beside him, with his Queen Anne's Tower musket, and with hand shading his eyes—so soon to be dimmed—peering toward his old home below, let Tom Draw have his place and share the glory of the other, and let the world talk of them while they sleep.

Earthly immortality is nought to them now. Never dreamed of, perhaps, by one, unless in that highest aspiration of the lowly, to have his name written on a tombstone. True, the desire to live on somehow beyond the days of the flesh, is as strong as life or death itself. We can read it in everything of human longing, from the unselfish wish of Herodotus "that the deeds of men may not be effaced by time," from brazen pillars, set to mark the limits of conquest, down through the centuries to the gentle poet whose lament was, that his name was "writ in water."

But these aspirations are not of the humble; theirs is, at most, that their names shall be inscribed somewhere where it must sometime be read, though by someone who must needs ask who and what the sleeper was. It is another touch of that nature which makes the whole world kin.

And if it be that in the after time, two stone faces, eternal in their repose, shall look across the vale, catching the glow of summer sunsets and facing winter storms, in noonday and in darkness—emblematic of that fitful fever of theirs which we call life—the tribute due from the living will have been paid, and the Warwick Woodlands and the Vale of Warwick, guarded by these sentinels of her past, will take on fresh lustre and live anew in song and legend, as undying and imperishable as those peaks above—God's eternal monuments over the graves, though leagues apart, of Frank Forester and Tom Draw.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

IN EIGHT PARTS—PART VIII.

THE next morning the Veteran and I were early up lake looking for a sunken reef or "submerged island" that Johnson had told about, and around which he had taken some very fine bass. We found it after a diligent search, about forty rods or so straight up the lake from Long Point, and after trolling slowly around it three or four times, and taking three small-mouths of over three pounds each, we pulled across to Deep Water Point, where a party of four young Cincinnati lads—schoolboys out on their vacation—had made their camp early in the previous week.

While we stopped a few minutes, Dan struck and landed, right under their noses, a bass that weighed on their scale three and three-quarter pounds, which surprised them greatly, as they had taken nothing near their camp but a few dozen sunfish. Some of them had been down to see us occasionally the previous week, and we had given them what fish they wanted, for their luck had been so poor, that they had taken barely enough to eat, but they were young and hopeful, and eager to learn how it was all done.

They were well-behaved boys, too, and old Dan commended them for their good sense in spending their vacation in the woods rather than in some less health-giving and less sensible pastime. Two of them went down to our camp a day or two after and took an inventory of all our camp equipments, not omitting the curry-comb, with a view of providing themselves with a similar outfit for the next year. Sensible boys! Spend your vacations in the woods instead of beer-shops, billiard-rooms and worse places, and your parents need have little uneasiness about your future.

The Veteran left a pair of the largest bass with them—all they would accept—and we pulled around below Buzzard Roost to look for a mate to his big bass that he and the Mossback succeeded in losing a day or two before, so firmly does your old angler believe that where there is one big bass, there are two. Just around the point I struck and captured a very game five-pounder, and I was having a quiet chuckle to myself over old Dan, but it did not last long, for as we turned a point to follow around the sweep of a small bay he suddenly said, "Hold on Hickory, there's trouble on the old man's mind," and as he looked up, I stopped the boat and reeled quickly up to take a hand—with the oars—in the tussle that was coming.

When he struck him I knew by the action of the rod that there would be a chance for the old fishhawk to show his mettle, and that it would call into play all the cunning of that one "dipper" of his to obtain the mastery over such a powerful fish as this one by his first great rush had shown himself to be, and I backed the boat rapidly up on the line to get within good working distance of him. Out into the lake with a tremendous pull that nearly lifted Dan from his seat (he weighs only ninety pounds) the fish turned and came back, with Dan whirling the reel handle for dear life to take up the slack of the line as fast as the fish came on. He attempted to pass under the boat, but a couple of lusty strokes of the oars fooled him, and he went by with a rush for the lily stems and bulrushes, some fifteen yards inshore. Whirling the boat around to give Dan his favorite position, a strong pull headed the bass down shore, just as he was about to vanish in the rushes, with a "Good-bye, old pelicans; some other time." This failure to get among the rushes and lily pads must have broken his heart, for the fight, although desperate, lasted but a few minutes after he was turned down shore, and when he was led alongside, rolling from side to side, "clean bushed," it was small trouble to take a quick, firm grip on his lower jaw with thumb and forefinger and lift him into the boat. He never left the water once while negotiations were pending, and we both had handled smaller fish that made longer fight. But what a

magnificent fellow he was; near twenty-four inches long, we judged, and only for such ungrateful contrivances as pocket scales he would certainly have been a ten-pounder, or more. As it was, when hung on to one of these sticklers for truth, at camp in the evening, he pulled the slide out to the full seven-pound mark, and we could coax not another half ounce out of him. He was a small mouth, and was the largest one of either branch of the family taken in this chain of lakes during the season. Dan took a firm hold on the old fellow's jaw, raised him up, leaned over and gave him a hearty kiss, and as he laid him down said quietly as he looked at me, "The boss." The two words covered the whole ground. They served old Dan as a sort of balance to the big maskalonge, and a safety valve through which to blow off the accumulating "where-are-you-now?" feeling that was nigh bursting him, and he looked on me with a feel-sorry-for-you expression for the rest of the day.

Down to the springs again and through the pockets, down to the outlet and back up between the two upper islands, taking a bass or pickerel here and there 'till the afternoon was well worn away. It had clouded up during the afternoon, and a black cloud looming up in the northwest warned us that we were about to have another cap-full of wind from Lake Michigan, which moved us to head the boat for Lewis Island as the nearest place of shelter, but before we were half way to it, the blast came sweeping down over the tree-tops and into the lake with a roar that told us it was not to be trifled with. Two hundred yards from the head of the island it struck us on the starboard quarter, and although we were going at a pace that strained every sinew, it was only by the utmost effort that the boat was prevented from swinging around broadside to the wind, in which case we would most likely have taken an involuntary bath.

With the sweat oozing from every pore and streaming down my face we shot around under the lee of the island, and pulling with easy stroke down to the landing, went ashore and waited until it was over, a matter of little more than half an hour.

These puffs of wind are not very frequent nor numerous, nor of much duration, but while they do pay their respects, they are as fierce as a man after snakes, and had better be avoided if possible. As remarked before, when you hear a roar, dip deep your oar, and pull quick for shore. We worked back to camp before sundown, and found all the boys in after a good day's sport, counting out the blow.

Brother R. and I were up long before daybreak getting ready for our trip to Cedar River after trout. When Frank went to the little stream to get a fish for breakfast, he took the first one he laid hold of in the darkness, and as ill luck would have it, chanced on Dan's seven-pounder, and served him up in blissful ignorance of the storm that was to follow. When Brother R. and I returned in the evening, the tail end of the hurricane was not quite in sight, and Dan was still charging around as if he had a hornet in the seat of his pants, while poor Frank, a picture of despair at his mistake, was sulking around on the borders of the camp looking as woeful and broken up as though the school ma'am had "gone back" on him. Dan thought it was a set up job on him, but after explanations and apologies were piled on him until he could barely see out, he was at length pacified and peace reigned once more in "Camp William Windeler"—named after old Knots.

Brother R. and I were at the burnt clearing shortly after sunrise, and before noon had fished the stream as far up as the end of Johnson's trail, where he began to get a taste of the real difficulties of trout fishing in Cedar River. An eighth of a mile beyond this he had gone a few yards in advance, and stopped to drop his clam into a good-looking piece of water, across which lay a large, rather flat log, nearly submerged, and under which the swift running stream had scooped a hole five or six feet deep. As I came abreast of him, I saw that his rod bent nearly double, and an instant later a magnificent trout that appeared to be fully sixteen inches long flopped up on the log, shook the hook out as though accustomed to it, and as he rolled back into the water, gave his tail a quick flip and vanished under the log like a flash of light. Brother R. was too dumbfounded to utter a word; and as he adjusted his piece of clam on the hook in silence and stepped out on the old cedar trunk, I passed up stream and dropped my bait into a narrow space between two sunken logs that promised a trout.

A minute later I heard a great splash and a "*whoof*," and peering through the bushes down stream, I caught a sight that started me into a smile that might have been heard a mile. There was Brother R., with one leg and arm thrown partly on top of the log, making frantic efforts to lift himself from the water, his hat gone and his rod resting with the butt on the log, while the tip, line and bait were hopelessly entangled in the limbs and bushes overhead.

A violent splurge or two landed him on top of the log, when, getting carefully to his feet, he jerked out between quick gasps for breath, "Ah—*rough*—whoope*e*, but that water's cold! I'll be dog-goned, Hickory, if I don't believe I fell in on both sides of that log." The fact was, as related by him when he got his bearings, he had fallen in on the upper side, and the swift current had carried him under the log, and he had grabbed a limb as he came up on the lower side, and was doing his level best to get out of the freezing water when I first heard him after the splash. We looked the log over when we recovered the rod—leaving hook, sinker and a yard of line in the limbs above—and found a small patch of wet, slippery moss near the upper edge of it, with a furrow plowed in it by his boot heel—the performance began right there. I laughed some more.

"Oh, it's all right; laugh away, I'm going to laugh m-yself, when I get my b-reath. Whoopee, but that w-ate's cold," and as he walked out and got on firm ground, "Hickory, I believe you get all the suckers to come up here trout-fishing just to see them fall in; last year it was Jim, now it's I," and he broke into a laugh, long and loud in which the writer joined, that made the old woods ring. Back from the stream a few yards we found where a tree had been felled, making a space in the foliage through which the sun reached the ground, and to this open spot we repaired while he stripped to the skin and laid his underclothes and woolen shirt on the hot log to dry. He said he didn't care anything about his breeches.

Then began a circus before an audience of one that may never be witnessed again; the mosquitoes furnished the music with a full orchestra and Brother R. for twenty minutes did the ground and lofty tumbling, vaulting, contortions, etc. He was ringmaster, clown, acrobat and trick pony, a whole show and a minstrel performance, and the audience laughed and roared till its sides were ready to split. "Good gracious! where do they all come from?" and grabbing up his half dried garments he got inside of them, urged to remarkable celerity by a *fortissimo* crash by the orchestra. "Let's go back! Cedar River is a fraud, and trout-fishing a delusion; bass-fishing is good enough for me, and camp beats this place all to smash, come on."

We got back into the trail and fished back to the lower end of the clearing, and once in the road were soon back to Bellaire.

Here we met Messrs. Hess and Pike, who had broken camp and were going after trout next day over the same water we had just left. We said good-bye with regret, for they had been pleasant company for us and their going would take two welcome brothers from our camp. "Old Bill Hess," one of nature's noblemen, and pleasant, kind-hearted little Charley Pike, may we meet you again under the shade of the cedars at "lower camp."

That evening sitting around the camp fire talking about our friends who had just left us, we noticed that Dan was unusually thoughtful and pensive, and as a streak of this kind sometimes led to an attack of "doggerel," we were not much surprised when he straightened up and sent forth the following "techin'" refrain.

"Little busy Charley Pike,
And genial, hearty, bluff Bill Hess;
We rarely ever meet their like,
So, may their shadders ne'er grow less."

Dan has been guilty of worse doggerel than the above, but not much. Retribution overtook him in the shape of a fit of the gripes, and he was only relieved by a timely and adult dose of Jamaica ginger, and put to bed.

Next day was to be our last day to fish and we made the most of it. At three o'clock Thursday morning we were awakened by the patter of rain on the tents, and by breakfast time it had settled into a steady rain that threatened to last all day. We packed and put in shape everything but the tents and fly, and waited for the rain to stop, but as there were no signs of it Dan and I finally took a boat and went across below the point for a last farewell cast. We came back in an hour with five bass, the largest one weighing 5¼ lbs., the fourth one we had taken of this same weight. At noon Wadsworth came down with the "Firefly" to move us to Central Lake, where we were to take wagon next morning to Russell's landing and catch the "Queen" going up to the Lewis House, near the head of Torch Lake.

When the rain eased up, towards the middle of the afternoon, we struck tents and were soon steaming up the lake, taking with us many pleasant memories of lower camp.

Speaking of the fish in this lake, Wadsworth mentioned a movement of the common lake herring up stream that took place, he had come to notice, regularly on the 10th of November for the last dozen years or more.

On that particular day—never being a day early or late—thousands on thousands of them make their way up to the little river connecting Central and Cedar lakes to the water above and are not seen again until the 10th of November of the next year, nor have they ever been seen, he said, in any of the other rivers.

While making their annual move the water in the river is so packed with them during nearly the whole day that they may be scooped up with dip-nets, baskets, or almost anything that will hold a fish. None have ever been taken in Central Lake, nor have any dead ones been found floating in the water or washed up on the shores. I was curious to learn if they came up from Torch Lake or the bay, and requested Wadsworth to notice if they made their yearly ascension of the river the coming November. If they did it would prove that their range did not extend below Central Lake, as the dam at Bellaire—built in the spring—was certainly an insurmountable barrier to any species of fish coming up from below. He wrote me after the 10th of November: "The fish began going up the river promptly on time, the 10th, which proves conclusively that they don't come from Torch Lake or the bay, as it is impossible for them to get over the dam at Bellaire." It is hard to understand why this movement should take place on the 10th of November of each year; they have never been known to miss the exact date in a single instance. Can any one of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM explain it?

We stopped over night with friend Smith at his pleasant, well-kept little hostelry, and bidding adieu to our friends at Central next morning, had a pleasant drive of four miles through stately, silent woods to Russell's landing on Torch Lake. Half way over to Russell's we stopped and took a drink from a glorious spring, coming out of the hillside, the last spring water we got in Michigan. (This is only a matter of information for Jim.)

When the "Queen of the Lakes" came along, we went aboard and were made to feel at home at once by the jolly, rubicund phiz of Captain Johnson, who shook us cordially by the hand; although we had never before came "athwart his hawse." At Brownstown (Torch Lake P. O.) we stopped awhile with Brother Frank Lewis, of the well-known Lewis House. Frank is a veteran angler and a famous relater of the toughest kind of tough fish stories, and in every known instance where a disciple of the rod has tackled him on a fish story, the disciple has come out of the contest "clean bushed." He dished up a good square meal and entertained us, and then hurried us across the narrow neck of land separating Torch Lake from the bay, in time to catch the down steamer for Traverse City. The passage was made over a wooden tramway on a flat car, drawn by a sleepy old horse, driven by mine host himself. Frank said "he was a restful kind of a hoss—in fact he could stand more rest than two ordinary hosses, and when he come down grade in the road, he had to 'push on the lines' to keep the critter from being run over."

At the landing we looked on at a crew loading a schooner with lumber, hunted curious stones and pebbles along the beach, and waited for the steamer.

The ride down the bay was a continual delight to us, and we were sorry when the boat touched the pier at Traverse City. Grand Traverse Bay has been so often described by letter-writers that I, a plain follower of the gentle Walton, will not attempt a portrayal of its loveliness, knowing that the effort would result in failure; its beauties can only be appreciated by being seen.

At eleven o'clock we were on our way home, sleepy and tired. Our baggage, "traps and calamities" were carried free without question, and the "knots and gnarls" of the long, tedious ride were smoothed down, and the way made pleasant by the courteous and civil treatment received at the hands of officers and employes of the road.

To Mr. A. B. Leet, General Passenger Agent of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, and Uncle Billy Parry, Manager of the Richmond & Fort Wayne division, the writer is indebted for courtesies that are yet remembered; and if the good wishes of the "Kingfishers" would avail in extending the span of life of the men of the line with whom we came in contact, their days would be long in the land.

I will say to anglers, as a final turn to the reel, and in good faith, take the "Fishing Line" and go to the Michigan North Woods for health, recreation, and above all, sport with the rod.

Brother R. and old Dan left me at Fort Wayne, with the understanding that our next camp would be near the head of Six Mile Lake, within easy reach of the Jordan River, that in case Brother R.'s "trout tooth" cuts up any unseemly shines a remedy may be found near at hand.

And now, if the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, or any number of them, have beguiled a weary hour, or peradventure found a scrap of comfort or a hint that will be of benefit to them in their perusal, the mission of these "fish lines" will have been accomplished, and if any vagrant brother of the rod happens to meander around into the vicinity of our next camp, he will find the door wide open, a five pound bass waiting his turn at the frying pan, and some one of us hanging 'round to welcome him to the "Camp of the Kingfishers."

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

Editor Forest and Stream—Permit me, on the part of a large number of "spirited" sportsmen (especially anglers), to enter my protest against your arbitrary rule of excluding from the columns of your interesting journal all references to the use of beverages of an exhilarating nature, in narratives of hunting or fishing adventure. Your rule may be a good one, but I fail to see why you should discriminate against whisky, gin, etc., when no objection is made to the mention of those far more dangerous beverages, water, buttermilk, etc. Take for instance the flatulent and fabulous yarn of Mr. "Kingfisher," running through your six or seven last numbers. Not satisfied with diluting his "amphibious" story with a quantitudinous quantity of imaginary episodes, he must needs, every few lines, call attention to the fact that he drinks *water!* First he drinks at a "cold stream," then at a "babbling brook," then at a vast number of "clear, cold springs" of various sizes, shapes and depths, always water! water! water! until the damnable iteration causes a dropsical sensation in the reader. If Mr. "Kingfisher" drinks nothing but water, let him explain how it happened that one of my quart bottles of "Old Crow" was found empty on my arrival at camp two days after his advent. The excuse that the cork flew out and the contents accidentally escaped by reason of the bottle being upset, will not go down with any intelligent angler—it "lacks the requisite rotundity." To be consistent, Mr. Editor, you should, in future, exclude from your columns all allusions to the drinking of water. THE SCRIBE.

P. S. In future I shall have the corks of my bottles wired down.

OUTFIT FOR THE ADIRONDACKS.

I SUPPOSE that at least a dozen times every summer I am asked to tell what is necesary for an outfit to go into the Adirondacks. Some come with very crude notions of what sort of a place the Adirondacks are. They infer that there are lakes and streams, with considerable woods, but think there are no difficulties in driving anywhere on horseback, or even in a buckboard wagon; but when they are told it is almost an unbroken forest in its natural state that covers an area about one hundred miles square, that there are no roads or paths through these woods, and the only method of travel is by the light boats, which are so small that the guides pick them up and carry them on their shoulders from one lake to another, they look as though they thought you were "filling them up" with nonsense.

To those who know the Adirondacks it does not appear like a stretch of the imagination to say that looking from the top of Blue Mountain on the eastern side, or from Bald Mountain on the western side, the utmost stretch of vision, even when aided with a powerful glass, fails to reveal anything but an immense, endless panorama of primitive forest and densely wooded mountains and hills, with a sprinkling of lakes and streams.

In answer to these queries as to outfit I will give briefly what my experience in the woods has taught me to be necessary and useful. It may save some of the inquiring ones a good deal of trouble.

I.—CLOTHING.

A good stout suit of woolen clothing, such as we wear in winter, an extra pair of pants, a soft felt hat, two changes of underclothing, three pairs of woolen stockings, a pair of stout boots, not coarse and clumsy, but good substantial articles, a pair of shoes, a rubber coat, large size, and a pair of rubber leggings, a blue flannel overshirt, or any color you choose, but blue is best, pocket handkerchiefs and, I may add here, for want of a better place to put them, comb and brush, tooth-brush, towels, soap, needles, thread, buttons, pins and a pair of slippers (most comforting when footsore and tired), a pair of wading shoes if you wade the streams for trout.

II.—FISHING TACKLE.

A bait rod, a fly rod, a trolling rod and reels for each. For bait rod, a small reel holding thirty to forty yards of line. For fly rod, about same length of line. Both of these should be oiled silk lines, the former a little heavier than the latter. For trolling rod, a braided linen line, one hundred yards long. This latter rod and line may be dispensed with if you use a hand line for trolling. This should be a braided cotton line, 250 feet long, about this (○) size, two or three trolling baits (revolving), and of small size—the best I have had for some years have had the spinning part gold-plated on both sides—two or three gangs, of eleven hooks each, not very large, say five and one-half to six inches long, an assortme at of hooks (Limerick and Sproat), snelled on double gut, an assortment of fly hooks—*don't get them too large.* It is so hard to make people believe that fish of any size can be caught with a very small fly hook.

In making up this assortment there will be a great difference of opinion, but I never saw a fisherman's fly book without finding in it a great variety of flies that he never used. Here is my list: Hackles (red, black, brown and gray), coachman, grizzly king, Seth Green, professor (jungle, cock, red ibis, split-wing ibis (a new fly and a good one). These are all good flies, and there are others which may be added or left behind. If you cannot catch trout with these, you may as well give up fly-fishing. A few very small hooks and fine line to catch minnows for bait; gut leaders, six or nine feet long; a landing net. For buoy fishing, a heavy braided cotton line, eighty feet long, about this ○ size, and two or three lake hooks, large size, but not very thick in the wire. Lead sinkers of various sizes; as

small as you can get for your bait, rod and minnow line; swivel sinkers, two or three sizes, for trolling lines; heavy pipe sinkers for buoy lines. It is well to have one or two extra lines, for accidents will happen, and sometimes one will break a line off close to the reel, and then you will feel lost if you have no other to fall back on.

III.—GUNS.

The only game to be had is deer, and once in a great while a bear. A rifle is the best gun to use for either, but it wants a man behind it that is able to plant his bullet just where it is wanted. Many use a heavy shotgun with buckshot; and where a man is not a first-class off-hand shot, this is probably the best, for the reason that you have, say nine buckshot that will scatter, and there is much more chance for winging your game. But for pretty shooting and clean work, a rifle is best, first, last and always.

IV.—A FEW EXTRAS.

Boot grease (Miller's leather preservative is the best); matches; some good brandy (for medical use only); tobacco and pipe, and a bottle of oil and tar for outward application for black flies and punkies. My mixture is one-fourth oil of tar and three-fourths sweet oil. A small quantity of oil of pennyroyal is good to add to this. For those who intend camping out I will add a few items: A heavy army blanket; a rubber blanket 40 by 72 inches; a muslin pillow-case, to fill with balsam sprigs for a pillow; about half a dozen small muslin bags to put sugar, tea, coffee, flour and other things in. These had better have loops sewed on them, so that they can be hung up in camp. A piece of netting is very useful to keep mosquitoes off during the night. Those only who have been tormented all night long will appreciate this hint. I have been there, and would have given the price of a good dinner for this article for one night. Any man of ordinary ingenuity can rig it up so as to keep himself on one side and the mosquitoes on the other, and that's all that is wanted.

Medicines are not often wanted in the woods, but it is well to have a few simple things that you know how to use, such as seidlitz powders, spirits of camphor, extract of Jamaica ginger, and a piece of Turkey rhubarb; they may be useful, and don't take much room.

Following these hints, with good weather, good company, an easy conscience, and temperance in living, you have my best wishes for a jolly good time. J. R., JR.

JULY 27, 1882.

A SUMMER'S RAMBLING IN COLORADO.

[Concluded from Vol. XVIII., Page 506.]

FROM Denver we decided to go to Estes Park, by the way of Boulder and Sunshine. On the second day out we drove into Boulder. The town lies at the mouth of Boulder Cañon in the foot-hills and is on the direct line of railroad from Denver to Cheyenne. There is some beautiful scenery near Boulder, and a trip through the cañon is one never to be forgotten. Our road gradually climbed the foot-hills into the range. As we went up we were treated to one of the most charming views eye ever beheld. There right beneath our feet lay the great plains. The eye seemed able to take in hundreds of miles of boundless waste, which had the semblance of an ocean. Boulder Valley and the Platte lay beneath us, the river stretching far away into the distance. The distance that a person can see in the clear atmosphere of the plains is almost incredible. The climb to Sunshine is very severe, and we had to walk most of the way to relieve our mules. When about half way up it began to rain, and when we arrived at Sunshine we found it anything but well named. However, some kind friends took us in and cared for us, and as they proposed going over to Allen's Park persuaded us to go over with them next morning. Arrived there we made camp in a cluster of pines. One of the party felled a huge pine tree, the springy boughs of which were converted into beds.

Allen's Park is a small valley situated at the foot of Long's Peak, one of the highest mountains in the Rocky range, lifting its head 14,271 feet above sea level. It is one of the hardest mountains to climb of those that are accessible, and persons who go up once do not care to repeat the experiment. A few ladies have ventured, one among the number being Anna Dickinson. Long's Peak is one of the snowy range and from our camp we could look upon everlasting snow. Through the middle of the valley flowed the St. Vrain River, a fine stream of ice cold water, and fairly alive with trout. I entered Allen's Park a scoffer at trout fishing; I left it a devoted disciple. There is no game in the park during summer, except by chance, but in the fall the snow drives the game down from the range into the park.

The next day after our arrival we all went fishing. The St. Vrain is a turbulent stream in the park and a very rough stream to fish, being heavily timbered on both sides, and full of boulders and rocks, besides being very rapid in its descent. I started out with the rest and winding my way to the river side made a cast. My fly had hardly touched the water when I saw a flash, felt a twinge and the next moment was hunting for the trout in the grass twenty feet away where I had thrown it. I made up in ardor then what I lacked in science; and from eddy to eddy I went casting my fly in every likely place, tumbling over logs in my haste, barking my shins on rocks, slipping into holes, and sitting down suddenly on slippery rocks. Did I mind it? no. Did I feel the bruises? no. The spell was on me, I was possessed. I kept on until the shadows cast by the mountains warned me it was time to turn back. Then I began to feel tired. Then I realized that a flour sack full of trout was heavy. I had improvised a fishing basket out of a flour sack, not having anything else handy. At last my weary limbs brought me into camp and after a hearty supper of fried trout, what content it was to lie on the blankets, watching the camp fire, and talk of the "big one" we had lost and plan how we would visit a certain hole the next day and catch some of the fine ones we had seen.

We spent more than a week in Allen's Park, employing ourselves chiefly in fishing. It would be simply repetition to mention each day's sport, but I must recite one more experience I had, this time going up the stream instead of down. We started about nine o'clock one morning for some falls, situated about three miles from where we camped. I soon fell behind the party and became deeply absorbed in my occupation, and as I was having fine luck did not notice the lapse of time, and noon came but I still kept slowly on. It began to rain and I sought shelter under the friendly branches of a thick pine, whose boughs extended over a deep hole, in which were numerous trout, so I was not losing time. How long I stood there I cannot say, but presently I heard voices and I saw some of the party returning down stream. I hailed them and learned that I had a good mile before me yet to the falls. They advised me to return to camp, but rain or no rain, I was going to the falls. Tearing myself away from the seductive spot, I plunged into the woods, and after a tedious and very wet walk, found myself at the falls. They were nothing stupendous, but are pretty, and it is the spot to catch the heart of an angler. The river where it goes over the rocks is probably twenty-five to thirty-five feet wide and falls in an unbroken sheet about eight feet. At the foot of the fall is a large pool, which at the lower end was partly dammed by the trunk of a pine which had fallen across the stream, making a small lake or pond of the pool, just the place for trout, and large ones too, as the little fellows could not get up so high. My first move was to start a fire to dry my wet clothes, and I soon had a fine one crackling and spattering. I then tried the fish. Standing with my back to the fire I could throw my fly out into the boiling water where it came over the fall and went under and then down with the current. It would only get to a certain point opposite me when away would go the line and the next instant a speckled beauty would lie quivering on the shore. I did not have the luck to hook anything very "big," but I made a large addition to my already heavy bag before turning reluctantly away. I tried the other side of the pool under the shadow of a huge rock, where in the clear water I could see numberless trout swimming, but though I tried them with live grasshopper as well as fly they would not rise, and I could tickle their nose with the bait, but it was of no use. I reached camp that night about dark, a very tired individual.

The days passed only too quickly, and we concluded to go on over the range into Estes Park. One morning we broke camp, and our friends went one way and we the other. The road from Allen's Park into Estes is fair, and takes one quite near the foot of Long's Peak, giving a fine view of its different sides. The point called the "Keyhole" can be plainly seen; that is where the real trouble of the ascent begins. It is not a long drive into Estes, and before noon we were on top of the divide and had begun the descent. Here a lovely view was spread before us. Estes Park is called the most beautiful park of Colorado, and it is very handsome. It is full of little valleys and high rocks, hills and dales. The park is a great summer resort, and there is a fine hotel in it, besides many ranches and cottages. A good deal of the park, including the hotel, is owned by a company of Englishmen, at the head of which is the Earl of Dunraven. They have some of their land fenced in, and do not allow trespassers. This is greatly in contrast to the American settlers. They do not put signs up warning strangers off, but allow you all the liberty you want. Such is the difference.

There is fine fishing in the park, there being two or three good streams. We tried the Big Thompson first, and had good luck, but the trout averaged smaller than in the St. Vrain, as the stream is fished more. We went up to the head of another stream, away up near the foot of the snowy range, and though it was in August, were treated to a fine snow storm. Al had been in the park several times, and said he never knew it to fail of at least one storm a day up in that canyon. In the fall of the year deer and sheep come down from the range into the park, but we were too early for them. A person can go over the range, however, with pack animals into North Park, and in about two days' travel can find deer, sheep, bison and elk. There is a hunter who lives in the park, who will for a consideration agree to give one a chance to shoot at any animal named, excepting the bison; they are not plenty. You get the shot; it is your business to kill, for his contract ends when he has given you the chance. As there are a good many wealthy people who visit the park, this hunter drives some good bargains in this manner. There are many pleasant places to visit in the park, and objects of interest; one in particular is Black Canyon, a place where the sun never shines. You can see it from a long distance and from most any high point in the park; and it stands out like a black shadow in the landscape. We stayed long enough in Estes to catch plenty of trout and see most of the park.

From Estes Park we went to Longmont down the valleys of the St. Vrain and the Boulder. This is one of the finest farming sections of Colorado, and the system of irrigation is well perfected. The farms look well and have more of the general appearance of Eastern farms. During the season daily stages run from Longmont into Estes Park. From Longmont we drove into Denver on the second day. All were pleased with our trip.

Now a few words to any who may wish to take a trip of this kind. For a trip in the mountains there are two outfits—a wagon (or two if necessary) and teams, or saddle horses and pack animals. Most any part of Colorado can be visited with a wagon, and that is the finest way to travel. But if any one wants large game they must go further away from civilization, and then the pack animals and pony is the thing. So let the sportsman determine what he wants and then decide. If it is preferred, outfits can be hired in Denver with a driver, who is also generally a fair cook (mountain); but it is cheaper to buy the team and do your own work. I would advise a party to be made up of two or four, never an odd number. Four is the best number for a party, as then the duties of camp life can be performed without being a burden on any. The wagon best suited to a trip for pleasure is the "Sudebaker excursion"—it is light, but strong enough to stand hard knocks and carry all the load necessary. Mules or horses—that is a matter of taste. I should advise a team of mules, providing you get a good one. Take a tent, for though you do not always want to pitch it, it is very nice to have. A 10x12 with two-foot wall is large enough if a wall tent, and they are the best, though a little more trouble to set up than the A tent. Also, don't fail to take a camp stove. They can be had in two sizes, with two and four holes. The latter is the best. The stove used in the West is made of sheet iron and is very light. I see an advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM of a very fair looking camp stove, which might prove a better thing than the old style. A camp fire to cook by is good, but a stove is better. You will want two pair of heavy blankets and a rubber blanket. Buy them East—you cannot get a fair blanket West as cheap.

The best clothes for general wear are a canvas suit, heavy and lined with blanket. When it is cold the coat is comfortable and when it is warm you don't want it; so get it lined by all means. Take two or three woolen shirts, blue or any other color. Blue is the color most affected, as it is the best looking; but other shirts will wear better; heavy underclothes should be worn. Also wear heavy boots or shoes, with the soles covered with hob-nails; saves the leather and prevents slipping on the rocks. All the clothes anyone needs may be put in a valise twenty inches long. Now for outside garments. Take an officer's heavy rubber coat. The light coats are nice but don't wear. An over coat is not really necessary, if the lined canvas suit is worn; but if carried it makes a good pillow or extra covering at night.

Now for sporting implements. A good jointed rod not over twelve feet long; such a rod as is called a "general rod," strong and serviceable. (I speak now to those who are not experts at angling, to say that are, of course, know better than I what they need.) A good line, linen or silk, twenty-five yards long; also a reel. This can suit your fancy or purse. As for flies; I have found a small hook the best, a No. 7 being large enough for general use. The brown hackle is the most killing fly at all times, though all the hackles are good; also the gnats, black and white. On a dark day the white gnat is a fine fly. The coachman is also good on a dark day or in the evening. Gaudy flies as a rule do not work well, with one exception, and I cannot call the name to mind, but the body is of yellow, wound with a small gilt band, the wings of brown. The fly has the appearance in the water of a yellow jacket bee, of which there are large numbers in the mountains, and which the trout feed on—as I found by cutting them open; a good plan, as it often will give you an idea of the kind of food they are after, so you can guide yourself accordingly. Take a good stock of flies, as they are more expensive West, and a person will lose a good number in a week's fishing. Also carry some gut leaders five or six feet long. By all means provide yourself with a pair of fishing pants, as many streams can only be properly fished by wading, and wet feet in mountains, or anywhere else for that matter, are not conducive to health.

For a hunting outfit, if it is your intention to keep within certain distances of civilization and only to stay in the mountains during the summer season, a good shotgun is the best thing you can take, for the chances are ninety-nine out of one hundred, that you will not see anything to shoot at with a rifle. But a shotgun will get you many a bird and rabbit to help the bacon out. If it is the intention of the party to stay in the mountains until fall, or to go where large game can be found, then take a rifle. What kind? ah, there you ask a leading question. Each section of the country seems to run to a particular arm and there nothing else is good—that is to judge from the opinions expressed. On the plains where buffalo and antelope are hunted, the best gun and the one that will always sell, is the Sharp's rifle. A good heavy gun, shooting a large charge of powder, and I personally have yet to see a better gun for general work than the Sharps. The company have ceased the manufacture, but one may perhaps be secured of dealers yet. In the mountains of Utah and Idaho, and among prospectors generally, the Winchester takes the lead, on account of lightness and rapidity of fire. It is a good gun; but for a magazine rifle the Kennedy has some points that it schampions claim are superior. The Ballard is a fine gun, but I did not find many in use in the localities I visited; while the Remington is used more for target practice East than for game in the far West. I mention all these guns, it is sometimes a good thing to know what will sell when one is through with it. As a general thing a good rule is, that a light gun will sell in the mountains better than a very heavy one, but where buffalo and antelope are hunted exclusively a heavy gun sells best. However, a person cannot find buffalo in any great numbers except north of the Northern Pacific, and we have not been considering that country.

To sum it up as regards firearms, if the party numbers more than one let one take a shotgun, the other a rifle, and then come what will, they are prepared.

The next question may be, What does a trip in the mountains cost? That is a question more easy to ask than to answer, as people have such different ideas in regard to what is necessary; but I will try and give some idea of the cost to a person who is not too "high toned," and is possessed of a desire for sport; that is strong enough to put up with some inconvenience. First, for we will consider each item, there are clothes, blankets, fishing tackle and guns (shot and rifle), say $175; then there is the team and wagon, etc., about $300; supplies for three or four months, including feed for the team, $100. Divided among four (if party is that number) this would be $113 each. To this must be added railroad fare to Denver, or any other point agreed upon, which will vary, and can be easily determined upon by inquiry at some ticket office; and say $25 for board before and after the trip. From this total amount deduct $75 for share of proceeds of sale of team, and we have about $225 for a summer's enjoyment. Those that possess the tools of the craft are of course much ahead, and their expense much lighter.

Many there are who do not think much of spending their leisure time every summer at the watering places and the like; and how much better in health, both mentally and physically, would they be if they would rough it for the same length of time. Go to Colorado, my friend, and come back a new man. I say Colorado, for it is the most easily reached, and has more attractions to offer which are "get-atable" than any of the Western States. Let him that is nervous, worn out, broken in health, diseased in mind, go to Colorado, spend three months in the mountains, sleeping out of doors or in a tent, eating coarse food (for he can eat it there), and if he does not come out more of a man than he was before, I will give him my head for a foot-ball.

PRAIRIE DOG.

MOSQUITO AND FLY A FLY PREVENTIVE.—Bangor, Me.—Allow me to suggest an addenda to your paragraph headed "Mosquitoes and Black Flies." There are more than a hundred different liquid preparations that are effective against mosquitoes and black flies, but so soon as one gets heated by the sun, or by exercise in the woods, they flow off with the perspiration, get into the eyes, causing considerable pain and annoyance, and too frequently, where tar is used particularly, stain the clothing, whether linen or flannel. The basis of all preparations should be mutton tallow stiffened with white wax to a consistency that will bear the heat of the skin without melting. Tar, while effective, is not only disagreeable to most persons, but stains badly. The best preparation we have ever used was devised for us by Dr. Harlow, a druggist of this city. It contains as much carbolic acid as the skin will bear without detriment. It is not only a preventive, as it is offensive to all insects, spiders and even snakes, but is likewise the antidote used in all cases of wounds by these creatures in India. The preparation is entirely colorless, agreeably perfumed, and can be carried in a small tin box in the vest pocket.—G. M. STILWELL.

Special bargains in W. & C. Scott & Sons' fine guns, 10, 12, 16 and 20-bores. Call personally and convince yourself. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 945 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After my health became impaired I went to Maine, my native State, for rest from a large business, for recreation and strength. While there I was persuaded by friends of other years to go to Tim Pond. I found such myriads of trout, had so much sport and gained so much health that I often talked of it, and the next year took friends and neighbors with me, meanwhile writing to FOREST AND STREAM about it. My friends and I have continued to go, and I have continued to write, and in short this is how Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds became my Mecca.

Some things that I first wrote were then criticised by a class that now enthusiastically endorse them. What I have stated as facts are now so recognized, and what I gave as estimates have proved to be substantially accurate.

But from letters which my friends and I are almost daily receiving, and from statements and questions which I see in FOREST AND STREAM, which, now that I am shut in from the green world around me, I read with redoubled avidity, I am admonished that I can still be of service to those for whom I have an increasing sympathy—invalid sportsmen, the exhausted business man, and the gentlemanly patron of manly sports. I am made aware also that several ladies are anticipating revisiting the scene of their last years' enjoyment at Tim Pond during this season.

It is generous and just that those visiting these places should know the facts regardless of any personal pecuniary interest in them. What statements I present as facts can be substantiated by cumulative and undoubted evidence, and what I give as estimates are backed by an array of honest authority.

Parties from this State, New York, and Massachusetts, for the last year or more, on starting for Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds via Smith's, have taken the popular routes, after reaching Boston, of the Eastern, or Boston & Maine, Maine Central & Somerset R. R. to North Anson, arriving at — P. M. Then take a stage the same day for Northern Portland, eight miles distant, and spend the night at the Dingo House. The next morning they take the stage or private team, as they may elect, and travel in view of the loveliest and most varied scenery to Smith's Farm. After dinner they take a buckboard wagon to Smith's cabins at Tim Pond, arriving in good season for tea. The next morning, if one be in such haste, the journey may be continued to the Seven Ponds.

The distance given by residents on the route from the railroad terminus at N. Anson to Smith's Farm is forty-five miles. The distance from Smith's Farm to Tim Pond, as recently measured by chain, is a few rods less than six miles, and from Tim Pond to Big Island Pond—one of the largest of the Seven Ponds—also measured by chain, is a few rods more than twelve miles, making the entire distance from N. Anson to the Seven Ponds sixty-three miles, and the time from Boston to the Seven Ponds, two days and a half.

Smith, for excellent reasons, has selected as the site of his forest hamlet, high ground a few rods from a sandy cove of Big Island Pond, and a few rods from "L." Pond, two of the largest of this grand cluster of ponds.

Speaking with reference to a line running about north and south, this location is about the center of the group, making it very convenient to reach any of the number, for the distance from one pond to another varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile.

On one side of this site is a clear, cold spring of water, and on the other a beautiful brook comes rollicking down from Snow Mountain. By putting a dam across this stream Smith proposes to construct a trout basin in which to impound the charming, finny fellows to take at any moment fresh for the table or for guests to take home.

At Tim Pond there are eight good log cabins, besides one for cooking and one for dining. And a friend writes: "Smith has three cabins ready for use the 1st of June at Seven Ponds, and before the 1st of July expects to have as good a set of cabins here as at Tim Pond."

The buckboard road from the Farm to Tim Pond and thence to Seven Ponds is no ordinary affair. I have ridden over it and walked over it, and know every rod of it. It is made and used for double teams as well as single ones.

Bushes and old logs are cut and put aside; trees are taken out by the roots; stones are dug up; knolls are shoveled off into hollows; streams and marshy places are bridged, etc., etc. In truth, it is a good forest road. I have ridden on worse public roads in more than one town in Maine. Some parts of it are rough. I do not say the best of it is as good as those through the village of New Portland. But it has cost Smith many hundreds of dollars. All sportsmen are indebted to him for their great pleasure in passing through this shady retreat, with the boughs of the umbrageous trees, centuries old, intertwined over their heads, and for the comfort they receive in riding here, instead of being forced to tramp over a precipitous trail, marked by spotted trees, and crawling under windfalls or splashing in mud when tired nature is just ready to faint by the way. Yes, and we will thank him that, with strong horses, he will take all the tackle, guns and munition we may desire, that we need leave nothing behind that we so much wish to have with us for the two weeks' fishing and shooting.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this," to sketch some of which I have seen the original myself. Two who have been far more than a quarter of a century hunters, trappers and guides in the Rangeley, Kennebago and Seven Ponds regions shall furnish some material and some shall be gleaned from the writings of Capt. Barker, the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, etc., etc.

Phillips is the terminus of the railroad on the route from Boston to Seven Ponds via Kennebago. From the above authorities, and I think them good and reliable, Capt. Barker says: "Arriving on the train at Phillips spend the night there, next morning take the stage twenty miles to Rangeley." So far we agree with him. "After dinner," he says, "make ready and start for Kennebago." We still agree. He does not say at what time the guests will reach Kennebago and so I must rely on several truthful persons, who have been over the path many times and know every furlong of it. We will say that they reach there in season for supper and spend the night there. The next morning they pack into a boat, pull five miles on the large lake, up a stream, cross a small lake, up an inlet, then take a trail that leads to the most southerly of the Seven Ponds, and my authority puts it at fifty-five miles from Phillips. But they have not yet reached Big Island Pond, where the Smith cabins are, and the central and most prominent of the ponds for trouting, location and scenery. Those ponds north of Big Island Pond are considered better for trouting than those south of it. I do not mean exactly north and south, but speaking in general terms. From a map at my side I judge it to be from three to five miles from the southern point of the group of ponds to the central point which will give us a common point from which to compare the distances of the two routes in question. Adding then, say, three miles to the fifty-five of the Kennebago route from Phillips where the trail strikes the southerly region of the Seven Ponds, we have fifty-eight miles from the Phillips terminus of the railroad to a common and central point of the region under discussion. And my friends, you have the two pictures. For I have already shown you, it is sixty-three miles from the North Anson railroad terminus to the Seven Ponds common point via the Smith Farm and Tim Pond route. So far I have endeavored to show the whole of both pictures, that those who have never seen them may see and choose for themselves. Those who have seen the original of both make the same choice.

But to follow the example given me, I must call attention to a few features. By the N. Anson line the stage takes us through charming scenery and over good roads forty-five miles to the Smith Farm, and then come eighteen miles to the common point, spoken of at the Seven Ponds, by buckboard wagon. We can take with us much or little baggage. We can walk a part or all of the distance, shooting or fishing by the way; or we can ride all the distance and need not soil the blacking on our shoes, from the platform of the station at N. Anson to the door of Smith's cabin at Seven Ponds.

By the other line we can take a stage twenty miles to Rangeley—good road, grand scenery. Then "a strong wagon, three miles," then ten miles on foot or horseback; then more change of baggage into a boat; down the large lake, up a stream, across a small lake, up an inlet to a twelve mile trail. "Well, it is none of your modern smoothed out ones," so a sportsman told me last September, just as he "grounded arms" after "coming through" said trail, nor did he feel as though he had been sauntering through "The Happy Valley." He thought the proprietors would make a buckboard road if it was possible or practicable, but he did not see any need of it, now that Smith had chosen the better way, etc., etc. After we come to the end of the old trail we can have more boat and more "carry," or all "carry" till we arrive at the common central point on the shore of Big Island Pond, thirty-five miles from where we began our "Paddle and Portage." Shades of our grandfathers! Leave out twenty-five miles ride on a good stage, over a good road and through a fine country for the sake of a tramp of such hardship! What an "inspiration!" It almost equals that of which we have heard too much of late. Suppose I have been misinformed and have overestimated—though I think I am nearly correct and have underestimated rather than overstated—and instead of this thirty-five miles of "hardship" there are but twenty-five. Can I, or any other invalid or merchant, minister, or hardy, fun-loving sportsman afford to undergo such an unnatural and exhausting strain rather than ride twenty-five miles in a stage? Since this exhibition of the two pictures, it is unnecessary for me to say which route has the least hardship.

We will now consider the question of time. Being ill I have not seen the most recent time tables, but think that trains from Boston arrive and depart at the same or about the same time at Phillips and North Anson, and we have seen that via the North Anson route a passenger is two days and a half in going from Boston to Big Island Pond.

By Phillips and Kennebago the passenger from Boston stops for the first night at Phillips; next day he is on his way to Kennebago, and spends the second night there. The third day he is to do the balance of the thirty-five miles, and if he is a strong man and has a good guide he will reach Big Island Pond late in the afternoon, with a good appetite and a disposition to sleep. It is not requisite to take another view of the pictures before we decide as to the superiority in the matter of time.

I will now speak of the transportation of supplies and baggage by horse power. Oh! no. I have no example for this! It is, however, the real thing after all. Just here a most discreet silence has been observed.

I may be able to walk the eighteen miles from Smith's Farm to Seven Ponds, though in impaired health, by taking a rest at short distances, a frequent lunch and perhaps a night in some of the temporary camps on the road, and certainly the road is an easy one for a walk. But I want supplies for the table in plenty and fresh. I am fond of trout and game in their season, but do not want them all the time. I want variety; meal, flour, salt pork, butter, eggs, potatoes, and if I remain in long, beef, mutton, buckwheat, syrup, sugar, coffee, etc., etc. With a good road and double team to connect with the outer world we get them. When we depend upon a trail and a man's back things are sometimes scarce. T. S. Steele found it so, and I did once. Then I, with thousands of others, want my "traps" with me. A full "kit" for a gun and rod and perhaps for a rifle. Yes, and I want some changes for raiment. Accidents have occurred. A small medicine chest along shows good judgment. Shall, can a man "carry" all these for me and a score of others? I tell you the supply train is a good thing to have, and I shall board with the man having one, though I do ride on a stage. Gentlemen, you have a right to keep silent on this point just as much as I have to talk about it; or you have a right to tramp those thirty-five miles rather than ride in a stage, but let me advise you to send your supplies by a good strong team.

I have said but little this time about trouting, shooting, scenery, cabins, cooks, etc., etc. I need not, for I did it long ago. Others have taken up the refrain, and have been crowding honors thickly upon the beauty of the scenery, the excellence of the fishing and shooting, and I have decided to rest. It would seem that certain parties wish to inform us who dwell in cities that their favorite proprietors were pioneers at some chosen ponds before the redskins or before the glacial period. Others are profuse in showering blessings and commendation on the head of hard-toiling Kennedy Smith. All these things amuse me or afford me a sort of satisfaction. I have had great pleasure and benefit from the days I have spent by the clear waters and in the dark forests of Maine. I have engaged quarters at Seven Ponds for the last Tuesday in August. It is now uncertain if I occupy them, but if fairly up from my cot I shall go there to regain my strength. And I shall go via Tim Pond. It has no hardships that one who is able to travel at such places as Saratoga and Newport cannot stand. I had hoped to take my wife and daughters with me. I cannot decide that now. But let me repeat to such as have nervous prostration, malaria, first stages of pulmonary troubles, dyspepsia, etc., it is far more for your benefit, and you can better endure to spend a few weeks at Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds than a trip to the White Mountains, Niagara Falls and the usual summer resorts.

I had arranged to go with Rev. Dr. Craighead of Howard University, a friend or two of this State, friends from New York and also from Maine. I owe much to those old Maine friends who have pilgrimized to those beautiful spots with me so many times. Once we left Farmington with our private teams in the morning, and took supper at the Tim Pond cabins, and had time enough to have caught fish for a meal if we had thought of it. Again we took breakfast at a Tim Pond camp, and supper the evening of the same day at the Dingo House at North New Portland. It was a splendid supper; never did I enjoy one more.

My neighbor, J. Goodrich, Esq., returned last month from Tim Pond, and says he had just such meals at the Dingo on his way to and from his sport. He says the trouting at Tim Pond was so excellent that he did not wish to go to Seven Ponds, and gave it up for this time. He and the friend with him thought they had the richest feast yet.

I began these lines as a few kind words to those who have never been to Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds, and who wish to go by the easiest route. I think that I have shown this, and will close by saying that round trip tickets from Boston via West Waterville and North Anson to Smith's Farm are sold for $8.50. J. W. T.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., July, 1882.

Natural History.

THE SELF-PRESERVATIVE INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yesterday, in company with two citizens of this place, I spent the day in riding over the country on horseback. Our object was to look into the coal formations hereabout. We found coal abundant, and of very good quality. The fossils are in a remarkable state of preservation. I picked up a number of the genus *Productus*, with the shell perfectly white and pearly, almost as much so as it could have been when the animal lived in the carboniferous seas. Also got many specimens of *Euomphalus* and cup-shaped corals, which were perfect in all their parts. Also got one trilobite, which had been converted into a beautifully polished clay-iron stone, and the complete preservation of the little animal is something wonderful to behold. Here are his eyes and every lineament, as plain as when they were instinct with life. If this little chap could talk, what a tale he could unfold! But he can't talk; he is as dead as Hector; as dead as forty broiled mackerels. The more's the pity. And yet he is so life-like as I hold him in my hands, I can hardly help thinking that he is about to jump away from me.

While riding along, our horses became strangely agitated as we neared a fence, and grew more and more so the nearer we got to it. They pricked up their ears, stuck their heads out as far as they could, snorted with their nostrils, and showed a great unwillingness to approach the fence. They were in so nervous a state as we urged them forward with whip or spur, that they actually trembled. The fence was on an open prairie, with no brush about it, and we could see nothing whatever to cause such singular agitation. Finally, one of my companions, Dr. Poindexter, of this place, spoke up and said: "There must be a snake here, one of those big, rusty old rattlers." Mr. Scribner, my other companion, thought so too, and proposed that we hunt the rattler. Our horses acted so foolishly that we took them out of the way, dismounted and hunted the snake on foot. Sure enough we found him lying in the shade of the fence, just opposite where our horses behaved most ridiculously. He was lying at full length, seeming to be in a great state of contentment, but proceded to coil himself up as soon as he perceived that he was the object of our attentions. He remained perfectly quiet, except that he licked out his tongue at us. While we did nothing but look at him, he did nothing but look at us and lick his tongue, as if he meant to say: "Be careful now, don't come near me, if you'll let me alone, I'll let you alone. If you bother me, I'll give you lightning."

I had an excellent glass with me, so I could study this *Crotalus horridus* just as closely as if he had been but fourteen inches from my eyes. I could note every movement of his nerves, and read, as I thought, the very thoughts that rose up in him. What a proud, scornful, wicked eye he has. That eye looks as if it was never softened by a single good thought, and yet as if it were too proud to have reflected a single mean one. Villainy of a high and honorable sort is his nature, if it is possible that villainy can be of that sort. It seemed to me that he had the eyes of Satan himself. Did Mother Eve allow herself to be seduced and ruined by such an infernal-looking "cuss" as this? Then I say that her taste must have been miserably perverted, and her virtue morbidly weak.

The snake remained looking at us and licking out his tongue, with no other demonstration whatever, until the Doctor and Scribner began to advance upon him with stones. He then lifted his head high up and sprung his rattles. I kept my glasses upon him. His eyes blazed with fury; they now had an expression of malignancy and hate impossible to describe, and every part of him quivered with excitement, or with the impulse, desire or intention to strike a deadly blow. It was really a fascinating spectacle to look upon, but not unmixed with a good deal of apprehension and horror.

Presently a huge stone from Scribner's hand came down upon him with crushing effect. He struck it a tremendous blow with his fangs, but that was the last warlike demonstration he made. He had got enough, and acknowledged himself whipped. He uncoiled himself and tried to escape by dragging his mutilated form through the fence, but before he could do so another stone had put him entirely *hors de combat*. He ought to have run a little sooner, as I have many times had to do when confronted with "overwhelming numbers and resources." He was as thick as a man's arm, and above four feet in length. He was a villainous looking varmint, to be sure. I do not blame our horses for cutting up so. Did not think to count his rattles, but believe he had only four, possibly only three.

Is it not singular how horses are provided with this powerful instinct which warns them of their deadly enemy, and that they receive the first warning of his proximity through their nostrils? How thoughtful and good is the great Creator even of his dumb brutes—if he did make rattlesnakes! Often in riding about over the wilds of Texas I have had my horses behave strangely without being able to

see any reason for it, and now I feel sure it was the *Crotalus horridus* or some other bad snake that caused it.

Am reminded here of a black dog whom I well knew in Bandera county, Texas, some years ago. He dwelt at the same house that I did, and he was with me constantly. He was a very bad fellow to fight. He seemed to regard fighting as his chief business in this world, and took great delight in it. He would not hesitate to tackle a bear, wolf, or a roaring bull on sight. Yet whenever he saw a rattlesnake he would immediately hang out the white flag, utter a low growl, then tuck his tail between his legs and "git up and git." I have often seen him do this. He was so much afraid of a rattlesnake that he would be run clean out of the country by shaking at him the rattles of a dead snake. I have often run him entirely off the premises by doing this. And yet he never was bitten by a rattlesnake to my knowledge, for I raised him from a puppy. How did he learn that *Crotalus horridus* was so dangerous? How did he conceive the idea that even the snake's tail, detached and dried up as it was, was still loaded with danger?

This dog was a curious dog anyhow. There was another thing that he hated very greatly, besides rattlesnakes. I had a fool neighbor who was much given to playing on the accordeon. He would sometimes come over to my house to treat me to his music. Just as soon as my black dog heard that accordeon he would clear the fence around my house and take his departure for the deep woods, and there he would stay until the accordeon man had left. I used to envy the dog for his absence on such occasions, and wish that I were with him in the deep woods. It used to amuse me to see what an air of inexpressible and sick disgust the dog put on as he took his departure when the accordeon commenced. N. A. T.

Bridgeport, Wise County, Texas, June 24, 1882.

SOME NEW NAMES.

THE constant changes which scientific nomenclature is undergoing are remarkable, and nowhere more noticeable than in the department of ornithology. Within about a year three new catalogues of birds have appeared, two of them referring to the avifauna of North America and the other to that of Europe. These lists are not from the pens of tyros, new workers in the field of science, but bear the names of the very foremost ornithologists of either continent. They are Mr. Robert Ridgway's "Nomenclature of North American Birds" (Washington, 1881), Mr. H. E. Dresser's "History of European Birds" (London, 1881), and Dr. Elliott Coues's "Check List of North American Birds," second edition (Boston, 1882). These lists, bearing the stamp of the highest ornithological authority, may be supposed to have been correct up to the date of their publication, to have represented the state of our knowledge at that time, and the names given in them may be expected to hold until further research shall have revealed the untenability of some of them. But how long will this be? The answer comes to us after no long delay, for, in the advance sheets of the "Proceedings of the United States National Museum" we find a paper by Mr. Leonhard Stejneger, in which a number of our most familiar names are spoken of as untenable, and to be replaced by other older ones, most of which are entirely unfamiliar to the eye or ear of the student. Whether or no these substitutes will meet with acceptance among ornithologists is a question only to be answered after a careful investigation of their claims to priority, and a thoughtful weighing of all the facts in the case. It is true that certain rules of nomenclature have been laid down by scientific authorities, but still there are wide differences of opinion among naturalists as to what constitutes a *valid name*. It is thought by some that no name should be employed which is not grammatically correct, properly spelled, whose derivation is not according to rules established in such cases, etc., while others believe that the proper name is simply the oldest name, unchanged. The personal equation enters so largely into decisions on such points that it is apparent that until some hard and fast rule is laid down, which shall meet with the general approval of workers in science, changes more or less frequent will continue to be suggested. In ornithology and in other departments the list of synonyms has been unduly swelled, and it is with regret that students note constant additions to the list.

The view taken by Mr. Stejneger of this subject may be quoted here. He says: "The only rule which can be carried out with safety is the use of the oldest name, without regard to its appearance, derivation or significatiou. If this be adopted, most differences would disappear from the nomenclature, and it is in fact the only rule which is able to establish a passable uniformity in place of the present variety. Once universally accepted and put in practice, it would save much time, labor and dispute; disputes concerning year and date may easily be settled, while all philological and linguistic disagreements may be thereby avoided. The question as to which species one or another name is to be referred has nothing to do with the rules of nomenclature, and are [is] therefore liable to come up at any time.

Passing on to the changes which the author regards as necessary, we see that they will affect some of our most familiar names. They are as follows: *Ruticilla* Naum., to *Phœnicurus* Forst.; *Cinclus aquaticus* Bechst., to *C. merula*, Schäff; *Regulus satrapa* Licht., to *R. cristatus* V.; *Hirundo* Linn. and authors generally to *Chelidon; Chelidon* Boie to *Hirundo; Cotile* Boie, to *Clivicola* Forst., *Centrophanes* Kaup. to *Calcarius* Bechst.; *Plectrophanes* Kaup. (1829) to *Plectrophenax* Stejneger; *Eremophila*, Boie, to *Otocoris*, Bp.; *Archibuteo lagopus* Gm. to *A. norvegicus* Gunn.; *Strepsilas* Ill. to *Morinella*, Mey. and Wolf; *Vanellus cristatus*, M. and W., to *V. capella*, Schäff; *Aegialitis cantianus*, Lath., to *A. alexandrinus*, Linn.; *Gallinago media*, to *G. cœlestis*, Freuzel; *Totanus glottis*, (Linn.) Bechst., to *T. nebularius*, Gunn.; *Machetes*, Cuv., to *Pavoncella*, Leach; *Tadorna cornuta*, Gmel., to *T. damiatica*, Hasselq.; *Harelda glaciatis*, Linn., to *H. hymealis*, Linn.; *Polysticta*, Eyt., to *Eniconetta*, Gray; *Bucephila albeola*, (Phipps), to *Cucia alba*, (Gunn.); *Larus glaucus*, (Brünn.) to *L. hyperboreus*, (Gunn.); *Hydrochelidon lariformis*, (Linn.); to *H. nigra*, (ibid); *Stercorarius crepidatus* and *parasiticus* to be respectively, *S. parasiticus*, Linn., and *S. longicaudus*, V.; *Colymbus*, Linn., to *Urinator*, Cuv.; *C. torquatus*, Brünn, to *U. immer*, (ibid), and *C. septentrionalis*, Linn., to *U. lumme*, Brünn.

The radical changes above indicated are certainly of interest in themselves, and it is besides rather curious that they should all have been brought out together. If the points attempted to be made are valid, it is somewhat remarkable that they should have so long escaped the keen eyes of the ornithologists, which are always on the watch for cases of this kind.

We shall look with interest for any replies to or criticisms of the present paper.

A Falcon's Fury.—San Francisco, Cal., July 18.—While collecting eggs last March I found a set of five prairie falcons, in a small cave near the top of a cliff eighty feet high. By climbing up the back of the cliff and descending by means of a rope I secured the eggs. The birds by this time were furious, swooping past and screaming, but never approaching nearer then ten or fifteen feet. As I was returning to the top of the cliff a piece of sandstone loosened and rattled down, frightening a barn owl from some crevice. She had flown twenty feet before one of the falcons with wings half closed darted swiftly downward; there was an audible thud and the unfortunate owl fell stunned to the chaparral on the hillside below. Afterward, on skinning her, I found a dent in the skull against which a clot of blood had settled. I have since witnessed a similar attack upon a barn owl under the same circumstances. In this instance the owl was struck down three times, each blow being followed by a little puff of feathers; the chase carried the birds behind a hill so I do not know whether the falcon eventually killed the owl or not.—W. E. B.

What is It?—While reading the article in the last Forest and Stream on the hoop snake, that wonderful unseen curiosity which seizes its t'other end in its mouth and goes "bilin'" (as Uncle Remus would put it), I fell to thinking of the many snakes I had seen and read of, among which is a curiosity peculiar, so far as I know, to Florida. It is a huge worm or small snake, lives entirely under ground, is of a light pinkish color, and rarely ever eight inches in length and a quarter or five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Its head has a flattened snout, with which it burrows in the sand, getting out of sight with remarkable rapidity. No perceptible eyes. What is its name? And have others observed it elsewhere?—S.

Game Bag and Gun.

Open Seasons.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

THE following schedule exhibits the game now in season. (Also, in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves.
California—Deer, doves.
Dakota—(Aug. 15, grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover).
Delaware—Woodcock.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse; (Aug. 15, deer).
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo.
Illinois—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wild-fowl, pinnated grouse).
Indiana—Woodcock.
Iowa—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wild-fowl, pinnated grouse).
Kentucky—Woodcock.
Louisiana—Deer.
Maine—Plover.
Maryland—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse).
Massachusetts—Woodcock, doves.
Michigan—Woodcock.
Minnesota—Woodcock.
Missouri—Woodcock, plover, meadow lark, dove; (Aug. 15, pinnated grouse).
Montana—Fool hen, grouse, ptarmigan; (Aug. 10, buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, moose, wildfowl).
Nebraska—(Aug. 15, grouse).
Nevada—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, sage grouse; (Aug. 14, deer).
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wild-fowl, snipe.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, wildfowl, rail.
New Jersey—(Aug. 25, reed birds).
New York—Woodcock (except Dutchess, Herkimer and Oneida cos.), squirrels, deer. (Hounding season opens Aug. 15; forbidden in St. Lawrence co.)
North Carolina—(Aug. 15, deer).
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Ohio—Woodcock.
Oregon—Grouse, wildfowl.
Ontario—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, snipe).
Pennsylvania—Woodcock, plover.
Rhode Island—Woodcock, plover.
Texas—Deer, pinnated grouse.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail, wildfowl).
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, woodcock
Washington Territory—(Aug. 15, deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse).
Wisconsin—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp-tail grouse; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe).

☞ For exceptions, local laws, etc., see Forest and Stream Schedule "B," issue of July 20, page 480.

THE PHANTOM POND.

IN November, not having had a good duck hunt since I had been in business, I decided to take the first favorable opportunity and get myself off to some new haunt of which I had heard glowing accounts from the very few men who had been lucky enough to find it. The haunt which I speak of was nothing more than that of a splendid duck pond, which was supposed to be situated on an immense marsh island near the head of Suisun Bay, which is the extreme north end of San Francisco Bay. The pond, though being within fifty miles of this city, had not been shot on, I am positive, by more than half a dozen men. A great many knew of the existence of the pond, but could not find it, as I may state that the island was some fifteen miles long, by from one to five miles wide. This hunt was the fourth time that I had tried to find the place, and I was successful both in finding the pond and in the size of my bag. I had received positive instructions how to find the pond this time, and was confident of success.

Having taken advantage of Thanksgiving day, and started on that always welcome day of the year, one companion and myself took the morning train for a two hours' ride up the bay to a small town where we were to join the yacht. In due time we were aboard our comfortable schooner, speeding along with a moderate breeze. We had to tack all the way, and after various calms and squalls, arrived off the mouth of the slough which separated our island from another. About two o'clock Friday afternoon we came to anchor off a certain point. After letting go our anchor we immediately commenced operations. We landed with three boats—one for the pond if we should find it, one for the slough which was on the island, and one to ply between the yacht and the shore. Our first move was to haul two boats over a narrow strip of land to the island slough, which feat we were not long in accomplishing, and were soon rowing along the slough with our boats loaded with decoys, ammunition, etc.

My instructions were to row south along this slough about half a mile, and then to land and strike out directly east, and I would find the pond. Now, the next question, how to judge a half-mile on this narrow rounding slough, which had a general southerly direction. We kept on rowing until we came to an almost impassable obstacle in the shape of an immense pile of drift tule, wood, etc., which completely blocked the slough from bank to bank, so we decided that we had rowed a mile; at least, we did not intend to carry over or around the mass of drift stuff before us. So landing on the east bank we tied both boats and after walking out of the very high rushes which bordered the slough, we shoved an oar into the ground and tied a handkerchief to it to mark the place where we had left the boats. This was a very necessary operation, as we could otherwise never find our boats again on account of the similarity of the rushes. Separating about fifty yards apart, we started to look for what I was inclined to think was a phantom pond. We walked, and we walked; the sun was hot; the ground was mushy and the tules high; but no signs of a pond. Soon after we had left the boats we had come to another slough, and had followed it to the right. After walking along the bank about two miles, I should judge, and meeting other sloughs, we retraced our steps, tired and disgusted, and we had lain down to rest just at the point where we had first struck the slough we had been following.

We had hardly been lying there more than a minute or two when one of us noticed two swans flying toward us. Nothing very extraordinary, as we had seen a great number of swans, also plenty of ducks and geese flying around us all day. But these two swans passed us about three hundred yards to the right, and then set their wings and soon after lit about five hundred yards away. We had seen a great many birds alighting in this same spot, but there always seemed to be a slough separating us from the place, and our instructions were not to cross any slough after rowing on the first one. We jumped to our feet and both seemed struck with the same idea, at the same instant, and sure enough, we had not walked more than two hundred yards when we commenced to hear the peculiar noise which a large flock of wildfowl make while feeding in a pond, that is, a continued splash from their unceasing diving. Our excitement was such that we both hurried along, and soon a beautiful pond stretched out before us, just completely covered with wildfowl of every description. Instead of crawling up cautiously as we should have done, we advanced in too much of a hurry, and let go our four barrels at the nearest of the immense flock. And then for a moment what a noise, a rush, splash, and whirr of wings. I never saw its like in my life, and hardly ever expect to see again.

We had disturbed a wildfowls' sanctum. It was a sight to make a sportsman—well I was going to say crazy, as we were so excited we hardly knew which way to start. The ducks after their first fright commenced to come back, some even wheeled after flying not more than fifty or a hundred yards, and we shot and shot till most of our cartridges had gone, as we had left all but a few with our traps and decoys with the boats. We then stood up and took a survey of our situation. We found the pond to be nearly circular, and 150 yards in diameter, and the slough which we had been following ran into the pond, so if we had followed it to the left instead of to the right, we would have soon come to the pond.

Our flag and boats were in a direct line about 350 or 400 yards from us, so taking off our coats and leaving our guns at the pond we started for the boats to drag the pond boat full of decoys to the pond. We were not long in doing this as we were in a hurry to get back to the pond, and as the sun was approaching the Western horizon we were all fixed in our separate blinds with the decoys out and shooting as fast as we could wish.

It being a moonlight night we stayed at the pond till about half past seven, and then started back to the yacht, having first hauled the pond boat out of sight in the tule. Then after getting our game together we looked at it and then at each other, and then came the question, how were we ever to get that load of game to the yacht. Among the pile were five immense Canadian geese (honkers), three of which are all one man wishes to carry. We also had about one dozen white geese, a swan, and ducks I was going to say innumerable. Well, we compromised. We first drew all the birds, which considerably lightened the load, and then each took a sack which the decoys had been in and filled it with the best ducks, the rest, with all our traps, except our guns and empty cartridge bags, we stowed in the boat and covered with rushes for the next day. We each then shouldered his sack and started for our white flag, which we soon reached, and then after a short row arrived at the narrow strip of land which separated us from the yacht. We were soon aboard, and after a supper, to which we did ample justice, we wasted no time getting to bed so as to be up and off long before daylight.

It seemed to me that I had hardly been asleep more than ten minutes when the whirr of the alarm clock told us that it was time to turn out. We had to go home during the next night so we decided to make one long hunt from early dawn to late at night. Just before sitting down to breakfast I went on deck; and found it very cold. A heavy thick fog had settled down on everything, dampening all but our spirits. After breakfast we took every cartridge we could get hold of, and started for the grounds with instructions to one of the men to join us, about four in the afternoon and help us out with some of the game. The boat was found in the slough as we had left it the night before; and after rowing along till we came to our landing we tied our boat, and started for the pond. The fog was so thick that we could get no bearings, and having no compass, the first thing we knew we were lost. We walked first north and then south and then east, and found no pond. There was nothing but high rushes and mud-holes and sloughs. We tried to retrace our steps, but got more bewildered than before; and at about eleven o'clock we sat down and waited for the fog to lift. At twelve o'clock the fog rolled away, and we found that we had been completely turned round and evidently been wandering in a circle, as we found ourselves within two hundred yards of our flag. We immediately struck out for the pond which we soon reached, very tired from carrying so many cartridges, but nevertheless full of spirits and ready for the rest of the day's hunt. We scared quite a goodly lot of ducks off the pond on our approach; and were soon ensconced in our blinds banging away at a great rate, as the ducks and geese came in very lively.

We shot all the afternoon and then, it being moonlight, though very cloudy, we shot till late at night, nearly ten o'clock. The Canada geese did not come in till late, but when they did come, they came with a vengeance. You could jump up and nearly hit them with the gun. Our man joined us about dusk and stayed to help us out with our game. We stopped shooting as soon as our cartridges gave out, and then proceeded to get things together. We gathered in the decoys, had the game drawn and packed in the pond boat with the rest of the traps, which filled the boat to more than overflowing. And I wondered when we looked at that load how we were ever going to get it to the yacht. Two of us took hold of the rope at the bow and the other shoved; and by dint of pulling and shoving we finally, after nearly two hours' work got the loaded boat to the slough, where we transferred some of the birds to the other boat, and after launching it were (after another hour's work) aboard our yacht, with everything stowed away. We were not long in getting asleep, and the orders were that we were

to be aroused about three A. M., as soon as the tide changed and get under way.

The next thing I knew, I suddenly awoke with the sun streaming in the cabin skylight, and on looking out the porthole aobve my berth I was very much surprised to see the pile of a wharf obstructing my view. In fact the two men had brought the yacht down during the night, and we two hunters being so tired had slept through the whole voyage, they having made the run down in about six hours. It was eight o'clock in the morning when I awoke, and we had just landed. We proceeded immediately to clean up and get ready for the train, which passed in the afternoon. We made presents of game to all those we knew at this town, and packed the rest in sacks for our city home, where, upon our arrival, we gave to all our own friends around. And we had geese, duck and swan cooked in every style for the next week.

I will try and remember a few figures. I know we got nineteen Canada honkers, tremendous fellows; about two dozen white geese, a dozen ordinary gray geese, one swan, and I will not state how many ducks, as I suppose I might shock my Eastern friends, who have, I suspect, already put me down a black mark for shooting at night

I have visited the "Phantom Pond" several times since, but never had such a hunt and such hard work at the same time. But the work only made the hunt more agreeable, and the game more acceptable when I got it.

San Francisco, California. Duck Call.

JOSEY EARLS AND THE CUBS.

BY CARL WHEELOCK.

A BEAR robbed of her cubs is not a pleasant thing to encounter. Even experienced hunters do not covet a "set to" with such a foe single-handed. When to her great strength is added the fury which apprehension of harm to her young inspires, the hunter is well aware that in an old she bear he finds "a foeman" well worthy of his skill, his courage and "his steel."

Fifty years ago Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, was a vast pine forest. Deep ravines, lofty hills, sparkling mountain streams, impenetrable thickets of pine, hemlock and laurel characterized that vast expanse of country that stretches from the summit of the Alleghanies northward to Clearfield town, and from Philipsburg westward to Ebensburg. A few hardy pioneers had erected their cabins at different points, "underbrushed" a few acres, and by hunting, fishing, and farming a very little, were eking out a rustic romantic living for themselves and families.

By some means an old hunter and trapper by the name of Josey Earls found his way into this wilderness, formed the acquaintance of the settlers, and engaged in his chosen pursuit. Mostly, during the summer time, he camped out, choosing for his camping ground that part of the valley of Beaver Run which now constitutes the site of Houtzdale; but the winter evenings he spent in the cabins of the settlers, and having served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, he never failed to render his presence very agreeable (especially the children) by narrating incidents of that memorable struggle, and giving enthusiastic descriptions of the effectual manner in which "Giner'l Washington finally thrashed the British." So intimately did he become acquainted with the simple, hardy pioneers, and so thoroughly did he succeed in ingratiating himself into their affections by his kindness to the children, and his many interesting, patriotic stories, that no matter at what time of the day or at what period of the night he put in an appearance, he was sure of a hearty welcome by all; and, although he never gave or even offered any money in exchange for his victuals and lodging, yet the many strings of fine trout, the many saddles of venison and the many rich roasts of bear's meat which he brought to the cabins of his benefactors were, by them, considered an ample reward for all he received at their hands.

In appearance, Earls was an oddity. Being not more than five feet five inches in height and rather slender (not weighing over one hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois), he was well-adapted to slipping through the thickets of laurel and alder that skirted those mountain streams. His dress was a pair of buckskin knee-breeches, buckskin leggings, shoes, a buckskin tight jacket and a large 'coon-skin cap. Thus dressed, with his knapsack on his back, his trusty rifle on his shoulder (he was an excellent shot) and his "shot-pouch and powder-horn" swung under his right arm, but for his diminutive stature, he would readily have passed for Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett.

Thus equipped, one morning in the latter part of June, 1833, the renowned hunter of Clearfield county might have been seen setting out from a cabin (which stood in the wilderness, two miles southwest of Philipsburg, on what was known as "the Upper Clearfield road") in the direction of Upper Moshannon and Beaver Run. A tramp of five miles brought him to the present site of Houtzdale. Here was a large "mud lick"—a place where, in summer time, deer came to lick the mud because of its saltness. Here, in the heart of a vast wilderness, Earles resolved to camp. Having brought with him no provisions save sufficient "pone bread" for his dinner, supper and breakfast, and a few quarts of corn meal and as many of white beans, and being intent on spending the greater portion of the summer at that place, he realized the importance of adding to his stock of provisions, if possible, a good piece of venison. So, having decided on his camping spot, and having done much in the way of erecting his cabin (which was constructed of small poles and covered with large flakes of hemlock bark), he ate his evening lunch, and, wending his way to the mud lick, took his position on a hemlock tree about twenty feet above the ground, to await the approach of deer.

Nor did he have to wait long. Just as the sun was setting, and while the birds were rendering the vast forest melodious with their evening carols, a herd of no less than ten deer, headed by a lage buck, made their appearance in the immediate vicinity of the lick. The sharp report of the hunter's trusty rifle soon reverberated through the forest, nine white tails flew into the air and bobbed up and down among the underbrush as nine deer leaped and snorted in their precipitous flight from the lick, leaving behind their gallant leader, the big buck, struggling in the last agonies of death. The well-aimed rifle-ball had done its work; the heart was pierced and already the hunter had five times as much venison on hand as it would be possible for him to preserve and consume.

His larder now thoroughly supplied, he felt comparatively easy, and whiled away several days in watching the beavers constructing their dam, in noticing and studying their habits, and in devising ways and means by which to "trap" them in the coming fall, when their coats of fur would be at their best. At length, weary of this quiet life, he resolved on a new venture. Knowing that bears were plenty, and not desiring to kill any at that time, because they are not valuable for their skins, their flesh nor their oil (except in the fall and early part of the winter), he resolved on hunting and capturing some young cubs. This he determined to do both for the sake of the "fun" and because live young bears could be profitably disposed of if taken east of the mountains. His plan was perfected, and after an early breakfast of corn bread and broiled venison, with his trusty rifle on his shoulder (dog he never kept, a most singular peculiarity for a hunter), he set out in quest of "young cubs." Leisurely he strolled over hills, across ravines, through laurel thickets, looking carefully in every direction, until the sun was rapidly sinking in the west, when he resolved to return to his cabin and hope for better luck another day. His steps now quickened by hunger and a desire to "reach camp" before night set in, he was pursuing his way through a deep ravine which was completely roofed over with pine and hemlock boughs, and across which lay the prostrate trunk of a huge pine tree. Having climbed upon this, he was walking on it to avoid the laurel thicket, and by chance he cast a glance down to the side of the log, when there, among the leaves and underbrush, in a huge nest, he espied, to his great delight, a fine pair of cubs, not more than eight or ten days old. They were cuddled together in their warm nest, enjoying a sound sleep, quite oblivious of all surroundings.

The experienced hunter knew that there was no time to be lost. It was one thing to find so rare a prize, and quite another thing to secure it. If nothing interfered, it would be the easiest matter in the world to convey the young prowlers of the forest to his cabin, which was not more than a mile distant; but if Madam Bruin put in an appearance (and, owing to the day being so far spent, she was almost certain to do so inside of the next ten minutes), she would be very apt to object to the removal of her progeny, in a manner calculated to make things both warm and lively for the hunter. A moment's thought, a few seconds spent in sharply listening for the approach of the dam, and his plan of operations was formed. A glance at his rifle, and placing his hand on his belt to reassure himself that his large hunter's knife was in place, in much less time than it takes to write it, he leaped down to the edge of the nest, grasped the cubs, thrust them into his large shot pouch, scrambled to the other side of the ravine, and made off in the direction of his cabin as swiftly as possible, ever keeping a "sharp look out behind."

But he had not proceeded twenty-five rods when the cracking of the brush warned him of bruin's being in close pursuit with all the fury of "a bear robbed of her whelps." He could easily have freed himself of all danger by dropping the cubs; but that did not suit his purpose. They were such a desirable prize, such grand trophies, that he resolved to retain them at the risk of his life. Quickly he took his stand behind a huge hemlock tree, lowered his rifle in position, and when the bear, on a full run, was within ten steps, he fired. But, alas for his chances. In his haste and excitement his aim was not as sure as it was want to be, and the ball, while it did not disable the brute, took sufficient effect to thoroughly arouse all her latent fury. On she rushed like an avalanche, uttering the most terrific growls; and dropping his rifle the hunter grasped his knife, and the monstrous infuriated brute and the lithe little old disciple of Nimrod closed in a life and death struggle. The mere momentum of the bear was so great that she at once bore the hunter to the ground; but fortunately he held on to the knife and retained sufficient presence of mind in his trying ordeal to use it with efficiency. For as much as five minutes (it seemed an age to Earls) they rolled and tumbled over each other, the hunter as often as possible making thrusts at the bear with such telling effect as to cause the blood to flow freely.

At last, when his breath and his strength were rapidly failing, and bruin, having flung him to the ground apparently for the last time, was standing over him attempting to get hold of his breast with her monstrous teeth, the hunter, mustering all his strength, sent the trusty knife upward and forward through the abdomen and chest of the bear, pierced her heart, and with a hideous growl she rolled off him dead.

For as much as ten minutes he could do nothing but lie still and pant for breath. The perspiration rolled off his brow and his clothing was wet from head to foot with blood and sweat. Having regained strength he gathered himself up, viewed for a moment the dead body of his monster antagonist, examined his shot pouch to find that the cubs were still safe—"alive and kicking"—and then, limp and bleeding, he set out for his cabin, where he arrived just as twilight set in. For as much as two weeks he did nothing but dress and nurse his wounds and take care of his young cubs. Then he set out for the settlement, where he amused the children by exhibiting his trophies, and startled the parents with an unvarnished account of his terrible encounter and his hair-breadth escape from a terrible death.

Lebanon, Pa., July 4, 1882.

GAME IN QUEBEC.

IN response to your invitation for reports as to game prospects in different parts of the country, I send you the following notes:

The winter here was the mildest that that celebrated individual, "the oldest inhabitant" ever knew. In consequence very few deer or moose were killed by crusting. It was equally favorable for grouse, and the old ones are very plenty; but the spring was exceedingly cold and wet, and the broods are small. I have rarely seen one full one, the most of them being from two to six.

In a recent trip up the Arnold River I found moose and deer tracks plentifully scattered along its banks, and on returning the same day, found that a very large moose had traveled for a quarter of a mile along the main road during our absence, browsing off the green herbage on each side of the road ditches. Although they escaped the crust hunter, they have not been so fortunate since. One party of fishermen from Sherbrooke killed a yearling moose on the Spider River, and a veritable "slaughter of the innocents" took place on Big River a short time since. A party of fishermen who had taken a gun with them, on rounding a turn in the stream, saw a moose's head projecting from a clump of bushes; they shot her dead in her tracks, and going ashore found a cow moose, with the milk running from her udder, and crouching a few yards away, three trembling little calves! They were obliged, in sheer humanity, to shoot these to prevent a lingering death from starvation. There is nothing in the English language that will properly characterize this transaction, and such things simply make one sick.

The season has been a very unfavorable one for trouting, and but few good catches are reported. Penobscot.

Cookshire, Quebec, July, 1882.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

WE do not expect extra shooting here this fall. The incessant and heavy rains, which continued all through the nesting season, could not but drown out all the nests on low ground. There are a few young birds in this county, enough to enable our local sportsmen to get a breakfast of them once in a while, but we do not expect very many. I am on a farm, and among the farmers a good deal. The general report is that chickens are scarce. We do not see them in the oat, wheat and rye fields as we would if they were plenty. I have heard of several bevies, all on high ground. Mark.

Morning Sun, Iowa, July, 1882.

ONTARIO GAME SEASONS.

WE stated in our issue of July 20 that the Ontario game seasons then printed were given provisionally. We append the correct dates as given in a certified copy of the existing statute furnished by a Belleville correspondent.

The open seasons are :

Deer, elk, moose, caribou	Oct. 1st to Dec. 15th
Grouse, pheasants, prairie fowl, partridge	Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st
Wild turkey, quail	Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st
Woodcock	Aug. 1st to Jan. 1st
Snipe	Aug. 15th to Jan. 1st
Mallard, grey and black and wood duck	Aug. 15th to Jan. 1st
Other ducks, geese, swans	Aug. 15th to May 1st
Hares	Sept. 1st to March 1st

A Wisconsin Pigeon Roost.—A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph*, writing from Sauk county, Wis., says: You have undoubtedly heard "pigeon-roost" as well as "fish stories," and imagined the former to be gross fabrications. If such is the case a visit to the "roost" near Kilbourn (this county) would have confirmed what you have heard respecting them. Long before the locality was reached, vast columns of pigeons could be seen passing to and from the roost. In their flight they appeared to follow certain routes, the array of flocks being so close as to resemble an army of feathered warriors. When their camp was reached, it was six miles in length and from one to two miles in width. The noise caused by the flapping of wings, and shooting and shouting of pot-hunters and trappers, also reminded me of the surprise of an enemy. There was no let up in the uproar and fusilade, and it was a matter of surprise that the birds succeeded in hatching a single egg, judging from the manner in which they were driven from their nests as soon as they settled upon them. Hundreds of trappers, Indians as well as "pale faces," were engaged in netting the old birds. One of the experts caught in a single day six hundred dozens. These are sold for trap-shooting, the price ranging from seventy-five cents to one dollar per dozen. The profit of the business is so great that the telegraph is brought into requisition to notify the professionals of the location of a roost, and they are hurried there by the "iron horse" in time to drive the assemblage from one or more locations before it finally settttles down to be slaughtered and captured, as if despairing to escape from the inevitable. In addition to netting and shooting, some follow the business of plundering the nests for "squabs;" these are palatable and sell readily, being shipped to distant markets by the barrel. Some idea of the wholesale slaughter is also conveyed by the immense number of young birds which are tumbled out of their nests before they are of any account whatever. As the pigeon lays two eggs, and the nest consists of a few twigs placed loosely together, the destruction by shooting through the nests is also immense. National as well as State laws should be enacted and enforced to put a stop to the wholesale slaughter of game. At the present rate of systematized destruction the time is not far distant when the sportsman will have to seek an almost inaccessible wilderness to find the larger species of game. When I first visited Wisconsin (about thirty years ago), from eighty to one hundred prairie chickens were easily bagged in a day; quail, jack-snipe and ducks were also abundant. Now I rarely venture on a hunt, for as a general thing it don't pay, as far as the game is concerned. A friend once remarked after he had been sold out by the sheriff, "The sheriff did not succeed in disposing of fourteen years of good living that I have enjoyed." I can add to his philosophical conclusion, "Neither can trappers, market shooters and nest-robbers remove the pleasant recollection of many a day of fine sport enjoyed in the past. The present and future dearth of game is also bearable from the fact that with advancing years one loses his enthusiasm for tramping over hill and dale in search of a few stray birds, said to be located in a certain but rarely found locality. Fortunately the sparrow is left for the coming sportsman. Judging from its rapid increase it will be hard to exterminate. Possibly this feat may be accomplished by improved breech-loaders and dogs bred to meet the requirements of the sport.

The Connecticut Rail Law.—South Norwalk, Conn., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the season for rail shooting approaches, a few lines on the Connecticut rail law passed last April may not be amiss. As the law stands, no rail can be shot till after September 12. This law was passed at the instigation of parties living on the Connecticut River, where there are extensive rail covers, and for the purpose of keeping parties from other States, who go there in yachts, from killing the birds off early in the season. This is all very proper and right, but in making the 12th of September instead of the 1st the open season have they not overdone the matter? On the Housatonic River, between Stratford and Derby, there are some good rail covers, and much sport is had with these birds from August 20 to September 20; as the corn grass begins ripening early in August, the birds commence to arrive, and in a few days become very fat. The best shooting at them has always been the last week in August and the first week of September After that the shooting does not amount to very much. I have shot rails on the Housatonic for fifteen years, and the record I have kept shows this to be the case. After September 15 the seeds have fallen, and the corn and oat grass seems to rot down, leaving no more cover for the birds, and the remainder of the shooting is done on the sedge flats at the mouth of the river. As rail are a migratory bird and leave us on the first frost, the open season for them under the new law is too short. The time to shoot the birds is when they are here, and the 1st of September should have been the open season, as it is earlier with us than the States further South, and there is nothing gained by protection to so late a date as September 12. I have talked with all the shooters in this vicinity, and they are of the opinion the open season should commence September 1. Another year we shall endeavor to have the law so altered as to allow shooting September 1, at least for the Housatonic. Co-operative legislation is what

we need in this State as regards our game laws, and the sooner the sportsmen understand it the better it will be for all concerned. Laws that are too hastily drawn up and passed, which clash with the views of sportsmen of different counties, fail of their effect and intention. We have no objection to the shooters on the Connecticut River passing any law they may see fit that is adapted to their own waters and county, but we do object to their embracing the entire State with a September 12 rail law.—F. B.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Although many "quail are reported whistling all over the country" in almost every State, it does not absolutely prove we are to have a plenty of birds this autumn. Your correspondent knows of not a few nests of eggs that never hatched owing to the cool and wet season, and some broods of young birds that were "draggled out" and perished in the rain. We will have more quail this fall than last most surely, but the whistling of Bob White does not prove he has brought his youngsters safely through the host of ills quail flesh is heir to. We have gained greatly, however, on last year, but we need one or two mild winters like our last to put us ahead. Owing to the rainy summer, and what more affected the birds, the deluge of water throughout the spring, woodcock shooting has been poor in our State. Most of the birds that have been shot proved to be old ones, which carries out the expectation that the nesting was interfered with and the young birds were destroyed by the floods and wet weather in the spring. The longbill can now feed almost anywhere so moist is the ground, consequently the remaining birds a.e scattered over a great extent of country and are hard to find. Next month he will hie to his moulting ground and find a rest and return again in cooler weather.—HOMO.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Now that the grain has been harvested, as I predicted some time back, doves have appeared in countless numbers. The sport is a grand one, and those who do not have a day or two at it are to be commiserated. Fancy lying quietly on the long blue grass sward in one of the many heavily wooded pastures protected by huge forest trees from the parching sun of July, and having frequent shots at single or double birds flying past at a lightning speed, and about as hard to kill as a blue rock, and then answer if that is not luxurious sport? Yet that is the mode of shooting doves, only to be varied later in the season, when the fodder has been pulled from the corn, by strolling through the fields about sunset to have a few more rounds at the lovely emblems of purity. Why doves are considered not game in other portions of the land I cannot imagine, for certainly from the immense quantities of them out here and the high excellence of their flesh as food, certainly they were intended for man's use. Charley Griffith bagged quite a number of them on Saturday last.—J. D. H.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Our well informed correspondent writes, under date of July 15: The slaughter ot deer on the Sixteen-Mile Level and in the vicinity of Blue Mount still continues. There are at the present time five or six different parties of hunters hunting in that neighborhood. One large party went up on Thursday, but that came from St. Lawrence county. And there are now quite a large number from the cities and large towns in different parts of the country camping at many of the ponds throughout the St. Regis district hunting deer. They make their headquarters at Paul Smith's, and other large posting houses, from which they fit out themselves with tents, guides, boats and all camping outfits, and go often fifteen or twenty miles away to some pond or small lake, away from any settlements; and kill all the deer that they can. I tell you, this early hunting in June and July destroys more game than all the rest of the hunting combined, and I know it to be a fact.

MICHIGAN.—In a recent conversation with Mr. W. B. Mershon, Secretary of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, we were told that the prospects for quail and partridge shooting about East Saginaw are very satisfactory. It is thought there will be a fine supply of birds.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THEY were cooting at Brant Rock, and one of the party, probably venturing too far in the surf in order to secure his game, had filled his rubber boots. At night, as all hands sat around the stove, the boots were brought forth and the question arose as to which was the best way to dry them. Various methods were proposed by the company, one of which was to fill them with hot beach sand and leave them over night. This being gravely suggested by one of the oldest of the party, and sanctioned by all present, was immediately carried into effect.

I don't think he looked more thunderstruck when he came to see those boots in the morning than Charlie Bickford did when he rowed out to Manomet Point cooting, and got into line only to find he had left his gun and shells on the beach.

When the boots came to be emptied, out came stuffing, linings, everything but the outer skin. To cap the whole, they were borrowed boots. SASSA-CUS.

SOUTH ABINGTON, Mass.

Uncle Siah was an old fellow, fond of his bottle, fond of the woods, and of telling big stories; but he would fly into a passion if anyone doubted his word. On the banks of the Merrimac was an old, deserted farm house, with no doors nor windows. We were sitting around the store, one evening, when Uncle Siah said he was sitting in the old farm house that afternoon, when a partridge flew through the house, in at one window and out at the other.

One of the boys said, "I guess it was a two-legged partridge."

"It's a lie," shouted Uncle Siah, as he left the store and wended his way home, mad all through that anyone doubted his story. WAS THERE.

MAINE.

Look at this.—W. & C. Scott & Sons' breech-loader. Damascus barrels, top action, rebounding locks, low hammers, large strikers, patent fore-end, double bolt, pistol grip, horn heel plate, in a square leather case, with crimper, loader, powder and shot measure and cleaning rod, for $65.00, and same gun with extension rib for $75.00. Each gun is warranted in the first place to be a genuine gun by these celebrated makers, secondly to shoot to satisfaction, and third if anything should not suit will make it right on gun or exchange for another if within thirty days from purchase. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouycha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, two species.
War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciwnops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

AND for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity anglers, let me tell you, sir, that there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because Nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented; for these poor, rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such disposition.—*Izaak Walton.*

FLY OR BAIT?

IN a late number—I think it is dated July 13—I notice Mr. Jhonson holds forth on the fly and worm question. This is an old and much argued matter, but always interesting to the angler. If not taking up too much of your valuable space, I would like to state a few facts bearing on the case.

There are streams so small or overgrown that it is utterly useless to try the fly; and again, sometimes the water is so high and discolored that trout will not rise to them, and will hardly touch bait; but taking the streams when in proper condition and the two anglers equal in skill and knowledge of the locality, the fly-fisherman will kill more trout and larger ones. This is a well-known fact to old anglers, and in England would not be questioned. Most men do better with the worm, because there are far less good fly- than bait-fishermen. Fly-fishing requires more skill, practice and experience, and is no more to be compared with worm-fishing than shooting birds sitting does to wing-shooting. I presume it is easier to kill birds on the ground than on the wing, but I believe sportsmen do not advocate the former because it is easier. Knowledge of the locality is of the greatest importance; no amount of skill will make up for that want. There is, generally, where the angler fails; he goes to some trout stream and fishes it carefully and does the best he knows how, but, to his disgust, finds that the boy or countryman with the worm beats him. It is not the worm that does it, but the countryman is at home, and knows where every trout is to be found and where to expect him, and if anything of a fisherman, beats the stranger out of sight.

I fished one stream in Lycoming county, Pa., for eleven seasons, and fished it from one to three months each year, and I found after the first two or three years I was just beginning to learn how, when and where to cast my flies in that stream. I do not wish to boast, but I never met a bait-fisherman there, during the last few seasons, that could kill the trout that I could. Yet I met a Welshman one day on the stream—a miner—who was using his own make of flies, and who could discount me.

There was a gentleman from Baltimore there one summer who enjoyed the reputation of being a great bait-fisherman, and he looked upon fly-fishing with the utmost contempt. He was very anxious to go out with me, and, I must admit, I was a little afraid of him. I knew if he beat me, there would be no more peace for me in that place, but finally I agreed to make a day of it with him. The first pool we started in at—we fished side by side—I took seven nice trout, three times two at a time, and he three small ones. He gave up fishing at noon. I caught sixty odd and he thirteen. The next night, to my surprise, he was practicing with a fly.

Another time, one rainy day, I came across a boy fishing in a favorite pool. He was perched on a log overhanging the best part of the water. I took eight fish almost from under him and he did not get a bite. A little latter he ran after me, holding up a fair-sized fish and yelling, "Hello, mister! I got one!" He wanted me to see he could catch trout too. The experienced angler will not bother with flies in the middle of the day in hot, clear weather; the trout are hiding. Then a worm or a grasshopper, cast with a light line and leader, will tempt them out when flies are useless; but as soon as the sun is off the water and behind the hills put on your coachman and yellow—sally and fish until you cannot see the end of your rod. W. HOLBERTON.

"It's an awful pretty thing to see one of those dandy fishermen get to work, so it is," said Tom Jenkins one day. "Why, they rig up in high ole style, I tell yer; they get on a pair of tight-fittin' trowsers that's cut off at the knee—guess the cloth run short—then they has a wes'coat that's got pockets all the way up, and a bob-tail coat that fits like the bark on a spruce tree, and it's got an awful sight of pockets and fixin's about it; and then they has a pair of ingy-rubber treowsers without any seat to 'em, that runs up under their arms and looks like they was made for their gran'father, and on t'other end they has rubber boots which has big iron nails on the part they walks on, and on top of all they gets a dandy little hat, and then you has a picter. My, ain't he nice! only them big rubber breeches, them's overcomin'. Wall, it don't ameount to much what kind of close you has on when yer goes a-fishin', but I ginerally leaves my Sunday close home on fishin' days. But that ain't all his rig; oh, no! he has a basket slung over his shoulder big enuff to hold a peck of treout, and a net hooked onto a button-hole of his coat; and then he's got a fishin' pole; golly, what a pole! It's a little bit of a thing, about as big round as the stem of one of them long clay pipes, only it's smaller than that at t'other end, and it's all finished off with bright shiny rings around it that looks like some of that jewelry that the peddlers bring round for the women folks to go crazy about; and he has a wheel on it to wind up his fish line. Wall, now I just like to look at one of them fellers, they look so nice in all their good close, and their putty little bits of fish poles.

"One day last week one of them fellers went fishin' in the branch, and was at it all day, and he thrashed the stream like a man a whalin' at his hoss; and he got his hooks away up in the trees, and left 'em there so's he could find 'em when the water got up high enuff, and when he got back from his days' fishin' he didn't look so nice, for he tumbled down and tore his putty coat, and busted the knee out of his rubber boots, and twisted his feet on the stones, and got all wet in the big mud hole and got chock full of mud all over him; and then the basket got loose and he smashed the beautiful little fishpole into a good many pieces; and the worst of it was, he only got one little fish. These kind of fellers always vows they'se had such a jolly day's fishin', but they hasn't any fish to show.

"My little cub Sam went out fishin' that day; he had on all that's left of a pair of my old treowsers, fastened on with one of my old galluses, and he had on his bare feet, and a straw hat; he got a pole up in the woods, that was big enuff to make about six of the other feller's, and he started out fishin' on the branch too. Wall, sometimes he'd be on the bank and sometimes in the water, then he'd be on both sides the stream to once, and then he'd be a swimmin' a piece, and you ought to see him ketch the fish. Wall, it ain't no use a talkin', he did ketch 'em lively. And when he cum home before supper time, he had jest the nicest mess of treout you ever see. I guess he must have had five dozen fish and they was good ones too.

"But that ain't all my story, either, for the dandy fisherman with the little thin pole, he seen Sam a ketchin' of the fish and havin' sich a jolly good time; so when he wus comin' along he ses to Sam, 'Say, sonny, what's yer goin' to do with yer fish?' And Sam told him that there wus a big family to home to supply, and it wuz his day on at that bizness; and do you know, the feller followed him home, and when he found out that we were not starvin' fur fish, he up and offered Sam five dollars fur his fish—the hull lot—and Sam got five dollars for that day's work, you bet.

"I dunno, but I 'spect that feller went home and told his folkes what a gelorious day's fishin' he had, and how he got 'em all with his little pole, and never said anything about his five dollars."

There's a moral to this tale. I suppose it is this: Don't despise a humble bait rod; don't exalt your light fly rod—you can't always sometimes tell which will do the work.

J. R., JR.

THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB.

WE make the following extracts from the St. John, N. B., *Sun* of July 24:

The fish stories that are annually wafted down to this city from the northern portion of New Brunswick are not infrequently cunningly devised fables calculated, if not directly intended, to impose on the credulity of our amateur sportsmen; and only those who have correspondents at the front are in a position to detect the amount of exaggeration underlying each particular story and to form a pretty correct idea of the exact state of the salmon crop in the particular locality to be visited. But it sometimes happens that the stories from a good station are so contradictory as to puzzle even the old stagers, and then nothing short of a personal visit to the spot will suffice.

"Going to Metapedia!" echoed a well-known fisherman, as a *Sun* reporter, seated in the Quebec express a few evenings ago, had indicated his destination in answer to a leading question—"good fishing there now; never was better," and this was with the air of one speaking with authority and not as a novice. The reporter smiled at the veteran's enthusiasm, as some hours later he contrasted it with the gloomy picture drawn of the sport generally in northern waters by a railway man who acknowledges no master in the art of whipping a stream or tying a fly. "Salmon are salmon this year," said the R. R. Man, "and don't you for get it; but if you want to see some of the prettiest trout that ever came down the line, stop over to-night. I'll hitch up my horse at daybreak and drive you out to the spot. If they don't catch on by the basketful in two or three hours, I'll never say fish to you again."

On arriving at Metapedia the *Sun's* reporter was most cordially received by Mr. John Robinson, Superintendent of the Restigouche Salmon Club, an association of American and Canadian gentlemen who have purchased the celebrated hotel and fishery privileges of Mr. Daniel Fraser, the long time popular landlord, and who is now to be found about a mile below on the New Brunswick side.

The officers of the club for the present year are as follows: President, Locke W. Winchester; Vice-President, Francis L. Lawrence; Secretary-Treasurer, Oliver K. King; Counsel, John L. Cadwallader; Superintendent, John Robinson: Executive Committee, L. W. Winchester, Marvelle W. Cooper, Oliver T. King, A. L. Mason; Directors, L. W Winchester, M. N. Cooper, O. K. King, F. C. Lawrence, W. H. Penfold, C. F. Fearing, W. E. Dodge, Jr., A. L. Mason, H. I. Nichols, D. T. Worden.

The gentlemen who compose the club have gone to a heavy expense to secure this, one of the best fishing privileges in Canada, and it is to be regretted that the sport this season has fallen far below their expectations or the average catch of past years. [A detailed statement of the catch of 1881 is given. It is: Division No. 1—90 salmon and 93 grilse, weighing 1,471 lbs.; largest fish, 39½ lbs, by Mr. Robinson. Division No. 2—Mr. King, 2 fish, 45 lbs. Division No. 3—49 salmon and 2 grilse, 1,158½ lbs.; largest fish, 38 lbs. by Mr. Jones.]

At the present date the club house is practically deserted, and little fishing has been done for some time. The small attendance of members is due entirely to the scarcity of fish. Mr. Robinson not feeling justified in forwarding encouraging information to the members. Indeed those who have visited the grounds this season have not remained as long as in years past, simply because the sport is so bad. The patrons this season have been: J. Hartt Welch, A. Stach,

pole, J. Carter, Jr., J. Robinson, John J. Kane, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Worden, W. Stackpole, Mrs. Mason, A. L. Mason, R. G. Dun, G. W. Hall, J. Livingston, Wm. H. Scott, J. Catlin, Jr., W. K. Vanderbilt, H. B. Hollins.

Operations were begun in the big pool on June 19, when J. H. Welch landed a 25-pounder with a Jock Scot. The catch in June around this pool was sixteen fish, of which J. Robinson took five and J. J. Kane six—a 32-pounder by Mr. Kane topping the list. Mrs. D. T. Worden caught a 20-lb. salmon in Titus pool with a butcher. The weights in the order of catch were 25, 20, 11, 12, 25, 12, 11½, 25, 25, 27, 32, 25, 27, 11½, 20. During June the sport up the river was chiefly confined to Mr. Catlin, Jr., and Mr. Welch, the former getting a 15-pounder at Brandy Brook, and the latter nine salmon aggregating 163½ lbs. at Pine Island. The feature of the present month was Mr. D. T. Worden's success at Camp Harmony, where he scored nine fish with a total weight of 145 lbs. At Cheyton's Brook Mr. Stackpole, Mrs. Mason and Mr. A. L. Mason took 630 lbs. of fish.

The total catch in the club waters up to last week was 131 fish, of which two went over 30 lbs.; twenty turned the scale at 25 lbs. and over; seventeen over 20 lbs., and about thirty ranged from 10 lbs. downward. The flies chiefly used were the silver doctor, Jock Scot, dusty miller, butcher, durham, ranger, black dose, silver gray, fairy and wilmot. The most taking fly was the jock scot, which is credited with fifty-one fish, the silver doctor coming next with thirty. A special feature of the season was the capture of two salmon on July 20 from the big pool during the progress of a thunder storm, the fish rising to a Jock Scot.

Mr. Robinson and Dr. Mason said that the fishing on the river had been getting worse and worse for the past three years, until now it was practically an utter failure. The fish this year are smaller than ever before, and unless some radical changes are made in protecting the fisheries, it is Mr. Robinson's opinion that the people can soon bid good-bye to the salmon in the rivers and on the coast. This opinion was based on information derived from several quarters, all tending to show a sad falling off. At Indian House pool, formerly a perfect salmon bonanza, only fifteen fish have been landed this season, and the record on the Patapedia is still worse. In four weeks' fishing at Kedgewick but twelve salmon were secured, whereas formerly that many have been taken in a day. From Causapscal the returns are so meagre as to totally shut off all visitors.

Having invested a large amount of money at Metapedia, the club naturally takes a deep interest in all measures looking to the conservation of the fisheries, and express their desire to co-operate with the authorities in every practicable way.

Mr. Robinson said that he had given the subject a great deal of consideration, and was satisfied that speedy steps were necessary to prevent the total extinction of the fish. He attributes the extinction of the fish in no small degree to the almost total blocking up of the tideway by nets, and in proof of this points to the fact that a large proportion of the fish taken in the club's waters bear the marks of having had to force their way through the nets. Then again, the inland waters are not efficiently protected against poachers, who operate on the spawning beds and drive away the fish that they do not kill. All the riparian owners on the river are anxious to join in the protection of the spawning beds. It is a noteworthy fact that this season the nets between Metapedia and Campbellton have done very little, all the fish being caught down towards the mouth of the river. Mr. Robinson, recognizing the importance of the net fishery industry, is inclined to meet the difficulty half way, and while advocating either a shortening of the season or more open days, is prepared to go in for cutting off fly-fishing, say from the middle of August. Unless something of this kind is done, he considers it useless to continue the artificial propogation of salmon on the river. He is an ardent believer in fishculture, though he takes exception to the manner in which it has been conducted here in the past. The system has been in operation some ten years, and instead of the river being stocked, the run is becoming smaller year by year.

THE UPPER HUDSON.

HAVING seen many articles in your valued journal in reference to the wholesale abuse of the game laws in various parts of the country, it has been a matter of surprise to me that no complaint has reached you from this quarter. I doubt if the locality exists where less regard is had for the game laws. This quiet village, as you know, is situated three miles above Troy, and about one and a half miles above the State dam, which backs the water of the "noble Hudson" above Waterford, in Saratoga county, three miles from the dam. In the basin thus formed fishing used to be good, and on the "rifts," of which there are four between this place and Stillwater (some ten miles up the river), those gamy fish, the black bass, wall-eyed pike, and chub used to be found in goodly numbers and size.

The fykes, "dummies" and seines have so exhausted the supply that for several years a few of the net fishermen have given up fishing. Let me here explain for the benefit of many of your readers who are not acquainted with the "dummy" that it is a small "hoop" or fyke net, with the wings stretched and held in place on a bow, instead of being on poles as in case of the fyke. This net, when set, is held in place by two stone anchors, each one tied to a rope, one holding the bow and wings in an upright position, the other the body of the net, which is stretched up the stream. This is the most common kind of trap net in use here, and is the "poacher's delight," as it may be used in swift or still water, and on either mud, gravel or rock bottom, and when set is completely hid from view, being under water. These trap nets have been the cause of poor fishing. They are used during the spring and fall months, and at each rise of the water in summer. They are usually of one inch mesh netting, and catch all fish (excepting eels) of more than four ounces weight.

The seining is now almost wholly confined to tidewater below the dam, in consequence of the arrest of one gang, in the lower branch of the Mohawk by Cohoes parties, but there are several gangs that work the bars near the rifts at night all through the summer, in the interest of Saratoga parties, catching most of the choice bass and obtaining fancy prices for them.

As a natural consequence of this our bass fishing is far from being good, and the fish are generally of small size, not averaging more than three-quarters of a pound, a fish of two pounds or more being a rare catch. No fishway has ever been built in the dam although one was promised long ago, and at this present time a fourteen foot dam is being built across the Hudson eight miles above this place with no thought of a fishway being built in it.

The seiners below the dam pay no regard to the law against hauling on Sunday, and the excuse our local fishermen make for using nets is that this "used to be tidewater" some fifty-eight years ago before the dam was built. To all persons who inquire if they catch hard fish (bass, pike, etc.,) they say "no," but, strange to say, they generally have such fish for sale at good prices, and at times when they cannot be taken with the hook and line.

Hunting is carried on at all seasons, and very few birds are to be found. I will mention an instance that on the 20th day of May wild ducks were being hunted and shot on the river opposite the city of Troy. Stone Arabia.

Lansingburgh, N. Y.

[Complain to your nearest game protector and form clubs.]

PALAVER OF THE PANIONKEES.

I HEREWITH inclose you a copy of the rules governing our last Annual Hunt. When Panionkee Tribe No. 2 Imp. O. R. M. was instituted its membership was made up of pale faces fond of manly sports, such as fishing, hunting, etc. The custom of having an annual fishing and hunting party was therefore easily engrafted on the tribe in the first great sun of its existence, and never since then have we failed to honor the event with a full attendance and a grand time. We do not catch trout, but make the bass, perch and bullheads grace our festive board. We occassionally have our line and an eel entangled in a Gordean knot, but such trifles are sneered at by the "injuns" of our tribe. As a rule, to use the expression of one of our members, "Ve has more fun as ve can get away mit."

Our last camp was on Spring River, in the Flower Moon, G. S. D. 391, that is to say in May, 1882.

The rules are as follows:

THE SACHEM.

The Sachem shall have supreme authority during the hunt and the encampment. He shall prescribe all rules and regulations, make details for special duty, and direct all affairs necessary to secure harmony, comfort and fish. And he shall enforce his authority whenever he is able.

THE SAGAMORE.

The Sagamore shall be Ruler of the Feast, and it shall be his duty to provide hewers of wood and carriers of water, taking special care not to overtax his own energies. He shall see that the commissary stores are properly cared for, that the same are kept convenient for the cooks, that the feast shall not be wanting in quantity and quality, that the dishes be properly cleaned at least once a year, and that all things shall be so directed that every man may retire to his wigwam when night cometh, in comfort and content.

BIG MEDICINE MAN.

The Big Medicine Man shall provide a sufficient quantity of Malarion to ward off the miasmatic dangers of the country; he shall care for the stock of snake medicine, and when any one has been snake bitten, or fears that he shall be, he shall prescribe the remedy laid down by the traditions of the race; he shall also distribute among the early risers a judicious assortment of lemons, sugar, spoons and cups, so that if such e. r. shall know what other ingredients will make a perfect compound, they may provide for themselves a remedy against the dangers of the day, likewise an appetite for breakfast.

KEEPER OF WAMPUM.

The Keeper of Wampum shall gather from each Red Man his proportionate share of wampum, paying the same out for such things as may be necessary for the comfort of the Tribe, bearing in mind that the tastes of the Red Men are simple and their appetites good; the larder need not boast a lordly variety, but the quantity must be munificent. The Keeper of Wampum must know how to make both ends meet; to his care and caution we commit the belt.

CHIEF OF RECORDS.

The Chief of Records shall keep a faithful record of the expedition, truly recording the achievements of each; he shall not too hastily give credence to fishy stories, nor make history out of the vainglorious imaginings or sanguinary dreams of the inexperienced.

GENERAL LAWS

1. Business is business; come down with the shekles. Talk is cheap, but it takes lucre to lure catish.

2. Each Red Man shall provide his own bedding, fishing tackle, towels, soap, killikinnick, and paper collar; and while in camp it shall be imperative on each to wear at least the last named article. The Sachem is authorized to appoint a Grand Bouncer to enforce this rule.

3. None shall lie abed after sunrise, without permission, nor shall any vex the stillness of the night by turbulent snoring.

4. There shall be no unnecessary tramping of mud into the tents, no getting up in the middle of the night for malarion.

5. No one shall participate in the pleasures of the hunt whose constitution requires more than eighteen hours rest out of the twenty-four.

6. No one shall at any meal appropriate all the fish.

7. He who refuses to eat chowder is a liar.

8. Meals served in private apartments shall be charged extra.

9. There shall be no stealing of "kivers."

10. If the Big Medicine man finds his duties so laborious as to endanger his health, he may appoint one or more assistants.

11. The Golden Rule of the Tribe is that no one shall do any work himself which he can get anyone else to do for him.

12. No one shall insist that his bass weighs four pounds when it is notorious that it weighs but four ounces, nor shall anyone proclaim that he "caught a thirty pound cat, but it got off the hook just as he got it out of the water."

13. Anyone detected in using charms, incantations, or spells, such as using asafœtida, spitting on his hook, taking a drink, or making use of any other superstition to draw fish to his line, shall be promptly scalped.

14. Small strings of fish and many applications for malarion shall be inadmissible without great labor in cleaning fish, cutting wood, and carrying water.

15. Coons shall be counted lawful game.

16. No song shall be sung or story told, that could bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest Red Man present, (and for the purpose of enforcing this rule Parker shall be counted the most modest Red Man present.)

17. When King Phillip hangs his pantaloons over a limb, no one shall put turtle heads or eels in the pockets thereof.

18. The "fun of the thing" is known only to him who does his share of the work. He who shirks shall know no happiness, nor shall the fastidious man catch fish.

19. It is likewise ordained and established that while we are in camp, and there's plenty to eat, every one shall eat when he's hungry, and drink when he's dry, and to his fullest capacity, so far as is consistent with the safety of his buttons, which every man must sew on for himself.

Note.—Some of the foregoing rules may seem to be inconsistent with each other, but we can nowhere find any law which requires a Red Man to be uncomfortable. He is his own judge of law, and may obey that which suits him best.

Girard, Kan. Shawondasu.

COLORADO TROUT FISHING.

I HAVE been here since the 20th of May, and have been running around sight seeing among those wondrous, gigantic formations, by far too stupendous to undertake any description of in a short letter or even in one of many pages, for in reality no pen picture, photograph or stereoscope can do half justice to the reality. I have spent some days along the banks of the surpassingly beautiful Rio Grande, casting the fly to the speckled beauties of its rushing, limpid torrents, with almost unlimited success. From this place below for ten or fifteen miles the fishing is reasonably good. But the best fishing is above, and higher up among the mountains better, and up so high as Wagon Wheel Gap, and even up thirty miles above the Gap still very much better. Up in Antelope Park, sixty miles above this, it is only a two hours' task to catch your sixty or seventy, and even one hundred pounds. I was up only ten miles above Del Norte, on the 15th inst., with two other gentlemen, and in six hours caught 180, many of them weighing three and three and a half pounds each. The road up the Rio Grande is beautiful for buggy or wagon, with a railroad up nearly to the Gap, and the balance, all the way up to Antelope Park, a nice smooth road for any kind of vehicle.

The trout are as fine game fish as their congeners of the Hyannis or any other part of America. The only objection, to the sport is that anybody will be allured into the sin of killing too many, and more than they ought to kill at a time. They are being caught in great quantities by the market fishermen for the Denver market. They get forty-five to fifty cents per pound in Denver, and there are thousands shipped by express on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

R. T.

Del Norte, Col., July 25.

WHITE BASS.

I FOUND the "white bass" at the mouth of Grand River, Mich., to be the ordinary silver bass of the Northern lakes; and the day I spent at Grand Haven taking them, although cool and blustery, was a very enjoyable one, not on account of the number of bass I took, but the novelty of the scene and the valuable information I received added additional pleasure to the day's sport. These silver bass appear at the mouth of, and some distance up, the Grand River generally, about the first week in June, but this season they were a full month late, owing to the cool weather and continued storms. They are taken with minnow bait in the same manner that black bass are caught, from the long piers extending into Lake Michigan at the mouth of the river or from a boat allowed to gently drift with the current. They appear in schools, it seems, and when one is taken it is safe to expect more. I found them bold and lively fighters, and those I took weighed from one quarter to one pound. I had but about an hour's sport with them, as they suddenly ceased biting; and going to other grounds tried the black bass with but poor success.

I learned from one of the fishermen at Grand Haven that the shad planted in Grand River at Lansing about eight years ago, have showed themselves. My informant, one Fendwood, who supplies the boarders of the Cutter House at Grand Haven with minnow bait, told me a year since he caught several in his minnow seine that weighed a pound. I was also told by a fisherman by the name of Wessel (a Hollander) that he had also taken similar fish. I am satisfied of the truth of these statements, for I took great care in making further inquiry on the subject, and the story was in every case verified. This should lead to further experiments of planting the young of fish which ascend our tide-water streams from their salt-water home to spawn. I also heard of a salmon weighing five pounds having been caught last summer by a man by the name of A. Fischer, of Grand Haven. It was taken in his gill net, which was set for lake trout. Whether this fish was a "land-locked salmon" or not, I was not able to learn, for none knew the latter fish. The natives of Grand Haven are somewhat surprised at the appearance of eels in the Grand River. They were never known to have been caught before, and I was told by Johnson, who keeps the rowboat slip at the steamboat wharf, that they were new to him. These eels have only shown themselves in the last year. The notes I give may prove interesting.

Homo.

CARP ANGLING.

THE question of the game qualities of the carp has often arisen since their introduction into America, but no one seems to have fished for them enough to entitle him to speak positively regarding their wariness and fighting qualities. The old English writers speak of it as a game fish, and it was one of Walton's favorites; but the German carp is an improved variety, much superior in growth and table qualities to the English fish, which is a scaled carp. Knowing that many of our readers are interested in the possibilities of carp angling, we take the following from the London *Field:*

In answer to "Moss Pool," one of the best and most certain methods of killing large carp is as follows: Carefully bait a spot for a week or so every evening with semi-boiled potatoes. Have a strong stiff rod with plenty of line on the winch, and at the end of the line a yard and a half of salmon gut. The hook should be a medium-sized triangle, carefully covered with potato. A small bullet a yard or so from the hook, and a small cork four yards from the hook, and the tackle is complete. Throw out this bait over the place previously baited. Keep the rod out of sight and a little slack line on the bank. Patience is then all that is required. The carp must be allowed to take the cork quite out of sight before struck.—A. J. D. Chapman. [We have known large carp killed in this way, but the bottom must be raked clear of weed first.—Ed.]

In reply to "Moss Pool," I may say that the tackle for carp should be made out of very fine gut, stained to the color of the water, with a hook about the size of No. 8, and a float made of quill, so weighted that only the tip lies above the surface of the water. The bait I use is sweet paste, made by mixing bread crumbs with honey and a little gin, and kneading it till of the proper consistency. Blue-bottle flies, ripe cherries, green peas boiled in sugar, larvæ, grains, worms, green gentles, and grasshoppers are sometimes used as bait.—J. W. Williams.

"Moss Pool" in Notes and Queries on Angling last week, asks how to catch carp. Some years ago, when living in the Midlands, I had access to a large pond in a gentleman's park, where there were plenty of these fellows ranging from 2lb. to 7lb., and many a fine basket full of them did I take home while yet in my teens. Sometimes, by baiting over night, I have caught 30lb. weight before breakfast the next morning. I found the best baits to be small red worms

found in dry earthy dunghills, rolled up like a ball, and various kinds of paste, new bread, white or brown, worked in the hands until stiff, also dough sweetened with a little honey or sugar. I have taken them with green peas, and small round balls of the green silk weed, so common in ponds during the summer. But the waters which I fished were generally discolored, which was favorable to success. It may be that the waters fished by "Moss Pool" are clear, and low, with cold hard water, and clay bottom. If so, I fear he has a problem to solve, as I have ever found them very difficult to capture under such circumstances. If there are any waterlilies in the pond, let him suspend two or three nice little wriggling small worms over the side of one of the large leaves, and they may be lured in this way. Mr. Francis in his book on angling, recommends a small boiled potatoe, which I should say is a very likely bait, but I have not yet had the opportunity of trying it. It should be used on small treble-brazed hook, put on with an ordinary bait needle, and the points of the hook duly imbedded and out of sight. A good 16ft. cane-built rod with upright rings should be used. This will permit fishing some distance from the shore, and, as the carp is the shyest of all our fresh water fish, the float should be one of the finest goosequills. For hooks I prefer the unjapanned Carlisle round bend.—THOMAS FORD.

SYDENHAM LAKE, Ontario.—While spending a short season some sixteen miles back of Kingston, Ont., a friend invited us to enjoy part of a day fishing on Sydenham Lake. As we were stopping about a mile from the lake, it was agreed that we should come to the foot of the lake early the following morning. The man with the boat was awaiting our coming when we reached the lake at 7:30, and with dinner basket and trolling spoons we set off up the east shore. Will, Clarence and your humble correspondent completed the trio. This whole section of Ontario is full of lakes, many of which are very small, covering but a few acres, while others extend for several miles. Most of the lakes have bold, rocky shores, which are generally covered with dense growth of spruce, cedar, and pine, with some hard woods, such as birch, maple, basswood, and ash. The water of most of the lakes is very deep, and so clear that the bottom can be plainly seen at a depth of from ten to twenty feet. The different lakes have different kind of fish, such as rock bass, large and small-mouth black bass, muskalonge, salmon, pike, pickerel and eels. The only fish in Sydenham Lake are pike and black bass, and these grow to very good size. We went up to the head of the lake and through a creek about half a mile long to Eel Lake, which, though not so large as Sydenham Lake, is a good place for black bass, and also contains a few pike. Our trip back was not as successful as going up, but getting back to the starting point we counted our fish and found that we had thirteen pike, varying in size from twenty to twenty-four inches, and eight bass of from two to four pounds weight. In all, we had fish enough to last a family for several days. Almost every day are to be seen parties of two or three out in small boats trolling. A number of Americans are now boarding in the village at foot of the lake, enjoying the fine trolling and boating to be had up and down the chain of lakes that extend several miles back. Board can be had in Loughboro' at very reasonable rates. Any party wishing to spend a few weeks should bring their boat with them, or at least bring one from Kingston. The farmers and settlers are a good class of fairly intelligent people, and will give sportsmen reliable information concerning the best places for fish and game generally.—SHETHAR-BOZNAI (Dugdale, Pa., July 26, 1882.)

TENNESSEE NOTES.—There has been almost too much rain lately for good fishing in this portion of the State, although those who were fortunate enough to strike the streams before becoming too muddy had fine sport. Charlie Curry, who has just returned from the mountains of East Tennessee, gives glowing accounts of the speckled trout fishing up there. He was out several times with Major Harry Heiss, formerly of the Nashville *American*, which is of itself a guarantee of good sport, because a more scientific and industrious angler than the Major cannot be found anywhere. Charlie says that so abundant are these beautiful fish that hardly does the fly strike water than it is gobbled up by one of them. I hear of some superb fish being taken out of the Cumberland River at points in the mountains above navigation; these waters are entirely exempt from the evil of pot fishermen, and bass grow there to great size. Col. Geo. F. Akers and Col. Griffith, President of the Kentucky Fish Commission, propose making these secluded regions a visit shortly, and then we will hear of marvelous fish and still more marvelous adventures. Col. Akers has secured from a Scotch nobleman traveling in this country a novel reel, which, by the aid of a small electric battery carried upon the person, is said to denote the size and character of the fish biting at the hook, which is attached to it. If this is really so, the days of fabulous fish stories and unhidden monsters of the deep are numbered.—J. D. H.

TWO SEA SERPENTS.—A Montreal correspondent furnishes the following from a local paper regarding the Aylmer Lake serpent: "We have been favored with a full description of the monster captured, not at the Chats, but in Aylmer Lake on Saturday last. Its full measurement is 13 feet 9 inches from end to end. The diameter at the thickest part is over a foot and half, and at no part does it measure less than a foot. A peculiarity that was not observed at the time of the capture is the presence of a large number of excrescences protruding from its body at various distances of from 2 to 3 inches to as many feet. It is almost impossible to detect the head from the tail, although at one end the two large knobs, covered with a film of a bright and shining appearance, bear the appearance of what might be the monster's eyes. It is covered with a thick hide, closely resembling the bark on a sawlog. In fact it was a sawlog 'only that and nothing more!'" And in the *Sun* of this city we find this: "It's a trifle early for the sea serpent, but if things get very dull I reckon we could persuade one to appear opposite any hotel you might pick out. My brother's the man to tell you about sea serpents. Years ago we fished at Cape May, and one day a spruce looking chap came up and says to my brother Phineas—Fin they called him—'Fin' says he, 'what do you suppose it's worth to me to have a genuine sea serpent appear off my hotel?' Fin was a man of a few words, and said that $50 ought to cover the whole thing. The queerest thing about it was that three mornings after that a sea serpent did appear off the hotel owned by that man. All the boarders saw it, the Philadelphia papers were full of it, and a train came down in the afternoon bringing a big crowd, and lots of people tried to hire boats to go out, but you couldn't get a boat or a man for love or money. Some of the men said they had families, others didn't like the looks of the critter, and so it went on until the second day when the serpent dissappeared. Fin never said anything only to mention that it was curious how things happen just after you have been thinking about it. About a month later I went up into Fin's loft after something, and there was that identical snake. Fin had taken a lot of wired shoots that they used aboard ship and sewed them together, stuffed them out with barrel hoops, tarred the whole thing black, painted white eyes on it, and put on a mane of jute. It was about 150 feet long, and a hundred yards away looked just like a big snake. He towed it off and anchored it a mile out in front of the hotel the night before, and in the mean time the hotel man hired all the boats for two days, so that no one could get out to it. It was a big thing. I know an old gentleman that often speaks about it. I tried to tell him about it once, but it wasn't any use. He'd seen it himself and you couldn't fool him."

LIGHT VS. HEAVY RODS.—When Mr. Geo. W. Van Siclen appeared in print with the evident intention of raising Dr. Henshall's hair, I felt that any fair-minded man had a call to the front. What is it that Mr. Van Siclen finds fault with? The worthy Doctor starts by telling his readers that he is a "great stickler for extreme lightness in rods when compatible with strength and action." "Anything wrong with that?" I think not—good, sound sense I call it. I presume that Mr. Van Siclen knows that to obtain the best results his line in weight should bear a certain proportion to the conditions of his rod. How light a line would he use with his four-ounce rod, and what would he have done with it on that morning at Niagra Falls when Frank Arrowsmith cast seventy-one feet, under the conditions of the heavy wind that was blowing? Mr. Van Siclen thinks the Doctor prefers to "thrash around" with a ten-ounce rod. Imagine a light rod fast to a five-pound bass! Most likely there would be some of the most uncontrolable "thrashing around" there that he ever saw. Mr. Van Siclen compares billiard cues with fly rods. Perhaps it is just. In long fly-casting the same accuracy and power or control cannot be obtained with a six-ounce rod as with an eight or nine-ounce. This rule applies equally well, I think, after the fish is hooked. Look it over, Mr. Van Siclen, and see if there be not a grain of truth in it.—RHODY.

LARGE-MOUTHED BASS IN FLORIDA.—The Sumterville (Fla.) *Times* of July 21 says: "Mr. S. W. Corley, of Okahumkoe, brought into our office on Saturday last the head of a trout that weighed 15¾ lbs. He caught one the day before that weighed 6¾ lbs. after it was perfectly dry." Fair specimens. "What say all of you?"—AL FRESCO.

BIG PIKE.—Bellows Falls, Vt., July 29.—A pike was taken out of the Connecticut, at this place, last evening, which weighed fourteen and a half pounds, the largest this season.—F. C. E.

Fisheulture.

TAKING MACKEREL FOR OIL.

WE print the following letter from Mr. D. T. Church, manufacturer of menhaden oil and guano, Tiverton, R. I.:

Editor Forest and Stream—In your issue of July 13 you have an article in regard to the destruction of food fishes which is incorrect. Please insert in your paper the inclosed article. There is one error you will do a favor to correct. Prof. Baird's estimate of destruction by bluefish is fifteen hundred million barrels in four months instead of one hundred and fifty millions.

Providing your sporting friends wish to learn the fact that as a whole the menhaden purse seiners don't catch food fish enough to supply the men on the steamers and at their factories, they can do so by going on board of the steamer George W. Humphrey for a month or more and learn by personal observation.

As I understand it, you and all your patrons are for right and truth. If so, you are wide from the right in your position in regard to the purse seine fishery. Why should not the harvests of the sea be reaped by improved machinery as well as the harvests of the farm?

As we look at it, and we are prepared to make it good by argument, your position in regard to the sea fisheries and the improved methods of taking fish is the same as the men who want all railroads discontinued and to go back to the old stage coaches. D. T. CHURCH.

Here is the article from the *Herald* referred to:

"The statement made in you issue of the 11th, that fishermen and property owners interested in the mackerel business are excited because a steamer is making arrangements to catch mackerel for the purpose of manufacturing them into oil and guano, is not true, for the reason that no steamer is being fitted to take mackerel for that purpose. We are offered for mackerel as they are taken from the water $3 per barrel, and the market value of a barrel of mackerel, after being rendered into oil and guano, is $1 per barrel.

"People other than practical fishermen often get excited in regard to fish; for instance, Shebnah Rich was in that mood during the last period of scarcity of mackerel on the coast of New England. He read a lecture before the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association of Boston, taking the ground that catching mackerel in purse seines was the cause of their absence, and that there never would be any more mackerel worth making a business to catch unless that mode of taking them was discontinued. William Stowe, one of the firm of the American Net and Twine Company of Boston, who should know something of the ebb and flow of sea fish, got excited also, and he preached, with the fervor of Mahomet, to the effect that taking mackerel with purse seines had destroyed that fishery. I heard him make the statement in November, 1878, that, in his opinion, there never would be another makerel purse seine made in the United States In the light of the last three years' mackerel fishery, it is shown that their excitement was uncalled for, and it is also shown how little they knew of what they were talking about. As to the assertion that steamers have broken up and driven off the menhaden, it is worth just as much as Rich's and Stowe's statement in 1878 that the mackerel purse seines had destroyed the mackerel. It is a fact, well known to all who have taken the pains to study the history of fish that live and multiply in the sea, that they have periods of being plenty and scarce, and that man, in his puny efforts of capture, is as nothing in comparison with the destruction by bluefish, sharks, bonitas and other fish of prey. Prof. Baird estimates that the bluefish in four months destroy on the coast of New England 150,000,000 barrels of fish. When we add to the above the destruction by sharks, whales, etc., and add to that the whole coast from Maine to Mexico, and take twelve months' destruction instead of four, we see that man's influence is about the same as a fly's would be in trying to stop the steamer Bristol's engine by lighting on the end of her walking beam when it was running wide open, with all the steam the law allowed..

DANIEL T. CHURCH."

[The impression which we have formed of this business is that while bluefish are often let out of the purse nets because they cut the net so as to render it useless, other food fishes are retained. These fishes would, of course, be worth more in market than for oil, but the steamer is not bound for market, and by the time of her return with her catch the fish are past the marketable condition. Our article was based on a report from Massachusetts papers that the Rhode Island steamers were being especially fitted out for a foray upon the mackerel for their oil. If this report is true we maintain our position of hostility to the movement. In this connection we publish the following from the Cape Ann *Advertiser*, an able paper published in the interest of the commercial fisheries at Gloucester, Mass.:

"A statement has been published in the Boston papers from gentlemen interested in the fish oil and guano business asserting that the idea of catching mackerel for oil and guano purposes is preposterous, from the fact that mackerel are worth, as they are taken from the water, $3 per barrel, while the market value of a barrel of mackerel after having been converted into oil and guano is only $1.

"We trust that this statement is correct, and if so there will be no fears of diverting this valuable fish from its legitimate channel, that of affording a nutricious and highly palatable food, which has become staple in many families, who regularly lay in their half-barrel, quarter-barrel, or kit of mackerel as a part of their winter's provisions. These gentlemen "scout the idea that man's best efforts can have any perceptible effect in reducing the quantity of fish in the ocean. We wish that we could agree with them; but in our humble opinion a fleet of steamers such as have followed the menhaden, pursuing that of the mackerel fishery, intent on filling up the steamers, irregardless of having to stop to dress or market the catch, but just turn them into the hold, taking them to port in bulk and bailing them out again, would so harass the sensitive mackerel that they would soon follow in the wake of the menhaden, seeking other waters where they could be free from their pursuers."]

HABITS OF BLACK BASS.—While in Grand Rapids, Mich., during my late vacation, I was informed by Dr. Parker, of the State Fish Commission, and a Mr. Hall, of that city, of a new feature in the habits of the black bass during spawning time, which had come under the notice of those gentlemen. It that of the nest building of these fish within two or three feet of the surface in ten and fifteen feet of water Mr. Hill told me he had frequently observed at the head of some lakes and ponds in Michigan, a collection of ring moss and other vegetable matter, placed with apparent design on the top of brush heaps which rested on the bottom of the lake and extended nearly to the surface of the water. Not knowing what they were he made a critical examination and found them always guarded by the bass which had constructed the nest in the same manner in which they protect their ordinary nests made in the bed of the stream or pond. In many cases the nests would be three or four feet in diameter and larger than the top of the brush pile on which they rested. This habit of the bass I have never heard of before, and both Mr. Hill and Dr. Parker confessed they had never seen an account of it published. It may be some of your correspondents know of it and can give further light on the subject. May it not be that some peculiar character of the bed of these bodies of water where the nests are found renders it impossible for the spawn of the fish which inhabit them to properly develop if deposited there, and the nest building is resorted to to aid in a better or more speedy hatching of the eggs? Perhaps more sunlight is wanted. I am at a loss to give a better explanation of the matter.—HOMO.

BLACK BASS FOR ENGLAND.—London, July 11.—Among the pleasant acquaintances made here—those interested in fisheulture and angling—I have been very much gratified by the kindness and hospitality of Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, whom I first met at the Society of Arts recently, on which occasion he read a very interesting paper on artificial propagation of coarse fish; there was a large attendance of anglers from the 120 different Angling Societies of London and vicinity—Edward Birkbeck, M. P., presiding. Mr. Marston exhibited a drawing of the apparatus, describing an exceedingly feasible plan for securing spawn of perch, bream and other fishes whose eggs adhere to brush or grass, thus enabling them to be transported and placed in suitable water in which to be hatched. Mr. Marston's paper was received with a good deal of enthusiasm. The people here seem to be unfamiliar with the abundance of game fish in our own country, such as trout, salmon, black bass, therefore it is strange that it should seem desirable to hatch fish of this kind, which afford little sport in their capture and are not good food fishes. I was invited to speak upon the subject of black bass; the audience was greatly interested and unanimously adopted my suggestion that steps should be speedily taken, towards stocking the vast extent of waters in the country now deficient in game fish, especially of such as our famous black bass. GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE.

FISHERIES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, RHODE ISLAND AND CONNECTICUT.—We have received Census Bulletin No. 291, giving the statistics of the fisheries of New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut, prepared by G. Brown Goode, special agent in charge of ushery investigation, and A. Howard Clark, special agent. The report comprises a series of three tables, and shows in detail the number of persons employed, the amount of capital invested, and the value to the fishermen or producers of the various products. Table I. shows that in the fisheries of New Hampshire 414 persons, and a capital of $209,465 are employed, and that the value of the product is $176,684. From Table II. we find that Rhode Island fisheries employ 2,310 persons and $596,678 capital, and that the value of the product is $880,915. The fisheries of Connecticut, as shown in Table III., employ 5,131 persons and $1,421,020 capital, and the value of the product amounts to $1,456,856.

MICHIGAN NOTES.—I have learned through Mr. V. Wilson, of White Pigeon, that the whitefish put into Clingers Lake by the fish commissioners of this State have lately shown themselves, and several have been taken in minnow seines, weighing ten pounds The silver eels, also planted in Michigan waters from Pennsylvania streams, seem to have thrived, but whether they have reproduced is another question. Those that are frequently taken from the ponds, lakes and creeks, where they were deposited in a very young stage of growth, may be the original fish of increased size. Dr. Parker, of Grand Rapids, Mich., wishes me to state to you that the trout fry deposited in the Southern Michigan streams, where the fish were never known to have been, are thriving nicely and doing as well as the fish placed in more northern waters. The bass fishing on the flats of the Detroit River is now fine, and your correspondent has been having a full share of it.—HOMO.

GROWTH OF TROUT.—Ripon, Wis.—Mr. Cody took two trout from out Silver Creek, weighing 2½ and 2¼ pounds respectively. One was 17 inches long and the other 16¾ inches, the first week in July. The stream was stocked with fry in April, 1880. Pretty rapid growth.—A. C.

"A uniform" or "an uniform." Regardless of which is correct, the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company will still go on making pens of uniformly good quality. The stationers have them.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1882. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters wheiped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Slayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

September 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, Fairmont, Minn. Entries for the Derby close July 1, for the All-aged, Sept. 4. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.

November 17.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 884, New York, Secretary.

December 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11.—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

WHAT IS A COCKER?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The most pronounced feature in "Senex's" letter in your last issue is the deep-rooted opinion of which he seems unable to divest his mind that the A. C. S. standard was specially devised to fit certain black field spaniels, which he apparently cannot find terms contemptuous enough (even by throwing consistency to the winds) to characterize. They are, according to him, in one breath, "a worthless set of pug-nosed, crooked-legged, Jumbo-like specimens," and in the next he speaks of the "long head and snipy nose of the nondescript."

In my letter to you of the 3d inst., published in your issue of 15th idem) I endeavored to show the construction that the American Cocker Club standard bears to my mind, and I am curious to know how many spaniel breeders take a different view of it. "Senex" calls it a "false and pernicious standard," causing "foul and wicked injustice, and a blot, a scandal and a burning disgrace to the name of the cocker spaniel."

Now I would like "Senex," whom I know to be an honorable and just man in intention, calmly and dispassionately to follow me while I try to show him how the best specimen of the black field spaniel exhibited at Cleveland, according to my judgment, would come out if measured and weighed as a cocker. As a field spaniel he made the very high score of 92¾, under, as I think, very critical judging.

I will suppose that the question of weight, which would otherwise disqualify him, is entirely waived.

To avoid useless repetition, I would ask "Senex" to read in connection with this letter the description of the points as given in your number of 15th inst.:

	Full Score.	Benedict as a Cocker.
General appearance and symmetry	10	5
Head	15	9
Eyes	5	2½
Ears	10	10
Neck and shoulders	10	7½
Body	15	10
Length	5	—5
Legs and feet	15	10
Coat	10	10
Tail	5	5
	100	07—5
	Deduct negative	5
Total score of Benedict as a cocker		55

As "Senex" was present at the judging of the spaniels in Cleveland, it will probably give him little trouble to recall the only entry in class 37—No. 189, the Hornell Spaniel Club's Flirt. She was there entered as a field spaniel, because, being very fat and heavy with pup, her weight precluded her from competing in the small class; but properly shown, she is a capital type of cocker, and would, barring her rather plain head, make a very high score under the cocker standard. It would have shown much better judgment in the Hornell Club had they entered Baroness, No. 190, in the field spaniel class, having added, as might easily have been done, an ounce or two to her weight; and Flirt as a cocker, of which, as I said before, she is a good specimen.

I find it necessary in order to make my meaning unmistakable, thus to refer to dogs that have been publicly exhibited and criticised in the sporting papers, as being the shortest and most easily understood method of explanation.

I hope I have succeeded in making it clear that, according to my lights, the A. C. C. Standard does *not* fit the modern black field spaniel and that "Senex" is wasting his powers in an entirely wrong direction, and setting up imaginary bogies to keep himself occupied in knocking down.

Having purposely refrained from following "Senex" into any discussion on the comparative merits of the cocker and field spaniel, about which every man is entitled to his own opinion, I will close by telling him that he will find among his fellow-members of the American Cocker Spaniel Club, thoroughly true and staunch friends of the handsome little dog, and plenty of room for exerting his influence, both by pen and example, in furthering the true interests of the breed.

J. F. KIRK,
Secretary American Cocker Spaniel Club.

TORONTO, July 22, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Senex" again treats us to one of his highflown appeals on the cocker question. I do not propose to answer his very wild statement and erratic assertion, because it would take up too much of your space. I think, however, that I have got one sentence upon which the whole of his heartbreaking appeal hinges, and to that I will confine my attention:

"Is the genuine cocker to be divested of his prerogatives and to be absolutely excluded from our bench shows because a few interested persons (I mean in connection with the cocker entirely) have seen fit to foist upon the community a worthless set of pug-nosed, crooked-legged, Jumbo-like specimens of the black dog, and call them by the euphonious title of cockers?"

The genuine cocker has been especially provided with two classes at each of the bench shows held this year—a decided improvement on any prerogatives hitherto enjoyed by that breed.

"Senex" should be more explicit in his charges and name the "few interested persons," so that they may know what he is driving at.

The winners in the cocker classes this year have been Dr. Niven's Black Bess and Bene, Dr. McCollom's Alma, G. Macbeth's Zulu, and the Hornell Spaniel Club's Princess, Flirt II., Beatrice, Madge and Topsey. Of these the blacks are Dr. Niven's pair, Zulu, Beatrice and Topsey. "Senex" saw all but Beatrice and Black Bess at Cleveland. I want to pin him right down to facts now, and I ask which of the black cockers he saw had a pug nose, or was crooked-legged, or Jumbo-like, whatever that may mean. Your readers need not expect an answer from him—he has no answer to give short of an apology.

"Senex" wants to make out that the field spaniels are shown as cockers, and though he knows just as well as I do that they are not, he harps on this string continually. A year ago he wrote a lot about the New York show, although he was not there, and he accused the Lachine Kennel Club of showing Benedict as a cocker, and when brought to task replied personally to the club, saying he had been misled, was very sorry for having made such a mistake, and would at once write to the paper in which the statement appeared. Up to the present date, however, his promised letter of correction has yet to appear. Now he goes off on the same course of misstatements with regard to Cleveland and the shows of this year. The first case might have been a mistake, what is the second?

We will even suppose that Benedict, Dash, Black Prince, Success and others were shown as cockers. Which of them has a pug nose? Which, with the exception of Success, has crooked legs, and which is Jumbo-like? Give us facts, "Senex," not vague assertions, or else come down with your correction, tacking on by way of P. S. the one promised last year in the case of Benedict.

What is the matter with "Senex?" is the question I have had put to me several times since his appeal appeared. All the trouble is, that he is at present a disappointed exhibitor. Last February he asked to have his name proposed as a member of the Cocker Club. It was done, and he was elected. He took no further step in the matter until after the New York show, when, in response to a friendly communication from Mr. Kirk, the present secretary, he perfected his membership and said all sorts of good things about the club, harmonious working, etc. The next step is his showing at Cleveland, and failing to get a win for either of his exhibits, and now comes the onslaught on the club and the standard. Every person is at liberty to draw his own conclusions from this little history of mine I have given above.

"Senex" will find it a much easier thing to write appeals than get support from cocker breeders who are content to abide by the present club, which has, in its one year of existence, had the schedules revised and put in shape, and given $45 in prizes. The club started on its second year of existence with a balance in the treasury, and let me say that at the annual meeting there was not one attempt made to alter or amend the present standard. Yours respectfully,

JAS. WATSON.

DOGS ARE PROPERTY IN OHIO.

FOLLOWING is the full text of the late Ohio decision determing the status of dogs as property in that State. The decision will be received with great satisfaction by all owners of valuable dogs in Ohio, and by every one who is interested in securing better protection for these animals. The decision is as follows:

The State of Ohio vs. Michael Moran. In the Probate Court:

At the July criminal term of this court the said Michael Moran was tried and convicted for stealing a Scotch terrier dog, the property of one Charles Asmus and of the value of $25; and thereupon the defendant, by his counsel, moved an arrest of judgment upon the ground that the stealing of a dog was not larceny in the State of Ohio. The counsel, in support of his motion, relies upon a decision made by our Supreme Court, in the case of the State vs. Lymas, 26 Ohio St. Rep. 400. The court in this case held that the stealing of a dog was no larceny at common law, and not made so by statute, yet in deciding the case they express the opinion that the taking and carrying away of a dog was such an evasion of property as might amount to a civil injury, but from the statute then in force defining larceny they found no authority authorizing them to pronounce as larceny the stealing of a dog.

The statute under which this decision was made is found in Swan & Critchfield, sections 408 and 409, and it defines larceny to be the stealing of money or other personal goods or chattels. The court says in passing upon the case that these words "goods and chattels" have a settled and well-defined meaning, and did not at common law embrace dogs, and when these same words are used in the statutes then in force defining larceny, it follows that the statute is not to be understood as embracing dogs, and for the purpose of enforcing their views the court further say "that bonds, bills and notes were held at common law to be goods and chattels, and yet they were held not to be the subject of larceny, and, therefore, it was necessary to enlarge our statutes so as to make the stealing or maliciously destroying them punishable in the same manner and to the same extent as other goods and chattels.

The opinion of the court there in this case was: That prior to this amendment defining larceny, neither bonds, bills or notes were the subject of larceny, but dogs not being included in this amendment, the law as to them remains unchanged. In other words, not being goods and chattels, the stealing of them is not punished under the larceny act.

But how stands the law to-day? The statute under which this decision in the 26 O. S. was made has been repealed, and the statutes defining larceny and the only statute on the subject is found in Sec. 6856 of the Revised Statutes, and it declares "that whoever shall steal anything of value shall be guilty of larceny." Nothing is here said of the stealing or destroying of bonds, bills or notes. These are not named in this statute, and from this is it to be inferred that there is no law in Ohio by which the offender can be punished who steals bills or notes? This will hardly be presumed, and how is it, then, they can be brought under our larceny act? The answer is obvious. It is because they are things of value; and what reason can we give for bringing bonds, bills and notes under this statute and at the same time shut out the dogs? Are they not things of value? Had the present statute defining larceny been in force at the time the case of Lymas was passed upon by our Supreme Court, his sentence for dog stealing would have been confirmed. The court in that case expressed the opinion that there was such a thing as property in a dog, and it necessarily follows from this that a dog is a thing of value. Whatever doubt the court may have entertained as to a dog being goods and chattels, they could have none as to his being a thing of value.

It may not be necessary for me to say anything further upon the question here made, but for the purpose, if possible, of relieving the mind of counsel moving in this matter of all doubt as to the law governing the case, I will refer to one or two decisions made in other States, based upon statutes similar to our own. In Kansas they have a statute defining larceny. It declares "that it is the stealing and carrying away of any money, goods, or rights in action." The question came up before the Supreme Court of that State, whether the stealing of a dog, under the statute, was larceny. The court held that a dog was property, and so considered at common law, and that under the statute the stealing of a dog was larceny.—Section 2, Kansas Reports, 480.

In a recent case which came before the New York Supreme Court, on error, Mullany was convicted in the court below, under the larceny act, for stealing a dog. See New York Reports, volume 2, 480. The court held that, while a man, for stealing a dog, could not at common law be punished for larceny, they held that the definition of personal property as found in the statutes is not to be referred to the common law rule bearing on the case, but to the common understanding at the time the statute was enacted.

They say that the common law rule is exceedingly technical, and can scarcely be said to have a sound basis to rest upon; that while it was not larceny to steal a dog at common law, it was larceny to steal the skin of a dead dog. This court did not seem to be embarrassed by this common law rule, and construed the word property in their statutes embracing dog property. The court held to steal a dog was larceny under their statutes. See also 34 New Hampshire Report, page 523; 4 Parsons's Criminal Report, 386; 1st McArthur, page 53, where the stealing of a dog is decided to be larceny there.

There are some decisions to be found in this country where the common law rule is adhered to that there can be no larceny in the feloniously taking and carrying away a dog, but I venture to affirm that no decision can be found in any State with a statute similar to our own that declares the stealing of a dog is not larceny. I therefore decide that a dog is property—a thing of value, and that the stealing of a dog in Ohio is larceny. The motion in arrest is therefore overruled.

Alexander Hadden and J. P. Dawley, attorneys for the prosecution; Frank E. Dellenbaugh, attorney for defendant.

THE BYRON HOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A history of the Byron hounds, a strain of dogs so justly celebrated in this section for indomitable energy, tender nose, unsurpassed speed and untiring dash, cannot fail to be interesting to all huntsmen. I have hunted for over forty years with Byron hounds, and had ample opportunities to test their value as red and gray foxhounds, and do not hesitate to say that they generally excel, as a class, any other. I have hunted hounds fully their equal in many respects, but they were isolated and accidental cases, and not representatives of a class or strain. I think I should qualify this statement, for I have never seen nor hunted a hound that could maintain his character for ten consecutive days as the Byrons. They are without rivals both in gameness and endurance.

Old Byron I knew from his breaking to his death, which, by the by, occurred at my house in 1837 of old age. When only a few years old I rode over him and his brother Rattler, in couple in my father's lawn, and mashed his right leg from his toes to the knee. The injury lasted his life, and greatly disfigured that leg. But it did not impair his speed or power of endurance. Gen. P. B. Starke hunted the four original Byrons, owning two of them. "Pious Joems" (Col. James Gordon of Pontotoc, Miss.) hunted both red and gray foxes with them when on a visit to me ten years ago this coming October. In a friendly letter to me of recent day, after expressing regrets that both of us must soon "hand in our checks," he remarks, "Could I be satisfied that you and I would one day meet in a better land, mounted on thoroughbreds, with Watchman in the lead of a pack of Byrons, after an old red, this world would not now be so attractive."

Watchman, mentioned by "Pious James," at the time of visit, headed my pack, and was used in the stud by me up to his death. He was the lineal descendant of Old Byron and Rattler, two full and litter brothers, and the founders of the Byron strain of foxhounds. Broadnax's pack consists almost entirely of Byrons, and a more certain and reliable red or gray fox pack has never existed. His Telephone, full sister to my Blunder and Blunder is the mother of two indigo-blue female pups sent the Hon. Jno. E. Kenna, of the House of Representatives, from West Virginia. He writes me (June 29) that "they have had a round after a red and acquitted themselves, even at their early age, most creditably. Beauty (Bett–Logan) is what her name implies, and is the largest of the four. Fancy (Fanny-Logan) is well grown, very graceful, active in her movements, and as quick as thought." I have just sent my two indigo-blue Byron pups (one Bett-Trailer, the other Kate-Blunder) to him. These two puppies are very fine and extremely promising, and will at some future day equal the best of any other strain or will belie their ancestry. I have been thus particular so that all inquiring huntsmen may be enabled to form an estimate of the merits of the Byrons of the past and of those of to-day. My "Roanoke 'Coon Hunt," in your issue of the 20th inst., has elicited a correspondence from Massachusetts to Georgia about the uncalled for Byron pups, which I take this occasion to say I shall not hold over longer than ten days for the parties originally ordering them. I hope their views of "business" may by that time be sufficiently modified to notify me of their intentions. T. G. T.

GASTON, N. C.

GARRYOWEN SPEAKS.—At the recent Belfast Dog Show Mr. Giltrap's red Irish setter Garryowen was protested by Mr. Hilliard, who claimed that his nose had been tampered with. Garryowen turns up his nose at this, and with the characteristic wit of the breed writes to the editor of the Belfast *News-Letter* as follows: Sir—In the report of the above show, as published in your issue of the 23d inst., it is stated that it was understood an objection had been lodged against me, alleging that my nose had been tampered with. It is a fact that in my master's absence from the show, and without any previous intimation to him from Mr. Hilliard, whom we both met at the Alexandra Palace Show the week before, such an objection was lodged by Mr. Hilliard, the owner of the defeated Count (my brother) and Viscount Palmerston, his kennel companion. The committee of the show, having investigated the objection, after having got my nose examined by the veterinary surgeon, confirmed the awards of the judge, and thereby declared me entitled to "first prize" in the champion class for setters, and to "The Newry Challenge Cup," as being the best of all the sporting dogs or bitches in the show, and the Newry Challenge Cup is now conveyed to me by my kennel. The origin of Mr. Hilliard's frivolous objection can only be accounted for by the fact that I had beaten my brother, Count, in the champion class at Belfast, as well as at the Alexandra Palace the week previous, and also had beaten his kennel companion, Viscount Palmerston, for the Newry Challenge Cup; and, if the objection had been sustained, the double prize gained by me would probably have been given (as I suppose Mr. Hilliard thinks) to my brother and his kennel companion, as I believe it was for that purpose they were sent to the show as well as myself. In return for the £1 deposit which Mr. Hilliard paid to deprive me of my honors, and which he has now forfeited, he has got the benefit of the opinion of a professional veterinary surgeon that my nose does not require to be tampered with to sustain my reputation on the show bench, gained under different judges at the leading shows in the United Kingdom, having won numerous prizes, including seven first prizes, and beaten every other champion Irish red setter dog or bitch now living that has been exhibited against me. As that "nosey" objection has been circulated to my prejudice through the press, and as the unfavorable result to its originator has not got the same publicity, I trust this will be a sufficient apology for being troubled with this communication by GARRYOWEN, the champion Irish red setter. (Whitehall House Kennels, 26 South Circular road, Dublin, June 29.)

DEATH OF GLEN.—Dr. Aten's Glen died at Centreport, L. I., on Thursday, July 20, from poison administered by some miscreant whose life would be considered by many of much less value than that of his victim. Glen's age, at the time of his death, was eight years, and he had been a faithful companion, both at home and in the field. He was thoroughly broken, and few canines could add more to a man's pleasure than he. Coupled with Ned (who has also gone to the happy hunting grounds), he was the winner of first in the Brace Stakes, at the inaugural trial of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Robin's Island in 1879, and in 1880 divided with Sensation the third and fourth prizes in the All Aged Stakes of the same club. Though not a bench show dog he was always considered by the different judges before whom he was shown as worthy of a vhc, and his stall was always surrounded by many admirers. He was also the winner of two silver medals, given by the W. K. C. in 1880 and 1881, for the best black and tan with a field trial record. His disposition was of the best, and his loss will be greatly deplored by his many friends, as well as his owner, who has our heartfelt sympathy. "Peace to his ashes."

Spratt's dog buscuits, either by case or retail; also Spratt's dog soap, Glover's mange cure, Steadman's flea powder, &c. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*



MR. J. H. GOODSELL'S ENGLISH SETTER DOG "PLANTAGENET."

PLANTAGENET.

OUR illustration this week is of the lemon belton English setter dog Plantagenet, owned by Mr. J. H. Goodsell, of New York. He was whelped July 15, 1880, and was bred by Mr. John C. Higgins, of Delaware City, Del. He is by his Dashing Monarch, out of Petrel, and is of good size with lots of quality. Plantagenet's first public appearance was at Robin's Island last November, where he ran in the Eastern Field Trials Derby. Although he was unplaced he completely won the hearts of the spectators with his magnificent style and dash, his wonderful speed, and the easy gracefulness of his movements. He also exhibited a first-class nose, combined with staunchness, giving promise of rare excellence in the field when added years and experience shall have wrought their perfect work. We add our report of the heat run by him, believing, should nothing befall him, that we shall be called upon next season to chronicle the results of more than one heat in which he will participate. The following, from our issue of December 1, 1881, is a full description of the heat between

PLANTAGENET AND ROYAL DALE.

At 2:10 Plantagenet, owned by Mr. James H. Goodsell and handled by Martin, and Royal Dale, owned by Mr. J. De. T. Blackstone, of Norwich, Conn., and handled by Mr. Barber, were cast off in the oak scrub west of the barn. Passing through the scrub and around the briar patch into the open, Plantagenet was cut loose and gave us an exhibition of his wonderful speed. His style is also grand, and as he quartered the ground in front, with head high in air, his long, level, far-reaching stride and graceful turns brought exclamations of wonder and praise from the lips of the delighted spectators. Royal Dale, though a very good dog, as far as we could judge, had not much chance to display his quality, for Plantagenet cut out the work and committed all the faults. In fact he beat himself. He is a very high-strung dog, and has had but three weeks' work, and his carnal desires occasionally got the better of his training; and then there was fun, for his chase means something; and, as once or twice he broke away he gave us an exhibition that will long be remembered by those who saw him. Of course these performances cannot be permitted at Field Trials, but as we witnessed these displays, memory brought fresh before us fond recollections of two or three dearly loved companions of our earlier days afield, whose youthful days were full of these wild escapades, and as we thought of the many days of rarest sport that their riper years afforded us, from our heart we condoned the faults, and were only sad that we could not call the magnificent creature all our own. When near the south shore, Royal Dale challenged and roaded a short distance and made a flush.

Plantagenet now took a hand, and as both roaded up the gully, he made a flush. Both moved on and Dale pointed; he soon started, but was charged by Barber, who appeared to be looking for the trail, as he kept well ahead of his dog. The birds were widely scattered, and were evidently running fast, as the scent was very poor even when close to the birds. Dale roading on for quite a distance, lost the trail, but soon found another in the briers, but the bird flushed wild. Both dogs worked well for so bad cover, until Plantagenet, going at speed down wind, flushed a bird, for which he was not to blame; but his wild chase was, under the rules, very reprehensible, and he was properly penalized. Working north, a bird was flushed by Barber, who was again ahead. The dogs were then worked south to the little pond, and given a drink, then up the shore, when a bird was flushed by Martin, who was ahead this time. The handlers were now cautioned by the judges, and reminded that the dogs should be allowed to do the hunting. This caution was given none too soon, and was greatly needed. The dogs were worked down to the south point; both challenged once or twice, but nothing was found. As they swung to the north, Plantagenet made a very stylish point at a bunch of bayberry bushes. Dale, called up to back, was penalized for not doing so. Martin was ordered to kill, but they failed to find and the puppy was scored a false point.

A little further on, Plantagenet came to a point, but soon moved on a little further, and came to a magnificent point in the open. Dale was brought up and backed in grand style. Martin flushed to order and made a clean kill. Three or four of the birds almost brushed Plantagenet's nose as they passed, which was more than his ardent temper could stand, and he broke for them at headlong speed. Martin checked him before he had fairly caught up with the birds. Bringing him back, he retrieved the dead bird very nicely. Moving on up the edge of the bluff, Martin was taken with cramps, but was soon all right. Meantime, the spectators flushed a brace of birds, which flew along the edge. A little further on Plantagenet made another grand point. Dale, brought up to back, got credit for it, but we thought that he was pointing instead. Barber was ordered to shoot, which he did, and missed; both dogs were steady. Crossing the gully, Dale pointed, and Plantagenet backed. Both moved on, and roaded some distance, but no bird was found. A little farther on, Dale accidentally flushed, and Plantagenet immediately followed suit, and lost all chance by a very ill-advised chase.

Notwithstanding his defeat, his owner was offered one thousand dollars for him, which he very properly refused, well knowing that as a rule many times this sum would be expended before an animal of his merit would be obtained. Plantagenet has been shown on the bench three times. His first appearance was at Pittsburgh last March, where he was awarded first in the open class for imported English setter dogs, and first with Don Juan, Petrel II., Petrel III. and Fairy II. for the best kennel of five English setters. At New York, in April, he won the special prize for the best English setter dog under two years old, and first with Don Juan, Petrel (his dam), Petrel II. and Petrel III. for the best kennel of five English setters. At Cleveland he won first in the special class for English setter dogs that have won one first prize, and first with Don Juan, Prince, Petrel II. and Petrel III. for the best kennel of five English setters. For so young a dog this is indeed a record to be proud of, and one that exemplifies the truth of the old saying that "blood will tell," for among the ancestors and relatives of Plantagenet are to be found many of the proudest names of canine history, in the old world as well as the new. As we have before stated, we believe that Plantagenet, if nothing befalls him, when mature, will achieve the highest honors, both of the bench and the field. The cut is from a sketch by Harry Tallman, and is a capital likeness.

THE IRISH RED SETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is probably no race of sporting dogs on the face of this earth that has stronger friends or more bitter enemies than the Irish red setter, and I doubt if there is a single breed about which so much has been written in times gone by in regard to form, color, coat and worth, not worth alone upon the show bench, where the rich sheen of his deep red coat attracts admirers, but in the field before the gun, through the bogs and over the mountain heather. It has come down to us through the pages of canine history that the Irish red setter was the wildest and most headstrong of all his race, and as a sort of atonement for all this, that he was, too, the most enduring. To be sure, there is a certain devil-may-care sort of way about the true Irish dog that can not fail to create admiration, even though it casts a doubt as to the best methods of government, yet all must remember that it is the spirit to do and endure that carries all before it and when educated, marches to the front. There are Irish setters with all the fire and wildness that has ever been thrown out against them; and there are Irish setters with all the mildness and lack of spirit that could suit the most fainthearted, and there are grades between.

This breed, which has made Ireland famous for her setters, has been a favorite with the Irish sportsmen, and, too, before dog shows and field trials came into fashion, and it will find admirers in all lands so long as there remains a man who loves to use the gun in autumn months. There are some who would desire to merge everything of the setter kind into the race that carries the English name, to claim all others as only varieties of the English setter. But I do not understand how any one can throw out such assertions. For the Irish dog, at least, is no more a variety of the English setter with a red coat, than the pointer is one with a close coat, and free from feather. Neither is he a made-up dog of recent years. He was known before birds were shot on the wing, and his color was of the reddish hue that nearest matched the brown herbage of autumn weather; and he has come to us through all these years of work, and fancy modern mixtures, with the same red color, perhaps enriched in beauty by careful breeding, though not changed to other hues, and his style of working low before the net has been altered to meet the wants of shooting flying.

It is perfectly safe to say that no breed of sporting dogs in existence has stronger characteristics than the Irish red setter, and there is no breed that preserves those characteristics better when transported to foreign lands. An Irish red setter is an Irish red setter the world over, and for beauty, speed, endurance, pluck, intelligence and nose—in fact for all that goes to make up the sportsman's dog—he has no superior; and no matter how hard pushed by other breeds in numbers, no matter how fickle fashion rules, you generally find him at the front when given an even chance. He is, day in and day out, ever the irrepressible Irishman, ready and anxious for his work, free and open-hearted in his ways, and blessed with the faculty of adapting himself to various climes and all sorts of game. It is a shame that in Ireland, where the grand race has been bred for generations and kept pure, there have been no field trials to more fully bring before the public its field qualities on Irish land and Irish game. Whatever honor the Irish setter has won in public field trials has been gained in foreign lands and against large odds in numbers. And it is only within the past few years that the best specimens have been brought out at the leading Irish dog shows.

The late Mr. Laverack tells us, in his book on "The Setter," that he visited Ireland four times for the express purpose of selecting an Irish setter to cross upon his own breed, but that the true Irish dog had degenerated, and he could find nothing he dare use, though he does mention several strains as being the best and purest. He had a high opinion of the true breed or else he would not have taken so much trouble. Certainly his search must have been very superficial, for he does not mention in any way the strain that has, since first exhibited, swept the prize lists at Irish and English shows.

Perhaps many of your readers have heard of Palmerston, considered the most perfect specimen of an Irish setter in all Europe while he lived, yet they only knew of him as a bench show champion, and did not dream that he was used in the field for years before he ever saw a bench or gained honors for his beauty. He was an old dog when first exhibited, and was given away for the sole purpose of exhibition by his breeder, who assured me that handsome as Palmerston was, there were others of his race as handsome that never saw a dog show, and so passed away unknown to fame, though held in honor by friends and owners for their value in the field. Since old Palmerston's death, at eighteen years of age, there has been a keen strife among his descendants upon the show bench for the honors he held, till now, by the record, his son, the handsome Garryowen, holds the championship of the United Kingdom.

Now, this race of Irish red setters is of no mushroom growth, for they hunted the fens and mountain sides of Ireland years and years ago, even before the late Mr. Laverack made his four memorable trips to that land of the shamrock and the thistle, and they have not degenerated. I mention the above strain not because there are no others of the right sort, for there are, but because this one has gained more honors at Irish bench shows than any other. Now, these dogs, the best and purest strains, could not have been possessed in Ireland all these years for the sole purpose of exhibition, for there were no dog shows there until late years; and I see no proof that they have been kept for mere household pets, therefore they must have been held in high esteem for their field work, and so those strains that were the purest and most useful, were just the ones that were most zealously guarded by their owners, and the ones most difficult to obtain by outsiders.

Being a staunch admirer of the Irish setter, I have made no small effort to keep the breed up to the highest standard, both by importation from the best strains in Ireland and by careful breeding; and I have held a continued correspondence with many of the most noted Irish breeders, which to me has been the most agreeable sort, and I trust it has been the same to them. My belief in the characteristics of the true Irish setter, as expressed in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM some years ago, and which was attacked by several writers, has been confirmed by the winnings at the leading Irish and English shows of the strain that Mr. Laverack could not find, and that Stonehenge never mentioned in his earlier works. Stonehenge has written that there are good Irish setters nearly white, black, black and tan, or closely crossed with black and tan, but in the same breath he said that the Irish setter of high mark is red, and so he describes him. To be sure there are other breeds in Ireland than the red Irish, but they are not true Irish setters, and all the number of words any one has a mind to put on paper cannot make them so. It is the red setter that has made Ireland famous for her setters; the red setter that is not a black one, nor a blue one, nor a white one, neither a black and tan; the red setter that breeds red setters; the red setter that has been red, is red, and will be red; and when you breed him other than that color, depend upon it you have got some other breed mixed in. There may be now and then some other dog that approaches the true Irish type, in head and form; there may be one that shows the Irish color, but such are exceptions, and may be after all owing to an Irish cross.

It has been somewhat the custom to call a red dog an Irish setter, even though he might be half English, and in some of the leading dog shows in England and America, dogs so bred have won in the Irish classes. I have in my mind now a well-known imported bitch so bred, and a winner, and I presume the offspring are classed as Irish setters. The mere fact of a race of black or white, or black and tan, setters having been bred in Ireland does not make them Irish setters, any more than the breeding of Irish setters in England makes them English setters. Only there are no doubt good dogs in Ireland, black in color, or black and tan, or white and tan, but the true Irish strains have not been kept up by breeding to any such dogs, neither are such considered Irish setters by the most noted breeders. I have been long in correspondence with a famous breeder in Ireland, who has possessed the same strain of Irish setters since 1846, and he writes me, "I am still trying to keep up this breed, although at my age I can scarcely expect to enjoy them much again in the field." Now, this gentleman's dogs have not been black ones, nor white ones, nor blue ones, neither have they been black and tan, but red from the day he first obtained them. Their color did not turn to red when they came to him; it was red in 1819, red in 1814, and red in 1776, and I don't believe the color was manufactured then. Why, this red belongs to the Irish setter by right of inheritance, saved from years and years ago, and when other dogs possess it they have stolen it from this red dog of Ireland.

Not only is the pure Irish dog different from all other breeds in the color of his coat, but he is different in his head and in his form. The Irish setter stands higher on his legs than either the Gordon or the English, and he is of a more racy mold throughout, more of the greyhound build, yet strengthened in all his parts.

His head is longer and narrower than either of the other breeds, and of a different color, and no dog compares with him in the expression of his rich, brown eye. Because the Irish dog is not seen by daylight much better than other setters, no one need, for a moment, think that he is any the less enduring, for he has the deep chest, well-sprung ribs and strong loins that make him last, and his legs set well under him are not lacking a bit in bone or muscle, while his feet were made for Ireland's bogs and heather. There is no lumber about him, either in head or form; blood like from end to end, and of the richest and most beautiful color that ever a dog could boast of, he proves that he is no mongrel.

MONT CLARE.

THE COLOR OF BULL-TERRIERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of this date "Brindle" misrepresents me slightly. He says I "complain" and "begrudge." I did neither. I only asked a question or two for information, in the interest of pure dog science, and with no other motive.

What I wanted to find out was, whether there was any later and better authority than Stonehenge's "Dogs of the British Islands." If "Brindle" will refer to page 223 of the third edition of that work, he will find my statement as to what Stonehenge says fully sustained. The passage he cites from the (so-called) American edition, is taken from the earlier work, "Stonehenge on the Dog," and must, therefore, be considered as repudiated by the writer.

I do not see that I am called upon to answer "Brindle's" questions, or to "give good and substantial reasons why white bull-terriers are to be preferred to colored ones." I did not make the rule. In fact, I had no part whatever in making it. However, I will say that I don't see much to find fault with in Stonehenge's views on the subject. He admits that the rule is arbitrary, but says that, as the breed is purely a fancy one, there is no valid objection to an arbitrary standard of color. I take this to mean that bull-terriers are kept principally for their looks, which largely depend on their color, and that in the eyes of most judges, there is no color so pleasing as pure white. Possibly white is preferred, for one reason, because being, as "Brindle" remarks the "emblem of innocence," it affords a striking contrast with "the known characteristics of the dog." Just so a spirited woman, who looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, is not on that account less attractive to the majority of men. V. H. C.

NEW YORK, July 27.

IMPORTATION OF SETTERS.—The Steamship Helmstead, now in this port, brought from Mr. H. F. Grant, Isle of Wight, a black, white and tan bitch consigned to Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, of New Brighton, Pa., and two black, white and tan pups, one dog and one bitch, consigned to Mr. J. H. Goodsell of this city. A description of the dogs will be given next week.

DR. HUGGINS AND HIS DOG KEPLER.

THE well-known astronomer Dr. Huggins had a four-footed friend dwelling with him for many years as a regular member of his household, who was a mastiff of very noble proportions by descent, and who bore the great name of Kepler. This dog possessed many rare gifts, which had secured for him the admiration and regard of a large number of scientific acquaintances, and among these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors. At the close of luncheon or dinner, Kepler used to march gravely and sedately into the room, and sit himself down at his master's feet. Dr. Huggins then propounded to him a series of arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted off-hand with the utmost readiness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of nine, Kepler answered by three barks: or, if the question were the square root of sixteen, by four. Then various questions followed, in which much more complicated processes were involved—such, for instance, as "add seven to eight, divide the sum by three, and multiply by two. To such a question as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks ought finally to stop. Still, in the end his decision was always right. The reward of each correct answer was a piece of cake, which was held before him during the exercise; but until the solution was arrived Kepler never moved his eyes from his master's face. The instant the last bark was given he transferred his attention to the cake. Dr. Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog; but it is beyond all question that he did so. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr. Huggins himself. The case is one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention. Dr. Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical processes as he propounded the number to Kepler, and, being therefore aware of what the answer should be, expected the dog to cease barking when that number was reached: and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog.—*Live Stock Journal, July 14.*

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

H. P. J., Fort Sill, Ind. Ter.—Apply hot fermentations to allay the inflammation, and drop a small pinch of the finest pulverized sugar upon the ball of the eye.

J. M., Manlius, N. Y.—Give your dog one or two drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily after feeding. Stop if his appetite is lessened, and give instead a pill, containing ½ grain reduced iron (Fenicm redacti em) with 1 grain extract gentian.

W. B. P., Crockett, Texas.—Your dog has the symptoms of true mange, which is due to a parasite, consequently your internal treatment is of no avail except as a tonic. Wash thoroughly with soft soap, then apply sulphurous acid (not sulphuric), diluted with three parts of water, and let it dry on. Repeat it two days. This is a successful and cleanly method of treatment.

B. P., New York.—My setter dog, aged 3yrs. and 3mos. has been ailing for more than three months; he seldom finishes a meal without throwing up part of it. He is very thin indeed; his eyes water, his nose is often very warm. For more than three months he has been shedding his coat. Any advice will be kindly received with many thanks. I think he has distemper. Ans. Give him a small quantity of milk (a teacupful) every two hours; if this is rejected give half the quantity of milk with the same amount of lime water—increasing the amount of the latter until it is not rejected. Rub the belly well with a handful of cod-liver oil every other day.

DOG OWNER, New York.—1. Are puppies taxable according to the New York city dog law? 2. Are their carcasses permitted to take dogs which are brought from the country to the city led by a chain? Ans. 1. Not satisfied with our examination of the statutes and the city ordinance, wherein we failed to find any legislation defining the age at which a puppy becomes a dog, we applied to the Corporation Attorney, W. A. Boyd, Esq., for information on the subject. He informs us that there is no age mentioned in either, and that the practice has been in the city to consider all puppies as dogs when old or large enough to run about. 2. Following is section 1 of the city ordinance, which covers by far the greater part at least in the dog catcher animals whose owners conform to its requirements: "Section 1. Hereafter it shall not be lawful to permit any dog to go abroad loose or at large in any of the public streets, lanes, alleys, highways, parks or places within the limits of the city of New York, under a penalty of three dollars for each offence, to be recovered against the owner, possessor, or person who knowingly harbored such dog, within three days previous to the time of such dog being so found going loose abroad or at large; and the Commissioners of Police are hereby authorized and directed to cause complaint to be made to the Corporation Attorney against the owner or possessor of every dog permitted to go loose or at large within the corporate limits, as aforesaid, for the recovery of the penalties prescribed in this ordinance; such penalties and all license fees, when collected, to be accounted for semi-monthly, and paid to the Comptroller of said city, and, upon the requisition of the Mayor, to be applied towards the payment of enforcing the provisions of this ordinance. Nothing in this ordinance shall prevent any dog from going into any such street, lane, alley, highway, park or public place, provided such dog shall be held by such owner or other person secured by a cord or chain, to be not more than four feet long, fastened to a collar around the neck of the animal."

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lucy Gladstone. By Mr. A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter bitch puppy by Gladstone out of Sinatow.

Vixen. By Mr. R. E. Nichols, Newark, N. J., for black and tan terrier bitch, 4mos, old, by Vortigern out of Lily II.

Monmouth Bess. By Mr. M. M. Duncan, Chattanooga, Tenn., for mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1881, by Salisbury (E. K. C. S. B. 9336) out of Tigress II. (E. K. C. S. B. 10,596).

Flint and Billy. By Mr. Hugh Ricker, Biddeford, Me., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog puppies by Rover out of Kate.

Jumbo. By Mr. Hugh Ricker, Biddeford, Me., for liver cocker spaniel puppy by Rover out of Kate.

Argile. By Mr. Isaac T. Norris, Baltimore, Md., for Gordon setter dog puppy by Mr. H. Malcolm's Malcolm out of Dream IV. (Grouse—Dream II.).

Leeto. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for white, black and tan mottled beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah).

Queen. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for black and tan foxhound bitch, whelped May 24, 1882 (Maine—Kiz).

Pillie. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for black and tan foxhound bitch, whelped May 24, 1882 (Maine—Kiz).

Joy. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for black and tan foxhound bitch, whelped May 24, 1882 (Maine—Kiz).

Noshia. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah).

Winonia. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah).

Lizzie. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah).

Lalie. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah).

Duke II., Phil, Jock and Dandy. By Mr. E. S. Bradford, Springfield, Mass., for liver and white pointer dogs, whelped June 7, 1882, by Whitin's Duke (Old Phil—Fan) out of Dr. Corcoran's Vinnie (Ranger—Bess).

Vinnie II., Victoria, Vera, Violet and Virginia. By Mr. E. S. Bradford, Springfield, Mass., for liver and white pointer bitches, whelped June 7, 1882, by Whitin's Duke (Old Phil—Fan) out of Dr. Corcoran's Vinnie (Ranger—Bess).

Thorn II. and Lady Emma. By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped July 4, 1882, by Sput (Mint—Julep) out of Thorn (Victor—Lucy).

Snap. By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black, white and ticked cocker spaniel dog puppy by Wildfire (Wildair—Joe) out of McAllister's Bertie.

Liverweet. By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch puppy by Wildfire (Wildair—Joe) out of McAllister's Bertie.

Pine. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va., for white, black and tan foxhound bitch, whelped May 24, 1882 (Maine—Kiz).

Cairo. By Dr. Charles D. Smith, Portland, Me., for red and white English setter bitch, whelped April 6, 1882, by Mr. Manasseh Smith's Guy out of his Cora III.

Hough, Hilo, Dirigo, Independence, Clifford and Slash. By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black, white and tan beagle dogs, whelped July 4, 1882, by Sput (Mint—Julep) out of Thorn (Victor—Lucy).

Raleigh. By Mr. O. W. Rogers, Billerica, Mass., for white, fawn and tan beagle dog, whelped June 17, 1882, by King out of imported Music.

Dawn—Dandy.—Granby, Conn., July 29.—In last FOREST AND STREAM I notice Mr. Percivall's request, which I cheerfully comply with, as I was not aware that he had previously claimed the name Dandy for one of his beagles. I will now change the name of my beagle dog Dandy, whelped June 17, by Flute (Rattler—True) out of Lady (Inno—Old Bess) to Dawn.—N. ELMORE.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Pride—Duke. Mr. Charles E. Shaw's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Pride (by his Duke (Bd Boston, 1882), May 21.

Modjeska—Dash III. Mr. A. M. Tucker's (Charlestown, Mass.) English setter bitch Modjeska (Leicester—Peeress) to his Dash III.

Countess II.—Dash III. Mr. A. M. Tucker's (Charlestown, Mass.) English setter bitch Countess II. (Count Dick—Phantom) to his Dash III.

Snow—White Silk. Mr. A. Walker's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Snow to Mr. G. W. Moore's White Silk (Silk II.—Rose), July 3.

Lucy—Mac. Mr. Paul Hacke's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) imported Skye-terrier bitch Lucy to champion Mac (Sam—Quick), July 4.

Madge—Conquest. Mr. Fred. H. Hoe's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Madge (imported Snip—imported Juliette) to his imported Conquest, July 2.

Queen—Conquest. Mr. J. F. Apgar's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Queen (Charlie—Daisy) to Mr. Fred. H. Hoe's imported Conquest, July 24.

Bird Royal—Ranger. Mr. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch Bird Royal to his Ranger.

Nan—Rush. Mr. J. P. Swain's (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Nan (Sensation—Juno) to Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion Rush, July 15.

Dally—Doctor. Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) field spaniel bitch Dally to Mr. Geo. Macbeth's Doctor (Boo III.—Black Bess).

Norah O'More—Rory O'More. The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Norah O'More (Berkley—Tilley) to their champion Rory O'More.

Gem—Rory O'More. The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Gem (Elcho—Firefly) to their champion Rory O'More.

Girl—Glenmark. Mr. R. T. Greene's (Jersey City Heights, N. J.) liver and white pointer bitch Girl (Maryland—Tell) to Mr. W. F. Steele's Glenmark (Rush—Romp), July 18.

Royal Fan—Bow Ranger. Mr. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch Royal Fan to his Bow Ranger.

Flora—Rory O'More. Mr. Loymann's Flora to Mr. J. C. Higgins's (Delaware City, Del.) Dashing Monarch.

Grace—Scout. Mr. A. W. Pearsall's (Huntington, L. I.) red Irish setter bitch Grace (Hill—Donner) to Mr. D. G. Hartt's Scout (Plunket—Carrie), July 8.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Pride. Mr. Charles E. Shaw's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Pride (Duke—Juno), July 21, eight (two dogs), by his Duke (Bd Boston, 1882).

Lady Berkley. The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Lady Berkley (Berkley—Sampson's Nora), July 21, ten, by their champion Rory O'More.

Maida. The Westminster Kennel Club's liver and white pointer bitch Maida (Frank—Maida), July 7, five (three dogs), all lemon and white, by the Borstall Kennel's Don (Sensation—Psyche II.)

Queen May. The Westminster Kennel Club's black and white ticked pointer bitch Queen May (Rake—Gillespie's Fan), July 20, eleven (five dogs), by champion Sensation.

Brownie. Mr. Manasseh Smith's (Woodford's, Me.), English curly retriever bitch Brownie, July 22, nine (one dog), by Mr. Geo. Millikin's Sancho.

Vannette. Mr. J. C. Higgins's (Delaware City, Del.) English setter bitch Vannette (Count Dick—Petrel), May 20, four (all dogs), by his Dashing Monarch.

Lisl. Mr. J. C. Higgins's (Delaware City, Del.) English setter bitch Lisl (Lincoln—Petrel II.), May 22, ten (four dogs), by his Dashing Monarch.

Tigress II. Mr. Charles E. Wallack's (New York) mastiff bitch Tigress II. (E. K. C. S. B. 10,596), July 7, six (three dogs), by Zulu—Jet (New York, 1882—(Colonel—Diana); one dog since dead.

Feather. Mr. G. Hill's orange and white setter bitch Feather, July 13, seven (five dogs), by Mr. Waterburie's St. Ives.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Modjeska. English setter bitch (Leicester—Peeress), by Mr. N. P. Haskell, Gloucester, Me., to Mr. A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.

Lucy Gladstone. Black, white and tan English setter bitch puppy (Gladstone—Sinatow), by Mr. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass., to Mr. A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.

Monmouth Bess. Mastiff bitch (Salisbury—Tigress II.), by Mr. Charles E. Wallack, New York, to Mr. M. M. Duncan, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Emperor Fred—Polka whelp. Black and white bitch, whelped June 21, 1882, by Mr. E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Major Wheeler, New York.

Betsy Ricker. Orange and white setter bitch, by Mr. Hugh Ricker, Biddeford, Me., to Mr. George Millikan, Saco, Me.

Rory O'More—Nora whelp. Red Irish setter bitch puppy, by the Rory O'More Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Mr. H. Gaylord, Eddytown, N. Y.

Rally. Beagle dog known as Rowett's Rally, by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., to Mr. Geo. Hummel, Jr., Lancaster, N. Y.

Lil. Beagle bitch, by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., to Mr. J. M. Bergold, Canal Fulton, Ohio.

Fairy and Lucy. Beagle bitches, by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., to Mr. B. F. Dexter, Marion, Mass.

Rally—Lil whelps. Beagle dogs, by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., to Mr. B. F. Dexter, Marion, Mass.

Bessie. Beagle bitch, by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., to Mr. W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.

Chip Royal. Pointer dog (Croxteth—Royal Fan), by Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., to Mr. R. H. Pooler, Sereno, Ill.

Bird Royal. Pointer dog (Croxteth—Bird Royal) by Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., to Mr. R. W. Shaw, Galveston, Texas.

Sprite. Black and white cocker spaniel bitch (Wildair—Mignon), by Mr. F. L. Cook, Sherburne, N. Y., to Mr. M. O'Brien of the same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bow—Vick whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 8, 1882, by Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., to Mr. E. S. Carr, Gallatin, Tenn.

Vera. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 7, 1882 (Whitin's Duke—Dr. Corcoran's Vinnie), by Mr. Edward S. Bradford, Springfield, Mass., to Dr. George M. Whitin, North Uxbridge, Mass.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Duke. Lemon and white English setter, 4yrs. old (Grouse—Gypsy), owned by Mr. L. J. O'Connor, Merrimac, Mass., from distemper.

Murray. Cocker spaniel bitch, owned by Mr. L. Van Driessche, Littlegrog, N. Y.

Princess Dyne. Blue belton English setter bitch, 16mos. old (Dash—Princess Draco), owned by Mr. Geo. C. Sterling, New York, from distemper.

Glen. Black and tan setter dog, whelped June, 1874 (Colburn's Dash—Mullins's Belle), owned by Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 20, from poison.

Rena III. Black pointer bitch (Howe's Rex—Rena) owned by Mr. E. A. Spooner, New York, July 29, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR IN AUGUST.

THE programme of matches arranged for shooting at Creedmoor during August stands as follows:

Wednesday, 2d.—"August International Military Practice Match."—Arranged to furnish practice to those desiring to compete for places upon the American team to shoot against the British volunteers in the International Military Match to be shot during the second week in September, 1882, though any person may enter and shoot without competing for a place upon the team.

Open to everybody. Distances, 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., seven shots at each distance. Standing at 200, prone (i. e., lying "head toward the target") or sitting, at 500 and 600yds. Any position at 800, 900 and 1,000yds. Any military breech-loading rifle. Cleaning of rifles not allowed, excepting between distances. No windgauge or lateral motion to sights permitted.

Members of the National Guard entering this match will not be required to appear in uniform. Entrance fee, including all distances, $2.

For this month, seven prizes to be awarded at the end of the month, to the corresponding number of competitors who, in order of merit, shall have made the highest complete score (7 shots at 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000yds.) as follows, cash: $15, $10, $5, $5, $5, $5, $5—$60.

Also to be awarded at the end of the season, three medals, offered by Gen. Robert Olyphant, as follows: To the competitor making the highest aggregate complete score in any three competitions (determined by adding together the highest complete scores made in any of the three competitions), a gold medal. To the second highest as above, a silver medal; and to the third highest, as above, a bronze medal.

Note.—It has been incorrectly stated that none but native-born citizens are eligible on the team; the terms of the match do not discriminate against adopted citizens, provided they were enrolled in the National Guard on or before September 1, 1881.

The "Carton" Match—Open to all comers. 200yds., any position. Any military rifle to fire five shots, any's, four shots, four inch cartoons only to count. Entries, fifty cents each. Not more than six re-entries permitted on one day. At the end of four matches, the competitor having made the greatest number of cartoons in all competitions, to be awarded 50 per cent. of the total entrance fees received; the next greatest number 15 per cent., and the next 5 per cent.

At each competition the first man to receive 10 per cent., the next 8 per cent., the next 6 per cent., the next 5 per cent., the next 4 per cent., and to the sixth and last 2 per cent. of the total entrance fees.

The "Rapidity" Match—To be shot at Creedmoor twice each month until prize is finally won (unless otherwise specified).

Open to all comers. 200yds., any rifle with open sights, magazine guns to be fired as single loaders. Competitors must take to the firing point not exceeding twenty cartridges. Entries, fifty cents each; re-entries allowed to the extent that time will permit. At sound of the bugle each competitor opens fire at his own target, and continues loading and firing until the bugle again sounds sixty seconds after first signal). A deduction of five points will be imposed for: 1st—Each shot fired before the first signal. 2d—For each shot fired after the second signal. 3d—For each shot signaled on his target in excess of twenty. Triggers will be tested at the firing point.

Prize—An elegant gold medal, presented by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr. To be won three times (not necessarily consecutive) before becoming personally property of winner.

Half the entrance fees in each match will be divided equally among the three highest competitors at each competition.

Saturday, 5th.—The "Qualification" match of 1882—Open to members N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A., the former being in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may count scores made as partially qualifying them to shoot for the N. Y. State Marksman's badge, provided that they use the State Remington rifle. 100 and 300yds.; standing at 100, kneeling at 300yds. Five shots at each distance with any military rifle. Entries, 50 cents each. Re-entries permitted at the discretion of the executive officer, but only the highest score to count. To the competitors in each competition making the five highest aggregate scores, sixty per cent. of the entrance money will be equally divided.

The "Champion Marksman's Badge" match of 1882—Open to all members of the N. G. S. N. Y. and U. S. Army and Navy, however not being eligible to win the principal prize. Distances, 200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance. Weapon, the Remington rifle, N. Y. State model. Position, standing at 200yds.; any, with head to the target, at 500yds. Entrance fee, 50 cents. Competitors allowed re-entries in each competition at the discretion of the executive officer, but only the highest scores to count.

Members of the N. G. S. N. Y. in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may count scores made in this match as qualifying for the N. Y. State Marksman's badge, provided that if ordered, they have attended (or do once through the season attend) general practice, and provided they have previously qualified in the "second class" (100 and 300yds. See "Qualification" match).

First competitor—A gold Champion Marksman's badge of 1882, offered by Brig. Gen. Alfred C. Barnes, General Inspector of Rifle Practice, S. N. Y.

The badge to become the property of the competitor who, at the close of the season of 1882, shall have won it the greatest number of times.

In case of a tie, the highest aggregate score of all the competitions participated in up to that time to decide.

Winners of former Champion Marksman's badges to be handicapped five points at each competition.

Ten other prizes (silver medals) presented by the N. R. A. to the ten highest competitors in order of merit. The same man can only win one medal during the season.

Wednesday, 9th.—"August International Military Practice" Match.—Conditions as on 2d.

Thursday, 10th.—"Rapidity" Match.—Conditions as on 2d.

Saturday, 12th.—"August International Military Practice" Match.—Conditions as on 2d and 9th.

The "Rapidity" Match.—Conditions as on 2d.

Selection of the American Rifle Team to shoot in the International Military Match in September. Final competitions:

Tuesday, 15th; Wednesday, 16th; Thursday, 17th; Friday, 18th.

Wednesday, 23d.—"Champion Marksman's Badge" and "Qualification" matches.—Conditions as on 9th.

The tenth annual fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association will open at Creedmoor on Tuesday, Sept. 12, and will continue for five or more days. The complete September programme will be issued on or about August 20th (to be mailed to members in good standing before the commencement of the meeting), and "post entries" will be charged fifty per cent. over the usual fees to those who defer entering in matches till after Sept. 5, 1882. The range will be closed for purposes of preparation on Monday, Sept. 11.

NEW ORLEANS, July 23.—The Louisiana Military Rifle Association met to-day at the Continental Guard Armory for the purpose of considering and taking action upon the following communication:

115 CANAL STREET,
NEW ORLEANS, July 19, 1882.

To Gen. John Glynn, Jr., President Louisiana Rifle Association:

GENERAL—Feeling a great interest in the welfare and perfection of rifle practice by the various local military companies, and noticing a lack of interest in the regular military shooting of our company and battalion rifle teams of late, I hereby offer as an inducement for resuming the practice, a silver cup of suitable design and finish to be presented to the team of eight men winning the same by the first three best scores, under your own rules. Very respectfully,

A. M. HILL.

The offer was accepted with thanks, and Mr. Geo. W. Charlton, treasurer, under the instructions of the association, addressed the following reply to Mr. Hill:

HEADQUARTERS CONTINENTAL GUARDS,
NEW ORLEANS, July 23, 1882.

A. M. Hill, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Your kind favor of the 19th inst. received with many thanks, and in behalf of the Louisiana Military Rifle Association, I beg to state that a meeting has been held and it was unanimously resolved to accept your liberal offer, and that the first match will take place next Sunday, July 23, for the "Hill" cup.

With much appreciation of your kind effort to revive rifle practice, I have the honor to remain yours truly, GEO. W. CHARLTON,
Treasurer Louisiana Military Rifle Association.

The cup will be a magnificent trophy. A square base will support a stack of guns, on which will rest the cup, oval in shape, with a heavy cover, on which will stand a rifleman in the act of shooting. On the front of the cup will be a target. The whole will stand twenty-one inches high.

ALBANY, July 27.—People who sat indoors, fanning themselves and moving slowly to keep comfortable, can have but little appreciation of the nerve and endurance of the riflemen, who, for four

hours, stood out in the blazing sun to-day working hard to make a good score. The attendance was not large, though those present did not complain, but were ready at the appointed time to commence scores. The principal match of the afternoon was at 200, 500 and 600yds., the first stage of which was commenced promptly, and the last stage when the 500yd. firing point was cleared of the competitors in the military match. The leading scores were as follows:

J I Miles	(20yds	5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5—45)	
	500yds	5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5—49	143
	600yds	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5—49)	
Charles H Gaus	(200yds	5 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5—43)	
	500yds*1	5 2 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—45	138
	600yds*1	5 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—48)	
William E Fitch	(200yds	5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 4—40)	
	500yds	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—50	136
	600yds	5 3 3 4 3 8 5 5 5—46)	
Miles	(200yds	5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4—45)	
	500yds	5 5 2 3 4 4 3 3 5 5—39	131
	600yds	5 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 5—47)	

Allowance.

The second competition in the military match developed some good scores, though it was with difficulty that the military guns could be kept in good condition, on account of the heat, causing the burnt powder to cake in the barrels.

The leading scores were as follows:

Military Match—200 and 500yds.

	200yds.	500yds. Total.
Charles Keller	43[5]5—23	5[4]5[5]—24—47
Charles H. Gaus	44454—21	55535—23—44
J. I. Miles	33434—18	55455—24—42
H. Batchelder	45344—20	34555—22—42
E. R. Sperman, Jr.	44351—18	35455—23—40
John L. Babcock	44444—20	45324—19—39
William E. Fitch	51143—20	35534—19—39
A. Donner	43443—18	42522—14—32

Next Thursday, the Captain John Daily Match and the W. G. Paddock Match will be shot.

CREEDMOOR, July 26.—The July International Military Practice Match, seven shots each, at 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000yds.

	200	500	600	Total.	800	900	1,000	Total.	Aggre gate.
S A Day	32	33	29	94	38	28	25	81	175
T W Griffith	31	30	29	90	26	38	25	79	169
T J Dolan	25	31	27	83	26	26	25	77	160
J C Paulding	25	32	29	86	25	27	21	73	159
A B Van Houson	26	29	31	86	22	32	21	65	151
J S Smith	30	27	25	82	28	23	14	65	147

July 29.—"Off-hand Pool" Match.—Open to everybody. 200yds., any rifle, 5 shots each entry. Military's to receive one point allowance on each five shots. Original entries, 50 cents, re-entries, 25 cents each. Shooting closes at 5 P. M. Sixty per cent. of the total entrance fees received will be divided equally among the ten highest competitors. Three scores to count possible 75. G. J. Seabury 69, E. E. Lewis 67, F. W. Leavitt 67, T. J. Dolan 66, J. W. Todd, 65, G. V. Wels 65, S. A. Day 65, E. R. Hills 63, J. C. Hallery 63, H. T. Reilly 63.

The "Rapidity" Match—Open to all comers, 200yds., any rifle with open sights; magazine guns to be used as single loaders. At sound of the bugle each competitor opens fire at his own target, and continues loading and firing until the bugle again sounds (sixty seconds after first signal). R. L. Hare (Hotchkiss) 53, M. W. Buell (Hotchkiss) 49, S. A. Day (Elliott) 47.

BOSTON, July 29.—At Walnut Hill to-day a goodly number of gentlemen availed themselves of the opportunity to get away from the dust and heat of the city and enjoy the cool air which blew at times quite briskly from the north and northwest. The light at times was quite troublesome, but not so much so as to prevent Messrs. Lee and Sturgis from making 45 in the Victory match, Mr. Lee 99 out of 75 at 5 yds., and Mr. Howe 95 in the Novelty match. The following are the scores:

J B Fellows	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	—46
A B Archer	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	—45
W Charles (mil.)	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	—45
A L Bent	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	—45
W A Chester (mil.)	5	5	5	5	5	2	5	4	4	5	—44
J A Cobb	3	4	4	5	3	5	4	4	4	5	—41
C Weston (mil.)	4	3	4	4	4	3	3	5	5	5	—40
T Howe	4	3	4	4	4	3	5	3	3	6	—40
C A James	4	3	4	4	3	5	3	4	4	4	—39
W C Francis (mil.)	4	3	4	3	3	5	4	4	4	0	—39
E S Gilmore (mil.)	4	1	5	4	4	3	4	5	3	4	—38

Victory Match.

H L Lee	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	—49
S H Sturgis	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	—49
C H Best	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	—47

300-Yard Match.

H L Lee	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	—45
J N Frye	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	3	2	3	—41
W Charles	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	—43
R Davis	3	3	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	3	—39
C H Best	3	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	4	3	—34

Novelty Rest Match.

T Howe	10	9	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	—95
H P Clark	9	9	9	8	10	10	7	10	9	—91
Salem Wilder	10	8	10	9	8	7	10	10	8	—90
W S Johnson	9	9	9	10	7	10	10	7	8	—86
C H Best	8	10	10	10	10	8	5	6	5	—77

Sharpshooters' Match.

H L Lee	8	8	10	10	10	7	8	9	10	—89
L H Humphries	6	10	9	8	8	9	7	7	6	10—81
J N Frye	3	4	9	7	8	10	10	8	8	5—74
F J Nichols	4	8	5	8	9	9	9	5	5	5—67

GARDNER, Mass., July 27.—The Gardner Club, at their recent shoot, had about the average attendance. The inch ring and Creedmoor target combined was used. Distance, 200yds., off-hand. The following is the score:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
G F Ellsworth	94	47	95	47	189—94
Chester Hinds	91	46	86	46	177—92
A Mathews	72	45	82	44	154—89
G H Haywood	71	44	71	44	142—88
G C Goodale	65	42	58	41	123—83
C Skinner	67	43	47	39	114—81
C Merritt	54	42	55	41	109—83

A match for the team gold badge of the Massachusetts Glass Ball Association will be shot by the Marlboro Club and the Worcester Club on the grounds of the latter, Wednesday, August 9, beginning at 10 A. M.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 27.—The regular field day of the Worcester Rifle Association took place at the Pine Grove Range this afternoon. The wind was blowing from 9 to 12 o'clock. A Massachusetts target was used. Distance, 200yds. Off-hand out of a possible 120, the following records were made:

M Carter	11	10	10	12	11	11	11	11	12	11—110	
	12	9	11	10	11	11	12	11	12	10—109—219	
S B Winchester	12	11	9	7	10	8	10	7	11	12— 97	
	9	11	9	8	11	8	10	8	11	12— 99—196	
A J Faxon	12	10	11	11	8	10	9	9	10	11—101	
	9	12	7	11	9	10	7	9	11	9— 94—195	
Stedman Clark	12	12	9	9	9	11	10	9	10	5— 96	
	11	8	11	10	9	9	8	8	8	11— 94—190	
A L Rise	9	10	12	8	12	9	10	9	12	8—101	
	10	8	9	9	8	7	11	11	10	8— 91—192	
F Wesson	8	7	15	4	9	6	12	7	19	7— 83	
	8	8	10	9	8	12	3	6	8	8— 82—165	

WAKEFIELD, July 29.—The Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association held a shoot at its range this afternoon in the July series. The following are a few of the best scores:

W B Daniel	5	4	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	—46
C Lindsay	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	—43
W Brown	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	—41
W C Perkins	4	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	3	—37

THE BRITISH TEAM.—London, July 26—The following marksmen have been selected as members of the British team to go to America to compete in the rifle match: Bates, of the First Warwick; Boulter, of the Second Caesnire; Caldwell and Dods, of the First Berwick; Godsall, Goodear and Heap, of the Sixth Lancashire; McVittie and Mellish, of the Second Notts; Oliver of the Third Kent; Parry, of the Second Cheshire, and Major Pearse. In the Bass match at Wimbledon, shot at 800, 900 and 1,000yds., under conditions corresponding to those of the second stage of the international match, the following scores were made: Caldwell, 73; Dods, 68; Goodsall, 69; Goodear, 65; Heap, 70; McVittie, 78, and Parry, 68.

THE TRAP.

THE TRAP AT MARLBORO.

MARLBORO, Mass., July 22, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I enclose you two scores our club have shot in the last two weeks. July 11 the Middlesex Club of Cambridge visited Marlboro' and shot the local club a match of twenty balls per man from a swift Holden trap. This is the fourth match the two clubs have shot. The Marlboro Club have been the winners in all the matches. After the match all sat down to a good dinner at the Gates House. The remainder of the day was spent very pleasantly, shooting sweepstakes. Below is the full score:

Marlboro.

Eager	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—20
Bush	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—16
Howe	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18
Smalley	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18
Andrews	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	—13
Beaudry	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—19
Fay	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—16
Leighton	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	—13
Chamberlain	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—19
Clark	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—20—170
Middlesex.																					
J Taylor	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—17
J S Sawyer	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	—12
T Henderson	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	—11
E C Gore	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	—12
W F Symmes	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	—14
A W Gore	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	—11
E Lawrence	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—19
W H Harrison	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	—14
R F Sharpe	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18
G H Warnes	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	—15—142

Umpire, Mr. Fielding, of the Malden Gun Club.

July 30.—The Worcester Club came to Marlboro to shoot a friendly match. The day was perfect for out-door sport, and a first-class time was the result of the meeting. The match was won by the Marlboro Club, 161 to 148. Each man shot at twenty balls, thrown from a Holden trap. The Marlboro's are going to shoot the Worcester's for the Champion Badge very soon. Below is the score in full:

Marlboro

Eager	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	—19
Bush	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	—14
Howe	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	—15
Smalley	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	—18
Tilsbury	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	—14
Beaudry	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—20
Arnold	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	—15
Leighton	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	—14
Chamberlain	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—17
Clark	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18—161
Worcester																					
Rugg	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	—16
Gilman	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—19
Smith	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	—18
Hudson	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—16
Goodall	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	—14
Claflin	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	—13
Mascroft	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	—9
Houghton	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	—14
Holden	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	—17
Perry	1	1	0	1	2	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18—148

Umpire, E. S. Knowles, Esq., of Worcester.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 21.—The second regular shoot of the N. G. C. had an unusually large attendance, many of the fair sex being present. The following scores were made, 20 balls each, 18yds. rise, Card trap screened:

Geo Cary	11111	11110	11111 10010—16
L Bennett	10101	01111	11000 11011—11
W H Sheldon	11111	11111	10111 10111—19
J B Valentine	11111	11111	11011 11111—19
G J Crandall	11111	11111	11111 10111—19
O Baker	10111	10101	00111 11011—14
W H Sweetman	11111	11111	10111 11111—19
S D Greene, Sr.	11011	01111	11110 11011—16
G T Crandall	11111	01111	11111 11110—18
E Devolin	00100	10111	01100 00000— 7
W G Crandall	11111	11110	11111 11111—18
P H Baker	10111	11111	10010 01101—14

Then followed a sweepstakes at clay pigeons, 10 birds, 10 entries, 15yds. rise. Valentine first, with 10 straight; Sheldon and Cary second, with 9, and Greene third, with 8.

Ties on Badge.

Sheldon	11011	10111	11111 11111 11111 10111—27
Valentine	10111	11011	11111 11111 11111 11111—28
Waterman	11110	11001	— 7
Crandall	10100		— 3

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB, Brooklyn, E. D.—Score regular shoot at Ridgewood Park, July 24; Messrs. Evans and Newton 25yds.; the others 21yds.:

H Hedeman	1101110—5	Geo Van Sise	0111111—6
J Evans	1011011—5	P Morgan	1100110—5
A Rockfeller	0101101—4	S Newton	1111102—7
W E Trott	1111111—7	J Moller, Jr	1001101—4
W Thompson	1101001—4		

Amateur Score.

B Muench	1100001—3	H Newton	1100101—4
H Winans	0100111—4		

Ties at 26yds; H. Winans, 011—2; H. Newton, 00. W. E. Trott wins regular badge; H. Winans, amateur badge. The attendance is considered good for this time of the year. The birds were good. Sweepstakes followed the shoot, also an interesting shoot at smoke balls, which was the first time the club has used them, and they seemed to please the boys. The badges were presented on the grounds; an elegant gold badge of the latest design for the regular team, and a silver one of same pattern for the amateurs. At our last meeting we expelled a number of lame ducks and have filled their places with new and active members, and for a club of only two years' standing we claim to be alive, having attended three State conventions with full delegations and done our share of the work, our President, Henry Altenbrand, being now Chairman of the the Standing Committee of the State Association, and the club at present is in a very prosperous condition.—W. E. Thorr, Sec.

EXETER, N. H., July 27.—The annual tournament of the Exeter Sportsman's Club was held to-day. A large number was present, including delegations from Boston, Worcester, Westboro, Marlboro, Stoughton, Cambridge, Brockton, Amesbury, Malden, Mass.; and Manchester, Epping, Brentwood, N. H. Every one present voted it the best field day of the season. Over twenty sweeps were shot at clay birds and glass balls, the home men making fine scores and winning first money in the team shoot, which was the event of the day. The regular events are as follows:

First match, seven clay birds.—First prize, De Rochmont of Amesbury, Smith of Worcester, Godsoe of Amesbury, Taylor of Exeter; second, Johnson of Boston, Allen of Brockton; third, Beaudry of Marlboro.

Second match, seven glass balls.—First prize, De Rochmont of Amesbury, Schaefer of Boston; second, Eager of Worcester, Taylor of Exeter; third, Fielding of Malden, W. R. Smith of Brentwood, E. T. Smith of Worcester.

Third match, five birds and five balls, teams of three.—First prize, Exeter team, Messrs. Gerrish, Cooper and Taylor; second, Worcester team, Messrs. Eager, E. T. Smith and Perry; third, Marlboro team, Messrs. Smalley, Beaudry and White.

Fourth match, five pairs double balls.—First prize, Taylor of Exeter; second, Rowell of Amesbury, Houghton of Worcester; third, Cooper of Exeter.

Fifth match, seven clay birds.—First prize, Cooper of Exeter; second, Schaefer of Boston, Godsoe of Amesbury; third, E. T. Smith and —Perry of Worcester.

Sixth match, five pairs double birds.—First prize, Cooper of Exeter, Taylor of Exeter, Beaudry of Marlboro; second, Wilbur of Brockton; third, Perry of Worcester and Fielding of Malden.

BOSTON, July 26.—At Walnut Hill to-day the long-range targets were covered by three marksmen, but before the match was concluded Baker withdrew. H. Tyler's score was: At 800yds., 63; 900yds., 68; 1,000yds., 69; total, 210. W. H. Jackson's score: At 800yds., 70; 900yds., 67; 1,000yds., 70; total, 207.

The trap shooting resulted as follows: First match, Noble and Sawyer divided first prize. Second match, Eaton and Noble divided first prize. Third match, Sawyer won. The fourth match was at doubles, the right hand object being a glass ball, the left a clay bird. Noble won. Fifth match, Noole first on a clean score. The sixth sweep was also at doubles and Noble again led. Seventh match, at five clay pigeons, Noble first. Eighth match, Noble first. Ninth match, Noble first. In the tenth match, Jones, Emerson and Sawyer tied with three, and in the shoot off, Emerson won. In the eleventh match, Emerson and Sawyer tied on five each, and in the shoot off, Sawyer won. In the twelfth sweep, Sawyer was first.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., July 21.—There was a large gathering of local trap-shots at Agricultural Park to-day. The Capital Club had a contest for the medal, and C. H. Todd and George Wittenbrook shot at a $40 match. The latter shot at five birds, but they were too young to be good flyers, and were, therefore, not difficult to bring to grass. The score was:

Wittenbrook	11111	10101	11010—10
Todd	11111	10101	11111—10

The tie was shot off at double birds (three pairs), with a like result:

Wittenbrook	11	10	11—4
Todd	11	10	10—4

Second tie:

Wittenbrook	11	11	11—6
Todd	00	01	00—1

The Capital Club shoot was at clay pigeons. Wm. Nesbit and Chas. Flohr tieing on 12 straight, and in the shoot-off at live birds Nesbit won the first medal with five straight kills.—*Bee.*

RIVERSIDE CLUB, Topsham, Me.—Ball shoot, July 18th. 15 yards and 5 pair.

A Q Goud	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—8
C Keay	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—9
G L Keene	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	—4
H A Stetson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10
M C Hall	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10
G H Goud	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—9
C L York	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—9
M Lee	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10
C Winslow	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—9
A E Hall	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10
G H Sauergan	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	—8

Regular shoot for club badge, 30 clay pigeons, 15yds. rise:

C Keay	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—20
M C Hall	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	—18
A E Hall	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—20
G M Lee	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18

Badge won by A. E. Hall.—M. C. Hall, Secretary.

WELLINGTON, July 29.—The Malden Gun Club's quarters were not thronged with shot-gun manipulators as largely as usual, owing to the warm weather and the fact that many of their members are in the Maine woods. Yet the presence of lady friends tended to keep the spirits of those present up to the pitch, and hence the following good scores:

Club shoot at 20 birds—A. H. Jones 19, J. Buffum 19, J. S. Bailey 18, G. D. Wemyss 18, J. F. Stutsman 17, A. C. Adams 17, G. P. Durand 17, A. H. Binder 16.

Club shoot at 20 birds—J. Buffum 20, A. H. Jones 19, G. R. Durand 18, G. D. Wemyss 18, A. C. Adams 18, J. F. Stutsman 17, A. H. Binder 15, J. S. Bailey 12.

Sub-Match No. 1—A. H. Jones first, J. S. Bailey second, G. R. Durand third.

Sub-Match No. 2—G. R. Durand first, A. C. Adams second, J. S. Bailey third.

BATH, Me., July 29.—On account of the extreme heat of the last few days, the attendance of the first of the series of three shoots for the Society's Badge, by members of the Sagadahoc Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, was thinly attended yesterday, only six participating. Following is the score:

A Q Goud	1111110101010—11	Cyrus Keay	1111110100101—11
A S Alexander	0101111111111—12	C H Winslow	1011111111111—14
H A Stetson	0101110100111—10	C H Greenleaf	1111101111101—13

The second shoot will take place at Topsham Fair Grounds Thursday, August 10, at 1 o'clock P. M.—G. E. N.

PAOLA GUN CLUB.—Paola, Kan., July 22.—Match at glass balls, 21yds., 20 balls each: H. C. Gano 20, G. H. Sherman 18, L. P. Perry 18, Ed. W. Mitchler 18, T. B. Spencer 18, L. J. Perry 18, Wm. Bufford 17, Steve Quimby 17, Wm. Abbott 16.—E. M.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 2—New York Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 3—New Bedford Y. C., Second Class, $50. Principal Clubs.
Aug. 5—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Aug. 5—Buffalo Y. C., Sweepstakes Race.
Aug. 5—Buffalo Y. C., Annual Matches.
Aug. 5-19—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 7—Dorchester Y. C., First Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Aug. 8—Salem Bay Y. C., Second Championship.
Aug. 8—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 8-12—American Canoe Association Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 10—Southern Y. C., Annual Sweepstakes.
Aug. 12—Hull Y. C., Second Club Matches.
Aug. 12—Merrimack Y. C., Club Match.
Aug. 12—Toronto Y. C., $350 Cup.
Aug. 14—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Ocean Match to Chester, 1 prize.
Aug. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Chester Town Cup, 2d prize. All comers.
Aug. 18—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Ocean Match to Halifax, 1 prize.
Aug. 19—Beverly Y. C., Open Races.
Aug. 19—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Aug. 22—Quaker City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 22—Oswego Y. C., Annual Matches.
Aug. 23—Dorchester Y. C., Second Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Aug. 23—Quincy Y. C., Fourth Club Match.
Aug. 26—Southern Y. C., Inter-State Regatta.
Aug. 23—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Match.
Aug. 24—New Bedford Y. C., 2d Class Schooners, 1st Class Sloops, $100, $75. Principal Clubs.
Aug. 26—Beverly Y. C., Open Regatta, Marblehead.
Aug. 29—Salem Bay Y. C., Championship Sail-off.
Aug. 29—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Match.
Sept. 2—Beverly Y. C., Third Championship Match, Marblehead.
Sept. 2—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Sept. 4—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Mayor's Cup and third prize.
Sept. 4—East River Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 5—Dorchester Y. C., Third Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Sept.——Hull Y. C., Club Championship Sail-off.
Sept. 4—Quincy Y. C., Fifth Club Match.
Sept. 5—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 9—Merrimack Y. C., Open to All Match.
Sept. 10—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Sept. 16—Dorchester Y. C., Open Races, Cat-Rigs.
Sept. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Three Classes, one prize each.
Sept.——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Yachts dinghies, sailing race.
Sept.——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Sept. 19—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 24—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Oct. 1—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Cruise.
Oct. 3—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.

THE DISOWNED TROPHY.

IN the deed of gift now in force governing challenges for the America Cup occur the following clauses:

"The challenging party shall give six months notice in writing.

"Accompanying the six months notice must be the Custom House certificate of the measurement and a statement of the dimensions, rig and name of the vessel.

"In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the ter

The club has no right to bring the good name of American yachtsmen into disrepute abroad.

It has no right to cover a trophy held in trust with ridicule through such a document as the circular sent broadcast to foreign yachting ports.

At home we are charitable enough to lay the blundering of the club to stupidity. Abroad they are openly charging sharp practice.

The New York Y. C. has no right to put American yachtsmen in a false light, and it matters not one iota what has gone before. The errors of the past should have been repented, not repeated, and stiffened when the club induced the recent modifications in the deed.

FOREST AND STREAM has put this issue plainly before those responsible, for good and honest reasons. We desire to see the introduction of a worthier type of boat than our light draft butterflies and believe this can be aided to a material degree by international contests between our sloops and British cutters. In making such contests an impossibility, the club has assumed the role of a partisan in favor of a certain type protected by unfair, unmanly and unsportsmanlike handicaps imposed upon yachts from abroad.

The object for which they hold the Cup in trust is defeated by their actions in the case which are unworthy the standing and influence enjoyed by the club in popular opinion. We trust now that the club is beginning to properly estimate the blunder committed, we may find them display at no distant date the honesty and courage requisite to rescue the Cup from obliquity and international racing from obloquy.

The club should not permit itself to be influenced by the friendly counsel of those seeking to keep the yacht question mystery disguised as a "defence" of its actions for a stray subscription or two so necessary to maintain life in the stale copyists yelping our heels.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES.

ACROSS the northern border yachting is still confined only to those whose inclinations naturally lie toward seafaring sport. Yachting has not as yet become a fashionable appendage to a fashionable establishment and yachts are kept in commission for use and not for show and ostentation. Hence we find an inborn leaning among the Canadians towards ships in which a sailor can take pride, and a desire to rank foremost as sailors, however few their boats may be in numbers or how modest each vessel is in tonnage. For a long time yawls and cutters have been familiar sights in the harbors of Toronto and Kingston and their merits for work in the open lakes have been quite generally noted. That great is the contrast between the commercial metropolis like New York and so insidious the temptation to copy what is spread before one in columns and columns of newspaper accounts of the doings elsewhere that a tendency to pattern after New York models has not help but show its head, and the number of new shoal draft sloops introduced into Canada during the year in consequence threatened to crowd from the public mind far more meritorious specimens right at home.

Of all vessels in the world the light draft, flatiron sloops of New York are probably the least to be commended. Dangerous, cramped, expensive, and short-lived, sensible people would be likely to turn their backs upon them wherever they are really understood. But for the false reputation for high speed woven about her by romance, and repeated victories over old-fashioned turnouts from abroad, the New York light draft would have been spurned all over creation as a deformity brought into existence by the pursuit of the fantastic craze for "sliding over the water," by which procedure known laws of nature compelling a craft through the water" are made to yield easily for the benefit of the rustic talent from whom the new propaganda emanated. In the innermost circles of Canadian yachtingdom this wild doctrine had never quite been subscribed to, and all the fictitious speed claimed for the New York flyer failed to move the genuine sailors of Toronto from their belief that there was a great deal of smoke and very little fire about the so-called wonderful doings of the sloop. They stuck to their first love, the cutter, but resolved upon bringing her up to date for competition with the latest ideas adopted from American models. In doing this in a practical manner and considerable risk, Toronto yachtsmen deserve the admiration of all, and none will begrudge them the handsome polishing their new and utmost untried cutters gave to the fleet they met July 22. They are the last of a number of sailing that have occurred, and the question has given an impetus to cutter ideas and cutter building which is bound to lead to the eventual dismissal of the New York traps and the substitution of more creditable examples of naval architecture on this lake.

Much racing has been done in late years on those charming fresh water seas, but desultory only in influence and meaning. The recent matches of the Royal Canadian, however, pale all past records in the important influence they are destined to exert upon model and rig, and numerous will be the cutters, extremely fast for sea going vessels as far as local topography will permit. We take it for granted that the cutter rig will drive out the sloop altogether on the Atlantic seaboard, but the process of displacement is necessarily slow. On the lakes the signal advantages of Aileen and Verve will cause to hasten the day when the unmechanical and unsailor-like rig borrowed from the North River lighter shall give way to the smarter and handier arrangement of the cutter. If nothing more than that were accomplished, it would be a great deal, but the Aileen and Cochrane might cite in pride. But great modification in model is quite as certain. The veneration of beam is a broken spell, and servile adherence to New York's light draft quackery may be set down a thing of the past on the lakes. Cutters may still continue to be a butt of ridicule to airy-brained reporters of the metropolitan press, but their chatter is now no longer of influence on the lakes. Toronto has learned that the big bass drum of the press, through which the sloops have so long and noisily proclaimed their virtues, is a hollow instrument, and that the cutter is the true sailor's craft, with the concussion of wind. Hereafter, Toronto yachtsmen, and with them all Canadians, will work out their own salvation freed of baneful influences from other climes.

For the first proof across the border have furnished in sustaining the validity of the lessons preached in these columns they have the thanks of FOREST AND STREAM, as their liberal minded enterprise has our highest esteem and the tendency of their tastes our approbation.

The races, though only a handicap in allowances, afforded an excellent opportunity for noting the comparative performance of the narrowest of cutters and beamy shoal sloops, as the starters included some of the best of the latter on the lakes. Of course, in those, as in all handicaps, who will say that "if" so and so had only started the result might have been different, and they will back their opinions by reference to the records showing the absentee to be a very, very fast boat and faster, of course, than those who actually competed. We take it for granted that Oriole is classed in this way, certain there is not a sloop on the lakes which could have turned to windward with the new thirty-ton beauty Aileen, much less cut down her astonishing win of more than an hour to nothing. Cygnet, formerly Eulalie, but now under the colors of the R. C. Y. C., is acknowledged the fastest light weather sloop on the lakes, and unfortunately she did not come to time, being on the dock at Port Dalhousie for an overhaul. In point of tonnage there is too wide a difference between Cygnet and Verve to really test the first. The cutter is 68ft. over all, with 11.8ft. beam and 8ft. depth, while the Cygnet counts only 56ft. over all, 15.6ft. beam and 5.6ft. deep. If Aileen be taken as 30 tons, Cygnet would measure but 18.

The course sailed was about forty miles, and the time due Cygnet from the cutter would be about 3h., according to Y. R. A. scale, just ten minutes. It would have been a physical impossibility for Cygnet to have landed within that allowance, as the big schooner Oriole, of 57 tons, the second vessel in, was beaten by no less than 53½ minutes, actually sailing over the course in the windiest kind of weather, though Oriole she could no more catch the cutter than fly. Cynet is one of MacGlehan's flat irons, and we venture to predict that in a moderate blow and little kick-up she will be dropped by little Verve without trouble, let alone making a match for the Aileen, except in the thirds and fourths a sight. The cutting won by too much water by far to suppose that some other boat, probably neither better nor worse than those present, could turn the tables completely.

Aileen performed wonders to windward, and going large more than held her own with the 57-footer, though we do not accounted a slow boat either, as appears from this extract, taken from the Toronto *Mail*: "A further ground for comparison as to the absolute speed of the yachts was the presence of the schooner Oriole, which until yesterday was recognized as the fastest sailing vessel built to Dominion waters, even including the time allowance which her size compels her to give to smaller boats." On the wind Aileen proved noticeably stiff and so close-winded as to reduce the race to a good deal of a farce, for she quickly dropped the tuck, then Oriole, and jogged home as though there was nothing good enough for her on the lakes, and that we certainly believe to be the case. We even go further and question whether there is her equal in American waters. The way the cutter jumped out on the schooner's weather on the beat down to the steaming from buoy No. 2 was a caution. She fairly soaked away and put twenty minutes to her good when she squared for the next mark. That bit of work was of a kind never seen or dreamt of on the lakes before, and to suppose that Cygnet stood the gaff for any such a show is much going beyond stretch of the imagination. The ten-ton Verve, another Watson design, displayed the same weatherly capacity as her big sister. She worked out from a leeward position, took third place with only Aileen and Oriole ahead, and in the twelve mile beat down to the examination turned away from the sloops larger than herself, rounding half a minute ahead of Madcap, and three minutes ahead of Brunette. Down the wind the little shaver could not hold the 17-ton sloops, their length and size being too much to overcome by mere cloth.

The wind stiffened towards the close, and gave the yachts a beat in with a short sea. Here the superiority of Verve was plainly demonstrated. She again left all the rest, for while the light drafts kept pile-driving without going ahead, the cutter shot through like an arrow, and in place of clinging out like the centerboards, went straight as the crow flies, and hugged so close that she finally crossed a winner by five minutes actual time over Madcap, with the rest distanced. Aileen and Oriole being the only two home before her. That she is very much superior to the sloop in close winding of detail has not as been demonstrated, but to get a correct estimate of her running it is necessary to match her with boats of the opposite type of about the same size. Madcap is too large for a test. To sum up, the cutters did splendid work, nothing failing, while the sloops, as a class, have had some misgivings, not as to her design, but as to the manner in which she was put together and rigged by local talent. If Toronto possesses in Aileen's originators mechanics capable of handling the 3000 pounds of lead in the cutter, with the nice of detail that calls for more fortunate than New York. Judging from the way Aileen squandered the fleet, she must be fair and thoroughly well-rigged for getting out of her all there is in a Watson model, and with Lapthorn sails out to be used to start with she ought to find no difficulty in dealing with our sloops as she has with those in home waters.

The conditions of the race were as follows:

Open to yachts listed in the Province of Ontario. Sweepstakes of $30 each entry. A handicap allowance to be determined by the regatta committee after the start by preventing grumbling and retirement from the contest, a very politic precaution or the entries would have been badly decimated. As a sort of rough and tumble, go-as-you-please for cruisers and racers, big and little in one class, the handicapping necessarily resorted to was the worst, especially if kept a secret before the race. As a regular thing, of course, handicaps cannot receive countenance, for they really amount to a tax levied upon the fast for the benefit of the slow instead of making yacht racing more attractive and superb by giving the latter the best weight on the turf for the superior stamina due to age. Beyond this the rules of the R. C. Y. C. were in force. Course forty miles as the marks were set. Start from off club house inside of Island, then west to buoy No. 1, round buoy No. 2 at Mimico, then back to the nine miles about E. by S. to buoy No. 2 half a mile outside the Island, thence around steam tug, six miles S.W. of buoy No 2, then return to buoy No. 3, round the Scarboro buoy No. 4 and home to the start by the Island flag. Wind S.W. and W. and moderate. Fresh on the beat to the Mimico mark and back to the Island buoy and on the beat out to the steamer, then light on the run to Scarboro and at times stiff again beating back to the Island, where it fell light to the finish. There was not enough to test hard weather qualities, the only bubble being encountered after rounding the Scarboro No. 4 on the way home.

It was, taken altogether, a day favorable to light weather boats, or Verve would have given a much better account of herself and disposed of the 17-ton sloops in her fashion as handily as Aileen. She also lifted away from Madcap while beating home through the kick-up. The fleet was got away to a flying start at 10:30 as follows: Alarm, 38-ton yawl, Lieut.-Col. Grassett, at 10:31; Brunette, of Hamilton, 17-ton sloop, Mr. Wigle, Verve, Lieut. Bent, Mr. Cochrane, at 10:32½; Aileen, 30-ton cutter, Mr. W. T. Gooderham, at 10:33; Madcap, 17-ton sloop, the Commodore, at 10:33; Coquette, of Hamilton, sloop, at 10:33½, and schooner Oriole, 57 tons, the Vice-Commodore, at 10:34½. A light air was blowing from S.W., and the Coquette up to windward, the cutters along the city front. All had plain sail, including topsails, the schooner with a topmast staysail and large jib topsail in addition. Coquette got more breeze and looked into the western channel in the lead, with Oriole going over the first mile and a half in the wind flattened out to a calm of nearly an hour's duration, and the yachts were drifting at the mercy of the current. Occasional catspaws then struck in from the old quarter and the cutters holding their way through them soon improved their position. Aileen was in command of the fleet with Madcap, as we think, to be changed to holding their way like a loaded boat while the lighter sloops brought up short after every puff, much like catamarans are known to do, and for precisely the same reason—a lack of sufficient momentum to keep them going, according to critics, was an abomination. Aileen luffed around, followed by the rest as under:

Aileen	12.10	Madcap	12.30½
Oriole	12.11½	Brunette	12.31½
Alarm	12.48½	Coquette	12.54
Verve	12.49½		

It was a quartering jog to mark No. 2, and it was thought the schooner surely had the nibs on the cutter at that kind of business, but the latter did not seem a rack or the kind before and the result proved out in its reckoning, for Aileen slipped away like a chased deer, turned the erstwhile current brag upon the light drafts, by leaving them "as though they were at anchor" and hardening in around No. 2 so far ahead that it became play ahead for the cutter for the remainder of the day. Oriole second, a mile in her wake. Among the rest, Madcap showed great speed at running, her size telling much in her favor. She outran the little ten-tonner, and was driving hard for Aileen's quarter when the latter's jackstay parted and her upper stick threatened to go. The damage was repaired after luffing and some loss of water, enabling the big yawl to prepare for the beat, the first in the second chapter.

Brunette and Coquette, celebrated centerboard sloops, had been pretty well left by this time. Now the beat of six miles out to the committee steamer commenced, and all hands were put to their metal in a nice working wind. Aileen settled down to the job and rapidly eat away from the rest in a close-winded manner that was delightful to see, she looked as to call forth applause from the spectators watching from shore and steamer, and giving her the sobriquet of Flying Dutchman. She swept along in that steady, unfaltering style only known to cutters, and as the occasional puff would hail her down she would fairly twist up into the wind's eye with never a shaking luff. So rapidly did she turn away from her competitor that the club steamer was fetched twenty minutes ahead. Now the old school has been prating with an owlish gravity how cutters must "slide off" when sailing "on their side." We have taken to digest Aileen's performance. If it sits hard on them, serves them right for their stubborn adherence to myth instead of accepting sound principles the result of experience from FOREST AND STREAM. Like Maggie, Aileen refused to "cotch" the width of a hair out of compassion to antiquated talent, but with a hard heart rushed in the fact that for "hanging on" there is nothing equal to the cutter, and that the board is nowhere compared to the keel. Aileen went around the committee with Oriole five miles in her wake, and squared away the main on spinaker for the long run dead before to Scarboro Head. Verve followed creditably her big sister's doings, for no sooner had she buckled down to the windward work than she closed on the sloop Madcap hand over fist, again demonstrating in telling manner the blessings of fine lines and keel. The cutter outwinded the sloop without trouble, and showed her the way around the steamer, the roundbodied yawl Alarm having been left far astern at this work, for she lacks in depth, and her rig put her at a discount with sloop or cutter when turning. Time around the steamer as under:

Aileen	3:33	Brunette	3:35¼
Oriole	3:33	Coquette	3:35
Verve	3:34½	Alarm	3:10
Madcap	3:30		

Aileen, now 7 miles away for Scarboro. As they approached inshore the wind steadily fell, and the leaders running out of it first allowed the rear to close up. Thus Oriole gained on the cutter nearly thirteen minutes. That she could not do this in equal sailing had been made evident by the run from No. 2 to the steamer, when she very much slower with the wind dead aft than with it over the quarter, and, judging by cutters in general, this is not the case. They are as smart driving before it as in running off. No one will pretend that Alarm could hold Aileen before the wind, yet the time show that she lost nothing from the steamer in. Nor would anyone claim the Coquette so faster than the thirty-ton cutter off the wind, for Coquette, apart from being only half the tonnage, is rather slow for a flyer. Yet she held her own along some thirteen miles this time, though outrun several minutes on the six-mile distance of the first leg of the course. One thing is certain, Madcap again slighted by Verve, but the latter was slow with her spinaker and lacked the size of her sister. She held Brunette, while Coquette, having no spinaker, was out of it. The Scarboro mark brought mainsheet two blocks again for the westerly beat around the island to the finish at the times as mentioned:

Aileen	4.08	Brunette	4.10
Oriole	4.15	Coquette	4.11
Madcap	4.30	Alarm	4.46
Verve	4.38		

The wind was now a little doubtful. Aileen cast to seaward in hopes of more strength but Oriole went inshore after land breezes. The cutter found what she was after and zigzagged for the island in approved fashion. The schooner came out after the same wind but lost a mile or more through her misadventure. Things were now again lively, for the wind rushed in from the lake with a cheery snappishness which soon worked up a short bit of chop for the first time in the day. The cutter began small work for she knew if there is anything which will make a light draft look forlorn and sheepish it is a wallish jump which slaps them under the bilge, cuffs them about and fetches them up all standing ever and anon with the wind spilled out of their sails. Aileen took both heels and her self and went her way from all hands at a marvelous rate. Every board seemed to lift her clear by a long piece, until finally, having weathered the lighthouse on the island, the cutter paid out sheet and wound up at the finish a veritable Aileen first, the rest nowhere," administering upon the lakes the lessons of depth, lead keel and shipshape rig as effectually as the America instilled the new ideas of fine bows and that sails to Johnny Bull thirty years ago. "A feat probably unparalleled in yacht racing on the lakes," says the Toronto *Mail* most truly of this deft sally of the cutter for light draft sculps.

Madcap was unfortunate at the Scarboro buoy, for she lay in the doldrums, while Verve and the rest came sweeping down with the new wind. She got the breeze, however, before the rest had caught her, but as the work home was to windward her chances against Verve were gone, as Madcap can do nothing with the cutter at the real test of a yacht's qualities. Even had the sloop not been left without way at the buoy it is hardly likely she could have lead Verve to the line, except by duke, for the sea broke up the sloop very badly. Like all light draft centerboards, she pitched and tossed and chopped to leeward in such an annoying way that Verve put five minutes to her good over the eight miles twisting. The cutter was a picture as she went steadying along like a car on a rail, never laboring, never dragging her sail, but carrying all through the puffs to advantage. She never buried, simply laid down a little further, but kept her course, and the more she laid over the faster she seemed to go and the higher she could look. It was just the sort of work the sloop has never been built to catch a racing cutter under such circumstances, so our Canadian friends may console themselves, knowing that if their sloops cannot do it no others of the same breed can do any better. Verve again ground like a car on a rail, never labored, never dragging her sail, but carrying all through the puffs to advantage. She never buried, simply laid down a little further, but kept her course, and the more she laid over the faster she seemed to go and the higher she could look. It was just the sort of work the sloop has never been built to catch a racing cutter under such circumstances, so our Canadian friends may console themselves, knowing that if their sloops cannot do it no others of the same breed can do any better. Verve again ground like a car on a rail, never laboring



COMBINATION ROW AND SAIL BOAT.

COMBINATION ROW AND SAIL BOAT.

IN last week's issue reference was made to illustrations of Joiner's excellent combination of a row and sail boat. Through the faithlessness of the artist the cuts were received too late for that issue, and we now make good the deficiency. The Irene, one of the first of her class, is 15ft. 6in. long, 4ft. 9in. beam, 2ft. deep amidships. Carries a 60-lb. centerboard and a sail having a 10ft. hoist, 15ft. foot, and 7ft. 3in. head. Weight of boat, 150lbs. Concerning the Irene, her owner, Mr. George Conkey, of Glen's Falls, writes that he can suggest no improvements, as she seems near perfection for the all-round work demanded of her. She is fast, able, and sightly, and serves her purpose more nearly than anything of the kind he has tried. In Joiner's newest boats of this class the deck is carried aft to the centerboard well and "foldlng boards" used instead of one piece, economizing greatly in room.

ATLANTIC Y. C.

A FINE fleet assembled in Larchmont harbor July 21, subject to the flag officer's orders for the annual cruise to the Eastward. Anchor was weighed next afternoon for a run of thirty-six miles to Black Rock, where Sunday was spent in harbor The fleet mustered the schooners Atalanta, Com. Vermilye; Lotos, Agnes and Sunshine, and the sloops Gracie, Eclipse, Rover, Pirate, Curiew, Sagitta, Annie, Hypatia, Lurline, Truant, Fanita and Ethel. The run was very tedious work and the squadron arrived late at night in straggling order in consequence of the lack of wind, too late to enjoy the hop in their honor at the George Hotel ashore. Schooner Crusader here joined the fleet, also sloops Clarita, Stella and yawl Caprice. Monday an early start was effected for New London in light southwest zephyrs, Crusader and Agnes fouling in the drift out and the former taking the ground aboard with her deep-draft centerboard. She was got clear after some trouble. Off Stratford Point more breeze was found and a little life put into the squadron with kites all drawing. Eclipse ran through the lot in very good fashion, showing that the lead added to her keel has not fulfilled the theorists' prognostications about making her "logy" or slow in light winds. On the contrary we attribute the excellent speed this sloop evinced throughout the light weather met as due in a great measure to the very lead keel which was to have spoiled her racing qualities, according to old school doctrine. Schooners Peerless and Watervitch fell in on the run and went into port with the rest, Eclipse showing the way in and coming to at about 4.20 P. M., the rear bringing up with the moon shining brightly. Tuesday, July 25, the fleet left for Greenport with sloops Elephant, Onward, Cute, Whiteway, Scioia, Corsair and Phantom added to the list.

In paying off, Atalanta's board got jammed in the trunk, and it took several hours' hard work to drop it below and float it up alongside. The diagonal brace had sprung from its fastenings and held the board in the box. The schooner had to lay by till repairs were executed at the Trumbull yard, which proved to be an all day's job. A moderate southeast wind enabled the fleet to beat clear of the Connecticut shore and weather Gull island for the Race passage. Eclipse again worked away from the rest till the wind died out, and came in from southwest steady, taking them all into harbor before sundown, Eclipse with ten minutes' lead. Atalanta hove in sight at 10 P. M. with her board shipped again and in working order, Schooner Clio joined the command. At 7 A. M. next morning the squadron slowly drifted out of Greenport harbor, bound for Newport, with light winds still from southwest, which failed for a time entirely. The schooners had something of a brush, Clio showing that she had lost none of her old-time speed since bolting lead up from below, and smart Eclipse leading all hands till past noon, when, with a freshening wind, the Commodore's schooner drove by her, the two coming to anchor within ten minutes of each other, and nearly half an hour ahead of the rest. The last yachts did not fetch in before 10 P. M. Thursday, July 27, anchors were got at 9 in the morning, six schooners and ten sloops obeying the signal. Light, contrary airs fanned them out to Brenton's, where they squared for the run along the coast, setting kites all around, Eclipse once more doing duty as pilot to the crowd. About eight bells the wind picked up and schooner Agnes showed to the fore, but again gave way to the Cow Bay crack, Mr. Willard leading in with Eclipse at 2.20 P. M., Agnes a good second, with Clio and Peerless close aboard, the latter having cut inside Old Cock and Hen and Chickens reef.

A pleasant reception awaited the fleet by the New Bedford Y. C. during the evening. Friday opened with a heavy fog, clearing at 10 A. M., so hat it was after 11 before anchors were catted. A southerly wind made it a beat clear across Buzzard's Bay to Quick's Hole. Atalanta had hardly cleared the harbor when she struck her board and it jammed once more in the trunk, compelling her to beat down with only half the regular allowance of tin. After the Hole had been got through sheets were checked in Vineyard Sound and with the wind abeam a spanking rate was made the rest of the distance to the Haven. Peerless led in with Clio second. Eclipse, Stella, Pirate, Corsair and others had parted company and taken the southerly wind to the westward again, homeward bound. Late in the evening the squadron was disbanded by the Commodore.

As a whole the cruise, though a pleasant one, barring the want of wind, was devoid of special features. The only thing worthy of note was the sailing of Eclipse, which was such as to warrant the belief that she is probably without rival this side of Cape Cod and our champion to save us from defeat at the hands of cutters from 30 to 30 tons, Y. R. A. measurement.

FACTS ABOUT THE MAGGIE.

OUR sloops have been beaten by nothing better than a cruiser after all! We have read a letter from the gentleman for whom the cutter Maggie was originally built. He did not design her for a racer at all, but for a safe, able sea cruising yacht and for fishing. With his wife he spent many months knocking about the British coast with no intent to compete with professional flyers. Some of the cutter's head was put on the keel to gain head room inside. Mr. Beavor Webb, who got out the lines for the famous twenty-ton Freda, gave counsel in the modeling of Maggie, and this accounts to some extent for her great speed, as all of Mr. Webb's ships are noted for that quality. The Maggie answered her purposes admirably and proved herself a grand boat in rough water, besides showing such speed that in her class she was without a peer, and often made it warm for the twenty-tonners designed expressly for fast sailing. Those who have been seeking to escape the logic of events by calling this cutter a racing machine and our sloops only cruisers, have got the cart before the horse, for the truth fits just the other way.

BEVERLY Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The club's annual regatta and second championship race of the B. Y. C. was sailed off Swampscott last Saturday, July 29. Owing to vacillating winds only a portion of the entries actually came to the start, those hailing from a distance being unable to reach the harbor in time. Only the two cutters Beetle and Mavis appeared in the first class. They were sent away to a flying start, and picked up a smart wind after a while. The same wind, however, put the small yachts to leeward way up to windward at a bound, and Peri withdrew in consequence. Course for first class: From start, leaving Spindle Rock on port, starboard off southwest breaker buoy off Big Rocks to starboard, Egg Rock same, and then home, about 13 miles. For second and third classes: From start, leave Egg Rock to starboard, stakeboat off Little Nahant same, and home. Mr. C. W. Galloupe's Clochette was used by the judges, Messrs. W. Lloyd Jeffries, H. U. Jeffries and C. W. Galloupe. Mavis ran out a slight lead on her sister cutter, but before the whistling buoy stakes were reached Beetle was showing the way, finally winning by five minutes actual time. In second class Holden won on best actual time, and takes the champion pennant, having won also in the previous championship race. On corrected time she also takes the special cup. In third class Dandelion takes the pennant, Psyche having won in the first of the series, necessitating a third race to decide. Corrected time could not be obtained, as the boats have not yet been measured according to the new rule. Summary as under:

	Ft.In.	Actual. H. M. S
FIRST CLASS.		
Beetle, cutter, A. Hemenway		2 23 42
Mavis, cutter, W. F. Whitney		2 28 34
SECOND CLASS.		
Holden, P. C. Severance	23 00	1 24 50
Mosquito, keel, E. W. Codman	23 03	1 30 10
Rita, H. B. Richardson	20 06	1 41 12
Peri, Vice-Com. Parkman	20 03	1 24 50
THIRD CLASS.		
Dandelion, C. F. Adams, 3d	18 08	1 27 18
Psyche, Com. Sears	19 04	1 29 50
Mirage, C. P. Curtis, Jr.	19 04	1 33 55
Josephine, J. T. Moors	18 00	1 39 58

TILLER.

THE GREAT CANOE MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Letters are being received daily at our camp from the little fleets of canoes that are cruising from many points of the compass toward the beautiful Horican. Dr. C. A. Neide, Secretary of the American Canoe Association, arrived here with his brother two days ago, and we are putting Lorna Island into the best order to receive the large number of canoeists who are to be present at the annual meeting and regatta of the A. C. A. The Springfield Canoe Club will leave Springfield, Mass., August 3, cruise 30 miles to Hartford, then take steamer to Rondout, N. Y. (via New York city), where they will be joined by the Rondout canoeists and will proceed to Glens Falls nine miles south of Lake George in their canoes.

Rev. Chas. A. Cressey and Capt. S. D. Kendall, will leave Vermont, following the Connecticut River to Long Island Sound and New York, from which city they will ascend the Hudson to Troy and go by canal to Glens Falls. Commodore Longworth, of the A. C. A., is at the lake. The Cincinnati Canoe Club will report to him on August 1. The Lake George Canoe Club will go into camp about August 3. The Mohican Canoe Club, of Albany, the Knickerbocker and New York Canoe clubs, of your city, have had their camp grounds already located. There are about thirty canoeists already at the lake.

The Crescent Canoe Club is at Coldwell, at the head of the lake. From Canada comes cheering news. Capt. E. B. Edwards, Vice-Commodore of the A. C. A., will well represent the Dominion canoeists from the Peterboro' region. These knights of the single blade will bring some fine canoes to the regatta.

Robert Tyson, Secretary of the Toronto Canoe Club, will be present by the 7th of August with his party, and Messrs. Baldwin and Symmes, of Ottawa, will reach Lake George about the same time. The canoe builders have been crowded with orders for canoes since the last meet at the Canoe Islands. There will be a magnificent display of new canoes from all canoeing centers.

A paper called *The Canoe* is published on the steamer Horican, which runs on the lake, and it will be the official organ of Judge Longworth, the Commodore of the A. C. A., during the stay of the canoeists at the Canoe Islands.

The races will occupy a part of three days, August 9, 10, 11, and will take place off Crosbyside Hotel, at the southern end of Lake George. Besides the canoe clubs which will be in attendance, there are individual canoeists from many of the States and from Canada who will be present. As the railroad extension now reaches Lake George, it will be an easy matter to visit the canoe regatta from New York, Boston and the West. N. H. BISHOP.

CANOE ISLANDS, Lake George.

NEW YORK Y. C.

FLEET CAPTAIN FISHER has issued the following orders from the Commodore for the annual cruise, which is expected to bring out an unusually large fleet:

The squadron will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Glen Cove on Wednesday, August 2.

All captains will repair on board the flagship (schooner Estelle) at an hour to be announced by signal.

A start for New London will be made early on the morning of Thursday, August 3.

Special prizes have been offered by Captain Cook, of the Tidal Wave, and Captain Goelet, of the Norseman, to be sailed for at New London and Newport respectively. It is desirable that large entries be made for these contests.

Officers and members are expected to conform to the revised regulations regarding uniform and dress.

Attention is called to the new rules for hoisting colors, salutes, etc.

During the cruise, except under special orders, guns will be fired only as follows: By each yacht joining or leaving the squadron, to be answered by the flagship, when the Commodore or senior officer in command joins or leaves the squadron, when each yacht will return his gun.

In getting under way in squadron no yacht shall start before gun fire.

As it is expected that an unusually large number of steam yachts will accompany the squadron, the Commodore will appoint one of their captains as a commanding officer to direct their movements.

A large attendance on the portion of the sailing fleet has signified an intention to join in the cruise, and captains are urged to make special efforts that the squadron be such as to reflect credit on the club.

"HER WEATHER."

SO far Maggie has taken enormous odds. She has sailed in light winds, "our weather," and under length rules, "our rules." But Maggie is held by those who know her well to be best in a blow and a sea, when she will take a good deal more pressing than in zephyrs, her poorest chance to display what is in her. She has beaten us without even drawing upon her hard-weather reserve. Now let it blow enough to tie down a cringle or two and stuff for second jib, and we venture to say Maggie will leave her opponents hull down or send them scudding for home without as much as making the weather mark of the course. If we are favored with brisk winds this fall such a display is surely in store for us.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The Zoe having won the challenge pennant in the open boat class, in the races June 3, reported in these columns, she was challenged by the Hornet recently, the conditions being that the holder should sail any challenger thirty days after winning the whole class being allowed to enter. The second race was sailed July 22, and excited much local interest where the boats are known. The race was under shifting ballast rules, the only drawback deprivlng a fast boat of moving ballast, making more a test of the crews. Six boats started—Zoe, 22ft. 4in., H. Sanderson; Nymph, 22.4, F. Flint; Willis, 22.9, Com. Jenkins; Fairy, 21, F. Towle; Hornet, 22.6, F. S. Scott, and Cruiser, 20.9, A. B. Alley. Judges, Newbery D. Thorne and Alexander Fisher. Course, Larchmont Yacht Club dock buoy, around Spar buoy off Matinnecock Point, around buoy off Constable Point, thence again around Execution Rock and home, 17 miles. Start flying, five minutes grace. Wind light E. and tide first of flood. Zoe took the lead with Hornet a good second, rest straggling. On the windward work to second mark Cruiser crept through the fleet, Zoe and Fairy alternately in second place. Matinnecock buoy was rounded: Cruiser, 2:03:30; Fairy, 2:09:29; Zoe, 2:10:08; Hornet, 3:31:02; Nymph, 3:32:55. The wind now fell and it was little more than a drift with a lee-going tide for a while. Fairy got around Constable Point buoy first at 3:13:14; Cruiser, 3:18:21; Zoe, 3:19:30; Hornet, 3:31:02, and Nymph at 3:32:55. The breeze fell away altogether, Hornet taking an ash breeze for home. The others kept at it, Fairy going round the Execution buoy at 5:01:25; Cruiser, 5:57:59; Zoe, 6:06:50, and Nymph at 6:31:30. A light air from S. W. ran the boats home as under:

	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.		Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Willis	Gave up		Zoe	7 19 20	7 18 39
Hornet	Gave up		Fairy (winner)	6 47 48	6 44 49
Nymph	7 21 05	7 20 24	Cruiser	7 05 59	7 02 31

BUNKER HILL YACHT CLUB.—The fourteenth annual regatta was sailed July 29 off Long Island. Course for first class: From judges' out Broad Sound, leaving fog whistle on northeast ledge of the Graves on starboard, Green Island on starboard, Shag Rocks on starboard, Lovell's Island and Sound Point beacon on starboard, George's Island and Gallop's Island and Nix's Mate buoy on port, to judges' boat, thirteen miles. Second class: From judges' boat, leaving west head of Long Island on port, Raimsford on starboard, George's and Lovell's Islands on starboard, Gallop's Island and Nix's Mate buoy on port, Sound Point beacon on starboard, Spectacle Island on port, Sculpin Ledge buoy on port, to judges' boat, ten miles. Third class: From judges' boat, leaving Spectacle Island and Sound Point beacon on starboard, Spectacle Island and Sculpin Ledge buoy on port, to judges' boat, five miles. Variable and light winds, ending in fair southeast breeze. Judges, P. M. Bond, Jas. White and Randall Gould, aboard Mr. Hurd's Echo. Summary as under, Arrow being disqualified for sailing wrong course:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Name.	Ft. In.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Celeste, Geo. E. Thomas	28 00	4 16 25	3 14 49
Gracie M., D. C. Musgrave	28 00	4 18 30	4 17 54
Edith, Hodgkinson, et al	28 06	4 23 56	4 23 50
Carrie F., Alvin Cole	24 00	4 57 00	4 32 08
SECOND CLASS.			
Zantho, H. L. Johnson	21 00	2 51 58	2 30 18
Zetas, H. H. Morris	22 01	3 01 09	3 01 09
Independence, Geo. Wilcox	18 06	3 40 03	3 34 29
THIRD CLASS.			
Sprite, P. J. Henchy	18 02	1 25 35	1 25 35
Josephine, D. Mansur	16 03	1 51 00	1 49 17
Arrow, C. F. Broman	14 00	1 41 35	1 37 17

SALEM BAY Y. C.—The first of three club championships was sailed in Salem Harbor, July 31. Four classes; over 20 tons, course, 25 miles; 10 to 20 tons, course, 15 miles; 18 to 20ft., course, 7 miles; under 18ft., 5 miles. Wind fresh N. W., causing a number to withdraw. In first class the yawl White Cap again met her old opponent, schooner Alice and the race between the two was just becoming interesting when something away aboard the yawl and she was obliged to put back. Summary as follows:

	Tons.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.		H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Alice, W. L. Lockhart	90	3 06 03	3 06 03
White Cap, D. H. Rice	78	Disabled.	
THIRD CLASS.	Length. Ft. In.		
Pert, H. Parkman	19 00	1 27 33	1 15 25
Comus, John Newcomb, Jr	19 02	1 28 48	1 21 21
Hop Bitters, J. C. Remon, Jr	19 06	1 38 08	1 31 02
Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers	19 00	1 40 03	1 33 39
Oma, A. Liebsh	22 00	2 46 53	1 42 15
Vesta, G. P. Verry	25 00	1 47 53	1 45 46
Mab, C. Murpay	22 00	Disabled.	
Coquette, F. A. Brown	20 01	Withdrawn.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Tulip, G. Dexter	16 07	1 24 08	1 16 31
Rose, T. H. Cabot	15 09	1 26 38	1 18 16
Comet, G. W. Mansfield	16 00	1 26 13	1 18 06

OCONOMOWOC Y. C.—July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Oconomowoc Y. C. sailed their third regatta of this season, and the fourth annual regatta for the first and second class pennants, over the usual course on Lac La Belle, Monday, July 21, a stiff, puffy wind blowing from the S. W. Summary:

		H. M. S.
FIRST CLASS.		
Buda	F. W. Peck	— 55 30
Sunbeam	H. H. Shufeldt	disabled.
Tweedledee	W. L. Peck	— 53 28
Tweedledum	P. S. Shufeldt	— 52 41
SECOND CLASS.		
Nip	G. Shufeldt	withdrawn.
Daisy	C. I. Peck	1 03 27
Pearl	C. T. Sutton	1 01 46
Tuck	H. H. Shufeldt	disabled.

The Tweedledum was declared winner of the first class and the Pearl in the second class. The presentation of the Shufeldt cup, finally won by the Tweedledee at the regatta of July 18, and of the pennants, took place at the club house in the evening.—S.

THUNDER BAY Y. C.—This Canadian club, with headquarters in Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, has about thirty members, with the following officers: F. Jones, Commodore; Mr. H. K. Wickstead, Vice-commodore; W. J. Clarke, Secretary-treasurer; and Messrs. G. T. Marks (Chairman), C. V. Warmoil and W. F. Davidson, members of the Committee of Management. The fleet contains the following yachts: Algoma (6 tons), S. J. Dawson; Pride of the Wave (2 tons), W. Clark; Nautilus, R. Anderson; Shamrock (6 tons), F. Jones; Lurline (7 tons), G. T. Marks; White Wings (11 tons), Club boat; Winnie (2 tons), H. K. Wickstead. The new club house is an ornament to the harbor. The ground floor is 24x48, with a height of nine feet. It is perfect in its fittings, and has accommodation for eight boats. The upper portion of the building is divided into club room, secretary's office, and dressing room, the former being 10ft. high and 34 by 18, and the dimensions of the two latter each 10 by 7 feet. These are approached by a staircase, built on the outside. Facing the bay a wide verandah projects from the upper room, from which a magnificent view of the lake is obtainable. The contract price was $684.

YACHTS' PHOTOS.—We have received from David M. Little, 24 Franklin street, Boston, some superb photos taken instantaneously from yachts tearing along at high speed. These photos are marvels of modern art, and besides the associations clinging to the yachts themselves, represent their manner of passing through the water, showing the bow and quarter waves and the pillow sunlships according to the vessels' form. There is the well-known Shadow, Boston's little pet, and the big-waisted keels Viking and Hera, and also the beautiful cutter Maggie, affording an opportunity for contrasting the style and pose of our sloops with the cutter, greatly in the latter's favor it must be acknowledged. The photos of the Shadow and Hera are exceedingly spirited, the Shadow driving along at a great rate to a quartering wind, and Hera's crew lighting out the balloon jib topsail on the bowsprit for bending. All these mentioned were taken during the matches of the Eastern Y. C. June 26. They are mounted in exceptional taste, and we recommend them as an American production relating to yachting, in which we may take pride with good reason. They will be sent to any address for $1 each.

NEW HAVEN YACHT CLUB.—In accordance with orders from Commodore H. B. Hilliard, the club fleet gathered off the Thimble Islands, July 23, preparatory to the first annual cruise in squadron to the eastward. Sunday the squadron remained in harbor, the members partaking of a dinner at the Island View House, to which Land lord Northrop had generously invited all hands. Monday morning anchors were got and sail made for Newport. A very creditable fleet obeyed the Commodore's signal, including Endeavor, the Commodore; Defiance, Vixen, the Vice-Commodore; Zephyr, the Fleet Captain; Ripple, Lorelie, the schooners Haze, Prospero, and several others. Newport was made the same evening, and next morning the squadron hove up for New Bedford in a light southwest wind. In beating out, Vixen worked away from the rest, Prospero schooner making the Whale City in the lead, and the rest is tolerably close together. July 26 they sailed for Edgartown and Jarlin's Vineyard. Geo. Graves again threatened to bring out that wonderful cutter of peculiar design he has been building so long, but we fail to hear from her. The cruise is to continue two weeks.

SEAWANHAKA Y. C.—The open boat races of the club set down for July 29, failed partly for lack of entries and also for want of wind. Race open to Atlantic and Larchmont Y. C. Mean length for measurement, one hand to every five feet length; all to be amateurs. Fixed ballast, plain sail, no limit for canoes. Flying start with five minutes' grace to cross. Cash prizes from $30 to $20; classes for sloops over twenty-five feet and under; cats over twenty-five feet and under; catamarans and canoes. Course from club house around the stake-boat 1¾ miles below, thence to buoy 18 off Bay Ridge, thence around Robbins' Reef buoy and home, 7¼ miles, sail over twice, canoes only once. Three canoes were sent away at 3.25 P. M. They were the Pearl model Ripple, W. Witlock; Shadow model Wraith, D. Vaux and Shadow model Dot, C. B. Vaux. They were a long time getting over the line for want of wind, and after Ripple had fanned out a lead it fell calm again and the race fell through. The open sloop classes mustered only two, Cruiser and Falcon, which were got off at 4.07, but took nearly seven minutes to get over. After a bit of luck taking Cruiser around the lower mark, the wind again dropped and no race was sailed.

HULL Y. C.—Last Saturday was ladies' day with the members of the Hull Yacht Club, and the yacht owners took their lady friends on a cruise among the islands of the harbor. It was a delightful day, with just wind enough to make it pleasant sailing for the ladies. About forty yachts participated, and each of them carried from three to five "timid beauties." The non-yacht owners were distributed among the crews of the yachts participating. At 3.30 the yacht captains reported to Commodore Lambert, and fifteen minutes later the yachts passed in review before him, saluting as they sailed by. The signal for starting was given at 4 o'clock, and the white wings directed their cruise towards Quincy Bay, keeping in close company. Most of the yachts returned a little after 6 o'clock, and the company was entertained at the club house, a collation being served, followed by dancing. It was the most enjoyable day of the season at the club, and the club's mode of entertaining was pronounced a grand success by many fair critics.—*Boston Globe.*

BRUNSWICK SOUPS.—Anything which saves labor, time or fuss in the steward's department is a boon to yachtsmen. For rich body, flavor and convenience none of the soups can be highly recommended than the Brunswick Soups. They are not merely canned articles or extracts, but the actual material preserved in the shape of powder by a special process and need only the addition of boiling in water to produce a nourishing white soup, equal or superior to anything served fresh at hotels or restaurants. There are twelve varieties from which to choose and with beef, vegetable and bean soup and clam chowder at his disposal, the yachtsmen must be hard to please who cannot manage to live high and economically with such stores to draw upon. They are the handiest thing imaginable for canoeists and sportsmen generally.

"CUTTERS CAN'T SAIL."—Says the Toronto *Mail;* "The sailing of the cutter Aileen was simply wonderful. She stood up to the wind perfectly. . . . Running free she not only maintained but increased her lead from the 10-ton schooner. . . . Aileen was by this time miles to windward, sailing like the Flying Dutchman. . . . Aileen beat to windward at an extraordinary rate, apparently making two feet to Oriole's one. . . . Aileen, fairly flying, snowed her heels to the rest of the fleet in an extraordinary manner, until miles ahead of Oriole and everything else. . . . The theme of discussion was the wonderful sailing of the Aileen. . . . The popularization of deep boats has had a startling push forward given it. . . . The Aileen outpaced by out-tops anything afloat in this neighborhood."

FAIR ALL ROUND.—From the Toronto *Mail:* "It was believed that the race would prove a test of the respective merits of the deep-draught cutters and the centerboards. The absence of the Cygnet and the Eudie, both fast sloops, somewhat interfered with the anticipated test, but the presence of the Madcap, Brunette, and Coquette, all centerboards, are certainly of all fast boats in light winds and quiet water, left a certain ground for estimating the performance of the Aileen and the Verve, the two cutters. Both these last, of course, are typical deep-draught yachts. The day could scarcely have been more favorable for a severe fair-weather test of the sailing qualities of yachts of all classes and sizes."

AILEEN.—Says the Hamilton *Spectator:* "Saturday's race was a fair test, and it must be confessed that as far as the Aileen is concerned there can be but one conclusion. If she was too fast for the Verve, centerboard though she was, and with her long mast and her ill-fitting suit of canvas, she would beat the schooner out of sight under other circumstances, for other circumstances could not have been more unfavorable. The Aileen is a very fine boat, and can, undoubtedly, defy any craft in the bay. Her long mast may not like the hull, there were none who could deny that the cutter rig is a fine one, and must come into favor on the lakes."

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, Hugh Neilson; Vice-Com., Edward Leigh; Secretary, Robt. Tyson; Treasurer, John Hayne. Twenty-five members with seventeen canoes, of which four are Pearls with double centerboards, one a Nautilus with single board, two Racine Shadows, one Racine Rob Roy, one lapstreak Jersey blue with centerboard, two others not classed, and the rest open and tandem canoes. The Toronto *Mail* says the decked canoes are rapidly falling out of favor. "They in the experience everywhere, the open canoes being relegated to sporting purposes, but seldom used for cruising.

A LONE VOYAGER.—The *avant courrier* for Lake George has left Toronto in the person of Mr. M. Fish Johnston, son of a former well-known journalist. He left Rob Roy on Lake Simcoe on Monday morning shortly before 9 o'clock. He carries no sails, and will paddle the whole distance to Brockville via the Bay of Quinte. On Tuesday evening he camped east of Oshawa; and when last heard from he was at Port Hope at a quarter past four on Wednesday afternoon. He holds the paddling challenge cup, and his chances for holding it will certainly not be lessened by the steady daily paddling practice involved in a cruise of over 200 miles.—*Toronto Globe.*

AMERICA CUP.—But for the clause giving us the right to name a yacht at the moment of the start according to the weather, thereby taking the visitor at an advantage, we might have seen a "tory" in our waters this fall and received a sound thrashing. We are saved the thrashing but at the expense of a most valuable practical lesson in modern naval science. Does this satisfy the ambition of the New York Y. C.?

LIGHT DRAFT.—As will be seen in our report, the schooner Atalanta got in trouble with her board twice during a week's cruise. As a keel she would have drawn 10ft. instead of some 20 with a board, and time and a bill of several hundreds would have been saved. Sometimes, oftener than supposed, the light draft of the center board vessel is theory only while stern practice finds her drawing much more water than the keel.

CHALLENGE CUP.—The owner of the sloop Eclipse, Mr. E. Willard, offers to be one of four to contribute $250 each toward a silver service to be sailed for by yachts over 50ft. length, Larchmont rules and course, in month of August. The Eclipse is unquestionably one of the smartest yachts in New York, blow high or low, and it would be interesting to know whether Gracie could make her time off of Mr. Willard's sloop in ordinary weather, so that should a cutter of between 50 and 60ft. ever show her number here we may have something to go by in the choice of the most likely opponent.

CHICAGO Y. C.—Mackinaw is to be the summer rendezvous of the club, and a house may be erected in the harbor. The August cruise is to last two weeks. A cup, value $500, is offered for the run up. Schooners Viking, Comanche and Idler, and sloops Cora, Ariel, Burke and others will form the squadron.

BEVERLY Y. C.—The sum of $673 is to be given in prizes at the coming great union or open races off Marblehead, Aug. 26. It is hoped that the famous cutter Maggie and other well-known Eastern yachts will show up. Entries to W. Lloyd Jeffries, 78 Devonshire st., Boston, before 2 P. M., Aug. 25.

DECLARED OFF.—It will be remembered that in the Hull Y. C. races, July 22, many protests were recorded on account of starting some of the fifth class with the larger yachts. The race in that class has now been declared off, and will be resailed upon request of five of the yachts entered.

SILVIE.—This schooner, one of Geo. Steers's models, has been sold by C. V. Whitten to C. C. Moubury, Hull Y. C.; 83ft. 9in. long, 74ft. 7in. load line, 21ft. 6in. beam. She is the widest and shoalest schooner of any size in America.

HULL Y. C.—For open races, August 19, the sum of $1,000 has been subscribed for prizes, open to yachts of recognized clubs. Think of a New York club offering such a sum in cash and asking all to enter,

NEW HIGH SPEED.—The Herreshoffs, of Bristol, R. I., are to build another fast steam yacht for Mr. Hopkins, of Port Huron. Speed guarantee 20 miles in five hours.

BUFFALO Y. C.—The different interests in the club have now been harmonized and the annual races fixed for August 5, 2.30 P. M. Sail for Commodore's prize, value $25.

LAPWING.—This handsome little seven-ton cutter is being fitted out with great care by Lawley & Son, of South Boston. The keel for a new cutter is to be laid in a few days.

MORE CUTTERS.—Members of the Chicago Y. C. have determined to build two cutters this winter, one to be a large one of thirty tons like Aileen.

KATIE GRAY.—This well-known racing sloop, of Belleville, Ont., has been sold to Mr. Cunningham, of Montreal.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. C. S., Boston, Mass.—See answer to W. B.

G. B., New York.—Please let me know if there is any good angling up the Hackensack and in Pequonn and Mill Creeks, N. J., and what kinds of fish. Ans. Yes, often good strings of white perch and small striped bass are taken there.

J. W. E., Erie, Pa.—There were two prizes offered at a picnic for a glass ball shoot. A got 17 out of 20; B 17 out of 20; C 14, etc. No mention was made in regard to class shooting. Who receives first and second prize? Ans. In the absence of any express stipulation that a match shall be under class shooting rules, the contrary is understood. In this case A and B, having tied on highest score, should shoot off for first and second prizes.

W. A. H., Bellows Falls, Vt.—1. Can you tell me of any way to keep helgramites for bass-fishing alive? The other day I caught about thirty and put them in a pail of fresh water, and the next morning they were all dead. I have been able to find no reason why they should die, as I kept them in a cool place, and I always thought they were very hardy. 2. And are the helgramites as good bass bait when dead as alive? Ans. 1. Keep them in running water. 2. No.

F. C. E., Bellows Falls, Vt.—Will you please tell me if there is any way to cook the common mud turtle? I have never heard of its being done, but can see no reason why they would not be as good as frogs. Ans. Soup is made of the snapping turtle, and also of other fresh-water turtles, but they do not compare with green turtle in the matter of soup, while they are not to be spoken of in the same day with the diamond-back terrapin of salt marshes. They are not as delicate.

G. McA., Worcester, Mass.—The red Irish dog to whom you refer we presume is Makedah. He was whelped July, 1877, and was bred by the late Wm. M. Tileston. His sire is Dr. Wm. Jarvis' champion Elcho. His dam was Lill III., imported by Mr. Nicholas Saltus, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Lill II. was whelped in 1874, and was by Saumrock out of Kataleen (Barton's Larry—Lill II.). Shamrock was by Brennan's Rap out of Jepson's Belle. Lill II. was by Cooper's Ranger (Hutchinson's Bob—Lilly) out of Jepson's Belle.

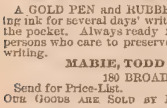
W., Morristown, Minn.—1. A thoroughbred liver-colored spaniel pup for the past month or six weeks has been out of sorts completely, throwing up meal twice, often times more, during the day. Thought at first it was due to raw meat, and so cut him off it, but the vomiting continued the same. Otherwise the animal appears in pretty fair health. I see he has been trying to doctor himself by nibbling quite an amount of grass in the ejected matters. What had best be done for him? 2. What species of insect is the helgramite, and what is its technical name? Ans. 1. See answer to W. B. 2. It is the larva or pupa, for both are used for bait, and so called; of the helgramite fly *Sialis infumata.* The fly is rarely seen.

S. A. S., Tilton, N. H.—A fish pond containing ten square rods of water, from two to six feet deep, supplied through four-inch iron pipe, the water falling about five feet into the pond; a temperature of 72 deg. to 76 deg. Fahrenheit at the present time. The trout are dying in large numbers. They have been freely fed by visitors. Has the temperature of the water or the feeding anything to do with such a result? Is there a standard temperature for cold-blooded animals, as is deg. is for warm blooded? Ans. It was the temperature which killed your fish. See our editorial note on temperature for trout in this issue. The temperature of the blood of fishes is usually from two to three degrees above the water they are in.

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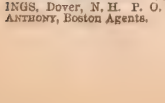


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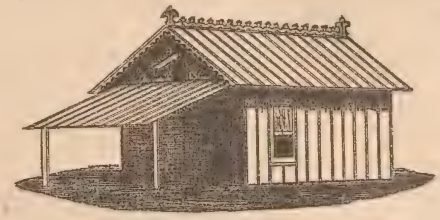
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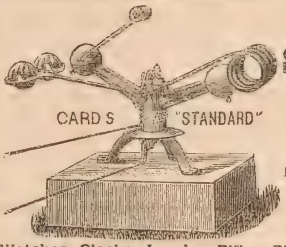
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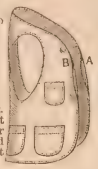
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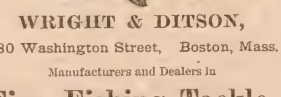
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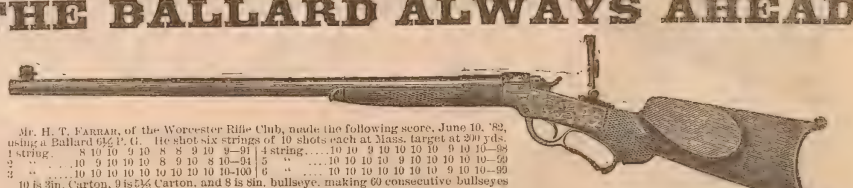
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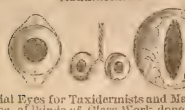
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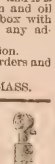
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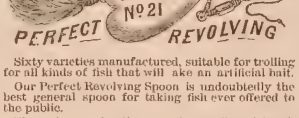
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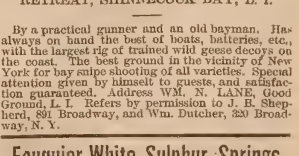
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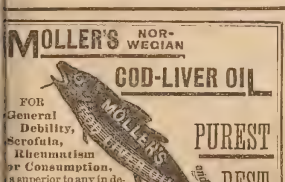
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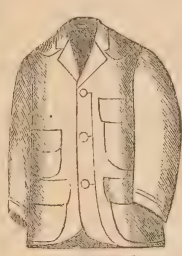
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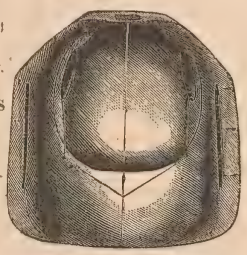
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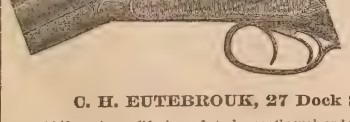
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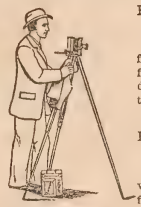
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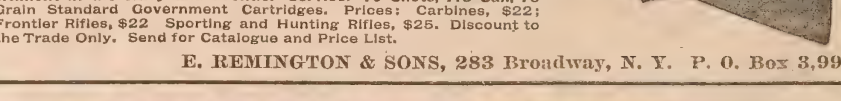
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THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to a twenty-eight-page paper.

LOOSE MOOSE MORALS.

WE have it on excellent authority that three "visiting sportsmen," namely, Mr. W. B. Harding and Drs. Hunt and Wing, of Worcester, Mass., "after one night's watching, captured and killed a fine three-year old moose." This was in the early part of last July, at a Maine camp, which had the previous year gained unsavory notoriety as the scene of a like escapade. The proprietor of the camp appears to think July moose killing a huge good thing. He writes of it in that way, and drops a gentle hint to "let sporting men know" that by coming to his camp they can get moose at any time of the year. We do not propose to gratify him by advertising his illicit business of "steerer" to law breakers.

If, however, upon the specific information which has been furnished to them, the Maine game officials succeed in punishing these July moose killers, and the camp proprietor too, if his complicity in the misdemeanor can be shown, we shall take great satisfaction in publishing that fact. If these offenders are convicted, we will give our friend every opportunity to "let sporting men know it" to his heart's content.

This is a fresh illustration of the loose morals of men who think that because away from home and in the woods they are released from the obligations of good citizenship. They ignore or defy the rights of others, and, regardless of decency, capture and illicitly destroy what does not belong to them.

The fundamental principle of all game legislation is this, that in its wild condition game is the property of the State.

It follows that, as the game belongs to it, the State may prescribe when, how and for what purposes the game may be killed.

When captured in compliance with such expressed conditions, and then only, game may become the property of the individual. But until thus lawfully transferred, it continues to be the property of the State.

For example, wild moose in Maine belong to the State of Maine. That State gives public notice that it will retain possession of its moose until the first day of October. It agrees that on and after that date, but not previously, the individual may capture a moose, and so make it his own.

This resolves itself into a simple matter of ownership. Some of the principles involved in moose property are the same as those which obtain in horse property. If A says to B, "Upon certain conditions I will give into your possession, on the first day of October, the horse now in my stable," then when that date arrives B may acquire lawful possession of the horse. But if, some dark night in July, B sneaks into A's barn and clandestinely carries off the animal, he is a horse thief. The law recognizes his act as a crime.

In a precisely similar way, if before October, the time agreed upon by the State, which owns the moose, a man sneaks into the woods at night and kills a moose, he is a moose thief, and the law recognizes his act as a crime. In the eyes of the law, horse-stealing and moose stealing are similar offenses.

There are two ways in which the game laws are broken, and while each is a violation, one is vastly more reprehensible than the other. In the one case a person may be hunting for one kind of game that is a legitimate object of pursuit, and another kind of game, which it is forbidden to shoot, appearing before him, he may, in the excitement of the moment, kill it without much thought. The other case is where a party deliberately and with malice prepense watches for forbidden game and kills it. In other words, there are certain degrees of crime in respect to game, just as the law recognizes such different classes in respect to persons. But in the present instance the offence was clearly premeditated. The proprietor of this Maine camp and his guests knew perfectly well that the law on moose would not be up before the first day of October, but the guests went out and killed the game after "one night's watching." They cannot plead any extenuating "excitement of the moment."

We have said that this instance illustrates the loose morals relating to the game laws. But because this looseness of morals prevails, offenses against the game laws are not thereby any the less heinous crimes. Because a lax state of public regard for human life exists on the frontier, murder there is none the less murder. Because certain classes of politicians do not hesitate to plunder the public treasury, stealing the people's money is not thereby rendered any the less stealing. No hocus-pocus reasoning can excuse nor palliate crime by pleading public indifference to it.

It is high time that offenders against the game laws should stop boasting of their exploits. There is enough game left in this country yet to enable every man to get his share of it honestly. And one had better go without it than to steal it.

BLACK BASS.

THERE are no fish in America which are such general favorites, on account of their wide distribution, gameness and accessibility, as the black bass. The salmon angler must go long distances to a few streams and expend much time and money to strike his favorite fish, and the brook trout is only to be found in preserved streams, inaccessible to the many, or in the wilderness. But the bass is now found in most of our lakes, and there are few places east of the Mississippi River where the bass angler cannot find sport within a few miles of his residence, and good sport, too, from June to January, if the climate permits him to fish so late.

Except in western New York and a few isolated localities the name covers the two species properly known as large and small mouth. In the excepted places the name of black bass is restricted to the latter alone, and the other is, by some strange freak, termed "Oswego bass," as though it was a fish peculiar to the vicinity of that city instead of an indigenous species ranging from Canada to Florida.

Other local names hamper these fishes, even that of "trout" being applied south of Virginia, where they are termed "chub." Much difference of opinion exists regarding the comparative game qualities of the big mouth, many regarding it as greatly the inferior of its congener, and others claiming equal rank for it. Dr. Henshall does not discriminate between them, and we incline to think that the merits of the big brother with the open countenance have been underrated. This is one of those fairly debatable questions, but may be found to be mainly one of locality, and, therefore, hard of solution. Certain it is, if there were only one species, and that one the big mouth, it would be accorded high rank among our game fishes, far exceeding the pike or pickerel, or, in fact, any fish taken in fresh waters, excepting the salmon and trout; and many of our anglers do not except the latter in this comparison.

We are continually asked where good black bass fishing can be had. We hardly know of a lake large enough to afford range and breeding grounds between Connecticut and the Mississippi, and Canada and Florida, which does not furnish more or less good black bass fishing, as well as many of the rivers. Even some of the cold lakes of Maine contain them. There are lakes on Long Island which might furnish good bass fishing if stocked, for these fish are not natives of the Atlantic water shed, east of the Mississippi, excepting the lakes and streams emptying into the great lakes and the St. Lawrence.

In the early summer they usually take the fly well, and again in September. Then they are found near the shores, around rocks and among the stones, seeking the insects which drop from the trees, minnows, and other food. In midsummer the larger ones retire to deeper water, and are taken with baits of various sorts, as minnows, dobsons or helgramites, revolving spoons, etc. In some lakes they are reported as refusing the fly at all times, but it has never been our misfortune to find such water since we learned to take them with the fly.

We have recently been taking them with both fly and bait in the well-known Greenwood Lake, lying partly in New York and partly in New Jersey, and for the benefit of those who wish the detail of such fishing we will give our methods, first premising that there are almost as many modes of angling for this fish as there are anglers.

Our practice is to use trout tackle throughout when fishing for black bass, whether with fly or bait, unless casting the frog or minnow, which we rarely do. Therefore we do not care for the stiff "black bass rod, Henshall pattern," for the reason that a trout rod and tackle affords more sport. When fly fishing we hav a man to row the boat fifty to a hundred feet from shore and, seated in the stern, we cast about thirty feet toward the shore and from twenty to fifty feet from it, according as the shore is bold or sloping. On striking a fish the boatman stops and it is landed in a landing net. With bait, in midsummer, we anchor in twenty or more feet of water and try to fish on a bar, or ridge, if such a place can be found, and for this some knowledge of localities is necessary and should be possessed by the boatman. We use no float, but try to keep the bait a foot or more from the bottom, and in easy motion. In skittering a minnow or frog, the boat is rowed slowly and a stiffer rod is necessary, although we have cast a small frog thirty feet with a stout trout rod, but this is severe work for it, and is hard on a waterproof silk line, chafing it in the rings.

In July the water in most lakes "blooms," or "purges," that is, vegetable matter rises from the bottom and the water is no longer pure and clean. Then only small bass of a few inches long will take the fly, usually the small mouth alone, and the larger ones must be sought with bait, the big mouths upon the shallows among the lily-pads and the small mouths in the deeper waters. At Greenwood Lake bait is scarce, especially minnows, which is often the case in good bass lakes, as the bass eat up the suckers, chubs and other soft finned, desirable fishes, and leave only the spinous sunfish, which they care little for. Therefore the angler will do well to carry his bait alive, or to take salt water shrimps; the latter prove an excellent bait, even if salted, and are almost as good as the helgramite. We hope to offer them the fly again in September.

A MUCH ABUSED TITLE.

THE well-worn title "true sportsman" is as often misused as the opposite one of pot-hunter. What is the true sportsman but a true man with a fondness for field sports? To bear a fine gun; to own a brace or more of blue-blooded dogs; to be outfitted with all the conveniences, and and inconveniences, with which the latter day shooter is tempted; to wear a shooting dress with fifty pockets and costing as many dollars—these do not make the true sportsman, nor make him the less one. He may carry an old flint-lock and charge it from his grandfather's powder horn and buck-skin shot pouch; hunt with a cur of low degrew, or with no dog at all; wear hoddin gray with patches of another color; and yet be a true sportsman—or he may not be. Whether much money or little has gone to setting him afield, whether his pedigree and that of his dogs are of many generations, or few, if he is a true man he is a true sportsman. He will kill no game bird nor beast nor fish in its breeding season, nor by unfair and murderous methods, nor when the law of the land says they shall not be killed. He will not be "a law unto himself," nor preach the law to the multitude when he himself breaks it; nor kill for mere blood thirst or desire to kill more than another, nor for lucre only. It matters little whether he will shoot a grouse sitting, or scorns such a thing

one way or the other he will tell the truth about it, and be not ashamed so long as the grouse was killed in season and not for the sole sake of killing. Outwardly he may have the rind of the chestnut or the bloom of the peach; prickly or downy be the outer part, inside is there sweetness and savor. He may be a Christian or a pagan, worship God or an idol; whatever his religion, he worships Nature devoutly, though perhaps silently, and belongs to the great and goodly brotherhood of true sportsmen.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

IV.—THE ALL-DAY-PIDDLEY.

"WHAT bird is that just now making that singular combination of six syllables and drawing them down in a wearied cadence?" This was asked as we were going down a lake and taking notes of all living things and the sounds they made. Most of the notes of the birds were familiar, but this one, while it had a flavor of familiarity, had also a sort of dim, far-away memory of former acquaintanceship which would not be located. The guide rested on his oars and listened for a moment until I nodded when the same song began again, and then he said:

That is a little wood sparrow, something like our song sparrow of the fields. We now call it the 'all-day piddley bird'; and some say that it has changed its note within the past ten years."

"That's a queer name for a bird! What does it mean?"

"The story goes that the bird had, in former years, a lively note instead of the heavy, dragging one with which he now ends his song; but since so many tourists and no-account idle fellows have taken to loafing in the woods all day and doing nothing, in fact just piddling with wi'd flowers or pretending to fish, the bird has taken to scoffing at them. Just listen to him and hear how he says 'all-day-piddley-piddley-piddley,' with a rising inflection on the second syllable and then falling in jerks."

After this explanation one could not help putting the words to the song every time, and even imagining that a tone of discouragement was to be observed in the dropping staccatto of the last syllables. My guide was a very observant man, and, like all of his class, had his opinions of the people whom he met and took care of, for the woods is the place to study character, when all the trammels of conventionality are laid aside and the true inwardness of the man stands revealed. He evidently looked upon the men who came in the woods to dawdle away a life that was of little use to them with no great amount of admiration, although he did not say so. We held no further conversation on this subject, but it served as food for reflection; and this is how one of us reflected:

Here are plenty of young men who have every facility, plenty of time and money, to do something which will be of use to themselves and to mankind, but they are contented to have a guide row them about lakes in an aimless sort of way without an objective point, or if they have one they do nothing when they get there. They are "killing time," and the time of youth at that. Alas! this is the poorest and most unprofitable of all occupations. A little boating, a little lying under trees, a dinner, and a little feeble gossip or flirtation, and the day is done. A few weeks of such days and the season is ended, and the young man has "done the Adirondacks." Yes, but he knows nothing of them beyond the names of lakes, hotels, guides and the carries. He knows nothing of the geology, botany, zoölogy, the character of the timber or the depth of the lakes. He goes to the Adirondacks because it is the fashion, and he is bored.

These thoughts naturally suggested a contrast with the character of my own visit. Here I was with only a few weeks' leave of absence to gather the fishes, and in that time to try and get a few specimens of all that exist here. Every day was worked to its greatest capacity, and each new species hailed with delight. A few things were learned each day, and the entire trip was so full of enjoyment that the time to leave was looked forward to with apprehension of its coming before a complete collection could be obtained. I met one of the young men of whom the little bird sang, and he told me that he had exhausted the Adirondacks. Had killed three deer last season and no end of trout this year, but he cared very little for it, and really there was nothing to be seen in the woods. I thought of Sir Charles Coldstream and mentally said: "Used up; you've found that the world has nothing new for you at twenty-five." And we went our ways as the little bird sang: "All—day—piddley—piddley—piddley."

Now, after the young man departed there was another mental soliloquy, and this was about the style of it: "You have time, money and brains. You use only the first two. With all three you have the world before you to do what you will. If you could only take up some study in the woods you could make your mark and enjoy life. Take up some branch of natural history and it will open a new life to you. You will always be making discoveries which will give you no end of pleasure, and life will cease to be a burden. As an unpaid investigator you can do much toward contributing to knowledge while gaining it. Your powers of observation will develop, and you will become absorbed in something which will make life a pleasure. True, you may not become a Darwin, a Lubbock, nor a Baird, but then again you might; or, if not, you would have a new world open to you that you don't know of now. There are men who would esteem your chances beyond those of any other class of men, and here you are throwing them away." Having thus given the young man a good lecture mentally, I looked around to see if there was a chance of it doing him any good, but a field-glass showed him flat on his back with a novel, and imagination heard a little bird singing its sorrowful notes above him. I hope he will read this, and that it may give him a hint how to become a useful man instead of being the butt of ridicule for birds and guides. The Adirondacks are full of good things for one who knows how to find them; every mountain, lake, tree or rock is teeming with them. And yet the collection of postage stamps, of hotel cards, and kindred things occupies the intellect of human beings! I believe if some one would begin a collection of knot-holes the fever would be caught by others, and "beautiful thing in hemlock," or "a most unique poplar" would be shown with all the pride with which a geologist would exhibit a cabinet of rare specimens.

I have been much interested in talking with Mr. Colvin, the superintendent of the survey, and had no conception that so much was to be learned about mountains and the water systems which drain them. He has made a study of their characters, and delights in getting hold of a new "nest" of them. Facts concerning their elevation, shape, and their position in regard to other mountains, are all noted down, so that each mountain has an individuality of its own to him, and he knows them as a herdsman knows the members of his flock. I asked him if young men of the "all-day-piddley" class ever had an ambition to go to the mountain-tops to get views. He said: "Rarely. The labor is rather more than they care to perform, although it would richly repay them in the breadth of view they would obtain of the wilderness which can be had in no other way."

Ah, me! If those who have time to kill could only give some of it to those who have not time enough, the little sparrow would no longer sing his depressing song of "all-day-piddley-piddley-piddley." F. M.

MAINE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The Maine Sportsmen's Association will hold their annual meeting and tournament with the Norombego Sportsmen's Club, of Bangor, about the middle of September, lasting four or six days. It is intended by the management to make this the most interesting and representative meeting that this association has ever enjoyed. The secretary is Mr. Chas. York, Bangor, Me.

EXPRESS TRAIN LOGIC.—When delayed by a "hot box," the most expeditious plan sometimes is, as they put it in railroad parlance, to "jack up the car and put in a new brass." As many men conduct their lives on the express train system, this hint may induce some of them to go a-fishin'.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TO THE BACKWOODS.

DOUBTLESS every one whose labors are strictly within doors feels an uneasiness and longing for change, when the genial springtime has flowed along to its full. It is ever so with us. Labor in the office becomes irksome and life seems a burden. Our eyes wander continually to the hills that rise in the distance and from whence our help has come in days past. Soon the resolution is formed to squander one full day and two half days among the clearings that lie beyond, and a companion is found and a horse engaged for the journey. Our recreation season has never yet exceeded three days in duration. We are not of the class that has time unlimited to spare for pleasure. Our fortune is not yet secure.

As we pass over the hills, the afternoon is well advanced and the atmosphere charmingly fresh and cool. There is a change within us already. The cigars that invariably must solace after the midday meal, within the confines of the office walls, now lie unlit in the case shorn of their tempting power. A distractor, mainly, is tobacco; and when one is not plodding through daily routine, but passing through changing scenes and experiencing new pleasures, has no mission. As we journey on, the farms, at first well-nurtured and attractive, give place gradually to uncultivated fields and stumpy pastures. The small brooks, as we rumble over the bridge that spans their rippling waters, become suggestive of trout. The primitive woods now stray to the wayside occasionally, and the voices of throstle and catbird salute us as we pass. Among some tall trees by the roadside were a number of purple grackles, and as they flew from one tree to another we noticed a peculiarity not observed in any other bird, which was the using of the tail feathers as a vertical rudder. Is this bird favored with unusual facilities for steering a flight that is comparativcly weak and awkward?

There are still further indications of changes in locality and mode of life. As we pass the rude unpainted buildings with bunches of hand-made shingles piled about the doorways, the forest line comes yet nearer to the roadway, pressing it closely upon either hand, and as the shades of evening are falling, darkening the margin of forest trees, the bridge that crosses the "river" that is our goal is passed and we shake hands with the generous hearted backwoodsman that is to be our host.

An early morning start along a dim path through a clearing and woods beyond, and that promises to lead us to the "still-waters" above, gives us an opportunity to observe, first of all, the bird life that abounds in these favored spots. Of singing birds there are those that frequent the towns, others that love the farmer's fields, and others that spurn both and take to the backwood clearings, and these latter are in the vast majority. It is not as though they shunned man altogether, as few are found in the dense forests unfrequented by man, but as though they had loved him and sought to be intimate, but were yet mistrustful.

I am sure birds make progress toward an intimacy, but still I hope this may not advance to an unseemly extent, so that contempt rather than regard will rightly express our feelings. The omnipresent robin that is found in our gardens and door yards and equally as well along the creek bottoms of the woods among the alders and rank-growing weeds where is the woodcock's chosen retreat, is upon the very verge of rejection because of growing familiarity. The English sparrow has passed far beyond the boundary line and is irrevocably lost. No mind that appreciates Nature at her best can ever advocate the sparrow's cause. Her yawp is ever the air rising from near and from far, and perchance a warbler or finch visits our dooryard and essays a strain of melody the song is drowned in the cry of this wide-mouthed cynical present nuisance. In the backwoods the blue jay is at home. Surely he is a rollicking rowdy and his wife is a scold. He tenaciously does the purple finch cling to his thread of song until seemingly he is ready to drop from his perch breathless. How clearly the white-throated sparrow's prolonged tone does ring through the clearing! The most attractive song, as we as the most plentiful, methinks, is that of the metallic-voiced thrush that rises and falls the scale on every varying key.

The morning sun cast flickering shadows of leafy branches about us as we stepped forth into the shallow rippling stream with adjusted tackle, to cast our bait for the wily trout. The air upon those highlands was fresh and pure and the brightness of the scene was enchanting, causing the inspiration of the occasion to flow full upon us as we paused a few moments in contemplation. Here was now the height of our anticipations. The prize was within our grasp, and we thought no more of office toil or the drudgeries of life. A new bond of sympathy seemed adjusted between us and mother Nature, and our ears were opened to the music of the stream, the rustle of the trees, the songs of the birds, and our eyes rested long upon the scene of blue sky, green foliage and steel blue water flecked with sunlight and foam. We know not whether these feelings are characteristic of the "sportsman" and whether we should classify ourselves as such. We were not arrayed in special garb and had invested only a few paltry dollars in an outfit of rod, reel and line. Externally am sure we were not "sportsmen." On the other hand feeling of greed and gain did possess us, and we felt the eagerness strike at the bait and saw the rush of line with the keenest pleasure. We love a heavy catch, and yet the recollection of our fishing days, as we bring them to remembrance, is most pleasant in these things that form the accompaniment to a fishing trip. The freedom from care, the change of scene the intimacy with bug and bird whom we love, form the chief attractions

We were not long in suspense as to the success or failure of our fishing this day. The speckled beauties caught eagerly at the bait, and as the stream was broad we easily secured them as we waded downward. None were found however, exceeding eight inches in length until the still waters in the natural meadows were reached, where were trout occasionally of a pound in weight to be had for the asking. Our catch at this point was full large enough, and our baskets began to hang heavily upon the straps.

Below the meadows we passed through a tangle of alders of immense size and plentitude of numbers, and it was here that we experienced some of the greatest pleasures of the day. The branches were full of birds, that seemingly sought intimate acquaintance. A Canadian flycatcher, with his bright yellow breast and black necklace, flitted about very near. The Blackburnian warbler, with rich blending of yellow and orange, the American redstart, spotted warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, and the summer yellow bird were especially plentiful and intimate and several times were we tempted to reach for them that we might take them in our hand. Above all their harmony arose the sweet voice of rose-breasted grosbeaks that were in the trees above in surprising numbers. At one place we paused and counted the song of six of them in the immed ate vicinity.

Wild pigeons were everywhere about us, chiming their unmusical calls with the rest. Disgrace should rest upon the man that would seek to kill these coveted birds, here where a shied stick or stone could easily reach them. Let no man take with him a gun to these favored retreats, these sanctuaries where bird housekeeping is practiced, lest he be tempted, and the agonized call and distressed song of the unmated birds come to him in his dreams to disturb his slumbers. One feels his interest in the things pertaining to the wilderness greatly intensified by the presence of the wild pigeon. The swift rustling flight is calculated to startle one and bestir his blood. The sound of their call-note brings suddenly into prominence one's hunting instinct. In fact the woods cannot be lonely and without interest when this noble bird is present. Through the woods where we were there was cut a straight road to a distant point, which was seldom ever traversed by man or team. It was nearly filled with second growth timber, but along the narrow track we saw many small flocks of pigeons feeding. These flocks would allow of near approach and then arise in unison in a dense bunch to the tree-tops above. We had no gun and, therefore, no slaughter of these is to be charged to us, but we did make an observation as to their habits that tended to confirm a theory we had heard previously advanced. We traversed this road in the morning of the second day for some distance and noticed all the pigeons that were then feeding to be of one sex, the male sex. The fact seems to be that the males feed in the forenoon, then return and "keep house," while the females feed in the afternoon.

The time for our return to our lodging place came all too soon, albeit we were both tired and hungry. As we wended our way along a dim trail the bluejays chattered and scolded all about us, and we had a realization of their wondrous beauty, as occasionally one would allow of near approach. Ernest Ingersoll, writing for New York, speaks of "birds that reside all the year around in our fields like the bluejay." One surely understands this to mean that the jay lives in open fields in the immediate vicinity of man, whereas we have never seen him but in the largest forests and as timid and wary of man as could well be the case. It is even difficult to get within good shooting distance of this bird. We cannot certify as to his living all the year around in northern New York.

At our entertainer's home, after a late and hearty meal we sat outside the door in restful content. The shades of evening were falling and we found about ourselves an ever-inviting scene, which we are disposed to try and picture. Before us was the grassy valley, extending far below and through which the river wound its way. On either side of this arose a darkened forest line of hemlock, beech and ash. Adown the valley a misty haze was taking form and low-covered, white and cloudlike, above the cooling earth, and covering the ground over as with a downy mantle. The crescent of a new moon hung in the western sky. The atmosphere was not disturbed by the slightest trace of a breeze, but was still, heavy and misty. The few sounds that came to us seemed exceeding fit accompaniment to the close of a backwoods day. There was the voice of the nighthawk from

above, the melody of many hylas, the cricket's sharp tremulo, the hum of many winged insects, and finally, as the mist and darkness grew apace, from the valley below came sharp, clear, and yet modified by passages through the heavy air, the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of the musical, mellow-toned cow-bell. No music has been tuned in honor of this essential thing in backwoods life, which fits so becomingly the primitive conditions and customs of man. How timid and ephemeral is the cow-bell. The boy may hear it; the old man never. It has "moved on" to other sections where the axe has but begun, not completed its work. It ever will be moving on in company with the pioneers of civilization, and will be no more known to the second or third generation than is the keen bright axe of the pioneer known.

The mist had finally o'erspread the whole valley, other voices of the evening time had ceased, the last "high-reaching spoke of day's chariot" had disappeared from the sky, the moon alone shed its pale light over the scene, and as we rose to enter the house the gentle tinkle from below, the last knell to the close of day, had also ceased. J. QUAY.

CAMP FIRE IN THE GREAT SWAMP.

BY A. MULE.—PART III.

THE battle was o'er and our bugles sang truce, for the night clouds had lowered. The grim warriors of the chase and supper-table gathered close around the fire, and a pause prophetic of some fearful ills hung listening in the air. The little jobs of camp work were brought out. Here Jack F—— is sewing up the chair end of his breeches, lost in the reaching grasp of Bruin; there Tom S—— cobbles away at a bridle, and the Doctor and Shelb. are greasing and washing the dogs crippled by the day's fight.

"Been made a Son of Malta, Jack?" asked P——.

"That would make him a Maltese Jack."

"I'm willing," said Jack; "it comes from Bruin, and I always Malt-easy."

"Been since I heard you cussin' the bartender for not giving you something 'to take hold of your tripe,' then!"

"That was all assumed for the occasion," said Jack.

"Assumed! Like your tooth the summer you spent in Maine. Drank up all the cologne in the house on the plea that he had a bad breath, a rascal, and has a breath like a cow in clover."

"Well, my aunt had me cornered and I had to do something, for I was swelling up like Dickens' Shepherd on the tea-total dish."

"Hope you left your kinfolks more politely than you did the bar to-day when your undergirding gave way," said old Shelb., drily. "Blessed if you didn't leave there with more hurry and less breeches than I ever did see two friends part before—"

"I wasn't before, it was behind!"

"That was a lively fight, wasn't it Shelb.?" asked the Doctor.

"It was a heap livelier race after Jack got his legs started. But I've been so spiled by good luck that I don't call anything a first-class bar fight so long as you can see the man. In a real tip top scrimmage the bar and dogs and man ought to be mixed up so harmoniously down in the cane that you could no more tell which was which than you could separate the nose from the jackass out of a mule. Things has to get mixed in bar hunting. If a man ain't a mixer he had best keep outside. For I tell you this rambling around shooting business, blazing away and hitting two dogs twice for once into the bar, won't do. A man that wants to get bar meat has to go right in and rastle for it with the bar, and when, as I said, him and the dogs and the bar is down thar a humming like an eighty-saw gin, with the fur a flying up like a lint room, then he can catch some idea of what a genuine bar fight means."

"I cannot say that your picture is one I am very fond of," said Tom S——. "But unless one does go in with a knife, bear hunting is poor sport. The wild hog is far more dangerous as a fighter as the bear seems to fight a good deal like the nigger, plenty of bad temper and jaw, but an instinctive dread of hurting a white man, when it comes to close quarters."

"Tut tut," said the Doctor, pompously, "anybody can hunt the black bear. I'd rather kill forty bears than one desperate old tusker."

"You had better kill one first, Doctor," said old Shelb., who was riled at the attack on his favorite. "A bar ain't much to kill, I know, if you happen to start right, and I saw Andy Granger beat the brains out of one with a stick, but all the same I don't go about hunting sore-nosed old shes with cubs in order to kill 'em with sticks."

"Tell the boys about the fight you saw between the boar and a bear," said P.

"It was a great many years ago," said Shelby, "when game was much more plenty about here than now. I was out on a still hunt, and slipping through the woods I came upon a fine mulberry tree full of fruit and with a big old he picking berries off the ground. Presently he got tired of that and went up the tree. In a few minutes I saw a wild hog come trotting up and also stop just at that same tree. He was a very big boar, and of course saw the bar, but he wasn't afraid of anybody's bar and so went to rooting away among the trash, picking up the fallen berries on his own account. I guess he had some idea of the bar having been before him, for every now and then he would give a quick look up the tree and chomp with his teeth as if fairly cussin' the bar. All this time the old he took no manner of notice of the hog, but sot rared back up thar—hauling in the limbs and stripping the berries—smiling politely to hisself, and no doubt felt as fat, and sleek, and happy as any other rich old gentleman. This pretty scene might have lasted till yet but for the ambition of the bar. Arter collecting all the berries just around him and throwing the leaves down to the boar, who would resent it every time, he concluded to go a little ways out on a branch whar fruit was thicker and bigger. Out he went, and evidently got a fine haul, as he had both hands and all his jaws working like a engine. Little by little, as he ate his way, he would hitch further out on the limb. At first he was very cautious about his weight, but as the berries got sweeter and thicker, just so he forgot the situation. The boar had also come round the tree and was greedily picking up the loose berries that fell in a stream from where the old he was moving about above.

"How it happened, God knows—perhaps the branch was rotten—but, getting a little too far out, crack went the limb and down came the bar exactly a-straddle of the hog. It didn't take the hog more than the hundredth of a second to buck the bar off and give him a second tumble before he could say a word.

"When he riz I saw there was blood on the moon!

"'Whe-e-w! Blast you what did you do that fur?' said the bar.

"'You're an infernal black liar!' rip, rip, said the hog, charging at him.

"And they had it. Clear boxing and science on one side; gouging, and rough and tumble on the other, and a devil of a temper equally distributed. Fust the bar and then the hog had the advantage, and it was the loveliest fight I ever saw. One round the old he got the boar fairly in arms, and as he brought out his best hug, the hog's bones cracked. But as he struggled to release himself, by mere accident his head hits up against the bar's under jaw. Of course the old fool had his tongue lolling out, as usual, and when the lower jaws shut up suddenly with terrific force, off went about three inches of tongue—bit off.

"I had got so interested that I forgot all about what they was, and there I was a-skipping around and encouraging first the bar and then the hog. I think the hog, though, would have got the best of it, but they suddenly seemed to catch an idea of man about. Both stopped short off, looked first at me and then at each other, and then with a fearful grunt and snort they broke for the woods. By the time I remembered who I was they had gone."

"When that bear got home I'll bet a hat he said pretty much the same thing that Jack F—— did after his fight with a man named Sam Turk," said the Doctor.

"Jack was a little full—possibly his breath was troubling him again—and he got into a fight with Turk, who wears a wig and has no more hair than a billiard ball, though Jack didn't know that. During the scrimmage, of course the wig fell off, and after they were separated Jack swore he would have whipped Turk in three seconds but for the bald-headed scoundrel that ran in and jumped on!"

"Oh, Doctor, may the Lord forgive you for that one!" groaned Jack.

"Wish I could have seen the fight," said Tom; the "finest sight in the world is a rough and tumble fight between two well-matched men."

"Just so long as they only use fists and muscle I believe that to be true. But when it comes to shooting and stabbing, as it does easily out West here, then it is horrible," said P——, waking out his dreams of new and rare species of birds.

"I have heard my father tell of an incident that is sickening. Long time ago a party of lawyers were riding circuit in Alabama. In those days the terms of lawyer, gambler, drunkard and bully were about synonymous. And this particular party were extra in each of the four lots. There were five of them, all half drunk. My father had just crossed himself over the river at a lonely ferry when the party rode up. As the ferryman was absent, they offered a little copperas-breeches of a mover, who was also waiting to cross, five dollars to ferry them over in the flat. After some demur, the little man yielded, drove his wagon into the boat, followed by the high toned horsemen, and set off. Now, more miserable looking specimens than this mover and his outfit are rarely seen; and in default of other mischief, the restless bullies began to make fun of their ferryman. Finally one of them raised the cover of the wagon and discovered a ragged, sallow woman and a dozen scared children. They crowded round to see the show, in spite of the gentle remonstrances of the husband, and finally commenced to make outrageous and vulgar remarks about the whole family. Then he spoke sharply, and one of them kicked him. Breeches fumbled down in front of his wagon, drew out a rusty knife about two feet long, and went for the party. He killed four on the boat, and the other jumped in the river and swam ashore, where my father beat him nearly to death with a stick."

"Those were queer times. In such a state of society only could such characters as Bowie, Houston, McClurg and others have arisen. Desperadoes are necessities in such a case as a protection to the community. Otherwise the average bullies would soon destroy all society, but kept down by the predominant ones of their own class—these are readily controlled through their pride and interest to protect the peaceable citizens."

"The finest character of the kind that ever existed," said P., "was a man named Logan Brandon. He lived in Alabama in the flush times, and was a gambler, horse trader, speculator, everything by turns and nothing long. There are many sorts of courage, but Brandon's was very simple. He was without fear. Silent, gentle and pleasant; he never exhibited the ordinary symptoms of anger or temper. In his worst troubles he was entirely unchanged. Every child, woman and respectable citizen who knew him loved him with enthusiasm. Every desperado feared him. His friends used him, joked him, abused him at will, and to the roughest treatment he responded only with a patient smile. On one occasion with a party, he had stopped on the bridge over the Black Warrior River, which was very high. As they sat on horseback, looking down at the boiling flood beneath, one of them, Brandon's best friend too, offered to give him the fine horse he was then riding, if he would jump into the river. Without a word horse and man instantly went over the railing into the water! The friend rushed down to receive them as they came out; caught Brandon and pummeled him soundly, and took the horse away at once, making him walk home, swearing he was too 'blamed a fool to own a horse!' Brandon thought it was a tip-top joke.

"On one occasion a cousin of his had been divorced by her husband wrongfully and with great insult. The respective counties "took up" the cause of each, and there was the very greatest excitement. Brandon rode down over a hundred miles and found the man making a speech to a large crowd at a muster, as he was colonel of the regiment. Without a moment's hesitation Brandon scrambled up on the platform, and just as the dashing colonel finished a bitter tirade against his wife and her friends he felt a hand laid on his shoulder and a low voice sayin' 'Now you have abused a woman, turn and face a man!' He did turn and got one glance at Brandon's gloomy eyes and set face before he fell with a bullet through his heart.

"The fury of the crowd was awful. Only the most tremendous exertions by the sheriff and a few of the calmer citizens saved him from lynching. During all Brandon never said a word nor did his cheek pale or eye waver. Of course he was never tried by law in those days.

"On another occasion a fierce Indian outbreak occurred, and the settlers fled to the little towns or forts. Brandon heard that a poor widow had been left unwarned some twenty miles off, and was there in the very midst of the redskins. His own horses were lent out of course, and he could neither borrow nor buy at that time. Without a word he left on foot, penetrated the Indian lines, got the widow and her children and brought them to safety, having fought the Indians for the ten last miles with a four-year old baby strapped on his back!"

A curious sort of sound, something between the filing of a saw and the whistle of a bird, made us all look round at old Shelb. There he sat with a face drawn up like a bamboo root and the tears rolling down his face.

"Why, good heavens, Shelb, what is the matter?"

"Not a thing in the world," said the old man "'ceptin' that baby."

"What has that got to do with your spouting like that."

"O, nothing much, 'ceptin' that baby was me!" said Shelb, trying to grin. "Thar was mam and little Jake and Bet and the baby, or me, if you like, on that trip the colonel was telling about, and a big brindled dog that we allers called Pup. And but for Brandon we was surely dead people that night. God bless him and bless 'em all, for they are all gone long ago, all dead but the baby, and that's me!"

"Do you remember much about it?"

"No," said Mc. "I don't, of course, bein' as I was a mere pup then, and scarcely had my eyes open. But I've heered that Brandon and mam both fainted when they got into the town, and poor old Pup he died with a arrow inside. I wish I had his breed, anyhow."

"The Lord knows you have dogs enough now for any middle-sized man!"

"Tain't the number that makes a pack, but it is the temper," said Shelby, evidently glad to change the subject. "Now I make it a rule never to feed my dogs at home, but hide all the vittles the best I know how, and let them take chances for finding it. Then the peartest come out first best, and so merit is rewarded!"

"Well, that is a new system of dog-breaking," said the Doctor, who was awfully scientific on sport.

"New or old, it brings out the best dogs. For a dog that can't make his own living ain't worth keeping. My dogs know the seasons as well as I do. In the summer they live in the orchard on fruit, berries and fruit in the woods, and I have a hard time to keep them out of the green corn. They will eat corn, dried or green, off the ear, as bad as a mule, and go out on regular hunts for rabbits, rats, moles, bird nests, snakes—anything almost that is chewable at all. In this way I can keep a large number of dogs, and keep them peart and active. Of course when I hunt they get all the fresh meat they can eat, and so they are always anxious for a hunt, and soon learn to be careful about it as a mere question of belly-timber. I don't keer much about having a dog larnt to dance or whistle, or anything of that sort, but I do want to develop what brains he has got, so as to fit him for my business. And for man or beast the best school house is the belly. This is like the washing machines—'self-acting, universal and cont nuous.'"

"I heard of a case in point in Virginia," said Tom. "A gentleman was bragging about his trotting horse, when a neighbor offered to match a hog against him. The race was made. One month for training and the course three miles on a certain road. The horse in harness, the hog to go as he pleased.

"The hog being selected—a long razor-backed pike—was first put into a pen at one end of the course. Kept without food for twenty-four hours, he was then kicked and pulled over the track to another pen, there fed, then returned to pen No. 1. The next day or two the same thing.

"In a few days Major Hog had grasped the situation. In fact he soon became impatient to make the run at least one way. And the day of the race he fairly distanced the horse—squealing at every jump!"

"Bed time!" yelled the Doctor.

"Sleep—sleep—man must have sleep to live. Eusebius says the key of life is to sleep early and rise early."

"Oh, he was an ass, as you-see-by-us."

The Doctor nearly fainted.

"May a million of mosquitoes stick you for that," said he.

"Have to be like Florida muskeeters, then, big enough to carry my net off."

"Florida is where they swarm so that they put out the fires, isn't it?" said Jack.

"Same place where you sometimes have to poke a hole up through the insects to see the sun!" said Tom.

"And vessels coming up to the coast look out for the mosquito haze over the land as a mark," said P.

"Shaw!" said old Shelb, "what air you boys lying so for? Why, I've got a breed of 'skeeters back of my place as big as turkeys, and every time they nip a man he thinks a dog bit him; and they bit a little nigger last August so much like a dog that it gave him the hydrophoby, and——"

"That's enough—that's enough. Good night—good night."

THE FORT KLAMATH COUNTY.—A Fort Klamath, Oregon, correspondent, in a personal letter says: "I think it would be hard to find a place that has a larger variety of game than is to be found in the vicinity of this post. And the fishing—well, it must be seen to be believed. An officer of my regiment, whom I relieved here, and who is an excellent fisherman, told me that he several times started to write up some of the catches of large trout he made and saw others make; but did not do it for fear of being accused of lying. I saw a string this evening brought in by one of my men, among which were four fish weighing all over five pounds, and a number ranging from two to three pounds each, all genuine *Salmo purpuratus*. They take a fly beautifully, the trouble is not in hooking them, but in landing them afterwards. Williamson River certainly "takes the cake" as a trout stream, and I hope eventually to make a tolerable fisherman myself if I stay here long enough. At present the birds take up most of my spare time, I find so many species, here whose acquaintance I have not been able to make heretofore, that I don't find much time for fishing."

NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA TROUT.—Wellsboro, Pa., July 31.—Am just out of the woods, where, thank Heaven, I had one well-put-in week under the shade of hemlock and pine, where I could lie hour after hour on fragrant browse, in a silence only broken by the wood warbler, the hermit thrush, and the silvery whisper of a mountain brook. I had an Indianapolis editor along, a man of large experience in outdoor life. He votes Northern Pennsylvania the most pleasant land he has struck for camping out, though the Nepigon and many other regions give much larger trout and more of them. We found the trout full of eggs and ran it light on them. I took over 500 eggs from three trout less than seven inches in length. It looked like wanton destruction—trout murder—and we let up.—NESSMUK.

LONG ISLAND.—Elwood, Suffolk County.—Plenty of foxes on the plains out this way. Quails are scarce.—J. H.

LIGHT vs. HEAVY CANOES.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for July 13, appears an article by "J. R., Jr.," in which he alludes to a little canoe against which he kicked his toe, at Ferrier's camp on Third Lake, Fulton Chain, Bronson's Tract. The canoe was the worse for wear. He turned it over and read the name "Nessmuk." He says, "Ah! I see how it is now. 'Nessmuk' paddled around the waters in that miserable little cheese box, cramped up, sitting on the damp bottom of this boat. No wonder he told us such pitiful tales of his coughing continually, being sick all the time, finally going out of the woods disgusted, and determined to cry down the Adirondacks as a fraud and a humbug. Now Mr. 'Nessmuk,' when you go into the Adirondacks again, go in a boat—take one of the new double-enders that weigh about sixty pounds, and as you get into it sit down on a seat—stretch out your feet, and row like a man, let the Indians keep to the paddle if they like, then you may be able to shake off that cough, etc."

I rise for a few explanatory remarks.

The canoe against which "J. R., Jr.," kicked his toe last June at Third Lake was not the canoe I cruised in last summer. I cruised in the Nipper, larger, longer, and two pounds lighter than the Nessmuk. I cruised in the latter about six or seven weeks and 550 miles, the previous summer.

That healthy men and women are, in our changeable climate, subject to sudden and dangerous colds, is mournfully true. Deaths by pneumonia, pleurisy, and kindred diseases are sadly frequent, as well in city as country, and sickness is more apt to strike the comfortable, well fed citizen than the dweller in forest camps. That through exposure to storms and an all night soaking in a submerged forest I contracted a cough that was hard to beat was no marvel, and might easily happen to a younger and stronger man. Just how it would have helped my case to have been chilled through in a heavier boat, is one of the things I shall never find out. I am always a little ashamed of being sick. I have a sort of blue water notion that no man has any business to be sick. "Nobody ships for nurse," as old sailors say. However, I stuck to the cruise for over 200 miles, taking my canoe over all the carries. She only weighed sixteen pounds. Had she been a double-ender of sixty—well, I shouldn't have been there.

As to the superior comfort of riding in such a boat such as "J. R." recommends, he has simply got the cart before the horse. The comfort is all on the side of the canoe. The boat he recommends is the regular long-laker—the guide boat of the wilderness. In her you sit all day (you dare not stand up) on a hard, painted board, with no choice or change of position. The position becomes very tiresome in an all day ride. You are even glad of the relief afforded by a "carry." Now, if you be a genuine canoeist, you reverse all this; you go as you like, and you sit on a soft cushion, with four or five changes of "posish," and consequent relief to stiff, tired muscles. To wit: You are provided with a seat, made by stitching the two ends of one yard of unbleached sheeting together, and closing one end with a circular piece of the same twelve inches in diameter, sewed in strongly. This makes a round bag a little more than two feet long and one foot across. To convert it into a cushion, fill it to the desired height with hemlock browse, grass and leaves, dry moss, or grass. About four or five inches suits me. A taller man may prefer a seat an inch or two higher. Pack the stuffing solid as possible, and turn in the loose cloth at the top. Shape and flatten it to your notion, and you have a seat that adapts itself to the lines of the canoe—and the canoeist—perfectly. It is never hard or tiresome, and, on making a carry, you throw out the filling, put the bag in your pocket, and fill it again in five minutes, when wanted. At night it makes a capital pillow; or, if not needed for that, an excellent and safe depository for the loose duffel that is always getting lost in the leaves and debris of an improvised camp.

When tired of the one position, push the seat back, double a coat or blanket, and sit lower.

Next, paddle in a kneeling posture, varying it by sitting back on your heels, when tired.

Then try the squatting position, as a relief.

Finally, go back to the bag cushion, which is the first and best position. The others are, each one, a rest—just what you do not get in a crank long-laker, as you "row like a man," with "room to stretch out your feet, swell out your lungs and fill them full of the health-giving air, etc."

The pulling of oars is not new to me. When I was twelve years of age it was my daily task to pull an oar (not a swivel oar, but loose in thole pins) from East Dennis, on the fish-hook end of Cape Cod, straight out to sea, in a second-hand whale boat, for fish. In my young manhood I "pulled stroke" in the waist boat of old Rajah, of and from New Bedford, West, master. The dog's life of a sailor sickened me forever of a life "before the mast."

I have plied the round-bladed paddle of the *Muris* and *Mundrucus* on the Amazon River, the Madeira, the Rio Negro, and the Tocantims, in Brazil, and the narrow blade of the Chippewas in a light pine dugout on the upper waters of the Mississippi. I have at last come to accept the light, double-bladed paddle as the *ne plus ultra* of propulsion in a light canoe.

I have never gone on a cruise in which I did not learn something new. I am always open to advice. But in return perhaps I can give a useful hint or two; at least I can try.

First. If you love nature in undress learn to go alone. You can study your route and the courses of streams, and you carry a compass? Be self-reliant. *Go alone.* If, in the grand old forest, you are not sufficient unto yourself, select a partner, and take a thirty-five-pound clinker-built cedar canoe. Two men make lighter carries, and some men must have company (I prefer to be alone).

Second. While breech-loading guns and bamboo rods have been brought to something like perfection, nobody seems to have made a study of light, single, paddling canoes. The question of the ounces and pounds of the canoe in proportion to weight of the canoeist I have not seen agitated as yet. In boats and canoes we run all too heavy and trust too much to guides. Careful experiment, covering months, or at least, weeks, through several seasons, leads me to put in type a few general rules—approximative only, but mainly correct. As thus: For a light weight canoeist, one pound of canoe to six pounds of canoeist.

This gives a canoe of 20lbs. to a 120lb. man. It is more than is needed. The dimensions of such a canoe should be, length, 10½ft.; beam, 27in.; rise at centre, 7 to 8in.

For a heavier man, increase weight and size of canoe slowly. For instance, weight of canoeist, 150lbs. For such a man, a canoe 10ft. 9in. in length, 28in. beam, weight, 22lbs. (The canoe will carry the man and a light passenger of 100lbs.)

For a muscular, strong welter of 180lbs. or thereabouts, a canoe 11ft. long, 28in. beam, 9in. rise at centre, steep fore foot, and 14in. shear at stem; weight, about 26lbs.

Strength of each of the above canoes, mainly on keel, keelson and garboard streaks, with pretty strong and well guarded stems.

(As boatmen and canoeists, my dear "J. R. Jr.," we mostly go over-weighted. Remember it.)

As to the well-worn "cheese-box," against which you kicked your toe last June, I sold her to Perrie last summer. But, as regards her, Harry Bronker, a muscular young cheery Baltimorean, paddled her from the Forge House last July, through three first lakes of the Fulton chain, at a rate that left me, in the Nipper, out of sight. His weight was 175lbs.

Mrs. Sperry, who has a camp on Fourth Lake, used to borrow the Nessmuk, and paddle her around the lakes, delivering supplies. Mrs. Sperry weighs over 130lbs.

No, I cannot, as yet, say just what the proportions of canoe and canoeist ought to be, to get the proper combination of relative weight, with safety, pleasure and convenience.

But, I am going to know.

I have ordered another canoe of Rushton to weigh 12lbs. (I think 10lbs. would do). Under date of June 9, he says, "Can build you a boat of any size. Whether it would float you or not cannot say. I will build it awful light, but won't say how much racket it will stand. I expect it will drown you, yet. So far as I know no one has ever seen a 12lb. boat of any make, fairly afloat, with a man in her."

Under date of 26th June, he writes, "I'll make it. I'll make it light. But you just go in it in shallow water for a spell. I don't dare guarantee *anything* for strength. It may go to pieces like an egg shell."

Mr. Rushton builds better than he knows. He can build a 10lb. canoe that I can ride. I am astonished and rigged that even my personal friends should say, "Ah! your light canoes are for notoriety, and a trifle of bluff, eh?" Now, I am no gambler—never was. But I am no moralist. I had as lief back an opinion with a wager as an argument. And I will wager $100 or $200 that J. H. Rushton makes me a canoe to weigh less than 10lbs.; less than 8ft. in length. That I take the canoe at Tom Nightingale's door (Moose River House) and paddle and carry the same through the Fulton Chain to the Raquette Lake, register at Ed. Bennett's, at Leavitt's on Forked Lake, go through to Paul Smith's, come back by way of the Tuppers, Smith and Albany lakes, to Ed. Dunbar's on the Beaver; from there by the Beaver and the seven-mile carry to Twitchell Lake, thence to Big Moose and down by the three carries to Fourth Lake, and down from thence to the Forge House. All to be done by a light-weight, who has never been over the route before farther than Long Lake. My duffel shall not exceed 20lbs. Less is better.

Row boats are good; sailing canoes splendid for those who delight in canvas.

We all have our hobbies. My hobby is the lightest possible clinker-built cedar canoe and the double paddle. I do not quarrel with other men's hobbies. I like them, rather.

One word as to my decrying the Adirondacks as "a fraud and a humbug." Never. Where do you get that? A better, manlier, sturdier class of men than the guides of the North Woods I have not seen. All the same, I am no baby. I have read "Adirondack Murray" and "Camp Lou." Bismillah! It is bosh! There were twenty-three deaths from lung diseases in the St. Regis country and the Saranac region; many more barely crept out alive to die at home, last summer. Don't tie to a vain thing.

The entire North Woods region is exceptionally healthy, but it won't quite bring the dead to life, "Adirondack Murray" and "Camp Lou" to the contrary notwithstanding.

But it is the best region on this earth for a cruise by a lone, self-reliant canoeist.

Never again when I get sick will I own up.

Verplanck Colvin and other writers have put up the value of the Adirondacks as a park, so to speak; a National or State park. Just so. And on a score of the main streams, without let or hindrance, dams have been placed, and the bright, green shore-lines have been converted into lines of desolation and death.

Time passes. I am one of the great army who are always working. But I have time for a cruise. Does "J. R., Jr.," mean what he says? Will he meet me for a cruise of a month or more at any point between "Paul Smith's" and the Forge House? I in a 12lb. canoe, he in such boat as he pleases. Address "Nessmuk," care of FOREST AND STREAM.

NESSMUK.

Natural History.

SOME ICHTHYOLOGICAL TERMS.

BY PROF. D. S. JORDAN.

THE terms most commonly used in the description of fishes may be explained to the beginner by a sort of object lesson. The reader is supposed to have at hand a specimen of the common brook sucker (*Catostomus commersoni*) and a black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*).

The general form of the body may be indicated in general terms, as elongate, oblong, ovate, etc.; more specific terms are compressed (flattened laterally), depressed (flattened from above); fusiform (spindle shaped), etc.

The depth of the body is measured at the point of greatest height. It is described by comparison with the length, along the side from the tip of the snout to the middle of the base of the caudal fin. The depth is usually proportionately greater in adult fishes than in the young, a fact that should never be forgotten. "Depth 5" is a concise way of stating that the greatest depth or height of the fish is equal to about one-fifth the length of the fish from tip of snout to base of caudal. By a few writers the length is measured to the tip of the caudal. In such cases the phrase "total length" may be used. There are many good reasons why the caudal fin should not be included in reckoning the length of the fish's body.

The proportionate size of the mouth is often best measured by noticing at what point the maxillary terminates, the jaws being usually longer in proportion in old than in young fishes. The length of the head is measured along its side from the tip of the muzzle to the end of the bony opercle, and is described by comparison with the length of the body, as above noted. Thus, "head 5" indicates that the head forms about one-fifth part of the length from the tip of the snout to the middle of the base of the caudal fin.

The principal bones of the jaws are the following: The two dentary bones, joined in front by a symphysis, forming the mandible or lower jaw; the premaxillaries (or intermaxillaries) forming at least the middle of the front part of the upper jaw, and in some cases (as in the black bass) its entire edge. Attached to the premaxillaries, either behind as in the case of the black bass, or below, as in the trout, are the maxillaries (or supramaxillaries). In the black bass these are broad and conspicuous, extending backward below the eye; in the sucker they are scarcely recognizable without dissection, sometimes the maxillary is subdivided, provided with a supplemental bone or otherwise modified.

The jaws are sometimes provided with lips. These lips may have various forms, or they may have about the mouth fleshy appendages various in form or size, known as barbels. These are found in the catfish, but not in the bass or the sucker.

The upper jaw or the premaxillaries are said to be protractile, when there is a furrow in the skin which separates them from the skin of the forehead, as in the sucker. They are not protractile, when the skin covering the upper jaw, in the middle at least, is continuous with that of the forehead.

The principal membrane bones of the head may be readily recognized on the sucker. The large bony plate occupying the posterior portion of the sides is the opercle (*operculum*); below this, and extending up obliquely behind it is the subopercle; in front of the opercle, nearly parallel with its edges, and separating it from the cheek is the preopercle, and below the angle of the preopercle, wedged in between it and the subopercle, is the narrow interopercle. Below the eye is the series of suborbital bones, and in front of the eye, below the double opening of the nostril, is the preorbital. On the top of the head in the sucker, is the characteristic unossified space between the parietal bones, known as the fontanelle.

The eye is proportionately much larger in a young fish than in an old one; its relative size is usually expressed by comparing its diameter with the length of the head, with the length of the muzzle (distance from tip of snout to front of eye), and with the width of the interorbital space (distance between the eyes above).

The tooth-bearing bones of the mouth can be readily recognized in the black bass. The principal of these are the following:

1. Dentaries, the bones of the lower jaw.
2. Premaxillary, above described.
3. Maxillary, above described. This bone is usually toothless, or merely toothed upon its edge.
4. Vomer, the bone on the middle line of the palate, immediately behind the premaxillaries. It is provided with a patch of teeth in the black bass.
5. Palatines, the bones on each side extending backward and outward from the vomer. They are armed with teeth in the black bass.
6. Pterygoids, on each side, behind the palatines. These are provided with teeth in the rock bass, but not in the black bass, nor, in fact, in most fishes.
7. Tongue.
8. Hyoid bone, the base of the tongue, to each side of which gill arches (usually four in number) are attached.
9. Gill rakers, the stiffened appendages of the gill arches, or more particularly of the anterior pair. The gills are on the outside or convex edge, the gill rakers on the interior or concave edge of the arch.
10. Upper pharyngeals, on each side of the median line on the upper side of the œsophagus, behind the gill arches.
11. Lower pharyngeals, one on each side of the median line, below the œsophagus and behind the gill arches. These bones are modified gill arches, and their form and structure varies widely in different groups. In the black bass they are flattish and triangular. In the sucker they are sickle-shaped. Sometimes the two bones are fully united.

Below the subopercle and interopercle, and nearly parallel with them, are the bony branchiostegals, enveloped in the gill membranes. These are three in number on each side in the sucker, six in the black bass, and their number often furnishes characters of importance. On the median line below, separating the gill openings from each other, is a region known as the isthmus. To this the gill openings are sometimes attached, as in the sucker, in which case the gill openings are separated and each restricted to its respective sides.

The scales when normally developed are usually either ctenoid (with the exposed or posterior edge rough or ciliated, as in the perch or black bass), or cycloid (smooth, as in the sucker). In most fishes a series of scales along each side of the body is provided each with a mucous tube, those forming a conspicuous ridge known as the lateral line. In many scaleless fishes this chain of mucous tubes is also developed.

The relative size of the scales is indicated by counting them. Of course, the smaller the scales are proportionately, the more numerous they are.

The number of scales forming the lateral line is one of the most valuable of specific characters. When the scales in the lateral line are larger than the rest (as in the trout), or smaller or otherwise irregular, the number of cross rows of scales above the lateral line should be taken.

"Lat. l. 65" expresses lateral line with 65 scales. "Scales 10—65—X," the scale formula of the sucker, indicates 10 series of scales between the dorsal fin and the lateral line, 65 scales in the lateral line, and 7 rows between it and the ventrals.

The fins are (a) the paired fins, which are pectorals (corresponding to the anterior limbs of the higher vertebrates) situated immediately behind the gill openings, and the ventrals (corresponding to the posterior limbs) placed behind or below the pectorals, and (b) the vertical fin or fins on the median line of the body. These are the dorsal (on the back), caudal (on the end of the tail), and the anal (on the lower side of the body behind the vent). The dorsal is sometimes divided into two fins, or even more. In this case the fins are distinguished as first dorsal, second dorsal, etc.

The position of the ventral fins is a matter of much importance. They are said to be abdominal when on the belly, considerably behind the pectorals, as in the sucker; thoracic when inserted under the pectorals, or very nearly so, as in the black bass; jugular when in advance of the pectorals, as in the codfish. A more minute account of the position of the ventrals may be given by comparing their position with that of the front of the dorsal fin, or with the middle of the body.

The rays composing the fins are either spines or soft rays. Spines are usually stiff and pointed, and in any event are never articulated and never branched. When spines are present there is usually one in each ventral fin, and one or more in the anterior part of the anal, and several in the front part of the dorsal, the spines constituting the whole first dorsal when there are two separate fins. The pectorals and caudal are seldom provided with spines.

The soft rays are always articulated or jointed toward

their tips, and most of them are also branched. They therefore usually widen outward, and are seldom rigid in life. In some fishes the spines are so feeble or flexible as scarcely to be distinguished from soft rays.

In all cases where the dorsal and anal fins are composed of soft rays only, there are at the anterior edge of the fin from one to three undeveloped or rudimentary rays. In most cases, these rudiments are not included in giving the numbers of the fin rays. True spines, no matter how short, should never be overlooked. The last ray in the dorsal and anal fins is usually split to the base. This is counted as one ray, and not as two.

The number of fin rays may be conveniently indicated by the use of Roman numerals for the spines, and Arabic numerals for the soft rays. When there are two distinct dorsal fins, a dash is used to separate the enumeration of the first from shape of the second. When a fin contains both spines and soft rays, a comma separates the number of the former from that of the latter.

Thus in the black bass, "D X, 13" indicates a continuous dorsal fin, with ten spines and thirteen soft rays. In the white bass (*Roccus chrysops*) D IX—I, 12 indicates two separate dorsals, the first with nine spines, the second with one spine and twelve soft rays. The number of rays in the pectoral and caudal fins is seldom of much value in the classification of fishes.

THE MONSTERS OF WHITE RIVER, ARK.

SECOND PAPER.

IN my last I wrote the facts, so far as I could gather them, about the alligator gar and the loggerhead turtle. Recent observation and hearsay go to prove that I got these facts about right. But I will relate some facts about the loggerhead turtle given me since I last wrote by a gentleman whose veracity there is no reason to doubt. He said: "I was living near a bayou fifty or sixty yards wide in Louisana. I had living with me a colored boy thirteen or fourteen years old. This boy went down to the bayou one day to fish, but soon came tearing back, crying, 'Oh, boss; oh, boss; Ise see de debil down in de bayou suah.' Seeing that the boy was fearfully frightened and had seen something strange, I and a friend took a rifle and went with the boy to the bayou. When we reached there the boy pointed to the other side of the stream, about forty yards away, where we soon saw a round body as large as a man's head appear above the surface of the water for a few seconds and then go down again, soon to reappear. As it came up the third time I shot at it with the rifle, but missed. I shot twice more, but could not hit. About this time the friend with me made out that it was a turtle's head. I could not believe that it was so large, but he insisted that it was. As there happened to be a dugout there with a 'gig,' 'spear,' or harpoon in it, we concluded to paddle over and investigate. As we approached we found that it really was the head of an immense turtle, or the immense head of a loggerhead turtle. He would drop his head down under the water for a minute, then raise it out for a bit, then repeat.

"My friend being an artist with the harpoon, threw it, when the turtle came up, with all his force into his neck. These harpoons or spears are generally made with three sharp points of steel with barbs, set on a straight light pole with a loose socket, with a strong cord tied to the spear proper, so that when a fish is struck the handle or pole pulls out, leaving the harpoon in the fish or animal attached to the cord. As we drew the struck turtle to the surface we were astonished to find another of equal size with its jaws firmly clasped on one of the wounded one's legs. We slipped a cord around this one's neck, and "toted" them both ashore and up the bayou "bluff" thirty to forty feet, before the one let go of the other's leg. When we stopped he let go. We then separated them a little way, but they made right at each other again like two bulldogs, not paying the least attention to us. After a few snaps the one fastened on to the other again, having secured a good hold on the other's leg and held on, the other fought by snapping alone, and though they have such great strength in their jaws he could not tear the skin on the other's legs, but when he would strike the edge of the other's shell he would chip a piece out. After a time we separated them again, but they glared at each other a moment, then rushed together again. From their appearance they had been fighting a long time. Each had the skin all torn from the back of their heads and the skull laid bare. We let them fight for some time, then cut their throats and weighed them, one weighing 138 pounds, the other 142 pounds. On opening them, as further evidence of their long battling, we found no food in either except a few large fish bones in the stomach of one."

Here we have some facts about this turtle, giving some idea of its size and its ferocity in battle. The person who gave me these facts is a butcher and had facilities for weighing them, and from good evidence I have reason to believe that specimens have been seen weighing 200 and even 250 pounds. As I said before, they appear to be entirely inoffensive so far as danger to human beings is concerned.

The next monster I will name is the ubiquitous White River mosquito. If it takes a million of these little pests to make one agglomerated monster, countless millions can easily be found. There are many different species of them, but the worst, and I think the very worst of all mosquitoes, is the small black one prevalent in June and July. This little pest is a sneaking, miserable little thing, it as a rule bites you behind your back, makes its way up your pants leg, under your shirt cuffs, behind your ears, or any other place where it can take a mean advantage of you. It don't give you much warning, like a good honest "skeeter," by its song, but drops right down silently on some unguarded place and "slaps it right to you." Ordinary mosquito bars are but little protection from it, for enough will work their way through them to make things lively for you before morning, and if the "bar" is not carefully tucked in all around, if any point is left hanging down loose, this miserable creature, unlike any other mosquito I know of, will find it, and pass up between the bar and bed and point out the way for all her brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins, and introduce them to you. A "smudge" or smoke has but little terror for them, a good bobbinet (I believe that is right) bar is your only surety of getting rest unless you sleep in daytime and fight "skeeters" all night. These mosquitoes are only bad in ordinary seasons along White River during the months of May and June; after the "overflows" entirely subside and the "bottoms" become dry, which they usually do by July first, they are not bad, but in seasons like this, after very high and very late high water, they are like the poor, with us always.

The next dreaded monster I will name is the "swamp fever," twin brother to "yellow Jack," or the yellow fever of the tropics. It was formerly just as fatal and uncontrollable as the yellow fever itself, but I am now assured that the Southern physicians have developed a treatment by which, if they can reach the patient in time, they can save the great majority of cases; but if they cannot reach the patient directly after the attack there is little more hope than if it were the yellow fever itself. It seems to be an acute form of "biliousness," attacking the brain and kidneys, resulting in speedy, drowsy, painless death. It is not contagious, like yellow fever, and is brought on by long continued exposure in the swamps and water, and the improper treatment of more mild forms of bilious or malarial diseases.

The next vicious monster that none need wish to meet is locally known as "bilious fever," with or without "congestion" or "congestive chills." I do not know what the doctors call them, nor do I care, but I do know that I do not want any of their kith or kin to call on me again.

I located myself here on the banks of White River the 1st of June, at the commencement of what had every indication of being one of the most malarious seasons ever known, and at one of the most sickly points on White River, trusting that my great experience of nearly a half century in the Illinois River bottoms—the most malarious stream north—would enable me to take care of myself and ward off all such troubles.

But as old Hank said at the close of his hoop snake story, I thought myself a little too blamed smart, so I "catched it" and "catched it" hard. I was in very bad condition when I reached here. As the major would say, I was "very, awful bilious." But I "tuck" my old well tried Illinois remedies, that knew no failure in warding off chills and fever, there, and serenely followed my principal occupation in life, namely, searching for hoop snakes, coach whip snakes, cotton mouth snakes, spreading adders with fangs an inch long, lizzards, cray fish, swapping lies with the natives, etc. I could not keep out of the swamps or off of the river, there I could find things new to me every day and perhaps some new to science, and what was refreshing, I could get sight of a steamboat once in a while, which reminded me that there was somewhere, even yet, civilization on this continent. But, how I got sick and how I am trying to get well, and how I found out that Illinois biliousness as they call it here, will not answer in this White River country, I will tell in my next.

BYRNE.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Ark., July 26.

FLORIDA ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.

ALLIGATOR catching may be something new to your readers, and I am willing to confess that my experience in fishing for, or rather catching, "gators" is very limited. In 1875 I ascended the Calloosahatchee River to its source and indulged in shooting large "gators" among the islands between Fort Meyers and the telegraph crossing. On my return from Lake Ochechobee I resolved upon devoting one day to the destruction of these useless saurians. Early morn found us at anchor among the islands.

When cruising I use tin plates and cups, and when surrounded by salt or brackish water I never allow them to be washed. I see some of your readers manifest disgust at such filthy housekeeping; but let censure be kept in abeyance until I can explain, for to the explanation hangs a tail [not tale]. I provided before leaving home an amply supply of waste paper, and after each meal I had the frying pan, plates, cups, knives and forks wiped and rubbed with it until they resembled nickel plate, and rust was prevented, which would have formed if salt or brackish water had been used in washing our utensils.

For breakfast we indulged in breakfast bacon and fried eggs. After the meal was over I engaged in oiling and cleaning my rifle preparatory to a day's "gator" shooting, and Harry commenced wiping the breakfast things, and when the wads of paper were saturated with grease and egg he threw them astern. My attention was attracted by a large alligator some twenty yards astern. He approached a piece of the paper, sniffed it, opened his countenance, and as it "was a stranger he took it in." This proceeding was repeated and I deemed it time to act. I requested Harry to make haste slowly and keep the "'gator" on the lookout for more paper.

I disappeared under the cabin and secured the end of a pine box measuring 10x14 inches. Balancing the board on the end of my finger I found the center, at which point I made a hole with an awl, and at one end I made a cut with a saw. I passed the end of a stout braided linen line through the hole and tied a knot on the end, after which I wound the line loosely around the board, and attached a long-shanked hook to the free end of the line. The hook was baited with a savory piece of bacon dipped in fat and egg, and I secured the shank of the hook in the saw cut. While these preparations were hastily made, Harry supplied the victim with teazers in the way of wads of paper soaked in the frying pan. The board was dropped astern, and as it floated towards the game I hoisted the anchor and Harry and Frank manned the oars. The bow of the boat was headed down stream, and by backing water she kept in position. Very soon the current drifted the tempting morsel to the "'gator." He indulged in a sniff of the bait, took it in, gave a yank and fixed the hook in his dimpled cheek. Frank and Harry gave way with a will; the "'gator" saw us approaching, and started for shore, and the coils of the line slipped from the board. I seized the board, gave a lusty yank to fix the hook securely, and the performance commenced. To my surprise the ugly monster was easy to manage, and after playing him for fifteen minutes I coaxed him to the side of the boat, his nose being in a line with the stem. Harry made a mark on the deck corresponding with the end of his tail.

Being opposed to the use of a gaff, and the introduction of an alligator into the interior of the good boat Spray, I requested Frank to get his rifle and dispatch the game, but with his proverbial laziness, he removed his pistol from his pocket and fired at the "'gator;" hence, the latter snapped his elongated jaws, struck the boat with his tail, and the curtain rose on the second act. I kept one arm around the mast and sometimes the 'gator, and sometimes Al Fresco had the best of it. After a long and exciting tussle I became master of the situation and the second time I brought the "'gator" to the side of the boat, and requested Harry to finish him with my Winchester, but before he could do so Frank fired a second shot from his pistol. With head down and tail up, the 'gator made for the bottom and sulked. In vain did I coax, tease and twitch the varmint. He treated me with contempt. I tightened the line and Harry punched him with the pushing pole. When struck he would move a few feet away and "play 'possum." After devoting half an hour to this kind of dull sport I resolved to have another look at his ugly countenance, but the hook broke, and there ended my first and last experience in catching "'gators." Measuring the length of the "game" as indicated by the stem of the boat and the mark on the deck, we found that he was thirteen feet six inches. He was the largest "'gator" I have thus far seen. We hear of 'gators measuring sixteen and eighteen feet long, but I have yet to see one longer than the one I hooked. Within one hour at the islands, I killed eight, the smallest measuring eleven feet; and my best day's bag in this State was thirty-six.

Florida "'gators" have a bad reputation and are wilfully and maliciously misrepresented. As evidence of this I quote the following:

"An Appleton, Wis., despatch to the Chicago *Tribune* says: The Hon. Lyman Barnes, one of the leading attorneys and best-known citizens of this part of Wisconsin, went to Florida three months ago for his health. A few weeks ago he left his hotel for a short trip across the country, and on the way had to cross a swampy piece of land infested with alligators and wild animals. He never arrived at his destination, and it is thought that he fell a victim to some of the dangers he had to contend. Three of Mr. Barnes' most intimate friends have left Appleton for Florida to find him, dead or alive, and ascertain what might have been his fate, but not much hope exists of ever again seeing him alive."

My first visit to Florida was in 1844, when I cultivated the acquaintance of "'gators;" and since that time I have met them on numerous occasions, and feel assured that they have been misrepresented. The question is asked, "Will 'gators' attack a man?" In my wanderings I have endeavored to collect information on this head, and will give your readers the benefit of my inquiries and experiences.

In 1868 I visited Enterprise, on Lake Monroe, and met Mr. W., an old resident. He informed me that he started out one day deer hunting and carried an eleven-pound muzzle-loading rifle. He was crossing a marshy place and jumped from tussock to tussock to keep his feet dry. Several times his feet slipped and he was treated to wet feet, and he started to walk in a cattle trail through the marsh. At some points the water was nearly knee deep. He had not proceeded far when he slipped on a slippery substance, and the next instant a "'gator's" head appeared and he was seized by the calf of the leg. In the excitement of the moment the rifle slipped from his hand and shoulder, and the butt struck the "'gator" between the eyes. Not fancying the reception he met with from the butt of the rifle, the "'gator" released his hold and made tracks as rapidly as his legs permitted. Mr. W. informed me that he was confined to the house for several weeks by the injury.

About the year 1870 I was ascending the St. Johns in the company of Prof. Wyman, who devoted much of his time to the exploration of Florida mounds and the study of the comparative anatomy of the alligator. I questioned him to ascertain if he had ever heard of a person being injured by an alligator, and he replied in the affirmative. He informed me that he had met with a native who some time before paddled his canoe to a fishing point in Great Lake George, and had there commenced fishing. The fisherman was bare foot, and being tired of his cramped position in the dugout, he passed one leg over the side, and his foot dangled in the water. Very soon he secured a bite—not on his live minnow but on his heel. A 'gator having noticed a portion of flesh dangling in the water, resolved upon appropriating it. The live bait seized the opposite side of the canoe and wriggled, twisted, writhed and pulled. In due time the live bait succeeded in extracting his heel from the open countenance of the saurian, but minus the skin and fat. The 'gator was perfectly justified in appropriating such a tempting morsel; and an impartial jury empaneled to try such a case would render a verdict to the effect that it "served the plaintiff right."

In 1875, I was ascending the Calloosahatchee River, and Harry pointed out a small-sized "gator" about seven feet long sunning himself on the bank. I handed him my Winchester to try his maiden shot, with instructions to "hit back of the eye." Harry fired, and the "'gator" was apparently unhurt! But these creatures occasionally "play 'possum." Harry was elated, and expressed a wish to see where the ball passed out. We landed, and as the land side of the "'gator" was lowest, Harry could not see the aperture of exit. I suggested to him the propriety of seizing the "gator" by the tail and turning it over. He grasped the tail and commenced the process of turning, when instantly the dead "'gator" doubled on itself and came within an inch of seizing Harry by the arm.

I have reason to believe that alligators will not meddle with man, unless in self-defence, or unless a fisherman is foolish enough to have a tempting morsel over the side of a canoe. But if reports are true, and I believe they are, we have the true crocodile in the southeastern portion of the State; and it is questionable if these carnivorous brutes can be trusted. Mr. D., of your city, who was a companion of Sir Samuel Baker in his Nile journey, spent several months last winter in a cruise around the peninsula of Florida. On his return he visited me, and stated that he "was perfectly familiar with the crocodile of the Nile, and that he saw a number of them at a point in Southeast Florida."

AL FRESCO.

QUAIL IN A CITY LOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last August I noticed, while standing just at dusk one evening on the elevated grade of the P. F. W. & C. R. R., in the southwest portion of this city, a flock of quail fly out of a small tract of woods quickly across an open field and drop down into a couple of vacant lots in a thickly settled portion of the city. My intense curiosity at once prompted me to visit the spot.

I found the two lots covered with a dense growth of currant, raspberry and gooseberry bushes, also what appeared to be the remnant of a neglected osage orange hedge. I was interested enough in this singular custom, as it proved to be of these cunning birds, and made an especial effort to note their mode of arrival, and here again was evinced a superior order of intelligence as they came in from different points of the compass, but almost invariably at the same time, just before dark.

The flock when I first saw them numbered eleven, and this number remained unbroken for some weeks, when it was reduced to nine, and again, losing three more, stood at six, which was the number when I last saw them.

It seems like a sense of the keenest instinct for them to select this thorny and almost impenetrable thicket for their nightly resting place, as this section of the city is literally infested with cats, to which, however, I never charged the decimation of my little flock, but felt it due, like their final destruction, to wing shots and other natural causes.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., July 31, 1882. DORRIS.

THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS.—Minneapolis, Minn., June 22, 1882.—The dates of their arrival this year in Minnesota. Some interesting data. Dr. E. Lyman Hood has now completed his list. Of the 740 species known to North America about 250 have thus far been found within the limits of Minnesota. The present season has been a peculiar one in regard to the movements of birds. The first comers came earlier than last year, although the birds on an average, taking the entire migration, were a week later. For instance, he noted in 1878 the arrival of the crow January 28; in 1879, March 1; 1880, February 24; last year, March 16, more than a month later than this spring. In the latter part of April cold north winds prevailed for two weeks, and the nights were cloudy. Nearly all the birds migrate at night. Examining the list we find that from April 10 to 24 not a single species arrived, a very marked result. All nature was backward. Frogs were first heard March 31, and moths seen April 1. Camberwelt beauty, red admiral and daisy were out earliest. Butterflies and insects were two weeks late in coming out of winter quarters. Anemone hepatica, buttercup, blood root and yellow violet are the first flowers of spring, generally appearing in the order named. The date of the arrival of the different birds he reports to have been as follows: February 10, crow; 21st, red-shouldered hawk. March 4, mallards; 11th, sparrow, hawk; 16th, red-tailed hawk, teal; 26th, robin; 27th, tree sparrow; 28th, bluebird, killdees; 29th, meadow lark, geese; 30th, purple grackle. April 1, red-wing blackird, purple martin, rusty grackle; 2d, wood pewee; 3d, kingfisher; 4th, yellow-shafted woodpecker, fox sparrow; 6th, white-bellied swallow, Wilson's snipe, chewink; 8th, purple finch, chimney swallow, yellow-rump warbler; 10th, dove, loon; 24th, chipping sparrow, sand-hill crane, cliff or eave swallow; 26th, night-hawk, loggerhead shrike. May 1, white-throated sparrow; 2d, brown thrush; 5th, bog-winged buntins, golden-crowned thrush, kingbird, marsh tern, whip-poorwill, bank swallow; 7th, house wren, Baltimore oriole, bittern; 8th, black-poll warbler, kinglet; 9th, catbird, redstart, orchard oriole; 10th, rose-breasted grosbeak, many species of warblers, red-eyed vireo, grebe or dudchick; 11th, bobolink, turkey buzzard, black-billed cuckoo; 12th, Maryland yellow throat; 17th, humming bird, yellow bird; 18th, vircos; 21st, great-crested flycatcher, scarlet tanager. — JOHN D. C. KNAPP.

ROOSTER AND GOSLINGS.—Johnson Ia., July 29.—As I get so many interesting items in natural history from FOREST AND STREAM, I will lay before its readers an instance that occurred on my own place here. A goose, after hatching all the eggs but three, left her nest. These three eggs were put under a hen and in a few days two goslings were hatched, the other egg being spoiled. She took care of them for about a month, when she was accidentally killed. A rooster then took charge of them, calling them and scratching for them as if they were chickens, and he takes them into the hen-house every night and goes about with them all day. They are nearly as large as he is, but he still attends to them.—OLD FOGY.

THAT FLORIDA SNAKE.—Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The curious snake your correspondent "S." writes about which he has seen in Florida is *Rhinecura floridana*. Could he not send some living specimens to the National Museum, Washington, D. C.? —H. C. YARROW, Curator Department of Reptiles, National Museum.

BEVERAGES IN CAMP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't fully believe the "Scribe" is in mortal earnestness in his little assault on FOREST AND STREAM and the "Kingfisher," but I am satisfied for one that you will not heed his "protest against your arbitrary rule of excluding from the columns of your interesting journal all reference to the use of beverages of an exhilarating nature in narrations of hunting or fishing adventure."

The rule is an excellent one; its influence is good. It commends itself to every man who has had the misfortune to see men, some of them not addicted to drink, get "bilin'" drunk in camp, forsooth because they were away from home and under the influence of so-called jolly fellows.

Among the few disagreeable recollections of my camp life are disasters and misadventures that have grown out of the use of "beverages of an exhilarating nature." I do not deem them necessary under any circumstances; at all events they do harm fifty times where they serve a good purpose once. I have spent six months at a time hunting and fishing in the mountains of Colorado, sleeping on the ground, encountering storms, snow and ice, and never had use for a drop of exhilarating beverage. And we had lots of fun, too, hilarious times that will never be forgotten, days that were not marred by a drunk, nor an accident, nor a disturbance, not even a misunderstanding among ourselves or with the various characters we met.

FOREST AND STREAM is solid in the position, and "Scribe" is on the wrong side of Rhine.

Let me add that "Kingfisher's adventures" are admirably told, and interesting from one to eight, and have had the distinction, as he will deem it, of being read aloud in at least one household, and thoroughly enjoyed from the old ones down to the enthusiastic angler at the foot. J. C. B.

["The Scribe's" note should not be taken too seriously. It was not intended as a criticism of the FOREST AND STREAM, so much as a good-humored "joke" on "Kingfisher," which "The Scribe" told us would be appreciated by the rest of the party, "Bro. R.," "Sloan," "The Editor," and "Kingfisher" himself. The propriety or impropriety of the use of beverages in the field is not a question demanding discussion in these columns. We may add that "Kingfisher's" delightful letters have won many compliments from all around.—ED.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE ADVENTURES OF A VIRGINIAN."—By Oliver Thurston, Philadelphia. E. Claxton & Co., 1881.

"HOMES IN THE COUNTRY, East, and summer resorts on the Sound, via New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad." Furnished gratis by the Railroad.

THE GAME LAWS of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland are published in convenient form by the Globe Printing House, of Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. The pamphlet also contains constitution of the West Jersey Game Protective Society.

DISRAELI, at a Windsor reception, once complimented Queen Victoria on her "Diary in the Highlands," saying: "There are only three books in the world, the Bible, Shakespeare, and your Majesty's book." But "Pack on Wheels," for 1882, had not then been published, or Disraeli would have made it four instead of three.

"TAXIDERMY WITHOUT A TEACHER," comprising a complete manual of instruction for preparing and preserving birds, animals and fishes, with a chapter on hunting and hygiene; instructions for preserving eggs and making skeletons; and a number of valuable receipts. By Walter P. Manton. Illustrated. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Lee & Sheppard, publishers, 1882. Price 50 cents.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

THE following schedule exhibits the game now in season. (Also, in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves.
California—Deer, doves.
Dakota—(Aug. 15, grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover).
Delaware—Woodcock.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse; (Aug. 15, deer).
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo.
Illinois—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wild-fowl, pinnated grouse).
Indiana—Woodcock.
Iowa—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wild-fowl, pinnated grouse).
Kentucky—Woodcock.
Louisiana—Deer.
Maine—Plover.
Maryland—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse).
Massachusetts—Woodcock, doves.
Michigan—Woodcock.
Minnesota—Woodcock.
Missouri—Woodcock, plover, meadow lark, dove; (Aug. 15, pinnated grouse).
Montana—Fool hen, grouse, ptarmigan; (Aug. 10, buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, moose, wildfowl).
Nebraska—(Aug. 15, grouse).
Nevada—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, sage grouse; (Aug. 14, deer).
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wild-fowl, snipe.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, wildfowl, rail.
New Jersey—(Aug. 25, reed birds).
New York—Woodcock (except Dutchess, Herkimer and Oneida cos.), squirrels, deer. (Hounding season opens Aug. 15; forbidden in St. Lawrence co.)
North Carolina—(Aug. 15, deer).
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Ohio—Woodcock.
Oregon—Grouse, wildfowl.
Ontario — Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, snipe).
Pennsylvania—Woodcock, plover.
Rhode Island—Woodcock, plover.
Texas—Deer, pinnated grouse.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail, wildfowl).
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, woodcock
Washington Territory—(Aug. 15, deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse).
Wisconsin—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp tail grouse; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe).

☞ For exceptions, local laws, etc., see FOREST AND STREAM Schedule "B," issue of July 20, page 489.

MOUNTAIN, HILL AND VALE.

DOGS, GUNS AND VICTUALS.

MY last letter was written somewhat carelessly, I am sorry to admit, from that lovely summer land which lies west of the Blue Ridge of mountains, in the State of North Carolina. So soon as the inhabitant of the regions which have an altitude above tide water of not more than six or seven hundred feet enters the section to which I refer, he feels that he is breathing a purer and more invigorating atmosphere, and after a sojourn of a few days or weeks there is an elasticity of body and mind which makes him almost think himself young again. If a lover of Nature, he is entranced with the grand scenery which is spread before him, or the sparkling waters which ripple gladly at his feet, and in whose melody he finds repose for his wearied body. In case he is a disciple of Izaak Walton, and has the physical endurance to gratify his desires, he can take his rod (but no reel), thread his way up the clear, cold streams which have just burst forth from their birthplace in the rocks, and in their crystal pools find abundance of those agile little fishes which test the angler's skill, and in whose flesh he finds "sweet solace after all his toils." And then, the "cheerful supper done," the pipe filled with choicest mountain tobacco, unadulterated with New England rum or tongua beans, and its fragrant odors enjoyed, one can "wrap the drapery of his couch about him," supplemented with a pair of good blankets, and "lie down to pleasant dreams," and a soft, refreshing sleep which cool air and a tired body only can bring to the human frame.

In my former letter from that delightful country I attempted to give a faint description of the majestic mountains, lovely valleys and limpid streams which are its distinguishing characteristics. I feel that I am incapable of doing justice to the subject, and that a full delineation of all the attractive features requires a pen more graceful and graphic than any which I can wield. It is, perhaps, best, therefore, that I content myself with saying to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that if they want mountain views of surpassing grandeur, energizing atmosphere, cool and beautiful waters, or the joys of the fishing rod, there are hundreds of places of easy access in the counties of this State lying west of the Blue Ridge which will afford them all the gratification they may reasonably demand. In September, October and November, I am told by those whose veracity I cannot question, a hardy sportsman, quick and accurate as a "shot," can get as many ruffed grouse as he wishes, and vary his enjoyment by filling his bag with quail. Besides these pleasures he can, if expert in that line, have roast wild turkey for dinner and delicious venison steak for breakfast. If he can tolerate rougher sport he may succeed in enlarging his bill of fare by an occasional dish of broiled bear, that animal being frequently found in the wild and almost impenetrable balsam thickets which cover the sides and tops of the highest mountains. It is my purpose to visit that section again before many weeks, accompanied by a few friends, and see if we cannot live upon the "fat of the woods," gained by our own prowess, with our own breech-loading shotguns. If I have that pleasure I will endeavor to give your readers a description of our success, striving to avoid all extravagance of idea or expression, and to represent truly what took place.

Just here I must be permitted to animadvert upon the habit of some men who claim to be sportsmen, and some, too, who really are, to indulge in extravagance as to their exploits. I cannot say that the fraternity is more given to hyperbole than any other class—for I should dislike, exceedingly, to admit that all men who are fond of field or water sports are in immediate danger of learning how to—err in their narration of facts. One thing, however, is certain; now and then one is to be found who, to say the least, is a very poor judge of distance, and is otherwise inexplicably blinded. During my recent visit to the mountains I met a well-dressed man, the agent of an insurance company, who had all the volubility of tongue which uncharitable individuals say is essential to success in that calling. According to his own account of himself he had great experience in shooting on the wing or on the run, and had brought down a buck at long range with his trusty ten-bore. He had never shot at glass balls or clay pigeons, so-called, but had been so successful at quail and ducks that he entertained no doubt of his ability to shiver them at nearly every shot. Inasmuch as I was at the head of a "scrub" team and one of my men was likely to be absent that day, I was on the eve of inviting the mutual insurer to give us a policy by joining us for the occasion, and would have done so but for the fact that his tongue was so oleaginous it never stopped its ceaseless roll, and I could not make the tender. In the course of his interminable talk he described the charges used by him for different kinds of game, and stated that he used No. 12 shot for quail all the season, No. 10 for ducks and No. 8 for deer!

Of course, after this, I had grave doubts whether the fellow had ever shot at a duck or had the slightest idea of the size of a shot or the calibre of a gun, and was glad he had given me no opportunity to ask him to become a member of the team. With the aid of a delicate punch in the side, I managed to dam up his lingual stream sufficiently long to express the doubt whether it was possible to send No. 8 shot with such force as to make a buck simply drop his tail if over thirty-five yards from the shooter. Now, Messrs. Editors, do you wonder that after such extravagant and senseless talk I had no confidence in the capacity of the insurance agent, either as a marksman or as a man whose statements upon any subject was entitled to implicit belief? So, having none, I preferred to substitute anybody else in the place of the missing man. The truth is, when any one alleges, in my presence, that with shot from No. 7 to No. 10 in size, he kills game, except accidentally, at from seventy yards and above, I am compelled to entertain an apprehension that he is indulging in gas, or has inaccurate ideas of distance. A very light pellet cannot acquire by any propulsive force much momentum, or rather maintain it after it has passed the space of fifty yards. So, therefore, when birds are fully grown and fly with rapidity, it is far safer to use shot not less in size than No. 8, and he who expects to eat venison will surely die of starvation if he depends upon shot smaller than No. 3 buck. In one barrel I use eighteen No. 3, and in the other twelve No. 1, when I shoot a twelve-bore gun for deer. These, with three drams of good gunpowder, No. 2 grain, will go hard enough to reach the vitals of the largest buck, at any distance when there is a reasonable prospect of hitting him in a mortal part of the body. So much for that.

A few days ago, I had an invitation from H. G. Ewart, Esq., of Hendersonville, in this State, to attend a glass-ball and pigeon shooting at that place, on the 15th, 16th and 17th of August, given under the auspices of their club. The location is one of the most pleasant summer spots on the continent, having an altitude of about 2,500 feet and is accessible by rail. Persons desiring to attend go by way of Spartanburg, S. C., from which point there is a railroad crossing the Blue Ridge at the Saluda Gap, and at present completed to Hendersonville, Asheville being the contemplated terminus. The grounds of the club are very eligible, and I doubt not, all persons who choose to be present, will find ample accommodations and have a pleasant time. After the "tournament" is over, those who choose to remain can easily procure the kind offices of the local sportsmen, and indulge in the pastime of taking the mountain trout in the head waters of the French Broad, or have good sport after the ruffed grouse, the young broods of which at that time will be large enough for pursuit. At all events, it will afford a delightful retreat for all who wish to renew their bodily vigor, and restore the mind, enervated by the heat and dust of crowded cities and lower elevations. Possibly, some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may choose to visit what is to them an "unknown land;" and if so I can assure them that they will find a splendid climate, cool and pure water, lovely mountain scenery, and a plain but worthy people, whose good sense and gentlemanly courtesy will make valuable friends. Many a sportsman has had trouble simply because he failed to exercise common prudence and decent breeding, who would have had none if he had observed these essential proprieties. The rights of any landholder, whatever the nature of his tenancy, must always be respected, and his permission obtained before going upon his domain. It is rarely the case that this is refused, if the proper steps to obtain it have been taken by the party desiring it.

From all I can learn, the prospect for abundance of small game during the coming season is excellent. The small grain crops were generally very large, and the breadth devoted to the crop was unusually large in the central counties of the State. Abundant rains after the harvesting have produced, and will produce, a luxuriant growth of the rag weed and grasses, which will afford cover and food for the birds. It is my opinion, therefore, that the association, which is to have its "trials" at and near High Point in November, will experience no difficulty in finding quail in sufficient numbers to let all dogs show the "stuff" of which they are made, and give their owners an opportunity of demonstrating whether their capacities are commensurate with those of their trained canines. I beg to suggest that it is barely possible they might find a few farmers in the neighborhood of that locality who, with a rickety old gun whose original cost did not exceed thirty dollars, could go into the field with the most expert visitor, and come back with an equal number of Bob Whites, and no greater use of powder and lead. Indeed, I am not sure that they would not be overmatched. The successful glass ball or trap shooter is not necessarily superior when he comes down to game which flies from an unlooked for spot and takes a line of flight not known to the ordinary laws of motion. It is my purpose to try to see the performance of the blooded dogs which will be there; but as I am not a member of the association, of course I can take no part in the exercises except as a "mere looker-on in Venice." It may be that I can have the pleasure, after the "field trials" are over, of inviting one or more of owners of the best of the Laveracks or Llewellins or red Irish or blue beltons to join me in a genuine trial of skill, not many miles from the *locus* of the exhibition, in which I and my companions will use not larger than twelve-bore guns, weighing seven pounds, nor heavier charges than 2½drs. of gunpowder and one ounce of No. 8 or 9 shot.

In that event I think we should be able after our trials to discuss in a friendly way a square meal of our trophies, cooked with the entrails taken out—for, with all respect, I have never been able to see what peculiar delicacy of flavor could be imparted to the flesh of any animal by the contents of its intestines. It may be that my taste is uneducated—but I cannot envy that of any man, whether natural or acquired, which leads him to prefer the flavor given by chyle, or half digested or fully digested food, or last, but not least decided, in their odorous exhalations, the fæces which fill the lower intestinal canals. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*" is a familiar maxim—but I speak for myself only, when I say that I want none of the odors of—in my pottage, and earnestly desire that "*Procul, O procul este, profani*" shall be observed by my cook when he comes to prepare anything for the delectation of my palate. To a certain extent I know the food taken into the stomach affects the taste of the flesh of the animal when slaughtered and cooked—but I confess that the natural impartation is all which I desire, and I prefer to avoid the additional quantity which is injected by the opera-

tion of heat. Still I quarrel with no man about his taste (not even the Esquimaux, Indian nor the African of the Upper Nile) but only say that I prefer my food to be the flesh of bird or the beast. After this episode I beg to express the sincere wish that the sportsmen who meet at High Point in November may have a "royal good time," and abundant reason for being satisfied with the abundance of game and the behavior of their dogs. WELLS.

ELLERBE SPRINGS, Richmond County, July 27, 1882.

A STORY OF PRAIRIE SCHOONER DAYS.

CROSSING the plains twenty years ago with the long trains of prairie "schooners" drawn by mules or oxen, which at that date was the chief means of communication with the far West, was, as your readers are aware, very different from the rapid transit by the palace or Pullman cars of to-day; and although generally very tedious and monotonous it nevertheless occasionally furnished romantic, exciting or dangerous episodes, that ever afterward were regarded by those participating as some of the most thrilling events of their lives.

It was in the summer of 1862 that the writer found himself acting in the capacity of hunter for a wagon train sent out by the firm of Irving & Jackman, of Leavenworth, Kan., who had a contract from government to supply some of the frontier forts with provisions. Our train, consisting of twelve wagons, each drawn by six yokes of oxen, was loaded with bacon for Camp Douglass, located a mile or so north of great Salt Lake City.

Nothing of special interest occurred until we had passed Fort Laramie. Antelope and small bands of buffalo (usually old bulls) were fairly plentiful, and furnished a welcome addition to our daily rations of biscuit and bacon, until we reached a spur of the Black Hills, through which meander three tributaries of the North Platte, known as Wagon Hound, Deer Creek and La Bonte. These were about a day's drive apart, and on the evening of the 21st of August we made our encampment on the banks of the latter stream. The cattle were feeding, under the care of the night herders, in a small meadow a short distance below us on the stream, the opposite bank of which had a dense thicket of tall willows, interspersed here and there with cottonwoods.

The remainder of the trainmen were gathered around the camp-fire, smoking, and lounging after the evening's meal, when sudden commotion amongst the cattle, followed instantly by the sound of hoofs and the clashing of horns announced in unmistakable tones that a stampede had began.

The two night herders who were on foot soon came to the fire, stating that a large animal, which, in the darkness, they had mistaken for one of the oxen, had ascended the bank of the stream; but on approaching it to drive it into the herd it had turned and with a snort and bound decidedly unbovine in its character, had disappeared almost before they had discovered their error. The wagonmaster and assistant instantly mounted their horses, and struck out in the darkness in the direction the fugitives were supposed to have taken, while the remainder of the trainmen, after canvassing the matter for an hour or more, retired to their blankets. Early the next morning a number of us hastened to the river bank to endeavor to solve the mystery, when the tracks of a bear, so large that they were immediately pronounced by the old plainsmen to be that of a grizzly, were to be plainly seen in the moist sand, near the half-decayed carcass of an ox upon which he had evidently been feeding. The cattle had not yet returned, and hastening back to the wagons, the writer and one of the trainmen, a strapping Missourian named Jim Jones, made hasty preparations to pursue the midnight forager. I carried a short but heavy 44-calibre rifle, and a Colt's dragoon revolver; and Jones loaded up a large smooth-bore musket with as heavy a charge of slugs as he thought consistent with personal safety; and we both struck the trail with all the eagerness of two fools wholly intent upon sport and knowing nothing of the formidable character of the brute they were pursuing.

The bear had taken down the river and, where the willow thickets were broken by open prairie, walked along in the sand under the bank and near the water's edge, but upon reaching the thickets it invariably left the stream and passed through them, although still following the same course with the river. In such cases one of us went around the thickets, which were usually from five to ten acres in extent, and the other followed the trail through, which was easily done, as they were so thick as to be almost impenetrable except by the trails that had been beaten through them by wild animals.

About three miles below the camp the trail entered a thicket larger and if possible more dense than any we had passed through, and it appeared so difficult that we concluded to pass around to the lower end and take up the trail there if it became apparent that he had gone beyond. The closest scrutiny, however, failed to find any fresh tracks of the big bear leaving the thicket, and we, therefore, felt sure that he was near at hand. As there was no prospect of ousting him by remaining outside, we determined to enter by different trails, and if either succeeded in locating him to inform the other by a low whistle and wait for reinforcements before commencing hostilities. It is hardly necessary to say that a more foolish or impracticable plan could hardly have been devised, but as neither of us had ever seen a bear in his native wilds—to say nothing of shooting one—it may not be surprising that we could not think of a more feasible campaign.

With rifle cocked, I entered the thicket, stooping almost double beneath the willows that interlaced in a heavy arch not four feet from the ground, while my companion did the same about fifty yards to my right. Slowly and cautiously I forced my way along, straining my eyes to discover the first sign that would indicate the presence of our formidable antagonist, and flattering myself that I was not only conducting the operation after the most approved method, but that any disastrous surprise was impossible, until I had penetrated nearly to the heart of the thickest part, when, with a savage growl, the bear arose upon his hind feet, from a large hole scooped in the sand and completely hidden by willows, not ten feet to my right, and "jumped" me with the quickness of thought. So rapid were his movements, and so vigorous the onslaught, that I seemed to have hardly comprehended the situation before I was hurled backward with irresistible fury, the bear aiming a stroke at my face with one of his huge fore paws, the nails of which were longer than my fingers. Fortunately, I was falling so fast that it failed to reach its intended destination, its spent force reaching my arm, each nail drawing blood from elbow to wrist and stripping into ribbons the sleeves of my hickory shirt. Lying helpless upon my back, my revolvers buried in the sand beneath me and my rifle crosswise between us, he having followed up the attack so closely that it could not be used, I endeavored to keep him off with my feet. He paid no attention to these, however, and closing with me, made another pass at my head. His paw struck the barrel of my rifle, between the two bands, and glancing down as the muzzle was violently forced downward, spent its force harmlessly upon the ground.

Enraged at his failure, he seized the elongated stock in his teeth, and I heard it crack and splinter like a rotten stick in his jaws. Taking instant advantage of this, I endeavored to release my revolver with my left hand, still holding to the rifle with my right, but at the first motion I made at my hip the bear let go his hold upon the gun and fastenened upon my thigh. I felt his teeth sink into the flesh, but no pain followed it, and raising partly to a sitting position I struck him as violent a blow upon the nose as my awkward situation would admit of. Impotent as was the effort, it effected the desired result; the bear drew back with a snarl, and wheeling around with head close to the ground, he for the first time since the attack placed sufficient distance between us to enable me to get the muzzle of my rifle against his body and pulled the trigger at my side.

His head was partly turned from me as I fired, I saw the hair raised as it was burned or blown away where the bullet entered. He gave a great bound forward and went crashing through the brush, out of sight at the second jump. My astonishment at this unexpected turn in affairs was hardly exceeded by my delight, for by this time I had entirely ceased hankering after bear meat, and springing to my feet I drew my revolver, expecting his immediate return. My shirt was in shreds, and of a pair of new overalls with which I began the fracas nothing remained but a strip about a foot wide around my waist.

The blood was running in a stream down my leg from my thigh, and was bubbling over the top of my shoe. I stood a moment or two in anxious expectation, seeing nothing, but hearing now and then a strange though faint choking noise in the direction taken by the bear, and then began to load my rifle as fast as I was able. While forcing down the bullet my comrade made his appearance, he had heard the growl and first rush of the bear but was unable to reach me direct, being obliged to return and enter by the trail I had followed. Forcing our way through the brush, we soon came upon large spatters of blood, which led us to where the bear was lying. By stooping close to the ground where the foliage was thin we could see a short distance ahead, and as soon as we made out his position we both dropped to our knees and fired. No noise nor motion, however, followed the discharge, and we found him already dead, the first bullet having passed diagonally through nearly the whole length of his body, tearing a frightful hole in his lungs and other portions of the intestines.

After a very brief examination of the hideous brute, terrific even in death, we returned to the bank of the stream where I endeavored to staunch the flow of blood while my companion hastened back to camp for assistance. In an hour he returned with a saddle mule.

The next two weeks found me confined strictly to a couch in the baggage, wagon where after the ample time afforded me for reflection, I was obliged to confess that those few moments spent in that willow thicket had given my education in that particuly department of backwoods recreation a more elaborate finish than all the happy hours I had spent over the pages of Kit Carson, or Grizzly Adams.

FORKED DEER.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.

WESTERN GAME PROSPECTS.

I see in FOREST AND STREAM received yesterday that you ask for the prospects of prairie chickens. I must say that for the last nine years I have never seen such good prospects as there are this season. The birds hatched out early and well, and the young birds are more than half grown now; in fact, I saw a covey to-day which, when I started them, must have flown one hundred yards, and if they are only left alone until our season opens (a month to-day), we may look for good sport. A few weeks ago I was in Minnesota, and from what I could learn birds were as plentiful there as here. I quite agree with your letter in last paper about the game laws. We have good laws, but who is going to make disturbances, etc., with neighbors and friends by informing against them? It is too personal a matter for one or two men to take in hand, and regular game constables ought to be appointed in each town, and then they should appoint their deputies if they need any, and until that is done the game laws are almost "nil."

CUPIDO.

RINGEWAY, Iowa, July 18.

As I am constantly receiving letters of inquiry in regard to the chicken shooting in this section, I will take the liberty of answering all through the medium of your valuable and widely read paper. The chickens have made an excellent crop the present season, and the game law is rigidly enforced. Open season begins in Iowa August 15, Minnesota, September 1. The northern portion of Kossuth county was a comparative wilderness until the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad built north from Algona into Minnesota some six months ago. That section never having been shot over, is literally alive with chickens, and the lakes along the State line with geese and ducks. To reach that section take the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad via. Clinton, Cedar Rapids, Tama City and Algona to Bancroft, twenty miles north of Algona, and sixteen south of the Minnesota line. Shoot this section over from August 15 to September 1, then cross the line into Minnesota and attend the National American Kennel Club field trials at Fairmont September 4, only twenty-five miles distant from Bancroft. Accommodations can be had at Bancroft or with farmers, or you can try the tent and skillet. A. A. CALL.

ALGONA, Iowa.

You ask for "game notes." The prospect for game were never better throughout Southern Minnesota. Chickens are abundant further west, we have a few here; quail are whistling in every direction. The writer of this was awakened three mornings last month with "Kirk White" being loudly whistled from the roof tree of his house. From my own premises more than twenty flocks of ducks were seen to-day, some not yet grown. Quite a number of fair bags of woodcock have been made since the season opened. The woods are full of rabbits, and young ruffed grouse are seen every day, and why is this not an excellent place for sportsmen to come, rest and refresh themselves and get their dogs in form before the chicken season opens and the campaign at Fairmont?

We are just above the confluence of Root River with the Mississippi, Target Lake, on which a writer in *Harper's* some years ago gave a very pleasant account of a duck shoot, is in sight. Pine Creek, a considerable stream, flows into the lake. Blue Lake and Cameron's Lake are just in sight with many ducks feeding in their waters. Mallards are nearly grown. The miles of Mississippi bottom lands furnish woodcock and snipe shooting. Probably a hundred bass, pike and pickerel have been landed by "the boys" within sight of the hotel veranda to-day. Hon. Daniel Cameron, Fish Commissioner of the First District resides here, and will throw wide hospitable doors to the lovers of the gentle craft.

We are at the termini of three railroads leading North, South and West, and lastly, but not least to a sportsman, a good hotel, the La Crescent House, just opened, with landlord Kirwan behind the desk, knowing just how to take care of a tired sportsman and his dog, and to put them on the best line for game. Parties so wishing could get a man with his dog, knowing every mile of prairie between here and Fairmont, to pilot them through, or show them birds at any intermediate station.

The writer designs driving through with camp equipage and to get a shot at the birds en route.

The L. M. R. R. passenger leaves here after breakfast and arrives at Fairmont in time for an early supper.

No more desirable location for a sportsman can be found in which to pass a few pleasant days. X.

LA CRESCENT, Minn., Aug. 2, 1882.

[See notes on the prairie chicken trials in another column.]

You ask your Western readers to tell of the prairie chicken prospects. They are plenty here. There are a boy and gun ready for every chicken within ten miles. In fact they are buying powder and shot now to shoot hanko and snipe, as the chickens will not be ripe for a month yet. I do not know what else they are going to do with the powder and shot. I would like to have your Western readers to treat the members of the Kitty Hawk Club and all others of the same stamp, when they come West after chickens and other game, the same as they would treat a Western man if he would appear with dog and gun on their ground (of two or three hundred miles in length)—that is, order them off, or have them arrested or fined, as they say they will do if a stranger goes on their ground. If buying up a few hundred miles of the shooting grounds by a few for their own shooting is not a monopoly, what is it? JACK SNIPE.

VAIL, Ia., July 17.

There is no doubt that prairie chickens are unusually abundant in Nebraska this year. Everything is abundant and the crops marvelous. Ponds are full of water and we anticipate excellent fall goose and duck shooting. Quail are heard on every hand. BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 31.

DUCKING AT WAUBONSIE LAKE.

LAST October a party of four, including the writer, rigged up a wagon with a cover, and putting in bedding, boat and camp utensils, started for this lake, distant twelve miles south of this city. We went for duck shooting and spearing fish for which this lake is noted. This lake, or more properly a bayou of the Missouri River, is in fact a relic of the old bed of the river. It is two miles long and one wide, and has a dense growth of flags and marsh grass. But there are many open spaces of water. The flags completely conceal the boat and the shooter, thus affording the best of shooting morning and evening. Bass, pickerel, pike and catfish are abundant, and hundreds are caught by the trawl net. A party of three shipped six hundred pounds the morning we arrived. Thousands of ducks in spring and fall find excellent feeding ground here, and good shooting is found after the sloughs and small streams are frozen over. The birds will not be driven away.

We killed as many as we and our friends could use for many days; more than this we did not care for. We spent two days and nights on this lake, days and nights we will remember for years. We secured eight varieties of birds, viz., mallard, gray duck, blue and greenwing teal, broadbill, woodduck; bluebill and redhead. We saw but few geese here; but they are found in large numbers along the river bars, and this kind of shooting was better this year than usual.

In my twenty years' shooting I never saw so many coots (*Fulica americana*) as here. The water was black in places with them; and when they took to wing it was not unlike a wind storm. They are not used for food here, although I have been told that some of the natives eat them. We always found ducks feeding with them, either broadbills or redheads. Owing to previous hard rains that discolored the water, our spearing was a failure, although we procured enough fish for our own needs in camp. One of the party killed a solitary jack snipe, the only one we saw during our stay.

Excellent camping places are found anywhere around the lake, as high bluffs 100 feet high skirt the north and east, broken by ravines, which afford plenty of good spring water and an abundance of wood for camp fires. Corn can be bought near for teams. No hotels nearer than twelve miles. A few wild turkeys are found in the timber back of the lake; but it is the roughest country in the State to travel over, so he who hunts them will have all the exercise he wants. Plenty of quail and squirrels are found, but no ruffed grouse. Andy Moore, of our party, secured a bald eagle (*H. leucocephalus*), and has it mounted. Measured six feet from tip to tip, and was a male in full plumage. It now adorns a leading hardware store in town. We intend to visit this place again this fall, and anticipate a glorious time. W. H. R.

GLENWOOD, Iowa.

BEAR OIL FOR RHEUMATISM.—Rangeley, Me., July 31.—As James Spaulding was mowing near a piece of wood last Monday morning, he heard the wailings of a cub in the vicinity where Charles Sowle had a bear-trap, and surmising the cub to be in the trap proceeded with a club to despatch it. As he was in the act of dealing a blow the mother of the cub presented herself rattling her ivories and snorting vengeance. Then commenced a go-as-you-please race to the clearing, which was barely won by Spaulding. As he ran he gave forth a series of shrieks that made echoes for miles around, causing the neighboring hay-makers to assemble with various weapons. On hearing Spaulding's story they proceeded to the trap where mater familias was guarding her offspring. William Ellis got in a broadside shot and laid her out. Spaulding had for a long time been crippled with rheumatism, but after the affair was over found himself cured. Note.—Those afflicted with rheumatism are advised to try this remedy.—WARFIELD.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

ON the New Jersey coast a small number of the earlier returning shore birds are making their appearance, but not in quantities to show the greater flight of waders has arrived. A few short-billed curlew appeared the last of July, and some small flocks of brownbacks were seen passing Long Beach, N. J., on the ocean side, the wind being favorable for that course. During the first week of August the bay men look for an increased number, and say all the shore birds will be a week or ten days later this year, as they arrived from the South "behind" the ordinary time during the past spring, and consequently the departure for their breeding grounds was delayed. Corson's and Townsend's Inlet, N. J., and thereabouts will be the best location for all varieties of bay birds. Last year great flocks frequented these shores almost unmolested. These localities are not so much visited by sportsmen as the points nearer summer watering places, but it will be found difficult to obtain good accommodations unless quarters are engaged at some farmhouse, or a cruise is taken by boat, and a home made aboard.

I hear of no better reports of woodcock shooting than I did early in the season. The birds have proven scarce have been scattered all over the country and seven-tenths of those that were bagged proved to be old birds.

The crop of reed on the border of our river bids fair to be a large one this year, as it begins to show itself in a thick growth everywhere. Many of the new style of "Dinkey" or flat-bottomed skiffs built at Gloucester, N. J., will be in use for rail shooting next month, as it is claimed they can be pushed into shoaler wate. than the old clinker-built ones, and are much easier propelled by the poleman. I shall take the first opportunity that presents itself to make a trial of one, and report.

Had the present hot and dry spell that we are now having occurred earlier in July, the few woodcock we have had would have been collected together in the moist places and more would have been found and killed. It is a blessing for the longbills it came late, as the birds have commenced their moult and are now in the higher grounds. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3.

THE GAME OF ARIZONA.

THE bear most common in Arizona is the "cinnamon," supposed to be a cross between the grizzly of the Pacific coast and the black bear of the Mississippi.

The mountain sheep, or as known among hunters "big horn," is found in the mountains from here north, and is in season during the winter.

The California or top-knot quail is abundant in Arizona, and the number seems to be increasing with the harvests of grain. Before the settlement of the country they fed upon the mesquite bean, and the wild grass seeds of the country. The bob white quail are becoming more plentiful.

The sandhill crane, geese, curlew, snipe and rail appear after the rainy season, and remain till spring.

Of duck we have varieties the canvas back, teal, redhead, spoonbill, wood duck, mallard and widgeon. The teal in the winter season is equal to that of any country.

The turtle dove is abundant, and takes the place of the wild pigeon of the Western States for a pot dish. It is killed in season and out of season, the more shame to the pot-hunters.

The Syrian dove, about one-third the size of the turtle dove, appears here, but is scarcely ever killed.

The wild mountain pigeon (*Chiracahua*) appears in the mountains in small quantities, and are about twice the size of the turtle dove, steel blue color, with scarlet neck. They feed on pine nuts, acorns, hackberries and wild cherries.

The chapporal cock (paysano, el capitan, road runner, and many other domestic names), is one of the rare birds of Arizona. Its rapid motions make it hard to hit, and a horseman cannot overtake one in the road. They are the deadly enemy of the rattlesnake, and are consequently highly esteemed by the natives.

The cougar, or mountain lion, is yet abundant in the country, and has proved very destructive to sheep, calves and colts.

It weighs from 75 to 100 pounds, and is sufficiently ferocious to be dangerous.

The silver gray fox can be found along the Gila River, and is chased by the Pima Indians.

The red fox is also found on the mesas or foothills.

Coyotes are the pest of the country in destroying flocks and small game. They are disappearing rapidly before civilization and long-range guns.

The wild turkey is found in the mountains, and is no doubt the indigenous American bird; the weight is frequently 25 pounds when fat in the winter season. They feed upon pine nuts, acorns, berries and grass seeds.

The peccary or musk hog is yet frequently taken in the valleys and consumed for food; they weigh from 30 to 40 pounds.

The burro rabbit is abundant in Arizona, and for a fair shot easily obtained, especially about sunrise or sunset; the weight 12 to 15 pounds.

The cotton-tail rabbit is not so plentiful on account of coyotes.

No statute laws have yet been passed regarding the seasons in which game and fish may be taken, but the laws and customs prevailing in California are generally accepted and adopted by the people of this Territory.

The season for killing large game opens about the 15th of September, when elk, deer, antelope, mountain goats and bear may be killed, and closs March 15. CHAS. D. POSTON.

TUCSON, Arizona.

ADIRONDACK RUFFED GROUSE.—I was somewhat surprised to find the partridges, or ruffed grouse, so plenty as they are about Blue Mountain and the levels this season. Owing to so many being killed and shipped here last season, I had made up my mind that but few would be left over to breed; but in the mornings I heard them drumming in all directions, and flushed quite a number in my rambles through the woods. The prospect now is that they will be as plenty this season as they were last. I believe there is no other part of the country now where the ruffed grouse are as plenty as they are here on the northern slope of the Adirondacks.—ADRION ONDACK.

CONNECTICUT.—Sharon, July 31.—The noble partridge is nearly extinct; here the snare has done its work well. No one seems to take any notice of it here. I have been through several pieces of woods this summer and only saw one old hen partridge and her young brood. Ten years ago I could scare up a dozen flocks where I have only seen one this year.—J. B. W.

SHUTTING THE BARN DOOR.—We find it reported that "Game Constable Brayton, of Albany, who has been investigating reported violations of the game laws in the North Woods, returned yesterday. He proceeded as far north as Chazy lake and river and Rouse's Point, and reports repeated violations of the law. Last week he captured seven nets and one large seine. At the house of C. B. Moon, in Saratoga, he was informed of a contract with W. Van Aernam, of Broadalbin, by which the latter furnished all the game that four or five men can shoot. During the month of June it is said that over 100 woodcock were shot and delivered under the contract, and that, fearing publicity, the game was wrapped in paper bags and delivered at night." This is shutting the barn door after the horse is gone. Where was Game Constable Brayton last June when the woodcock traffic was going on?

NEW YORK.—Frewsburg, August 7.—After a careful reconnoisance of the game resorts of this section, I may say that the present prospect for fall shooting is not flattering. The first of May last found us with a good sprinkling of ruffed grouse, making plenty of music by their drumming through all their old haunts. But the constant floods of rain since that time has drowned out nearly if not all the young broods. The same may be said of the woodcock. I have made several attempts to find a brood, but thus far have been unable to find any young with either. Black and gray squirrels seem to be coming on nicely, and as there is good prospects for a fair quantity of shuck, may, unless next winter is too severe, make better bags next year than one could hope to do the present season.—CAP LOCK.

ONTARIO LAW ENFORCED.—Windsor, Ontario, August 5, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 26th ultimo, George Gauthier, "storekeeper, and Wm. Colby, engine driver, both of this town, were fined by Magistrate Bartlett $5 and costs, amounting to $7.72 each, for hunting woodcock during the close season. Mr. J. C. Goodenough made the complaint, and Messrs. James Radcliff and P. C. Ponting were the chief witnesses for the prosecution. Great credit is due these gentlemen for putting this case through, and all true sportsmen in this neighborhood are highly gratified at the result. Your articles on game protection are greatly appreciated by every sportsman who reads your paper in this section. Give us some more.—HOLD UP.

A GROUSE MONUMENT.—The following is the inscription on an obelisk eight feet high, which will be placed on a well-known moor in North Yorkshire, England: "At this stand were shot 191 grouse at a single drive, lasting twenty-eight minutes, by Sir Frederick Milbank, Bart., on the 20th August, 1872, at which time Joseph Collinson was head keeper. Erected by Lady Milbank in commemoration, 1882. Total bag August 20th, 1872, 2,070 grouse (six shooters). Total killed in the season, 17,064 on Wemmergill Moor." "Rational people," says the London *Truth*, "will be disposed to think that the sooner such stupid, unsportsmanlike butchery was forgotten, the better for the credit of all concerned."

SHORE BIRDS.—Lynn, Mass., August 4.—There are a few birds flying, but none of any account. Some summer and a few jack curlew have been shot, but not many. I would like to know where the birds come from that are flooding Boston markets. I would like to have some old gunner in this vicinity tell of the flights of the shore birds in the fall, of about the time due and of the effect of dry or wet weather. Your book on "Shore Birds" should cover that.—S.

CALIFORNIA.—Los Angeles.—The outlook for deer hunting this summer and the quail shooting in the fall is better than usual; there have been some tine strings of trout caught in the San Gabriel. The fishing is very good, indeed, in the streams, and also in the ocean at Santa Monica, Santa Catalina, Bolas, San Pedro, San Juan and Capistrano.—EL CAZADOR.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Haydenville, August.—Game is not very plenty here, though enough for very fair sport.—A. R. T.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

ONE of the "Ingle-side Stories" of "Wells" reminds me of what happened down here. Ed F. and John G. went fire-hunting deer on the Yegua. John soon found eyes; and at the crack of "Old Meat-in-the-Pot" there was scuffling in the bushes. Running in to the spot, John suddenly stopped short, and in a hoarse whisper said, "Ed, a horse!" They made a quick trip to camp, hitched up their team, without delay came home and said "nothing to nobody."

The next morning Mr. L., who was going through the bottom looking for cattle, found, lying near an old horse that had been *dead two weeks*, a fine seven-prong buck.

When Ed and John heard of it——well! W. A. L.

BRENHAM, Texas.

To escape a drenching I drove in under a shed. There were two other men in there; one of them a deacon of the Advent church, and the other his son. Now, surely no one would tell a lie under such circumstances, when the artillery of heaven was booming. There being a fearful crash of thunder, the son pointed out the exact spot where he averred he saw the bolt strike. This woke up the old man. "You know that old mare I drove up from Grafton Notch?" said he. "Waal, I kinder thought as how I might get to Captain Brown's place afore dark; and so sorter took it easy, when all of a suddint them are clouds came up like 'a stack o' black cats,' an' I couldn't see a hand afore me; then a streak o' lightnin' come right out of it, an' bit the wagon wheel, an' started to go 'round an' jump off, but I hit the old mare a whack, and you oughter see the fun. But the old mare had the best of it, for the lightnin' was trying to get down on the back side, but couldn't; an' I drove that mile an' a half, an' could see just as good as if it had bin sunshine." Then Chip spoke up, "Well, dad, you knowed the time I come to the house and left the saw a runnin'? Well, I seed a streak hop on the saw, an' I let on full gate, an' you' orter seen her chaw it. I got away an' let her work up that lightnin' 'fore went to cuttin' logs."

The old man was a noted moose hunter in his day, but the "rumatix" have got hold on him, and some time I will tell you how it happened. NED NORTON.

COLEBROOK, N. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouycha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Rocous lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, two species.
War-mouth, *Chænobrytes gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annular.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

According to the creed of India, "fish are the emblems of the world's salvation. "In the whole world of creation, none were seen but these sages, Menu and the Fish."—*Blakey, "Angling Literature," London*, 1856.

FISHING IN RICE LAKE.

RICE LAKE, which is probably known to many of my readers, is a beautiful little sheet of water, embedded among hills gleaming in the autumn with yellow patches of matted rice, which lifts its thin stalks through five or six feet of water to a height of two feet perhaps above the surface. Sprinkled with small islands, steep-banked and covered with dark, thick wood, reflected in the sleepy stillness of its glassy surface, the lake seems on a calm summer's morning like a little patch of dreamland dropped into the midst of the woody hills that gird it round.

The sun had risen, and not a breath of wind stirred the magic stillness of the scene. Our boats, provided with the necessary tackle both for trolling and still fishing, shot out from the old wharves below the village of Gore's Landing, over the sleeping waters, as we watched the tangled weeds below us, tall and thick in the shallow bay—hiding place of many a staid saturnine black bass, who swept majestically away as we passed above him, scared by the whirl of the water from the glittering oar blades; or impudent sunfish, swaggering and indifferent, sunning his contented snubface in the morning light; countless perch and minnows, skimming hither and thither, picking up occasional scraps of eatable matter, and often narrowly escaping the yawning jaws of their kingly tyrants, the bass.

There were three of us in the boat—a fat old gentleman in the stern, myself, and a tough denizen of the neighborhood to pull the oars—a noted character, brown, hardened, muscles like wire, a miraculous fisherman, a miraculous duck shooter, thoroughly acquainted with all the best spots for fishing or shooting, and discreetly silent about the same. The old gentleman had command of the trolling line, which was accordingly let out as soon as we had got clear of the bay and into deep water, the brass spoon spinning merrily behind at a distance of perhaps a hundred feet. For some time we kept our course straight out into the lake, then turned and skirted the rice bed between two of the islands, in hopes of alluring from the tangled recesses of the rice shade one of those lounging fellows who are generally loafing lazily about the edges of the bed looking for something worth eating. The maskalonge is a swaggering, violent, greedy fellow, but not very cautious—like some of his avaricious counterparts among men he often snatches at anything that glitters, quite heedless of the uselessness and danger of it.

We had not gone far when we were startled by "Bless my soul," from the fat gentleman who was glaring, purple-faced, behind him and pulling hard at his line. I came to his assistance and as the oarsman pulled on we leisurely drew in the line. Our captive struggled bravely, flinging himself several times out of the water and whirling in wild circles as we got him nearer to our side. At length, tired and weakened, his long striped frame was transferred from his native element to the bottom of our boat, his desperate exertions to escape our grasp nearly terrifying our fat friend out of his wits. A blow on the back of the head from the "headache stick" which we had brought with us, soon, however, convinced the prisoner that a state of complete rest was most conducive to his happiness; though the old gentleman still looked with no very assured glance upon the long rows of sharp vindictive teeth that fortified the jaws of the fallen hero.

As we coasted along the side of one of the islands, a beautiful wooded hillock rising from the placid water, stony-shored with wild creepers and grape vines trailing to the water's edge, we captured another of the bright-eyed tyrants and one or two bass.

After this we resolved to row back again to the mainland, and try our chances at still fishing, for we had taken care to provide ourselves with the necessary tackle. The water was still, glassy, smooth and too clear to afford us much hope of success. However, we dropped anchor a few yards from a stony point, between which and the mainland stretched a reedy swamp, lined with rushes. The great, white water-lilies, opened wide to the sunlight, gleaming here and there through the reeds, two or three dreamy cranes drifting off over the water, casting their long, dark shadows over its sleeping surface. Our anchor rested on a bed of stones and the water was clear, deep and almost free from weeds. It was a favorite place for the black bass, and our rods were quickly adjusted. The unsuspecting crawfish, gathered for us by some village urchin from his rocky habitation, was cautiously extracted from the swarming can, wherein but a moment before he had been lustily clawing his neighbors, and the sharp hook inserted under his tail—that lithe, graceful little tail that had so often aided him in dashing out of danger's reach at a magic speed—and drawn through his

body, out at the throat. Now inert and almost lifeless, the tempting bait was cast into the still water and sank till the float rested upright on the surface.

Some time we waited under the hot sky and with the mirrored water between us, in that dreamy revery which makes the sedate amusement of fishing the philosopher's cherished enjoyment, and recalls to us the figures of genial Izaak Walton and many others whose footsteps will be traced beside these native brooks to the end of time. Presently my float descended to the depths, slowly, majestically, solemnly, evidently borne off by some proud old veteran, too philosophical to make a fuss over any bait however fat and tempting. I tightened my line, and instantly my captive was awakened to the danger of his position, made off for the open lake until he was brought to a halt by the cautious effort of my hand. I found him no compliant prisoner, and it was not without considerable trouble that I laid his black side upon the bottom of the boat. After this we caught several bass of from two to four pounds weight, and lost several, one of which saw fit to go off with the better part of the old gentleman's tackle, causing considerable trouble and a great deal of unnecessary blasphemy.

After this last event we weighed anchor at the intercession of our fat friend—who was convinced that the fish, having now learned the trick, would proceed to further violation of the principles of honor and run off with all the other rods and lines in the boat—and rowed over the rice-beds to the other side of the lake, a distance of about three miles and a half.

Here we found the mouth of the river Ollonabee, flowing through a vast marsh, overgrown with reeds, rushes and wild rice and fringed with stunted trees, the home of the frog and the mosquito. After pulling a few hundred yards up the stream, we cast anchor again in a bend of the river, and here, almost under the shade of the trees, we dropped our lines into the deeps and found better luck than ever. Several magnificent fish were soon stretched stiff and stark on the inhospitable boards of our treacherous craft, and it was not till sunset that our hardy oarsman weighed his anchor and we took our contented way, sun-tanned and ravenously hungry, back to the quiet little village, nestling among its trees on the steep lakeside, where our stomachs were plentifully refreshed and our minds cheered by reflection upon the gratifying success of our day's work. A. L.

THE STREAMS OF WEST VIRGINIA.

I READ in one of your late numbers several letters in regard to trout fishing in West Virginia. One writer bewailed the existence of natives on what were thought to be secluded streams, and decried their primitive modes of pot fishing, while the other was disappointed because after riding all the way from Staunton to Pocahontas county he found no trout in Deer Creek.

Your first correspondent ought to know that natives are pretty much the same all the world over—at any rate all the States over. In ancient days when an Adirondack resident wanted meat he killed a deer, in June or July by floating; or if on a crust in March, by running it down and cutting its throat. When he wanted fish he speared a few hundred pounds of trout on their spawning beds and smoked them for winter use. Nowadays when the West Virginia native wants any beast, bird or fish he goes after it and gets it, if he can, by the shortest and simplest method, utterly regardless of times or seasons. If the West Virginians would pass a law prohibiting the running of deer with dogs, and obey it after it was passed, their State would swarm with deer.

As to their fishing, I have seen the men with nets, and the men and boys building dams and draining pools while they poked about with their hands under the stones, on Pennsylvania streams, but very rarely on those of West Virginia. I never saw a net on a West Virginia trout stream except a landing net, and I never saw any one drain a pool, although I have seen a pool that had been drained. Two years ago I fished a stream in Pennsylvania where twenty-five years ago I saw men netting, damming and draining for trout; nevertheless I caught fifty trout in my morning fishing; evidently the years of native work had not entirely cleared out the stream.

West Virginia is not a large State, and it has been settled a great many years. There is not much room in it for one to get out of reach of natives.

As far as I am concerned, and I have fished for trout in West Virginia more or less since 1870, the natives may fish until they are tired; their efforts affect the supply as the Indians' killing does the buffalo. The white skin-hunters have destroyed the buffalo, and I think "visiting sportsmen," as a rule, generally destroy more trout than the natives do. The latter fish with bait and for eating; the visitors too frequently fish for numbers, and so destroy big and little without reference to waste. Some years ago a party from Lord Milton's place, near Callahan's, on the C. & O. Railroad, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc and some others, went out to the West Virginia waters, and during their stay caught, I suppose, between 2,000 and 3,000 fish, working only for count. When they could not eat them, and had no one on whom to bestow them, they counted them and threw them away. I reached the same stream, unfortunately, just after they had left, otherwise I would have explained the matter to them.

I made a trip to West Virginia this spring in June, which was too early for that region, as the water was too high and trout were not collected in the pools at all, with three friends. We camped out for twelve nights, fished when we felt like it, and when it rained too hard and the streams were up we stayed at home. Our first rule was, "keep nothing under six inches long." After a day's fishing we made it, "keep nothing under a quarter of a pound," and to that we stuck. Of course, if a trout was hooked in the eye or in such a way as to injure it in extracting the hook, we kept it. Otherwise everything under four ounces went back to the stream. Under this rule we retained and brought to camp 673 fish, all of which, except three bucketsful which we packed in brine and took home, were consumed in our camp by ourselves and hired hands. I was sorry afterward that I went in June. I always prefer fishing there in July; then the chances of high water are less, and the trout are more in the pools and larger fish can be taken. I never fished as early but once in West Virginia, and much prefer the later fishing.

As to Deer Creek, I see no reason why your correspondent should not be disappointed. I should never dream of riding from Staunton to Deer Creek for trout. I have been many a time up and down Deer Creek, for I used to cut pine logs there for our mill, eighty miles below by river, and although there are a few trout there early in the season, say May or thereabouts, I never thought it worth while to fish in it. I have caught trout as heavy as a pound in Stillington's Creek, which is near it. I think if your correspondent had kept the Staunton and Pinkersbury Pike to where it crosses Greenbrier River, he might have found trout up either of the prongs of that stream; or had he kept on to Cheat, have found still more. I never heard any of the natives call Deer Creek a trout stream, nor would I do so in the ordinary sense, although as I say there are a few trout in it.

In order to enjoy fishing one does not need to have a virgin field—a stream where never man fished before—whence to draw out untold numbers. The pleasure is in the fishing itself—in the performance—and sky, mountain, stream, sunshine and shadow, ripple and pool, the loaf during mid day, all the accessories go to swell the pleasure. It is not a mere question of numbers, although of course the size of the fish caught, if satisfactory, adds to the pleasure.

I know a number of trout streams in West Virginia, some good, some poor, some quite inaccessible, I am happy to say, to the "general public," and in one of these I was the first who ever cast a fly. I was also first to catch bass with a fly in the Greenbrier River after it was stocked. The fishing is very good in that stream now—a very pleasant trip could be made by taking a boat at Caldwell, six miles west of the White Sulphur, and at the river, and running the river to Hinton some forty miles below, fishing along the way and taking several days to it. The mountains of West Virginia are quite high and there is an abundance of yew pine as the natives call it, that is to say black spruce and rhododendron or "brick laurel," to obstruct the way to any of the retired streams. Everything has to be done on foot and provisions packed on the back. "Visiting sportsmen" as a rule, don't like to carry forty pounds of traps on their backs when they go fishing. I have fished many a day and all day with my pack on, over that my Winchester and to balance that my creel. Some people call that work; so, they do cutting wood or peeling bark for camp. I call them all accessories, and to me they add to the pleasure of the thing. If I wanted a $1,000 camp I would go to a good hotel and be comfortable, but I doubt whether I should be more so in a good bark shanty.

As to the natives, I say let them fish; certainly they have the most natural right to use the streams. Frequently these run through their own lands; why should we growl because we have come a few hundred miles to fish what they can reach in a few minutes or hours when we find them at work for the pot?

Simply because we object to their method, and even as to that there seems to be doubt. In your last issue comes a man who says by all means let us use heavy rods, kill our fish quickly, and so have time for more. Are we to go back, then, to the cut poles and horsehair lines so that we may "jerk 'em out quick" and dash their brains out against a spruce limb? For my part, I beg leave to halt at eight ounces for trout rods, let the rest of the world and West Virginia do as it will.

Let no Staunton man go to Deer Creek for trout. If he wants points, let him write to me and I will try to enlighten him—possibly to console him. CECIL CLAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A TRIP TO TRAPPER'S LAKE.

HAVING just returned from a most enjoyable and interesting trip to Trapper's Lake, I think that some of your readers may be pleased to read about it even though I may not prove to be wholly equal of doing the subject full justice.

On any map of Colorado in its northwest portion may be seen "White River Agency" now occupied by a small infantry garrison of the U. S. Army, and in a line almost directly east therefrom and about thirty miles in length, "Trapper's Lake." It was from the first-mentioned place that a party of which I was a member consisting of nine persons, including a guide and three men as packers, etc., started to see Trapper's Lake, of which in regard to scenery, game and fish, we had heard such wonderful and extraordinary accounts that they were looked upon by the most sanguine of us as extravagant in the extreme. Our outfit consisted of a saddle animal for each one of the party and four pack-mules, upon whose faithful and sturdy backs we were able to pack everything we needed for proper shelter from the expected mountain rains, an ample supply of bedding for all and rations to last ten days—besides some luxuries not altogether indispensable it is true, but adding greatly to the pleasure and somewhat to the hilarity of the occasion.

I shall not attempt to descant very fully upon the scenery on our route, as it is a little beyond my powers of description. The trail led us through country whose diversity gives a pleasing variety to a ride which might otherwise seem long and tedious, taking us as it did along beautiful grass-covered parks, through thick forests of pine trees, amongst the willows of babbling brooks and across the stony bottoms of rushing streams with mountains always and on every side and affording us frequent views of the four-footed game which abounds, at every step, besides the mountain grouse perching in the trees solicitously watching their young while we passed by.

On account of precaution against over fatigue and some little uncertainty as to distance we did not arrive at our destination until the third day, early enough, however, (about 10 o'clock A. M.) at which time we emerged from a small opening of the woods, and Trapper's Lake burst upon our view like a beautiful picture, a picture to go into ecstacies over. The lake itself is about two miles long and at some parts nearly the same in width, surrounded by mountains clothed with thickly growing pine trees which cover their slopes from the borders of the lake to their summits except at some extreme points where the trees are overlooked by the snow-filled niches below the crests of overhanging rocks, 2,000 feet above the lake, 12,000 above the sea. One of our party who rode around the lake estimates the distance of its circuit at seven or eight miles and describes the scenery upon the south side as grand beyond description in its park-like openings and succession of smaller lakes or snow ponds which he encountered on his way; he also obtained a good view of a black bear, which, however, is not at all an uncommon occurrence about those parts.

After leisurely jointing our rods and preparing our flies and lines for action we each proceeded in a different direction to test the truthfulness of the wonderful accounts we had heard of the trout fishing on Trapper's Lake. I myself, proceeded to the outlet of the lake and after using my tackle for 15 or 20 minutes found that I had captured fifteen fine trout and concluded to cry enough for the time being; two others of the fishermen came back to camp shortly after I did, one having taken 29 the other between 30 and 30, the lot averaging more than half a pound, the largest running about 1¼ pounds. There are three distinct species. I am not sufficiently well up in ichthyology to give them their accurate designation, but they who are may recognize it by my description when I say briefly that one is a slim dark-backed fellow with deep crimson belly, the other is a broader and whiter fish with the belly of a light pink or salmon color, and the third is like the latter but of a yellowish hue, the second mentioned is far the gamiest of all, and we soon learned to know him when hooked before we saw him fairly.

The next day, having found that the catching of fish was too little of an effort to afford a reasonable amount of sport, we constructed a raft, upon which we sailed to the middle of the lake, where, let it be said, that somewhat perhaps to our relief, we found a place where we could not catch fish. We thought it possible that by sinking we might bring some hidden wonders to light, but we were mistaken, and upon returning to shore solaced ourselves with a little more of the lightning fly-fishing with the same success as before.

On the next and last day of our stay it was deemed advisable to take, say fifty fish to each pack-mule to carry home. Two of us went to the mouth of a small creek emptying in the lake, and there, after two hours leisurely fishing, and without moving from our place, we counted one hundred and ten captives, averaging exactly as before, and the fish rising as vigorously and rapidly when we had our quota as when we first began. The other fishermen met with the same success, one having made, as he said, "just for fun," a burlesque of a fly from a feather he picked up, and a piece of thread, with which he had no trouble in landing half a dozen or more. Of course such fishing as this soon palls upon the sportsman—it may be described as unlimited fish and no fishing, but one who is endued with the fine spirit of the fisherman who loves the labor, may, by going a little below the lake into the river, find fishing which is more to his taste, there he will find the riffles and the lovely eddies which will send a thrill of ecstatic expectation through his soul—expectation to be realized in season, unlike the tiresome certainty of the lake—their name there being feebly expressed by legion. Will you be surprised when I say that we shall long remember Trapper's Lake?

To end a letter already too long drawn out I will say that we found it an easy two days' trip returning, and it could as easily have been made in the same time going. If any of your readers should desire further information you may refer them to me and I will answer any questions as to accommodations, etc., with great pleasure. PESCADOR.

WHITE RIVER, Col., July 18.

LIGHT vs. HEAVY RODS.

I HAVE been much interested in the discussion in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM about weight of rods, and am convinced that the advocates of light and the supporters of heavy rods are equally in the right. This conclusion is sustained by my own observation and experience, as well as by the evidence of such men as Dr Henshall and Mr. Van Sicklen upon one side and the other.

I was once camped with a party of five at the mouth of one of the small streams or "rivers" which enter Lake Superior on the north shore. We needed fish, or, in camp parlance, we wanted "meat." I took my light rod (6½ oz.), and, making a few casts in a deep pool near the mouth of the brook, took one two-pound trout, but could get no further rises. Above the country was rough and covered with a dense undergrowth of spruce and balsam, and the banks of the stream were thickly fringed with alder. It was almost impossible to get along the brook on its sides, or even in it, and as to carrying so flexible a rod through the brush safely, it could not be done. A trial or two at casting, resulting in the loss of flies and the breaking of a tip in the struggle from one point to another not ten feet distant, convinced me that I was in the wrong place, or that I had not the right rod. I went back to camp, took a stubby ten-ounce rod, put a small shot for a "steadier" on the line, discarded the leader, and in half an hour had trout enough for a day's supply. But the work was one of necessity. I could have done as well with a birch or an alder "pole." And this was not an uncommon experience.

I think I have a little skill in fly fishing, not so much in the lengthy casts as in killing trout with light tackle. But I have seen an Indian boy with a birch pole seven or eight feet long weighing a pound and a half at least, with a coarse wigwam-made linen line, and a hook baited with a fishes' eye or strip of pork rind, beat not alone my own score but the united scores of three pretty fair fishermen with approved (*i. e.* "fashionable" or "æsthetic") rods and tackle. But it was upon ground where fly casting could not be indulged in with safety. Yet, under other circumstances, the fine rod would take the most fish. I think Dr. Henshall and some others of your correspondents are clearly right in the proposition that a heavy rod will soonest kill the fish. And those gentlemen who fish for "count" or for weight, or for "meat" will, in a given time, with heavy rods, "beat" the light-rod advocates who fish for recreation, or from the impulse which Mr. Marston would probably term the "æsthetic craze."

I met one of Dr. Henshall's disciples once on the Nepigon River. He discarded a light rod of seven and took up his bass rod of eleven ounces, because, he said, he could kill his fish quicker and also more of them with the latter, and trout were so plenty he didn't have to cast further than the length of his rod. It is fair to add that two days of such "sport" surfeited him, and he left the river preferring, as he expressed it, to take wall-eyed pike in the Kankakee to trout in the Nepigon. It was a matter of taste, of course. He could have done as well, perhaps, with a hand-line and bait, and, in fact, he asserted that his guide killed fourteen fine trout, fishing with a shoestring over the side or end of the canoe.

I am not acquainted with the character of the fishing on Rangeley lakes, and your correspondent, "E. F. W." is probably right in his views of the successful use of heavy rods there, although judgment might turn on the meaning of the word "successful." For my purposes, however, the light rod is good enough generally, although, as I have mentioned, I have occasionally (perhaps Mr. Van Sicken would call it in extremity), found the heavy rod not only useful but convenient. I have never been troubled, however, with losing fish once hooked, on account of the lightness of the rod. I have, it is true, had flies and leaders carried away by fish which no heavy rod could have stopped (with like leaders), and I have occasionally lost a fine fish from surprise or carelessness. With light rod I killed two trout at one cast (in rock fishing) of the united weight of eight pounds, with no loss except a few extra minutes of time. Last season I took two trout at each of three casts, making a united weight of twenty pounds, the smallest of the six fish weighing 2½

pounds. I admit it took time—for two of our party watching the performance announced one take forty-eight, one fifty-two, and the last fifty-seven minutes from the rise, and that I wanted no more fishing that day. But it was in the swift Nepigon, and I stood upon that long and slippery log in Hamilton's Pool (Camp Dufferin), which has caused the loss of many a fish and the getting of many a ducking. Every visitor of the river has some cause to remember it. Probably as a place for fishing it is less difficult than the aprons of the Rangeley dams.

With the same rod I have have taken single trout of 5½ pounds in twenty minutes, and didn't "begrudge" the time. Perhaps I could have taken two fish in less time with a heavier rod, but I was satisfied with what I did.

Of course rods may be too light as well as too heavy. The weight of my favorite is sufficient to weary me in an hour or two, constant casting. I can make a better cast as to distance with a rod an ounce or so heavier and six to ten inches longer, but on the whole I prefer the lighter and shorter one (6¼ oz., 10ft.) But as I intimated in the beginning, as to which rod is best, a light or a heavy one, depends upon what one wishes to use it for. H.

July 29, 1882.

SEA TROUT.

WE take the following extracts from Mr. Geo. Dawson's letters to the Albany *Journal*, dated St. Marguerite River, July 6:

A month's uninterrupted salmon fishing, even where they "take" readily, would be very tiresome if not monotonous. It is our custom, therefore, to vary our pleasure by occasional excursions for brook, river and sea trout. It is a delightful feature of this region that these several game fish are to be had within easy distance. Until my present visit I had never had a favorable opportunity to cast for sea trout in salt water. I have often taken them in the rivers when on their way up to spawn. They are only second to salmon in the play they give the angler when thus met with; but they are found in their full vigor and gamy muscularity in the salt water. The Saguenay, at the mouth of the St. Marguerite, is a noted resort for them during the months of July and early August. The time to fish for them is from half to low tide; and casting from the rocks on the main shore or (better still) from the sand bars exposed at certain stages of the tide at the mouth of the river, the sport is simply superb. The fish ordinarily taken do not average over a pound, but they are sometimes caught from three to seven pounds. Fish of this size afford splendid play, and as the *habitans* near by are glad of any fish given them, as many can be taken without doing violence to a tender conscience as the angler may desire. If some of my friends who still visit the Adirondacks, at great cost and little amusement, would make one visit to this paradise of all game fish, they would be sure to repeat their visit and thank the angler who made the suggestion.

I say this not simply because sea trout are available during several hours of every day in such numbers as would satisfy any one, but also because there are a score of lakes in the neighborhood as full of river and brook trout as they are beautiful in themselves and in their surroundings. I referred, in an early letter of this series, to eight of these lakes which I visited last year. As I write this, I have just returned from two others not then visited. They are both within three miles of our camp. The walk is not hard—as woodsmen count hardness—as the guides find it easy enough to tote their canoes to the point desired. Both of these lakes would excite the admiration of anyone who appreciates beautiful scenery, but one of them (and the largest) is, without exception, the most beautiful bit of water I have ever seen—and I have seen nearly every bit of water that is called beautiful in our own and in several neighboring States. This statement may seem extravagant, but it is simply sober truth. It is about two and a half miles in length, and from one to two miles broad. The water is almost as transparent as the atmosphere, but its clear water is but one of its beauties. It is encircled by verdant slopes, rocky promontories, lofty mountains, shady nooks and quiet covers, each perfect in its own line of beauty. It contains besides several islands clothed in full verdure. Its inlet is a broad mountain stream which brings music with it as it leaps into the lake, and the basin which its rushing waters have formed during the centuries is such a casting place as any appreciative angler would be willing to travel a hundred miles to simply look at.

My purpose in visiting these lakes was less to take fish from them than to see if there were any fish in them to take. It took but a moment to discover that both of them were full of trout. There were six of us to feed—four guides and two visitors—and we resolved to catch just enough for the three meals we were to take upon their borders. This would have been the work of but a few minutes if we had not skillfully abstained from hooking two-thirds of those that rose to our fly. In the smallest of the lakes a good angler could fill a flour barrel in a day. In the largest they were equally abundant. I made the circuit of the lake, a distance of at least five miles. I cast every foot of the way, and at almost every cast started a fish. I have no doubt I could have landed hundreds by careful fishing; but as my purpose was to start the game and not to bag it, I completed the circuit with simply six trout (averaging a pound) in my creel.

If any of my friends (young or old) have a desire to spend a month or a fortnight in this paradise of trout lakes and rivers, I will be glad to point out to them the way. I am aware that conscientious anglers (and all anglers, "born so," are conscientious) will raise the objection that it is wrong to catch more fish than you can use. "And so say we, all of us." But all the fish you may catch in these waters can be utilized. The guides you will be obliged to have with you will accept, thankfully, all the fish you may furnish them. I know a salted trout is not a tid-bit to covet, but it is relished here better than any other salted fish, except salmon, taken from the water during the autumn months. In streams or lakes in the vicinity of a dense population it would be criminal to catch trout to salt; but here, where there are millions of fish to every angler, and where more die every year from old age than would feed an army, it is almost a crime not to bring them into the larder in any eatable condition.

The journey to this region is a long one, but it is not necessarily expensive, and more genuine sport can be had in a fortnight than is available at any point near our own ancient city during the entire summer. I should add, perhaps, that trout fishing is open to any one in these lakes, and in this river also, after the 15th of August—the best sea-trout season. "Permits" are only necessary for those who fish it for salmon in the salmon season. If anyone should conclude to come here he can land at Tadousac, get a schaloupe to bring him up to the mouth of the St. Marguerite, where he will find Johnny Jourdain, who will start him off fully advised where to go and what to do to be virtuous and happy. The time from Albany is: to Montreal nine hours, to Quebec fourteen hours (by steamer), to Tadousac (also by steamer) twelve hours, and to Jourdaine's, by schaloupe, three to ten hours, according to wind and tide. There is, however, a necessary detention at Montreal of seven hours, but there is no other detention until you arrive at Tadousac, if you reach Quebec on the morning the Saguenay boat leaves for that river. The gentlemanly purser of the steamer Saguenay will give visitors all needed information as to the best mode of reaching their destination after leaving the steamer. G. D.

A MASKALONGE GULLER GULLED.

LAST Saturday as our worthy alderman Archy Grant, of the Third Ward, was trolling near the mouth of the Knaw river, a small black gull struck his spoon, as he was in the act of pulling in his line within thirty feet of his boat. Our good-natured alderman, thinking to have some fun, called to his companion, Mr. Will Christian, the well-known and talented musician, telling him he had struck a maskalonge, and asking him to come to his assistance, in the meantime allowing the gull to carry out all of his line.

Christian answered his cry for assistance by pulling rapidly to him. Grant asked him to take the line, as he was tired out, and did not think he could land him. Christian took the line and commenced pulling gull and spoon as rapidly as if life depended upon getting the supposed fish into the boat. Grant settled back in his boat anticipating much fun when the gull would make his appearance, when he was aroused by Christian'sexclaiming, "What a whopper!" and on looking around he saw, to his surprise, not a gull but a maskalonge, and a huge fellow, too, vainly endeavoring to shake the hook from his jaws.

As he sprang nearly clear of the water, Grant could scarcely believe he saw aright. Could it be possible! Had a maskalonge taken the gull? Such was the fact; and Grant was as anxious now to get the line into his hands, as he had been a few moments before to play a practical joke upon his companion, who though a skilled musician, was a poor fisherman. So calling to him he said, "I guess I will take him now; he is a big fellow and I am afraid you will lose him."

To his great disgust, Christian yelled back, "No you don't. I've been fishing for ten years to catch a maskalonge, and this is the first chance I've had."

And despite Grant's prayers and protestations he continued to pull and haul at the line, reminding him, so Grant said, of a "Dutchman pulling a strange dog." At last, finding that Christian was bent on landing or losing his fish, Grant, who is a very skillful fisherman, having fought many a battle with that king of the finny tribe, the salmon, in the waters of his own native land; Scotland, pulled his boat as near as possible to Christian, thinking to aid him with advice. He called to him to "give him line when he rushes."

"Devil a bit," said Christian. "I've had hard work enough to get him as near as he is now, and you bet I'm going to hold him."

"You blank fool, do you expect to pull a maskalonge into your boat as you would a log?" shouted the now exasperated Grant, who could wait no longer, caught the line, and playing his fish with great skill, succeeded in landing, after half an hour's stubborn fight, a thirty-three pound mascalonge, the largest caught here this season. Upon examination it was found that the lower or loose hook had passed entirely through the head of the gull, and the fish must have struck near the surface, as the bird prevented the spoon from sinking, which makes the capture of this fish the more remarkable as, here at least, the maskalonge is only caught by deep fishing.

Grant says he considers himself the only fisherman who ever caught a maskalonge with a gull for bait, but does not care about catching another, as up to date he has had to tell the story and treat not only all of our numerous body of city officials but a large proportion of our voting population. Dr. C. A. Hewers.

Detroit, Mich., July 30.

TENNESSEE NOTES.

ONE of the most prominent evidences of the benefits arising from our lately passed fish protection laws is the quantity of fine fish being taken from the Cumberland River. Twenty-five years ago it was a common occurrence to capture large Jack and bass from the point of either the upper or lower island, and as a boy I have caught beautiful drum and blue cat (the latter a game fish in our waters) at the wharf, and all along the bank of the river within the city limits. As the city began to grow in size, and a consequent demand for fresh fish, the pot-fisher came into existence, bringing along his nets, traps, seines, and other devilish devices for taking fish from the river and its tributaries. With the advent of these monsters the legitimate sportsman was forced from his favorite grounds, and the enjoyment of skillful angling. I say grounds, because the marauders utterly destroyed the fish which ran up Mill, Brown's and White's creeks, as well as the Stone River by blockading their mouths with nets, so that the true disciples had to look for fields so far removed that it became a question of undeniable labor and expense to indulge in their favorite pastime.

Our native citizens submitted to these outrages, and perhaps would have continued to do so had not Col. Geo. F. Akers adopted Nashville as his home. He had imbibed the love of angling at an early day, partly from choice, but more so from necessity; I say necessity, because much of his earlier fishing was done in the streams of Appomatox county, Va., where he lived and had to fish for the meat. After settling down here he saw how the streams around Nashville were being depopulated and began by trying to teach the people to catch the fish in the legitimate way, and to instill in the young folks the pleasures and physical benefits to be derived from fishing excursions and the use of the reel. Finally, as fortune favored him in his commercial pursuits, and he had time to devote to his hobby, the Governor of the State appointed him Fish Commissioner for the Middle Division. Though the office was a thankless and non-paying one, the Colonel accepted, and by perseverance and a considerable outlay of his own private means, paved the way to a final solution of the vexed question by getting the people in favor of it and the Legislature to pass the present law. Many kicked against it at first, but in certain localities where the law was enforced such marked increase in the fish supply was noticed that the malcontents began to see the advantages of it, and now the man who dares seine or trap fish is looked down upon, and in many cases reported to the authorities.

This is the result of the Colonel's unabated efforts during a period of at least fifteen years, and he should feel proud of his success; and although no longer a resident among us, he must read with pleasure of the increase of fish in all the streams of that section he so long represented as commissioner.

Collins River, in Warren county, is said to be teeming with fine large bass and black perch this summer. W. K. McAllister, Esq., a gentleman several years past the three score and ten, lately caught a fine creel from it. The water is very clear and cold (coming as it does from the Cumberland Mountains), and the fish caught from it are of very superior quality.

Three catfish, averaging ten pounds each, were caught near this city last week. Now that the schoolboys have their summer vacation, the river banks are lined with them, angling in all styles; some with the most approved tackle and others with the rudest kind, yet they all seem happy, and bring home quite a lot of nice fish every evening.

J. D. H.

Nashville, July 28.

LABRADOR SALMON FISHING.

THE salmon fishing on the north shore, as here the southern coast of Labrador is called, is now fast expiring. At Gaspé, on the south shore, no very remarkable hauls have been made, and only the Dartmouth has proved productive. Young Mr. Evans, son of our ex-Secretary, succeeded there, in a couple of weeks, to kill, himself, forty-eight salmon, averaging, however, only about sixteen pounds, which low weight has also been the chief source of complaint on the York and St. Johns rivers, both of which empty their waters into Gaspé basin. I could not ascertain exactly the scores made on the Restigouche, but was assured at Cumbellton, by one of the best guides, that one of the parties fishing there killed thirty salmon in one week. It is easy to reach the coast of Labrador, either by the way of Quebec in a small steamer called the Otter, owned by the firm of Frazer & Halliday, or else by the semi-monthly mail schooner from Gaspé, which, upon request, will, on very reasonable terms, land any single passengers at any one desired point. I am stationed now at the mouth of the St. Johns River, with the eastern end of Anticosti Island in full sight. By being the guest of Messrs. Garland and Bland, who are this year again the lessees of the St. Johns, a great many advantages accrue to me in my investigations from which I would have been otherwise debarred.

The height of salmon fishing is here also past, and they report a score of over ninety salmon taken by them since the 15th of June. Sea trout fishing at the mouth of most of the rivers, however, is now immense and large scores may be made even by non-experts in a few hours whenever the tide rises. I saw in two hours no less than two hundred pounds of sea trout taken by the two rods of Messrs. Bland and Garland, who used on this occasion the golden pheasant and dock Scot fly. The weather here is now delightful, ranging between 65 to 72 degrees Fahrenheit, with pleasant, cool nights, although black flies and mosquitoes up the river necessitate comprehensive precautions to render the stay comfortable. It may be worth knowing that by late decision of the courts the right to fish the Mingan and Romaine rivers has been accorded to the signorie of Mingan, for six miles from the mouth, which includes in these two rivers the best fishing, while it hardly affects the rest of water courses.

Whoever delights in excellent sea trout fishing may find plenty of sport here until the beginning of September, at the mouth of all rivers, but the fish commences its ascent after that date. The majority exceed one pound in weight.

C. L.

St. Johns, Labrador, July 25, 1882.

FLY vs. BAIT.

AS this is a sort of "love-feast or experience meeting" I should like to speak. I have no doubt but scientific and sportsmanlike fishing should be done with an elegant ten-foot jointed rod, reel and fly. But is it not the bottom fact that fish are earthy to the extent that they will take a worm any time in preference to a fly? And, furthermore, will they not often take a worm when they will not rise to a fly?

Of course a fisherman does not go fishing simply to get something to eat, but after all I think he may once in a while be justified in slyly putting on a worm, for it is awful dull fishing with no rises.

One day I fished in the Montmorency, eleven miles across the country from Quebec, in the Laval district, and while I caught but a few trout and small at that, casting a fly for miles, a farmer boy who could not "even speak English" hauled in some beautiful trout with a pole which pointed in every direction, coarse line and clumsy hook baited with a worm. Good Izaak fished with a grub.

Next to a young robin I think a fish is the greatest gourmand that exists. I have caught pollock a foot long in the coves on the Maine coast, who were so full of fish offal, which had been thrown overboard from the "pogy" boats, that fish entrails hung from their mouth, yet they would bite with avidity. J. A. H.

Ohio, Aug. 5, 1882.

SILK LINES.

IN a recent letter from my friend, Dr. Ferber, he states that he is salmon fishing in Canada; that he hooked a large fish which parted his line. Upon testing the line he found it very weak. On more than one occasion I have been annoyed by the weakness of silk lines. For surgical purposes I purchased silk braid in hanks, seven hanks of different sizes costing sixty-five cents; each hank contains about twelve yards, and costs about three-quarters of a cent per yard. The question arises why should silk lines be so expensive, and not at all times reliable? I inclose six different sizes for your inspection. Al Fresco.

Jacksonville, Aug. 3, 1882.

[We understand that first-class dealers warrant their silk lines, and, unless a line was old and worn out, we would throw it back on their hands if not perfect. There are many qualities, perhaps, but we do not know the poor ones, as we have always had good lines, a fact that may be attributed to good fortune, if anything, for you can only judge of a line by its appearance, and if hard, even and well finished, many defects might be hidden beneath the coat of water-proofing. In a private note our correspondent wonders at the extravagant cost of first-class silk lines. So do we. We do not

doubt but such a water-proof, braided silk line as we pay five dollars for can be made and sold at a fair profit for one dollar. The samples of surgical silk sent are strong but are not round, nor are they water-proofed. The latter process stiffens a line and keeps it from kinking. The surgical silk will fray easily, but no doubt would be excellent if coated with some sort of water-proof material. Its softness would render it liable not only to kink, but to fray in the rings.]

CAPTURE OF A BIG SHARK OFF FIRE ISLAND.—Mr. W. C. Rogers, of 560 Broadway, and Mr. W. T. Taliaferro, were off Fire Island Light House on Monday comfortably fixed in one of the Wawayanda Club's best yachts, trying rod and reel for bluefish. The sport was poor, and Mr. Rogers, becoming weary of ill-luck, yielded the field to Mr. Taliaferro, who was somewhat annoyed at the indifferent success of his party, especially when observing that his neighbors half a mile off were doing so much better. But the absence of bluefish was soon explained by the presence of a huge shark, a genuine black fellow, measuring ten or twelve feet. All was excitement in a moment; Mr. Rogers arousing himself to action, making preparation for the battle. We soon got our shark tackle in shape, using an empty keg for a float, and a whole mossbunker for bait. The hook was scarcely well in the water before the keg was seen to disappear rapidly, and all hands were promptly at their post to give the important strike, and we soon found we had fastened the monster. For one hour the struggle lasted, during which time our mettle was severely tried, for at close quarters he showed fierce fight, and could only be conquered by the repeated thrusts with an old bayonet, delivered with great force by our captain, into the heart and brain of our foe. Our neighbors seeing something unusual going on in our boat, came alongside, and suggested that we should carry our captive to the hotel wharf, which we did, affording the many guests at Sammis's the first sight of a genuine black shark. His weight was variously estimated at from 450 to 600 pounds. Additional interest was given to the occasion by Dr. Townsend's (of Albany) skillful removal of one of the eyes.—X.

THE SEVEN PONDS.—Rangeley, Me., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice a slight error concerning these ponds in Samuel Farmer's late communication, and trust he will pardon me for making correction. He refers to Northwest Pond as being on the divide. It is Grant's Pond that is thus situated; the two ponds are less than half a mile apart, however. The ponds are known as Rocky, Big Island, L. Loug, Beaver, Little Island, Grant's and Northwest. These are the principal ones. There are two small ponds lying adjacent to Northwest at the base of the Boundary Ridge, with separate outlets, that converge to a point at, and empty into, the upper end of Northwest Pond. Whitecap Pond is two miles distant from Little Island Pond, and discharges into Kennebago stream a short distance below Long Pond. Thus it will be seen there are eleven ponds in the group, without mentioning one or two smaller beaver ponds. As regards the controversy by interested parties as to the best route, I have nothing to offer, except to coincide with the editorial remarks in last week's issue, although I have decided convictions. But I will add that what has been stated regarding abundance of fish and game is all true, and is under rather than over drawn, as witness the following: A party going to Seven Ponds week before last saw on the stream three moose and seven deer. The following day another party saw one moose and two deer, all between Little Kennebago and Long Pond. Since then as many more have been met with by other parties on the same stream. I state this for the benefit of sportsmen, not for lines and routes of travel and other interested parties; still I am loth to "give it away," as my interest is all in the opposite direction.—WARFIELD.

WOUNDED TROUT.—While reading a late number of FOREST AND STREAM I ran across several incidents regarding trout being hurt by the hook and immediately biting again. While fishing this summer on the Boardman I got into a thicket, and found a deep hole about two feet below a log that had fallen across, leaving about sixteen or eighteen inches of clear water; I took the top joint of my rod with a short line and dropped in. Snap! came a trout to the fly; I hooked him but could not land him and he broke loose. I dropped the fly again and snap! he came up and out, with his mouth bleeding from his former attempt. Early in June I caught a large trout that had two hooks in his mouth, and in trying to get them out they broke like pipe-stems; I cut the pieces out and they crumbled up fine as powder by rubbing them between the thumb and finger. I also took a large one that had a hook and patent sinker in his stomach, with nearly four inches of snell protruding through the vent. I am not troubled as some of your correspondents are, especially some of the Kingfishers, with brush; and right here let me tell all lovers of trout fishing never to go out, especially where the stream is narrow and brushy, as it is in the Boardman or Jordan in places, without a horse-hair line, and you will say less "cuss words." Horse-hair lines never wind up on twigs, limbs, etc., so, but what a little jerk and they are all right again. I, for one, am never without one, and I fish with either fly or bait, as suits the fish. I would like to hear from some of your readers in regard to fin for bait. I have had splendid luck both with fin and gullet, when trout would not touch a fly.—W. E. WINER (Michigan).

BLACK BASS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Claremont, N. H., August 2.—Perhaps it will interest some of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that we have very good black bass and trout fishing up here in New Hampshire. Sunapee Lake (Sunapee, N. H.) is one of the best fishing grounds in the State. This beautiful sheet of water lies at the base of Mount Sunapee, is nine miles long, studded with beautiful islands and surrounded with magnificent scenery. Its waters are well stocked with trout and black bass. A party of four from Claremont, N. H., caught eighty pounds July 29, some of them the handsomest your correspondent ever saw. A magnificent trout weighing six pounds was recently caught by a party from Ware, N. H., while fishing for bass in this lake. Sunapee Lake is accessible by the Concord and Claremont, N. H., railroad, which leaves Concord and Claremont for the lake, etc., several times each day. Stages connect at Sunapee depot, and the United States mail steamer Lady Woodsum, a staunch and trim steamboat, at Newbury depot, running to Sunapee Harbor, Lake View Runals House, etc., where fishermen can be accommodated at all times. Your correspondent has been there and knows whereof he writes.—BEAU.

MASSACHUSETTS BLACK BASS.—Boston, August 1.—July has not been a favorable month for bass fishing; yet during the first half or coolest part of the month there have been some very good catches taken from all the ponds of this part of the State. Many two-pounders, and so on up to five-pounders, with the usual number of big ones hooked but lost, broken tackle and resolutions, etc. The Plymouth ponds are counted among our best waters for fly-fishing, a circumstance not easily explained; in fact, a great deal of mystery still surrounds the conduct of the fickle fighters anyway, and I reckon will not be cleared up this year. As Uncle Nat says, "You never know what one is going to do; to-day one kind of bait is the best, and to-morrow they won't touch it." The incident that called forth this remark was a five-pound bass taking my fly about noon, under a scorching sun, with the water surface as smooth as a bottle. We expect more and the best results yet to come during August, but the time will now have to be divided between this sport and the woodcock shooting, which opens here to-day. Some few guns are already out prospecting.—M.

FISHING IN A CENTRAL PARK LAKE.—For several weeks the Central Park policemen have been kept busy driving away a gang of between twenty or thirty boys, who had made "a dead set" with lines and hooks on the fishes in the One Hundred and Tenth street lake, near the Fifth avenue. The gang generally appeared as early as 4 o'clock A. M., and when the morning squad came on duty, and approached the lake, the fellows would scatter in all directions. Leading the party was George Manard, aged seventeen years, who has repeatedly assaulted Officer Stone of the Park Police with stones and other missiles because the latter interfered with the sport. Early this morning Officer Stone, in citizen's dress, pounced upon Manard just as the fellow had landed a large, fat perch, and he marched the prisoner, with his string of perch, between eight and ten pounds, before Justice Bixby, at the Yorkville Police Court. Manard was sent to prison for ten days in default of $10, and the mess of fish was confiscated by the prison-keeper.—*Evening Post, Aug.* 2.

ARIZONA FISHES.—Tucson, Ariz.—Arizona cannot boast much of fish, on account of it intermittent streams and intense heat. The Colorado River produces a hump-backed sucker of soft meat and insipid flavor. In the northern tributaries of the Gila speckled mountain trout are found in considerable quantities. In the San Pedro and Santa Cruz some small fry are found, not worth mentioning. Carp are being introduced into the lakes, ponds and cienegas of the Territory, and promise well. Terrapin and frogs are found in great abundance, and are of good quality and flavor. The territorial Legislature established a fish commission by an act approved March 3, 1881, providing three commissioners, who are to report bi-annually before the meeting of the Legislature, and appropriated $500 for expenses of same. An act of February 3, 1881, provides that no fish shall be taken or killed with giant powder, or other explosive material, under penalty of fine of not more than $300 or county jail three months.—CHARLES D. POSTON.

WHITE BASS TAKE THE FLY.—New York, Aug. 5.—I note that "Homo," in speaking of the white bass of the Northern lakes, says that they are taken with minnow bait, and says nothing of their taking a fly. I lived for some years at Niagara, Ont., at the mouth of the Niagara River, and have caught a good many white bass, using nothing but a pure white fly, home made. Lovers of fly-fishing will do well to try this sort of fishing, as these bass are as gamy as their black brothers, and four half-pound white bass will give all the sport one would wish, for we used from three to five flies on the leader at once. I have landed five of them at one cast. One can take from thirty to eighty fish in an evening's fishing. They can be found at the mouth of the Niagara River from June till October. Any one wishing information of the fishing at Niagara can get the same of me or by writing to W. S. Lansing, Esq., Niagara.—L. C. K.

ANGLING IN KENTUCKY.—We are permitted to publish the following letter from a former Fish Commissioner of Tennessee to our correspondent, "J. D. D.":

ROCKCASTLE SPRINGS, Ky., August 1, 1882.—I have reached the "climax" of fishing grounds. This place is certainly properly named. "Jim Crow's" letters in the *Courier-Journal* faintly portray the grandeur of these hills and streams; but read him of the 30th ult. I am sitting in the Grand Piazza, fronting the river, with a party of friends. My No. 3 reel at my side and the hook one hundred feet from me, extends into the deep water in full view. I have had some lively tugs, and have landed several fine fish, "Salmon," jack, bass, channel cat and other game fish fill the waters, and the angler is happy.—GEO. F. AKERS.

MAINE NOTES.—The Orland correspondent of the Ellsworth *American* says sportsmen are taking fine trout from the ponds in that vicinity, and the bass put in the river three years ago by John A. Buck have done well; a large one was caught the other day. The Belfast *Journal* says that Cobbosseecontee Lake is becoming quite a resort for fishermen, and its attractions are drawing people to its shores. Wm. F. Garcelon, Esq., of Lewiston, had the honor of reeling in a bass recently, said by the guide to be the largest one caught in Cobbosseecontee this season.

FIFTY-DOLLAR TROUT.—Boston.—I see in an extract from a Portland, Oregon, paper, that "last Sunday a gentleman from Seabeck, W. T., went out in the canal for the purpose of catching fish, and when a twenty-five pound salmon took his hook it nearly upset him, and in landing his game a $50 watch slipped from his pocket and sank from his sight in the water. This is the most costly fish ever caught, standing the angler $2.50 per pound." Lots of our boys are out more than $50 on one trout weighing less than a pound and never tell of it.—C. E. G.

SIZE OF YELLOW PERCH.—East Douglas, Mass.—Have just finished reading the last number of your unequalled paper, which I found very interesting. In "St. Clair's" letter, of last number, he says he "presumes the perch in the North may weigh as high as a pound." I have caught them weighing three pounds, and have seen them even larger. They are a good table fish, and quite gamy, but not equal to the bass. The latter are quite plenty and of fair size, one being caught by a friend last week weighing four and three-quarter pounds.—AMATEUR.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Aug. 5.—Fishing for sheepshead has been very good since the middle of July on all the bays in the New Jersey coast. Weakfish are now running in goodly numbers, and one cannot fail to find good sport at any point from Cape May to Barnegat. At Betterton, at the mouth of the Sassafras River, Md., white perch have begun to bite, but the fish are small as yet. The run of larger fish is never looked for until the last of August and first of September. Few of our Philadelphia anglers fond of Betterton perch fishing start for these grounds until the first week of the last mentioned month, preferring to wait for the bigger run.—HOMO.

MICHIGAN.—Grand Rapids, June 23.—We have here some very fine black bass fishing, often taking them from three to five pounds weight, and they are gamy, I assure you. Our fall fishing is the best, as log-driving seriously interferes with spring fishing. Messrs. Harrington and Curtis "take the bun" for last fall, taking a magnificent string of bass, and hardly a fish less than three pounds weight. I note in your issue of June 1, W. E. M., under date April 21, speaks of having caught fish in the Boardman. They were not then in season.—ALEX. [The letter of W. E. M. was written May 21, the other date having been wrongly given.]

FLORIDA FISHING.—Large channel bass have entered the river, and I have been informed that a fisherman landed five on Saturday last. Tarpon have appeared, and they are daily seen going through their acrobatic performances. On Saturday last a fisherman hooked a large fellow, but he carried away the line. Sea trout of good size are biting freely on the oyster bank, opposite Pilot Town.—AL FRESCO (Jacksonville Aug. 3, 1882).

STRIPED BASS.—Swampscott, Mass., July 29.—The best bass of the season was taken here this morning by one of our experts, J. Porter Thomas. It was a handsome fish, though small, only weighing sixteen pounds. He was taken off Tinker's Island, and his captor, after taking him, landed thirty as fine tautog as one would wish to see. Mr. Thomas says there are a few bass left marked J. P. T. We shall see.—S. M. S.

BIG BLACK BASS IN GREENWOOD LAKE.—Warwick Woodlands, Aug. 3.—On July 28 Dr. C. A. Olcott, of the club, caught a big mouth, or Oswego bass, weighing six pounds, making him the champion fisherman of the season, he having caught the largest fish.—B. S.

NARROWSBURG, Sullivan Co., N. Y., Aug. 3.—Fishing has been very poor here.—L. B. C.

Fishculture.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

CONGRESS having accepted the invitation of the Government of Great Britain to participate in the great International Fisheries Exhibition, to be held at London, in May, 1883, the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries has been instructed to prepare, under the auspices of the Department of State, a complete and systematic exhibit representative of the fisheries of the United States.

Preparations for the exhibition are already in progress, and there is no reason why it will not be possible during the nine months which remain before the opening of the exhibition to provide for a display which shall do great credit to the extensive fishery industries of this country. In order to accomplish this result it will be necessary to secure the co-operation and aid of all persons interested in fishing, fishculture, the fisheries and the related industries. I cordially invite correspondence, therefore, from any persons having articles suitable for exhibition, or willing to suggest plans by which the display of the United States may be rendered more effective.

Two classes of articles will be carried to London for exhibition, viz:

First—Those which make up the "collective exhibit of the United States," and,

Second—Those which are entered for competition.

In the collective exhibit will be shown, in a systematic and synoptical manner, illustrations of our marine and freshwater animals of economic value, together with the apparatus and methods of their capture and utilization, and the commercial, scientific, social, historical and legislative aspect of the fisheries. It will include the most striking features of similar exhibits made by the Fish Commission in the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, and the International Fishery Exhibition, at Berlin, in 1880, together with many additional ones never previously attempted. The major part of this display will be borrowed from the collections of the National Museum in Washington, but it will be necessary to secure a considerable number of new objects. I wish to reserve the right of placing in this department such of the private exhibits as can there be shown to the best advantage, it being understood that these are not to be excluded from competition. When objects are purchased to fill gaps in this exhibit, it will be with the definite understanding that they cannot enter into competition, and the name of the person from whom they were obtained will not be mentioned on the labels or in the catalogue.

It is considered especially desirable that the department of competitive exhibits shall contain a very complete representation of the various food preparations of fish—canned, dried, pickled, smoked, etc.—there being a constantly increasing demand in England for goods of this description, shipments to that country amounting, in 1881, to more than $2,000,000, in addition to the very large exports to other parts of Europe and to the European colonies in the East. Manufacturers of boats and boat-fittings, angling apparatus and costumes, and other similar articles, are also urged to contribute. Medals in gold, silver, bronze, and diplomas of honor will be awarded by a jury of experts.

I am prepared to act, both in this country and London, as the representative of individual exhibitors, and to attend to correspondence relating to applications for space, etc. Goods to be exhibited, if delivered in Washington, Philadelphia or New York, will be carried to London and installed at the expense of the government; special arrangements may be made for the return of articles at the close of the exhibition.

Prospectuses, blank application-forms, blank "lists of exhibits proposed to be shown," and any information desired will be furnished on application. Applications for space for competitive displays should be made before the 1st of September, 1882.

The exhibition—which is under the patronage of the Queen of England and the presidency of the Prince of Wales—will be opened on the 1st of May, 1883, in buildings now being erected in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, and will continue for a period of six months.

SPENCER F. BAIRD,
U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

U. S. Commission Fish and Fisheries, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, July 20, 1882.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 5, 4, 5 and 6, 1892. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society: Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1892, close December 1, 1891. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Slayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

September 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, Fairmont, Minn. Entries for the Derby close July 1, for the All-aged, Sept. 4. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.

November 17—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 881, New York, Secretary.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials or Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

GORDON AND BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The spirit of the times seems to be made up of contradictions and assertions. The great Laverack controversy is just ended in a most unsatisfactory manner, and now "Vitus" wishes to bring an equally hard and unuseful controversy up with regard to the origin of the present Gordon setter. "Vitus" may write many volumes on the subject, and in the end what good can he do for a breed which has no "warmer friend" than himself? If he really is such, why does he persist in throwing mud, when by doing so he is only detracting from his warm friends?

If he cannot see any advantage the black and tan Gordon setter has over the English or Irish setter, why should he pretend to be so greatly in its favor?

May I ask "Vitus"—and I expect, as he has made setters a study—to mention an instance of a black and tan setter ever having been either bred or shown as an English setter. What chances would an Irish setter have if he was black and tan? Why, red is his color as much as black and tan or black, white and tan is the Gordon setter color. Why should not Auld Reekie have a setter as well as England or "the Old Soil"?

"Vitus" does out of his way to prove that the Gordon setter is a mongrel, and by so doing he detracts from one of his warmest friends—not a pleasant sort of friend to have, I should say—and takes the ground that Stonehenge says so. All Stonehenge gives is heresay evidence, which nowadays will not be accepted. Another writer says that collie blood was infused by the Duke of Gordon into his breed. Be these assertions as they may, we have now got a breed of dogs whose pedigree we can trace as accurately as any English or Irish setter. These pedigrees would be worthless if their representatives did not show certain distinctive marks of breeding. "Vitus" cannot deny that the original setters bred at Gordon Castle were for the most part black, and Lord Lovat, who purchased the strain when the Gordon Castle kennel was broken up, bred black, white and tan Gordon setters. Why should "Vitus" deny them a name? The black and tan setter was bred from dogs of this strain, and the color was got by selection, as the pure black was also considered a more beautiful dog than the black, white and tan.

All this is beside the subject matter that all lovers of the Gordon setter have at heart, and that is how is he to be improved. Mr. Laverack improved the English setter by breeding up to a certain standard which he considered the proper one, and Mr. Llewellin seeing certain faults in the Lavericks, has endeavored by his breeding of English setters to overcome these, and has to a certain extent succeeded, and I have no doubt but some other enthusiast will improve on the Llewellin setter. So I hope it will be with the Gordon. Mr. Dixon has his ideas of what they should be, Mr. Malcolm has his, and as both these gentlemen have the true love of the Gordon setter in them, I have not the least doubt but that they will succeed in making great improvement on the breed, as they both have the same idea that the modern Gordon setter has been bred a too heavily made animal. No one reading the article of "Vitus," just published, but must consider him an enemy of the noble dog of which he has the foolhardiness to call himself the warm friend.

He must have had very little experience of the Gordon setter and less of the Irish when he says that the Gordon setter is indebted to the Irish for all his good qualities.

I don't at all wish to be like "Vitus," a warm friend of the Irish and thus run him down, but I will say this of the Gordon setter, that he beats the Irish in nose and tractableness, two most important considerations in a dog that has to be used for the purpose that setters generally are used for—*i. e.*, finding game birds for the sportsman to shoot. Let all lovers of the Gordon setter bury the hatchet and use every means in their power to improve him and get back his lost prestige in the field.

What we want to do was very ably stated by a friend of mine the other day. He said "he liked a dog with a big heart for his work, always ready to respond to the encouraging voice of his master. This is what is principally wanted. Get a properly proportioned body, be it big or little, and put a "big heart" in it. This, with the inherited characteristics of the breed, is all that is necessary to bring the Gordon forward as the *ne plus ultra* of a sporting dog. M. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 27th July, an article written under the initial "V.," and in a previous issue in May he writes under the *nom de plume* of "Vitus." As your correspondent replies to me, please permit me to say to him, where he states many persons are of the opinion that the Duke of Gordon was the originator of the Gordon setter, and he presumes, he says, from the tone of my letter, I am one of these, I will state in reply to this assertion that I have never yet seen or read evidence to convince me as to where this noble strain of setters did originate, but am sufficiently satisfied to give the Duke of Gordon the glory of calling them after him, as has been done for sixty years or more, for you cannot doubt, I hope, that had it not been for the Duke of Gordon we probably never would have known and been able to perpetuate this *ne plus ultra* of setters, and as they certainly were first brought prominently before the public by the Gordon family, I think, with that well-known authority Idstone to bear me out, I am safe in what I say. Idstone classifies the setter as English, Irish and Gordon, and we lovers of the Gordon setter will do the same, and I claim, judging from what has been handed down to us for ages back, that we have a more legitimate right to call them the Gordon setter than either the Lewellin or Lavericks have. Now this, I think, will be the decision of all admirers of the Gordon setter.

Mr. Editor, if your correspondent will read in your issue of the 27th of July an article on the Gordon setter, he will see my ideas from a practical standpoint as to how I think this dog should be bred for utility. Why, Mr. Editor, even Vero Shaw, the book from whom "V." quotes, tells us "The value of dogs from the Duke's kennel was far higher than of those coming from other quarters, and a genuine importation from Gordon Castle was always looked upon as possessed of no impurity of blood."

Now, it is surprising to me that one whose knowledge of the Gordon setter seems to be made up from books alone should have neglected to tell us what Idstone says about this grand field dog, the Gordon setter; but as your correspondent "V." has not done so, I will. Idstone, in speaking of the Gordon setter, says: "Much has been written as to their quality, and dogs with any trace of descent from the Duke's blood command the highest prices." To trace to his Regent, Old Bangs, Old Dan, or to Mr. Cook's Pan, or Fan, for Mr. Cook and the Duke bred from the same stock is ample warrant for purity of lineage. Idstone further states, "he has been assured by gentlemen still living, and who have been to the Duke, that there were numbers of black and tan setters at Gordon Castle, but that he also possessed prized breed, and shot over black, white and tans. He gives the list of dogs sold at the Duke's sale, and states further, and says "without doubt, these formed only a part of the kennel, for I have heard that a race of black and tans with white frills went to the Duke of Abercorn, and that nine others went to the Duke of Argyle and Viscount Bolingbroke, the latter of whom received one which was given to the Duke of Argyle as a present just at or before the Duke of Gordon's death." He further states "he has seen better setters of the black and tan than any other breed."

In speaking of Kent, he says: "He won the grand gold medal in France. He was fine in his day, but he probably imposed upon many judges by his rich color and large stature," which imposition, I claim, has caused all this immense size to-day, by breeders always looking after these prize winners on the bench, and seeking them for stud purposes and perpetuating these red destructives, which "V." would have us believe were caused by bloodhound cross. Idstone further says "he has often wondered what the public would have thought if they had seen Lord Bolingbroke's Argyle." He tells us "he was a narrow, deep made, racy looking dog, of true pure Gordon blood." (Now here is an entirely different style dog, and he in Kent's day was in form, and from all one can learn from books, what I have been pleased to term the light-weight Gordon setter, and of the style of those shot over by Duke of Gordon, as nearly all the authorities except Stonehenge prove this conclusively to my mind.) Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to ask your correspondent if he ever attended a bench show, and if so, did he attend the first one held in New York, at Gilmore's Garden? If he did, I would like to call to his mind some of my style Gordons, or, in other words, what I call light weights; prominent among them were Mr. Coopeland's Shot, Mr. Munn's Duke of Gordon, Mr. Marble's Glouse, and Mr. Tilley's Dream I., and several others which I fail to call to mind at present. In all this lot he did not see a heavy one like those we see on the bench to-day. These dogs were kept for field work, and have left sons and daughters behind them as grand as their illustrious sires in the field. This style dog you never see at the bench show, now the Stonehenge standard has driven them off, and their heavy relatives, bred for bench show business, allowed wrongfully to take their place.

Your correspondent seems to question my having pure bred Gordons of light weight. Evidently he has seen but few of any kind. After reading the above, and I tell him my light-weight beauties trace directly back to the dogs spoken of by Idstone, and mentioned by me in this letter, he will then find his assertion is not true, for in their veins he will find runs as pure Gordon setter blood as is known. And to the assertion he makes that I want a standard to suit my kennel, is as false as it is mean, for I never have shown my dogs on the bench, nor do I ever expect to, at least for several years to come, if ever. What I have been writing for has been for the good of the Gordon setter owned by all, and which is being ruined for field use by breeding him to the immense size that we see him of to-day. But, Mr. Editor, I am getting a little too far off the book learning that V. is more familiar with, so I will give him a few more lines from Idstone that I hope will help to show him that I am correct in my views as regards the Gordon setter provided to touch shows. Idstone says, "The Rev. Mr. Hawker, a Wiltshire clergyman, who writes under the name of Sixty-one, has some good ones, especially as regards frame, speed; and the Marquis of Huntly who never passes by a good one if it is to be obtained, he has Silk and young Kent, both bred by Idstone. The latter except that he has not tip-top speed, is one of the best dogs to hunt, find and quarter his ground which I ever broke, but he is not so narrow and deep as I like a field dog, in my opinion." In speaking of Deady owned by Sir Fleming, of Killkerran House, he says he was a grand one, making ninety or one hundred points at the first field trial ever held, at which, he says, he was one of the judges. Mr. Editor, I will have to ask you to please pardon me for making this article of much more length than I at first intended, but when one has to deal with one whom he presumes, from his writing, to be a book-worm and not a practical sportsman, fond of following good Gordon setters in quest of game, you will probably understand this article was due his unawares. I will close it at once by saying I will not answer V. or Vitus, as he styles himself, unless he treats me, as I have him, by writing over his own signature. HARRY MALCOLM.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 4.

In this connection we publish the following, which will at least prove new to the friends of the Gordon. It is written by "Strathbogie" to our London contemporary, the *Stock-Keeper*. He says: "It may interest some of the *Stock-Keeper* readers to know how the black white and tan setters were first bred, but I do not give it as authentic, but as the tale was told me by an old man long manager at Kinnivie, and who was intimate with Jubb, the late Duke of Gordon's head keeper. On my return to dear Aberdeen two weeks ago, I chanced to come across the old person referred to, and he assured me that the 'white' color was produced by crossing with the Spanish pointer, and the said Spaniards came from Mr. Horatio Ross to Gordon Castle. Should any of your readers wish to hear what Mr. Ross has to say on the subject, I shall write him for the necessary information. I know he has sported with the late duke, and there is not a better shot, a truer sportsman, or a better judge of Gordons in all the highlands of Scotland than Major Ross. Being personally known to him, I feel sure I shall get the fullest information.'

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 27 appears an article from "Vitus," on Gordons and black and tans. As my name is brought up in connection with it I will very briefly make a few comments thereon. He claims the Gordon to be a mongrel, and gives Stonehenge as his authority in proof of it. Stonehenge certainly proves no such thing in the quotation he makes use of, unless a person is silly enough to accept, "it is said," or that he thought probably it was so, as proof; the intelligent sportsman of to-day cannot be satisfied with proof of such weakness. The coat of a Gordon in nothing whatever resembles a bloodhound, and the excellence of his nose, "if he really possesses the excellence attributed to him," can readily be traced to another source. He takes exception to my comparison of black and tan setters which I made for the Gordons, in your issue of May 25. I merely made the comparison to show the similarity of black and tans, other than Gordons, with the direct descendants of Old Kent, which he claims to have been the great Gordon, and to have done more for that breed than any other dog, and also to show the absurdity of classing dogs at our bench shows as Gordons instead of as simply black and tans. He states that every good quality the black and tan possesses came from the Irish, and then goes on to say this being the case, and we have the strongest evidence to prove it. Where is his evidence; is his mere assertion the strong proof he speaks of? I fail to see it in that light, or as proof of anything but egotism.

He further states that I do not want the rules changed as they suit my own kennel, and that I want to keep up the name of the Scotch or Gordon setter at the expense of the Irish.

There has not been a black and tan setter in my kennel for years past, but as selfish men are ever ready to impute to others their own selfish notions, I will pass that over by saying that in my experience with Irish setters, many of them had nothing to spare toward the improvement of any other breed. In regard to the origin of the term Gordon, if he will show one instance where a setter was known as a Gordon setter previous to 1590 I will acknowledge my error in supposing that it originated at Gordon Castle. So far as changing the scale of points for judging setters at bench shows is concerned I care but little. I have always bred them to suit my own fancy, so near as I could get them, and will continue to do so let the changes be what they may, or if there should be no scale at all. Believing there are as good judges of setters to-day, and as good setters to be judged as at any former period of the world's history, and among them the bold and slashing black-and-tan stands pre-eminent and uncontaminated by a drop of Irish or bloodhound blood in his veins.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Aug. 1, 1892.

THE COCKER SPANIEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to thank Mr. Kirk for his very courteous reply to my letter of inquiry of June 20. I should have made the acknowledgment sooner, but have been absent. For the same reason I have not carefully analyzed the standard of the A. C. S. Club, and am not prepared to criticise it. Mr. Kirk says that I am "apparently a disappointed exhibitor." This is hardly a proper classification, for the term as commonly accepted implies more than I am willing to plead guilty to. My motive in writing to you was solely for the purpose of obtaining information, and not to impugn the motives of the judge or to hold him up to the public gaze as ignorant, stupid and dishonest, which appears to be the orthodox method of the disappointed exhibitor. No, I have too much respect for myself to charge such base feelings of this kind, especially toward so capable a judge as I believe Mr. Kirk to be. As soon as I have the leisure time I shall carefully go over the standard of the A. C. S. Club and may jot down some of the ideas that occur to me should I deem them of importance. I also wish to thank M. B., whose letter appears in the same number, and to say to him that the length of my favorite cocker is almost three times his height at the shoulder. The exact figures are 19½ inches at the shoulder and 56 inches from nose to root of tail. His coat is decidedly wavy; and, my dear M. B., allow me to say, with all deference to your opinion, I consider it his chief beauty, and would not part with a single wave, not even to secure a prize. There is not the suspicion of a curl in a single hair of his body, only waves, and Stonehenge says that the coat should be "slightly wavy." Possibly I have got things mixed, as I have not Stonehenge at hand, but as M. B. seems to have about the same idea of his points for the cocker that I entertain, perhaps he will do me the favor to give "Spaniel" chapter and verse. COCKER.

TORONTO, Aug. 7, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Breeders and lovers of the sporting cocker will read with much interest the following letter from "Stonehenge," who occupies the undisputed position in England and America, indeed wherever dogs are intelligently bred and used, of being the greatest living authority on the dog.

No one, I feel well assured, will have the hardihood to pit his individual opinion against that of "Stonehenge," and I think the American Cocker Spaniel Club can point with pardonable pride to such a complete indorsation of its "standard" by the great author.

To my fellow-members or the "Cocker Club," including "Senex," I take this opportunity of saying that instead of our standard being a "false and pernicious one," causing "foul and wicked injustice, and a blot, a scandal and a burning disgrace to the name of the cocker spaniel," it has obtained the proud distinction of being thoroughly supported by the highest possible authority in the canine world, the famous "Stonehenge." I may say that I have his courteous permission to publish his letter; and in view of the extraordinary recent conduct of your correspondent "Senex," I take the earliest opportunity of showing how mistaken he is in the opinion he has expressed regarding our standard, and which in his heart of hearts he must feel rather ashamed of. Remembering the very friendly feelings quite recently expressed by him in correspondence with me regarding the Cocker Club, I can only think that he must have allowed the wrath engendered by a dyspeptic attack to overmaster his better judgment. I would like to see his pen better employed than in throwing mud at the club of which he was so recently an enthusiastic member. Yours truly, J. F. KIRK.

COPY OF LETTER FROM "STONEHENGE."

"THE FIELD," 346 STRAND,
LONDON, W. C., July 27, 1892.

Dear Sir—I have read with pleasure your letter in FOREST AND STREAM of the 15th inst, and am quite with you as to the desirable size of the cocker. You will notice that your highest weight is only two pounds less than I have given, viz. "thirty pounds at the least," and that I expressly state that the increased size "militates against their use in some coverts."

In "Dogs of the British Islands" I have described dogs as they are, and not as I think they ought to be. My own opinion is quite in accordance with your standard, and indeed I can fully indorse the views of your club on all points. It must, however, be remembered that in these days of thin hedgerows a bigger dog can work than in former times, when he would have been quite unable to force his way through the small rabbit runs which are now done away with. Sincerely yours, J. H. WALSH.

J. F. Kirk, Esq.

COLOR OF BULL TERRIERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In last week's issue "Brindle," in writing about the color of bull terriers, asks, Why is white to be preferred to other colors? In No. 5 of Vero Shaw's Illustrated Book of the Dog, "Brindle" will find his question answered, and the matter of color fully gone into. Also by referring to the number of the New York *Country*, issued January 19, 1878, I find that "Stonehenge" says: "The color for show purposes must be pure white."

The bull terrier is purely a fancy breed, and for several years past white has been the fancy color. Of course there are many good dogs of other colors than white, and for my own part, if I wanted a good, plucky dog as a companion only, and not for the show bench, I would as soon have a brindle as a white, for the brindles very seldom want courage, and a well-marked brindle is a handsome color.

While on this subject I will say a few words about bulldogs. I find that of late years there is a tendency to make white the fancy color for this breed also. Now I think this is wrong, as the real old-fashioned color for bulldogs was brindle, and as a rule I think the brindle dogs show the true bulldog disposition oftener than the white. In judging bulldogs I think the colors should stand in the following order, viz.: All brindle, whole white, brindle and white, white and brindle. Is this correct? I should like to hear what others think on this subject. By the by, when are we to see a bulldog club formed? No time like the present, or in a few years our bulldogs will have degenerated into big, thick-headed, clumsy terriers. Let us keep the breeds distinct.

HEMLOCK.

ST. LEONARD, P. Q.



MR. J. H. GOODSELL'S ENGLISH SETTER DOG "RACKET."

RACKET.

RACKET is a white black and tan English setter of medium size, owned by Mr. J. H. Goodsell, of New York. He will be four years old next month. He is by Rattler (Rob-Roy—Pickles), out of Leda (Leicester—Rose). Racket won third at New York in 1881 and second at the same place in 1882. He is a good-looking animal, and is the sire of quite a number of good ones, notably a litter of six that were exhibited at Pittsburg last March, as fine and even a litter as we ever saw, and, although only ten months old, they all received ribbons, the four dogs winning first, second, and two vhcs in their class, while the two bitches were placed second and vhc. They were also winners in the special classes against older dogs. Mr. Goodsell has bred his Laverack bitches, Carlina and Petrel III., to Racket, and will, doubtless, be able to show something fine in the progeny. The cut is by Harry Tallman.

BUYING AND SELLING DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM I was very much interested in Col. Tucker's remarks on parties failing to respond to orders. Requesting orders to be cancelled is certainly very annoying to breeders, who have perhaps refused to book other orders, thinking they had all they could fill, and then at the last moment, when stock is ready to ship, be informed by the party that ordered, "that owing to change of circumstances they did not want the stock," as if the breeder could shoulder all the responsibilities of his supposed patrons; and I will here say that I do not want to book any orders from this class. When a party orders stock from me I want and expect to have it taken, and have sometimes thought I would not book any orders unaccompanied with cash.

Another point I wish to take is this: Many, after I have offered to give them unexceptionable reference, request stock to be sent C. O. D., evidently thinking breeder is safe in so doing, which he is not. The party ordering may not know what points a good dog ought to have, and if stock does not look as he expected, he refuses to receive first-class specimens, and the breeder is out express charges both ways and expense while at express office; and very likely if stock is young it will die from double journey and want of proper care, and the breeder loses stock in addition to express charges. The party ordering may have money when he orders, but go "on a bust" and be penniless when stock arrives, and not in condition to receive it, and, as in the other case, the breeder bears the loss.

I have mentioned such cases to show that reliable breeders, whose stock is all right, have good reasons for refusing to ship C. O. D., unless person ordering gives well-known and unexceptionable reference.

I always request to be notified immediately by receiver of condition stock arrives in, and, strange to say, many never respond, and some, weeks after receiving stock, write that pup did not arrive in good condition owing to journey and has just died, and if safe delivery was warranted expect another sent, when pup might have been all right, for all shipper knows, when received, as time enough had elapsed for it to contract and die of consumption; and while in the past I have sent pups to replace such ones, do not intend to in the future, and shall consider that if not immediately notified of stock not being in good condition to consider myself under no obligation to make good the loss in case of death.

I have written these few lines for the benefit of breeders who have some rights that purchasers ought to respect; and the fact of any breeder advertising year after year in a paper of character like FOREST AND STREAM is proof enough that he is reliable and his stock good, and purchasers have little to fear if they will place their orders in regular breeders' hands. They have a reputation at stake and cannot afford to misrepresent their stock or send out poor specimens.

Nine times out of ten it is the breeder who is ill used, and nine times out of ten by the wanting "order cancelled" class, with which I am utterly disgusted. N. ELMORE.

GRANBY, CONN.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN TRIALS.

SPORTSMEN generally are interested in the National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, to be run at Fairmont, Minn., Sept. 4, and as a great many of them will be present, and some among the number may desire information in reference to the country in which the trial will take place, I last week visited the locality, in the interest of the FOREST AND STREAM, and herewith submit my impressions.

Presuming everybody will make St. Paul their base of operations, the visitor will leave that city by the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway, known as the "Omaha Line," for short, at 5:50 P. M., arriving at Fairmount the same evening. This popular road runs splendid coaches and comfortable sleepers, and makes no charge for the transportation of dogs. Its conductors are gentlemen who can tell a gun from a fishing-rod, and its baggagemen have carried so many good dogs among their trunks that they have learned to appreciate their canine passengers and to treat them kindly. It passes its entire length through an elegant chicken country, and the sportsman can hardly hit it amiss by tarrying a few days at any station along its line below Mankato.

Those who have entered their dogs in the trials are probably posted in everything that will appertain thereto, and will not search the FOREST AND STREAM for suggestions as to how their trips to Minnesota may be made pleasant. I write to the now interested (in a proprietary sense) class of sportsmen, and if my suggestions are followed I can assure them a pleasant trip and elegant sport on chickens.

Visit St. Paul first and see its beauties. Then take the Omaha line at 5:30 P. M. and get off at Blue Earth City. Ask for the Constans House and you will be directed to a comfortable hotel where you will have a clean bed and plenty to eat, whose proprietor is a gentleman of the old school, hale and hearty at sixty years of age; who loves his guns and dogs and horses almost as well as he does his wife; who has hunted in this locality for twenty years, and who knows where and when and how to shoot. When you are comfortably settled here you will find that you are in one of the loveliest spots in Minnesota, on the banks of the Blue Earth River, and surrounded on every side by a beautiful rolling prairie dotted with farm houses and cultivated groves of cottonwood and maple. The village contains a fair livery stable, and a drive of from two to three miles will introduce you to a covey of chickens.

The Constans House charges are two dollars per day, dogs free, and a good team and driver can be had for $3.50 per day. Bags of from twenty-five to one hundred birds are the common thing for two guns. Blue Earth City is twenty miles from Fairmont by wagon road, every inch of which can be hunted and game started every half mile. It is distant thirty miles by rail. It is only ten miles distant from the Iowa State line; and as the open season commences in Iowa Aug. 15, those who come early can taste game by driving across the line. A visitor to Blue Earth can take in trials, get his fill of chicken shooting, the birds being very abundant, have some sport on ducks, perhaps bag a sandhill crane or wild goose, and enjoy some fine bass fishing in the river—a combination of delights rarely found in one locality. HUNT.

ST. PAUL, MINN., August, 1882.

THE SMUGGLER'S DOG.—One of those industrious individuals who know how to make a cheldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of the merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the most profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner: He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog of the same hue and the same shape. He then rolled the lace around the body of his dog, and put over it the garments of the stranger so adroitly that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace thus arranged in his pedestrian hand-box, he would say to his docile messenger, "Forward, my friend." At these words the dog would start and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required. Such was the success of the smuggler that in five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune, and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous. A mischievous neighbor betrayed the lace merchant; and notwithstanding his efforts to disguise his dog, he was suspected, watched and discovered. How far does the cunning of some animals extend! Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went toward the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall, at others passed secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travelers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns' worth of lace, the loss of which did not affect his master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.—*Live Stock Journal, July 14.*

COCKER SPANIEL IMPORTATION.—Dr. Niven has just imported from the kennel of P. Bullock, Bilston, Staffordshire, the black cocker Frank. He is by Frank, out of Nell, by old Bob. He is a long, low dog with a splendid head and ears, a most abundant spaniel coat, good straight legs and well-proportioned body; height, 15in.; length, 28in.; weight, 27lbs., in full condition. He took first prize at Wolverhampton last January; only time exhibited. At the same time he imported the cocker bitch Nellie, by Don, out of Saff, by Rawley's Ben. Nellie is a good one all round and has already proved herself a good brood bitch, and it is to be hoped she will continue to do so. With this importation and that of Mr. Fricker, America can now boast of possessing dogs from the best and oldest strains of cockers in England.

THE FOX-HOUND'S SCENT.—Worcester, Mass., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you, or some of your correspondent who know, or think they know, tell me how it is that fox-hounds, coming to a track that they cannot see, or in the snow so that a man cannot tell which way the fox went, take the track in the right direction, as a good fox-hound will do ninety-nine times out of a hundred, and oblige.—FOX-HUNTER. [In our issue of Feb 16, 1882, may be found an article upon this very interesting subject, wherein we state our inability to fathom the mysterics of the subtle power that enables a dog to perform the wonderful feats we often witness while tracing the footsteps of the game of which he is in pursuit. Who shall define the limits of this marvelous gift, or fix a bound for its scope? Who shall say that the delicate sense that can unerringly follow the trail of the far-away fox to his lair, is not gifted with the power to discriminate the to us almost inconceivable difference between the older and more recent footsteps? Who shall say that the instinct that leads the hound to pursue his prey also inspires him to take the proper direction? or that reason prompts the course? We leave the subject in the hands of our readers, trusting that any of them who may have scented out the explanation will "give tongue."]

THERE WERE PLENTY OF DOGS.—Prince Bismarck owned a dog, a colossal mastiff, so ferocious of habit and demeanor that at the time of the great Congress of 1880 he flew at Prince Gortchakoff, to the grim, though suppressed, enjoyment of his master. All Berlin knew how fond the Chancellor was of the beast. It was his constant companion by day and by night; he was never seen without it, either in the streets or in the gardens of his palace; and it was said that the jealous fidelity of the dog, tried through many years, had endeared him to the Prince to the exclusion of every other favorite. One day the brute died suddenly, they say poisoned. Berlin felt the bereavement of Bismarck as an irretrievable calamity. What would the great man do without his faithful dumb friend? No other could ever replace one so fondly loved. The very next morning another mastiff, equally ferocious, equally attached, equally unapproachable by strangers, inspiring the same reciprocal tenderness, was seen passing the streets by the side of his master, whose hand lay on the collar of the new comer with the same trust in his prowess as it used to lie on that of his predecessor. The hint was efficacious, and watch-dog No. 2 was allowed to live.—*Sun.*

MONUMENT TO EDWARD LAVERACK.—In response to the appeal of Mr. Edward Armstrong for contributions for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument over the remains of Mr. Edward Laverack, in White Church churchyard, many gentlemen in this vicinity, wishing to express the high esteem in which they hold his memory, and desiring to subscribe to the fund, have placed the matter in the hands of Mr. E. A. Herzberg, of 1,401 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y., who will gladly receive and forward to Mr. Armstrong such amounts as may be placed in his hands for the purpose. Mr. Herzberg has already received a number of subscriptions, and many more are promised. Following is the list so far received: Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, New York city, $10; Dr. H. F. Aton, Brooklyn, $5; Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, $5; Maj. Wheeler, Brooklyn, $5; Mr. H. T. Danforth, Brooklyn, $5; Mr. Edmund Cargill, Brooklyn, $5; Mr. Joseph T. Perkins, Brooklyn, $5; Mr. H. E. Hamilton, Jersey City, $5; Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass., $5; Forest and Stream Publishing Co., $5.

DOGS LOST.—Mr. C. E. Lewis, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., has lost his imported smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch. Any one learning of her whereabouts will confer a favor and receive a suitable reward by notifying him. For particulars, see his advertisement.

Mr. J. S. Klein, of 168 Cherry street, New York, has lost his liver and white setter dog, who strayed from Western New Jersey on the 2d of July. He is about three years old, and stands a trifle higher behind than in front. He had on at the time a collar with his owner's address, who will pay a liberal reward for his recovery.

SALE OF POINTERS.—There was a large sale of sporting dogs at Aldridge's repository last week. The kennel of the late Major Vaughan Lee, of Dellington Park, Somerset, attracted the attention of sportsmen, the pointers comprising blood of the famous Edge breed. A brace, Mango and Mus, by Champion Garnet, fetched 60gs.; Milly, 41gs.; Dainty, 34gs.; Main, 25gs.; and the 4½ brace realized 207½gs.; 2½ brace of puppies, whelped last February, brought 52gs.; 2½ brace of pointers, from the kennel of the Hon. T. Fitzwilliam, realized 45½gs.; Buxton, an English setter from the kennel of Mr. James Freeme, fetched 22gs.; and 3½ brace of black spaniels, 30gs.—*Live Stock Journal, July 21.*

SNOWFLAKE—Palo, Mich., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to correct an error which I made when I sent you notice of the whelping of my pointer bitch Snowflake, which appeared in your issue of July 27. I gave her pedigree as by Maryland, out of Tell, and it should have been by Glenmark, out of Girl, Maryland and Tell being her grandsire and granddam on her dam's side.—W. J. PERCIVAL.

MONTREAL DOG SHOW.—The Dog Fanciers' Association, of Montreal, Canada, propose holding a bench show in that city next month.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Saddle Dance. By Major Wheeler, New York, for black and white English setter bitch, whelped June 21, 1882, by Emperor Fred out of Polka (Pride of the Border—Kate II.)

Rex and Monarch. By Mr. Charles E. Shaw, Clinton, Mass., for mastiff dogs, whelped July 21, 1882, by his Duke (Buff—Belle) out of his Pride (Duke—Juno).

Reine, Belle, Meg, Duchess, Pride II. and Nita. By Mr. Charles E. Shaw, Clinton, Mass., for mastiff bitches, whelped July 21, 1882, by his Duke (Buff—Belle) out of his Pride (Duke—Juno).

Moonstone. By Mr. A. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 22, 1882, by Gladstone out of Swazo.

Guide. By Mr. F. Battles, Boston, Mass., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Jan. 24, 1882, by his Dick (Pete, Jr.—Kate) out of Leonard's Daisy (Bob—Nellie).

Raleigh. By Mr. O. W. Rogers, Billerica, Mass., for white, fawn and chestnut beagle dog, whelped June 17, 1882, by Mr. N. Elmore's King (Victor—Lucy) out of his imported Music (Rockwood—Faithful).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rose—Sensation. The Westminster Kennel Club's lemon and white pointer bitch Rose (Snapshot—Gypsy) to their champion Sensation.

Nell—Dash—Salisbury. Mr. J. Farmer Brayton's (New York) brindle greyhound bitch to his Dick Salisbury, July 9.

Eileen—Rab. The Borstall Kennel's (Morristown, N. J.) liver and white pointer bitch Eileen (Sensation—Daisy) to their Rab, July 31.

Lady May—Don. The Borstall Kennel's (Morristown, N. J.) lemon and white pointer bitch Lady May (Gumbo—Imported Fan) to their Don (Sensation—Psyche II.), July 31.

Lassie—Sensation. The Westminster Kennel Club's liver and white ticked pointer bitch Lassie (Bang—Leech's Belle) to their champion Sensation, Aug. 1.

Daisy—Dandy. Mr. W. J. Percival's black, white and tan beagle bitch Daisy (Rattler—Fan) to his Dandy (Rattler—Sill), July 31.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Norah. Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) Irish terrier bitch Norah (Spring—Nettle) five (three dogs), by Mr. L. Timpson's Rock.

Fan. Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) Irish terrier bitch Fan (Splinter—Norah), four (one dog), by Mr. L. Timpson's Rock.

Fan. Mr. F. Battles's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Fan (Rob—Nellie), July 30, seven (six dogs), by his Dick (Allen's Pete, Jr.—Sloeum's Kate).

Novice. Mr. Fred. W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Novice, July 29, four (three dogs), by his Priam; the bitch since dead.

Tailfield. Mr. H. Bailey Harrison's black, blue and tan English setter bitch Twilight (Gladstone—Mersey), ten (three dogs), by his Dick Laverack (Thunder—Peeress).

Juno. Mr. A. S. Apgar's (New York) imported collie bitch Juno (Hob—Lass), July 31, seven, by his champion Marcus (F. K. C. S. B. 7326).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Random—Romp II. whelp. Pointer dog puppy, by Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. J. A. Wright, Austin, Nevada.

Bush—Juno whelp. Pointer bitch puppy, by Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. J. A. Wright, Austin, Nevada.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Juno. Lemon and white pointer bitch (Sensation—Schlefflin's Juno), by Mr. Charles M. Schlefflin, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Dash of Locust Valley—Lou whelp. Gordon setter dog, whelped May 12, 1882, owned by Mr. W. M. Tileston, Babylon, L. I., July 20.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

FORT KEOGH, M. T., July 23, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following are the best scores at Fort Keogh, M. T., by members of the Regular Army, for quota of Department of Dakota Rifle Team:

	Lieut. J. M. T. Partelle, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	4—43
3 Alyds	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	3	5—42
600yds	5	3	4	5	5	5	4	4	3	4—43—128
	First Sergeant Unger, Co. F, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	4	4	4	4	5	3	4	4	4—40
3 Ayds	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	4—38
600yds	3	5	4	4	5	3	4	5	2	4—39—117
	Sergeant Pepple, Co. E, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	3—38
3 Ayds	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	4—43
600yds	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4—35—116
	Corporal Rogers, Co. E, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—41
3 Ayds	5	4	4	5	3	4	5	4	4	5—42
600yds	3	3	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	3—32—115
	Sergeant Drugan, Co. C, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	5	4	4	3	3	5	3	2	4—36
3 Ayds	5	3	4	4	4	3	5	4	4	5—41
600yds	5	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	5	4—40—118
	Musician Bannan, Co. E, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	4	4	3	3	3	5	5	4	4—39
3 Ayds	4	4	3	5	5	4	5	4	4	4—42
600yds	3	2	3	3	3	3	4	4	3	5—33—114
	Corporal McIntyre, Co. F, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	3	4	4	3	3	5	4	4	4	4—37
3 Ayds	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	4	4—41
600yds	3	2	4	3	0	2	4	3	5	4—30—108
	Private Wren, Co. G, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	3	4—39
3 Ayds	4	3	4	3	4	2	3	4	5	4—38
600yds	4	3	4	3	4	2	3	4	5	3—33—110
	Corporal Kohler, Co. A, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	3	5	3	4	3	4	5	4	3	3—37
3 Ayds	3	5	4	3	3	3	4	4	5	4—38
600yds	10	5	3	2	3	4	4	4	0	2—27—102
	Sergeant Coles, Co. C, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	2	4	3	4	4	4	3	4	5—37
3 Ayds	3	2	4	4	5	3	4	4	4	4—37
600yds	3	5	4	4	0	2	3	2	3	2—27—101
	Sergt. Kuhn, Co. B, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	5	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	3	4—37
3 Ayds	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	5	4—40
600yds	2	2	2	2	3	4	2	3	2	2—24—101
	Corporal R. Quinn, Co. G, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	5	4	3	3	4	3	4	4	4—39
3 Ayds	5	4	3	5	4	2	4	3	3	3—36
600yds	3	2	4	2	4	2	3	4	2	2—22—97
	Corporal Czaia, Co. A, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	3	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	4—36
3 Ayds	4	4	5	4	4	4	3	0	4	4—36
600yds	5	0	2	2	0	4	3	2	0	5—19—91
	Private Wyatt, Co. E, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	3	3	4	4	4	4	3	4	4—37
3 Ayds	4	3	4	4	3	3	4	3	4	3—35
600yds	0	3	3	2	2	3	2	0	2	2—16—88
	Corporal Boyle, Co. B, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	3	3	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	3—37
3 Ayds	2	4	3	2	3	3	3	2	5	0—32—87
600yds	0	3	2	2	3	2	3	0	4	5—21—85
	Sergt. Weeks, Co. B, 5th Infantry.									
200yds	4	5	3	4	4	4	2	3	3	0—32
3 Ayds	3	4	5	2	4	4	4	3	4	3—36
600yds	0	2	2	0	0	2	0	2	0	2—10—78

THE ELCHO SHIELD MATCH.

THE 23d annual contest for the Elcho Shield was held at Wimbledon on the 23d ult., and for the eleventh time England was victorious. The weather was beautiful, but with a strong breeze. The scores were as under;

ENGLAND—Sir Henry Wilmot, Capt.	800	900	1000	
Capt Godsal (Sharp)	66	63	67—201	
Lieut Whitehead (Met)	67	68	65—200	
Pte Gibbs (do)	65	65	62—194	
Sir H Halford (do)	59	69	65—193	
Maj Young (Gibbs Far Met)	67	60	61—187	
Capt Mellish (Met)	65	58	66—189	
Lieut Edge (Sharp)	63	61	61—185	
Major Humphry (Met)	64	58	62—184	
Totals	519	508	509 1536	
IRELAND—The Duke of Abercorn, Capt.				
H Coghlan (Rigby)	69	64	68—201	
D Ganby (Sharp)	67	55	71—193	
Capt Maxwell (Rigby)	68	59	64—189	
Maj Young (Gibbs Far Met)	67	59	61—187	
W Rigby (Rigby)	63	58	64—185	
R W Barnett (D E Met)	66	58	60—184	
J Rigby (Rigby)	63	55	66—183	
W Brailhwaite (D E Met)	63	62	58—183	
Totals	525	470	510 1505	
SCOTLAND—Col. A. Wilson, Capt.				
D Fraser (Fraser)	69	61	67—197	
M Boyd (Fraser)	70	64	58—191	
T Caldwell (Rigby)	66	62	66—194	
Capt Thorburn (Rigby)	65	64	65—194	
R M'Vittie (Fraser)	67	65	65—187	
Maj M'Kerrell (Fraser)	52	58	67—177	
Capt Shiels (Rigby)	61	55	58—174	
G E Murray (Rigby)	60	53	51—174	
Totals	510	485	499 1494	

On the conclusion of the match, shortly after 7 o'clock, Scotland and England finishing a few minutes before Ireland. Col. Wilson mounted a chair, and said it devolved upon him, as the happy possessor of the "wooden spoon," to announce the scores. He asked the members of his team to give three hearty cheers for their English friends who had defeated them. Sir Henry Wilmot said that when he came on the ground he was rather in fear of the result, and particularly at the end of the first range, when the English were behind. He had three new members in the team, who made him more nervous, but they had shot up like bricks, and it had been a good stand-up fight. Sir Henry proposed three cheers for the winners of the "wooden spoon," and also for the Irish team, which, he said, had made a grand fight.

Mr. Doyle responded for the Irish team, in the absence of the captain, and the proceedings terminated.

In the evening a meeting of the Scottish Eight was held, when Colonel Wilson was unanimously elected Captain of the team for next year.

During the day Colonel Wilson wore for the first time a series of silver clasps on his left sleeve, showing that since 1862 the captains of the Scottish Eight have been—1862-73, Captain Horatio Ross; 1874-75, R. H. W. Dunlop; 1876-80, Col. J. Wingfield Malcolm; 1881, Earl of Kintore; 1882, Colonel Wilson. Mr. Whitelaw wore similar clasps, containing the names of the adjutants, viz.—1862-3, Captain G. Mackenzie; 1864-66, Mr. John McGregor; 1867-79, Captain N. J. Sutherland, of the London Scottish; 1880, Major Menzies; 1881-82, Mr. Whitelaw.

In the evening Major Waller was presented by the members of the English Eight Club with a silver flagon, in recognition of his services as hon. secretary of the club and adjutant of the team.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 2.—"August International Military Practice" Match.—Open to everybody. 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, seven shots at each distance. Standing at 200, prone (i. e., lying "head pointing to the target") at 500 and 600 yards. Any position at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Any military breech-loading rifle. Cleaning of rifles not allowed, except between distances. No wind gauge or lateral motion to sights permitted.

	200	500	600	Total.	800	900	1,000	Total.	Aggregate.
J L Paulding	30	32	29	91	32	23	21	76	167
J McNevin	29	29	30	88	27	24	22	73	161
T Wilson	29	30	33	92	27	24	17	69	161
T J Dolan	28	31	28	87	26	28	19	73	160
S A Day	29	31	31	91	31	17	17	65	156
Fred Alter	29	27	25	81	21	25	19	65	146
A B Van Hensen	25	23	26	74	18	26	21	65	139
N D Ward	25	23	27	81	22	20	14	56	137

Same day.—The "Rapidity" match.—Open to all comers. 200 yards, any rifle with open sights, magazine guns to be used as single loaders. At sound of the bugle each competitor opens fire at his own target, and continues loading and firing until the bugle again sounds (sixty seconds after first signal).

G E Albee (Hotchkiss)	50
M W Bull (Hotchkiss)	48
R T Hore (Hotchkiss)	45

Aug. 5.—The "Qualification" Match of 1882.—Open to members N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A., the former being in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may count scores made as partially qualifying them to shoot for the New York State Marksman's Badge, provided that they use the Sharp's creedmoor rifle. 100 and 200yds., standing; 500, kneeling at 300yds. Five shots at each distance with any military rifle.

	Regt.	100	300
J S Shepherd	23d	22	23—47
J L Price	7th	22	23—45
W Munson	7th	24	21—45
C F Robbins	7th	21	21—42
T T Hayden	13th	20	17—37

Same Day.—The "Champion Marksman's Badge" Match of 1882.—Open to all members of the N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A., the latter, however, not being eligible to win the regimental prizes. Distances, 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance. Weapon, the Remington rifle, N. Y. S. model. Position, standing at 200yds.; any, with head to the target, at 500yds.:

	Regt.	200	500
W E Taylor	14th	19	22—41
H B Thompson	7th	20	21—41
C H Crawford	9th	17	22—39
J J Dixon	14th	21	18—39
J B Frothingham	23d	18	20—38
J Bowles	13th	16	21—37
R H Sullivan	13th	19	18—37
J W Nevin	13th	17	19—36
J L Price	7th	22	13—35
C F Robbins*	7th	15	10—34

*Handicap of five points.

GARDNER, Mass., Aug. 3.—At the last meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range, the attendance was better than the week before. The inch ring and creedmoor target combined was the one used. Distance, 200yds., off-hand. The work is told by the following score:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.	
G F Ellsworth	87	46	92	46	179	92
I N Dodge	87	45	86	44	173	89
A Mathews	83	44	85	46	168	90
G R Pratt	83	45	81	45	168	90
S B Hallamore	84	44	76	46	160	90
F H Knowlton	72	44	83	46	155	90
G C Goodale	67	41	77	44	144	85
C Shumway	60	43	67	43	127	86
H Heywood	50	45	55	41	124	86
C Merritt	54	41	56	43	110	84
Fred Parser	40	39	58	38	98	65
C Sumner	42	39	52	41	94	80

ALBANY, August 4.—The riflemen were out in full force, yesterday afternoon, the special attraction being the fifth competition in the Captain John Daly Match. The thermometer stood nearly ninety, and the sun's rays were scorching, while not a breath of air stirred the flags, and the smoke hung heavy in front of the firing points. In the previous competitions five-class scores have been made, consisting of that the ordinary military position is required. Yesterday was no exception to the rule, and 48, 49 and 50 were recorded. The leading scores were as follows:

Captain John Daly Match—500yds.

William E Fitch, R.C.	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	50
Charles H Gaus, Bal B	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	49
W T Miles, S C	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	49
B R Spelman, Jr, S M	*4	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	5	48
William J Reinick, Bal B	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	3	44
N C Waring, R M	*4	2	3	4	2	3	3	4	4	2	4—35

*Allowance to military rifles.

Following the Daly match, the third competition in the military match was called. This match was specially made for the members of the National Guard, to give them a chance to make qualification scores as marksmen, outside of the regular practice. It was supposed that many of them would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity which is quite popular with the men of the State, and it always has a sufficient number to fill it, and it never goes begging. The scores made were good, the first place going to James I. Miles, with the fine score of 47 out of a possible 50. Scores were made as follows:

Military Match—200 and 500 yds.

James I Miles R M	200yds	4	5	5	5	4—23
	500yds	5	5	5	5	4—24—47
Charles Keller R M	200yds	4	4	4	4	4—20
	500yds	5	5	4	4	5—23—43
W T Miles R M	200yds	4	4	4	4	5—20
	500yds	4	3	4	5	5—21—41
B R Spelman, Jr R M	200yds	5	5	4	4	4—22
	500yds	5	3	4	4	2—18—40
William E Fitch R M	200yds	5	4	4	4	4—21
	500yds	5	3	5	4	0—17—38
J P Burdick R M	200yds	3	2	4	4	4—17
	500yds	3	4	3	3	3—17—34
E V Denison R M	200yds	4	3	4	4	4—19
	500yds	0	3	4	3	2—12—31

Three competitors withdrew.

An attractive programme for the competition during the rest of the month has been adopted, and from now until the fall meeting at Creedmoor, the practice will be steady, and we hope the improvement will be made manifest when pitted against the experts of the land.

BRINTON, N. J.—The Brooklyn Amateurs held the regular semi-monthly competition in their champion's Match, July 26, Mr. White winning the fifth time, with the splendid score of 49. The following were the leading scores of the day:

T P White	45555	45553—49	A H Anderson 45444 45434—44
Geo Joiner	45555	45555—49	D Trotter 44445 45454—43
J B Hazleton	54444	45545—44	J R James 44444 45444—41

The Brooklyn Amateurs held their fifth competition in their "Consolation" Match on Aug. 1. The following were the leading scores:

Geo Joiner	45555	55545—49	T P White 44554 54455—45
J S Case	54545	55544—45	

WORCESTER, Aug. 3.—While many of our business men, who were unfortunate enough not to be at the mountains or sea shore, were sitting in their places of business panting with the depressive heat, waiting for customers that did not put in an appearance, others, members of the Rifle Association, spent the afternoon at Pine Grove Range, communing with nature, and enjoying the fresh, cool breeze, impregnated with the aroma from the pines, together with the manly and exhilarating work of manipulating the rifle, and came back to the city much refreshed by the afternoon's sport.

The Moss target was used. Distance 100yds., off-hand out of a possible 120. The following scores were made:

Carter	11	9	11	11	10	11	11	10	10	11	
	10	12	11	12	10	12	8	8	11	9	—208
Clark	10	10	11	7	11	12	12	7	12	11	
	11	8	11	9	11	10	9	10	8	7	—200
Rice	11	11	11	9	10	10	7	10	8	11	
	8	9	10	12	10	7	11	5	10	12	—192
Farrar	11	8	8	10	10	10	11	10	10	11	
	9	10	11	8	10	7	10	6	11	8	—189

The Worcester Rifle Association have a meeting called the 5th inst., for the purpose of getting up a series of prize matches.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The Newport Rifle Club, last week, held the first shoot in several weeks at Paradise Range, when the following scores were made, distance 200yds.:

W M Farrow	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	46
C H Burnham	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	45
W B Knight	5	5	5	3	5	4	5	4	4	5	45
G S Slocum	4	3	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	3	42
W S Bryer	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	41
G Wyatt	5	3	4	4	3	3	4	5	5	4	40
C Hay	4	4	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	38

Farrow used his new military gun, which would be allowed two points in a match. He will begin practice for a place on the American team in International military match. The first clay pigeon shoot ever held in Newport took place at the same time. Owing to the wind and the soft kind of shot used, the scores were not very good. The pigeons are so hard that many, though hit, escaped without being broken. The score:

J Storer	00	11	00	11	11	01	01	11	10	10	—12
C De Bildt	10	11	00	10	00	11	11	10	00	10	—10

PISTOL AMMUNITION.—Ithaca, N. Y.—I have experienced the same difficulty in reloading shells as "Medicus." I have overcome the difficulty by removing with a knife the inside corner of the mouth of the shell, sufficient to allow the ball to enter the same without turning up a burr on the ball. By this means the cartridges enter the pistol easily and work all right. The balls pass through the loader rather hard, but this I consider no serious objection.—C. C. C.

FORESTER CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Long Island Forester Club was held at their club rooms, corner of Downing street and Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, Tuesday evening, August 8. A handsome gold badge was ordered to be shot for during the ensuing year, and other important business was transacted. The following officers were elected: Henry Thorpe, President; Charles Edwards, Vice-President; W. T. Hawkes, Treasurer; and T. C. Banks, Jr., Secretary.

THE TRAP.

PLYMOUTH vs. SOUTH ABINGTON.

IN response to an invitation from the Plymouth Glass Ball Club, a team from the South Abington Sportsman's Club visited Plymouth on Saturday, July 29, for the purpose of indulging in a friendly game at glass balls. After a three-quarters of an hour's ride through the magnificent scenery of South Hanson and Halifax, with an occasional view of the sea as we near Plymouth, the train at last rolls into the station and we are met with a hearty welcome by the Plymouth boys. Coaches are in waiting to convey us to the shooting ground, and as we ride through the streets of the ancient town, places of interest are pointed out for the benefit of the strangers in our party.

As an engine company from Provincetown, together with a party from Boston on the steamer Stamford, were enjoying the hospitality of the town, the ladies in their red shirts, together with the excursionists, made the scene on the wharf a quite exciting. On arriving at the shooting ground, which, by the way, is one of the pleasantest ever visited by the writer, the glass ball smashers spread themselves on the ground under the trees and tried to take things cool. Coats and outside apparel are hung on the fences as the boys get ready to start the sport commences. The shoot is twenty balls per man; and after ten apiece have been fired at, a truce is called, and the company are invited to partake of a substantial lunch; and it was surprising to see how some of the South Abington boys made such large scores on sandwiches and other edibles. This was especially the case with two brothers, who, had they been reinforced by their little brother, who was absent, would have made carriers of the good things. After a social chat, cigars were lighted and the remaining ten balls disposed of, and South Abington declared the winner.

The Holden trap was then put out and sweepstake shooting indulged in the remainder of the afternoon. At three o'clock the shooters took a reluctant departure, not, however, without contracting a promise from the Plymouth Club to return the visit at an early date. One painful feature of the day was the misfortune of a brother sportsman in missing the train to Plymouth, being at times very absent-minded, he arose the morning of the shoot, and forgetting all plans of the day before, took his fishing tackle and went off on a hunt after pickerel. During the whole day not a thought of shooting at Plymouth entered his head. He was really touching to see the expression on his countenance when taken to task by his comrades for his non-appearance. "By George! boys, I forgot all about it; how did you come out?" The excursion was voted by all to have been a most enjoyable affair, and to use a forcible, but not over elegant phrase, it will be a cold day when the South Abington boys forget the courtesy shown them by the Plymouth Club.—SASSACUS.

One of the party supplies the score, which is as follows

Plymouth Club.		So. Abington Club.	
W H Drew	13	E Bates	17
J M Jackson	13	J E Whidder	20
W T Whitman	11	L W Farrar	17
P S B Bartlett	6	M W Lincoln	15
E Master	15	J Winslow	19
G Paulding	8	Wm Lincoln	15
W Holmes	12	E Edson	17
C Wood	17	C F Cook	11
E D Hill	16	W H Cook	13
W H Hathaway	16	A H Wright	15
H W Gammon	15	W Wilder	15
	13	F W Bryant	15
	12	Geo Edson	18
	161		208

WARWICK WOODLANDS, Aug. 3.—The rule of the Warwick Woodlands' Gun Club is that the member making the best individual score at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot becomes President and holds the Presidency only until the next Woodlands at the regular Saturday afternoon meeting by having the highest personal score. Mr. W. O. McDowell won the Presidency. If defeated or absent the member having the best score succeeds to his place.

On Tuesday, Aug. 1, the club shot a match with the Joseph Jefferson Camping Club, three entries from each side, glass balls, revolving trap. The score is as follows:

Warwick Woodlands' Gun Club.			
L B Wheeler	01101	10110	10001 11111—13
P O Dickinson	11111	01111	11111 11111—19
Geo H Brandon	10111	10001	10000 11111—13—44
Joseph Jefferson Camping Club.			
H Chapman	11011	11110	11111 10100—15
C B Jefferson	01001	10111	01111 00010—11
Thos Jefferson	00000	01100	11111 10010— 9—35
Second Match.			
L B Wheeler	11101—	7	H Chapman 10111— 4
P O Dickinson	11111—	5	C B Jefferson 01111— 4
Geo H Brandon	11101—	4	Thos Jefferson 10101— 3
Total	13	Total	11

HAYDENVILLE, Mass., August 5.—Our Red and Gun Club have just closed shooting glass balls for the season in favor of woodcock. Our club has been organized for three years, but we are strictly amateurs in every sense of the word, and our scores have not been of the best; still we have improved some this year and hope to do better in the future. Below is compiled the scores of the season's shooting. We shoot twenty-three times, ten balls each man, single revolving trap, Bogardus rules, twenty-one yards rise:

	No. Broke.	Average
J Courtwright	8878810887797596866979679	173	7½
Ed McCaffrey	8978898899797108354887	163	7 2-5
L Watling	559797596856099388870	153	7¼
Ed Larkin	747078788779396867779	147	7
Hunyon	8587758944878799	129	6¾
J Metcalf	7665423765459567254107 8	140	6⅔
H Harlow	8497767877789737556663	125	6⅓
A Thatcher	8366445449673667749795	125	5⅔
A Waltz	4342381381383238317	49	3
R Neal	4338445344143810	45	3

A. R. T.

CARTHAGE, Mo.—A recent shooting match was participated in by two teams of Carthage and one from Webb City. The boys first indulged in pigeon shooting, five shots each, which resulted as follows: Ashcraft 4, Parker 3, Howlett 3, China 4, Johnson 1, Sombart 5, Allen 4, Shaw 4, Andrews 3, Stebbins 2, Roessler 2, Hickey 5, Karr 4, and

Sanderson 3. A belt was then shot for among the teams, glass balls being used, ten shots each. The following was the result: Carthage Club, No. 1.—H. Cran ball 10, G. Stebbins 6, H. Armstrong 3, Dr. Sombart 7, George Karr 5; total, 31. Carthage Club, No. 2.—Ben Allen 3, J. Roessler 6, H. Shaw 7, H. C. Johnson 2, Sam Sanderson 5; total 23. Webb City Club.—G. P. Ashcraft 8, A. A. Hewiett 9, Mr. Hickey 9, C. A. Parker 6, W. S. Chinn 4; total, 35. The Webb City Club, having shot the most number of balls, was entitled to the belt. The Carthage Club No. 1 did splendidly, and but for one member falling far short of the average, would have carried off the belt. Mr. Armstrong is a good shot, but for some reason he missed every ball except two. The boys will try it again. The Avilla team did not arrive.

TORONTO GUN CLUB.—August 5.—Score of the T. G. C. last shoot at pigeons; and as it was raining all day this accounts for such a small number in attendance. There were two prizes in each class, consisting of four cases of stuffed birds, set up by the club taxidermist, Mr. S. Herring. The following is the score:

	FIRST CLASS.	
E Perryman	11111 11111—10	John Webster	11111 01110—8
Jos Taylor	11111 11111—10	Wm Smith	10111 11111—9
C C Small	01101 11111—8	Wm McDowall	10010 10111—6
Geo Smith	00101 11111—7	Geo Pearsall	11111 01110—8
W Villiers	00101 01111—6	T Taylor	11010 01011—6
W R Evans	11101 10111—8	S Staneland	11011 01111—8
Chas Ayre	10010 01011—5	J R Mills	11111 01111—9
B Pearsall	11101 11111—9	Jas Foreman	01110 11111—8
John James	11111 11111—10	Jas Douglas	10111 11101—8
Wm Dixon	11011 11010—7	Geo Leslie, Jr	11101 11101—8

Ties will be shot at some future time.

	SECOND CLASS.	
Dr Wm Smith	11101 11101—8	John Ayre 10001 10111—6
Chas Kemp	11111 01101—8	J Werden 00111 10100—5
J W Millar	00010 10011—4	R Wilson 01111 00001—6

Dr. Wm. Smith takes the first prize, Chas. Kemp the second.

NATCHEZ, Miss., July 27, 1882.—Scores of a glass-ball match shot July 26, at Vidalia, La. (opposite Natchez), between the Vidalia Gun Club and the R. E. Lee, and the Gaillard clubs, of Natchez, Miss., for a silver cup and the championship. Conditions: Ten balls each, from Card trap, screened, 18yds. rise. You will observe the contest was close and the shooting good:

Vidalia.

J D Pendleton	1111111111—10	L H Lambdin	1111011011—8
A W Metcalfe	1111011111—9	P W Chase	0011101100—5
J B Willis	0111111111—9	J C Seaman	1111111111—10—59
E A Newton	1101111011—8		

Lee.

Wm Griffin	1111001110—7	J J Welch	1101111111—9
Joe Tuttle	1111111111—10	A J Bogar	1111110111—9
Wm Tuttle	1111111101—9	Fred R Heene	1001111110—7—60
Fred W Boger	1011111111—9		

Gaillard.

John A Dicks	1111111011—9	F J Arrighi	1111111111—10
Claude Pinlard	1111011111—9	S McDowell	1101111111—9
W B Dicks	1100101111—7	R H Colhoun	0110111011—7—58
John F Jenkins	0011110111—7		S. M. D.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 3.—The Fall River Gun Club held its 10th competition for silver cup this afternoon, which was won for the third time by J. B. Valentine. The following are the scores:

	Balls.	Clay Pigeons.
Valentine	11001 11111	11110 11111—17
Hall	10111 11111	01101 11110—16
Sheldon	10111 11101	10111 10011—15
Buffington	11111 11100	11111 100 w—14
Jackson	11001 11111	01100 01001—13

The names of the winners and numbers of times won are as follows:

Valentine 3 times, Buffington twice, Sheldon twice, Crandall once, Braley once, Hall once. T. S. H.

DAVENPORT, July 27.—Shoot for the championship gold badge of Delaware county. This is the second time it has been contested for, having been won by L. A. Davenport the first time and also this time. Value of the badge is $50; was issued under the auspices of the Oleout Sportsman's Club of Franklin, N. Y. Conditions: 25 balls per man, 18yds., Davenport trap, swift—40yds. Few entries on account of harvesting:

M P McRoon	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1—17	
John Davenport, Jr.	0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1—20	
L A Davenport	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—23	
C E Fuller	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 w—14	L.

FALL RIVER, Mass.—The ninth competition for silver cup, at 10 glass balls and 10 clay pigeons, took place July 20, and resulted in W. H. Sheldon winning the cup for the second time. The following scores were made:

	Balls.	Clay Pigeons.
Sheldon	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—18
Jackson	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—16
Valentine	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—19
Cornell	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1	1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—15
Buffinton	0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1	0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—14
Negus	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1	1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0— 9
		T. S. H.

TOPSHAM, Me., Aug. 3, 1882.—Regular shoot of Riverside Club for club badge, 15 single and 5 pair balls, Card revolving trap, 18yds. rise:

S Strout	1011100111100110	11 10 00 10 11—15
G M Lee	0001000111111001	10 10 11 10 00—12
A Q Goud	1111111111111	11 10 11 11 11—24
C Keay	1011111111111111	10 11 10 00 10—19
A E Hall	0001111101111111	11 01 11 01 10—18
C Greenleaf	1101111100111011	11 01 10 01 10—17

Badge won by A. Q. Goud. M. C. H.

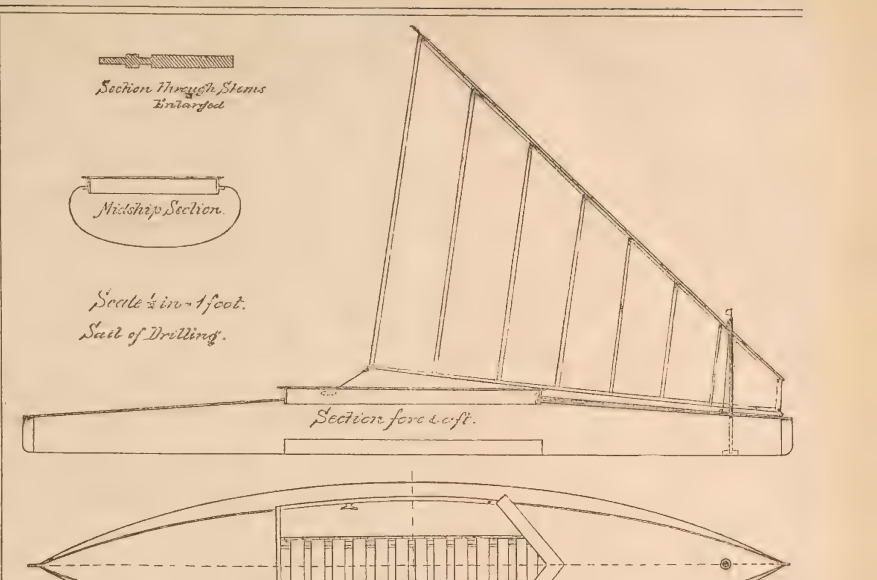
ADDISON, W. Va.—Below find score of a match between James Borgus of this place and Lewis Thompson of Cleveland, 25 balls, 18 yards rise, rotary trap. Mr. Thompson is a young man 17 or 18 years old, and is a very promising shot. Mr. Borgus is a veteran at the trap and in the field.

Thompson	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—24	
Borgus	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1—21	
		L. E. F.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 10—Southern Y. C., Annual Sweepstakes.
Aug. 8-19—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 8-12—American Canoe Association Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 12—Hull Y. C., Second Club Matches.
Aug. 12—Merrimack Y. C., Club Match.
Aug. 12—Toronto Y. C., $250 Cup.
Aug. 14—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Ocean Match to Chester, 1 prize.
Aug. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Chester Town Cup, 2d prize. All Comers.
Aug. 18—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Ocean Match to Halifax, 1 prize.
Aug. 19—Beverly Y. C., Open Races.
Aug. 19—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Aug. 22—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 23—Oswego Y. C., Annual Matches.
Aug. 23—Dorchester Y. C., Second Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Aug. 23—Quincy Y. C., Fourth Club Match.
Aug. —Southern Y. C., Inter-State Regatta.
Aug. 23—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Match.
Aug. 24—New Bedford Y. C., 2d Class Schooners, 1st Class Sloops. $100, $75. Principal Clubs.
Aug. 26—Beverly Y. C., Open Regatta, Marblehead.
Aug. 29—Salem Bay Y. C., Championship Sail-off.
Aug. 30—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Match.
Sept. 1—Beverly Y. C., Third Championship Match, Marblehead.
Sept. 2—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Sept. 2—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Mayor's Cup and third prize.
Sept. 4—East River Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 5—Dorchester Y. C., Third Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Sept. —Hull Y. C., Club Championship Sail-off.
Sept. 4—Quincy Y. C., Fifth Club Match.
Sept. 5—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 9—Merrimack Y. C., Open to All Match.
Sept. 10—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Sept. 16—Dorchester Y. C., Open Races, Cat-Rigs.
Sept. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Three Classes, one prize each.
Sept. —Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Yachts dinghies, sailing race.
Sept. —Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Sept. 19—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 24—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Oct. 1—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Cruise.
Oct. 3—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.



SPORTSMAN'S CANVAS CANOE.

A SPORTSMAN'S CANVAS CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your correspondents inquire about ducking boats. I send you a plan of canvas canoe which I never have seen except two that I have made like this, and I think it an improvement over the common canvas canoe. I use mine here in the Missouri River and in the lakes about here, and have shot many a duck and goose from it. I never saw one so steady and staunch. I was over to Red Lake a short time ago with Mr. Spalding, and we both shot from her, and while in the weeds, in the center of the lake, Mr. Spalding's large greyhound bitch Eve came swimming out and was nearly drowned in the weeds, and Mr. Spalding took her on deck, while I paddled all ashore, more than half a mile—quite a load, two men, two guns and ammunition, about twenty-five mallard ducks, and a greyhound bitch standing on the forward deck. With the sail I have on her I stem the current of the Missouri River. I intend to put another such sail on her, as she will carry it without any trouble, for she does not mind the single one in the least. I have crossed the river in the heaviest kind of a blow and not taken a teacupful of water aboard. Being made so low forward and aft, she does not catch the wind near as bad, and the decks keep out the water.

I have just come back from a trip of ten miles down the river, and could approach flocks of mallard, and all the screen I had was to put a few willow twigs in the mast hole, and they made a blind to cover me, sitting in the bottom. I use a double blade paddle, jointed, and use it single when I get near ducks. I have her painted the color of the water for a drift log, and the ducks do not seem to care for it at all. Description of construction as follows: The ribs and long strips are made of oak ⅜ by scant ¾in.; the ribs are placed 5in. apart, and there are six long strips on each side, and two more 8ft. long to fill up the larger space in the middle. Where each strip and rib cross they are cleated together with a copper nail. The gunwale and quisare ⅜ square, and each rib is let into them and nailed with two copper nails. I use just 4yds. of 52-in. canvas, and the pieces taken off each end make the deck. I bring the canvas over the dado in the stem and stern, and put in a spline; then put on a keel made of oak outside of the canvas and screw it to the center keelson. The cockpit is made of half-inch black walnut screwed to the gunwale strips, and has a piece ⅛ by 1in. screwed on top on the sides and back, so that it leaves ¼in. projection. In front I use a piece ¼in by 3in.

The seat is made of two ⅞in. pine pieces, 3in. wide, screwed to the ribs, and the top is rabbeted ½x½, and the top is made of 2in. by ⅛in. pine strips placed 1in. apart, and cleated together.

The deck is raised 1in. in center of boat, so that it sheds the water, both sideways and endways.

I bring the canvas around the boat and nail it on top of gunwale, and the deck the same, and then put a neat ¼in. half-round molding on top of the tacks, so that it makes a neat job. FAR WEST.

LOWER BRULE, Dakota.

CANOEISTS ON A CRUISE.

REMEMBER to keep the internal machinery in working order by partaking of laxatives, or a whole cruise may become an affliction. Figs are good, so is syrup, stewed prunes, apple sauce and fruit. Never indulge in spirits in the sun unless in case of last extremity. Soft linen helmets, the brim to turn up or down, are the best and most convenient headgear. In hot weather moisten the hair or helmet, or put damp cloth inside. Wear smoked goggles in a bright sun. Carry along a little salve for sunburn if not already hardened by exposure. Blisters on the hands should be pricked with a needle at night, the water gently squeezed out, and a bit of sticking plaster put on next morning to keep from chafe.

Before starting be sure you have fresh water along. This should be replaced whenever there is an opportunity. Also look to your matches. If you are a smoker and cannot get a light, the pleasures of canoeing turn into gall. We have been there for a whole day with three prime Havanas mutely appealing for sacrifice from the breast pocket. Carry as little as you can possibly get along with. Trust to finding on the way what you may want, rather than paddle 100 pounds of duffle about for a week with no use for anything but a tack, or a pin or a few inches of twine. Outfit should consist of stove, with one pot and one pan only. Comb, soap, matches, glass, toothbrush, clothes brush, sewing gear, and even blacking brush we have packed in a box 5¾x1½in., by selecting diminutive articles of each kind. One towel, soft rubber drinking cup, court-plaster, knife, and no forks, spoons nor teacups and saucers. A stick will stir the bacon, a knife will cut it, and there is no danger but what it will find its way into the mouth without implements. A combination knife, fork, scissors and spoon is an excellent article, nevertheless.

An ax may be useful, but it should be the smallest size in the market. A pocket compass, a $4 Waterbury watch, quinine, such fishing and gunning gear as your sporting inclinations dictate, the ammunition kept dry and safe, lantern, light tent with steep pitch, rubber blanket, writing and sketching materials, for all good canoeists should learn to jot down their adventures at night, and if they will acquire common sketching they will find themselves amply repaid by the opportunities a cruise affords for its application. Provisions mainly of canned goods and Brunswick soups, eggs, and perhaps a little bacon with a tin of good crackers. Learn to take coffee or tea without sugar or milk and forget all about butter and you will save any amount of annoyance trying to keep such trifles of an effeminate civilization in stock.

For clothing, flannel is the safest and the most convenient to wear. One suit is enough, but two shifts of underclothing should be taken along. Shoes of soft canvas, with a stout pair for shore. A blanket for the night and a rubber suit for the rain. Accustom yourself to change position occasionally in the canoe; have a sponge at hand for bailing. Keep the seat raised a couple of inches or else the floor paddle steadily, and not by spurts. Do not camp near marshy ground. In doubtful places sleep in the canoe. Binoculars and charts add to the interest of a cruise. If you cannot swim you have no business in a canoe. See that everything is in working order, in good condition, and that you have a place for everything before starting and save many a delay and spoiling things for want of proper condition. Keep blocks, leaders and hoops slushed enough to depend upon the gear rendering through and sails coming down in an instant. Treat the natives in a conciliatory manner, and appear duly impressed with what you see in rustic latitudes.

NEW YORK Y. C.—ANNUAL CRUISE.

IT might be supposed that owners of grand vessels ranging one hundred tons and upward, would seek something more ambitious than a languishing drift in a broiling hot sun, interspersed with "receptions, "clambakes," and other equally irrelevant devices for killing time and filling up the inner man. If social enjoyment is the object of a cruise, all hands aboard a steamer to Coney Island or stowed in a long tow of palace cars bound for the Rockies would seem to afford a far more satisfactory solution to the longings of the pseudo yachting tars composing the majority of the New York Y. C. For that matter, the attractions of the corporation's bar-room and card-tables in the heart of the city would supply all that is needed, and the elaborate firewood hung about the walls would be quite as suggestive of the real thing as the picayune imitation of a sailor's life, the annual lily pond drifting offers. Considering that the small clubs and even open boats make no bones about a run to the Vineyard and the beat home, it looks like a very paltry spirited affair that huge schooners, almost too large to fill away in some of the harbors without going ashore, should rest content with the idle, pointless dawdle dignified in the lay press as a "cruise," and believed by the members of the club to be an event of such magnitude as to compel the attention of the nautical world, when that world quietly smiles at the sight of a fleet of great yachts starting out to do wonders and putting back for sheltered waters ere the open has fairly been reached. Many fine schooners of the Royal Thames, for example, making preparations for weeks, and unreeling more red tape than the men-of-war off Alexandria, and all for a bit of a turn down the Swin and home, with half the crowd putting up helms for shelter in the Greenwich reach after barely fetching down to the Nore!

A performance of the kind would be received with ridicule throughout Great Britain, and the club and its yachts relegated to oblivion. Yet it is just about such an undertaking which is yearly dignified into an adventurous voyage of magnitude and danger by the columns of attention bestowed upon the affair in the local press, and we regret to say that the glamor of noise and fireworks and that serene contentment arising from bountiful feasts and liberal potations free of expense to the partaker has likewise reduced sundry sporting contemporaries to a dutiful state of subsidence and puffery of the chrome sport and counterfeit sailorizing indulged in from year to year by the New York Y. C. It has been proposed in some quarters that the owners and "guests" get out and walk while the yachts drift along and that the interesting and exceedingly nautical pastimes so destructive to the innocent cram and productive of coin to fireworks professors be varied by needlework in the evening, combining the useful and ornamental in decorating the sails in allegorical delineations worked in silk, commemorative of captures made among the fair at the various fandangos attended. But the owners are not altogether to blame for their preferences, for duck-puddle driftings in many cases emanate from a secret misgiving about the seaworthiness of their over-rigged vessels for aught else.

Propose, for example, a cruise in squadron to Bermuda, and whew! what a whistle would be passed around. The mere mention there of seems ridiculous enough, for to ask the New York squadron to venture upon such a thing would be much like requesting a consumptive to meet the eminent artist Mr. Johnny Sullivan without gloves, and apt to end in the same result, being incontinentally knocked out of time. But if such a proposition brings a shudder to the gentle sailors of a society club, it is by no means an unreasonable one, nor yet a motion which cannot readily be carried through by any prominent club abroad. There are some few schooners in our home organization tolerably well fitted for regular cruising, though even they would first have to go into the rigger's hands and have their sticks docked, a good piece and sundry extra shrouds, backstays, bobstays and preventers supplied to make up the deficiency between a regular sea-going craft and the provisional makeshifts for light weather still generally followed. Huge hatches would have to be closed up, Bahama screened, boats fit for service supplied in place of the cranky "White Hall" nondescripts, and a thousand and one odds and ends attended to, to say nothing about a more judicious distribution of the sail to bring it under control of the crew, general refastening of the hull and an overhaul of nautical instruments.

The general run of yachts, including the large ones, are, however, manifestly unfit to venture beyond the ready reach of a port for refuge. It is not expecting anything unusual of a British fleet that they should be found prepared for a sea voyage or for a run along the coast, and why it should be of an American fleet we have never been able to comprehend, unless there is something still wanting in the make-up of our yachtsmen themselves, which is reflected in the vessels they sail. If the New York Y. C. squadron is to be excused from an ocean voyage on the plea that drifting along shore is more interesting work, owing to the proximity of shelter, summer hotels, festivities and rambles ashore, it is at once a confession of the very charge we are making, that yachting is not yet pursued as a sport, resting for pastime upon its own merits, but rather as a means of accomplishing very different ends. The yacht is not sailed for the pleasurable exercise of body and mind in her management, but only as a tool set to carrying owner and "guests" from place to place, the object in view being to exhaust the attractions of one particular town, get out of it by a luxurious method of conveyance to take you into the next place with the least possible delay, the passage being looked upon as a necessary evil accompanying the ownership of a palace afloat. In this light, a voyage to Bermuda, to Halifax, Mount Dessart or even to Boston, seems a ridiculous proposition indeed. But if the sport is followed with the idea of gaining as an amateur, the life, adventures, trials and experiences of a seafaring man, it is perfectly incomprehensible how any one with ambition in that direction can find his thirst quenched by such a very diluted dose of the real

thing as served out in the New York squadron's periodical lily pond drills. This is at least the aspect affairs take when viewed from the standpoint of a professional critical enough to insist upon a difference between the social and the sailor features of a cruise. As long as the majority of the New York Y. C. place a higher equivalent upon festivities and diversions to be found in watering towns than upon the seagoing worth of themselves and their boats, so long, we suppose, the present mild mannered quality of yachting will continue to be the policy of those directing its affairs. We look into the future, though, and see bright pictures take where viewings of mud at the helm, men with whom the ship carries fore and aft everything else after. In those halcyon days when society members have graduated into sailor members, the picture shows a fleet close reefed standing with the gale, the land hull down, heroes at the wheel masters of the tempest, their yachts their very life and soul, nor shore attractions powerful enough to lure the mind from a manly, instructive, a bold and noble occupation to the insipid trifling of the devotees of fashion. That day is unfortunately not yet, but it is approaching.

The fleet of the squadron gathered in Glen Cove harbor during the day, August 2, made sail for New London Thursday morning, arrived in struggling order next day, after a very tiresome passage. The races for the Cook cup, value $1,000 and $500, were drifted off last Saturday, with Montauk and Fanny, the winners, and on Sunday half the fleet got underway for Newport. A moderate southeast breeze took them inside the breakwater, where they were joined by the remaining vessels on Monday. Tuesday the Goelet cups were won after a magnificent race by schooner Montauk and the sloop Oliva or the sloop Fanny. The details of the sailing will be given in our next issue.

HULL Y. C.—AUG. 5.

THE sweepstakes, open to squadron yachts under 38ft. sailing length, brought out a nice lot of well-known racers, including the ever active Heroine, and such fast boats as Sea Bird and Allie, and among the small fry such well-known boats as Wave Crest, Amy, Rubio, Wildfire and others. Entrance fees ranged from $5 to $2. An excellent rule announcing no postponement on account of weather insured a good meet. It would be well if other clubs adopted a similar decisive course. Measurement, load line, plus one-third yearling salt, and club allowances. Five classes—26 to 36ft., 21 to 26ft., cats 30 to 36ft., cats 18 to 30ft., and cats under 18ft. Winner to take all entrance fees in the class. No restriction as to sails and number of crew. Shifting ballast prohibited. Flying start. Time to be taken from final gun. *No period of grace to laggards.* The directions for the start were clear and effective. We believe the one-gun start is sure to become popular in the East when once understood, and that unnecessary complication of various periods of grace and multitudinous "times" will become a thing of the past. There seems no reason why smartly handled craft should be robbed of the fruits of a live start for the benefit of the stragglers who go chasing at high tide at the end of the line, and that though a half a mile away from where they ought to be when the lock string is pulled or the whistle toots. What we need to encourage, if our crews are ever to equal the English in saltorizing, are all the features of a race contributing to its attractiveness to the sailor. *Let qui vive* ready to dash for the line is not only conducive to alertness and masterly tactics, but infuses life and snap into the opening of the match, which, by the charity of ten-minute periods, is otherwise reduced to a slovenly job of humdrum life, complicating the duties of the judges, and mixing up the relative positions of the yachts in the minds of the spectators. Time limits for second class five hours, for the rest three hours.

Courses: For the Second Class—From Judges' line, passing Barrel buoy on the port, to Yellow Barrel off Strawberry Hill, thence starboard to Yellow Barrel N. W. of Bumkin Island, on starboard, out Hull Gut, leaving Toddy Rocks buoy and Point Allerton buoy on starboard to Bell buoy on Harding's Ledge, rounding and leaving it on the port. Returning, leaving Point Allerton and Toddy Rocks buoy on port, through Hull Gut to Judges' boat, twelve nautical miles. For the Third and Fourth Classes—From Judges' line to West Gut, passing out and leaving Pettick's Island on starboard, thence N. E. by N. ¾ mile to Black Buoy on Wilson Ledge, leaving it on starboard, thence to Hunt's Ledge buoy, off Toddy Rocks buoy, rounding and leaving it on starboard; through Hull Gut, to the Judges' boat, seven nautical miles. For the Fifth and Sixth Classes—From Judges' line, passing Barrel buoy, leaving it on port, to Yellow Barrel off Strawberry Hill, leaving it on starboard, passing Yellow Barrel, N. W. of Bumkin Island, leaving it on port, to Barrel buoy off Great Hill, on starboard, to Yellow Barrel off Pettick's Island, rounding and leaving it on starboard, to Judges' boat, six nautical miles. Judges, T. F. Patterson, J. H. Southard, T. O. Loveland, J. H. Conant and Pelog Aborn. Wind light and fitful from southwest. Here went away without a competitor, and finding nather too little of the needful to finish in the five hours allowed, withdrew. In third class Wanda rushed second again in his handsome little Sea Bird after giving way twice to Allie, though the starboard tack, and a third time to avoid threatened collision. The owner of Allie was not on board at the time but his skipper needs disciplining. Had she crossed in the lead she would have been ruled out on protest and there was neither excuse or time for such unconcerning. Ibis, Amy and Thisbe made pretty close work, with Ibis a minute the best, but Wave Crest crossed with a long lead in the class. Janet won with plenty to spare and Seamew just as she liked. Summary:

THIRD CLASS.

	Ft. in.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Sea Bird, Geo. S. Forbush	28 01	2 21 24	1 57 22
Allie, A. S. Wattles	32 08	2 25 37	2 01 15
FOURTH CLASS.			
Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers	Not taken.	2 27 18	
Ibis, J. K. Souther	30 04	2 33 54	2 04 31
Amy, E. W. Baxter	31 05	2 33 53	2 05 20
Thisbe, S. C. Freeman	31 03	2 31 01	2 05 31
Joker, Geo. Cobb	29 04	Not taken.	
Rubio, Alfred Schrof	29 03	" "	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Janet, W. L. Phinney	26 11	1 54 24	1 33 34
Imogen, W. P. Foxle	29 07	1 57 55	1 34 30
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	28 01	2 02 18	1 37 21
Corsair, W. H. Mills	29 01	2 03 13	1 38 13
SIXTH CLASS.			
Seamew, G. R. Howe	27 02	1 58 23	1 32 34
Idlewild, H. N. Curtis	27 03	2 13 33	1 47 46
Gretchen, E. P. Sharp	27 06	Not taken.	

NEW JERSEY Y. C.

A VERY praiseworthy attempt is under way to bring about an open race under sensible regulations as to ballast and crews. If there is any grit left among small boat owners about New York the list will be filled with a rush. By limiting the crews and keeping fast ballast, the expenses to owners are materially reduced and the race a test of boats and seamanship and not a mere wager as to who will exhibit the most foolhardy carrying on in overspanned machines. It may seem very strange that while a hundred small yachts are brought to the line several times in the season in Boston waters, and from thirty to fifty is a common occurrence, we in New York find it impossible to bring about anything to compare with Dyckers snap and we have no hesitation in saying that the baneful influence sand-bags have exercised in this vicinity. Legitimate yachts under 20ft. are very scarce, and hardly any of them with protestions or records as racers, rivalry among owners and builders has not existed. There are only a matter of a few dozen of half a dozen schooners and big sloops, of all tonnages and types, in the large clubs, or else a handful of bag-tossers from the water front, in which no one but the hangers-on of corner stores take a particle of interest. The sloop classes of the Atlantic Y. C. are the only ones that fill and in which anything like a good match can be witnessed, and of late the Larchmont Y. C. has exhibited some fair gatherings of similar boats. Outside of these, match sailing and records are a farce in New York.

The large clubs seem to regard rather than sport and smother small tonnage as beneath their dignity because the members of those clubs are mostly content to remain owners merely and appreciate nothing about the sport but gorgeously furnished accommodations, a big wine locker, and the flimsy excuse for sail. The small clubs have degenerated into bag-tossers, and between the two the thoroughbred of 5 to 20 tons has ceased to exist, at all events as a class, while they flourish in constantly increasing numbers all along the Eastern coast where sensible regulations keep to the front of the club and the pride of all its members. Tonnage does not make the man there, his boat's record gives him his place. That is as it ought to be in New York. The effort in this direction undertaken by the New Jersey Y. C. has therefore our best wishes for success. We are it as a test of what there is in us hereaway, and if the proposed races fail to bring out a fair muster, we may rightfully conclude that the sport of yacht racing has collapsed in New York and that fandangoes, ladies' days, picnics up the Sound and swagger in international conditences are the features indicating the low ebb to which seamanship as a sport has fallen in these latitudes. The N. J. Y. C. has addressed the following circular to the public:

To the Yacht Clubs in the Vicinity of New York:

The N. J. Y. C. will hold a regatta, on Thursday, September 7th prox., open to all sloop yachts not over thirty-five feet in length, starting at 10 A. M. of that day from the Elysian Fields to and around Robbins' Reef buoy, thence to and around Buoy No. 13 off Dick's Island in the lower bay, leaving same on port hand, thence back around buoy on Robbins' Reef to a stake boat off Communipaw dock, Jersey City, where, crossing a line, the time will be taken. There will be one class with an allowance of two minutes to the foot of water line. Main sail and jib only to be carried, no shifting of ballast, and one man to each five feet of water line and fractions thereof. The Regatta Committee having the right to place one of the crew on each or any boat if they desire so to do. All boats to be entered at or before 8 o'clock of the morning of the race, with the Regatta Committee. The Club will present a Challenge Pennant to the winning yacht, together with a cash prize of not less than twenty-five dollars ($25.00).

Should the pennant be won by a boat of the club, the same may be competed for by any boat sailing in the race after thirty days, the challenge to be made in writing, and sent through the Regatta Committee, and the match to be sailed under their direction. In like manner, the winning boat in the second race shall be liable to a challenge on the same conditions. Any boat winning it three times in succession shall be entitled to the Pennant. Any refusal to compete will forfeit the Pennant to the Club.

You are invited to send at least one boat to represent your club in this regatta.

E. W. KETCHAM,
T. H. ROGERS,
E. W. KETCHAM, JR. } Regatta Committee.

CLUB HOUSE, foot 10th street, Hoboken.

NICE INTERNATIONAL.

FRENCHMEN are not naturally of nautical proclivities, and especially not that class whiling away pleasant days at a fashionable watering place. The Nice regatta has been something of a fixture for several years, and large sums have annually been appropriated for purposes of encouraging the sport, but yachts of any class, that were obliged to rely upon British vessels present in the Mediterranean to fill the entry, so that the prize might be given to somebody; and so it came that the race was in reality becoming a British feast for which the Frenchman paid the piper. Anyway their own yachts, a rather sad mixture of all sorts from the flattest machine, built in imitation of New York traps, down to sharpies and dug-outs, rigged in fantastic and exuberant style, failed to make a mark, the British visitor carrying off the honors in the end. The latest management of French committees and peculiar judicial renderings in view of protests were entered. The inhabitants and contributors to the prizes naturally began grumbling, and failed to see why they should collect such a great sum to see a few British yachts sail round the corner and come back after dark, when the Nice International Regatta Association was instituted. Their avowed intent to be put to more interesting use by instituting races on the turf, the Frenchman's inclinations being decidedly in favor of shore diversions. It seemed as though a revolt had been organized, and that the Nice International Regatta might become a thing of the past. This would be very bad, for Cetonia and Gertrude, who have been growing fat on the good things captured in the Mediterranean.

From the announcement we publish below, it seems, however, that the regatta and the banking house have been asleep, and intend to discount the murmurings of revolution by a manifesto issued bright and early, and also to give notice to any American schooner which may be capable of going to sea to take a peep inside the Rock, fetching up off Nice in the latter part of March, when so much the British schooners we have excluded from our own waters by the shameful prejudice shown in the rules governing challenges for the America Cup. We have now Actea, Wanderer and Faustine as our representatives abroad, and the tanning they would get from Cetonia turning to windward is quite certain to keep them far away from Nice. We condense from the circular as under:

Prix de Nice, for yacht of thirty tons and over, 6,000f. and a gold medal to first; 2,000f. and a gold medal to second; 1,000f. and a medal to third, and 500f. and a medal to fourth.

Prix du Y. C. de France, for yachts of fifteen tons and under thirty tons, 5,000f., divided into four prizes, with a medal accompanying each.

Prix de la Baie des Anges, for yachts of five tons and under fifteen tons, 2,000f., divided into four prizes, with medals.

Prix des Alpes Maritimes, for yachts of two tons and under five tons, 1,000f., divided into four prizes, with medals.

Prix the Monte Carlo, for steam yachts of thirty tons, register tonnage, course thirty miles. Prizes the same as offered for the Prix de Nice.

There are also valuable cash and art prizes offered for rowing races, for boats of the French Navy, pilots' gigs, steam launches and festivities in general. Entries close March 15, with M. Andrior Saetone, Secretary. We believe the Y. R. A. rules will be in force next year, so that something like order and system may be looked for. The Prince of Wales is the Honorary President, but he has any thing to say in the matter, it will be in favor of recognized sporting usage rather than for anything striking in the way of novelty or the picturesque.

FLYING STARTS.

SEVERAL clubs have this year conceded the necessity of reforming our slothful methods of starting by shortening the periods of grace to one minute. There can hardly have been the opinion the period has been reduced to five as a first step, and in the East anchor starts are becoming the rule to put more life and smartness in the initial portion of the race. Quite a number of slow skippers have found themselves handicapped by the change to five minutes, and some are inclined to lay the blame to the limited period. It is, however, due to the want of tact displayed, for most yachts are in the habit of knocking about without aim before the start and without knowledge of what is in store. Naturally they get "left." It is just this kind of baby's play we wish to see brought to a stop by the flying start to one gun after a preparatory signal has given all hands a warning to look out for a position. There is no reason why yachts should be excused from keeping the same amount of acumen at the start as in any other portion of the race, or it might appear to be asked that bad seamanship at any time in the race should be met with the same tender consideration shown at the start.

Our present methods do not fit the rest of the race. If seamanship and judgment enter into the result in one part of the match, they should in another, and it is a sop to the clumsy and slothful that an excuse is made for them at the start. The only time a one-gun start can work really unfairly is when the elements step in to mar the skippers' calculations. But a flaw or too light air will just the same harm throughout the race, and no legitimate ground exists for exempting the start from accidents to which the whole course is liable and yet receives no such exemption. A yacht becalmed five minutes after five miles have been sailed receives no allowance, yet the damage to her chances are not a bit different than if becalmed the same after the gun has been given to start. This is a very plain matter and we have no doubt that in time our starts will partake of the life and snap to be witnessed in match sailing abroad. Cutting down to five minutes is a step in the right direction and anchor starts are much to be preferred to the unfair and slipshod ten minutes hitherto observed by the slow fashion set by one of the older clubs in which smart seamanship has ever been held too lightly.

THE OLD CLOVEN HOOF AGAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT, having seen in one of the minor yachting journals a statement that measuring bulk cannot be fair, since a barn so measured ought to be faster than a yacht, and the barn would undoubtedly not be, writes: "Is an equally logical as this exceedingly stupid simile has often been laid bare in these columns, we gratify his wish once again. If bulk measurement is unsound because a barn so measured cannot beat a yacht, let him apply the same reasoning to displacement measurement. A sixty-foot boat by that rule ought to be able to beat a thirty-foot sloop, but it cannot; hence length measurement is absurd. How does he like that sort of reasoning? It seems quite profound enough for a certain class of half-educated individuals. Now a barn as a barn is quite logical as to about measuring the bulk of the barn. When put into competition with a yacht, it is for determining which shape is superior, and how much so. How much would a yacht-like shape beat the same mass put into a barn-like shape? To that we desire an answer through the means of a match between the two. We are not asking for *more of form*, all natural outside influences contributing to speed to be nullified by time allowance in order that the yacht and the barn may be on an equal footing with respect to those influences. If the barn is beaten 15m. by the yacht, it means that the form of the yacht is 15m. inferior over the given course, and that is no reason at all why the barn should be indulged in the use of additional power and momentum derived from sails any more than the yacht.

A close form of water-lines is a superior form of the same bulk has no just claim for an allowance, since the amount she is beaten is due to her form; and the value of her form of speed is exactly what we are seeking. To give an allowance for her cleanliness, even if practicable, would manifestly be introducing the luminous and fulness of the verdict of the race. But if the clumsy form happens to be larger than the yacht, the latter has a perfectly sound claim in equity against the former, for the result of a race has not in such a case proven the relative superiority of the yacht's form over the clumsy form, but only her actual superiority over a mass possessing certain innate advantages due to excess of size. Type out or neutralize those advantages by a grant of time, determined from experience, to the smaller competitor, and add this grant to the amount of her form, and only then have we obtained the true gauge of the two forms for speed devoid of irrelevant influences. Bulk improperly placed does not contribute to speed, though it does to "power," while length improperly used contributes to neither, as shown in the example of the log. Whether beneficial to speed or not is the problem for the designer to solve, and to reach an answer thereto we must match different forms of like bulk in a race, or allow properly for the differences in bulk, owing to the "power" accompanying it, but which does not necessarily accompany an increase in length. Under no circumstances either can the stale comparisons between the barn and yacht to disprove the soundness of measuring bulk is an exhibition of the most profound stupidity, and proof that the individual making use of such an argument is altogether too shallow-brained to give an opinion on the question one way or the other.

LUBBERS AT THE HELM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago the cabin yachts Aldine, of Camden, and Norcross, besides a sloop, ran into a schooner while at anchor and literally tore their canvas into ribbons. Seeing this was done in broad day, and a nice breeze, it is rather remarkable, inasmuch as they all struck the same schooner and inside of an hour. There was plenty of sea room. Such bribberly work is not the business of even a Cooper's Creek flatboat man. I am astonished that men calling themselves experts should be guilty of such utter carelessness. I record this circumstance in the hope that yachtsmen, for their credit, will do more than say, I am sorry to say. This is not an isolated case, and the many lives that have so recklessly been thrown away is fast bringing boating into bad repute. Youngsters of the present day who make up in "dash" what they have failed to learn by experience. A command of a yacht at the helm, and reading, without even knowing that hencoop means starboard and water barrel port, be damned.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. R. G. W.

The above grown from an old hand covers something to be witnessed too often. Only recently a yacht lying off shore with ample berth had her topmast taken out of her by a lot of lubbers getting out from the Sandy Hook wharf with a free sheet. The lubbers would have been indignant if told they had anything to learn in the way of seamanship. A similar set of louts dragged their anchor and swept slowly the foul of another, without a rope's end on board, the topmast and bowsprit out of her, in the blight at Tomkinsville landing. They then shifted the small yacht's moorings, and escaped paying damages for want of witnesses. If less attentive were paid to the "nice points" and fireworks and more to the creditable handling of some yachts many heavy fines for rule-breaking might be saved.)

CAPE ANN Y. C.—The open regatta of the Cape Ann Y. C. was sailed in the outer harbor of Gloucester August 2. Open to all comers. Four classes, over 22ft., 18 to 22ft., 15 to 18ft., and under 15ft. Course 12 miles for first and second class, and 6 miles for the rest. Wind light from southwest. A large number came to the line, the first class showing especially well, and a pretty yellow-hulls battle between Lafayette, Muriel and Raven, and a close race was made among the leaders. Two cash prizes in each class. Judges, H. F. Sanford, G. W. Pattersond and Ben. R. Wonson. Summary as under, Bannerette and Raven making a tie, requiring remeasurement of the boats for decision:

FIRST CLASS.

Name.	Length. Ft. In.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Raven, Friend	24 6	2 28 01	1 48 52
Bannerette, Daniels	23 0	2 29 02	1 48 52
Jennie L., Lockhart	23 9	2 30 22	1 50 11
Rita, Rock	23 5	2 32 45	1 52 05
Rallinda, Marsh	23 8	2 33 33	1 53 56
Venus, Meagher	23 2	2 36 23	1 56 41
Judith, Pigeon	22 9	2 39 43	1 58 05
Gleam, King	27 8	2 34 57	1 59 25
Muriel, French	22 9	2 42 22	1 59 31
Lafayette, Pickford	24 5	2 45 09	2 00 59
Gleaner, Bateman	21 0	2 51 36	2 11 46
Greta, Hill	27 7	Not taken.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Druid, Fowle	19 7	2 44 17	1 55 34
Comus, Newcomb	18 0	2 45 56	1 57 02
Perl, Parkman	18 8	2 47 07	1 59 13
Addie S., Cook	18 6	2 50 42	2 01 48
Allie, Wilson	21 6	2 46 07	2 02 51
Addie, Haskell	20 10	2 47 37	2 02 52
Jet, Merchant	21 6	2 54 30	2 03 56
Charm, Wheeler	20 0	3 02 53	2 21 37
THIRD CLASS.			
Sassacus, Griffin	16 8	1 20 18	0 53 27
Idle Hour, Shute	16 8	1 37 53	1 01 31
Nancy D., Dennen	15 1	1 38 42	1 05 56
Helen, Elwell	17 7	1 35 29	1 08 25
Jennie C., Hall	17 0	1 50 45	1 29 45
Dora, Tileston	16 4	Not taken.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Una, Norwood	14 7	1 56 57	1 07 57
Hattie C., Phinney	14 2	1 49 37	1 11 07
Unknown, M. Gaffney	14 0	1 55 24	1 33 39
Wild Wave, Stantial	14 2	1 56 35	1 27 05
Ethel, Brooks	14 2	1 58 03	1 33 32

NEW SCHOONER.—The fine new schooner built by D. J. Lawlor, of Chelsea, Mass., for Mr. Wm. F. Weld, was launched Aug. 5. The Gilmore, already referred to in these columns, we believe to be the best built schooner ever launched in America, and a much nearer approach to Lloyds and foreign standards than anything of large tonnage which has gone before her. In model she represents a radical departure from the old school, dispensing as she has been given less beam and greater depth than her predecessors, and in rig, the English custom of a running bowsprit with jib set flying has been adopted, a material improvement over the coaster's arrangement of revolting, two article fleet. Length over all 100ft., on line 94ft., 5in.; beam, 20ft., 6in.; depth of hold, 10ft., and 11ft. draught. Keel of white oak 10in., sided at center, tapering to 6in. at stem and 8in. at keel. Width across bottom amidships 6in., with slight taper towards ends, frames spaced 20in., floor timbers, sided at ends 7in., and 5in. at head, molded 10in. at floors, 7in. at first futtock and 4in. at head. Keelson of oak, sided 16in. in center, tapering to 8in. at ends, and secured with 1½in. composition bolts. Clamps are 6½ long, 6in. sided, 3 and 3½in. thick, bolted with ⅝in. yellow metal. Garboards and lower strakes of oak, 8in., tapering up to 2in. and at hoodends 8in. thick. The frame is thoroughly kneed throughout, all fastenings of copper and composition, no iron being used for that purpose in the hull. Ceiling of selected yellow pine 3in thick amidships tapering to 2in. at ends. Plank in long lengths of 27ft. Wales of oak 5x8in., bottom plank of oak 2½in. thick, and deck 2½in. square white pine. Stanchions of locust, rail of white oak and fittings of mahogany. The schooner carries 60 tons of load ballast, 15 of which are outside on the keel. Accommodations consist of ladies saloon aft 14x14ft., finished in oak and cherry, Queen Anne style, with berths for six. Forward of this the companion way, then the main saloon, 18ft. square, finished in solid mahogany and supplied with Ilic Bros.' two article fleet. Hanging and grand piano. Aft and leads to Mr. Weld's private room, 18x10ft., finished in polished ash and cherry, with bathroom and conveniences attached. On the port han t opening into the main saloon, is the passageway forward, leading to the owner's room, stateroom for two passengers, pantry and galley and pantry. The forecastle contains eleven berths and is neatly furnished throughout. Eight tanks for water, holding 2,200 gallons for a long cruise.

LYNN Y. C.—The second championship race was sailed August 5, in Lynn harbor. Course from club house to stake boat off Point of Pines, down to lobster rock buoy and home, five miles. Wind light. Judges, C. H. Clifford, C. H. Russell and W. Cross. Jennie L. fouled the Lobster mark and was protested by Ruth and declared disqualified in consequence. Ruth and Sadie were the winners. The third match is fixed for August 19, to decide. Summary:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length. Ft. In.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Jennie L., C. H. Lockhart	31 11	1 20 22	1 31 13
Ruth, W. Bassett, Jr.	31 10	1 25 10	1 37 52
Pearl, J. F. Lee	32 4	1 31 20	1 44 32
THIRD CLASS.			
Daisy D., W. D. Wooldredge	18 5	2 03 43	1 [illegible] 18
Sadie, E. L. Taylor	17 5	2 10 33	1 [illegible] 13
Muriel, W. Newhall	15 6	Not taken.	

HULL Y. C.—The annual open races are fixed for Saturday, Aug. 19, and a vast deal is expected to come to the start. If the weather is favorable, this and the Beverly races, Aug. 26, promise to eclipse in point of numbers all previous races in history. Nearly $1,000 are offered by the Hull authorities. The evening will see a grand illumination of the fleet, fireworks and music ashore. Entries should be made to Vice-Commodore Perkins, 533 Washington street, Boston, before noon, Aug. 13. Competitors will do well to comply with all the formalities, to study up the courses and starting signals and keep clear of fouling each other. It is a wrong plan to leave such things to the last moment.

CHICAGO Y. C.—The new club book has been issued. It shows three schooners and sixteen sloops, with 101 members. Commodore's pennant, a pointed burgee, blue ground with thirteen white stars; Vice Com., same in red; Rear Com., same, white field and red stars, with narrow red border. Acting Com., plain blue pennant. The measurement rule is based on length and beam, though the bylaws fail to specify in what manner. Allowance among schooners 1sec. per mile for each foot of measurement. Schooners from 100 to 125ft. are exempted from giving time to other rigs coming within those dimensions. Allowances among sloops, 2sec. per mile for each foot of measurement. Drews limited to one hand for crew. 4ft., a rule not specific enough, as the status of steward, cook, pilot and passengers is not defined. We believe one working hand, including skipper, to every five feet of load line length quite enough, especially for sloops and small schooners. No shifting of ballast allowed in cabin yachts, or in partially decked or open yachts competing with them. The sailing directions are very incomplete and would not cover disputes likely to arise. We commend the rules of the Y. R. A. of Great Britain to the club's consideration as the most perfect code in existence. The Chicago Y. C. was established in 1876 and received its charter January 7, 1882, the incorporators being C. J. Duggan, W. D. Payne, Jacob Wilder, A. W. Cleaver, P. F. Pettibone, C. E. Kromer and H. F. Griswold.

CUTTERS.—The *Herald* makes the following observations in a recent issue. They are the same as made in FOREST AND STREAM on several years, and which seem at last to be telling on all sides: "Next came the races with the recently imported Maggie in Boston waters, the Maggie being a narrow, deep cutter. She beat all comers on a length of measurement, and, *notable fact*, in smooth water and light puffing wind. This was a most remarkable performance, and though it is in accordance with the discoveries in fluid resistance, it was opposed to all the ideas of the old school of builders, who held that resistance increased with the depth of immersion. The time is near at hand when something like this may come—i. e., when a boat of the Maggie's type sufficiently large to challenge for the America's Cup may arrive in our waters. Under these circumstances, it is well for American yachtsmen to look about and inquire if they have learned anything. Really, have American yachtsmen learned anything of late? No! Are the yachts lately built any better in rig or outfit than the old boats? Very little, must be the answer. Yachts can and should be built to face any weather; but to do this they must be cutter rigged, if with one mast, with jibs set flying, runners and all outsides. Maggie's performances, together with those of the Undine, the Madge, have shown this to be a fact beyond dispute, and it remains to be seen how much the yachtsmen of this section will profit thereby."

MAGGIE'S RACES.—The 15-ton Maggie made an exhibition of the Dorchester Y. C. fleet, Boston, on Monday, July 3. Thirty-six boats started in the different classes. The weather was terribly paltry, however. Observers of them sailing out and coming in the race for following, but no doubt all the American sporting journals but FOREST AND STREAM will give a garbled account of the sailing, and engineer the business into a substantial native victory.—*London Yachting Gazette.* The surmise of our London contemporary is not far from right. One turf journal, a second rate one only. The same amusing dishonest enough to credit Maggie with two races only so far in place of three. Maggie has won three races in succession: Dorchester Y. C., July 3; Boston city regatta, July 4, and Eastern Y. C., July 22. Her first match in American waters was sailed in the Eastern Y. C. regatta, June 21, when Maggie was well within her time from Undine, and would have scored but for splitting the jaws of her gaff. An attempt to belittle her victories is made in some quarters by calculating the Boston race as second rate only. The same amusing claim was set up in Boston last year concerning the New York sloops beaten by the Madge. The Undine of Boston, however, is originally a New York sloop, and has a record second to none, and the cutter has disposed of her every time they met.

A BEAUTIFUL MODEL.—The handsomest and most perfect model yacht, technically considered, is now on exhibition at Manning's factory, 32 Dey street. The yacht is built to an order by an amateur, who has certainly reached more than professional proficiency, as exhibited in the close familiarity with details and the cabinet finish of the smallest articles. The model is 61in. long, equal to 61ft. by the scale. She is a perfect representative of the modern British yawl, and it needs but a single examination to convince the spectator with such a thorough little seagoing ship. Her draft is 9ft.; tonnage about 30. Flush deck, with hatches and skylights, bits, windlass, winches, hawse pipes, chains, patent anchors, binnacle with gimbals, compass, and in short everything to make her complete, and to scale down to the smallest item of outfit. Sails, gear, serving, splicing of wire, block straps, deadeyes and lanyards all worked in detail the same as on a large vessel. Bowsprit to rig in with power and a trifle more than 40ft. long, 33in. diameter at heel, 9in. at end, with 22ft. hoist to sail. The hull is regularly built and very handsome and fair in finish. Frames of oak, planks of pine, with oak garboards and sheer strake, and deck of holly. But to be appreciated this handsome piece of work should be seen. If she makes no converts to modern ideas of what a yacht should be we are much mistaken.

STOVE FOR CANOEISTS.—When traveling by river with the beach handy, it is often preferred to camp by pitching the tent, starting a fire and preparing for the evening meal, perhaps the principal one of the day. Several of the cooking utensils for this operation are good enough in their way, but for camping, especially if cruising in fleet where one stove is made to do duty for the crowd, a sheet-iron contrivance is effective as well as cheap and handy. Commodore Chase, in his extensive Western voyaging by river and lake, made use of the following arrangement at a cost of less than $2. The stove was made with an elliptic base of sheet-iron. 12 inches high and 14 long and 7 inches wide. It had no bottom, the fire being built on the ground. The stove set over it as soon as fairly ignited. In front a 5-inch door allowed for feeding and draft. On top had a 6-inch hole to receive kettle or pan, and a funnel 12 inches high and 3½ in diameter at the rear conducted off the smoke. The outfit consisted of a 3 or 4-quart camp kettle with copper bottom, a tea kettle and a frying pan with an oven added for baking. Each article fitted all stow one within another, the whole affair weighing 3 to 4 pounds. A rousing fire can be quickly got up in wind or rain in this or a similar arrangement.

HULL Y. C.—The fifth class yachts, whose match was declared off, owing to misunderstanding at start in the races July 22, resailed Aug. 3. Course from judges' boat, leaving to starboard buoy on Strawberry Hill, thence to flag off Bumkin Island, thence to Pig Rock beacon, thence to flag off Pettick's Island, and home; five and a half miles. Wind light S. E. Six boats were sent away at 3 P. M., with Joker leading, and Janet and Wildfire close aboard. Janet gradually ran the rest and spun out a lead nearing Bumkin mark, which she retained all day. Janet takes first regular and Wildfire second regular prize. She also takes first Corinthian and Joker second Corinthian prize. Judges, J. H. Conant, S. Soudgrs, A. Rand and M. J. Kiley, aboard the Commodore's sloop Anna. Summary:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
	FT. IN.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Janet, W. L. Phinney	18 11	2 00 30	1 58 00
Wildfire, N. H. Keith	18 01	2 01 19	1 39 27
Isis, J. T. Souther	20 06	2 03 06	1 40 29
Joker, George Coffin	20 08	2 06 48	1 44 20
Myrtle, C. H. Poor et al	19 06	Time not taken.	
Gisela, S. G. King	25 11		

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—The race open to second-class sloops of the club sailed August 3, 10 A. M., and variable southwest winds. Course fifteen miles, triangular, in Buzzards Bay. One prize of $30. The wind failed entirely toward the close. Summary as under:

	Load Line.	Actual.	Corrected.
	Ft. In.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Imperia, J. L. Stackpole	41 11	2 30 37	2 30 37
Ariel, F. E. Bacon	33 4	2 40 50	2 39 10
Whistler, J. A. Hawes	33 0	2 47 19	2 37 31
Nixie, N. H. Emmons	29 4	2 52 10	2 37 20
Peri, Sands	37 0	2 45 18	2 40 39
Kismet, W. A. Abbe	39 4	2 54 57	2 42 21
Isabel, Chapman	33 0	2 51 03	2 42 48
Pointer, D. L. Parker	38 8	2 58 52	2 43 37

The match for the Commodore's Challenge Cup, open to principal clubs, was sailed the next day in light southwest wind over fifteen mile course. Pointer, 38 8, D. L. Parker, won in 4 5 33, beating Elstrina, R. H. Morgan, 4 12 34, and Josie, 21 3, Horace Wood, 4 12 46. The Glimpse withdrew.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—The sailing challenge cup was put up Saturday, July 29, and brought out six canoes—Isabel, double centerboard Pearl, Robert Tyson; Boreas, same, Com. Neilson; Nautilus, one board, A. B. Eadie; Elma, steel fanboard, R. A. Coleman; Shadow, iron keel, J. L. Kerr, and Sadie N., iron keel Shadow model, F. M. Nicholson. Course a leg of the earth, its size not stated, in the triangle. Wind very light. Only two canoes finished, both of them the Pearl models—Isabel and Boreas. Capt. Tyson showed a huge sail over Isabel with a new-fangled rolling reefing gear, winding the sail about the mast; while Boreas had two smaller but well-fitting lateens. The latter held the lead, but Isabel's big sail told in the light wind and landed her the cup. The second class, comprising Shadow and Sadie N., agreed to go over the triangle only once to decide ownership to the cup for their lot. Won by Shadow with a large balance to

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—The club has been presented with a $100 challenge cup by Messrs. J. W. and A. Anderson, to be sailed for in the September races. The match for the Prince of Wales Cup is fixed for Sept. 7, and if the Anderson Cup is raced for the day previous or succeeding, there will be a regular "Cowes week" on a small scale in Toronto harbor. The championship pennant will be put up this fall also, but is open to the club only, money prizes going to foreign yachts. We would like to see some American representatives in these races open to lake yachts.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The yachts returned from their annual cruise in straggling order, Ripple, last Sunday; Vixen, Vice-Com. J. G. Beecher, anchored in Harbor Aug. 1, after a passage of fifteen hours from Newport in a southwest wind, a point or so free; the Defiance made port the same afternoon; Endeavor, Zephyr, Propero, Lorelei and the Ferguson are still to the eastward. Endeavor has gone to Block Island, and the Ferguson is in Sag Harbor. The cruise was very much enjoyed by all hands, and is certain to become a permanent institution in the club fixtures.

BEVERLY Y. C.—Prizes for the sixty-ninth championship race, held in abeyance for want of correct measurements, were awarded as follows: Cutter Beetle in first class, Holden in second and Dandelion in third take first money. Mosquito in second class and Psyche in third take second money. Beetle and Holden take and hold champion pennants, having won in two races. Dandelion and Psyche tie. Beetle measures 27.3, sailing length, and Mavis 27.5.

GLEAM.—The cable brings the news that Mr. F. Gomer's Rhode Island catboat Gleam won first prize at the Cowes, England, town regatta, August 4, beating Mr. Loper's Daisy and Mr. Eagar's Wave. What this portends can be judged better upon receipt of details by mail. The Gleam probably used shifting ballast, a custom not in vogue among small boats in English waters, and against which no rules were enforced.

KESTRAL.—This is the name of the new cutter recently launched from Driscoll's yard, at Greenpoint, for Mr. S. M. Fox, of Philadelphia. Her owner has put her into commission and expects to do some sailing in the lower Delaware. The cutter is 47ft. on deck, 36ft. load line, 13ft. 8in. beam, draws 6ft. has lead on the keel, and a small centerboard 11ft. long. Full cutter rig.

HULL Y. C.—Extract from the by-laws. "No water shall be started from, or taken into the tanks, after the signal to start has been given. Only the usual anchors and chains shall be carried during a race, and they must not be used as shifting ballast, nor for altering the trim of the yacht. Ballast shall not be shifted or trimmed in any way whatever during a race."

AMERICA.—General Butler and party left Boston, August 5, for a cruise to Halifax and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The schooner had previously indulged in the freak of racing the clipper ship North America a distance to sea on her voyage outward to San Francisco. Owing to this the schooner was beaten in a walk.

JEFFRIES Y. C.—The third championship match was sailed Aug. 5, in a light southwest wind, a very close race being the result. Sloop Lizzie, 18.0, Silas Porter, Jr., won in 2:15:20, beating Belle, 19.9, A. H. Thompson, by 34, only, though 45s. later on actual time, and Undine, Raven and the cat rig Sallie R.

COWES REGATTA.—Later advices state that Mr. Gower's catboat Gleam sailed in the Cowes, England, regatta against open boats, fishing boats and some cruisers much smaller than the catboat. It would have been strange had she not won in such scrub company, the local craft not shifting ballast.

GEM.—Mr. H. O. West, of the Knickerbocker Y. C., has sold the keel sloop Gem to Mr. J. A. Osgood, of Boston, and the sloop will therefore return to her original hailing port, where we hope to see her figure again in the hard-fought battles of her class the other side of the Cod.

CUTTER RIG.—The Sylvia, of Belleville, Ont., will be altered to cutter rig and receive four tons of lead on the keel. This should much improve the Sylvia, as she is a fine boat, with much dead rise. With canvas increased in proportion, the cutter ought to be hard to beat.

MADGE.—This cutter still lies at Newport in her old berth, and will rapidly deteriorate unless more care is bestowed upon her keep. Her friends are much given out in the recording suit. It appears that her sale to Toronto parties has fallen through.

AILEEN WINS AGAIN.—The new 30-ton cutter Aileen and the 57-ton schooner Oriole, of Toronto, sailed a private match of forty miles, July 31. Course same as in the recent sweepstakes of the Royal Canadian. Aileen won by an hour.

AILEEN.—From the *Canadian Sportsman*: "The result of the Royal Canadian Y. C. sweepstakes proved conclusively the superiority of the deep draught cutter over the centerboards."

TORONTO Y. C.—Now has three regular challenge cups, the Murray Cup, Cosgrave Cup and the Commodore's Cup, all of which will be sailed for in the matches to-morrow.

New Publications.

NUTTALL BULLETIN.

Mr. Jeffries's article in the last number of the *Bulletin*, on "The Colors of Feathers," is very interesting, the more so because it takes up a subject which has hitherto been quite out of the way of American ornithologists, or, for the matter of that, in any other in any department of science, five are not mistaken. The hint having been given by Mr. Jeffries, it may be hoped that the subject will now receive the attention of students on this side the Atlantic. Great interest naturally attaches to Mr. Brewster's paper on the "Birds taken in Arizona," by Mr. Stephens, for it includes many species that are known to most collectors only from descriptions. The author's notes on the species referred to are usually full. In the present number Mr. Charles F. Batchelder concludes his long paper on the "Summer Birds of the Upper St. John," 103 species being enumerated. Mr. Bicknell gives us, in a very charmingly written paper, "A Sketch of the Home of *Hylocichla aliciæ* Bicknelli Kidway, with some Critical Remarks on the Allies of this New Race." The facts which the author has gathered in relation to this new form, lead him to consider it beyond a doubt, what has hitherto been questioned, that *Hylocichla aliciæ* and *H. ustulata swainsoni* are quite distinct. His short notes on the "Birds of Bayou Sara, La." are continued by Mr. Charles Wickliffe Beckham, as is also Mr. Nehring's "List of Birds" observed at Houston and in some of the other counties of Texas. There is much that is of interest in Recent Literature and General Notes.

AMERICAN GAME-BIRD SHOOTING.

Mr. John Mortimer Murphy, the author of the present work, is sufficiently well known to most sportsmen as a very prolific, if not very exact, writer on the birds and mammals of Western America. The volume under consideration contains descriptions of our game birds and water-fowl, treats of their haunts and habits, and also of the various modes employed in their capture; there are at least many things in its pages which it may be worth while for the tyro to know.

It is in all its essential features a compilation from the writings of other authors, but there are, interwoven among these facts, numerous stories and out of the way bits of personal experience, which are not without interest. Some of these will slightly tax the credulity of the reader, but those who listen to the tales of the hunter or angler must expect this. The book treats of our game from the wild turkey down to the rail, and includes fully with the grouse, with most species of which the author seems to have had considerable experience. Numerous English shooting terms are used throughout the volume, terms which will never be employed in this country, and some of which sound absurdly enough to the American ear. Thus, to speak of a "herd" of curlew would seem to be quite misused on this side of the water very ridiculous. The book is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and has a number of wood cuts, some of which are very good. 12mo., pp. 347. Orange Judd Company.

SCIENCE LADDERS.

In issuing N. D'Anvers' "Science Ladders." Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are doing good work. These little works are a series of Readers in Natural History, in which a number of leading facts are given in very clear, simple language. The story is told, in fact, so plainly that a child of ten can understand it all. Technical terms are never employed, and names which might be unusual to children's eyes are sufficiently clearly explained for the purposes of the books. It is a grand thing to have elementary facts set forth so that they can be well understood, and this appears to have been successfully done here. We have before us Nos. I. and III. of these Ladders, "Forms of Land and Water," and "Vegetable Life." The first tells in thirteen lessons, or chapters, of the earth, its size, its surface, its oceans, of seas, rivers, lakes, evaporation, the atmosphere and its motion, and of ice and its work. "Vegetable Life," treating of a more complicated subject, or, at least of one which at first glance would appear so, is somewhat larger, and takes up the plant, passes through its development to its fruiting, describing all the parts in some detail. The subject is well handled, and is treated with great simplicity. Both these little volumes are illustrated with a great number of wood cuts, which are more than ever valuable in works of just this kind. The more of these simple elementary books we can have the better, for he who is grounded in just such facts as are here given is well equipped for the intelligent study of Nature. The motto chosen for these little books is a happy one—

"The great thing is to get your foot on the first rung of the ladder."

WORMS AND CRUSTACEA.

Of the Guides for Science Teaching, published by the Boston Society of Natural History, Number VII., by Professor Alpheus Hyatt, treats of "Worms and Crustacea." As might be imagined from the position of the author, the little work is not only very clear and simple, but it is also complete. With this work before him, and a common earth worm, lobster or crab in hand, there is no reason why any man should not gain a perfectly clear idea of the structure of any worm or crustacean. Just such a work as this should form the basis of science-teaching in all our common schools, and it is a pity that short courses of instruction in zoology with such a work as this for a text-book cannot be established in every school in the land. The portion of the book devoted to worms treats of the common earth worm and of the marine Nereis. The lobster forms the text for the description of the Crustacea, but there are so many subdivisions of this group which differ very widely from the Macroura, that the Isapods, Amphipods and typical forms of Anomoura, Brachyura, Cirripedia, Copepoda and Epizoa are described, while the Branchiopoda and Ostracoda are alluded to. The work is one which deserves the highest commendation. 12mo. 63 pp. Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. B., Glasco.—Yes, the arm is all right and the firm highly responsible.

T. J.—We can supply Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass." Price, postpaid, $3.

F. E. W., South Manchester.—Get Farrar's and Hubbard's guides to Moosehead Lake.

C. W.—The articles on camping out were published in issues of May 11, June 29 and July 13, 1882.

S. D.—See current letters from West Virginia printed in this paper. No shooting in that State before Sept. 1st.

J. G. B.—For a book on the care and management of dogs, try Dinks, Mayhew and Hutchinson; we can supply it.

R.—The head of fish sent by you from Lake Champlain is that of the fresh water sheepshead, *Haplodonotus grunniens*.

R. E. B., Cincinnati, O.—You can travel from twenty to forty miles per day on horseback, depending upon the country. We cannot give you an estimate of expenses.

J. C. H., New York.—You will be directed to the exact fishing spots at the Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, Me. The guides and hotel keepers thereabouts can post you fully.

D. B., Falls City, Nebraska.—1. You cannot remove the rust indentations. They will not hurt the shooting qualities of the gun. 2. The barrels are practically as good as "Damascus."

E. G., Galveston, Texas.—Take your rubber boots to a shoemaker to be mended; or send to one of the rubber firms advertising with us for a bottle of their preparation for mending rubber articles. The directions accompany the bottle.

L. A. H., Aurora, Ill.—1. Have there ever been any game birds imported to the United States from China? 2. Is there a law against carrying loaded cartridges in a trunk to be conveyed on a railroad? Ans.—Yes; pheasants were imported into Oregon and California 2. No.

SPORTSMAN OF SEVENTY-ONE YEARS.—If a farmer living in New York State owns ten or fifteen acres of woods lying along the highway, can he by sign prohibit persons from hunting in those woods? Ans. Ye See also the text of the trespass law, quoted in our issue of July 1 page 476.

F. B.—You could use oilcloth for small single camp tents, but would prove very heavy and inconvenient. A canvas tent, if fitte with a "fly," will shed the rain. The "fly" is an extra piece of clot so stretched across the top of the tent as to shed the rain out beyon the tent proper.

J. W. B.—Books on pigeons are: 1. "Illustrated Book of Pigeons," by L. Wright. Has colored plates and is the best. Price $12.50. 2. "Practical Pigeon Keeper," by same author. Illustrated. Price $1.50. 3. Mr. Tegetmeir's book, illustrated with colored plates. Price $5. We can supply any one of the three.

A. I. H., Canada.—A bets B that in the election P would defeat M. In explanation; P, after canvassing through the riding for several days, resigned. B was afterwards nominated over M and defeated. Who wins? Ans. We are not authority on betting nor on Canadian politics; but if the conditions were "play or pay," B wins; if otherwise, it was a draw.

RATTLESNAKES WANTED.—Museum of Natural History, Buffalo, N. Y.—Could you possibly give me the names of persons who would be willing to procure for me three or four rattlesnakes with poison fangs? I want to make some experiments with the poison.—JULIUS POHLMAN. Ans. Perhaps some of our readers may have the knowledge required and will communicate with our correspondent.

"BIRCH CANOE."—Calais, July 2.—If "Birch Canoe," Hartford, Conn., would like to know where he can get a canoe, I can give him the desired information. Would be pleased to hear from him. Why is not some one of the A. C. A. fleets in New England cruises this year? Here is a grand field for the canoeist. Give them a hint and I will gladly give all the information in my power.—HERBERT B. MASON.

SUBSCRIBER, Springfield, Mass.—In a match at glass balls where 18 yards is the distance for a No. 12-bore, what distance should the men stand, using a 10, 14, 16 or 20-bore gun? Ans. There is no established rule in regard to the matter. Some of the leading clubs adopted rule allowing one yard for each unit of difference in the gauge in favor of the smaller bore. Other clubs adopted the English rule, which is only one-half that.

J. R. E.—Would like to know where to get information of character of, cost and style of travel, expenses, and such other information as one ought to have before starting on a trip for Wyoming Territory, with view to finding suitable place for location or investment in farming lands. Ans. Write to the Governor at Cheyenne. Read the letters of Mr. Lloyd Brown in FOREST AND STREAM, and other documents which you will obtain upon application as above.

KILLYFISH.—The name of killyfish is a local one used only about New York, where the Dutch settlers left many of their names. It is literally creekfish, for the Dutch "kill" meant creek. At the East the fish are called by the Indian name of "mummichog," or shortened into "mummy." They are of the family *Cyprinodontidæ*, or eyprinoids which have teeth. The family is a large one, and some of its members are viviparous. The most common species about New York is the *Fundulus pisculentis*.

J. C. P., Washington, D. C.—1. What ought to be the color of a well-bred Irish setter at the age of two months? Ans. Where can I find any law or laws concerning the season for shooting game to be found on the Upper Chesapeake and smaller streams flowing into the Upper Chesapeake—game such as ducks, reed birds, ortolan, etc.? 3. Where can I obtain a good book on dog breaking? Ans. 1. At this age they are generally of a faded yellowish red. 2. Consult the table of open seasons in FOREST AND STREAM of July 20. 3. We can send you Training vs. Breaking; price, $1.00.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

SEE advertisement of Shelton's Challenge Gun.

The most exaggerated dispatches come by the fish line.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

In Greenland the natives call a dog a "kingunk," but if you want to say "I would like to buy a dog," you express your desire in the one single word "*Kingunkarpaksik*." A poundman would be a blessing.—*Sacramento Bee.*

A Jerseyman went to Mauch Chunk, Pa., to spend his vacation and during the first night three old hens which had gone to roost on a tree outside his bedroom window, were disturbed by a cat and flew into the apartment. The Jerseyman awakened and slashed a pillow around until the bewildered fowls found their way out. The next morning he told his host that he should come there every summer, for during the whole night he had seen but three mosquitoes.—*Philadelphia News.*

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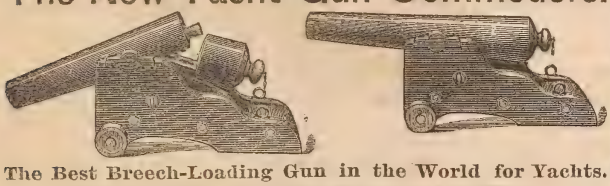
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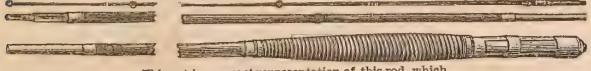
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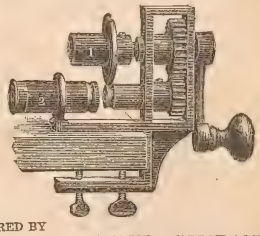
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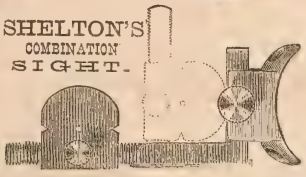
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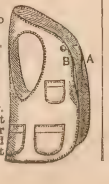


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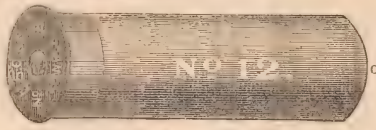
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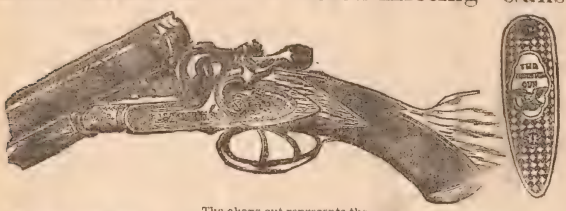
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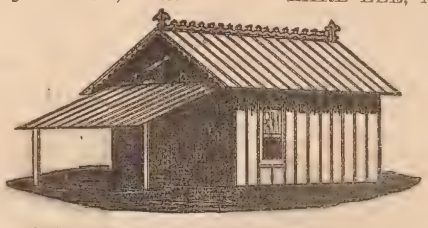
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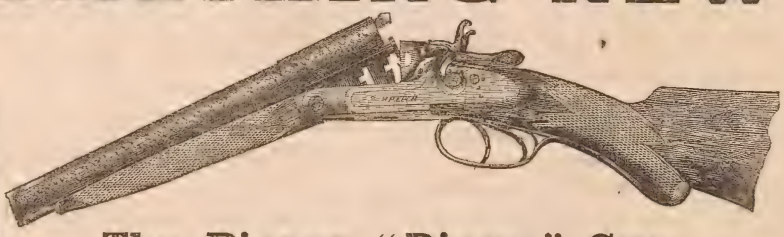
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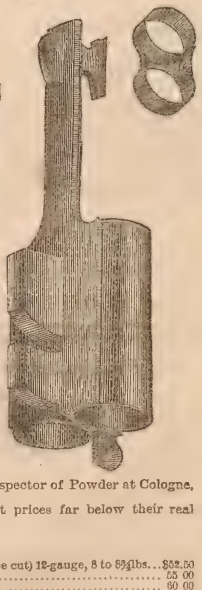
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	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot..	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
H. Pieper, Liege	3 3 4 4	4 4 4 3	4 4 4 4—45
Roedel, Prague	3 8 3 3	4 4 4 4	3 5 4 4—42
W.W.Greener, Birmingham	4 4 4 3	4 4 3 3	3 2 3 3—40
N. Bodsen, Liege	3 4 2 4	4 3 3 4	1 1 3 1—38
C. Bartels, Wiesbaden	3 3 3 4	4 3 4 4	1 3 2 3—37
Sackreuter, Frankfort	2 3 3 4	4 4 3 3	3 3 1 3—36
Camphausen, Crefeld	1 4 2 3	3 3 4 2	3 3 3 3—31

	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot..	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
A. Jannsen, Liege	2 3 3 3	4 4 3 3	1 3 2 1—32
Beermann, Munster	3 2 1 2	4 4 2 4	2 2 3 2—31
Brunn, Birmingham	3 3 2 2	3 3 4 4	2 3 2 3—30
Witte, Zutphen	3 4 3 3	1 1 1 1	3 2 3 2—27
H. Jansen, Wesel	1 2 1 2	4 3 2 2	2 1 2 3—25
Heuse-Lemoine, Nessouvaux	2 3 1 4	1 2 3 2	1 2 2 2—25
Cordes, Bremerhaven	2 1 1 1	3 3 2 1	1 2 2 1—20

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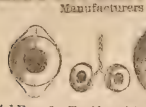
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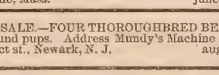
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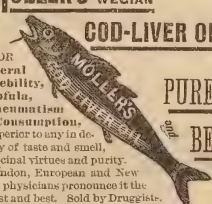
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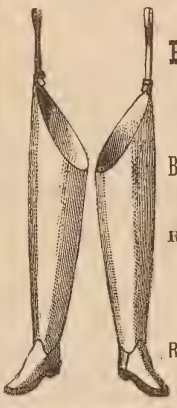
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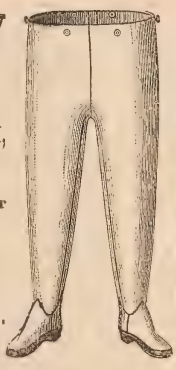
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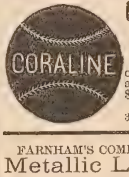
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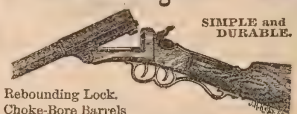
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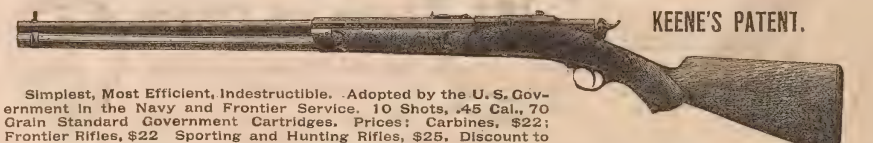
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

THE MATCH PREPARATION.

WITH the past week the period for private practice and preparation on the part of American riflemen for places on the team to represent this country closed. There has been ample time and notice to enable a thorough personal drill in each case. The officers of the National Rifle Association have placed the time for presentation of candidates as late as could safely be done, and at Creedmoor, at least, there have been plenty of matches in which military marksmen could secure drill over the many ranges included in the international match conditions.

It is fair to say that the opportunities for preparation have not been neglected. While there is no great furore over the coming contest either on the part of the National Guard or of the public at large, there is an appreciation of the difficulties of the fight which keep triflers out, and those who have signified their intention of competing as candidates are thoroughly in earnest, and are industrious in picking up and applying the thousand and one precautions which go into the making of a good score.

The prospect is an encouraging one. In many of the States there have been active measures on the part of the authorities towards urging the men to take part in the preliminary trials. There is a disposition on the part of the military managers of such of the States as have a uniformed force to get some of their men as representatives on the team. Without inquiring into the chances of success or failure the feeling is in favor of making a good fight and showing the strength of our marksmen. If that strength should turn out to be weakness in comparison with the ability of the Britishers, we may look for some sharp criticisms into the tinsel and ginger bread which makes up much of our civilian military establishments. Indeed we are not quite certain but that a defeat of the home team is to be wished for if we are to reap the full benefit of the contest in directing attention to what our militia really is and what it is not from a military point of view. However, it is certain that our team will fight to win, and comparison of scores with English records are almost useless in any forecasting of the result, for not only are the targets different, but the weather conditions under our dry, clear perhaps, toasting hot sky will puzzle the visitors in no small degree.

So far as rifles go there does not seem to be even the ground to doubt but that our team will go into the fight with a weapon in no way inferior to the Metford special rifle, which has been so successfully used abroad. The Remington establishment has turned out a rifle which falls in every particular within the conditions which curiously enough presented a weapon which is neither an "army rifle" nor is it a weapon which has ever been or ever will be issued to a body of troops. It is neither fish nor fowl, neither a match rifle nor a service rifle. Still, such as it is, the Remingtons have given it every appliance which will enable fine work to be accomplished.

Careful selections and judicious practice for the period remaining before the match ought to give the American team the odds in favor. There is much work to be compressed into the next month, but, fair luck and no blundering, there is no reason why an American military team should not add another to the long series of victories which the American small bore men have won.

CORRECT FISH NOMENCLATURE.

THE New York Fish Commission has claimed to have introduced into the State two species of trout from the Pacific coast. With characteristic indifference to correct nomenclature the Superintendent of the Commission has taken the liberty of rechristening his supposed different species with names of his own coining. One he has called "California mountain trout." We have doubted the possession of two species by the Commission for the reason that all the Western trout which we have seen sent out by them, or by the United States Fish Commission, have been the rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea*, and no one who is competent to decide has identified two species. We have said that if they had a second species it was probably the *S. clarkii*, and might properly be called "Clark's trout." Both fish are found in the McCloud River, therefore one is as much entitled to be named from it as the other. As well might some Californian tack on some new names to the striped bass, or rockfish, just taken over by Mr. Woodbury, and call part of them "New Jersey bass" and, if he thought he saw a shade difference in color, the others "Shrewsbury River bass."

We have striven hard toward a universal nomenclature, believing in one name for one fish and one fish for one name, and have objected to some Western Fish Commissioners, who know better, calling the pike-perch a "salmon," in their reports. We hold that it counts for nothing that the majority of their readers call the fish "salmon" and will continue to do so. It is their business to lead the public in the right direction, not to follow it. The name of salmon has been applied to a certain fish for centuries in many parts of the world and it is as much entitled to it as a cow is to her name, and no people have a right to apply it to a fish not remotely related to it.

The great confusion in common names of fish and game in America has arisen from the fact that the country was settled in different parts by Europeans who brought their names with them and applied them to the first fish or bird which bore a fancied resemblance to those at home. Hence, as they had the name of salmon, and no fish in the Susquehanna, Mississippi and Ohio rivers to match it, they applied the name to perch. So in the South the names of trout, chub, and bream, all well-known fishes of England, and all of which have fins with soft rays, have been applied to entirely different fish, and, strangely enough, all to *acanthopterygian* fishes, or those which have fins with spinous rays. In Virginia the name "chub" is applied to the black bass, while in Georgia and Florida the same fish becomes a "trout." In Georgia the name of "bream" is used to designate a fish which is one of the *Centrarchids*, a family which includes the black bass and the sunfishes. In Massachusetts a little spiny sunfish is also called "bream."

Commissioners of Fisheries should see to it that local misnomers should not be perpetuated, and it should be one of their first qualifications for the office to know what are the proper names, or as least an approximation to a proper name, for their fishes. In that case a commissioner would blush to call a bass "trout," a lamprey a "lamper eel," a pike-perch a "salmon," nor would he coin confusing names for new Pacific coast fishes which have been previously named, and if he thought he had two species of fish in his ponds he would submit them to some competent ichthyologist and not only be certain that they were distinct but would learn their correct names.

We are now interested to know what common name, which can be employed at the East, will be attached to another species of Pacific trout, which will soon be brought here, if not here already. We allude to the fish which we have called *S. clarkii* above, but which a better authority, Prof. Jordan, now calls *S. purpuratus*, it having been described by Richardson by the first name and by Pallas by the last, now decided to be one and the same species. It has been called "Oregon brook trout," a name not descriptive because Oregon has several brook trout; "salmon trout," not good because preoccupied; "lake trout," ditto, and "steel head." The latter name is also used for *S. gairdneri*. The scientific nomenclature of the Pacific *Salmonidæ* has been much mixed, and is now only being cleared up, and the common names are even more mixed. We think "Clark's trout" a good one because it applies to no other, but we do not care to become godfather to it, and only ask that it have a good common name that our friends on the Pacific coast use, and that a fair number of them will understand. On this fish Prof. Jordan writes us as follows:

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., Aug. 9.

In regard to an editorial note appended to a communication from Mr. C. J. Smith, in a former issue, I think that you are right in saying that all the black spotted trout introduced East are *S. irideus*. I believe the *purpuratus* (*clarkii*) to be the better fish for introduction. It grows larger, is more gamy and flourishes in a far greater variety of waters, and does especially well in lakes. I have known them to reach a weight of twenty-five to thirty pounds, more than three times the size of the largest *irideus* I have seen. D. S. JORDAN.

We hope that it will prove a better fish than the much vaunted rainbow trout for we have a poor opinion of the merits of the latter as either a table or an ornamental fish. Its chief merit seems to consist in rapid growth and alleged gaminess. Mr. Annin, and other anglers, dispute its possessing the latter quality in a great degree, and any one who sees it perceives that it does not compare with the *fontinalis* for beauty.

In importing a fish let us import its proper name if it has one, so that those who knew it in its original habitat will recognize it when we have occasion to speak of it. What would we think if the Californians should call the eels which they have recently taken from New York by some new and absurd name?

NORTH POND ASSOCIATION.—North Pond is an isolated mountain loch, lying in a basin, snugly shelved under the Percy Peaks, in Coos county, New Hampshire. The waters are well-stocked with fine trout, and there is a variety of game in the vicinity. An association has been formed, which has secured by purchase the entire shore of North Pond and its inlet. It is proposed to provide suitable camp accommodations, and to maintain a private summer resort. The gentlemen composing the club are Messrs. George P. Rowell, Prospect Farm, Lancaster, N. H., of the well-known New York advertising agency; S. H. Kauffmann, of the *Star* office, Washington, D. C.; William D. Wilson, of W. D. Wilson & Co., New York; Francis H. Leggett, of Francis H. Leggett & Co., New York; Isaac W. England, publisher of the *Sun*, New York; Charles N. Kent, of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce street, New York; Ossian Ray, M. C., Washington, D. C., or Lancaster, N. H. We understand that the membership list is already filled.

WHERE WILL YOU FIND ITS EQUAL?—With this issue we present the index of the eighteenth volume of the FOREST AND STREAM. What wonderful stores of good things are there enumerated! It is a medley of grave and gay—instruction and amusement, culled from a thousand and one sources, and reflecting the best and truest type of American sportsmanship. Accounts of shooting and angling excursions, studies of nature's ways, animated discussions of the ethics of sport, practical hints and helps, stories and incidents—are there combined to fill the pages of the twenty-six numbers making a semi-annual volume. Most heartily acknowledging our obligations to the hosts of correspondents who have thus contributed to the entertainment of the fraternity, we respectfully bespeak from them, as from the public, a continued support; and we beg to express (somewhat needlessly, perhaps,) our determination to maintain in the future the high standard and worth of the paper.

THE AMERICAN WOOD POWDER COMPANY.—This company, recently organized, is composed of the following gentlemen: Elliot Smith, president; Edmund C. Stanton, secretary and treasurer; J. O. Donner, Paul L. Thebaud and Geo. De Forest Grant, trustees; and Geo. T. Leach, Daniel G. Elliott, Robert C. Cornell, and others. Several of these

names are well known in business and professional circles, and the character of the company is such as to bespeak for it the respect and confidence of the public. It is the purpose of the company to manufacture a wood powder for use in shotguns. The past experience of American sportsmen with wood powders has not been such as to cause them to look with much favor upon new explosives of this character. The manufacturers, however, represent to us that in composition and explosive qualities their compound will so radically differ from the Dittmar powder, whose true character was exposed by us, as to be free from the dangerous nature which was the distinguishing characteristic of that explosive. None of this wood powder has yet been given to the public, and we have, therefore, not had an opportunity of testing it with respect to its safety. So soon as it comes into our hands we shall subject it to a searching analysis by a competent chemist and report the result. Pending that examination we have, upon the representations of the manufacturers as above, admitted their advertisement to our columns.

PACIFIC SALMON FISHERIES.—Unless our friends on the Pacific coast are careful, they will find their streams needing restocking in a few years. The fact that the products of their salmon fisheries have increased more than twenty fold within ten years points to the danger they are in of overfishing them. It means the killing of the goose. Already the southern and more accessible rivers are nearly cleaned out by the greed of the fishermen for present gain, not enough fish being left each year for seed. The Sacramento is far from being the salmon stream it was, and even the seemingly inexhaustible Columbia is beginning to feel the heavy drain that has been put upon it. When these rivers are exhausted the canners will seek new fields in British Columbia, and even in Alaska; but something should be done to so adjust the yearly catch to the annual production that the rivers will be in as good salmon bearing condition fifty years from now as they are at present.

FOR THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—Capt. Joseph W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission, has gone to Gloucester, Mass., to collect models of all boats, vessels, and apparatus used in the fisheries, to be used at the coming International Fisheries Exhibition in London, next year. Captain Collins is a practical fisherman, and had charge of the fishing models and apparatus at the similar exhibition in Berlin, in 1880, and therefore knows exactly what is wanted in order to creditably represent the means employed in our deep sea fisheries.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

V.—GAME AND OTHER LIFE.

IN no forest that I have seen has there been such an absence of life as in the Adirondacks. True, deer are quite plenty, and so are some other large animals, but I refer to the smaller life which is not classed as game. There is an entire absence of squirrels, except the little red one and the smaller "chipmunk," or ground squirrel; birds are comparatively scarce, and reptiles are only represented by one or two harmless snakes and one turtle. Toads are the most frequent thing met on the carries and frogs are fairly numerous. Few wading birds are seen and even woodpeckers are scarce. It comes as near being a lifeless wilderness as one can imagine, due, no doubt, to the short season and severe winters. The game of this season has no migratory members except ducks, which are extremely scarce on the frequented water-courses.

Under the head of "Mammals Seen" my note book contains the following: "Red squirrel, plenty; chipmunk, occasional; muskrat, scarce, saw two. Rabbit, one, dead on trail, been killed by hawk, owl, or some animal. Mink, one. Porcupine, one. Bats frequent on Long Lake, but observed nowhere else. Deer, plenty, saw six, and many tracks. Bear, tracks of one. Saw five fine otter skins in possession of Alvah Dunning on Raquette Lake. Wolves are extinct. Moose ditto, not over four killed since Dunning killed his last one about twenty years ago. He tells me that he killed his last beaver over thirty years ago, the last one about Lake Pleseo, and the only one he ever took in his nearly fifty years' residence in the woods. They were plenty formerly, his father was a beaver trapper. He says there is a beaver dam on the Saranac now."

Under "Reptiles and Batrachians" the note book says: "Frogs abundant in the marshes and small ones in the springs. Toads of many colors frequent in the woods, especially on the carries. Snapping turtles, one in Big Moose Lake, would probably weigh twelve pounds. Garter snakes, two. Newts, three."

Birds appear in the note book as follows: "Robins, plenty near the settlements and quite frequent along the lakes; saw none far from water. Wood thrush, occasional. Catbird, rare. Kingbird, occasional. Song sparrow, a few. Yellow-bird, not seen since leaving Cedar River, east of Blue Mountain. 'All-day-piddley bird,' plenty. Crow, six on Raquette, and but few elsewhere. Raven, one; said to be scarcer now since crows have come in. Kingfisher, scarce. Blackbirds, plenty in swamps and along overflowed inlets. Crossbill, five on Seventh Lake. Woodpeckers, many, but not so plenty as expected, mostly the smaller kinds; only three golden-wings or 'high-holes' seen; found pair of three-toed woodpeckers with nest of young. Cedar birds, one flock. Nuthatch, rare. Olive-sided flycatcher, rare. Blue-jay, common. Canada jay, a few. Humming-bird, one on Fourth Lake. Small sandpiper, one. Woodcock, one, at Forge House. Loon, one. Black duck and brood, one. Shelldrakes and brood, three (this bird is common). Wood ducks, two; quite rare. Blue heron, two. Bittern, heard four. Hen hawk, three. Osprey or fish hawk and nests, two. Gulls, common on all lakes. Owls, heard seven. Ruffed grouse or partridge, plenty." These notes may be wide of the mark in some cases, but were taken as they occurred to me in June and the first of July.

Many broods of grouse were seen, and often the little fellows would take to a tree when they did not appear to be but a few days old. Frequently the mother bird fluttered ahead of me, apparently sorely wounded, along the trail until it suited her view of things to skim away to her brood. Once I beat her at her own game. It was my habit to shoulder my pack and get as far ahead of the guide as possible, so that the creaking of his boat could not be heard, and with careful step I kept on the lookout for life. Near a fallen tree an old grouse started in distress with drooping wings and crying almost like a dog. Knowing that her young were hidden near, I stopped, hoping to see them, and the mother fluttered around and came back coaxing me to follow. I waited until the guide came past and saw her lead the way for him down the path, while I hid behind a stump. She evidently did not count us, for she came back, and after considerable calling gathered her family, and gave me the treat of seeing her march close by with her treasures. This took all of half an hour, but it was time well spent to see the little downy beauties picking at occasional insects as they ran along. On another occasion I went so still as to surprise a hen and brood behind a log, and in her alarm at finding danger so near, she approached me in so threatening a manner, with wings down and head erect, that I expected her to strike my boot. I could easily have struck her with the handle of the landing-net at any time for three or four minutes. Her courage was admirable, and had she chosen to strike me it would have been charming. After holding me at bay until her jewels were safely hidden she changed her tactics and tried the lame device and finally flew away, well satisfied that her bravery had saved her brood from a monster.

Panthers are getting scarce in these woods and but few are seen. In my opinion it would be well to remove the bounty on them and let them take their chances. This view has these reasons to support it. If the bounty were removed no one would hunt them for profit, and they might increase to a limited extent and afford some sport. For my part I would give three times the bounty for the chance of killing a panther, and not ask the State to assume any portion of the cost, nor would I give up the ears for the $20 or $30, or whatever the bounty is. The panther is the only animal which eats and keeps down the porcupine, and the latter are increasing since the former became scarce. The porcupine is a bigger evil than the panther, as any man who has a dog in the woods soon finds out, and a dog somehow never learns not to worry a porkey, no matter how terribly he suffers from a mouth full of quills.

Bears are quite plenty and mischievous, tearing up whatever you may hide in the woods. I have taken the bear fever badly, and it will be necessary for me to kill one in order to be supremely happy. On this subject I held the following conversation with my guide, the noted "Jack" Sheppard:

"How can I work it to kill a bear?"

"That's hard to tell; you might come up here and find one in a week and again you might be in the woods a year and not see one."

"What I mean is, can't I get a man, yourself for instance, who will let me know in the proper season where a bear is likely to be found so that I could leave New York city and be with him in twenty-four or thirty hours, and then spend a week perhaps in finding a bear? I can't get away for a long time, a week or two at most is all that I could spare to interview brute."

"I don't see how it is to be done. In the first place you can't still hunt a bear in these woods very well, because he will go ten miles to your one, and dogs are no use in these mountains, as a bear will know of a leaning tree which will take him to a ledge on the rock above and be miles away while your dogs are howling at the foot of the tree. If you happen to come on a bear you can kill it, but that is something you can never calculate upon, at least, not in the way you want to."

"It seems as if it might be arranged somehow."

"I don't see what you want to kill a bear for anyhow. The skin ain't worth more than ten or fifteen dollars, and the meat is worth all it will bring to get it out of the woods. I've killed bears and let the meat lay because it couldn't be got out without a hundred dollars worth of work. Then see what it would cost you. You get me to go in to telegraph you and you come up and we go into the woods for a fortnight, provisions and all it would cost you seventy-five dollars at the least calculation. It seems a foolish piece of business to me."

"There you go again, Jack! You are one of the most calculating and mercenary fellows; you look at it from the paying side. Why, Jack, I wouldn't sell the hide of a bear that I killed for a hundred dollars. It would have a place of honor in the room known as my 'den.' I only want to kill it to brag about, for I feel like very small potatoes here among you men who talk of killing bears and panthers as I do of taking trout and bass. Mr. Colvin has killed his panther and perhaps a dozen bears, and here I am a fellow who has no such record to point to. Why, if I had a bear-skin on the floor which I killed in the Adirondacks, an alligator head shot in Florida, a tiger skin which, with a pair of elephant tusks, fell to my rifle in India, and perhaps a dozen more such trophies, I would swell up big when I entered FOREST AND STREAM office and make 'em all do me proper honor. Never mind the cost (mentally, if it isn't too much); but I say, Jack, can't this be done on my fall visit, or next spring?"

"I'll tell you how you can do it. I sometimes trap a bear, and I might hold him until you come up, and then you could kill him in the trap."

"Jack Sheppard! don't talk bears to me any more. If that is a joke I will forgive it, but if you mean it, which I refuse to believe, that thing would work my everlasting ruin. I would be guyed to death if it got out, and if it didn't I could never look an honest bear in the face in the Central Park menagerie. Let us talk about trout for a while."

I afterward found a guide, Will Ballard, who tells me that in the spring, when the suckers are spawning, the bears are on the stream and feeding on the fish. He gives me hope that my serious attack of bear fever may be allayed at that season.

F. M.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A SWAMP EPISODE.

BY A. MULE.

THE most beautiful part of Mississippi is in its northeastern prairies. From the right bank of the Tom-bigbee the country begins to open—a series of rolling glades and groves stretching westward—the swelling bosoms of the open sward resting in the embrace of the groups of trees like a pouting beauty in the arms of her lover.

After a few miles of this the openings get larger and the trees scarcer until finally there opens to the view one of the sights no one ever fails to appreciate—the fresh, green open prairie extending for miles, without a break in the expanse of living verdure until lost in the blue haze of the distant horizon. This gem of prairie extends from South Alabama almost continuously to North Mississippi, and varies from ten to fifty miles in width. It is evidently the bed of some ancient lake or sea—the soil is a black, rich loam on limestone, and if was the granary of the Confederacy.

Time and again did the shattered and wearied troopers of Forest ride down here to recover themselves and recruit their bony horses, among the open-armed planters and their swollen corn-cribs, and as often were they sent back fresh and all ready for another six months' hard work. Of course the devilish cotton has its strangling arms around the neck of the lovely country yet, but the time will come when grass and cattle will make it again a Paradise.

The land lies high, being on the great watershed between the Tombigbee, the Yazoo and the Pearl rivers, and for the same season is naturally well drained.

The western part of the prairie is for a considerable extent bounded by the Suquetonsha creek and swamp. This creek drains an immense section of country and in consequence varies from the proportions of a petty brook to those of a great river. It overflows miles of swamp when in flood and is a nasty little stream meandering through a wide margin of swamp when in its tamer mood.

Of course the swamp is fertile and of course the hot sun water and rich soil have together made a tremendous morass. Not so large in limits as those of the Father of Waters, but still large enough to present all the peculiar features of a bottom in a form rather concentrated than diminished. Able woodsmen have been known to become lost for days in its recesses, and those who hunt there and know it best are the most careful to keep to their landmarks and speak of its dangers with the most respect.

Before the Rebellion it was the refuge of all runaway niggers in the country. Many of them, after running off from a mere impulse, would have their hearts fail when they reached the gloomy shadows of the swamp, and so be found skulking along its edge. Some, however, there were, worthy of the name of man, into whose soul the accursed lash of slavery had entered like iron, strengthening and supporting them as they plunged into the deepest recesses of the mysterious swamp, often disappearing forever from human eyes, or only flitting like ghosts in the darkness around some isolated negro quarters.

But for those who knew how to hunt in it the swamp was full of attraction. The bayous and lakes were full of fishes, wildfowl and all sorts of vermin, while the groves were filled with deer, turkeys, squirrels and other sorts of game in profusion. Some became so fond of it that they pursued sport in the swamp as a passion, and every day sought its limits either to shoot or fish or hunt.

One boy I knew, and I was not on speaking terms with him, who was always going into the swamp. The little devil seemed to have a natural taste for whatever he "oughtenter." From his earliest age he developed this trait. He would ride off any visitor's mule or horse hitched before the house, kill sheep and camp by the carcass till hunted up by agonized relatives, and his stomach was a mere junk-shop for the reception of stolen goods. That boy was myself.

In a moment of inexcusable kindness a friend took me behind on his horse to shoot squirrels in the swamp. It was enough. I never abandoned it.

My gun was an old percussion musket whose daily taking supplied a most convenient excuse for those general and inquisitorial sorts of threshings we got in those days. But she was a darling to shoot. With a handful of powder out of a bottle, half of my mother's unread *Christian Advocate* for wadding, and another handful of shot out of a pocket, the old Harper gave a pattern and penetration no modern gun can equal. I've seen her shoot so as to make Herron's old bull actually jump out of a thirty feet circle of rails, and every mule in the lot commenced to buck when he saw her nose poked through the fence.

However, thus equipped, from an early age I sought the

swamp. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and in a few years I knew a great deal more than anybody in my neighborhood about the hidden places in the Bottom. There were many curious holes there, but on one occasion I stumbled on one with results, and all this preliminary is for the sole purpose of telling you about it.

One day I found myself on the edge of the very worst brake there. To get where I stood was a feat of pathfinding worthy of history, but I had been there several times and knew my way. But before me stretched the worst brake any man ever saw. Mud, water, vines, cane, fallen timber and green, had done all that was possible to make a prize morass. To get into it seemed impossible; to get out of it, worse than that, and perfect madness to think of going through. Therefore I was crazy to explore it.

A sort of bayou I found ran into the edge of the thicket, but so far as I could see was soon spread and lost among the cypresses. However, I tried to follow the nearly level bank. Clouds of insects on my hot face and plenty of scratched nose rewarded my efforts. I sat down to think and blow. By Jove! Sometimes these bayous have a sort of bottom hard and firm. "Fresh vigor with the hope returned," and I was soon walking in the bayou in water about a foot deep with a fine, hard bottom.

After following the bayou for about half a mile or so through an awful thicket, dense and gloomy as night, I came to a sort of pond or lake, about 200 yards wide and circular in shape. The fiercest sun that ever shone could not reach the swamp I had just passed, but here the bright, blessed light fell in a perfect flood. I walked up to the bank and sat down beside an enormous sycamore that grew quite close to the water. I could not but observe the magnificent tree, though I had often seen fine ones before. This must have been ten feet in diameter at least near the ground, though a little way up it divided into two separate branches.

For some moments I had been listening to a queer sort of noise, like somebody breathing with difficulty, but was unable to locate the sound. Just then it came clearer perhaps or louder, and I fairly jumped. The noise certainly came out of the tree!

I at once ran around to the other side. All great sycamores are hollow and this was no exception. About a yard from the ground there was a hole some two feet long and giving a view of the interior of the tree.

I looked in and saw a gigantic negro lying on a bed of leaves, evidently sick, and panting for breath. As my face darkened the hole he turned his yellow eyes and greasy face toward me and feebly lifted his hand as if for pity. The wasted features and lonely fate were too much for me, and the tears rolled down my face. Poor fellow; I could divine it all. Runaway from home and friends and slavery, living here alone until want and disease had overpowered him.

I got into the hole and at once gave him some water from the lake, which he drank eagerly, and then fell back with a deep sigh. There was no sign of food about the place, but fortunately I had a good lunch, and gave him that. He was very hungry and ate it all, though feebly.

In about half an hour he revived enough to talk a little, and told me his name—"Henry Bunch—runaway—Mars B——"

This was the worst master in the whole country around. On my part, I said slowly and distinctly to him;

"I will not betray you, Henry; but I will bring you some medicine and grub and help you all I can."

This was evidently a great relief to him. He brightened up, seized my hand and shed a tear or two.

As this was in October, the air was much fresher than in the close weather of summer, so I had hopes of bringing my patient through. For that night I broiled a few birds, and left them with him, while I sought my home to lay in better supplies.

Well, "to cut it short," he got as well as ever in a couple of weeks on plenty of quinine and whisky and good food. My heavens, what a thief I was! Nothing but the loose and careless Southern housekeeping ever saved me.

But we became great friends at the Big Tree and spent hours in discussion of everything that we did know or didn't. Henry was most anxious for fish hooks. With plenty of these he declared he was always certain of a living. You may be sure I supplied him with enough for a brigade of niggers. I also gave him an axe—some big knives—and what he valued most of all, some tobacco seed. He intended to raise enough to supply himself. A gun he would not have, even though I offered him my nonpareil Harper's Ferry musket.

"No, Mars G—," he said, "no sah—don't hab no use here for gun. Mek too much noise for nigger to shoot game, and too much fur tote when gwine to run. Dis no place for fighten. No, sah—gib me 'bacca seeds, an' a axe, an' plenty fish hook an' I do well ez any nigger."

"But how will you get game when the fish don't bite?"

"Is'e got a bow an' arrer and kin shoot some little wid it," said he. "And done sot traps all around here ontwell there ain't much chance uv my starvin' to death nohow."

Henry's outfit and home were great curiosities. Just fancy an ignorant man going into the swamp without a tool, weapon or utensil other than a Barlow knife, for this was all the nigger had the day he ran off. Of course it was summer for a nigger, can neither plan nor execute anything during cold weather. And so for a few days he lived on berries and roots while he steadily pushed into the depths of the swamp. By mere luck he discovered an old log afire and so carried along a "chunk" and kept a light after a well known fashion. For awhile he lived in the open woods, as he said, "jess like a wild hog," but after the discovery of the Big Tree he had been glad to indulge in the comfort of a tight house and fixed habitation. His little fire was built inside of the tree so that the smoke was scattered through the hollow limbs and made no mark on the sky. Pawpaw bark supplied him with materials for baskets in which to store pecans and other nuts, as well as strings for fishing lines. A hook gave him more trouble than anything else. After trying all sorts of plans with wood, he finally made a very rough one out of the back spring of his knife which he altered by the aid of fire for the purpose. Traps and snares he multiplied indefinitely, and I was astonished to learn how much meat he had been able to secure in this way, rather varied in description, but all better than starvation.

This all sounds much better though than the actual reality. Bread of course was absent, and the badly broiled flesh had to be eaten without salt. I had thought these would be his greatest wants, but he declared with earnestness that he wanted "bacca fust and den some fat meat, jess so 'twould run down bof side de mouf and grease up all de innards. Nebber mind the salt, Mass G., you jess fotch me piece fat bacon ef you want see nigger chaw wid bof side he mouf."

Anyhow I managed to get quite a bag of salt for him as well as the piece of bacon. His clothes had long since disappeared in a mass of rags, but soon after his recovery he rigged himself out in a new suit made of all sorts of squirrel, rabbit and 'coon skins, sewed together with strings made of their dried entrails, using thorns for an awl. These skins were the gatherings of a year. In spite of myself I find the details of such a life still to possess a certain attraction. Yet it was the life literally of a wild beast, and required a tremendous vitality to endure it. Had Henry not been the giant in size and constitution that he was, he would have died long before. To the man of average health and strength such a life would be slow, sure death.

Inside the Big Tree there was quite a comfortable lodge. By scraping the dead wood from the sides, packing the floor with fresh, clean earth, and making a ceiling of cane, Henry had made a neat, tight room nearly eight feet in diameter. The fire was built to one side in a hole, and using only the dryest wood, there was but little smoke, and that escaped through the top of the tree. Cooking with him was a simple affair of broiling, as he had no pots nor pans to cook in.

Henry had tried making vessels for water out of bark, but had to give it up. No doubt some persons can do these things, but it requires more skill than the average man possesses. His dishes were the shells of terrapins only.

In the seasons he gathered great quantities of the pecan and shellbark hickory nuts for use during the winter. These he saved in baskets and hung over the smoke of his fire to keep out the worms. Some of his game he dried in the same manner, but he said it was poor stuff and not fit to eat.

Of all the men I ever knew this nigger seems yet to be the simplest and most honest. He had but one "strong weakness," and that was his fear of recapture. Without either wife or children he had bent all the energies of a powerful mind upon one plain problem—"how to escape the white men."

To avoid these he remained constantly in the deepest recesses of the swamp, rarely leaving the brake in which his "house" was situated. "I'se safe in here, Mass George," he said, "but ef I go squandering all about the woods fust thing I know some dese nigger dogs he done got my track and den whar is poor nigger gone!"

And so by keeping to his fastness he expected to defeat the schemes which he well enough knew were laid for his capture.

At last I went off to college and Henry was again alone. When I returned two years after there was news indeed. It seems that B., his owner, had never relinquished the belief that Henry was still alive in the swamp. After many failures he succeeded in catching the poor fellow and took him, torn, bloody, half crazed with fear, to his plantation. Acquaintances offered to buy the nigger of him at great prices for the sake of pity, but the besotted brute swore he would not take a thousand dollars apiece for the whippings he intended to give him.

B. was found dead in bed one morning, having been smothered to death, and Henry confessed that he was one of the three who did it. None of them tried to escape, but all were hung by the neighbors at once, for such were the necessities of the Institution.

KINGFISHER AND THE SCRIBE.—Cincinnati, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 3, "The Scribe" has fairly earned his cognomen of "Old Knots and Knarls" by the broadside he pours into the writer (between wind and water) anent the frequent mention of cold springs, brooks, and water in general, in "Camps of the Kingfishers." But as a scaling from an old friend don't hurt much, I won't "holler" loud enough to disturb the camp. He surges around, too, in a very aimless and promiscuous sort of way among a most terrifying array of big words not often dragged forth to public gaze; but this may be accounted for by his having not long since read "Trouting on the Brulé River," by John Lyle King, and it would appear he has not yet recovered from the effects of its perusal. His aversion to water—except as a medium by which he is enabled to pursue his favorite sport—is well known to his angling friends, and it is safe to say that this particular fluid will never cause a "dropsical sensation" to pervade "Old Knots." The "imaginary episodes" he speaks of have at least the merit of being more truthful than his intimation that I consumed his quart of "old crow." I "fess up," however, that appearances were all against me; and but for the fact that the bottle was empty when Old Dan and I got back to camp on the day in question—Frank, the cook, will bear us out in this—I would acknowledge the corn (juice), and, like Captain Scott's coon say "Hold on; I'll come down without shootin'."—KINGFISHER.

MAINE ROUTES.—In my article of June 29 it was only by the solicitation of "Warefield," who, as well as the writer, wished to impart information to brother sportsmen in regard to the famous hunting and fishing grounds in the vicinity of Seven Ponds, Massachusetts Bog, etc., that we contributed the article to FOREST AND STREAM, not for a moment thinking to arouse a lionup in the backwoods of Maine. We do not propose under any circumstances to enter into a controversy in regard to the routes to our Maine woods in the columns of your worthy paper. Inasmuch as statements are made in an article of July 27, 1882, and signed "Backwoodsman," reflecting, as we understand it, upon the truthfulness of the writer, under these circumstances it seems but just that we have the privilege of giving the reasons for our assertions, and to say that we would not write anything to induce sportsmen and tourists to take any route into the Maine woods other than for their own special ease and comfort, regardless of hotels, stages, guides, etc.—SAMUEL FARMER (Phillips, Maine, Aug. 10). In my article, in place of "Dirigo House, $3.50 for tickets," read "Dirigo House, and $13.50 for tickets."—J. W. T.

"CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS."—Permit me through the medium of your "twenty-eight" ever-welcome pages, to express to the cheery "Kingfisher" my thanks for the enjoyment I have had in following his wandering ripples on the Intermediate Lakes. The pleasure has been doubly realistic from the fact that within the past month I have fished the same beautiful waters from the Six Mile to the mouth of Clam River and with the most gratifying success. On my return I have eagerly followed his ready pen pictures in your valuable journal, and lived over again the rare sport to be enjoyed on those lovely lakes. Should it ever be my lot to make a cast in sight of the "Kingfishers' Camp," I shall "reel in" and pull for shore in hopes of thanking "Old Hickory" for the laughs I have had through him.—CAPT. "DORSAL FINN."—(Chicago, Ill.)

Natural History.

THE CHESAPEAKE SHORE.

I HAVE referred in previous articles to a yacht cruise in the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributary streams. I would like to give to your readers the result of my observations and describe a few of the incidents which attended that cruise.

We spent the months of March, April, May, June and July below the mouth of the Potomac, along the shores and among the creeks and ponds of tide-water Virginia. My brother Phil and myself found amusement in making additions to our oölogical collection and observing the habits of such birds, animals and fishes as came under our notice. The inhabitants also came in for a large share of our attention, and the many acts of kindness which we received from their hands will never be effaced from our memories.

There is quite a fishing industry on these shores, and several kinds of fishermen attracted our attention. I do not think we had ever before realized the extent to which fish are levied upon, nor the amount which they contribute towards the support of life.

Poor fishes! Not one instant of your lives but is fraught with danger. From the great basking shark (*Selache maxima*) to the tiny minnow (*Cyprinus phoxinus*)—all are pursued by relentless foes. They have many enemies in their natural element. An endless chain of destruction follows the shoals of herring, shad and menhaden from the depths of the Atlantic to the head waters of every stream which they visit. What they suffer in the deep I can only imagine; what they meet with along the shores I have seen.

Toward the last of February the enterprising Chesapeake fisherman wakes from his winter's rest and overhauls his pound net, prepares his set stakes, and gets things in good order generally. On some mild morning in March he loads his canoe with long poles made from the stems of slender spruce pines; with a companion to help set them, he sculls his boat down the creek and around the point into a larger river or the bay itself. Probably he has picked out his site and located it by sticking down a single large pole with a bush tied to it. This is their mode of pre-emption, and I think it is always respected. On arriving at the chosen spot the labor commences; one by one the stakes are to be driven solidly. There are to be set the stakes for the pound itself—which is square in form—the false pound, and the fence, which extends directly toward the shore, and varies in length with the distance from shore, depth of water, etc. They are commonly several hundred feet long. After the stakes are set the net is put up; this has first to be well tarred to preserve it. The true pound is a square net with wall sides. Each corner is provided with a set stake and a large iron ring which is slipped on to a permanent stake and pushed down to the bottom; then the two stakes are tied together at the top. In the side toward the shore is an opening just wide enough to admit a canoe; this is provided with similar stakes. The false pound is made in the form of a heart, the point facing the opening in the true pound and made fast to the permanent stakes. The fence is set in a line with this opening, extending directly back. The object of the fence is to intercept the fish and direct them into the false pound. On meeting with an obstruction fish naturally turn toward deeper water; having entered the false pound, they are bewildered by the returning curve of its sides, and on finding the opening to the true pound, at once pass in; they may stray out again, but soon return.

I went with a friend—Mr. J. C. Haynie—to see him "fish" his "trap." We got off before sunrise, and getting on board his canoe proceeded down Cockley's Creek. It was a beautiful morning, I laid back in the canoe and enjoyed first the song of a mocking bird, then the beautiful whistle of the cardinal grosbeak. At this early hour the whippoorwill could be heard and also the call of the chuck-wills-widow, the largest of the *Caprimulgidæ*. Singularly enough, the inhabitants do not distinguish between the two, and no one that I saw there knew of the bird other than as whippoorwill. It was broad day when we reached the Wicomico, and setting our sails, for there was a breeze, we soon rounded Old Field Point, and glided out on the Chesapeake. Others were astir, and when we reached the "trap," canoes could be seen up and down shore from Smith's Point to the Dammaron marshes. We pushed into the pound, and quickly untying the stakes pulled the net up from the bottom, and fastened it above water. As yet, I had seen no fish, but Haynie said they were at the bottom of the net. We loosened the other stakes, hauled up the net, and hooked it on to the top of the permanent stakes, proceeded to pull it up on one edge. We kept all the fish before us, and soon cornered them into a small space. The net that now contained them resembled a hammock in form. I held on to the inner edge and Haynie began to dip them into the canoe. We had a variety, skates, stingrays, toadfish, crabs and jellyfish, formed the bulk of the useless ones, while herring, menhaden, bluefish, called taylor, and squeteague, called trout, made up the balance of useful ones. While all this was going on, I noticed that my hands and arms began to sting, and soon my eyes were smarting fearfully, this was accounted for by the presence of so many jellyfish, or sea nettles. Of so caustic a nature are they, that I have seen an old net that was stored in a loft, which on being struck emitted a dust, producing the same effect.

We threw away the useless fish, a barrel or more. Many kinds are caught during the season. Turtles and loons sometimes get in; and now and then a shark; sometimes to the fisherman's regret, as it may cost him the loss of fish by the breaking of his net. A fish which they call "bo-nee-ta" or "bull nigger"—bonito I think it may be—is sometime taken. I have eaten them, they are fine, and resemble the swordfish. Sturgeon are also taken, and after herrings and shad are done, come Spanish mackerel and sheepshead. We set our stakes and started back towards Cockley's Creek again. On our way we stopped at Reed's wharf, where Haynie delivered his fish, which were all taken at a stated price by contract for the season.

Several parties buy fish at this place, and all the eatable ones are sent to Baltimore, while the rest are made into oil and guano, for several fish works are in operation here, and at times the atmosphere is fragrant with the odors from "chum" heaps.

A piscivorous race of birds as well as men inhabit these shores. It was during our stay at Cockley's Creek that we first made the acquaintance of the fish hawk in its breeding place. Fish hawks are not to be classed with those I have before mentioned. They belong to the highest type and are fly fishermen *par excellence*; their cast exceeds in length that

of any expert with the split bamboo, and is fully as accurate. The bird is greatly aided by the distinctness with which fish can be seen from an elevation. From our yacht's cross-trees I could plainly see a shoal of fish not one of which could be discovered from the deck. I am inclined to think from my own observations that the hawk strikes the fish from behind, as they seem when held in its talons to be headed the same way as the bird. I have noticed that the hawk always gives a vigorous shake when fairly up from the water whether it caught a fish or not. I have never seen one strike a fish which it could not lift from the water, but have heard of such instances.

The white-headed eagle often robs the fish hawk. I have seen him do it a number of times, and rarely does he miss his object. I never saw one miss but once, a d then the hawk was so near the treetops that the eagle did not have time to secure the fish before it fell among the trees. The pursuit and robbery afford an interesting sight to the beholder. One instance of this occurred while our yacht lay in the Wicomico River. We were anchored in the bend off the mouth of Ball's Creek. A fish hawk had been seen for some time flying about over the river, and soon we saw him poised over some unsuspecting fish, and in an instant his wings closed and he darted diagonally down with a splash into the mirror-like surface. Then he rose, dripping, with a fish in his talons, and after giving the customary shake started off up the river. A minute afterward an eagle, which I had not before seen, sailed out from among some pines which stood on the opposite side of the river. It at once started in full chase after the flying hawk, which was now a fleeing hawk as well. On they went, up and up, in wide circles. The hawk screamed as he flew; the eagle follow silent, but determined. His gaze was on that herring, and he seemed to see nothing else. Soon the hawk began to pitch and dodge from side to side. They were at such a height that they looked but a few feet apart. The hawk was evidently wearied with his exertions, and in another instant he dropped the fish. The eagle, with half-folded wings, seemed to rather fall after it than anything else. He caught it in a few yards descent and flew off in triumph.

I visited several hawks' nests and secured several specimens of their eggs for my collection. I recollect that one nest we climbed up to was so broad on top that, lying at full length, my whole person rested on the nest. I wish no one to misunderstand the lying—for that nest was fully six feet across the top, and I measure but five feet eight inches. I had been told by persons residing in that vicinity that it was dangerous to climb to the nest unarmed, and I was once driven out of a tree by the angry birds. I once found a nest in the top of a chestnut stub; and I am told that on the Island of Nantucket they built on top of a wind mill; generally they build in pines, often dead ones; and year after year in the same one, if undisturbed. About the shores of one pond I counted fifteen of their nests, and in July the young were screaming incessantly.

At the same point where hawks were so abundant several pair of wood ducks had settled for the season. They nested in the hollow trees, so many of which are to be found in Virginia woods.

Once we were walking along a narrow strip of beach between this pond and the Chesapeake; it was a beautiful day in June, a soft breeze from the south fanned our faces as we looked off on the blue waters. The shores on the south side of the Potomac are low, and at this point were bordered by a growth of small pines which extended back to the pond. While making our way through these trees—which were quite thick and tangled—we heard the call of a wood duck; not loud, but a very distinct queet, queet, quit. We instantly suspected that there was a brood of young with her, and at once decided to capture some of them, if possible. Creeping cautiously through the underbrush, we saw them across the pond, making their way up a branch on the other side. We quickly and quietly retraced our steps along shore, and stole down on a point which projected into the pond. Peering through the brush, we saw them feeding along up into a deep arm of the pond, which lay between the point we were upon and a similar one opposite. It was arranged that my brother should go around to the other point, while I was to stand guard at the mouth and keep them from coming out of the cove. After I had waited some time I saw him creeping through the brush on the other side.

We were separated by about one hundred and fifty feet of water. The pond was shoal and the bottom very muddy, and the water was thick with living and decaying vegetation; rushes, reeds and grass flourished amid a perfect maze of lily roots and pads. The shores were covered with prostrate logs in all stages of decay, from one blown down by a recent gale to those of some cyclone in the Indian age. The water was full of living organisms; approach the margin, and from every log and stump off would go in the greatest haste, numbers of "skilipots," "red harrys," snappers and frogs and lizards of all sizes. Besides the fish—its regular denizens—there was an abundance of eels and aquatic insects. But worse than any of the above, the pond was the parent, cradle, nursery and home of one of mankind's most insidious foes—the ague and fever. Although every clear space of water sparkled and danced in the sunlight, the miasma hung over its bosom like a nightmare.

Without heeding the dangers I have just enumerated, we decided that the only way to catch a young duck was to swim or wade up the branch and drive them ashore, if possible.

We both undressed and retaining only our hats, plunged into the mire. What a sensation we experienced, the surface was very warm, the middle zone was comfortable, while our feet were imbedded in a mud as cold as a northern spring hole. To walk erect was impossible, swimming was out of the question; the only way we could make any progress was by drawing ourselves by the grass and lily pads. The ducks were greatly frightened at our sudden appearance, and seeing at once that their retreat to the main pond was cut off, they all started up the branch and near the end they hid under a thick growth of bushes, which at this point overhung the water. When we got quite near, they all at once took to the woods, which were here composed of large trees with but little under brush. The old duck flew and fluttered about over the ground, much in the same manner as a ruffed grouse would under similar circumstances. We paid no attention to her, but tried to catch some of the little ones, which were running about in all directions. As we were unincumbered with clothing our motions suffered no hindrance on that score.

Never have I seen a thing so hard to catch as these little ducks were. I saw one squatted under some dry chestnut leaves; getting between him and the pond, I tried to grab him with both hands—didn't though; then I tried to keep in his way as he put for the water; 'twas no use; he dodged so fast that I was kept vibrating like a pendulum, from one side to the other, and he finally got by and into the water. While I stopped to gain my breath, I saw my brother going through a similar acrobatic performance. They every one escaped to the pond, and we followed them into it again. Here we were more successful; the rank growth of grass and other aquatic plants impeded their progress more than ours, and we forced them to dive; then when one's head appeared through the grassy surface, we would steal up slowly behind it, with arms outstretched, and then suddenly seize grass and all. In this manner we secured six, and putting them into one of our coats, we dressed and started for the yacht, which was anchored in a creek about a mile away. We left six or eight ducks in the pool, and afterwards saw them with their mother. As we had no room on shipboard, we left them with friend Haynie, on the shore. We built a pen and put them into it, and turned them over to Mrs. Haynie's care. Five escaped within an hour and we never saw them again; as the branch was near, and as they from the first get their own living, we had no fears for them. The sixth one—with two others which we afterward caught—we carefully looked after, and they soon began to grow as fast as any ducks. They were never tame, but would eat corn meal dough when not watched. They were very fond of soft crabs, and would eat them in preference to any other food. Two lived until they were full grown, and were finally killed by a couple of pups which belonged to the family.

East Wareham, Mass., July, 1882. Mergus.

SOMETHING ABOUT WASPS.

The Newark *Advertiser* contains the following account: "A big blue-bottle fly came buzzing into the house of a resident on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday afternoon, and, after a pretty thorough investigation of all the nooks and corners of the apartment, directed its attention toward a spider web in a corner of one of the windows. For a moment it reconnoitered about the web, now soaring from one side to the other, and again poising almost motionless in mid-air, while it peered under the ingeniously woven structure. Finally, to the astonishment of the lady who had been watching its manœuvres, it made a sudden charge upon the under part of the web, and breaking through the flimsy netting, seized the occupant, a good-sized spider, and backing out of the entangling network, soared away with the struggling spider in its grip, like a chicken in the talons of a hawk."

The story is a very good one, but it would be no less so if it were somewhat more accurate. Of course, the captor of the spider was not a fly at all, and equally of course, it was one of the wasps commonly known as mud wasps, and, in the South, "mud daubers," from the material of which their nests are formed. It is, of course, impossible to say to just what species, or even to what family, the pirate belonged, but it is not difficult to conjecture what he, or rather she, was going to do with the spider. The solitary wasps provision their nests with insects of various descriptions, such as spiders, caterpillars, aphids and grasshoppers, which they paralyze by stinging, and on which the larvæ, when hatched, feed. This whole subject is so interesting, and at the same time so little is known about it, except among naturalists, that no apology is needed for reproducing some remarks upon this group from our issue of December 12, 1878.

The common blue, or mud wasp, as any one may learn by an inspection of one of the nests so plentifully distributed on the inside boarding of hay-lofts, garrets and other similar places, supplies its young with spiders; other genera draw their supplies from other sources.

All the wasps and hornets are ferocious and predatory in their habits, and most of them feed to a considerable extent on other insects. So much is this the case that in some parts of Europe butchers are glad to have them about their shops on account of the great number of flies which they devour, and a certain species in Mauritius which feeds wholly on cockroaches is on that account held in high esteem by the natives. Some of the social wasps, however, lay up honey, like the bees.

The wasps are divided into two groups, the social and the solitary. Of the former, the common brown wasp, the "white-tailed hornet" and "yellow jacket" are good examples, while the mud wasp may stand, as being so familiar to all, as a type of the latter. It is with the solitary wasp that we have to do at present. These insects are provided with a poison which stupefies or paralyzes the insects upon which they prey and which of course they secure by stinging them. The female blue wasp—for there are no workers (neuters) in this genus—having partially completed her nest of mud, deposits an egg, and in the same cell with it places a number of small spiders which it has stung, and which, although paralyzed and quite incapable of motion, still retain life. The cell is then walled up and another one built adjoining it, in which the same thing takes place; this is continued until several eggs have been deposited, when the last cell is finally walled up and the nest completed. A similar nest is constructed for each set of eggs which the female deposits. When the grub appears, it feeds on the spiders prepared for it, until ready to undergo its transformation, and finally, when it becomes a perfect insect, gnaws its way out through the wall of clay.

Another large wasp, somewhat similar in general aspect to the blue wasp, but larger, is common in our latitude; but as it does not appear about the dwellings of man it is seldom observed, except by those who are on the lookout for insects. It belongs to the genus *Sphex* (*S. ichneumon*), and its nests are placed in holes in the ground, which it excavates with much care and patience. It feeds its offspring on crickets, grasshoppers, etc., and an incident which once came under our observation well illustrates the power and perseverance of these little creatures. While walking one day in mid-summer along a well-beaten path we noticed several small but deep holes, which we rightly attributed to these insects, and at length, just after passing one of these excavations, we came upon a large *Sphex* which was at that moment engaged in transporting its prey to its nest. But for the fact that the insect was directly in our path and we were looking for it we should have missed a very interesting scene. The burden with which our *Sphex* was struggling consisted of two of the large black and yellow-winged "grasshoppers" whose sharp and loud crepitations are so frequently heard during the scorching days of July and August. The two orthopters were firmly fastened together, one clasping the other by the back and each of them was half as long again as their captor. Poor *Sphex* was really in great trouble. She would seize her burden by the head, and by great exertion drag it along the smooth path for about six inches, when her strength would give out and she would fly off to a little distance and rest for a minute or two, walking briskly about in the sun the while, then she would return to the spot and renew her efforts. Had the journey been through the grass, it seems as if it would have been impossible for the wasp to drag her load, but the path, worn smooth by constant travel, offered no impediment to her progress. The distance from the spot where she was working to the hole which she desired to reach was perhaps twenty feet, and though her advance was slow it was steady. At times she would fly off to quite a distance, fifty feet or more, but her absences were never long continued, and when we were obliged to leave her she had transported her burden to within three feet of the hole. We greatly regret that we were unable to witness the close of the scene and watch the method by which the "grasshoppers" were introduced into the hole, for they were certainly too large to enter it without being considerably reduced in size. Here then was a very considerable provision for the expected larvæ, and we thus see that even in our own latitude there are examples showing that different genera of solitary wasps feed their young on different insects. A European genus, *Ammophilus*, employs the larvæ of moths for this purpose, while *Chlorion* of Mauritius, as has been said, feeds its young on cockroaches.

It might be supposed that the wasps secure their prey by hawking about over the ground, trusting to chance to throw the insects they need in their way, but we have some evidence that these little creatures possess special senses which enable them to follow the objects of their search when not visible, perhaps somewhat as the hound follows the fox. In a recent number of *Nature* we find a letter from Mr. C. L. W. Merlin to Henry Cecil, Esq., narrating a curious occurrence to which the former was witness, and from which we may quote, in closing, an extract or two. Mr. Merlin's account is as follows:

"I was sitting one summer's afternoon at an open window (my bed-room) looking into the garden, when I was surprised to observe a large and rare species of spider run across the window-sill in a crouching attitude. It struck me the spider was evidently alarmed or it would not have so fearlessly approached me. It hastened to conceal itself under the projecting edge of the window-sill inside the room, and had hardly done so when a very fine large hunting wasp buzzed in at the open window and flew about the room, evidently in search of something. Finding nothing, the wasp returned to the open window and settled on the window-sill, running backward and forward as a dog does when looking or searching for a lost scent. It soon alighted on the track of the poor spider and in a moment it discovered its hiding-place, darted down on it, and no doubt inflicted a wound with its sting. The spider rushed off again, and this time took refuge under the bed, trying to conceal itself under the framework, or planks which supported the mattress. The same scene occurred here; the wasp never appeared to follow the spider by sight, but ran backward and forward in large circles like a hound. The moment the trail of the spider was found the wasp followed all the turns it had made till it came on it again. The poor spider was chased from hiding-place to hiding place—out of the bed-room, across a passage and into the middle of another large room, where it finally succumbed to the repeated stings inflicted by the wasp Rolling it up into a ball the wasp then took possession of its prey and, after ascertaining it could make no resistance, tucked it up under its very long hind legs, just as hawks or eagles carry off their quarry, and was just flying off to its nest when I interposed and secured both for my collection.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"I am certain the spider left no web behind it. I cannot be sure, however, that, as it had evidently been attacked by the wasp before entering my room, a small quantity of liquid may not have exuded from its wounds, which may have helped the wasp in tracking it. I have no doubt myself that insects have the sense of smell, and probably much more developed than our own. No one * * * who has sugared for moths, or seen the largest *Sphingidæ* hovering over the strongest scented flower at night, or employed a caged female moth as a lure to her male admirers can, I think, doubt this. If so, let them put a saucerful of honey in a corner of a room opening into a garden, throw open the window and see how soon the bees, wasps, etc., will be attracted to the honey.

"There is a tradition in the East that one of the tests by which the Queen of Sheba tried to prove the wisdom of Solomon was placing on a table before him two bouquets, one of artificial and the other of natural flowers, and requiring that he should say which were the real and which the artificial, without moving from his throne. Solomon ordered the windows to be thrown open, and in flew the bees, etc., which went at once to the real flowers.

"Whether the senses of insects, birds, and what we call the lower creation, are similar to ours in every respect it is very difficult to say. No doubt a dog, if he could speak, would say a man had not the sense of smell, and would prove that his nose was worse than useless to him. An eagle or hawk would say that men and moles, etc., have only the rudiments of eyes, and so on.

"Man, with five very imperfectly developed senses (who can say that there are not twenty senses?) is the only animal that is dogmatical, and denies all he cannot understand. The oracle of Delphi said, 'Socrates was the wisest man in Greece, because he was the only man who knew he knew nothing.'"

Swallow-Tailed Kite in Ohio.—North Bloomfield, O., August 3, 1882. Last June a hawk, different from any I had ever seen, was killed on my farm; it weighed 15 ounces, and measured from tip to tip 49½ inches. On examination of "Webster's Unabridged," I found a very fair likeness of the bird, called the "swallow-tailed hawk"—rightly so named, I thought, for it had a decidedly swallow tail. I immediately sent it to the Kirtland Society of Natural Sciences at Cleveland, and it is now set up in their museum. The gentleman who acknowledged the receipt of the bird, wrote for further particulars concerning the "capture of this extremely rare bird in this locality," etc., as he wished to make mention of it in the Forest and Stream. I could tell him but little about it, and as I see no mention made of it in the paper, I send this, hoping to elicit such knowledge of this *rara avis* as the contributors to your Natural History department may be able to give. My correspondent says: "The bird's habitat is Central America, ranging south as far as Bolivia, and north into Mexico. It has rarely been observed in Texas and Arizona. I know of but one other instance where it has been seen so far north as the specimen sent by you—it was by Audubon in Indiana, in the year 1820. This hawk feeds almost entirely on snakes, lizards and insects, which it devours while flying, similarly to the swallow, which in many other respects it so much resembles."—E. A. Brown.

THE FLORIDA "THUNDER WORM."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my haste to answer your correspondent, S., regarding the Florida worm-snake he inquired about, I neglected to say that it is not a true serpent at all, but a lizard-like snake, which, so far as I know, has been found in Florida only. According to Professor Baird, who described the species, calling it *Lepidosternum floridanum*, it is common in Florida, emerging from its subterranean retreats after thunder showers, hence its vernacular name—"Thunder Worm." Prof. Cope proposed to substitute the generic name *Rhineura* for that of *Lepidosternum*, and this name is clearly more appropriate, and now holds.

This curious species is not to be confounded with what is commonly known as the "worm" snake of the Eastern, Western, Northern and Southern sections of the United States, which belongs to the genus *Carphophiops*. In Massachusetts the species found is *C. amœnus*, in Southern Illinois and Mississippi, *C. helenæ*, and in Missouri and Kansas, *C. vermis*. These are all distinct species, and are known as "ground-snakes," "worm-snakes," etc., and are true serpents. The following is the description of *Rhineura floridana*, from proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, 1861, page 75.

"The specific characters were as follows: A broad crescentic nostril plate immediately posterior to this on the median line are an oblong frontal, broader than long, and a large irregularly pentagonal vertical, with its posterior angle prolonged between two small occipital; three small plates on each side of the vertical. Four superior labials on each side, the last three times the size of the third. The first separated from that of the other side by a trapezoid inferior rostral, and bounded above by a transversely elliptical nasal, which is pierced by the nostril above its center. Three loral plates in a series behind the nasal and above the labials, the first much the longest. Superior maxillary teeth, five on each side, the anterior pair longest; inter-maxillary one; mandibular, each ramus, six. Inferior labials, three or four; one symphyseal, one pair gonials, one mento-labial on each side. Sternal plates, small, irregular, about twelve in number. Vent very crescentic, three pairs of preanal plates in a longitudinal series. Fourteen rings upon the tail, all more or less tuberculous superiorly except the two basal ones. Color dirty white, upper surface of the head yellowish."

To this may be added, that the "thunder worm" of Florida has no visible eyes, while the "worm snake" of Massachusetts is well provided in that respect.

It is a matter of wonder, considering how attractive snakes are to the general public, and how eagerly facts are noticed regarding their habits, that there is still so much ignorance about them, and I have long had in mind a desire (if time permits) to publish a paper, which shall be called: "Popular delusions regarding American Reptiles." In this, perhaps, we may be able to dispose of the "hoop snake" myth, and other like fables. H. C. YARROW, H. C. D. R.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM, Washington, D. C., August, 1882.

THE GASPER-GOU.—Austin, Tex.—I notice a communication from "Byrne" in your issue of July 27 on "The Monsters of White River, Ark.," and your editorial comments thereon regarding the identity of this fish. In May last I sent to Prof. Baird several "gasper-gou," and under date of July 17 he writes me that "one of them is still alive in our aquarium, and is an object of great interest." Prof. Baird calls the fish *Amblodon grunniens*.—R. R. ROBERTSON. [In the note to "Byrne's" communication, to which Mr. Robertson refers, we said that we were in doubt what fish bore this name, but thought it likely to be *Aonia oxtra* or *Haploidonotus grunniens*. It has proved to be the latter, for *Amblodon* and *Haploidonotus* are the same. This adds another to the local names of this fish which are: "sheepshead," Great Lakes and Lake Champlain; "white perch," Upper Mississippi; "grunter" and "grunting perch," Ohio(?); "drum," occasionally; "bubbler," Jordan; "gasper-gou," Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana. The fish from the great lakes is too tough to eat, but the flesh is reported to be good in some other waters.]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—2 gray parrots, *Psittacus erithacus*; 2 brown-headed parrots, *Pæocephalus senegalus*; 1 two-toed sloth, *Cholœpus didactylus*; 2 fox squirrels, *Sciurus niger*; 2 Australian cranes, *Grus australasiana*; 2 crowned cranes, *Balearica regulorum*; 1 flamingo, *Phœnicopterus ruber*; 6 ruffs, *Machetes pugnax*; 1 lapwing, *Vanellus cristatus*; and 5 white-fronted geese, *Chenalitta leucocephalus*; received by purchase. 1 great horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*; 2 bald eagles, *Haliætus leucocephalus*; 2 diamond rattlesnakes, *Crotalus adamanteus*; 4 pea-fowls, *Pavo cristata*; 5 alligators, *Alligator mississippiensis*; 1 mocking bird, *Turdus polyglottus*; 2 opossums, *Didelphys virginiana*; 2 sparrow hawks, *Falco sparverius*; 2 horned lizards, *Phrynosoma cornuta*; 1 chain snake, *Ophibolus doliatus triangulus*; 1 red fox, *Vulpes fulvus*; 1 swamp sparrow, *Melospiza palustris*; 1 long-billed marsh wren, *Telmatodytes palustris*; 2 Carolina doves, *Zenaidura carolinensis*; 1 ring dove, *Turtur risorius*; 1 common skunk, *Conepatus mapurito*; and 1 prong-horned antelope, *Antilocapra americana*; received by presentation. 2 Virginia deer, *Cervus virginianus*; and 1 Macaque monkey, *Macacus cynomolgus*, born in the Garden.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Captain Murray calls his steamship Alaska "the greyhound of the Atlantic." She is probably bark-rigged.—*Boston Transcript.*

Anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson—At a council of officers, early in the war, it was remarked that Major —— was wounded, and would be unable to do the duty assigned him. "Wounded," said Jackson, "if it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of duty."—*Evening Post.*

By thrift he had become a millionaire, and he had a splendid St. Bernard dog which he was very proud of. One day the servant came to him, terror-stricken. "Master, master, Cæsar is——" "Is what?" "Mad, I'm afraid. He won't touch water any more than if he were a crude apostle of temperance, and there's as much foam about his mouth as if he were the sea in one of Swinburne's poems." "Great heavens, it is lucky you have discovered it in time. We must not lose a minute. Take the animal at once before he has bitten any one——" "Yes, sir." "And sell him!"—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ANOTHER USE FOR A DOG.—The humane and manly sportsman is always kind to his dogs, but there are many gunners who are prone to chastise their canine assistants in the field for no fault whatever, but simply to relieve the pent-up wrath caused by poor shooting or want of success in finding birds. It was a Nimrod of this description, who, on boasting that he never failed to bring down his bird, was met with the query: "Suppose your gun misses fire?" "Why, in that case I'd bring down my bird with the other barrel," said he. "But if that should miss fire, what then?" persisted his companion. "If that failed, why—deuce take it, I'd whale my dog!"—*Toronto Globe.*

A Quitman darkey went to sleep one night while fishing recently and tumbled off into deep water. He sank and rose a couple of times, when his companion, old Uncle Dick Lewis, seeing that he had made no effort to save himself, got hold of him and succeeded in drawing him to the bank. It was then discovered that the negro was still asleep, his cold bath having no effect on him whatever. Uncle Dick managed to awaken him by rolling him in the mud and wearing out two or three lightwood knots over his head. When the darkey awoke he expressed much surprise to find his clothes wet, and he asked Uncle Dick to explain. We think that Brooks County is entitled to the medal for having the drowsiest darkey in America.—*Quitman, (Ga.) Press.*

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

THE following schedule exhibits the game now in season. (Also, in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves.
California—Deer, doves.
Dakota—(Aug. 15, grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover).
Delaware—Woodcock.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse; (Aug. 15, deer).
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo.
Illinois—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, pinnated grouse).
Indiana—Woodcock.
Iowa—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, pinnated grouse).
Kentucky—Woodcock.
Louisiana—Deer.
Maine—Plover.
Maryland—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse).
Massachusetts—Woodcock, doves.
Michigan—Woodcock.
Minnesota—Woodcock.
Missouri—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, sage grouse; (Aug. 14, deer).
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, wildfowl, rail.
New Jersey—(Aug. 25, reed birds).
New York—Woodcock (except Dutchess, Herkimer and Oneida cos.), squirrels, deer. (Hounding season opens Aug. 15; forbidden in St. Lawrence co.)
North Carolina—(Aug. 15, deer).
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Ohio—Woodcock.
Oregon—Grouse, wildfowl.
Ontario—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, snipe).
Pennsylvania—Woodcock, plover.
Rhode Island—Woodcock, plover.
Texas—Deer, pinnated grouse.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail, wildfowl).
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, woodcock
Washington Territory—(Aug. 15, deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse).
Wisconsin—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp-tail grouse; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe).

☞ For exceptions, local laws, etc., see FOREST AND STREAM Schedule "B," issue of July 20, page 489.

RAMBLES THROUGH NEWFOUNDLAND.

PART THREE.

CAPE St. Mary's, you will see, by looking at the map of Newfoundland, is the termination of the strip of land which separates Placentia Bay from the Bay of St. Mary's. Turning this cape to the south, one mile distant, stands an island, known locally as the "Bird Island." This island is detached from the mainland, distant about forty yards from two of its sides. It is about 400 feet high, and three of its sides are smooth, perpendicular rock walls, like the iron-bound cliffs of the mainland. The fourth side is sloping, and from the base up to the summit there are alternating rock shelves and slopes which are covered with wild grasses, ivy and moss. How the separation of the island from the mainland came about it is impossible to tell, for the floor of the chasm which separates both is solid rock, level as if shaped by human hands, while the walls of both cliff and island are clean cut as if from the chisel. Round about the island are clean cut as if from the chisel. Round about the base of the island runs a wide rock platform, which slopes seaward and descends into the mystic depths of the wild ocean. A wilder, grander spot I have never seen.

But the chief attraction lies not in the naked majesty of the towering rocky walls, or the thunder of the ocean in its fury lashing itself against their base. When the surly storms of the late autumn come on, myriads of the numerous species of sea birds that feed around the naked headlands through the summer months, seek food and shelter from the tempests, in the numberless quiet nooks and coves in the many bays which indent the island coast all along. In the early spring from all these places come these birds in thousands, yea hundreds of thousands, back again. I have often seen of a bright spring day, from a headland commanding a distant view of the sea, as many as a dozen huge icebergs grounded in fully sixty fathoms (360 feet) of water, their summits bathed in sunlight, and basking in this light innumerable flocks of sea birds returning from their winter abodes.

To the island I have above described come one class of such sea birds in myriads every spring, and their coming is hailed by the fishermen who live all around the adjacent coasts as a harbinger of the genial season. When they come the owner of a skiff, living among the rocks, thinks "it is time now to begin to repair the skiff, to patch the sails, and get the fishing gear in order;" and he likewise examines his stock of powder and shot, as he knows he will soon have need for both. "The murs have come" is told with joy from the inhabitant of one cove to another. It is generally first announced by the light-keepers at the Cape to the people in Lear's Cove, thence to the folk in Golden Bay, and so passed on.

The "murs," so called, belong to the alcidæ—Auks, and comprise the razor-bill (*Alca torda*) or "tinker," as it is locally called, the common guillemot (*Uria lomvia*), or "murr" and "tur," as the people call them. Sometimes as early as the latter part of March, but usually through the early part of April, the murr wings its way now, again swims along, fishing the while from the various bays, reaches and arms, out toward the Bird Island. In the evening you see not a bird within miles of the island, nor will the best glass show you one anywhere within reach of the aided eye. But in the morning the entire bight outside of the island is one black mass of birds that it would take one years to count. They generally remain in this bight, perched upon the water for three or four days, not a single bird flying about or alighting upon the island; but when one rises to alight there—and that is not till the birds have assured themselves that the fine weather has set in—the whole myriad mass arises from the face of the sea, and spreads like dense clouds around and above the island, circling far inland and around the light-house in hundreds of thousands. The rising invariably takes place between dawn and sunrise, and I have myself, from the airy top of the cliff on an April morning, seen the black mass arise, circle around as I have described for about an hour, and finally settle upon the top and shelves of the island, and in the crevices; on the tops of the pinnacles, and along the shelves of the cliffs and crags adjoining, as a swarm of bees settles upon and covers a tree.

Once settled upon the island, the sport commences. Lying to the southwest of the island and toward the promontory known as False Cape, the cliff slopes, and alternates between steep, grass-covered descents and shelves like huge stair-steps, under perpendicular abutments of rock, down to within thirty or forty feet of the rock platform below, which portion of the cliff is perpendicular. It is on this slope that the sportsman reaps his harvest. Near the top of the slope, on one of the shelves mentioned, is the "Upper Firing Place;" midway between this and the lower part of the slope is the "Middle Firing Place," and the "Lower Firing Place" is at the foot of the grass and immediately above the perpendicular cliff. Now the island is covered, and the cliffs round about it swarm with "murrs." The birds are unceasingly rising from the cliffs and island and alighting again, and in their flying observe a system of regularity—flying out about a quarter of a mile from the island in black clouds, circling around, and on their return to the island, or while finishing the circle described by each flight, flying over the grassy slope I have described. If it be calm the birds describe their circle, but only a few on the return, comparatively, pass over the slope. Therefore the condition of successful shooting sought by the sportsman is, that there be a strong breeze of northwest, westerly, or southwesterly winds. These winds each presses the birds in flying well in over the slope, and in the local language the birds are then said to "fly well." Therefore, with a good breeze of one of the winds indicated, the sportsman takes his seat at the Upper Firing Place. The noise of the birds' wings upon the gale as they press toward the island is inconceivable, unless to him who has heard it. The strong wind not alone makes the birds fly well in, but makes them fly low, also, so that rarely does the sportsman lose a bird he shoots. When the wind is not strong, position is taken at the Middle Firing Place, where a bird frequently is lost by falling over the cliff; while on a calm day it is necessary to fire from the lowest station, and here you are well off if you get one bird for every three you kill. They fall on the rock platform below, and it is annoying to look down, as your head pains you from the excess of your firing, to see a score or so of your birds lying upon the unapproachable rock; but more annoying still is it to see a small boat put off from one of the numbers of large fishing craft at anchor outside, pull in under the island, and coolly pick up every bird you lose.

It was at these firing places that I learned what I know of the art of shooting. I have sat there for three, four and five hours firing continually, and only ceasing when obliged to do so by sheer headache as the result of my firing. Among the local sportsmen, many of whom still fire out of flint muskets, to kill a bird for every two shots on an average is considered good work, but before I was long on the slope I could do very much better than this.

When I was about seventeen years old I remember I had a very desirable and neat single barrel. The birds "flew poorly," and a number of the fishermen who lived in the adjacent coves were there with their flint muskets. They do not care to waste ammunition, so they rarely go to the lower firing place, waiting for a stray bird to fly higher up. But I betook me to the lower firing place, and out of some sixty shots I think I only missed two or three. "How the young beggar hits 'em, doesn't he?" I could hear them say up at ove me, as after each crack a bird fell. I had likewise a pretty good dog, and he was on the alert after each bird fell, so that I got I think nearly thirty birds before they rolled over the cliff.

I have frequently seen as many as sixty in a pile before me after two hours' shooting, when the wind blew and the birds flew well. I have, I must confess, killed the birds frequently for the delightful pastime, and in very wantonness.

One day, I remember, in the middle of April, the captain of a vessel engaged in coasting was on his return to St. Johns, the capital, and in passing the cape it occurred to him that he would go and shoot some "murrs" to take to the city with him. He brought a good stock of ammunition and an exquisite little double barrel. When he reached the firing slope I, as was my wont, for days at a time during the early spring, was there.

I had been indulging in miscellaneous shooting, for it must be remembered that "murrs" are not the only inhabitants of this island and its vicinity. Cormorants by thousands had taken up their abodes, in latter years, on the wide shelves in the adjoining crags; and on the top of the island was a patch of these birds—called "shags" by the inhabitants—numbering perhaps six or seven hundred. In addition to these as many as half a dozen different species of sea gull built their nests about here in summer, and flocks of birds of what species I do not know inhabit there also. I had amused myself picking off any cormorant that betrayed an inch of his person over the land in flying from the sea up to his crag, or down again, or around to the false cape, where a large community of his brethren sentinel the boldest peaks, overlooking the ocean, during the summer. I had also brought down a number of gulls, especially the species locally known as "ticklace," properly the Kittiwake gull (*Rissa tridactyla*). This seems to be a very foolish creature, whose chief fault is its fatal curiosity. Wherever the sportsman is firing there is the "ticklace" sure to be, wheeling and circling about in dozens, with its long, slate-colored back and pinions, and yellow legs and beak, singing eternally, and to confuse the strongest head, "Little too late," "Little too late." No parrot that I have ever heard can articulate anything so plainly as can the "ticklace" these words. The stranger standing among these wild crags might, if he were superstitious at all, and not knowing the cause, think that the myriad repetition of the words "Little too late," in the air, and up the crags, and down by the sea, were the wild words of mountain elves or some other genii dwelling in this lonely and savage spot. Frighten them with a gun-shot and they cry out "Little too late;" fire at one—and miss it—and it cries out "Little too late," so that many a time I have seen the sportsman put up his gun, and as the garralous bird cried "Little too late," reply as he fired and brought down the curious babbler, "You're time enough."

But I am digressing, not like the author of Childe Harolde, in my story to moralize, but to state the many scenes I have seen, and which press in upon me as I write, like old and dear acquaintances. When the captain reached the slope the shots now and again told him some one was there, and he found me surrounded by several cormorants, three or four different species of gull—the "saddle back," (*Larus marinus*) the arctic skua, (*Stercorarius parasiticus*) the "blue gull" or herring gull I think (*Larus argentatus*) and the "ticklace"—and of the "ticklace" variety not less than twenty, a few "murrs" and "tinkers," making in all about fifty birds. The captain was astounded at my luck, and then told me he wanted to kill a lot of murrs to bring to St. Johns. I conducted him to the upper firing place and told him to blaze away. The birds flew well, for a strong breeze blew from the northwest. The captain, indeed, did begin to blaze away, but he set out with this fatal error. He thought by firing blankly at the cloud of birds that flew in an unceasing stream, possibly forty birds over his head at once, towards the island, that he couldn't miss hitting a bird or two. Indeed he thought before he fired that he could perhaps take down a half a dozen at a shot, and thought I saw a contemptuous smile on his lip when I said, "Captain, if you get one

at a shot, you bring no discredit upon yourself as a sportsman." So, although he had fired half a dozen shots, blank at the cloud of birds, not one did he get. I went over to him, and saw his gun go up for the seventh time, and go off; and more than this I saw—I saw that the good captain shut two eyes instead of one as he leveled his piece, but as he pulled the trigger he opened both eyes. I told him that either was a bad way to take aim, and he looked very sheepish, and I likewise in a quiet tone, in which there was a substratum of venom, told him again, "Captain, if you get one at a shot, you bring no discredit upon yourself as a sportsman!" I was then revenged for the sneer of contempt—as I thought—which had preceded his failure.

"Now," I said, "Captain, if you want to get birds, you will have to get somebody to kill them for you. If you do not mind," said I, "I will lend my poor services." The captain was a humbled man, and he said, "I will thank you to shoot me some." I said, "Then hand me over your ammunition, since I would not mind trying your piece." I found the latter had the effect of making me miss two shots out of the first four, in consequence of being so much lighter than my own. I resumed my own gun again, and fired continuously till my head became numbed and I had to stop. During this time the poor captain had kept up a desultory fire, getting off about twenty shots, but doing no execution further than striking a gull that was lazily flying along through the swift-winged "murrs." Of course he did not fire at the gull, though when the poor creature with one leg hanging awkwardly down flew away, and lit with a flash in the sea, the captain by such muttering as "I didn't kill him quite dead," and "I did not allow for the distance, it was a long shot," and sundry other observations, endeavored to convince me that he did fire at the gull. I took no notice of him for some time but I said at last, "How is it that you did not come to see the gull before you fired? You ought to be careful always. You might as well have hit me as the gull had I been a little way distant from you. Don't fire with your eyes shut; you don't know what you may strike."

The captain reloaded in silence. "I will fire these two shots," he said, "and go." He did fire them, and I heard him mutter bitterly as his last barrel went off, "Devil a touch," and then forgetting his own failure and pique he came to congratulate me on what I had killed. My dog lay blinking before the pile of black and white birds, but keeping a jealous guard the while, and would only in sullen mood submit to the captain counting them. I had about seventy "murrs", and in addition to these I handed over my miscellaneous pile which I had killed before the captain came, to the master of the coaster. Three of the captain's men had been lying up in the cross while the shooting went on, and at a signal came and took the birds upon their backs, each taking about thirty, which would make a load of nearly ninety pounds, the captain taking the remainder. As the weather was cool and the wind fair, the captain, I afterwards learned, got his birds to St. Johns quite fresh.

A good dog is indispensable on the slope. The dog lies below where you take your position, and when you fire marks where the bird falls. Very often a wing only is broken, and without the dog the bird runs over a precipice. The first dog I ever took to the slope was impulsive, and blindly darted after a bird with a broken wing over the cliff, and was killed upon the rock below. My next dog I brought with me up and down the slopes and shelves, familiarizing him with the dangers to be avoided.

The "murr" weighs about two and a-half or three pounds, and after being soaked twenty-four hours to take away the "strong" or fishy flavor, makes excellent pie, stew or soup; and when properly grilled or fried is delicious. From the time it makes its appearance about the 1st of April, till June, it is the chief fresh meat found upon the tables of the coast fishermen, near the island, and is considered the daintiest of a dish on board the large fishing craft which come from distant points of the colony and anchor for the season's cod-fishing near the Cape. Like most other sea birds, its feathers are excellent, and the fisherman who has shot sea ducks around the coast I am describing, has always returned telling of the superior quality of the fishermen's feather beds.

Towards the last of April, on an occasion not yet referred to, a party of sportsmen came from a long distance, I with them, to have a few days' shooting on Bird Island Slope. Early in the forenoon, four in number, we arrived at the Bird Island. It was the first visit of the others, so the party was under my direction. When we set out there was a nice fresh westerly breeze blowing, but it had fallen calm before we reached the island. One of the party was a young clergyman, just raw from Trinity College, Dublin. He had read of such things in books, but muttered as he stood within fifty paces of the island covered with its myriads, and heard the din of cries about us—so bewildering that you could scarce hear each other speak:

> * * * * "I might not this believe
> Without the sensible and true avouch
> Of mine own eyes."

Though, locally, it is considered murder to fire from the mainland out upon the island, for there are hundreds of birds waddling about there always within range, yet we could not restrain the good clergyman. He fired out into a thick bunch, killing one bird and wounding several others. Then a "ticklace," silly and curious as ever, circled and shook itself over our heads. His reverence wanted that bird so much "to stuff and take home." I fired and the silly thing fell at our feet. The clergyman was enraptured and insisted on decorating our hats with the slate-colored feathers, as "trophies of our luck." I told him if we were to take feathers as "trophies of our luck" from all the birds I expected we would get before the party returned, I thought he would have nearly enough for a feather bed.

We then passed over to the slope along a path about a foot wide only, and from which one blind step would precipitate you into the yawning chasm below. No one speaks in passing round this giddy path, and indeed the more timorous take a roundabout way, nearly a mile, to reach the firing place. When we got upon the slope there was not a breath stirring, and the good clergyman again thought of his books and said it was a pity we had not "an Ariel to raise the storm" and send the birds now flying with easy motion in from the sea. I saw little hope for either a breeze or an Ariel to pipe us one, so I suggested another plan. Therefore we proceeded around the hills about two miles, then descending a ragged cliff went to a fishing station inhabited in the summer months. There we got a small boat, and, hoisting our sails, with the little breeze and the help of our oars made around for the island.

But we had only reached the "Bill of the Cape" when it was certain that we could have had all the sport we wanted without going to the island at all. Flocks of sea birds of twenty different names crossed us on the wing before and astern, and flew over our heads. We took in our oars, and while myself and another prepared for shooting, the clergyman and the other threw out their lines. The lines were scarce out when there came a tug at each, enough almost to pull the unguarded fishermen overboard, and after some hard pulling, in which the skin of the unprotected hands of the two tyro fisherman suffered not a little, the clergyman hauled a pair of fine cod to the surface, and the other had a monster of the same species, nigh as large as the clergyman's pair. I seized a gaff and hooked the three fish, directing the jubilant pair to go on and help themselves now, as we had other work. Bang, bang, bang, spoke our two pieces, and two fine "shell birds" redbreasted merganser (*Mergus serrator*) fell to leeward. I had killed one and S. the other, he having fired two barrels, missing one. The shots brought myriads of birds from their dreamy repose on the glassy sea, and they circled out around our boat, and shoreward again, giving us opportunity for good shots almost as rapidly as we could load and fire. When we put out the oars again to pull for the island, the clergyman and D. had taken about fifteen fine cod, and the former had likewise succeeded in getting his hand badly torn by injudiciously thrusting it into the gaping mouth of a large cod to take the hook out of its gill. The fish closed its mouth, and the result may be judged. I do not remember having heard the excruciating pain of the hand subsequently bring forth psalms or anything of that class from the clergyman.

We had got about fifteen birds, these being with two exceptions (which were murrs) sea ducks of various kinds. When we reached the False Cape Cove, the bight in which Bird Island is situated, we again took the "spreads" out of our sails and prepared for several "beds" of "bottle-nose divers"—surf duck (*Pelionetta perspicillata*)—which were fishing all along in the surf. We pulled in toward the bottom of the cove, where we got several shots, procuring about a half dozen of the coveted divers, the other two flying their lines but failing to get any cod. The preacher got a skulpin (one of the hateful *dracunculi*), and he had to beat the abominable creature to jelly before he could get it off his hook. While you try to get this creature off your hook you are in danger of getting the horns that grow upon its back and head into your hands.

Then we pulled up under the shadow of the Bird Island, its perpendicular walls rising far up into the blue, and ran our boat's prow upon the slanting rocky platform. Here where so many echoes were at work, sending back the screams of the birds, it was impossible to hear each other speaking. All four began a general fire. The clergyman fired at a pair of "tinkers" about sixty feet up the cliff. The "kick" of the gun bruised his shoulder terribly; and we all observed that firing the slightest of charges blank against the rocky wall caused the gun to kick so fiercely as to make it necessary to desist firing in that direction.

But this did not limit our shooting operations much, for the birds flew up to and down from the island and the surrounding crags and cliffs in clouds, keeping up a continuous roar, "Turr-r-r, turr-r-r-r," rolling the letter r in a more approved way than any Scotchman I have ever heard. Some of our birds fell upon the rock platform and some fell upon the water; and after we had fired there for about an hour, the number of birds lying at our feet and those floating along the cove was by no means uncomplimentary to our skill as shots. S. did pretty fairly, getting on on average a bird for every two shots, while D. and the clergyman contributed between them only a gull and two sea pigeons; and they wrangled for a long time as to who shot the gull, for both had shot at it simultaneously as it sat upon a pinnacle of rock.

There now appeared signs that a breeze of wind was coming up, and knowing the danger of an "in-wind" to a small boat like ours at this early season, we hurriedly picked up our floating birds and pulled—and a hard pull it was against the increasing wind and "lop"—around the cape, when we hoisted sail, having the wind on our beam, and steered for Briley Point. White-caps appeared before we reached the point, and it took the steadiest skill to keep our skiff from filling, it being necessary frequently to "bring her head to the sea" to keep from being filled by wash over the quarter. As it was, we twice shipped water, once nearly filling. We had a bail-bucket, and the man of God assisted frantically with his hat. We were all four sea-sick, I may remark.

But—

> * * * "The storm grew loud apace,
> The water-wraith was shrieking,
> And in the scowl of heaven each face
> Grew darkas we were speaking."

We weathered Briley Point—and only that—and as our boat rounded in under the shoulder of the sheltering land, and we knew we were safe, and heard the angry turmoil of the billows outside, I could hear, in fancy, two of our party who were Benedicts say, what Canada's gifted poet, Mr. Roberts, has since given us in poesy and rhyme:

> "O'er the waste, warm reaches drives our prow sea-cleaving
> Past the luring death, into the falling night;
> Home shall hold us yet and cease our wives from grieving,
> Safe from storm, and toil, and flame, and clanging fight."

It may be stated that the prime object of the visit of the guillemot to the island is to lay its eggs and bring forth its young. The eggs are laid on the bare rocks, no attempt being made at nest building. When the fledgeling is about ten days old, its mother bears it on her back down from the dizzy heights into the sea; and I have sat many times upon the cliff, toward the last of June, almost suffocated by the stench arising from the guano on the island and the remains of fishes left there by the birds, and seen mothers leave the crags and shelves and the island top by hundreds, bearing their fledgelings upon their backs. When plumped into the water, the little fellows swim briskly around, and whistle so vigorously that you might hear their shrilling more than a mile distant.

One spring morning, I have been told not many years ago, a ship of war sailing from St. John's to one of the bays to capture two or three outlaws, before whom local authority had paled, slacked steam and stopped when off the Bird Island. Then there was a puff of smoke, and a loud boom, and the birds were seen rising from the island in thousands. The ship had in wantonness fired at the mass of birds, to be seen from her decks. The first shot missed, but a second and a third were fired, and eventually a bomb was thrown, but exploded and fell spluttering in the sea short of the island. If I am not mistaken, the war ship, I am told, was the gunboat Lily.

It is twenty years ago since the first foolhardy adventurer, a fisherman, climbed up the dangerous, part-sloping side of the island to the top. He killed numbers of birds with his climbing gaff, and then began his descent. A fourth of the way down his heart failed him, and yielding his hold he fell a jelly mass upon the rock below.

Within the past few years the experiment was repeated by a tar from a war ship, who, heedless of the fate of his predecessor, climbed to the top. In his descent his courage lasted him well, but when a little over half the distance down he cried out that he could descend no further. And he began to make the re-ascent. But neither muscle nor nerve could long sustain such tension, and the poor fellow, clinging wildly at the frail mosses and grass, fell down crushed and dead—dead if he had had a hundred lives—upon the rocky platform.

I learn from my brother, a frequent visitor to the island, that within the past two years the cormorant has increased prodigiously, and has driven the guillemot almost entirely from the top of the island. The sport there, however, is undiminished, as the displaced "murrs" have betaken themselves to the adjoining cliffs and crags. J. E. Collins.

Toronto, Canada.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

THERE come days in the life of any business man when the worries and perplexities of daily work seem almost unbearable, when he is sick of the treadmill walk, when he longs to throw from him the interests of his patrons, customers and clients and live for a few blissful moments for himself alone. Take from him the possibility of doing this and you shorten his life and depreciate his usefulness. Any machine is better for rest. A razor cuts better from rest.

This desire for rest is gratified in various ways; but there is no more natural or effective way, even for the non-sporting man, than to merge for a time the artificial man into the natural; to sink civilized training in the instincts given us by our fathers, the savages, and rest for a little while near to nature's heart.

Now, there are many men who long with a great longing for a few days' outing in the woods or on the streams, who suddenly become possessed to renew some of the innocent pleasures of their youth, but who are deterred by motives of economy, or by a lack of the experience which would make them "handy" in going at it. To these, for whom we have every sympathy, we beg leave to speak a few words. The trouble is, we are too ambitious. We want to go to the Adirondacks, or the lakes, or the Rockies and the Yellowstone country. The kind of a trip we want will cost from $50 to $500, and take a month of time. Now, this is fine, but not needful. Rest and enjoyment can be found closer at home.

Suppose we have it arranged so that we can take two weeks in the middle of summer, and can afford $10 for the trip. Give us these data and we will assure you a pleasant time, no matter who you are or where you live.

Associate with yourself three or four tried and true friends, like-minded with yourself to "have a trip." Be careful in your choice, for on this depends more than on all else. Now look around, all of you, and upon your honor declare if there is not within two hundred miles of you some lake, some mountain, stream, or wood where you can pitch your canvas house, and hunt, and fish, and live, and rest. Now can not one of you get a team? And can not another find some sort of a wagon? No need of a livery rig. It is utility, not style, we are after. Very well. Now, can you not find a tent somewhere? Perhaps not. Well, an 8x11 wall tent, of 10-ounce duck; can be laid down without poles or pins, 300 miles from Chicago, for $7.00 (for 1882). This will amply accommodate six persons. A 7x7 wedge tent will do for four, and will cost $5.00. Either tent, properly pitched, will stand any weather you will meet. If you get a wall-tent, practice till you get the proper distance for your pins, then measure the distance out on a tent pole; and when you set up your tent after that, lay off your ground and drive all your pins the first thing; attach your corner ropes loosely; put in your ridge-pole; put a man at each end of it and set up the end-poles; tighten up the guys all round, and you have it done, the blankets unrolled, and are ready for supper in less than five minutes.

Two guns will be enough for a party of five, and you ought to have one dog; Also fishing-tackle for two. If you want a stove, dig a trench in the ground, put a flat-topped arch of sheet-iron over it, and you have a stove good-enough for a king. Take five pounds of crackers. Oatmeal is also good, cheap and handy for a camping trip. Your bread and butter you can get along the road; you are not going to the Yellowstone country, you know. Take some salt pork and plenty of sugar and coffee. A skillet will cost you nothing, a coffee pot no more, and tin plates and spoons are cheap. Now hold up your right hand, every one of you, and under oath answer if you altogether have spent over $20. Very well. There is little more to spend. You will not need any camp cot, nor camp stool, and you might as well leave your cow and your piano. You have what you need, and do not need an extra wagon to carry your traps, nor an extra man to do your cooking.

Now, suppose you live in the middle of the prairie, State of Iowa, for instance, where the midsummer sun blazes hot and fierce, and the long, dry reaches of unprotected ground would seem to offer the least possible attractions to pleasure seekers. Even here you can have a pleasant trip. If you don't believe it, we will tell you of one of several we have made there ourselves, being no better equipped than as we have described.

The "chicken" season of '81 opened hot and dry; and as we started out for a trip to one of the so-called wall lakes of Central Iowa, our friends assured us we should roast. But out on the road the August breeze seemed all at once refreshing. The breath we breathed was all our own, the time we spent we did not count by the hour, and life again seemed worth the living.

The first night out it rained. The rain was wet. Our trusty old tent sprung a leak; water stood in pools upon the blankets, and trickled in streams through our beds of straw. In the morning the Professor wanted to go home. He said he was going to die, and wanted to perish in the bosom of his family. We built a fire, hung him over a rail, and dried him out. A little later I saw him with an expression of wonder on his face, carefully feeling himself all over. Said he: "Heretofore no one could have persuaded me that so much moisture could be absorbed by the human tissues without producing serious complications. Yet I experience no ill effects. Hurrah! I'm prouder of myself than I was when I took the valedictory!" And he jumped up and began to harness a mule. He was a cured man. We passed on our way under the overhanging willow hedges of Storey

county. At noon we would halt and unsling the "grub-box," and the Judge would make the coffee. No matter how hot the weather, we had coffee three times a day.

The Judge was famous for his coffee. He would build the tiniest, hottest fire, and in less than no time have the water boiling; then he put in a double handful of coffee, set it back, and forthwith there arose a delicious fragrance, and with a musical gurgle the little black sheet-iron coffee pot announced itself "All ready!" God bless thee, little coffee pot! Foul fall the hand would mar the symmetry! Across the plains in '61, through the Gunnison country in '80, along many a wooded stream, by many a reedy lake in Iowa has thy voice murmured sympathy. A woman would despise thee; a hired girl would crush thee; but we tired men adore thee, and again exclaim, "All hail!"

We usually traveled about thirty miles a day, though on the level prairies we could have made fifty. We were in no hurry, and found as much pleasure in gypsying along the roadside as in the more exciting sport of hunting and fishing. The gentle Iowa scenery was soothing and restful.

At night we would select some high and breezy point for our camp, being too wise to camp near the streams, where mosquitoes, malaria and much oppressiveness do abound. While one tended to the team, another brought wood and water and helped with the tent and bedding, while two were detailed to "get something for supper." Old Rex, noblest of a noble strain of setters, could right easily in that country find a covey of "chickens," and enough were soon secured for all our needs. We never killed a bird we did not eat, and allowed just one bird per meal to each man. That made fifteen a day; we could easily have killed a hundred. I have often left a covey in the grass after bagging what I wanted.

Then at night about the camp-fire the Judge would tell us of the Sioux massacre at Spirit Lake in '57, or of deer hunting in New York, or of fishing in the South, or would nudge Ned and ask him if he remembered his first night out on the skunk bottoms, when he thought the big owl was a wolf. I remember that night myself. We did not foresee in the blue-eyed six-year old who "wanted to go home," the self-reliant youth who before he was twenty, would foot it across the range from Leadville, shoot deer in the Rockies, and in his lonely camp never be frightened by the panther's scream. Steady as a veteran, modest as a girl, dead shot, expert fisherman, perfect horseman, with a heart as big as all out-doors and a politeness that is not of the house. Tell me it is wasting time to camp out!

Can I ever forget those days? Can I ever forget the evening when the Judge and I threw down our game-bags (tell it not in Gath! his was full of half-grown teal), and went down to the lake-shore to watch the "old gentleman" play the big pike which rose to the spoon from below the lily-pads? Do we not often catch that pike again? And will we not some time catch his mate? Ay, that we will, God willing. And you, men of toils and weariness, will you not come with us, and be strengthened so that you will go back to work rejoicing as a strong man to run a race?

The old heathen god could not be killed while his feet were on the ground, which means that Mother Nature is kind to those who bring their troubles to her—which means that it will pay you to go.

And lest we be accused of digression from our original topic, let us add that for the eight days out on this trip, our expenses, above those to which we have alluded as preliminary, amounted for each man to just 55 cents. And this is true.

E. HOUGH.

GAME IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

FOR these latitudes the summer has been all that could be desired. Some few days of the regular 120 degrees in the shade have smiled on us, but they have been comparatively few and far between. Though no rain storms of two days' or more duration have visited us, yet we have had plentiful showers and all nature is as green as early spring. The water courses have suffered somewhat, but not enough to cause embarrassment to man, bird or fish. A year ago all nature was wrinkled and parched, whole broods of young quail perished for want of water near their nestings. Now Bob W. smirks and smiles. He has increased and multiplied. I look forward to a good season of fine sport when the glorious November and December days come, when, after the covey is well scattered, the birds lie like stones on the hillsides, in the old fields and in the pine woods. Hie on, Rex, old chap, go steady and get the wire edge off. Now to your single work for which you are famous. There you are, glaring at that bunch of brier and brown grass, and

> The merry tail for once is still
> And something wrinkles the sunny face.

Buzzzzzm—quarterer to the left mayhap, and echoing the whir of busy wings, the 12-bore cracks, three drams of good powder and one ounce of No. 8 or 10 have stopped those industrious wings. He pitches down to earth an inert mass. Steady Rex, fetch! Behold now that face which a moment since wore so solemn appearance, beaming with joy, and that tail may fly off into space if he continues to wag at that rate. The bird is laid in my hand, not a feather ruffled. Rex, if I could always do as well as you, my work will be well done surely.

Oh what a calamity to see a dog break shot and then chase or find the dead bird and "chaw it up," his master the meantime yelling until his face looks like a boiled lobster, and his throat feels like a first-class Rothery rasp. And yet there be men, and I know them well, and they, having the gait and accent of men and Christians, pride themselves on their dogs, shooting and field performances generally, call themselves sportsmen, do this thing, blame the poor dog always, and stand there with smoking gun, and blank-blank, blanketyblank that blank dog. My real pride in and for such men (?) can be measured by my affection for a hand organ or my delight in the young man who serenades his sweetheart next door at 11 P. M. with an accordeon. In the latter case my charity is not as big as a cove oyster, and some these you know would rattle in a hollow watermelon seed.

Steadily and slowly the appreciation for good dogs, and the desire to know how to train them right, is making its way. Mr. A. R. Heyward is the pioneer in the kennel business in these parts. No better stock anywhere than owned by him. I have sent to his kennel for a young dog to be worked this season.

Not many weeks and we will be stalking the turkey, "or a scatterin' of um with that little yaller dog." Soon thereafter, ensconced in the blind, we can gobble them up. Now is it not a beautiful and even a thrilling sight when the first turkey steps in the arena? And if it be a big gobbler—oh, lor'! see his stately neck and head, as poised on one foot he gazes suspiciously around. Now don't wink your eye even,—he will see it and "put." A low, soft, very soft call has brought him within forty yards; the Damascus tube speaks; put—put, here, there, yonder, flashes, reports, smoke, as the breech-loaders do their work. We did not see those birds—only one? Thunder! the whole gang were here. Glorious sport. Nothing like it, save quail, snipe, woodcock and grouse shooting. Friends and brethren, it's all good, as poor Tom Moore said of rye, corn, potato and apple whisky; he could not choose, he would taste the whole thing, and there would be no jealousy.

I have participated in all shooting but chicken shooting. It would be a red letter day, the day I could join some brother sportsman on the prairies. What a delight to watch those chicken dogs range, draw and point. How much good golden time moneyed men waste, and how dull and cobweby their brains become by not participating in these glorious life-giving sports and recreations so bountifully provided by nature. When that ship of mine comes in, what an armory and kennel I will have, what a big open house I will keep, what a good fellow I will be, what a—

DICK SWIVELLER.

GRANITEVILLE, S. C., August, 1882.

COBB'S ISLAND.

THERE are about twenty-five sportsmen upon the island, mostly hailing from Baltimore and Virginia. It has been very warm, and to those enthusiastic Nimrods who have sat for five hours in the blinding glare of an August sun waiting for birds to circle around the decoys, they ought to know what hot weather means. In such a sun the mercury must bubble and the glass become malliable, and certainly the gun barrel gets so hot that one has to use a handkerchief when clasping it, and there seems a positive danger in the premature explosion of the cartridge by the hot barrels.

Well, about the luck, the islanders say it's "middling," but the truth is it is a failure, and there are but few birds; the willet, curlew and yellow legs are not one-fourth what they were in years past. For example, a dozen sportsmen go out, and the bag will average as follows: One will have twenty birds, five will have ten, four will have a half dozen apiece, and one will not have fired off his gun, and each one waiting over his decoys half the day.

Thinking that the incessant fusilade around Cobb's Island had driven off the birds from this immediate vicinity, I in company with Mr. Sanford Spady and Captain George Hopkins, of the coast guard, both good men and true, went over to Cape Charles or Smith Island, as it is called, about twenty miles from here, where there has been no shooting this summer and we had the whole field to ourselves, and the result was that we did not get thirty birds. They are scarce, very scarce, and what the reason is I cannot tell unless it is the deadly powers of the breech-loader that is thinning them out rapidly.

Mr. Goffigon, the keeper of the lighthouse, reports but few birds.

This much I can say about Smith's Island. If the birds are as plentiful as the mosquitoes, there would be the finest bird shooting in the world. Talk about Jersey mosquitoes, why they can't hold a candle to their Cape Charles relatives, who are as large as humming birds and have feathers in their tails. Bite! I should think so. They can reach the meat through thick corduroy breeches. Captain Hitchings had two pair of Boyton's india-rubber suits hanging in the station house, and the mosquitoes, thinking there was a man inside, literally perforated them, and the inspectors condemned them the other day as being utterly unfit for wear. They have to rub the house pigs with pennyroyal oil every evening to keep them from being eaten up alive, and dare not shear the sheep for fear of the same fate.

Common netting is no protection, but iron wire is used instead, and in the night time the noise of their teeth against this netting sounds like the knawing of thousands of rats, and, by the way, there isn't a rodent on the island; the mosquitoes have eaten them all up. They come out so heavy some evenings that all hands on the island climb to the top of the light house for protection, and manage to fight the night through.

Mosquitoes! Well, send your enemy to Cape Charles for summer shooting, and then remember him in your prayers.

CHASSEUR.

COBB'S ISLAND, Va., Aug. 8, 1882.

WOODCOCK ABOUT ROCHESTER.—Mr. Edmund Redmond reports in his *Journal* that "our daily contemporaries, in reporting that the season opened badly for woodcock shooting, were quite wide of the mark, for the truth is that several parties had rather better sport than usual. Some ground that in previous seasons contained a good supply of woodcock, was found barren, but the cause was the prevailing drouth; and where sufficient moisture was found, with other necessary conditions, there the brownies were congregated and in good condition. The knowing ones who went prospecting before the first of the month, and knew where game was located, had no trouble in filling their bags. The largest number shot that we have heard of fell to Scot Hartman and William Wallace, who bagged thirty-six. They found the birds in marshy ground near the lake shore in Parma. Abraham Geis and Louis Schultz knocked down twenty-nine; Ray Felt and George H. Jones brought in nineteen; Thomas and John Morris picked up seventeen; H. H. Congdon got twelve; I. H. Andrews and friends shot thirteen; a party of Frankfort men got nine, and John Reisenger bagged six. Doubtless other shooters were more or less successful, but the above cases are enough to prove that the opening day was by no means a failure."

TEXAS GAME NOTES.—Indianola, Texas, August 8.—The weather in this section has been very dry and hot this summer up to the last few days, since which time we have had fine rains, filling the ponds and putting the prairie in fine condition for birds, of which there are an unusual quantity, both quail and prairie chickens. The game laws have been revised this year, and the season opens for chickens on August 1, and for quail September 1, a month later for both than on previous years, and so far as I have seen has been pretty fairly observed, except in places where they were not advised of the change in the law. A friend and myself took a short trip up the railroad to the town of Laraca, twelve miles from here, leaving at noon, hunted a little in the evening on arrival and next morning, arriving home next day at 11:30 A. M., and got in all thirty fine chickens. I have hunted over the same ground many times in years gone by, and I have never seen as many quail (all very large coveys), in fact they are innumerable. Papabottes, since the rain, are beginning to arrive, and when the weather gets cooler sport will be splendid.—G. A.

EL CAZADOR IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Editor of Forest and Stream:

I declar to goodness it is purfekly astonishin the nos of strangers in this place; to me ennyhow. 'f I never had bin heer befour I wooden't be surprised at being surprised, but I have you kno, and I air. I wur heer quite frequent befour the war, and knoed quite a passel ov peepel. War is they now? Ekker answers, war? Blame my skin f yore paper ain't the only frenly face I has seen this day—except some strange ladys; but let that pass.

Yesterday war powerful hot. I went to a large church and heerd a prechur say his "hart panted arter the water brooks" (put that in with them litter dots). I simperthised with him, you bet! I farly pusspired for um, I thort ov sum I knoed, cold, cleer, shady, full of fish; an I wur homesick to the quick, but I cant go there, not till I git thru bin a witness fur sellin likker to Injens.

Say! I like them sizabul lies about bare. Nothin' is more soshobul roun a camp fier than lies. They peals to the feelins powerful, but ov course they aint tru; 'f they was this wirl wood be a strange place to live in, I reckon. I knowed a Ingen wonct who thort that all the biggest fish, whats never kort, an the biggest and fattest meat, whats never shot, wer saved up by providence for the other side ov sundown. May be it is so. Nobody ever catches nur shoots the biggest he sees in this wirl, not even the lyars can do this.

EL CAZADOR.

(Who lives at Los Angeles ur tharabouts when he's at home.)

AT SAN FRANCISCO, Month ov August.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—The following circular has been sent out by Mr. Sage: "The New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Buffalo, August, 1882. My Dear Sir: At the recent convention of the above association at Niagara Falls, a special committee of five was appointed to revise the game laws of the State and endeavor to secure the enactment of a simple, efficient and sensible bill at the session of the next Legislature. You are requested to render such assistance as may be in your power and to that end fill up the inclosed blank, and return it at an early date to the chairman, Abel Crook, 93 Nassau street, New York city. Please consult the practical sportsmen of your vicinity and urge your local clubs to take action in the present movement. A copy of the proposed law will be mailed to each correspondent before its presentation to the Legislature. Yours truly, John B. Sage, Recording secretary." Expressions of opinion are invited on the following points: "Periods for killing game and catching fish. 1. Deer generally? 2. Deer hounding? 3. Deer jacking or floating? 4. Ducks, geese or brant? 5. Should use of swivel or punt gun be allowed? 6. Should floating battery be allowed? 7. Should sailing for wild fowl be allowed? 8. Quail? 9. Hare or rabbit? 10. Woodcock? 11. Squirrels? 12. Grouse or partridge? 13. Should snares be allowed? 14. What other birds should be protected and what provisions are recommended? 15. Speckled trout? 16. California trout? 17. Salmon trout or lake trout? 18. Black bass? 19. What other fish should be protected? What protection is needed? 20. Should size or weight of any fish be limited—if so what should be limit? 21. When should nets be allowed, and what should be size of mesh when measured from knot to knot, on the square? 22. What waters in the county need special mention, and what exceptional legislation is desired? 23. What penalty should be imposed for unlawful killing or possession of birds, game or fish? 24. What penalty should be imposed for unlawful use of nets? 25. What protective officers are necessary? 26. How should they be selected and for what term of office? 27. How should they be compensated and what should be the amount thereof? 28. What power of legislation should be conferred upon boards of supervisors? 29. Suggestions generally?"

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Shore birds are showing themselves on the New Jersey coast in considerable numbers. A flight of short-billed curlers appeared at Little Egg Harbor last week and took up their quarters on the extensive meadows in the neighborhood of "Little Sheepshead." The ponds in the vicinity being low on account of the dry weather, afforded good feeding grounds. Willows are plentiful all along the coast, but the greater part of them appear to have passed south of Great Egg Harbor and have taken up their quarters between Corsen's and the inlet below it. This I learn from the fishing parties returning from the coast. Brown backs began to come the first of the month and continue to appear in fresh quantities. The flocks are numerous but not large, and seem to be covering a greater period of time in their coming than for several seasons. This is owing to the late variable and cold spring we had and the late departure of the birds for the North. We expect a good crop of seed this year and consequently a corresponding quantity of rail. We had but few reed birds last season. I am told by residents of Lehighton, Pa., that the good effect of planting sixty pair of quail in that neighborhood is showing itself. Many broods have been found this summer and great care has been observed by the farmers when mowing their wheat not to disturb the nests found in the fields. Your correspondent can speak from personal knowledge of this sportsmanlike action of those who shoot at Lehighton, Pa. Every year fifty to one hundred pair of birds are let out by these gentlemen.—HOMO.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Aug. 7.—The Forest and Stream Sporting Club, of Hoboken, N. J., was organized June 2, its object being the enforcement of the State laws for the protection of game and fish and the encouragement of gentlemanly sport. The following officers were elected: President, Chas. F. Hahr; Vice-President, Oscar W. Jaeger; Secretary, A. Fuller Munroe; Treasurer, Robert H. Alberts, Jr.; Captain, Oscar R. Claus.

CHATHAM, CAPE COD, Aug. 13.—Not many birds yet, but the early stragglers are killed daily by the dozen only and are quite fat. Bluefish not very plenty. Five of us caught 43 yesterday, quite large, running from 8 to 10lbs., caught inside of an hour. All empty as a drum save one, which contained a herring over seven inches long, as well as a quantity of small bait.—F. R. S.

IOWA GAME.—The following is a copy of letter received from a friend in Osage, Iowa: "Chickens are more plentiful than for five years past, with quail in almost every acre of stubble. If you can come here next month I promise you better shooting than you ever saw in this State."—S. D. B.

MARYLAND.—Gaithersburgh, Montgomery County. Have not been able to find a woodcock around here, nor have we seen a sign of quail. Seven batteries of regiment encamped here for summer.—S.

No Shore, Birds Yet.—Quogue, L. I., Aug. 12.—Very few beach birds have as yet made their appearance along the Long Island shore. The shooting is confined almost entirely to ring plover, with a very few piping plover and sanderlings. We do not hope for any shooting until after the next heavy storm, when the birds may be expected to appear in goodly numbers. One or two small bunches of brant birds have been seen, but no large birds.—B.

Georgia.—Bainbridge, August 6.—Quail are plentiful this year. In truth the country is full of them. One cannot travel in any direction without encountering "Bob White," his active little mate and her cunning young flock. The weather this year has been highly favorable to their propagation, and large small-grain crops have furnished ample food. The young are now nearly large enough to shoot.—O. G. G.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw in the Forest and Stream a few days ago a description of the alligator gar of White River. Father says they are the only things of all the animal creation that could stand the convulsions of nature and live through the boiling, mashing and other stirrings up they were made to undergo, as they belong to a very remote period of the world's creation. I send you an outline drawing of the head to the eyes, and bill of one of them. I clasped his jaws together on the sheet of paper so as to show you his teeth. He was over four feet long—not a very big one. We have a beautiful litter of Llewellin pups. The mother is Phoebe III., and the father is Belton II. He is brother to Nelly. I saw her at the Junction, at the dog show, when they had the field trials. Old Kate, our pointer, did not have any pups, but she must be part Jersey, as she has lots of milk and helps Phoebe suckle the pups. There are six, and they are all taken. We will call ours Nellie Belton. There are lots of young quails, and papa has sent to England for a gun for me. I can shoot his twelve-bores, but they are most too heavy for me, and he is going to get a sixteen. This fall we are going to Grand Prairie after prairie chickens, and then to Bayou Meta after deer. I have caught many fish, because the river has been high and muddy all the summer. Such peaches and watermelons as you never saw, and fine corn, and oats, and millet, but the cotton is little and too thin. Lots of hickory nuts, and beech nuts, and acorns, and we will have lots of squirrels this fall. Charlie Young ("Gilyon," Jr.).

Corinth, Miss., Aug. 1, 1882.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

On Burrard Inlet, in British Columbia, dwells one logging camp boss, known far and wide by the name of Lev. He is a hunter of some importance, and a rifle shot of more than ordinary skill. One rainy day Lev took his gun and sallied forth for a deer hunt but was overtaken by darkness, while a long way from the camp; and forced to remain in the woods all night. On searching his pockets he found he was without matches. The logging crew blew horns, fired guns, etc., to guide him home, but without avail. Morning returned, and Lev made his way home just as the crew were turning out for breakfast. Hungry, wet and tired, he sat down in front of the big camp-fire, rested his face on his hands, his hands on his knees, looked vacantly at the blaze, and for about ten minutes appeared lost in contemplation. He then spoke, "Boys, did you ever hear of a person making a fire by rubbing two sticks together?"

"Oh, yes," replied several, "easy enough to do. Common thing," etc., etc.

Lev waited patiently till they all got through, and then exclaimed, "It may be easy enough to do, and perhaps has been done, but I'll be eaten alive if ever anybody did it in one night." Mowitch.

New Westminster, British Columbia.

Gen. H. lives in Kentucky. He is a whole-souled sportsman. Duck-shooting is his forte, or was before he had so much avoirdupois. He shoots a heavy gun, and rejoices in the roar of five drams of powder. He went to Florida some years since to help a friend out of a legal scrape, and right royally he helped him. (The General has hob-nobbed with Coke and Blackstone.) Well, his friend, Dr. M., who is as beautiful a shot as I ever saw or expect to see, and our hero had been out in search of game, and were on their way home behind an old sorrel mare, a first-class case of balk on the slightest provocation. They were riding in a buckboard, in which were sundry quail and accoutrements. Joe, the pointer, ranged at his own sweet will. The quartet were within a mile of home. Just in front was a stream that headed in a bay to the right of the road. Suddenly the General ejaculated, "Hold on, Doc., Joe's got 'em!" And sure enough off to the right the old dog was on a dead stand.

They got down, put in shells, and leaving the old mare in the road walked around behind the dog, facing the team.

"Look out where you shoot now," said Doc.

The General retorted with a sort of contemptuous snort as who should say, "That caution is entirely unnecessary, sir."

They kicked the quail up, which sailed almost directly for the team. Bang, went one barrel of the Dougall; bang, went the other. Away went the birds; away went the shot and struck the old mare, patiently waiting on the road, and as a direct sequence, away she went, scattering impedimenta along the way recklessly, her tail flying vigorously.

"Whoa!" shouted the General. "What's the matter with the wench, Doc.?"

But Doc., who knew what the matter was, was already on the wing. Down the road and into the creek went the old mare and her pursuer, while the water flew, for the stream was knee-deep and fifteen or twenty yards wide. The stern chase was not a very long chase that time, and in a little while back came Doc. grinning. The General was awaiting him in the road.

"What tickles you so? What made her light out in that reprehensible manner?"

"Well, I guess you'd light out, too, if you had your hide full of No. 8 shot," answered Doc., shaking.

"Don't tell me I shot that mare. It's no such thing."

Quoth Doc.: "Just pass your hand along the mare's side and your eye over the harness."

The General approached cautiously, the mare eyeing him suspiciously. After a satisfactory examination, which I never considered wholly necessary, said the General: "Doc., if you ever breathe this to a single soul I'll skin you, sure."

Doc still wears his cuticle. S.

Florida.

[Our camp fires are kindled all along the line. Last week it was New Hampshire and Texas; this week, British Columbia and Florida.]

Sea and River Fishing.

Open Seasons.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var, *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouicha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, two species.
War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys sicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscion regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Lostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

How in youth I used to gallop to the glens, over a hundred healthery hills; how leaped my heart to hear the thunder of the waterfall, and, at last, the dim, shallow line of music, teeming with swift-shooting, silver-shining, scaly life, most beauteous to behold, at every soft alighting of the deceptive line.—*Christopher North.*

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

THIRD PAPER.

"Of all the sports and pastimes
Which happen in the year,
With angling there are none, sure,
That ever can compare.

"Through meadows, by a river,
From place to place we roam,
And when we are a-weary
We go a-jogging home.

"At night we take a—'night-cap,'
We prattle, laugh and sing;
We drink a health unto our friends,
A bumper to the King."

One of the characteristics of angling is its hearty good-fellowship, and there is a mystic bond of union and mutual interest between the disciples of Walton to be found among no other class of sportsmen. The true spirit of angling is born in a man—or woman—and though an indifferent angler may be made by fostering care and apt following of a tidy example, the difference between the "noscitur" and the "fit"—like the poet's fire—may be easily distinguished. The true angler is a lover of his craft and of all things thereto pertaining; he must be a keen observer of nature to be successful, and looking her so often, and so fairly, in the face, he bears upon his own a "counterfeit presentment" of her beauties and her peace.

What, in the realm of nature, is more peaceful than a green meadow through which a clear stream glides? I know no more contemplative scene, and to all anglers some such holds a cherished place in the memory.

To such an one let us go, with rod in hand and creel on hip, and try a few "deeps," o'ershadowed by alders, and with just swirl enough to give a life-like energy to the fly we may cast thereon. Father Walton—God rest his soul!—would have gloried in this stretch of gently brawling water, just deep enough, just wide enough, and just clear enough to make it a pleasant and perfect haunt for brook trout and the brook trout fisher. It is a typical trout stream, as yet in virgin purity, and far from the noxious overflows from factories and civilization. To see it is gladsome; to walk by it and to think of its possibilities in trout-life is a restful pleasure; but to fish it is a joy the deft fly-fisher alone can know or appreciate!

With past experience as a guide I advise you to try a sober-colored fly and to be wary in casting; the water is so clear and the day so bright that utmost precaution is a *sine qua non* to measurable success. Your finest tackle may be used here, and I prefer, alway and everywhere, the finest tackle that is warrantable, whatever I fish for. Ah! that was a fine rise, and had you struck less nervously you might have landed a goodly fish. Try again and be cool—the angler must be as dispassionate as the Sphinx in some of the crises of his craft, or victory will never perch upon his rod. This time, my friend, you have life securely fastened to your leader, and you shall be left in peace to land the fish while I go yonder and try my luck. An hour hence we will meet, compare our creels, and take such refreshment as may be at hand. Meanwhile, if we kill few fish, we can feast our eyes and cast the demons of unrest and care from our hearts.

"Milky kine around me grazing,
Woolly flocks on yonder hills,
Join their notes with mine in praising
Him whose hand all creatures fills."

How pretty looks a goodly trout, fresh from the stream, outstretched upon a daisy-dappled meadow, after a sturdy fight with steady nerve and staunch tackle! A few brace enhance the loveliness of the sight, however, and behold! prone at our feet they lie. Here are no "fingerlings," but honest-sized fish, and in good condition for the table and palate of the most exacting epicure.

Seven brace of trout to our two rods and of an average weight of three-quarters of a pound to the fish ought to satisfy any one, not a butcher; and as we go "a-jogging home," we will talk of our modest sport and anticipate more to come. It is not the heaviest creel that represents the greatest sport, nor, in trout-fishing, is quantity to be balanced against quality. A few good runs and a few good fish are to be preferred rather than indifferent gaminess and wholesale slaughter of small and ill-conditioned fish.

The best of fishing, however, may be spoiled by an uncongenial companion—one who is "out of sorts" and not in sympathy with the occasion and the surroundings, or one who has no real, honest love for the sport. Better by far fish alone than with such—their presence sours everything. The wanderer a-field, whatever his quest, can brook no distracting influences, and "boon," in every sense of the word, must the angler's comrades be when the rod and creel are "to the fore." Looking back on the low-lying meadow and the bonnie stream runs like a gloaming reverie, so fair, so peaceful and so entrancing is it all.

The refrain of an old angling song comes to mind, and seems to describe what we now look upon as if written here and now:

"Vale of bliss, what joy to wander
Where thy glittering waters flow!
Here o'en Guilt in peace may ponder,
Here Despair forget his woe."

O. W. R.

SURF FISHING.

In the months of April and May one can enjoy on the east coast of Florida the combined pleasures of bathing and fishing.

The air is warm, the sun is bright, and the ocean waves break clear and green, at a temperature of about seventy-five degrees, on a wide and smooth beach of hard sand. One can stay in such water waist deep for hours, without danger.

On this first of May low tide will occur about 9 A. M. So after breakfast we leave Coquina landing in our boat; Bartolo, the boy Gomez, and I, and drop down toward the inlet with the tide.

We beach our skiff in a still cove, and set out seaward across the extensive sand flats which lie inside the beach. This region often suffers a sea change in the great equinoctial storms, so that what was dry land last year may be six feet under water this, but a wide margin remains permanent, and becomes in May the breeding ground of many species of water birds. Plovers, willets, oyster catchers, marsh hens, stilts, gulls, sanderlings, etc., lay their eggs in a shallow cavity in the sand, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The color of these eggs so much resembles that of the sand, that it takes a practiced eye to distinguish them. This is the protective system of nature, which assimilates all wild creatures to their proper background—the tawny lion to the desert sand, and the spotted panther to the withered leaves of the thicket.

The sharp eyes of young Gomez led him straight to the nests, and he soon has a basket full of eggs; some to be blown, some to be eaten.

Great numbers of sea shells are scattered about: conchs, mussels, sea oysters, cockles, ark shells, scallops, quahaugs, pyrulas, etc., not of the gay colors of tropical species, but brighter than those of more Northern shores. After a storm, shells of a paper nautilus are sometimes found here, but from the delicacy of the shell usually are somewhat damaged. One was found containing the animal, a species of cuttle or octopos. Dr. Stimpson, who studied these shells, states that those of the west coast of Florida have a more tropical character than those of the east coast.

The last week of May brings the sea turtles ashore to lay their eggs in the sand at night; the green turtles and the loggerheads, some hawks' bills also, from which the tortoise shell of commerce is taken. Each nest will contain from 120 to 160 eggs, about the size of those of a hen, but rounder in form, and with a tough skin like parchment. The people who live near the beach subsist at this season in great part on turtle eggs, as do the bears, hogs, raccoons and possums. They furnish a rich and wholesome food, and can be cooked in various ways.

Do you see that mast sticking out of the sand? It belonged to a fine steamer that came ashore here four years ago in the night. All hands were saved, also the furniture and stores of the ship; she had no cargo, being bound to Mexico in ballast. Many other wrecks have occurred near this inlet, which has a dangerous bar, without a lighthouse; and the channel shifts so often that only a person living in sight of the inlet can safely act as pilot.

Along the shore, about 100 feet outside low water mark, runs a slough or depression in the beach where the water is four or five feet deep at low tide. I have observed the same formation on the west shore of Lake Michigan, perhaps caused in both cases by shore currents. Here we often find the bass or redfish (*Sciænops ocellatus* Gill), salt water trout (*Cynoscion regalis* Gill), and cavalli (*Trachynotus carolinus* Gill) feeding on the mollusks out of the reach of sharks, which do not often venture so near shore. It may seem pedantic to use these scientific names, but as all these fishes are called by various names from Virginia to Florida, it can hardly be avoided.

Bartolo wades in with his cast net, and with a few casts gets a couple of dozen four-once mullets for bait. Each of these cut squarely across makes three or four bait. Bartolo uses a heavy hand-line, with four ounces of lead and a cod hook, the usual tackle of a Florida fisherman, who swings the sinker round his head and casts as far as possible seaward. When he hooks a fish, he gives it very little play, but hauls it ashore by main strength. If the fish is very large and strong, the hook or line often parts and the fish is lost. Compared with playing a heavy fish with light tackle, this process is rude and inartistic, but more fish are taken in a given time, probably. An agreeable writer in Forest and Stream describes this method as practiced by him at the mouth of the St. John's River, where he makes heavy catches of bass. Every one to his taste—to me one thirty-pound bass taken with rod and reel is worth a wagon load hauled out *viet armis*. I use the bamboo rod, and multiplying reel carrying 100 yards of cuttyhunk line, and hook of same pattern. One ounce of lead is enough for casting from the reel in still water. In a heavy current two or three ounces is necessary.

Bartolo has hitched a bass, which he drags ashore promptly, a six-pounder. I hook one from the same school, but larger. It runs up and down the slough, taking out forty yards of line. Then I turn it and recover the line—this for about ten minutes, before the bass surrenders and is towed to the shore, exhausted. Eight pounds is its weight.

But what ails Gomez? who seems to be going to sea, dragged by a big fish. His father hastens to the assistance of the boy and a lively contest ensues, ending in landing a twenty-five pound bass after a struggle of fifteen minutes length. Then I capture three of five pounds each, and Bartolo hauls out a six-pound salt water trout, a beautiful silvery-sided fish with black spots, similar in appearance to the lake trout of Northern New York, save that it wants the adipose fin which distinguishes the Salmonidæ. I now hook a strong fighting fish, different rather in its play from a bass; like that it makes long runs, but also bores to the bottom like a sheepshead. It comes ashore at last and proves to be a sea

catfish (*Ariopsis milberti* Gill), a handsome fish, with game qualities, which abounds in these waters in April and May, weight about six pounds. It is covered with a disagreeable slime, and is armed with sharp and barbed spines on the pectoral fins, so that it is dangerous to handle; the flesh is white and firm, and in the absence of better fish would be eaten, no doubt. Sharks are very fond of them, but reject the upper portion.

Now Bartolo hooks a shark, which cuts off his hook, and as we see the dorsal fins of several others in the surf, we change our ground and go to the wreck where the tides have worn a deep hole in the sand.

Here we find a school of cavalli, which give us fine sport. This is one of the most active and vigorous fishes in these waters. It is very voracious and will take almost any bait, either at the surface or bottom. I have taken them with a spoon, and have heard of their being killed with a fly. They are taken in these waters from one to twelve pounds in weight. As a food fish they are by no means equal to the pompano, which they much resemble in appearance, being rather coarse and oily. We got ten from that school about as fast as they could be pulled ashore; average weight three pounds.

This was very pleasant fishing, wading to the waist in the warm gulf water, with the surf breaking about us; but we were getting more fish than we needed, so turning loose our most recent captives we retraced our steps up the beach. When we came to the place where we had left our first fish we found a couple of beach ponies eating them.

"That is the first time, Bartolo, that I ever saw a horse eat fish; are those ponies yours?"

"They are, and they are very fond of fish, and often follow me when I am using a net so as to get my mullets."

"Where do you keep them?"

"They live on the marsh and come up to the house for fresh water sometimes. I've broken the mare to the saddle, and often use her to bring home turtle eggs." S. C. C.

A LONE FISHERMAN IN CANADA.

AS the date fixed for vacation approached this year, the undersigned, like many another of your readers, as I doubt not, found himself to be aweary of the fished-out fishing "resorts" within a hundred miles or so of this metropolis. The memory of the 7x9 lakes, crowded with boats, and of the hotels infested with the checky and extortionate "guide," who sold you bait to-day for which you had paid him twice its value yesterday, smoked your cigars and drank your paregoric, returning the favor by doing as little rowing as possible, volunteering contemptuous criticism of your methods of angling, hinting at the prodigal liberality of his last employer, and instructing you when to go home—made me resolve to forswear these delights and pass my play-time this year beyond the borders of the States.

And so (the friend who had agreed to accompany me having been prevented from so doing by illness in his family) I withdrew my nose from the business grindstone, bundled up my rods, packed my trunk and tackle-box and started on my lonely way to Kingston, Ontario, where I was met by a team from Battersea, on Loughborough Lake, which point was reached after a drive of sixteen miles.

Regard for truth compels me to say just here that Battersea by no means resembles "sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," or any other place of which loveliness is a prominent characteristic. In fact, its candid inhabitants do not hesitate to indorse the most unfavorable criticisms, from an æsthetic standpoint, upon which the visitor may venture in their hearing, and cheerfully waive all claims of the village to beauty. But there is a plain, comfortable and quiet hotel, and the citizens are courteous and accommodating, while for the undeniable ugliness of the hamlet compensation tenfold is awarded when the angler, having paddled a few hundred yards through a shallow creek, emerges upon the lake. I can make no better comparison for the contrast than that of the passage from purgatory to paradise. Well-wooded shores, islands innumerable, of all shapes and dimensions—from "Griffin's," a mile in length, to those covering but a few square yards—all rising from clear, cold water, and not one of them disfigured by a villa-nous architectural nightmare in the shape of a cottage ornée—form a scene with which many a "show place" that I have seen, thick set with summer hotels, can bear no comparison.

Gliding through the channels between the islets, some new beauty is developed at every turn. Sheltered bays, shady nooks apparently designed expressly for camping purposes, rocky heights crowned with pines and cedars, abound; and the comparatively narrow channels are varied by broad, unbroken stretches, miles long, of deep, sparkling water. In short, Loughborough Lake is a gem of as pure and serene a ray as ever gladened the eyes of a searcher for the picturesque, and as well worth visiting for that reason alone.

But about the fish?

That's so; I forgot to remember to whom I was talking, though I am sure that to all true anglers the lovely scenes among which they practice their art furnish no small part of its delights. Well, I don't esteem myself worthy of a place in the front rank of fly-fishermen, but even I made scores of which an expert need not have been ashamed; and I didn't "fish for count" either, but piously returned all fish not fatally injured, and that were under three-quarters of a pound in weight.

The wind was every day unusually high for the season, so that for some entire days and portions of others during my stay the swell was too heavy for comfortable fishing. Nevertheless, there fell to my inexperienced hand, in twelve full days' fishing (resting from noon until about 3 P. M.), 416 good bass, nearly all of the small-mouth species. I used the fly alone—casting and trolling—scorning the ignoble "spoon" with which I could doubtless have doubled my catch, as I certainly could have done with a gill-net and a shovel. Standing in the boat while my agile young oarsman (aged 76) was killing and disposing of a single three-pounder, I made a cast of twenty feet, and in a moment had struck a pair of twins—one on each of my two flies—and after netting them took two other pairs in succession, all within ten minutes. Trolling over the same ground a day or two afterwards I captured eleven within twenty minutes—five pairs and an odd one. Judge, then, what a practiced angler might have done.

It is probably needless for me to say that Loughborough is not a fishing "resort." Before wetting my line I was obliged to assure a number of anxious inquirers that my fragile split bamboo was not intended for catching bait, and that I did not calculate that the first bass I encountered would reduce it to splinters; but it was not until I had returned with a goodly heap of fish with my rod intact, and my statements had been confirmed by the oarsman, that doubt gave way to hesitating belief. No other light rod had been used there within their knowledge, and their ideas of the nature of an artificial fly were of the vaguest. "Yanking" a cedar "pole," and hand-over-hand hauling with a spoon-hook, are considered good enough treatment there for the "coming game fish of America;" and even a gentleman from Kingston who came up for a day's "sport" felt himself justified in chaffing me for taking but twenty-three on my fly while he was jerking thirty-two into his boat by main strength before they had recovered from their astonishment at the prickly nature of the glittering morsel they had attempted to swallow.

"Pike" (our pickerel, as I believe) are scarce, I am glad to say, though they are reported to abound in some other lakes in the vicinity, of which there are many. Round Lake, full of large-mouth bass (which for some occult reason will seldom bite), is but two miles distant, its waters clear as crystal and presenting a curious appearance as viewed from its high banks, by reason of long bars of white clay projecting from the shores; Dog, Cranberry, Mud (where isn't there a Mud lake?) and Sloat's lakes are not far off; but Loughborough, 32 miles in length, is easily the queen of all, both as regards beauty and the abundance and quality of fish. I hesitate to question any of Dr. Henshall's *ex cathedrâ* statements, but I must say that it did not take me long to discover the difference between the fierce and prolonged struggles of the small-mouth bass and the comparatively sluggish resistance of his large-mouthed brother; and it is certainly a fact that in these waters the game qualities of the former are far superior to those of the latter.

The cost of travel to Battersea from New York is from $10 to $13, and expenses while there are light enough to make one almost ashamed of spending so little on a holiday excursion. One piece of advice I will venture upon: don't go alone. Ye gods! how I did yearn and yawn for a companion in my sport, and how I bored myself after dark until welcome slumber overtook me! And in conclusion I will further advise: if you must carry a flask of cough drops for your stomach's ache, don't let it drop in the creek; and if you take with you a valued and rather valuable field glass, the bottom of the lake is a bad place to leave it in case you want to use it at the opera next winter. To conclude some more, Alex. Van Alstine, of Battersea, will give all further needed particulars on application, as will also, if desired.

NEW YORK, August, 1882. TRUTHFUL JAMES.

WEIGHT OF RODS.

ISN'T it, after all, much the same with the practical angler as with the old girl who kissed the cow—a mere matter of taste? We undergraduates of the backwoods who are not "up to snuff" in the various departments and improvements, and whose impecuniosity precludes frequent excursions beyond our native neighborhoods, derive an immense amount of pleasure and solace from the excellent contributions of the gifted and more fortunate alumni of the guild, but are often left groping in a fog as to important details, from the fact that the writer's familiarity has caused him to omit what he supposes well known by every reader of average intelligence and even limited experience. Experience and experiment are very tedious teachers, and in the absence of standard text books, we students turn eagerly to FOREST AND STREAM for nuggets of wisdom, and most patiently and profitably plod through elaborate minutiæ in quest of items to be added to our limited stock. Hence, let the grayheads not disdain apparent redundancy of details if they would profit the tenderfeet, for the dissemination of standard books of sporting literature is not coextensive with the circulation of our standard paper, and the baldheads will charitably skip what they always knew in view of benefit to us youngsters.

I am not fault-finding. I once heard an orator declare that the most difficult and labored efforts of his life were the preparations of lectures for children—"not to pitch the fodder too high for the lambs." "Butagin," as our old preacher rather numerously remarks in the course of a discourse, I desire to gradually approach the subject to be briefly considered even if FOREST AND STREAM has had a dozen extra columns added to its former very respectable size without corresponding enlargement of type.

We naturally adopt pertinent provincialisms frequently from convenience if not from admiration of their elegance. Our deft veterans are dubbed "professors," and are not slouches with rod and gun. The students are called "slatherers." The term slatherer needs no definition, for any sportsman on first hearing it applied to an individual would expect him to crash around like a hungry steer in a kitchen-garden, in stepping into or from a canoe to put a foot on and into everything on the bottom and tilt out any unsuspecting occupant if the craft chanced too heavy to be upset by his lurches.

I am not a professor, but have been admitted to their councils till from the drippings of their scientific overflows I about have their philosophy "by heart." Pike and bass fishing constitute the cream of our angling, and the best bass tackle is the one thing our professors have worked out to their individual satisfaction. The varieties of weight, size, length, spring, balance and rig, are as diverse as were the linguistic exercises at the time that the workmen got on a strike at Babel.

Am I wrong in the inference that jointed rods of split bamboo and the favorite solid woods are the kind of bass-rods discussed? I think not, as the willowy character attributed to specified light weights is not applicable to our one-piece favorites of same weights. Our professors and advanced slatherers very rarely build jointed rods, unless for convenience in slipping out, unsuspected, Sunday mornings, and it is the current belief that a jointed rod is the invention of some fellow ashamed to be seen going fishing Sunday, but wasn't shrewd enough to send his tackle out by the friend who promised to meet him at a certain spot with a bucket of minnows. Understand that I have long had my heart set on a split bamboo rod and haven't lost hope, but until the very indefinite date of blissful realization a good, cheap rod shall suffice, as I know that vast quantities of glorious fun are derivable from a common Japanese cane properly rigged. Lightness, strength, spring and balance, in order given, are the professor's requirements of a first-class rod, and in what is that combination, par excellence, so satisfactorily found as in the Japanese cane? The bamboo is more elastic, but proportionately heavier. We use "G." braided silk, or smallest sizes of linen, cable laid lines, and find the desired relation between lines and rods in the lightest canes reduced to nine and ten feet length. I was led to select four of my favorite rods, from a dozen collected in the last eight years, and weigh and measure them for the first time.

A description is submitted as showing what meets the approval of professors to whom I'm indebted for nearly all that I know of tackle and angling.

Lengths, 9 to 9½, 6in.; weight, 4¾ to 7oz8.; diameters, 9-16 to 14-16 of an inch at butt, and about 3-32 of an inch at tip. Metal reel seat screwed on 14 to 18 inches from butt end—8 to 10 or 12 guides on each, as necessary to keep the line on the rod, whatever the strain to which it may be subjected. A piece of hard wood is fitted into the butt end of each rod, and trimmed to an edge to facilitate thrusting into the ground or a crevice when desirable to use the landing net or gaff for a companion, or to accommodate him with your judgment as to whether its more water or more sugar that's needed. The capabilities of such rods are adequate to most emergencies, and equal to the capacities of such lines as a professor would select. No. 2 Frankfort-reel is the favorite size, though many professors use No. 3. Ours is all stream-fishing, hence the indispensability of a float, as we rarely find smooth bottoms, and black-bass don't seek such here.

I may be in error, but I think that that "old pelican" of the Kingfishers used a Japanese bass-rod in bringing to gaff that *Esox nobilior* of 40lbs., his description of which produced that peculiar vermicular sensation on my scalp which threatens a "rising of each particular hair on end." If he didn't I know that he could have done it, for I found nothing apocryphal in his inimitable chronicles; they have the odor of true inspiration; and may we all live to enjoy them, at least semi-annually, till the next Yorktown Centennial.

A. SLATHERER.

MILL SPRINGS, Ky.

THE OTSEGO BASS.

IN Otsego Lake, New York, there is a species of *Coregonus*, or whitefish, which is claimed to be of peculiar excellence for food, and it has also been claimed to be a distinct species. This latter claim is not now allowed, and it is at present considered identical with the *C. albus* of the great lakes, or, at the most, merely a variety. This fish, though not at all resembling a perccid, has somehow obtained the local name of "bass," and "Otsego bass" is the name it has rejoiced in for years. It more nearly resembles the "laverct" of English waters, and this name was proposed for it by Frank Forester.

We have recently been fortunate enough to receive, through the courtesy of Mr. James Eddy Mauran, the original description of this fish by De Witt Clinton in pamphlet form, and here give it entire.*

[LETTER.]

ALBANY, May 16, 1822.

SIR—I send you, for your excellent work, an accurate and beautiful delineation of a fish caught in the Otsego Lake, the principal source of the Great Eastern Branch of the Susquehannah River. This painting was executed by Ezra Ames, Esq., an eminent artist, of your city, and the representation of the fish, which is called Otsego Basse, is as large as life. It was seventeen inches in length, five in depth, and one in thickness, and it weighed two pounds six ounces.

The pupil of the eye is black, the iris silvery; the opercula spotted with yellow on a silver ground; the mouth small and exactly like that of a shad, except a little protuberance of the upper lip, which is also bifid. No teeth in the jaws, palate, roof of the mouth, tongue or throat. The lateral line straight and hardly discernable; appearance of lateral stripes, like the *Perca nitechilli*, or rock fish; color silvery white below the linea lateralis—somewhat darkish above it; scales small; back highly curved. The first dorsal fin has nine softish rays, three of which are imperfect; it is about midway in the back, and over the ventral fin. The second dorsal fin is small and filamentous, and directly over the anal fin. The caudal fin is forked—the belly not serrated.

This fish is of the abdominal order, and cannot be satisfactorily arranged under any genus of the Linnæan system. As it is, however, included in Block's description of the salmon, which he represents as an abdominal fish, with an adipose fin on the back and a body covered with scales, I shall, in order to avoid the multiplicity of genera, consider it as a Salmo; and, as it is probably a nondescript, and peculiar to the Otsego Lake, its specific name may, with propriety, be derived from the water which it inhabits. I shall, therefore, call it *Salmo Otsego*.

This fish is nearly equal to any fish that swims for exquisite and delicious food. It is among fishes what the grouse, or canvass-back duck, is among birds. The flesh is fine, white, and delicate.

It sometimes weighs six pounds. It is never found in the neighboring lakes or streams, or in the Susquehannah River. It is not anadromous, and appears to be always stationary in the lake. It appears in shoals every spring and fall, and, at other times retires to the depths of the lake, like the black basse and perch of Lake George, which are only seen periodically. The latter lake has no outlet which can be ascended by fish: This proves, conclusively that their retreat is only into its deepest waters; and as these lakes are very deep, they afford ample space for seclusion. Perhaps the notion of Pennant that the herring proceed from the polar seas is incorrect. I cannot beleive that they extend their migrations beyond the seas in which they periodically appear.

The Otsego basse is very rarely taken by the hook. It was formerly caught in great numbers by the seine—sometimes five thousand at a draught. There is now a comparative scare ty. The diminution of fish, greatly in demand, may be attributed, generally, to the havoc created by the increasing population of the country, and to the destruction of the food of fishes produced by cultivation; but in this case it is ascribed to peculiar causes.

The spring herring, or *Clupea vernalis*, formerly visited this lake in immense multitudes for the purpose of spawning, now their ascent is arrested by the erection of dams. The salmon trout, and other predaceous fishes of the lake, which formerly derived their subsistence from the spawn and young of the herring, being shut out from this source of supply, have turned their attention to the Otsego basse, and have thinned its numbers. The herring formerly reached this lake in the spring, and their young did not leave it until the ensuing autumn. The pickerel, which is the tyrant of the lake, and which drives away and conquers its neighbor and congenor, the white pike, of the Susquehannah River, is considered the principal cause of the diminished numbers of the Otsego basse. But captivity appears to have the same effect on them as on the wolf. Near the place where the fishermen draw the seines there is a capacious fountain in which they deposit their fishes and keep them

*Account of the Salmo Otsego, or the Otsego Basse. In a letter to John W. Francis, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children in the University of New York. From De Witt Clinton, LL. D., Governor of the State of New York. Printed by C. S. Van Winkle, 101 Greenwich St. 1822.

alive. In one of their draughts they took a large pickerel, and put him in the depot. The basse held no communion with him; and they kept apart as far as possible, without experiencing any annoyance from their formidable enemy.

The Otsego basse feeds upon worms, which appear to be abundant, attatching themselves to a concreted ropy substance found mostly in and on the grass at the bottom. It also eats those insects which appear on most waters in the spring of the year; and it probably derives its nutriment in part from aquatic vegetables, fat earth, animal and vegetable mucus, and the power which all fishes posess of decomposing water and converting it into nourishment.

It spawns in water not under twenty-five feet deep, and the season for this purpose is supposed to be exclusively the autumn; but one having been found this spring in roe, and the periodical appearance of this fish being vernal, as well as the periodical appearance of this fish being vernal, as well as autumnal, I should suppose that it spawned in both seasons; for whenever gregarious fishes change their places of habitation at prescribed times, from the depths of the lake or ocean, into shallow waters of the former, or the rivers which run into the latter, it may be considered as the season of production, marked out by Nature. I am, dear sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant, D. W. C.

John W. Francis, M. D.

GEORGIA EDITORS FISHING.

I SEND you the following account from the Atlanta *Constitution* of a trip of Messrs. Grady, Howell, Jackson, and Gordon, all editors of Atlanta, to the shores of North Carolina, and their introduction to the famous fishing to be found there. The letter is written from Morehead City, N. C., July 27:

The day was perfect. A stiff breeze was blowing from the southwest. The sun was just rising and the bay, dimpling before the wind, was as a huge bowl of molten gold, while the rim of white beach shone like silver. A mile or so away the ocean thundered over the bar, and the white-caps dancing along the surf-line flashed like diamonds in the morning sun.

Our boat lay at the wharf—a wicked-looking craft with leg-of-mutton sails—rigged like a felucca and warranted to fly. Captain Pickett, a well-seasoned veteran, was in charge. Lunch was stored aboard, the four of us occupied the cushioned seats, the Lucia shook her sails to the wind and we were off like a shot.

We were looking for Spanish mackerel and bluefish. The first is the finest fish that swims the water. Incomparable on the table—as game as a mountain trout—as handsome as a picture—he is the cavalier of the seas. Slender, gallant and rakish, he gives you all you want when you have him hung on the end of a fifty-foot line; and when, after a struggle you land him in the boat, nothing could be prettier. The bluefish, on the contrary, is a sturdy plebeian—fierce in his greed and the very devil to pull—voracious, lawless, and known of all men as the pirate of the seas.

"Birds to windward," cried the lookout.

"Ha-r-r-d lee," from the captain.

"Hard lee she is."

Why birds if we were fishing? Because the sea-birds hover above the schools of fish, feeding on the offal and the smaller fish—just as certain as fate, beneath the swarm of gulls and curlews that hung like a speck of cloud above the water, pulsing up and down, there were running millions of the fish we were after. In a few moments we had come within a few hundred yards.

"Get your lines out," shouted the captain, "we are nearly on 'em."

Instantly four stout lines of fifty feet were cast over the bow of the boat and spun out till they were tense. There was not a bait used—simply squids of ivory, with hooks at the lower end. The Lucia was flying now, sure enough. Evan Howell was sitting astraddle of a bench by me, when suddenly—

"Honey in the gourd!" he shricked, and began pulling hand over hand like mad.

"I'm with you," said Jackson

"Good," remarked Gordon, and he began to pull.

As for me I felt as if a mule had got his foot tangled in my line and had got to kicking. I yelled something or other and pulled. In an instant I saw a two-foot mackerel winding towards me like a revolving wheel. Jackson's fish flew past the boat like a flash of lightning. Powell's, after fighting every inch of the way to within five feet of the boat, suddenly changed his mind and jumped over the gunwale. In less than ten seconds we had four fine fish boxed. The men shook them off and tossed the squids over the bow. Before thirty feet had spun out every hook is caught again, and there was the same excitement over, only two fish being landed, however. Out they went again, and the third time we had them.

"Hard lee! Hats, gentlemen."

The sails swung over our heads. The boat stopped, turned, poised herself a moment, and then plunged towards the school once more, as a pointer following a covey of birds. Right away we were into them again, and the same wild excitement followed. It was better than a horse race. As fast as the lines were in the water the mackerel caught them. The speed of the boat, the height of the waves, the length of the lines and the gameness of the fish made every pull a struggle full of fun and uncertainty. Usually all of us had a mackerel on at the same time, and it was a question as to which would land him first. We tacked once more and made one more rush. Then the school was lost and we steadied ourselves for repairs. We had eighteen mackerel, were perfectly drenched with spray, our hands were red with the tugging, and, panting and excited, each man declared that no ten minutes of sport was ever before filled with so much zest and enjoyment. It was a simple revelation to a land lubber like myself.

The morning was filled with just such dashes. As soon as we had scattered one "school" of mackerel we would sight another swarm of birds and make for them. A dash of a few miles was nothing to us. Wherever the glimmer of wings showed against the sky, there the Lucia found her way. And at length when Evan Howell was hugging a claret punch for his lunch, and his war-cry of "honey in the gourd" had died out for dinner, we found that we had 112 as fine fish as ever fell to mortal hands.

Just as we had finished dinner, Captain Pickett discovered off a point toward the lighthouse an enormous swarm of birds, and predicted that they were hovering above a school of bluefish. The Lucia was headed toward them and went wing-a-wing before the wind. It was a curious sight as we neared the point. There must have been a million gulls. They dipped into the water constantly, coming up loaded with bits of fish. The bluefish move in great numbers, and cut and slash everything in their way. With one snap of the jaws they bisect a fish, and like the pirates that they are, scuttle and murder for the fun of it. The birds hovering above pick up the leavings of these wanton foragers.

"You'll have it now," said Captain Pickett, as our lines went spinning over the bow. With these words we dashed into the thick of it, and fast and furious fun it was.

"Pull them out quick or they'll pull you in," shouted Evan Howell, and he was just about right.

The fish flew at the squids fiercely, and when hung pulled even stronger than mackerel. As the lines were loosed and thrown over a fish would seize them before they were drawn taut and start off for the Bermudas. And it took muscle to stop them in that rolling sea, from the flying boat. For ten minutes the shouts and struggles were continuous, and the bottom of the boat was covered with fish, and four strained and tired men were content to part company with the school as it wheeled to windward. Finding them near the shore, however, the captain said he would fight them with short tacks. He whirled into them, and we went to work. Then followed the most exciting part of the day's work. The waves were very high, and we were in close quarters, but the boat flew in and out like one possessed. The captain, quite as excited as we were, threw her about as if she were a part of him. At every turn she shipped a sea that drenched and strangled every man in the boat—but the work went on, until the cutting lines had drawn blood from more than one finger, and Jackson, who had put on a pair of kid gloves, had them hanging in shreds. We quit counting after we had reached 208 fish, but could have made it twice as many.

At last the lines were pulled in and wound and the boat headed for home. We then had fifteen miles of the ocean to run through and three miles beyond the bar. We lay down on the cushioned seats, and with every sail set, quartering from the wind, we talked over the exciting events of the day. An ugly cloud showed its head in the southwest, but we ran away from it and crossed the bar just as the sun was setting. From every quarter came the sailboats, sharpie and clinker built, beating into the bay, like great white-winged birds flying homeward. A steam tug or two, puffing and wheezing by our swift and noiseless craft, gave us a hint of what we had happily missed. On the wharf, outlined against the evening sky, stood some rather anxious wives and children awaiting our return—for Harry Jackson is a proverbially daring sailor, and he sustained his reputation on yesterday. As we clambered out of the boat and saw the shiny heaps of fish piled up before the admiring eyes, while the cook hurried kitchenward with a dozen special beauties, I felt that I had finished the wildest ride of one hundred and fifty miles I ever took, and closed the best day of my life, as far as sport was concerned. Even the red and aching fingers, that can scarcely hold the pencil as I write, do not dim the memory of that glorious run after the cavaliers and the pirates.

H. W. G.

TROUT IN A THUNDER STORM.

ONE day in the summer of 1880, Charley P. and I, with our Adirondack guide, Dick Crego, left our camp on Fourth Lake, Fulton chain, for a day's trout fishing in the South branch of Moose River. It was one of those days in July when the dweller in the city would ponder over the question in his philosophical mind as to whether life was worth living or not and decide in the negative, but when Charley and I in our camp in the forest, where the mercury bears an inverse relation to the mountains, and where the fragrant breaths from the hemlocks and the cool zephyrs from the moss-covered and ferny ground give one an exhilaration and exuberant delight in mere existence, would decide that a man could hardly dare ask for a better life.

The day was not a perfect one for trout-fishing, but for us lovers of nature the summer stillness of the deep forest possessed such an enchantment that the prospect of a light creel at evening had no effect on our spirits. Trout were abundant anyway, and we were catching enough every day for camp use.

As Dick quietly paddled us near the spring holes we could see the trout lazily poising themselves on their red and white marginal fins, and slightly stirring the sandy bottom with slow sweeps of their mottled tails, not caring to exert themselves to make a move for the flies which we seductively cast near them.

Once in a while under the low hanging branches of a hemlock or bunch of alders we would find a trout which was anxious to have a wrestle with us, but on the whole we had taken very few up to the middle of the afternoon, when ominous mutterings began to be heard in the south. Great thunder-heads of dark cumulus appeared over the tall pines and hemlocks and rapidly rolled toward us. The forest was wrapped in an awful stillness. Not a sound could be heard near us save an occasional muffled murmur of the water as it whirled in an eddy under some fallen tree trunk.

We had arrived at the "big spring hole" and as Dick cautiously sent the light boat close to the bank Charley and I stepped out, and bending low behind the bushes crept to an open place where we could cast our flies easily. Charley made the first cast. His flies had hardly made a ripple on the water when splash! down went his red ibis. His light rod bent into a half circle, and as I cast a quick glance at the spot I saw half a dozen trout gliding about near his hooked one with the restless eager movements which always mean business. My flies alighted instantly in the same place, and down went my stretcher as though it were a cannon ball. As my trout made a quick turn I saw another calmly fasten himself on one end of the dropper flies. With thumping hearts we led our trout to one side and Dick slipped a landing net under them and threw them, tumbling and squirming, up on the grass. In a moment we had both made another cast and hooked our fish and the rest of the trout in the eddy were excited and angry because they had not got there first. Meanwhile the forest had grown darker and darker. The great banks of inky black clouds were low over our heads. Quivering flashes of lightning lighted up the mountains, and the heavy thunder shook the very ground and reverberated and echoed.

Cast after cast we made, and the trout seemed invigorated by the rigor of the elements. Big, sturdy fellows made the spray fly with their strong tails as they plunged after our flies with might and main. Some in their eagerness dashed clear over the flies and turned double somersaults in the air. At almost every cast a trout was hooked, and a sight of our bent rods and whirring reels would have made the Sphinx arise and shout for joy.

A gale rushed through the tops of the pines, and as they bent before the blast and the wind soughed through their branches the big drops began to fall. Still we fished until Dick fairly dragged us to the boat, which he had pulled up on the bank and turned over. Under the boat we crawled, and as the trout flapped about in the grass near us, and the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, we lit our pipes, and, safe from the storm, enjoyed such pleasure as only the sportsman ever enjoys.

MARK WEST.

FISHING IN GEORGIA.

DETERMINED on a day's sport, I toss aside books and cares. Gather together tackle and rods, get bait, coax a policeman to wake me at peep of day, I bid farewell to the hum of the busy city and woo "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." True to his promise, I am awakened just as Aurora, daughter of the Dawn, begins to redden the eastern sky. Partake of a good breakfast, and for the fishing ground in the best of spirits. The day seems propitious; and from the south,

> "Across the fields, through woody ways,
> A faint breeze stirs with listless feet;
> The beetle drones, the rose-bush sways—
> Methinks the summer-time is sweet."

Reach the river in good order. Our rods, tackle, bait, companion and ourself, are soon aboard a trim skiff. The long-bladed oars are dropped into their places, and answering to their measured strokes, our bonny boat dances over the murky waters, as swift as the gleam of a vision of light.

Three miles of Throneteeska's waters are between us and our "home" when we round to, and glide in the run that leads into the Lucas Spring, where we hope to take our fish. What a delicious spot it is, to the angler's eye! A basin of cold lime water, one hundred and fifty yards in circumference by sixty yards in width, and from ten to sixty yards in depth, sleeping in quiet smiles at the base of wood-crowned hills, rising one hundred feet above its level—its deep blue waters darkened by the giant forest trees that dot their crests, it looks like a miniature sky reposing on the bosom of mother earth.

Tall cypress and pines that for a century have defied the storm king, and listened to the murmuring of Throneteeska's waters as they swept onward to the sea, graceful of form, rise in startling beauty from its very edge, and cast their shadows over its blue surface.

> "The golden sunshine over all
> Resplendently is streaming;
> And birds and flowers and grass and trees,
> With happy life are teeming."

Turning reluctantly from the contemplation of the charms with which nature had blessed the spot, I bait hooks and prepare for war on the unsuspecting inhabitants of the spring. Down into its blue depths sinks the treacherous steel and alluring bait until the float rests quietly on the unruffled water. It rests there but a moment, when it is seized by a hungry fish, and, answering to his movements, the float begins to move slowly along the surface, and then disappears under the blue waters. I pull, the hook strikes home, a gallant fight for life ensues, and I pull from his watery home a large bream, his red crests glittering in the rays of the morning sun, as beautiful as the red clouds at evening, when, blushing red from the day god's last beams, they hang in transcendent beauty along the western sky. Our prize secure, again I try. A fine three-pound bass pays the penalty of his young life for meddling with our cruel steel.

Our companion is not idle. As I land my fish he is struggling with a four-pound bass, and lands him in good style. Our hooks are returned to the water, and for an hour we are busy taking in perch and bass, until a thunder-storm breaks upon us and puts an end to our sport.

O. G. G.

TAKING MACKEREL FOR OIL.

FISH Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford, in conversation with a New York *Sun* reporter upon the project of fitting out a steamboat for mackerel catching on the plan resorted to for catching menhaden, lately said:

"It does not appear to me to be a practicable scheme to catch mackerel for the purpose of selling them to the oil factories and fertilizer factories, as is now done with the moss bunkers or menhaden. There is a natural law against it in the price of the fish. Mackerel are worth too much for food to be wasted in the factories. They are only half the size of menhaden. They are sold at such a price that the factories would be required to use material worth $6 a hundred, when menhaden at $3 a hundred would do as well. One of the menhaden steamers on the coast recently fell in with a school of weak fish and took a big load, with which they steamed to market. They disposed of them at from two to four cents a pound. They never thought of taking those weak fish to the factories. The same consideration of self-interest would in my opinion prevent the sale of mackerel to factories. There is always a market for good mackerel. Whatever cannot be disposed of for fresh fish can be easily sold to the packers. Mackerel are caught in large purse nets that stretch along almost half a mile. These purse nets are worked with a boat at each end of the net. The two boats draw closer together until, when the vessel is reached, the purse is closed. The menhaden fishery up to the present time this season has been a failure; but it has been a most successful mackerel season, one of the best ever known. There should be a law against the use of food fish for making oil or fertilizers. The steamers should be compelled to carry ice, so as to be able to send all food fish to market."

Albert E. Cochran, of the Excelsior Fishing Club, said: "The whole business of fishing by pound nets, purses and fykes is barbarous and destructive to fish. We have by hard fighting succeeded in preventing a good deal of the destruction in New York harbor. The Canadians have fought it stubbornly, and one of their chief grievances, on which they got their $5,000,000 award against this country, was on account of the wasteful and extravagant destruction of fish by our fishermen—what Prof. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, calls 'catching fish without regard to size or season.' If fish are to be preserved as food they ought to be protected everywhere in the spawning season. The project of the wholesale slaughter of mackerel after the fashion of the wholesale destruction of menhaden that has been and is going on, is fraught with danger to fish food. The low yield of menhaden this season shows this. Some idea of the value of the mackerel business may be gathered from the fact that a Massachusetts computation, covering ten years, fixed the value of the mackerel trade to that State at $5,000,000 a year. The whole subject is deserving national and international laws for the protection of fish. This would be, in fact, the protection of fishermen, although most of the fishermen do not seem to perceive it."

THE ENGLISH ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

THE second angling tournament, which took place at the Welsh Harp, for the benefit of the Anglers' Benevolent Society, under the auspices of the *Fishing Gazette*, had a heavy rain to contend with, as was the case last year. In consequence of this, the attendance was small. In bait catching, the following awards were made, the catching to be either in the Thames or Nottingham style; with three casts allowed each competitor: First prize, a solid silver cup, value $50, given by the Richmond Piscatorial Society; Mr. Little, who cast in the Nottingham style, as follows: 45yds., 29yds., 44yds., total, 118yds. Second: Mr. Da Costa, $15 cash, cast in the Thames style; his first cast was outside the lines and was not counted. He then cast 39yds., 34yds., total, 73yds.

The amateur trial in Thames style was won by Mr. Hobden, 47½yds. Second: Mr. Powell, 48yds. Third: Mr. Chambers, 42yds.

Amateur casting in Nottingham style (from the reel): First: Mr. Little, 47yds. Second: Mr. Hobden, 46yds. Third: Mr. Gregory, 41yds.

Amateur contest, open for either Thames or the Nottingham style, in casting for accuracy at a mark thirty-five yards distant—First: Mr. Little, Nottingham style, 3ft. 3in. from mark. Second: Mr. Hobden, 4ft. 7in. Third: Mr. Powell, 12ft. 3in.

Professional contest in Thames style. Mr. Plummer, 55 yards.

Professional contest in Nottingham style. Mr. Bailey, 44 yards.

Casting the bait with a forked stick, in the Welsh Harp style. First: Mr. North, 46 yards. Second: Mr. Leland, 45 yards. Third: Mr. Packman, 44½ yards. Fourth: Mr. Sawyer, 42 yards.

Casting with quill float, in Nottingham style, for prize given by Mr. Bailey. First: Mr. Gregory, 25 yards.

Casting with triangle hook with paste or cheese bait, prize by Mr. Malcolm. First: Mr. Hobden, 21 yards.

Fly casting contest with single handed rods, for amateurs. First: Mr. R. B. Marston, 21½ yards. Second: Mr. Murphy, 19 yards. Third: Mr. Adlington, 18½ yards.

After the tournament the party sat down to a dinner and good feeling prevailed. B. R. T.

LONDON, July 9.

WEAKFISHING AT FORKED RIVER, NEW JERSEY.—Weakfishing has never been better than it has been at this place for the past month, and the hotels have been well patronized with the lovers of the sport. It is no unusual thing for the yachts to come in daily with an average catch of five hundred weakfish taken, with shrimp and sheddar crab, off the mouth of the river near the Riverside House. The best average catch in size has been done in the yacht Harriet, by Messrs. Charles J. Bulkley and Henry Elsworth, of New York, whose patience and perseverance in their desire to obtain the largest fish has been rewarded by a goodly number of fish daily that would weigh from three to four pounds each. The Riverside House, owing to its close proximity to the fishing grounds, makes it one of the most desirable points on Barnegat Bay, located as no other hotel on the main shore, close to the water, and being under the direct supervision of the owner. Among the recent arrivals are: Mr. E. E. Smith, S. H. Smith, C. W. Lawrence and wife, Jno. White and family, New York; E. V. Connett, Jas. W. Conrow and Son, Orange, N. J.; Hon. Edward R. Pennington and wife Newark, N. J. —A.

FISHING IN THE NEPIGON.—Charles H. Angal and W. H. Reid returned home last Tuesday from a fishing excursion to the Nepigon River, where they fairly revelled in sport dear to the lover of rod and line. They found the famous river still upholding its old reputation as the home of speckled trout that in average size are unsurpassed by any to be found in waters known to the brotherhood of anglers. It was a common experience to have three trout hooked at once, any one of which would weigh two to three pounds. They made no effort to catch for the pleasure of bragging about the number taken, and limited their catch to 500 or 600. To prove what could be done, they in one hour's fishing caught twenty-nine fish, which weighed 112 pounds. The largest taken weighed six pounds and a half, and was caught by W. H. Reid on a fly made by Robert Tangneuy, of this city, who made all the flies used by the party. The most killing flies were found to be those called Tangneuy and Ellwanger. An imitation of the alewive made by Tangneuy was found very attractive; in fact, all them that were used by the anglers were literally bitten in pieces by the trout.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Journal.*

SEVENTY-THREE TROUT IN ONE HOLE.—Haralson Co., Ga., Aug. 9.—Audubon, in one of his publications, I forget which, mentions a friend insisting on using an artificial fly on a trout stream in a wild forest, and adds that he took but one fish, none of the others would bite thereafter, although he, Audubon, took many with the worm. One of your recent correspondents mentions taking several trout with the fly from one hole, and expresses the opinion that this is rarely done. I once took seventy-three trout from one hole on a Nova Scotia stream, late in the season, entirely with flies, using the gray-winged fly with red body, and the same with yellow body, the red body appearing the favorite. The hole was on a small stream near where it emptied into a larger one, about fifteen by twenty feet in diameter and five or six deep. The day was dark, with just a drip of rain. The summer had been dry, with rather low water in the streams. The gross weight of the fish captured was about one hundred pounds. About three hours were taken in landing the fish.—W. T.

NARROWSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Bass fishing up here was never better, and in fifty minutes, last Saturday, I landed five fish, weighing eight and a half pounds. A day or two previous we had a fine mess of fish that would not have disgraced poor Sothern, Billy Florence and President Arthur included, for a morning's sport. Now, if any poor city fellow who is fond of fishing will come up here and spend a few days, with John Ruff for a guide, and it does not prove to be as I say, let him call on me and I will foot the bill.—S. H. H.

SALMON AT CAPE BRETON.—Halifax, N. S., papers report the pools at Margaree as swarming with salmon, and that advices from there state that the salmon fishing this month is the best for years. Two gentlemen are reported as having killed eighty salmon within a period of two weeks, while three others took thirty-six. Sea trout are also abundant.

Fishculture.

A LONG JOURNEY WITH BASS AND EELS.

THE following particulars of the trip with striped bass from New York to San Francisco may be of interest. I took twelve 14-gallon cans for the striped bass, and three 10-gallon cans for carrying fresh water. I also prepared some boxes (two of the jackets which encase the cans which the United States Fish Commission use in transportation of shad, sawing them in two making four), which were perforated with holes in the bottom for circulation of air, and covers with holes to occasionally pour water through, and also to place ice upon, for carrying eels. I had engaged 200 eels, averaging twelve inches in length, but just before starting these all died in their cage on account of the high temperature of the water in the Shrewsbury River, N. J., which was as high as 84 degrees Fahrenheit. So I had to go with only ten eels, which were caught the night before we started. These were from 12 in. to 24 in. long. A little grass which grows on the edge of the river (moss grass was to be found where the bass were caught, the eel grass being preferable) was put into the bottom of the box, the eels were then put on this grass, a little water poured on them occasionally to keep them moist, and a small piece of ice put on the cover, to melt and to drop through the holes, to keep them cool. And with a daily bath of a few minutes in clean water, fresh or salt, and washing out of the box, was all the attention the eels had through to the Pacific coast. They arrived in good condition. On being put into the water at Army Point, in the edge of the tules, they bored their way into the sand, straight down, and in less than half a minute were all out of sight.

We had caught about 600 striped bass, but a number died in the cages from the hot water, bruises and consequent fungus.

We started from Red Bank, N. J., about half past 4 P. M. on Monday, July 17. Some of the bass were nine inches long, they would average six and a half inches, none less than five. In six of the cans forty of the smaller bass were put, and thirty-five of the larger ones into each of the other six cans, making in all 450 bass. The water of the Shrewsbury River, with which we filled the cans, to start with was at 84 degrees Fahrenheit, and about four degrees marked on the brass hydrometer. Before we could get this warm water cooled down with ice we lost quite a number, perhaps twenty. Mr. G. H. Wild told me at the station that about a dozen were thrown out of the cans at the river, and at the station in Red Bank as many more were lost, I should think, before getting them on the cars. I had an assistant, who went through to the Pacific coast with me, and we got the water cooled down as soon as possible to about 60 degrees, at about which temperature we kept them all the way across. We lost from Red Bank to Philadelphia fourteen more. Most of these had lost some of their scales, or had contusions—bloody marks—on them; quite a number which died had the "water louse," so-called, a parasite attached to their gills. These parasites were huge fellows, being about ⅜in. long by ⅜in. broad, and would have killed the fish sooner or later anyhow. From Philadelphia we lost no fish for two days, till before entering Council Bluffs the fish were all in splendid condition. We had kept the water salted with a degree by salinometer with Turk Island salt till passing Philadelphia, or during that night, when the salinometer was accidentally broken, when we were obliged to go by our taste. It did not seem to matter whether the bass were in salt or fresh water, for we got out of Turk Island salt, and were obliged to buy some refined well salt or use none at all; this we did not use, fearing it might harm the fish, consequently the water gradually became entirely fresh again, the fish doing as well as in salt water. I think that salt water is an advantage to any kind of fish in that will stand it, for the salt has a tendency to precipitate the organic matter in the water, and which collects in heaps on the bottom of the can, and can be easily drawn off with the syphon. I also think that trout would accommodate themselves to at least 4 degrees of salt, as it is hardly perceptible to the taste, and for a long journey this amount of saline water would keep the water purer than without it.

Some twenty miles before getting to Council Bluffs we examined the cans for dead fish, and found them all lively, except in one can, from which we took sixteen dead. The fish were all taken out of this can and the water pumped out, when at the bottom was found a greenish substance about as big as a lozenge, too big to go through a ⅝-inch syphon, and would break like a bit of cheese. When we arrived at Council Bluffs I had to leave my assistant, Mr. Marks, in charge while I crossed over the Missouri River in the "dummy" train to see about our transportation, and he changed the water. It was said the water was good; it was taken from an artesian well; but the fish soon began to show signs of distress, and with the aerating he could give them ten were thrown out dead and most of the others were lying on their sides at times. Some said afterward that this water was alkaline, and others said that no alkali was in the water, as it had been analyzed and none found. Artesian water is almost entirely deprived of air, as I have known carp to turn over in it in a few minutes, and brought to again by violent agitation of the water.

As soon as the assistant could get over with the fish the water was changed to river water, and by hard work aerating them those still living were brought into a lively condition. At Omaha we lost fifty-eight fish. I thought while here some of them would be saved alive, as all showed signs of distress; many were a good while on their sides. In all we lost something less than one hundred and fifty.

From Omaha we did not lose any through to the Pacific coast, three days and a half. The bass were put into Suisun Bay below the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, about thirty miles from San Francisco, in water a little brackish, and at 60 deg. Fahr. All the bass were very lively and strong, and after being put into a pail of water it was a hard matter to catch them again with a net. Fully three hundred bass, averaging six and a half inches long, some of them nine inches long, were put into the water.

The fish were fed on the way with liver. They were often very hungry. We aerated the water at least every half hour, and most of the time once in twenty minutes; once in a while with a dipper, but most of the time with a long cylinder with handle at top and perforated at the bottom with fine holes, which would give a fine shower of almost perfectly aerated water.

In stopping at a good watering place we would draw down the water from the cans and fill up with fresh, fill our three extra cans and four pails of water. This quantity of water would do for two hundred miles or so, but between Laramie and Humboldt, from fifteen to twenty-one hours' run, I had recourse to a barrel that I found in Cheyenne, filling it up at Laramie with good water, placing it on the platform between the baggage and the postal car, putting a board on the surface of the water and covering it over with a sack to keep out the dirt and cinders. By this little scheme we had all the water we needed, and consequently having no occasion to use any dangerous water.

If it had not been for the Council Bluffs disaster and that mysterious substance found in one can, I judge, by the condition of the fish up to near Council Bluffs, and from a little way this side of them, that we would have lost half a dozen between Philadelphia to San Francisco

J. G. WOODBURY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—LONDON, 1883.

REGULATIONS.

A GREAT international fisheries exhibition, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and the presidency of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, will be held in London in 1883.

The exhibition will be opened on the 1st of May, and continue open for a period of not less than six months.

The principal objects to be admitted are comprised in the annexed classification, which is intended to include all kinds of specimens of fish life, and to illustrate all the modes by which the marine and fresh-water animals of economic value are captured and utilized, together with the commercial, scientific, social, historic and legislative aspects of such fisheries.

Medals in gold, silver and bronze, and diplomas of honor, will be awarded by a jury, the composition of which will be settled later.

No charge will be made for space, but exhibitors will have to pay every expense of transit, delivery, fixing and removing their exhibits, and they must, either personally or by their agents, superintend the reception and installation, and at the close of the exhibition, the removal of their goods; in default thereof, the committee reserves to itself the right of doing whatever may be considered necessary, and at the expense of the exhibitor.*

Applications for admission must be made on printed forms, which will be supplied on application; these are to be sent to the general secretary in London on or before Sept. 1, 1882, except under special arrangements or concessions.

The general secretary will, before Oct. 1, 1882, or as soon after as practicable, notify to applicants the decision of the committee, and will indicate the space, if any, which has been accorded to them, and give to each a number.

Contributors to the loan department are requested to communicate with the secretary, who will supply forms to be filled up by them.

All packages containing goods intended for exhibition must have painted on them the distinctive mark (I. F. E.) in red paint, and they must also have painted on them the name and number of the exhibitor.

Packages from foreign countries must likewise have painted on them in distinctive marks the letters (I. F. E.) in red paint. They must be addressed to the exhibitor himself or his agent. They must all be marked in such a way as to show distinctly from whence they come, the name of the country and the number of the exhibitor being painted legibly thereon.

CLASSIFICATION.

CLASS I.—SECTION I.—SEA FISHING.

Gear of every description and of all nations used in trawl, herring, long line, hand line, and every other mode or system of fishing, including all nets, lines, hooks, harpoons, tackle, etc., employed in the same. Oyster dredges, crab, lobster, prawn, etc., pots, and other appliances for catching fish of this description. Fishing craft of all nations; models and representations of the same. Steam fishing vessels and steam carriers. Fishing vessels and boats other than steam vessels. Ropes and canvass suitable to fishing vessels. Steam capstans, compasses, barometers, telescopes, lights, lamps, fog horns, systems of signalling at night for fishing fleets and vessels, electric lights, luminous paint, and other equipment of fishing vessels, charts for fishermen. Models of harbors, piers and slips, for fishing purposes. Fishing tackle and netting in different stages of preparation, and machinery used for working up the raw material. Life boats, their equipment, and life-saving apparatus of every description. Appliances and methods for breaking the force of the sea at the entrance of harbors and elsewhere. Methods of communication from the shore to light-ships and fishing fleets by submarine cables. Methods of protecting submarine cables from injury by fishing operations (illustrated by models and drawings).

SECTION II.—FRESHWATER FISHING.

Salmon nets and fixed appliances for catching salmonidæ in all their varieties. Salmon rods, reels, lines, artificial flies and baits, gaffs, spears, creels, etc. Trout rods, reels, landing nets, lines, artificial flies, baits, baskets, bags, etc. Pike, barbel, and other coarse fish-rods, reels and tackle, artificial spinning baits, etc. Traps, nets, bucks, wheels and all kinds of apparatus for catching eels, lampreys, etc. Hooks, etc. Anglers' apparel of every description. Boats, punts, cobles, collapsible, portable, etc., in models or otherwise. Note.—The above classification is suggested as a convenient one for this class, but it is not intended to exclude any objects which come within the class.

CLASS II.—ECONOMIC CONDITION OF FISHERMEN.

Apparel and personal equipment. Food and medicine chests. Models and plans of dwellings. Contracts of partnerships. Insurances of, life, boats, gear, etc. Benefit societies.

CLASS III.—COMMERCIAL AND ECONOMIC.

Preparation, preservation, and utilization of fish. For edible purposes—Models of fish curing establishments. Methods of, and models and other representations of any appliances for, drying, curing, salting, smoking, tinning, cooking, etc. Fish dried, smoked, cured, salted, tinned or otherwise prepared for food. All products prepared from fish, such as oils, roes, isinglass, etc. Antiseptics suitable for preserving fish for food. For other than edible purposes—Oils, manures, and other products prepared from fish. Methods of, and models, and other representations of appliances for, preparing oils and manures from fish. Sea and fresh water pearl shells; mother of pearl manufactured; pearls sorted. Preparation and application of sponges, corals, pearls, shells, and all parts and products of aquatic animals, etc., to purposes useful and ornamental, with specimens. Transport and sale of fish—Appliances for carrying fish and for preserving fish during transport or otherwise, and models of the same. Models of fish markets, and appliances connected with the same.

CLASS IV.—FISHCULTURE.

Models or drawings of fish hatching, breeding and rearing establishments, including oyster and other shellfish grounds; and all apparatus and implements connected with the same, and for transporting fish and fish ova; food for fry; representations illustrative of the development and progressive growth of fish; models and drawings of fish passes and fish ladders, scientific investigation—Models and drawings of diseases of fish, with special reference to their origin and cure; processes for rendering streams polluted by sewage and chemical and other works innocuous to fish life (illustrated by models and drawings); physico-chemical investigation into those qualities of salt and fresh water which affect aquatic animals; investigation of the bottom of the sea and of lakes, shown by samples; aquatic plants in relation to fishing, etc.; researches into the aquatic fauna (animals of the several classes preserved in alcohol or prepared, etc.); apparatus and implements used in such researches; acclimatization of fish.

CLASS V.—NATURAL HISTORY.—AQUARIA.

Specimens living (marine and fresh water), fresh, stuffed or preserved, casts, drawings and representations of:—Algæ arranged according to their various species and localities; sponges, in their natural state; corals, in their natural state, polyps, jelly-fish, etc.; entozoa; molluscs of all kinds and shells not included in Class III.; starfishes, sea urchins, holothuriæ; worms used for bait, or noxious; leeches, etc.; perfect insects and larvæ of insects which are destroyers of spawn or serve as food for fish; crustacea of all kinds; fish of

* These rules do not apply to exhibits made in the American department, and are intended for those who wish to make an independent exhibition. For space in the American department apply to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C

all kinds; reptiles, such as tortoises, turtles, terrapins, lizards, serpents, frogs, newts, etc.; aquatic and other birds hostile to fish or fishing; aquatic and amphibious mammalia (otters, seals, whales, etc.) and others detrimental to fish; works on ichthyology; maps illustrating geographical distribution, migration, etc., of fishes and spawn; specimens and representations illustrative of the relations between extinct and existing fishes.

CLASS VI.—HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF FISHING.—FISHERY LAWS.—FISH COMMERCE.

Ancient fishing implements or their reproductions—Models, pictures, books, emblems, charters and seals of ancient fishermen guilds; fishery laws of different countries; copies of treaties, conventions, etc., dealing with international fishery relations; reports, statistics and literature of fish, fishing and fisheries; reports on acclimatization of fish, and of attempts in this direction.

CLASS VII.—LOAN COLLECTIONS.

Collections within the scope of the foregoing classes.

MONEY PRIZES.

The committee will be prepared to receive and consider the offer of money prizes for any special exhibits or essays connected with the objects of the exhibition.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

1. £100. The Natural History of Commercial Sea Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland, with special reference to such parts of their natural history as bear upon their production and commercial use.

Note.—This would include natural history, food, habits and localities fish frequent at different seasons and artificial propagation. (This will not include the Salmonidæ.) Prize offered by Sir H. Peek, Bart., M. P.

2. £100. The effect of the existing national and international laws for the regulation and protection of deep sea fisheries, with suggestions for improvements in said laws.

3. £100. Relations of the State with fishermen and fisheries, including all matters dealing with their protection and regulation.

Note.—This would relate to home legislation affecting regulations for fishing vessels, protection of spawning beds, close time (if any) for salt water fish.

4. £100. On improved facilities for the capture, economic transmission and distribution of sea fishes.

Note.—On improved nets and modes of catching salt water fish, the application of steam to deep sea fisheries, the advantages of steam carriers, greater facilities to be given by railway companies in regard to rates, refrigerating vans, new and improved fish markets, cold storing rooms for ditto.

5. £100. On improved fishery harbor accommodation for Great Britain and Ireland, indicating the localities most in need of such harbors, the general principles on which they should be constructed and the policy the State should adopt in aiding and encouraging harbor accommodation for fishing purposes.

Note.—The effect of the Passing Tolls Act, 1861, the causes which led to its failure, grants to supplement local efforts, loans at low rate of interest, period to which they should be extended.

Second-class prizes.—(Amount £25 each.)

1. On the legislation at present applicable to the salmon fisheries in Scotland (including the River Tweed), and the best means of improving it.

2. On the legislation at present applicable to the salmon fisheries in England and Wales, and the best means of improving it.

3. On the legislation at present applicable to the salmon fisheries in Ireland, and the best means of improving it.

4. On the introduction and acclimatization of foreign fish.

5. On the propagation of fresh water fish, excluding Salmonidæ.

6. On the propagation of the Salmonidæ.

7. On oyster culture.

8. On the best means of increasing the supply of mussels and other mollusks (oysters excepted) used either for bait or food.

9. £25. On the best system of life insurance for fishermen, and of insuring boats, gear, nets, etc.

10. A descriptive account of the angling societies of the metropolis, showing their origin, extent and constitution; as well as of the benevolent organizations attached to them.

11. On the currents, temperatures, and other physical conditions of the sea in relation to reproduction, growth and migrations of fish.

REGULATIONS.

1. All competitors shall inclose their names and addresses in a cover to the secretary; the subject of their essays and their motto to be clearly written on the outside of such cover.

2. Jurors will be appointed to adjudicate upon the various essays, and where possible it is proposed to secure the aid of foreign experts for this purpose.

3. After the jurors have awarded the prizes the covers above referred to shall be opened in the presence of the chairman of the essay committee and the secretary, who shall declare the names of the successful competitors.

4. The committee of management have power to publish the whole or part of any that may be submitted to competition. Essays not published will be returned on the application of the writers, but the committee of management do not make themselves or any of the officers of the exhibition liable for the loss of any essay or essays.

5. The judges are not bound to award a prize unless they consider one of the essays deserving of it.

6. No prize shall be given for an essay which has already appeared in print.

7. All essays with the motto attached must be addressed to the secretary of the Great International Fisheries Exhibition, 1883, London.

8. Every essay must be written in the English language or must be accompanied by an English translation, and must be sent in so as to arrive at the offices of the exhibition on or before May 1, 1883.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORD-FISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONTINUED.]

PERIODICAL MOVEMENTS OF THE SWORD-FISH—TIMES OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE.

Before entering upon a discussion of the movements of the sword-fish and their causes, it seems desirable to bring together the facts which have been learned, by conversation with fishermen and otherwise, in one group. Each man's views are given in his own style, and as nearly as possible in his own words. There is no attempt at a classification of the facts. This will be made subsequently.

An old swordfisherman at New York informed Mr. Blackford that the season opens in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook about the first of June, and continues along the coast as far east as Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Shoals until about the middle of September. He has heard of their being caught as far east as Cape Sable. At the first cold winds of September they disappear. They are, like the mackerel, at first very poor and lean, but as the season advances they grow fatter.

Mr. John H. Thomson, of New Bedford, who kindly interviewed some of the local fishermen, writes: "The sword-fish appear on our coast, south of Block Island, about May 25 to June 1. They appear to come from the southwest, or just inside the track of the Gulf Stream. They gradually approach the Vineyard Sound and vicinity during June and until July 10 or 15, then appear to leave, working to the southeast, and are to be found to the southeast of Crab Ledge about the middle of July. This school is composed of comparatively small fish, averaging about 150 pounds gross or about 100 pounds without head and tail, as they are delivered in the market. The smallest are 4 feet long, including the sword, and weigh from 30 to 40 pounds; the largest 8½ feet long, with sword, and weighing 300 pounds gross. These fish are of a light plumbeous hue, darker on the back and white on the belly.

"Of late years another school has appeared southeast of Cape Cod and George's Banks about the 1st of August. These fish are altogether different, being much larger, weighing from 300 to 800 pounds gross, and are entirely black. I have this week conversed with an old smackman, M. C. Tripp, who has all his life been a fisherman, and has this year (1874) captured about ninety fish, and his opinion is that they are not the same school. They appear to be of about the same abundance in average years, the catch depending on weather, fogs, etc. They come and leave in a general school, not in close schools like other fish, but distributed over the surface of the water, the whole being called by the fishermen the 'annual school,' though it cannot strictly be so named."

According to Mr. Willard Nye, sword-fish appear on the coast of Massachusetts from the 8th to the 20th of June, and are first seen southwest of Block Island. They begin to leave in August, but stray ones are sometimes seen as late as the last of October. The usual explanation of their movement is that they are following their food—mackerel and menhaden—which swarm our waters in the season named, and which are of course driven off by the approach of winter and rough weather.

Capt. R. H. Hurlbert took a very large sword-fish on George's Banks, in November, 1875, in a snow-storm.

The first sword-fish of the season of 1875 was taken June 20, southwest of Montauk Point; its weight was 185 pounds.

One taken off Noman's Land, July 20, 1875, weighed when dressed 120 pounds, and measured 7 feet. A cast was taken (No. 260), which was exhibited in the Government Building at Philadelphia.

Capt. Benjamin Ashby, of Noank, Conn., tells me that the New London and Noank vessels leave home on their sword-fishing cruise about the 6th of July. Through July they fish between Noman's Land and the South Shoals Lightship. The fish "strike in" to Block Island and Montauk Point early in June, about the 1st of July. They are first seen twenty to twenty-five miles southeast of Montauk. At the end of August they are most abundant in the South Channel. Captain Ashby never saw them at any time so abundant as August 15, 1859. He was cruising between George's Banks and the South Shoals. It was a calm day, after a fog. He could at any time see twenty-five or thirty from the masthead. They turn South when snow comes.

Capt. George H. Martin, of East Gloucester, tells me that the Gloucester vessels employed in this fishery expect to be on the fishing grounds south of George's Banks by the 10th of June. They almost always find the fish there on their arrival, following the schools of mackerel. They "tend on soundings," like the mackerel. The first sword-fish of 1877 was taken June 10; the first of 1878, June 14.

The statements already quoted, and numerous conversations with fishermen not here recorded, lead me to believe that sword-fish are most abundant on the shoals near the shore and on the banks during the months of July and August; that they make their appearance on the frequented cruising grounds between Montauk Point and the eastern part of George's Banks some time between the 25th of May and the 20th of June, and that they remain until the approach of cold weather in October or early in November. The dates of their capture of the first on the cruising ground referred to are recorded for three years, and are reasonably reliable: 1875, June 20; 1877, June 10; 1878, June 14.

South of the cruising ground the dates of arrival and departure are doubtless farther apart; north and east the season shorter. There are no means of obtaining information, since the men engaged in this fishery are the only ones likely to remember the dates when the fish are seen.

REASONS OF THE COMING OF SWORD-FISH UPON OUR COAST.

The sword-fish comes into our waters in pursuit of its food. At least this is the most probable explanation of their movements, since the duties of reproduction appear to be performed elsewhere. Like the tunny, the bluefish, the bonito, and the spotted cetacæ, they pursue and prey upon the schools of menhaden and mackerel, which are so abundant in the summer months. "When you see sword-fish, you may know that mackerel are about!" said an old fisherman to me. "Where you see the fin-back whale following food, there you find sword-fish!" said another. The sword-fish also feeds upon squid, which are at times abundant on our banks.

THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPERATURE UPON THE MOVEMENTS OF THE SWORD-FISH.

To what extent this fish is amenable to the influences of temperature is an unsolved problem. We are met at the outset by the fact that they are frequently taken on the trawl lines which are set at the depth of 100 fathoms or more on the offshore banks. We know that the temperature of the water at those localities, and at that depth is sure to be less than 40 deg. Fahrenheit. How is this fact to be reconciled with the known habits of the fish, that it prefers the warmest weather of summer and swims at the surface in water of temperature ranging from 55 deg. to 70 deg., sinking when cool winds blow? The problem remained clear enough until the recent discovery was made, that sword-fish are taken on bottom trawl-lines. In other respects their habits agree closely with those of the mackerel tribe, all the members of which seem sensitive to slight changes in temperature, and which, as a rule, prefer temperature in the neighborhood of 50 deg. or more.

There is one theory by which this difficulty may be avoided. We may suppose that the sword-fish take the hooks on their way down to the bottom; struggling in the gear, get entangled in the line and hooks, and when exhausted sink to the bottom. This is not improbable. A conversation with some fishermen who have caught them in this way develops the fact that the fish are usually much tangled in the line, and are nearly lifeless when they are brought to the surface. A confirmation is found in the observations of Captain Baker, of the schooner Peter D. Smith, of Gloucester, who tells me that they often are taken on the hand-lines of the codfishermen on George's Banks. This observation would lead him to believe that they only take the hook when the tide is running very swiftly and the lines are trailing out in the tide-way at a considerable distance from the bottom, and that the sword-fish strike for the bottom as soon as they are hooked. This theory is not improbable, as I have already remarked, but I do not at present advocate it very strongly. I want more facts before making up my own mind. At present the relation of the sword-fish to temperature must be left without being understood.

The appearance of the fish at the surface depends apparently upon temperature. They are seen only upon quiet summer days, in the morning before ten or eleven o'clock and in the afternoon about four o'clock. Old fishermen say that they rise when the mackerel rise, and when the mackerel go down they go down also.

PROBABLE WINTER HABITAT OF THE SWORD-FISH.

Regarding the winter abode of the sword-fish conjecture is useless. I have already discussed this question at length with reference to the menhaden and mackerel. With the sword-fish the conditions are very different. The former are known to spawn in our waters, and the schools of young ones follow the old ones in toward the shores. The latter do not spawn in our waters. We cannot well believe that they hibernate, nor is the hypothesis of a sojourn in the middle strata of mid-ocean exactly tenable. Perhaps they migrate to some distant region, where they spawn. But then the spawning time of this species in the Mediterranean, as is related in a subsequent paragraph, appears to occur in the summer months, at the very time when our sword-fish are thronging our own waters, apparently with no care for the perpetuation of their species.

MOVEMENTS OF INDIVIDUAL SWORD-FISHES.

A sword-fish when swimming near the surface usually allows its dorsal fin and the upper lobe of its caudal fin to be visible, projecting out of the water several inches. It is this habit which enables the fisherman to detect the presence of the fish. It swims slowly along, and the fishing schooner with a light breeze finds no difficulty in overtaking it. When excited its motions are very rapid and nervous. Sword-fish are sometimes seen to leap entirely out of the water. Early writers attributed this habit to the tormenting presence of parasites, but this theory seems hardly necessary, knowing what we do of its violent exertions at other times. The pointed head, the fins of the back and abdomen snugly fitting into grooves, the absence of ventrals, the long, lithe, muscular body, sloping slowly to the tail, fit it for the most rapid and forcible movement through the water. Prof. Richard Owen, testifying in an English court in regard to its power, said:

"It strikes with the accumulated force of fifteen double-handed hammers. Its velocity is equal to that of a swivel-shot, and is as dangerous in its effects as a heavy artillery projectile."

Many very curious instances are on record of the encounters of this fish with other fishes or of their attacks upon ships. What can be the inducement for it to attack objects so much larger than itself it is hard to surmise. Every one knows the couplet from Oppian:

"Nature her bounty to his mouth confined,
Gave him a sword, but left unarmed his mind."

It surely seems as if a temporary insanity sometimes takes possession of the fish. It is not strange that, when harpooned, it should retaliate by attacking its assailant. An old sword-fisherman told Mr. Blackford that his vessel had been struck twenty times. There are, however, many instances of entirely unprovoked assault on vessels at sea. Many of these are recounted in a later portion of this memoir. Their movements when feeding are discussed below, as well as their alleged peculiarities of movement during the breeding season.

It is the universal testimony of our fishermen that two are never seen swimming close together. Captain Ashby says that they are always distant from each other at least thirty or forty feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1882. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

September 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, Fairmont, Minn. Entries for the Derby close July 1, for the All-aged, Sept. 4. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.

November 17.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 884, New York, Secretary.

December 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11.—New Orleans (un Club Field Trials or Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

ST. BERNARD AND MASTIFF IMPORTATION.

THURSDAY, August 3, we visited the steamship State of Florida, at the foot of Canal street, and paid our respects to Monarque, one of the best all round St. Bernard dogs that we have seen in a long time. He has a grand head, beautifully marked. His color is a dark orange tawny, slightly brindled, and with considerable white. He stands a trifle over thirty inches at the shoulder, and has a good body, with capital legs and feet. He carries himself royally, and when he is put in good condition we believe that he will prove the peer of any one of the breed in the country. He was imported by Miss Arnold, of New York, who will keep him as a companion and pet, a position for which he is well qualified, as his disposition is of the best. We trust that his fair owner will gratify the lovers of this noble breed of dogs by exhibiting him at the show of the Westminster Kennel Club next spring. Monarque was three years old last month. He was bred by Mr. F. Hodding, and is by Sultan out of Annie. He was exhibited at Belfast in 1880, winning first. On board the same vessel there was a capital mastiff bitch, consigned to Mr. Wylie Lade, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Her name is Dinah II. She is one of Miss Hesketh's breed, and is in whelp to Taurus II. (E. K. C. S. B. 9,339). These were all the particulars that we learned about her. Although rather small she is a rare good one, with immense bone for her size. She shows lots of quality, and her owner may well be proud of her. Both Monarque and Dinah II. were purchased for their owners by Mr. W. Graham, of Belfast, Ireland.

A GHASTLY POINT.—Of all the points made by dogs on Tuesday, when thousands of men were out shooting woodcock, none was of more importance than that made near the Rifle Range by a pointer owned by Thomas Morris, of Irondequoit. The dog found several woodcock, but in one bush he was seen to act strangely, as if something other than a game bird was near. He drew up and pointed, and when his master went forward he found the remains of the Italian Giacomo Antonio Alexandrio, who is supposed to have been murdered. Thomas Morris notified his brother, who was near by, and two other men who were in the vicinity, and then informed Deputy Sheriff Standenmaier, who said the remains were probably those of the missing man. The body had been thrown down beside a hole full of water in the swamp, and if the person who carried it there had taken time to throw it into the water, it would probably never have been found. Mr. Morris will receive the reward of $150 offered for the recovery of the body.—*Rochester Journal.*

DUKE OF BEAUFORT.—Mr. J. H. Goodsell's Duke of Beaufort has arrived home from his visit to England in capital condition and looking better than ever. Accompanying him was a bitch that we will notice more fully next week, as we have been unable to learn any particulars regarding her in season for this issue.

THE LAVERACK MONUMENT.—The following additional amounts to the Laverack monument fund have been received by Mr. Herzberg since our report last week: Previously reported, $55; A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., $20; W. A. Coster, Flatbush, Pa., $2; J. Von Langerke, $2



MR. J. BAILEY'S ENGLISH SETTER DOG "COUNT PARIS."

COUNT PARIS.

OUR illustration this week is of the blue belton English setter dog Count Paris, owned by Mr. J. Bailey, of Roxbury, Mass. He was bred by Mr. A. M. Tucker of Charlestown, Mass. He is 2½ years old, and is by Royal Blue, out of Modjeska. He won first in the open class for native English setter dogs at Boston last May in a capital class, and was claimed at the catalogue price, $200, by his present owner. Count Paris is a very handsome animal of medium size, remarkably well put together, with lots of quality. He is also possessed of fine field qualities, which will be exhibited at the field trials this fall, as his owner is confident that with proper handling he will acquit himself with honor. The cut is by Harry Tallman.

HOWLS ABOUT THE JUDGES.

AS one of the Field Trials of the National A. K. Club occurs Sept. 3, 1882, which is now only a month distant, we have concluded to take time by the pencil, as it were, and publish the following correspondence in advance. We are induced to this course not only as a matter of convenience to the printers, but as furnishing a model for those deep and able critics who may conclude to reserve their remarks until after the 4th of September. Others may follow the proverbial example and simply refer to the printed letters as "them's my sentiments."

LETTER NO. I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to know, sir, whether it is the design of the stingy and avaricious persons who have got up the system of field trials to attempt to absorb all the sporting dogs of the country by a base and extravagant use of money, and to keep out the poor but honest hunter, who enjoys shooting just as well as they do. Now, sir, just let me say that when these codfish aristocrats have succeeded in raising the standard so high as to be beyond the reach of the laboring classes, they will find themselves without support or countenance. No, sir, let us at once raise the cry of "Cheap dog, for the people, and by the people." BRUTUS.

LETTER NO. II.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While I dislike exceedingly to trespass upon your valuable space about a personal matter, yet I feel that it is my duty to call attention to the management of the late field trial.

Now, sir, this organization issued prospectuses and circulars inviting sportsmen to show their dogs. Acting upon the supposition that I was dealing with gentlemen, I was one of the unfortunate ones who sent a dog. My dog is well known as the celebrated Bang, out of the wonderful Buster, by Clip, out of Sally Out, and thus has all the blood that can be given a dog. He is known throughout our entire district as a pointer dog, and every friend I have on earth united in assuring me of a prize.

Now, if such a dog as this is to be set aside for the bench-legged, skew-eyed, fiddle-headed, lantern-jawed brute that was elected for the champion, why, then, it is time the rules of such trials were being overhauled and repaired.

I might say more, sir, but I scorn to make insinuations "though such were plenty" about the judges. Doubtless they did the best they knew how, but certainly were better fitted to judge asses than dogs. D. D. F. O. O. L.

LETTER NO. III.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The miserable collection of horse-thieves, liars and scoundrels that attempted last week to hold a field trial for the ostensible improvement of dog-breeding was a fine instance of how a petty malignity will defeat itself.

Of course nobody was fool enough to dream that any dog out of "the Ring" would stand any chance of reward; but such outrageous favoritism was a little too strong. In the red Irish cocker class every disinterested party said that Bullface received the ribbon over Towser, although his tail was fully one-sixth inch longer than his unlucky rival. This could not have escaped notice, even by the idiot judges, but for one of them—*the brother-in-law of the man who sold the dog-meat.* This miscreant, while the dogs were being judged, slipped back of the platform and *bit off the extra tail.* I state this on my personal responsibility, and it was noticed by several—as well as by the dog.

Now, sir, I do not like to fight in the dark; so I will say that I refer to Mr. John Smith, the judge in question, and sign myself Yours, J. S. NAKE.

P. S.—I will match my dog Towser for one hundred thousand dollars a side against any dog in the United States not his match. J. S. N.

LAVERACK IMPORTATION.—There arrived on steamship Helmstedt, August 2, consigned to Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, for Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, of New Brighton, Pa., the Laverack setter bitch Queen Laverack. She is by Tory, out of Meg Merriles, and was whelped May 16, 1881. She was bred by Mr. H. F. Grant, Newport, Isle of Wight. She is handsomely marked, black, white and tan, and looks all over a worker. She is entered in both the Chicken Trials and National Derby, and if her performances equal her good looks she will prove no discredit to her high breeding. On the same vessel were Mr. J. H. Goodsell's Duke of Beaufort and a full sister to Queen Laverack, of a younger litter. Duke of Beaufort arrived from his visit to the land of his forefathers in capital condition and is looking better than we ever saw him. The puppy was presented to Mr. Goodsell by her breeder, Mr. H. F. Grant, of Newport, Isle of Wight. She is a blue belton, with slight tan markings, of capital form, with one of the sweetest heads that we have seen in a long time. She gives promise of great beauty when mature, and should she go all right will prove quite an acquisition to the extensive kennel of her owner.

GLASGOW DOG SHOW.

WE are indebted to the London *Field* for our report of the inaugural dog show of the Scottish Kennel Club, which was held at Glasgow, July 25. We have space only for the comments and awards in the pointer, setter and spaniel classes.

Judges—The Rev. J. C. Macdona, Messrs. Geo. Raper, A. Cameron, J. R. Richardson, Thos. Eaton, J. R. Morrison, and Wm. Duncan.

For some time back there has been a feeling throughout Scotland that the various breeds of dogs have not been so satisfactory or creditable to the country as could be desired, and, with a view to remedy matters, a Scottish kennel club has been formed. At present only Scotchmen are eligible for membership, but not a few are anxious that this restriction should be rescinded. The Highland Agricultural show having been fixed to be held in Glasgow on July 25 to 28, the club saw a favorable opportunity for making its *début*. A satisfactory arrangement was made with the Highland Society, and the dog show was held on the same ground. The show gives every promise of proving a complete success, thanks to the energy of the honorable secretary and his hard-working and obliging committee. A liberal schedule was issued, and has been fairly well responded to (475 entries), taking into consideration that more than one important fixture is being held on the same dates; but the club acted very wisely in arranging that all dogs entered for Darlington show would be allowed to leave Glasgow on the night of the 27th.

Pointer dogs, ten entries: As a lot, only second-class; we did not find one amougst them specially worthy of comment. Bitches, fifteen entries: A great improvement here. Bona Belll honored pen 111 with her presence; but, alas! her winning chance was early gone, for she was one of the first lot who had orders to quit. It was evident to a casual observer that Mr. Cameron was not at home with his work; he appeared to get awfully mixed, and a full hour and a half was spent before his task was finished. It is only fair to add that he did get hold of a good bitch in Forest Lily, a very stylish bitch, with nice head and rare body; she was, however, lucky to win. Heath Belle, a very smart white and black, was quite good enough to get into the money, but she failed to meet with recognition. Lady Fan was extremely lucky, as she is hardly good enough for a commendation here.

Setters (black and tan dogs), twelve entries: Before commencing our criticism upon this breed, we must say Mr. Cameron judged them well, and it must have delighted him, equally as well as ourselves, to see such a grand collection of Gordons benched. It has certainly never been our pleasure to have seen such a lot of clinkers penned together. In dogs, Dash III. won; he is well-known. Harry, a twelve months' youngster, is the holder of second prize; he is already a wee bit heavy in his head and ear, but has a capital body, with good coat and feather. Grouse we liked; and Wallace, the third-prize taker, is well made and full of quality.

Black and tan bitches, ten entries, even better in quality than the dogs. Sarah, the winner, was immensely admired; she is a beauty, beaming full of quality, one, if not the best, we have seen for some time. Dinah, vhc., a smart-made bitch, is wanting in color. Dye III. has a few minor faults; these are counterbalanced by her grand legs and feet, and well-shaped body; her hindquarters are good, the being well bent in the stifle. Perarl III. is excellent in color; it will be remembered she took first prize at the Alexandra Palace in 1882

Field Spaniels, eighteen entries. Although a large class, with a few exceptions the quality was nothing very great. Equal firsts were given Zulu and Calstor. The latter is very deficient in his head. Zulu is now well known. Progress pleases us equally as well as Edith, who is a clumber of just fair pretension.

PRIZE LIST.

POINTERS.—Dogs—1, J. J. Pollock's Bragg; 2, J. W. Galloway's Duke of Ayr; 3, C. W. Eastwood's Ken; v h c, J. A. Gilmour's Grouse; h c, H. E. C. Ewing, M.P.'s, Don, R. Ker's Shot, H. Cook's Whig. Bitches.—1, J. J. Pollock's Forest Lily; equal 2, J. G. A. Baird's Nell, J. Borland's Lady Fan; 3, J. R. Anderson's Heath Belle; v h c, J. W. Galloway's Duchess of Coyle.

SETTERS.—Black-and-tan.—Dogs.—1, M. Macdonald's Dash, III.; 2, R. Chapman's Harry; 3, J. Dryborough, jun.'s Wallace; h c, J. Brand's Grouse, J. Dryborough, jun.'s Druid. Bitches.—1, J. G. A. Baird's Sarah; 2, Captain C. P. Priestley's Pearl III., 3, R. Chapman's Dye III.; v h c, J. Henderson's Dinah. Any other variety.—Equal 1, W. H. Calder's Grouse, J. Shorthose's Royal IV.; v h c, R. Ker's Spot, W. H. Williamson's Rap IV.; h c, Captain Scarlett's Gyle, R. Chapman's, Rollo; c, D. McGibbon's Kate.

FIELD SPANIELS (not including Irish Water Spaniels).—Equal 1, J. J. Pollock's Calstor (late Guess), J. Royle's Zulu; 2, J. Moffat's Edith; v h c, J. McNaughton's Watermark (late Beverley), D. Edgar's Clasher; h c, G. McNish's Roger, J. J. Pollock's Progress.

TRANSPORTATION OF DOGS.—Fond du Lac, Wis., July 31, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to recent inquiries from various parts of the country with relation to the railway charges for the transportation of sporting dogs and equipments, it may be of advantage to the numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM who contemplate a Western trip to know that on all lines of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway no charge is made for such service. Baggagemen are ordered to receive and care for dogs, and they are prohibited from even naming or receiving pay for such service. The extended lines of this road reach all the most desirable grounds, and the equipment is first class in all other respects. From a personal experience that extends over a number of years, and many miles travel on this line, the writer can assure brother sportsmen that their canine friends will receive proper treatment at the hands of the employes, and that the uniform gentlemanly treatment received will leave nothing better to be desired.—MILLS.

THE GORDON SETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been greatly interested in the discussion regarding the Gordon setter, as I have long been an ardent admirer of this "best of all setters," and believing them to be as pure bred as their English or Irish cousins, and knowing them to be as good as they are handsome, it was with no small amount of satisfaction that I perused the able replies to the vague assertions, and still more vague conclusions, of Vitus, who is evidently befogged in the labyrinths of the cloudy old-time superstition surrounding the early history of our favorite. M. B. strikes out manfully in defence of his friends and deals some telling blows. Mr. Malcolm also hits hard, and Pearce's the armor of Vitus with his own weapon at every thrust. I am only sorry that Mr. Malcolm did not agree with Vitus on one point, and boldly avow that the standard advocated by him was just what he wanted for his own kennel, and that in accordance with his belief he practiced what he preached, for I know of no surer method for the improvement of the Gordon, or of any other strain for that matter, than for those whom we look upon as authority in the matter to not only "clothe their ideas with words" but to reproduce for our inspection these ideas clothed in living flesh and sinew. Mr. Davidson appears to have a level head upon the question of impure crosses, and I have no doubt will greatly enjoy the sarcastic fling of the uneasy spirit of his loved native valley, who emblazons upon his banner the cross of the pointer.

No, the grand old Gordon blood is free from plebeian taint, and may yet be found in all its old-time purity. Give us a proper standard and in a short time we shall see him as of yore in his rightful place among the best of his fellows, the pride and joy of the sportsman's heart. GORDON.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 14.

THE LANDSEER MEMORIAL.

THROUGH the pious care of the surviving relatives of Sir Edwin Landseer, a worthy memorial of that most distinguished painter has been placed in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. Hitherto the resting-place of the great artist has been marked only by a plain granite slab over his grave in the crypt where his ashes repose, hard by those of Reynolds and Lawrence, of West and Fuseli, and of George Dawe, the English Academician, who, after the peace of 1815, was commissioned by the Tzar Alexandria I. of Russia to cover the walls of one of the vast saloons in the palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg with portraits of European diplomatists and Muscovite generals. The new monument to Edwin Landseer is placed in a bay on the southern side of the metropolitan basilica, near to the tomb of Sir John Rennie, the famous engineer, and next to the place of sepulture of Sir Christopher Wren.

The design consists of a mural tablet of marble, adorned with sculpture from the chisel of Mr. Thomas Woolner, R. A. On the upper part of the tablet is a medallion portrait of Sir Edwin, resting on corbels, on which are carved the heads of the four lions modeled by the deceased master for the base of the Nelson Column, in Trafalgar Square. Above the medallion, amid a trophy of fern leaves, is a painter's palette and brushes, while the lower part of the memorial contains a basso-relievo adapted in plastic design from one of the most pathetic and the most popular of the painter's works, "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," the beautiful picture of the faithful dog which will not be comforted, and watches with inexpressible love and grief the rough coffin covered by the pall, where sleeps the poor Highland shepherd who was the collie's master. The sculptor, or those who counselled him, could not possibly have selected a more touching or a more appropriate excerpt from Edwin Landseer's life-work than this picture of the "Shepherd's Chief Mourner," strongly illustrative as it is, not only of the painter's sympathy with the brute creation, but also of his earnest and life-long adherence to the simple and beautiful axiom laid down by the illustrious Buffon, "The dog is the friend of man."—*London Daily Telegraph.*

DOG BUYERS—COCKER SPANIELS.—Hornellsville, N. Y., August 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been greatly interested in the remarks of Col. Tucker and my friend Elmore in regard to canceled orders, and sending dogs C. O. D. I have had some experience in this line, and while both plans are bad, I regard the C. O. D. the worst, and would not send a pup to the President that way. If the order is canceled the breeder still has the pup, but sent C. O. D. the chances are that it will die if returned for want of proper food and care. Of course the correspondence on the spaniel question going on in your columns has interested me also, though I have taken no part in it; but there is one question I would like to ask Mr. Kirk. In his estimate of Benedict's merits, judged by the Cocker standard, he deducts five for length, that is, takes off ten points in all. Will he please tell me why he does so, and also what he would mark Flirt II, for length under the standard? I am glad to find so good an authority as the secretary of the Cocker Club accords Benedict such high figures for body, legs, coat and ears, and out of a possible sixty makes him score forty-seven and a-half. The idea of the Hornell Spaniel Club in purchasing Benedict" was to cross with our native bitches, for although extra field performers, most of them were weedy and bad coated, and Mr. Kirk has fully indorsed the opinion we then had, and have in our breeding found to be fully carried out. Stonehenge's indorsement of the club standard is the deathknell to all growling at our standard; and now let the growlers, kickers and fault-finders just buckle to with us to bring the cocker to the front, on the show bench as well as in our homes and in the field.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

NOSE OF IRISH SETTER.—New York, Aug. 14, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The other day I looked at some red Irish setter pups, three months old, combining the best blood in the country, and was surprised at their having black noses. Now I am an amateur, and do not consider myself a judge, but if I remember rightly Stonehenge says: "The nose should be a deep mahogany red or very dark flesh color." If he is an authority I should think a black nose would count heavily against a red Irish. How is it? I also saw a dog eighteen months old, same blood I refer to, the sisters mentioned pups, who received in the last show a vhc. and he had a black nose. Could he (the dog) receive a "very highly commend," having a black nose, or isn't that point taken into consideration? Providing Stonehenge points are considered the authority, I should think not.—AMATEUR. [Stonehenge says: "The nose should be of a deep mahogany or very dark fleshy color, not pink nor black." The value he places upon a perfect nose is 5 points, and a faulty nose is at a disadvantage of just so many of those points as the judge may decide, and in order to win over a perfect nose the animal must possess the most merit at other points. The same answer will apply regarding his being entitled to a vhc.]

MERIDEN DOG SHOW.—The Meriden Poultry Association, of Meriden, Conn., will hold a bench show in connection with their poultry show, to be held January 9, 10, and 11, at the Town Hall. Mr. Joshua Shute, 193 Hobart street, secretary.

GORDON PUPPIES.—The Gordon Kennel offer for sale a part of two litters of black and tan puppies that will undoubtedly be soon disposed of as they are well-bred, strong and healthy, and very handsome.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION will hold their trials in November near Pittsburg. The Members' Stake only will be run.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

J. H., Portland, Me.—For canker in the ear take of bromo chloralium and laudanum equal parts and dilute with six times their bulk of water; fill the ear and gently knead the base for a minute or two. Two or three applications twenty-four hours apart should effect a cure.

B. A. M., Austin.—I have recently purchased a fine Gordon setter, which of late has refused to hunt while in the field, keeping always at heel. He is from fine stock and I dislike to discard him. Can you give me any advice that will help me? Ans. Your dog has undoubtedly been cowed by harsh treatment. He may be brought round by kindness, but it generally takes a long time and much patience.

T. S. M., Middletown, Conn.—1. Will you please inform me if a setter dog having his tail slightly docked is barred out of a bench show, and if he were the finest animal there with the exception of having his tail slightly docked, although not noticeable, would the prize be given to the next best dog that had never had his tail docked? 2. Must a setter dog to be of pure blood in every instance have his nose and roof of his mouth black. Ans. 1, Sporting dogs are not penalized for having their tails docked. 2. No.

W. P. B.—I have two valuable fox-terrier pups which seem to twitch and shake a great deal. Is it because they grow so fast, or is it because they are out of condition? They seem to be healthy in every other way. Ans. Your description is rather vague. We presume that they have chorea, which is the consequence of distemper. Give them plenty of exercise in the open air, and see that they have good wholesome food, and plenty of it. Would advise one grain sulphate of zinc and one grain extract of gentian to be given two or three times a day for one week. Should there be no improvement, write again, giving full description of symptoms.

S. C. C. Marietta, Ga.—I have a collie dog, six months old, who is badly troubled with canker in the ears. How should it be treated, and if with external applications how can the dog be prevented from tearing them off? His constant scratching keeps the sores open. Ans. We take it for granted that the canker is external. If so, wash the sores thoroughly with warm water two or three times a day and then bathe in strong alum water to which a few drops of carbolic acid has been added; make an ear cap, something after the pattern of a night cap, using any strong material and tie it securely under his chin.

RAZOR, Wrightsville.—1. Would you advise to breed from a beagle bitch and a foxhound? 2. How would the progeny turn out, and what would they be good for? 3. Where could I get some areca nut for worms in dogs, as advised in your columns? I've been trying to get some in drug stores but without success. 4. What is the proper dose? 5. Which number of powder is best for the field? Ans. 1. We do not care to advise in the case, as this is a matter for you alone to consider. 2. We have seen several animals of this cross, some of them very fair workers, both on foxes and hares. 3. See advertisement in this paper. 4. Two grains for each pound that the dog weighs. 5. No. 3 or 4. We have no copy of the paper you want.

W. V., Washington, D. C.—My setter bitch, now seven months old is sick. Her symptoms are: (1) eyes running; (2) hair falling out in large quantities; (3) coughing and choking spells. She is quite lively during the day, but as night comes on seems languid, and her sleep is disturbed by her moaning. She also has fever. She has a lump about the size of a hen's egg just in front of her hind legs. It does not seem to hurt, as it is movable. By advising me what to do in the above case you will confer a favor. Ans.—Your bitch has distemper, with some bronchial symptoms; the loss of hair is the same as occurs in human beings during fevers. Keep kennel well ventilated but dry, feed liberally upon milk diet; and for medicine, two grains of sulphate of cinchonidia thrice daily would undoubtedly be of benefit. Can say nothing about the lump without seeing it; show it to the doctor.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Colonel Thunder. By Dr. Geo. A. Seaman, Marysville, Kan., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 11, 1882, by Thunder out of Moll.

Lustro. By Master Sandford Smith, Mexia, Texas, for Gordon setter bitch, whelped June 24, 1882.

Syl, Shel and Raph. By Mr. M. A. Stearns, Dansville, N. Y., for black and white setter dogs, whelped July 8, 1882, by Dr. E. V. Stoddard's Breeze out of his Pearl.

Maid Jane. By Mr. M. A. Stearns, Dansville, N. Y., for black, white and tan setter dogs, whelped July 8, 1882, by Dr. E. V. Stoddard's Breeze out of his Pearl.

Pearl. By Mr. M. A. Stearns, Dansville, N. Y., for liver and white setter bitch, whelped July 8, 1882, by Dr. E. V. Stoddard's Breeze out of his Pearl.

Vanderbilt. By Mr. Geo. C. Sterling, New York, for lemon and white English setter dog puppy by Dashing Monarch out of Leah (Gladstone—Frost).

Rose Dale. By Mr. H. F. McLaughlin, Boston, Mass., for English setter bitch, whelped July 12, 1882, by Bradstreet's John (Waters's Grouse—Daisy Dale) out of his Leah.

Linda. By Mr. C. V. V. Sewell, Tarrytown, N. Y., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped March 23, 1882, by Guess out of Lou (Toby—Flirt).

Puck. By Mr. H. Drain, Baltimore, Md., for liver and white English setter dog, whelped June 2, 1882, by Harry Elgin out of Princess Nellie.

Ted. By Mr. C. Macleetor, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointer dog by Sensation out of Dell II. (Duke—Queen).

Carnation and Courage. By Mr. W. Owens, Bergen Point, N. J., for lemon and white pointer dogs by Sensation out of Dell II. (Duke—Queen).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Druidess—Purk. Mr. Wm. H. Lee's (Boston, Mass.) mastiff bitch Druidess King—Ruth) to his Turk (Rajah—Brenda), Aug. 7.

Kathleen—Berkley. Mr. Thos. H. Terry's (Bernardsville, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Kathleen (Rufus II.—Colleen) to champion Berkley, Aug. 1.

Belle—Tweed II. Mr. Thos. H. Terry's (Bernardsville, N. J.) collie bitch Belle to his champion Tweed II., July 15.

Fan—Kee. Mr. E. F. Mercilliott's (New York) imported Willoughby pug bitch Fan to his imported Rex.

Little Pet—Rex. Mr. E. F. Mercilliott's (New York) pug bitch Little Pet to his imported Willoughby pug Rex.

Jessie—Dash III. Mr. J. H. Roberts's (Camden, N. J.) black and white English setter bitch Jessie (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle) to Mr. A. M. Tucker's (Charlestown, Mass.) champion Dash III.

Donna—Dash III. Dr. Chas. A. Packard's (Bath, Me.) black and white English setter bitch Donna (Royal Blue—Dryad) to Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III.

Sylph—Dash III. Mr. Grimes's (Boston, Mass.) black and white English setter bitch Sylph (Drake—Gypsy) to Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III.

Blanche—Dash III.—Mr. F. E. Perkins's (Providence, R. I.) black and white imported English setter bitch Blanche to Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III.

Flora—Faust. Mr. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Flora (Waldmann—Waldine) to his Faust (Unser Fritz—Waldine), July 30.

Countess Belle—Emperor Fred. Mr. Edward Lohman's (New York) English setter bitch Countess Belle to champion Emperor Fred, Aug. 13.

Leigh Doane—Chief. Mr. I. H. Roberts's (Camden, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Leigh Doane (Elcho—Rose) to Mr. Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Dick), Aug. 12.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nell. Mr. Wm. H. Lee's (Boston, Mass.) mastiff bitch Nell (Max—Fawn), July 27, twelve (five dogs), by his Turk (Rajah—Brenda).

Zetta. Mr. Wm H. Rea's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Zetta (Royal Blue—Hardy's Diana), July 18, seven, by his Bertram.

Rhobe. Mr. E. F. Spofforon's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Rhobe (Belton—Dimple), Aug. 3, six, by Mr. Wm. H. Rea's Bertram.

Pearl. Mr. A. S. Bishop's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) blue belton Laverack setter bitch Pearl (Prince—Lill II.), Aug. 7, two, by his Fairy Prince (Pontiac—Fairy II.), one bitch (liver and white) living.

Devonshire Lass. Mr. C. M. Marshall's (Cleveland, Ohio) pointer bitch Devonshire Lass (Don—Lady), Aug. 9, seven (five dogs), all liver and white, by Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Donald.

Pearl. Mr. M. A. Stearns's (Dansville, N. Y.) setter bitch Pearl, July 8, six (five dogs), by Dr. E. V. Stoddard's Breeze.

Chloe II. The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennels (Claremont, N. H.) imported black cocker spaniel bitch Chloe II., Aug. 7, four (three dogs), by champion Obo (E. K. C. S. B. 10,452).

Gretchen. Mr. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn) dachshund bitch Gretchen (Unser Fritz—Waldine), July 29, five (one dog), by his imported Bergmann.

Lassie. Mr. Thos. H. Terry's (Bernardsville, N. J.) champion collie bitch Lassie (Cluanish—Trio), July 30, nine (two dogs), by champion Tweed II., four bitches and one dog dead.

Vic. Mr. Thos. H. Terry's (Bernardsville, N. J.) collie bitch Vic, July 18, five (two dogs) by his champion Tweed II.

Fannie. Mr. G. W. Campbell's (Carter's Creek, Tenn.) white native setter bitch Fannie, Aug. 6, eight (four dogs), by his Joe, Jr.

Feathers. J. H. Forshew's orange and white setter bitch Feathers, July 13, seven (five dogs), by Mr. Waterbury's St. Ives (Maida—St. Elmo).

Ida. Mr. T. C. Faxon's (Boston, Mass.) imported collie bitch Isle (Mac—Rosa), July 28, six (three dogs), by Mr. A. S. Apgar's champion Marcus.

Leah. Mr. H. F. McLaughlin's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Leah, July 8, fourteen (nine dogs), by Bradstreet's John (Waters's Grouse—Daisy Dale).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Colonel Thunder. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 11, 1882 (Thunder—Moll), by the Mohawk Kennels to Dr. Geo. A. Seaman, Marysville, Kan.

Vanderbilt. Lemon and white English setter dog puppy (Dashing Monarch—Leah), by Col. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., to Mr. Geo. C. Sterling, New York.

Puck. Liver and white English setter dog, whelped June 2, 1882 (Harry Elgin—Princess Nellie), by Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., to Mr. H. Drain, Baltimore, Md.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lustro. Gordon setter bitch, whelped June 24, 1882, by Mr. Geo. T. Leach, New York, to Master Sandford Smith, Mexia, Texas.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Druid. Bloodhound dog, 6mos. old (imported Caradoc—imported Juno), owned by Mr. R. B. Houghton, Boston, Mass., Aug. 9, from paralysis.

Pride of the Border II. Laverack setter dog, whelped 1875 (Blue Prince—Cora) owned by Mrs. E. Milby, Houston, Texas, Aug. 7.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE COMING TEAM.

LETTERS received from the adjutant of the British rifle team, within the past few days, give the personnel of the team with some notes of their intended doings here. The party will be seventeen in all—three members of the committee in charge of the match, the honorary secretary of the committee, the adjutant and twelve men selected to shoot. As all the commiteemen are accomplished shots they take the place of the usual reserve force. If any one of the regular team should be unable to perform his duty one of the other gentlemen can at a moment's notice be put in his place and the match proceed without hitch. The list of the party, together with the volunteer organization to which each belongs, is as follows:

Lieutenant Colonel Sir Henry Halford, First Leicestershire Royal Volunteers, committeeman and captain of the team.

Lieutenant Colonel A. H. Walkond, M. P., First Devonshire, committeeman.

Major A. P. Humphrey, Cambridge University regiment, committeeman.

Private H. Smith, Civil Service regiment, honorary secretary to committee.

Corporal H. Bates, First Warwickshire.

Private G. Boulter, Second Cheshire.

Captain W. Caldwell, First Renfrew.

Sergeant J. W. Dods, First Berwick.

Captain F. I. Godsal, Second Buckinghamshire.

Private J. Gooden, Sixth Lancashire.

Lieutenant J. Heap, Sixth Lancashire.

Private R. McVittie, First Dumfries.

Captain H. Mellish, Second Buckinghamshire.

Sergeant P. Oliver, Second Kent.

Corporal C. J. Parry, Second Cheshire.

Major J. Pearse, Fourth Devonshire.

Major Charles B. Waller, adjutant.

The team will sail from Liverpool by the Alaska on the 26th, and will be due in this port some time on Sunday, September 3. They desire to proceed at once to Garden City, where they are to have their quarters. Major Waller asks that arrangements be made for a team to take them from this city to the range in nine o'clock every day. "I thank you," he says, "for the promise of two targets daily. We shall have but a short time for practice and may want to shoot on every available day up the opening day of the meeting. We propose to shoot at 200 yards before Thanksgiving and long ranges after on every practicing day. I note that you do not consider the block foresight and the anti-recoil pad within the terms of the match, and we agree. We also agree that only black and white pads pure and simple be allowed for coloring sights. As you have set apart two days for the match, I assume you will fire short ranges on the first day and long ranges the second day. This being so, do you not think twenty-one shots per man rather a short allowance for so great a match? * * * We should be pleased to fire ten shots at each distance on both days, if agreeable with the approval of your committee, and indeed should prefer that number. * * * * Every man (of the English team) will be provided with a certificate showing that he is an enrolled volunteer and fulfilled the government conditions of efficiency last year. * * * I am very sorry we could not mokage a Palma team. In the early days of our trials I hoped it would be possible, but there are not sufficient good men with the match rifle in the team to encourage us in trying to take the Palma boys you. The expense entailed in sending a team to make up such a team is more than our friends will afford, so we are reluctantly compelled to forego the pleature and honor of meeting your champions. I beg, however, to acknowledge the great courtesy and kindness with which you received our proposal, and thank you for your willingness to waive formalities for the sake of a struggle. As regards our entering a team far the Hilton trophy, I do not know the conditions, but I presume you will allow our committee to enter a team after their arrival should they find themselves able to do so."

It is not at all probable that this suggestion for an increase of the number, of shots to ten per distance would be agreed to by the American riflemen.

RIFLE GALLERY SCORES.

THE list given below contains about one hundred names, giving the best score made by each gentleman at Conlin's shooting gallery, corner Broadway and Thirty-first street, this city. The shooting was done with 22-100 calibre rifle, off-hand, at 200, 500 and 500yds., Creedmoor targets, reduced proportionately for the ranges of the gallery, Winchester ammunition.

A good marksman will do creditable work whether shooting indoors or in the field. In the list can be seen the names of many riflemen who have made a record for themselves before the butts at Creedmoor and other ranges, of which they can well be proud.

At least two-thirds of the noted long and short-range marksmen of this country were first initiated into the sport through gallery practice. With a few days' drill a fair gallery shot will make a creditable showing outdoors.

The muscles can be trained, a proper position for holding the weapon acquired, the nerves brought into better control, and the eye and hand be educated fully as well in a gallery as at the long outdoor ranges. Thus a majority of the rudiments of the sport can be mastered indoors. The wind-gauge and elevations form the subject of the higher branches of the study, and, of course, can only be learned through practical work outdoors. The gallery records, which date back fifteen years, show a marked improvement of each year's shooting over that of its predecessor; and the scores which now stand high are so near being perfect ones that there is little room for further advancement. But a similar claim was made long ago when the present top scores would have been looked on as impossibilities.

200 Yard Target.

L. V. Sone and D. A. Davis, 42 consecutive bullseyes; Fred Conlin, 41; S. W. Sibley, 39; G. W. Hamilton, Dr. E. T. T. Marsh, Dr. H. G. Piffard, Dr. S. T. G. Dudley, C. A. Cheaver, Dr. J. H. Gardener, L. C. Bruce, Wm. Hayes, P. Fenning, W. M. Farrow, M. B. Engle, Maynard Bixby, F. F. Whiting, J. B. Blydenburgh, C. E. Blydenburgh, H. D. Blydenburgh, Geo. E. Rogers, Capt. Wm. Lindsay, T. Fitz, Lieut. J. Robertson, R. S. Simpson, David Trotter, A. H. Cobb and F. L. Genneburgh, full score; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., J. F. Duckworth, Dr. Thomas Wilcox, Judge H. A. Oldersleeve, Judge S. Smith, A. B. Van Heusen, Wm. Hanlon Lees, J. L. Paulding, Dr. F. F. Brown, T. A. Carmen, T. Loyd, D. S. Banks, A. E. Moore, W. H. Chaduck, N. B. Thuson, J. Roebling, J. F. Murch, F. O. Dowd, 49 out of possible 50; Capt. Jos. Ross, A. Pyle, J. W. Hitchcock, R. S. MacDonald, J. Bullus and A. L. Brennan, 48 out of possible 50; P. Lorillard, Jr., 48 at the word; W. C. Southwick, Peter De Nyse, E. T. Davis, C. H. Jork, P. J. Cullian, J. B. Renard, J. A. Ward, E. J. Moore and Wm. Klein, 47 out of possible 50; J. S. Chase, R. H. A. Jones, J. H. Trotter and E. H. Barker, 46 out of possible 50; J. G. Davis, T. Tice, W. G. Wylie and R. S. Coumbes, 45 out of possible 50

300 Yard Target.

P. Fenning, 123 out of possible 125; Dr. E. T. T. Marsh, 120 out of possible 125; Tim. Tice, Wildes, 119 out of possible 125; C. E. Blydenburg, 99 out of possible 100; S. W. Sibley, 96 consecutive bullseyes; L. V. Sone, D. A. Davis, J. B. Blydenburgh, full score; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Fred Conlin, E. T. T. Marsh, 49 out of possible 50; C. A. Cheaver, M. L. Riggs, L. C. Bruce, T. Titz, 48 out of possible 50; F. G. Fullgraft, 47 out of possible 50; Wm. Hayes, Fred Kessler, 46 out of possible 50; F. G. Holton, C. G. Panier, E. B. Barker, William G. Foulker, 45 out of possible 50; M. B. Engle, 34 out of possible 35; J. B. Warren, 33 out of possible 35; Wm. M. Farrow, 32 out of possible 35.

500 Yard Target.

David A. Davis, L. V. Sone, full score; Fred Conlin, 49 out of possible 50; H. A. Oldersleeve, 50 out of possible 60; J. F. Duckworth, 46 out of possible 50.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 9.—The last competition but one in the series of contests designed to afford practice to those who propose to enter the competitions for places on the American rifle team in the international military match was shot under the supervision of Lieut. A. H. Weston. There were 15 entries. Among them were M. D. Hinds, O. A. Morris and D. H. Ogden, of the Twentieth Separate Company, Infantry, Binghamton. At the conclusion of the contest at 600yds. the riflemen decided by a vote of 10 majority not to take a recess for luncheon, but to continue through the recent stage.

The wind blew a "fish tail" breeze from right to left and from the rear of the firing points towards the butts, during the day, the elevations were found essential, and it became necessary to watch the windvery closely, as it frequently changed from "6" to "9" o'clock on the wind dial between the time a marksman took his position and the moment he was ready to fire. Under these conditions the scores were not very high. Following are the scores made, the highest attainable number being 210 points:

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
Capt T W Wilson	74	92	166
Capt S A Day	86	76	162
Sergt J L Paulding	89	73	162
Sergt A Van Heusen	90	70	160
Col G E P Howard	83	76	159
Sergt T J Dolan	82	75	157
D H Ogden	83	74	157
N D Hinds	91	61	152
Sergt J McNevin	82	59	141
Capt J L Price	78	58	136
Major L E Brown	63	64	127
Sergt N D Ward	75	51	126
O A Morris	89	34	114
Sergt J S Shepherd	73	28	101
H C Broun	68	24	92

The Rapidity match is a novel contest which interested many spectators. When it was first instituted at the beginning of the season there were numerous competitors, but the skill manifested by three regular army officers frightened all the other competitors from the field. The distance covered was 200yds. Each competitor was permitted to fire as many shots as he could at the target in one minute. Each rifleman fired several scores, the best of which are appended: R. T. Hare, 74; Capt. S. A. Day, United States army, 82; Lieut. S. E. Allsee, Springfield Armory, 49; M. W. Bull, 45; Sergt. Thomas J. Dolan, Twelfth Regiment, 34.

Aug. 12.—The principal match was the third competition of the August International Practice Match, which is shot under precisely the same conditions as the great event of September. The distances are 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000yds; seven rounds at each without sighting shots; positions standing at 200yds, prone at 500 and 600, any at the others; weapon, any breech-loading military rifle; no cleaning of rifles except between ranges; no wind gauges or lateral motion of sights permitted. There were fifteen entries, the list of competitors including Mr. Lower from Colorado, Mr. Atkinson from Pennsylvania, and Colonel Howard of New Jersey. There was a "six to eight o'clock" wind, tricky and pretty stiff; the light was very good. Altogether the conditions were average, and the record as it stands is highly creditable. The highest possible total for each range was 35 points; for each stage, 105; for the entire match, 210. The scores running:

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
T J Dolan	91	93	184
T W Wilson	87	87	180
S A Day	97	77	174
S A Day	93	78	171
J McNevin	80	89	169
G A Wells	92	68	160
M D Hinds	81	77	158
J L Paulding	86	71	157
J L Price	86	66	152
D R Atkinson	88	64	152
Col G E P Howard	89	58	147
N D Ward	76	70	146
O A Morris	80	66	146
A B Van Heusen	86	49	135
J N Lower	64	59	123

Under the rules of the series of matches, of which this was the last, the total scores to be credited to the end of the season, as follows: To the competitor making the highest aggregate complete score in any three competitions (determined by adding together the highest complete scores made in any of the three competitions, a gold medal. To the second highest, as above, a silver medal, and to the third highest, as above, a bronze medal. The winners, and their totals out of a possible 630 points are: T. W. Wilson, 509; S. A. Day, 508, and T. J. Dolan, 505.

GARDNER, Mass., Aug. 10.—There was a match at Hackmatack Range, in this town, to-day, between the Massachusetts Rifle Association and the Gardner Rifle Club. The inch ring and Creedmoor target was combined was used; distance, 200yds. The score will tell the story:

The Rifle Association.	R.	C.	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
D M Jewett	91	47	100	38	78	44	279—129
F J Rabbeth	91	47	80	44	84	46	255—137
J B Fellows	88	44	73	42	94	48	255—134
H G Bixby	76	42	79	44	94	48	249—134
L L Hubbard	84	45	86	47	70	45	240—137
W Charles	81	47	83	46	75	44	239—137
R Davis	71	44	78	45	80	44	229—133
J N Frye	85	45	69	41	74	44	228—130
Totals							1960 1081

Gardner Rifle Club.							
Chester Hinds	98	47	92	48	81	45	371—140
G F Ellsworth	90	47	88	46	93	46	369—139
S B Hildreth	92	46	75	44	83	44	250—134
A B Ward	78	39	79	45	86	45	243—129
G R Pratt	80	45	77	45	79	45	236—135
A Mathews	58	42	88	45	75	44	221—131
F H Knowlton	76	44	75	44	66	43	217—131
F E Nichols	71	43	64	43	76	44	211—130
Totals							1917 1076

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—On the 7th and 8th the German-American sharpshooters held their fifth shooting at Union Hill, Schutzen Park. The shooting was at 200yds., German ring target. The following are the prizes won: R. Lettler was crack shot, shooting with a handsome score of 69 to his credit, and was presented with a gold medal and $25 in gold. Target of honor—B. Lettler, 1st prize; G. Meinhardt, 2d prize; H. Oehl, 3d prize; W. Meyer, 4th prize; C. Judson, 5th prize.

NEWARK SHOOTING FESTIVAL.—The Newark Rifle Association will hold their first annual picnic and festival at the Shooting Park, South Orange avenue, on Monday, 21st. There will be a prize shooting match for teams of five from any regular organized rifle association in the State. Teams may re-enter; 5 shots per man; distance, 75ft.; Ballard rifle, cal. 22; shooting to be done on the Zettler ring target; $50 in cash prizes. There will be individual shooting for cash prizes; re-entries allowed; 3 shots per man; all shooting to be done on the Zettler ring target and under rules of the National Rifle Association; distance, 75ft. The shooting will commence at 1 P. M. Committee of arrangement on shooting, S. Simonds, J. K. Walsh and G. M. Townsend. Officers—President, J. H. Huegel; Vice-President, J. K. Walsh; Treasurer, G. M. Townsend, Secretary, A. C. Neumann.

WORCESTER, Aug. 10, 1882.—A lovely day greeted the members of the Worcester Rifle Association on the occasion of opening their matches to-day. A large assembly of members shook hands over the auspicious signs of a heartily interest manifested in their new departure. Rifle shooting is, par excellence, a gentleman's pastime; his habits must be good, or pay the penalty of a low record in the score book. At the meeting for practice, a generous rivalry stimulates each member to do his best "possible," while he is always glad to give a hearty handshake to the fortunate winner. The weather conditions were such as are known as sunshine and clouds, with the former prevailing. The wind blew down the range at from 7 o'clock to 5 o'clock, and was what is called fish-tailed, sometimes blowing quite fresh and then suddenly leaving the flags drooping as if their occupation was gone. This calls for great variations in wind-gauging and is a test of the shooter's judgment.

At 2 P. M., the executive officer called the men to the business before them, and scores were made in the order named:

Creedmoor Match.

A L Rice	45555	54544	—46	C D Eames	54444	44445	—42
V W Eames	54554	44354	44	S B Winchester	44445	44445	—42
Moses Carter	54544	54444	—43	J W Murphy	44443	23445	—88
F Wesson	54554	44344	—42	F Henry	45433	53443	—88

Massachusetts Match.

S B Winchester	9	11	11	11	10	11	10	10	10	—104
M G Fuller	12	11	9	10	11	11	10	10	9	10—103
Stedman Clark	9	10	8	12	11	12	8	8	10	9— 97
W Arnold	12	12	6	7	9	8	12	9	10	10— 95
A Williams	10	10	7	10	10	7	11	9	12	10— 94
F Wesson	11	11	9	8	11	7	10	10	6	9— 92
A L Rice	10	7	10	12	9	8	8	11	11	5— 91
V W Eames	7	7	6	10	12	7	11	11	9	9— 81
H T Farrar	10	7	11	6	7	12	5	10	2	9— 79

VETERANS AT THE RUTTS.—Wadsworth Post 77, G. A. R., held their annual picnic at Lion Park, N. Y., Aug. 8, and the vets passed away the afternoon in practicing at the short-range butts with the following result: The first and second prizes, confined to veterans, were won by Wm. Beebe, Jr., and Fred S. Gibbs, on scores of 51 and 50 out of a possible 54. The following scores were made: Wm. F. Kirchner, of Post 75, 41; Dr. E. T. P. Marsh, of Post 140, 49; John Jenny, of Post 24, 41; Mahnenholy, of Post 32, Zersener, of Post 75, 51; W. F. Phelps, 50; Daniel Rhone, 43; Jas. H. Donovan, 44, S. G. Senlon, 43; John Harrington, 43; Clements Kunzman, 42; Wm. Lobin, 45; Geo. Stewart, 43; J. W. O'Brien, 49; John Beer, 44; Fred W. Bilcke, 45; Anton Muller, 39; Fred Gleason, 39. W. F. Phelps won a tie medal for making the lowest score. Conditions—The 3 balls to hit the target. Score was, 3 1 2—6. The All-Comers match was headed by Zeller with a score of 50, Dr. Brown, 48; Woods, 46; Sergt. Wallace, 40; Beppler, 45; Adler, 41; Mehrenbach, 41. The shooting was in the charge of James S. Conlin.

THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB.—At Creedmoor on Aug. 12 a very remarkable long range match, regular sporting rules, was shot by members of the Amateur Club, and four of the six gentlemen who are to shoot the match with the Victoria Rifle Club of Hamilton, Ont., made the remarkable average of 213⅓ out of a possible 225 points. The scores were as follows:

Name	800yds.	900yds.	1,000yds.	Totals.
W. W. De Forest	71	73	73	217
J. W. Todd	74	71	71	216
R. Rathbone	71	67	70	211
J. H. Brown	71	71	68	210
F. H. Holton	72	71	58	201
D. F. Davis	65	61	50	176
L. Weber	79	Retired.		

The match with the Canadians was set down for Wednesday, August 16, with conditions as follows: Teams to consist of six men each; distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, 15 shots by each man at each distance. The members of the club from which the team is to be selected are Ransom Rathbone, W. W. DeForrest, J. H. Brown, L. Weber, Dr. S. T. G. Dudley, Thomas Lamb, D. F. Davids, and J. W. Todd. Mr. Weber will be the Captain and Mr. Todd Adjutant of the team.

IRISH-AMERICAN RIFLEMEN.—The Irish-American Rifle Club, of New York city, and the Irish-American Rifle Association, of New Haven, Conn., are to be represented by teams of nine men each, in a rifle match at New Haven on Wednesday, September 6. The conditions are: Distance 200 yards; 10 shots per man.

LIEUT. PARTELLO.—In the Fort Keogh rifle scores given in our last issue, for "Lieut. J. M. T. Partelle," read Lieut. J. M. T. Partello. Lieut. Partello will be remembered for his Washington record. When a member of the Columbia Rifle Association of that city he made the first 224 with the Remington rifle at 800, 900, and 1,000yds. The competition, of which the scores were given last week, was shot with Springfield rifles, fixed ammunition, open sights, one sighting shot each man. The weather was horrible, and the scores good considering the military rifles and high winds. Lieut. Partello, Sergeants Unger, Pepple, Kuhn, Weeks, Corporals Rogers, McIntyre, Quinn, and Musician Banan are qualified marksmen, and will be sent to Fort Snelling, Minn., for the final competition.

THE TRAP.

ENFIELD, N. C., Aug. 8.—There was shot to-day, under the auspices of the Enfield Gun Club, a very pleasant and interesting match at glass balls, for a handsome side-bar buggy. Mr. E. B. Englehard went down to represent the Raleigh Gun Club.

The conditions of the match were: ten glass balls from a Daveapport revolving screened trap, Bogardus rules; twelve bore-guns to shoot at eighteen yards, ten-bore at twenty-one yards. The score in full stood:

Bullock	1011111100—7	Bellamy, S.C.	1111000111—7
Englehard	1111111111—10*	Hassard-Short.	0111011117—7
Bellamy, S.C.	0111100111—7	De Petway	1011101094—7
Dr Petway	1011011111—8	White	1111011100—7
Reid	1111101100—7	Clark, H J	1110011011—7
Clark, H J	1111011011—7	Engelhard	1111011111—9*
Engelhard	1111111111—10*	Robinson	0111111110—7*
Hunter, E L	1101111111—9	Robinson	0111111110—8
Beal	1100011111—7	Battle, O	1111111110—9
Robinson	0111110111—8	Dr Petway	1110110111—8

*Twenty-one yards rise.

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Engihard won and the Raleigh Gun Club is again victorious. Members from the Tarboro, Scotland Neck, Wilson, Nash county and Enfield gun clubs competed.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 9.—At the Coal Mine Range, to-day, there was a contest for the State badge won a few weeks ago by the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The visiting club was from Marlborough. Before the shoot a protest was entered against G. N. Smalley and G. W. Clark, of Westborough, shooting with the Marlborough Club. Each man was allowed 20 balls, thrown by a Holden trap, with 18yds. rise. The following was the result:

Marlborough.

G W Clark	11101 11111 11111 11111—19
T J Beaudry	11011 11101 11111 11111—18
H W Eager	10111 01111 11111 11110—17
G N Smalley	11111 10111 11001 11011—16
D P Howe	11101 01001 10107 11110—13—83

Worcester.

G B Holden	01111 11101 11011 11111—18
W S Perry	10111 01111 11111 11111—18
M D Gilmore	11111 11111 10001 11111—17
E T Smith	01111 11111 11111 11011—15
A Holden	11101 10111 11110 10001—14—82

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 10.—The Narragansett Gun Club held the third competition for badge to-day at the Old Washington Trotting Park, Pawtuxet Pike. We used for the first time a new Cary trap, which threw the balls much swifter than the card trap we had been using, and lower scores were the result, the following being the score made:

W H Sheldon	11101 11111 11110 10111—17
J B Valentine	01011 11111 11111 11110—17
T S Hall	01011 01111 11111 01110—15
E W Tinker	00101 11100 11011 11010—12
P H Baker	11100 01101 11001 01001—11
T W Kelly	01011 11111 11011 10111—16
G W Cary	11011 11101 11011 11011—16
S D Greene, Jr.	0 111 11111 11111 01111—18
E Devolve	01000 01000 10111 01001—8
"J Brown"	10111 10111 11111 11011—15
W G Crandall	10101 11101 11010 11101—14
F W Bufferton	11011 11111 11111 11101—17
L Bennett	01110 00000 00111 00100—7
"W Jackson"	01000 10111 11111 01100—12
G T Crandall	11011 11100 11011 11111—16
W H Waterman	11010 11101 11111 11111—17

Then followed sweepstake shooting. First sweep at balls, W. Sheldon, and W. Crandall 1st; Greene 2d and Hall 3d; second sweep at balls, Sheldon 1st, Valentine 2d and Hall and Brown 3d; third at balls, Waterman 1st, Valentine 2d and Sheldon 3d; fourth at clay pigeons, Sheldon 1st, Valentine 2nd; fifth at clay pigeons, Sheldon 1st, Valentine 2d.

NORTH CAROLINA.—There is to be a State glass ball shooting tournament, at Hendersonville, on August 15, 16 and 17. The following prizes are offered: Citizens' purse, $100 cash. Two-thirds of purse to winning team, balance to be divided between the two teams making next best score. Team match: Purse $50. Two-thirds to winning team, balance divided between the two teams making the next best score. Sweepstakes: Entrance $1. Prize, a round trip ticket from Hendersonville to New York, good till November 1. Team match: Purse $25. Two-thirds to winning team, balance to be divided between the two teams making next best score.

AUBURN, Me., July 20.—A friendly match was shot here, July 25, between the Androscoggin Club, of this city, and the Cushnoc Heights Gun Club, of Augusta, Maine, for a team prize of a split bamboo fly-rod (to be disposed of at a live-bird shoot by the club winning it) and prizes for individual scores, given by the Androscoggin Club. The shooting was very good, as may be seen by the following scores. Conditions, 20 balls each man; Card rotary trap; 18yds.; ties 5 balls; 25yds.

Androscoggin Club.		Cushnoc Heights Club.	
J B Daniels	20	Gen W S Tilton	20
F M Leavitt	19	H A Thorndike	20
C F Nason	19	J E Badges	20
F A Nason	19	C O Tebbets	20
J F Pettingill	19	E W Moore	19
A M Tripp	19	F E Baker	18
M Burleigh	18	De Whitehouse	18
H D Donovan	18	J L Cottrell	18
Geo Gifford	18	W T Tyler	18
Sol Shaw	18	J L Mackie	18
H F Farnham	18	J L Fish	16
G H Randall	16	E G Adams	16
J R Bilcke	15	James Fish	14
J B Littlefield	15	F M Bowman	12
Total	351	Total	347

Ties for individual prizes, 5 balls, 21yds., first prize, silver cup:

Gen. W. Tilton 5, H. A. Thorndike 0, J. E. Badges 5, C. O. Tebbets 5, J. B. Daniels 0.

Second ties on first.—Gen. W. S. Tilton 10, Badges 5, Tebbetts 10, J. Badges wins cup.

Ties for second, ammunition case.—E. M. Leavitt 5, C. F. Nason 5, E. G. Nason 5, J. F. Pettingill 5, E. W. Moore 3, A. M. Tripp 0.

Second ties for second.—E. M. Leavitt 5, C. F. Nason 5, E. G. Nason 5.

Third tie for second.—Leavitt 5, C. F. Mason 1, E. G. Mason 0, J. F. Pettingill 1.

Fourth tie for second.—E. M. Leavitt 1, J. F. Pettingill 5, wins second.

Third prize, Nason's patent landing net.—M. Burleigh 5, H. D. Donovan 1, Geo. Gifford 4, H. F. Farnham 5, Solshaw 5, F. E. Baker 5, Dr. Whitehouse 5, J. L. Colcord 1, W. T. Tyler 0, J. L. Mackie 5. Second tie, third prize.—Burleigh 5, Gifford 0, F. E. Baker 0, Dr. Whitehouse, 5, J. L. Mackie 1. Third tie.—Burleigh 5, Whitehouse 5. Fourth tie.—Burleigh 5, Whitehouse 5. Fifth tie.—Burleigh 5, Whitehouse 5. Sixth tie.—Burleigh 5, Whitehouse 5. Seventh tie.—Burleigh 4, Whitehouse 4. Eighth tie.—Burleigh 5, Whitehouse 0. Burleigh wins third. At the last, Mr. Whitehouse (Old Broadsides), getting out of ammunition, changed guns, or the two might have had quite a shoot before deciding which was the better man. As will be seen by the score, the match was very close, the lead changing several times during the shoot and the ties quite exciting. Mr. Badger shot exceedingly well, shooting all straight without a single miss for the entire day.

An hour's time remaining, a short sweep was indulged in, Card trap, 5 single balls, 18yds.; class shooting, ties, miss and out: Moore 5, Badger 5, Tilton 5, Hodkins 5, Nason 5, Donovan 5, Shaw 5, Colcord 4, Farnham 4, Bowman 4, Adams 4, Littlefield 4, Baker 4.

Ties on first, miss and out: Badger 5, Nason 5, Moore 3, Donovan 24, Shaw 19, Tilton 3, Hodkins 1. Badger and Nason divide.

Ties on second: Baker 0, Littlefield 5, Colcord 0, Farnham 0, Bowman 0, Adams 0. Baker wins.

LONG ISLAND FORESTERS.—Regular monthly shoot of the Long Island Foresters for the club gold medal; seven clay pigeons, handicap rise:

Sabin, 25yds	0010111—4	Field, 21yds	1000111—4
Hawkes, 25yds	0110111—5	Banks, 23yds	0100001—2
Ryan, 25yds	0011000—2	Coulthard, 25yds	0011000 3

Hawkes winning the medal. A sweepstakes at five live pigeons, handicap rise:

Ryan, 25yds	10111—4	Field, 21yds	01110—3
Coulthard, 25yds	01110—3	Hawkes, 25yds	10111—4
Sabin, 25yds	100w	Banks, 23yds	01110—3

In shooting off the tie, "miss and go out," Ryan won.

TORONTO GUN CLUB.—Toronto, Aug. 12, 1882.—The ties of the late shoot were shot off at the Woodbine yesterday, as follows: 5 birds, 29yds. rise:

I Taylor	11111—5	E Perryman	11111—5
I James	11111—5		

As all tied again; the distance was increased to 31yds. rise, 3 birds:

I Taylor	111—3	I James	110—2
E Perryman	111—3		

The ties then shot, miss and go out, 31yds. rise, 3 birds: I. Taylor, 100—1, second prize; E. Perryman, 110—2, first prize.

CLINTON, Mass., Aug. 12, 1882.—The Clinton Sportsman's Club is still in a flourishing condition. We now have over fifty members. Ten of them went to Ayer on Thursday and shot a match with the Union club of Ayer. Score:

Clinton.		Ayer.	
Sampson	5 5 5 4—19	Sawyer	1 5 2 3—11
Harriman	4 5 3 5—17	Wright	3 2 3 3—10
McKay	3 4 3 4—14	Parker	3 5 4 4—16
Gallup	2 2 4 4—12	Jones	3 5 2 4—14
Shedd	3 5 3 3—14	Willard	5 2 3 0—10
Burton	5 1 4 2—12	Haskell	4 5 4 4—17
Carr	3 2 2 5—12	Stone	4 5 5 4—18
Truell	3 4 5 —15	Pierce	1 2 3 4—10
Smith	1 3 2 2— 8	Hartshorn	3 2 5 5—14
Jackson	2 3 4 3—12—136	Bigelow	2 4 3 2—11—131

MOBILE, Ala., August 10.—The regular medal shoot of the Gulf City Gun Club took place yesterday. Handicap, 20 balls. These are the four highest scores: H. P. Vass, 21yds., 20; J. S. Alexander, 21yds., 18; T. W. Williams, 21yds., 16; W. B. Holt, 21yds., 15.—O YES.

New Publications.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS.

The book recently published by the well-known guides of the Rangeley Lakes region, Messrs. Baker and Dantforth, entitled "Hunting and Trapping," is a book most interesting to all those who take delight in the pleasures of forest and stream.

The story is founded on a journal kept by them during their first winter's hunting on the waters of the Upper Magalloway and its tributaries, a region at that time unknown, except to the wild beasts which infested the forest, and, perhaps, to the Indians. It is written in a plain, simple style, which renders it the more interesting, and should take the foremost rank among books of outdoor life and sports for boys. It gives in detail all the hardships, pleasures and successes which they encountered during their long separation from the busy world, and shows that they were endowed with that pluck and endurance which has rendered them such faithful and efficient guides.

By those who know them (and they are many) this work will be eagerly sought for and read with pleasure; while those who have not the pleasure of their acquaintance may rest assured that the facts are in the main correct, and will be surprised to learn that the book was written by men who have passed almost all their lives in the woods, far away from civilization, and that their education has been acquired, not at the academy and college, but by contact with men of learning who make the wilderness their summer retreat, by a close observation of what they say and do and by a careful reading of such works as have come into their possession.

This work is the forerunner of another and larger volume, the issue of which will be an additional source of pleasure to the lovers of that romantic region, as it will describe other and later explorations made by them, and supplementary to those described in the volume just issued. It contains many facts of importance to those who intend to make a winter hunting trip into the northern woods, and the careful reader will not only take much pleasure in perusing this book, but will feel, when he has finished, that he has learned many things of value to himself, and which will aid him in his future hunting trips.

Capt. Barker has already given two courses of lectures on woodcraft in Boston, and has always been enthusiastically received by his numerous youthful hearers, while his hearers of riper years have been many and constant in their attendance, and this new effort of his and of his comrade of Parmachenee is already an assured success.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 18—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Ocean Match to Halifax, 1 prize
Aug. 19—Beverly Y. C., Open Races.
Aug. 19—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Aug. 22—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 22—Oswego Y. C., Annual Matches.
Aug. 22—Dorchester Y. C., Second Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Aug. 23—Quincy Y. C., Fourth Club Match.
Aug. —Southern Y. C., Interstate Regatta.
Aug. 23—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Match.
Aug. 24—New Bedford Y. C., 2d Class Schooners, 1st Class Sloops. $100, $75. Principal Clubs.
Aug. 26—Beverly Y. C., Open Regatta, Marblehead.
Aug. 28—Bay of Quinte Y. C. Open Matches.
Aug. 29—Salem Bay Y. C., Championship Sail-off.
Aug. 29—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Match.
Sept. 2—Beverly Y. C., Third Championship Match, Marblehead
Sept. 2—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Sept. 2—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Mayor's Cup and third prize.
Sept. 4—East River Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 5—Dorchester Y. C., Third Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Sept.—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Sail-off.
Sept. 4—Quincy Y. C., Fifth Club Match.
Sept. 5—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 7—Royal Canadian Y. C. Club Race.
Sept. 8—Royal Canadian Y. C. Open Matches.
Sept. 9—Merrimack Y. C., Open to All Match.
Sept. 10—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Sept. 16—Dorchester Y. C., Open Races, Cat-Rigs.
Sept. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Three Classes, one prize each.
Sept. —Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Yachts ringhies, sailing race.
Sept. ——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Sept. 19—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 24—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Oct. 1—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Cruise.
Oct. 3—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.

IN OUR TOW.

WE predicted three years ago that in due course of time, all journals would be found in tow of FOREST AND STREAM. That prediction was refuted time and again as the wildest flight of a person stark mad, and yet that prediction has now come to pass.

Next to the victories of the cutter the submission of our highly esteemed and exceedingly able contemporaries to FOREST AND STREAM doctrines, forced from such unwilling heads by the irresistible logic of events, warms with exceeding joy the innermost cockles of our heart.

We might cite by the column to prove the stultifying, humble pie now being swallowed by those who were loudest in their vicious denunciation of ourselves and the principles we advocate; we might return with compound interest the hard thrusts, the gutter slang, the mud thrown at a subject whose steady aim and only sin has been the improvement of our yachting fleet and the education to a sailor standard of those who sail for sport; we might revel in most damning quotations to prove our erstwhile critics blatherskites and traducers of malignant and incapable stripe; we could strike them with words from their own mouths to bow them down in shame—but in this, the hour of our triumph, FOREST AND STREAM forbears, and extends to all its converts the generous sympathy of a victor in the great battle of type inaugurated in these columns and crowned at last with the confessions of its contemporaries, after one of the most prolonged fights, sustained efforts and complete success witnessed in sporting journalism.

And we are willing that our friends should explain away their discomfiture as best they can, for hedge and qualify as they may, the great public cannot be deceived. The record is written in cold indelible type a thousand times that FOREST AND STREAM stood alone for long years holding at bay the entire yachting press of America, both lay and professional, and fought for the cutter's superiority against odds which would long ago have swamped any pen but the quill engaged on the side of truth and the right.

Nor can we be robbed of the sweets of the cutter's ascendency, nor the credit which is our due in taking the stand we did, *before* the cutter thrashed fresh brains into obtuse heads.

It is the old story of Columbus and his egg over again. *After* the cutters had supplied indisputable evidence of their speed and qualities our highly esteemed and exceedingly able contemporaries, and with them the whole baud of the opposition, swing into line and chant praises to the gods they had formerly kicked from their company with disgust and covered with opprobrious epithets which would have sunk the cutter out of sight for twenty-five years to come but for the protector and champion the sailor's yacht found in these columns. Figuratively the cutter has been crammed down their throats, and FOREST AND STREAM did the cramming, backed more recently by victories now a matter of history.

But in the dawn of the new era let the past sink into oblivion, and with the knowledge of having our contemporaries effectually in tow we congratulate them upon the light at last flickering across their horizon. One great lesson has taught them where to look for the guiding star in the future, and when faint of heart and in backsliding mood let them take courage by a study of the journal which single-handed has brought about a revolution in the model and rig of a nation's pleasure vessels.

Confession and new creed of faith of our highly esteemed and exceedingly able, though a little late, contemporaries, we subjoin for general edification and the substantiation of this journal's claim as the pioneer of reform and leader of yachting thought in America.

[From the New York World, Aug. 9.]

"The race for the cups offered by Mr. Ogden Goelet, the owner of the schooner Norseman, was sailed here to-day and was an extremely successful affair The cutter Oriva has covered herself with glory and has proved conclusively that the cutter model has the most speed. The result of this race will work an entire revolution in American yacht models, the advocates of broad and shallow centerboards being obliged to admit that the day for such models has passed."

[From the Herald, July 15, Aug. 7 and Aug. 9.]

"The cutters were left hull down to fight it out among themselves. It required a great deal of faith to believe that type of vessel capable of speed. * * * * The race also demonstrated that the yachtsmen who have persistently derided the cutter type of vessels must admit that they have been mistaken. The Oriva not only did well, but was the first sloop to pass Fort Adams, and throughout did magnificently. It was a pity that she did not have the Gracie and Fanny to sail against, as it is very certain she would have shown them a trick or two that would have been far from pleasant. In all the runs of the cruise and in the race of Saturday she opened the eyes of those who never would see anything meritorious in this type of craft. * * * * The cutter Oriva now with a name for great speed earned by honest and legitimate hard work and excellent management. * * * * Another surprise was the manner in which the Oriva was sticking to the big sloops—Fanny and Gracie—in fact, the cutter reached the buoy in advance of the Gracie, which was a particularly big feather in the cap of her owner."

[From the Spirit of the Times, Aug. 12.]

"The cutter Oriva proved conclusively that the cutter model has the most speed. This race must create a revolution in American models; the advocates of broad and shallow centerboards, must admit the day for such models has passed."

ORIVA.



WELL done, honest little ship, and well sailed by her gallant owner, too. FOREST AND STREAM extends its starboard flipper with congratulations. Oriva having risen into prominence as a fast vessel, and as the last straw which broke the camel's back of opposition, as the peg so well driven in the rise of cutters in America, has now become an object of national attention, and to her influence in gathering the misguided from the by-paths of darkness and shedding light for their guidance, we doff our cocked-gear in appreciation. Oriva has outdone herself. Though FOREST AND STREAM has insisted this cutter should be given credit for fair average performance at least, we had never expected the display she made of such big sloops as Gracie and Julia, nor yet the manner in which she outpointed and held big Fanny, the fastest smooth-water machine of the first-class ever floated in American waters. Oriva is not an exact reflection of her Harvey design, as her builder failed to take off the after body from the deep sections, as it would have been wise to do. The speed she has developed gives an inkling of what might have happened with absolute fairness and close adherence to original intentions.

From excellent authority we have received an explanation of her apparent lack of speed in her earlier career. Her copper had been thickly oiled with a certain preparation, which stuck to the metal and hardened in the salt water, so that barnacles and slime clung to the mixture like grim death, the fact of her being coppered diverting attention from that cause of retardation until finally a close examination revealed the real state of affairs. We have little doubt but that this is the true explanation of her poor sailing during the Seawanhaka cruise, for of all times, the superiority of the cutter ought to be most manifest in light winds, as FOREST AND STREAM has often sought to impress as conformable to the teachings of naval science. In such weather the speed is so low that wave-making does not yet exist as a factor of resistance, skin friction being the principal hindrance to be overcome. The greater the momentum of displacement in proportion to her wetted skin, the better will she hold the speed once acquired, and the steadier will she forge through fickle spots in the airs. The less her momentum, the sooner will the drag of friction be felt, and a loss of speed the consequence. We have for this reason combatted with much force the old school doctrine that great weight was a hindrance to speed, as it was so much to be "lugged" in "our weather."

The successful boat in paltry weather ought not to be sought in the combination of the least weight and smallest draft, but on the contrary, in the greatest weight clothed in a form having the smallest area of skin in proportion to the weight, exactly the opposite to what has been all along attempted in our sloops, and the secret of Oriva's recent work in light weather, as well as some of the victories won by Madge and Maggie over our crack sloops under like conditions of weather. Appreciating this truth, we have had full confidence in the adaptability of the cutter to "our weather" especially, and have persistently pointed out this quality as one of the merits upon which we have demanded her introduction. As a light-weather flyer the cutter cannot be beaten upon her worth by any sloop of the same grade of perfection, though it is, of course, always possible that a really good sloop should outsail a cutter of inferior quality. Merely dubbing a boat of some depth and a certain rig a cutter, cannot make her fast unless her design is wrought out in adherence to correct principles. With the well-known speed of really good cutters in light winds in mind, we venture the assertion that the handsome little Muriel would astonish all hands, as the Oriva has done, if her best trim and condition were got. We have ourselves sailed her in a circle around a well-known fast sloop on a light day, and there is no reason why she cannot repeat the performance when in proper form. In a breeze she has also given proof of her speed upon several occasions though failing to haul the prize for causes not dependent upon her racing qualities.

Now that the great speed and close windedness of the cutter is frankly conceded on all sides, we believe that upon further acquaintance prejudice against them as cruisers will likewise turn into praise and admiration, for in unprejudiced minds their greater roominess below and on deck as well as the coolness of their cabins and "dryness" in a sea, seem too patent to long pass for the very reverse among those who refuse to view the matter concisely and take up the popular lore and cry instead of considering actual facts. Much is said about their leaders. Practical cutter sailors know that this complaint amounts in experience to much less than appears at first sight. But we may leave all one side to be question. If "fastest type will prevail and the cutter seems to be in the ascendent, as I when once introduced as a racer she will readily enough appeal to the ranks of cruisers on her intrinsic merits. Time is an element necessary to all changes, and FOREST AND STREAM has no fault to find with the pluck which cutters are being introduced, for we had not expected such a ready dropping of the old love and consorting with the new immediately upon introduction through the columns of a single journal in the land.

The design furnished by Harvey & Peter, naval architects, London, shows the peculiarities for which that firm has become so famous in Miranda, Seabelle and others. Midships rather full and bold, with low bilge, fine, long entrance and very sharp run, with the quarters tucked up high and narrowing into a deep floating counter, resulting in a prettily-molded arch-board. There is no deep, plank-like keel, but a wide backbone, with the rabbet near the lower edge, and the lead bolted up outside, forming really a continuation of the midship mold. High in side and elegant in sheer, the Harvey yacht presents a most graceful broadside, giving an impression of power and stability which is not belied in fact. We have before us a sample of Harvey work in a photograph of Seabelle, a schooner who came very near paying us a visit last season, a pleasure we hope to be vouchsafed next year. We pronounce Seabelle the handsomest yacht ever floated, without an exception, both in hull and in rig, and as all the Harvey yachts bear something of the same stamp, they may be set down as beauties whose very traits are so refined that unless carefully watched in the process of building, the ship carpenter is sure to go wrong, for he takes most readily to the way the wood works kindly, and swamps the art displayed in the design as a consequence. We trust that Mr. Harvey will give future yachts built from his lines his personal supervision, so that there may be no variation between the stylish flyer on paper and the actual production in the wood.

In point of construction Oriva is certainly the finest job ever turned out in America, and so much superior in that respect to our customs that comparison between her and a sloop would be much like putting side by side a Jurgensen chronometer balance and escapement and a wooden-gear clocks, warranted to keep within ten minutes of the sun in twenty-four hours. Oriva is built on a plan devised by Mr. Harvey, and used with great success in his racing vessels. The plan combines great strength, freedom from leakage and a high degree of durability and economy in weight and space. It consists essentially of two skins, worked lap-jointed, and thoroughly bolted together, laying over a light set of timbers secured to a stout backbone by metal knees. For this purpose, and to strain, like the Seabelle, the ballasted racer, we consider this plan much preferable to the old-fashioned single skin, inasmuch as you can rely upon the vessel to keep as tight as a bottle down to a very old age, preserving her structure in good condition, saving repairs, and always sweet and clean in the bilge. But it takes a good mechanic to make a nice job of the kind, and ship carpenters equal to the work are very scarce in these days of nautical decay.

Oriva is 62ft. over all, just 50ft. on deck, 50ft. load line, 11ft. 8in. beam and 9ft. 3in. in depth, underside of deck to top of throat of floors amidships. Her fore foot is well rounded up; there is a good deal of drag to the keel and moderate rake only to the post, with the heel dubbed away a little. Keel of white oak, 31x10in. amidships; stem of oak, 8x8in., sided 8in. and molded 14in., with a long scarf. Apron of oak. Sternpost of oak, sided 9in. at head and 3½in. at heel; molded 6½ at head and 10 at heel. Oak, deadwood and frame, the latter 3½x7 at futtocks, and reduced at the head; standards 3x2½in. Keelson, molded 14in., sided 8in., tapering to 5½ at the ends. There is a regular beamshelf in place of merely clamps, and is 4in. square, with strakes of clamps 7in. wide. Beams of oak 4in. square amidships and lighter at ends, spaced 33in. apart. Lodging of hold 4½ square, and molded at the after side of her skin of ⅞ cedar, outer skin of 1⅛in. oak and teak with cleats nearly up to load line. The inner skin is treenailed to the frames and riveted to the best timbers between the frames. It is then carefully caulked and payed with a couple of coats of white lead. The outer planking overlaps the seams of the inner skin, and is thoroughly through riveted. It is 1⅛in. on sides, with 1¾in. wales and solid garboards 2¾in. thick. Sister keelsons and other framing, all of oak. The ceiling is of pine 5in. thick to head of first futtock, the latter being closed up with oak. Hanging knees of galvanized iron 1¼x1¼x3-16in. Spar deck of white pine 2⅜in.; edge fastened; planksheer of oak 3in. thick, bulwarks rail and deck fittings of teak and mahogany.

The accommodations of Oriva are very liberal, and far exceed those to be found in a sloop of her class. A winding companion leads down a little abaft amidships into the "steerage," containing a berth at the side. Abaft this is a ladies' saloon, with large berth, sofa and dressing cases neatly finished in polished pine and cherry. On starboard side aft is the owner's state-room, and forward of the companion the main saloon. Then another state-room, pantry and galley between separate bulkheads and forecastle forward, with about 6ft. head room fore and aft. A sail locker, reached by a circular hatch from deck, occupies the run aft. The ventilation is perfect, and the cabins cool in summer. Ballast on keel, 14 tons, with 11 tons inside.

The rig is that of a full-fledged cutter with running bowsprit, jibs set flying, housing topmast, low hoist, long head and loose foot to mainsail. The sails are from Lapthorn & Ratsey, of Gosport, England. Mast, deck to cap, 48ft.; deck to hounds, 41ft.; topmast, heel to truck, 31ft.; bowsprit, outboard, 20ft.; main boom, 47ft.; gaff, 30ft. The Oriva was built by Henry Piepgrass, of Greenpoint, and launched in midsummer, 1881. She failed to show signal speed at first, though up to the average of her tonnage, as recorded in these columns at the time. This year she appears to be sailing in rather better form, a somewhat dangerous customer in light winds or in heavy weather, but not quite as good in smooth water and wholesail breeze. Her owner, Commodore C. Smith Lee, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., tools the ship himself in a masterly manner, and ranks as one of the best amateur hands in America.

NEW YORK Y. C.—ANNUAL CRUISE.

[CONTINUED.]

LAST year the fleet gathered in New London harbor with the idea of making the cruise one in open waters as far as possible, as a single day would take them through the eastern passage of the Sound on the way to Newport. But for want of numbers and a dark cloud after weighing anchor from Vineyard Haven bound to Boston, nothing came of the proposed voyage around Cape Cod, and much fun has been poked at the club ever since. When, therefore, the start was effected still further to the westward from the old rendezvouz of Glen Cove, we had misgivings about the extent to which the squadron would be tried at sea, and feared that the signal to disband might again be shown from the flagship without an attempt to redeem the club's good name and show the onlooking world that some metropolitan yachtsmen, at least, could trust themselves for more than a hundred miles' run without a port within an hour's distance. The fleet this year, under orders of Commodore Smith, was so large, however, comprising some twenty-five yachts, that nearly a dozen were bound together up to the last, and actually made the trip in company from Vineyard Haven clear up to Marblehead, favored by fine summer weather and an off-shore wind. Whether the same boldness would have been displayed under a less pleasing aspect of sky and water is problematic, but the club could not have found a better day made to order for the occasion, and so full credit for the venture is its due. It was a great relief to the monotony which has characterized the cruises of the New York Y. C., whose only relieving features, in a left-handed way, have been fireworks, hops and crowders.

It is noteworthy that after energetic drumming by the officers in charge, not a teakettle accompanied the fleet, which was just as well, since the wretched apologies for steam yachts, with their low freeboard, flimsy housework and limited coal supply have really no business taking any chances outside a river or quick dodging from port to port in calm weather. With the exception of Corsair, Stranger, Rhada and one or two others, the steam yacht fleet consists of nothing more than a lot of launches of the very worst model, construction and engines that could pass muster in these days of high class engineering. But for the limited cruising indulged in them and the opportunities afforded for quick escape under a lee in the Sound, we should have heard of many cases of swamping ere this. Their absence was a source of relief rather than otherwise, and no one has complained of their failure to appear. Good cruising steamers of moderate engine power and large coal supply and accommodations, such as the Santa Cecilia, not long ago chartered by Mr. C. G. Francklyn for an Eastern fishing cruise, are excellent and wholesome vessels, and, if anything, rather better adapted to distant cruising, with limited time, than sailing yachts, but they are of a different race entirely to the ugly little sausage-shaped, smoky thing which has not even high speed to commend her, and whose popularity is just so much evidence that we have as yet no conception in America of what steam yachting really is.

The squadron had been assembling Wednesday afternoon in Glen Cove harbor, ready for the gun early next morning with the commodore's flag at the masthead of his schooner Estelle. A very fine fleet mustered, the largest, we believe, at all events the most imposing, ever joined under one officer. The vice-commodore was present aboard his handsome Clytie, and so was Rear Com. Brown with the old time Julia, "rigged back" to a centerboard sloop, ready to try on the more new fangled machines in her class. Julia has certainly not come up to the expectations of many who had all along been telling us she was a wonder, without her having any record to prove it. In days gone by this sloop raced with others half her size, or else with that machine of machines, the great flat-floored Maria. To win occasionally in such company was not much to brag about, but in those benighted times the first yacht home was lauded to the skies by the press in its complete ignorance of the value of tonnage in producing speed, and there was no FOREST AND STREAM to judge the racers upon their merits, and set its erring brethren straight. Hence a false reputation was woven about this sloop, and small wonder if now in green hands, cobbled by provincials, canvassed by local talent, and without her best trim either got or understood, she fails to meet the sky-scraping praises of her younger days.

But we are far from believing that Julia is in her proper form, and deem it quite likely that with more intimate acquaintance and further experience she will show more creditably than now with Gracie or Fanny, but these *real bangs* are not clumsy rigs and flat-floored craft going out of favor? If Julia, as a keel schooner, was slow, she was at least reasonably rigged and a stauncher vessel than with the spars of a North River lighter and straining fin in the middle, and now that she is equally as slow as a sloop, shall she be "altered back" to a two-sticker, or a cutter built in her stead? That is the question now agitating a certain circle, and we trust the decision will be for a brand new flyer of the deep heel persuasion. After all, Julia demonstrates that shoal hull and ancient ideas as to rig are not good enough for the day, and they may as well be dropped as superannuated at once as try to get a few inches more out of an old lady belonging to an era whose achievements have been superseded by greater perfection in mechanical methods covering the disposition of lead ballast and modifications thereby permitted in the molding of the hull. Like the reigning belle of an earlier period, Julia, we are afraid, has become a wall flower.

Among the fleet we note likewise the old Alarm, fresh in paint and gold, after a long spell of idleness, moored in Manning's basin, another old timer, built in 1864 and *passe* for racing, though good for many a day's cruising yet if sparred in moderation. Alarm is an illustration of how a keel model fared when intrusted to the chisel of a centerboard man, and if her performance has been indifferent the cause is easily traced to the want of familiarity with the needs of such craft, always displayed by talent warped with light draft theories. Albatross, Mr. E. W. Humphreys, was swinging to her anchor with the rest, much improved in poise and grace since her alterations, a fairly handsome, wholesome-looking ship, and one quite likely to develop more speed in the future. As it is she cannot be beaten for the manner of her keep. She looks smart, taunt and stylish in her rig and fittings, calling to one mind some of the modern British "fast cruisers" in the perfection of her quarterdeck and waists. A yacht skipper in fact as well as in name has charge of that schooner. Then there was Estelle, a peculiar vessel all unto herself, a sort of cross and a rather good one too, between a mackerel fisher and a West India fruiter. The snake-like Tidal Wave, with steamboat bow and a low side, with piratical mien, a goer down the wind, but poor stuff in a nose ender; and Madeleine, of international fame, much overrated in our belief, a sort of fair average all round in looks and qualities, in which moderation rather than excess in any direction seems to have been the result of good luck in her many alterations and gradual steps of development. Big Norseman, much like a coaster resplendent in fresh paint. Ianthe, very niked in her sheer and proportions, the outcome of thumb rule domination. Mr. Maxwell's able Crusader, and besides some others. Last, but not least, Mr. Platt's new Elsworth chipper Montauk.

Concerning this schooner we have had something to say in previous issues, and now that she has been tried to some extent our first impressions are borne out—that she is faster than anything of her size and over in the club or in America is true. By that we mean she may be counted the most likely one in a match. That she is anything of a wonder we can certainly not admit. In getting her gauge, the wretched company she is in should not be overlooked. It is nothing to her gain that Tidal Wave should be put under her lee in a dead beat. It would be a poor vessel, indeed, not capable thereof. Banshee, Scotsman and Alarm are notoriously slow, and out of the question, being nearly twice the size of Mr. Platt's schooner, and in need of more breeze to bring them out at their best. In moderate winds Clytie and Crusader run her very close, and the only two yachts about Montauk's size, Madeleine and Halcyon, gave her about all she wanted upon several occasions during the cruise. In disposing of this couple, the new schooner gave evidence of being about the fastest in the club, though something again should be credited to the hand at the wheel and the racing crew of "sharps" shipped for the occasion, while many other schooners were sailed by their owners or by that odd lot of forlorn looking marines known as "captains" by their brass buttons, but too often easily mistaken for night watchmen, bunkmen or parsonic, boasting foreign lineage, for all their nautica cast and costume would influence an impression to the contrary.

It is a pity that there were so few schooners in the fleet of a standard sufficiently high to form a basis for comparison. Madeleine left the squadron without sailing a race, and only after giving Montauk a brush or two as far as the vacillating winds permitted. Compared to our schooners generally, the palm must be awarded to Montauk, though on an equal footing in respect to condition and crews we do not deem her invincible, but good for the larger share of prizes, which in these days of close competition is honor enough for one ship. Judged inferentially by our acquaintance with foreign schooners, though, we have very serious doubts about Montauk's ability to maintain first place for us as the fastest schooner-building nation, or that our pre-eminence in this respect, won through victories in former

years, is safe in the hands of any centerboard vessel of her type, or fin or other type. It is of little avail to point in confidence to the squandering of the Ashbury schooners, or Sappho's reputation, gained by tackling a much smaller craft than herself, while in British waters in 1870. A great change has been wrought since those times, and the crack British schooner is no more like the old barrel-bottomed Cambria and Livonia than the modern cutter is like the stub-nosed bruisers America found to oppose her thirty years ago. Miranda, Lenore and Scabelle are of a far different stripe, and possess to a greater extent the qualities of a crack cutter than our schooners do those of our sloops.

With foremast in the eyes, mainmast forward of midships, deep draft, outside lead, and fapthorn duds, Miranda and her sisters are so near to cutters that we fear a meet between them and the two-stickers on this side of the water would result in their dismasture. Montauk included. We have seen nothing in the latter's performance to suspect in her the close-windedness of Miranda, nor does she run so much better than many others to make up for the deficiency. Besides we have learnt nothing in the art of sail-making since the advent of the Madge, and it is beyond nonsense to claim our rigs at all equal to those of Gosport manufacture, as a casual inspection of suits from the two sources will convince on the spot. In addition to this we find the rustic preference for a single bag of a jib still flourishing aboard the Montauk, and her heavy weather qualities yet very much of an open question. To suppose, then, that the latest addition to the N. Y. squadron in any way absolves us from seeking further improvement, or that her comparative success indicates the superiority of the principles on which her captives upon which she is built, is accepting a risk greater than we think the yacht-building world has right or reason to do. It might lead to a sudden collapse of our cherished fame in the defeat of the representative of beamy infatuation.

That has happened with our sloops, and we believe a like unexpected disaster awaits the schooner classes. We are aware that this all amounts only to an assumption, and that assertions do not make facts. Unfortunately we must rest content at this stage since the outrageous partisanship shown in the discussions surrounding the late America Cup render an international contest a very remote contingency. The argument may, however, not be without some force in view of recent events which have proven so thoroughly the soundness of similar "assertions" made in these columns in relation to cutters.

Because our experience has proved the worthlessness of over beam and fine form, it must not be supposed that we see nothing worthy of praise and imitation in the Montauk type. On the contrary, in many respects the principles embodied in her are identical with our teaching, and the Ellsworth model handsomely lined through a thorough comparison and in marked contrast with the average American yacht, we have stated in a prominent way ere this. Further, the rocker to the keel, the round up to forefoot and rake to post are one and all eloquent aids to cutter peculiarities though accepted with more or less faint heart. But of far more importance is the great displacement and limited skin to be found in Ellsworth's productions. These alone are enough to insure victory under such a faulty system of measurement as the length rule which takes no cognizance of size.

That the Elephant of 42-foot length is some 8 tons of lead more than the 3 or 4 of other yachts. This she takes along on less wetted surface than her sisters, owing to the gifted manner in which Elsworth combines great displacement, fine entrance and clear run, with the least wastes of surface. In a word, as an Ellsworth production thereby acquired stands her in good stead, and in light airs the retarding influences of friction are reduced to a minimum. In Fanita, 41-foot load line, we find the same conditions prevailing. Some 15 tons of lead in the 7, 8 or 9 tons of her opponents and the body clothed as economically in surface. Montauk is a larger edition of the same school and her performance is traceable to the same reasons. So far so good, and in Elsworth models we see a marked step in advance beyond the shoal and light weight crudities of most other builders. But if preferable to the old cocked hat, we doubt whether we must think that vessels of the cutter order represent more speed and accommodation, bulk for bulk, besides being safer and abler boats in a sea and more economical in management and keep. Much are the teachings of naval science, and so far as practice has certainly been found in accord. The Elsworth model is the natural outcome of length measurement, but not for that reason the best when equitably compared upon size. Tonnage, weight and power are of more account than form until high rates are reached, and these are supplied in Elsworth models with liberal hand since they escape taxation under length. Under the bulk rule, the same ideas have found to work well so far as they can be considered tested by the recent competition of a single vessel with a squadron not moved subsequently and probably for a similar fate. Should we test a match with an English schooner should be brought about. But here again the restrictions put about the America Cup crop up as a bar to such a consummation. The sloops will be taken up in next issue.

FACTS ABOUT THE AMERICA.

IN the July number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* there is an account of the yacht America and the cup she won, which quite eclipses the history of the "schooner" which appeared in the July number of the *Century*. It is well known that the America, when she came to Europe in 1851, was sailed by a crew of fifteen men, she having crossed with a jury rig, and her racing outfit was sent over by steamer. Referring to this incident, *Harper* says:

"She reached the neighborhood of Havre, her port of destination, and was met by a pilot-boat which at once showed the French flag, and was supposed, of course, to carry a French pilot. As soon as the pilot stepped on board, James R. Steers said to his own pilot, Richard Brown, 'Dick, that fellow is no Frenchman.' Immediately Dick walked up to the stranger and shouted in most emphatic tones, 'I tell you what, my friend, if you let that yacht scrape bottom, I'll throw you overboard.' Dick kept hold of the tiller himself, and would not give it up. As the yacht approached the lights of Havre the pilot confessed his inability to take her in. He left her and hurried to his own boats, with the startling news that 'the Yankee is the fastest vessel going.' So it came to pass that when the Steers brothers and the rest of the party crossed the Channel, and offered to back their yacht with wagers, they discovered they had been betrayed. They could not find their bets. So confident of success were they that they had brought $1,000 each to invest in that way, while Dick Brown had manifested his faith by mortgaging his own pilot boat to John C. Stevens for $2,000, every cent of which he intended to stake upon the race. But the 'French pilot,' who had been employed by somebody to get out of the way of America and learn her sailing qualities, had destroyed her chance of winning a dollar. Moreover, at eleven o'clock of the night preceding the long-anticipated regatta, the Messrs. Steers were informed that their yacht was sailed 10 miles to leeward, with the

mount to get out of the way, but all to no purpose. The snake approached with increasing velocity until, when within striking distance, it darted the spiked end of its tail into the flank of the mule.

This was sufficient motive power, and the frightened animal dashed across the prairie at break-neck speed, for several hundred yards, then stumbling, fell, throwing the Colonel into a mass of cactus plants, nearly stripping the clothing from his body, and severely lacerating his face and hands.

The snake was so firmly fastened to the flank of the mule by its spike, that it was not detached by the race, and in fact had to be cut out.

The mule swelled to enormous proportions and died in great agony after its fall.

Col. Ochiltree is well known in this city, as well as in Texas, as a gentleman of unimpeachable character and veracity.

Yours, etc., ROBERT WALLACE,
Brother to J. B. Wallace.

No. 5314 Ninth street, N. W., W., D. C.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM,
UNDER DIRECTION OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, July 13, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream, New York City:

DEAR SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 10th inst., transmitting a communication received by you from Mr. Robert Wallace, concerning the hoop snake.

In reply, I beg to refer you to the indorsement of Dr. H. C. Yarrow, Honorary Curator of the Department of Reptiles.

Very respectfully, G. BROWN GOODE,
Assistant Director.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM,
UNDER DIRECTION OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, July 12, 1882.

Prof. G. Brown Goode:

DEAR SIR—With regard to the letters referred to me from the editor of FOREST AND STREAM and Mr. Wallace, about hoop snakes, I have only to say that as the story emanates from Col. Ochiltree, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, it ought to be true. Unfortunately, however, there is no hoop snake in the National Museum, no case marked No. 402, and no such person as Robert Wallace at No. 5014 Ninth street, N. W., Washington, D. C., for such a number does not exist. With these trifling errors corrected, the story is perhaps all right. Respectfully yours, H. C. YARROW,
Honorary Curator, Department of Reptiles.

MR. GEO. DAWSON is writing some very entertaining letters to his Albany *Evening Journal* from the St. Marguerite, where he is salmon angling. He has found some large game up there, and writes: "Although salmon fishing is, of course, our primary purpose in visiting these remote waters, we cheerfully accept whatever gifts, in the shape of game, 'the gods do sends us.' And there is a great deal of large game to be had by those who can bear the fatigue necessary to find it. Sometimes it comes to the mild-mannered and always gentle-tempered angler unsought and unexpected. I remember when a mammoth moose came within short rifle range of our camp at 'Lazy Bogan,' the head waters of the Cascapedia, and where Gen. Arthur, Robert Dun and myself were fishing one summer. He was as large, and not unlike a small sized Jersey cow, and would have been a safe mark for those who are sure of hitting nothing of less dimensions than a barn-door. But before the only rifle in camp could be brought to shoulder the monster had 'smelt a mice,' and concluded to postpone his purposed crossing of the river 'to some other fourth of July.'

"On this river and in the mountains by which it is environed, bear and caribou are often killed. The former being especially numerous, are frequently met with by those who are not looking for them, and are therefore altogether unprepared to 'go for them.' This was the case with the Judge last year. He was fishing a pretty pool a mile or two from camp, when his attention was diverted from his fly by the appearance of a large black bear within a hundred yards of him. Old Bruin was quietly perambulating the sandy beach, seeking what garbage he might devour, when he discovered the Judge, and concluded that his hide would be more secure if he increased the distance between himself and his equally alarmed neighbor.

"The Judge, contrary to his usual habit of hospitality, forgot to ask him to stop and dine with him—perhaps because he wasn't quite sure whether there would be more than one at the feast if the invitation was accepted. Fresh tracks of others along the shore where they resort to fish were seen so frequently that the Judge concluded, if he had a similar visitor this year, he would be prepared to be more gracious in his hospitality. He accordingly brought a Winchester with him, and it drew its first blood yesterday from a bear who was freed within a mile of our camp, and who was brought down from his perch high up on a dead pine where he had fled for refuge on our approach. His mate was more fortunate. A careful search for him was in vain, and we had to be content with our single trophy.

"The day previously two large bears had been taken in traps placed by one of the *habitans* on the side of a mountain in our immediate neighborhood. They are coveted as well for their flesh as for their hides. At this season, and until near mid-winter, they are very fat, and are excellent eating. The flesh of an average sized bear is worth five dollars or more, and the skins range from eight to fourteen dollars, according to size and condition. The traps used to catch them are immense affairs, with a spring that would force their teeth their full length into a white oak plank. They are first set and then fastened by a formidable chain to a log as heavy as the trapper can lift. But it is no unusual thing to find the chain of the trap broken and the trap itself carried away on the imprisoned limb of the self-liberated animal. Instances are given where they have been found, exhausted or dead, after having drawn the trap with them for several miles. Cases are even cited where the bear has gnawed off his leg to secure his liberty—leaving his amputated paw as the only reward of the hunter.

"Besides bear and caribou there are a few moose among these mountains, but they are most numerous—for some reason I could not ascertain—on the south side of the Saguenay. Otter, fisher, fox, beaver and other animals whose fur is an important article of commerce are still successfully hunted by the Indians and French *habitans*. It has never been my fortune to come across a beaver camp, although they are still quite plenty in the mountain lakes within a circuit of fifty miles. I was at one of these lakes a day or two since, and saw evidences of the recent presence of beaver in the branches of trees freshly cut by them for some useful purpose; and I had the good fortune to find a perfect skeleton of the upper jaw of one of the family at a camp built by the Indians in their excursions for beaver and other game. An examination of this relic will show how it is possible for them to rival the ax man in the facility with which they gnaw down trees for house-building purposes."

SHEEPSHEAD IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Lancaster, Pa.—On the 8th inst. Mr. Clark Bostrick took a genuine salt water sheepshead at Fite's Eddy, on the Susquehanna, which weighed seven and a half pounds. It was sent to this city by Mr. Horace Zahm.—B. A.

A CAPE COD WATER WITCH.—A Boston correspondent sends us this clipping: "One of those individuals who possess what used to be called an impossible power of detecting water beneath the surface by the turning of a forked witch hazel or apple-tree twig in his hands, when passing over the locality where water was desired, has made his appearance on Cape Cod. A Provincetown man says that the 'water-finder' is quite old and nearly blind. 'He locates water for well diggers, or pretends to, simply by moving about over the surface with his eyes totally blinded. He pretends to give, also, about the number of feet below the surface at which the water will be found. It is said that the old water-finder is a farmer and a lime burner; also, that he has been employed at Beverly and Newport at $8 per day this season, and succeeded in locating water; also, that he succeeds in detecting the presence of metals." Investigation shows that a person somewhat answering this description has been quite successful in locating water veins this season along the line of the Eastern Railroad, and that there are others in New England who have fully shown themselves possessed of the same 'power of divination.' In upper New Hampshire wells are often located by such means." And our Boston friend says "go for him." We decline with thanks. We don't want him. Have no occasion to go for him. Can get plenty of water this side of Cape Cod. As a citizen of New York city we are entitled to about ninety gallons of water every twenty-four hours, and when that fails we know of an ice-cold spring within the city limits. No, we shall not go for the Cape Codder.

The Calhoun (Georgia) *Times*, with an air of modesty that disarms it of any-how-is-that-for-high appearance, tells the following truth: "About two weeks ago Mr. Smith, living a few miles from Calhoun, Georgia, on the Oostanaula River, lost a yearling heifer, about three years old, and as it was fine stock, made diligent search, but could not find it. A few days ago a party of young men fishing on the river were attracted by the smell of a dead carcass, and upon examining the cause, lo, and behold! they found a monster catfish, which had swallowed the calf, and the horns of the calf becoming entangled in the fish's gills had drowned the fish. The fish measured exactly twenty-three feet and seven inches in length and was five feet eight and one-quarter inches across the head, and from the length of its whiskers supposed to be one hundred and seventeen years old."

A PROMPTLY PAID POLICY.—Philadelphia, Aug. 2, 1882.—Mr. James R. Pitcher, Secretary U. S. Mutual Accident Association, 409 Broadway, New York.—Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your draft for $5,000 in full payment of the accident policy of my husband. It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the promptness of your company in forwarding it, and you will please express my thanks to the Board, and I would like to extend it to each member for his generous response. That the association may be blessed and prosperous in its future career of usefulness is my earnest prayer. Very truly yours, MRS. CHARLES S. BOYD.

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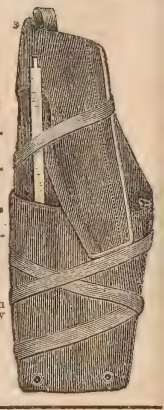
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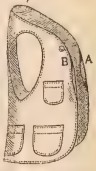
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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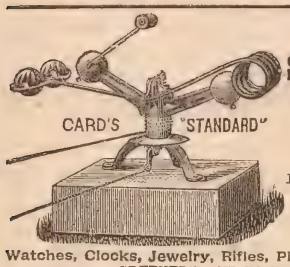
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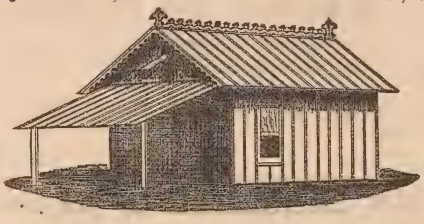
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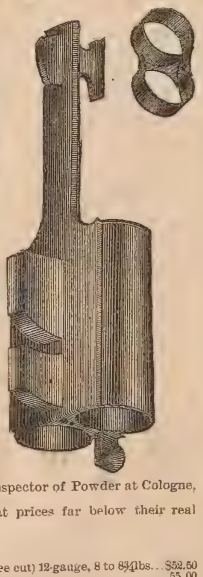
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	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot.	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
H. Pieper, Liege	3 3 4 4	4 4 4 3	4 4 4 4—45
Roedel, Prague	3 3 3 3	4 4 4 4	3 3 4 4—42
W.W.Greener, Birmingham	4 4 4 3	4 4 3 3	3 2 3 3—40
N. Bodsen, Liege	3 4 2 4	4 3 3 4	1 1 3 1—38
C. Bartels, Wiesbaden	3 3 3 4	4 3 4 4	1 3 2 3—37
Sackreuter, Frankfort	2 3 3 4	4 4 3 3	3 3 1 3—36
Camphausen, Crefeld	1 4 2 3	3 3 4 2	3 3 3 3—34

	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot.	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
A. Jannsen, Liege	3 3 3 3	4 4 3 3	1 3 2 1—32
Beermann, Munster	3 2 1 2	4 4 2 4	2 2 3 2—31
Brunn, Birmingham	3 3 2 2	3 3 4 4	2 3 2 2—30
Witte, Zutphen	3 4 3 3	1 1 1 1	3 2 2 2—27
H. Jansen, Wesel	1 2 1 2	4 3 2 2	2 1 2 3—25
Heuse-Lemoine, Nessouvaux	2 3 1 4	1 2 3 2	1 2 2 2—25
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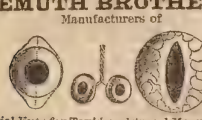
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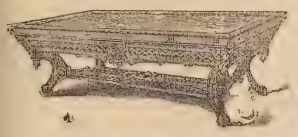
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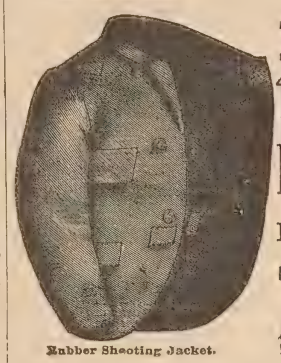
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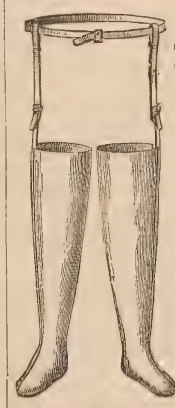
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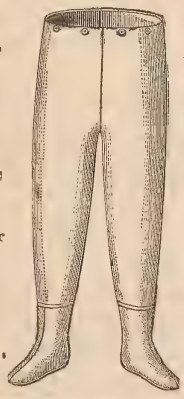


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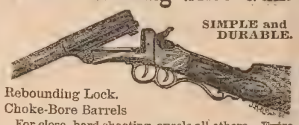
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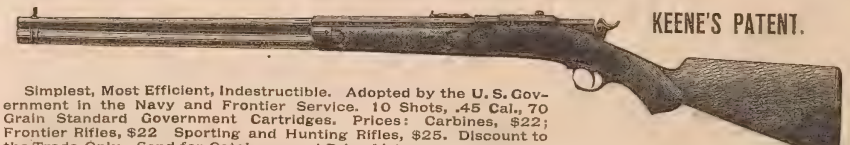
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FIG. 1



FIG. 2

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

THE men who are to make up the shooting dozen in the match with Great Britain are now busy at work upon the range at Creedmoor, practicing in anticipation of the meeting in September next. The test shooting carried on during the past week was sufficiently trying to winnow out the few weak men who presented themselves, while, of course, there was the usual bad luck attending men who felt their election sure. The men have secured a good captain, and there is no reason at all why, with the practice of three days per week which the men intend to devote to the work of preparation, we should not see very high averages during the next few weeks.

The match, if it is to be won at all, is to be scored as a victory for our team by an adherence to those rules which were so important in previous contests. These men are capable of better scores by far than any they have yet shown. They have been working thus far as individuals, and each man has put forward his greatest strength. Working singly, it is not likely that any amount of practice will show better results than what has already been accomplished. The difference between what has been done and what must be done to win the match is what may be gained by union. The men must be brought nearly up to an average, and that a good one, and this can be done by team drill. The rifles are capable of any demands which may be made upon them. The "unaccountable" misses which marked the shooting of the four days last week must be done away with. The same trouble was found with our present small-bore rifles, but care in the handling and make of the ammunition and attention to the manner of loading entirely did away with this annoyance, and to-day the "unaccountable" is a thing of the past. The nondescript weapon of the coming match is really a match rifle in this respect, and the first care of a good coach will be to see that the load and loading are precisely as they should be. The men are all of them good holders; if they are not, there is no room for them on the team. With these conditions looked after, there is nothing to prevent the ability and advice of a good coach showing itself in the score of the shooting men about him. Holding "dead on" may be practiced as easily by a military team organized as this one will be as by any small-bore team. With detached verniers and wind gauges the bar of the rear sight may be made to record the minutest differences, and the chance shot of the leader of a squad should be the sure guide to the man following. If it be not, then the team is not properly organized, and is little better than a mob of marksmen.

Apart then from the flukes of bad luck into which any team may fall, there is no reason now apparent why the team chosen on Friday last at Creedmoor should not be successful there in the match. Everything necessary for victory is either now in their possession or within the compass of their endeavor. There should be no lack of appreciative support on the part of the public. The funds which the National Rifle Association has asked for should be forthcoming at once. Americans are interested in many ways in having no defeat to American arms. Though the conditions did not so demand, this is really a test of American against English made weapons. It seems to be a gauging of the Hepburn against the Hatford rifle. That the latter is capable of good work the few fragmentary scores which have reached us of the doings of our rivals is evidence, while there is the long Wimbledon record to look at. The Hepburn rifle must be good, for it comes of excellent stock, and it has stood every test thus far. Apart from our patriotism as Americans, the winning of this match means the upholding of the American name in the small-arm market of the world. If we have no wars at home we are interested in those of other nations, who look to our armories to supply the necessary shooting irons. The trade in these weapons now belongs to America. It has been won on the merits of the arms and in the face of strong opposition. The match of September should reflect that superiority in a victory for the home team. The riflemen, therefore, deserve the support of every citizen, be he military or civilian, and the appeal of the National Rifle Association should be handsomely and generally responded to.

Looking at the personnel of the team there may be something to criticise. They are, of course, all within the requisition of being National Guardsmen, but it will strike the visitors as a trifle strange to meet an old Wimbledon shot as a part of the force of the opposing squad. The match can be won by a distinctively American team, by men who have been trained on our American ranges, who are up in the American methods, who shoot for sport and the love of it, and are not mug-hunters, and who are Americans in every sense. The accident of birth was not made a condition of the match, and very properly, too, but it was not contemplated either by the proposers or acceptors of the match that there should be other than American-trained riflemen on the home team. While it would be the height of folly to weaken the team by cutting out a really good man, we are of the opinion that it would give general satisfaction to the country at large if the team should be made as distinctively American as possible. The captain, the committee and the shooting men have full power to make up the team, and it would be well for them to consider the above in making up the list of men who are to shoot in the final test. It is to be, if we understand it properly, a fight between American National Guardsmen, armed with the best rifles which our American armories can turn out, against a team of British Volunteers, with the best military breech-loader they can find in their factories. Such a match will rouse enthusiasm and compel patriotic support; but if we are to fall back on Wimbledon-trained marksmen in any measure, it argues very poorly for what has been done in American range drill for a decade past and what we are now doing. We want the match to show what our National Guard has been doing in the way of rifle practice against the endeavors of the British Volunteer force, and this cannot be fairly shown if we are to place on our team even a single man who has been widely known as an English shot, and who, up to the time of preparation for this match, was not known on our ranges.

At this writing the Adjutant and Secretary of the team had not been named, but with Capt. Robbins and Major Farr in these positions, Col. Bodine, the Captain, will find himself well supported. In their choice of a captain the team was fortunate in securing Col. Bodine. If service merits the reward of this post, he certainly has won it. He is able as no other man in America is to render the team efficient service in meeting every difficulty connected with their shooting. He can lead to victory by the force of example, and if the young men about him do not win, it certainly will be through no fault of the "old reliable" at their head. The prospects, on the whole, are very bright. There is much to be done, and much encouragement to undertake the labor. It is really an up-hill fight for a company of tyros, such as an American team must be at the best, to cope with the veterans of the butts who are coming over to do battle, but there is every element of success in the home team, and there is every assurance of a well-fought battle and of another in the series of American victories at international rifle shooting.

ACCORDING TO THE Sacramento (Cal.) *Bee*, there was recently received at that port "a consignment of English pheasants from China. Well, they came—that is, 9 out of the 70 that were shipped. It appears that the birds were improperly cooped, and did not have the right sort of attention en route. They have been turned over to the care of W. T. Coleman, who has already succeeded in raising several. The hope is expressed that in a very few years pheasant shooting will be one of the leading field sports of the State." This is precisely what may be expected to happen to wild birds *in transitu* until some careful, intelligent person has charge of such matters at the shipping port. It is of no sort of use to thrust a lot of pheasants or prairie chickens or wild turkeys into a coop and leave them there, huddled together like a lot of ducks being sent to market, and only taking the trouble to give them a little corn and water once a day. Wild birds cannot stand such treatment. They are accustomed to having plenty of air and exercise, and if too many are put together they crowd one another until the weaker of the lot are suffocated or thrown down and trampled to death. Or if they are not too much crowded, but are otherwise improperly confined, they dash themselves against the walls of their prison so long as they have the strength to do so. Such birds, if they are to be imported, should be protected by every known means from the dangers to which they must necessarily be subjected on a journey of this kind. There is no excuse for carelessness in such a matter, and it is in the highest degree senseless to waste money in the purchase of birds when they are sure to be destroyed before reaching their destination That they can endure long voyages and the attendant confinement is very clearly shown by the very trifling loss which has attended the importation of the European quail sent to this country by Consul Braun, and unless similar precautions are taken with importations of other species it is not worth while to attempt the introduction of foreign birds to our covers.

JOHN R. WILTSIE.—Very many of the readers of this journal will learn with deep regret of the death of John R. Wiltsie, on August 16. Mr. Wiltsie was a prominent and very highly esteemed citizen of Newburg, New York, where he held a high position in the respect and confidence of his fellow townsmen. Of fine physique, fond of the sports of field and stream, and all his life participating in them, he was a splendid specimen of well-developed physical manhood. It was only a few weeks ago that he called at this office on his return from a trip to the Adirondacks, where he had celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday. Mr. Wiltsie's first trip into the North Woods was made in 1838, and after that he visited different parts of the woods almost annually, always making new friends wherever he went. For the last eighteen years he had also made annual fishing and shooting trips to the St. Lawrence, in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Dudley, of Poughkeepsie. At the opening of the season this year, Mr. Wiltsie formed one of a noteworthy shooting party, of which the other members were Mr. Thomas C. Ring, (aged 78 years), treasurer of the Newburg Savings Bank; Mr James Patton, (aged 80 years), of New Windsor; and Mr. Benj. Sears, (aged 75 years), of Coldenham—the oldest and best known shots of Orange county. Mr. Wiltsie was for thirteen years president of the Hudson River Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, and always took a lively interest in promoting the work of that society. In his principles and practice Mr. Wiltsie was a fine example of a true sportsman—because he was a true man.

DEATH OF B. B. REDDING.—We are pained to learn by telegraphic dispatch that Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, died in that city last Tuesday, August 21. Mr. Redding was appointed one of the original Fish Commissioners of California in 1870, and retained his position up to the time of his death. In his work in the commission and in other enterprises of like nature Mr. Redding was well known as a public-spirited and energetic man. He was a valued contributor to the columns of this journal; and of late years had devoted some attention to the study of aboriginal life in California.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES

VI.—GUIDES AND DEER.

THE Adirondack guides, taking them as a whole, are an exceptionally good body of men, who, as a rule, are steady, temperate, honest and industrious. That there are exceptions goes without saying, but these do not get much patronage, and are looked down upon by the great body of guides. They are superior to western guides generally, by their entire absence of swaggering airs, and not a single specimen of the "Buckskin Jo." or "Rattlesnake Dick" have I met. Not that there are no modest, intelligent guides on the plains and in other parts of the West, but it is only there that the fantastic egotist displays himself in the manner of the hero of a border novel, and, even if harmless, is a nuisance. The Adirondack guides are usually well known and are in demand, but sometimes this demand exceeds the supply, and hangers-on about the hotels undertake to guide sportsmen and tourists. Life and property is as safe in these woods as anywhere in America, and there are scores of guides who might be trusted with both, to any extent.

It is of interest to note their varying opinions on protective laws for game, especially deer. One rainy day half a dozen of them were assembled, and the conversation turning on this subject, ran thus:

"There was a party through here a few days ago, and from what I know of them they will kill a deer before they are in the woods many days," said one of the older men.

"Well, let them," spoke up a younger one. "What are deer in the woods for but to kil! when a man wants meat? I know one man that won't go hungry long if he can get venison."

"I don't agree with you," replied the first speaker; "these men come in here to kill deer for sport, as well as food, before the law is up, and, while I will go with you so far as to say that a man living in the woods may kill a deer in June or July, if he or his family want meat, yet people who live outside and come in for sport have no right to do it, and for one I'd like to see them sweat for it. I wouldn't like to complain of a woodsman for killing a deer—he will never kill more than he needs—but I would send word out to Dodge, or any other game constable, if I knew of a sportsman who did it."

"You have it right," spoke another. "I've thought this matter all over, and have learned that a live deer in the woods is worth more to me than a dead one any day, unless I am hard up for meat; and I tell you that when the deer and trout are gone from these woods we can hang up our fiddles, for there will be no one here to guide. It's the deer and the fish that brings sportsmen up here to spend their money, and so I believe in keeping up the attractions as long as possible. You can put this down: No deer, no trout, no guiding; and when the deer are played out we are played out, too, and I don't like to see men come into the woods in June and kill deer."

At this point the rain ceased and the different parties separated in their boats. I was struck by the force of the logic of the last speaker, who certainly presented the case to his comrades in the strongest light, that of self-interest. In this matter of killing deer out of season, there is no doubt of the fact that sportsmen—heaven save the mark!—are mainly to blame for the lax views that some of the guides hold on the subject. They employ the guide and set him the bad example of violating the law. As an instance of this, the following conversation occurred between myself and a gentleman at a guide's house (I had related the above conversation to him):

"Oh, yes, that's all very fine," said he; "but if you hire any of those guides who talk that way, and just offer them ten dollars to put you on a deer, out of season, see how quickly they will do it."

"Perhaps so," said I, "but that is not fair. I would then be his employer, and he might think he would lose my custom in future if he did not comply; besides, it is not the proper thing to tempt any man to do an unlawful act. These guides are mostly poor men, working for their daily pay, and that some of them, perhaps most of them, might yield to such a temptation is not to be wondered at. But do you think that it is honest to kill deer out of season?"

"I don't see how it is dishonest," he replied; "the deer don't belong to anybody; and if my necessities in the woods demand meat, I don't see why I should not take that which is running wild."

Here was a fitting opportunity for a sermon, and the temptation was strong to give it to him; but it is not always pleasant to tell a man to his face just what you think of him, so I merely replied: "It is a question whether a man has a right to place himself in such a position or not. Fish are in season and plenty, and canned goods will take him over the close season."

I now want to say to him through FOREST AND STREAM that the deer belong to the State of New York until lawfully killed. That the State has decided not to have them shot until the 1st of August; and the man who goes into the woods and kills one before that date might just as well break into the State treasury and carry off the money of the people. He is taking a mean advantage of honorable sportsmen who wait for the season to open before they taste venison; and it is a very lax state of morals which permits a man calling himself a gentleman to do it. He is a venison thief. The State allows you to go into its woods and take a gun with you, but you should then be on your honor not to violate its hospitality any more than you would if invited to the grounds of a private gentleman. Looked at in this light it is a question if a gentleman will wish to capture unlawful game.

Not one of the survey party, guides or others, has ever desired to taste the forbidden deer until the close season expires; they live well and bountifully on fish, ham, canned goods, and such other things as are brought into the woods from the nearest towns when a guide goes in for supplies. For my own part I take no pleasure in the killing of this beautiful animal at any time. Certainly, looked at from any standpoint, the sport does not compare with fighting a trout or bass. One pull of the trigger and your game is down, or away. Like men who fish with bean poles and swing a fish over their heads at the first sign of a bite, the pleasure consists merely in counting one more.

One evening in July four deer came down on the point near the Forge House and fed and drank in plain sight of a dozen, or more, of us gathered in front. On previous evenings one had been seen there alone and they were getting quite tame. Poor fellows! their confidence in man will be the ruin of them after the 1st of August. Venison is good, but I have formed such strong friendships with several deer, which come up and lick my hand, in the Central Park grounds, that I would care more to pet than to shoot their kindred. Perhaps it is not the worst thing in the world to get a little tender-hearted as one's hair begins to mildew.

F. M.

The Sportsman Tourist.

RAMBLES THROUGH NEWFOUNDLAND.

PART IV.

IT was my good fortune during my rambles to penetrate through all the famous game grounds of the island, and nowhere have I spent more delightful hours than in the early morning under the shadow of the great cliffs watching for the various kinds of sea ducks to come into the nook commanded by my position. It might seem to those who live in summer climes that while violent storms sweep over the bleak Newfoundland hills in the winter time, and deal destruction to crafts near to its rock-bound coast, that there was nothing for the sea-shore dwellers but to cling to their cots till the tempestuous season passed; but there is far other and more delightful pastime afforded them in the very din of storms. Now Newfoundland presents almost around her entire coast, what I may call a stern rocky wall to the sea, and sailing around the island for the first time your impulse is to ask, "How did people ever get upon the island?" Here and there the bold cliff seems to relent, and you notice an opening clean-cut as if chiselled by the hand of man through the rocky wall, and putting your boat through this opening, you often find the water as deep at the very base of the smooth-cliff wall as in the center of the passage; and you hear the wavelets, when there is only a slight breeze, lapping against the rock. Inside the opening, sometimes the eye is charmed by green meadows nestling in a vale through which a large brook sings its way downward, gently sloping from the wild hills onward to the sea. The sea-arm runs often from two to twelve and even twenty miles inland, winding through flats and moorlands, now and again in through hills, clad always in their tresses of evergreen. In such vales you find generally a nest of cosy little cottages, whitewashed or painted white. About the hills you hear the tinkling of the cow-bells or the bleating of the sheep or goat.

The history of these "coves," as they are called, is this: About a century ago there was a large flow of emigration from the British Isles. For the greater part newly married couples arrived in the island, with strong arms, pluck, and willingness to seize labor by the forelock. In each such cove one couple settled, rarely more than one, and as the coves were as a rule only a few miles apart, the isolation was not as dreadful as might first appear. There were always numbers of old country "youngsters" to be had from the nearest populous place, and one of these was "shipped" to the solitary cove-dweller for a year for his "prog," that is, his victuals and his clothes. From this cove the settler and the youngster caught cod during the summer months in a little open skiff, each provided with a pair of lines. Then the cod used to come in among the very rocks by the cottage after the caplin, and the fisherman and the boy might often sit, and, a gaff in the hand of each, load the boat without putting out a hook. One little skiff frequently in the season then, with only two hands on board, landed 200 quintals of cod, worth, on the average, about eighteen shillings a quintal. The cluster of white cottages you now see, sailing around the coast, belong to the descendants of the solitary pair, and the employment of their owners is still fishing. With the early spring they spread the tiny wings of their little open craft and go around for the cod, which they dry upon rocks, or upon flakes, shipping it to St. Johns in the late autumn.

This is, of course, a feature only of the general coast, for Newfoundland has a large city, St. Johns, and several other important towns, besides numerous large settlements. But from what I have written the reader will be the better able to follow me among the rocks in the gloaming, listening to the doings of the sportsman through the wild winter.

Every house that you find around the coast has a gun-rack, the pieces being of various sizes. Long-barreled guns of heavy calibre, and capable of belching out "eight fingers comfortably," are those used for the ducks.

Now while the storm may rage and drive the wave foam up over cliffs three hundred feet high on one side of a projecting point or cape upon the other side, it will be as smooth as a pond, and it is by taking advantage of these situations that the sportsman is able to make havoc among the sea duck even while the tempest thunders.

I went out for a week's duck shooting to one of the hospitable coves in the bay of St. Mary's in the midst of February, a few winters ago. For a week steady, the wind had been blowing sheer in upon the land, and not a bird had been killed. But I must add that what was a disappointment to the rock-dwellers in this respect was cause for much gratification in another. For it is almost certain to happen after a strong southerly gale has prevailed for a few days, if the wind suddenly chop around and blow in upon the land, that large quantities of wreckage are driven ashore. Some of the inhabitants lie in the rocks hours before dawning, waiting for light to look for the prize, and the spoils of ocean are often not less interesting than valuable. All the houses in these coves are built of deals and boards picked up on the strand or beach. I have known silks in bales, boxes of jewelry, combs, cottons, scarfs, and even packages of bacon and pork to be thrown up among the rocks, not to speak of the vessel debris, and the hundred other incidental things.

So it was in the case I have mentioned. Several huge square pieces of timber and large quantities of deals had been picked up all along the face of the cove, and stuck up in the crevices till the sea became smooth enough to collect them. The game disappointment was more easily borne.

I brought a sturdy, strong-limbed dog with me, whose pedigree I cannot give. He was one of the many dogs to be found in the island inured from infancy to the buffeting of the waves, and invaluable to the sportsman shooting ducks by the surf or by the rocks.

During my first night's stay in the cove the wind blew fiercely, and in order not to disappoint me, who had come so far for the sport, two of the young men agreed to set out with me the next day, if the wind did not show signs of abating, and go across the small peninsula to where there was shelter. But about noon the wind fell.

The following morning, an hour before the dawn, we set out for the "tilts." The tilts were three little shanties, built in the crevices of the rocks, about two miles out on the coast from the dwellings. In these tilts the fishermen lived during the summer while fishing, as the place was nearer the fishing grounds, and afforded better landing facilities than the dock by the cottages.

I shall never forget that tramp through huge rocks, up dizzy heights, and down again through yawning chasms through the darkness and the piercing cold. My dog whined and shivered, I believe in terror, clinging to my heels. I followed my sure-footed guides out around the perilous way till we came to the cliff top, looking down upon the tilts. Dawning showed the fainted streaks of gray, and I could see the great sea stretched out before me like a vast and indistinct field of hazy blue. The better trained eye of one of the guides saw more, and taking me by the shoulder, pointing through the gloaming to the sea he said, "look;" but looking with all my might, I saw nothing but the indistinct outline of the sea. Then he whispered me to "make no noise," that it was "a big flock of ducks," "and now," he said, "mind yourself coming down here, it is not nice for a stranger." I kept close to his heels, and shuddered as I saw him step over the beetling brow of the cliff to make his descent.

The terrors of that descent I shall never forget. Piercing though the morning air was the perspiration started through every pore of my body. The path down consisted of here and there a tiny step, like a stairs step, being blasted into shape on the face of the craggy cliff, which, added to a few natural spurs and shelves in the rough rock wall, formed a means of descent from the top to the tilts below. I managed to get down, and so did my dog, though the poor brute whined piteously on nearly every step, for which he received from the guides "curses, not loud but deep."

They laughed at me as I got to the bottom, saying, "Why, our girls and women run up and down here two or three times a day in summer; that's nothing." I felt piqued at this rebuke and tried to think of some form of danger, strange to my guides, but familiar to myself, which I might brag about; but alas! I could not think of any.

"Now, we had better station ourselves," said the leader, and it was decided that we should go into one of the tilts, built upon the lowest ledge of rock, and wait for the birds to come on. There was only a light breeze blowing, and its direction was off land, so that under the shelter of the cliffs above us the water was as smooth as a mild pond.

Bringing the dogs in we took up our position in the tilt, first having removed the "firing boards" in the side of the little building. Through this aperture we were to fire. By the time that our preparations had been made the growing light had purged the hazy veil from the face of the sea, and we had a good view of the surroundings. Looking through the opening beyond a little point on our left, what a bound of delight did my heart give as I saw a huge, dark moving mass, covering fully an acre in area, crossing toward the shore. "There they are; gambirds at that," whispered one of my companions. And then in the same low tones, "Keep your nerves steady; you will soon see something that you never saw before."

I may state that the duck called "gambird" by the inhabitants is the American eider duck—*Somateria mollissima*—known locally also as the "sea duck," and "big salt water duck."

It was next to impossible that I should try to believe my eyes that the huge mass coming on was all birds, and that thousands would come in under the very muzzles of our guns. Nothing less, I was assured in low whispers, would happen, and one pointed down into the water and said, "Do you see all these shell fishes clinging to the rocks on the bottom? The ducks are after these." It was soon plain enough. The whole body moved rapidly in, singing a multitudinous song, whose music seemed not unlike the sighing of the surf. A few acted as leaders, bearing their crests high and proudly, and continuously turning their heads from side to side, as if on the lookout for danger. The nook immediately below our tilt soon filled up with the birds, while for several gunshot lengths outside there was a solid mass. We lay still, making not a motion. "Let them dive," whispered the senior of our party. "If they all go down at once we will leave the tilt and get a shot lower down. It will be observed that the point at which we were was several feet above the level of the birds, which would prevent us from "raking" them with our shot, whereas, by adopting the proposal made, we would be on a direct level. Meanwhile, the whole mass pressed on and swarmed into the many nooks about where we were. After a sharp look around, down went the leaders, and were followed simultaneously by all the rest. Not a bird remained to be seen of the numerous host of three seconds before.

While my wonder was upon me my companions ran out, saying to me hurriedly, "Come;" and in a trice had placed themselves behind a hedge of rock directly at the water's lip. I was beside them in an instant, and we all disposed our dogs cosily behind us, and made ready. We were to fire in the order in which we lay. I being on the right was to fire to the right, he in the center in the center, and he on the left to fire to the left of the nook. I heard the word "Now" given, and that is all I noticed save the birds, so excited was I. We

raised ourselves simultaneously, leveled together, and fired as one gun. For the moment we could not determine the effect of our shots, so great was the confusion among the skurrying birds, beating the water into foam with their wings. But when we did see it, the exclamation "Well done, by Jove," from the staid shot of the cove gave me a fuller idea than I could gather from the number of birds floating dead just before us. You could trace as accurately as if you had fired along a snowbank, the direction of each shot. Three rows of dead birds lay in the nook, and wounded ones almost innumerable hobbled around, and skurried off, making the best of their way with trailing wings and broken legs. I felt not a little pride to see that I had as many to show on the right of the nook as either of my companions had; nor when they both for the first time critically examined my gun, and pronounced it to be able to "pitch shot pretty well."

Immediately on the discharge of our guns, over the rock went the three dogs and began fetching the birds. But the task was too heavy, and we launched a little rodney, kept in the summer for mooring the larger skiffs and in winter for shooting purposes. The number of birds shot dead, and those wounded which we followed up and shot also, reached 103, not one of these birds weighing less than seven pounds. This being slaughter enough for one day, each took a load of birds, went up the jagged cliff-path—which did not look quite so terrifying in the light—and on to the cove. I took eight birds across my gun, each of my companions took exactly double that number, the rest of the birds we left in the tilt and they were brought round to the cove later in the day by four of the young men from there. These birds, hung in a cool porch, will remain fresh during the winter, and when thoroughly soaked and properly cooked, are little inferior to the choicest members of the duck family.

During my stay at the cove I went out on several expeditions, but at none, not indeed summing up the total luck of all these, had I with my companions such fortune as on the morning at the tilt. Perhaps it was the "biggest shot" of the winter on that part of the coast.

One morning during my stay, the wind having blown in-shore for some days, I resolved to cross the narrow peninsula and "try Westward Cove." We set out, Peter and myself, about an hour before the dawn. Peter having slightly overslept himself. A tramp of four miles lay before us, through deep snow and over marshes not so deeply covered, but supplying, as an offset to depth, a provoking crust, which always would nearly bear you, but never would quite bear you. Toilsome and maddening it was this get up and break through again, every step to the knee, over two miles of marsh; and to make matters worse, before we reached the point of descent to the rock it was so bright that we must betray ourselves to any birds in the bight.

We crept cautiously to the bank, and saw a dozen birds or so within easy range of our firing place, and after my companion had looked upon them a minute, he exclaimed, "All right—sleepy divers." We'll get a shot yet unless there are any hounds around." (The "hounds" I satisfied myself were the long-tailed duck, *Harelda glacialis*.) The "sleepy diver" gets the name from the sleepy look it has, and the comparative ease with which you can get a shot at it compared to other ducks around the coast. The bird is really the American scoter—*Œdemia americana*. We lay upon the bank for a few minutes, after which my preceptor told me there were "no hounds." Then, when the sleepies went down, as they did simultaneously, we ran as fast as the nature of the slope would permit, about a fourth of the distance, and then threw ourselves down noiselessly by the side of a boulder, our dogs doing the same. While the birds were up we moved neither hand nor foot, lying there like the rock till they went down again. This is a very general way of "working upon" duck in the daylight all around the island, and to serve as a screen in the descent rows of rocks are placed at certain points beside which the sportsman may lie without fear of recognition.

That day we got five birds, I taking two, my companion three; but what I have to tell of most moment in connection with the trip is, what befell my dog. There was a pretty heavy sea running at the time, but the two dogs did not mind this. The dog of my companion would, when he saw the sea curled up ready to break, dive at its base, and come out all right on the other side; but my dog, nurtured in smoother places, and in less turbulent waters, was at the mercy of every sea. He had brought in two birds and was swimming out a third time, when a huge sea curled up green and threatening. My dog was between a jagged projecting rock and the sea, about midway, and instead of diving into its base, he raised his head timidly, half, and then turned his side to it, swimming along in the trough. The sea broke, and I saw him through the rushing foam borne against the goading rock edge. When the sea went out again I saw that he was badly stunned and swam around confusedly. He was too far for me to reach him even had I the appliance, so I knew he was doomed.

It is a strange, yet a well established fact, and noted by myself more than a hundred times, that heavy seas break in upon the shores in a succession of threes, that is, after it has been quite smooth for a few minutes, at a landing dock among these rocks, you see a swell grow outside, curl up and break; such sea will assuredly be followed by two others, after which the waters will become smooth again for another period. I knew there were two seas to follow that which struck my poor dog, and they came and beat him against the rocks, after which his dead body floated away, and with a tear—I could not check it—I saw the last of him drift around the cape.

In many of the inhabited parts of the coast the duck is found only in comparative scarcity, and so it is that in the autumn, late, parties of young men set out from such places and proceed to points sometimes fifteen and twenty miles distant, where, in a favored spot in the rocks, and under the cliff, they erect a shanty or tilt, to which they can resort in winter to watch and wait for sea duck. I have spent many a night in one of these cozy little tilts wrapped warmly in my blanket in a comfortable bunk, lulled to sleep by the music of the sea upon the beach and against the iron-bound rocks about me.

Before returning home I set out with a party of three others, we being provisioned for three weeks, a distance of fifteen miles to one of these little shooting houses. It was situated on a wild part of the coast, built on a little rock platform at the foot of a perpendicular cliff that soared 300 feet into the sky. We stayed in this tilt for a fortnight. We could always get plenty of drift wood to burn, and had blazing fires during our sojourn, because the wood we chiefly used was pieces of broken boat planks with a deep coating of pitch on one side. You cannot travel any where upon the naked coast but you meet such mementos of the ravages of the tempest and destruction of the hardy toilers that struggle with the fierce tempests in these dangerous waters. The wind blew straight in from the sea upon us for ten days, and during that time the sea spray rained incessantly, like a continuous rainstorm, upon the roof of our little dwelling.

The days were dreary enough, though my companions found much solace in their pipes, a pack of cards, and in fighting over again the battles of Alexander and of Napoleon upon the chess-board. I had two books—a copy of Tennyson and "David Copperfield." I cannot tell how affected I was reading for the first time, in the midst of the storm, the recital of the shipwreck at Portsmouth, where the destroyer and the lover of "little Emily" both perished; how the mighty green waves, curling and smoking, and breaking with the crash of thunder and furiously assaulting the grim rocks, reminded me of the great waves that annihilated Steerforth's ship and beat the life out of the noble-hearted Ham. But after the inland gale had subsided, and the storm began to pipe over the cliffs, out from the land, the long-angered sea seemed to sleep at the base of the hills, and numbers of birds which had weathered it out, famishing perhaps, exposed to the violent storms, came in singing hungrily in large numbers. But as birds of nearly every kind that inhabit the coast waters—the harlequin duck (*Histrionicus torquatus*) called locally "lords and ladies;" long-tailed duck (*Harelda glacialis*), provincial name, "hounds," from the resemblance between their cry and that of a pack of hounds in full chase; surf duck (*Pelionetta perspicillata*), called by the fishermen "bottle-nosed diver," the "sleepy diver," mentioned elsewhere in this paper, also the "American eider duck;" the king eider (*Somateria spectabilis*), local name "king duck," and the red-breasted merganser (*Mergus serrator*), called in Newfoundland the "shell bird," besides the "sea pigeon," or black guillemot (*Uria grylle*), little auk (*Mergulus alle*), called "bull bird," and several others which I cannot just now call to mind—as all these, I say, came in, it was impossible to move in trying to get a shot at some birds for the time under water after the shell fish without disturbing the rest; for alarm but one bird while all the rest are down, and they too take the alarm, many fathoms deep among the rock nooks at the bottom of the sea, and when they rise it will not be at the point where you saw them dive, but quite beyond the range of your duck shot.

We got about fifteen birds of two or three different kinds however, not a great number, but, considering the weather, about as good as might be expected. I may say that on the morning of our departure I was lying down behind a kelp-covered rock, every now and again a dash of spray coming into my face, waiting for a pair of bottle-nosed divers to come in range, when something rose about ten yards out from the rock like the bottom of one of those old-fashioned pots or skillets. I knew it was alive and swimming, and that is all I knew about it, but feeling instinctively that it was game, I leveled, fired and knocked the daylight out of something as big as a large sheep. The dogs jumped out and seized it, dragging ashore a fine seal of the "harbor" variety, scientifically known as *Phoca litorea*. As that was my first seal I had the skin and flippers taken off; the latter I had stewed that evening for my dinner, the former I had elaborated into a pair of boots.

It will not, I shall venture to assume, make a joint in this recital of a winter's ramble to annihilate a few weeks of time spent under more civilized atmosphere and recount an expedition attended with fatalities, later in the season.

There are a good many young men in Newfoundland who would like to shoot ducks in the cold weather, but would not care for braving the cold and the dangers attendant upon the sport like unto the cats that would relish fish exceedingly well, but who will not hardship themselves to wet their paws. So that it is hard sometimes to make up a party. It was in March while fierce winds swept over the island, singing dismal songs through the windy crags, and adown the gorges about the coast. The "gambird" or American eider duck had now begun to move away from the prominent portions of the coast, and shrink back into the bights or toward the bays. I organized a party from a settlement on the coast to fit out for a few days to give the birds a "farewell shot" for the season.

I have good cause to remember the morning we set out from the settlement. It was about three hours before the dawn, and the stars twinkled brightly through the dark vault of heaven. The day before there had come a heavy fall of snow, and a high wind prevailing, huge drifts, sometimes, on the level, reaching twenty feet, were to be found here and there, while large masses overhung the cliffs for many paces out beyond the natural precipice-rim. I may say I have often, in winter, walked along by the ridge of the precipices, upon the snow, and suddenly, by some landmark, found I was many paces out beyond the natural edge of the cliff. Such a position is fraught with the gravest danger, as these masses are continuously breaking away, and being hurled among the rocks, or into the boiling sea hundreds of feet below. Here and there, going along the cliff's rim in summer, you see a cross or head-stone, telling you in a few words the sad story: "Two men walked over here in a storm in the winter of ——;" "Sacred to the memory of ——, who was precipitated upon the rocks below in a snow-slide," and so on.

On the morning we set out for our expedition against the ducks, the leeward cliffs were all in this treacherous condition. We reached a well-known sea-fowl haunt in the gray between the dawn and sunrise; but seeing no birds, journeyed on for two or three miles further. The sun rose bright and strong, and the trees growing out by the precipices' edge dripped merrily. We reached a huge "scrape," or shaving cliff—distinct from its surroundings by being soft and gravelly from top to bottom, and forming an angle of about forty degrees with the beach below—from the top of which we could see several large beds of ducks feeding away vigorously. The snow was drifted in a huge mass about thirty feet out beyond the brink of the scrape, but, in order to reach the bottom, it was necessary that we should go over this artificial and perpendicular front.

There were five in the party besides myself, and these all being as nimble on the cliffs as their own mountain goats, and laughing at all peril, prepared the descent by making steps in the snowbank downwards. But before this task was done, we saw an instantaneous movement taking place in the whole mass, and that we were moving with it at tremendous speed down the gorge. The whole occurrence passed before my eyes like the swift shadows that rise and pass one in a fevered dream. The mass seemed to settle down flat, moved without noise, and easy as if its feet were of feathers. I saw my comrades and heard them shout in exultation, enjoying the situation. But consciousness, or rather the power of being able to recall the whole incident, fled from me. My first recollection was that I was thrown rudely on the beach, by the very edge of the sea, and a stupefied, pain-like feeling I felt in my head. My eyes were dizzy, and I reeled around upon the beach stones. Then I looked about me, and heard the laughter of my companions, and found that I had my gun firmly clutched in both my hands.

It was now all clear. The laugh I heard was only momentary. It came from three of the party who stood near myself at the outer edge of the snow-mass. And then a piercing cry I heard—it came from a brother—"Where is Bill?" And then all asked together, "Where is Jack?" but the silent hills only returned a sound to the wild beseechings of the sorrow-stricken party.

Still we thought that they might be playing us a trick, and looked in every crevice at the bottom of the cliff where it was possible they might have concealed themselves; but the first impression was only too correct—they were buried under the huge snow-mass, and while we were speaking, if they were not killed otherwise, were smothering to death!

We knew not what to do. Sick at the heart with terror and sorrow, and without the appliances to dig in the snow, even were our puny exertions of any value, we stood bewildered. All was as still as the very grave. The huge mass rested there, beaten into powder in its fall, yet placid as if it had just come from the heavens.

That afternoon about fifty sturdy hands discovered the bodies of our ill-fated companions. Both were close together, wedged in against a hard rock projecting from the cliff-wall of the scrape. One had his gun clenched by both hands, the other held his lightly in the right hand as if alive. They were without bruise or scar, but the faces were a purple black. My last act there was to carve out in letters upon a cross for each the simple legend of the mournful death of one and both. I was, indeed, the only one who could carve such a legend; perhaps in the whole settlement of sixty souls there were not three who could read or write. And the two crosses stand to this day upon the brink of the ill-fated spot where we descended on that March morning.

Toronto, Canada. J. E. Collins.

RICE LAKE.

THE dog days are now upon us, and all who are so fortunate as to be able to shake the dust of the metropolis from their feet, are doing so with a warmth that is only equalled by the intolerable heat that has been our lot for the last few days. In fact, from the appearance of out-going trains, steamboats, etc., there is a perfect hegira of sweltering, suffering humanity to country and seaside. There are many who have done the mountains and seaside to satiety, veterans or novices with the rod or gun who are seeking through guide book and excursion tables for new fields to explore, where their prowess may be displayed and glory won in stream or woodland. For those I desire to pose as a humanitarian by disclosing a little Utopia for sportsmen, where the brightest realization of their dreams can be found, where in stream fin abound so plenteously, and where in woodland feathers prevail so extensively, that patience, heretofore one of the essential qualifications of the "true sportsman," is banished from its fair domain. The ground is well known to, and patronized by, our cousins across the border, but is a *terra incognita* to even the vets here.

The place I refer to is Rice Lake, in Ontario. It is a beautiful sheet of water, varying from one to four miles in width, and is about fourteen miles in length. It is the source of several rivers, which are navigable by canoe for many miles back into what is a vast wilderness of forest, where in season large game abound, and which is the resort of many enthusiastic Kanucks, whose sporting proclivities are only limited by the great chain of lakes in the Northwest. Rice Lake owes its name to the extensive beds of wild rice which have existed there from time immemorial. I believe these rice beds are the largest, and the grain of the best quality, that can be found on this continent. The lake and an extensive tract of land on its westerly side have been set apart by the Dominion Government, as a reservation for a portion of the Chippewa tribe of Indians, who have a very pretty village, which is called "Hiawatha," located on the banks of the lake. It is said that the lands in this reservation are the best cultivated, and return the largest crops of any in that section of the country

Lately the government has been paying great attention to the propagation of fish in this lake. For some years past Mr. Charles Gilchrist has been the Inspector of Fisheries in that section of the Dominion which includes Rice Lake, and to his earnest zeal and indefatigable efforts is largely to be attributed the success of the government in stocking this lake and its tributaries with its "finny tribe," which excel in quantity and quality even the wonders of those traditionary fish stories which were inspired on the bosom of Rice Lake in the balycon days of yore. Mr. Gilchrist (who, by-the-bye, is one of the jolliest, most genial and hospitable mortals that can be found in many a day's tramp, as all who have come within the beams of his smile can testify) attributes to the wild rice the wonderful success in stocking this lake with fish and redeeming it from depletion, making it, a desert in this respect, blossom like the rose.

This rice grows in from one to six feet of water, on a soft muddy bottom, from two to six feet above the surface; its head when ripe is from one and a half to two and a half feet in length, and full of grain. It grows in beds so thick and strong as to require great exertion to force a canoe through it. The beds are from two to six miles in length, and average about two miles in width. In fish ponds it is of inestimable service in the propagation of fish. Its great root surface gives it great purifying power. It affords shelter to the young fry, being a protection from the larger fish. Its stalks, etc., support a great quantity of parasites, upon which the young fish feed.

As soon as the rice is ripe it is gathered by the Indians; the harvesting commences about the last week of August, and, if no heavy rains or high winds occur, lasts about three weeks.

An Indian and squaw, or as one reminded me rather imperatively last summer, an Ingun lady, take a canoe, she in the stern paddling for dear life, and he in the bow, gracefully, but so lazily, wielding a stick in each hand, strikes the head of the grain, which falls into the canoe, and in this manner gathers and threshes at the same time. The rice crop of an Indian is equal to his efforts, and I cannot avoid here offering another tribute to woman, by saying if it were not for the Injun lady the Indian's crop of rice would be infinitesimal.

Mr. Gilchrist, who, during the entire summer, resides at the lake, buys from the Indians almost all the rice they gather, paying the same price they can obtain at any of the towns they deal in, and saving them the trouble of trans-

portation by land. He has erected an extensive drying and store-house at the lake, and personally superintends the drying and packing of the rice, which he sells in large quantities, shipping it to parties all over this country, who are sowing it with remarkable success in ponds and lakes for the purpose of enticing wildfowl to their domain, and aiding in the propagation of fish.

I will now attempt to acquit myself of my purpose by giving directions of how to get there from this city. The shortest route is to Rochester; from there to Charlotte, on Lake Ontario. At Charlotte you take the boat and cross to Cobourg, on the Canadian side; from there the Peterborough and Mormora Railroad conveys you to Harwood, a small village on the borders of the lake, where an excellent hostelrie, at very reasonable prices, can be found. By leaving New York in the morning, via Hudson River Railroad, and making close connections with the lake steamer at Charlotte the same evening, you can reach Rice Lake in thirty-six hours from New York.

From the 1st of August until the latter part of October, the bass fishing cannot be excelled. Tiring of still fishing, one can resort to trolling, and can find a little excitement in hauling in a twenty-pound muskalonge. As an attraction for wildfowl, the lake is unsurpassable; thousands of every variety of waterfowl make it their feeding ground, where they grow fat and luscious on the wild rice. Here, after the 1st of September, can be found black, gray, teal, bluebills, redheads, goldeneyes and wood ducks, as well as coots, reed birds, etc., while in the adjoining forest wild pigeons and partridge abound. Need I say more to send the blood coursing tempestuously through the veins of even the most exacting and capricious sportsman? R. S. H.

New York, August 2, 1882.

THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

To a man wearied with the different troubles and cares that poor humanity inherits, and which afflict the rich and the poor alike, this beautiful spot is as a haven of rest. I think the scenery and surroundings here are the grandest and loveliest I ever gazed upon. Nature has hollowed out from these massive, rugged mountain ranges a basin, or plateau, of some fifty acres, and it is a veritable garden of the gods. The lawn, gently rolling, is shaded by grand old oaks, centuries and centuries old. Under their spreading shade the Shawanee Indian chiefs had their wigwams and held their council and smoked the calumet. That this spot was their regular abiding-place is proved by the number of relics found. Ancient graves, mounds, arrow-heads, stone tomahawks, ironstone lance-heads, fragments of pottery ware are often picked up.

Tradition tells us that this place was called Yokemac, and here it was that all the tribes of that warlike race, the Shawanees, assembled once a year to indulge in their Olympic games and other rites and ceremonies that were peculiar to the North American Indian. They were a mighty nation, and numbered thousands of warriors. They held undisputed sway over all that territory running from the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Ohio River, and were in the very plenitude of their power long after the tribes of red men under Powhatan had been conquered and destroyed by the English.

Indeed, until the year 1751, the foot of the white man had never trod the unbroken wilderness. It was not until the year 1749 that this glade, shut in by lofty mountains, was discovered, and discovered by an accident. It seems that an eccentric character named John Cartwright, living in Winchester, Va., who, when the moon was at its full, had, what the country people call "spells," and would steal off like old Rip Van Winkle, with his gun and dog, and wander at will, for days and weeks at the time, through the pathless forests. In one of these trips he discovered a fairy-like spot where the ground was level, the trees of vast size, and medicinal springs gushed from each hill, and a broad river ran on one side and a brawling clear stream on the other, both filled with fish. He returned home and told in glowing colors of a paradise he had found hid away in the fastness and gorges of the great Alleghanies.

The tale was looked upon as the wild ravings of a madman. But he stuck to it with unyielding tenacity, and finally two hunters, Jacob Martin and Stephen Sewell, determined to venture in search of this land of enchantment. With a kit on their shoulders they set off, and finally reached the spot. They dwelt together for some time in a hollow tree, and revelled in a land that was filled with deer and bear and whose waters teemed with fish. Sewell named the mountain after himself.

Sewell and Martin were killed by the Indians, and it was not until years after that Yokemac was seen by the palefaces. It was twenty-three years later that the Shawanees were beaten at the battle of Point Pleasant by the colonial troops, and were driven from their hunting grounds and forced to seek shelter with a portion of their tribe that dwelt on the banks of the Scioto in Ohio. But they never relinquished absolute title to the spot made sacred by their council fires. Marauding and scalping parties hung and circled around the region, making war to the knife against the palefaces, and it was not until their numbers dwindled away to a mere frazzle was this section safe from their forays.

The whole of this region was owned by Nathan Carpenter under a letter of patent. Carpenter was subsequently killed by a small band of wandering Indians in a stockaded fort where the town of Covington now stands. His wife Kate fled to the friendly recesses of a mountain overshadowing Yokemac, and it is called Kate's Mountain to this day. It overlooks the White Sulphur from the south.

It was years afterward, in 1788, that the wonderful efficiency of these waters for chronic rhumatism and gout was discovered, a Mrs. Anderson was cured of chronic rheumatism, and the fame of the healing waters spread far and wide, and a year later a few tents were erected by for invalids who were driven to the place in rough wagons. The bathing facilities consisted of a huge tree hollowed out to answer the purposes of a tub.

In 1788 a few log cabins were erected by an enterprising genius, who probably ran a bar and barber shop, thus shaving the poor invalids at both ends.

It was not until the year 1818 that the White arose to the dignity of a watering place. A tavern was built, cottages erected, a big mirror put in the bar room, and the young man with a mock diamond in his shirt front exported from a city placed in charge, and a darkey with a brush stood at the bathing trough. Probably about this time a man with a tin cup stood at the spring to hand the visitors water, with a placard on his hat of "Please remember the dipper."

If miracles could be played in these days, I would like to watch the countenance of an Indian brave as he rubbed his eyes after a century's slumber and saw in the center of the grounds where once rested his tent of buffalo hides, a great stately building rising white and fair against the green of the trees. A half a hundred tasteful cottages are dotted over the ground, and on the hill is a pavilion from whence on a summer's evening there comes forth sweeter music from brass and silver throats than his untutored soul ever dreamed of. What must he think if he had happened to awake in the night time and seen the grand hotel with its three thousand windows blazing with light, while the electric lamps, spouting their white flame, makes the beautiful lawn as bright as day.

There are some of the most exquisite bits of scenery around the springs that I ever beheld. A broad stream runs along the base of Kate's Mountain called Dry Creek, and by following it along your eye is charmed with a succession of panoramic beauty that is simply indescribable. In some places the stream rises and deepens and lies in all its grace and purity at the very foot of some rugged rocky bouldered mountain that rises sheer upwards until its pinnacled crags pierce the clouds.

> "The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
> The mountain moss by scorching skies embrowned,
> The orange tints that gild the greenest bough."

In this creek there are perch, carp and other fish, that bite freely. Some thirty miles away are the mountain runs, where the trout are caught, and I understand from the mountaineers that in Pocahontas county, fifty miles distant, the streams are filled with speckled trout. I had intended going, but my party failed to arrive owing to business matters. The best way would be for several to rendezvous at the White Sulphur, lay in an outfit, rent from the stables here a light two-horse spring wagon and then drive to the streams and camp out. Indeed that would be the only practicable way, for the good fishing grounds are so deep in the mountains, miles and miles away from the nearest habitation, that it would not pay to ride there and back every morning and evening. I shall never rest contented until I have whipped these waters and see for myself if all the wonderful tales I have heard of streams literally alive with trout are true. Chasseur.

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

A HALF-WAY HOUSE.

It was nearly dusk one August afternoon when the Professor and Sigourney, with their two guides, were descending the Raquette. They had been on a trip to the Saranacs. They had stopped at Martin's and seen several embryo sportsmen in top boots and corduroys start on their first trip to the woods.

They had crossed Round Lake, that proverbially rough water. Whenever a breeze ruffles the surface of the Raquette or St. Regis, the guide is wont to rest upon his oars and exclaim, "Guess it's rough on Round Lake to-day." Thus our party had long looked forward to the excitement of crossing that roughest of the Adirondack lakes. But when at last they did cross, and when they came back too, Round Lake's surface was as a polished mirror. Their own faces looked out of it and mocked them. The Professor thought he had seen rougher water than that down home. It was very unusual, the guides said.

They had dined at Bartlett's, and such a dinner! but Bartlett's reputation is already made. Upper Saranac, three mile carry, both were crossed, and now they were going swiftly down the Raquette. Ay! not that stream flowing through acres of deadwood, that they call the Raquette now, but the old river, flowing in all its primeval beauty, unscanned by the selfishness of man.

"Yer see that carry," said Wren, pointing to a small opening in the bushes through which the river could be seen as it turned in its course. "Well, the river runs by there agin' an' it cuts off some to carry across. Five year ago a green guide come down an' they told him about it. When he went by here he didn't see it, but when he come round he see'd where it come out, an' he just hauled the boat over an' put it in the river an' rowed round agin jist where he rowed afore."

At length they turned into Tupper's Lake, and pulled across to Moody's. It was quite dark when they reached the landing. The boats were drawn up and they hastened to the house. It is pleasant after a long trip in the wilderness to reach a house again; after a long isolation from man to see a human face. Balsam boughs are all very well, but a good bed is doubly soft after a few weeks of them. Many parties indeed, instead of camping out, make trips between these half-way houses.

The room which our party entered was a cheerful one. There was a fire in the stove, for even August nights in the woods are sometimes cold. Eight or nine men were in the room, some sitting about the fire, some leaning against the wall. One, a tall, wiry man, stood behind a bench pouring out liquors. That was Mark Moody. There were piles of duffle on the floor, and guns, fishing-tackle and coats hung upon the walls.

Supper was ready. All filed into the long dining room. All were hungry, and the attack began without ceremony. Plate after plate of smoking venison was emptied. The trout vanished. The corn cake melted away. Then came griddle-cakes and maple syrup. A dark girl, with sharp features and straight black hair, brought them on.

"Look!" whispered the Professor. "A red Indian girl. There can be no mistake. That is the Huron nose, though the brow is more of the Mowhawk type."

"That," broke in Hank, "why, that's old Moody's daughter."

She hopped around with the speed of several Indians. Now she stood by Sig.

"Tea or coffee?"

She spoke with the rapidity of a book agent.

"Well, if that last was coffee, I'll take tea."

She was gone. After supper Mr. Moody entertained his guests in the "bar-room." The other party were eight in number, four sportsmen—a clergyman, a lawyer, a merchant, and a fat man who was nothing in particular except very fat and very jolly—and their guides.

"I say, Moody," said the fat man in a high, squeaky voice, "I say, how long did it take you to build this house?"

Thereupon Moody related how he had cut the logs and shaved them down to planks with a draw-knife, and how he had made all the shingles. He said it was not done yet, and our party found on going to bed that that was quite true, for the walls had been lathed but not plastered, and the rooms, consequently, looked into each other.

When Moody finished his narrative the lawyer pronounced the building "a successful case" The clergyman said it was a "noble work," and "founded on a rock," which last was quite true. The Professor went into a eulogy on the patience and fidelity of hardy backwoodsmen, which the fat man interrupted with:

"I say, Moody, do you keep any hounds?"

"Wal, no, only one ter foller up a wounded deer now and then."

"I say, Moody, let's see him."

Moody went to call the dog, while the conversation turned on the breeding and training of the hound.

The dog was brought. All eyes were turned upon him.

"What! by Jove! why, I say, Moody, that's nothing but a black and tan."

"Wal, I don't know what he is, but I know he's got a nose that can foller a deer."

That night our party slept well. The Professor alone dreamt, and his dreams were of Indian girls hunting deer with black and tan terriers.

The next day our party stopped over at Moody's. At noon the Professor discovered boats coming across the lake. The field glass was manned, and bright-colored dresses and fluttering veils reported. All were on the *qui vive*. The boats landed. Three maidens in bloomers stepped lightly out. Guides came up bringing shawls, bags, umbrellas, wraps, etc., all followed by a solemn gentleman who was quite overlooked. Dinner was delightful.

The young ladies soon proved that they were not of those fashionables who affect a poor appetite at table but gobble in private. These gobbled in public. A rivalry sprang up as to who should eat the most trout. Miss Francis and Miss Frederika Smith were both outdone by Miss Josephine, who pronounced the menu of the hotel delightful, and declared that she had never enjoyed a meal at Saratoga as much.

The Professor was charmed, and when he wrote home to his wife that afternoon said they had met a pleasant party at Moody's—Mr. Smith and Frank, Fred and Joe.

That evening our party got up a rifle match for the entertainment of the ladies. Hank bore off the honors, and was lionized by Miss Frank, but her Endymion behaved toward this Diana much like the original. He declared he "never could quite go them frizzled city girls."

Sig showed Miss Fred the powers of his rifle.

"Do you see that dead pine across the lake?" said he. "I think I could send a bullet even to that."

"O, la, how nice! Why, I should think it would strain your rifle to shoot as far as that."

O, shade of Nimrod! But what do women know about a gun? and he went over to talk with Miss Joe.

"Oh, Mr. P., I'm so sorry you didn't win the match, for do you know when I first saw you I thought you were a guide; you're just the image of a dear guide we had on the St. Regis—from Paul Smith's you know—been to Paul Smith's? lovely place! reminds me of a hotel on Lake Lucerne. This scenery is so like Switzerland, don't you think so, Mr. P? But Pa is beckoning, I'll be back directly. Ta-ta!"

Sig did not await her return, but called Wren and went off in search of something.

In about an hour they returned. Sig drew the Professor into their room and closed the door.

"A mud-turtle! What in——"

"Hush!" whispered Sig, and then produced a can of soft pitch and four walnut shells. The pitch was applied to the turtle's feet, which were then stuck fast inside the shells. Moody's boy, who was an accomplice, lit a light in the room of the Misses Smith and placed the animal on his back beneath the bed.

The young ladies retired, all in the one room.

After a space of time which seemed several hours to the party listening across the entry, the light was put out. While it had been burning, the turtle remained perfectly quiet; but when it had been dark about fifteen minutes, he began to crawl. The floor was bare, and the walnuts struck it with blows which were heard plainly across the entry. Whack! whack! whack! followed by a scream. Louder whacks. Louder screams, and three figures in white, calling loudly for Papa rushed into the entry. Papa appeared also in white and brandishing a pistol. Moody and wife rushed out with a light.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh! a panther, or a bear, or something, under our bed, oh!"

Moody went for a rifle, and our party now appeared, armed to the teeth. The room was surrounded. The strange noise continued. Moody headed the attack and the men entered. A light was brought to bear upon the spot whence the noise proceeded, and the brute was drawn forth. Moody came out holding the creature by one foot, while a comical expression played upon his face.

The young ladies were late to breakfast next morning, and our party took an early start.

Ah! Moody! Wherever they go they will remember you and your good cheer. Often, amid the dust and turmoil of the city, they will see, at times, before them, that quiet cabin on Tupper's Lake. And when its timbers are decayed, and its owner long since passed away, tradition will hand down the fame of both.

RAIL TIDES.

For the following table of high tides at Lazaretto, Pa., we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Wm. Miller, proprietor of the Riverside Hotel at that point. The post office and railroad station for Lazaretto is Mo.re's Station. Trains leave Broad street depot, Philadelphia, as follows:—6.30, 7.35 and 10.16 A. M. 12.30, 1.32, 2.30, 3.16, 4.31, 5.30, 6.20, 6.36, 8.30, 10.30 and 11.32 P.M.

TABLE OF TIDES.

Date.	High Water.	Rise Ft.	Date.	High Water.	Rise Ft.
Sept. 1	3:41 P. M.	6.5	Sept. 23	8:53 A. M.	5.3
" 2	3:34 "	6.5	" 24	10:01 "	5.4
" 3	5:21 "	6.4	" 25	11:06 "	5.7
" 4	6:15 "	6.2	" 26	12:05 P. M.	5.8
" 5	6:04 A. M.	5.3	" 27	12:59 "	6.1
" 6	7:38 "	5.6	" 28	1:42 "	6.3
" 7	8:42 "	5.2	" 29	2:32 "	6.4
" 8	9:44 "	5.2	" 30	3:25 "	6.5
" 9	10:39 "	5.5	Oct. 1	4:15 P. M.	6.5
" 10	11:30 "	5.5	" 2	5:05 "	6.4
" 11	12:15 P. M.	5.9	" 3	5:55 "	6.2
" 12	12:51 "	6.1	" 4	6:46 "	6.0
" 13	1:29 "	6.2	" 5	7:43 A. M.	5.7
" 14	2:06 "	6.3	" 6	8:48 "	5.5
" 15	2:43 "	6.4	" 7	9:57 "	5.3
" 16	3:22 "	6.5	" 8	10:59 "	5.4
" 17	4:03 "	6.5	" 9	11:50 "	5.6
" 18	4:45 "	6.5	" 10	11:37 "	5.8
" 19	5:31 "	6.3	" 11	12:19 P. M.	5.9
" 20	6:19 "	5.9	" 12	12:58 "	6.1
" 21	6:15 A. M.	5.8	" 13	1:34 "	6.2
" 22	7:42 "	5.5	" 14	2:12 "	6.3
			" 15	2:55 "	6.5

Natural History.

A BABY SEA LION.—Some weeks since we noticed in these columns the birth of a young sea lion at the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, which are under the care of our valued correspondent, Mr. Frank J. Thompson. In the Cincinnati *Enquirer* is a brief account of the preparation of the young animal for his first bath, which our readers will find interesting. Those who desire fuller information on this subject, as well as on the habits and breeding of the sea lion (*Zalophus gillespii*) in captivity, are referred to articles by Mr. Thompson in FOREST AND STREAM, July 11, 1878, and Feb. 27, 1879. The account given by our contemporary is as follows: "In the sea lion's enclosure in the Zoological Garden may be seen a seal pup, which has now experienced seven weeks of the light of the blessed sun. He is a rather ugly little fellow, but yet an object of great interest. His coat of hair is rather rough and non-repellant, and not at all calculated to shed water. About the end of the fourth week he appeared one morning with a glossy coat of grease, and upon looking into the cave, evidences of grease were seen upon the floor. The experienced superintendent knew the time had come when the mother thought her interesting bantling should learn to swim. He had the carpenter construct a platform from the edge of the rock platform, sloping into the water, and fixed partitions to confine the young pup to that part of the pond arranged for his especial benefit. When all had been done and quiet restored, the seal pup ventured to the edge of the rocks and rolled over into the water. The anxious mother stationed herself at the deeper edge of the wooden platform to prevent her offspring sliding into water too deep for it. The pup would drown as readily as a human baby if it should get into deep water before it had learned to control its respiratory apparatus. The seal pup flopped around in the water, occasionally getting its nose under the surface. Then there would be a great spluttering and coughing until the water was expelled and the nostrils recovered from the spasm. Those who have watched the seal playing in the water must have noticed that when it comes up from below it opens wide its nostrils; then before it dives again closes them tightly, the outer edge being drawn hard against the septum, very much as the upper eyelid is drawn down, the line of closure being perpendicular, of course. The same observer must have seen the seal come up occasionally with his mouth open, or a fish in it, and wondered that the animal did not swallow water. Nature has provided it with a set of muscles for closing the nostrils, and another powerful set around the throat for closing the "swallow." Thus the seal, taking in a supply of air, closes the nostrils and the throat, and is at liberty to open his mouth if he chooses. Now this is just what the young seal needs to learn. He has a body properly shaped for floating and diving, and the use of his flippers is soon learned. But the infant muscles must be trained by practice to close the air passages at the proper time, and the mother seal, who, in a state of nature, always calves on a sloping beach, inures its young gradually to deeper water. Thus the mother may be seen carefully watching her young to see that it does not slip into deep water and drown, and a very intelligent mother she is."

NOTE ON THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER.—Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 15, 1882.—For the past two or three years specimens of the red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) have been taken in Rhode Island, but I have seen no account of their nesting here. July 28, while on a day's pleasure trip to Oakland Beach (a summer resort a few miles below Providence, on Narragansett Bay), my attention was attracted by a woodpecker which seemed to be feeding at some little distance from where I was standing; the species I could not then make out. It soon left the spot and flew past me, and as it went by I saw it was the red-headed woodpecker. It lit upon a tree a short distance from me, and this being the first specimen I had ever seen alive, I was anxious to see more of it, and so followed it up. Arriving at the tree, which was a small oak, I found no bird, but soon discovered a hole about ten feet from the ground. I rapped lightly upon the tree and out came the bird, looked at me about a minute and then flew away. I could hear the young in the nest quite plain. I went away, and in about one half hour returned, rapped on the tree again and then took a seat close by. The bird came out as before, and I had the satisfaction of watching her some five minutes. On August 13, while out in a canoe on the Pawtucket River, I saw a full plumaged (white head and tail) bald eagle watching some fish-hawks which were sailing over the water in search of fish. Soon as one saw the eagle he gave an alarm note, and they all left, together with the eagle. The last eagle seen before this was October 29, 1880. They are very rare with us.—SAMUEL F. DEXTER.

A TOUGH STORY.—The Portsmouth (N. H.) *Chronicle* tells a pretty strong story about the intelligence of a toad, which runs as follows: Mr. Charles White, of Newcastle, has a brood of chickens which have a run of a portion of the yard, the old hen being kept shut up. The chickens are fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough gets a little sour it attracts a large number of flies. An observant toad has evidently noticed this, and every day along evening he makes his appearance in the yard, hops to a saucer, climbs in and rolls over and over until he is covered with meal, having done which he awaits developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarm around the scheming batrachian, and whenever one passes within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darts out, and the fly disappears; and this plan worked so well that the toad has taken it up as a regular business. The chickens do not manifest the least alarm at their clumsy and big-mouthed playmate, but seemed to consider it quite a lark to gather around him and peck off his stolen coat of meal, even when they have plenty more of the same sort in the saucers.

DEPREDATIONS OF THE SQUIRREL.—Fern Lodge, Nova Scotia.—I can fully corroborate your remarks in answer to a correspondent in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM, regarding the carnivorous propensities of the squirrel tribe. The common squirrel of England is well known as a flesh eater; and now I must include our common "chipmunk" or ground squirrel (*Tamias striatus*), in the list of enemies of the feathered tribe, for a young one we had in a cage lately pounced upon a bird put into his cage by mistake, and tore off a bunch of feathers, and had it not have been for the cries of the poor bird which immediately brought assistance, the squirrel would soon have made mincemeat of him.—J. MATTHEW JONES.

THE ENGLISH SPARROWS' DEPREDATIONS.—It looks as if, in certain sections of this country, we might be about to enjoy (?) the same experience that the Australian farmers have had with this small pest. The Central Falls correspondent of the Providence *Journal* tells a pitiful tale of a farmer's experience with these birds which we print below. He says: "One of our citizens who has a good reputation as a gardner, thinks if some one will invent something that English sparrows will eat that will kill them sure, he can make money. He tells a mournful yet comical story of his experience with these pests, which were brought over to this country for their imaginary good qualities, and which are so well cared for and protected in some localities. For instance, he has planted peas five times this season, and from those five plantings he has secured two small messes of about half a peck each. He believes it would have been cheaper to buy peas it they didn't cost more than two dollars a peck. Among the peas were some received from the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, for trial, and which he was very anxious to try. But he didn't have an opportunity, although he hopes by care and good luck to have two or three pods ripen—just enough to try again with next year. He couldn't understand why the peas didn't grow until the third planting, when he noticed numberless bird tracks around them. He began to suspect. He kept watch, and his suspicions were confirmed. It was the sparrow. He says they will attack the corn spindle as soon as it begins to grow, and later will tear down the husks to get at the young corn and destroy it. Two years ago the only way he saved enough of a special kind of sweet corn for seed was by tying up the husks at the point of the ear, so that birds couldn't get at the ear. He chartered a boy who wanted some fun, provided him with a double-barreled shotgun and ammunition, and put him in the garden to shoot the sparrows. He shot thirty or forty, but by that time the birds got so wild they wouldn't come anywhere near the garden while the boy was there. The fun was gone and the boy went away. The boy was gone and the sparrows came back. The experiment wasn't as much of a success as was desirable. He has tried to poison them by throwing down poisoned grain to them—such as they feed on in the winter—but they evidently prefer green stuff in the season and laughed at him. Noticing that when an ear of green corn is husked and kept where they can get at it, they clear the ear pretty quick, he thinks when the time comes he will poison some ears and leave it for them; but the prospect now is that he will have to go away from home to get the corn."

THE GOPHER.—This name is given in different regions to many different animals. To certain mammalia, as the pouched rat of Canada, *Geomys bursarius*, Rafin, the hamster of Georgia, *G. pinetus* Rafin, and the ground squirrel or spermophile of the Western praries, and in the pine woods of the Southern coast, a land tortoise, *Testudo polyphemus*, Cuv., *Xerobates carolinus* Ag. is known by this name. The same is said to be derived from the French word *gaufre*, a honeycomb, and is applied to burrowing animals which honeycomb the soil. The mammalian gophers are useless to man, and many of them very destructive to vegetation, but the land tortoise, known by this name in Georgia and Florida, is inoffensive and valuable for its flesh and eggs, which are fully equal in delicacy and flavor to those of the green turtle. To my taste, having often eaten them side by side, it is superior. This gopher is from ten to eighteen inches in length, the upper and lower shells united together on the lateral edges; the legs short and thick, with well developed nails on the feet; color, dark brown. It feeds on grass and wild fruits, digs burrows in the sand from five to ten feet in depth, of a winding form. It is entirely inoffensive, notwithstanding its great strength, which will allow a large gopher to sustain a weight of 200 pounds. I never was more astonished than when I saw a gopher only a foot long, walk off with a boy of twelve years old on its back. The land tortoise are of slow growth, and are said to live to the age of 100 years. The largest species is that of the Galipagos Islands (*Testudo indica*), which reached the weight of 200 pounds and were much used for sea stores by the crews of whale ships. They are said to be now nearly extinct. Another species is found in the south of Europe (*Testudo graca*), which is the one described by Gilbert White in his Natural History of Selborne. While living at Halifax Inlet, East Florida, my host had a large hound, which, besides being good for deer, wild cats, 'coons and 'possums, would trail a gopher in the woods, and when he overtook it would turn the creature upon its back, and so detain it until his master should come up. The dog could not kill the gopher, which retires into its shell, neither could he pick it up, so he adopted the best and only method of capturing it. That was not instinct, but reasoning power, an adoption of ends to means. Every Sunday morning my host would go to the woods with a sack, followed by Buck, and seldom returned without four or five gophers, two of which of the average size would feed a large family.—S. C. C.

A STRANGE STORY.—Lockport, June 29, 1882.—In your issue of September 29, 1881, you published my "puzzling question," about the breeding together of black and yellow-billed cuckoo. I have something more to offer, that I should have thought more improbable, had I not seen it. On the 16th of June, while passing through the same apple orchard, I saw a turtle dove sitting on one side of what I thought was a robin's nest, and wondered why it was in that position. Passing to the other side of the tree, I was surprised to see a black-billed cuckoo occupying the same nest. I advanced to within fifteen feet of them, when the cuckoo left the nest, but the turtle dove remained in the same position, until I had repassed to the other side, when it also flew away. The nest was out on a large branch, about ten feet from the trunk of the tree, and between eight and nine feet from the ground. On getting up to it, I found it was a robin's nest, and contained one robin, two cuckoo, and two turtle dove eggs. Having never seen or heard of such a mixing up of eggs and birds in one nest, I took eggs and nest to add to the collection of my son. The turtle dove eggs were fresh, but the cuckoo and robin eggs were just tainted. The nest had been relined by the cuckoo with fine dry roots and weeds, and I wondered that the robin laid in it after being disturbed by the other birds. The nest and eggs have been shown to two individuals who are well posted in ornithology, and both agree with me. They consider it a very valuable find. —J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N.Y., July 31, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen the eggs and nest mentioned above, and I have no doubt about the correctness of the observation, or the honor and integrity of the observer.—A. WALTON TRYON, M.D. (Ex-President Jewett Scientific Society.)

A CHARMING CAT.—The Newman (Ga.) *Herald* relates that "a cat charmed and caught a full grown crow a few days ago. The cat was on the fence and the crow lit near it when the cat fastened its eyes upon the bird, and so strong was the charm that the crow showed no resistance." We wish that the *Herald* had been more explicit and given us the details of the charming. We are in agony to know if the crow was charmed by the song of the cat, as we have often been, or if the position of the cat, "on the fence," constituted the charm, as it often does with politicians. The account states that the crow was charmed before being caught, and no mention is made of its being charmed afterward. It does not state whether "the cat fastened its eyes upon the bird" with glue, gum arabic, shingle nails or shoe pegs, but the fact that they were fastened is given in the shortest manner. The statement that the charm was strong leads us, however, to infer that the fastening was secure; perhaps horseshoe nails. If the editor had been charmed with "old crow," we would not require these details. It is possible that the strength of the charm bore an inverse ratio to that of the crow's intellect. The crows with which we are familiar, would not yield without "resistance" to the fascinations of a cat, be it never so charming, and the appointment of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* to take evidence as to the mental capacity of Newman crows might lead to interesting scientific results. But after all, what we want is a method of charming, not crows but cats, so they will make no resistance.

A BLUEJAY'S GAME.—Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 12.—In "J. Quay's" interesting letter in your August 10 number, he says: "Ernest Ingersoll, in writing for New York, speaks of birds that reside all the year around in our fields, like the bluejay," while he, J. Q., wrote of having seen them only in the largest forests. Perhaps it will interest J. Q. and others to know that here, as in New York, the bluejay is the most domestic, as the boldest and most mischievous of the wild birds. Several pairs build every season in the trees around my house. To illustrate their mischievousness or love of fun I give you the following: One of a pair, flying a number of times to a high picket fence around my lawn yard, attracted the attention of a pair of white kittens of mine, and they, thinking to have a grand dinner, mounted the fence and commenced a cautious approach from picket to picket. The jay let the first get to within eighteen inches, then hopped over and between the two. The second kitten approached; the bird hopped over it. It turned and the jay hopped back and between. The first kitten approached, and the jay hopped back over it, and so kept it up till one kitten got disgusted and left, and the other followed soon after. To finish off, as the kitten started for the house the jay made a swoop towards it and flew chattering to its nest. Once or twice after the jay tried to inveigle the kittens to another frolic, but failed.—H.

POISONOUS SNAKES IN GEORGIA.—Can you inform me what poisonous snakes have been identified in this country? I have found but five; three varieties of rattlesnake, one water moccasin (which, however, must not be confused with the common water snake found in every stream in the South) and the highland moccasin, called copper-head at the North. There is also a snake called cotton-mouth, which I have never seen, and a snake called spike-tailed rattlesnake, said to exist in the low country, which is, I believe, a myth. Can you inform me about these.—W. T.—(Rock Mart, Ga.) [Your "common water snake, not poisonous," is probably a species of *Tropidonotus*, which has a wide geographical range. The "water moccasin" and the "cotton-mouth," we think, are the same snake, as we have found both names applied to *Ancistrodon piscivorus*, in the South. The "highland moccasin," or copper-head, is *Ancistrodon contortrix*. In addition to the last two poisonous snakes, there may be found in Georgia two species of "ground rattlers," so-called, *Caudisonia miliaria* and *C. tergemina*. These latter look like ordinary rattlers, but are much smaller and have plates on the head instead of scales. The brilliantly-colored "harlequin snake," *Elaps fulvius* is likewise found in Georgia.

WEIGHT OF OPOSSUMS.—An inquirer wishes to know the limit of weight attained by the opossum. Will some of our Southern readers supply the information?

New Publications.

HUBBARD'S GUIDE TO NORTHERN MAINE.

We have received from the author, Lucius L. Hubbard, Esq., Boston, Mass., a copy of "Hubbard's Guide to Moosehead Lake and Northern Maine." This is a third edition, revised and enlarged (there are over eighty pages of new matter) of the "Summer Vacations at Moosehead Lake," which was so well received.

The three indispensables of a satisfactory guide-book are comprehensiveness, accuracy and compactness. Mr. Hubbard's book is so fortunate as to possess each one of these merits. Its plan is a model.

"Part First" contains some plain, sensible and practical chapters on "How to Camp Out," discussing the time of the year, the camp outfit, provisions, canoes, guides, camp-fires, cooking, hygiene, etc. There are two full-page wood-cuts, giving excellent representations of the bark and foliage of different trees—cedar, fir, hackmatack, spruce, pine and hemlock. This for the novice. It will be readily understood that this part of the book may also be read with profit by campers who pitch their tents in other woods than those of Maine.

"Part Second" is devoted to Moosehead Lake and the immediate vicinity. All the different waters, mountains and other points of interest are detailed, with distance, route, and all other information given explicitly and concisely, yet delightfully free from the mannerism of the average guide-book. "Part Third" is devoted to tours beyond Moosehead Lake, the East and West Branches of the Penobscot, the Aroostook and St. John rivers, the Forks of the Kennebec, the Katahdin Iron Works, and the other principal routes for canoeists. In the chapter "Tours for Campers" eight different tours are detailed, starting in each case from Boston, and varying in the time consumed from one week to three weeks. A tabular statement is given of time occupied, fares, guides, hotels, provisions, etc. In short this is a guide-book of the most helpful sort. It comes nearer to our ideal of what such a work should be than any other publication with which we are familiar.

There are numerous Albertype illustrations, prepared from negatives made with the Blair tourograph, with woodcuts, and two large and finely engraved maps of Northern Maine, covering the Aroostook and St. John rivers. There is also a railroad map and a time-table.

The visitor to Maine should have this book in his pocket. With it he is well armed and equipped, and if he do not venture too far into the forest primeval, may by its aid find his way without difficulty. (Boston: A. Williams & Co.; 218pp.; cloth, $1.50.)

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

THE following schedule exhibits the game now in season. (Also, in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves.
California—Deer, doves,
Dakota—(Aug. 15, grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover).
Delaware—Woodcock.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse; (Aug. 15, deer).
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo.
Illinois—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, pinnated grouse).
Indiana—Woodcock.
Iowa—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, pinnated grouse).
Kentucky—Woodcock.
Louisiana—Deer.
Maine—Plover.
Maryland—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse).
Massachusetts—Woodcock, doves.
Michigan—Woodcock.
Minnesota—Woodcock.
Missouri—Woodcock, plover, meadow lark, dove; (Aug. 15, pinnated grouse).
Montana—Fool hen, grouse, ptarmigan; (Aug. 10, buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, moose, wildfowl).
Nebraska—(Aug. 15, grouse).
Nevada—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, sage grouse; (Aug. 14, deer).
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, wildfowl, rail.
New Jersey—(Aug. 25, reed birds).
New York—Woodcock (except Dutchess, Herkimer and Oneida cos.), squirrels, deer, (Hounding season opens Aug. 15; forbidden in St. Lawrence co.)
North Carolina—(Aug. 15, deer).
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Ohio—Woodcock.
Oregon—Grouse, wildfowl.
Ontario — Woodcock; (Aug. 15, wildfowl, snipe).
Pennsylvania—Woodcock, plover.
Rhode Island—Woodcock, plover.
Texas—Deer, pinnated grouse.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail, wildfowl).
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, woodcock
Washington Territory—(Aug. 15, deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse).
Wisconsin—Woodcock; (Aug. 15, grouse, quail).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp tail grouse; (Aug. 15, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe).

☞ For exceptions, local laws, etc., see FOREST AND STREAM Schedule "B," issue of July 20, page 486.

WHAT DESTROYS THE RUFFED GROUSE?

DURING the four past years the editors and correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM have answered correctly many very puzzling questions in connection with forest and stream, woodcraft and natural history. Such as what becomes of the antlers of deer and other *Cervi* shed each year? At what season these are shed? What emasculates the squirrels? What the English sparrow is good for? Where hoop snakes are the most plentiful? How speckled trout catch flies with their tails? How shooting clubs protect the game and fish? etc.

"Byrne" has calmly sat and looked on, while these sometimes hot controversies were going on, ready at any time to give the correct answers, in case no one else stumbled on them. But sooner or later some one would step in and give the true solution of the question "befo' de meetin'," and it was not necessary to call upon me.

All such questions have been answered to "Byrne's" satisfaction, and I think correctly, except the one of "what causes the disappearance almost entirely of the ruffed grouse in districts where it had before been quite plenty?" This has not been answered by any one to "Byrne's" satisfaction, and as there seems to be no hopes of its being so answered, I will have to attempt the answer myself.

The theory of the partridge fly or tick destroying the young will, I think, not answer, from many natural reasons, one of which is, that this fly has not, so far as I can learn, been found West, and it is certain that this grouse fluctuates in quantity different seasons, wonderfully in sections where they are not destroyed to any great extent by man, or visible birds and beasts of prey in the West. They do not increase in numbers West in places where there is every visible reason why they should increase greatly. In places West where they were very numerous twenty-five and thirty years ago, they are not near so plentiful now, yet there is no visible reason why they should not be more plentiful. And from what Eastern correspondents write, the same facts pertain everywhere East.

"Byrne" will now give his theory of the cause of this disappearance of the ruffed grouse and other birds of its family, and its want of increase in sections finely adapted to its natural increase, and some facts supporting this theory into an hypothesis, if not into facts, in natural history.

Some thirty-five or forty years ago, there was imported into North America from China and India certain great "gawkey, long-legged, coarse, cowardly, ill-looking, worthless, a perfectly outrageous parody on chicken life and farm, certain domestic fowls, known as Shanghais, Cochin Chinas, Brahmas, etc., chickens." Along with these was imported a "virulent anthrax," sporadic, or zymotic contagious disease commonly known as "chicken cholera," which devasted, and is devastating, our "chicken coops" and turkey roosts yearly. Now it is a well known fact that some of these malignant deadly diseases such as this, involves in general destruction not only certain species, but also whole families and orders in its deadly embrace, and the scientific study of these diseases will have to be carried much further than it has been before we can know what species any one form of these dis eases do involve. For we do not as yet know but that the deadly so-called "hog cholera," and this same "chicken cholera" and other deadly forms of disease of man and other animals are caused by one common parasite.

This "chicken cholera" has never been, I believe, scientifically investigated. While the so-called hog cholera has been thoroughly (see reports of United States Department of Agriculture), the disease, or two diseases, are very similar in their action in the pig and in the chicken, and there seems to be no cure for either when once attacked, the only safety being in prevention. But it is possible that either may be cured by proper treatment in the first stages after being taken into the system, while it is in the incubation state, or latent, and before it becomes virulent and has attacked the vitals. Now let us see if there is any proof that this "chicken cholera" does destroy other species of the order to which the domestic chicken belongs. I have positive proof that it does destroy both the domestic and wild turkey. I have lost hundreds of domestic turkeys, having the same symptoms and dying at the same time that the chickens were dying around them by the dozen. Several years ago I procured a "clutch" of nine eggs of the wild turkey, placed them under a domestic hen. Seven hatched out and I reared them to the size of a prairie chicken, when seven of them died in one day with this disease in exactly the same way and with the same symptoms of the chickens and the tame turkeys running with them.

Query: do quail die with this disease? I have never seen one actually die with it, but facts show conclusively I think that they do. For instance, I have seen young quail exceedingly plenty on my place in Illinois and in that neighborhood in July and August. It is there unlawful to shoot quail until October the first, and but very few, scarcely any, are shot in that neighborhood before that time. In July each covey of quail numbered from twelve to twenty; when the season opened on October first, some seasons, and these were the same seasons that chicken cholera had devastated our poultry yards, but very few quail could be found, and when a covey was found it would consist of a few individuals—four, six, eight or ten would be about as they would run, and quite often only the two parents with no young with them would be found, with rarely a covey with its normal number.

The same facts exactly apply to the ruffed grouse under my observation. This bird was not, in the early settlement of the country, found near my home in Illinois, but began to appear there about twenty-five years ago. I had as fine a country for it to propagate and breed in as the most exacting and æsthetic *Bonasa umbellus* seemingly could ask. I took very great pains to protect the noble incomer, not killing them myself or allowing others to do so, so far as possible. For a few years they increased finely, then for a time became very scarce, then gained a little, and so they have kept on fluctuating in numbers year by year until the present time, and I do not think that in that neighborhood there are any more individuals of this fine bird than there was three years after we discovered the first covey in there. I know that they have not been killed by dog and gun; but I do not know positively that they curled up and died with the chicken cholera. But I do know that all facts show that they did, do and will. As I said before, all the facts I have given as to the quail are equally true of this grouse. The same large coveys of young until about two-thirds grown, and then suddenly reduced to a very few individuals or entirely disappearing.

Whether the prairie hen or the pinnated grouse (*Cupidonia cupido*) is destroyed by this disease or not, my observations are not so complete, but so far as they have gone they incline me to believe nearly conclusively that they are. About twenty-five years ago the prairie chickens began to decrease more rapidly in numbers than the amount killed in my neighborhood with the gun would warrant. After that time the same depleted coveys would be found at the opening of the season, and the number of birds varied too greatly different years. Now for a few observed facts as the season or time of year that this disease, "chicken cholera," destroys the birds, and my argument is complete. Old birds generally die with it April, May and June, young birds in the last half of July and August, when they are about two-thirds grown. The old birds do not often die in the spring, but seasons when they do they are generally the finest and fattest of the flock, these fine birds dying very suddenly. Thin birds die more slowly, and sometimes nearly recover. Then if these are facts, and I certainly think they are, we may have all the birds named very plentiful the first half of July, and very scarce September first. As to the virulence of this disease and its capacity for killing chickens, I will say that I have often seen farms stocked with hundreds of chickens and turkeys, and all be dead in a few days but a few old setting hens.

BYRNE.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, ARK., Aug. 10.

GRASS PLOVER SHOOTING.

YEARS ago, before the Stetson House, at Long Branch, was erected, and the numerous cottages extending in a line southward were built, the whole extent of field land from the bluff to nearly a quarter of a mile inland was a continued succession of plover grounds. At that time the fields at Long Branch were either cultivated or used as pastures directly up to the bluff, which rose before the surf fifteen or twenty feet high. On these plover grounds, which were either potato fields or pastures, from Howland's Hotel to Deal, I have shot hundreds of grass plover, but have never seen one close by on the beach. I was quite a boy when I began shooting at Long Branch, and became very skillful under the tuition of an old friend, and at that time by no means a young tutor—Mr. Thompson, who, with his son-in law, Mr. Shade Green, and the latter's brothers, Capt. Charley, Jim and Walter, were considered the best sportsmen at the Branch. I remember how I astonished my old friend Thompson by crawling on all fours down the potatoe rows—the vines having attained full growth and blossom—until I got within shooting distance of the plover I had seen alight in the field, when I would jump to my feet, put the birds up, and kill them before they got well on the wing. And such birds! Just here, in speaking of the potato fields in which I so often shot them, I discovered a peculiar species of small beetle always in the crops or maws of the birds I killed in these lots. It was doubtless this insect that attracted them.

It was considered ten four miles from Howland's to Deal, and we generally had good shooting from the time we reached Capt. Charley Green's house at what was then known as "the fresh water pond," a half mile from Howland's. We frequently met Messrs. J. W. Wallack and Edwin Adams with their guns on the plover grounds. We never extended our tramps beyond the Hathaway House at Deal, always winding up there for a rest and refreshments. The Hathaway boys being shooters we never failed displaying our bag, were it small or large, and an hour's cooling off put us in good shape for the return over the same route. We were generally quite successful on these grounds, and seldom arrived at the hotel (it was "the Bath" then, kept by Col. Green) without a dozen or more birds each. Years after I met my friend Thompson at Capt. Bond's, Long Beach. I had become grown up then. Mr. Thompson showed his age considerably, but shot the same gun, and just as well as when we first met, for we went out together, and had several good days among the bay birds during our stay at Long Beach. I remember also of having had good grass plover shooting near Swedesboro, Gloucester county, N. J., when I was a boy, and being taken out by Sheriff Knisell in his low doctor's gig and killing them from the wagon. The night before the proposed shooting trip he would order his farmer to have different openings made in the fences by taking the bars down, and the birds not appearing to fear the approaching vehicle as it drew near them in narrowing circles, would allow us to get within easy shooting distance and have plenty of time to jump from the wagon before they arose.

There reached me once in the month of April as a present from the West a box of what my young friend who sent them said were English snipe and "prairie keets." On opening the box I discovered the "prairie keets" were grass plover, and as fat as adipose matter could make them. It was out of season to be sure. I wrote my young friend, chided him, and posted him, but as to the "prairie keet," they were very nice.

HOMO.

DEER HUNTING IN MICHIGAN.

ON the head waters of Michigan's Tidibawasee lies a forest of pine, hemlock, white cedar, "tamarack" and birch, interspersed here and there with "hard wood," consisting principally of beech, maple, oak and elm. But, though a wilderness, it cannot be called an unbroken forest, for even here the enterprising lumberman has pushed his way, and the many openings or "choppings" now strewn with logs and brush, and overgrown with thickets of pin cherry, Blackberry or raspberry, tell of his work, if, perhaps, not of his devastation.

The country is quite hilly, and, strange enough, there are numerous swamps, dense and almost impenetrable with their growth of hemlock, white cedar and tamarack. Here and there, too, are scattered those lakes so still, so clear, so deep, so impressively wild—those beautiful lakes for which our northern country is noted. Wide expanses of marsh also exist, many of them thickly overgrown with cranberry vines, and their surfaces dotted with hundreds of bushels of the bright red berry.

Late in the season, when deer seek shelter from storm and cold in the timber and swamps, such a country would hardly be regarded by those experienced as a still-hunter's paradise; yet there was a party of seven such hunters pitched their tent and made their camp late last fall.

He who has experienced the pleasure and experiment of a hunter's day in the woods, who has eagerly listened to the day's experience of his comrades as related around the evening camp fire, who has laughed there at the ceaseless flow of story, wit or jest, can realize something of it all; but he who has been so unfortunate as never to have joined in the pleasure and fun of such an occasion, is solicited to call in the aid of his imaginati n.

Four of the party, who must be introduced as Uncle Sam, Frank, Sam and Splasher, left home some weeks in advance of the others. After a tedious trip by sail we transferred our baggage to a two-horse wagon, and with a somewhat indefinite idea as to the locality we should select for our camp, took the road into the woods, hoping to reach a desirable point before night. But the road being bad, night overtook us and we were compelled to set up a tent and camp among the pines, intending to resume our journey in the morning. Soon, however, it commenced to rain, and the possibility, not to say the probability, of a wind storm in the timber so frightened our teamster that he insisted on hitching up and going on. It was finally decided as an alternative, that he and Frank should follow the road on foot, and, if possible, find a better place. While they were gone, some of us, not much alarmed about the storm, availed ourselves of the opportunity to get a little sleep, having slept little, if any, the two preceding nights.

Too soon it seemed, to one sleeper at least, our scouts returned and reported having found a "settler" and a vacant lumber camp. It was now about one o'clock, still, at intervals, raining lightly, and dark as Erebus. But out into it all we went, stumbling over one of the stumpiest, roughest, darkest roads ever traveled. At the end of about two and a half or three miles we came to the camp, which, by the aid of the "settler," who kindly got out of his bed, and with a lantern, came to our assistance, we took possession of. The "settler" soon made us a good fire, and then left us to get what rest we could. As it was but an hour or two until daylight, we lay down upon the long benches, which seem to be an invariable appurtenance of lumber camps, and slept the sleep of the weary.

The settler's name, as we soon learned, was John; and to this genial, kindly John and his household, we were, during our stay, indebted for many favors. Giles, his brother-in-law, and Henry, his nephew, must not be omitted in this connection. John was an intelligent Frenchman, and a dear lover of the gun. He sometimes accompanied us into the woods, and materially assisted us in our pursuit. His evenings, in company with Giles, were almost invariably spent in our camp, participating in, and contributing to, the social merriment. Long may you live, John—you and yours—and many a big buck may you kill.

We took our choice of the many bunks at our disposal and made our beds of the regulation hemlock, which, though a time-honored and much-lauded material for that purpose, it is probably often a mistake to use. Would it not be as reasonable to suppose that doses of conium or aconite, generally administered, and long continued, would invariably, or even often, produce good results? That hemlock has strong medicinal or poisonous properties, is, of course, well known, and the question then is whether in a given case the effect will be good or bad. The writer's individual experience is decidedly adverse to its use. Even the smell of it is more disagreeable to him than that of turpentine.

We found deer stalking rather a difficult matter in such a brushy country, the brush being of the snappiest kind, too. Nevertheless we managed to kill some deer, but, so far as the daily record was concerned, the numbers were not especially worthy of note, until one day Frank killed four. This was the result of using a repeating rifle, and probably could not have been done with any other kind. Three of the party were walking along a road, when they heard the jump of deer in the brush near at hand. A convenient stump was immediately mounted by Frank, which brought to his view a doe standing about forty yards distant. She being instantly killed, two fawns made their appearance, and then followed a most exciting repetition of shots from two repeaters; but Frank was the fortunate one and killed them all. The next move was to carry these three deer, at one trip, a distance of two miles to camp, which was no small undertaking for three men. Finding it necessary to rest occasionally they would then take good positions and watch, hoping thus to get another shot, which Frank—whose luck was evidently on for that day—succeeded in doing, adding, thereby, another fawn to his previous score. They now had four deer to carry, but were equal to the emergency, and brought them all in.

There is an element of luck, prescription, allotment—call it what you will—which enters largely into the affairs of life, and is especially observable in this matter of hunting. The merits of skill and experience may be fully recognized, and yet there is that mysterious something which brings to the tyro most remarkable success, while the application of knowledge meets with most aggravating failure. Why an experienced and usually successful deer hunter may, for a whole week, employ all his art without so much as getting a shot, perhaps without so much as seeing a deer, while a novice, hunting, probably, but a portion of the same ground, meets with the most favorable opportunities and the best of success, is supposed to be something that no fellow can find out. But, while the reasons for this may be incomprehensible, there are evidently certain laws governing the whole

subject. Some of these, at least, an observer may read and profit by. Take, for instance, the recognized tendency of incidents, when once developed, to repeat themselves in quick succession—to come in spells—and what does it teach? Simply that if Dame Fortune condescends to smile on one, he should lose no opportunity to let her repeat it as often as she will: for, having once succeeded in reaching the smiling point, she seems rather to be pleased with the effect, and disposed to try it again and again. It is quite possible that on such occasions some kindred admirer flatters her vanity by referring to her beauty as being, much enhanced by a smile, and thus this happy condition of things is augmented. Of course this is not positively known to be the case, but, considering the sex, the idea is not at all unreasonable. However this may be, oh, Nimrod! let not now the moments slip nor the grass grow under your feet.

One rainy day, the rain falling heavily and continuously, this same trio started out for a long tramp in the woods. In "breast hunting" they soon got separated, and, to make matters worse, Uncle Sam and Sam both got "turned round"—in short, lost. Uncle Sam, so far as he was concerned, was equal to the emergency. Sitting down to quiet and collect his somewhat scattered senses, and giving audible expression to his disgust of the situation, he laid out the course by his compass, and after a tiresome tramp through swamps and fallen timber reached camp. Not so, however, with Sam. He realized that he was lost, and yet would not depend on his compass; the compass did not seem to point in the right direction, and it must be wrong. So he struck out on his own hook, and after some time accidentally came to a lumber camp, where he was kindly invited to take dinner. As these lumbermen often know but little about the country and roads, except so far as they are immediately concerned, they did not direct him very definitely, but put him on a road that lead miles away to another camp. Arriving at this camp he recognized it as one he had visited before, and consequently he knew the way from there, though the miles were long to the now tired walker. Arriving at camp, coming in from the opposite direction to the one taken in the morning, and having traveled in an extended circle, he asserted that he had been around the South Pole. But it is the opinion that he didn't know whether it was the South Pole or the North Pole, or, in fact, whether he had been around any pole at all. Frank, who is endowed with that happy faculty of location so valuable to the hunter, reached camp as usual without difficulty.

After two weeks we were joined by the remainder of the party, Dan., George and Eb. The addition added very much to the animation of affairs, and everything went merrily until one evening we were surprised by the arrival of nearly thirty lumbermen, who had come to reoccupy the camp. They did not propose to have us leave, there was room enough for us all, but the idea of cooking, eating and sleeping in the midst of so many, and strangers at that, could not be entertained. It was rather amusing to notice the gloomy expression that settled down upon the face of almost every hunter as he came in and learned the situation. The subject was discussed among ourselves that evening, and before turning into our bunks it was decided to begin work on a log cabin of our own next morning. We had had tents, but there was snow on the ground, and the weather cold; so we decided on the cabin. John kindly offered to give us a location on his cleared ground, near a fine spring of water, and assist us in the work. Accordingly we began the construction of a house sixteen by twenty feet, using heavy logs, such as are selected where oxen or horses are employed, though we had the aid of neither. Clapboards, or "shakes," as they are called in that country, were made from a large pine, carried nearly a quarter of a mile on our backs, and the roof carefully constructed of them. We chinked the spaces between the logs, daubed them with clay, mossed the remaining apertures, put in a window-sash with glass, which John happened to have, made a door with wooden hinges, constructed four bunks, piled a heavy mat of hemlock boughs on the roof to keep out the drifting snow and add to the warmth, and moved in within two and a-half days. If any one thinks lightly of the labor performed in this undertaking let him reflect that the work was not only carefully done with a view to permanence, but that the difficulties were much increased by the want of facilities usually employed.

On the other hand, should anyone feel disposed to be incredulous, he is informed that every one of the party has a mechanical reputation of no ordinary degree, and in almost every instance merits his reputation, while several of them possess that universal kind of genius which would enable them to construct anything, from a saw-mill to a breach-loading gun, and make the tools to do it with, too, if necessary. But these characteristics are referred to almost exclusively for the reason—and it is hoped the reader will so regard it—that it seems remarkable, and therefore worthy of note, that a party of seven persons, not at other times associated on account of their mechanical tendencies, should have been thus incidentally thrown together. That cabin, around which at one time hung sixteen deer, would have been an object of interest to any one who could have seen it; but to those who built and occupied it, it must be an ineffaceable recollection. In leaving it the thought presented itself whether any of us should ever visit it again, and the silent answer was, some may, but surely not all.

Another peculiarity of our party was that every one played the violin. We had none of our own with us, but John, in a measure, supplied the want with one having but three strings, and it was really amusing to see the violin circulated in regular order from one performer to another. Under the inspiration of the music the enthusiasm at times reached the dancing point, when what is sometimes termed a stag dance would ensue, a very appropriate kind of dance for the hunter, is it not? especially when, as in this case, there are several antlered old fellows hanging up at hand.

There were five very fine heads of horns secured on this trip, two of which are now in the hands of a taxidermist for mounting. One pair of these horns, secured by Sam, is very large, eight-tyned, some of the tynes themselves branching, and is beautifully symmetrical. Not many hunters meet with such heads in a lifetime.

Bears were not plenty and but two were killed, Uncle Sam and Sam securing the honors on that score.

There are many beaver dams in this country, most of them old and deserted, but some of them still occupied by these wonderful animals.

But it must not be forgotten that the story which seems all too short for the writer, may be all too long for the reader; therefore, with the omission of many items, this subject must speedily brought to a close. Suffice it then to add, that our party killed twenty-five deer, two bears, a number of ruffed grouse, which were plenty, but which we did not often care to interfere with, and other animals, not, perhaps, too numerous to mention, but in a deer country hardly worthy of notice. Compared with the large number of deer killed by parties who hunt in that region with hounds, our kill was not remarkable; but considering the nature of the country and the fact that we still-hunted—as all should be compelled to do, if there are to be any deer left in Michigan—the number was fair. In truth we ought not to have killed any more. We had plenty of venison to eat in camp, and brought sixteen whole deer home with us.

We were well treated on the railroads in Michigan; the Mackinaw Division of the Michigan Central, and the Flint & Pere Marquette allowing each his baggage and two hundred pounds of game free. We hoped to receive the same terms from the Dayton & Michigan at Toledo, but in this were disappointed. The man who attended to checking our baggage there, voluntarily remarked that if we would handle our own game—load it into the baggage car, etc.—"they would give us that free." We accepted this, but on our arrival in Dayton, the baggage-master there informed us that he had received a telegram requiring him to weigh our baggage and game, and charge us baggage rates for all weight over that of baggage usually allowed. This was a swindle on the part of some one. From Dayton to Xenia, and thence to our destination on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad, we had to pay roundly for our game. SPLASHER.

A MORNING WITH THE WOODCOCK.

As early as May a friend and myself had decided to take a day with the woodcock as soon as the law was off, which in this State is the first of August, for in this section of the country, being so near Boston, it is the "early bird that catches the worm," and he has to be pretty early at that. The fourth of August arrived, and then I had to go alone. At 4 A. M. I was awakened by my alarm clock, and upon arising found the air clear and cool, and the eastern sky faintly light with the approaching dawn.

After breakfast I went to the kennels, and found the dogs all eagerness at my approach, as though aware of the sport that was in the wind. Taking only Nellie and Dash, I gave each a light meal and then started for the grounds. On my arrival the sun was just making its appearance, and everything bid fair for a morning of perfect pleasure. Entering the swamp I cast off the dogs and had proceeded but a short distance when Nellie stiffened on a grand point, Dash appearing on the scene, backing her finely. Waiting a moment to steady them I flushed the bird and killed, Nellie retrieving in good form. Stopping a few moments to let the dogs thoroughly beat the ground in hopes of finding another, I moved on only to find some of the best spots entirely dried up. I was beginning to think that I had secured the only bird, when Nellie again pointed, but before I could reach her the bird flushed wild, giving me a snap shot, which, as much by good fortune as good shooting, I improved by bringing the bird to the ground dead. The bird retrieved, I thoroughly beat the remainder of the ground, but failed to get a rise.

I was disappointed in only securing these two birds, for the ground is one of the best I ever saw, but I accounted for it by the exceedingly dry weather of the past six weeks. Looking at my watch I found that I had consumed two hours in the swamp, and as I had the forenoon before me, decided to try another place about two miles further on, where earlier in the season I had started quite a number of birds, and as there were two or three springs I was sure of wet ground.

Calling the dogs to heel, as the sun was well up and pretty hot, I soon arrived. The first place, where I had started two a week before, was drawn blank. Going toward a spring the dogs gave evidence of the proximity of game and moved cautiously along, catching the scent at about the same time, the dog slightly in advance. I flushed the birds and two splendid woodcock burst into view, one going for an opening and the other rising over the trees. I put on to the rising one and missed, owing probably to his being so near; the other one I killed. After retrieving the dead bird I started in the direction taken by the other, and commenced to cautiously beat the ground, but the dogs had only crossed two or three times when the bird flushed in an open spot some distance ahead, and immediately disappeared, not giving me a chance to shoot. I concluded that it would be useless to follow him because of his wildness, and also that he was making in the direction of an almost impenetrable swamp. Returning to where the birds first started I commenced again, and after fifteen minutes' work the dogs pointed on the edge of an open. I flushed the birds, and was somewhat surprised and disappointed to have three young ruffed grouse take wing and disappear. Moving on a little further the dogs again pointed, and again grouse were raised. When I failed to shoot the second time, the dogs looked up as much as to say: "Have your senses left you entirely? That was a bird."

In a short time I flushed the remainder of the covey; in all there were about ten. Being near the end of the swamp I decided to leave it rather than disturb them again. I had almost reached the edge when the dogs pointed, and by their manner I knew that it was a sight point. I walked in but was surprised to find no bird, when suddenly another covey of young grouse about as large as quail made feeble attempts to fly. With great difficulty I restrained the dogs and made my way out. I look for grand sport there the first of September. By this time it was near noon and I started for home, killing one woodcock on a little stream on my way.

I have often seen it stated that in July and August woodcock fly heavily and are easily killed, but I would say that here in August they fly as well and swiftly, according to my observation, as at any time during the year, and seem to understand as well how to put on the fancy turns and twists for which they are noted. NEPONSET.

HYDE PARK, Mass., Aug. 12.

SARDIS, Miss., Aug. 14, 1882.—I had the pleasure of flushing a fine covey of quail while passing through a field on my return from the lake, and one of the gentlemen who was with me informed me that it was not an uncommon occurrence to flush three and four covies in a walk through some of the fields in that neighborhood. I think the abundant crop of corn that is growing in this county will make hunting good here this fall and winter.—DAVY.

NEW LOUISIANA GAME LAW.—The game law of Louisiana was amended at the last session of the Legislature, the open seasons being as follows: Deer, Oct. 1 to March 1; wild turkey, Oct. 1 to April 15; quail, partridge or pheasant, Oct. 1 to April 1. By a curious and stupid clerical blunder, in transcribing the bill the word "duck" was substituted for buck, and the bill was so framed and the law so published.

PUT YOURSELF IN CONDITION.

As the shooting season is at hand when the inexorable law throws off its stern mantle of justice, and, metaphorically speaking, opens wide the gates of the great preserves to the enthusiastic devotees of the dog and gun who have been waiting, O, so anxiously, for a bout with the grouse, woodcock and wild duck, it will, perhaps, be not amiss to say a word to these enthusiasts, touching the important matter of being, in every sense of the word, ready for those halcyon days.

It would be folly to reiterate what this journal has already endeavored to impress upon its readers, viz.: The necessity of a good gun in a good condition, a good dog ditto, good ammunition and a good companion. All these are necessarily the concomitants of a good sportsman, and to such are we speaking. But it is to another essential we desire to draw careful attention, knowing by experience that upon it hangs the gunner's chances of happiness, health and ultimate success in the field. We refer to a thorough physical preparation.

A great majority of the guild are dwellers in cities and towns—lawyers, physicians, clergymen, merchants, clerks, *et id omne genus*, whose pursuits are of such a nature that while they are *con amore* with field sports, their physical condition is away down below their ideas. To illustrate: A merchant may be in prime order for doing his regular work faithfully and well, and yet let him take a few days' outing with an eight-pound gun and fifty loaded shells on his person, he will return at night "used up," with a wretched sick headache, feeling that "the sport" he so loudly praised the day before is a delusion and a snare. And all this, perhaps, in the face of a splendid bag. Again a soft (physically) clerk may sally forth to enjoy a day doled out grudgingly to him by a niggardly employer. The unusual violent exercise, so different from his every-day routine, "breaks him all up," and like as not entails to him a loss through sickness of two or three days, the wage of which is unceremoniously docked from his scanty salary. So, very often that which should redound to the happiness and health of those who most need those two desirable things, results in quite the contrary.

And now how can this be obviated? There is but one way. The novice must lower himself to the condition of the prize-fighter and the professional walkist and go into training; his flabby muscles must become tense and hard, his tender feet must be toughened and his bilious stomach cleared of all humors, and it is within the power of all sportsmen to bring this about. There is no one so closely confined that he can find no time for plenty of exercise between business hours, but "the rub" is he will not do it; he will lie snoozing in bed dreaming of the many birds he will bring to bag, when he might be out in the sweet morning air stiffening his sinews and laying the foundations for that which would bring the dreams to a glorious reality. Active, manly exercise is good the year around, but as man is a lazy animal and will not live up to his privileges, save, perhaps in the matter of field sports, we will venture on the following advice to sportsmen, assuring them that their enjoyment in the field will be enhanced a thousand fold, and great good will result to them physically and mentally.

When the great day is appointed—as it generally is a fortnight in advance—arise at 5 A. M. which is no chore these lovely mornings, don your hunting shoes and sally forth with a stout stick in your hand. Stretch off briskly for a five mile walk, and allow no symptoms of fatigue to tempt you either to cut it short or indulge in an "eye-opener." Your seven-thirty or eight o'clock breakfast will have wondrous charms for you, and when you go down-town listen to no blandishments of convenient "bus" or tram lines. For the first two or three mornings you may be a little tired when you go to work, but that will soon wear off, and when the desired morning comes you will skip the dasies and thrash through the brush untiringly and at night be as fresh as a rose, feeling that the day has been well spent.

This may seem a hard prescription to follow, but it is not, and we can assure our readers it will pay to try it to its full extent. Valuable time will thus be saved, and the mission for which we leave our business be accomplished. Tottering legs, aching heads and nervous arms can never do the execution on grouse or woodcock that the steady nerves of the well-conditioned shooter can accomplish, fortified as he is by a thorough physical training. H. W. D. L.

BIRDS ABOUT PHILADELPHIA.—Philadelphia, Aug. 21.—Quite a number of rail have bred on our marshes this spring, and the young already are in good order. One flight of birds has come, notwithstanding it was early for it. So we expect good sport after September 1. Grass plover can be found now all about Philadelphia, especially in the neighborhood of Darby Creek. Blackbirds are beginning to flock in considerable numbers on both our river shores, and the adjacent cornfields are suffering. Reed birds are coming every day and although the seed is not ripe they are taking up their quarters among them. At present, wherever a field of herd grass can be found a collection of these early coming flocks may be seen, but the bird is yet out of season and it should not be killed. Shore bird shooting is quite good now, south of Great Egg Harbor. Willets are more plentiful this year than last, and short-billed curlew numerous, though wary as they always are. Two parties leaving Philadelphia last week for shore birds were actually driven off the meadows by the mosquitoes. Plenty of birds were flying, but without a breath of wind to drive off the flies, gnats and mosquitoes, sitting still in a blind on a salt marsh was unbearable.—HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—August 16.—Grass plover are plentiful in the fields about Philadelphia on the river shores. It is not generally known, and but few have gone out after them. Reed birds are beginning to come. Last year there were but few. This season they will be plentiful. There is a good crop of seed growing and just beginning to top.—HOMO.

MASSACHUSETTS.—East Douglas.—Game prospects are good for grouse, and squirrels are quite plenty, the woods fairly swarming with the last. We have no market hunters in this section among our own sportsmen. Hunting out of season is done but little, and then at the beginning of the season by someone over-tempted.—AMATEUR.

NEBRASKA, Aug. 16.—Chickens are plentiful. Lots of them, though not so near as they were last year on account of the country settling up so rapidly. We will probably have lots of ducks and geese this fall. Quails, rabbits, plover, etc., also are very plentiful.—D. B.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note your Vail, Iowa, correspondent's strictures on the big game preserves. It must be that he lives in a country where there is game enough for all; and so cannot understand the true state of affairs obtaining in some other sections of the land. He surely does not know that the reasoning of his letter, however just it may be, so far as Iowa is concerned, will not apply to New Jersey. I am ashamed to listen, as I have to do daily, to the silly vaporings of men—whose ignorance and greed have almost decimated the game—railing out against the tyranny of societies for its protection. Clubs are rapidly forming and purchasing the best localities. The "pot-hunters" and exterminators will be known no more in these regions, and the game will be permitted to feed and thrive. The most improvident, near-sighted men I ever met are ignorant sporting men. Sportsmen are known and recognized under their proper name. What a lesson you teach in your late able editorial on this subject. The waters of the Delaware are at certain seasons blocked off as far down the bay as Cohansy, and lower, by gillnet's, 500 to 600 fathoms long. Yet these people growl at the fish commissioners because they are not allowed to fish on the Sabbath, and savagely call it a "d—d bad law, infringing upon the rights of American citizens." We hear a great deal of talk about our drifting into English preserves. Well, the man that cultivates eats thereof. Why not?—R. G. W.

THE WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.—The long period of drought which has extended over a large portion of the country, has been very favorable for the preservation of the birds. The woodcock shooter who has had the courage to face the terror of the swamp with its stifling heat is met, in most instances, with very poor returns for his outlay of time and labor. Our reports from many sections where birds were plenty in the spring, nearly all agree that summer shooting has been a failure. That this, as many of our correspondents predict, presages scarcity of sport the coming fall, by no means follows. On the contrary, we shall look for excellent sport among the longbills, when their proper season arrives, as the many birds which have escaped this summer, will then be found in their usual haunts, where, with renewed vigor and strengthened pinion, they will afford the sportsman a far greater amount of pleasurable sport than can be realized in the pursuit of half-grown, half-fledged game.

KANSAS.—Cimarron, Gray county, Kan., Aug. 13.—The prospects for hunting in Western Kansas are excellent. I have heard from reliable parties (stockmen) of buffalo in two localities; about 400 in one place that have been there all summer undisturbed; 150 in the other place, or more, in small bunches. Antelope are plenty; I can kill a buck any day I try to. Turkeys are reported plenty seventy miles south of here. I am going on a camp hunt on or about Oct. 10, to be gone twenty days. I want to see if turkeys are as plenty as they are said to be.—W. J. D.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

I SUPPOSE the remark must have become somewhat hackneyed by this time, but I will, nevertheless, venture to make it—that I look for my FOREST AND STREAM every week with impatience, and read it with immense satisfaction.

I have especially enjoyed the letters of your veteran correspondent "Nessmuk." His letter descriptive of the "Race with Death" of a "long-laker" was a gem. I have also very much enjoyed the rejoinders to two of your correspondents who have "crowded him" a little—or tried to. Your readers will all remember how well he held his own in the friendly contention. The result in each case reminds me very much of an incident which occurred on the Mississippi River, which, though many of your readers have doubtless heard it, will perhaps bear repetition for the sake of the moral.

A young man on the upper deck of a Mississippi River steamboat, surrounded by a group of friends of both sexes, spying a gaunt, tall backwoodsman on the deck below among the deckhands and "roustabouts," promised his friends some fun, by scaring this fresh son of the woods.

Descending to the boiler deck, he walked up fiercely to him, and drawing a bowie knife said in a voice of thunder, "I've been looking for you for a good while!"

After the raw-boned countryman had swung him around in the air, slammed him up and down on the deck, and mopped up all that part of the boat with him and what was left of his broadcloth suit, he tossed him on to a pile of barrels, and looked up at the party on the deck above, with the remark, "Perhaps there's somebody else up there has been looking for me for a good while." SPLIT BAMBOO.

BOSTON, August, 1882.

Killing the deer with a scythe (FOREST AND STREAM, June 1, 1882) reminds me of a story I heard told by Horace Greeley during his visit to Hamilton county, New York, in, I think, the summer of '70, when he visited Wilmurt Lake and spent several days with our party there. It was something like this:

A Dutchman in Pennsylvania was cleaning the big floor of his barn. The great doors were wide open, and he was busily pitching the refuse out, when suddenly, just as he was in the act of throwing out a shovelful, a deer fell dead on the pile outside. Thoroughly frightened, the Dutchman dropped his shovel and exclaimed, "Golly! I didn't know it was loaded." A minute afterward a hunter, coming up and showing the mark of a bullet, claimed the deer and explained the puzzle of the loaded shovel. MILLARD.

DAVIS RANCH, Laramie County, Wy., August, 1882.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

The popular New York journal, FOREST AND STREAM, has been enlarged to twenty-eight pages weekly. As a criterion and guide to all lovers of legitimate out-door sport, it is unsurpassed in its instructive and entertaining articles.—*New York Market Journal and Price Current, Aug.* 19.

That popular New York journal, so well known to our sportsmen, FOREST AND STREAM, has been enlarged to twenty-eight pages weekly. It is devoted exclusively to angling, shooting, yachting and kindred recreations, and is the finest journal of the kind in existence.—*Paw Paw (Mich.) True Northerner, Aug.* 18.

We commend the FOREST AND STREAM to all good people who take a rational delight in field sports. There should be a good club raised here for it. We read it with a regularity that will cause more than one raid to the North before snow flies, seeking pleasure and healthful recreation.—*Oskaloosa (Ia.) Herald, Aug.* 17.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July* 20.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouycha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Amblopliles*, two species.
War-mouth, *Chænobrytlus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centroprisles atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscion regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaac Walton sings or says:
The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it.
—*Byron, Don Juan, Canto xii.*

CAMPING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THE bulk of our party, Webb, a young artist with an eye to the beautiful in nature, as well as a heart ever susceptible of impression from the fair sex, and Wm. H. Martenet, a young veterinarian, a recent fledgeling of the Am. Coll. Vet. Surgeons, equally as susceptible as his companion, both experienced campers, had gone into camp a week previous, and I, the fortunate neophyte, was spared from assisting in building the camp.

Permission had been obtained to camp on one of the many islets in the Susquehanna, about six miles above its junction with the majestic Chesapeake, and the boys had everything "shipshape" prior to my arrival. A mile and a quarter rowing from Port Deposit, on the C. & P. R. R., brought me to the long desired spot, and my camp life began.

During my first day I was under the special guidance of a most excellent gentleman from Port, but despite the most approved tackle, and the most enticing bait, I lured no fish, and was declared unanimously to be a Jonah, and a great fish was sought for, but none appearing, I was spared an involuntary bath.

Night drove away our host of visitors, and during the rest of our camp we were undisturbed; but night also brought my first real experience of camp life, for after the usual camp supper of flapjacks, bacon and coffee (no fish having been taken), kind hands swung my hammock, and ensconcing myself therein, I was about to depart for dreamland, when snap! thud! and one hundred and sixty-four pounds of humanity lay ingloriously doubled up. For the remainder of the camp I contented myself with a more lowly bed, where blankets and air pillows proved their utility.

The next day luck changed, and the Jonah and "greeney" became an important provider of fresh fish. The superiority of the rod and reel over the rod alone was fully established, as during the remainder of our stay I, with the rod and reel, far eclipsed two "expert" fishers who clung most lovingly to the "string tied to the end of a bean pole." My success, I think, converted one of them, as he spent a great deal of time trying to manufacture a reel for his pole.

My first bass was a revelation. I, who had never known any gamer fish than the catfish or the perch (except through reading of them), felt a thrill of pleasure which I suppose will only be equalled when I land my first trout. How the fellow fought, sending spray in every direction, now darting under the water and again leaping clear of the surface; but I landed him safely, and, must I confess it, I was weak enough to give one big shout of victory, much to the amusement of the others. It was but a three-quarter-pound fish, but I felt as big as if I owned the island, and besides, I was Jonah no longer.

One morning we were startled by a most agonizing scream, as from some one in great danger. Instantly surmising some one was drowning, we rushed at once to the boat, but before we could launch it we discovered the source of the noise to be a very hilarious darky, in a boat anchored off shore, who was encouraged by several duskey companions. Picture our disgust as we sought the quiet of our tent.

The black bass (large-mouthed species) are biting well, and afford excellent sport for the angling partics from Baltimore, Philadelphia, and the surrounding towns. Fishing is generally done from a boat at anchor, with live bait, or by trolling with a line from a sailboat. The latter is more successful. Fly-fishing is indulged in to a limited extent with success in the rapids, about a mile above Port Deposit.

Should any of your readers take a run in the direction of the Susquehanna, let me suggest that the most successful bait to use there is small-sized crawfish, while helgramite is considered as second best. Frogs do not seem to be a favorite. A bountiful bait of worms, three or four on a hook, I have found to be no mean bait.

Part of my last day's experience was to capture two bass at one time, one with crawfish, the other with worms; one weighed a pound and a quarter, the other only three-fourths of a pound.

To enter into further details of camp life would be tiresome to your readers (if they be not already disgusted), so I will say, going to camp rheumatic and bilious, I came out a new man; the pure air had cured my bodily ills, and I trust the beauties of nature's handiwork, so abundantly displayed, improved my mind, and I have determined to devote my future summer vacations to co-operation with the constantly swelling army of campers.

Let some of the thousands who read your excellent paper, and camp only in fancy's eye, make an effort and try but one week of out-door life, and my word they will, like little Oliver, cry for more. JEFFERSON.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 10, 1882.

LIGHT vs. HEAVY RODS.

I WAS up at the Rangeley Lakes this season. The fish were plenty and ran large, but did not rise well to the fly, and a large proportion of my fish were taken with bait. But I belong to the "Broad Church," and am not above drowning an occasional worm when the trout will not come up to a fly. I am free to say, however, that I would rather take one trout with the fly than ten with bait. Sport, not meat, is what I am after.

This reminds me that "E. T. W.," in your issue of July 27, says that he uses a heavy rod because he "likes to kill his fish quickly, and takes no delight in leading around a three-pound trout half an hour before netting it." If that is his idea of fishing, I cannot see why he stops at a ten-ounce rod; a codfish gear would be almost sure death to any three-pound trout, and he could swing them into the air, and slap them down into the boat or on to the bank without "leading them around half" a minute.

His reference to the Scotchman at Trout Cove reminds me of two men whom I saw fishing a few seasons since. They sat in a boat with two short stout poles, with cord lines and hooks to match, which they baited with a bunch of worms, and when a float disappeared they would drag out the wretched trout with a "swish," and consign him to their car, then rebait and look at the other hook. They spoke hardly a word, but kept up the round of bait and pull "in" —it was solemn business with them. They were fishing for market. They had no time to lead them around.

But I could never imagine that they would pretend to characterize their occupation by the name of sport, unless they include under that head weeding onions, or tallying baskets for a charcoal merchant. SPLIT BAMBOO.

BOSTON, Mass., August, 1882.

In re "heavy rod versus light," I think the truth is somewhere between the weights advocated by Mr. Van Sicklen and Dr. Henshall. A rod of 7 to 8 ounces, including metal, if of bamboo, and 9 to 10 ounces, if of ash and lancewood, gives, to my feeling, the best satisfaction. They are, then, light enough for all day casting without fatigue, and are free from that disagreeable topheaviness or shakiness likely to be found in the mere whips of 5 to 6 ounces. But I can't help thinking that actual weighing of the 5½ to 6 ounce rods, "so called," would develop a real weight of 6¼ to 8½ ounces. Many an angler, myself included, has, without meaning to tell a "trout lie," discovered that his rod was much heavier by the scales than he supposed; thus reversing, you will perceive, the effect of the scales upon the weight of our fish which we had fondly "guessed" to be much heavier.

MANHATTAN.

NEW YORK.

Does not the argument about light rods vs. heavy seem to be something like the old darkey's idea about the different denominations of Christians? When asked what he thought about them, he replied, "Dey all is going to heaven, but by different roads." Now anglers are all after fish, but with different rods. Let me ask some of the advocates of light vs. heavy rods whether they are after fish or sport? I have yet to see a man that does not confess to a longing for a big catch when he is out for a day's sport. Is it more gratification to play a large trout with a light rod for a space say of ten minutes while your partner has added two or three to his creel in the mean time? I do not wish to be understood as advocating the use of either exclusively, for there is a medium. I use an eight ounce rod as a general thing on small streams, braided silk for line, and have splendid results. August 14 I spent out with my light rod, and wished for my old stand-by weighing twelve ounces for this reason. The stream was weedy on the sides and I lost several large trout by the suddenness of their rising and making a rush under the grass, breaking loose from the tackle, owing to the lightness and the rod being too limber for them. But as Old Hickory says, such is life. W. E. M.

FIFE LAKE, Mich.

FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENTS.

IN response to an inquiry from Mr. George Shepard Page, who is now in England, Mr. Reuben Wood furnished to the London *Fishing Gazette* the following letter:

We asked Mr. Geo. S. Page if he could give us any particulars of the fly-casting tournaments in the States, and he has very kindly obtained the following most interesting information from Mr. Reuben Wood, the present champion fly-caster.—ED.

"July 13, 1882.

"To Geo. Shepard Page, Esq., London, England.

"DEAR SIR—Your very kind favor of June 28th just at hand, through FOREST AND STREAM.

"I herewith enclose printed rules as desired, taken from published report of the State Association. I would add, no person is eligible to enter a contest unless a member of a club in good standing, and the club one of those forming the State Association, for the protection and propagation of fish and game.

"The intention of the originators of these contests, I think, was to encourage and instruct amateurs in fly-casting; but, by some means, of late years the judges have laid but little stress upon any of the points except distance, a ruling that, while I stand unequalled for distance, I deprecate, from the fact that while a man may be able to cast a long distance, he may at the same time do it in the most awkward manner, and, in the nice points in handling a fly-rod for fishing, such as 'accuracy' (in being able to cast his fly direct to a certain spot), 'delicacy' (in being able to drop his fly lightly upon the water), and 'style' (being able to handle his rod easily and gracefully, using both hands equally well, in fact, a practical fly-fisherman) be entirely deficient.

"The art is, as compared with England, new with us, and I am sorry to say our best fly-fishermen do not, as a rule, attend our contests, for the reason that they are held in connection and in a measure as a side show 'to the Grand Pigeon Slaughter,' the grand object of the gathering, rather than the object originally intended when the association was formed, and as the name of the association would imply—'For the protection and propagation of fish and game.'

"I would advise (1.) Keep your fly-casting entirely separate from any other sport. (2.) Choose your judges from your old men who have a reputation and a thorough knowledge of the art as practiced, and required to capture the wily trout.

"As to our records on distances, Seth Green has a record, made at Syracuse, in 1869, of 84 feet; from the best sources I am assured that it was guessed at, as it was the first year any report was made of the length of the cast. For the next

two years no record was kept. In 1873 the best cast was 65 feet with 12 feet 3-inch rod; salmon-casting, rod 17.3, 80 feet; 1872, Seth Green, 65 feet, 1st prize, length of rod not given; 1873, no record given, I took 1st, casting 65 feet with a heavy wind; 1874, R. Wood, 1st, 68.6 feet, 11.6 rod; 1875, R. Wood, 1st, 75 feet, 12-foot rod; 1876, R. Wood, 1st, 69 feet, 12-foot rod; 1877, Ira Wood, 72 feet; 1878, my brother and I let Seth win with a record of 70 feet, 12-foot rod; Rochester, 1879, we did not cast. J. J. Meldram, one of my pupils, 66 feet, 12-foot rod. Salmon casting, Meldram, 1st, 72 feet; 1880, Ira Wood, 1st, 70 feet, 10.6 rod; 1881, R. Wood, 1st, 75 feet, 10-foot rod. Salmon casting, R. Wood, 1st, 110 feet; Ira Wood, 102.10; 17-foot rod; H. Prichard, 92 feet, 15 foot rod; 1882, R. Wood, 1st, 75 feet, 10-foot rod. You will observe the rules allow 5 feet to the foot for excess of length in rod. We think it too great, yet have followed the rule for years.

"The State Association owns, and we use for measuring distance, a cord with buoys attached, weighted underneath, so that when the cord is stretched the buoys stand upright, and the numbers easily read for some distance. Buoys placed five feet apart. Our first buoy is marked 25; a knot is tied in the rope at zero, that is, drawn to the stake from which we cast, so that the buoys register correctly. The odd feet between the buoys are estimated, if the full distance is not reached, as it would take so many buoys to mark every foot. Thus, I believe, I have given you all the points on fly-casting.

"As to black bass, we find them nearly, if not quite, as gamey fish as the brook trout. They attain a weight of nearly, or quite six pound. In a swift, rocky stream a two pounder will give any man all the proof he may require on this head. We are stocking many of our depleted trout streams and inland lakes with them, and prize them very highly, not only as a game fish, but as a table fish. If any one finds their peculiar flavor too strong, skin them, and most of it is lost. You cannot find a fish, other than the trout, within my knowledge, that will give you the sport they will.

"I think I have given you all the points you require; but if not, shall be pleased to reply to any future inquiries you may make. Keep your fly-casting separate from all shooting, and you will find that it will raise your standard, and increase your fly-fishermen. And every new fly-fisherman I look upon as another fish warden, for he will help you keep the poachers from your streams.

"With best wishes for your success, both in fly-casting tournaments and also with your black bass.—I am, etc.,

"Reuben Wood.

"74, South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A."

"George S. Page, Esq."

"TROUT-HOGS" AND OTHER PESTS.

THE thing which, of late years, most detracts from the pleasure of a trip into the Maine woods, is the kind of people one meets there. There are, of course, many of the old-timers who used to go there before the railroads and steamboats (more's the pity) made access so easy into that region, who still go, and many new-comers who are sportsmen and gentlemen. But, unhappily, there are many others who, attracted by the lavish advertising of the people who are making the money, swarm in there, who are neither sportsmen nor gentlemen. There are persons who, finding that six-pound trout do not grow on bushes, even in that region, resort to all means to "get a big fish to take home"—trolling with spoons, getting a guide to jig them out, and even stealing them from fish-cars and ice-houses.

During one of my trips to Maine I had my car robbed of all the large fish in it, and I know of a case this season where two gentlemen, upon going to pack their fish to take home, found that all but about a dozen of the smallest had been stolen. It is pretty well understood who the thief was, too.

I suppose, as long as the world is composed, as it is, of all sorts of men, that we shall find nearly all kinds represented at the fishing camps—even down to the "trout-hog" and the man who blazons over the camp advertisements of his business. But I should suppose that the motive of self-interest alone would prevent proprietors of camps from extending to such men as I have described any special encouragement either to stay or to come again. Split Bamboo.

Boston, Aug. 15, 1882.

THE TROUT OF CASTALIA.

THE following statements about these famous springs were furnished me by J. E. Ingersoll, Esq., a prominent attorney of Cleveland:

There are two of these springs about five miles south of Sandusky city. The main spring comes from the ground in such force that it has scooped out a bowl sixty-five feet deep and about a hundred feet in diameter. The water rises with such force and volume that the surface is much convexed. The water is so clear that the bottom is distinctly seen, and so strongly charged with lime that from one quart of water a tablespoonful of lime can be precipitated.

About ten years since, Mr. Hoyt, a Vermont Yankee, who had a paper mill at this spring, tried the experiment of stocking it with brook trout, and, as Judge Cadwell, of Cleveland, informs me, procured about 10,000 of the young fry of this fish. The spring runs about four miles to its end in Sandusky Bay. In this distance, although the country seems to appear as level as a prairie, yet it has a fall of about fifty feet.

There are three grist mills along the stream worked by this water power. The width of the spring varies from 15 to 30 feet, and its depth from 2 to 8 feet.

At one point it spreads out into a pond, covering about one acre, and here are the largest trout taken; the largest yet taken, weighed three pounds.

A species of stringy moss grows in great abundance, forming a sort of network, and banks, almost entirely across the pond, giving the trout good hiding places, and when a trout is hooked he flies into one of these moss dams and makes a fight for his life.

Four years ago it was found that the whole length of the spring was swarming with trout, there being an abundance of the very best of food for them, the moss being alive with small crustaceans, like crabs and snails (univalves). I have not studied them critically, as I am too much occupied when angling to go into scientific examinations.

A club was organized in 1878 consisting of twenty-five members, who, under the name of the Castalia Sporting Club, have leased the spring from a point about half a mile below the head of the spring to its mouth, and have a keeper in charge. Fishing is allowed from March 1 until September 15. No member can fish more than two days in one week, nor take more than fifteen pounds in one day. Trout less than eight inches long must be returned to the stream, unless so injured as to endanger the life. No angling is allowed, except with flies. How will Caledonia Spring compare with ours?

On the 25th of July last Mr. Ingersoll sent me two trout, taken by him from that spring. One of them was a whopper. I never tasted finer trout in my life—flesh firm and of a deep salmon color. On the next day, July 26, I acknowledged the reception of the trout by the following rhymes (not poetry), entitled "The Angler," and dedicated to J. E. Ingersoll, attorney-at-law, and patron of the gentle art.

THE ANGLER.

Once more my muse my song inspire,
For once again I'll tune my lyre;
A gentle theme inspires my song,
To gentle themes soft strains belong.
To shaded wood or rocky nook,
Where leaps along the laughing brook,
At early dawn, or break of day,
The eager angler takes his way,
With rod and line, with fly and reel,
In hopes to fill his ample creel.
The place is reached, a dark ravine,
Where scarce a living thing is seen;
Dark pools and beetling rock pervades,
A paradise for river naiads;
A quiet stillness here prevails,
No leaf is moved by mountain gales.
The cautious angler looks about,
Ye Gods, he cries, what haunts for trout!
At once the task himself applies,
To joint his rod, select his flies,
If the day is dark, with clouds and mist,
A gaudy fly will suit him best.
But if bright with brilliant sun,
A hackle, either brown or dun,
With hopes and fears a cast is made
Behind a rock, and in the shade.
The curling water shows a rise,
The wary trout quick scans the flies,
And leaves untouched the gaudy chant,
And down she dives to her old retreat.

Right here my muse, the fickle jade, jilted me, as she has often done before, and I must send you "The Angler" in an unfinished state. Plague take the whole Nine.

T. Garlick.

Bedford, Ohio July 26, 1882.

CARP AS A GAME AND TABLE FISH.

THE following is an extract from the Petersburg, Va., *Index-Appeal*, and will prove of interest to our readers. We should explain, however, that in Virginia the name "chub" means black bass (*Micropterus*), and "freckle" is the "crappie" or "strawberry bass" (*Pomoxys nigromaculatus*). The account says:

It will be remembered by the readers of the *Index-Appeal* that about the month of December, 1880, a committee of the Petersburg Fish and Game Association, having first obtained the consent of the city council, and removed all other fish from the lake at the Central Park, placed in this lake some two dozen young German carp, of a lot sent to the Association by Fish Commissioner McDonald, from Washington. These fish were then from two to four inches in length. During the past few weeks these fish have made their appearance in shoals near the edge of the lake, whenever bread would be thrown to them, their beautiful movements in the water proving a constant source of interest to visitors.

A few days ago several members of the Fish and Game Association, including Mayor-elect T. J. Jarratt, Councilmen S. P. Arrington and John R. Patterson, Capt. J. T. Young, President of the Planters and Mechanics Bank, Mr. Ro. A. Martin, the well-known commission merchant of our city, and other prominent citizens, armed with fishing tackle, went to the lake for the purpose of fishing for carp, with a view to test their qualities for sporting purposes and as food fish. Several of the fish were thus taken, and the sport was so exciting as to call forth the greatest enthusiasm on the part of all who witnessed it, including some old anglers.

By way of giving our readers in Virginia and North Carolina, where all of the above mentioned gentlemen are widely and favorably known, their opinions as to this new fish, whereof so much has been published throughout the whole country within the last few years, we called upon several of them for their views. Here is what Mr. Martin writes:

"What is now written is simply to give the public our opinion of the carp as found in Virginia waters in the month of August, as a biter and puller, and as a fish to eat, formed upon the experience of the several gentlemen who caught a few from Park Lake last week.

"We found these fish would not bite at worms, but would at bread, and that the best bread with which to bait the hook is the crust of a baker's loaf or roll, fastened on the hook with the crust side up. Our party, including some old and experienced anglers, were astonished to see how some of the fish bit in genuine chub style. In bottom and wind the chub does not compare with the carp. We might say that among fish the carp is what an old-fashioned foxhound is among dogs—a little slow, but of long enduring power. This fish, we believe, fights as gamely for life when in water as a mountain trout. It does not pull so hard as a chub will for a little while, but long after a chub would 'throw up the sponge' the carp comes up smiling, and you cannot see that it has lost a particle of its power to repeat the same thing for many rounds. The truth is that of the carp we caught, though allowed to play a long time, not one of them said 'I give it up,' but continued to the last to fight hard. To any man of soul, who knows what good sport is, we would say, 'Make a pond, get some (as many as you can) young carp and put them in said pond. Throw out some scraps of bread to these fish once a day, and in twelve months you can have such sport as would have electrified old Izaak Walton.'

"Now as to the eating qualities of the carp. It must be remembered that the taste of mankind is so different that what would delight one person another could not stomach. We had one of these carp boiled, we think by a German by birth, but none of our party who tasted the fish thus cooked liked it. The next fish was baked (grandly done, stuffed splendidly in real old Virginia style). This was far more palatable than the boiled fish. It is our candid opinion that if the fish is baked, and the stuffing is in good order, and good dressing is provided, it will prove a very passable dish.

"As a pan-fish—we had one of the smaller fish fried—we must say that those fortunate people who know how a thirteen to fourteen inch freckle eats (say such as you can catch in McIlwaine's pond in Surry county or Neblitt's pond in Sussex county), will not take much stock in this new comer. But our opinion is that, on a cold frosty morning in October, the carp will be found to be good eating, if properly cooked.

"While in form of mouth the carp is like our mullet and roundfish, it is totally different in the matter of bones, not having more than a chub, we think. This fact, taken in connection with its pulling powers and endurance, would seem to show that the carp (notwithstanding its sucker mouth) belongs to the family of game fish.

"In conclusion, we would urge on the plain honest people of the State, who work and who now and then would like to have a little recreation, to make them a pond of from one to five acres, and stock it with German carp. It will be money well spent, and will tend to keep their boys at home on every holiday, instead of having them to wander off from the farm in quest of something to interest them. In closing we will state that after close inspection our party could not find that there were in the lake any young carp, the product of those put in. We think, however, from indications, that this will not be the case before the end of the fall."

Mr. Jarratt, one of the fishing party, had one of the carp baked, and it was pronounced by himself and other members of his family, and also his neighbor, Captain E. A. Goodwyn, who was invited to partake of it, as a most excellent dish.

Mr. Coleman, the keeper of the park, was also requested to take one of the fish and report upon it. Mr. C. speaks of it as very palatable.

Among the gentlemen present at the Park Lake at the capture of the fish was Mr. W. E. Wells, former Collector of Customs of this district. Mr. W. caught some of the carp, and says that as a source of amusement with the hook and line they are superior to any fish he ever saw.

The accounts which we have in the books represent the carp as a fish highly esteemed in Europe as a food fish. When our people in this section of the country learn the favorable reports which we lay before them to-day, especially as to the fish as a source of amusement, we are satisfied that the demand for carp will be greatly increased.

LANDING A GAR.

I WAS eighteen or twenty miles down the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, near Yocona River, last week, on a fishing trip, but did not have very good luck with "trout," as we term black bass, though I had heaps of sport with gars. These ugly rascals have been in the habit of enjoying a fine living on bait from hooks on ordinary lines. They would find a party of gentlemen and ladies fishing, and never seemed satisfied until every hook was cut off. Last Saturday, while the writer and a few friends were fishing in a small lake near the above named river, one of these terrors to cotton lines got among our hooks and broke ours and bit another off just below the sinkers, when, unfortunately for him, I threw over an artificial minnow, with silver leader, attached to a silk line about thirty feet long, and by the time it struck the water Mr. Gar struck it, thinking, I suppose, he had a "soft thing." One of my friends remarked that I had as well give him (the gar) my fancy hook and fine line and be satisfied, for it was a "goner" anyway. I told him if I did not land the fish that was then making the water foam around my hook I would treat him to the best cigar I could find in his town. Every one present except me and the fish were roaring with laughter. They were on the bank, I was up about twenty feet on a log, and at least six feet above the surface of the water, where I had a fine opportunity of testing the merits of a silk line and the strength and gameness of a large gar. I let the old fellow worry himself down; then it came my time. I took him to the bank and down it about fifteen yards to a nice place to haul ashore, when by that time (fifteen minutes) I landed him safely, greatly to the surprise of my friends. Their ejaculations of surprise, such as "Zounds! but I'd gave a dollar to get one of those fellows on a hook and line like that." "What kind of a line is that?" "Let me take a look at it." "I stand treats if you let me handle the next one you get on that hook," and many other such remarks. I did not take another that fought so hard as did that one during the whole day.

Sardis, Miss., Aug. 14. Davy.

Why They Don't Bite.—There is no doubt of the influence of electricity upon humanity, and it is unquestionably present, more or less, at all times, disturbing or quieting, repelling or attracting, bringing men in an unaccountable way to each other, and often ripening a short acquaintance into a life-long attachment; or repelling with a certainty that leaves no doubt. Assuming such to be facts, permit me to ask, why this same influence may not be extended to the inhabitants of the water, etc., the real cause, at times, of their indifference to food, when judging from all known conditions of the air and the water, we might expect that the allurements of the fly, the worm, or other bait would meet with a ready response, and bring that success that all sportsmen hope for. I lately saw an acticle, written evidently by a gentleman of experience and observation, in which he stated that he had noted for years the condition of the atmosphere and its effects upon fish, and had invariably met with no success when the "barometer had been falling." I also saw it stated in another article that the writer thereof had been most successful in fishing, immediately after a sudden change of weather, either from warm to cold or the reverse. Now I am sure, if some of your correspondents who may have made a study of electricity, many of whom doubtless are skillful with the rod, would give their views upon the subject, they will not only afford a rare treat to the readers of the Forest and Stream, but possibly give a solution of the great and heretofore unaccountable mystery—"why the fish don't bite?"—Syracuse.

Bass and Trout in Canada.—Belleville, Ont., Aug. 14.—Fishing in this locality has been fully up to the average this year, although the menhaden or "shad," as they are incorrectly called, interrupted bass fishing for some weeks. Now, however, fair takes are reported, the biggest of the season being a six-pounder. A few days ago Mr. Will T. Soule, of Boston, had a good day's sport in Squire's Creek, in the township of Rawdon, 23 miles distant. His catch for about twelve hours' fishing consisted of about 176 brook trout, weighing 38½lbs. The largest turned the scale at 1½lbs.—O.

LARGE TROUT AND FIRST BLACK BASS IN MAINE.—Portland, Me., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer of the very complimentary notice of Mr. Geo. Shepard Page, published in FOREST AND STREAM, April 13, 1882, carries his adulations beyond the bounds of facts in several of the statements made. He writes that "in 1867 he took the great ten-pound trout, which for upward of ten years was the largest *Salmo fontinalis* on record, and which was stuffed and exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and subsequently at Blackford's annual trout openings." This trout was not taken by Mr. Page, but was hooked and safely captured by H. O. Stanley, Esq., of Dixfield, Maine, who is perhaps too modest to claim the credit therefor, but allows it to go to his cousin, Mr. Page, who was not in the vicinity when Mr. Stanley "took" the fish. The same writer states that "black bass were first introduced into Maine by Mr. Page, who took thirty-one live ones from Newburgh, N. Y., to Winthrop, Me., in 1869." Black bass were first introduced to Maine in 1866, and Mr. Page was in no way connected with the experiment. Some small lakes or "ponds" in the town of Acton, York county, Maine, were stocked, and from them many others have since been stocked with the black bass. Since these items have been deemed of sufficient interest for publication, this communication is written to effect a correct public record of the facts.—VERITAS.

TEMPERATURE AND TROUT.—Your editorial comment in FOREST AND STREAM August 3 on temperature for trout calls to my mind some facts that have come under my observation during the past ten years. During that time I have had a small aquarium in my house, supplied with a constant flow of water from the city pipes, and it has been very interesting to note the effect of temperature on fishes. Every autumn I have obtained trout of from a half pound to two pounds weight, and kept them through the winter and spring, and until they have one by one succumbed to the effects of the approaching warmth of summer, seldom living to the middle of June. As a rule they have died when the temperature of the water was about 70 degrees, while some of the stronger fish have lived in it several days till it reached a temperature of 72 or 73 degrees. The fungus growth usually makes its appearance on the fish before they die, and evidently it (fungus) is aggravated not only by temperature of the water, but also by the strong light to which the aquarium is exposed. In some instances I have had trout nearly covered with fungus, which on being transferred to a tank situated in a dark corner, they have recovered and become healthy. The same results are often produced with the perch and bass. The last named species, however, have sustained their reputation for eccentric habits, and while some of them have actually died from overeating, others have fought against fate and remained members of my family for two years.—M. (Boston, Aug. 15.)

BIG HAUL OF DRUM.—Montauk Point, Long Island, Aug. 18.—To E. G. Blackford: The large haul of drum-fish just made at Montauk was taken from one pound net, the bowl or pound part measuring only twenty-two feet deep and about thirty-five feet across the widest part. We took from this one pound over 400 fish, some of which were less than 60 pounds weight. In 1869 a small trap net at Montauk was filled with drums, but very few were saved. Our lift this week was probably the largest haul ever made of this kind of fish in any common round pound and saved, as the rule has generally been among fishermen when a haul of this kind of fish has been made to cut the bowl and let them go. These kind of drum are probably the enemies reported from the Virginia and other oyster beds. I noticed that some of the very largest of these fish were blind, the eye being covered by a white film—some on only one eye, others on both. That peculiar drumming noise they made after being landed on the vessel's deck I can only compare to two or three taps on a bass drum, and was made only by the largest fish of the yellowish cast, while there was no noise made by the smaller dark colored fish. Since the appearance of these drumfish at Montauk no good fish of any account have been taken.—R. VAN VLECK.

BASS IN TROUT WATERS.—New York.—Is not this business of introducing black bass into waters now or formerly inhabited by trout, being overdone? Once placed in a stream or pond, "big mouth or little mouth" can't be dislodged. He is there for all time, eating up every living thing not larger than himself. He has already been put into so many ponds and streams from which he is spreading himself "all over the face of the land," and destroying everything else, that I can't help crying out "hold." Waters adapted to trout are not so numerous that we can afford to throw away so carelessly the chances of stocking or restocking them with our favorite fish. I have done something in this trout stocking line myself, and with fair success; but every summer I visit my streams with fear that the everlasting black bass has been put into them, or gotten into them from some connecting pond or brook, for they pervade and invade the same haunts and pools as trout, when they are once introduced into the neighborhood. Black bass are well enough when compared with pickerel, etc., but I am hardly ready to put them in the same rank as the beautiful trout. I am an old angler for both fish, and know "whereof I do speak."

THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB.—The accounts of poor catches on the Restigouche in the early part of the season, as reported by your correspondents, were true, but later there has been an unusually large catch of fine salmon by the members of the club, most of whom are from New York city. We attribute the poor fishing of the early season to the floods, which kept the fish back, and as they subsided and the river reached its usual level the fishing at once improved. The club controls a tract of twenty-six miles along the river, and eleven miles below the club house is the Bay of Chaleurs, into which the river empties. The largest salmon ever taken from the preserved river was the fifty-pounder taken by President Arthur before he ever thought of filling the Presidential chair, and which has given him more fame among the salmon anglers, who know every man's fishing record, than to be President of the United States. On the north side of the Bay of Chaleurs the fishermen are permitted to net the salmon, and they have marketed over 100 tons of them within the past six years. The heaviest fish taken by a member of the club this year weighed 42½ pounds.—X.

FOOD-FISH FOR OIL.—On this subject, which has lately been spoken of in our columns, the Newark, N. J., *Sunday Call* says: Early last week one of the steamers engaged in taking menhaden along the coast of New Jersey came upon a large school of weakfish running from two to six pounds each. The fish were surrounded with an immense purse-net, and 8,500 pounds were taken. They were brought to market in New York, but owing to the great heat the greater part of the cargo spoiled on the trip. The fast decaying fish were then taken to Barren Island for conversion into manure. Weakfish give so little oil that the "bunker men" say that it does not pay to press them. Knowing this, and being well aware of the risk of their spoiling without ice to preserve them, it was plainly the duty of the captain of the steamer to let the fish alone when he found out what they were. Such hauls are frequently made, but are not made public because the fish are not kept well enough to warrant an attempt to market them, and they are taken directly to the factories.

PHILADELPHIA FISHING NOTES.—The fishing in the Brandywine Creek, near Wilmington, for small striped bass, has been good for the past two week; also at Dupont's powder piers, on the Delaware River, near Ellersly Station. Betterton perch fishing is now fair, but the fish do not run large. Two or three weeks later the run of larger perch may be expected. Trolling for bluefish in the inlets on the New Jersey coast at Bancroft, Little Egg Harbor, and Atlantic City has been the main amusement of the fishermen at these watering places during the past fortnight. The fish were more numerous and larger in size at Bancroft than at any of the other points. This seems to always be the case. Why is it?—HOMO.

A SAVAGE MASKINONGE.—Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 16.—Mr. G. N. Boyer, a merchant of Carrilon, while bathing in the Ottawa River, to-day, was seized by a huge fish and his foot severely lacerated. The water about him was reddened with his blood, and not until some bystanders went to his rescue did the fish let go his foot. On leaving the water Mr. Boyer required assistance to get home. In the evening the monster was caught, and proved to be a maskinonge (*Esox nobilior*) of forty-seven pounds weight.—ANTOINE.

FISHING IN SAGINAW BAY.—Bay City, Mich., Aug. 13.—Bass fishing has been as good as usual in the bay this summer, especially on the west shore; several parties have had excellent success, and brought in some very fine specimens. It has been common for a skillful handler of the rod and line to take seventy-five during the day, ranging from one pound to five pounds in size. Trolling is excellent sport in these waters when not too rough.—F. W.

DYNAMITE IN THE HUDSON.—The West Shore Railway work at Cornwall on the Hudson now affords an opportunity for the dynamite fishers to ply their destructive work. It is said that dynamite cartridges are easily obtained by these fellows, and are being constantly exploded in the river, killing great numbers of fish.

STANDARD TROUT FLIES.—New York, Aug. 18.—If not imposing on your good nature would you be so good to explain, in answer to many inquiries, that the plate of "standard trout flies" advertised in your paper are colored entirely by myself, from first to last, no part of the colors printed whatever.—W. HOLBERTON.

Fisheculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORD-FISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONTINUED.]

MOVEMENTS OF SPEAR-FISHES.

The spearfish in our waters is said by the fishermen to resemble the swordfish in its movements and manner of feeding. Professor Poey narrates that both the Cuban species swim at a depth of 100 fathoms, and they journey in pairs, shaping their course toward the Gulf of Mexico, the females being full of eggs. Only adults are taken. It is not known whence they come, or where they breed, or how the young return. It is not even known whether the adult fishes return by the same route. When the fish has swallowed the hook it rises to the surface, making prodigious leaps and plunges. At last it is dragged to the boat, secured with a boat-hook, and beaten to death before it is hauled on board. Such fishing is not without danger, for the spearfish sometimes rushes upon the boat, drowning the fisherman, or wounding him with its terrible weapon. The fish becomes furious at the appearance of sharks, which are its natural enemies. They engage in violent combats, and when the spearfish is attached to the fisherman's line it often receives frightful wounds from these adversaries.

In *Land and Water* for August 31, 1882, Col. Nicholas Pike author of "Subtropical Rambles," at that time United States consul at Mauritius, describes the habits of a species of *Tetrapturus* occurring in that vicinity. He states that they have the habit of resting quietly on the surface in calm weather, with their dorsals expanded and acting as sails. They are taken in deep water with hook and line or speared when near the surface, like sword-fish. When hooked or speared they make for the boats, taking tremendous leaps in the air, and if care is not taken they will jump into the boats, to the consternation of the fishermen, or else pierce the boats with their bills. The fish is highly esteemed in the Mauritius, the flesh being of a salmon color near the vertebræ; lower down it is red and like coarse beef. The species attains a large size, one having been seen measuring 26 feet.

MOVEMENTS OF SAIL-FISHES.

No observations have been made in this country, and recourse must be had to the statements of observers in the other hemisphere.

In the life of Sir Stamford Raffles there is the following account rom Singapore, under date of November 30, 1822:

"The only amusing discovery we have recently made is that of a sailing fish, called by the natives *Ikan layer*, of about 10 or 12 feet long, which hoists a mainsail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. I have sent a set of the sails home, as they are beautifully cut and form a model for a fast sailing boat. When a school of these are under sail together they are frequently mistaken for a fleet of native boats."

The fish referred to is in all likelihood *Histiophorus gladius*, a species very closely related to, if not identical, with our own.

MAXIMUM AND AVERAGE SIZE OF AMERICAN SWORD-FISH.

The only individual of which we have the exact measurements was taken off Seaconnet, R. I., July 23, 1874. This was seven feet and seven inches long, weighing 113 pounds. Another, taken off Noman's Land, July 20, 1875, and cast in plaster for the collection of the National Museum, weighed 120 pounds, and measured about seven feet. Another, taken off Portland, August 15, 1878, was 3,999 millimeters long, and weighed about 600 pounds. Many of these fish doubtless attain the weight of 400 and 500 pounds, and some, perhaps, grow to 600; but after this limit is reached, I am inclined to believe larger fish are exceptional.

Newspapers are fond of recording the occurrence of giant fish, weighing 1,500 pounds and upward, and old sailors will in good faith describe the enormous fish which they saw at sea, but could not capture; but one well-authenticated instance of accurate weight is much more valuable. The largest one ever taken by Capt. Benjamin Ashby, for twenty years a swordfisherman, was killed on the shoals back of Edgartown, Mass. When salted in weighed 630 pounds. Its live weight must have been as much as 750 or 800 pounds. Its sword measured nearly 6 feet. This was an extraordinary fish among the three hundred or more taken by Capt. Ashby in his long experience. He considers the average size to be about 250 pounds dressed, or 325 alive. Capt. Martin, of Gloucester, estimates the average size at 300 to 400 pounds. The largest known to Capt. Michaux weighed 625 pounds. The average about Block Island he considers to be 200 pounds. There are other stories of large fish. Capt. R. H. Hurlbert, of Gloucester, killed one on George's Banks, in September, 1876, which weighed when dressed 480 pounds. Capt. John Rowe, of the same port, salted one which filled two and one-half barrels. This probably weighed 600 pounds when alive. I have been told that a swordfish loses one-third of its weight in dressing, but I should think that one-fourth would be nearer to the truth. Captain Baker, of the schooner Peter D. Smith, of Gloucester, assures me that he killed, in the summer of 1874, off Portland, a swordfish which weighed 750 pounds.

Mitchell and DeKay state that in 1791 a swordfish 16ft. in length was exhibited in New York. It is questionable whether they often exceed this measurement. My own observations have been made on specimens from 7 to 12ft. long. A stuffed specimen in the United States National Museum measures —— feet, and this seems to be very nearly the average size.

MINIMUM SIZE OF AMERICAN SWORD-FISH.

The size of the smallest sword-fishes taken on our coast is a subject of much deeper interest, for it throws light on the time and place of breeding. There is some difference of testimony regarding the average size, but all fishermen with whom I have talked agree that very small ones do not find their way into our waters. I have collected several instances from the experiences of men long wonted to this fishery.

Capt. John Rowe has seen one which did not weigh more than 75 pounds when taken out of the water.

Capt. R. H. Hurlbert killed, near Block Island, in July, 1877, one which weighed 50 pounds, and measured about two feet without its sword.

Captain Ashby's smallest weighed about 25 pounds when dressed; this he killed off Noman's Land. He never killed another which weighed less than 100. He tells me that a Bridgeport smack had one weighing 10 pounds (or probably 24 when alive), and measuring 18 inches without its sword.

In August, 1878, a small specimen of the mackerel shark, *Lamna cornubica*, was captured at the mouth of Gloucester Harbor. In its nostril was sticking the sword, about three inches long, of a young sword-fish. When this was pulled out the blood flowed freely, indicating that the wound was recent. The fish to which this sword belonged cannot have exceeded ten or twelve inches in length. Whether the small sword-fish met with its misfortune in our waters, or whether the shark brought this trophy from beyond the sea, is a question I cannot answer.

Lütken speaks of a very young individual taken in the Atlantic, lat. 32 deg 50 min. N., long. 74 deg. 19 min. W. This must be about 150 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras.

SIZE OF SWORD-FISH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

In the Mediterranean, near Sicily and Genoa, young fish, ranging in weight from half a pound to twelve pounds, are said to be abundant between November and March.

About La Ciotat and Martigues, in the south of France, many are taken too small to injure the fishing-nets, and very rarely reaching the weight of 100 pounds.

From the statements of Bloch and later writers it appears that large sword-fish also are abundant in the Mediterranean. Late Italian fishery reports state that the average weight of those taken on the coast of Italy is 50 kilograms (110 pounds).

Of the coasts of Spain and Portugal Steindachner remarks: "More abundant on the southern coasts of Spain than on the northern, western and eastern sides of the Iberian peninsula. We saw quite large examples in the fish-markets at Gibraltal, Cadiz, Lisbon, La Coruña and Barcelona, and at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. The largest of three specimens in my possession is 43 inches long, another 24 inches." (20.)

RATE OF GROWTH.

Little is known about the rate of growth. The young fish taken in winter in the Mediterranean, ranging in weight from half a pound to twelve pounds, are thought to have been hatched during the previous summer. Those of a larger size, ranging from twenty-four to sixty pounds, taken on the New England coast in the summer, may perhaps be the young of the previous year. Beyond this even conjecture is fruitless. As in other species, the rate of growth depends directly upon the quantity of food consumed. It is to be presumed that a summer passed in feasting among the crowding schools of menhaden and mackerel in our waters would bring about a considerable increase in weight. That this is the case is clearly shown by the testimony of the fishermen, who say that in the spring sword-fish are thin, growing fatter and heavier as the season goes on.

Dr. Lütken and Dr. Günther have lately made some exceedingly interesting observations upon the young of the sword-fish and of the spear-fish and sail-fish. A translation of Dr. Lütken's paper, furnished by Dr. T. H. Bean, is given in the Appendix (paragraph 64).

Dr. Günther's studies were made upon very small specimens of undetermined species, belonging to either *Tetrapturus*, *Histiophorus*, or both. In his latest work, "The Study of Fishes," he summarizes the facts observed by him as follows:

"The sword-fishes with ventral fins (*Histiophorus*) belong to the Teleostæans of the largest size. In young individuals, 9 millimeters long, both jaws are produced and armed with pointed teeth, the supraorbital margin is ciliated, the parietal and preoperculum are prolonged into long spines, the dorsal and anal fins are a long series, and the ventrals make their appearance as a pair of short buds. When 14 millimeters long the young fish has still the same armature of the head, but the dorsal fin has become much higher, and the ventral filaments have grown to a great length. At the next stage, when the fish has attained to a length of 60 millimeters, the upper jaw is considerably prolonged beyond the lower, losing its teeth, the spines of the head are shortened, and the fins assume nearly the shape which they retain in mature individuals.

"Young sword-fishes without ventral fins (*Xiphias*) undergo similar changes, and, besides, their skin is covered with small, rough excrescences, longitudinally arrayed, which continue to be visible after the young fish has attained the form of the mature in other respects."

Dr. Lütken's description of the young sword-fishes is an exceedingly valuable contribution to knowledge.

I have collected together, in the plates which accompany this paper, the various published figures of young sword-fishes, and have had them redrawn as nearly as possible to a uniform scale.

Of the sword-fish, *Xiphias gladius*, two figures are given. One, taken from Lütken's "Spolia Atlantica" (pl. ii, fig. 10), is 37 millimeters long; the other is a reproduction of the often-

(20 Sitzb. Ak. Wiss. Wien, 1868, p. 396.

copied figure in Cuvier and Valenciennes's "Histoire Naturelle des Poissons" (pl. cexxv), 12 to 18 inches long. Lütken had a smaller specimen, 10 millimeters long, but it was too poorly preserved to be figured.

Of the various species of *Tetrapturus* and *Histiophorus*, six figures are given. The smallest is that from "Spolia Atlantica" (pl. ii, fig 11), and is of a fish 5½ millimeters long. Lütken remarks that he has a series from 5½ to 12 millimeters long which differ very little from each other. The next in size is copied from Günther, and is probably about 10 millimeters long; the third, also from Günther, is 14 millimeters long. Lütken has another link in the series, a specimen 21 millimeters long, which he has not figured. The fourth stage is from Günther, a specimen 60 millimeters long; the fifth, from Cuvier and Valenciennes (pl. cexxx), their *Histiophorus pulchellus*, about 410 millimeters long; the sixth, from Rüppell, a copy of his figure of *H. immaculatus*, said to be about 1,800 millimeters long. These illustrations show the development in a very satisfactory manner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REPORT OF MR. HUGHLETT.

We have the "Report of Thomas Hughlett, a Commissioner of Fisheries of Maryland," dated January, 1882. Our readers will remember that the two commissioners of this State divide their territory and their appropriation, each taking a share and acting independently of each other. Mr. Hughlett has the eastern shore, and Maj. Ferguson the western.

Wishing to hatch shad, which he believed could be as well done on the eastern as on the western shore, Mr. Hughlett selected Coppage Landing, near Millington, Queen Anne county, on the Chester River; Tuckahoe Creek and Kingston on the Choptank; Sharptown on the Nanticoke, and Sharp's Point on the Wicomico, as the most favorable points for transportation as well as hatching. Not being supplied with the means sufficient to erect the machinery now in use in more advanced hatching stations, he was compelled to use boxes for this purpose, and with these he hatched 2,600,000 at Coppage Landing out of 3,660,000 eggs. Nearly five million were hatched at Tuckahoe, and two million at Sharp's Point. At these stations the river herring and the white perch (*Morone*) were hatched in considerable numbers.

A few Schoodic (land-locked) salmon were hatched and distributed, but their success in Maryland is doubted, as they are inhabitants of deep, cold lakes. Carp have been a success, and their spawning age determined. The fish deposited in 1879 (of that season's hatch) "certainly spawned this year (1881), and from the thirty-five fish placed therein, he this fall took more than a thousand, measuring from two to six inches in length." Legislation on the blockading of creeks and rivers with nets is recommended.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW ZEALAND.—We have received a pamphlet containing "History of Fishculture in New Zealand, by W. Arthur, C. E., read before the Otago Institute, February 18, 1881, and Operations of the Various Acclimatization Societies," with illustrations. From this and previous reports we judge that Mr. Arthur is doing much good work in that country where no ruthless pike nor destructive little sunfishes, the scourge of American waters, abide. Salmon from England and from California have been introduced into New Zealand, but with what success it is too soon to say. Other fishes, as German carp, brown trout (English), Tahoe trout (American), brook trout (ditto), catfish (ditto), whitefish (ditto), tench (English), chart (ditto), perch (ditto) and goldfish have been introduced by the Auckland, Hawke's Bay, Wanganui, Marlborough, Canterbury, Otago and Southern land societies, and by Mr. Howard. The English trout, *S. fario*, have established themselves in Canterbury.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1882.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1882. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

September 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, Fairmont, Minn. Entries for the Derby close July 1, for the All-aged, Sept. 4. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.

November 17.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 881, New York, Secretary.

December 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11.—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials or Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

GORDONS AND BLACK AND TANS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letters of "Vitus," which have appeared in your issues of April 20 and July 27, reminded me very forcibly of an old gentleman who gave me considerable trouble when I was at school. I refer to Nestor, who figures very prominently in Homer's Iliad, "from whose tongue flowed words sweeter than honey," etc., etc. But the same old gentleman never could find anything good in the days he is represented as speaking in; he always referred to men and their doings as nothing compared to the men he knew when young. According to "Vitus," the Irish setter of former days was an infinitely superior animal in every respect, even to his color, than the Irish setter of the present day, and he asserts it so flatly that it would be next thing to a grave offense to say he is wrong.

I am led to think from his writings that he has not the least belief in the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest, and also that he considers the sportsmen of the present day are not up to their forefathers in knowing what sort of a dog is best fitted for their work. If it is so with dogs, it must follow that by careful breeding and training of the horse he is depreciated, as when Dexter made a record of 2.17 no horse ever could beat it. How is it now when we look at the records of Maud S., Rarus and half a dozen others—has science and careful breeding not improved them? It is equally so with dogs. I affirm that no sportsman of the present day would be satisfied with one of the sage brown pottering dogs that were used to drive birds like sheep into nets. Yet, from Vitus' letter he would try to make one believe that that dog was infinitely superior in every respect to the Irish setter of the present day. To prove this assertion he attacks Stonehenge, of whom he says: "As for Stonehenge, I take but little stock in his authority on Irish setters, in fact, he is one of the sort who like to please the public without benefiting them." I think this is a most unwarranted attack on one of the ablest men of the present century. Yet for his (Vitus') own ends he uses this very man in whom he has not the slightest confidence, to prove that the present black and tan is a mongrel. In this, I think Vitus, to use a slang expression, "gives himself away." For any man who as Vitus says "is one of the sort to please the public without benefiting them," is not to be trusted as an authority on any subject.

Vitus says he lived in Ireland for 14 or years thirty years ago. I lived in Ireland twenty-five years, and I have seen very many of the Irish setters, and some kennels which are acknowledged to be the finest in the world, who trace their pedigrees back beyond the days of "Brian Burrough." and I never yet saw a sage brown dog among them that was thought anything of. I must confess I cannot see how Vitus makes the "gaidhrin" into the Irish setter; a pet hound is scarcely the same as a setter. Another assertion which I cannot quite reconcile is the color of the heather. I always thought it more of blue green with a dark red almost purple flower, and as it blooms nearly all the year round the bogs have a purplish tinge, especially in September, the grand shooting month there. Perhaps I may be color-blind, which is fashionable nowadays, which accounts for this seeming contradiction.

Leaving all this aside, what has Vitus proved by his long letters—that there are no such breeds as Irish setters, Gordon or black and tan setters? He may think so, and I shall be very sorry indeed if this affords him any pleasure, to try and convince him that the public do not believe him. He has got his little idiosyncrasy, and from some experience in these matters I would consider it cruel to show him that he is entirely mistaken.

All the harm he has done is to himself, by blackening the character of Stonehenge and stating that there is no such thing in existence as two of the most popular breeds of dogs as Irish and Scotch setters. This sort of discussion may be interesting to antiquarians, but the sporting press of the day, to a very large extent, is devoted to improvement, and not, as "Vitus" would have us to believe, the fostering of species which, instead of being improvements, are directly the reverse.

I trust that "Vitus" will not become discouraged in his readings and writings by the tempest which he has raised around his devoted pen, but that he will improve his library by the addition to it of "Idstone" and Gordon Stable's works, when we next hear from him on the black and tan question. I would also recommend him a week's shooting over some of the sad Irish black and tans, and then he would be the better able to judge of their respective merits and demerits.

In conclusion, I wish to thank him for having written as he has done, as it has settled one very important point—that we have a black and tan setter, pure, which can trace back its pedigree for sixty years. J. S. NIVEN.

LAMENT OF AN OLD TIMER.

Is there no one among the many lovers and breeders of the grand setter, who so lovingly remembers the pleasures of shooting over the old-fashioned trotter with a nose, that he still continues to breed and use them for his own comfort and the delectation of his old foggy friends?

I have looked in vain through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM for some description, or even an advertisement of a slow dog, and such a treat would have made me wish for an arm long enough to give his owner a hearty hand shake, though half a continent might separate us. The writer never takes the field except for exercise and pleasure, and although a large bag adds unquestionably to his exhilaration, yet it is decidedly a matter of secondary importance compared to the ever new beauties of the fields and streams, and the never ending interest in the maneuvers and generalship displayed by his four-footed teacher.

Fair pack in memory's preface stands distinctly outlined the form and features of the only dog I ever owned, and although I have been afflicted with numerous canines since, ranging in speed from turtles to racehorses, yet compared with him they were mere nonentities.

He had the two qualities without which the most beautiful animal is useless, except on the show bench—nose and staunchness, and his one high-headed trot through the leeward side of a ten acre lot was as sure an indication to me of the presence of a bevy of game as any of my subsequent dogs had thoroughly quartered it, his nose traveled faster than the legs of the fastest, and more unerringly, for never to my knowledge did he make a false point, from his dog babyhood until the day when that despicable villain, the dog poisoner, curtailed his life and my pleasures simultaneously.

Has his like all vanished from the face of the earth? or is there still some good soul with my own antiquated notions, who can direct me to his counterpart, a high-headed, merry-stemed setter puppy, with an old-fashioned nose, an intelligent, affectionate

SLOW DOG.

THE COCKER SPANIEL.

INDIAN RIVER, Mich., Aug. 13, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe in the August 3d issue of my ever welcome paper two articles, the first, entitled "What is a Cocker?" by J. F. Kirk, Secretary etc., of the A. C. S. C., and the other by Jas. Watson, Esq. I shall reply in brief to Mr. Kirk at this writing, but will leave the presentation of certain facts and figures that I gained at the Cleveland show, partly from his own records and partly from my own, to show to all true friends of the cocker, that something is known of "what is a cocker" by others besides Mr. Kirk.

Here I must correct a little error of the printer, that makes me use the term "pug" nose instead of pig nose in the copy, for "pug" is less a correct term than pig, the type of the muzzle of the A. C. S. standard if I understand the matter correctly. Whether I am correct or not in the "deep-rooted opinion" that the A. C. S. standard "was especially devised to fit certain black spaniels," etc., the fact is painfully evident that "certain black spaniels" have almost uniformly won in all the bench shows of the past season, and if the reader will turn to the advertisement in the BROKER AND SPORTSMAN by the "Herald Sporting Club," he will see the relation that exists between the A. C. S. standard and that club, and be the better able to judge whether that standard was or was not devised "to fit certain black spaniels." etc., etc.

Mr. Kirk complains that I call it a "false and pernicious standard," but if he will show me any substantial evidence that it is not so, then I will gracefully yield to the fact presented. He asks me to read the "points as given to Benedict as a cocker," etc., etc. Now I would like to ask him what right he has to judge the cocker by a field spaniel standard, if there has not been some admixture of these strains somewhere, if not in the A. C. S. Club? Why not judge the cocker by the Laverack or Llewellin type, and then draw conclusions that these types are not cockers as well? Certainly there seems to be a "nigger in the wood-pile," and whether this nigger really exists or not, I claim and assert that the A. C. S. standard is altogether unfitted to meet the true conditions and qualities of the cocker, and if no change is made in that standard, that standard is not the correct and true representative of the cocker; therefore, the breeding to that standard is begetting "a worthless set" of so-called cockers, and the weight of twenty-eight pounds makes the strain rather "Jumbos" than cockers. Will Mr. Watson please make note of this, that he may understand what I mean by "Jumbo-like specimens?" Did he ever read of Barnum's huge elephant? If not, I refer him to the newspapers of the day; and when read, turn down a leaf.

Mr. Kirk's scoring at Cleveland while judging the spaniel classes, as I before remarked, will be attended to when I return to my home, where the documents are that may be called into requisition; then we will see whether these "imaginary bogies" are of the A. C. S. C.'s making or my own. I will close, for the present, by hoping that my "fellow-members of the A. C. S. Club," who are "the thoroughly true and staunch friends of the handsome little dog," will see themselves as others see them, and practice some of the "true interests" of the cocker, rather than prate about them.

A few words for Mr. James Watson. I will say that all his misstatements about me, which embrace the most of his article, are as far from the real facts as his standard of the cocker is removed from the genuine type of that "handsome little dog." Now, friend Watson, join those who are the true friends of the cocker, pug your pig-nosed representatives to a closer resemblance of the genuine cocker. Let me assure you nothing is the matter with "Senex" except that he wants the cocker to be a cocker in fact. Regarding what you say about my connection with Benedict a year ago, and with the A. C. S. Club, if any apology is demanded, I feel more like making one to my friends and myself for becoming a member of said club than to you who was a prime mover in making such a standard. You speak of me as "a disappointed exhibitor" at the Cleveland show. Now to be disappointed I must have expected something and not received it. This I did not; for how could I or any other man expect to win for the cocker that which was denied to him by your standard. Again I would inquire what right had the judge of the cocker spaniel class to judge cockers by your standard when that standard is ignord by some of the best cocker breeders in the country, and especially what right had he to judge the cockers outside of your particular strain. Friend Watson, will you answer these questions, and abiding these answers, I remain, SENEX.

DARLINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE following report we clip from the London *Field*, omitting the comments and prize list except for pointers, setters and spaniels: Judges—The Rev. G. F. Hodson and Messrs. T. B. Bowers, R. Colling, R. B. Lee, E. C. Norrish, Vero Shaw, T. Stephenson and James Taylor.

The good people of Darlington are certainly to be congratulated upon the result of their dog show, which came off on Friday, the 29th ult. Our readers being already in possession of all the facts connected with the differences of opinion which exist between the north-country committee and the Kennel Club, it is unnecessary for us to repeat what is already well known. Still, as matters stand, Darlington unquestionably has scored one in the struggle for independence. The entries this year in the dog department muster 617, as against the 690 odd of last year. The above statement, were it not capable of explanation, would look as if the show was going off. The fact, however, is that the Darlington committee this year, for the first time, determined to place their veto upon the same dog being shown in two classes, and we hear that the secretary actually returned twenty entries of puppies which had been nominated for the adult classes as well. Arguing, therefore, that at least twenty puppies more would have been entered under other circumstances by owners who read the conditions of the show, and, therefore made no attempt to send their dogs, we calculate that this new regulation may be fairly estimated as costing the committee no less than forty entries. If, therefore, assuming this reckoning to be somewhere near the mark, we proceed to add the forty entries thus lost to the 617 actually secured, and compare the total with the number of dogs shown last year, we find the falling off to be well under fifty.

Thus, taking Darlington as a test case, it would appear that the opposition of the Kennel Club, when directed against a first-rate provincial show, is a good deal under ten per cent., which, considering the great influence which is claimed by our London showmen is, to our mind, at least, a very small amount. It was only natural that the Darlington people were jubilant, and chuckled to their hearts' content, especially as the horses numbered nearly six hundred entries, and the town was full of visitors. In fact, we were assured by Mrs. Lambert, the genial hostess of that most excellent hostel, the Fleece, that it was "really like the good old times again," and nobody is better qualified to speak of those halcyon days than the lady in question, who on the present occasion was driven to her wits' end to accommodate her guests, many of whom openly stated that they had "come in person to back up Darlington."

The attendance on the ground was enormous, being over a thousand in excess of the best on record, and no doubt many of the fair sex were deterred from coming over on account of the rain on the preceding day. Friday, however, was fine enough, and everything went off as well as could be desired. Mrs. Gurney Pease was present, generously lending her beautiful park to the committee, and declining, at the same time, to accept complimentary tickets to the grand stand, on the grounds that all well-wishers to the show should give it practical and substantial support by paying for what they wished to see, as were many other members of the county families. The Glasgow committee also did what they could by allowing all the dogs entered for Darlington to leave their show one day earlier, so as to be in time, and Messrs. Spratt supplied the food in their best style. There was nothing, therefore, to mar the harmony or success of the exhibition, and it can scarcely be surprising that the Darlington committee are, under the circumstances, more than ever determined to accept extinction at the hands of the Kennel Club with complacency, and do their best to hold another bumper in the way of shows in 1883, which, by the way, is to be a jubilee year, being the twenty-fifth birthday of the South Durham and North Yorkshire fixture.

Speaking generally, and having in mind a good number of Darlington shows we can state fearlessly that the quality of the entries was never surpassed. A champion, or something very like one, was entered in almost every class, as such names as Bayard in the St. Bernards, Rock in the setters, Ponto in the pointers, John O'Gaunt in the clumbers, Brockenhurst Rally in the fox-terriers, Tetsly in the dandies, Violet and Rosemary in the bull-terriers, Bellissima and Venom in bulldogs, Rosemary and Princess Dagmar (the latter hardly a show bitch though), in the greyhounds, and a "new" mastiff, who was claimed for a hundred, will clearly prove. The arrangements were very good, and the judging was quickly got through in the six rings which were provided, though the absence of Donnison (who again deserted to the horses) and his bell was a bit felt when new classes were called on. This year the show was kept open until 6 P. M., the change being almost unanimously approved of by the exhibitors, who upon former occasions have had very limited opportunities of going thoroughly round the classes. Mr. W. Sewell as secretary was, as usual, most assiduous in his duties; and we beg to offer him and his committee our best thanks for the assistance we received at their hands, and our congratulations at the unequivocal success they scored over their show for 1882.

Champion pointers brought out Bang II., the last Birmingham champion as winner here. He has better shoulders than Pontop, who was defeated; but it must have been a tight fit between them. In the open dog class, large size, Don, who won, is very good in head, but his color—a nasty lemon—is against him. Young Ponto, who came next, we never raved about, but he was rightly placed here. In the bitches Ruby (the well-known Ruby) won first and cup for Mr. Fletcher, and her victory was undoubtedly deserved. Roy, the winner in the small-sized dog class, is a very taking lemon and white, with a typical head and rare shoulders. He is very full of quality, and with time (he is twenty-two months old) should prove a good winner. In the corresponding bitch class, Nell, another lemon, with a good head, but in milk, won easily, the class not striking us as a very strong one.

Setters: Black and tan dogs were a poor lot, nothing more. Roy, who won, was about the best, but his ears might be better. Duke was lame, and looked aged. Bella, the best of the bitches, won, but Nell, who took second, is curly in ears. In the Irish, Bogardus, a good dog, but rather weak in his fore feet, won, with Nellie second. She is plain in head, and on the present occasion was short of coat. Babb Junior is a smart youngster, who, we expect, will do better by-and-by. Any other variety of setter, dogs, brought Mr. Freme's Monk to the fore; he is a good dog, with excellent legs, feet and body, but looks as if he had been worked a great deal—unless



MR. E. E. HARDY'S ENGLISH SETTER DOG "POLLUX."

he has been used in schooling puppies; this seems unlikely, but possibly it is so. Blue Beard is a little sour-faced, and might be better in loins. Roy, the extra prize dog, is of a good stamp, but we do not think he is anywhere near his present conquerors. It is only fair to state that old champion Rock, who was entered, did not compete, as he was so seriously savaged by Ponto the night previously that for some time George Hellewell despaired of his life. According to the last reports we had, the old hero is getting better fast. A nice lemon and white puppy by Rock, called Iris, won well in the bitch class; she has a nailing good head, and her fault, we think, lies in the position and carriage of her flag. Lilian moved so stiffly in the ring that we thought she would have had to give way to Margery, although the latter's condition was not up to show form at all. Myrrha is a fair one, and worth her card.

Mr. Holmes had it all his own way with his well-known clumbers in the class set apart for them, and in the blacks Kaffir carried off first and cup for his new owner, Mr. Freme; but the judge admitted that it was a very near thing between him and Zulu, though in our opinion the former won easily.

PRIZE LIST.

POINTERS.—Champions: 1st, R. P. Leach (Bang II.). Dogs above 55lb.: 1st, R. Graham (Don); 2d, J. Fletcher (Young Ponto). Vhc., W. Coates (Rob) and G. Grencock (Ranger). C., J. G. Grace (Sam), V. W. Corbett (Sam), and J. E. Mason (Lord Rockingham). Bitches above 50lb.: 1st and cup, J. Fletcher (Ruby); 2d, T. Kirkby (Princess Bella). Vhc., E. J. Buckle (Carmen II.). Hc., J. Dickinson (Nell). Dogs not over 55lb.: 1st, C. Drury (Roy); 2d, W. Waddington (Bedwin Drake). Vhc., W. Shepherd (Shot). Hc., Sir. J. W. Pease, M.P. (Pop). C., R. B. Woosnam (Don) and J. Langdale (Don).—Open Class—Bitches not over 50lb.: 1st, C. Drury (Nell); 2d, Sir. J. W. Pease, M.P. (Kate). Vhc., W. Stoddart (Juno). Hc., E. P. Leach (Bloom) and H. Marshall (Duchess). C., F. Waddington (Flounce).

SETTERS.—Black and Tan—Dogs: 1st, W. H. M. Fawcett (Roy). Bitches: 1st, F. Waddington (Bella); 2d, C. Pickersgill (Nell). Irish: 1st, G. R. Ramsay (Bogarina); 2d, H. M. Wilson (Nellie). Vhc., C. F. Smurthwaite (Ruby Junior). Hc., G. F. Smurthwaite (Grouse Junior) and G. H. Loftus (Sam).—Any other Variety—Dogs: 1st and cup, J. Freme (Monk); 2d, Capt. J. F. Walton (Bluebeard); extra 3d, S. T. Jones (Roy). Bitches: 1st, J. W. Fleming (Iris); 2d, H. Dundas (Lilian); extra 3d, Capt. Walton (Margery). Vhc., H. Dundas (Myrrha). C., G. Renton, M.D. (Floss), and Dr. Iliffe (Countess).

SPANIELS.—Clumber—1st and 2d, H. Holmes (John O'Gaunt and Tower); Hc., C. P. Harvey (Pudge). Black and Liver: 1st and cup, J. Freme (Kaffer); 2d, J. Boyle (Zulu). Vhc., J. Freme (Sweep). C., J. Freme (Beverley Blanche), and V. Kitchingham (Yorick). Any other Variety: 1st, Kitchingham (Katrine); 2d, E. H. Wilson (Don Cæsar). Vhc., B. Hewitson (Rex). Hc., V. Freema (Beverly Bob). C., C. H. Backhouse (Sailor Duck).

AN INTELLIGENT COLLIE.

I HAVE just lost a collie pup. Though less than six months old, he had given evidence of possessing no mean intelligence. Alas! he found a piece of meat charged with strychnine, meant for coyotes, and is no more. At his age his performances were wonderful. I have seen him at a word from the shepherd round up and put between sixteen and seventeen hundred sheep in the pen (many of them wild Mexicans), and not chase or crowd any of them. The little chap would mass this large flock of scattered sheep and direct them toward the pen in half the time that several men could do it. When penning the sheep he had to work them down a long hill that sloped to a flat that the pen was built upon. When close in upon any portion of the flock he could not see over them, and would scamper back up the hill and locate the position of the pen and then flank his sheep according to his bearings. When the last sheep and frisky lamb was inside, he would sit down in the gate and slap the dust with his tail until the shepherd commenced putting up the poles that formed the gate, and I have seen him attempt to assist in that work by trying to drag the poles to the gate. At night he would keep the sheep in the pen, which consisted of brush, or if they broke out, would promptly put them back. I have herded those sheep myself, and slept in a small A tent a few yards from the pen. In case of the moon rising, fool sheep appeared to take it for sunrise, and would break out. The first time it occurred during Dick's administration, Dick put his paws upon my breast and licked my face and awoke me. I said, "Go for 'em, Dick!" and he did it and put the lost sheep back in the pen, and then came back and tried to tell me that all was right. After that night he needed no further hints, but took the business into his own hands, or paws. He had but little tuition, but he guarded that sheep pen as well as though he was five years of age instead of five months.

He had some odd tricks, one of which I will mention. If he had been guilty of any misbehavior for which he knew he deserved punishment, he would rush off and round up his flock of sheep as though he wished to show some work to atone for his misconduct. He had a nose like a bloodhound, and could follow a person's footsteps as well. I have left him asleep on the prairie more than once, stolen away and hidden myself, and watched him follow my footsteps. He would trace every step until he found me, and then would quiver for joy. If there is a heaven for dogs, may the Lord be good to a little fellow. C.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas.

PROPOSED COCKER CLUB.—Indian River, Mich., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to say to all those parties who have written me about joining an association of cocker breeders who are dissatisfied with the present standard and who wish to see the cocker judged by a true and proper standard, that I will call a meeting of all such, at some central point, as soon as I return to my home at Ann Arbor, about the first of October prox. All monies received will be returned to the proper parties at the meeting, and an organization effected that will deal justly with the cocker.—E. C. FRANKLIN.

POLLUX.

POLLUX is a black and white English setter dog, owned by Mr. E. E. Hardy, of Boston, Mass. He is two and a half years old, and is by Dash III. out of Diana (Adams' Rock—Nesbitt's Maud). He won first in the Eastern Field Trials Derby at Robin's Island last year, running a capital race. He also ran in the National American Derby at Grand Junction, Tenn., doing some fine work, but was beaten by Bess, his half sister, who was placed second. Pollux is rather under the medium size, but exceedingly well made and possessed of great power. His disposition is of the best, and he bids fair with proper handling to make it warm for his competitors at the coming trials, as if in form he will run in all the stakes.

DOMINION OF CANADA KENNEL CLUB.

IT gives us pleasure to announce that the sportsmen of Canada have formed a kennel club. We are indebted to the Ottawa *Daily Citizen* for the following particulars: The Dominion of Canada Kennel Club has just been granted incorporation. The club, which is composed of the most prominent of our gentlemen sportsmen, has also a representative board of directors resident in each of the provinces, as well as numerous shareholders scattered throughout the country from the Atlantic to British Columbia, thus making the scheme a national one in its principal features. They intend importing for their kennel, which is to be established in or near Ottawa, a stud of sporting dogs that will rank second to none in this country, and in the hands of a competent trainer will contest the bench and field against all comers. Another object of the club is the compilation and publication of a stud register or stock book for dogs only, on the same principle as the herd books which have proved invaluable to breeders of cattle, but on a system that will allow of the registration of an exact *fac simile* of each animal, giving his color and markings.

The idea was originated by Mr. Vicars, secretary of the club, and has met with the hearty approval of the most experienced breeders of the United States, as among other advantages it gives a means of detecting any attempt at fraud on the part of unscrupulous dealers. This is evidently a move in the right direction and should meet with support from every true sportsman, as heretofore we have been obliged to register our pedigreed stock in the books compiled by our cousins across the border, the Canadian entries contained therein forming no small portion of each volume. The club are now making arrangements for holding a grand bench show here during the spring, for which they have already secured a large number of entries, both in Canada and the United States, and they promise to give the public an opportunity of seeing the crack dogs of the present time, some of which are valued at a small fortune. Although a very much larger capital could have been secured, they have started with four thousand dollars, feeling confident that on this sum the enterprise will prove a success, and with the careful management it is sure to have in the hands of its present board of directors, will yield in time a fair dividend. We wish them every success.

The following is a list of the Provisional Directors of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club:

Lindsay Russell, Ottawa; Z. A. Lash, Toronto; Lieut. Gov. Dewdney; A. O. F. Coleman, V.S., Ottawa; Dr. Nevin, London, Ont.; F. P. Austin, Ottawa; C. V. Temple, Quebec; John Gilmour, Ottawa; F. H. D. Veith, Halifax; W. A. Allen, Ottawa; E. F. Stephenson, Winnipeg; H. Bailey Harrison, Tillsonburg; Christopher Robinson, Q.C., Toronto; Alonzo Wright, M.P., Ironsides; Hon. A. P. Caron, Ottawa; D. C. Plumb, Niagara; B. H. G. Vicars, Ottawa, provisional secretary and treasurer.

The national objects of the club are (1) to encourage throughout the whole Dominion, the importation, sale, breeding, training and exchange of highly bred dogs of all classes; (2) to compile and publish a national stud book, in which dogs of every breed, whelped or owned in the Dominion, can be registered; (3) to endeavor to secure such legislation as will protect the game of this country, and assist in the enforcement of existing laws having that object in view; (4) generally to assist in the conviction and punishment of persons guilty of cruelty to animals, more especially to the dog, and the various kinds of game; (5) to encourage public exhibitions of dogs, such as bench shows and field trials; (6) to encourage legitimate sport generally. The first meeting for the election of permanent officers will be held in Ottawa, on Sept. 11.

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—Mr. Fred. W. Rothera, of Simcoe, Ontario, Can., has just imported from the kennel of S. W. Smith, Leeds, Yorkshire, the St. Bernard dog Lady Abbess. She is by Capt. Bamebridge's Hero, out of Lottie, and took first prize at Dudley, England, in June last. She is a massive, well grown bitch, rough-coated, with true St. Bernard head and benevolent expression. Her color is rich orange tawny, with correct markings, and she carries double dew claws. Since her arrival she has presented her owner with a litter of seven, four of which—three dogs and a bitch—only are alive. These are fine healthy pups, orange tawny and tawny brindle, with white blaze, collar and fore legs, and these were sired by Mr. Smith's Rollo, who took first prize at the Alexandra Palace Show, in June last. Lady Abbess is in all respects a dog to be proud of, and will prove a worthy consort to Mr. Rothera's noble dog Priam, who has figured so successfully at shows here. Mr. Rothera is to be congratulated on possessing three such splendid specimens of this truly magnificent breed as Priam, Lady Abbess and Novice.

THE KENNEL CLUB AND ITS RULERS.

I WAS so completely taken aback by a statement in the letter of Mr. J. H. Murchison, published in the *Field* a fortnight ago, that I could not reply until I had satisfied myself as to facts.

Mr. Murchison, in reference to the black mail rule of the Kennel Club, attempts to justify it by showing that the National Coursing Club club do a similar thing. He says "The National Coursing Club have lately adopted the same rule and fee, and it may be well to note that it is composed of representatives from the principal coursing clubs in the kingdom."

As I was sure Mr. Murchison would not make a misstatement intentionally, and as I remember he was no novice in coursing, having, I believe, once held a nomination for the Waterloo cup, his words were to me, in the language of Mr. Swiveller, "a staggerer."

Mr. Murchison is right in saying the National Coursing Club is a representative body, and had it imposed the tax he speaks of on the coursing public, its representative character would have been its excuse or justification for the act; but the National Coursing Club has done nothing so foolish. It, unlike the Kennel Club, does not possess a newspaper to be subsidized at the expense of outsiders, and there could be no need for such a rule as the Kennel Club profit by, for, as a matter of fact, all greyhounds running at meetings held under N. C. C. rules have always had to be identified by name of owner, pedigree, sex, age and color, and that Mr. Murchison should have known. The N. C. C. have undertaken the compilation of a greyhound stud book, for which a charge of one shilling per entry is made; the Kennel Club compile a stud book and a charge of five shillings per entry is made. But Mr. Murchison and the *Kennel Gazette*, with a disingenuousness I cannot admire, compare the work of the N. C. C. with the utterly useless rule as to the name registration of the K. C., which rule is, I repeat, a subsidy to the paper run in the direct interests of the club.

Mr. Murchison tells us the K. C. gives away the surplus or profit made, and that may be; but by what right do they feed their own paper with the shillings of the public, and pose as liberal donors with the surplus.

Not only is the K. C. registry of names utterly useless, but, even if it were of use, it is a bad shilling's worth, the work being ill done. I quote as a sample the first greyhound on the list in this month's *Kennel Gazette*—"Artilleryman, d, Mr. T. Jones's, by Gunner—Anor, Feb., 1878." How is that dog to be identified by the register?

Now, as to the "Boycotting" of Darlington, I wish to observe that it is not an isolated case; and it is not only to shows that coercion is applied, but public expression of opinion would be choked if the K. C. had the power. Had I only myself to consider, I would speak more plainly; but there are those of the Kennel Club who will know what I mean.

Mr. Murchison would make out the Darlington letter to be a hoax; I do not take that view. It is more than twelve months since Mr. George Lowe, then Secretary to the Kennel Club, told me it was in contemplation to frame a rule equivalent to Mr. Doyle's resolution, and that to be followed by another rule debarring exhibitors and dogs from taking part in Kennel Club shows. I said to Mr. Lowe I sincerely hoped the club would do so; and I still hope that course may be taken, for the club would then be in name, as it is now in fact, a benevolent and admiration and benefit society.

Mr. Doyle's resolution was put out so as to feeler to see how far the club could with safety to its own interests go, and the canine public has been so prompt in showing its teeth that now we see the usual spectacle when dogs bark boldly and suddenly retire into the kennel. Mr. Murchison is one of those who believe the Kennel Club exists for the improvement of dogs and dog shows, and there is something very refreshing in the simplicity of his faith. I wish I could subscribe to his creed, but there are too many ugly facts in the way.

When men who extensively deal in dogs elect each other to judge each others' dogs against those of the outside public, they do not take a very sensible way of convincing people of their disinterestedness.—HUGH DALZIEL in *London Field*.

DOGS FOR COURSING LARGE GAME.—Glendive, M. T., Aug. 10, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hunters in this part of the world don't know much about dogs. I suppose it is because they don't read the kennel columns of FOREST AND STREAM. What we need in this rough country is a dog of great courage and speed, and good feet, the prickly pear or cactus, and the sharp stones of the "Bad Lands," are very severe on the feet. We have many greyhounds, some very fine ones, but they haven't the "sand," they run fast enough to pick up a deer, or mountain sheep, or a wolf, but will detain neither for an instant, unless several are together, the same fault I found with the Scotch stag hound, while both have good feet. I have dressed a splendid Scotch stag hound bitch with a large brindle bulldog of great sagacity and courage; the pups are now four months old and have splendid feet and promise good size and courage. I will report the result this coming winter. What do you "dog men" say to a cross of this kind? The bull dog has a fine scent and staying qualities, but is too slow. We want something to pick up wounded deer or antelope and hold it until the hunter comes up.—H. S. We hope our correspondent will report the result of his experiment. The same cross has been tried among the hills of Scotland, but was abandoned, as the animals, with more courage than discretion, would pitch in regardless, generally with disastrous results to themselves. With our game, however, the cross may prove satisfactory and we shall await with no little interest the report of the result.]

DEATH OF THE IRISH WOLFHOUND VIXEN.—Prof. H. B. Roney, of East Saginaw, Mich., has had the misfortune to lose by death his imported Irish wolfhound bitch Vixen, from heart disease. He still has Dragon, her mate, who is now the sole representative in this country of this famous but almost extinct breed. We trust that Prof. Roney will be able to secure another one to take her place, as undoubtedly these dogs, with their great speed and high courage, would prove invaluable to the large game hunters of the far West.

DOGS POISONED.—Some miscreant a few days ago poisoned eight puppies belonging to the Hornell Spaniel Club. It is a pity that the fiends who perpetrate such outrages cannot be brought to justice and made to suffer the penalty for their wickedness.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

H. G., Cedar Falls, Iowa.—The "Management and Diseases of the Dog," by Sir Woodroffe Hill, is what you want. We can send it; price $2.

H., Dorchester, Mass.—Mange is contagious. Continue the sulphurious acid. Give him a dose of Epsom salts, and see that he has plenty of well-cooked vegetables in his food; a little cod liver oil will also benefit him.

P. A. T., Yonkers, N. Y.—A cocker bitch is bred to a cocker dog; four or five days later, through accident, she is lined by a terrier. What will the progeny be? Ans.—It is possible that she may throw to both dogs, as cases of superfetation are well authenticated, but the probabilities are that only one sort will be produced. We should be pleased to have our correspondent inform us of the result.

Dog, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. What is the best ointment to rub on a dog whose fleas have taken the hair off, also for a raw sore? 2. Is the preparation of one ounce lard and two drachms of green iodide of mercury injurious or dangerous to put in a raw sore? 3. Is one part of sulphurious acid to three parts of water dangerous to get on raw sores or in the eyes? Ans.—1. Try the black grease that exudes from carriage axles for restoring the hair; for raw sores use benzoated lard. 2. Yes. 3. No.

SALE OF SPORTING DOGS.—A draft of dogs from Mr. Purcell Llewellin's kennel was disposed of at Aldridge's, on August 4. As a rule prices were low, Noble Windem being purchased by Mr. Lidderdale for 23 gs. Nimble Windem was secured by Mr. Cunnington for 36 gs. Col. Makins became the owner of Royal Windem at the same figure. Sydney Bondhu, who ran in the Derby this year, only fetched 34 gs., being purchased by Mr. J. A. Platt, and the same gentleman secured Champion Baffle, a Birmingham winner, for 26 gs. —*Live Stock Journal.*

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bramjos. By Prof. H. B. Roney, East Saginaw, Mich., for black and tan English bloodhound dog, whelped Jan. 16, 1882, by his Caradoc (Forester—May Thorn) out of his Juno II. (Hugo—Juno I.)

Nellie C. By Mr. H. D. Chauncey, Midland Park, N. J., for black and tan setter bitch, 2yrs old, by Colburn's Duke (Dash—Belle) out of Nellie P. (2d New York, 1879).

Benedict's Boy. By Mr. H. F. Shellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 27, 1882, by imported champion Benedict (Bachelor—Negress) out of Beatrice (Nigger—Belle).

Mark Lyrry. By Mr. F. S. Rowley, Dallas, Texas, for red Irish setter dog puppy by Larry out of Red Bess.

Bessie O'More. By Mr. F. S. Rowley, Dallas, Texas, for red Irish setter bitch puppy by champion Rory O'More out of Norah O'More (Rodrick—Ellen).

Arabi Boy. By Mr. J. N. Brunson, Sycamore, Ill., for lemon belton English setter dog puppy by Druid (Prince—Dora) out of Princess Draco (Rob Roy —Livy).

Dufferin Lassie. By Mr. A. H. Rimmer, New York, for pointer bitch, whelped July, 1882, by champion Rush out of Lady Dufferin.

Abraham. By Mr. Geo. C. Sterling, New York, for black and white English setter dog, whelped June 13, 1882, by Johnnie Rae (Rob Roy—Doll) out of Swan (Druid—Lady Cypress).

Colonel. By Mr. W. J. Brock, Providence, R. I., for black and tan terrier dog, 5mos. old, by Vortigern out of Lilly II.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Queen—Bow. Mr. Jeff. Waller's (New Orleans, La.) orange and white pointer bitch Queen to Mr. Edward Odell's champion Bow, Aug. 8.

Nellie C.—Jack. Mr. H. D. Chauncey's (Midland Park, N. J.) black and tan setter bitch Nellie C. (Colburn's Duke—Nellie F.) to Mr. Fitch's imported Jack (Gronsse—Belle), Aug. 15.

Daisy—Rob. The Westminster Kennel Club's Daisy (Flake—Lilly) to the Borstall Kennel's Rob (Rush—Romp), Aug. 10.

Mona—Dash III. Mr. M. S. Norton's English setter bitch Mona (Carlowitz—Queen Bess) to champion Dash III.

Dora II.—Dash III. Mr. ——'s English setter bitch Dora II. (Rock—Dora) to champion Dash III.

Modjeska—Dash III. Mr. A. M. Tucker's (Charlestown, Mass.) white and lemon ticked English setter bitch Modjeska (Leicester—Peeress) to his champion Dash III.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Leda. Dr. E. C. Franklin's (Ann Arbor, Mich.) imported black cocker bitch Leda (weight 21 lbs.), July 8, five (one dog), by his imported black cocker spaniel Montague (weight 27 lbs.)

Lady Abessa. Mr. Fred. Powers, (Simcoe, Ont.) imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lady Abbess (Hero—Lottie) seven (five dogs), by Rollo (E. K. C. S. B. 11,754); two dogs and one bitch since dead.

Nina II. Mr. Geo. C. Creamer's (Hamilton, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Nina II. (Red Hugh—Nina), Aug. 10, seven (six dogs), by Capt. Bixby's Ruby (Elcho—Rose).

Whiskey. Mr. Chas. Lincoln's (Detroit, Mich.) white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch Whisky, Aug. 10, five (four dogs), by Rampart.

Cecilia. Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's (New York) English setter bitch Cecilia (Dash III.—Cornelia), Aug. 5, six (four dogs), by champion Emperor Fred.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Benedict's Boy. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 27, 1882, by Benedict (Bachelor—Negress) out of Beatrice (Nigger—Belle), by the Hornell Spaniel Club, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Mr. H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Druid—Princess Draco whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog puppy, by Mr. J. H. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. Arnold Burges, Hillsdale, Mich.

Arabi Boy. Lemon belton English setter dog puppy by Druid (Prince—Dora) out of Princess Draco (Rob Roy—Livy), by Mr. J. H. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. J. N. Brunson, Sycamore, Ill.

Bob III.—Mignon whelps. Black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 13, 1882, by Bob III. (Buccleuch—Nell) out of Mignon Daisy—Daisy II.), by Mr. Eugene Powers, Cleveland, N. Y., to Mr. B. E. Miller of the same place; also a black and white dog of same litter to Mr. S. E. Barney, New Haven, Conn., and a liver bitch to Mr. C. E. Helm, Locke, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Judge. Imported Newfoundland dog, by Mr. E. Sherman, New York, to Mr. D. Tallman of same city.

Abraham. Black and white English setter dog, whelped June 13, 1882, by Johnnie Rae (Rob Roy—Doll) out of Swan (Druid—Lady Cypress), by Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., to Mr. Geo. C. Sterling, New York.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Vixen. Imported Irish wolfhound bitch, owned by Prof. H. B. Roney, East Saginaw, Mich., from heart disease.

Fairy Prince—Pearl whelp. Liver and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 7 (Fairy Prince—Pearl), owned by Mr. A. S. Bishop, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A man wrote the Bangor *Commercial* to remind the owners of dogs of the importance of giving them plenty of cold water during dog-days. The editor endorsed the correspondent's idea, and added: "We always give our dog a drink when we drink ourselves, and consequently he is never thirsty."—*Boston Post.*

An author need not confine himself to his individual experiences; the world is all before him where to choose; but there are subjects which he had better not handle unless he have some personal knowledge of them. The sea is one of these. The man who sang,

"The sea, the sea,
The fair, the fresh, the ever free"

(a couplet which Gifted Hopkins might have penned), should never have permitted himself to sing about the ocean. His poem—and it is one of Barry Cornwall's most popular lyrics—has neither savor nor salt. When I first read it, years ago, in mid-Atlantic, I wondered if the author had ever laid eyes on any piece of blue water wider than the Thames at Greenwich (*Greenridge* is what the purists over there call it); and the other day, in running through Barry Cornwall's Life and Letters, I was not a little amused to learn that he was never two miles from land in the whole course of his existence. Imagine Byron or Shelley, who knew the ocean in all its moods, piping such thin feebleness as

"The fair, the fresh, the ever free!"

It required a man whose acquaintance with the sea was limited to a view of it from an upper window to do that.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 15, 1882.—*Forest and Stream:* I wish to call the attention of your readers to my boat improvements. It is well known that I build an iron sectional boat, but it is not so well known concerning the late improvements in them. From year to year I have made alterations, and so change and bettered them as to make them an entirely new boat built from those of a few years back. The result is, and I state an actual fact, a majority of this season's buyers have voluntarily written in terms of high praise about them. According to the testimony of scores of well-known sportsmen, fishermen, as well as hunters, they stand unrivalled as PORTABLE HUNTING AND FISHING BOATS. Chief among the improvements are the NEW ROWING GEARS. There are several sizes of the latter, some one of which can be applied to almost any kind of a boat. They are rapidly being adopted by clubs, the members pronouncing them "the best boat movements ever devised!" They are simple, practical, strong and attractive in appearance. W. E. BOND. —*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE MASSACHUSETTS DECIMAL TARGET.

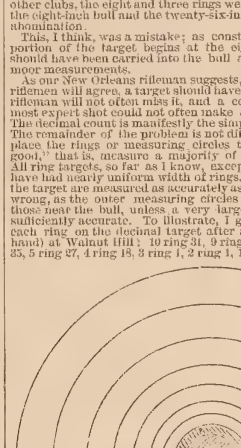
Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with much interest the communication of "M. D." in your issue of May 11, on the subject of targets, and have scanned the columns of succeeding issues in the hope of seeing other riflemen take up the subject, and so create a discussion that should result in American riflemen breaking away from the crude methods of the past and adopting a target both for short and long range that should have some sense in its construction, so to speak.

The ideas advanced by our New Orleans "M. D." I think very sensible. The target he proposes would be vastly superior to any now in use except the Massachusetts decimal. The principle on which that target is constructed, if fully carried out, would make the perfect target for all ranges; but for the sake of comparing scores with other clubs, the eight and three rings were made to correspond with the eight-inch bull and the twenty-six-inch center of the Creedmoor abomination.

This, I think, was a mistake; as constructed the geometrical proportion of the target begins at the eight ring, or edge of bull, it should have been carried into the bull as well, regardless of Creedmoor measurements.

As our New Orleans rifleman suggests, and as I think all intelligent riflemen will agree, a target should have sufficient area so an ordinary rifleman will not often miss it, and a center ring so small that the most expert shot could not often make a perfect score of ten shots. The decimal count is manifestly the simplest in getting at averages. The remainder of the problem is not difficult to get at, that is to so place the rings or measuring circles that they will "do the most good," that is, measure a majority of the shots most accurately. All ring targets, so far as I know, except the Massachusetts decimal have had nearly uniform width of rings, so that the widest shots on the target are measured as accurately as the best. This is manifestly wrong, as the outer measuring circles are but seldom used, while those near the bull, unless a very large number are used, are not sufficiently accurate. To illustrate, I give the number of shots in each ring on the decimal target after a day's shooting (entirely of hand) at Walnut Hill: 10 ring 31, 9 ring 42, 8 ring 46, 7 ring 57, 6 ring 35, 5 ring 27, 4 ring 18, 3 ring 1, 2 ring 1, 1 ring 0.



[The diameters of the black rings are 3½in., 5¼in. and 8in. respectively.]

In the three outer rings, notwithstanding that they contain more than double the area of the rest of the target, there were but two hits; the three outer measuring circles were used but twice during the day, and then to measure shots that were of little account, while these near the center of the target were used from 21 to 57 times.

It is apparent that for such shooting the rings should have been narrower near the bull and much wider toward the outer part, to measure to the best advantage; but average rifle shooting is not up to this high standard, and in general use I think the target would prove to be not far out of the way. For mid and long range targets the same principle should apply whatever the number of divisions. There is no sense in having the center division so large that riflemen can readily place 15 or 20 consecutive shots within it, as is often done at 500 or 800 yards. There should at least be one ring added within the bull if the present size of bull is to be continued in use, and the outer should then count 1 instead of 2, as at present.

Another change, I think, if generally adopted, would do much to promote long-range practice. As at present conducted, it is an all day's job to shoot a match of 45 shots at the 3 ranges, and but few can afford the necessary time and expense. Abolish the first and second stages in the "any rifle" matches, and but little more time would be required to shoot a score of the same number of shots than at short range. By this change riflemen would also get rid of the bother and loss of time in packing up their kits and transporting from one distance to another. One other great advantage would result—permanent shelters from the sun or rain could be constructed when but one distance is used, and long-range practice be made much more comfortable than at present and be carried on at any season of the year.

The three ranges (800, 900 and 1,000 yards) may be well enough for the military rifleman who has but few traps to look after, and such rifles and ammunition as make it as much a matter of luck as skill whether he hits or misses, but for the non-military shooter, with his delicate but superior weapon, they are an abomination, and I for one should be glad to see them dispensed with. PEABODY MARTINA.

CLUB CONSTITUTION.

THE following form of constitution and by-laws, adopted by the Clinton, Mass., Sportsman's Club, has the merit of brevity, and its publication may be of use to new clubs:

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

This club shall be called the "Clinton Sportsman's Club."

ARTICLE II.—OBJECT.

The object shall be to promote gun practice and improvement in shooting.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

Reading minutes of last meeting.
Collection of fines.
Report of committees.
Balloting for candidates.
New business.
Adjournment.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

The officers shall consist of a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, and a board of three directors.

ARTICLE IV.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Sec. 1. The president shall preside at all meetings of the club or board of directors.

Sec. 2. The vice-president shall perform the duties of the president during his absence.

Sec. 3. The treasurer shall collect and have charge of the funds of the club, and pay such bills as have been approved by the directors and at the annual meeting shall make a detailed report of all funds collected and disbursed by him during the year.

Sec. 4. The secretary shall keep a record of all meetings of the club and board of directors, notify each member of all meetings by mail or otherwise.

Sec. 5. The directors, together with the president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary (who shall be directors ex-officio) shall have charge of the management of the club and club property.

ARTICLE V.—MEMBERSHIP.

Any person wishing to become a member may do so by notifying the secretary, and receiving a majority of the votes cast at any meeting of the club, and the payment of one dollar.

ARTICLE VI.—MEETINGS.

Sec. 1. The annual meeting shall be held on the second Wednesday in June of each year, and special meetings may be called by the president and board of directors, or upon the written request of five members of the club.

Sec. 2. The officers shall be elected at the annual meeting, by ballot, for one year; and should any vacancy occur during said term, it shall be filled by the board of directors.

Sec. 3. No meeting shall be called except on a previous notice of twenty-four hours to each member.

Sec. 4. Seven members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VII.—FEES.

Sec. 1. The initiation fee shall be one dollar.

Sec. 2. If at any time the funds of the club shall be exhausted, an equal assessment shall be made upon all members of the club, and in no case shall the assessment amount to more than five dollars in one year.

ARTICLE IX.—FINES.

Sec. 1. If any member refuses to pay an assessment, he shall be suspended or expelled from the club.

Sec. 2. Any member pointing his gun at another member, whether gun is loaded or not, shall be fined one dollar for each and every offense.

ARTICLE X.

No liquor shall be furnished by the club or directors.

ARTICLE XI.

These by-laws may be amended at any regular meeting, notice of the same being sent to each member of the proposed change.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

THE preliminary work of selecting the team was carried on very smoothly during the past week, and after four days' test shooting a very excellent company of riflemen has been gathered out of which to make the final shooting squad. The programme was a very simple one. Any National Guardsman in any part of the country was at liberty to shoot in private practice, and if he made on two days a score of 162 in the possible 240 he was at liberty to come to Creedmoor and there shoot in four days' competition, making each day a full record of seven shots at each of the six ranges. The best three aggregates were to be taken, and by them the order of the men was to be fixed. The right to name two men in addition to the fourteen thus chosen was very properly reserved by the officers of the associated team.

In accordance with these conditons twenty-six competitors presented themselves, representing Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Colorado and the District of Columbia. The men are all approved marksmen, but several of them are quite new to Creedmoor and its atmospheric peculiarities, and several were handicapped by using new guns. The full list of the men, the military organizations to which they belong and rifles used follows:

C. W. Hinman, private, Company D, First Massachusetts; Hepburn rifle.

George La Barnes, lieutenant, Company K., Second Connecticut; Sharps's Borchard.

J. K. Williams, captain and adjutant of First Connecticut; Borchard.

W. M. Farrow, private, Newport artillery; Browne gun.

T. R. Denman, major, First brigade staff, New Jersey; Borchard.

G. F. P. Howard, lieutenant-colonel and inspector of rifle practice, First brigade, New Jersey; Borchard.

T. W. Griffiths, captain Company F, Ninth New Jersey; Borchard.

John Smith, private, Company C, Ninth New Jersey; Borchard.

E. O. Shakespeare, major and aide-de-camp. First division, Pennsylvania; Hepburn.

D. R. Atkinson, captain Company E, Thirteenth Pennsylvania; Borchard.

P. J. Lauritzen, private National Rifles, Washington, D. C.; Sharp's military.

J. M. Pollard, private, National Rifles, Washington, D. C.; Hepburn.

W. B. Johnston, private, National Rifles, Washington, D. C.; Springfield.

Joseph N. Lower, private, Governor's Guard of Colorado; Hepburn.

O. A. Morris, private, Twentieth separate company, Binghamton, N. Y.; Hepburn.

N. D. Hinds, private, Twentieth separate company, Binghamton, N. Y.; Borchard.

D. H. Ogden, private, Twentieth separate company, Binghamton, N. Y.; Sharps' military.

George W. Tolley, private, Sixteenth separate company, Catskill, N. Y.; Hepburn.

S. C. Irlam, private, Twenty-first separate company, Hion, N. Y.; Hepburn.

J. McNevin, ordnance sergeant, Thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn; Hepburn.

Frederick Alder, private, Company C, Seventh Regiment; Hepburn.

J. L. Price, captain Company H, Seventh Regiment; Sharps' military.

N. D. Ward, sergeant, company A, Ninth Regiment; Borchard.

J. L. Paulding, sergeant, company B, Twelfth Regiment; Borchard.

A. B. Van Heusen, sergeant, company B, Twelfth Regiment; Sharps' military.

J. Dolan, sergeant, company F, Twelfth Regiment; Hepburn.

The first day was a lovely one for the onlooker, a nasty one for the shooter. The breeze—about five o'clock variable, puffy and quite strong—which tempered the heat of the sun, carried the bullets far from the butts, and the bright light that animated the scenes on the range created mirage and deceitful glitterings, which rendered the act of aiming a very trying one. Add to this the fact that every man felt a great responsibility resting on his trigger arm, and it will not be hard to guess why the scores were not better. The gathering of spectators was small, consisting mainly of expert riflemen and friends of the contestants. The most noteworthy people on the ground were General George W. Wingate, executive officer, who, with Mr. A. H. Weston's assistance, managed the shooting smoothly, rapidly and pleasantly; Colonel John Bodine, captain of the team of 1880; General Molineux, President of the National Rifle Association; Mr. George J. Seabury, Secretary; Major Joseph G. Story and Captain C. F. Robbins. In order that there might be as little "coaching" as possible, the competitors were assigned to targets in such a manner that no two men from one place shot from the same firing point. Ten targets and markers were provided for the competition, but only seven were found necessary.

During the competition in the first stage a strong southerly breeze blew directly across from the rear of the firing-points towards the targets. The weather was very hot, and the straggers at first were "all at sea." They found it exceedingly difficult to lower their rear sights sufficiently to counteract the effect of a "lifting" wind. Col. Howard, of New Jersey, had his rifle by tweaking his wife's hairpin-barrel while cleaning his gun before competition. In order not to lose his position in the race, he borrowed a gun belonging to Gen. Wingate. He shot evenly, although his score was small, being 26 at each range, or a total of 78 points in the first stage. The competition in the first stage was completed soon after 1 o'clock and a recess was taken until 2 o'clock.

The scores in the second stage were very poor. The competitors were unable to decide whether this result was due to the hearty dinner supplied to them by the National Rifle Association or to their tender experience in shooting with open sights at the longer ranges. The wind was less strong, but was treacherous. Farrow, who stood third in the list of scores in the first stage, made a clean string of "duck-eggs" at 800 yds., and did little better at the other ranges. Johnston had similar luck, but fortunately for his score, Sergt. McNevin fired his opening shot on the target at which Johnston was shooting, at the same instant that the latter fired, and while Johnston's bullet lodged in the bank, McNevin's shot was a bull's-eye, which, under the circumstances, was accredited to Johnston. The remaining shots fired by Johnston missed the target. Only 9 competitors exceeded 67, the qualifying score in the local competitions.

The records of the day stood as follows:

	First Stage.					Second Stage.			
	800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	Total.		800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	Total.
Ogden	31	30	31	92	Van Heusen	31	21	28	80
Dolan	30	31	32	93	Ward	27	27	24	78
Farrow	30	31	29	90	Griffiths	27	28	23	78
Van Heusen	27	34	28	89	Dolan	33	22	22	77
Atkinson	31	32	26	89	Denman	29	30	18	77
Dolan	30	31	27	88	Atkinson	29	23	23	75
Alder	31	30	27	88	Ogden	31	20	15	74
Griffiths	28	32	27	87	Irlam	27	23	22	73
Smith	27	29	29	85	Hinman	18	24	26	68
Shakespeare	27	30	28	83	Morris	27	21	18	66
Hinman	27	27	28	82	Hinds	18	25	22	65
McNevin	29	25	28	82	Smith	26	28	9	63
Paulding	24	29	28	81	McNevin	21	22	19	62
Pollard	27	29	24	80	Price	23	24	14	61
Price	30	24	24	78	Paulding	26	20	7	59
Hinman	25	27	26	78	Tolley	29	18	11	58
Howard	26	26	26	78	Shakespeare	19	19	13	51
Ward	25	29	24	78	Pollard	20	18	3	41
Lauritzen	30	22	24	76	La Barnes	16	16	17	49
Denman	26	24	23	73	Alder	21	15	10	46
Johnston	26	30	17	73	Lauritzen	14	16	11	41
Hinds	25	28	20	72	Howard	18	23	"	41
Tolley	30	18	23	71	Williams	20	13	3	36
La Barnes	28	22	18	68	Lower	10	11	14	35
Lower	23	23	18	63	Johnston	5	11	18	34
Williams	24	18	16	58	Farrow		8	7	15

Following are the total scores made by the competitors in both stages:

	1st.	2d.	Total.
Van Heusen	89	80	169
Ogden	92	74	166
Griffiths	87	78	165
Dolan	88	77	165
Irlam	92	73	165
Atkinson	89	75	164
Ward	86	78	164
Denman	73	77	150
Morris	82	66	148
Smith	83	63	146
Hinds	62	84	146
Hinman	78	68	146
McNevin	82	62	144

	1st.	2d.	Total.
Price	79	61	140
Paulding	81	59	140
Shakespeare	83	54	137
Alder	88	46	134
Pollard	80	51	131
Tolley	71	58	129
Howard	73	43	119
La Barnes	68	49	117
Lauritzen	76	41	117
Farrow	50	45	95
Lower	63	35	98
Williams	58	36	94

The second day opened with a heavy shower of rain, lasting two hours, which placed the range at Creedmoor in a magnificent condition. The foliage of the trees assumed a brighter shade of green, and the broad expanse of lawn pleased the eye while it suggested "rheumatics" to the older riflemen. The white targets stood out with vivid distinctness against the grassy parapet, and the bulls-eyes were so well defined that it seemed almost impossible for the marksmen to miss them. When the riflemen assembled at the 200-yards' firing points at 10 o'clock to begin the second day's competition, the sky was overcast, giving the clear gray light so conducive to fine marksmanship, and the yachtsman in Tuesday, Mr. Smith's, the wind was "up and down the mast." The atmosphere was oppressive, however, the thermometer indicating 81 deg. on the shady side of the club house.

The men shot with more deliberation than on Tuesday, and less nervousness was perceptible; but it was only after lunch that they got into thoroughly good form, and the improvement in the scores is chiefly noticeable at the longer distances. The team total of the best twelve men was 1,086 against 1,080 on Tuesday. Mr. Smith's clean string at 800yds. is a noteworthy achievement. Several of the men had very bad luck. Farrow had not got to the bottom of the trouble with his gun, and again fell low. He will have to do his very best work for the next two days to score his place. Mosher's gun had some defect near the muzzle, which caused it to lead badly. Col. Bodine put it in tolerable order, but McNevin's score suffered by the mishap. Several men lost shots by setting their bullets too deep in the cartridges.

After a recess of one hour for dinner, the marksmen resumed their work at 2 o'clock. The wind had died away in the meantime, and the weather could not have been "better for shooting if it had been made to order," said Col. John Bodine. The latter moved about among the riflemen, giving advice wherever he could do so without infringing the rule prohibiting coaching.

The score of the day stood:

	First Stage.				Second Stage			
	200	500	600	To-	800	900	1,000	To-
	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	tal.	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	tal.
Dolan	31	33	28	92	Irlam	30	32	30	92
Van Heusen	36	31	34	91	Van Heusen	31	32	28	91
Alder	30	29	30	89	Griffiths	30	27	27	84
Griffiths	31	31	27	89	Ogden	32	29	20	81
Irlam	27	30	31	88	Paulding	29	26	25	80
Smith	32	30	26	88	Smith	35	27	17	79
Lauritzen	30	33	25	87	Atkinson	27	29	22	78
Ogden	33	30	28	86	Hinman	32	25	21	78
Atkinson	30	29	27	86	Alder	25	28	24	77
Hinds	27	30	27	84	Dolan	19	27	27	73
Paulding	30	28	26	84	Shakspeare	27	24	21	72
Tolley	30	30	24	84	Pollard	29	21	23	73
Price	25	28	29	82	Price	27	26	17	70
McNevin	28	23	31	81	Johnston	23	21	26	70
Howard	28	23	30	81	Howard	23	22	23	69
Morris	28	24	29	80	Ward	27	18	24	69
Farrow	28	31	21	80	McNevin	21	30	18	69
Shakspeare	28	29	22	79	Hinds	29	20	19	68
Ward	28	29	22	79	Tolley	19	18	25	62
La Barnes	28	25	24	77	Morris	15	23	23	59
Denman	27	23	18	68	Lower	17	23	18	58
Pollard	17	28	21	66	Denman	21	17	20	58
Johnson	20	20	22	62	Farrow	15	22	12	49
Hinman	21	20	20	60	Williams	14	5	4	41
Lower	21	15	17	53	La Barnes	21	8	8	37
Williams	26	18	4	48	Lawritzen	15	2	13	30

The total scores made by the competitors in both stages were as follows:

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.		First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
Van Heusen	91	91	182	McNevin	81	69	150
Irlam	88	92	180	Ward	79	69	148
Griffiths	80	87	176	Tolley	84	62	146
Ogden	86	81	167	Morris	80	59	139
Smith	88	79	167	Hinman	60	78	138
Alder	90	77	167	Pollard	66	72	138
Dolan	92	73	165	Johnston	62	70	132
Paulding	84	80	164	Farrow	80	49	129
Atkinson	85	78	163	Denman	68	58	126
Price	82	70	152	Lawritzen	87	30	117
Hinds	84	68	152	Lower	53	58	111
Shakspeare	79	72	151	La Barnes	73	37	110
Howard	81	69	150	Williams	48	41	89

The third day opened with a good company of spectators, among them the veteran G. W. Yale, one of the "has beens" of rifle shooting who had come down from Connecticut to offer a few suggestions on the best rifle to beat the Britishers. Col. Joseph G. Story called the roll of competitors promptly at 11 o'clock. Twenty-three responded. An official notice was received from J. N. Lower, of Colorado, that he had retired from the contest. His scores of 98 on the first day and 111 on the second day of the competition convinced him that he would not be able to win a place in the team. Lieut. George La Barnes, of Company K, Second Connecticut Regiment, did not appear, and it is supposed he has withdrawn. His scores on the two preceding days of the competition were, respectively, 117 and 110. The weather was very hot. The mercury stood at 93 deg. in the shade when the competition began. A stiff breeze, veering from the west to the northwest, kept the riflemen busy guessing at the wind during the contest at 500yds. While they were shooting at 500yds. there was no wind stirring, and the flags hung close to the masts, and when they had fired their seven shots at that distance and moved back to 600yds. the wind had sprung up and blew toward the south, giving a rear wind from the firing-points toward the targets. While it was not exactly a "fish-tail" breeze, the changes from south to south west, and occasionally to the west, were so frequent as to cause the riflemen much uneasiness. Several "quiters" were made in consequence of its fluctuations. Adjt. Williams, of Hartford, Conn., scored 7 points at 200yds., and after scoring 2 and several "misses" at 500 yds., retired in disgust from the competition.

Good average work on the part of a large number of the competitors was the feature of the day's practice, and the old hands at the rifle who are watching the contest closely became confirmed in their opinion that there is first-rate material for a team in the field. The greater part of the day was rather favorable than otherwise for shooting, though the great heat caused considerable mirage. When the shots at 900yds. were about half fired, however, the wind, which had been fairly steady from the southwest, freshened and came in wild puffs that defied calculation. The dial marked directions varying over an arc of ninety degrees, and for several minutes stood there were moments when every flag on the range pointed in a different direction. The sky became partly overcast too, and at times the men had to fire with the sun in their eyes, while the targets were under shade. Those circumstances unaccustomed to the range look for in many cases through omitting to lower their elevations in allowing for this state of affairs. The scores, as will be seen, were bad from the time that the atmospheric change came, but it was agreed that more difficult conditions were seldom or never before encountered.

The day's scoring was as follows:

	First Stage.				Second Stage.			
	200	500	600	To-	800	900	1,000	To-
	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	tal.	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	tal.
Paulding	31	32	31	94	Dolan	31	23	29	83
Van Heusen	30	33	30	93	Hinman	30	28	24	82
Dolan	30	32	30	92	Shakspeare	30	28	23	81
Hinds	27	32	29	88	Howard	31	30	19	80
Shakspeare	29	31	27	88	McNevin	27	29	22	78
Ogden	28	28	31	87	Pollard	25	22	29	76
Griffiths	28	30	29	87	Hinds	30	24	21	75
Ward	28	31	28	87	Paulding	24	27	24	75
Hinman	30	30	26	86	Griffiths	30	26	17	73
Smith	25	32	28	85	Smith	28	29	14	71
Howard	29	29	27	85	Atkinson	22	26	21	69
Pollard	32	31	22	85	Tolley	25	25	19	69
Alder	29	27	29	85	Alder	22	23	23	68
Atkinson	29	27	24	81	Farrow	20	19	18	66
Lawritzen	29	24	27	80	Denman	26	22	17	65
Denman	26	27	26	79	Ward	27	25	12	64
Tolley	24	24	26	78	Irlam	24	23	16	61
Johnston	27	29	22	78	Ogden	23	19	16	58
McNevin	28	28	22	78	Lawritzen	24	19	14	57
Farrow	31	25	23	76	Van Heusen	25	26	5	56
Irlam	31	28	25	74	Johnston	23	24	6	53
Morris	24	27	22	73	Morris	23	23	4	49
Williams	7	3		retired.				

The total scores made by the competitors were as follows:

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.		First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
Dolan	92	83	175	Ward	84	64	148
Shakspeare	83	81	169	Atkinson	81	69	150
Paulding	94	75	169	Van Heusen	93	56	149
Hinman	86	82	168	Tolley	78	69	147
Howard	85	79	164	Ogden	87	58	145
Hinds	58	75	163	Denman	79	65	144
Pollard	85	76	161	Farrow	76	66	142
Griffiths	87	73	160	Lawritzon	80	57	137
McNevin	78	78	156	Irlam	74	61	135
Smith	75	71	156	Johnston	78	52	130
Alder	83	68	151	Morris	73	49	122

The wind was blowing half a gale from the northwest in the faces of the riflemen as they began the final day's contest. The air was cool, and the sunshine felt comfortable. The dew-drops glistened on the grassy lawn, and a mist was passing away behind the hills. Hinds, of Binghamton, fired the opening shot. It was "up high." Farrow had discarded his "Browne" gun and started with a Hepburn. The red disk rose in response. Contrary to the usual custom of the treacherous wind, it continued to blow from the same quarter during the forenoon. The sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly. McNevin made fair scores at 800 and 900yds., but spoiled his 1,000yds. score by making two "unaccountable misses." Major Denman made a good beginning in the second stage, closing at 800yds. with 33 out of a possible 35 points. He also made a good score at 900yds. However, and only made 20 at 1,000yds. His score of 80 out of a possible 105 points headed the list, but it was too small to carry him on the team. Irlam went off the target on his third shot at the longest range. Van Heusen also went to pieces at the last range, missing the target at no middles and at the end of his score. Major Shakspeare opened his score at 1,000yds. with a "miss," and then made a string of "outers." He began to feel nervous about his position, and almost made up his mind to withdraw. By remaining in the competition until the end he secured a place on the team. The day's record was:

	First Stage.				Second Stage.			
	200	500	600	To-	800	900	1,000	To-
	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	tal.	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	tal.
F Alder	29	34	32	95	I R Denman	33	27	20	80
M D Hinds	29	31	31	91	C W Hinman	31	27	20	78
W M Farrow	30	30	31	91	S E Irlam	29	23	25	77
J L Paulding	30	28	32	90	M D Hinds	33	26	26	75
T W Griffiths	28	29	30	87	W M Farrow	27	25	22	74
G E P Howard	28	31	28	87	J G McNevin	29	22	22	73
D R Atkinson	28	29	29	86	T W Griffith	28	24	21	73
W B Johnston	30	28	28	86	A W Hewsen	30	21	18	72
T J Dolan	31	29	26	86	T J Dolan	28	21	19	68
John Smith	27	29	29	85	John Smith	18	28	23	69
A B V Hewsen	28	33	24	85	F Alder	22	25	21	68
S E Irlam	29	28	28	85	J L Paulding	27	25	16	68
J M Pollard	30	26	29	85	J M Pollard	27	21	17	65
O A Morris	26	32	24	82	D R Atkinson	28	30	14	62
P J Lawritzen	26	26	29	81	D H Ogden	22	21	18	61
J McNevin	26	26	29	81	W B Johnston	27	12	19	58
E O Shakspeare	30	26	25	81	P J Lawritzen	20	12	26	58
I R Denman	28	26	26	80	O A Morris	19	19	18	56
D H Ogden	28	29	23	80	E O Shakspeare	22	20	13	55
N D Ward	22	28	27	77	J L Price	23	19	12	54
J M Price	24	30	23	77	G E Tolley	23	18	9	50
J L Price	27	24	18	69	N D Ward	23	16	..	41
G E Tolley	25	25	15	65					

The aggregate scores made by the competitors were as follows:

	First Second To- Stage. Stage. tal.				First Second To- Stage. Stage. tal.		
Hinds	91	79	170	Atkinson	80	63	143
Farrow	91	74	165	Johnston	86	58	144
Alder	95	68	163	Pollard	74	65	139
Hinman	83	78	161	Ogden	78	61	139
Irlam	83	77	160	Lawritzen	84	58	139
Griffith	87	73	160	Morris	82	56	138
Van Heusen	85	73	158	Howard	87	50	137
Dolan	86	69	155	Shakespeare	79	55	134
McNevin	81	73	154	Lower	74	53	127
Smith Alder	85	69	154	Ward	77	41	118

As soon as the last shot had been fired the Committee of the National Rifle Association in charge of the committee held a meeting, whereat the scores were aggregated, the best three days' work of each man being counted, the fourth rejected. The result will be best exhibited by the following table, wherein all competitors who finished the match appear in the order of merit, with their counted scores and totals:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Fourth Day.	Total.
1—A. B. Van Heusen	169	182	158	169	509
2—S. E. Irlam	165	180	—	160	505
3—T. J. Dolan	165	165	175	—	505
4—J. W. Griffith	165	176	160	—	501
5—J. L. Paulding	—	165	169	155	489
6—F. Alder	—	167	151	163	481
7—M. D. Hinds	—	152	163	166	481
8—D. H. Ogden	166	167	145	—	478
9—D. R. Atkinson	164	163	150	—	477
10—W. B. Ward	167	156	154	477
11—C. W. Hinman	146	—	168	161	475
12—J. McNevin	—	150	156	154	460
13—N. D. Ward	156	148	151	—	455
14—E. O. Shakespeare	—	151	169	134	458
I. R. Denman	150	—	144	158	457
G. E. P. Howard	—	150	164	137	453
J. M. Pollard	—	138	161	139	439
W. M. Farrow	—	129	142	165	433
O. A. Morris	148	139	—	138	434
J. L. Price	140	152	—	123	412
W. B. Johnston	—	132	130	141	403
P. J. Larwitzen	—	117	137	139	393

Three ties occurred. That between Irlam and Dolan was decided in favor of the former, he having the total for 900yds. while Dolan was behind by one point at 1,000. Alder leads Hinds through having 69 at 1,000yds. to the latter's 66; Atkinson beats Smith through having 66 to his 54 at 1,000yds. The total of the highest twelve for the three days was 5,837 out of a possible 6,560 points. The average per man days was 89.7, a fraction over thirty points above the qualifying score. The average per man per day was a fraction over 102 out of a possible 210, or but six points below an average of centers.

When the committee had completed its deliberations General Wingate, the chairman, announced the following as being the list of the team and reserve. The team and committee forthwith held a joint *al fresco* session, with Major Joseph G. Story presiding. General Molineux, president of the association, made a brief address to the team, thanking them in the name of the riflemen of the country for their efforts and expressing the general confidence that he believed was felt in their skill.

The election of a captain was next taken up and Colonel John Bodine was at once unanimously chosen. He was then introduced to the meeting by a committee. He said he would make no speech. He was deeply moved by the honor conferred upon him. He thought the team was a strong one, and he had a feeling that it was destined to win the match. In answer to a question, he added that there was no intention to force any rifle on the team. Every man would be allowed to use his own discretion in his choice. Colonel Litchfield, U. S. A., added that the committe on rifles, of which he is chairman, would limit itself to recommending a rifle or rifles as suitable to be used in the match. Pretty steady practice will now be in order by the members of the team and reserve, and the first practice day was set down for Tuesday, August 22.

Col. John Bodine the captain of the team, is too well-known to require an extended notice. He was born in Ulster county, near the village of Highlands, in 1835. He has been connected with the National Guard in various capacities, for about thirty-five years. At one time he was colonel of the Ninety-second Regiment, Eighth Brigade, long since disbanded, and is now a supernumerary officer, having been transferred so by the disbandment of the Fifth Division, Major-Gen. James W. Husted commanding. Col. Bodine was a member of the American team in its contests with the Irish riflemen in 1874 and 1875, and of the American team which was victor in the 15-shot 1,000-yards match for the "Palma" at Creedmoor in 1876. He was also Captain of the American team which won the international match in a contest with an Irish team at Dollymount, Ireland, in 1880.

Sergt. A. B. Van Heusen is a native of Greenbush, Rensselaer county, in this State, and is 42 years old. He joined the Tenth Regiment, Albany, in 1861, and when the war broke out he went with the regiment, which was known as the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, N. Y. S., for a term of service in the field, continuing for nine months. The regiment was engaged in the battle of Fort Hudson. In 1867 Sergt. Van Heusen removed to this city. He became a member of Company B, Twelfth Regiment, in 1875, and was subsequently elected Sergeant of the company. He began rifle-shooting in 1875, and has been a member of the regimental team in all of its matches at Creedmoor since that time. He has also been a member of the inter-State team four times and a member of the American team in the match for the Hilton trophy three times. He has won several individual prizes.

Samuel E. Irlam is a member of the Thirty-first Separate Company of Infantry, better known as the Remington Rifle Corps, of Ilion, N. Y. He is 37 years old. He has no record as a marksman previous to this year.

Sergt. Thomas J. Dolan is thirty years old, and was born in this city. He joined Company D, Twelfth Regiment, in 1873. The company, under command of Captain H. B. Smith, was famous as a sharpshooter's organization. It became reduced in numbers, however, and finally Captain Smith resigned and the company was consolidated with others. Dolan entered Company F, and was ultimately elected First Sergeant, a position he still holds. He began rifle shooting in 1875, and has been a member of the regimental team every year since that time. He has also been a member of the State team every year except one, and has been a member of the international team both seasons. He holds the championship marksman's badges of this State for the years 1880 and 1881. In the short-range match at Creedmoor last month he made three consecutive scores of 33 out of a possible 35, a feat never before accomplished.

Capt. T. W. Griffith is a native of Brooklyn, and is 30 years old. He removed to Hoboken, and joined Company F, Ninth Regiment, New Jersey National Guard, in 1875, and was subsequently elected Captain. He commenced target-shooting in 1875, and has been a member of the team representing that State at Creedmoor since its first organization. He has held the championship marksman's badge of the State during the past four years.

Sergt. J. L. Paulding is a native of Poughkeepsie, and is 26 years old. He removed to this city in 1868. He joined Company B, Twelfth Regiment, in 1878, and was promoted Sergeant in 1880. He commenced using military rifles in target practice during the year 1879. He won the first prize in the Judd match at Creedmoor last year and in 1880.

Frederick Alder was born in 1847, in London, England. He has passed the greater part of his life in this country. He became a member of Company C, Seventh Regiment, three years ago. His skill as a military marksman dates from that period. He had previously won a reputation as a "gallery rifle shot." During the past two years he has been a member of the team representing the regiment in the autumnal prize meetings at Creedmoor.

M. D. Hinds is 45 years old, a native of Broome county, and belongs to the Twentieth Separate Company of Infantry, Binghamton. He has been engaged in rifle practice in matches since 1876. His best recorded score was made last July, when he scored 92 out of a possible 105 points.

D. H. Ogden is a native of Binghamton, and is 41 years old. He joined the Forty-fourth Battalion, N. G. S. N. Y., in 1876, and in the following year was transferred to the Twentieth Separate Company, of which he is now a member. He commenced military rifle practice at Creedmoor in 1877, and was a member of the State team during the same period.

John Smith lives in Hoboken, where he keeps a hotel. He was born in England in 1847, and served his time as a member of the British Volunteers. While thus connected he won several prizes at Wimbledon, including twenty-one pieces of plate and several cups. He also won two Queen's badges, the St. George medal, and the bronze medallion given by the British National Rifle association. He is a member of Company C, Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. J.

Charles W. Hinman is 33 years old and a native of Boston, where he resides. He is a member of Company B, First Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and has been shooting at Creedmoor during the past two annual prize meetings.

D. R. Atkinson is a native of Pennsylvania, and is 32 years old. He lives in Honesdale, and belongs to Company E, Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. P. He has been a member of the team representing his State since it was first organized. He took the second place in 1879 and last year, and led his team in 1880.

James McNevin was born in Brooklyn, where he resides. He is 34 years old, and entered the National Guard as a private in the Fifty-second Regiment. When the organization was disbanded he enlisted in the Fifty-sixth Regiment, and when that command was also mustered out he was transferred to the Thirteenth Regiment, in which he is now Ordinance Sergeant. He began rifle-shooting in 1877, and was a member of the regimental team last year.

Sergt. N. D. Ward was born in White Plains, Westchester county, in 1836. He joined Company A., Ninth Regiment, in March, 1866, and was promoted Quartermaster-Sergeant by the late Col. James Fisk, Jr. He began shooting at Creedmoor in 1875, but has only but slowly improved. He has been on the regimental team during the past four years, and is a member of the Amateur Rifle Club.

Major E. O. Shakspeare is a member of Gen. Hartranft's staff, First Division, N. G. S. P., and lives in Philadelphia. He is forty-two years old, and is a member of the Pennsylvania State Rifle Association. He has been a member of the State team during the past two years. This is his first experience in shooting at the long ranges with a military rifle.

Nothing is more noteworthy than the differences of method among the men. That which would first excite attention would be the variety of position at long range. At 200yds. the men are obliged to stand, and at 500 and 600 the prone position is compulsory. At the others every man chooses for himself, and it seems to little common among riflemen that many adhere to the old prone position in preference to the new and approved "back" ones. Those who shoot with their heads towards the targets are Van Heusen, A kinson, Hinds, Griffiths, Smith, McNevin, Alder, and Paulding. Dolan uses the Pullen position, with the left arm behind the head, the stock of the rifle in the left hand and the barrel resting on the crossed legs. The rest use the ordinary back position, with the butt of the weapon in the hollow of the shoulder.

Other strong differences in the management of the sights. Irlam alone uses a notched sight. The rest shoot over the bar, and as a rule blackens both front and rear sights. Van Heusen, Dolan, McNevin, Alder and Paulding mark the rear sight for wind with a screw on the bar itself. Shakespeare alone whitens the block of his foresight and uses a white center line on the barley-corn. The rest, as a rule, just scratch the rear sight to indicate the proper allowance for wind, but one or two make no marks whatever in shifting their sights. Van Heusen, Dolan, Ogden, Alder, Ward and Paulding use detached vernier scales, and Atkinson and Hinds resort to equivalent devices. The results seem to warrant their pains, for, with one or two exceptions, these gentlemen run up the best totals.

In the charges, again, the variety is endless. Dolan uses 92grs. of powder and 550 of lead, with two lubricating disks which he makes himself from sperm oil and beeswax. Van Heusen uses 85grs. of powder and 550 of lead throughout, with one common lubricant. Atkinson uses 86grs. of the same. Hinds uses 90grs. and 520 lead at 200yds., 75 powder and 500 lead at mid-ranges, and 90 powder and 550 lead at the rest. These, as specimens, serve to indicate all the various shades of opinion on the important question of ammunition.

THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB DEFEATED.

HAMILTON, Ont., August 16.—The international small-bore rifle match between the Amateur Rifle Club of New York city and the Victoria Rifle Club of Hamilton, Ontario, came off on the ranges of the latter at Ainslee Wood, on the Hamilton and Dundas road, about two miles southwest of this city. During the morning a light rain fell, but by half past ten, when the shooting commenced, the weather had cleared off nicely. The light at first was good, but toward noon the sun came out strong and rendered sighting extremely difficult. The wind was very gusty, though not strong, and proved very tricky. The competition was at 500, 600 and 1,000yds., Creedmoor targets, fifteen shots at each range, highest to possible at each 75 points. The following is the score at 800yds., which was finished just at 1 P. M:

Americans.		Canadians.	
Rathbone	67	Mason	73
Brown	68	Margetts	72
Dudley	68	Goodwin	69
De Forest	69	Mitchell	74
Davids	71	Pain	65
Todd	68	Schwarz	72
Total	403	Total	431

The 900yds. range was commenced at a quarter past one. During the interval between the ranges the sky became overcast, rendering the light somewhat better. The wind, however, became if anything more gusty than before, and at times was very heavy, and it required the very best judgment on the part of the marksmen to regulate their sighting. This range was finished at 3:30 with the following scores:

Americans.		Canadians.	
Rathbone	60	Mason	67
Brown	68	Margetts	72
Dudley	68	Goodwin	70
De Forest	72	Mitchell	63
Davids	63	Pain	65
Todd	71	Schwarz	61
Total	397	Total	398

At 4:10 the party proceeded to the 1,000yds., and were about to begin shooting when a perfect deluge of rain, accompanied by a hurricane of wind, set in. All the marksmen, as well as the spectators, beat a hasty retreat and sought shelter. The storm lasted about forty

minutes. At 5 o'clock, the weather having cleared and all being again ready, the word was given to commence firing. All went well till about 6:15, when it became so dark that sighting was almost impossible, and the Canadians ceased shooting. The Americans, several of whom have to leave on the morning train for home, after consulting among themselves decided to finish their scores, notwithstanding this disadvantage. This they accomplished at 6:30, as follows:

Rathbone	66
Brown	62
Dudley	70
Deforest	70
Davids	51
Todd	61
Total	379

The Canadians, who had forty-nine shots yet to fire, will resume in the morning.

HAMILTON, Ont., Aug. 17, 1882.—The rifle match was concluded today. The Canadians scored 828 at the 1,000yd. range and the Americans 379 at the same range. The Canadians' grand total is 1,207, the total being, at the three ranges: Canadians, 1,189; Americans, 1,179.

THE FALL MEETING PROGRAMME.

FOR the convenience of those intending to take part in the fall meeting opening at Creedmoor on September 12, Secretary Seabury has issued a preliminary programme giving a general idea of the days' marches to be shot. Thus far the matches decided upon are as follows:

No. 1.—"Directors'" Match.—200yds.—Open only to directors of the N. R. A. Rounds, five. Position, standing. Any military rifle. Entrance fee, $1. Prize.—The Directors' Championship Gold Badge, shot for annually, and held by the winner during the year.

No. 2.—"Judd" Match.—Open to all comers. Any military rifle. 200 yds. Position, standing. Rounds, seven. Entrance fee, $1 each. Two entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. 50 prizes, value, $418.

No. 3.—The "Champions" Match.—Open to all comers. Any rifle or rifles. 200, 600, and 1,000yds. Rounds, ten at each distance. Position, standing at 200yds.; any at 600 and 1,000yds. Entrance fee, $8. 10 prizes value, $200.

No. 4.—"Military Championship Match of the United States of America."—First Stage. Open to all members of the army, navy or marine corps of the United States, or of the National Guard of any State. Each competitor to appear in the uniform (full dress or fatigue) worn by the organization of which he is a member. 200, 500 and 600yds. Rounds, seven at each distance. Any military rifle. Position, at 200yds., standing; at 600yds., any. Entrance fee, $2; 10 prizes; value, $80.

Second Stage.—Open to the highest sixty in the first stage. The winner of the first prize in this stage is entitled to the "Championship of the United States of America" for one year. 800, 900 and 1,000yds. Rounds, seven at each distance. Military rifles of any pattern that has been regularly adopted by any national or State government. Pool targets will be opened at 800yds, one-half hour before the commencement of this stage; at 900yds. upon conclusion of 800yds. range, for half an hour, and at 1,000yds. upon conclusion of 900yds. range, for half an hour; firing at each range to immediately follow consecutively the closing of the pool targets at such range. Position, any. Entrance fee, $2; 10 prizes; value, $150.

No. 5.—"Wimbledon Cup" Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. 1,000yds., thirty shots. Any rifle within the rules. Position, any without artificial rest. Entrance fee, $5. Cup and nine prizes; value, $660.

No. 6. "Short Range" Continuous Match.—Open to everybody. 200yds. Five shots each. Any rifle. Military weapons to receive one-half of the point allowance for each score. The highest three aggregate of any two scores only to count. Entries 50 cents each, or five taken in one name at the same time) $2. Entries unlimited. No competitor to win more than one prize. Absolute ties will be decided by lot. Fifty prizes; value, $500.

No. 7.—"Mid Range" Continuous Match.—Open to everybody. 500 yds. Any military rifle (an allowance of one point on each entry to military rifles of 50 calibre). Rounds, five. Position, any within the rules. Entrance fee, five cents each, or five taken at the same time in one name for $2. The highest aggregate of any two scores only to count in determining the prize winners, but no competitor to take more than one prize. Entries unlimited. Absolute ties will be decided by lot. Fifty prizes, value $250.

N. G. Members of the N. G. S. N. Y., using the Remington State Model Rifle, and complying with the State regulations, may count their actual scores made in matches 6 and 7 as qualifying for the N. Y. State Marksman's Badge.

No. 8.—"Skirmishers'" Match.—Open to members of the Regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard, Volunteers or Militia of any County, State or Territory. Competitors to be in uniform (jacket, cap, trowsers, belt and cartridge box or belt). 600 to 200yds. Second-class targets. Weapon, any military rifle excepting repeating rifles. Competitors form in single rank in rear of 600yds. firing point, opposite the target to which they are assigned, each having his ammunition in his cartridge box or belt, and are numbered from the right. At command of the officer in charge, the man in each squad whose number is called, advances to his firing post, 600yds., and loads. At the bugle call or other signal, each competitor then assumes the "double time" and advances toward his target, taking his alignment from the guard designated, until a second signal is sounded, when he halts (assuming any position), fires and resumes loading and firing in his discretion until the next signal, which will be given twenty seconds after the command "halt," when he rises and again advances in "double time" until the signal "halt" and "commence firing" is again sounded. When the competitors arrive at about 200yds. from the target, the signal "Skirmishers in Retreat" is sounded, when they face about and return over the same ground firing as before, the rifles to be carried at a right shoulder in retreating. Five halts are made in advancing and five in retreating; competitors to fire one shot at each halt, but must fire twenty shots in all, but must fire at least one shot at each half. Upon ordering the advance, the signal to "cease firing" is sounded, when the markers examine the targets and signal the total number of hits upon each as follows: so many bull's-eyes, centres, inners and outers. After the retreat, the signal to "cease firing" is sounded and targets examined as before." The practice is continued in this manner until all the competitors have fired. Five points will be deducted from a competitor's score for each failure to fire at least one shot each half, for each shot fired after a signal to advance has been sounded, for each shot found on his target in excess of twenty. A competitor firing on a wrong target will be at once debarred from further competition. Entrance fee, 50 cents for each entry. Re-entries permitted, to the extent that the target accommodations will allow, in the discretion of the executive officer. Ten prizes, value, $80.

No. 9.—"Army and Navy Journal Revolver" Match.—Open to everybody. Any revolver with trigger-pull of 3lbs. or over. Five shots each entry. Entrance fee, 50 cents each, or five taken in one name at once for $2. Standing position. Re-entries allowed. First prize, shotgun, value, $200, also 20 per cent. of the entrance money. Second, third, and forth prizes, each, 10 per cent. of the entrance money.

No. 10.—"Hilton Trophy" Match.—Open to teams of twelve from the following: 1. The United States of America.—A. The Army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific, and Missouri (three teams in all). B. The United States Navy (one team). C. The National Guard or uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one team from each State or Territory). 2. Other countries.—England, Ireland, Scotland, and each of the provinces of Great Britain, each of the provinces of Canada, and all other countries, one team from the following: A. The regular army. B. The militia. C. The volunteers. D. The navy of any country. Separate teams may be sent out only when the organizations are separate. The members of each team to be officers or enlisted men, and active members of the corps or organization which they represent, and to appear in the authorized uu form (full dress or fatigue) thereof. They shall be selected in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities of the country or State they represent, and shall, if required, be certified to by them as being their authorized representatives. 200, 500, and 600yds. Rounds, seven at each distance. Position, standing at 200yds; any at 500 and 600yds. Any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or government. Ammunition, any. Entrance fee, $2 each man. First prize, a trophy to be shot for annually at Creedmoor or such other range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof. Value, $3,000. Also a medal to each member of the winning team.

No. 11.—"Inter-State Military" Match.—Open to one team from each State and Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or Militia of such State or Territory, chosen in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof. Each team must be provided with a certificate from the Adjutant-General of the State it represents, certifying that each of their number is a regular member of their uniformed Militia, in good standing, and was such on the first day of June, 1882. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps. Distance 200 and 500 yards. Position at 200 yards, standing, and at 500 yards, any, with head to the target. Weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or Government. In cases where the State has adopted no particular model (which must be certified to by the Adjutant-General), the team will be allowed to use the rifle in use by the Regular Army of the United States, or by the uniformed Militia of any other State. Rounds, ten at each distance. Entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize, a large bronze, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor, and to be held during the year by the State of the Militia of whose team may win it. Value, $350. Also a medal to each member of the winning team.

No. 12.—"Inter-State Long Range" Match.—Open to teams of four from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States. Members of the various teams participating must at the time of the match be residents and enrolled in the State represented for at least three months prior to the date of the match. 800, 900, and 1,000 yards; fifteen shots at each distance. Any rifle within the rules. Entrance fee, $10 each team. Prize.—A trophy, to be held for the year by the successful team, which shall be deposited in some central place in the State whose team may win it. Also a medal to each member of the winning team.

No. 13.—"New York State National Guard" Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion, or separate company of infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York, each man being certified by his regimental commander to be a regularly enlisted member, in good standing of the regiment, battalion or separate company he represents, and to have been such on June 1, 1882. All competitors must appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue). 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200; any with head to the target at 500yds. Remington rifle, State model. Rounds, five at each distance. Entrance fee, $1 each man. Two prizes, value $300.

No. 14.—"First and Second Division National Guard" Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the first and second division of the National Guard of the State of New York. All competitors to appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue), and to be certified by their regimental commander to be regularly enlisted members, in good standing of the regiment or battalion they represent, and to have been such on June 1, 1882. Remington rifle, State model, 200 and 500yds. Five shots at each distance. Position, standing at 200; any with head to the target at 500yds. Entrance fee, $1 each man. Two prizes, value $125.

No. 15.—"Army and Navy Journal" Match.—Open to teams of twelve from all regularly organized military organizations in the United States, including the regular army, navy and marine corps. All competitors to be regularly enlisted members, in good standing of the regiment, battalion, corps or troop they represent, and to have been such on June 1, 1882, and to appear in the uniform (full dress or fatigue), of the organization they represent. Weapon, such military rifle as has been issued at the public expense to the organization which the team represents; 500yds. Rounds, seven. First prize.—To the organization whose team make the highest aggregate score, a silver trophy, manufactured by the Gorham Company, and presented by Colonel William C. Church on behalf of *The Army and Navy Journal*, valued at $750. This trophy to be held for a year before becoming the property of the winner. It will be held for a year by the officer commanding the winning corps. Second Prize.—Trophy, or cash (optional), $500.

No. 16.—"Military Team Off-Hand Match.—200yds. Open to teams of five men from any company, troop or battery of the National Guard of the United States, Great Britain, Canada, or any other nation, or from the United States army or navy. Any two members to be entered from any company or regiment. Any four members will be allowed to shoot from any foreign military organization, even though they are attached to different companies or regiments. Teams to shoot in their regulation or dress uniforms, unless excused by the National Rifle Association. Any rifle. Standing at 200yds. off-hand at 200; position or head to target at 500yds. Seven shots at each distance. Any regulation military rifle; wind gauge permitted. The trigger to pull six pounds, which will be tested at the firing point. Winners will be debarred if this preface is produced that they have not fired under the conditions of this competition. Ties will be decided according to N. R. A. rules. Two entries will be allowed, but only the highest to count. Entrance fee, $5 per team; 11 prizes; value, $250.

No. 18.—"Short Range All Comers" Team Match.—Open to teams of four of all comers. 200yds. Seven shots per man on each entry. Position, standing. Any rifle. Teams shooting all military weapons to receive six points allowance on aggregate score. Competitors must be members of one team only. Two entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. Entrance fee, $5 per team. Five prizes, value, $75.

No. 19.—"International Military" Match.—To be shot Friday and Saturday, September, 15 and 16, 1882.

Teams.—Open to teams of twelve men on each side, respectively representing the Volunteers of Great Britain and the United States of America. The respective teams to be composed of volunteers who were efficient in 1881 and of uniformed national guardsmen or militia who are and have been active members since September 1, 1881.

Uniform.—The match shall be shot in the uniform of the corps of the respective nationalities.

Distances.—200, 500 and 600yds. on one day, and 800, 900 and 1,000 yds. another day.

Rounds.—Seven at each range per man. No sighting shots.

Positions.—Standing at 200; prone or sitting at 500 or 600, any at 800, 900 and 1,000yds.

Rifles.—Any military breech-loader coming within the rules of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain.

Cleaning.—No cleaning or wiping out of rifles will be allowed except between ranges.

No. 20.—"Consolation" Match.—Open to all comers. Winners of prizes amounting to $2 in cash or value, won in any match of this meeting, to be handicapped two points on their score. 200yds. Any military rifle. Seven shots; standing position. Twenty-two prizes, value, $80.

No. 21.—"Gold Watch" Match.—1,000yds.—Other conditions to be announced hereafter.

GARDNER, Mass., Aug. 18.—The following is the record made at the last meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range. The distance was 200 yards, off-hand, the inch rug and Creedmoor target combined being the one used:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.	
G J Ellsworth	94	48	93	48	187	96
I N Dodge	92	47	84	45	176	92
S L Walker	84	44	80	45	164	89
Geo H Heywood	74	44	77	45	151	89
C Shumway	62	43	76	43	138	86
G C Goodale	59	40	79	44	138	84
W C Loveland	55	42	62	42	117	84
Wm Austin	57	42	58	41	115	83
C Sumner	33	41	49	40	82	81

The Monomonoe sporting Club at South Gardner, have elected officers as follows: President, Aaron Greenwood; Vice-President, Marcus Wright; Clerk and Treasurer, F. M. Greenwood; Executive Committee, Geo. Nichols, Marcus Wright and C. H. Newton. On Saturday they start out for their annual camp; they will pitch their tents in Rindge, near Mount Monodnock.

BOSTON, Aug. 19.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was very slim. The riflemen who were present had to contend against wind shifting from 9 to 10 o'clock. The scores made are appended:

Decimal Target (Rest).										
E F Richardson	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10—97
F Baker	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	10—97
S B Foot	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—97
C Foster	10	8	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10—93
C R Edwards	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	8	8—93
S H Sturgis	9	10	10	10	8	8	9	8	10	8—90
E B Cabot	9	10	7	8	10	10	8	8	10	10—88
E C Bates	10	10	9	9	7	8	8	9	9	7—87
E Thompson	8	7	7	10	8	9	10	9	9	10—87
R E Stuart	7	9	6	10	10	8	9	7	10	9—85
W F White	3	9	8	9	9	9	9	10	9	8—83
Sharpshooters' Match.										
J N Fry	9	10	10	10	8	9	7	10	10	9—87
W Charles	7	10	10	4	6	9	10	9	9	10—84
F J Noble	10	6	7	9	10	7	6	6	9	3—73
N F Jones	9	8	4	9	4	10	10	6	6	7—73
B Wright	7	9	5	7	9	6	9	5	8	7—70
Creedmoor Match.										
R. Davis	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5—46
J Borden	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	4—44
S H Bates	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—41
200yds. Creedmoor.										
J Borden	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	2	4—36

In the latter match only one of the entries finished, owing to the high state of the wind.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 18.—The second of a series of contests at Pine Grove Range took place yesterday. A portion of the time there was a steady rain, after which the breeze was strong on the dial, from 6 to 11 o'clock. The distance was 200yds., off hand. The score is as follows:

Massachusetts Target.													
Stedman Clark	11	9	7	9	12	11	6	12	12	12—101			
M G Fuller	10	11	9	11	11	7	9	12	10	10—100			
Creedmoor Target.													
Moses Carter	45	35	45	44—5		F Johnston	44	43	43	44—38			
S Cleary	31	45	44	44—11		N Freeman	43	44	33	44—37			
V W Eames	43	45	44	44—11		F Wesson	34	44	43	43—37			
Capt Walker	44	45	44	44—11		J Williams	43	33	42	44—37			
D A Allen	34	43	44	43—10		Chamberlain	44	43	34	41—36			
A F Hotch	44	34	43	43—39									

BOSTON, Mass. Aug. 16.—The long-range competition was resumed to day at Walnut Hill. The weather conditions were excellent, the dial indicating 6 o'clock, with a steady wind and a good light. Below is the summary:

F. J. Rabbeth.													
800 yards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—75	
900 yards	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4—69	
1000 yards	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	4—70	—214
S. J. Winters.													
800 yards	3	5	3	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—69	
900 yards	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—72	
1000 yards	5	4	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5—72	—213
F. Baker.													
800 yards	5	5	0	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5—68	
900 yards	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5—72	
1000 yards	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—72	—212
H. Tyler.													
800 yards	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5—72	
900 yards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	0	5	5	0—65	
1000 yards	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5—69	—206

THE TRAP.

WINSTED VS. PARKER.—Winsted, Conn., Aug. 12.—Friendly match between a team of eight members of the Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, and the Winsted Gun Club. The contest resulted in a victory for the latter, although the shooting was very close throughout. Clay pigeons, 15yds. rise, 25 birds each. The score was:

Winsted Gun Club.		Parker Gun Club.	
J W Bidwell	14	E Birdsey	17
V A Blakeslee	20	I L Baker	21
James Bevens	20	G A Strong	12
J K Camp	20	J L Ives	21
J E Dean	17	N F Taylor	16
I Ferguson	18	N Cornwell	14
H L Roberts	14	F O Downing	21
A Roberts	17	E T Richmond	14
Total	140	Total	136

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—Aug. 19.—At Wellington, Mass., this afternoon, a strong cross wind interfered with fine shooting. Some of the gentlemen present exhibited their skill at glass ball smashing, but no record score was kept. In the clay pigeon sweepstakes the following result was secured, out of a possible 20: Symmes 19, Brookings 18, Sawyer 15. Messrs. Symmes and Brookings carried off the first and second prizes.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 17.—The eleventh match for silver cup resulted in its being won for the third time by Mr. E. W. Buffinton. The following were the scores:

	Balls.	Clay Pigeons.	Total.
Buffington	11110 11111	01111 11101	17
"Jackson"	11101 11011	10011 01101	13
Hall	11109 11111	00111 11000	13
Valentine	11011 11000	10110 01101	12
Cornell	00111 11111	01101 00000	11
Wood	10101 00000	00101 01100	6
Borden	00111 10111	00000 11000	10

August 1 a match for the Massachusetts State champion badge, at Revere Beach, Lynn, between Mr. F. A. Johnson, of Boston, the holder of the badge, and Mr. E. W. Buffinton, of Fall River, resulted in a victory for the latter. The scores were as follows; 50 glass balls. Holden trap, 18yds. rise:

Buffinton	11111111111111101111111101111111111101111101001 45
Johnson	11101100111111111111111111111111111111101101101—41

Mr. Buffinton now holds the badge until won from him by some challenging party.

TOPSHAM, Me., August 18, 1882.—Regular shoot of Riverside Club 20 clay pigeons; 15yds. rise; for Club Badge.

G E Keene	00111 00111 10100 01001—10
S Strout	11111 11111 11111 01110—18
A Q Goud	11111 11111 11101 11110—18
C Keay	11111 11111 11010 11100—16
G Goud	01101 11111 11111 11111—18
G M Lee	01000 01111 11011 01100—12
R A Bodge	11100 01110 10110 11100—12

Ties on 18, 20yds., 3 birds each, S. Strout, 110—2; A. Q. Goud, 111—3; C. Goud, 110—2. A. Q. Goud wins badge.—M. C. H.

THE AMATEUR CLUB DEFEAT.

THE Amateur Rifle Club, of New York city, has been defeated by the Hamilton Rifle Club, of Toronto, Canada. The small-bore club *par excellence* of the United States has had to acknowledge a defeat, and at the hands of men whom they have repeatedly beaten at the same sport. Nor is this the first defeat which the Amateur Club team has recently experienced. Not long since a party of junketers, styling themselves a team from this city, went to Boston and met the defeat which they had invited. The result was not surprising when the manner in which it had been invited on the part of the whipped ones was considered. No body of men should know better than the members of the Amateur Club how a team should be constituted and governed. A team is not a company of men who are individually good shots. That is a requisite, but it is not all that is required. We have had such teams visit Creedmoor from abroad, and they have been surprised to find that they were not successful. Organization is important, and the ability to shoot in such manner that each may help the other is a point which cannot be overlooked if victory is sought. It does not appear, from what we can learn of the recent efforts of the team who brought home defeat to the Amateur Rifle Club, that there was much—if any—organization among them. No doubt each man did his best, but it was not the united effort we have been accustomed to see in the old-time teams.

The Amateur Club has too proud a record to have it frittered away in such style as this. There is no reason why it should not have retained its prestige and not known what it was to suffer defeat. The recent beatings were really self-inflicted, for no one can doubt but that the Amateur Club contains material, which properly molded into a team, would not have won both the Boston and Hamilton matches. If the club was not in a condition to properly meet their challenges let a declination be sent; but make up a scrub team without any organization worth mentioning, each member paying his way, and proceeding as an irresponsible atom of an incongruous whole, is to bring disgrace upon the fair fame of a club which stands without an equal in the world. Better far to have the Amateur Club disbanded and at once than to go on with a series of these knock downs. They seem to show that the club is weakening where in reality it has only grown slovenly and presumptuous. Every lesson given at Creedmoor has been conned well at other ranges, and put into successful practice. The Canadians have secured American rifles, have caught the knack of American team discipline, and have of course secured the natural result, a victory. Instead, the Amateur Club sends out a team foreordained to defeat, according to every precedent and every rule governing rifle practice. The club which so gallantly took up the Irish challenge in the fall of 1874 had better disband at once than suffer many more of these latter-day defeats to come upon it,

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

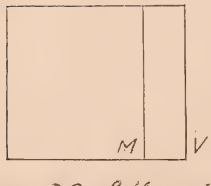
Aug. —Southern Y. C., Inter-State Regatta.
Aug. 24—New Bedford Y. C., 31 Class Schooners. 1st Class Sloops, $100, $75. Principal Clubs.
Aug. 26—Beverly Y. C., Open Regatta, Marblehead.
Aug. 28—Bay of Quinte Y. C. Open Matches.
Aug. 29—Salem Bay Y. C., Championship Sail-off.
Aug. 29—Hull Y. C., Club Championship Match.
Sept. 2—Beverly Y. C., Third Championship Match, Marblehead.
Sept. 2—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Sept. 2—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Mayor's Cup and third prize.
Sept. 4—East River Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 5—Dorchester Y. C., Third Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Sept.——Hull Y. C., Club Championship Sail-off.
Sept. 4—Quincy Y. C., Fifth Club Match.
Sept. 5—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 7—Royal Canadian Y. C. Club Race.
Sept. 8—Royal Canadian Y. C. Open Matches.
Sept. 9—Merrimack Y. C., Open to All Match.
Sept. 10—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Sept. 16—Dorchester Y. C., Open Races, Cat-Rigs.
Sept. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Three Classes, one prize each.
Sept. ——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Yachts dinghies, sailing race.
Sept. ——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Sept. 19—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 24—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Oct. 1—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Cruise.
Oct. 3—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.

NEW YORK Y. C.—ANNUAL CRUISE.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE strictures made in these columns concerning the pettiness of seeing a fleet of large schooners content with a drift to Newport and the Vineyard Sound, have borne good fruit in contributing to the success of a cruise outside, around Cape Cod, by a large portion of the New York squadron. So well were those criticisms put that they called forth a whole column of clumsy vituperation, in bad English, from one of the lesser lights, on the subject. We regret being unable to return so much notice, owing to the lack of standing and influence of our jealous contemporary, which we must also decline to follow into the gutters. Having larger fish to fry than to bandy words with a self-appointed stool-pigeon, under obligations to the club for a week's charity, we will continue these articles with a review of the single-stickers making up the sloop division, thankful that the squadron got as far as Marblehead, and hopeful that in the future even such a desperate undertaking as a voyage to Bermuda will lose its terrors to yachtsmen, though the possibility of overcoming the amusing scare some contemporaries exhibit at the mere thought of going off soundings is a remote one. One of our would-be critics, having in younger days met a bit of a gale which laid him up seasick and drove him ashore to live on a pittance in preference, trembles with fear at the mention of the sea, and cannot understand the extravagant courage of others in pushing headlong into the dangers of the ocean which have struck such terror to his heart. But FOREST AND STREAM has cruised many thousands of miles on the blue, and we never enjoyed life so much as then, nor did we find more danger or hardship attaching thereto than to other professions in this world, whatever abdicated old relics may try to make the innocent believe to the contrary.



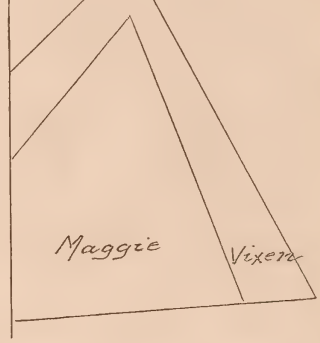


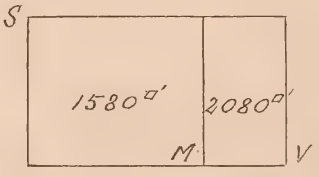
AM = area A of Maggie
AV = area A of Vixen

In days gone by the New York Y. C. had a river course for its races. This was then lengthened down the bay, and as the boats grew in tonnage the Southwest Spit was rounded, while now we find them going out to the Sandy Hook lightship and even sailing some bold matches with the start out at sea, a consummation of a plan equally as much laughed at in the past as the idea now brought forward to shift from Sound drifting to the more business-like procedure of an ocean voyage. Anything will do to slide up and down the Sound, any kind of model and any sort of rig, but a trip in company to sea would put the yachts on their mettle, and quickly bring about some wholesome changes in model and sails, as well as afford an appreciation of the sport yet totally wanting in our clubs. If the six hundred miles to Bermuda be too startling an innovation, let the fleet gather at Newport, make a dash for Boston, a run to the Isle of Shoals, and fetch up in Bar Harbor, or off Eastport, Maine, and round off with a straight on end passage home in a single pull, with a prize to the first yacht inside the Hook. That would be more to our heart, and that such ventures will be witnessed in years to come no one can doubt who has watched the gradual evolution of the landsman owner into the sailor, and the skimming dish into the vessel. But upon such cruises leave the frightened reporters at home or they may have to be carted to their graves, victims of a dread for salt water. "Bankers, brokers and merchants" abroad engage in that sort of fun, and we do not believe Americans an enervated race incapable of enjoying what the people of other climes indulge in with relish. It is a slight to the New York Y. C. to suppose it composed of such Nancys that yachting must forever remain a method of dawdling away time in smooth, sheltered waters instead of developing into the instructive and noble art of amateur navigation.

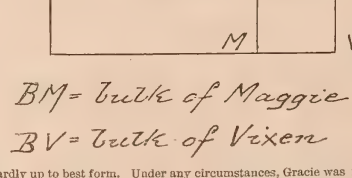
The sloops did not show up as strong as might have been for this cruise. It was supposed that the races with the Canadian Atalanta and the rivalry existing among the large vessels of this kind would have induced a regular "boom" in sloops this season. Such was, however, not the case, nor does their future look bright. Beyond the old Julia, no additional sloop of large tonnage has been listed, none were built, nor do we know of any in contemplation. The extreme unhandiness of the rig, the great strain upon the hulls, and cost of keep are all against their popularity, and we do not expect to see many more sloops over sixty feet long make their appearance. The preference seems to be for schooners or for cutters if a close-winded flyer is wanted. The lot which mustered in Hempstead Harbor for the run to the eastward included Fanny, 74 tons, J. D. Prince; Gracie, 84 tons, Flint and Earle; Julia, 83 tons, Rear Commodore E. M. Brown; Eclipse, 42 tons, E. A. Willard; Oriva, cutter, 48 tons, C. Smith Lee; Sagitta, 50 tons; Valkyr, cutter, 41 tons, A. J. Cassatt; Rover, 31 tons, W. E. Iselin; Volante, cutter, 35 tons, Tower and Hodges; Vixen, 39 tons, F. C. Lawrence, Jr.; Kelpie, J. N. Winslow; and Whileaway, G. F. Randolph.

The first four of these formed the first class, the others the second. Of Julia we have already spoken. We may add that upon the heel of her old bowsprit was inscribed the legend "trim 4in. by the head to go to windward." As the sloop seems to be especially deficient in that respect, this injunction might be tried for what it is worth. Fanny, a broad flat affair, a sort of sand-bagger on a large scale, we have always held a dangerous customer in smooth water, and her performance on the cruise proves that boats of the frying-pan order have great speed even though sailing with fixed ballast. In a blow Fanny would not prove a likely ship and she was lucky in finding her best weather during the whole time of her recent trial. She seems rather too good for Gracie, particularly in turning to windward, and if smooth water could only be relied upon Fanny would be our choice as the fastest in her class. But in a bout with the sea we should hesitate between her and Gracie, unless the latter has seen her best days of which there is some evidence. The alterations to her last winter, more board and more lead, do not appear to have been of any benefit, for she is hardly up to best form. Under any circumstances, Gracie was never remarkable to windward, as Mischief could beat her almost even at the game though ten feet shorter. Now that Gracie has had a protracted comparison with a really smart boat at turning, it will be seen that too much confidence has been placed in Gracie as a reliable yacht to meet a foreign cutter. Most of her record has been made by fast reaching and running, as the prevailing westerly winds over the New York course and the drifting down the Sound have given her a good chance to display those qualities to the most advantage.





SM = Sail area of Maggie
SV = Sail area of Vixen

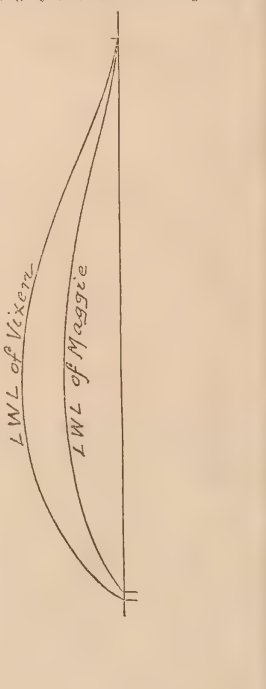


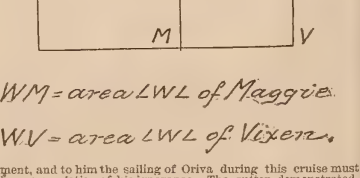
BM = bulk of Maggie
BV = bulk of Vixen

That all these large sloops are structurally weak and not to be relied upon for distant cruising has been shown by this year's experience. Julia in one of the June races retired, and brought up inside the Hook leaking like a basket, and the pumps could hardly keep her clear though almost rebuilt a couple of years ago in Boston, and only just out of the carpenter's hands from New London, where she had undergone a complete overhaul. Gracie followed suit in the match for the Goelet Cup off Newport, and last fall the new Pocahontas suffered from the same complaint. These yachts had scantling enough, their timbers were selected and clamps, ceiling and plank worked in long lengths, yet they failed for want of proper through fastening. Spike-work will no longer do where the strain of board and spars is so great, and if such yachts were put to the hard service English cutters are they would collapse into a bundle of matchwood in a single season. Racing them half a dozen times in light weather with a few weeks boxing about in the Sound is very different work from bringing them to the line some thirty times, driving them in hard weather and keeping them on the go knocking about along the coast eight months in the year. Sooner or later we will come to that pitch. In Boston small yachts are experiencing something of the kind already, and New York flyers must be put together and rigged in better fashion in the future to stand the work they will be asked to perform. We question whether large sloops will long survive, and as small schooners are not the best vessels to race, the regular cutter rig is pretty certain to displace the sloop, and by the better division of the sail and staying of the spars diminish to some extent the rack and pull in wake of the chain plates and partners, while more depth and deadrise will ease the boats in their motions, and with flush decks, enabling the beams to cross, a stiffer structure will result.

Eclipse, the new wonder, did not disappoint her friends in the good company she was. The paltry weather forbade anything like a record being made, and business called her owner home, so that she did not round the Cod and race at Marblehead. In the New London race something seemed amiss, for she did not hold the wind we have seen her do upon other occasions. We have since learnt that while hauled out with her board removed, a length of her pennant had been cut off to save the trouble of drawing the splice. So the board could not be dropped to the full extent and the yacht suffered in consequence. In the Newport race worse luck befell her. In turning to the Block Island mark this sloop had assumed a leading position, second to Fanny only, when the luff rope of her jib parted and the sloop had to be luffed for hasty repairs. She had the weather gauge of Gracie and Oriva at the time by nearly half a mile. Subsequently her topmast went at the cap and with it the chance that was left. Next day she was recalled to the westward. We saw quite enough during the runs to convince us that in Eclipse we possess a very fast sloop, and what is more, a fast one under all circumstances of wind and sea. Now that her owner, who always sails her himself, has got the hang of his boat and knows what she likes, we look for a bright record in her log. She is large enough to worry the big ones and yet an even match in tonnage for Vixen, Fanita, Valkyr, Oriva and their kind.

Perhaps the most remarkable exhibition was the speed Oriva developed in view of the adverse opinions entertained. We believe FOREST AND STREAM was the only journal which detected good qualities in this vessel, for though we never took her to be a very fast boat, fair average performance we have always claimed the Oriva capable of, nor do we see any reason to change that opinion. In the light weather of the first day's run to New London the cutter must have been an astonishing conundrum to the old school, which held that no boat "dragging" great weight could be fast. Often enough have we laughed at the crudities appearing in the *World* and some sporting papers and other poorly-informed journals, concerning the fallacy of expecting any yacht "dragging" lead on the keel to show speed in anything but heavy blows. When Volante was outrun in zephyrs during former cruises the talent reporting for such journals used to gravely avow a faith in light displacement, so far as he was capable of comprehending any connection between weight and displacement, and to him the sailing of Oriva during this cruise must have been a revelation of his ignorance. The cutter demonstrated, however, only well known principles of naval science, and proved upon what flighty reasoning we, in America, have been giving preference to shoal boats. Oriva sailed so well in the New London match and on the run to Newport in a breeze that she suddenly acquired "a reputation for great speed." It does not appear to take much to do and undo the opinions of the average reporter, and it would not be astonishing to find that after coming out flat-footed for cutters, our contemporaries should turn their fiftieth somersault back again for the sloop, for, after beating all but the big Fanny in the Newport race, Oriva once more "did not do well" up the coast "because she laid down on her side," when every one knows that to be characteristic of narrow boats, and not in the least affecting their speed.





WM = area LWL of Maggie
WV = area LWL of Vixen.

The fact is that Oriva was in excellent condition and well handled. Last year her sails were a hindrance, but now with a Lapthorn outfit and a clean bottom, she is doing better. When we review the year our verdict will probably not be changed as to this cutter. She is fully up to the average, under certain favorable circumstances rather better, and in strong beam winds and smooth water not quite as good as the best in her class. As a cruiser though she is to be preferred on the score of safety, rig, room and cool cabins, and she will have many sisters in the future. In the Marblehead races she should have gained still more credit, though her fine sailing failed to attract the attention of the reporters present. Leaving Gracie and Fanny to themselves as twenty feet longer and more than double the tonnage of Oriva, there were two good vessels of about her size remaining, and both of these she disposed of, with a large margin to spare, her victory being a full offset to that of the Vixen over the Maggie. The two yachts the cutter beat were Active and Addie Voorhis, now simply the Addie. The former is known as a very fast one down wind, though not especially good against it, and Addie has always had an excellent reputation. Both are New York built originally, and if anything have been improved since owned in the East. Active is 50.2ft. load line, with 16.2ft. beam and 5.10ft. depth, and Addie 50ft. load line, 19.8ft. beam and 5.8 deep. Both of these Oriva disposed of with great ease; and both of them can be taken as representing a fair average of our fleet of sloops.

Certainly among cutters Oriva would take no higher rank than do these two among American sloops. Yet Oriva's beating both by half an hour is dismissed by the superficial reports published in other journals by the mere mention "Oriva was not placed," because

she could not take the cup from Gracie and Fanny, twenty feet longer on load line and nearly double her beam. We therefore refer to this event as really the last hit of sailing. She has yet done and something which ought to go far towards setting any doubt still existing as to the possibility of making boats of her type speedy. It is probable that this cutter has made many converts this summer, as she has compelled many would-be critics to swallow their own words and learn a new chapter in naval architecture. She certainly dispels the mass of myth which builders in America have been content to take as gospel with their trade. Valkyr, a combination cutter, now the property of Mr. A. J. Cassatt, did not stay with the fleet long enough to permit us judging her accurately. Kelpie, Wilwa away and Rover as well as others joining off and on during the cruise are too well known to require further reference.

In point of weather, the earlier portion was a drift, a smart southwest wind during the Newport race, and moderate weather the rest of the time with a lucky offshore wind and smooth sea along the sands of Cape Cod. Those who dread anything savoring of business, and like things mild and diluted while afloat, had it to their hearts' content, for not a squall nor yet as much as a drop of rain interfered to mar the serenity of this aspect, and the occasional calms were just enough to preserve the *dolce far niente* of a Sound drift all the way round to Marblehead.

The start was made by signal from the flagship early morn Thursday, Aug. 3. By two bells in the morning watch calkers had been hove short and to the roll of the second gun, ground tackle was broken and the beat out commenced, with New London as the objective point. Fanny led out with Montauk well astern among the schooners. These two soon gained a commanding lead which they kept up for the rest of the cruise, and the honors fell to them among the big ones, with Oriva coming in for a good share too. The wind came out more to the northward and then began flying around the compass in a most distracting way, never more than a short-lived zephyr at any time. It became a matter of choice and drifting, the first thing up in a casting for luck which fell first to the lot of one, then to the other, so that as a race it is not worth while noticing relative positions. It entailed a vast amount of work upon steerers and crew, and the day were out in tedious shifting of light sails from one side to the other, so that what few of the vessels were made much scattered. A salutary lesson was administered by a lot of brick-laden traders going right through the fleet, their loads standing them in good stead in such variable airs, and the everlasting "jeehawking" aboard the yachts hung discountenanced by short-handed coasters who know the value of sticking to your course and letting the wind find you instead of backing back and forth with as much chance of missing what there is going as of catching enough to make up for the extra ground gone over. When morning colors were made aboard the Estelle she had fetched Oak Neck, Whileaway was leading the sloops, and Madeleine held honors among the schooners, with Tidal Wave and Montauk well up. The airs then dropped away entirely, and nothing but mud hooks held the yachts from drifting stern first or broadside on with the flaming flood. About one half hour in the afternoon watch brought airs from the westward, and the clink of the windlass sent charming music across the placid Sound for miles. But the breeze remained fickle, veered to northeast, and things looked dubious for making port at all that night. Oriva showed this by fairly striking in lively from S.S.E., and at last the flyers carried bones in their teeth and settled down to real work with scuppers smoking.

Crusader had spun ahead with Fanny following, Whileaway, Gracie and Oriva in her wake. With booms over the port quarter it was a merry dance for the long-hodden fellows, and Tidal Wave was settling her score with Montauk. At seven P. M. Horse in the Bank bore abeam, and the flood was again met. At eight the wind fell away and the night was drifted through. When the morning broke Horton's Point was abeam, and with a new southeast breeze all hands were fetched in one by one, those hugging the northern shore having made the best thing. The times taken under the circumstances are of no value. Montauk was first yacht in, Fanny second, then Clytie, Crusader, Julia, Oriva, Tidal Wave, Madeleine, the rest abeam, and Rover a couple of hours after. Clytie made the fastest passage among the schooners and Fanny among the first class sloops, with Julia 1min. longer and Oriva 4min. more, the first in her lot and the sixth out of a fleet of 21 vessels. The yachts dressed ship during the afternoon and long shore festivities were had in these we have no heart for inclining to do in a journal of this kind, nor have the conquests made connection with the art of working ship. A salute was fired in honor of Chief Justice Waite who boarded the Ruth. Clio, Varuna, Phantom, Ruth, Rebecca, Scud, Princess and sloops Vixen, Corning and Wizard joined the squadron. Cutters being especial objects of interest just now we quote from the *World*, last our own account be deemed prejudiced, concerning the performance of the Oriva: "The race might now be said to have begun, and the most marked surprise perhaps was the sailing of the cutter Oriva in this light wind. Soon after crossing the line she sent aloft her balloon topsail and set her balloon foresail and at once began to steal ahead, passing boat after boat until she reached the Julia, and finally seeting her fairly and squarely side by side, and this in weather so light that the fleet had scarcely steerage way." The speed of cutters in light winds may be considered well established. Not only do our columns team with evidence, but this week we find the *World*, Mr. Gouverneur Morris and an expert correspondent, all agreeing that fore fields and gales has decided the superiority of it. This conclusion is diametrically opposed to the preconceived notions we have gone to so much trouble to combat.

Aug. 5.—This was the day set for the matches for the four Cook cups, value $300 and $200, presented by Commodore Cook of Harbor lighthouse around Cornfield lightship and home. Two classes for schooners and two for sloops. From a racing point of view, the day was a wretched failure. A start was effected at 9:50 to a light S. S. W. wind with the first run of the flood. In twenty minutes the wind died away, and a tedious drift was the result. Gracie lufted out from Julia, the latter not being a high sailer, and later Oriva successfully tried Eclipse in the same way, though the latter was in no condition, as her board could not be fully dropped. Most yachts had to make a bitch out to clear the Bartlett ship, and then the wind once more dropped away, the tide carrying the fleet down to the mark, with Fanny in the lead. She let go her kedge, but it did not hold. The wind again sprang up, and sent the Eclipse away, with Fanny rushing through her bows and holding so close a wind that she weathered the Bartlett ship on the return, all others having to make one or more legs to do the same. This performance won for the Fanny a name she has really long been entitled to. Her matches sailed in the "lower Bay" were evidence enough that she was by far the best to windward first class in smooth water, though this seems to have escaped casual observers. The Fanny is in no better form this year than before; she is simply doing what she has shown herself capable of time and again, as often noted in these columns. Gracie was, as usual, drifted to the westward, and Julia out of the question. Beyond this and the fact that Oriva went to the southward in search of wind and lost her class lead by the maneuver, the race was devoid of anything worth recording. Montauk had a sail over, the other first class schooners not entering for want of light canvas; and as the club rule is for "two yachts to start, or no prize," it is a mooted question whether the cup will be awarded. We trust it will, as the rule is not an advisable one. It leaves it within the power of others to prevent a race, and discourages coming to the start for fear of not having competitors and then getting all the trouble for nothing. Messrs. Chester Griswold, John H. Bird and T. B. Asten acted as committee. Cups go to Montauk, unless ruled out, Peerless, Fanny and Vixen. Summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Montauk	10 10 00	6 12 05	8 02 05	8 02 05
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Clytie	10 08 17	5 52 10	7 43 53	7 43 53
Crusader	10 10 00	5 33 20	7 13 20	7 12 30
Estelle	10 10 00	Did not go the course.		
Social	10 10 00	Not timed.		
Fearless	10 10 00	5 30 05	7 10 05	
Clio	10 10 00	Not timed.		
Princess	10 10 00	Not timed.		
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.				
Julia	10 08 17	5 34 40	8 24 40	8 24 40
Gracie	10 10 00	5 48 53	7 38 53	7 38 44
Fanny	10 06 00	5 03 16	6 57 16	6 54 29
Whileaway	10 09 08	5 41 20	7 32 12	7 20 24
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.				
Oriva	10 08 57	6 38 21	8 32 24	8 32 24
Eclipse	10 06 19	Not timed.		
Vixen	10 08 45	5 44 00	7 35 15	7 30 23
Rover	10 10 00	Not timed.		
Wizard	10 06 25	Not timed.		
Regina	10 06 00	Not timed.		
Corning	10 10 00	5 17 00	8 07 00	

Aug. 6.—This being Sunday, half the fleet laid over, the rest started for Newport in a brisk westerly breeze, shortly after meridian, the dense fog of the previous night having risen. On the run the smaller craft found too much for kites and big topsails and reduced to sunger sail. Rambler and Tidal Wave kept the lead throughout the passage with Montauk closing up fast. Social's foremast had come down and with it all head rigging, making a bad wreck to clear, and she had to put in for a refit. Wizard sprung topmast. Crusader squared for the westward. Tidal Wave had Fort Adams abreast at 7 P. M., and Rambler 2m. later, Montauk at 7:7, and Phantom at 7:22. They luffed around and brought up inside the breakwater. Then came Peerless, Varuna, Ruth, Clio, Fleetwing, and Estelle with Oriva hailing among the sloops, having beaten Julia in spite of the sluggish wind, then Sagitta, Princess, Peerless, Social, Whileaway, Social, Albatross, Regina, and Wizard; Next day the Vice-Commodore brought his Clytie from New London with Waterwitch, Aeolus and the Madeleine schooner as well as the sloops Gracie, Fanny, Vixen and Kelpie. Fanny had passed Fort Adams in this run at 10:25, Gracie 10:15, Clytie, 10:20, Madeleine without light sails at 10:28:45, Aeolus 10:31:44, Waterwitch at 10:53:20, and Vixen at 11:02.

Aug. 8.—For the Goelet cups, one for schooners, value $1,000, and one for all sloops and cutters, value $500, a very fair fleet came to the line that morning. Course, from line between Fort Dumpling and Fort Adams, southwest-by-south around mark boat stationed near buoy off north end of Block Island, leaving same on starboard hand and return, forty miles. It was blowing a grand sailing breeze from about southwest, making it a nose-ender for half the distance, and most interesting and exciting work, which was, however, to a certain extent, spoiled by the slow start, a full half hour—why not half a day—being allowed for the yachts to cross, so that what might have been a close fight all the way down and back became a good deal like Indian file business. As a large number of yachts were handicapped in spite of the long period allowed, it can be seen that nothing but want of proper management is to blame, and the same yachts would be handicapped if they had one, two or three hours to get away in. Estelle went over in the lead at 9:13:42, with Albatross following at 9:15:08, Halcyon at 9:23:46; Clytie 9:30, Æolus 9:30:20, Peerless 9:32, Tidal Wave 9:32, Montauk 9:36:32, Republic 9:38, Princess 9:40:20, Rambler 9:47:25. The sloops in the following order: Eclipse 9:18:35, Vixen 9:20:10, Whileaway 9:22:20, Gracie 9:23:30, Oriva 9:33:12 and Julia 9:38. All hands had plain foro and aft sail for the beat out. Tide last of the ebb, the flood being met when close upon the Brenton's Reef lightship. The first board was a long one to Southwest Ledge, with Estelle showing the way. Albatross, Halcyon, Eclipse, Fanny, Gracie, Tidal, Whileaway, Peerless and Ruth in the order named, the rest strung out in their wake.

The fleet then split tacks, half working down the Narragansett shore, the others going off to the southward. Republic, Clytie and Æolus essayed jibtopsails, the last of the latter's sail carrying, and the sail hauled down till a fresh lashing was rove. Eclipse was leading the sloops when the luff of her jib parted and she came out for temporary repairs. Later her topmast went over the side and her chances of scoring went with it. Oriva showed fine weatherly qualities and worked away from Gracie and well up to Fanny, which was something to the credit of cutters as a class, for they had not been supposed capable of such performance. Closing up on the buoy, Æolus saw her jibboom go at the cap and had to clear the wreck. Halcyon had a bout for an hour with Montauk, and gave her the closest push she has had so far. With a trifle less strength to the wind it will be an open question between these two. Mr. Platt got around the mark the first of the fleet, and soon after jibed mainboom to port, and smothered with bunting, the Estelle left astern. The fleet turned as follows: Montauk, 1:09:55; Estelle, 1:16:10; Halcyon, 1:07:55; Tidal Wave, 1:18:11; Fanny, 1:19:13; Oriva, 1:24:30; Albatross, 1:26:31; Gracie, 1:27:20; Eclipse, 1:27:46; Clytie, 1:28:45; Ruth, 1:34:40; Vixen, 1:37:35; Aeolus, 1:37:40; Julia, 1:40:32; Peerless, 1:42:34; Wizard, 1:46:55; Julia, 1:49:20, and Princess not timed.

Tonnage now told. Gracie ran by Oriva, Clytie went by Albatross, and Ruth showed a fast pair of heels even without big kites. Halcyon made the pace hot for the leader, while Gracie, now at her best, was catching Fanny with a lively rate. It was plain winning for the latter, with the breeze up to the strongest of the day. The match ended as under, prizes going to Montauk and Fanny on narrow margins, though the Halcyon not having been measured leaves the schooner cup in dubious doubt. Fanny wins from Oriva by 1m. 43sec., the allowance being put at 18m.

SCHOONERS.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Name.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Æolus	5 30 00	3 42 20	6 12 20
Albatross	9 15 03	3 38 20	6 23 17
Clytie	9 30 00	3 34 42	6 04 42
Estelle	9 18 42	3 26 05	6 12 23
Halcyon	9 23 46	3 11 24	5 47 38
Montauk	9 30 00	3 05 39	5 35 39
Peerless	9 30 00	3 51 05	6 21 05
Princess	9 30 00	4 03 38	6 33 38
Ruth	9 34 40	3 39 47	6 05 07
Republic	9 30 00	3 51 00	6 21 00
Tidal Wave	9 30 00	3 17 24	5 47 24
Rambler	9 30 00	Did not go the course.	
SLOOPS.			
Eclipse	9 18 37	4 11 24	6 52 47
Fanny	9 29 20	3 18 12	5 48 52
Gracie	9 30 00	3 23 41	5 53 41
Julia	9 30 00	3 52 00	6 22 00
Oriva	9 30 00	3 38 35	6 08 35
Vixen	9 32 10	3 32 10	6 26 51
Whileaway	9 27 20	Not timed.	

Aug. 9.—The run to New Bedford was made in a good breeze from southwest. After beating out of harbor, it was a free run and balooners were in requisition, with spinakers to starboard. In working out Montauk poked her jibboom through Julia's mainsail, obliging the sloop to return to harbor. Outside a bit of sea was found which tried the smaller yachts pretty hard, and had it been dead on end the wreck report would have contained some well-known names perhaps. As it was only Sagitta whipped the topmast out of her, and Gracie, already reported leaking during the race the previous day, did not push her by the jump. Away went sailing though, and quick time was made, the leaders holding well together. It was of course a day for the long-waisted fellows, though Peerless did some very fast running for her hailing port. When going by the spar buoy off the Dumplings, Peerless and Clytie fouled, the former declining to give sea room for Clytie to clear the buoy, and the latter fell foul of the latter to port took the mast right out of a catboat at anchor close aboard. From the Dumplings in Old Whale city, it was wing and wing, the fleet coming to as under:

SCHOONERS.	Fort Adams.	Clarke's Point.	Elapsed.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Peerless	9 09 50	1 01 04	3 54 14
Clytie	9 11 55	1 01 20	3 49 25
Waterwitch	9 12 15	1 00 42	3 48 27
Clio	9 12 58	1 22 48	4 09 50
Estelle	9 14 25	1 18 45	4 04 20
Varuna	9 18 30	1 23 27	4 04 57
Ruth	9 13 55	1 13 48	3 54 53
Tidal Wave	9 20 25	1 04 11	3 43 46
Rambler	9 23 40	1 30 38	4 06 55
Albatross	9 20 10	Not timed.	
Aeolus	9 27 40	Not timed.	
SLOOPS.			
Gracie	9 14 00	1 02 06	3 47 02
Fanny	9 10 00	1 15 15	3 55 15
Rover	9 14 20	1 39 00	4 24 40
Vixen	9 11 00	1 31 02	4 17 02
Kelpie	9 13 56	2 03 50	4 49 00
Regina	9 15 30	1 33 50	4 33 20
Sagitta	9 19 30	2 04 22	4 44 52

Oriva had laid over in Newport, and the other yachts had parted company. In Newport Harbor no less than forty-four yachts were under the commodore's orders, the largest number ever assembled under one flag officer. In New Bedford the officers and members of the N. Y. C. Y. C. had all in their power to make the stay of the squadron a pleasant one.

Aug. 10.—All hands got underway about 11 A.M., and after heaving to off Clark's Point for a start, commenced the beat down to Quick's Hole for a passage into Vineyard Sound. There was a nice wholesome breeze from southwest, and although it was a beat, it was without zest, a pleasing variety upon the down wind monotony hitherto the club's prevailing luck. Varuna met the fleet going out, and shortly after sent her jibboom through Sagitta's mainsail, the latter having right of way. Both put into New Bedford. Fanny led through the Hole with schooner Phantom close aboard, the time at West Chop buoy being for Fanny, 2:21; Phantom, 2:16:10; Gracie, 2:18:50; Madeleine, 2:52; Waterwitch, 2:57:20; Wizard, 3:1:40; Clytie, 3:4:55; Albatross, 3:9:3; Vixen, 3:10:40; Estelle, 3:15:21; Regina, 3:16:30; Princess, 3:18:53; Rambler, 3:22:40, and Alarm, 3:28. Some went into Vineyard Haven, the others bringing up off Oak Bluffs.

It had been determined finally to extend the cruise beyond near-by ports and venture upon a run outside to take in the prizes offered by the Eastern and Quonochontaug clubs. The stay in Vineyard Haven decided the undertaking, but enough yachts were got to accompany the commodore to make quite a respectable showing. Early morning, August 11, being bright and clear, all hands filled away at 6 A.M., upon Sagitta, and taking a moderate southwest wind and strong leeging tide, Cape Page was passed at 8 and, the Handkerchief lightship at 9, when the fleet came up to a N.E. by E. course, going by the Shovelful lightship one hour later. The wind freshened from northwest and the schooners ran to the fore stowing jib topsails, Montauk taking the lead. Fanny, of course, was showing the way to the sloops, Gracie next, with Vixen and Oriva trying to luff one another out of the wind, at which Vixen succeeded, dropping the cutter in her wake. Nahsett towers were abeam at noon.

During the afternoon the wind chopped to the eastward, and then it fell calm and the fleet was again pretty well bunched. At 4 P. M. it came out again from southwest and sent Montauk ahead. The commodore made signal "Marblehead," and a good sailing breeze carried the yachts across Massachusetts Bay. Toward dusk it lightened up, harbor being made during the night. The squadron which made the passage included schooners Montauk, Clytie, Albatross, Varuna, Estelle, Phantom, Halcyon and Princess, and sloops Fanny, Gracie, Oriva, Vixen and Regina. Phantom and Halcyon hail from the East. It was agreed on all sides that the run was the most interesting portion of the cruise, and that the fear of yachting beyond the confines of the Sound, to which some persons are prey, is to be quickly held unworthy of the principal claim to the country. Sunday was spent at anchor or in cruising about and getting things into shape for the matches next day. A very large fleet was in harbor, over a hundred yachts being counted.

Aug. 14.—The races this day were for a schooner cup, value, $500, and two cups for first and second class sloops, value, $300 and $200, offered by the Eastern Y. C., and open to the visitors. Montauk declined to start on the plea that the Eastern yachts were in racing trim, and so Commodore Cook had to, but her most formidable rival, the Halcyon was no better off than the New York boat, and she may take Mr. Platt's refusal to sail as a very strong compliment. The steamer Confidence ran fifteen miles southeast and anchored as the weather mark. The start was effected at 11:15, wind light southeast. All hands stood across to the east on the first board, then tacked to the southward. The wind freshened and the work out became interesting. Half a dozen boards brought them around the mark without incident, as follows: Fanny, 3:10; Gracie, 3:12:48; Oriva, 3:28:10; Halcyon, 3:28:35; Vixen, 3:29:20, and Julia, 3:36:20. Not noticed. Spinnakers were run out to port. Gracie trying the other side but having to shift. The finish was made as under:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Dauntless	11 55 00	5 21 50	5 26 50	5 26 50
Halcyon	11 49 16	5 16 56	5 27 40	5 14 40
Clytie	11 51 32	5 31 38	5 40 06	5 26 40
Estelle	11 47 53	Did not go the course.		
FIRST-CLASS SLOOPS.				
Gracie	11 54 04	4 59 42	5 04 38	5 05 38
Nanny	11 51 50	4 53 28	5 01 38	4 58 26
Active	11 54 54	5 55 17	6 00 25	5 46 06
Oriva	11 50 04	5 22 27	5 32 23	5 17 09
Addie	11 55 00	5 49 32	5 51 32	5 42 28
SECOND-CLASS SLOOPS.				
Maggie	11 55 10	5 50 43	5 55 43	5 55 43
Vixen	11 55 10	5 27 08	5 32 08	5 31 34
Nirvana	11 55 00	Not timed.		
Viking	11 54 33	Not timed.		
Neva	11 50 09	5 53 49	6 03 40	5 50 20
Dream	11 55 00	Not timed.		

Halcyon wins among schooners, Fanny in first class sloops and Vixen in second. In the evening the New York fleet formally disbanded. Next day, August 15, a private match was sailed between the cutter Maggie and sloop Vixen, 15 miles to windward and return, for a $250 cup. The wind was light, and in beating out Maggie was weathering the sloop finely, though the latter footed a trifle faster. Vixen was lucky in catching the first of a strengthening breeze which lifted her a lively rate. On the cutter, and as the breeze continued to stiffen up steadily, the sloop got it first clear out to mark, thereby establishing a considerable lead, maintaining it to the finish. Time as under:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vixen	11:29:00	2:50:10	4:42:00	5:13:00
Maggie	11:29:00	3:06:10	5:01:00	5:32:00

Concerning the bearing of these races on the question of type, we will have something to say next week. In the mean time we annex some scale-drawings, showing the manifest unfairness of racing boats of different type on length measurement. Vixen gauges 1,800 cubic feet and Maggie 1,300. If the latter be called 15 tons, Vixen is, in reality a 21-ton boat, and the great odds the cutter had to contend with can be appreciated. A comparison of midship section, sail plan and water lines plain, all reduced to square measure to facilitate examination, will go far toward a full understanding of the results of these races, and qualify their import materially.

LAKE YACHTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is the season for cruising, and most of the yachts owned in this part of the country—I might say all hailing from Lake Ontario ports—are now on their favorite cruising ground, namely, among the Thousand Islands. Of the local craft the Oracle returned last night from a two weeks' cruise, and will leave to-night for Charlotte, whence she will proceed to Oswego on the 23d and sail in the race there. The Katie Gray will also take part in this race. As you will have learned previous to the receipt of this, the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club will hold their annual regatta on Monday, the 28th inst. The prizes will be liberal enough to insure a good attendance, and we fully expect that the cutter Aileen, whose overwhelming defeat of the big schooner Oriole in Toronto you so graphically described in a recent issue, as well as the Verve, the famous sloop Cygnet, formerly of Buffalo, and the well-known Vanity, of Cobourg, will be themselves against the Norah, a very fast sloop of 55 tons yacht measurement, built by Cuthbert, at Trenton in 1879, and purchased by our Commodore, Mr. R. J. Bell. The Norah has never sailed in a race, but in her first year with topmast and no light canvas, she beat the Oriole and the fleet of the Royal Canadian Y. C. by nearly half an hour, finishing 30 minutes ahead after starting 20 minutes behind them. We shall also have the Dauntless, of this city, Lady Agnes, of Toronto, (formerly Gorilla, of Cobourg,) and General Garfield, of Kingston, and possibly some of the Oswego first class. It is to be regretted that the Norah and Aileen will not meet on terms fair to the former, which under our rule of measurement will have to allow the cutter 10 minutes, whereas the cubical contents of Norah are 4,781ft. and those of the Aileen 4,500ft., the latter being, we think, should allow time. However, the owner of the Norah will be glad to meet the flying cutter on the terms prescribed by the club's rules.

In the second class we shall have the Gracie, Katie Gray and probably the Laura, of Kingston, the cutter Cricket, of Oswego, and cutter Verve, of Toronto. The Emma, of Cobourg, which has been sold to Mr. J. Cooper, Jr.; of Toronto, will not likely compete. Her absence is to be regretted, as the Gracie has been much improved and is fast enough, her owner thinks, to beat anything of her size, while the Emma is one of the fastest of this class. It is to be regretted that

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—AUG. 19.

THE open match sailed off Monument Beach was somewhat marred by vacillating winds, but a large fleet came to the line. There were four classes, the third not finishing in time to make it a race. First class for all rigs over 29ft. water line; second, cat rigs 29ft. and over; third all rigs under 29ft.; fourth, cat rigs under 23ft. Two cash prizes in each class. Ariel and Curlew were ruled out for sailing wrong course. Judges, W. Lloyd Jeffries, Geo. H. Richards and A. H. Hardy. Summary as under; several boats not finishing for lack of wind:

FIRST CLASS.

Name and owner.	Actual. H. M. S.	Correct. H. M. S.
Curlew, T. W. Robinson	2 44 01	2 35 32
Normad, J. S. Fay, Jr.	2 42 25	2 36 06
Ariel, F. E. Bacon, Jr.	2 40 06	2 36 48
Isabella, J. G. Chapman	2 42 21	2 39 03

SECOND CLASS.

Name and owner.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Mattie, J. H. Arnold	2 41 38	2 32 39
Myrtle, George E. Phinney	2 47 30	2 36 47
Violet, J. Crosby	2 45 52	2 35 36
M. Delorey, M. Delory	2 47 01	2 38 05
Tantrum, James M. Codman	2 53 56	2 40 31
Alycone, A. P. Spinney	2 51 50	2 41 29
Rival, S. Perry	2 55 48	2 43 46
Lucille, N. F. Smalley	2 56 14	2 42 12
Mascotte, F. E. Bacon, Jr	2 57 18	2 43 25
Annie, David Ellis	2 59 36	2 44 17
Thora, Howard Stockton	2 55 00	2 45 21
Iris, E. F. Barnes	2 59 56	2 47 31
Madeline, Eben Holmes	3 01 40	2 47 57
Eleanor, Richard Codman	3 01 07	2 49 28
Mouzakis, Ignatius Sargent, Jr	3 09 26	2 52 11

FOURTH CLASS.

Name and owner.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Phosie, Benjamin Gibbs	2 36 45	2 25 13
Clara B. E. F. Bangs	2 39 53	2 27 37
Gem, I. R. Thomas	2 41 13	2 27 55
Mystery, Howard Stockton	2 49 38	2 29 26
Ripple, F. E. Bacon, Jr.	2 42 17	2 30 01
Edith L. J. M. Clark	2 49 13	2 31 48
Minnie, F. Tudor	2 49 51	2 34 51

SYSTEMATIC OBSERVATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My principal interest during the recent cruise of the N. Y. Y. C. has been in boiling, so far as the position of passenger on a big schooner and the use of a first-rate binocular would permit, the performances of Oriva, and I have partially arrived at the following conclusions as to the sloop vs. cutter controversy. First, as a "fanner" the cutter, as might be supposed, is far and away the best type. This is no surprise to those of us who remember the drifting abilities of the old Vindex years ago, and is also borne out by theory. Second, in a short or confused sea with wind either light or strong, the superior dryness of the cutter makes her much the better boat. This was very observable in the Goelet cup race at Newport, where the Oriva seemed to go as straight as a ruled line, while the sloops slopped about in a way that must have kept their rudder across most of the time. As to the difference in a regular sea or in smooth water with a good breeze I doubt, and my dubitation seems to be warranted by the results of the Maggie-Vixen race, though of course one race, etc., and Vixen was sailed for all there is in her, as might have been predicted from her having been put into the hands of Mr. Yams. There arises in my mind another doubt, which is whether our British brethren have not weathered us more in the rig than in the hulls? Certainly, bar Albatross, Intrepid, Montauk and perhaps one or two more, there is not a decently rigged schooner in the N. Y. Y. S., and I do not know of one with her mainmast in the right place for weather work.

It is really disgusting to see a fairly decent hull crippled with two light shrouds on a side, a mainmast forced into the stern by the centerboard trunk, no mast runners, half the time no foretopmast backstay, and all the light gear about one-third the size it ought to be, as if the strains put on kite stuff in a ten-knot breeze were not proportionately greater than on shortened lower sails in a blow. In beating out of Newport both days with a small head sea, I noticed in the headstays of most of the schooners as they pitched slack so as to lose a considerable portion of the draw of the sails. Of course no hull can get justice done it under such conditions. I agree with your remarks about Montauk's performances. She may be a dyer, but there was no schooner in the late cruise to bring out her flying abilities. Gracie's comparatively indifferent performances astonished no one who had heard of her alterations in the matter of center of effort; she was in good form last season, probably as good as she admitted of. She is evidently wrong this.

I say nothing about cutter vs. sloop in really bad going. Of course the one can get along where the other drowns. Neither do I allude to the comparative comfort side of the question, except to say that Oriva impressed me as cooler than the trunk cabin boats of her class. I regret that I did not try a thermometer on both.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, JR.

[The conclusions of Mr. Gouverneur Morris strike us as among the most concise and logical we have seen, and we could not undertake to dispute a single one of his points.]

CUTTER LAUNCHED.—Beduin, the new 80-ton cutter built for Mr. Archibald Rogers, of this city, was launched from the yard of Henry Piepgrass, Greenpoint, August 17. She is the largest cutter yet built in America. Her lead keel weighs 35 tons, and ballast 60 tons in all. Design by Harvey & Prior, 50 Old Broad street, London, and 221 West Fourteenth street, New York. Length over all, 82ft.; on load line, 70ft.; beam, 15ft. 9in.; hold, 12ft. 6in. A sister ship is nearly ready for launching for Mr. Stillman. A full description will be found in our last volume.

Answers to Correspondents.

KING CHARLES, Baltimore, Md.—See answer to W. G. H.

W. G. H., Armstrong, Mass.—We do not know of a breeder of King Charles spaniels.

E. C., Hoboken.—See answer to L. A. You will find a variety of upland and lowland.

SNIPE, Cohoes.—No law in this State on snipe nor rail. Meadow lark season, Oct. 1–Jan. 1.

ARKANSAS.—The story of the "Arkansas Traveler" was published in our issue of March 25, 1880.

F. M. T., Nyack-on-the-Hudson.—We know of no preparation used to attract moths and butterflies.

D. V. C., Falconer, N. Y.—Where can I procure foxhound puppies? Ans. Write to Col. T. G. Tucker, Gaston, N. C.

J. D. P.—Wild rice should be sown in spring or fall. We will try to procure result of experiments made with other plant.

G. A. R., Cottage City, Mass.—The horse-hair origin of the *Gordius*, hair-snake, is hardly worth discussing in the year of grace, 1882.

G. H., New Orleans.—We cannot supply the numbers of ROD AND GUN, but will republish the matter relating to the Indian mounds.

L. A., New York.—In Pike county, Pa., you will find in their seasons deer, squirrels, rabbits, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, trout, pike and pickerel.

S. B. W., Augusta, Ga.—You can obtain duck decoys of any of the gun dealers advertised in this paper. Use as many of them as you can put out, the more the better.

C. D. C., Quincy, Ill.—1. Your gun should be a serviceable one; a change depends on your own taste. 2. From what we can hear, the cartridge gives good satisfaction.

B. A. M., Austin, Minn.—The night hawk (*Chordeiles virginianus*), and the whippoorwill (*Antrostomus vociferus*) are of different genera, and of course of different species in the family Caprimulgidæ, or "goat suckers." The family also includes the "chuckwill's widow" (*A. carolinensis*).

RIGHT AND LEFT, Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.—Will you kindly inform me the name of the proper flies to use for black bass fishing in New Hampshire during the month of September? Ans. Use bright flies, as green drake, jungle cock, bee, mullady, green hackle, red ibis, abbey, or professor.

J. H. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—1. Has any person the right to shoot robins on his own land during August and September? 2. As the bobolink has now changed his plumage to the rice bird, is he any longer a bobolink, and under the protection of the game laws? 3. Is the mourning dove a game bird? If so, why not named in list of protected birds? Ans. 1. Robins may be shot on one's property when they are destroying grapes or fruit, but not otherwise. 2. The bird is still under the protection of the law. 3. It is so regarded in some States, where close seasons are prescribed for it. It has not received attention from the New York game protectors.

N. A. C., Gildersleeve's Landing, Conn.—1. Can a long-legged dog, as a general rule, endure more than a more stocky one, close built. 2. Is lemon and white a good color. 3. Is shape of nose any indication of keen scent. Ans.—1. No, although there are many exceptions to the rule. 2. Yes. 3. No.

INQUIRER, Lowell, Mass.—May I hope for information in regard to the following questions? 1. Name and publishers of practical instruction in fly-fishing? 2. Kind of flies to use at Connecticut lakes the latter part of September? 3. Exclusive of $20 or $25 split bamboo rods, what material, make and weight is next to be preferred; can not a reliable rod be obtained for $10 or thereabout? 4. To what date does the trout season extend according to N. H. law? Ans. 1. Morris' "American Angler's Book," price $5.50; we can supply it. 2. Red ibis, professor, May fly, green drake, queen of the water, brown and black hackles (palmer). 3. Get an ash and lancewood or hornbeam rod of eight to eleven ounces, according to your taste. You can get such a rod for the price you name; write to our advertisers. 4. To the 30th of September.

L. T., Red Hook, N. Y.—1. What is the "bench show dog chain," recommended by the various bench show committees this year, and where can I obtain them? 2. Who won the second prize at the last New York Bench Show in the class for rough-haired terriers? In your issue of April 27 you credit it to me, for my Irish terrier Colleen, which is an error. 3. What is the pedigree of the Irish terrier Colleen Dhas, the property of the Messrs. Carey, mentioned in your issue of Jan. 5, last, as winning first prize at the Alexandra Palace Show. Ans.—1. Write to the Medford Fancy Goods Company, 96 Duane street, New York. 2. Wildbrier, owned by Mr. H. S. Jaffray, New York. We correct the error with pleasure. 3. Colleen Dhas is by G. Jaimeson's Sport (J. Small's dam—J. Craig's Fan) out of G. Jaimeson's Peggy (Mickey Dooley's Sailor—G. Jaimeson's Fan).

S., Ottumwa, Iowa.—Please inform me if there is any work published on the fresh-water fish of this country. I desire an illustrated work, giving complete descriptions of all game fish, their habits, etc. If there is such a work please inform me where it can be obtained, and at what price. Ans. There is no such work. "Jordan's Fresh-Water Fishes of North America" is in press. It will be a scientific book, probably not noting habits and not illustrated. "The Game Fishes of the United States," by Kilbourne & Goode, gives twenty large colored illustrations of the principal game fishes of both salt and fresh water, giving one of each genus, and many smaller plates of kindred species. The price is $60, and it is well worth it as a work of art alone. It is thoroughly reliable and correct. "The American Angler's Book," by Thaddeus Norris, price $5.50, is a standard illustrated work on angling, and contains all that was popularly known when written. We can furnish either of the two last.

THE DOG HE DID NOT LIKE.—"Yes," Athelwald replied, speaking in low, impressive tones, "yes, I do like dogs; I am fond of them. But I like a shy, coy, shrinking dog, who flies away to the shadowy recesses of the woodshed when he hears the footfall of the stranger, and can only be won to sociability by love and kindness and patient pleading. I do not love the bold, forward, unquestioning mass of canine insolence and obtrusiveness that comes sneaking out from behind a lilac bush when one is just half way between the gate and the piazza, and nestles up to a stranger like an old acquaintance, and drags one all around the yard in a backward attitude, with no thought of one's dignity or comfort." And, with a dry, convulsive sob, he turned away, and as he walked toward the neckwear department the book-keeper noticed that his fawn-colored trousers had been patched in the postern gate with a nine-cornered piece of olive-green.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

FOREST AND STREAM is so prosperous that it has been enlarged to twenty-eight pages. It is the ablest of our journals devoted to such out-door sports, as hunting, fishing yachting, etc. Its correspondence is full of interesting reminiscences of sportsmen, and it deserves special praise for the earnest effort it is making to secure the enactment of wise game laws and their enforcement.—*New York Evening Post, Aug. 19.*

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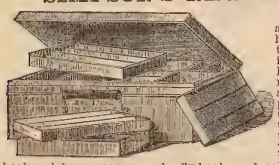


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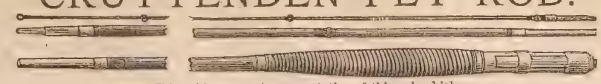
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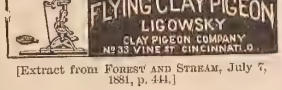
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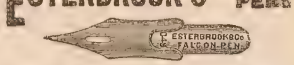


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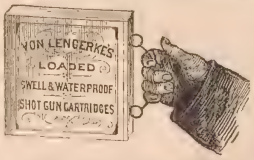
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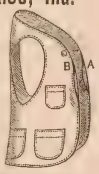
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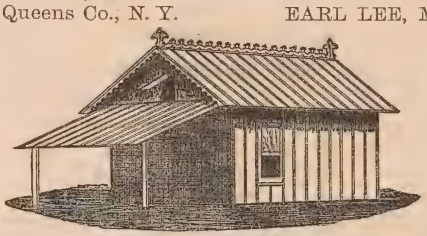
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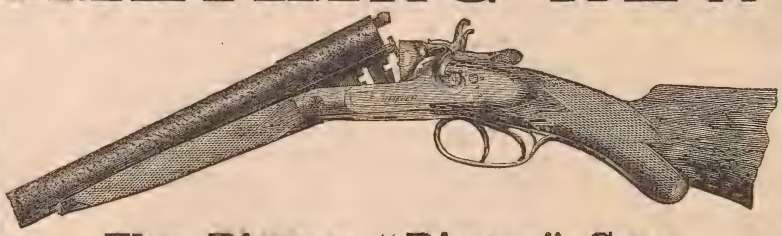
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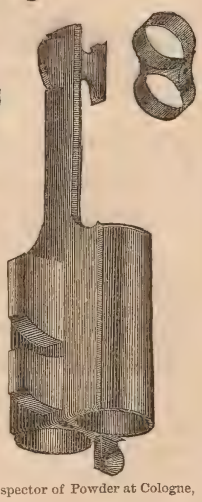
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H. Pieper, Liege	3 3 4 4	4 4 4 3	4 4 4 4—45
Roedel, Prague	3 3 3 3	4 4 4 4	3 3 4 4—42
W.W.Greener, Birmingham	4 4 4 3	4 4 3 3	3 2 3 3—40
N. Bodsen, Liege	3 4 2 4	4 3 3 4	1 1 3 1—38
C. Bartels, Wiesbaden	3 3 3 4	4 3 4 4	1 3 2 3—37
Sackreuter, Frankfort	2 3 3 4	4 4 3 3	3 3 1 3—36
Camphausen, Crefeld	1 4 2 3	3 3 4 2	3 3 3 3—34

	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot.	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
A. Jannsen, Liege	2 3 3 3	4 4 3 3	1 3 2 1—32
Beermann, Munster	3 2 1 2	4 4 2 4	2 2 3 2—31
Brunn, Birmingham	3 3 2 2	3 3 4 4	2 2 2 2—30
Witte, Zutphen	3 4 3 3	1 1 1 1	3 2 3 2—27
H. Jansen, Wesel	1 2 1 2	4 3 2 2	2 1 2 3—25
Heuse-Lemoine, Nessouvaux	2 3 1 4	1 2 3 2	1 2 2 2—23
Cordes, Bremerhaven	2 1 1 1	3 3 2 1	1 2 2 1—20

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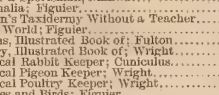
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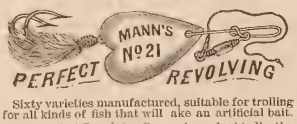
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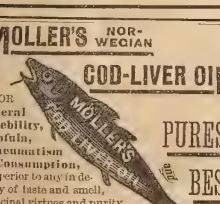
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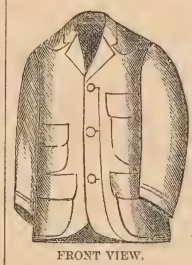
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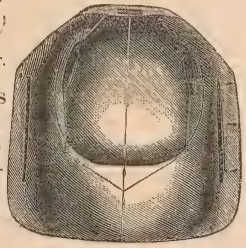
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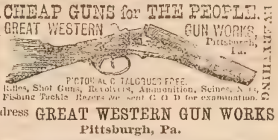
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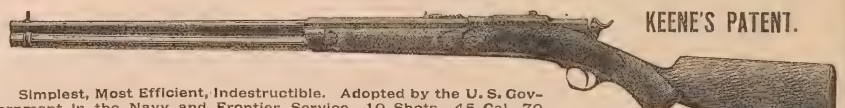
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FIG. 1



FIG. 2

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NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

NOTES OF THE SEASON.

ANOTHER leaf is torn from the calendar, and to-morrow's sun ushers in the glorious September, first of the three months which hold the highest place in the sportsman's heart. From this time until the leaden sky of winter shall succeed the autumnal blue, the out-door world will increase its luring charms, and with clarified atmosphere and ever changing garb of verdure and foliage, call the sportsman forth. September, October and November—these are the choice field months of the year.

To-morrow, September 1, will in many States open the legal shooting season for a wide and rich variety of game. And eagerly as they have been anticipated, and patiently as the intervening weeks have been counted off, so heartily will these field days be improved and enjoyed.

A glance at the carefully-prepared game table printed on another page will show that the personage we speak of as "the American sportsman" may in September take his pick of a heterogenous supply of game. If he be ambitious, there is the deer or the moose, the caribou, the elk, the antelope, the mountain sheep; or—if that be game—the buffalo. Or if more humble be his aspirations, robins, "rabbits" and squirrels are in season too. The fancy of most gunners will turn to the feathered race, and here may be found a like diversity, ruffed grouse and rail. Many a quick-aimed gun will be discharged at the flashing form of *Tetrao umbellus*, that prime favorite of the expert shot, and the wily hero of many a zig-zag escape from wing-shooter, and unscathed by the volley of the poke-shooting "treer." The grouse, in most sections where in season, are now pretty well advanced in growth, and much more scattered than they were a month ago, or will be a month hence. The gunner who in early September returns at night with a good bag of grouse must have followed them far over the hillsides. The ratio of steps taken, shots fired and birds bagged, is decidedly different now from what that ratio will be a month or six weeks hence.

With the exceptions of Connecticut and New Jersey, woodcock will be everywhere in season in September. In some of the States the birds have already been hunted for two months. But in many sections, even though the close time has expired, the birds are not yet fairly through their moulting; they are ragged, and not in full feather. But from this time they will improve, and toward the end of the month they will be flushed in prime condition. They, too, are scattered now; a few still linger about the cornfields; others will be found in the low-lying covers along the streams, and others in the damp dingles on the hills.

Quail shooting opens in some States to-morrow, and in others on the fifteenth; elsewhere they are protected, as they should be, for a month or two months longer. September is too early for quail shooting; the broods are, as a rule, not half-grown. They will afford a much more worthy object of pursuit later in the season, when the sky is bluer and the rustle of the falling leaf intensifies the silence of the woodland.

Prairie chicken shooting is with the first of September just in its prime. From many parts of the great West reports of the abundant "chicken crop" have come to us, and before this number of the FOREST AND STREAM reaches its thousands of Western readers they will have tested for themselves the prairie chicken shooting of 1882.

The storm of last Sunday was just what the shore-bird shooters had been looking for, and it is safe to say that the visitor to the beach now will reap a rich harvest. This should be a red-letter week for the beach gunners. The rail and reed-bird gunners are now flocking to the marshes, and with to-morrow's tide the fire will open all along the line.

And to the gunner, whether his game be the rail which makes a mouthful, or the elk which will feed a camp, the FOREST AND STREAM extends the compliments of the season, bespeaking for each a full measure of the enjoyment and satisfaction which come of days well spent afield.

A NEGLECTED SPORT.

IT is very singular that few sportsmen in the East hunt large and dangerous game. The States of Pennsylvania and New York, as well as most of those lying east of them, still have more or less bears, panthers, lynxes and wild cats, which few men except guides and trappers ever hunt. Why this is so, we are at a loss to answer. It cannot be that our lovers of field sports have become so degenerate as to abandon these sports which their ancestors delighted in on account of the danger attending them, for certainly there are sports still followed which are as full of danger to life and limb as the pursuit of these animals, and the only reasonable solution of the question appears to be that the hunting of such big game has gone out of fashion only in this part of the country, for some Eastern men have gone to the far West to hunt the grizzly bear.

In Germany the wild boar is hunted with dogs and spears; in India the officers of British regiments have their regular "pig stickings," and hunt the tiger and the elephant. In other parts of the world the wolf is followed with as keen a zest as it was two centuries ago. And yet our youth go to the Adirondacks and are content with bagging the harmless deer, many of them even killing them by "floating" at night, a most lazy and unsportsmanlike method, and one little calculated to develop manly qualities. Some one, whose name escapes us at this moment, has laid down the axiom, "the greater the danger the greater the sport," and young Hotspur, eager at the scent of danger in defying the power of the king, exclaims, "O, it more stirs the blood to rouse the lion than to start the hare!"

Instead of looking on the cougar, which by a mistake has been termed a panther, as the noblest of our eastern game animals, as indeed it is, our sportsmen have allowed a bounty to be placed upon it as belonging to the class of vermin. Let our young deer floaters imagine their feeling of triumph on bringing down a lordly panther or a ponderous and savage bear, and compare this with the killing of a timid deer. How their hearts would throb and the breath be held until the swollen veins protested! And what memories of the long chase, the sudden turning to bay, and the quick but sure shot which brought the savage monster down to earth, would be cherished and told over at the fireside. This is the sort of sport which develops manhood and self-reliance.

We believe that if bear and panther hunts were organized by our sportsmen they would soon become popular. True, the game is not plentiful, but still the greater will be the triumph of bagging it, and a party might be weeks in the woods without seeing a bear, and would fail to get many that they did see, but the chase has its excitement which culminates when the game is brought to bay.

A party of four, with proper dogs that have not too much courage, could have splendid sport in the pursuit of a bear, and the following of it would involve some generalship in order to head it off. They would start as lightly encumbered with blankets and provisions as possible, and sleep on the trail until the game was killed or lost. We have suggested dogs with not too much courage for the reason that a dog which is brave enough to attack a bear seldom lives to repeat it, and timid dogs which would follow and annoy it by circling round and bringing it to bay occasionally, and so detain it until the hunters came up, would be the best.

Panthers are not plentiful enough to hunt systematically. There are probably not more than half a dozen in the entire Adirondack region, and they could only be found by accident when a party was out after bears, but when found they are wary, and their chase is calculated to develop the highest qualities of both pluck and muscle. Let us remove the bounty from panthers and organize bear-hunting clubs.

THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—Although Prof. Baird's circular, which we published in full in our issue of Aug. 10, was very plain and clear, there seems to be some misunderstanding of it by a few who intend to exhibit. The Professor's rule is that objects which he purchases in order to fill up the American exhibit will be shown as part of the collection of the National Museum, or the Fish Commission, without either label of the seller on the object, or the appearance of his name in the catalogue. Objects which are loaned or donated by the maker, inventor, or dealer, will be labeled with his name, which will also appear in the catalogue. The rule which the jury at Berlin followed was to award prizes to the exhibitor of an article and not to the maker; thus a dealer in fishing tackle might receive a reward for the best rods, lines, or reels, which he bought from some maker who had not enterprise enough to exhibit. While the Fish Commission will receive full series of articles it will not allow an unnecessary, or unreasonable, duplication, merely to make a show of quantity. Those who wish to exhibit will do well to bear these things in mind.

CATFISH FOR BELGIUM.—We publish elsewhere the correspondence which relates to the introduction of American catfish into the waters of Belgium. The sluggish, muddy rivers of that country are particularly adapted to sustain this fish. Professor Baird has directed Mr. Fred Mather, of this journal, to procure the fish, and has left the selection to his judgment, merely suggesting that more than one kind be sent. Mr. Mather has decided to send the small northern "bullhead," *Amiurus catus*, for one, and thinks of obtaining a larger southern species also, and would like suggestions as to the comparative table qualities of southern catfish, and also the best means of obtaining forty or fifty young specimens of them. He can be addressed at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE COMING FIELD TRIALS.—The coming field trials are sure to be a success so far as the running of the dogs is concerned, for we hear whispers from far and near of many wonderful animals that are to take part, each and every one of whom can win "just as easy as rolling off a log." We have also heard of several others who, perchance, may not secure the first place, but are dead sure to win the second. No one to our knowledge has yet put in a claim for third place, and we would advise those who have this class of dog to enter them at once, as this prize is well worth the winning.

FOREST LAKE ASSOCIATION.—This club, composed of well-known residents of this city, have secured the Forest Lakes, in Pike County, Pennsylvania, where they will maintain game and fish preserves, with club house, cottages, etc. The management of the enterprise is in good hands, the officers being: Dr. Alexander Hadden, President; Edward G. Black, Vice-President; Dr. J. V. S. Wortley, Secretary; Robert Betty, Treasurer; J. H. Van Etten, counsel.

THE FOREST AND STREAM aims to reflect the varying phases of legitimate field sports as conducted in every portion of this broad land. With the opening of the shooting season our friends everywhere are invited to send us for publication reports of their field days and shooting excursions.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

VII.—FISH

"THERE is a fish in Long Lake which some call a muscalonge and others a pickerel," said the guide, "and no one seems to know exactly what it is, or, if they do, the others who differ from them don't accept their decision. You should go there and see the fish and settle it."

"Certainly, we will go," said I, "what will we want in way of blankets and baggage?"

"Nothing; go as light as possible, take your rods and creel and that is all we will want. We will leave Fourth Lake in the morning about 10, dine at Bennett's on the Raquette, go down the lake and river, carry into Forked Lake and again down the river to Buttermilk Falls, where we have a short carry and then a longer one of half a mile into Long Lake, where we will stop for the night at Kellogg's and fish in the morning. After getting what you want we will come back by way of South Pond, Mud Pond, Minnow Pond and Blue Mountain Lake, fishing them all, and no doubt some new specimens will be found in some of these waters which we have not picked up yet."

We followed this programme and on arriving at Kellogg's on Long Lake, we found the question of maskinonge versus pickerel being argued in the bar room. One man said that he had been all through New York markets and had asked the differences between the fish, and the market men had always showed him fish like those in the lake for maskinonge, or muscalonge as it is here called. Fortunately the landlord had one in the kitchen and Sheppard suggested that it be shown to me. On producing it there was no difficulty in determining it to be the great lake pike, or pickerel, *Esox lucius*. It is singular how much mixed the mass of anglers are about this family of fishes. The colors alone are sufficient, generally, to identify them without going into the structural differences, as scales on cheek, etc., yet many who can distinguish the two named do not distinguish the great pike from the smaller pickerel, *E. reticulatus*, the one which only grows to five or six pounds and has black network on its sides, but call them both "pickerel." We only stopped next day long enough to take four specimens, two of which were too large for the alcohol tank, and therefore had to be given away. The smaller ones, about two pounds each, were put in the creel and we climbed the high hill that lay between the lake and South Pond, where we fished for small fry, and then struck the hard two-mile carry to Minnow Pond, which must be some three hundred feet above Blue Mountain Lake, into which it empties. The carry to the lake is described as "half a mile going down, but a full mile going up."

We took some black bass in Raquette, going back, and they seem to be exceedingly plenty. They took the fly near the shores, but the larger ones were not there, or not in the humor for flies. A big one struck a spoon but broke away. The introduction of bass into these trout waters was a grave mistake, and is a source of regret to trout fishers. It was done some years ago by the New York Fish Commission, and they have been doing something equally bad this spring in putting rainbow trout into the Fulton Chain, a fish much inferior to our brook trout, and one which will grow faster and eat up the food if it does not eat the trout. Like the introduction of the English sparrow, this fish may turn out a nuisance. No waters that will sustain our brook trout should be planted with bass or rainbow trout, for when they come in the brook trout go out. The guides said that many of the rainbow trout were dead, but I fear enough were alive to establish themselves. When the Scotchmen held a congratulatory dinner over a single thistle planted in Victoria, twenty years ago, they did not foresee that to-day many farms would be ruined by it.

Most people agree on the excellent table qualities of the Adirondack lake trout. They are a fine fish, and I prefer them to the brook trout for the pan. In the spring, while the water is cool near the shore, these fish take the fly well, but in summer they must be sought in deep water, for of all their family in America they are most sensitive to warmth and die soonest from it. The salbling, or German charr, is probably as sensitive, and these waters would suit it very well. The fish would also suit the waters, as it is a lake trout of large size with a beautifully colored crimson side and belly, and a fine table fish. The native lake trout of this region can be distinguished from those planted here by the commission from parents in Lake Ontario, by their color. The skin is darker and the flesh redder, yet ichthyologically they are the same fish. One would think the strangers, having been placed here in babyhood, would assume the characters of the natives. I had no chance to test their comparative table qualities. The land-locked salmon planted in Bisby and Woodhull have thriven and will no doubt be a valuable addition to those waters; I hear of one having been taken in Woodhull of one and a half pounds.

Bullheads (catfish) and frost fish (a species of Coregonus), are the main table fishes beside those mentioned. The former can be readily taken near the shores, especially at night, but the latter do not bite and are usually captured in the fall, when on the spawning beds in the inlets. Sunfish infest all the lakes. These pests must destroy millions of trout-fry. Worthless themselves, nature has seen fit to guard them with formidable spines which even a ravenous pike is forced to respect to some degree, hence they increase at the expense of trout. If the amount appropriated to the river and harbor bill could be diverted to the extermination of the last sunfish in America it would be money well spent, provided it was not distributed by the politicians.

The "salmon" which one hears of so much here is simply the lake trout, sometimes called salmon-trout, and often the first part of the name only is used. I heard a man try to make a distinction between brook trout which live in lakes and those which inhabit the inlets or brooks. He termed the latter brook trout and the former "lake-brook-trout," in his argument to sustain his position that there were two species, or rather to maintain that "lake trout" was an indefinite term and meant any trout which was found in a lake. He did not succeed very well after a guide asked him to describe his lake-brook-trout so that it could be distinguished from the ordinary brook trout, and suggested that a deer was the same animal whether found on the mountains or in the lakes. A lake trout of 27¼ pounds, from Raquette Lake, is credited to Alvah Dunning, the guide, who sent it to the superintendent of the Adirondack Railroad. It was taken July 2, 1879.

Brook trout abound, but are not as plenty as I thought for. In some of the lakes they are either scarce or won't rise. I did not try bait for them and did not change flies often. On Big Moose I took many, and, of course, lost a big one. This is how it happened. He struck and I struck. He appeared astonished and opened his throttle valve, and crowded on all steam, hoping to reach the lower end of the inlet on time. The brake on the reel broke at this instant and the bell cord overran. He turned at the same time and started in on the down grade, and passed the boat with axles red hot; saw 'em gleam against the dark bottom. What could be done when the air-brake was gone? We held our breaths at the pace, but he slowed up on a curve and the strain was felt on the coupling again. I whistled "down brakes" and he mistook a lily-pad for a turn-table and went round it, something became uncoupled and he slowly steamed out of sight with a train of only two flies behind him. Jack called "fifteen minutes for refreshments," and I hauled into the shop for repairs. F. M.

The Sportsman Tourist.

EAGLESMERE.

ALLOW me to open this article with the assertion that no better companion can be found for a shooting or fishing excursion than a clergyman of the right sort. Whether it be the sudden relaxation from the responsibilities of his regular vocation I know not, but he is always alive to the ever varying phases of the trip, and while acting as a sort of ecclesiastical air-brake, does not in any sense mar—but on the contrary enhances—the pleasures of the outing.

It was my good fortune last May to be the companion of such an one for a two weeks' sojourn in the wilds of Sullivan county, Pa. Leaving our valley home in western New York, we arrived at Towanda, Pa., at 3 P. M., in good time to take the train on the "State Line & Sullivan," a sturdy little coal road that pierces the wilderness in a southerly direction, bringing up at the Loyal Sock coal mines, at Bernice, the product of which it hauls down to Towanda, where it is distributed all over the United States. Our train consisted of an almost endless string of coal dumps, with a funny little passenger car bobbing along a mile or so in the rear of the engine. Nevertheless we were very comfortable, and not a little amused in watching the representatives of Sullivan county and listening to the wonderful fishing yarns of an old gentleman who, although way beyond the regulation three score years and ten, was bound like ourselves for a favorite trouting locality. Arriving at Dushore, the metropolis of the county, a place of perhaps five hundred inhabitants, we took stage for La Porte, the county town; and now it seemed that we were in the woods in earnest. Over rocks and through ruts we jolted, crossing the Loyal Sock on a long covered bridge, listening to the swirl of the waters we could not see with all an angler's delight.

La Porte was reached at about 9:30, and it is still a matter of wonder to me how the seat of government was ever moved to that forsaken place without wearing it all out "in transitu" over those fearful roads. The town consists of two hotels, the court house, church, a large tannery, three or four stores and a scattering of houses. As far as the eye can reach on every side stretches the interminable forest, its vivid green interspersed here and there by desolate brown patches, showing where the insatiable bark peelers had been at work. But we slept well at the comfortable hostelry, and the following morning were all ready for the last stage of our journey, a six-mile ride to Eaglesmere, our objective point. While making arrangements with the local butcher for our transportation across country, who should come rattling into town with an excellent team and double-seated democrat wagon, but Chris. Peale, an old and tried friend of the dominie's, whose route lay exactly in our direction. We soon had our traps aboard, and bidding good-bye to La Porte, went bowling along the forest road at a rate that tossed off the six miles in no time.

Eaglesmere is a lovely little oval of spring water about a mile in length, twenty-two hundred feet above tide water. Far from the haunts of civilization it still has a romantic history. Nearly a century ago a wealthy Englishman while hunting in this region was struck by the beautiful sand along its shores, and conceived the idea of founding great glass works here that should bring him in wealth and fame. He carried out his scheme and spent a large fortune putting up magnificent stone buildings and tenements, but the transporting of his wares to Harrisburg by wagons over frightful mountain roads, and the bringing in of supplies by the same slow process proved disastrous to the undertaking, and the works were abandoned and tumbled into ruins. For years this lovely spot lay tenanted only by the wild deer and bear until re-discovered by the ubiquitous trout fisherman, and summer cottages began to spring up, a hotel was built, and to-day one finds a summer resort in miniature, with good hotels and a telegraph station within six miles, a little steamer plies the lake, and a band thumps a windy accompaniment to flying feet on the balcony of the hotel.

It was at the door of one of these cottages loaned by a dear friend of the dominie's that Chris. hauled up and deposited his load of two fishermen and their impedimenta. Do you call this a cottage? I remarked as I looked up at the hotel-like structure before us, with its two stories and a broad verandah all around. "O well, S. has a large family, and no man delights in plenty of room so well as he," quoth the dominie, "but come in, here is the key on the joist, just as Mrs. S. wrote me." A jolly wood fire was soon crackling in the grate, and another in the kitchen stove, and after unpacking we donned the fishing suits we were to wear during our stay and sat down to a cup of coffee. Talk about cottages in the backwoods, why this was a finely furnished house—carpets on the floors, easy chairs, spring beds, pictures, besides many little comforts and luxuries that a good wife will accumulate for the good of her family and guests. After looking over the supplies and finding everything in good shape the dominie suggested that we try our New York worms (he had brought some along to be ready, you know) on the trout in the outlet for an hour or so and see if we could get enough for supper, and we did, basketing twenty small ones, and you may be sure they were not large, for we ate them all.

There are no trout in the lake, but within a radius of three miles are a number of streams tributary to the Loyal Sock and Muncy Creek that afford fine fishing. Among these are "Shanersburg," "Rock Run" and "Pale bridge," all near enough to reach comfortably by walking, fish and return at night by supper time. The trout run rather small in these streams, but are quite plenty, the large ones lie in the big creeks below, but the water being high we had to confine ourselves to the branches.

We had resolved to put in our first day on Shanersburg, that being the most accessible of the streams; so the morning found us up with breakfast dispatched at an early hour, and with the dominie—who knows the country like a ritual—in the lead we threaded the wilderness happy as a couple of schoolboys out for a holiday. The air was bracing and the day fine, and when luncheon time came we were hungry as wolves and some miles down the stream. Our luck was far from extraordinary, and when we got through cleaning our catch preparatory to going home it only numbered sixty-one trout, none of them monsters. But sixty-one trout are quite a mess for two men—even in the first flush of mountain appetites—to surround; but a heroic onslaught at 9 P. M., and another next morning, so reduced the pile that we started for Rock Run without feeling that we were wanton destroyers of the loveliest of game fish, and in no wise entitled to the medal awaiting those who by their prowess are entitled to entrance to the most noble order of "trout hogs." To Rock Run was a good three-mile walk, but we arrived at the old mill in good time, and although the day was a poor one we beat our previous catch eight fish. It was a weary homeward walk we took that night in the gloaming, and it did seem as though the cottage would never come in sight, but it did at last, and what was our surprise to see a cheerful light streaming from the open door and windows. "S. has come" quoth the dominie, quickening his pace, while I followed feebly fleet, and sure enough we found not only S. but his good wife, waiting with open arms to receive us. They had driven over from Muncy, twenty-four miles, with a wagon load of delicacies and substantials just to make us happy, bless 'em. May be we didn't make awful inroads into the steak, lettuce and asparagus provided, and may be the bottled pop (I guess it was) didn't disappear? Ask the dominie who had a headache all the next day, so we couldn't fish, and as the day was Saturday necessitated our waiting until Monday before operations could be resumed.

But don't think Saturday and Sunday were wasted—far different. Uncle 'Lijah and his amiable wife, who were up to see how their cottage was getting along, and to mend a pesky leak in the cistern, dropped in to dinner, and we were favored with a call from Mr. and Mrs. Peale, who had raised a fine family and wrested an independent living from this stern and barren soil, not forgetting Davy Sams, the minstrel, who, between sips of hot lemonade and the crunching of ginger nuts, discoursed original snatches of psalmody, that we all vowed would put Messrs. Bliss and Sankey to their metal to equal. So the days passed and Monday morning came, and Mr. and Mrs. S. took their departure, not, however, until our host had driven us to within easy walking distance of Rock Run, where we proposed to put in a full day. The day was fine, and having learned by experience where the barren waters were, we made the most of our privileges, and when brought up with a round turn by a terrific thunder shower we scored one hundred and one. What a tramp we had home that night—five miles through the driving rain, wet to the skin, baskets heavy and stomachs empty. I never so fully realized what hunger was. Misty visions of our long table well filled with good things danced across my disordered vision, and my groaning stomach seemed to say "'twas never thus before." When we reached the cottage, all soaked and "busted," I had just strength enough left to grope in the darkness and grasp a pilot biscuit with one hand and a wired cork with the other and sink exhausted into a chair. O, it was awful, but the dominie remarked "that the instinct of self preservation seemed fully alive in me when I made that masterly move in the dark."

And so the week wore away, our catches averaging about the same day in and day out. Individually the "apostolic hook" was in the ascendency, and I had the honor of beating my friend but once. Not a trout was wasted, for Uncle 'Lijah going home carried a fine lot down to the friends in Muncy, and when the last day came we went down to Shanersburg and caught an even hundred. These we packed in ferns and prince's pine and carried home with us fresh as daisies.

We had hoped our last day to fish down to the Loyal Sock in time for a few casts for the big fellows, but the distances are magnificent in Sullivan, and we couldn't even get in sight of the big creek before we had to turn about and "make tracks for home" or stay in the woods all night. It seemed a little sad next morning to be obliged to don the habiliments of civilization, pack up our traps, and leave the pleasant spot where we had been so happy, but Mr. Morgan was at the door with his broad-gauge horse and wagon, so bidding adieu to Eaglesmere and the cottage, we bundled in the truck, and with a stern resolve to come again, went trundling down the mountain. Now, if there is anything that will make a man forget trouble, it is a six mile ride with Mr. Morgan of Eaglesmere. Mr. M. keeps an excellent boarding house at the lake, and he and Mrs. M. have the happy faculty of treating their guests so they are sure to come again. M. is a bluff, hearty Milesian, full of anecdotes that he recounts inimitably. A strong Church of England man, he holds all other sects (especially the Baptists) in quiet contempt

and many an amusing story did he reel off touching the doings of the itinerants.

But La Porte was reached at last, and bidding Morgan good-bye, we whiled away the afternoon and evening at the court house, taking in the pros and cons of Sullivan county justice. At 5 A. M. we were aboard the stage en route for home and civilization, feeling well paid for our trip.

H. W. D. L.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

SUNDAY afternoon, dinner over, we saunter slowly out with paper and pillow to the hammock listlessly hanging under the beeches. Glorious tree an old beech is; though its bark be gritty its heart is sound and full of sap, running out into the tips of its tiniest twigs, bursting the soft brown envelope which protects the tender buds and scattering them in showers to the earth. The leaf at first so frail and delicate, soon grows firm, and with its companions, casts a most grateful shade. Under such a canopy it is now our privilege to recline, and with the gentle, soothing swing of our comfortable supporter, we are prepared to enjoy to the full our *dolce far niente*. Too much exertion to read, we lazily drop the paper, which flutters down, subsiding into the grass with a soft rustle. From our elevation, we gaze down between the tree trunks, out over the sunlit farms, with their houses nestled snugly among clumps of dark green verdure, to the still waters of the bay, and beyond to where the Orange Mountains break the horizon. A few fleecy clouds hang over their tops, quiet, motionless, and, but for a single exception, the steady wheeze, wheeze, wheeze, wheeze, of one restless steamtug, all nature seems to sleep. The soft beat of paddles is borne to us from the distance as an excursion steamer forges past, laden with her dense crowd of humanity, then all is silence again.

Overhead, way up among the green boughs, hangs an oriole's nest, tied with that wonderful ingenuity this bird displays, to the extreme fork of a bending branch, light, airy, it hangs suspended; swaying responsive to the lightest breath. A subdued twittering, with an unmistakable movement of the gray pouch-like shape, tells us that there is life there, and the tremor of the overhanging leaves testifies that the little household is stirring. A bright form flashes down through the tree-top as the parent bird approaches. Cautiously, silently he comes, with short, quick flirts, from twig to twig, until reaching his little ones. Then ensues a pause, and after a final glance around to see that all is right, he ducks in under his green doorway, and the twitter and hubbub is fairly doubled, as he drops the longed-for food into the hungry little mouths. Another flash of bright plumage, and his clear ringing note is heard, as he darts off to renew his search for more choice morsels in the orchard near by, with which to gladden the hearts of his darlings in their cosy home. His mate now appears, going through the same performance, the stealthy approach, joyous reception, and quick departure; this continues until all fades into the far away, and—you—are—asleep.

Br-r-r-oom! an ominous muttering awakens you. The clouds are heavy in the west, and during your nap have tumbled into great masses and banks, which are slowly and majestically rising and spreading over the sky. *Boom, Broom, Br-r-r-oomm*, the distant thunder crashes among them, and reverberates as it rolls down their mighty corridors; there comes the breeze, you see the tree-tops bow before it, and soon it rollicks and surges through and among the branches above, making it very lively for our little friends in the nest. The sun disappears behind the now swiftly gathering clouds, and the heretofore stationary vessels bend with full sails as they run before the gust. All is activity, and a gloomy darkness takes possession of the quiet scene of an hour before. The clouds are inky in their blackness, and the thunder following close to the lightning's flash, bellowing incessantly, and rending the heavens with that terrifying s-o-l-w-s-h, bing, bang, boom, boom, completes the confusion now raging in the air. Great, splashy drops, the forerunners of the deluge to come, patter among the foliage as we hasten under shelter. We see the rain coming like a mist over the water, shutting out Robins' Reef Light, then, one by one, the vessels, as with a veil. As it draws rapidly nearer we hear the dull, hollow roar of its approach, and see the dust spurt up from the parched fields to vanish on the instant, beaten down by the flood. Its damp breath fans our face, and with a mighty rush it is upon us. Blinds bang, windows strain and creak, and the heavens seem as though shut out forever. There is a silver lining to all clouds, however, and while the very air teems with the falling water, a yellow gleam breaks through from the west, which broadens and suffuses the whole landscape as the storm recedes, until all is blue above, and the glances of a setting sun fall upon a lovely scene. "Nature smiling through her tears." In the east our clouds show their gold and silver lining, spanned by the sign of God's covenant, and while we breathe the reviving air, the sweet, flute-like voice of the swamp-robin floats out from the shrubbery as his clear notes are raised in evening song, the deep-voiced thunder rolling in at intervals a rich accompaniment.

DICK.

DESPOILING THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The recent purchases made of the large tracts of land by a few individuals in the northern wilderness for the timber it contains, and the building of railroads through this region, is to the sportsmen who visit this resort like the tearing down of the old homestead, coming, too, as it does now, at the very time when the woods abound in deer (thanks to the vigilance of State Game Protector Dodge) where a scanty few formerly existed.

There is enough influence in this State by eminent men to make this place the much-talked of State park. This could easily be brought about if one good influential man would take the lead and make it a business to draft an act exempting these woods for the uses of the State, put himself in correspondence with the men of different cities in the State, and they to circulate petitions and use such influence as may be necessary for its enactment.

Could not such an act be passed when we know it would receive the support of such men as ex-Gov. Seymour?

A stranger visiting these woods will be surprised to see what a large number of the regular visitors are made up of professional men—Judges, Senators, Congressmen, and all men of note. Such an act would receive their hearty support.

Who is the man that will take the lead and who will join hands in its support?

Natural History.

SERPENTS WANTED.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the year 1833 Dr. Gerard Troost, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of Nashville, Tenn., presented a paper to the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, which was read in April, entitled "On a new genus of serpents, and two new species of the genus Heterodon, inhabiting Tennessee." In this he described a venomous serpent from Maury county, Tenn., calling it *Acontias atro-fuscus*, but finding that the generic name was preoccupied, he substituted for *Acontias, Toxicophis;* this gave place, however, to an older name, *Ancistrodon* of Palisot de Beauvois, so that at the present time the species is known as *Ancistrodon atrofuscus* Troost.

Since the time the species was first described it has remained unrecognized, and so far as the writer knows, there are no specimens in any of the large collections of the United States, certainly none in the National Museum, Washington, D. C.

For some time Prof. S. F. Baird has been endeavoring to complete the National Museum series of North American reptiles, and many rare species have been supplied through the efforts of friends and correspondents, but quite a number are still wanted, among them this particular serpent of Troost's.

A description is here given in the author's words, in order that if seen it may be recognized; and the National Museum will be glad to receive a number of specimens of the species, living or dead, for which due acknowledgment will be made. In case living examples are captured Prof. Baird should be notified as it is necessary to make special arrangements for safe transportation.

DESCRIPTION OF ANCISTRODON ATROFUSCUS,

"vulgarly called highland moccason." As I have already mentioned, different names are given to the same animal, so the present species is also called copperhead and pilot, while these names are also given to other poisonous snakes.

Character—Head large, sub-triangular; broad behind, smaller and truncated in front, covered with plates to the occiput, behind which are small, smooth hexagonal scales; a deep pit between the eye and nostril; upper jaw armed with fangs (four in all, Dr. Troost says, but this is probably not the rule, two being the proper number); body above, dusky, variegated with dark brown spots. Abdominal scales 133, sub-caudal scales 25, 18 to apex of tail." The specimen described by Dr. Troost was 25 inches long, the circumference of the thickest part of the body being 4½ inches. "The thickness of the body diminishes abruptly at the tail, which is short, cylindrical, slender and terminates in a small horny point."

The color of the upper part of the body must be considered as black, variegated with brown spots, which are not of a uniform shade, but pass from dark into a lighter color; they are irregularly scattered over the body; nevertheless they exhibit a tendency to run from one side toward the other, widening toward the back. The light spots are composed of smoky gray, passing into blackish brown, exhibiting all the intermediate shades between these two colors; they are rather small stripes, of the breadth of from two to four scales, and disappear near the tail altogether, which is entirely black, having only four small white points, which are probably accidental.

The upper part of the head is black, bordered with gray, which becomes white behind the eyes. A dark longitudinal spot runs from the eyes and terminates near the tympanic bones. The upper lip is white, terminating near the tip in gray.

The lower part of the body is also irregularly spotted with black and a dirty white. The white color predominates, from the head backward, beyond the middle of the body, where the black gradually increases as far as the tail, which, as has been mentioned, is entirely black. The white is punctuated with black over the whole of the lower part of the body. The under part of the head is also irregularly marked with black and white, the white predominating; but the lower lip has three white spots, the tip being gray.

"The habits of this reptile differ much from those of the preceding species, *Ancistrodon contortrix*. It is always found on high dry land, in the pine barrens and similar places, never in water or swamps, and is therefore known among the inhabitants by the name of highland moccason. It is a very vicious animal, and its bite is very dangerous. General Robertson, one of the first settlers and founders of Nashville, was bitten both by a rattlesnake and a highland moccason, and, according to the statement of his son, Dr. F. Robertson, the pain or wound of the latter was more excruciating than that of the former."

It is to be hoped that this description is sufficiently plain to enable observers to identify this much-desired species.

Respectfully yours, H. C. YARROW,
Hon. Curator Dept. Reptiles, U. S. National Museum.

A MYSTERIOUS SNAKE.—Manistee, Mich.—I see "Byrne" still pursues the mythical illusion of the hoop snake. Will some one tell me the proper name of the following? In August, 1880, I killed at West Branch, Mich., a spotted snake resembling an adder, but having a hard horn on the end of the tail of three-quarters of an inch in length and very sharp. I call it horn because it resembled in texture, color, etc., the horns of cattle, light color next to the tail of the snake and the tip black. The natives called it the terrible hoop snake, and said had I not shot it on sight it would have spiked me. But the myth has passed away, for last month I found another, the same as the first, so before killing it I took a stick and stirred it up to see it roll, but it didn't roll, neither did it spike me, but proved to be an arrant coward, and I killed it through fear that it was not its time to roll, and some time in the future some one would get spiked.—S. E. B. [We cannot say what the snake was from the description. If another is taken send it to us. There is no snake which has a sting in its tail, nor in its tongue, as some persons imagine.]

A BUFFALO BORN IN CENTRAL PARK—Mr. Conklin has had another addition to the menagerie in Central Park, New York. The large buffalo in the cage opposite the Arsenal in Central Park gave birth to a calf on August 28. The mother has been kept in the Park for about four years. This is her second baby. The first was born about three years ago.

WHAT IS THE NATIONAL MUSEUM?

MOST intelligent people know that there is at Washington a National Museum; but respecting the scope and purpose of the institution much misconception prevails. The following particulars regarding the organization and objects of the Museum are taken from the appendix to the "Proceedings" for 1881:

Foundation and Legal Status.—The National Museum was organized in 1846 by the act of Congress transferring to the Smithsonian Institution the custody of the "National Cabinet of Curiosities," at that time deposited in the Patent-Office Building. These collections were, in 1857, placed in the Smithsonian building, the Regents of the Institution having accepted the trust on condition that the necessary appropriations for their maintenance should be continued by Congress.

The act above referred to provides that "all objects of art and of foreign and curious research, and all objects of natural history, plants, and geological and mineralogical specimens belonging or hereafter to belong to the United States, which may be in the city of Washington," shall be delivered to the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, and, together with new specimens obtained by exchange, donation, or otherwise, shall be so arranged and classified as best to facilitate their examination and study.

The National Museum is the authorized place of deposit for all objects of natural history, mineralogy, geology, archæology, ethnology, etc., belonging to the United States or collected by the Coast and Interior Survey, the Geological Survey, or by any other parties for the Government of the United States, when no longer needed for investigations in progress.

Organization and Government.—The establishment of the Smithsonian Institution, to which, in addition to the carrying out of the other requirements of the bequest of Smithson, is intrusted the control of the National Museum, is composed of the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Commissioner of Patents and a Board of Regents, which has for its members the Vice-President and Chief Justice of the United States, three members of the Senate, three members of the House of Representatives, and six other persons, not members of Congress, two of whom are residents of the city of Washington.

The management of the National Museum is intrusted to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is, *ex-officio*, its director. He is aided by a staff of assistants, who are chosen by him, and for whose action he is responsible to the Regents.

This staff is at the present time composed of an assistant director, six curators, six honorary curators, serving without pay, a number of assistants and aids, acting in various capacities, a registrar, chief taxidermist and chief modeler, besides a considerable force of preparators, mechanics, watchmen, clerks, laborers, etc. The staff is constanly changing with the varying needs of the Museum. The operations of the Museum are carried on by means of an appropriation annually made by Congress "for the care and preservation of the collections." The collections are stored and exhibited in the building erected for the use of the Smithsonian Institution between 1847 and 1857, and in the new building, just finished, known as the "National Museum."

Composition of the Collections.—The Museum is made up, in large part, of the following materials:

1. The natural history and anthropological collections accumulated since 1850 by the efforts of the officers and correspondents of the Smithsonian Institution.

2. The collections of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition, the Perry Expedition to Japan, and other naval expeditions.

3. The collections of the scientific officers of the Pacific Railroad Survey, the Mexican Boundary Survey, and of the surveys carried on by the Engineer Corps of the Army.

4. The collections of the United States Geological Surveys under the direction of the United States Geologists Hayden, King and Powell.

5. The collections of the United States Fish Commission.

6. The gifts by foreign governments to the Museum or to the President and other public officers of the United States, who are forbidden by law to receive them personally.

7. The collections made by the United States to illustrate the animal and mineral resources, the fisheries, and the ethnology of the native races of the country, on the occasion of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and the fishery collections displayed by the United States in the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin in 1880.

8. The collections given by the governments of the several foreign nations, thirty in number, which participated in the exhibition at Philadelphia.

9. The industrial collections given by numerous manufacturing and commercial houses of Europe and America, at the time of the Philadelphia exhibition and subsequently.

10. The material received, in exchange for duplicate specimens, from the museums of Europe, Asia, and Australasia, and from numerous institutions and collectors in North and South America.

Adjuncts to Administration.—As necessary adjuncts to the work of the museum, a working library, a chemical laboratory, a photographic establishment, a workshop for taxidermy, modeling, and the preparation of skeletons, and several smaller workshops are carried on as a part of the general work of administration.

Publications of the Museum.—The scientific results of the labors of the officers of the Museum, and of investigations upon the collections belonging to it, are to be found for the most part in the following works: Bulletin of the United States National Museum; Proceedings of the United States National Museum; Reports of the Smithsonian Institution; Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections; Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge; Reports of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution; Reports of the United States Commissioner of Fisheries; Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, also occasionally in other scientific reports of other scientific departments of the government.

Objects and Methods of Work.—The collections in the National Museum are intended to exhibit the natural and industrial resources, primarily of the United States, and secondarily of those of the remainder of the world, for purposes of comparison.

The activity of the Museum is exerted in three directions. (*a*) The permanent preservation of objects already in its possession. (*b*) The acquisition of new material. (*c*) The utilization of material already in its possession, by its exhibition in the most instructive manner, and by the prosecution of and publication of scientific researches for which it forms the basis; by the distribution of properly-labeled duplicates of materials to colleges and other educational institutions. The preservation of material is accomplished

by means of the vigilance of the curators and the skill of the preparators. New material is acquired (*a*) in accordance with law, from the various government surveys and expeditions; (*b*) by gift from individuals, from other institutions, and from foreign governments; (*c*) by exchange for its duplicate specimens or publications; (*d*) by the efforts of officers of the Museum, who make collections in connection with their regular duties, or are detailed for special service of this nature; (*e*) by purchase when appropriations are made by Congress for that purpose.

The treasures in the custody of the Museum are utilized to the world by exhibiting them to the public, and by encouraging investigations on the part of the officers of the Museum and other suitable persons, and facilitating the publication of the results; also by the distribution to other Museums and educational institutions of duplicate specimens, which have formed the basis of scientific investigation, these being identified and labeled by the best authorities.

The Museum by these means fulfills a three-fold function:

1. It is a Museum of Record, in which are preserved the material foundations of an enormous amount of scientific knowledge—the types of numerous past investigations. This is especially the case with those materials which have served as a foundation for the reports of the resources of the United States. Types of investigations made outside of the Museum are also incorporated.

2. It is a Museum of Research, by reason of the policy which aims to make its consents serve as fully as possible as a stimulus to and a foundation for the studies of scientific investigators. Research is necessary in order to identify and group the objects in the most philosophical and instructive relations. Its officers are selected for their ability as investigators, as well as for their trustworthiness and abilities as custodians, and its treasures are open to the use of any honest student.

3. It is an Educational Museum of the broadest type, by reason of its policy of illustrating by specimens every kind of natural object and every manifestation of human thought and activity, by displaying descriptive labels adapted to the popular mind, and by its policy of distributing its publications and its named series of duplicates.

Plans for the Installation of Collections.—The collections in the National Museum are now being assorted and rearranged, for the purpose of placing on exhibition a selected series of objects which shall be of interest to visitors, and of making the remainder serviceable for purposes of scientific and technological investigation. A large portion of the most interesting material has never yet been exhibited on account of lack of space. The following general principles have been adopted in this work:

1. No object will be placed on exhibition which is not of evident educational value, and likely to interest and instruct a considerable percentage of the persons visiting the Museum.

2. The exhibition of duplicate material is to be avoided, except in instances where similar objects can be shown to advantage in different divisions of the Museum.

3. Each object will be placed in a case of the form best suited for its effective display, and the light, color of the background, etc., will be so adjusted as to show it to best possible advantage, and with the least possible fatigue to the eyes of the visitor.

4. Each object, or group of objects, will be accompanied by a large plainly printed label, which will give a concise description of what is shown, an account of its origin and uses, a synopsis of its history, and the name of the person or organization contributing it to the Museum. The character of the Museum is such that any labels which might suggest advertising for business purposes must be excluded. It will be the policy of the Museum, however, to give prominence on each label to the name of the person or business house from whom it has been received, provided that the object is a gift to the Museum.

5. The objects will be grouped together in systematic order, and each case will be provided with a general descriptive label. In the case of collective exhibits, the general label may also give the name of the contributor.

6. The specimens will be illustrated and supplemented by pictures, diagrams, books and maps, in such manner that the Museum may form an encyclopedia, the illustrations for which are in the exhibition cases, the text in the labels.

7. Guide-book manuals of the different departments will be published, which will embody in concise and systematic form the information given by the specimen labels, together with such illustrative material as may seem necessary to present in addition.

OUTLINE OF A SCHEME OF MUSEUM CLASSIFICATION.

The following outline of a scheme of classification has been prepared by Prof. G. Brown Goode:

I.—*Mankind—Anthropology*—1. Man as a zoological unit—Somatology and psychology. 2. Man, grouped in peoples or races—(*a*) Races of men, physical characters; (*b*) linguistic characters; (*c*) art and industrial characters; (*d*) ethnogeny; (*e*) geographical distribution of races; (*f*) history, prehistoric and recent, etc. 3. Man, in individual manifestations—Representative men: Biography.

II.—*The Earth as Man's Abode—Heriology*—4. The earth, in the solar system—Cosmology. 5. The earth's structure—Geology. 6. The features of the earth's surface—Physiography. 7. The atmosphere and its phenomena—Meteorology. 8. Effects of man upon the earth's surface, and on climate, physical features, etc., on man—Man and nature. 9. Apportionment and nomenclature of the earth's surface—Geography. 10. Exploration of the earth—Voyages and travels.

III.—*Natural Resources—Force and Matter*—11. Force in its manifestations—Physics, mechanics, and physiology. 12. The elements and their combinations—Chemical collections. 13. Inorganic matter—Mineralogical collections. 14. The vegetable kingdom—Botanical collections. 15. The animal kingdom—Zoological collections.

IV. *The Exploitative Industries—Exploitative Technology. Primary*—16. Exploitation of inorganic materials—Mining and quarrying. 17. Exploitation of vegetable products of spontaneous growth—Lumbering and field-gleaning. 18. Capture of animals—Hunting, fishing, etc. *Secondary*—19. Culture of plants—Agriculture, horticulture and forestry. 20. Culture of animals; domestic animals and their uses—Pecudiculture.

V.—*The Elaborative Industries—Elaborative Technology*—21. Preparation of food-stuffs, narcotics, etc. 22. Distillation, manufacture of perfumeries, etc. 23. Oils, fats, soaps and waxes; their preparation and use. 24. Gums, resins, glues and cements. 25. Pigments and dyes; painting, staining, polishing, bleaching, etc. 26. The chemical manufactures and their products. 27. Feathers, hair, bristles and their use. 28. Furs and leathers; tanning and currying. 29. Fibers, cordage, textile fabrics, needlework, basketwork. 30. Paper and its manufacture; book making; stationery. 31. Hard and flexible organic tissues and their use. 32. Woods, and the wood-working industries. 33. Stones, and the stone-working industries; masonry. 34. Metals, metallurgy and the metal industries. 35. Glass and enamel and their fabrication. 36. Pottery, and the ceramic industry. 37. Tools, machinery and motors, their manufacture and use. 38. Construction, architecture and civil engineering.

VI.—*Ultimate Products and their Utilization*—39. Foods and drinks: preparation, cookery, etc. 40. Narcotics and masticatories; pipes, etc. 41. Dress, and personal adornment. 42. Buildings, villages and cities. 43. Furniture, house interiors, domestic economy, etc. 44. Heating and illumination. 45. Medicine, surgery, pharmacology, hygiene, etc. 46. Public comfort recreation, protection and rescue. 47. Transportation by land and water appliances and accessories.

VII.—*Social Relations of Mankind—Sociology and its Accessories*—48. The vocations of men. 49. Communication of ideas and their record: writing and printing, telegraphy, signals, etc. 50. Trade and commerce. 51. Societies and federations, social beneficial, religious and political. 52. Government and law. 53. War (including armor and weapons). 54. Festivals, ceremonies, usages, memorials, etc.

VIII.—*Intellectual Occupations of Mankind—Art, Science and Philosophy*—55. Games and amusements. 56. Music and musical instruments. 57. The drama and the stage. 58. The pictorial, plastic and decorative arts. 59. Literature (from the intellectual standpoint only). 60. Folk lore, traditions and superstitions. 61. Science: (Research and record.) Scientific instruments. 62. Philosophy religious, metaphysical and cosmical. 63. Education and reform; schools, museums, libraries, etc. 64. Climaxes of human achievement.

Contributions and their Acknowledgment.—No money having at any time been specially appropriated for increasing the collections by purchase, the growth of the Museum has ever been and still is dependent solely upon the exertions of its officers and those of other branches of the public service and upon the public spirit and liberality of its friends. The friends of the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum are earnestly invited to take part in the work of building up the collections and in particular to respond to special requests for advice or other aid which may reach them by letter. The following rules for the acknowledgment of specimens will be adhered to:

1. Each contribution will be recognized by a formal written acknowledgment from the Director.

2. Each contribution will be published in the annual reports of the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum; and in the catalogues and other publications of these establishments in which the objects contributed may be alluded to, the name of the contributor will always be given.

3. On the label, which is invariably attached to every object, the name of the contributor will be conspicuously printed. In the case of donations the form will be "Gift of ——— ———," and where the objects have been obtained by special exertions of a friend of the Museum, who, however, is not their donor, the form will be "Obtained by ——— ———," or "Collected by ——— ———."

4. Objects which may have been bought by special appropriations, such as those for the Philadelphia and Berlin exhibitions, will not be labeled with the name of the persons from whom purchased, except by special agreement in cases where these persons have been only in part paid for their exertions.

5. The Museum will make every possible return for aid rendered, by offering in exchange its publications and its duplicate specimens.

Material for the Library.—The Smithsonian Institution solicits for the Library of the United States National Museum, under its charge, copies of publications relating to all departments of anthropology, art, technology, zoology, botany, geology, mineralogy and lithology, geography and explorations, the reports and catalogues of societies, museums, and zoological gardens, as well as copies of plans and labels and other accessories of work in museums, and the catalogues of colleges and schools containing references to courses of instruction or collections in natural history. Author's editions, or "separates" of communications published in periodicals, or proceedings of societies, are especially desired; and it is hoped that authors will furnish, as far as possible, sets of their publications complete to date.

The Smithsonian Institution offers in exchange an equivalent in copies of the proceedings and bulletins of the National Museum, also such of its reports and other publications as can be supplied at the time of application.

The Smithsonian Institution is pleased to receive from investigators in special departments, and from public museums and institutions of learning, applications for such specimens of natural history as are found in North America.

Packages of small size may be sent by express, charges to be collected on delivery, and larger packages by freight.

RATTLE SNAKES ON LONG ISLAND.—New York, Aug. 28.—During the month of July, five rattle snakes were killed on the grounds of the South Side Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island, four measuring from four feet to four feet eight inches in length and having from eight to fourteen rattles. I write to ask you about what date the young make their appearance on the island, as we are anxious to know if these are likely to have left a this year's crop behind them.—A MEMBER. [As snakes bring forth early in the season we should think that the time on Long Island would be early in June.]

LURE FOR MOTHS.—Rochester, N. Y.—In your issue of Aug. 24, in answer to correspondents, you inform "F. M. T., Nyack-on-the-Hudson, that you do not know of any preparation to attract moths and butterflies. A bait of New Orleans molasses thinned with rum, and then daubed on trees, fences, etc., will attract night-flying moths. Sliced oranges, or watermelon, will call diurnals; but they do not lure as readily as the nocturnals.—M. A.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

For once again the FOREST AND STREAM has been enlarged, until it is now without question the best magazine for sportsmen there is published, that is in our opinion. We look for its weekly visit as much as for any other paper that comes to our table, and it furnishes us with much that is enjoyable and instructive. Reading it is next to a day out in the open fields or on the waters in search of game and fresh air and a change.—*Fairport, (N. Y.) Herald, Aug. 13.*

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

WE were having a real old-fashioned New England 'coon hunt. There was no mistaking this. A casual glance at the party would have satisfied the most skeptical observer that, as our leader remarked while whipping the dogs off a fox trail, "Keun, and nothin' but keun, is what we are arter." No; there could be no mistake. All of the signs, symbols and ear-marks were distinctly visible, even in the half-veiled light of the moon, which only dimly outlined our forms as we scrambled out over the rocks and struggled through the dense brushwood. No; nothing but a 'coon hunt could account for the limping gait, scratched faces and torn clothing of the party, as, at our best speed, we hurried toward the perfect volcano of barks, yells and howls that our pack were belching forth just in front. Our veteran leader, with his half century of experience, outstripped us, and when we arrived upon the scene he had lighted a torch and was viewing the surroundings. As we came up, the old man passed the torch to us, and stepping up to the tree around which the dogs were yelping, put his nose to the bark and took two or three long-drawn sniffs. Turning to us with beaming face and sparkling eyes, he eagerly exclaimed, "Boys, he's here."

This was my first 'coon hunt. Many years have since passed and many scalps of the midnight prowlers adorn my belt; many mirth-provoking scenes have I witnessed and much fun have I enjoyed, but I have never since met with anything that "touched my tickle" as did the old man's "Boys, he's here."

While some of us were kindling a fire, others were deftly swinging the axe, and soon the refuge of our victim gently swayed to one side, then with increased momentum struck the ground with a crash that woke the echoes of the stilly night for many a mile around. By this time our fire was going grandly, and the woods for quite a distance were as light as day. In order to give the young dogs a chance the captain had tied up all of the experienced ones except old Jack, who had lost his teeth but not his pluck, and without doing any especial damage to the 'coon his example was invaluable in instructing the tyro. No sooner had the tree struck than Jack, with short sharp yells of delight, sprang among the branches, and amid a perfect pandemonium of exasperated howls from his unfortunate companions, seized the prey and forced him out into an open space where he was quickly surrounded by the youngsters, who, wild with excitement pitched in regardless of consequences, raising a din that fairly deafened us. Glancing at the captain I saw that his æsthetic soul was reveling in highest realms of bliss, and as I watched the ludicrous contortions of his expressive face which plainly mirrored the fast changing vagaries of the scrimmage, I, too, was happy. After a long and bloody struggle the life was shaken out of the 'coon, and we gathered round the fire and lit our pipes. One old fellow who had uttered never a word during the melee exclaimed:

"I tell you, boys, this *is* a keun hunt;" and waving his hand in their direction he added, "*them's* keun dogs."

"That reminds me," said the captain, "of a keun dog I bought when I was a boy. I had been arter 'em onct or twice, and somehow I got er hankerin' for the fun and thought I'd get me a dorg. So one day up to town I seed Uncle Joe Shaw with a purty good lookin' purp, and I axed him was he a good keun dog. He kinder hesitated like a bit, then he slapped his hands togeller and sez, sez he, 'By Jiminy, that's it; he *is* a keun dog.' Wall, I dickered for him and tuk him home, and that night we went er keunin. We had two other dogs, and 'twant no time at all hardly 'fore we had a keun up a saplin', and I got the boys to hold on to the dogs so as ter give mine a show. Wall, I shuk him off and he struck clus to ther purp, an' you oughter have seen him git and hearn him yell. He never stopt ki-yien' nor runnin' till he got under Uncle Joe's barn. Wall, the next day, kinder mad like, I went up ter town; I found Uncle Joe lookin' mighty sollum, and I sez, 'Uncle Joe,' sez I, 'I thought you sed that purp was good for keuns.' 'What,' sez he, rollin' up his eyes, 'hain't he!' 'No,' sez I, 'he's wuz nor no dog.' He drawed his coat sleeve across his eyes, and with his voice kinder trembly like he sez, sez he, 'My boy, you don't know how shock't I be; never before has my belief in the truth of holy writ bin shook till now.' 'Hold on,' sez I, 'what's scripter got to do with the dog, anyhow?' He looked at me as if he felt kinder injured like, and sez, sez he, 'Ther Bible tells us that ther' want nothin' created in vain, and trustin' to the truth of this I reckoned that that blamed dorg must be good for keuns, as I'll take my affer davy he aint good fur nothin' else.'"

Mrs. Seale's exploit told in your issue of June 1 last, reminds me of a somewhat similar occurrence which took place near here.

Late last fall a neighbor of mine some two and a half miles from me, saw a fine buck herding with his cattle. The farm is a small one of some 200 acres, and is between the North Anna and the north branch of the North Anna River, and has no buildings upon it. Mr. N. tried in every way to get a shot at the deer but without success, until a happy thought struck him which gained the venison.

Mr. N. loaded his gun and taking with him the vessel from which he salted his stock, went to their pasture and gave the accustomed "salt call" once or twice. The cattle came promptly and with them the buck, who walked up within twenty feet of the gun and was slaughtered. I ate some of the quarry which I found exceedingly nice, but regretted it was killed in such an unsportsman like way.

CONWAY FARM, Va., August, 1882. R. M. CONWAY.

The story of the fellow who would not fire "because he only had one charge of powder and he wished to hunt all day," reminds me of one that I have heard told around the camp fire, which may be new to some of your readers. A young man from the city, brimful of that nameless fear of firearms, which haunts the dilletante sportsman who has not pulled a trigger for a year, went for a few days' duck shooting with one of his country cousins. They got very near to an immense flock (or "team," which should I say?) of ducks, which were feeding in shallow water, near the shore, and it was agreed that the city man should try a sitting shot, while the "bushman" took them flying. To the disgust of the countryman, the other could not summon sufficient courage to face the explosion that must ensue should he pull trigger, so he kept aiming and aiming but never firing. "Why in thunder don't you fire?" said his friend. "Because," he replied, "the minute I go to shoot, another duck comes swimming right in the way." INGLEWOOD.

MCDONALD'S CORNERS, New Brunswick.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

THE following schedule exhibits in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves; (15th, quail).
California—Deer, doves; (15th, grouse, rail, quail, wildfowl).
Colorado—Deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo, bison.
Connecticut—Wildfowl; (12th, rail).
Dakota—Grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover.
Delaware—Woodcock, rail, reed.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, pinnated grouse, plover, reed, snipe.
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo, wildfowl.
Illinois—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, deer, wild turkey.
Indiana—Woodcock, wildfowl, pinnated grouse.
Iowa—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, elk, deer.
Kansas—Pinnated grouse.
Kentucky—Woodcock, deer, wildfowl, wild turkey.
Maine—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, plover.
Maryland—Ruffed grouse, woodcock.
Massachusetts—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, doves.
Michigan—Ruffed and pinnated grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Minnesota—Grouse, woodcock, quail, wildfowl.
Mississippi—(15th, meadow lark, deer).
Missouri—Woodcock, plover, meadow lark, dove, pinnated grouse, deer; (15th, wild turkey).
Montana—Pod hen, grouse, ptarmigan, buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep & goat, moose, wildfowl).
Nebraska—Grouse.
Nevada—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, grouse, quail, woodcock, wildfowl.
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, moose, caribou).
New Jersey—Reed birds, rail, squirrel.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, ruffed grouse, quail, deer, caribou, moose, wildfowl, squirrel, rail.
New Mexico—Grouse, ptarmigan, quail, deer, wild turkey, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo.
New York—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, dear, wildfowl, squirrels.
North Carolina—Deer.
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, caribou, moose).
Ohio—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl.
Oregon—Grouse, quail, wildfowl, deer, moose, mountain sheep, elk, antelope.
Ontario—Woodcock, snipe, hares, wildfowl, pheasants, partridges, grouse, prairie fowl.
Pennsylvania—Woodcock, wildfowl, plover, rail, reed birds, snipe, squirrels.
Quebec—Dear, caribou, woodcock, wildfowl; (15th, ruffed grouse).
Rhode Island—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, robin, meadow lark, hare, squirrel.
South Carolina—Deer; (15th, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, quail, doves, woodcock).
Tennessee—Deer; (15th, ruffed grouse, snipe, quail, meadow lark, woodcock, wild turkey).
Texas—Deer, ruffed and pinnated grouse, quail.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse, quail, wildfowl.
Vermont—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl.
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, wildfowl, woodcock, deer.
Washington Territory—Deer, elk, mountain sheep, grouse, antelope.
West Virginia—Pinnated grouse, deer, ruffed grouse, wild turkey.
Wisconsin—Woodcock, grouse, quail; (15th, deer).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp tail grouse, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe.

☞For exceptions, local laws, etc., see FOREST AND STREAM Schedule "H," issue of July 20, page 489.

A DEER HUNT NEAR LAKE SIMCOE.

IN that district of Canada lying between Lake Simcoe and the great Georgian Bay, and even in territory bordering south and westward, up to 1860 were to be found some of the best haunts for deer and deer shooting anywhere in the north. Deer were numerous, vigorous, and there was a notable number of large ones. The belt of country between the waters has a width of thirty and more miles, and to the northward is merged in the vast wilderness which stretches away to the Frozen Ocean, in the borders of which great territory on the Severn and in the region of Lake Muskoka, north of Lake Simcoe, the first of the limited settlement which it will ever admit, had, in 1860, just been planted.

The Lake Simcoe region of which we speak is coursed by several rivers and numerous rapid flowing creeks and brooks of purest water, is dotted with a few little lakes, and with limited exception was covered with a forest of gigantic growth, mainly the hardwoods, but commingled freely with all the evergreens of the north, the pine and hemlock being predominant. There were frequent patches of swamp, some of considerable extent, furnishing dense covert, and there was an abundance of ground hemlock which fed the deer when the deep snows had fallen. The country in the main is pleasantly undulating, but in some localities there are tremendous valleys and long and steep hillsides. There were a few patches termed plains, which were simply barren and formerly burned land, and in the valleys of some of the streams, when the leaves had fallen, the open view amid the great rock elms was most inviting and magnificent. The settlements were sparse and the clearings advanced very slow, the inhabitants lived most simply, and among them were but few good guns or hunters. There were tracts of wilderness where one would not see a clearing across a road for ten and even more than twenty miles. Besides deer were some beaver and otter, foxes, lynx, and wolves and bear abounded. Occasionally there was a stray elk, sometimes a moose wandered to its northern borders, and there were plenty of the ruffed grouse.

Up to 1860 hunters from abroad had despoiled this region but little; but since that period, with the greater advance of clearings and the increase of hunting, the larger game has greatly decreased, and been extinguished in some localities, although in some neighborhoods it still is found.

Annually, for quite a number of years, we used to go thither from New York and spend several weeks in the fall and early winter in earnest hunting, until the nation's battle drew us to its ranks; and one of the closing chapters of our experience we now offer you, it having lain all this period in manuscript, although it belongs to the unforgotten past.

It was the 16th day of November, 1861. I was hunting in a locality about fifteen miles west from the west arm of Lake Simcoe, along the old pioneer Sunnidale road. By the imperious decree of affairs to-day and the morrow were the last days left for me here this campaign. Although success in hunting by others around me was not flattering, yet fortune was favoring me quite satisfactorily, and I dreadfully hated to leave. I did not know how to break away from the hunting, and stronger still was the charm of the wild Northern woods. I loved to haunt through them and commune with nature and behold her passing life and seasons. Such hours were hours of purest pleasure—like the fulfillment of golden dreams in the heyday of existence; and I never turned my back on these wild woods of the North, even when the stern cold of winter had come, and the deep snows had fallen, making them impracticable for the hunter, without saddened feelings and deep regrets. Deer were not near so plentiful as they had always been before, and it was good fortune, as ran the chase, to get one any day, and it was the common luck to fail. A good native hunter averaged about a deer a week, and I approached the results of my now brief opportunity with more than ordinary interest.

Early in the morning I took my way for the day's hunt to a large woods of hardwood and evergreen lying between the Sunnidale and the Northern Railway, and traversed by little streamlets flowing to the Nottawasago. There was a mere sprinkle of snow in the air and on the ground, but it continued to fall, and increased, with wintry aspect. In this northern clime the weather often has a strange and ominous mildness, even but the day before winter comes with vigorous advent to hold continuous and rigorous reign.

I proceeded over ground heretofore famous for the game, with eyes open and alert, and yet the afternoon came and was well advanced and I had not seen a single track or deer. I had come to a slight run and was standing beneath some cedars and about to cross when I saw, about fifteen or twenty rods in advance, the indistinct movement of something, and directly made out the ears and upper part of a deer's head thrown up, and approached to the trunk of an old and large fallen tree, on its further side, as if looking over in my direction, in a moment turning away, but in such manner that I thought I was not discovered. The deer was in the edge of a tract of large hemlock and pine, strewn with a good many enormous old trunks of anciently overturned pines, where grew numerous small evergreens, and the vision could but indistinctly penetrate here and there the recesses of its dark shadows. I had wondered where all the deer had gone; the snow was gently sifting, the appearance for the time was that of dark, deep yet mild midwinter, and it was now plain they had taken to the covert of the evergreens and fallen timber. In a moment or two I saw two or three separate movements over beyond the prostrate trunk, and knew I had a small flock of deer before me. I watched with rifle ready, but the glimpses I obtained were so brief that I had no chance for a shot. Standing perfectly still, with interest at its greatest tension, I soon discovered, indistinctly and at intervals, a large deer meandering amid the large timber beyond the great trunk, and gradually making toward my left. My rifle came to shoulder more than once, but with all my effort I obtained no chance, when at last the deer stopped, with its form outlined through a maze of little dead branches of cedar and hemlock. A cautious step forward improved my view somewhat, and holding on a little clearer spot over mid-body I fired, when the deer started a little, then turned and quietly walked back, with little apparent concern and yet as if a little warned, and disappeared.

Stepping behind a large tree I loaded and then looked sharply for another opportunity for about five minutes, when I cautiously moved four or five rods across the run behind a giant pine, past the sides of which I kept a sharp lookout, for I felt sure the deer still lingered before me. Suddenly, within the thick shadows of the timber, at some distance, I discovered the back of a deer above a large log, at which I promptly leveled and fired. When the smoke had disappeared so had the deer, and as I saw no movement and heard no noise some unpleasant misgivings crept into my mind. Nowhere during this trip had I seen such a show of deer, and they were evidently in that dull indifferent mood often noticed in them when a storm is passing or impending, affording the hunter a largely increased favorable per cent. of chances. I remained at my post for some minutes, and seeing nothing stood out a little one side and advanced behind a small evergreen, when a deer walked business-like into sight and stopped and looked as if suspicious of danger, with head, neck and shoulders advanced in plain view beyond the abrupt broken end of a large fallen tree. Quietly I brought my rifle on him and with good aim and some feeling of nervousness, fired, and the deer instantly whirled about and disappeared in the direction whence he came. Rapidly loading I cautiously advanced a little and continued slowly to do so, making frequent pauses to observe, and sighted one or two deer, now in more open woods. But presently I was discovered, and with a few jumps they sprang from view and I saw them no more.

After going a little further and finding the deer had left, I turned back to examine the field of action and learn the result. Hunting out the tracks of the deer I had fired at and the places where they stood, behold! the ball had cut the hair off the first one across the back, as was evidenced by the cut hair lying thickly scattered on the snow; in the case of the second one the locality had been thickly tramped and I could not determine certainly, within some rods, its position, but obtained no evidence of hitting at all. Where the third one stood hair freely sprinkled the snow, but a careful search failed to find a trace of blood on the field. Three shots and not a deer in hand! But I still had some hope of a trace of success, and as the next best move pursued on the trail of the deer which had fled. Sometimes, after a fatal shot and where the game can be pursued by discreet pursuit, but the merest trace of blood is lost, which is easily overlooked. But I found nothing except that the deer, of which there appeared to be five, which had left in a body, after feeding along for a little, had separated and each walked in a separate course.

Sunset was near at hand and I turned homeward, chagrined and meditating over my ill-luck, soon striking along a fine ground and large open timber. There are sometimes conditions of atmosphere and weather when what seems the ordinary aim will carry too high, and great care has to be exercised not to overshoot; the aim must be low, and I think I have noticed this deviation most frequently when snow covered the ground. I believed my failure to-day to be due to such cause, and determined to fire at a mark to satisfy myself in the matter. Neither shot, unless the second one, was made over if quite twenty rods, and I was vexed at failing so easily, for I was used to shooting deer, and on the instant, with great certainty, wherever I could see them, if not on the run.

I was now indulging in the careless expectation of not meeting any more deer this evening, for I was returning over grounds where not a track was to be seen in the forenoon. But I did not sufficiently note that the clouds had broken, the air become very mild, that the snow was thawing—one of those brief pleasant periods when game is at once abroad everywhere, when it is very lively and yet approachable and daring of chances. I had reached a gentle knoll and was about to shoot at a mark which I selected on an old stub, when I decided to look for a more satisfactory one, and continued my advance, not half thinking of deer hunting. Presently, stepping upon the well decayed body of a huge old fallen pine, lying in my course, I instinctively scrutinized the expanded view, when a dark object sixteen rods away, deep under the heavy topped hemlocks, attracted my attention, and I quickly made out the broadside of a deer, with his head up and gaze fixed on me. Bringing my rifle up with care and holding on his chest the forward sight looked bright and large, but when I drew fine the form of the deer was so indistinct that I readjusted my aim, and with care, I deemed, when the blue smoke puffed fiercely out and the loud resounding report seemed as if it must startle every deer in his covert. And the deer jumped like lightning and ran with great swiftness for about forty rods, circling as usual toward the last, and bringing up in thicker covert on the banks of a little stream, closely followed by another deer which had started seven or eight rods nearer to me, of the presence of which I had no suspicion before. All this I saw quite plainly in the open timber, and after loading I made careful and circuitous approach toward the locality where they stopped, and from which with careful watch I had not seen them depart. But I failed to sight them, neither did search reveal any dead deer or blood, and it struck me that neither track much denoted a cripple. I went with rapid steps to view the spot where the buck had started from the shot. He jumped so quickly and ran so fiercely that I thought him hit, but I felt a rising apprehension that I had failed again.

When a deer starts from the shot and was not viewing the hunter at the time, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has felt the ball, and when one that is viewing starts quickly to the shot, the chances are many that it is from the same cause. In this case, seeing the puff of smoke and hearing the fierce crack of the rifle in the same direction, was cause for quick alarm. Examination of the spot he started from and the track of his flight revealed no blood nor hair or evidence of my deer being hit, and I went to the log from which I had fired to reassure myself of the locality. I proceeded instantly to test my belief that the atmospheric condition was cheating me in my shooting. The first shadow of evening had fallen, but I could see the sights plainly, and holding upon a mark eight or ten rods distant, fired. Upon going to see the result, behold! the ball was very near two feet above the target!—a greater exaggeration than this cause than I remembered to have met, an example that fixed itself in my memory, and the occasion of my most remarkable chapter of failures was plain.

Impelled by a little forlorn hope I went again to the spot where the lost deer had stopped in their flight and examined further. They appeared to have walked away together, and I found no evidence of wounding. There were several fresh tracks of other deer, but darkness soon stopped my tracing and I turned homeward. The light of the brilliant northern sky gleamed gratefully down amid the branches of the dark evergreens, and the repeated cry of a lynx not far from me awakened my interest and drew more than careless glances over my shoulder. I accounted this the unluckiest day in my somewhat extensive hunting experience, a day of good opportunities and rare ill luck, which days, somehow, now and then come to the best of hunters.

With the morning came my last day in the woods, and I bestirred myself early to resume the hunt where I had left it the evening before, with strong resolve to make the best of opportunity which fortune might throw in my way. A little more winter had stolen on than yet had been; there was ice in the puddles, and the ground in the road was quite frozen. But a bright sunlit day was coming on, which I knew would dissipate the frost and largely the slight snow, which now told of the presence of game, the time and course of its wanderings. As on the preceding morning, I took my route over the finest of grounds for deer and where previous to the present year they had been plenty, but not a track could I see. I took up and followed for a little the track of the deer last fired at the evening before, but it soon became commingled with those of other deer, all taking off in a northerly direction. An extensive bout throughout the locality where I had found my deer the day before, disclosed not a single fresh track. Early in the preceding evening quite a number of deer, the snow told, had loitered about, and then leisurely and quite separately taken off in the same northern direction. Not a track ran counter, and when noon came I had not seen a single track made to-day, and there evidently was not a deer in the locality. They had all tramped away somewhere, and the question was where I could find them. One who hunts deer much observes that upon the near approach of decisive winter deer often take such general temporary tramps. They might return at evening, but for this I could not wait, and decided to continue the hunt in the general direction the deer had taken, and soon came upon the fresh track of a small deer going the opposite way. My course was taking me direct from home, and I soon diverged obliquely, and in an hour, in a beech and maple tract, saw enough tracks made this morning to make me think deer were thick. But not one could I find, and I resumed my former course, and directly entered an extensive pine slashing.

I felt weary and pursued the easier walking along an old wood road I happened to strike. The crisp noisy walking of the morning had been long dispelled by the bright sun and the snow was disappearing. I presently struck an immense and fresh track of a buck going a little to my right, which I followed for a few rods and heard a hard knocking noise a little aside, which I believed made by the antlers of the old monarch himself, who I fancied might be turning in his course. But the ground was too open for safe approach, and I returned to the wood road, intending to presently circle in his direction, and in a few moments struck the recent tracks of five deer which had entered the road and continued along it. The tracks did not seem sufficiently recent to assure me the game was just at hand, yet tracks made in a melting snow are often much nearer a point of time than they appear. Any way, it was evident deer was about me and that I was to meet them ere long.

The flock, after feeding along the road, made across a run to my right, and I approached the sedgy edge to cross also when I noticed, about five rods distant, through the thick dead lower branches of the cedars which grew in the run, a dark spot which might answer for a deer. I could outline no form, but the spot was suspicious, and I determined to make the experiment of a shot. Holding my rifle on, it seemed as if I could hardly get a ball safely through the mass of small crabbed branches, and I carefully moved a step to improve chances when the five deer started from the covert, their white tails all erect, and in a moment were out of sight, affording no opportunity for a shot. The suspicious spot was gone as well as some of my chances for success. I now tried to stalk upon them, advancing a little aside, and started them twice, they running only a short distance but starting before I saw them, when I quit this useless business and reversed my course to take in the big buck, and the locality where I had to-day first seen the numerous fresh tracks. This was on the home stretch, and the sun was well declined.

I had not gone far amid the logs and slashed tree tops, all the debris of former lumbering, when I came upon the tracks of the buck, now turned about, as I had anticipated, and going in my changed direction. It was indeed an enormous

track, larger than one scarce ever sees, and I knew its maker must be a famous member of its race. If I could secure him it would crown my hunting with satisfaction; but such bucks are much more secure in hand than when afoot in the woods. I pursued on his track with animation and a sharp lookout, and the old fellow led me a devious course and long among and over longs and around masses of tree tops, then he dived into the standing timber among the hemlocks, crooked about, returned to the edge of the slashing, his general course luckily taking me in a home direction. He apparently maintained a steady walk and seemed to be looking for company. He could not be far ahead, but I was disgusted with the crooked and villainous course he took me, through difficult places, amid and over obstructions, besides he would shortly pass to thick and continuous forest where my chances with him would be lessened. I desired to turn aside to the locality of the numerous tracks, where I thought lay my best chances for success, and I abandoned his track and all hopes founded on his capture.

And just here let me introduce a word about the rifle with which I was doing my northern hunting—a muzzle-loader, weighing seven and a half pounds, made by that eminent gunsmith the late Wm. Billinghurst, 28-inch barrel by Remington, percussion pill lock, the conical ball, which I generally used, weighing ninety-nine grains, behind which I put fifty-four grains of powder—a very neat gun, which, for accuracy, penetration and effectiveness as a hunting gun, I never have seen surpassed, and with which I have tumbled over more than the half of thirty deer on a single trip.

My final hopes of success were now bounded by a very narrow compass. I turned abruptly toward the beech and hemlock and just off its borders halted to look and listen, as was my habit to do every few rods or steps, when I suddenly discovered a deer ahead with head raised and staring wildly at me. It stood, apparently, close on the further side of a large pine log which lay no great distance away, and all but the head, neck and fore edge of shoulders covered by the butt end of an elevated overturned tree. Never shall I forget the strikingly dark color, gazelle-like attitude and look of this deer, a picture Audubon would have coveted. The view was open, not a branch intervened, and I slowly and cautiously brought up my rifle lest that wild figure should be startled too soon, which I more than half expected it would. But I did not consume unnecessary moments, and when the rifle rang out the deer sprang away, keeping in view for a few rods but making no special sign of being hit. Ball in gun, I hurried forward and over the log to see the track and note the evidence of result. But to my surprise I could not find it, and was puzzled, when I struck off apparently out of all proper bounds and ten rods further on found it, near to twenty-five rods from where I had fired. Very often is the hunter thus deceived in the distance at which he estimates this game at the first glance, which is riveted to the game and fails to take considerately the measure of the intervening space. Barely a trace of blood showed where the deer first started, but after two or three rods his course, on the side upon which he received the ball, was marked by one almost complete blood-stained and clouded sheet of snow nearly ten feet in width. A fierce and continuous torrent had been spirted out for several feet, which, rapidly spreading in the soft snow, had greatly enlarged the display, and this tremendous show of blood continued into the timber, where I found the deer stretched lifeless about a dozen rods from where he was shot. Evidently he had gone down hard, for his last two or three jumps plainly showed that he had hard work to keep on his course, he having plunged about fearfully. Alas! fleet courser, his days in the woods were over.

The shot was a very accurate one, the ball entering the root of the neck obliquely at the edge of the shoulder, cutting the great artery upon that side not far from the heart, and it was this that spouted out the life current so fast and far. I returned over his course to view again the astonishing sight of blood, which I had never seen equalled.

Until I came to the deer lying I thought it a doe, but I now saw that I had a princely buck, three or four years old. On account of the distance and the dark color of his antlers blending with the forest a few rods beyond, I had not seen them. Pulling off my coat and rolling up a sleeve, I quickly had him dressed for hanging from some tree, for safety, until I could send for him. The job was a much neater one than usual, for all the blood had run out of him. It was ever a difficult affair for me to hang up a deer, my strength being inadequate, but I never left the matter half done. A huge overturned hemlock lay a rod away, its roots filled with soil and rising near ten foot high; to one of the little hemlocks growing on it I bent and tied a neighboring tree, dragged the deer up and tied him to it, cut the fastenings, and the tree straightened away to place, bearing the buck high and safe from all four-legged prowlers of the woods. While tugging away on the top of the root with the deer a rifle was fired, seemingly but a very short distance away, in the woods below me, which I regarded with suspicion. From my elevated position I might be being sighted for game and I hailed, but received no response, and, singularly, no after evidence indicating the presence of any one.

It was now near to sunset; I had but one short hour of further opportunity, and I promptly proceeded to improve it. Anyway, I was now secure against that miserable feeling, the sting of failure. Some good ground lay in my direct route homeward, and in that line I set forth at a pretty rapid walk. Presently I was passing through a slightly lower tract of woods where the evergreens were chiefly scattered firs and the traveling a little difficult from frequent overturned old trees, mostly the never decaying evergreens, supported by their stiff and now stubbed branches well up from the ground, and which stuck out at you like spikes of steel in every direction. The track of the big buck had proceeded this way, and I was not unmindful of an eye for him. I had just climbed noiselessly over one of these spiked trees and left it a rod or two behind when a glance on my left startled me with the vision of half the broadside of a deer of such dimensions that I instantly knew it must be the great buck. I could see his body from about the last ribs back to his hips, through a cluster of leafless ash, beyond and beside which he stood, the rest of him being masked by the trees. He was evidently standing on the lookout, his vision obscured to the danger, and within four rods of me. Heavens! said I to myself, if he will but give me a moment. I am occupying time and space in describing, but when I saw that sight my onward moving foot was instantly set down, my rifle quietly but immediately came around, my body cautiously turned to the proper face, and with aim to get the ball as far forward as the trees would allow, my rifle cracked and the buck instantly but heavily, like the movements of all large animals, jumped away. I saw him for a few jumps, when he was lost to view, but I listened attentively to the sound of his running and marked well the direction till it died away, for the scant snow on some grounds and the shadows of evening now at hand, might render his pursuit difficult. I noted that he had an injured look and hugged his tail, the last an unerring symptom of serious injury.

Putting aside my usual caution to instantly load, I went at once to his track and examining his first one or two jumps saw a slight trace or two of blood. The old fellow when I approached was lying beside the cluster of ash, as his bed in the snow plainly told, and hearing my coming had arisen and received the ball before moving further or seeing his pursuer. He had turned aside into this unfrequented spot to rest for an early nocturnal rumble, and I had happened to meet him. Thus accidents, without the power of care to avoid, are ever happening along the course of every life.

My gun loaded, I took up his track, going cautious and looking sharp. I found scarce a half dozen traces of blood, and these the merest trifles, and feared the ball had not gone forward of the intestines, in which case, unless some important vessel was cut, I would probably have to manage well if I got him to-night, or even at all. I knew he had him down, and if not pretty "sick" would be wary of giving me another shot. Circumstances showed that if he was bleeding it must be internal; the longer he laid the stiffer and perhaps weaker he would get and the more disinclined to move; therefore I must be careful and had better not push sharply, and I lingered for a little. I was yet on the road of chance. But the shadows of night were gathering fast, I would soon be unable to pursue, and moved cautiously forward.

I came upon him unexpectedly soon, a little more than forty rods from where he received the shot. He was close by when I first perceived him, lying down naturally in an open space, his head up and turned from me, and expressed, I fancied, a sombre look, and I wondered I did not discover him sooner. I judged he was badly off, and deferred action, standing still and looking at him. Presently his head alternately drooped and raised a little, and I slowly drew near and stood beside him, with gun in readiness to prevent his escape or resist an onset should he attack. He was indeed a noble deer, a giant among the foremost of his race. He bore symmetrical antlers of five prongs, was massive, yet elegant of build, and his hair was fine. The noble monarch of the woods had no pride now; he continued to droop and then feebly hold up his head in the weakness and consciousness of approaching dissolution. He was conscious of my presence, his eye was yet undimmed, but his noble nature manifested no fear nor expression of revenge, even no recognition of the presence of his mortal pursuer. I stood beside him for some time, feeling deeply pity and remorse. But inexorable night was deepening its shadows fast, and, alas! I shot him again to end the scene, dreading and shuddering at the act.

With all the haste I could exert, night had fully settled before I was ready to haug him up, but the sky was cloudless and a bright moonlight fell upon the dark, heavy forest. I had hunted out a tree at the outset, selecting the first good one I could find, which was a dozen rods away, and now proceeded to bend it down for use. While I am relating deer hunting I may as well tell it as it occurred. My tree was a very tall and stiff beech, for this purpose, the upper half of which had sometime been violently bent well down to the earth by the fall of a large tree, and never but partially reacted, but for which I would never have thought of its subjugation. When I had climbed well up, the top bent to the horizontal but would not come down, and I hung from its under side by my hands, dangling in a precarious condition. If I advanced further and the tree did not go down I must lose my hold and drop, with a fair chance for a broken limb, alone and afar in the woods in the freezing night, for I would not have strength in my arms to retrace nor to swing my feet up to assist; but for a moment only I hesitated and then took the venture, as so many times before in the perils of life; and when I reached the extreme top and continued to hang on, the tree reluctantly yielded, slowly, slowly, until I tip-toed on the ground, and made it fast to a small hemlock. By the hardest work, aided by the snow, I drew the deer to the tree, and setting him up with pulley and cord from my pocket, made him fast. When the tree was loosed it sprang up, parting a strand, but I luckily on the instant secured an additional cord, with a pole lifted and placed the top of the beech in the crotch of a convenient tree, added the pole as a prop, and the buck hung high and safe.

I stood and contemplated him, noble game that he was, and then turned to think about getting out of the woods. I had not seen either clearing or highway since morning, and did not know how far it was to the Sunnidale, or if any infernal cedar swamp lay in my route. A single wolf had sent forth his voice from the dark recesses of the woods, but what was more grateful, a distant dog had for some time maintained a watchful barking from some settler's cabin on the Sunnidale, and I thought I would feel obliged if he would continue and guide me until I got out of the woods, which he fortunately did. Taking up my rifle, and examining my compass to be sure of my course, I stood a few moments, and with inexpressible pleasure contemplated and drank in this wild passing scene in Nature's life, and then set forward at a brisk pace. I cast sharp looks into the shadows about me, as I had while at work, for while one might adventure thus for years without mishap from wild animals, yet at any moment danger might come. But a short time before and but a few miles distant, a lumber hand was set upon a few rods from camp by a lynx, which sprang at his throat, and the man, having no weapons, would have been killed but for a companion who came to his assistance. And the single wolf has sometimes attacked with vigor.

When I was well along on my march a sudden view of what appeared to be a black bear of no inconsiderable dimensions, sitting up as if viewing my coming on, brought me to a halt. It might be bear or stump, but with a deliberate scrutiny it looked bear and nothing else; but if either, I was not sorry, although I would have preferred daylight for the interview, and with rifle cocked I slowly approached. But it was a stump, and I presently stepped into the Sunnidale with a light heart and buoyant pace. Lands and forest glittered with the countless jewels of the frost king, the handsome firs with their rich, dark foliage displayed their symmetrical forms against the brilliant heavens, and earth and sky were filled with an ethereal splendor unknown out of a northern clime, as I went to-night from one of the last of my many hunts in this attractive northern land.

F. M. Wilcox.

Rochester, Mich.

Remember if you wish to buy a fine gun and save money, go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

AN ELK HUNT IN THE "SPICY ISLE."

"Heigho! What on earth do you mean by rousing me at this unearthly hour, you born idiot, Harry? Don't you know that I'm dead done?"

"Get up! get up! you lazy old scoundrel, the dogs are all ready—Villeau has got Oscar fed, and morning tea is ready—so tumble up! tumble up!"

As Harry emphasized his words by pulling the bed-clothes off and, seizing my legs, forcibly bringing me down with a dump on the floor, I had to get up, but by the time I was awake and wakening thoughts brought to my mind that it was a hunting morn, nothing more was required to drive the cobwebs from my sleepy eyes.

Into the tub, or rather small swimming bath, which is an adjunct of all good Ceylon bungalows, a grand rub down, and then into the dining-room, where tea as jolly planters as ever drunk beer, sounded a loud "toot-toot" on the old horn, "Just one more peg, old chappie," and "Here's to the health of them that's awa' in in the dear old country," sat round the festive board, the kerosene lamp struggling with the light that was slowly beginning to dawn. Eggs, bacon, bread and "hoppers," all the delicacies of a planter's morning tea, were being rapidly consumed, and the clatter of the plates was drowned by the clatter of the tongues, as every one "jawed" about his past, present or future hunts.

"No, you don't! My dear Bill, that day you speak of couldn't hold a candle to the day we were out with the Dikoya men. Finest sport I ever had."

"Oh, you get away; why, they are the worst pack in the island."

"Never mind Dikoya or any other pack," said I, "here's to the beauties we are to follow this morning, and whose music we will soon all dance or rather run to; so finish up, boys, and then to see the darlin's brought out and 'Hey wily waly oh!' to the jungle and pray Diana for a good elk and a strong elk, and may I be up first."

"You! you old aldermanic boing, you could only win a donkey's race and make a good last."

"Never mind, let us be off," said I.

What a glorious sight it was and one calculated to make the blood tingle in your veins, and that feeling to creep over you that the world was too small to hold you and have a sort of longing just to give a bound away into space. The morning was just dawning, and away down in the valleys the morning mist was just beginning to rise; the delicious cool air laden with the perfume of the coffee then in full blossom, and with the hundred and one delicious scents borne from the luxuriant vegetation from below; the voices of the coolies just arising and preparing the morning meal, and the smoke slowly curling up from the lines into the clear air—all made a picture only possible in the tropics. And then came from behind the low whimper of the noble hounds, and you felt indeed that you could answer Mr. Malloch in the affirmative, and that "life was worth living," at any rate for that day at least.

"Bring 'em round; bring 'em round, Velleyan, we're all ready." There they come, scampering and bounding. "Down! Oscar, old boy, down! down! Now Carpi! You good old bitch, don't come pawing me; you'll get the elk all right. I know you, you dear old lady; many the time I've seen you with those soft eyes that look so loving now, for you think I have sugar. Yes, I've seen them light up in anger and the devil flash out of them as those pearly fangs of yours, old lady, fastened in the throat of your quarry, but down just now!" Off we go! Right up through the plantation, a gradient of about one in ten, and arrive panting and blowing at the edge of the jungle, stop for a moment's breath and gaze upon as lovely a scene as ever man's eyes feasted on. Hill and dale, dale and hill, all clothed with the glories of a tropical vegetation as far as the eye could see.

Afar off, where the horizon dipped, we fancied we could see the sea, but it was only fancy.

"Ready, Velleyan! Now then, put 'em in."

In we went into the jungle. It was very dense, so dense was the undergrowth that unless you struck an elephant track or came on open ground, locomotion was almost impossible, but we hit the right track, so kept evenly on our way. It is really marvellous how the elk get through, but through they get, as you very soon find out if you have to follow them.

Presently there is a low tiny "wouf! wouf!" from Carpi, then Oscar darts ahead, his tail well out, and that knowing old nose of his that has tracked many of his foes to their final doom. When the rest of the pack see Oscar at it, they know there is good business on. Oscar is no fool, and every puppy soon learns that when Oscar gives tongue there is something in the wind, and it is their bounden duty to give an extra strong sniff and find out what that something is.

"Forrard away, lads! forrard!" And then breaks on the still morning air that music that has no equal. What organ, what orchestra, makes your blood tingle and all your muscles tighten, and makes your eyes have that eager, hungry look, as you stretch forward, whether you are afoot or on horseback, to see where it comes from, than the first notes of a good pack giving tongue? It may be wrong, but it's true. It's the nature of the beast.

Then there was a rush. It was now a case of the devil take the hindmost, the one all powerful, all pervading thought was to make the most of your knowledge of the lay of the land and if possible be in at the death. "Tootle! tootle!" away you all go. Down on your nose one minute and on your back the next, tripping over creepers and generally coming to grief, but no shin barker is felt, no "dump" is taken any account of, and you are up again and off as hard as you can.

Now an elk, when he is first started, makes straight up hill as hard as he can go. When he is pressed he makes a small circuit, comes down again and makes for water. There he comes to bay. I knew the land pretty well, and so I reasoned that if he was a good strong elk he would make for a certain point I knew of, and then, turning, come down to a stream about a mile to my left; so I determined to make straight for this stream and wait until I heard the music and let that guide me. You see I am a little aldermanic. Arrived at the river, a great "puff, puff" behind, and the rubicund face and beard of "old Jack," our worthy M. E. H., appeared out of the jungle. Dear old Jack, he has gone now to the happy hunting grounds and joined the great majority—captain of Rugby and prince of all good fellows, and one of the noblest sportsmen that ever lived.

He had the same idea of the route as I had, so he had hardly got his wind when just above us we saw a noble elk bound out of the jungle and land in a pool about four feet deep, and presently we heard the "yap, yap" of the beauties in full cry behind. Both Jack and I scrambled up over the

rocks and made for the elk. Jack got there first, and by that right, as well as being master, he claimed the privilege to go in and stick it; which, of course, I granted.

An elk, the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM must know, when at bay, is a most dangerous animal. He can rip a dog or a man open with a stroke of his fore leg. It is madness to attempt to get near him, therefore, until the pack comes up. In every pack there are at least a couple of what are called "scizers." They go for the elk and grip him by the ears and throat and hold him, and then you wade in and stick him just behind the shoulder.

Soon up they come. "In Oscar! Good dogs! Go on, Carpi! Yoicks, seize him, good dog! Seize him!" Nobly did they re pond, and with a bound, a splash, and a struggle they were at his throat. Oh! the excitement. Oh! the yelling, and yapping, and snarling, and baying—and old Jack, baring his sleeve and getting that long, keen hunting knife ready to give the final blow. In he goes, puffing like a grampus, and I stand yelling encouragement to the dogs from the bank. Now came a ludicrous scene. Jack had just got up when, from some cause or other, the seizers let go and the elk, raising his head, was going for Master Jack. He was rather behind it, and, with an agility marvelous for a man of his weight, he made a bound and caught it by the antlers. Now a struggle commenced which made me laugh until the tears rolled down my cheeks. The bottom of the pool was very uneven, with large, round stones, and every time Jack exerted extra strength to get the elk's head down, he would slip and get a regular sousing, come up again still holding on, but spluttering and blowing, and using language the prelates of the church might object to. It was funny. Presently Oscar and Carpi got a hold again, there was a gleam of steel and Jack's knife was buried in the heart of one of the finest elks it had been my lot to see.

Oh, the whoops, and oh, the yells, the congratulations and the "well done old boys" that resounded on all sides as the rest of the hunt came up. We drank his health with a three times three, and then stringing him on a pole he was borne home by the coolies.

We, too, went back to the bungalow and finished up a most enjoyable hunt by a most enjoyable breakfast, where no end of beer was drank and stories told, and where that good fellowship belonging to hungry hunters all over the world prevailed. WANDERER.

CEYLON, 1882.

MY FIRST CHICKEN SHOOT.

MY first experience in shooting was among the hills of Northern New York and along the shores of Lake Ontario. I remember distinctly my first gun. It was a ten-pound muzzle loader, and long before I could hold it at arm's length I bowled over many a poor squirrel and blackbird by "taking a rest" over a convenient log or stone wall. As I grew older I learned to shoot on the wing, and then appreciated the full enjoyment of sporting. With my old setter, Dan (long since gone to the dog paradise) I have tramped mile upon mile over the roughest ground in New York State, and many are the ruffed grouse and duck that poor Dan has brought me.

I had been but a short time in the West when I became very enthusiastic over chicken shooting; and though I had for a number of years given up shooting entirely, I was anxious to try my hand again. The stories told by the local sportsmen were very thrilling, and I threw out a number of hints indicating that I should like very much to be made one of the parties that were daily going out. At last Judge B——, taking pity upon the "tenderfoot" from the East, invited me to go out with him. I always thought that he asked me out of pity more than anything else.

Well, he drove around to the office one August morning, and it is needless to say that I was ready and waiting. His two dogs, Vic and Ned, were stowed away under the seats. To those who have never ridden out into the prairie on a cool and beautiful morning, let me say that such an experience is worth traveling thousands of miles for. The air seems wonderfully invigorating, and even the dogs and horses are possessed of a new life.

It was yet early when we left the road and struck across the prairie toward some cornfields, near the borders of which the Judge said we would find chickens. In the morning they leave the stubble field and seek the shade of the corn. We unhitched the horses, tied them to the rear of the wagon, unpacked our guns, and at the word the dogs were off. It was a beautiful sight to see them as they ranged back and forth; their eyes fairly dancing with joy; and if a dog can laugh Ned and Vic indulged in a quiet grin at least. We walked along, the "tenderfoot" with eyes and ears alert, and I am sorry to say, laboring under the first symptoms of "buck fever." The dogs meanwhile were very busy and nearing the edge of the cornfield. Just then I heard a shot from the other side of the corn, and turning quickly around I saw an old cock coming straight at me. I could not endure the thought of being run over by an old rooster that had boomed on the prairies for eight or nine years, so blazed away—a miss. I turned quickly and sent a charge from the other barrel after him. Not a feather. I saw the Judge grin as he asked me in his sweetest and blandest tones, "Did you get him?"

But what is this! Just look at the dogs. There in the tall weeds that grew just at the edge of the corn stood Ned, and backing him was Vic. Both stood so still that one could imagine them casts of bronze. The Judge spoke to them a few quiet words so as to keep them steady. I would probably have stood admiring them until now, had he not said "Come on if you want a shot." We approached the dogs quietly and slowly. Up got the old hen and was bowled down in fine style by the Judge. At the report not a sound was heard save the fall of the hen. I had expected to see the air full of birds. "I guess you have got the only one." I remembered to remark (for I was in a very humble and quiet mood after my recent exploit). "Not much," was the reply. "There is a whole covey of young birds right under the dogs' noses." I could not see them and took his word for it, now relying entirely upon his superior wisdom. He spoke to Ned and the dog crept on a few feet and then stood again. We flushed four—two at the left and two at the right. The latter fell to my lot and I missed one, bringing down the other with a broken wing. 'Tis needless to say that my pard got both his birds. I now felt quite elated, as I had bagged my first chicken. The Judge gave me some words of advice and told me to keep cool, not to fire until I had covered my bird, and above all not to get discouraged. As we were talking up got the remainder of the covey, some six or eight more. This time I was cool and collected, picked out two birds from the outside of the bunch, and got them both.

The dogs neither of them retrieved—merely pointed the dead birds—and when we had gathered them in I was pleased that the wagon was not far distant. We visited a number of wheat fields and invariably found the chickens in weeds and tall grass near. At noon we stopped shooting and found that we had seventeen birds. That was very good for two guns, so the Judge said; also that we had been very fortunate in finding the birds.

We drive on to the Judge's farm, where, thanks to his forethought, we found a bountiful dinner awaiting. After dinner we gave the dogs a much needed rest and went down to a little lake near by to look for plover. Now if there is anything that I have a weakness for it is for plover. Properly cooked they are, in my estimation, the nicest bird in the United States. We found them in large numbers, and soon had enough to satisfy at least two hungry men.

At 5 o'clock we hitched up and, with a small boy to drive, made another attack on the chickens. We visited field after field, almost always finding birds. The dogs worked even better than in the morning. The Judge shot well, and your correspondent a little better than formerly. Evening came on and found us tired and dirty, but our ardor not in the least dampened. We found on counting that we had twenty-nine chickens, which was more than an average bag for two guns.

My first experience in chicken-shooting was very pleasant, though I do not like it so well as shooting the ruffed grouse of my boyhood. And I sometimes think that were some of our crack shots who can kill chicken after chicken on the treeless prairie, placed in some of the gullies and swamps that are the natural home of our ruffed grouse, they would shoot very poorly.

I hear that chickens are very plenty in Iowa and Nebraska. I should think that ducks also are to be unusually numerous as all the ponds and lakes are full.

If the Eastern sportsman wishes to see a sight and have an experience that he will always remember, let him visit Northern Iowa or Southern Minnesota during the month of October. He will find everyone kind and obliging, and shooting that will satisfy even the most ambitious.

QUILL.

LINCOLN, Nebraska.

HUNTING IN TEXAS.

PALESTINE and its immediate vicinity is not in the game district of the Lone Star State, but, while we have no "deer, bear and turkey at our very door," as a correspondent of a New York weekly graphically asserts, still the quail and deer are by no means exterminated and can be found within two or three miles of this and adjacent towns on the line of the International & Great Northern Railroad. The deer are of the small variety common to this portion of the country, and are very rarely seen in herds of more than six or eight. Their venison is equal to if not superior to the California venison, though the species of deer are identical with that found in San Diego county. The difference in flavor is probably due to the abundance of buds and delicate grasses which abound in some parts of Eastern Texas.

The hunting is done, greatly to the credit of the hunters, in the months of December, January and February. The restriction is really self-imposed, as the "weak laws rotting away in antique sheathes" are practically of no avail.

But the deer run somewhat on the principle that it is best to be either very good or the extreme contrary, for they certainly in their poor season are about as emaciated specimens as one would care to find.

The hunting is done in two ways: still hunting and driving. The latter is the favorite manner of securing venison, and is generally participated in by a number of planters and their help.

The meeting is generally well represented by G A. M., and a leader chosen. Some old veteran at the chase fills this position, and he places the men in various prominent positions on the run where they will be most likely to get a crack at some unfortunate buck.

This position is no sinecure. One man wants a particular stand that another man "has always had and always will have." But the wrangle ends, and at last the dogs are started, big strong fellows of no pedigree or known breed, but "stayers."

The country in Anderson county, of which this town is the county seat, is very hilly. Large divides or ridges and a great number of creek beds, most of which are dry, thus making a very rough bit of ground.

The men scatter to their posts, and, if good luck attends us, the dogs in the course of one hour give tongue and every man begins to feel of himself to see if he is all there. A half hour more and somebody will have a chance.

Who shall it be? Louder and louder sound the yelps of the dogs. Nearer and nearer they come to the stand of some other man. A shot or two and on they go for the next man to pick and kill or drop with a well-aimed 44 conical through one or more of them.

The other method, still hunting, is not as exciting, and then you are quite as likely to blaze away at some stray heifer or pony as at a deer.

This sort of hunting is done by means of a head-lamp (the "Ferguson" or home-made, it matters little which so far as the deer are concerned) and a "coon" or darkey boy who answers the twofold purpose of lamp-bearer and gun rest, although they do sometimes complain "dat de gun goes off mighty loud, massa."

Quail are reported very plenty this season, several sizable bevies having been seen on what is known as the West Point road.

Very little attention has been paid them, though one or two gentlemen of Palestine have experimented with a good pointer to their satisfaction, I believe. Squirrels are very plenty all through this portion of the State. They are principally fox and gray and not generally found very large. What Anderson county lacks, however, in other varieties of game, is in a great manner compensated for by the ease with which we can place ourselves on a variety of hunting that would satisfy any reasonable mortal. For instance, suppose, like myself, some lover of rod and gun should decide to visit the Lone Star State. He might not start from Milwaukee, Wis., but if from the North or East he would probably come over the Chicago & Alton Railroad to St. Louis, from St. Louis to Texarkana, a funny little town so locked and pinched into an obscure corner of the world that three States had to chip in and donate so many letters a piece to even give it a name. It is in Arkansas properly, but some railroad guides give it as being in Texas yet.

From Texarkana to Longview, the junction of the Texas Pacific and the Great International Railroad, is a seven-hour ride. From Longview the wandering sportsman would do well to come to Palestine, eighty-one miles south, from whence he can radiate in any desired direction.

Should he desire deer, any drive of six miles will give him plenty of opportunity to test his nerve. Ducks, geese, snipe in plenty, and some few plover may be had twelve miles south on the Trinity River. For fishing, unless he has a penchant for alligators and buffalo fish, a large, coarse-grained fellow, whose one redeeming quality is that he can give a pretty thorough test to a rod and line. But Galveston is the fisherman's elysium. The letter of "N. A. T.," in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, is praise none too warm. Galveston is reached after a resting night-ride of fourteen hours from Palestine over the International & Great Northern, and Galveston, Houston & Henderson Railroads, in one of the peerless Pullman sleepers which run daily over these excellent roads.

Sportsmen are offered every convenience by the gentlemanly officials of these lines. Special cars can be secured, and as much solid comfort derived from a trip in Texas as in the "Davy Crockett" or "Izaak W." of northern enterprise.

Another delightful trip would be over the above road to Austin, the capital city, and thence by stage to San Antonio, the quaint old Spanish town of Alamo notoriety. Here we begin to find the wild turkey, the one game bird that there is any satisfaction in shooting with a rifle, and which may be found in countless numbers throughout Travis county.

Stage routes from Austin lead in various directions, and the traveler can either secure accommodation in one of the "Concords" or obtain private conveyance.

"Too much luggage" need not be quoted as a word of warning to old stagers, but to those who have had little experience I will say, let camp stove and what can be contained therein in the way of culinary utensils, and a pair of blankets, suffice, with a Winchester and double breech-loading shotgun as an armament.

Multum in parvo could scarcely be better applied than as the maxim of a hunting party. Winter is the best time to visit Texas if deer and turkey shooting is desired. The early fall is a better time for quail. Ducks are in season and plenty from the first of December until March, at which time they begin their migration in earnest.

The hunter who visits this State must expect some discomforts in the way of fleas and various other infinitesimal nuisances, but these minute pests dwindle into insignificance before the insurmountable objection of a like nature, which renders Florida camp life intolerable.

The almost total lack of stagnant water here renders mosquitoes less vindictive.

To those who are fearful of trusting life and property in the new "warm hereafter," as Texas has been designated, I will say, that the days of "seven more men murdered in cold blood" are past, and the traveler may squat around his camp fire without the least fear of assassination or robbery. I know of no way to spend a winter's holiday, and there are many whose business only relaxes in the winter season, than in a camping expedition in Central Southern Texas.

I hope to see or hear of more Northern sportsmen, who, after a visit to this State and the enjoyment of its glorious climate, will agree with me in saying that Texas is the sportsman's State. L'ECLAIR.

PALESTINE, Texas.

GOSSIP OF A '49ER.

IT is a great deprivation to all of us who shoot the best gun, etc., that the discussion of different makes is not permissible in FOREST AND STREAM. There would be some humor in the question if the debate were confined to usage of guns only, and some profit to those who wished to buy, but professional acrimony no doubt would be most conspicuous. While shooting for several years one of the lowest priced guns of one of our American makes, the action only being objectionable, I studied catalogue books on choke-bores, examined guns at stores, and finally did not think it easy to get "the very best gun for the money," but settled upon reputation, ordering a 7½-lb. 12-gauge, with a few dozen of 30-inch targets and pads. Upon the receipt and trial of it a friend was so pleased with it that I let him have it, and another was ordered for myself and one for another friend, all satisfactory shooters, but the patterns are not up to records upon accompanying cards. I have the same ungratified desire to see that result that a farmer had near me to see a horse work which he bought from a substantial old Dutchman. the horse being one of a team hitched to a heavily loaded manure wagon. The buyer was satisfied with the price and soundness, and that the horse was working as he appeared, but he casually asked Old Reliable if the horse "would pull." "Pull! Ah, you would shust like to see him pull," was the honest and encouraging reply. So the horse was bought, taken to the buyer's farmyard, put in his manure wagon, and he would indeed "shust like to see that horse pull." So I would "shust like to see" my gun make the record accompanying it. But I must have a pair of low-priced barrels which I can feel satisfied "will keep clean by being left dirty." That is, something which I do not feel compelled to clean after shooting at a crow, a hawk, or any pest, nor hesitate to shoot on account of the necessary cleaning which fine barrels demand.

I do not remember how the crow depredation question was settled, but if any one is curious, now is the season of observation, as near every barnyard in this neighborhood scare-crows are placed to keep the crows from carrying off young chicks, turkeys, and ducks. The crows are considered infinitely worse than hawks. They will drive a chicken or turkey hen from the nest and carry off every egg, as well as smaller bird eggs and young. The crow has a devilish cunning and perseverence almost supernatural. The crow blackbird also pitches eggs and young of smaller birds.

Owners of dogs will do their dogs a great kindness and themselves a favor, possibly, if when they see their dog shaking his head and pawing at his ear, they will carefully examine the ear held lowest, take away the annoying flea, and thereby prevent the dog from tearing the ear with claws, producing apparent canker. The oft repeated inquiries to, and answer of FOREST AND STREAM, nineteen out of twenty cases of sore ears are nothing else, and a very simple treatment is speedy and effective. Upon one occasion a valuable setter was sent to me which was not only in a pitiable condition, but disgusting in appearance, dejected, thin, coat staring, inside of ear and side of face to nose a mass of vicious corrosive fluid, which would dry, scab over, scab would crack open and itch, dog would tear off the scab with paws until the blood would run freely, then the repetition above. I saturated the coat with head-light kerosene, thoroughly washed off with warm water and soap, coarse and fine comb. When dry, Persian insect powder freely, and applied lard once each day to inside of ear and on the sore face to keep the scab soft. In three weeks the dog was

a picture of health and enjoyment of life. Only a few weeks ago a friend wrote to me that he had been treating his dog three months for canker, without benefit. I gave him above advice and last week he wrote me that it was successful. The itching of a drying scab is more annoying to a dog than fleas, the irradicable bane of doggydom. I have had no occasion to doctor my own dogs for years. One or two handfuls of salt to twenty-five pounds corn meal mush—don't forget the salt—with some table-scraps, enable me to take them afield with nose moist, cold and perfect, any of them, day after day. It was different once; puppy and dog died with distemper, I called it, or if they recovered, it was only to be a wreck and aggravation. The best of them were entirely unreliable, noseless if gorged, and sometimes without being so. I have never failed to enjoy the hunt on account of my dogs since I stopped too abundant meat diet. If gorged with mush or pone, evening or morning, an initial run restores them.

Have the valley or the mountain quail of California been tried in the mountain region of Georgia or Tennessee? There can be little doubt of successfully acclimating them. Either of them can survive some snow (the mountain quail especially) which does not lie too long, and both of them will seek lower and bare ground when the snow falls upon the higher. Such I found to be the case in January, 1853, along a California creek, Little Wolf, I think, and the divide, parallel with Auburn road from Grass Valley to Bear River, during a time that snows had fallen heavily on the mountains, and lightly upon the divide. The creek bottom being free from snow was alive with blue birds, and the brown mountaineers were abundant upon the low hills. Twenty miles further towards Sacramento Valley, just below the snow line, the valley quail were in numbers beyond any, except a sportsman's, belief, *i. e.*, provided his belief is equal to his proverbial credibility. It is not just to call sportsmen liars—romancer would be much better, is not the sporting life, and the anticipation or the retrospective, a romance? The views from hill tops which overlook the expanding valleys, where happy, prosperous homes lie embedded in fields of brown and green and purple velvet; the glow of a November sun with its gliuting lights and shadows; those sounds from the valley, with swelling and softening cadence, does it all not call up an ideal enjoyment beyond the realities of life; that sheltered nook and gurgling spring, when hungry and thirsty, he had his solitary picnic lunch? If he has become surcharged with nature's grand effiation and some minor ingredients, let him blow in peace and be thankful. Has he not the spirit of Homer, Virgil, Bryant and Longfellow, Dickens, Cowper, and the hosts of poets and romancers whom the world enjoy, and must the sportsman, who tells his story with garnishment and expansiveness, be branded? On the contrary, the effort to interest and entertain by embellishing plain facts with beauties of fiction, deserves respect, and only comes under Solomon's sweeping assertion on general principles, that "all men are"—romancers. JUNIATA.

THOMPSONTOWN, Pa.

A TYPICAL TOURIST'S TRIP.

MY companion and myself arrived at the pleasant village of Booneville on a bright clear morning in the early part of August, properly equipped and anxious to kill all the deer and catch all the trout before the termination of our trip. On our arrival at the Forge House we were met by our guide, and no words of mine can do him justice—a splendid specimen of physical manhood, standing over six feet high, straight as an arrow, strong-limbed, with a bright, intelligent countenance, and taken altogether, the best hunter and fisherman I have ever had the good fortune to meet.

After supper we wandered out on the porch to enjoy the "smudge," and this led me to notice one peculiarity of the native: the majority of them appear to be tanned to the color of mahogany, which, I presume, is owing to the ham smoking process they have to undergo from the effect of the smudge for several months each year. I experimented once with the insects myself, thinking the remedy was worse than the disease, but soon settled down to the smudge as the least of two evils. After a refreshing sleep we started out bright and early the next morning for our camping ground on Seventh Lake. The scenery and surroundings in this section I do not think can be surpassed. With the guide leisurely rowing the boat and ourselves safely stowed away, we had every opportunity to enjoy the beauties of nature and wonder at our own littleness. These lakes are connected by small streams or carries, surrounded by mountains, and vary in width or length from one to six miles, each with a change of scenery peculiar to itself.

We finally reached the first carry, and the guide quietly informed us that we would have to assist him across with the baggage, otherwise we would not reach the camp until after dark, which would inconvenience us somewhat. I immediately imagined myself to be a disciple of Samson (although my standing weight is only 140 pounds), and insisted upon having the pack basket strapped on my shoulder filled with all our cooking utensils, and in addition to that volunteered to carry the sack of potatoes and my own valise, my companion having shown his superior wisdom by starting off with the gun and fishing-rods during the discussion. How I did wish I had been blessed with his superior wisdom, and how soon I began to realize it after getting fairly under way, with the sun pouring down on my devoted cranium. After I had covered several laps, I began to imagine myself a pack horse, and there was certainly more sense than nonsence in the idea. I stuck bravely to the task, however, and I reached a large fallen tree directly across the trail, and then the baggage and I parted company. It happened in this manner. I succeeded in cleverly mounting the tree, then lost my balance, and pitched head foremost in the soft loam (commonly called mud) on the other side; the string slipped from the bag, the potatoes escaped, and I and they, with the stew pans thrown in, got promiscuously mixed up. Then, to complete my agony, the guide unfortunately witnessed the whole occurrence, and could not be prevented from indulging in a good hearty laugh at my expense, in fact two or three of them, after which he proceeded to lighten my load somewhat and sent me on my way rejoicing. But I profited by the sad lesson, and since then have contented myself with a single valise, the smaller the better, even if we don't reach camp till midnight.

We arrived at our camp about 4 P. M., and then all hands went rapidly to work to put things in order, or, as the guide expressed it, "make it look ship-shape." About sunset we sat down to our first meal under the pines and balsams, consisting of fried pork and boiled potatoes, with bread and coffee. After supper we enjoyed a quiet smoke, and then the guide remarked that the indications were fair for successful floating, and wanted to know which of us had decided to try our luck on the deer. We both shouted, "I," but finally agreed to decide the question by tossing up a cent, I being the fortunate winner, and by this simple method peace and harmony was once more restored. I immediately began to make the necessary preparations, and departed in high glee, in anticipation of the buck I intended to slaughter, and in my mind's eye had already calculated his weight to be at least 500 pounds. Well, we started, the guide and I, he seated comfortably in the stern of the boat, and I perched in the extreme end of the bow, with my legs doubled up, body erect, and the jack stick, with the jack or reflector attached, directly in front of my nose. Presently I was startled by a faint whisper from the guide to look out for deer ahead. That remark completely upset my nervous system. My limbs began to tremble, and my teeth to chatter, and I was forced to conclude that I had been suddenly attacked with the buck fever in its most malignant form. The guide whispered, "What is the matter with the boat? It is shaking from stem to stern." I answered that I was subject to chills, and had been suddenly seized with the old complaint.

The guide again warned me to get ready to shoot. The next moment my vision was greeted with two small jets of flame of a black color, followed immediately by the whole outline and form of the deer up to his knees in the water, and looking me directly in the face. Alas for memory; forgotten were all instructions. I raised the gun and levelled it directly at him, as I thought, pulled both barrels simultaneously, and was kicked clean off my perch. I cried out at once, he is dead and must be riddled all to pieces; the next moment I heard him wildly snorting as if laughing in derision at my vain attempt to bring him down. I insisted at once that it must be another deer we heard, and could not be convinced to the contrary until the guide paddled up to the exact spot and pointed out to my wondering gaze where the buckshot had mowed down the saplings about ten feet above the spot where the deer had stood. I had no further comments to make, the evidence being indisputable. Sadly I requested the guide to about ship and start for camp. I had been constantly harping on my ability to shoot, and the reaction was too great. Even the guide appeared to be relieved when I gave the order to return, satisfied, no doubt, that we should get no venison, even if he paddled me within shooting distance of another dozen. After a refreshing sleep we awoke the next morning to find our guide already busily engaged in setting out buoys for lake trout. He concluded as we had been euchred out of the venison, to make early preparations for lake trout fishing on the following day, in case we were unsuccessful in another trial for deer that evening, in which my companion proposed to be the victim. That afternoon it settled in for a violent storm, and we were forced to seek the shelter of our camp until the following day.

By this time we had got heartily tired of "tried pork," and were anxious to try our hands at the lake trout for our stomachs' sake alone, if for no other reason. Both myself and companion being experienced fishermen, we soon landed several fine fish, averaging in weight from two to six pounds. The guide being a skillful cook, in addition to his other accomplishments, soon furnished us with a splendid repast, of which we all partook with a relish after our enforced fast. That night my companion was fortunate enough to secure a two year old buck—at least he so claims—but I have always had my doubts whether he or the guide did the shooting, especially after having observed the knowing winks passed between them. The next few days we devoted to fly-fishing for speckled trout; and although I had heard wonderful stories of the five and six pound trout to be caught, I will be honest and state that our largest one weighed only a trifle over a pound. Yet we found the smaller ones very plentiful, and had no difficulty whatever in securing all we needed for our own supply. The remainder of our time was alternately passed in fishing, climbing mountains, rowing, bathing, and taking a general survey of the country with all its wonderful beauties of scenery. But our guide could not be prevailed upon to give me another chance at the deer, saying that we had sufficient meat for all wants, and enough, in his estimation, generally decided the argument. At that time I was inclined to disagree with his opinions, but since then I have learned to respect him more for the firm and determined stand he took against the wanton slaughter of game. As our vacation drew to a close we departed from the woods with a sense of lingering regret, and a determination to revisit them again and renew our past pleasures at the earliest opportunity. BILLY.

THE COMING RAIL SEASON.

TEN years ago it was not at all uncommon for New York sportsmen to visit our rail shooting grounds on the Delaware River and indulge in two or three days' amusement during a run of afternoon or evening tides. Lately but few Gothamites are met with, although as far as we can see the shooting has not fallen off and the birds are quite as numerous.

The coming season, beginning September 1, bids fair to be a good one; the crop of seed is large and some birds have bred with us. One flight has already arrived, and a continuance of them may be expected until the middle of September.

Beginning at the Lazaretto, which is reached by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad via Moore's Station, we have three points between which there is hardly a choice. At the Lazaretto good pushers may be always had, and two hotels, where plain but comfortable quarters can be secured. At Chester, Pa., three or four miles below, reached by same railroad, Goff's Hotel is the headquarters for sportsmen, where reliable men may be engaged at any time. Marcus Hook, south of Chester, is not so much frequented, as the same ground in that vicinity can be pushed over by shooters starting from Chester, and hotel accommodations are not so good.

At Port Penn, Del., opposite Reedy Island Light, the best of rail shooting can be had, especially when a continued easterly wind has prevailed for two or three days. Large scores are always made there, and the greatest on record can be found registered in the books of Sim Lord, the proprietor of the hotel at Port Penn. This shooting was done five or six years ago (an account of which you published shortly after the time), beating the scores mentioned in Lewis's "American Sportsman."

New York sportsmen can leave their city in the morning of the day they wish to shoot, providing high water occurs in the afternoon, engage their pusher and enjoy the most capital sport, and return to New York the same night. This, however, would be overdoing time a little too much, and it would be best to remain two or three days, in order to insure "the catching of a good tide." The higher the water the more birds can be secured, as higher grounds can be reached and the more plentiful the rail is jumped. All that is required is a light gun, plenty of shells, charged with not over two drams of powder and one ounce of No. 10 or 11 shot. Thus armed, in two or three days, a surfeit will be obtained of rail shooting, especially if the wind has been easterly for a day or two. A novice at rail shooting need only follow the directions of his pusher, and providing he can shoot on the wing at all, the writer guarantees he can kill the majority of the birds put up before his boat. It is the experience of the writer that more birds are killed after the middle of September, as the tides run higher the nearer the date of autumnal equinox than during the first two weeks of the month. I am sure our sportsmen would be most glad to meet any New York gentlemen wishing to try rail shooting at any of the points mentioned. HOMO.

THE WHITE BUFFALO.

WHITE buffaloes are occasionally met with among the numerous herds that haunt the headwaters of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. Last winter a three-year-old white bull was killed about fifty miles from Glendive, Montana, and a spike (yearling) about half white was killed near the same place. There is at this time a monster white buffalo bull in the Great Missouri herd, that the Indians have seen for years past. He is said to be white as snow, and exceedingly large and wild, and terrible to face. His beard sweeps the ground and is of silvery whiteness; his eyes and muzzle are red. He don't mind arrows a bit, and is said by Indians to be bullet proof.

The Indian never kills a white buffalo; he think it "medicine," something he can't account for, as belonging to the Great Spirit. Some say it was created for a special purpose and must not be touched by the red man. Others think he is the guardian angel of the herd, and that it is good luck to see him but bad luck to meet him or kill him.

The white hunters say it is a case of breeding back to the old stock of native cattle that became mixed with the herds in Kansas and Nebraska years ago. A great many cattle have run with the buffalo for the past thirty years. Cattle are killed in the herds every year with brands of the old Texas stripe, and handsome cows without brands. They are wilder than the buffalo, more fierce and harder to get. Horses get lost and run wild with buffalo. It is supposed that cows belonging to emigrants going across the plains years ago strayed away and finally got in with the herd. The final result is occasionally a white buffalo, and quite often a yellow or parti-colored one is killed. Some are found with one side of the face pure white, while the horns of such animals are longer and more slender than the pure buffalo or bison. We often see in a drove of red cattle a pure white calf. The old men of the neighborhood will say the cow bred back to such one's old white bull. So it is with the buffalo; his great-great-grandfather was a white Durham owned in Kansas or Nebraska, Texas or Wyoming, years ago.

It is a shame to hunters to let the magnificent robe of this white monarch of the plains be torn in his old age by wolves—too bad to have those long terrible horns buried in a washout, too bad to have that silver beard wave in the breeze among the "bad lands," after he lays himself out to die of old age, too bad to have the young bulls hook and crowd him out of the herd to become a scabby old bull bachelor, and finally wind up his useful career by being found a heap of bones and dry hide. How much better for all concerned, white man, Indian and tenderfoot, as well as "Old Whity" himself, to have him killed, stuffed, and with glaring eye stand as a shining example of what has been. Who will go and get him? H. S.

GLENDIVE, Montana.

[The hybrid theory entertained by the plainsmen is manifestly erroneous. The phenomenon of a white buffalo is easily explained as a simple case of albinism, such as is known to occur in most species of animals and birds. There is a curious identity between the superstition with which the Indians regard a white buffalo, and the white hunters' belief regarding white deer. See late numbers of this journal.]

A DAY'S SHOOT IN GERMANY.

IN 1879 I was in Bonn, Germany, and while there became acquainted with Herr S., Inspector and Chief Huntsman to the Emperor, of that district, called the Cotton Forest.

Herr S. invited me to join a party of six for a day's shoot, and I gladly accepted the invitation, as I knew game was plentiful and wished very much to kill a wild boar and possibly a deer. Tuesday morning proved clear and cold, having had a slight fall of snow during the night.

We started about six o'clock in the morning, and after a pleasant drive of about ten miles reached our destination. On the way I was teased a great deal about my twelve-bore, as you know the Germans use a fourteen-bore weighing seven pounds. My friends called the gun a cannon, etc. Arrived at the grounds, we prepared for work, taking our stations some twenty yards apart on a slightly curved line. The drivers were sent in and we waited anxiously for the game to appear. The chief (Herr S.) gave us strict orders not to shoot except straight before us or behind and not sideways, as we would hit some other shooter on our right or left.

Presently, a low, rushing sound was heard, and hares, boars and deer went by us pell mell. Crack, crack, went the guns, dropping several hares and one boar. The shouting of the drivers could be heard, lending more excitement to the scene. I shot in good form and killed several hares—drawing head on a deer, was about to pull, when I received a command not to shoot, as it was a female. In the excitement I hadn't noticed that the deer had no horns. The law is very strict, and it would have been an unpardonable offense had I killed a female in the Emperor's woods.

The chief blew his horn, the signal to march up, salute him, and report what we had bagged. Again we returned to our stations and continued shooting. Suddenly out came a boar, making a bee line for me. I let fly both barrels, expecting to see him keel over, when, to my horror, he came right on. I had missed him. Great Scott, wasn't I frightened! Self-preservation being the first law of nature, I turned, and ran like a good one with this beast at my heels, with red tongue hanging out and his two great tusks ready to tear me to pieces I thought. Shouting to Herr S., and cramming a cartridge in my gun, I turned and fired, luckily hitting the boar in the leg and stopping his advance. Herr S., seeing my fright, came up and dispatched him by a shot through the head. Never will I forget those five minutes. I really thought my time had come when that black boar was at my heels. I helped eat the fellow afterwards, and with every bite I took I felt I was having my revenge

Our bag that day amounted to forty hares and the two boars, the tusks of both were given to me as a souvenir of the day. We reached the inn about dusk and enjoyed a hot supper. I know the party were dying to laugh at my display of "Yankee heels" though too polite to do so. I enjoyed several "shoots" after that, but never killed a boar, nor did I see any if my memory is correct. Looking at the tusks the other day put it in my mind to write this little anecdote, as I thought it might prove interesting to some of your readers. BOAR.

IOWA GAME.

THE prospect for quail in this locality is very flattering. Having wintered well last winter they are unusually abundant. An observer can go in any direction through the country and see this noble and beautiful game bird perched on the fence or running along the roadside; while the cheering and (to the sportsman's ear) inspiring notes of "Bob White" can be heard in every field. In every note we hear the promise of the grandest sport next October that often falls to the lot of the devotee of dog and gun.

"Bob White" is a goodly and prolific bird, and if rightly protected need never be extinct. In favorable seasons the average pair of quail will raise two or even three broods, of say, a dozen each, which is doing much for the sportman's pleasure in a very happy and appreciable manner.

Last October I flushed quail scarce a third grown, and only able to fly a few yards, which must have been the third brood.

Prairie chickens are scarce around here at present; for some mysterious reason they seldom put in an appearance in any numbers until late in September or October. I am told by farmers who live near good chicken grounds, that they have not seen one since last winter. It seems that they leave for parts unknown about the time the corn is all gathered, but are sure to come again in fair quantities in the fall.

Can any one throw light on this chicken mystery? Why do they not breed on their winter feeding grounds? Are they partially migratory, and do they hie away in the summer to breed in the as yet unbroken prairies?

Possibly a few do breed here, but they are nothing to the large numbers to be found in October and November.

I want to thank the writer of that article in the last FOREST AND STREAM, entitled "Far from the Madding Crowd," for the extreme pleasure I have taken in reading it. His praise of the "little coffee-pot" is full well deserved. It would be a worthy subject for a poem! That article will go straight to the heart of many a Western sportsman, who has often felt himself "born again" by getting for a few days "far from the madding crowd." J. E. S.

OSCALOOSA, Ia., August, 1882.

LOADING RIFLE SHELLS.—Philippi, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. T. S. Van Dyke contributed a very interesting article in your issue of April 13 on "Rifles and Rifle Bullets," and as I do not all experiments looking to the removal of the difficulty always found in securing good results in loading a rifle shell with a round ball and a small charge of powder, I contribute my experience. I plug the base of the shell with a wood plug, cut to fit the shell with exactness, and of the desired length. The base of the plug must be concaved, so as to concentrate the fire of the primer into the delicate vent which extends the entire length of the plug. The plug must be of just sufficient length to permit the ball's resting on the powder, and in the shell far enough to remain firm and no farther. On the plug I placed the powder, with a thin wad on top. For a patch I used a strong piece of kid glove, cut about three-fourths of an inch wide, and just long enough to exactly line the shell, resting on the wad. Using the loader, the ball was pressed in firmly but very carefully, leaving about one-half the ball exposed. Touch the end of the ball with mucilage, and twist the patch over it. Set up the shell, with bullet down, and leave until the mucilage dries, and it is ready for use. The result of all this attention to details was the following: I doubt if any man can hold a rifle steadily enough to produce an absolute test. I cannot. My rifle was placed between two narrow pine boards, and firmly fastened in a heavy vice. The range was limited, only twenty-two yards. Seven shots were fired, and only one hole was made in the target. It was widened out somewhat by the repeated shots, but a dime would not more than have entered. I don't know whether this plan of loading a shell can be made practicable or not, but of the numerous experiments I have made, this alone seemed to produce perfect work. It appears to me that it is quite impossible to load a rifle shell to produce even good average results, as quickly as the same rifle can be loaded at the muzzle; and as to that matter, I can load a muzzle-loading shotgun in less time than I can load a shell for a breech-loader. If there is anything of advantage in this experiment, I hope some of your readers will perfect the plan, or, at least, communicate the results of their trials. —J. E. H.

TEN VS. TWELVE-BORES.—Cleveland, O.—Speaking of ten vs. twelve-bores, I prefer the ten to anything smaller, and have an idea that nine-gauge, say eleven pounds, would be liked better than either ten or eight. Recently I loaded sixteen-gauge and ten-gauge shells with No. 8 chilled shot, using same powder in both. I shot double the number of shots from the ten-gauge, which wiped out easily, while the sixteen-gauge was leaded so badly that it took over an hour of hard labor to remove it. This, it seems to me, proves the great relative difference in the amount of friction, and consequent effectiveness of the two guns. Again, in cleaning the muzzles of guns at glass-ball and pigeon-shoots, I have noticed that the large bores are freest from deposit in the choke. Formerly I used five drams powder in ten-gauge—now I use four and have less headache and annoyance without any apparent loss in execution. Try it.—M. H. ABLE.

MONTANA GAME.—Butte, Mont., Aug. 9.—Prairie chickens and grouse in this vicinity are very scarce indeed, owing, perhaps, to the many prospectors and woodchoppers who are continually traversing the hills and mountains. In Beaver Head, Deer Lodge, Missoula and Jefferson counties chickens and grouse are said to be abundant, but not so plenty perhaps as last season, on account of late spring and cold, wet weather. In the mountains surrounding us, deer, elk, sheep and all large game is plenty. Bear are plenty and waiting for (don't think, "Major Verity," I am going to start a story, for it would only be the means of ending in a complete failure) some one to eat them up like Brown did up in Vermont. I expect the specie will be extinct soon, as Lord Jameson, from the Old Sod, left here last week with three pack animals and ammunition enough, if properly distributed, to slay the animal kingdom. On his return I expect "bear" stories will come up to the surface in such abundance that former ones of this nature will be put in the shade. What do you think of Ap-pa-kun-ny going pot-hunting up Dry Fork with two guns and a pony and only getting a poor female antelope and a few ducks? (all out of season, too). Let him come over the range, and we will show him pot-hunters who will discount that. (I don't mean myself, of course.)—PISTOL GRIP.

YELLOW-LEGS SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.—While camping out on the Cape in August, my friend and I were surprised to learn that yellow-legs were quite plenty on a marsh in Harwich not very far from where we were stopping. We arose before daybreak and hastily dressed, put a lunch into our pockets, shouldered our guns and decoys and started. It was not yet daylight, and as we passed through the wood we heard the whippoorwill calling to his mate. We issued from the woods, and looking toward the eastern horizon we saw it had begun to grow light. We hastened our steps, and after an hour's steady tramp we arrived at the place where we were to have our sport. Hastily making our stand, we put out the decoys and then were ready. Suddenly the whistling of the yellow-legs was heard, and looking through a small hole in the stand we saw a flock light among the decoys. We took good aim and fired. Four laid dead, and as the rest of the flock started up we fired again, and three more of the handsomest of our waders fell dead. Quickly we changed our shells and gathered the dead and wounded. A large flock came flying over, and again we fired and six more dropped. The flock passed on, but hearing our whistling, whirled round and came flying back. We waited until they alighted in a bunch and five of the six were quickly dispatched. Flock after flock came flying up and alighted, and we fired into them until our gun barrels began to grow hot. The tide going out the yellow-legs began to leave the marsh. We tied up the birds in bunches and threw them across our guns and started for home. We reached home at noon after having had a half day's excellent sport.—J. C. C.

GAME PROTECTOR DODGE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is reported that Wm. P. Dodge, state game protector, is likely to resign that position and seek a more lucrative one elsewhere. This news will be received with regret to those who visit these woods and have seen the deer multiply during his administration. His efforts in enforcing the law are all the more commendable, as it has been a labor of love, to see the game protected, rather than pay, as he informed the writer that he used the greater portion of his salary in traveling expenses. One trip to the woods in making out a case whereby a game violator had to pay $50 for shooting deer, cost Mr. Dodge $40. There could possibly be some improvement on the game laws, but they are good as they are now, as we see, if they were only enforced. A law is not respected till enforced. Mr. Dodge has been a hard worker, and a better man for the place would be hard to find, and it is safe to say that there is not a guide in the whole Adirondack region who does not know Mr. Dodge and the game law he enforces, and respect both. The game law is now well observed, possibly in part through fear of the consequence of its non-observance, and as a result the woodsmen tell us there are more deer in the woods than there has been in twenty-five years. We trust that the State can see they can not afford to lose Mr. Dodge, for should these laws be relaxed after a stringent enforcement of same, the effect would be obvious.—*

MINNESOTA CHICKEN SEASON.—Under date of Aug. 22, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says of the praire chicken season: "There seems to be considerable misapprehension all over the State concerning the date of the opening of the prairie chicken season. Many suppose that the intention to change the law last fall at the extra session was fulfilled; but it was not. Why, it is hard to say, and perhaps the only man in Minnesota who can really explain the matter is Mr. Lane K. Stone of Montevideo; to him was assigned, so report says, the duty of seeing the amendment put through, as the legislative assemblies had been thoroughly canvassed by prominent sportsmen of St. Paul and the State at large, and it was not doubted but that the measure would go through. It did not; and the law for all game birds and waterfowl, except quails and woodcocks (the latter only being in season now) is Sept. 1. It is fair however to state that the law is practically a dead letter; that prairie chickens are daily and have been for the past three weeks, shot all over the State and are openly sold in the city of St. Paul. Not 1 per cent. of gun possessors are observing the law and no effort is being made to enforce it."

TENNESSEE NOTES.—A grand hunting and fishing expedition to the "coaling grounds" in Trigg county, Ky., is now being organized by Col. Geo. F. Akers. The intention is to visit that section of country soon after the first frosts of October, and remaining there two or three weeks. Wallonia will be the headquarters, and where the huntsmen and anglers will be most hospitably entertained by Col. Geo. Wharton, and Messrs. Matt. and Joel McKinney. Every comfort will be supplied in abundance, as well as the dogs and horses, so that the guests need only take along their guns, ammunition and fishing tackle. The "coaling grounds," covering a vast extent of territory in that wild region, are noted for their quantities of game of every description to be found there, such as deer, turkeys, foxes, 'possums, 'coons, squirrels and quail. The climate is delightful at that season of the year, and there are no farmers to post lands or in any way mar the sportsman's pleasure. A large number of gentlemen from Louisville will be of the party, and I am indebted to the Colonel for a most cordial invitation to be present.—J. D. H. (Nashville, August 19, 1882.)

MOSQUITO INLET, Florida.—Col. Frank W. Sams, of this place, and H. J. Faulkner, of New York, the former the well-known and jovial guide for sportsmen who visit this locality, and both well known to the sporting world generally, are building a large, fine hotel on Mosquito Lagoon, opposite the "Devil's Elbow," fourteen miles south of New Smyrna, and will have the same completed and in running order on or before Dec. 1 next. Their object, we believe, is to furnish a first-class winter resort for the numerous sportsmen who annually visit this locality in spite of the difficulties and inconveniences heretofore existing. It is located in the heart of the famed hunting and fishing section of the State, and in sight of the ocean from the cupola of the hotel. We may be too late, but suggest that it be called the "Forest and Stream House."—C. H. C.

NEW JERSEY RAIL SHOOTING.—Rail and reed birds will be in season in New Jersey to-morrow, but the shooting will be better later. There are few birds now on the marshes. The seed is late this year and the birds behindhand. The 10th of the month is usually the best time for Jersey rail shooting, and those who then happen to strike an easterly wind on an evening tide will be sure of plenty of sport. A favorite old-time resort for rail shooters is what used to be known as "English Neighborhood," on English Creek, which is a tributary of the Hackensack River. Leonia is the new name of the station on the Northern Railroad of New Jersey. High water on the 1st will be about half-past eleven in the forenoon, and the tides run about three-quarters of an hour later each day subsequently.

MICHIGAN.—Ionia, Aug. 22.—This year, I think, with regard to game along the Grand River, that ruffed grouse will be very scarce, as the excessive rains in spring nearly drowned them out. Quail will be plenty this fall if our gentlemen sportsmen leave them until the time to shoot by law is open. I went with a companion yesterday forenoon to shoot woodcock. I struck a willow swamp with a spring stream running through it. Sent in my cocker Kit, and made seven consecutive shots (and one a double), and got my seven splendid birds to bag, Kit retrieving splendidly every time. My companion has challenged me to shoot grouse on the wing Sept. 1, when I hope to beat him and let you know.—HIBERNICUS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Claremont, Aug. 25.—The game prospects are quite good in this vicinity. Grouse are plenty, as I find in looking over my old hunting grounds. Woodcock hatched well, but the long dry weather drove them to other grounds that we know not of. Am expecting royal sport with the grouse over my blue-blooded cockers. Gray squirrel hunters can have lots of fun, as they are very plenty. The boys, until this year, have shot them in the month of August; but now we we have a close season from January 1 to September 1, which is doing lots of good, not only in the squirrel line but in the grouse line also, as I am sure that the young grouse were killed in large numbers in August.—BEAU.

THICK WADS.—Since our home manufacturers of sporting supplies make all and every description of amunition, etc., and of a quality equal to any, why cannot some reliable firm produce a wad not less than a uniform thickness of one-half inch, at a moderate advance on the price of the present pink-edge, or in other words make and sell a box of powder wads, all of a regulation thickness, about as thick as two of the thickest pink-edge wads now in use? Such an article would find ready sale, save much annoyance, time, etc., in loading; produce better results, and prove a true and appreciated boon to all.—BLACK NED.

IDAHO GAME.—Boise Barracks, Idaho Terr., Aug. 15.—Grouse-shooting is very fair here this season; some good bags made; one party killed sixteen one afternoon. When you can come here by railroad, I think you would greatly enjoy a trip to the Payette Lakes. A wagon road has just been opened to admit tie-cutters, which makes it possible to go by wagon to within two and a half miles of the lower lake. Try to come in August or September. I have seen a cougar and a cinnamon bear within twenty yards of each other. Deer, elk, mountain sheep and goats are all quite plentiful.—Y. E. W.

IOWA NOTES.—Dubuque, Ia., Aug. 21.—The chicken season opened in this State on the 15th inst., but the birds are not found in this section in numbers sufficient to attract the sportsman. Our sportsmen go to the prairies in the western part of the State for their shooting. A party of four that returned from their inaugural hunt of four days last week bagged forty chickens, which is considered very poor. Fishing was never better, and black bass, pickerel and wall-eyed pike are being caught in large numbers. From present indications there will be grand duck shooting this fall.—B. G.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB.—The annual excursion of the Washington Gun Club, Brooklyn, to Lake Hopatcong, N. J., will take place on Thursday, September 14. A varied programme is promised. Lake Hopatcong is a handsome sheet of water well adapted to fishing and boating. No doubt many members of other clubs, especially of Long Island, will accompany the Washingtons. Tickets, including railroad fares, lunch, etc., can be had for five dollars.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—At a meeting held in this city Aug. 8, 1882, we organized a sportsmen's association called the Albany Sportsmen's Association. It starts out on its mission with good prospects, having ten charter members. The following is a list of officers as elected: R. H. Northrop, President; H. L. Whitbeck, Vice-President; Geo. B. Powers, Secretary; Albert Goff, Treasurer.—G. B. P.

MONTANA GAME SEASONS.—Fort Custer, M. T., Aug. 17, 1882.—There are two errors in your schedule of open seasons for game in Montana, as published in FOREST AND STREAM for July 20, 1882. All species of grouse are protected from March 1 to Aug. 15, not Aug. 1; and wildfowl may be shot until May 15, not May 1. Otherwise your dates are correct. —ARK-BAR-DEA.

ILLINOIS.—Charleston, Ill., Aug. 21.—The game law for pinnated grouse expired here on the 15th inst. On the 16th, from 6 A. M. to 3 P. M., you could see all classes of hunters striking north for the prairie in buggies, on horseback and afoot. The day was very hot, and I didn't hear of any hunter having good luck.—FOX SQUIRREL.

CONNECTICUT.—Thomaston, Aug. 26, 1882.—More quail have been seen in this and neighboring towns this season than before in several years. I have a woodcock that comes every night within twenty feet of my shop almost in the center of town.—E. M. C.

LIVE QUAIL.—Mr. G. A. Vincent, of Cameron, Milam county, Texas, informs us that he can supply live quail for breeding purposes next fall. He may be addressed as above.

At the reception given in Newport by ex-Governor E. D. Morgan to President Arthur, the champagne served was Duminy vintage, 1878!—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouycha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Amblopliles*, two species.
War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscion regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscion carolinensis.*
Sheepshead. *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel. *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Lioptomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

PHYS.—I admire the fish, but I cannot admire the art by which it was taken; and I wonder how a man of your active mind and enthusiastic character can enjoy what appears to me a stupid and melancholy occupation.

HAL.—I might as well wonder in my turn, that a man of your discussive imagination and disposition to contemplate should not admire this occupation, and that you should venture to call it either stupid or melancholy.

PHYS.—I have at least the authority of a great moralist, Johnson, for its folly.

HAL.—I will allow no man, however great a philosopher, or moralist, to abuse an occupation he has not tried; and as I well remember, this same illustrious person praised the book and the character of the great Patriarch of Anglers, Izaac Walton.

PHYS.—There is another celebrated man, however, who has abused this your patriarch, Lord Byron, and that in terms not very qualified. He calls him, as well as I can recollect, "a quaint old cruel coxcomb." I must say, a practice of this great fisherman, where he recommends you to pass the hook through the body of a frog with care, as though you loved him, in order to keep him alive longer, cannot but be considered as cruel.

HAL.—I do not justify either the expression or the practice of Walton in this instance; but remember, I fish only with inanimate baits, or imitations of them, and I will not exhume or expose the ashes of the dead, nor vindicate the memory of Walton, at the expense of Byron, who, like Johnson, was no fisherman; but the moral and religious habits of Walton, his simplicity of manners, and his well spent life, exonerate him from the charge of cruelty; and the book of a coxcomb would not have been so great a favorite with most persons of refined taste.—*Sir Humphrey Davy, "Salmonia."*

TROUTING IN MIDDLE PARK.

I HAVE just returned from a hurried business trip to Middle Park, and propose to submit a few brief notes of the trouting season. I had no time to spare, and did not wet a line, but picked my share of fish bones at various tables and on numerous occasions.

In lower Grand River, Troublesome and Williams forks, fishing was said to be exceptionally good and their average size large. In the immediate vicinity of Hot Sulphur Springs it is pretty well exhausted, and will so continue until the fall run of fish down stream. In all streams above, and in Grand Lake, it is good, but in the lake most of the fish are small. This is the consequence of perpetual fishing, summer and winter, spring and autumn, for fifteen years. Yet fair strings are still made, in numbers if not in weight. Formerly all fishing in this lake was with bait, and the fish were taken at from three to ten feet below the surface. Now the fly is most successful, and a new class of fishermen are at the front. Bait fishermen are despondent, although they yet take goodly numbers at certain times. The most successful fly-fishing is in the evening, from six to nine o'clock, and the average catch to a rod is from thirty to fifty fish, or ten to twelve pounds after dressing. In the outlet of the lake, and in the North Fork near by, larger trout are caught, and skillful anglers brought in large strings. Major Hombrook, late of Kentucky, was the most successful while I was there. On successive days he took from eighty to one hundred and twenty fish, running from half a pound to two and a quarter pounds each. He fished generally in the lower three miles of the North Fork.

Chris. Young, a young gentleman with an extravagantly wide-rimmed hat and a partiality for gray hackles and white millers, who supplies the table of his mother's hotel with trout, is quite as successful, but confines his operations to a certain portion of the lake and catches nearly all his fish after dark. There may be a reason for his sticking to the lake and this may be it. Not long ago he permitted his boat to drift down the outlet, intently casting his fly and taking in the "speckled beauties" as he floated along. At length the craft laid up alongside a tree that had fallen and reached well toward the middle of the stream. He fished away, but hearing a shuffling noise behind him he looked over his shoulder to see a large bear coming down the log. Without ceremony or unnecessary delay Chris. climbed out of the other side of his boat and put for the further shore, which must have been reached in good time, since he didn't get his feet wet although the water was away over his boot tops. Bruin ambled down to the boat, placed his fore feet in it and smelled around at the cargo but took nothing. Chris., having gathered his wind, gave a yell, when the bear took a good look at him, turned around, marched up the log and disappeared in the woods. Since then Chris. fishes in the lake.

The District Court was sitting at the lake; the judge, with his family, living in a tent in a grove of pines on its margin. His Honor is an ardent fisherman, and the best ballast in the country. The court stenographer is a more successful angler and an enthusiast in fisheulture. Attorneys, jurors, litigants and an enthusiast in fisheulture. Attorneys, jurors, litigants and witnesses all took a hand, and the consequence was from two to four hours of court each day and fishing the balance of the time.

The day I left, two gentlemen, Messrs. Everett and Wells, of Golden, left the lake for home, intending to fish a day or two en route. Later I saw them on the summit of the range coming out, and learned that they stopped on the south fork of the Grand, about ten miles from the lake, and in the evening and next morning took one hundred and sixty trout, ranging from half a pound to two pounds weight, some of them, in fact, dressed more than the latter weight. They also killed a number of grouse and were taking their fish and game home.

At Cozens', on the Fraser, there were a number of pleasure and health-seekers having abundant sport. They reported the trout late in coming but very plentiful now. The record of a Mr. Walker, penciled on the weather-boards beside the door of this most excellent hostelric, for three years, gives a good illustration of the fishing. Mr. W. first came as an invalid in the summer of '80, and took it easy. His daily figures range from two to twenty odd. The next year it runs some days forty, fifty and sixty. This year the record is about like last, but is yet incomplete. He had gone off temporarily to some other part of the park. Cozens, Jr., the other day took a three and a-quarter pound trout from the Fraser, in his father's pasture. It had been a familiar resident of the same hole for several summers. This is a small stream close up to its head in the snowy range and over twenty miles from its mouth in Grand River. Ranche, Crooked, San Luis, Vasquez, and all the other branches of the Fraser, are full of trout, but they do not average so large as a dozen years ago.

A friend who had spent a month in the park and who came out with me, said he was perfectly satiated with trouting and trout.

Some English sportsmen who were killing deer and elk in Middle Park a month or so ago, were hauled up by a deputy sheriff and singed $50 apiece. They settled and left the State, and others followed their example, and now the citizens are all torn up over the question whether the game law is a fraud or the sheriff a too vigilant officer. The sportsmen claimed they were slaughtering only sufficient for their daily wants, which the law allows, and they left with a supreme disgust for the "blarsted country, you know." Many of the settlers, who gather dollars from such visitors, think there was an abuse of authority, but I havn't heard of any indignation meetings among the elk and deer.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 20, 1882. W. N. B.

TEMPERING WATER IN AQUARIA.

I FIND in your issue of August 24, a brief paper by "M.," of Boston, headed, "Temperature and Trout," on page 70. In describing his experience in endeavoring to keep trout in an aquarium, he says that he placed in it every autumn trout of half pound to two pounds weight, and kept them through the winter, but they died as the weather became warm, "seldom living to the middle of June." He gave them a constant supply of changing water from the city pipes. As a rule they died when the temperature of the water was about 70 deg., some of the stronger ones living until it was 72 deg. to 73 deg.

My purpose is to give instruction how to reduce the temperature of hydrant water without the use of ice, and to give an ample supply for a "house aquarium," of water at 54 deg. to 57 deg., while the water is constantly changing, in which trout will live indefinitely and be fat and healthy if they are judiciously fed.

At a point as nearly perpendicular to the proposed site of the aquarium as practicable, attach a branch pipe to the house supply pipe, and sink a trench for the branch pipe twelve feet in depth below the surface of the ground, and forty feet in length, in any direction that the excavation of the trench will least disturb flower boarders and shrubbery if in a yard or lawn.

In supplying cooled water to a new building before the pavement is laid, the cooling pipe may be laid under the sidewalk. For an aquarium of twenty gallons capacity, the supply branch pipe should be of inch caliber. Eighty linear feet of pipe may be laid in the forty feet trench, by making a return bend and extending the pipe back to a point opposite to the branch, thence the pipe will of course extend up to the site of the aquarium.

That portion of the pipe above the cellar floor should be insulated with woolen felt, to prevent the water from absorbing heat from the atmosphere of the building ere it reaches the aquarium. The cooling potency of a given length of pipe laid in the earth as described, will be augmented by laying the incidence portion of it as remote as practicable from the return portion.

If the pipes lie in juxtaposition in the earth, the heat absorbed from the first section of it will be imparted to the return pipe, and an approximate equilibrium of temperature will obtain. A trench two feet in width, however, will suffice.

The depth below the surface recommended for laying the cooling pipe is sufficient from 38 degrees N. latitude indefinitely northward, but in lower latitudes solar heat affects the earth to a greater depth below the surface; hence the trench in which to lay the cooling pipe must be deeper to attain the degree of temperature mentioned in the flowing water.

The temperature of the water as it flows from the Brooklyn (N. Y.) water-works is to-day, Aug. 24, 73 degrees Fahr., which temperature, according to "M.," is fatal to the strongest trout.

Such an arrangement as a water-cooling pipe will be found economical and luxurious, irrespective of its use for tempering a fish aquarium, as it furnishes cool water for the house for all purposes for which it is desirable. If the water is to be cooled with ice for drinking purposes, the great economy of the cooling pipe will be apparent.

This method of cooling water for house purposes was introduced fifteen years ago.

I laid a cooling pipe in the bottom of a sub-earth air duct, with which I ventilated and tempered the air of a butter dairy in Vermont a year ago, and it delivered a good supply of water at 51 degrees Fahr.; hence no ice or well water was required in the manufacture of the butter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. J. WILKINSON.

RODULPH FISHING CLUB.—Gravenhurst, Ont., Aug. 24.—The Rodulph Fishing Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., to the number of sixty-one, have been spending their vacation up here on Muskoka Lake, but their pleasure was greatly marred by a sad accident which happened to one of their number. It is the old story. In drawing a gun toward him, it was discharged, and a whole charge of buckshot entered his shoulder, inflicting a terrible wound. It just narrowly missed the main arteries. The poor fellow was taken home by "Dr. 61." When I saw him at the station here he appeared cheerful, and in hopes of having a partial use of his arm.—C.

A TRACK VELOCIPEDE TRIP.

A TRACK velocipede is one of those dangerous machines used by telegraph and railway men in the discharge of certain duties; while in the hands of others than experienced railway men is equally as unsafe as a toy pistol. It is a spider-like looking apparatus with three wheels, about twelve inches in diameter, two of them riding tandem on one rail, connected by light braced rods to the third, running on the opposite rail. It is propelled both by feet and hands, by the operator sitting on a narrow seat, with both feet on a swinging push treadle, and both hands holding a beam about even with his breast, similar to the steering apparatus of a road bicycle. When you push with your feet you pull with your hands, and *vice versa*. The motion in propelling the machine is similar to a rocking-chair.

We take advantage of a steed of the above description, belonging to a gentleman connected with the popular Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway; and the fact that on the day of the week by some called the first and by others the seventh, no trains ran, either freight or passenger, I accept an invitation from my companion, Mr. Holabird (of Hollabird shooting-suit fame), who takes the throttle. I hunch up on what is left of the seat. All being in readiness, my companion turns on steam by a good healthy push and pull, and we glide along as smoothly as can be. When we have run a couple of miles we exchange places, and I take hold. At the end of my two miles I was ready to take the place of a passenger. We alternate thus each mile or two, and enjoy this new experience in traveling, the fresh morning air, green foliage, and the ferns lining our route in great variety, and springs innumerable, of which we sampled. One of the blessings of this country is the abundance of pure water, together with this grand bracing atmosphere, which rejuvenates and exhilarates.

We speed along, keeping a good lookout at each curve for fear an "extra" might be thundering down upon us.

I had accepted an invitation from Mr Holabird for this velocipede trip from Petoskey, Mich., over the track of "The Fishing Line," the Grand Rapids and Indiana, to a little station about eight miles south, where we were to stop and walk over the country two miles to Bear Lake. I learned on this trip how distance is measured by the natives. They take a section map and give the distance a place calls for from point to point, by section or fraction of a section-line, as the case may be; it matters not if the road leading to such place leads one a circuitous route of even twice the distance. Reaching the terminus of our railway travel, we lift the machine from the track, and with lock and chain securely fasten it. Leaving the railway track we strike off through the clearing and then into the dense woods, where we follow the narrow, stumpy road cut through this dense timber, where the foot tread is soft, elastic and cool, while the trees above us form a complete arch, making a cool, shady retreat where the sun never penetrates. We descend a steep hill into a little valley, where the road winds in a serpentine course, and the gathering clouds and distant thunder make the roadway doubly weird, dismal and dark, but grand, warning us that a severe storm is approaching and that we must hurry our steps. After a brisk walk we reach the shore of the lake at a place where it is not more than a couple of hundred yards wide, when a few healthy Comanche yells from Holabird bring a man to his cabin door on the opposite side, who immediately comes after us in a home-made flat-bottom craft, which we gladly accept as a means of ferriage, as the rain is now coming down in torrents, and we take shelter in his cabin until it ceases.

We were shown all the main points of interest about this lake by a man who lives on the shore, and a young man who owned and ran, for a summer pastime, a steam pleasure craft. They were very accommodating and I regret that my losing my notes of last year's trip prevents my giving their names. We were carried in this small steam yawl the entire length of the lake some twelve to fourteen miles, and made several stops to examine objects of interest on the shore.

This lake is a beautiful sheet of water, the shores are well wooded to the water's edge, with occasionally a clearing, where a settler's home looms up, and all with whom we conversed were cheerful, happy, and independent.

On the shore of this lake a settler has taken advantage of one of the largest springs in Northern Michigan, running quite a brook of pure cold water, to make a trout preserve, and I believe enter into the cultivation of the same, certainly no better natural facilities were ever offered. He had a number of trout in the main spring which he had enclosed.

We did not fish, we did not go to fish; we went to look, and we have looked, and are satisfied this is one of the grandest lakes in Northern Michigan, but from what we could learn the fishing is not as fine as in some of the lakes between Petoskey and Cheboygan, and in their vicinity, several of which I have made the subject of an article in your columns. There was no question as to the quantity nor quality of the fish that could be drawn from the watery depths of Bear Lake, but the size was small.

Enough, we retraced our steps to the railway track, unlocked our steed, and in about an hour and a half pulled up at the station in Petoskey with a sense of delight and satisfaction with our novel trip, at the same time a peculiar feeling that one has after alighting from a trip of a few miles on horseback, for the first time in a number of years.

COLUMBUS, Ohio. FRANK N. BEEBE.

FRESH SALMON FOR THE FRENCH MARKETS.—A French steamer, called the Stella Marie, put in here lately for a supply of coal. She and another large steamer are owned by a joint stock company in France, and both are fitted with a refrigerating apparatus of the most perfect kind, and with all the recent improvements. The Stella Marie was dispatched early in the season to Labrador to load with fresh salmon for the markets of France. She proceeded to Natashquan, Chateau Bay, where she secured 200,000 pounds of salmon. She is now on her homeward voyage, and bound first for Marseilles. The price of her salmon, when sold in France, will not fall under 1s. per pound; so that the cargo of the Stella Marie will bring £10,000—possibly much more. This is the third year in which these steamers have visited Labrador, and their returns are said to be highly satisfactory to their owners. They leave France about the first of May, and are not more than three months on the voyage. Of course, during the remainder of the year they can be employed elsewhere. The refrigerating process, which is kept secret, is said to be perfect, and the fish are delivered in France in as good a condition as when taken out of the sea.—*St. John (Newfoundland) Correspondence of the Montreal Gazette, Aug. 9.*

WHITE PERCH IN TENNESSEE.—I have watched in vain for some correspondent to say something about the white perch. I take it for granted then that they are not so well known as other varieties. Allow me to say a few words about the white perch as found in the "scatters" of Reelfoot Lake, the Forked Deer and Obion rivers. As a table fish they are the equal of any fish that swims, are of large size and very game. They weigh from half a pound to three pounds, and take a minnow in preference to any bait. They inhabit deep water only, and prefer to have a tree top or lot of brush in which to play and evade pursuit of the voracious alligator gar and "grindle," or "dogfish," as you Yankees call them. They will not bite in hot weather, but when September comes and Jack Frost is on the ground, go to the Obion or Forked Deer rivers, or to Reelfoot Lake, or any of the basins or large ponds—formed by the earthquakes of 1811—and search for a deep, brushy hole, and there you can have fun at any time from September 1 to January or later, if heavy rains do not interfere. The white perch go in schools and are not afraid of noise or commotion of any kind in or near the water, and you can catch the whole school in an hour. On the 16th of last December the writer and Dr. E. R. Vernon went to the river at this place and found that our favorite place was utilized for the purpose of rolling in saw logs to be floated to a sawmill just below. We thought it unnecessary to cast, but hated to go back empty, so we tried it and took fifteen fine perch in a few minutes, the smallest one weighing half a pound, and up to two and one-quarter pounds, although negroes with ox-whips and log wagons were making a continual racket and rolling large logs in the water within thirty to one hundred feet of us. We also have the speckled perch, yellow bellies, sun perch, black perch, bream, gizzard shad, government shad, black and striped bass, jack, about twenty-five varieties of catfish, grindle, gar, soft-shell and loggerhead turtles, etc. At no season of the year are fish so game or their flavor so acceptable as in the fall. Then gnats, snakes and mosquitoes are unknown, all water is fine for drinking, especially at Reelfoot, and if there is just a little skim of ice on the water it will take minutes to worry a trout down, and besides your hook will be troubled by nothing but the white perch or trout, as gar and grindle lie dormant after frost.—T. L. WELLS.

SHORT SALMON CATCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—The San Francisco *Examiner* says: "The season of 1882 has resulted in the poorest salmon catch in this State and in British Columbia for many years. Many of the principal canneries have been compelled to close down and run on half time for want of fish, and prices of fresh fish in the market have ruled higher than at any time during the open seasons of the past ten years. The actual causes for the shortage in the salmon take this season are two in number, and have never yet been publicly commented upon. First, a strike among the men on the Columbia kept them idle several weeks in the best part of the early or spring run of fish, and consequently materially reduced the catch, as similar trouble did in 1879. Secondly, the nefarious practice of the Chinese fishermen all along the coast and in this bay of catching the smallest kind of fish, which they dry for shipment to China, has so reduced the amount of food needed for the sustenance of salmon that thousands and thousands have died of starvation, or have become so weak for lack of food as to fall an easy prey to enormous quantities to their natural enemies, the sea lions, a colony of which will eat as many salmon in a day as a hundred boats will catch in a week. The natural and only food of the Pacific coast salmon is the young of other fish and full-grown fish of small breeds, such as whitebait, small smelts, sardines and tomcod, small fish which never go far away from land and the shelter of rocks and seaweed, where they can escape a few of their many natural enemies. There the salmon resorted in immense numbers until recently, but the constant catching of small fish by the Chinese has swept their favorite feeding grounds as clear of food as though a vast explosion had killed every fish in the ocean. The nets and weirs and pounds used by the Chinese are clearly in defiance of the very excellent fish law of the State, which, however, is never enforced, for want of proper officers."

GRAYLING, TROUT AND BASS.—Manistee, Mich., Aug. 24.—Grayling fishing has been "A 1" this season and large catches by local fishermen, Messrs. Higgins, Lobe and Cox making the largest catch of the season, viz.: one day's sport, 212. Higgins caught the big one; weight, two pounds five ounces. Good trout fishing in the Betsy River, Charles Thomas taking 107, all good ones, in two days' fishing. Our fishermen here take no fingerlings; small ones are returned to the water. A man gets no credit as a count fisherman here. Our rivers, lakes and streams abound in fine fish. Grand old Lake Michigan rolls its surf on our shores, and on pleasant days the piers are thronged at the entrance of the river with fishermen of all ages, sizes and sex. Perch, herring and pike are caught in large numbers. On our inland lakes one may always find fine fishing. The black bass, both the big and small mouthed species, are abundant. Dr. Henshall should have the thanks of every reputable fisherman for the best written work I have ever seen on black bass. They are to-day one of the gamiest fish known to American waters, and as a game fish are less appreciated by fishermen than any other, but are now coming to the front. They have been my favorite fish for years, and I have caught them in many waters and never yet found one that was not game to the end. "Old Knots," one of the Kingfishers, takes kindly to them, while the Scribe is not adverse to them, but kindly tries to convert the elder from sunfishing to the splendid trout fishing of the Cedar. Not satisfied with the spring waters they were always quaffing, he could not rest till he had immersed the elder in the Cedar. It is not often that conversion and immersion occurs at the same time, but strange things happened in the camps of the Kingfishers, and the Scribe has my thanks for the pleasant recollections of the well-written camp sketches.—S. E. B.

LIGHT OR HEAVY RODS.—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison." The several articles that have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM about the weight of rods have been instructive to a certain extent, as they have called the attention of anglers more particularly to the subject, and would have been more agreeable had some of them been less unkind in spirit. Some years since I bought a fly rod and used it with more or less success until it was supplanted by a split bamboo of eight ounces weight, a rod exactly adapted to my peculiarities, with one exception, and that gave me great satisfaction, and does still, although I have used it for years. I found, however, I lost too many fish—did not hook them—and after thinking the matter over I concluded the tip was too pliable and did not have sufficient spring with the force I naturally use in striking to force the hook through the mouth of the fish. I changed the tip for a shorter and firmer one, and since then do not lose one fish where I formerly lost three. Every fisherman intuitively strikes his fish quickly or with slight hesitancy, with force or moderation, according to his organization, and if he has a strong arm and wrist a more pliable rod is essential, or in too many cases he tears the hook from the fish or breaks the tackle, while in the other case, a person with less strength must have his rod so adapted that by its elasticity it does the work that he naturally will not do. This seems to me to be about the best solution of "Heavy vs. Light." Whether one wants to kill a fish quickly or take more time and more chances is just as a "feller feels."—SYRACUSE.

"THE SCIENTIFIC ANGLER."—A neat little book of 295 pages comes to us with the above title, written by the late David Foster, a well-known English angler, and published by Bemrose & Sons, 23 Old Bailey, and Derby, London. The work was compiled by Mr. Foster's sons and, besides the steel engraving of the author, has many illustrations of tackle, hooks and flies. The author was in his youth apprenticed to a jeweler, but his fondness for angling led him to connect himself with the making of fish hooks, and he entered the large factory of Messrs. Allcock & Co., Redditch, and afterwards devised many improvements in fishing tackle, among them a steel-centered rod which is about to be put on the market. The book is well written and contains chapters on habits and haunts of fish, bottom fishing, pike fishing, spinning for trout, worm fishing for trout, grub fishing for grayling, piscatorial entomology, fly making, fly fishing for trout and grayling, live fly and beetle fishing, notes on the mouths for fly fishing, salmon and sea trout fishing, about hooks, and trout culture. Of course, there are a few minor points on which we do not agree with the author, but as the book seems to be largely original we will not dwell on them. The price is not given.

A CONSIDERATE TROUT.—Boston, Mass., Aug. 24.—Good day for bass fishing last Tuesday, on Massapoag. Two "boys" caught twenty-four, four of which weighed fourteen pounds. Nice lake that—bass there very frisky, too; one big fellow (I 'spect he was a seven-pounder) took hold of unguarded tackle, the boys heard a disturbance in the stern of the boat and looked round just in time to see a $20 rod, reel and line disappear in thirty feet of water. One boy suggested the other should dive and recover it, but the soundings discouraged him, so drying a tear of regret, he said good-bye tackle, and sat down with a stub of a pencil to figure up the cost of the day's sport. Half an hour later, on pulling up anchor, they found the bass had taken the bait off, and having no use for the rod had kindly hooked the whole thing into the anchor rope, and there it was joyfully recovered. Next!—M.

RESTIGOUCHE SALMON.—Montreal, Aug. 21, 1882.—Mr. J. H. Stearnes, the genial proprietor of the Albion Hotel, of this city, with a party of six, has just returned from a short but pleasant trip down to the Restigouche. Their catch numbered twenty-three salmon and a large number of trout. Many of the latter kicked the beam at three and a half pounds, the salmon averaged small, ten to fifteen pounds. Game prospect here in Quebec are good.—STANSTEAD.

BLACK BASS IN GREENWOOD LAKE.—Mr. Olcott must cast again before he can claim the honor of having caught the largest fish of the season at Greenwood Lake, as Mr. A. F. Quinby, on July 11, caught an Oswega (or big-mouth) bass weighing six and one-eighth pounds, which makes him the champion fisherman, as this is the largest fish caught, thus far, this season.—W. F.

ENORMOUS BLACK BASS.—Glens Falls, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Landlord Pardo, of the American, caught the champion black bass on the 24th. It was 23½ inches long, 19 inches girth, and weighed 8¾ pounds. It was of the small-mouth species and was taken in Glen Lake, sometimes called Long Pond, three miles north of this place, with an 8oz. rod and fine tackle.—F. JOYNER.

WHITE BASS AT NIAGARA.—At Niagara, Ont., August 12, J. B. Plumb, Esq., caught 174 white bass, and on August 14 Dan Shurlock took 151, both using the fly.—L. C. KETCHUM.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORD-FISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONTINUED.]

PUGNACITY.

The pugnacity of the sword-fish has become a by-word. Without any special effort on my part, the following instances of their attacks upon vessels have, in the last six years, found their way into the pigeon-hole labled "A, III, 76, sword-fish."

Aelian says (B, xxxii, C. 6) that the sword-fish has a sharp-pointed snout with which it is able to pierce the sides of a ship and send it to the bottom; instances of which have been known near a place in Mauritania, known as Cotte, not far from the river Lixus, on the African side of the Mediterranean. He describes the sword as like the beak of the ship known as the trireme, which was rowed with three banks of oars.

One of the earliest accounts is that given in the second part of vol. i, lib. ii, p. 89, 1615, of Purchas' Pilgrims:

"The sixth Circum-navigation, by William Cornelison Schovten of Horne; who Southwards from the Straights of Magelan in Tierra-del'vego, forsad and discovered a new passage through the great South-sea, and that way sailed rovnd about the World," etc.

Off the coast of Sierra Leone:

"The fift of October we were vnder foure degrees seuen and twentie minutes, the same day about noone, there was such a noyse in the Bough of our Shippe, that the master, being behind in the Gallerie, thought that one of the men had fallen out of the Fore-ship, or from the Boo-sprit into the sea, but as hee looked out over the side of the Ship hee saw the Sea all red, as if great store of blood had been powred into it, whereat hee wondred, knowing not what it meant, but afterward hee found, that a great Fish or a Sea monster having a horne had therewith stricken against the ship with most great strength. For when we were in Porto Desire where we set the Ship on the Strand to make it clean, about seven foot under water, before in the Ship, we found a Horne sticking in the Ship, much like for thicknesse and fashion to a common Elephants tooth, not hollow, but full; very strong hard Bone, which had entered into three Plankes of the Ship, that is two thicke Plankes of greene and one of Oken wood, and so into a Rib, where it turned upward, to our great good fortune, for if it had entered between the Ribbes, it would happily have made a greater Hole, and have brought both Ship and men in danger to be lost. It strucke at least half a foote deep into the Ship and about half a foote without, where, with great force it was broken off, by reason whereof the great monster bled so much."

More than a century later C. Mortimer, M. D., records this experience:

"Mr. Bankley shewed me the *Horn of a Fish* that had penetrated above 8 inches into the Timber of a Ship and gave me the following Relation of it: 'His MAJESTY'S Ship *Leopard*, having been at the *West Indies* and on the Coast of *Guiney*, was ordered by Warrant from the Honorable *Navy-Board*, dated Aug. 18, 1735, to be cleaned and refitted at Portsmouth for Channel-Service: Pursuant thereto, she was put into the great Stone-dock; and, in stripping off her Sheathing, the Shipwrights found something that was uncommon in her Bottom, about 8 Feet from her Keel, just before the Fore Mast: which they searching into, found the Bone or Part of the Horn of a Fish of the Figure here described: the Outside Rough not unlike *Seal-Skin*; and the End, where it was broken off shewed itself like coarse Ivory. The Fish is supposed to have followed the Ship, when under Sail, because the sharp End of the Horn Pointed toward the Bow: It penetrated with that Swiftness or Strength that it went through the Sheathing 1 Inch thick, the Plank 3 Inches thick, and into the Timber 4½ inches.'"(23)

Don Joseph Cornide, in his "Essayo de Una Historia de los Peces de la Costa de Galicia," 1787:

"This fish is taken in the seas of Galicia, where it is more common toward the Rio de Vigo, where it is well known that the Balandra (a small fishing vessel) of S. M. le Ardilla was pierced in its side and sunk by the arm of one of these fishes, which is preserved in the Royal Cabinet of Natural History."

In 1871 the little yacht Redhot, of New Bedford, was out sword-fishing, and a sword-fish had been hauled in to be lanced, and it attacked the vessel and pierced the side so as to sink the vessel. She was repaired and used in the service of the commission at Wood's Holl. (Prof. Baird).

Couch quotes the personal statement of a gentleman, who says:

"We have had the pleasure of inspecting a piece of wood cut out of one of the fore planks of a vessel (the Priscilla, from Pernambuco), through which was struck about 18 inches of the bony weapon of the sword-fish. The force with which it must have been driven in affords a striking exemplification of the power and ferocity of the fish. The Priscilla is quite a new vessel. Captain Taylor, her commander, states that when near the Azores, as he was walking the quarter-deck at night, a shock was felt which brought all hands from below, under the impression that the ship had touched upon some rock. This was, no doubt, when the occurrence took place."

The New York *Herald* of May 11, 1871, states:

"The English ship Queensberry has been struck by a sword-fish which penetrated to a depth of 30 inches, causing a leak which necessitated the discharge of the cargo."

The London *Daily News* of December 11, 1868, contained the following paragraph, which emanated, I suspect, from the pen of Prof. R. A. Proctor:

"Last Wednesday the court of common pleas—rather a strange place, by the by, for inquiring into the natural history of fishes—was engaged for several hours in trying to determine under what circumstances a sword-fish might be able to escape scot-free after thrusting his snout into the side of a ship. The gallant ship Dreadnought, thoroughly repaired, and classed A1 at Lloyd's, had been insured for £3,000 against all the risks of the seas. She sailed on March 10, 1864, from Colombo, for London. Three days later the crew, while fishing, hooked a sword-fish. Xiphias, however, broke the line, and a few moments after leaped half out of the water, with the object, it should seem, of taking a look at his persecutor, the Dreadnought. Probably he satisfied himself that the enemy was some abnormally large cetacean, which it was his natural duty to attack forthwith. Be this as it may, the attack was made, and at four o'clock the next morning the captain was awakened with the unwelcome intelligence that the ship had sprung a leak. She was taken back to Colombo, and thence to Cochin, where she was hove down. Near the keel was found a round hole, an inch in diameter, running completely through the copper sheathing and planking.

"As attacks by sword-fish are included among sea risks, the insurance company was willing to pay the damages claimed by the owners of the ship if only it could be proved that the hole had really been made by a sword-fish. No instance had ever been recorded in which a sword-fish had been able to withdraw his sword after attacking a ship. A defense was founded on the possibility that the hole had been made in some other way. Professor Owen and Mr. Frank Buckland gave their evidence, but neither of them could state quite positively whether a sword-fish which had passed its beak through three inches of stout planking could withdraw without the loss of its sword. Mr. Buckland said that fish have no power of 'backing,' and expressed his belief that he could hold a sword-fish by the beak; but then he admitted that the fish had considerable lateral power, and might so 'wriggle its sword out of a hole.' And so the insurance company will have to pay nearly six hundred pounds because an ill-tempered fish objected to be hooked, and took its revenge by running full tilt against copper sheathing and oak planking."

The Gloucester schooner Wyoming, on a last trip to George's Banks, records the New York *World* of August 31, 1875, was attacked by a sword-fish in the night time. He assailed the vessel with great force, and succeeded in putting his sword through one of her planks some two feet, and after making fearful struggles to extricate himself, broke his sword off, leaving it hard and fast in the plank, and made a speedy departure. Fortunate was it that he did not succeed in drawing out his sword, as the aperture would undoubtedly have made a leak sufficient to have sunk the vessel. As it was, she leaked badly, requiring pretty lively pumping to keep her free.(24.)

Another instance of a similar nature is this, which was recorded in the Liverpool *Mercury* about the year 1876:

"Mr. J. J. Harwood, master of the British brigantine Fortunate, in dock at Liverpool, reports that while on his passage from the Rio Grande, when in latitude 30 deg. 12 min. north and longitude 47 deg. 9 min. west, this ship was struck by a large fish, which made the vessel shake very much. Thinking the ship had been merely struck by the tail of some sea monster, he took no further notice of the matter; but, after discharging cargo at Runcorn, and coming into the Canada half-tide dock, he found one of the plank ends in the stern split, and on closer examination he discovered that a sword-fish had driven his sword completely through the plank, four inches in thickness, leaving the point of the sword nearly eight inches through the plank. The fish in its struggle broke the sword off level with the outside of the vessel, and by its attack upon the ship lost nearly a foot length of the very dangerous weapon with which it was armed. There is no doubt that this somewhat singular occurrence took place when the vessel was struck as Captain Harwood describes."

FOREST AND STREAM of June 24, 1875, recorded the following incident:

23. An Account of the horn of a Fish struck several Inches into the side of a Ship, by C. Mortimer, M. D. F. R. S. Philos. Trans. xl., No. 461, p. 863, 1741.

24. New York *World*, August 31, 1875.

"On Wednesday of last week a sword-fish attacked the fishing boat of Capt. D. D. Thurlow while he was hauling mackerel nets off Fire Island, thrust its sword clear through the bottom, and stuck fast, while the fishermen took several half-hitches around its body and so secured it. It was afterwards brought to Fulton Market, and found to weigh 230 pounds. Its sword measured 3 feet and 7 inches, and its entire length was over 11 feet. The stuffed skin will adorn the Central Park Museum."

The *Landmark*, of Norfolk, Va., also mentioned a similar occurrence in February, 1876:

"The brig P. M. Tinker, Captain Bernard, previously mentioned as having arrived here from Richmond, leaking, for repairs, has been hauled up on the ways at Graves's shipyard. On examination it was discovered that the leak was caused by a sword-fish, the sword being found broken off forward the bands, about sixteen feet abaft the forefoot. The fish, in striking the vessel, must have come with great force, as the sword penetrated the copper sheathing, a four-inch birch plank, and through the timbers about six inches—in all about ten inches. It occurred on the morning of the 23d of December, when the brig was eighteen days out from Rio, and in the neighborhood of Cape St. Roque. She was pumped about 4 o'clock in the morning, and found free of water. About 6 o'clock the same morning she was again pumped, when water was obtained, and on examination it was found that she had made ten inches of water. The men were kept steady at the pumps until her arrival at Richmond, and while there, and on her trip here."

Mr. Willard Nye sends me this note:

"A few years ago Captain Dyer, of New Bedford, struck a sword-fish from a thirty-foot boat, forty miles southwest of Noman's Land, threw overboard the keg, tacked, and stood by to the windward of it. When nearly abreast of it the man at the masthead called out, 'Why, here he is, right alongside.' The fish was then about 10 feet from the boat, and swimming in the same direction, but when he got where he could see the splash of water around the bow he turned and struck the boat about 2 feet from the stern and just below the water-line. The sword went through the planking, which was of cedar an inch and three-quarters thick, into a lot of loose iron ballast, breaking off short at the fish's head. A number of boats, large and small, have been 'stove' by sword-fish on our coast, but always after the fish had been struck."

A nameless writer in *Harper's Weekly*, October 25, 1879, narrates these instances, for which I am unable to give the original authority:

"In a calm day in the summer of 1833, on the coast of Massachusetts, a pilot was rowing his little skiff leisurely along, when he was suddenly roused from his seat by a thrust from below by a sword-fish, who drove his sharp instrument more than three feet up through the bottom. With rare presence of mind, with the butt of an oar he broke it off level with the floor before the fish had time to withdraw it. Fortunately, the thrust was not directly upward. Had it been so, the frail boat would have been destroyed.

"A Boston ship hauled up on the ways for repair, a few years since, presented the shank of a sword-fish's dagger, which had been driven considerably far into the solid oak plank. A more curious affair was brought to light in 1735 in overhauling His Majesty's ship Leopard, from the coast of Africa. The sword of this marine spearsman had pierced the sheathing one inch, next it went through a three-inch plank, and beyond that three inches and a half into the firm timber. It was the opinion of the mechanics that it would have required nine strokes of a hammer weighing twenty-five pounds to drive an iron bolt of the same dimensions to the same depth in the hull. Yet the fish drove it at a single thrust.

"On the return of the whale-ship Fortune to Plymouth, Mass., in 1827, the stump of a sword-blade of this fish was noticed projecting like a rog outside, which, on being traced, had been driven through the copper sheathing, an inch-board undersheathing, a three-inch plank of hard wood, the solid white-oak timber twelve inches thick, then through another two-and-a-half-inch hard-oak ceiling, and lastly penetrated the head of an oil-cask, where it stuck, not a drop of the oil having escaped."

Such instances could be found by the score, if one had the time and patience to search. The thing happens many times a year, and nearly as often affords a text for some paragrapher or local editor.

Captain Beechy in the narrative of the voyage of Her Majesty's Blossom, mentions the following incident which occurred in the Pacific, near Eastern Island: "As the line was hauling in, a large sword-fish bit at the tin case which contained our thermometer, but fortunately failed in carrying it off."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW SHIP OF THE FISH COMMISSION.

THE new iron steamship Albatross, which was successfully launched on Aug. 19, will be completed, as far as the contract goes, about Oct. 1, and will probably be ready for sea in December. Many newspaper statements have been afloat concerning the first work of this vessel, some having it that she will make her first trip across the Atlantic with the American display at the fisheries exhibition to be held in London next spring, and others assigning her to other duties. All these speculations are premature, as nothing has been decided on yet as to her first field, which will depend on the date of her completion. She may go into the North Atlantic to hunt up the winter abode of the mackerel, menhaden and other fishes, or may make her first expedition to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Albatross is being built by the Pusey & Jones Company, at Wilmington, Del., from the specifications of the eminent engineer, Mr. Charles W. Copeland. Passed Assistant Engineer C. W. Baird, U. S. N., is superintending the vessel.

The ship is 200ft. long on the L. W. L.; 27ft. 6in. beam, molded; 18ft. 9in. depth of hold; is to draw 12ft. of water and will displace at that draft 1,000 tons of water. The ship is of iron, with an iron deck house, iron decks—beneath the wood—at either end, and is tied and braced as strong as iron can make her, the iron plating running clear up to the rail so that the bulwarks are of iron from stern to stem. The keel is a bar 8x2¼, the two bilge keels are 16in. deep, 50ft. long, ⅝ thick, between 4x9 angle iron. The stern post is 7½x2½in., the stem is 7½x2¼. The frames are 4x3x7-16, spaced 21in.; the reverse bars are 3x3x⅜ on every frame, and extending alternately to the stringer plate and to 12in. above the turn of the bilge. The center keelson, on top of reverse bars, is 12x1¼x⅜, and 5ft. 3in. from that, on each side, are channel bar keelsons, 6x3½x7-16; the intercostal plates are ⅜, connected with 2½ angle irons. The deck beams are 7x3½x7-16, spaced on alternate frames. The main deck stringers, ties on main deck and hold stringers are all in due proportion. There are seven watertight bulkheads in the vessel, the water-tight compartments between them being connected to a main hold by separate pipes under the control of the engineer, so that he can pump out either compartment independently of the others.

The vessel is provided with a steam windlass, ordinary anchors and chains and 250 fathoms of flexible steel wire hawser, 3¼in. in circumference, to anchor in deep water. The main engines are compound, driving twin screws. The high-pressure cylinders are 18in. and the low-pressure 34in. in diameter, the pistons all having 30in. stroke. The valves are worked by Stephenson links, etc.; the reversing gear is worked by steam. The main cranks are set at an angle of 145 degrees. The surface condenser contains 2,150 square feet of surface, and the tubes are packed according to the established method of the Pusey & Jones Company. The circulating pump is the Davidson patent, the water end having a diameter of 16in. and a stroke of 15. The air pumps are horizontal plungers—single acting—one on each engine, having a diameter of 15½in. and 15in. stroke. The screws are 9ft. in diameter, 14ft. 10 n. mean pitch, 26in. long on line of their axis and have four blades.

The boilers are two in number, of the return flue kind, with water legs. They are 8ft. 6in front, 8ft. 6in. diameter of waist, 21ft. 6in. in length. Each boiler has two furnaces, and the aggregate grate surface (both boilers) is about 100 square feet. The donkey pumps (two in number) are of the Davidson make and are arranged to be used as both fire or bilge-pumps.

Through the side of the vessel, and about 8ft. above the load water line, will be a permanent ash shute of wrought iron, with a check valve in it and a hood—which can be screwed tight—at the top. A small steam engine to hoist the ashes and automatically dump them into the shute and return the bucket to the fire-room floor has been designed by the superintending engineer. By this arrangement but one man is required to discharge ashes, which, on many vessels, requires a whole watch.

The Albatross is to be ventilated by the aspiration method, *i. e.*, by exhausting the foul air from every part of the ship. This is effected by a No. 6 Sturtevant exhaustion, driven by a small steam engine, the suction side of the fan being connected by conduits to every part of the vessel, each opening being capped by a suitable register. This is from the designs of the superintending engineer, Mr. Baird, of the navy, who has been urging this system of ventilation for many years. The ship is to be steered by a "steam quarter master," a steam steering gear manufactured by the Pusey & Jones Company. It is essentially three half-trunk oscillating engines, set at angles of 60 degrees, and all working on the same crank pin. On the shaft is a chain holder, which carries the rudder chains. Like other improved steerers it has an automatic arrangement (so complicated as to beggar the descriptive powers of the writer) which closes all the ports when the angular motion of the crank shaft has equalled the angular motion imparted to the steering wheel by the hand of the real quartermaster. This machine is said to work well, and is guaranteed by the builders. There is a 2,000-gallon Baird distiller on board, which aerates, cools and filters the water, thus delivering it sweet and potable to the ship's tanks.

By a system of thermometers (which will be inverted and separate the mercury), the temperature of the sea at every 100 fathoms of depth will be registered. With these arrangements the giddy depths of the mighty ocean will be fathomed, and the catch placed under the microscopes and in the chemists' balances of the "scientific sharps" from the Smithsonian Institute who will be dom ciled on board. The Albatross will carry a seine boat thirty feet in length, with an immense seine of the latest and most approved make, which she will lower at sea and haul in shoal places or in the deep sea wherever the game is apparent and whenever the weather is conducive. There will be two steam launches, the one an ordinary boat, with steam engine and screw propeller, the other a kind of steam whale boat, with the screw working, at an angle, under the center of the boat, the shaft being provided with a universal joint, that the screw—two bladed—may be hauled into a well when crossing shoal places or pushed to greater depth when the sea is rough; this whale boat is a life boat, and is intended for all kinds of weather. Both steam launches are built by Herreshoff.

There will be a powerful electric light, with parabolic reflector, to illuminate the surface of the waters at night, and an incandescent electric light to illuminate at a depth of two hundred fathoms. There will also be provided two large laboratories, with every possible convenience for the microscopists, taxidermists and chemists, with lathes for preparing the cells on the glass slides, with every possible kind, shape, and condition of jars for keeping specimens; the fluids, such as alcohol and other essential oils: in fact, all that is necessary for the preservation of all creatures that inhabit the depths or surfaces of the sea, from a bacteria to a cetacean.

Like the strange bird from which it takes its name, the Albatross will make its home upon the rolling deep, its voyages lasting from two to four months, without any attempt at making harbor. The outfit of this vessel will be complete, unique, expensive will be a machine for sounding at great depths, with piano wire, its system of cords, sheaves and springs being so adjusted as to keep a uniform tension upon the sounding wire, without regard to the amount of motion imparted by the seas to the ship; with this machine depths of ten miles can be measured. At the bottom of the sounding line is a cup, which automatically scoops up its capacity of the bottom, and detaches the bulk of its iron sinker, so that in reeling in there is only the wire and the cup of sand to pull up. For large quantities of the bottom a trawl, at the end of eight miles of three-eighths inch diameter steel wire rope will be used, which will be hauled in by a powerful steam windlass.

CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE INTRODUCTION OF AMERICAN CATFISH INTO THE RIVERS OF BELGIUM.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 9, 1882.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner:

SIR—I send you inclosed a copy of despatch No. 41, from Mr. Alfred Lefebvre, Vice-Consul of the United States at Ghent, Belgium, in which he states that the Belgium government, through correspondence with that consulate, has adopted measures for the protection of its fisheries and is desirous of obtaining your co-operation in an endeavor to introduce the catfish of our waters into the rivers of Belgium. I will take pleasure in forwarding your reply to Mr. Lefebvre.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN DAVIS, Assistant Secretary.

[ENCLOSURE.]

Mr. Lefebvre to Mr. Davis, No. 41, July 26, 1882.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
GHENT, July 26, 1882.

Hon. J. C. Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.:

SIR—When Mr. Wilson was consul at this port he interested himself in a project for the improvement of the pisciculture of the country.

The industries of Flanders, and especially of Ghent, concentrated, exhibited as they are in large manufacturing establishments, situated on the banks of the rivers, and discharging their refuse into the water, render it unhealthy for the fish, and has resulted in their decreased numbers, if not entire disappearance in some neighborhoods.

Mr. Wilson compared its situation to the rivers of Delaware and Schuylkill in the neighborhood of the city of Philadelphia, and expressed a belief that the catfish so common there would thrive here. He conferred with Prof. Baird, who confirmed him in this belief, and in the correspondence which took place between them the feasibility of stocking these rivers with these fish seems to have been agreed.

Mr. Wilson opened a correspondence with the authorities of Flanders (which has been continued by me since his departure) and it, with other causes, attracted official attention to the subject and created much interest in it. Parliament took it up, a new law for the protection and propagation of fish is about to be passed (a copy of which I will send to the department as soon as it will have been printed) and a committee appointed having general charge of the subject. Hon. E. Willequet, member of parliament from Ghent, is a member of this committee, and, not wearying you with uninteresting details, I come to the immediate object of this dispatch, which is, that the committee desire to put Mr. Wilson's and Prof. Baird's scheme into operation and have, through Mr. Willequet, requested me to communicate through the department with Prof. Baird and secure his aid and co-operation.

Mr. Wilson and myself have had many conversations with Mr. Willequet, the governor of the province, and other authorities who are all in favor of the attempt.

I inclose a translation of Mr. Willequet's notes that they, and a copy of this dispatch, if needed, may be transmitted to Prof. Baird.

Arrangements have been made with the Red Star line of steamers for shipment of the young fish from New York to Antwerp, if they can be put on board, and I will see that they are taken care of on their arrival.

As you will perceive by Mr. Willequet's letter of the 22d July, if he only can get to know when the fish will arrive, he will have everything in readiness to receive and lodge them.

As to the work on pisciculture or ichthyology alluded to, I would like Prof. Baird to indicate one of the best and I will procure it for the committee of which Mr. Willequet is a member. I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALFRED LEFEBVRE, U. S. Vice-Consul.

[ENCLOSURES.]

1. Letter of Mr. Willequet, dated 1st July, 1882, with translation.

2. Letter of Mr. Willequet, dated 23d July, 1882, with translation.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT GHENT.
Translation of a letter of Mr. Willequet, dated 1st July, 1882, to the U. S. Consul at Ghent.

MY DEAR MR. LEFEBVRE—I have the honor to belong to the committee which has charge to elaborate the rules to append to the new law upon fisheries.

In the meeting of yesterday the committee received communication of the letters sent by your predecessor at Ghent, Mr. Wilson, to the governor of the province. These letters, among other obliging things, make the offer to supply our province and our country with the eggs or live young fish of an American species, which, according to Mr. Wilson, would thrive wonderfully in the climate of our provinces.

Mr. Wilson has been called to another post. I dare say that the U. S. Consulate will preserve for our country, and especially for our Flanders, the good will shown until now, and I shall be very happy to be the medium to convey this kindness.

Please to honor me with the communication that you will think necessary to send me and accept, etc.,

E. WILLEQUET, M. P. for Ghent.

U. S. CONSULATE AT GHENT.
Translation of letter of Mr. Willequet, dated 23d July, 1882, to the U. S. Consul at Ghent.

SIR—I hasten to answer your letter, and will begin by thanking you and the government of the United States for the courtesy shown in this instance. I have taken notice of the communications of your predecessor, sent to the committee for the elaboration of the rules upon fisheries, and I am personally convinced of the efficacy of the indicated means to new-stock our rivers.

As soon as these rules shall be published, and this will be, along with the law, in about five or six weeks, I will take care to send you a few copies of both.

You will render good service to the public, first, by asking your government to let us have the young catfish of which you speak, and then, by letting me know the exact time of their arrival in Belgium, as it will be necessary to prepare for them, and this has to be done with care. I am in measure to make about this all necessary communications to the government of Belgium.

It would be fortunate also if you could indicate a work upon pisciculture or ichthyology which would allow us to study the question at the American point of view.

I am, etc.,
E. WILLEQUET.

PROTECTING FISH EGGS.—Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 11.—I have closely observed the habits of the fish that are found in our rivers, and have found a plan for increasing the yield, which is to protect the eggs laid by the mother with a netting (wire), which will protect them from other fishes and insects that eat the eggs.—H. Z. W.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1882.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

September 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, Fairmont, Minn. Entries for the Derby close July 1, for the All-aged, Sept. 4. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.

November 12.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 834, New York, Secretary.

December 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11.—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials or Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 26, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 7th of last January, at a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association, it was resolved to donate two $50 cups to the N. A. K. C. for the chicken trials this fall, one to the Derby and one to Free for All, to be awarded to the best dog or bitch competing in the trials, owned and entered by a member of the Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association. The Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association is in a healthy condition, and we have many live sportsmen in the association. We will have our trials, as I have written, probably the second week in November. Members p Stakes only, a Derby and All Aged will be run. We contemplate an interesting occasion, as there are many fine field dogs in the hands of the members, and all are anxious to demonstrate his the best. I believe Pittsburgh can boast as many thoroughly trained dogs as any city in the Union. All arrangements and details for trials is in the hands of the executive committee, which will be reported later.—I. R. STAYTON, Secretary.

WELL-BRED POINTERS FOR SALE.—Any one in search of good pointer blood will do well to read the advertisement of Mr. G. De Forest Grant, who offers for sale a portion of the litter by Sensation out of Minerva. They are exceptionally well-bred, and will undoubtedly find ready purchasers.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

TO MY POINTER.

'TIS the first of September, good Don;
And the wind blows fresh from the South:
The sky is o'ercloaded, good Don,
And the dewdrops are 'waiting thy mouth.
My gun and my bag are all ready,
My leggings are laced full strong;
All Nature seems shouting "Ho! steady!"
And the grouse has challenged us long.

'Tis the first of September, good Don,
And the test of thy worth has come.
'Twill be well to remember, good Don,
The lessons I've taught ye at home.
Be "wary and chary" and fleet,
Ambitious, nor baffled at all;
Obediently come to my feet,
"Down charge," or "'ware fur" at my call.

'Tis the first of September, good Don,
And, i' faith! I believe that ye know
What I mean when I say it, good Don,
And long 'cross the country to go!—
Just a moment, to buckle this strap
And another to light a cigar,
And ye shall awake from their nap
The "birds" in their stubble afar!

'Tis the first of September, good Don,
And my heart is nigh bursting with joy,
As I o'en now remember, good Don,
Fair "Annesley" and days, when a boy,
I started the covey a-feeding,
And shouted so loud and so free
To see my pet, Pore, unheeding
The brambles, pursue them to tree!

'Tis the first of September, good Don,
And many a "first," since then,
Has gone, and forever, good Don,
Yet here is the "first" again!
Away with all sorrow and care!
The air is as clear as my gun,
And the prospect for sport is fair
Ere the day is over and done.

'Tis the first of September, good Don,
And the maple beginneth to blush,
The covers turn russet, good Don,
And there broods over Nature a hush.
She listens, forsooth! for thy coming.
She waiteth to welcome thy skill;
Then away! while cicada is thrumming,
And the golden-rod waves on the hill!

'Tis the first of September, good Don,
No wonder you long to be free,
And plunge and strain in leash, good Don.
And appealingly look to me!
Now "steady!" the stubble is near,
And quite in your favor the wind!
I'll wait by the stile—never fear!
I'll wager a bone that you "find!"

O. W. R.

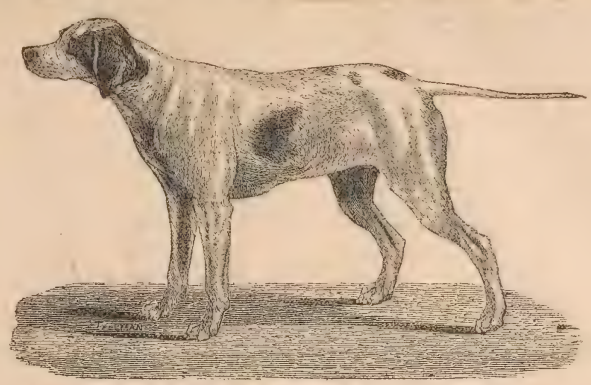
DOG PICTURES.

WE wish to express our thanks to the large number of our friends who have sent us pictures of their favorites, and to assure them that we appreciate their kindness. Not the least attractive feature of our sanctum is the goodly array of "counterfeit presentments" of canine celebrities that adorn its walls. Glancing around, the eye lovingly rests upon the graceful outlines of many a well-known form, and glad memories of glorious days of rarest sport that we have enjoyed with them afield fills our heart with a wealth of joy that words cannot portray. In fancy we see the beautiful forms endowed with life. Again we roam through the verdant valleys and over the beloved hills of our own New England. Almost we can see the verdure of the broad prairie waving in the gentle breeze, and seemingly we again inhale the balmy air "among the cotton and the cane." The jarring sounds of the busy world outside are sanctified to our ear, and the roar of the startled grouse, the tumultuous rush of the merry quail and the plaintive whistle of the shy woodcock fill the air with a sweet harmony that causes each responsive chord throughout our frame to vibrate with almost painful delight.

Cherished memories of the good old days are hovering halo-like around us. The magic spell of our familiar spirit is upon us, and woodland elves and woodland sprites, with their golden fetters, bind us a willing captive. Leading us through the shady aisles of their sylvan retreat, they bring us face to face with the old familiar scenes, and as we stretch ourselves at full length upon the green turf by the bubbling spring, they whisper in our ears pleasing reminiscences of the glorious sports of our early days. It was just here, where the thickly-growing alders are shadowed by the flaming maples, and the sparkling waters are murmuring as they force their way through the golden sands, that Nellie, glorious Nellie, who was resting by our side after a prolonged and unsuccessful chase after a wary old grouse, who had unaccountably escaped us on this our chosen vantage grounds, suddenly opened wide her wondrous brown eyes, and stealthily raising up, gently placed one fore foot upon our chest and the other upon our forehead, then, with an electric thrill that sent the hot blood tingling to our fingers' ends, she froze into a magnificent living statue. We were the especial favorites of the gods that day, for, although decades have flown, soul-satisfying memories of the incidents of that successful chase still cluster round our heart, and indelibly engraved upon memory's tablet is the wonderful picture of glorious Nellie.

KENNEL NOTES FROM WEST TENNESSEE.—Mr. Edward McDonald, who is a good handler of dogs and a sure shot, will leave Memphis on Sept. 15 for south end of Arkansas Grand Prairie, with two young setters of Capt. McFarland, two of W. A. Wheatley's, one of his own, and probably an Orgill-McComb pointer. These five setters are of the Joe, Jr., and Countess and Lady Clare Irish strains (three of them); the other two are cross-bred, by Chuck out of Guido's Countess, and are in training exclusively for private use. Twice a year four Memphis amateurs have several days' fine sport in the Arkansas prairie on quail, snipe, grouse and ducks, with a deer occasionally. Camille, by the greatest American field champion, Joe, Jr., out of Geo. W. Campbell's Buck, Jr., has a nice litter by McIntosh's Biz, divided between M. C. Campbell, W. A. Wheatley and A. D. Gibson, who bred Guido's Lily, the founder of the Orgill Flake-Lily pointers.—GUIDO.

A LONG JOURNEY.—Mr. Edmund Orgill, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 7th of August shipped a pair of pointer puppies, about two months old, to Mr. J. A. Wright, of Austin, Nevada, who writes that they arrived on the 13th safe and sound and in splendid condition. This speaks well for those who had the care of them upon their long journey.



MR. LUKE W. WHITE'S POINTER BITCH "LALLA ROOKH."

LALLA ROOKH.

OUR illustration this week is of the lemon and white pointer bitch Lalla Rookh, owned by Mr. Luke W. White, of Bridgeport, Conn. She is by Sensation's son (Sensation—Flirt) out of White's champion Grace. She won first in the puppy class last April at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, and the special for the best pointer puppy; she also with her dam won the Trainer's prize, doing excellent work, and fully demonstrating the value of the instructions contained in "Training vs. Breaking," as she was trained entirely in accordance with the rules there laid down. Her owner informs us that in her field education, now nearly complete, he has pursued the same course, and that he has never used any severity whatever toward her. She is entered in the Eastern Field Trials Derby, where she will undoubtedly make her mark if nothing befalls her. The cut is from a sketch by Henry Tallman, and is an excellent likeness, as she appeared at the New York show.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN TRIALS.

ON next Monday, September 4, the National American Kennel Club's First Field Trials on prairie chickens (pinnated grouse) will commence at Fairmont, Minn. The first event will be the Derby for setters and pointers whelped on or since March 1, 1881, for a purse of $450, of which $200 goes to first, $125 to second, $75 to third, and $50 to fourth. The entries closed July 1 with forty-five nominations, which should yield starters enough to make a very interesting race. The remaining event is the free-for-all for a purse of $500, of which $250 goes to first, $125 to second, $75 to third, and $50 to fourth. Entries for this stake close at 8 A. M. September 4. Judging from present indications there will be a large number of entries for this stake, and it will undoubtedly prove one of the most interesting and important events that has yet taken place. We are sorry to see that there is not an entry in the Derby from Minnesota. We have heard so much of the wonderful dogs owned in this State that we are anxious to see them and compare their merits with others. We trust that the free-for-all stake will bring them out in goodly numbers. We hear of quite a number of Eastern dogs that will be entered whose owners are confident that they can demonstrate that all dogs broken on Eastern game are not duffers when turned down on the prairies.

A number of valuable special prizes have been offered for the competitors in each stake.

A gentleman of Pittsburg, Pa., offers $50 for the best dog or bitch entered and run by the owner or club making the largest number of entries in the Derby.

The sportsmen of Fairmont offer $50 for the best dog or bitch (pointer or setter) in the free-for-all stake whose handler has not run a dog in a previous trial.

A gentleman of Burlington, Iowa, offers $20 for the best pointer entered and run at the trials.

The Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association offer a $50 cup for the best dog in each stake owned and entered by members of the association.

Many of the Eastern sportsmen will avail themselves of this opportunity to enjoy the sport of chicken-shooting. We can assure them of a hearty welcome from their brethren of the West, and that they will find plenty of birds in the vicinity of Fairmont. Ducks are also fairly plenty at no great distance. Fairmont is nearly in the center of the southern portion of the State, and is only a few miles from the Iowa line. It is on the Southern Minnesota Railroad, which is leased by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. The latter road will issue excursion tickets at reduced rates and carry dogs, guns and baggage free.

The judges are Mr. Theodore Morford, Newton, N. J.; Hon. B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha, Neb., and Mr. D. C. Bergunthal, Indianapolis, Ind.; all of whom are well known gentlemen of the highest probity, well qualified by experience to discharge the onerous duties of the position. We append a list of the entries for the Derby, with the description and pedigree of each dog, so far as we have been able to obtain them:

1. PRAIRIE WONDER. R. B. Morgan, Canton, Ohio.—Lemon and white English setter dog, April 2, 1881, by Prairie Joe (Charm-Ruby) out of Prairie Queen (Rake-Prairie Pearl).

2. PRAIRIE MOLLY. Sportsman's Kennel, Geneva, Ia.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, April 2, 1881, by Prairie Joe (Charm-Ruby) out of Prairie Queen (Rake-Prairie Pearl).

3. GUS BONDHU. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black and white imported English setter dog, May 11, 1881, by Dashing Bondhu (10,136) out of Novel (7,219).

4. GAZE. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Liver and white English setter bitch, July, 1881, by Count Noble (10,134) out of Spark (Carlowitz-Magnet).

5. COUNTESS MAGNET. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Liver and white English setter bitch, July, 1881, by Count Noble (10,134) out of Spark (Carlowitz-Magnet).

6. COUNT DAN. D. McKinney Loyd, Pittsburg, Pa.—Black and white English setter dog, July, 1881, by Count Noble (10,134) out of Nellie, (Belton-Dimple).

7. OLD WALT. J. A. Titcomb, Columbia, Tenn.—White and lemon English setter dog, April, 1881, by Lincoln (Dan-Lill II.) out of Daisy Dean (Pride of the Border-Ruby).

8. AMERICAN DAN. Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April, 1881, by Lincoln (Dan-Lill II.) out of Daisy Dean (Pride of the Border-Ruby).

9. DASHING BELLE. J. O. Donner, New York.—White, with liver ticked head, English setter bitch, March 23, 1881, by Decimal Dash (Dash II-Duchess) out of Bessie (Ranger II-Belle).

10. MATE. J. O. Donner, New York.—White and orange English setter dog, Sept., 1881, by Paris (Leicester-Dart) out of Fairybelle (Ranger II-Belle).

11. PRINCE. H. Widdicomb, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Black and white English setter dog, July, 1881, by Count Noble, (10,134) out of Nellie (Belton-Dimple).

12. COUNTESS NELLIE. H. Widdicomb, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Black and white English setter bitch, July, 1881, by Count Noble (10,134) out of Nellie (Belton-Dimple).

13. JOSEPHINE. B. F. Wilson and J. J. Snellenburg, Pittsburg and New Brighton, Pa.—White English setter bitch, March 15, 1881, by Knox's Duke (Belton II.-Nell) out of Hunter's Cora (Parson's Sam-Queen).

14. QUEEN LAVERACK. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.—Imported black white and tan English setter bitch May 16, 1881, by Tory (Ned-Blue Belle out of Meg Merrilies (10,207).

15. REMUS. Willard Bros., Jonesboro', Ill.—Setter dog, May 22, 1881, by Tip out of Juno.

16. ACME. J. Palmer O'Neil, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black and white English setter dog, April 17, 1881, by champion Thunder (Pride of the Border-Fairy II.) out of Bess.

17. MONTE CHRIST. W. C. Berringer, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black and white ticked English setter dog, April 17, 1881, by champion Thunder (Pride of the Border-Fairy II.) out of Bess.

18. CARRIE J. W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 18, 1881, by Count Noble (10,134) out of Peep O'Day (Gladstone-Clip).

19. PINK B. W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn.—Black and white English setter dog, May 13, 1881, by Gladstone (Dan-Petreh) out of Countess Key.

20. FRANK. David Furgesson, Milwaukee, Wis.—Black and white ticked English setter dog, June 15, 1881, by Carl out of Queen.

21. MINNIE. Dr. C. H. Tidd, Geneva, Ia.—Blue belton English setter bitch, Dec. 8, 1881, by Aker's Fred out of Allena May.

22. DOLL. H. A. Clock, Geneva, Ia.—English setter bitch. Dec. 8, 1881, by Aker's Fred out of Allena May.

23. DAVY CROCKETT. A. M. Weinhart, Chicago, Ill.—Lemon and white English setter dog, Oct. 20, 1881, by Sam II. (Don Cora) out of Fan.

24. ELSA. B. E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 12, 1881, by Drake (Prince-Dora) out of Countess May (Dash III.-Countess Ada).

25. ZARINA. W. J. G. Dean, Hanover, Mich.—Blue belton English setter bitch, June 16, 1881, by Druid (Prince-Dora) out of Magnolia (Leicester-Sanborn's Nellie).

26. ZUDA. W. J. Dean, Hanover, Mich.—White and black English setter bitch, June 16, 1881, by Druid (Prince-Dora) out of Magnolia (Leicester-Sanborn's Nellie).

27. ROB ROY. H. Decker, Chicago, Ill.—Setter dog, July 17, 1881, by Rob out of Flash.

28. GILDEROY. Geo. C. Marsh, Chicago, Ill.—English setter dog, Nov. 4, 1881, by Druid (Prince-Dora) out of Princess Draco (Rob Roy-Livy).

29. FRANK. S. H. Turrill, Chicago, Ill.—English setter dog, May, 1881, by Blue Dash out of Fipp.

30. DOCTOR. S. H. Turrill, Chicago, Ill.—English setter dog, March, 1881, by Pembroke out of Royal Gift.

31. COUNTESS MOLLIE. John O. Ladd, Martin, Tenn.—White and tan ticked English setter bitch, July, 1881, by Count Noble (10,134) out of Spark (Carlowitz-Magnet).

32. DAISY QUEEN. Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black and white ticked imported English setter bitch, March 14, 1881, by Rock (4,280) out of Flame (Rail-Countess).

33. COUNT CAMPBELL. J. Hayward, Jr., St. Joseph, Mo.—Black and white setter dog, June, 1881, by Joe, Jr. (Elcho-Buck, Jr.) out of Belle of Nashville.

34. WINFIELD. Ariel Low, Jr., Chicago, Ill.—Setter dog, July, 1881.

35. FLIRT. A. S. Bishop, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Blue belton English setter bitch, Aug. 7, 1881, by champion Thunder (Pride of the Border-Fairy II), out of Minerva (Leicester-Nellie).

36. ST. ELMO IV. Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 20, 1881, by St. Elmo (Pride of the Border-Jessie) out of Clio.

37. BON CARLISLE. Will Davidson, Bothwell, Ont.—Liver and white Nan werth Castle setter dog, May 24, 1881, by Bill Carlisle out of Nell Carlisle (Rall-Fan).

38. KATYDID. B. L. Hurd, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Black and white English setter bitch, May 19, 1881, by Guy Mannering (Pride of the Border-Fairy) out of Whirlwind.

39. DASHING DICK. J. R. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa.—English setter dog, April, 7, 1881, by King Dash (Belton-Floss) out of Skip (Dog Whip-Daisy Dean).

40. COUNTESS MAY II. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter bitch, April 11, 1881, by Drake (Prince-Dora) out of Countess May (Dash III-Countess Ada).

41. DASHING RIP. S. W. W. Straight, Atlantic, Ia.—Setter dog, by Cline out of Nancy.

POINTERS.

42. PRAIRIE ROSE. J. J. French, Sparta, Wis.—Pointer bitch, April 4, 1881, by Rival Joe out of Queen Hamlet.

43. CAVALIER. James Stinson, Chicago, Ill.—Pointer dog, July 15, 1881, by Little Ruthan, out of Flight.

44. DOON. James Stinson, Chicago, Ill.—Pointer dog, June, 1881, by Sefton (Sensation-Lilly), out of St. Clisson.

45. BUSTER. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Ia.—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, October 21, 1881, by imported Bang (Price's Bang-Luna), out of Jean (Glenmark-Girl).

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—The State Line steamer State of Nevada, which arrived on Thursday last, brought over the rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Regia, for Mr. R. Benson, of this city, for whom she was purchased by Mr. Wm. Graham, of Belfast, Ireland. She is by Mr. F. Robertson's Eiger, E. K. C. S. B. 10,610, who was imported by him from Switzerland. Her dam is Juno, imported by Lord Dufferin. Regia has been shown in the North of Ireland where she has won prizes, but we were unable to obtain a list of them. She is a magnificent animal of immense size, with plenty of bone and substance, and if placed upon the show bench in proper form will easily carry off the honors from anything that we have seen exhibited. She is in whelp to Mr. S. W. Smith's Rollo, winner of first at the late show of the Kennel Club, who is acknowledged to be the best living son of the grand old Hector.

RHEUMATISM IN DOGS.

SIR: I noticed the article by your correspondent, "Leather-head," on "Rheumatism in Dogs," and he appears not to mention any extreme case, and as one has very recently come under my notice, it may, perhaps, be of service to some if I mention a few facts in connection with it.

A bitch of mine, after her puppies were six weeks old, as is usual, was not inclined to keep with them, and before I had detected it, she had to get from them, taking up her position during the day near the kennel door, and on a stone slab, and this caused rheumatic fever. I first noticed that the hock joints were swollen, and she went lame. Within a few days she became quite set fast all round, and would not, or, rather, could not, eat. It next affected the brain, and made her hold her head all on one side, at times twitch it about as if she was in a slight fit. As soon as I detected her joints swollen I commenced to give her a mild aperient, and rubbed her well with an embrocation I usually employ in cases of lameness and sprains, but in spite of this treatment she had now become quite powerless to move her limbs or body, and for over a month I had to lift her about, and it seemed to be excessively painful when she moved at all. During this time I had your dose at all times nourishment she took, and I may here observe that whenever I gave her beef tea it appeared to be too much for her stomach, although I might add that made from Liebig's tins did not so much disagree with her as that made in the old-fashioned way. Milk, given very frequently, and in small quantities, was what I found did far better than anything else. The medicine I employed was supplied by Dr. Harrison, and the same, I believe, as usually employed in cases of rheumatic fever.

What aggravated the case was, she had inflammation of the lungs about a fortnight after she was first attacked, and at times it was thought she could not pull through. But as soon as I found what was amiss I applied strong mustard poultices to her chest, and when one did not afford relief I applied another. As may be easily imagined, she was, from all the suffering, and being unable to take anything but liquid food poured down her throat, reduced almost to a skeleton, and her joints remained much swollen for six weeks, but they are now quite right again, and she can move about with ease. The means I employed to get back her appetite was the giving of the tonic balls, as advised in Mayhew's book on dog management, recently published.

This is the most severe case of this kind that has come under my notice, and the condition to which it had reduced her made the doctor, who had large experience as a surgeon, give her up. I do not know the ingredients of the medicine he gave her, but should any of your readers desire to know, I have no doubt I could obtain it, as it was only supplied to me as a friend, and by one who is much interested in animals, and would be the last one to withhold anything that would be likely to serve others.

I agree with your correspondent that lameness is far too frequently attributed to simple kennel lameness, whereas it originates from other causes, which a more careful diagnosis would reveal. As this bitch is one I keep for my own use, I will add that she during the coming season develop any defects fairly attributable to this attack of rheumatism, with your permission, acquaint your readers with them.—G. Thorpe Bartram (Braintree).—*Bell's Life.*

DEATH OF CARLOWITZ.—We have received a letter from Mr. E. J. Martin, of Wilmington, Del., who informs us that the imported Laverack setter dog, Carlowitz, died from asthma and old age last Thursday. He was born in 1874. His sire was Pilkington's Dash, and his dam the celebrated Llewellin's Countess. He was imported in July, 1875, by Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, Canada. At the time of his death he was owned by Mr. James H. Goodsell, of New York. Carlowitz has been used extensively in the stud, and his progeny are widely distributed. A number of them have made their mark on the show bench. May he rest in peace.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Dam, with her sire and dam.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nettie. By Mr. W. P. Bowers, Clinton, Mass., for liver, with white frill, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 24, 1882, by Mr. M. P. McKoon's sam out of his Glossy.

Bourne. By Mr. A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 2, 1881, by imported dog out of Fanny.

Dan Drew. By Mr. C. E. Waring, jr., Yonkers, N. Y., for lemon and white ticked English setter dog, whelped May 1, 1882, by William (Strong's Rock—Davis's Fan) out of Ruby II. (Gaines's Blue Blood—Bingham's Bess).

Dizzy. By Dr. Charles P. Knapp, Wyoming, Pa., for liver, with white on breast, cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 2, 1881, by Jet out of Fannie.

Diamond S. By Dr. Charles P. Knapp, Wyoming, Pa., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 29, 1882, by Col. Stubbs out of Diamond.

Roderick. By Mr. Wm. H. Thayer, Bristol, R. I., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1882, by Dashing Monarch out of Isabella II. (Schuyler—Isabella).

King James. By Mr. Wm. H. Thayer, Bristol, R. I., for blue English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1882, by Dashing Monarch out of Isabella II. (Schuyler—Isabella).

Fly, Fan and Isabella III. By Mr. Wm. H. Thayer, Bristol, R. I., for blue and tan English setter bitches, whelped July 18, 1882, by Dashing Monarch out of Isabella II. (Schuyler—Isabella).

Flirt and Flora. By Mr. Wm. H. Thayer, Bristol, R. I., for black and white English setter bitches, whelped July 18, 1882, by Dashing Monarch out of Isabella II. (Schuyler—Isabella).

Cid. By Mr. S. E. Bungy, jr., New Haven, Conn., for black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 13, 1882, by Bob III. (Duckclench—Nell) out of Mignon (Dart—Daisy II.)

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Fingrina—Peter. Mr. Theo. A. Gill's (Ashfield, Mass.) black pointer bitch Caspirna to Mr. D. W. C. Parker's Peter Black (Strong's Peter—Mab), Aug. 17.

Peggy—Jack. Mr. Louis C. Clark's (New York) white and tan fox-terrier bitch Peggy to the Borstall Kennel's Jack, Aug. 23.

Jolie—Buckeller. Mr. Theo. A. Gill's (Esopus, N. Y.) black and white setter bitch Jolie (Lathrop's Dick—Gen. Ely's Sylph) to Mr. W. A. Costar's Buckelew (Druid—Ruby), Aug. 11.

Jaunty—Bow. Mr. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) imported pointer bitch Jaunty to his champion Bow, Aug. 22.

Queen—Bow. Mr. Jeff Waller's orange and white pointer bitch Queen to Mr. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) champion Bow, Aug. 8.

Ferida—Prince. Mr. John G. Hockschier's (New York) lemon and white English setter bitch Ferida (Ranger II.—Daisy) to Mr. James H. Goodsell's Prince (Pride of the Border—Petrel), Aug. 8.

Belle—Max. Dr. J. Marill's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) lemon and white pointer bitch Belle (Frank—Nell) to his Max (Glenmark—Girl), Aug. 28.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lizzie Hopkins. Mr. A. P. Hayward's (Rock Hill, S. C.) English setter bitch Lizzie Hopkins (Gladstone—Clip), Aug. 13, five (all dogs), by King's Clyde (Scout—Vashti), three black, white and tan and two lemon and white.

Bellona. The Westminster Kennel Club's lemon and white pointer bitch Bellona (champion Bow—Beulah), Aug. 20, five four dogs), by their Sensation.

Lady Jane. The Borstall Kennel's (Morristown, N. J.) lemon and white pointer bitch Lady Jane (Gumbo—Fan), Aug. 23, ten (six dogs), all lemon and white, by their Rob (Rush—Romp).

Fairy II. Mr. Jas. H. Goodsell's (New York) Laverack setter bitch Fairy II. (Victor—Blue Daisy), June 27, nine, six living (one dog), by his Prince (Pride of the Border—Petrel).

Petrel III. Mr. Jas. H. Goodsell's (New York) Laverack setter bitch Petrel III. (Carlowitz—Petrel), July 3, nine, seven living (three dogs), by his Racket (Rattler—Leda).

Nina II. Mr. Geo. C. Creamer's (Hamilton, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Nina II. (Red Hugh—Nina), Aug. 10, seven (six dogs), by Capt. Bixby's Ruby (Elcho—Rose).

Floss. Mr. G. W. Campbell's (Carter's Creek, Tenn.) red Irish setter bitch Floss (litter sister to the celebrated Joe, jr.), Aug. 14, eight (four dogs), by Otto.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rush—Young Juno whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 15, 1882, by Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Dr. John H. Meyer, New York.

Fanny. Black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 16, 1880, by Mr. August C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Mr. James A. Kepner, Altoona, Pa.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Duke of Locust Valley—champion Lou whelp. Gordon setter dog, whelped May 12, 1882, by Duke of Locust Valley (Grouse—Grace) out of Mr. Thos. H. Hitchcock's champion Lou, by the Borstall Kennels, Morristown, N. J., to Mrs. John C. Cobb, Boston, Mass.

Mac. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 1, 1881, by Glenmark (Rush—Romp) out of Girl (Maryland—Tell), by Jas. W. McDonald, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Dr. J. Marill, same place.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Carlowitz. Liver and white Laverack setter dog, whelped 1873 (Eng. K. C. S. B. 4,260), by Pilkington's Dash out of Llewellin's Countess, owned by Mr. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York, Aug. 24, from asthma.

Gladstone—Shadow whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, owned by Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La.

Bow—Vick whelps. Pointers, whelped May 8 (five dogs, seven bitches), owned by Mr. John D. Watrous, Arcola, La.; all dead.

Bow—Queen whelps. Pointers, whelped May 16 (four dogs, seven bitches), owned by Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La.; all dead.

Rue. Cocker spaniel bitch, owned by Mr. Geo. Laick, North Tarrytown, N. Y., July 24, from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

G. McA., Worcester, Mass.—As a sequel to a severe case of distemper, from which a pup seven months old is just recovering, one eye is wholly covered with a bluish film. Please advise what can be done, and what are the prospects for the recovery of the sight. The pup was treated with aconite and belladona, and during convalescence with quinia, ferri et strychnia, with beef tea and fresh eggs whipped up in milk. Ans. Drop a pinch of finely pulverized white sugar on the ball of the eye twice a day.

W. L. J., Boston, Mass.—The following, which we republish from our issue of May 5, 1881, we are assured by several who have tried it, is a good remedy for fleas: A strong infusion of quassia, made by suspending a couple of ounces of quassia wood chips, tied in a piece of muslin, in a bucket of water for three hours, occasionally stirring it, is useful in killing fleas; it is free from danger, and being almost colorless, is an advantage in washing white dogs. The infusion must be used instead of plain water, with either soft soap or hard soap, a good lather being made to penetrate the dog's coat to the skin. Some plain water should be poured over the dog to finish the washing and remove the quassia from the coat.

C. O. L., Methuen, Mass.—The 14th of this month my pointer dog refused food, grew thin, and discharged white saliva from his mouth, but none from the nose or eyes. I thought it was distemper, but he had no cough to pain. He grew worse, and died the 19th. At the last the discharge from the mouth was clear blood, and the odor was very offensive. He seemed thirsty, but could not drink; his mouth seemed glued together. Can you tell me what ailed him? Ans. From description of dog had an internal abscess between the jaws, which throat which prevented him from eating; the saliva, not being used, was discharged externally. When the growth broke down, blood and matter naturally came away. Matter exposed to air is always offensive. A piece of bone lodged in the throat might have been the original cause of the trouble.

A. D., North Middletown, Ky.—A pointer dog has been sick for some time; he has a bad cough, especially on getting up after lying down; vomits continually while coughing; nose warm and dry; eyes dim; is very thirsty; refuses his food; has no energy; when walking he carries his head close to the ground or hall between his legs; he has watery pimples between his legs the size of a pea. Ans. Your description would answer for a bad case of distemper, with chest complications, as evinced by the cough upon moving about; the vomiting may be merely the result of the cough; the pimples are probably due to eczema, consequent upon his general depressed condition. As you did not give the age, we cannot say positively. Your dog may be too old for distemper, and be the victim of chronic bronchitis. To give tonics, codliver oil, good food and fresh air is about all you can do.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

PREPARING FOR THE MATCH.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 22.—The American Military Rifle Team went down to the range at Creedmoor to-day to make arrangements for putting into practice the system of practice which is to govern the international match. A meeting was held in the club house, at which Col. Bodine presided, and an hour was devoted to a general interchange of views in respect to the guns, sights, and ammunition to be used. It was decided to pursue a regular system of practice on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays over all the ranges to be covered in the match. The system will be observed as soon as the members of the team have shot together sufficiently often to enable them to understand the peculiarities of their guns. It was also decided that Sergt. Hinman, McNevin, Alder and Irlam should exchange the rear sights that have been using for those of a broader pattern. The advantage to be gained is that the guns can be held more nearly plumb by means of such sights. With the broad bar the bar can be placed on a level with the bullseye, then, in taking aim, the two uprights supporting the bar of the sight will admit a view between them of the two targets on the right and left respectively of the target aimed at. By holding the gun so that the bar is on a line with the centers of the three bulls-eyes, accurate aim may be secured. Col. Bodine said that, while he should not confine the members of the team to the use of guns of one manufacture, he would "very much prefer that they would unite in favor of using the same brand of guns."

At the close of the meeting the members of the team, excepting Atkinson, Smith and Ogden, who were absent with leave from the captain of the team, fired a few shots over the ranges at 800, 900 and 1,000yds. No official record was kept of their score, however

the two at the bottom are very poor indeed, almost the lowest that have yet been made in these matches. There is no remarkable total at the long ranges, and Mr. Hinman's is about the only one that can be described as good. The three totals of 99 points or over at the short ranges are very creditable, but even at these familiar distances five men fall below the qualifying limit of 85, and it is not harsh to say that the lowest two scores are unredeemably bad. Explanations are of course abundant to account for the shortcomings of individuals. Dolan had sickness in his family and slept but little; Griffiths' new gun and position pulled down his score; Pollard lost track of the elevation at 900yds. and had to waste four shots in finding it; he also forgot to alter it when he fell back to 1,000yds. McNevin also had trouble with his gun. All these are more or less valid excuses, but, as an old *habitue* of the range remarked when the shooting was over, "It's getting to be time for the men to settle down to solid work if they mean to win the match. The era of blunders and absenteeism ought to come to an end and the scores begin to go up instead of down under the influence of the co-operative system."

PISTOL SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am greatly interested in the scores made by pistol shooters, I will try to tell you of some shooting I have done. I kept an exact diagram of all the shots for a long time but have lost it, and so can only give a correct account from memory. I fired 38 consecutive shots on 7 different days, 3 shots the first day, and 5 shots on each succeeding day. Distance, 10yds. (30ft.) I started out to see what percentage of shots I could put in a 2in. circle. I put 17 of the 38 shots in a circle 1⅝in. in diameter, 23 shots in 3in. circle, 33 shots in a 3½in. circle, and 5 shots well in a 4in. circle. I do not claim to be an expert, but can seldom find a man who can do as well. The pistol I used was a 30 caliber Remington revolver (Smoot's patent), and the closest shooting revolver I can find, and I find all of that kind and size equally good. All the above shooting was off-hand.

"S. B. P.," in your issue of March 9, says he is shooting a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson, and asks if the ball is not too large for accurate shooting. I think it is, as I find that anything larger than a .30 or .32 calibre pistol cartridge causes too much recoil in a light revolver. As for the average revolver, I consider them almost worthless, all the cheaper grades being fit only to make a noise and, perhaps, for the use of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded class of shootists. G. M.

ARMSTRONG'S GROVE, Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now I believe there are many like me that have an unusual liking for the pistol, as a means for amusement. I think that if the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would exchange their ideas and experience, it would give them new ideas in regard to the "little guns."

I have shot and handled many different makes, from the smallest 32c. to the large 45bs. army revolvers. Now I believe that the makers of several different grades do not know in what a good revolver consists. In saying good, I do not allude to the appearance or conveniences, but the construction. I find the principal fault is in the weapon itself—they use too much ammunition for the weight of the arm, or if the pistol is heavy enough the barrel swedges the ball too much, and anything but good shooting is the result. Now I have put such weapons into a vise, where it was impossible for it to recoil, and it would shoot quite accurate. I find that one of our celebrated makers constructs an arm with many complicated parts, with a hinge to get loose and shaky; then another makes the solid frame and calibers it for a larger and powerful cartridge, better adapted for a seven-pound rifle. One more subject and I am through; that is in regard to cleaning. I use the Ballard Marlin 32 short cartridges. I have shot many cartridges in my revolver and neglected cleaning it; I found I was, instead of unproving, shooting very bad, and was nearly vexed enough to throw my pistol at the target, when a thought, without a very careful reweighing, revealed to me much powder crust. I at once proceeded to give it a thorough cleaning and resumed my practice at the same target—fruit cans, white stones, etc.—and to my happy surprise I found every shot to be true. Since then I pay every attention to keep it clean and smooth, and always find it reliable.—J. W. B.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SMALL-BORE SHOOTING.—The Amateur Rifle Club, at Creedmoor, on the 23d, shot for the Champion's Cup at 800, 900, and 1,000yds; 15 shots at each range. The winning scores were as follows: J. W. Todd, 206; Major G. Livingston Morgan, 199, and H. O'Neill, 192. There were 458 entries for the Championship Marksman's Badge match, which was contested at 200 and 500yds' range, 5 shots per man at each distance. The leading prize was captured by H. T. Lockwood on the score of 46. The ten silver medals offered by the association were awarded as follows: 46, G. T. Lawrence; 45, Sergeant Hall, 22d Regt. Frotningham, 45; S. W. Merritt, 44; L. J. Elliott, 43; H. S. Higgins, 42; J. K. Green, 42; J. A. Tackaberry, 41; W. L. Candee, 41; E. W. Price, 41. There were 156 entries in the Qualification match, which was also at 200 and 500yds' range, 5 shots per man at each range. The prize-winners and their scores were: Capt. J. L. Price, 47; J. S. Shepherd, 46; A. G. Perham, 46; J. James, 46, and E. W. Price, 46.

CHANGE OF DATE.—The Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association, at a meeting on the 22d, authorized Col. Bodine, the captain of the team, to "spend as much money as he finds it necessary" for the expenses of the team. It was decided to charge an admission fee to the range at Creedmoor to members of the association as well as the general public during the two days of the International match. A letter was received from Sir Henry Halford, in which the latter expressed the hope that as the team would probably arrive on Sunday, there would be no public demonstration on its arrival. A communication was received from the Long Island Railroad Company, stating that it could not furnish facilities to carry the large number of passengers to Creedmoor on the second day of the contest, if the match is shot on Friday and Saturday. A cable dispatch was therefore sent to Sir Henry Halford, asking him if he objected to having the match begin a day earlier.

GARDNER, Mass., Aug. 24.—At the last meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range, the inch ring and Creedmoor target combined was used; distance 200 yds., off-hand. The following is the score:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.	
A Mathews	87	46	94	47	181	93
G F Ellsworth	86	47	87	45	173	92
G R Pratt	87	46	86	45	173	91
J Dodge	81	43	90	46	171	89
F H Knowlton	87	46	78	45	165	91
Geo H Heywood	79	45	72	42	151	87
G O Goodale	75	44	53	40	128	84
C Shumway	60	42	65	44	125	86
C Sumner	38	40	64	43	102	83

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 25. Yesterday members of the Worcester Rifle Association and others went to Pine Grove Range for their regular meet. The wind was from 11 to 1 o'clock with occasional shower. The following is the score. F. A. Hatch used a military rifle, and was allowed four to be added to the record with the Massachusetts target, and two to be added to the Creedmoor record as given below:

Massachusetts Target.

M G Fuller	11	11	8	11	12	9	11	9	11	12	—105
C D Eames	12	11	11	9	11	8	9	10	12	11	—104
Stedman Clark	10	10	11	10	12	9	10	8	10	11	—101
A L Rice	11	9	10	13	10	8	8	10	8	11	—99
Frank Wesson	9	12	9	9	5	10	9	9	7	8	—87
F A Hatch	3	7	9	8	7	5	12	2	5	9	—62

Creedmoor.

A L Rice	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	—45
A F Hatch	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	—45
Moses Carter	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	—45
C D Eames	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	—44
Y W Eames	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	—43
C A Allen	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	—42
Capt Walker	5	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	5	3	—39
F A Hatch	4	4	3	3	4	5	4	3	5	2	—37

THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB.—Your article of the 24th, reflecting on the amateur Rifle Club should not go unanswered. Before calling the team "a party of junketers" it would have been wise and more courteous to us, as representatives desirous of maintaining that "proud record" in all respects in other ways as well as before the butts, to have learned some of the inside facts which led to the sending of the teams to Boston and to Hamilton. We think, if you were fair-minded, you would see something more to be proud of in the club taking sure defeat manfully than in refusing to fight at all. The part has indeed been glorious! Victories with hardly a defeat have been very many. Shall we live in the past? You forget that the children who learned at our knees have grown. They have shown themselves men, foemen worthy of our steel. Shall we say to them, "We dare not fight; we are old, our Agamennon cannot come; Achilles won't 'fight; Patroches is slain"? Let us be Greeks indeed! Let us die fighting! rather than be Trojans and lamenting, go about saying, *Ilium fuit, nos fuimus Troes.*—A. R. C.

AMERICAN TEAM RIFLES.—New York, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading your editorial in issue of this date on "The American Team," the writer notices the remarks, "This is really a test of American against English made very sharp." It seems to be a gauging of the Hepburn against the Halford rifle." Looking at the highest fourteen scores and comparing them with your "list of men * * * and rifles used," on page 73, he finds that eight men (of the fourteen) used Sharp's guns, and averaged 83¾, and that six men used Hepburn guns and averaged 480. The highest individual score is 509 (see page 73), with Sharp's rifle. To him it would seem that it looks now more like a test of the Sharp's, though he has no desire to in any way disparage the Hepburn. Wherein is he wrong?—E.

THE TRAP.

THE HENDERSONVILLE TOURNAMENT.—It was my fortune to have been present at the recent trial of skill which took place at Hendersonville, N. C., on the 15th, 16th and 17th of the present month, and to have participated in the sport. My score was neither the best nor the worst which was made—occupying that position which is aphoristically said to be the safest—*in medioxe;* still I came quite as near hitting all the balls as your compositor did in the last number, when he made me say "a mere looker-on in Venice," when I wrote it "Vienna," as Shakespeare wrote it. For some cause, the number of sportsmen who attended was much smaller than was expected, and we were obliged to organize temporary "teams" out of such material as could be had. With us, such are called "scrubs." Usually, they have quite as much fun as the regulars, and sometimes manage to break as many balls. During the first day's struggle we had but four teams, and the second day five. The shooting, as you will see, was not first-rate; but it is only just to say that the ground had something to do with the result. Unfortunately, a valley was selected, and when the sun was obscured by clouds the balls were quite hard to see by those whose vision is so dull as my own. Below are the scores:

First Day, Aug. 15.

Henderson.		Graintic.		Spartanburg.		Composite.	
Dantzler	7	Johnson	3	Blossingame	7	Steele	10
Ewart	8	R Farmer	9	Patterson	10	McCullough	6
M S Farmer	8	T Dantzler	10	Thomson	8	Nolen	4
Barrett	6	Sing Farmer	9	White	8	Salley	8
Jeffreys	8	Pringle	5	Stoney	8	Trenholm	7
	37		33		38		39

Second Day, Aug. 16.

Palmetto.		Composite.		Spartanburg.		Henderson.	
Hall	10	Steele	7	Blossingame	5	M S Farmer	8
Smoak	6	Nolen	8	Patterson	8	Dantzler	5
Cannon	9	Trenholm	6	Thomson	7	Ewart	6
Saunders	8	Jordan	8	White	8	Jeffreys	4
De Brahl	10	Salley	10	Stoney	6	Barnett	7
	43		39		34		30

Graintic—Priagle, 3; A. Farmer, 9; Johnson, 6; Riggs, 9; McCullough, 5—32.

Third Day—First Match.

Palmetto.		Henderson.		Spartanburg.		Composite.	
Hall	8	Favor	7	Blossingame	8	Steele	6
De Brahl	8	Dantzler	8	Thomson	7	Trenholm	6
Smoak	7	Johnson	8	White	10	Nolen	4
Saunders	9	Ewart	8	Erwin	5	Jordan	10
Cannon	9	Riggs	6	Pulleen	8	Salley	8
	42		37		38		34

Third Day—Second Match.

Palmetto.		Composite.		Spartanburg.		Henderson.	
Hall	9	Salley	8	Blossingame	8	Dantzler	8
De Brahl	0	Nolen	6	Erwin	8	Ewart	8
Smoak	8	Steele	9	Thomson	9	M S Farmer	10
Saunders	8	Trenholm	8	White	8	Johnson	6
Cannon	8	Jordan	10	Patterson	7	McCullough	6
	44		41		40		38

Most of the guns were 12-bore and choked. Your correspondent used a Tollay cylinder, 12-bore. When he missed it was his fault.

WELLS.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 23.—The fourth competition of the Narragansett Gun Club for badge, took place yesterday at the club grounds, Old Washington Trotting Park. We have a new club house nearly completed, and the partial shelter it afforded during the heavy showers of yesterday was duly appreciated by the boys. The house is going to be quite a model affair for a shooting box. It was designed and built by our veteran member, Mr. Geo. S. Crandall, assisted by members of the club, and will be all finished before the next club shoot.

P H Baker	10101	11111	11011—15
E W Tinker	10110	11011	01100—13
E W Cary	11101	01111	11101—17
W H Waterman	11111	11111	11111—20
W H Sheldon	11111	11010	11110—17
O B Baker	10011	01101	00110—0000—8
W G Crandall	11111	11111	11011—19
G T Anthony	11111	01111	01110—01001—14
G J Crandall	10111	11100	11111—11111—17
E Devolve	11101	10111	00111—10010—13
J B Valentine	11111	11101	10111—01111—17
L Bennett	11001	10111	00010—11100—11
G T Crandall	11111	11010	11101—11111—17
S D Greene, Jr	11111	11110	11110—11111—19
F O Wheoskey	10111	11111	11001—11111—17

Master W. H. Waterman, of Pawtuxet, winning badge with a clean score. The winner is the junior member of the club and shot with a 8⅛ and a half pound sixteen-guage Parker gun. Then followed sweepstakes at clay pigeons with the following results:

First Sweep.

E Devolve	0 0 0 0 1	0—1	W H Sheldon	1 1 1 1 1	1—7
G W Cary	0 1 1 1 1	1—6	W H Waterman	0 0 0 0 1	0—2
Geo Anthony	1 1 0 1 1	0—5	J B Valentine	1 1 1 1 1	1—7
P H Baker	1 1 0 1 1	1—5	O B Baker	0 1 0 0 1	0—3
S D Greene, Jr	1 0 1 1 1	1—6	F O Wheoskey	0 0 0 1 1	1—4

Ties on 1st, Valentine 0, Sheldon 1, miss and out. Sheldon first money, Green and Cary divide second.

Second Sweep.

Valentine	1 1 1 1 1 1	Cary	1 1 1 1 1 1
Anthony	1 1 1 1 1 1	Sheldon	1 1 1 1 1 1

Sheldon won first money, breaking 8.

MERIDEN, Conn.—Ten of the members of the Winsted Gun Club had the pleasure of meeting with a team of the Parker Gun Club on their grounds at Meriden, Conn., on Aug. 28, and were again victorious, although the shooting was much better on both sides than the previous match shot in Winsted, both matches being remarkably close throughout:

Parker Gun Club.		Winsted Gun Club.	
Birdsey, E	21	Adams, A W	20
Baker, I L	25	Beach, G W	23
Strong, G A	19	Blakeslee, V A	22
Ives, J F	21	Camp, J K	20
Taylor, N F	19	Dean, J E	16
Gaines, L J	16	Roberts, H L	22
Bowslog, T O	14	Hurlburt, W F	17
Richmond, E B	23	Peck, D C	20
Roberts, N A	17	Ferguson, Isaac	19
Wilcox, W E	17	Roberts, Alex	21
	189		195

CENTRAL ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION.—The fourth annual convention and tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association, for the propagation and preservation of fish and game, to be held in city of Jerseyville, Illinois, September 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1883. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Jerseyville Gun and Fishing Club. The premiums amount to one thousand dollars. Two last days open to the world. Secretary's address, James Eads, Jerseyville, Ill.

MOBILE, Ala., Aug. 16.—Medal shoot of the Gulf City Gun Club; 20 balls, handicap. Jas. Alexander and W. T. Vass tied on 17 balls; the former at 21yds. and the latter at 24. In shooting off the tie Alexander won: Alexander, 1101111111—9; Vass, 1101111110—8.—U. SEE.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 1, 2, 3.—Hera, Lillie Private Matches.
Sept. 3—Beverly Y. C., Third Championship Match, Marblehead.
Sept. 3—Jeffries Y. C., Club Match.
Sept. 3—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Mayor's Cup and third prize.
Sept. 4—East River Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 5—Dorchester Y. C., Third Championship Race, Cat-Rigs.
Sept.——Hull Y. C., Club Championship Sail-off.
Sept. 4—Quincy Y. C., Fifth Club Match.
Sept. 5—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 7—Royal Canadian Y. C. Club Race.
Sept. 8—Royal Canadian Y. C. Open Matches.
Sept. 9.—Toronto, Y. C., Matches.
Sept. 10—Merrimack Y. C., Open to All Match.
Sept. 10—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Sept. 16—Dorchester Y. C., Open Races, Cat-Rigs.
Sept. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Three Classes, one prize each.
Sept.——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Yacht dinghies, sailing race
Sept.——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Sept. 19—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 21—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Oct. 1—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Cruise.
Oct. 3—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.

VIXEN'S VICTORIES.

IT is not intended here to detract from the well-earned laurels of the Vixen in her two recent races with the cutter Maggie off Marblehead. Those races were well sailed and gallantly won on conditions accepted by both competitors, and therefore no one exists for disputing the destination of the prizes or for robbing those instrumental in bringing about the victories of the just credit which is their due, for to Mr. Tams, who had Vixen in charge, a good share of the latter's victory is to be attributed. But both races have, upon the face of matters, such an influential bearing upon the question of type that it is of importance the real value of the victories so far as they can affect that question should be thoroughly understood and their true measure got.

The first day's success of the sloop can be disposed of readily enough without abstruse investigation upon reciprocal principles. We find the Vixen disposing of a cutter, her equal in relative perfection, by something like twenty-four minutes, in the R. Y. C. match, off Marblehead, Aug. 14, over a thirty-mile course, fifteen miles to windward and return. In the same race, we find, in the class above, the cutter Oriva accomplishing an exact counterpart with the sloops. Leaving Gracie and Fanny out of consideration as really belonging in a separate class, being just twice the size of Oriva, two other sloops remain, Active and Addie, both well known, and though not by any means to be rated among our fastest sloops, at all events a good pair, representing a fair average of our fleet, rather nearer the top of the pile than the bottom. The Addie having been built by Kirby, of Rye, one of the foremost of his profession, while Active is known as a very fast boat down wind. Addie is 59ft. on load line and Active 50.2ft. Both were beaten by the cutter by twenty-five minutes in round figures. Whatever, therefore, the Vixen may be cited as proving for the sloops can be offset by the performance of Oriva. If one race proves anything, the other cannot be denied equal import, and since the sloop had it her own way in one class, and the cutter in another, surrounding circumstances being as near like as possible, further discussion of their merits as sailing between Maggie and Vixen may be dismissed as possessing no influence upon the question of design.

The next day, Aug. 35, however, the 15-tonner and the sloop sailed a private match with the result a repetition of the first trial, ending in favor of the sloop by about twenty minutes. Can this be accounted for on other grounds than superior speed? If it can, then the second trial can carry no more weight in comparing types than the first. In the first place we demur to the equity of sailing two such widely different forms on length measurement. Vixen is 44ft. 11in. on load line, according to the "Yacht List" of 1875, and Maggie 40ft. 7in., according to Kemp. Other authorities differ in the inches, but practically both were of the same length. By referring to the cuts in our last issue it will be seen at a glance that the sloop is by far the larger and more powerful boat, and that the allowances to the cutter for the same reason that no one would pretend to race a 30ft. canoe and a 30ft. sloop on even terms. Counters not included, Vixen's bulk runs up at 1,800, and that of the cutter at 1,400, as near as can possibly be without her lines at our disposal.

The figure given last week has been deemed too small by several good authorities, and the benefit of the doubt we grant herewith. These revised figures rate Vixen at about 19 tons, taking Maggie as 15. The distance sailed was forty miles. For the difference of 4 tons some can be allowed to the cutter in equity according to R. A. scale Further, all accounts and witnesses agree that Vixen struck the incoming freshening breeze first, and was at once lifted clear away from the cutter, so that she lead by 3 miles at the turn. Just why pause should be taken for this bit of luck is difficult to determine, but probably a mile and a half is none too much; considering that the sloop met the steady increase in the wind's strength all the way out, and established much of her lead before the cutter had fairly felt its influence of the equal breeze. Allowing a couple of eight sails at the time, and over 11 minutes are accounted for. Add to this some four and a half due on tonnage, and the actual outsailing of the cutter dwindles away to between 4 and 5 minutes, a horse of somewhat different color.

All hands otherwise agree that Maggie's canvas was not worked as smartly as aboard the Vixen; and we add that the cutter did not seem in true form, for the day previous she was beaten by Hera and Addie, both of whom she had disposed of without great difficulty in similar weather on the previous occasion. Some of the above data are of course open to difference of opinion. Be that as it may, we think enough must be conceded to substantiate our position that the race cannot be accepted as either an equitable trial, nor yet reliable or decisive as to lessons upon the question of type. In no wise, however, do these conclusions detract from the merits of the race in other respects, nor can the Vixen be upbraided for accepting terms her opponent saw fit to agree to. If we are asked for an explanation of Maggie's second defeat, it would be covered by the words "outclassed" and "the most perfect sloop day on record" and "a lucky slant for the home boat."

MATTAPOISETT REGATTA—AUG. 26.

THE annual matches for prizes subscribed by the residents of the town were sailed Aug. 26, with an excellent list of entries. Prizes consisted of a silver cup to first yacht home in first and second class, and cash from $30 to $5 in other classes, and for best corrected time in first two classes also. Courses, 13 miles for large boats, and 13 for smaller classes. Wind strong from southwest. Yachts were present from Providence, Fall River, Falmouth, New Bedford and other ports, and some very interesting racing was witnessed. Richmond, Nina, Index, Eucie and Anita were ruled out for sailing the wrong course. Tester rapsized and Thesis picked up her crew. Regatta committee—J. C. Rhodes, R. Holmes, James Clark. Summary as under:

FIRST CLASS—OVER 40FT.

Name and Owner.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Hesper, W. H. Forbes	2 42 56	2 17 52
Windward, G. O. Shattuck	2 42 41	2 19 05
North Star, A. Dorr	3 13 07	2 46 18

SECOND CLASS—OVER 30FT.

White Cap, John Malcolm Forbes	3 03 40	2 27 56
Ariel, F. E. Bacon	3 10 23	2 32 09
Isabel, J. G. Chapman	3 15 27	2 37 38
Kismet, W. Abbe	3 21 13	2 38 23

THIRD CLASS—OVER 25FT.

Olimpse, C. Atkinson	2 50 18	2 23 46
Painter, D. L. Parker	2 48 16	2 47 45
Ilderim, R. S. Regan	3 06 48	2 54 45
Maud, Tobey's Island		2 58 30
Sunlight, Brown	Withdrawn.	

In fourth class for catboats over 23ft., seven finished, Mattie taking the prizes. In fifth class, over 19ft., eleven finished, Gipsey being winner, and in sixth class, over 15ft., seven finished, Gem taking first on time.

MONTAUK—HALCYON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statements made in the *World* and other New York papers concerning the Halcyon having been hauled out for the recent Marblehead regatta are entirely false. Halcyon carried away the step of her jibboom in Newport, and arrived at Nahant on the 12th. She there had a new step fitted by the next day. She was not hauled out nor was she stripped. She was boarded before the race by the judges, and the information was imparted to the owner of the Montauk officially that Halcyon had not been hauled out as reported. In spite of this the Montauk refused to sail. This ought to go on record in correction of the contrary. The Montauk can sail well enough without the aid of such untruthful bolstering. K.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB—AUGUST 26.

THE annual open matches sailed under the auspices of this enterprising and sporting club off Marblehead, August 26, brought out the largest fleet ever started under racing colors in the world. Alongside of such racing New York efforts seem like picayune business, not worth notice. There were 148 entries, 114 boats started, and 104 finished, a fleet of such magnitude in numbers that fancy cannot depict the scene witnessed when the signal was given. It is said New York is the yachting center of this country. Perhaps it is with regard to the luxurious and inordinately sumptuous furnishing of large schooners, but as for sport, Boston is so far ahead that comparison is unnecessary. It will be many years before we gather 114 in a bunch, and a long time before officers in New York display the liberality and disinterestedness we have to record in favor of Messrs. Walter Island Jeffries, T. B. Chabot, Joseph S. Fay, Jr., George H. Richards and Charles F. Minot, to whose untiring energy and good sense the success of this regatta is to be largely attributed. More than two hundred yachts were underway to start, and to send off and the population for miles around streamed to the shores, occupying outlying rocks, housetops, and all standing room on docks and piers, deeply interested in what was passing before them. Old Cowes habitues would have been regaled of squadron week, such a hold has yachting taken upon the masses in the East. If you wish to be enchanted with nature you must go to Naples. If you wish to see a live match take train for Boston.

While yachting seems all but dead in New York, races follow in the East with such regularity one upon the other and the starters run in such numbers that it becomes almost impossible, even at this short distance, to keep track of the doings. Names familiar as household words appear time and again, and many yachts now make a system of "round" trips from the East to the West which is inspiring to New York for want of the opportunity. There is Lilly and Hera, Viking and Shadow, Magic, Anna, Nimbus, Mavis, Beetle, Gem, Banneret, Expert, Seabird, and hosts of the small fry who figure time and again in a season, who may be said to be the very soul that is the East a "record" is a record indeed, and yacht racing has graduated from the meaningless trifling, from the mere by-play it is in New York, to a pastime followed in business-like manner with business-like purpose and result. There may be less loud ostentation and tonnage may be more modest in the East, but for sport approaching what we have been accustomed to see in British waters, we say decidedly Boston has taken the lead in America, and a very long lead at that. Yachting as understood in the East is almost unknown in New York waters. Sailing and racing by owners themselves, like the old time and sport involved are far different from the sand-bag tossing among the open machines here, or the vanity of the pointless attempts at competition originating with the owners of big craft who can hardly tell peak from throat or the purpose of either. There is no man who owns a 30-ft. little five-ton sloop so he be a sailor, rather than the banker or merchant buying 200 tons simply because it is the fashion, and dawdling two short months in the Sound with his nose turned up at what he thinks "a little boat." The small yacht has been the sporting power of New York, FOREST AND STREAM excepted, has not yet got beyond accepting tonnage as a criterion of merit, and until the small yacht here receives the place and consideration due her, the East may be expected to hold the lead won through the energy of amateur sailors. Classes and courses for the Beverly matches were as follows:

All schooners over 21 and not over 40ft. shall form a separate class. The first class shall include sloops, cutters and cats measuring over 30ft. and not over 40ft. on water line; those measuring over 25ft. and not over 3.0ft. shall form the second class; over 21ft. and not over 25 shall form the third class; over 17ft. and not over 21 shall form the fourth class, and those of 17 and under the fifth class. In the first, second, third and fourth classes separate prizes will be awarded to centerboards and keels. Sails will be carried as follows in the fifth and fourth classes: Schooners, mainsail, foresail and jib. Sloops, mainsail and jib. Catboats, mainsail. No restriction in regard to sails in the first, second, third and schooner classes. Yachts allowed to carry men as follows: 40ft. and over, two men; over 36ft. and not over 40ft., three men; over 32ft. and not over 36ft., four men; over 28ft. and not over 32ft., five men; over 24ft. and not over 28ft., six men; over 20ft. and under 24ft., seven men; 20ft. and not over 20ft., eight men. Penalty for dead weight allowed during the race. No entrance fee will be charged. Yachts having certificates of length on water line, from the measurer of any yacht club, will report their length then to the chairman of the regatta committee; all others should be at the starting point in time to be measured; the club reserving the right to measure any yacht, and in case of conflict of measurement to take its own. Judges—Daniel Appleton, James H. Blake, Geo. A. Goddard, W. Lloyd Jeffries and Luther G. Pitman.

Note especially in the above the fact that no shifting ballast was allowed. This abominable practice interfering with free modeling and raising the cost of racing to an extravagant figure has all but gone out of existance in Boston waters, and we hope New York will soon follow. Recently a Long Island yachtsman, in the age in shifting matters, ventured to attribute the failure of regattas in New York to the prohibition of shifting dead weight. Possibly the success and popularity of races sailed under such a prohibition in the East may give it a quota of common sense to be needed with their ballast the yachts race upon their merits; with sand bags a match degenerates into a competition of foolhardiness, the most reckless in the crowd having the best show for the prize, to say nothing of the expense of such a system of trying how not to do it. We are glad to note a tendency to follow closely the custom in this as in many other matters. Courses were as follows:

The first and schooner classes sailed over the following course: From starting point, leaving black buoys Nos. 5 and 3 on starboard hand; from Moore's rock, Tinker's island, Roaring Bull and Pig rock stakes on starboard hand; Egg rock on port hand; Half-way rock on port hand; black buoys Nos. 8 and 5 on port hand, to judge's yacht; 15½ miles.

Second class: From starting point, leaving black buoys Nos. 5 and 2 on the starboard hand; Tom Moore's rock, Tinker's island, Roaring Bull and Pig rock stakes on starboard hand; Egg rock on port hand; Halfway rock on port hand; black buoys Nos. 8 and 5 on port hand, to judge's yacht, 13½ miles.

Third class: Leaving black buoys 5 and 3 on starboard; Half-way rock, stakeboat anchored off southeast breakers, red buoy No. 2 on Gale's ledge; Bowditch's ledge beacon, and red buoy No. 6 on port, to judge's yacht, 10½ miles.

Fourth class: Leaving black buoy on Selman's berth on port; black buoys Nos. 3, 5 and 7 on port; stakeboat off Curtis' point on starboard; Bowditch's ledge beacon on starboard; red buoy No. 6 on port, to judge's yacht—seven and a half miles.

Fifth class: Leaving black buoy on Selman's berth on port; black buoys Nos. 3, 5 and 7 on port; stakeboat off Curtis' point on starboard; Bowditch's ledge bacon on starboard; red buoy No. 6 on port, to judge's yacht

The races were all in cash, ranging from $35 to $8. Two in schooner class, three in all others, with a fourth added to fourth and fifth classes. Flying start, one gun to prepare and a gun to send away each class, five minutes to cross, Vice-Com. Hovey kindly placed the schooner Phantom, N. Y. C., at the disposal of the judges. The day was a red-letter one, with a brisk breeze blowing in from seaward E. by N., and turning up quite a little rumble outside, bringing open water qualities into play, and this was the result. While Hera, a deep keel sloop with outside ballast, was beaten by Beetle, a comparatively small boat with inside ballast, the cutters Beetle and Mavis acquitted themselves most excellently, tanning their class in good style, and calling forth from the Boston *Globe* the following pertinent observation:

"It was in this class that the American keel yachts had for competitors cutters built after the style of the Maggie and Madge. The American yachts fared very badly, owing to the heavy sea, and the cutters, being able to make more headway through the billows than the beam boats could with them, carried away the first and second prize among the keel yachts."

Mr. Hemmenway is to be congratulated upon the excellent performance of his nobby little ship, Beetle, a type of cutter we can, from our own experience, commend for a keel boat of her class. Mr. Whitney's cutter, Mavis, much of the same type, is as good and able, as well as fast a little yacht, as any one could wish. She took third prize in exceeding good company, including the famous Gem and several larger boats. Mavis has been phenomenal in her work with the famous process a she came out of harbor under storm sail with topmast housed, and she figures with the select in our sanctum. Hera came to the line in a new fit by McManus, but her old antagonist, Lillie, again scooped the prize by a moderate margin. It is said these two are matched for a series of three in September for a big purse, so some interesting work is still ahead. Hera seems to us a trifle too full in body for driving, and we should prefer her chances in light weather, but Lillie is always so well handled that under all circumstances she is an uncomfortable boat to meet in her class. Anna and Nimbus quite handily as well as the big Anna and Ellie and Alert, Anna taking third money, however. Bessie won among schooners pretty much as she liked. In second class it is noteworthy that the keel cutter Beetle made better time than any of the center-boards. In third class Expert beat Rebie, and Sea Bird came in for third in a fleet of fifteen. Among the keels Banneret won with miles to spare. Among the small fry Joker, Janet, Amy and Wave tanned the prizes in pretty close order out of twenty-seven arriving at the finish, and Vesper and Charlotte made a close thing of it among the keels. There were thirteen below 21ft., among which the well-known "square-sided" Flora Lee added another first to her long list of winnings. The official times given below may need some revision, but the winners are in doubt only in the case of the Mavis, requiring remeasuring to settle. Summary as under:

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Name and Owner.	Length. Ft. In.	Start. H. M. S.	Cor. Time. H. M. S.
Lillie, Dillingham & Bond	36 02	12 42 49	2 38 33
Hera, W. F. Weld	35 05	12 38 45	3 34 12
Viking, S. P. Freeman	35 00	12 41 45	3 36 31
Anna, J. F. Bill	34 04	12 37 54	3 36 54
Kitten, G. F. Clarke	37 04	12 39 18	3 42 48
Valhalla, J. A. Beebe	35 09	12 42 24	3 45 36

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Shadow, John Bryant	33 06	12 36 50	3 38 48
Magic, C. C. Neal	30 01	12 37 58	3 17 12
Anna, W. B. Lamb'ert	33 06	12 37 04	3 39 14
Nimbus, George R. Howe	33 03	12 37 20	3 21 58
Ettie, B. W. Crowninshield	36 08	12 39 06	3 50 12
Viola, T. J. Coolidge, Jr	33 02	12 39 19	3 46 24
Alert, E. F. Ayers	34 04	12 39 14	with'n

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Bessie, C. P. Curtis	27 02	12 40 08	3 44 42
Star, D. Southwick	26 04	12 44 03	3 54 00
Nettie, T. Sargent	26 00	12 45 33	4 40 06
White Cloud, H. H. Smith	29 00	12 40 41	4 00 59
Excelsior, W. Winston	36 04	12 46 00	4 47 50
Ellie, William McDonald	26 01	12 39 20	5 40 47

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Folly, I. F. Sheppard	26 04	12 48 23	3 39 46
Nomad, J. S. Dill	28 08	12 49 54	3 40 12
Eugenia, J. S. Palmer	23 00	12 46 40	4 00 09
Rambler, F. L. Felton	26 00	12 47 23	4 13 35

SECOND CLASS—KEELS AND CUTTERS.

Beetle, A. Hemmenway	29 04	12 48 33	3 38 50
Ripple, A. P. Dunham	27 07	12 51 18	3 45 48
Gem, J. A. Osgood	25 05	12 47 53	3 45 50
Mavis, William F. Whitney		12 52 30	3 44 54
Julia,		12 46 28	3 47 35
Jane, J. Morrison	29 11	12 48 45	3 48 48
Kalinda, G. J. Marsh	25 08	12 51 18	3 51 05
Gleam, R. V. King	21 08	12 49 11	3 56 57
Raven, A. P. Friend	25 01	12 49 44	3 58 37
Emily, C. A. McManus	25 05	12 52 58	3 58 55
Lottie, H. H. Gilmore	26 01	12 43 09	3 59 09
Pacer	26 00	12 48 23	4 24 08
Contest, C. Norton	29 00	12 47 58	Withdrew
Mermaid, Wm. F. Wade, Jr	27 09	12 50 24	"

THIRD CLASS—CENTER-BOARDS.

Expert, Monks & Stanwood	22 08	12 57 18	2 18 59
Edele, J. H. Pillsbie	22 00	12 58 38	2 20 39
Sea Bird, G. S. Forbush	22 09	12 57 54	2 22 09
Allie, A. S. Watties	21 02	12 56 41	2 24 53
Jennie L., C. H. Lockhart	23 00	12 59 47	2 25 54
Rita, J. F. Pool	23 03	12 57 54	2 28 03
Venus, Wm. McKenzie	23 06	10 01 25	2 24 17
Muriel, H. G. French	21 05	10 06 18	2 28 19
Pearl, F. Lee	22 04	12 57 71	2 30 29
Greta, J. F. Bill	22 07	1 00 29	2 32 46
Fawn, W. J. McKee	21 01	12 57 17	2 34 59
Daisy, Walter Hawkes	21 03	1 03 14	2 38 46
Mamie A. Hamilton, J. S. Hamilton	23 03	12 59 45	withd'n
Metis, J. W. Dutton	21 01	12 57 39	withd'n
Jet, H. B. Shute	21 03	12 56 43	withd'n

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Banneret, F. A. Daniels	24 09	1 01 13	2 33 42
Sadie, L. A. Philbrick	24 09	1 03 16	2 18 58
Oma, A. M. Liebrick	22 06	1 20 10	2 35 20
Judith, E. T. Pigeon	22 09	12 57 27	2 38 01

FOURTH CLASS—KEELS.

Vesper, Benner Brothers	18 05	1 07 17	1 31 30
Charlotte, G. G. Garraway	17 03	1 07 12	1 31 57
Nonpareil, E. Lanning	17 01	1 12 04	1 32 01
Lizzie, C. Porter	18 09	1 09 53	1 33 00
Inez, Goodridge Brothers	18 08	1 07 32	1 34 49
Hard Times, F. Lincoln	18 06	1 09 47	1 35 10
Belle, E. A. H. Thompson	19 09	1 09 21	1 35 50
Fearless, A. Kidd	20 10	1 11 11	1 36 35
Lola, C. H. W. Foster	18 06	1 12 43	1 38 30
Rubie, A. Schott	19 07	1 09 00	1 44 45
Glide	18 10	1 18 04	1 50 08
Saga, R. Rantoul	17 01	1 09 15	1 55 11
Caprice, J. B. Rhodes	17 03	1 10 35	drawn.

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Joker, George Coffin	19 07	1 06 34	1 22 59
Janet, W. L. Phinney	17 10	1 06 54	1 23 48
Amy, E. B. Baxter	20 05	1 09 34	1 24 38
Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers	18 06	1 08 36	1 24 48
Ibis, L. M. Hale	19 06	1 11 08	1 25 10
Holdon, P. C. Severance	19 09	1 07 21	1 25 58
Corsair, W. H. Mills	17 09	1 12 25	1 26 02
Myrtle, C. H. Poor	18 06	1 08 29	1 26 17
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	20 08	1 06 48	1 26 18
Gisela, S. King	23 01	1 11 40	1 26 43
Lerline, D. F. Russell	18 06	1 11 33	1 26 52
Comus, John Newcomb	18 06	1 08 33	1 27 33
Adele, L. Haskell	20 10	1 08 05	1 29 03
Perly, Lee-Goodrich-Parkman	18 06	1 10 22	1 31 07
Mabel H., Wm. Walch	18 00	1 07 51	1 33 56
Daisy D., W. D. Woodbridge	18 05	1 08 28	1 33 56
Delphine, F. J. Bradley	20 13	1 10 51	1 34 20
Flush,	20 00	1 08 28	1 34 51
Dash, A. S. Brown	19 08	1 10 10	1 34 41
Nervine, J. E. Howe	20 00	1 11 07	1 38 21
Mule, B. C. Goodrich	21 00	1 14 08	1 39 12
Sadie, C. Harris	20 04	1 12 28	1 39 27
Inez, J. G. Borden	17 08	1 13 02	1 40 25
Helen, H. P. Elwell	17 07	1 12 19	1 43 15
Cora, H. G. French	18 03	1 07 38	1 44 21
Twilight, A. S. Hall	18 05	1 13 27	1 45 33
Marguerite, A. Plumer	18 02	1 09 05	1 49 25

FIFTH CLASS—KEELS AND CENTERBOARDS.

Flora Lee, Freeman & Lincoln	16 00	1 17 54	1 22 44
Mirage, C. P. Curtis	17 00	1 19 57	1 29 44
Sarsaeus, B. Griffin	15 04	1 21 02	1 31 42
Nancy Lee, W. Y. Denison	15 01	1 20 07	1 33 55
Tulip, G. Dexter	16 04	1 23 52	1 36 08
Josephine, J. F. Moore	16 08	1 20 22	1 38 13
Gretchen, E. P. Sharp	16 07	1 19 02	1 40 10
Pebble, K. B. Cary	16 08	1 19 43	1 40 30
Rose, T. H. Cabot	15 05	1 20 33	1 44 10
Leona, M. Alley	16 01	1 14 18	1 47 12
Midget	——	1 18 45	1 47 26
Hattie S., H. Gaffney	14 02	1 21 23	1 47 37
Una, H. Norwood	14 07	1 21 00	2 05 47
Posey, Snow Rich	16 00	1 18 24	Withdr'n
Faith, D. F. Follett	16 09	1 20 49	Not taken
Chamann, C. Murphy	13 06	1 21 18	Not taken

HULL Y. C.—AUG. 19.

THE annual open matches of the club were sailed Aug. 19, off the club house in Hull. Five classes, first class not filling. Second class, for centerboard and keel yachts, 26ft. to 30ft.; third class, for keels, for centerboards and keels, 21 to 26ft.; fourth class, for keels and boards, 17 to 21ft., and fifth class, under 17ft. No restriction to sail, except fifth class limited to plain lower sail. Anchor start. Courses, for second class, from judges' line, passing Barrel Buoy, leaving it on the port, to Yellow Barrel, marked "H. Y. C." off Straw's berry Hill, rounding and leaving it on starboard, to Yellow Barrel, marked "H. Y. C." off Bumkin Island, leaving it on starboard, out Hull Gut, to Bell Buoy on Harding's Ledge, leaving Toddy Rocks Buoy on port; Point Allerton Buoy on starboard, rounding and leaving Bell Buoy on the port. Returning leaving Point Allerton Buoy and Toddy Rocks Buoy on the port, to Hull Gut, then to judges' boat, passing between it and red flag—twelve nautical miles. For third and fourth classes—From judges' line to West Gut, passing out and leaving Pettick's Island on starboard, thence N. E. by N., three-quarters of a mile to Black Buoy on Wilson's Rocks, leaving it on the starboard, thence to Hunt's Ledge Buoy, off Teddy Rocks Buoy, rounding and leaving it on the starboard, through Hull Gut, to the judges' boat, passing between it and red flag—seven nautical miles. For the fifth class—From judges' line, passing Barrel Buoy, leaving it on the port, to Yellow Barrel, marked "H. Y. C." off Strawberry Hill, rounding and leaving it on starboard, to Yellow Barrel, marked "H. Y. C.—N. W." off Bumkin Island, leaving it on port, to Barrel Buoy off Great Hill, leaving it on starboard, to Yellow Barrel, marked "H. Y. C." off Pettick's Island, leaving it on starboard, to judges' boat, passing between it and red flag—six nautical miles.

The judges, Messrs. C. A. Perkins, Peleg Aborn, T. F. Patterson, C. B. Churchill, J. H. Conant, Samuel Appleton and F. H. Griffin, were aboard Mr. Hancock's sloop Madcap, kindly placed at their disposal for the day. We note here how little of the money of Eastern clubs is squandered in useless accessories, such as steamboat and brass band hire and champagne luncheons. Club funds are devoted to encouraging legitimate sport rather than to afford a spree and a holiday to "guests," reporters and hangers-on in general. The same might be accomplished, much to the benefit of yacht racing, in New York. The wind was very light from northeast at the start, then fell away and came out from the east. It continued to veer to southeast and commenced blowing fresh. In the schooners, Bessie, a Pierce built boat, got away with her larger sister in pretty hollow style. In second class the Herreshoff boat Nymbus beat her lot with ease, and Lillie, as usual, took first honors among a long string of good keels, including Viking and Hera. In third class Mr. Forbush put Seabird before in a manner recorded in these columns. There were Amy and Joker, Wild Fire, Wave Crest, Thysbe, Scamp, Herald, Nonpareil and others, a sporting lot tooled by sporting owners, and whose doings afford one pleasure to follow. Would we had a like army of little flutters near home, but in these waters it is sandbags or "luxurious" schooners.

The race from start to finish was carried out with the punctuality and thoroughness for which the officers of the Hull Y. C. have become well-known. The only accidents were the carrying away of Lillie's topsail halyards which lost her an excellent chance for the prize in her class, and Glance tossing her topmast over the side when off Strawberry Hill. The fleet was accompanied by several tugs with spectators from Boston. In the evening the club grounds were illuminated, the residents and boats in harbor following suit, and fireworks, music and an evening dinner brought Hull's great yachting festival of the year to a happy close. Owing to protests in fourth class keels, second and third prizes have not yet been awarded, otherwise the winners are in accord with the times given below:

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.

	Length. Ft. In.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Bessie, C. P. Curtis	27 02	3 32 32	2 56 44
White Cloud, H. H. Smith	29 00	3 59 05	3 25 22

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS—CENTERBOARDS.

Nymbus, G. R. Howe	33 03	2 47 40	2 18 08
Magic, E. C. Neal	30 04	2 57 49	2 35 20
Shadow, J. Bryant	33 06	2 57 43	2 28 22
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26 04	3 16 43	2 39 55
Walf, Tylor & Yokes	28 06	Not taken.	

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS—KEELS.

Lillie, Dillingham & Bond	36 02	3 00 43	2 33 39
Viking, S. P. Freeman	35 00	3 09 58	2 41 56
Hera, W. F. Weld	35 00	3 10 25	2 42 38
Zulu, A. C. Jackson	26 09	3 30 58	2 54 88
Lena, J. H. Wade	34 04	3 18 38	2 50 03
Gleam, R. V. King	27 08	3 34 33	2 59 41
Emma, E. F. Ingalls	28 09	3 34 09	3 00 30
Lotus, H. H. Gilmore	26 01	3 44 43	3 07 57
Janet, J. Morrison	30 00	Not taken.	
Wake, Waldo Bros	28 06	"	"

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Seabird, G. S. Forbush	22 01	1 4° 58	1 16 00
Expert, Monks and Stanwood	22 01	1 40 59	1 16 42
Venus, W. M. McKenzie	23 08	1 40 41	1 17 11
Allie, A. S. Waters	21 03	1 49 15	1 23 56
Jennie L., C. H. Lockhart	23 09	1 52 52	1 29 26
Pearl, J. F. Lee	22 04	1 57 48	1 34 09
Greta, J. F. Bill	22 07	2 08 12	1 43 46
Rebie, J. P. Phinney	22 00	Not taken.	
Bosy, H. J. Wade	20 01	"	"

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Violante, J. C. Davis	24 10	1 56 46	1 31 40
Raven, A. P. Friend	24 06	1 53 16	1 33 35
Banneret, W. K. Prior	23 09	2 01 05	1 37 39
Judith, E. T. Pigeon	22 04	2 03 14	1 38 43
Dolphin, James Griffin	22 00	2 10 48	1 45 51
Bessie, A. Hawkeston	23 09	2 10 31	1 47 10
Sunbeam, W. S. Nickerson	24 06	2 11 37	1 48 46
Em'ly, C. A. McManus	25 06	Not taken.	
Fairy, C. A. Perkins	23 03	"	"
Lydia Adams, H. Davenport	21 09	"	"
Chance, C. E. Cunningham	21 00	"	"

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Joker, Geo. Coffin	19 07	1 43 53	1 16 14
Amy, E. W. Baxter	20 06	1 46 21	1 19 58
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17 03	1 50 07	1 20 06
Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers	19 01	1 48 33	1 20 31
Ibis, J. K. Souther	19 07	1 48 40	1 21 21
Janet, W. L. Phinney	17 10	1 51 52	1 22 34
Nautilus, H. M. Faxon	17 04	1 54 41	1 24 46
Corsair, L. M. Mills	17 08	1 55 19	1 25 49
Diadem, L. Hayw ood	17 06	1 57 20	1 27 38
Cora, Harry G. French	18 03	2 00 55	1 32 06
Mirage, C. P. Curtis, Jr	17 00	2 01 56	1 31 36
Dream, C. H. Sears	18 03	2 10 54	1 32 06
Idler, Lloyd Bros	18 00	Not taken.	Not taken.
Minotaur, G. C. Adams	18 06	"	"
Elf, W. P. Barker	17 01	"	"
Zantho, H. L. Johnson	20 01	"	"
Gisela, S. G. King	20 01	"	"
Glance, J. M. Knight	17 07	"	"
Thysbe, S. A. Freeman	21 08	"	"
Scamp, Howard Gray	17 09	"	"
Herald, W. D. Smith,	19 06	"	"

FOURTH CLASS—KEELS.

Nonpareil, E. Lanning	16 03	1 59 57	1 38 38
Charlotte, G. G. Garroway	17 02	2 00 35	1 39 28
Lizzie, Sylus Porter, Jr	19 09	2 00 25	1 32 11
Inez, Goodridge Bros	18 05	2 01 06	1 32 39
Inez, Goodridge Bros	18 06	2 01 52	1 33 21
Hard Times, F. Lincoln	18 06	2 02 44	1 34 13
Belle, H. Thompson	19 09	Not taken.	
Belle W., C. H. Clark	19 01	"	"
Chiquita, W. H. Wedger	16 08	"	"

FIFTH CLASS.

Flora Lee, Freeman & Co	16 00	1 44 57	1 17 42
Dandelion, C. F. Adams, Jr	16 10	1 50 58	1 24 47
Gretchen, E. P. Sharp	16 11	1 53 37	1 26 32
Idlewild, H. N. Curtis	16 07	1 53 56	1 27 28
Flirt, J. P. Bullard	15 04	2 00 52	1 32 54
Zip, G. W. Morton	16 00	2 01 59	1 34 50
Ella May, G. H. Tyler	16 04	2 07 56	1 41 06
Cricket, W. Carey	16 01	Not taken.	
Josephine, J. F. Moor	16 03	"	"
Ripple, A. P. Dunham	15 10	"	"

A LONG CRUISE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At 11 o'clock this morning Dr. Charles A. Neide, Secretary of the A. C. A., and Capt. S. D. Kendall, both members of the Lake George Canoe Club, left the Canoe Islands bound for the Gulf of Mexico. The object of the cruise is geographical exploration and the promotion of canoeing, or single-handed cruising. The craft owned by these gentlemen though diminutive, are the very best of their class. Dr. Neide's cruiser was built by J. H. Rushton, and completed only a few days ago. It may be described as follows: Canoe Aurora, model Princess, lap strake, cedar; length, 15ft.; beam, 31in. at bottom of top streak; 30in. at deck; depth amidships, 11in. to gunwale; 13in. to crown of deck; at bow, 10in.; at stern, 18in.; two masts; lateen rigging.

Capt. S. D. Kendall's canoe is a marvel in the matter of construction. She is the result of herself, made the paddle, sails and oars, and has invented and constructed the best set of infolding outriggers that can be found in any light craft. The hull is constructed on the "up and down nailed carvel system." She is smooth outside and inside, her shell being of cedar veneers, dressed to a thickness of one inch wide by one-fourth inch thick. These strips are nailed upon the light ribs, or timbers, and galvanized brads are driven perpendicularly through two strips and into the third streak below. These brads are three inches apart. The ribs are of red elm, set three inches apart. The deck, though only one-fourth of an inch in thickness, is, by this system of nailing, made so strong that a man weighing 175lbs. can stand and step about upon it. The keelson is ten inches wide and one-inch in thickness, tapering towards the bow to the thickness of the planking. Weight of canoe with oars, paddle, spars, sails, rudder, and hatches, one hundred pounds.

This canoe is the last one of several built by this amateur canoeist, and there is an immense amount of work and thought represented in the details of a most interesting little craft which is appropriately named "Solid Comfort."

As these gentlemen are to undertake a long cruise, and in canoes fitted for comfort and for cruising purposes, not for racing, they have

followed the example of English, Canadian and United States canoeists who have made many and long cruises on rough and broad waters—they have taken along the auxiliary motor, the light oar and the outrigger. The ritualistic canoeist may take his light paddling Rob Roy canoe, by rail or steamer, to the heads of water courses, and then paddle and float down stream, always avoiding the ascent of a strong current, and when he has accomplished his few days of summer cruising on gentle waters, will berate his hardworking brother for following every connecting water-course, be it lake, sound, or the ocean itself, because the experienced cruiser knows that the limit of easy travelling canoe for any cruises has been passed. A roomy, comfortable cruising canoe, with all its outfit, and provisioned for an independent cruise in regions where the hotel refuge of the ritualistic paddler cannot be found, is generally too large and too heavy for the paddle on rough and broad waters, such as the North American continent offers to the lover of nature.

Messrs. Neide and Kendall are old cruisers, and have earned their laurels on both fresh and salt water. They will haul over into Lake Champlain from Lake George, cruise to Whitehall, thence through the canal to Troy, on the Hudson River. Then they will cruise on the Erie Canal westward to Buffalo on Lake Erie. The coast of Lake Erie will be worked as far as Cleveland, Ohio. From Cleveland the canoeists will proceed to Cincinnati on the Ohio River, where they will be kindly received by the members of the Cincinnati Canoe Club.

From Cincinnati they will descend the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, and will cross that city to Lake Pontchartrain and the Gulf of Mexico. They will then continue along the coast eastward and southward until they have passed Cape Sable on the extreme southwest coast of Florida. If time permits the canoeists will push their explorations around the southern end of Florida through Card's Sound and Biscay Bay to Cape Florida, and from that locality proceed northward on their homeward journey. HORICON.

CANOE ISLANDS, Lake George.

BEVERLY Y. C.—AUG. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The seventieth regatta of the B. Y. C., the first open race of the season, took place off Tobey Island, Monument Beach, Aug. 19. The sloop North Star of the E. Y. C., through the kindness of Mr. Dorr, used by the judges, Messrs. Geo. H. Richards, A. H. Hardy and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Course for sloops and cats over 23ft. sailing measurement was: From judges' yacht off Tobey Island buoy, leaving Scruggs Rock buoy and Bird Island buoy on starboard and return, 11 miles. Course for small cats was: Leaving Black buoy No. 3 on starboard, Abiel's Ledge buoy No. 1 and Dry Ledge buoy No. 12 on starboard, 7 miles. The race was open to all boats not over 37ft. sailing measurement; and great interest was taken in the race, some of the best known boats from Providence and other places being present.

In the morning the wind was strong N. E., but it gradually died away, until at the starting time, 1 P. M., it was very light. The first gun was fired promptly at 1. Although several boats were in sight, beating up, they did not arrive till quite late.

The first boat over was the Curlew at 1:09:08, followed by Ariel and Nomad, the latter 46sec. after time; the Isabel seemed to have gone to sleep and crossed the line among the catboats 6min. 35sec. late.

After running down a couple of miles the boats struck a S. W. wind dead ahead; and from here on the wind kept shifting from one point to another, one boat being rail down while the next was becalmed. The summary is as follows:

SLOOPS OVER TWENTY-NINE FEET.

	Measurement.	Actual.	Corrected.
	FT. IN.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Curlew, T. W. Robinson, Wareham	29 2	2 44 01	2 35 32
Nomad, J. S. Fay, Jr., B. Y. C	30 7	2 43 23	2 36 06
Ariel, F. E. Bacon, Jr., B. Y. C	35 4	2 40 08	2 26 48
Isabel, J. C. Chapman, N. Y. C	33 2	2 42 21	2 29 02

It was found that Ariel and Curlew had carelessly sailed course 1, not 2, as shown on the judges' boat. No. 1 being the reverse of No. 2. Both were ruled out. The first prize given to Nomad second to Isabel.

CATBOATS OVER TWENTY-THREE FEET.

	Measurement.	Actual.	Corrected.
	FT. IN.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Mattie, J. H. Arnold, Marion	28 10	2 41 38	2 32 39
Myrtle, G. E. Phinney, Monu't Beach	27 4	2 47 20	2 36 47
Violet, Daniel Crosby, Monu't Beach	27 6	2 47 55	2 37 37
M. Delorey, M. Delorey, Providence	28 10	2 47 04	2 38 05
Tantrum, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C	25 00	2 53 36	2 40 21
Alcyone, S. D. Phinney, Monu't Beach	27 10	2 51 30	2 41 29
Mistake, S. Perry, Monument Beach	24 2	2 55 48	2 41 46
Lucille, A. F. Smalley, Osterville	24 3	2 56 14	2 42 13
Mascot, F. E. Bacon, Jr., B. Y. C	24 6	2 57 18	2 43 35
Annie, David Ellis, Monument Beach	23 00	2 59 36	2 43 58
Eleanor, Richard Codman, B. Y. C	23 9	2 59 36	2 44 47
Thorn, H. Stockton, B. Y. C	24 00	2 58 00	2 45 39
Iris, E. A. Baugh, B. Y. C	24 2	3 59 36	3 45 31
Madeline, Eben Holmes, Marion	24 5	3 01 40	2 47 57
Moonaky, Igna's Sargent, Jr., Waquoit	26 10	2 58 32	2 50 37

Annie was 5min. and Rival 4sec. late at start. Mattie takes first and Myrtle second prize.

CATBOATS OF TWENTY-THREE FEET AND UNDER.

	Measurement.	Actual.	Corrected.
	FT. IN.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Phosie, Benj. Gibbs, Onset Bay	21 2	2 26 45	2 25 13
Clara B., E. A. Bangs, B. Y. C	20 5	2 29 53	2 27 37
Gem, I. Thomas, B. Y. C	19 6	2 41 13	2 37 55
Dolly, A. S. Hardy, B. Y. C	22 6	2 38 28	2 28 04
Mystery, H. Stockton, B. Y. C	21 11	2 40 48	2 29 58
Ripple, F. E. Bacon, Jr., B. Y. C	20 4½	2 42 17	2 30 01
Edith, J. F. Bullard, Marion	18 5¾	2 49 13	2 34 48
Minnie, F. Tudor, Monument Beach	17 11½	2 49 51	2 34 59
Comola, C. Curry, Monument Beach	Started.	Not timed.	
Indev, R. Smith, Fairhaven	Started.	Not timed.	
Sprite, J. W. Clark, Mattapoisett	Started.	Not timed.	
Bessie, — Smith, New Bedford	Started.	Not timed.	

Phosie was 46sec. late; she wins first and Clara B. second prize. On the whole, the race was not a fair test of the boats, the rear boats bringing up a wind several times and flukes being frequent. TILLER.

LEAD AND DEADRISE IN 1853:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in the "new departure" in yachts so ably supported in FOREST AND STREAM. In 1853 I had built in Philadelphia a sloop yacht 29ft. keel, for use in the Jersey sounds. Of course she could not draw much water, but I had a pretty sharp bottom and dared her above the water line. She drew 3ft. aft, but in shoal places I took six old fifty-sixes from the stern and put them in her eyes, and thus tipped up the stern 6in. She was low rigged, her sail keen and cut flat, hoisted; I had a large top sail that was set from the deck for light winds in going through the "thoroughfares." She was quite fast, and for her build an excellent sea boat, but I was surprised at the difference that half a ton of coal made in her sailing. She would lay a point nearer the wind, and I could hold on, until the water was up to her trunk, then let go her sail, low water, so she came. She was nearly non-capsizable. The lead was laid on each side of the well in her timbers, and fastened there, and was in addition to her other ballast. Now, if it had been in her keel the effect would have been much greater. I used to take my wife and children in her, and feel perfectly safe, but before I had the lead I did not. After I put in this lead I tried her in a shoal bay in a heavy northwester. If I had capsized or filled her she would have been in only 3 or 4ft. of water, and with that wind the bay went nearly dry at low water, so that I gave her every chance to do her worst that day, but I found that she was safe. I find in her old "Log" that I had 1,065lbs. of lead.

JOHNSON TOWN, Va. OLD FOGY.

EARLIEST AMERICAN VESSELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I learn from some old private papers that the first vessel built by our forefathers was called the Blessing of the Bay, built in 1631, launched only 4 small great rejoicing. She was of thirty tons burden and cost £145 sterling.

The second vessel was built in Boston in 1634, of about fifty tons, and called the Desire, and commanded by Capt. Perce, who came over in the Ann. She was the first vessel that crossed the ocean from this side.

The third vessel built was the barkentine Rebecca, built at Salem in 1635, of fifty tons burden. She was the second vessel that crossed the ocean from this side. She made a remarkably quick passage of eighteen days. Her great beauty and originality in form created a great public interest, and hundreds flocked to view her. She brought back fifty passengers to Boston. G. F. W.

BARNSTABLE REGATTA.—A public regatta for catboats was sailed off Barnstable, Mass., Aug. 22, with the following result: Isabel, Capt. Hopkins, won in second class, in 45m. 23s., second money going to Lillie, Capt. Goss, over a course of eleven miles. In third class, Banner, Capt. Beale, won in 1:05:20, second prize going to Nappie, Capt. Smith.

NEW BEDFORD Y. C.—An excellent match was sailed in Buzzard's Bay, Aug. 24, open to second class schooners and first class sloops. Alice from Boston arrived too late to sail with the schooners, crew being used up in the passage. Judges, G. M. Crapo, E. P. Haskell, Jr. and H. M. Chase, aboard the tug Nellie. Interest ran high in the fight between Peerless and Boston's former crack, the sloop rigged Fearless. Both crossed with main gafftopsails, Fearless with fore-topmast housed. Wind was fresh from southwest, and Peerless worked down to the Hen and Chickens and rounded first at 1:33:30, Fearless at 1:42:15. From there it was a case of ballooners to the mark near Quick's Hole. About half way the jibtopsail of Peerless went over the side, and the other schooner got into a similar scrape, both losing time in landing the lost canvas. Peerless jibed around the mark at 2:28:50, Fearless at 2:32:20. With booms to starboard quick time was made for home. Peerless essayed spinaker, but this had to guy too sharp and took in the sail. She was first home, but lost to her sister on allowance. The sloops made a good race, Windward holding the cutter Hesper well on the beat out, rounding the Hen and Chickens at 2:55:55, the cutter at 2:23:30 and the Hen at 2:51:46. Running free there was no change, the Lone Rock buoy being jibed around by Windward at 2:53:55, Hesper 2:55:05, North Star not taken. The first two made a dead heat of it, the prize going to the cutter on allowance. Fearless takes $100 and Hesper $75. Summary as under:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Fearless	11 04 43	3 17 07	4 22 24	3 59 09
Peerless	11 02 38	3 19 49	4 17 11	4 02 50
SLOOPS.				
Hesper	11 04 08	3 54 34	4 50 26	4 49 14
Windward	11 03 36	3 54 03	4 50 26	5 50 26
North Star	11 05 04	4 25 38	5 20 34	5 15 31

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.—Aug. 21.—The 3-tonners sweepstakes race was sailed on the afternoon of Aug. 19, in a light, but steady breeze from north. The yachts entered were:

Yacht.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.
Mariquita	yawl	2	W. Wallace
Mascot	sloop	2	H. M. Wylde
Marie	sloop	3	W. H. Troop
Velnar	cutter	3½	F. C. Sunichrast

Marie did not start. The others were sent off at 2:30 P. M., Mascot leading, Velenar second, Mariquita last. Velenar got to the front and led all through the race, sailing very well. Mariquita carried away her jibsheet deck-block on starboard side, and lost a good deal in consequence. It was a dead beat up to Dartmouth Ferry buoy, a deadness thence to Fort Clarence buoy, a free reach to Point Pleasant, and a beat home. The race ended:

	H. M. S.
Velenar	4 36 20
Mascot	4 45 51
Mariquita	4 47 07

Velenar allowed the others 1m. 45s. each, and therefore won easily. The next squadron fixture is for Saturday, September 2, when the Mayor's Cup, open to all yachts of the squadron, and three class prizes will be raced for.

MOSQUITO RACE.—The vast fleet of "wee-ums" congregating about City Point, South Boston, had a grand sporting time of it, Aug. 23, for the fishermen's match of the season. Wind blew from southeast, water rather choppy for such small fry. Course about three-quarters of a mile. Two cash prizes in each class. Start from an anchor. Judges, T. S. Condon, J. F. Buckley and Oscar Bingham. Mascot is a new boat and promises well when her trim has been got.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Corrected.
		M. S.
Daphne, H. Roberts	13 08	43 40
Lizzie, H. McDonough	13 03	51 28
Sport, J. Ridell	13 08	53 37

SECOND CLASS.

Egeria, William Condon	11 08	47 53
Mascot, F. O. Whitman	12 01	48 00
Herald, Charles Smith	11 11	54 04
Trinket, W. H. Buckley	12 10	51 20
Clyde, J. Page	12 08	54 29
Starlight, J. Winniatt	12 10	dis.

QUINCY Y. C.—The third championship regatta was sailed in Quincy Bay, Aug. 23. Joker lost her board, and Amy won the the race and championship with it, though Thisbe made very close play. Fiora Lee takes championship in third class, having all three races of the series, Fiora Lee coming in second. Second prizes were awarded also in each class. Wind strong from southwest:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length. Ft. In.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21 06	1 31 39	1 05 02
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	21 10	1 39 40	1 05 31
Nautilus, H. M. Faxon	18 01	1 47 06	1 16 43
Herald, Charles Bullard	18 07	1 36 48	1 17 24
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18 02	Not taken.	
Niobe, L. M. Clark	20 01	Not taken.	
Joker, George Coffin	20 05	Lost centerboard.	

THIRD CLASS.

Dandelion, C. F. Adams, 3d	17 05	1 21 56	0 56 03
Flora Lee, S. A. Freeman	17 03	1 27 06	1 01 53
Cricket, W. A. Cary	17 04	1 30 08	1 04 30
Zip, G. W. Morton	16 09	1 33 42	1 07 26

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The club sailed the second championship match for catboats Aug. 22, off the club house. Wind fresh from southeast, shifting to southwest during the latter part of the race. The first of the series had been won by Fiora Lee. Judges, H. Davenport and George Gertin. Course five miles. Start flying to single gun. Gretchen carried away halliards off Old Harbor buoy, Magnet and Amy hauled out. Thisbe won after a close contest with Joker. Result as under:

	Length.	Actual.	Cor.
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	21 08	1 10 29	0 44 50
Joker, George Coffin	21 00	1 11 55	0 45 22
Niobe, A. J. Clark	20 01	1 13 40	0 46 32
Pen, H. Freeman	19 00	1 14 50	0 46 03
Gisela, S. G. King	20 08	1 14 01	0 47 48
Elf, W. P. Baker	19 11	1 53 43	0 48 45
Dream, J. H. Sears	18 11	1 19 31	0 50 29
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21 06	Withdrew.	
Magnet, C. Barnard	14 10	Withdrew.	
Gretchen, E. P. Sharp	16 10	Disabled.	

PHOTOS.—We have received from David M. Little, 24 Franklin street, Boston, another instalment of fine yacht photos taken by the instantaneous process, which we commend to all interested as exceedingly handsome, perfect and and instructive. Among the lot we mention a broadside view of the noble cutter Hesper under full sail, the cutter Mavis under storm sail with topmast housed, broadside views of Phantom schooner and steamer Adelita, showing the handsome spars they put into steamers in the East, also schooner Brenda under low sail in good sailing breeze, an excellent three-quarter view of the American schooner rig, Vixen running free under balloon sails, winning her race with the Maggie, sloop Valhalla, schooner Halcyon with spinnaker and topmast staysail winning the Marblehead schooner match, and Baxter Sigurita, luffing round to get in the winning line. All these photos represent the yachts taken from actual life while underway, some of them driving along rail under. They are as clear and perfect in detail as though taken at anchor, although exposed only one one-hundred-and fiftieth of a second to the rays of the sun. For list and prices see our advertising columns.

HULL Y. C.—Gem, recently returned to the East, Fairy (Vice-Com. Perkins) and Myrtle having challenged the club for the pennants in second, third and fourth classes, a race was appointed for Tuesday, August 22. Gem and Fairy in second and third class took the pennants, no competitors appearing. In third class three yachts came to the line. Corsair was barred, having on board those not belonging to any club, against the Corinthian rules in force. Course 5½ miles, wind light from southeast, then baffling. Judges, J. H. Conant, Peleg Aborn and C. B. Churchill aboard Commodore Lambert's sloop Anna. Result as follows, Myrtle taking the pennant on time:

FOURTH CLASS-CENTERBOARDS

	Length.	Actual.	Cor.
Myrtle, C. H. Poor et al	19 06	1 37 55	1 15 53
Joker, George Coffin	20 08	1 36 48	1 16 12
Corsair, W. H. Mills	18 11	1 43 02	1 21 00

THE CRUISING CLUB.—The officers of this (London, England) club have decided to offer a prize to such member of the club as shall, in the opinion of the officers, have carried out the most enterprising, skilful and successful cruise of the season of 1882. In awarding the prize, regard will be had to the nature, size and accommodation of the yacht, boat or canoe, in which the cruise shall have been carried out, the method of camping or sleeping out, etc., so as to give an equal chance to the owners of small and large craft. Competitors must send in accounts of their cruises to the rear-commodore, signed with their names, before the 1st November, 1882, and the winning cruise will be published as such in *Hunt's Magazine*.

SAGITTA.—The collision between this sloop and the schooner Varema while working out of New Bedford harbor in company with the New York Y. C. fleet has not been correctly reported. Both were on starboard tack, the Sagitta leading and holding a closer wind. Varema overtook the sloop, and finding she could not weather, attempted to run her lee to take, poking her jibboom through Sagitta's mainsail, and causing other damage necessitating a vexatious delay for repairs. It is altogether too common for large vessels to ignore the rights of smaller yachts, in the belief that the latter will keep clear rather than risk collision. The rule of the road should be strictly observed as a matter of pride, to say nothing of the law. Too many skippers lightly assume the responsibility of disregarding the rules to save a little trouble. Ordinary consideration and courtesy should prompt large yachts to go through the lee of small ones, unless at undue risk of sacrifice to themselves.

SWEEPSTAKES.—A sweepstakes was sailed in the bay last Thursday between three shifting ballast boats, Mimic, Mistake and Mary Keegan, all about 28ft. long. Entrance fee $30. No restriction as to ballast or housing out; lower sails only. Flying start off Frank Bates' pier, South Brooklyn. Course: around Robbin's Reef buoy, thence around stakeboat off Coney Island point and home, sail over twice, twenty miles. Time of race limited to 6 hours. Wind light from southwest. Mistake took the lead, finished first round at 5:44 with Mimic second at 5:57:40 and Keegan third at 6:15:10. The latter withdrew after fouling the mark and was towed home to her moorings up the Hudson. Mimic finally gave up and the clinker of "the judges" made it 3825, too late to make it a race, so the match will be resailed. Judges, Peter O'Brien and Chas. E. Vaughn.

HERRESHOFF'S LATEST.—We have in a previous edition given a description of the new Permalia, one of the Herreshoff high speeds, built for Mr. Mark Hopkins, of Port Huron. The Toronto *Globe* gives the following concerning a race with a fast lake steamer, Aug. 18. "The much talked of race between the steamer City of Cleveland and the new yacht Permalia took place to-day. The run was made from the Star Island house to St. Clair, a distance of about 27 miles, resulting in the Permalia beating the steamer nearly half a mile. The yacht is a grand success throughout, both in speed and comfort. There are prospects of another race next Thursday, on the down trip of the Cleveland."

ANNASONA.—Should this famous 40-ton cutter pay us a visit next year, we know only two yachts likely to give her a good match under fair conditions, the Fannie in smooth water or the Mischief in average weather. The bumpy water the cut-or would suit it all to herself. Annasona is 68.45ft. stem to post; 11.9ft. beam and 9.6ft. deep in aft about 10ft. draft, and rates 40 tons Y. R. A. measurement. Says *Bell's Life*: "The Annasona, with a new bowsprit, took the Cowes Town Cup, and proved herself to be undoubtedly the best boat of her rig and size that ever answered to the starting gun. Probably Mr. Hedgeworth may now put his last year's notion into shape, and take her to New York."

HUNT'S YACHT LIST.—We have received a copy of this standard English publication, which will be found of service to all interested in foreign yachting. The volume has been much enlarged, its advertising pages alone being quite a study. Colored burgees of home and foreign clubs, a list of yachts, with owners, builders, colors, clubs, etc., and various useful information printed in handy form, make up a very useful book of reference. Published by Hunt & Co., 119 Church street, London. Price, six shillings.

STEERS.—The *London Field* republishes a letter from Anne Steers, which first appeared in its columns in 1870, stating that George Steers, her brother, and the builder of the schooner America, was born in Devonshire, and learned his trade as shipwright in England before emigrating to America. It seems more than likely that Steers was following in the American model his early notable conceptions, the ideas imbibed in younger days while in England, where the "wave-line theory" of Scott Russell was being actively discussed in ship-building circles.

INDEPENDENT Y. C.—The club sailed a match in Newburyport harbor, August 21. Venus, Wm. McKenzie, of Gloucester, won $30 in first class, course 12 miles, time 2:40. In second class Carrie May, John Goodwin, of Salisbury, won $20; course 12 miles, time 2:49. Yankee Maid, Moody Bros., won $15 in third class; course 8 miles, time 1:51. In fourth class the purse of $10 went to Carrie H., John Rhodagrass; course 8 miles, time 1:57.

CUTTER SOLD.—The cutter Nellie Burket, now on a cruise East, has been sold to Thos. Wilbur and others, of Boston, for $1,200. Her dimenstons are as follows: 39ft. over all, 33ft. water line, 11ft. beam, 7ft. 6in. draft.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA.—Subscription to outport members has been fixed at $3. J. B. Crowe, sloop Guinever, Boston, has been elected a member. Mr. Crowe is now residing in Lunenburg, N. S.

PROTEST DECIDED.—In Hull regatta, August 16, in the matter of protest by Inez against Charlotte in fourth-class yachts, Inez failed to appear, and second prize was awarded to Charlotte.

LLOYD'S.—We have received first supplement to the 1882 "Register," giving particulars and corrections of a number of yachts, and changes in name and rig.

Answers to Correspondents.

INSECTS, Indianapolis.—For your museum use corrosive sublimate as an insect preventive.

A. F. B., Clear Creek, Neb.—You may procure the wads by writing to any of the dealers in sportsmen's supplies advertising in our columns.

F. H. L., Rock Hill, S. C.—The choice between the guns you mention is much a matter of individual taste. Each of them we believe to be a reliable and satisfactory arm.

J. M. A., Chicago, Ill.—1. Go to Yankton, Dak., there consult the local sportsmen, and you will readily find the right place to pitch your camp. 2. For quail use No. 9 or 10 shot.

F. W. W., Montrose, Pa.—What is meant by the expression, "24 inches high at shoulder, standard measure?" Ans. 12 inches to the foot, with no allowance in favor of a prejudiced owner.

Z. T., Topeka, Kan.—Please give the address of Mr. Chas. E. Shaw, owner of the mastiff Turk. Ans. Mr. Shaw's address is Chilton, Mass. He is not the owner of Turk. Mr. W. H. Lee, of Boston, Mass., owns him.

C. H. B., Lowell, Mass.—To increase the attractiveness of your pond and to lure the wild fowl, should advise you to try the wild rice. Seed may be had of Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., and the fall is proper season for sowing it.

WYANOAK, Westboro, Wis.—1. Consult the book "Florida for Tourists, Invalids and Settlers," by Geo. M. Barbour. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 2. For Florida map procure Althorp's; price, $1.50; for sale by C. Drew, Jacksonville, Fla.

D. P. A. Jr., Ridgefield, Conn.—Where can I buy and what will be the average price of colored pictures of hunting, fishing, dogs, horses and sports? Ans. Send to Currier & Ives, 115 Nassau St., for their catalogues. Pictures range in size from 18x17 to 25x38, and cost from 20 cents to $3 each.

T. M., Brooklyn.—I have three rods, one of lance wood, one of split bamboo, and one of cane, which have not been used for a number of years. I would like to know what I should do to them to prevent their breaking, which I believe will happen the first time they are used, on account of their dryness. Ans. The cane rod may break, but we do not think the others will. If the ferules are loose take them to a rod maker. If not, then place them in the cellar or other damp place for a week or two. The varnish on the rods has probably kept them from drying too much. The ordinary Southern cane, when left in a natural state, without varnish, will dry sometimes in one season so as to become very brittle.

E. G. D., Providence, R. I.—1. How late can one go the Adirondacks and yet enjoy good fishing and hunting? 2. Can you give me the names of a few good trustworthy guides who can be depended upon? Ans. 1. The best rifle to take there? I have in mind a Winchester .38. Will that do for accuracy and penetration? 4. How much ammunition will be required for a stay of two or three months? Ans. 1. It depends upon the season. The woods are usually best in October. Trout are out of season then. 2. Guides are local, and if we knew where you were going we might answer. 3. Yes, unless you wish to hunt bears. Then take a 44 or 45. 4. That depends on how much shooting you want to do. If you shoot small game with a rifle you will need more than if you only kill what deer you want. You can best judge of the amount needed.



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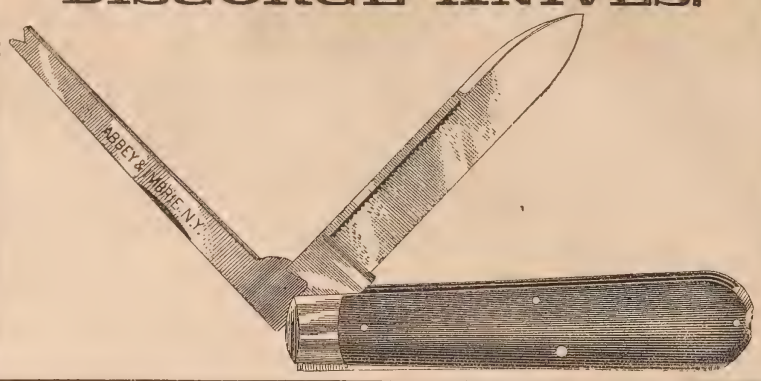
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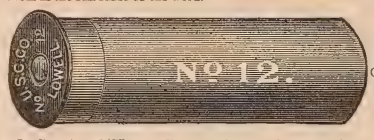
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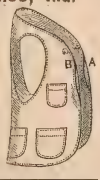
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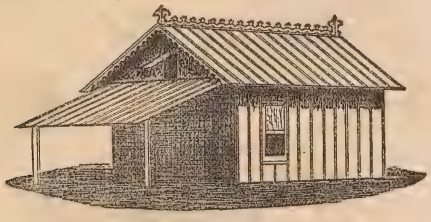


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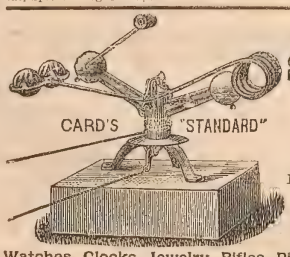
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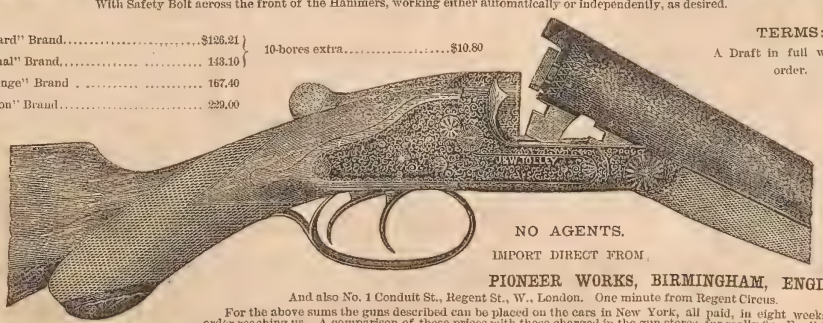
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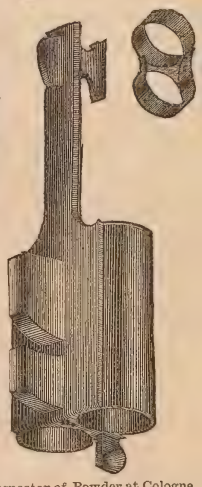
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	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot..	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
H. Pieper, Liege	3 3 4 4	4 4 4 3	4 4 4 4—45
Roedel, Prague	3 3 3 3	4 4 4 4	3 3 4 4—42
W.W.Greener, Birmingham	4 4 4 3	4 4 3 3	3 2 3 3—40
N. Bodsen, Liege	3 4 2 4	4 3 3 4	1 1 3 1—38
C. Bartels, Wiesbaden	3 3 3 4	4 3 4 4	1 3 2 3—37
Sackreuter, Frankfort	2 3 3 4	4 4 3 3	3 3 1 3—36
Camphausen, Crefeld	1 4 2 3	3 3 4 2	3 3 3 3—31

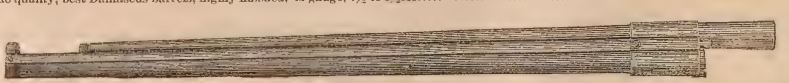
	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot..	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
A. Jannsen, Liege	2 3 3 3	4 4 3 3	1 3 2 1—32
Beermann, Munster	3 2 1 2	4 4 2 4	2 2 3 2—31
Brunn, Birmingham	3 3 2 2	3 3 4 4	2 3 2 3—30
Witte, Zutphen	3 4 2 3	1 1 1 1	3 2 3 2—27
H. Jansen, Wesel	1 2 1 3	4 3 2 2	2 1 2 3—25
Heuse-Lemoine, Nessouvaux	2 3 1 4	1 2 3 2	1 2 2 2—25
Cordes, Bremerhaven	2 1 1 1	3 3 2 1	1 2 2 1—20

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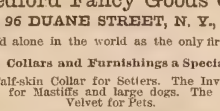
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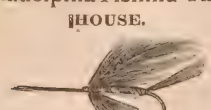
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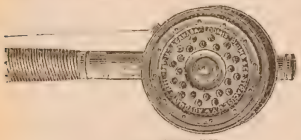
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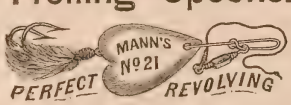
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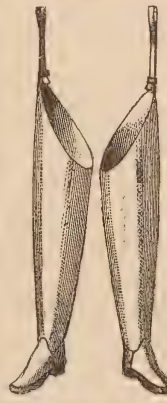
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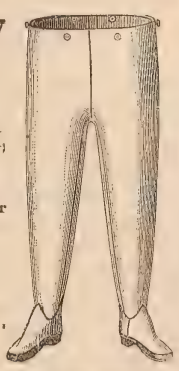
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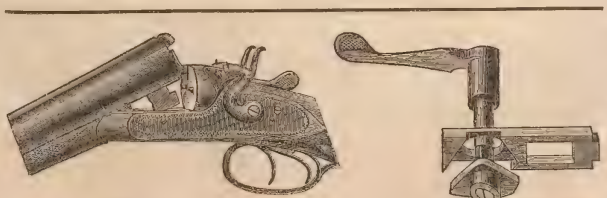
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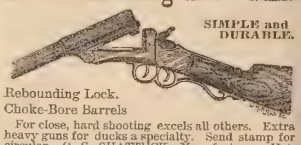
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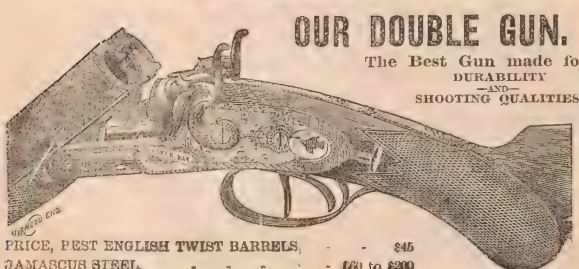
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

OUR AMERICAN TEAM.

THE present week will close the practice of the American Team, and by the end of next week the match will have been decided. It is difficult to predict a victory for either side. There are grave points to be criticised in the make-up of the home team, in its methods of practice, in its choice of arms, and in its preparation for the work in hand. The prospect does not become more rosy as the date of the match draws near. Our team does not seem to pull well together. The scores run up and down in a jagged way, and the top man of to-day is the bottom man to-morrow. This means that there is a great deal of independent practice going on; that the men are not holding in with one another, and while each is no doubt doing his best right along, the team system is entirely wanting.

It is doubtful whether or no the team system can be applied with this team, and that after all we will have to drop back to the English system of allowing each man to do his best, and calling the aggregation of the scores a team total. That is not the way that previous American victories have been won, and it will not improve the American chances if we are to throw aside our old winning habit and adopt a much cruder system. The first requisite for a well organized team, one that can work together, is a fixed point of departure. They must hold alike. It is of no use to have an elaborate table of the variations between the several rifles, if the men do not use the weapons in the same way at each shot. In the small-bore matches, the holding was perfect. It was "dead on" all the time, and this being known, one rifleman could follow another with certainty when the proper allowances had been made. The back position enabled all this to be done with ease, the men could hold their rifles with vise-like accuracy shot after shot. One rifleman we recall who was excellent in many ways, was left off the successive American teams simply because of his bad habits of "holding for wind" to various points of the target instead of making the allowance on his sights and wind gauge. Though individually he was an excellent marksman, he could not be safely trusted as a team man, and did not shoot on any of the teams.

In the make up of our International Military team we fail to see that there is the fixed point from which to make calculations. The men do not hold steady—the prone position is not now and never was a steady position. There is a certain amount of snap shooting in it. That is, the foresight of the rifle goes wavering about over the target face and then at the right instant the trigger is pulled. Some riflemen are more steady than others, but there is not that fixed holding on the bull which was a feature of our American team shooting from the back position. There are difficulties connected with the taking of the back position with military rifles, but they are not insurmountable. Many excellent marksmen use it in matches similar in condition to the International match. The committee on the organization of the team should have recognized the importance of position in carrying out a team discipline, and should have made it a requisite of admission to the team that the back position should be used. A few months' practice would have enabled every member of the team to have shot from the back position at the second stage, but now it is too late to change. The match must be fought through with the men as they now shoot. We do not see that much can be done in the way of team drill under these conditions. The practice thus far of the men may not be a good criterion, as the shooting is yet nothing more than an active rivalry for place on the team. In our next issue we shall be able to give the record of the men as chosen. The rivalry should then have ceased, and if the scores do not show a marked improvement we may conclude that there is no basis for Col. Bodine to establish team practice as contradistinguished from the mere practicing upon the same day and over the same ranges of a company of shooters. Without the application of this team drill it is not unlikely that we have seen the best our team is capable of, unless perchance the spur of the actual match shall lead to some unexpected displays, but this pressure may bring unsteadiness and poor scores instead of firmness and fine shooting.

We should have been much more easy as to the result if we had noted the application of the team principle, had seen the men catch step together and move along, each getting aid from and giving assistance to his comrades. If that plan can be carried out the final team should have been made up long ago, if not, then the present desultory practice is about all that can be done.

SPORTSMEN'S OUTFITS.—A full directory of the sportsmen's goods trade is comprised in our advertising columns. The firms there represented are well established business houses, most of them of long standing, and all reputable and reliable. The sportsman who is in need of any article to complete his outfit, from a gun to a box of wads, or from a rod to a fish hook, may obtain it by communicating with these dealers. It is, of course, considered the more satisfactory way to purchase in person what is needed, especially if the article be a fine gun or rod involving the outlay of a considerable sum of money. But this is not a necessity. The firms to which we refer annually send out in response to mail orders tens of thousands of dollars' worth of goods, and it is a significant fact that dissatisfaction on the part of the purchaser is the very rare exception. We know of no other class of goods in which the purchaser at a distance can be so sure of receiving fair dealing as he is when ordering a shooting or angling outfit, or any part of one from these firms. An important rule to be observed by the party giving a mail order is to be as explicit as possible in his directions and explanations of what he wants. This will obviate possible misunderstanding and greatly assist the dealer in supplying the right article. In nine cases out of ten where the purchaser is not suited, the fault lies with himself for having been vague in his instructions.

AN ACTIVE FISH AND GAME CLUB.—Chagrin Falls, Ohio, has a fish and game club which does not confine its attention to the mere killing and capturing of fur, fin and feather, but is wise enough to devote a portion of its energies to keeping up the supply for future needs. In another column we print a letter from the secretary of the club, Mr. J. J. Stranahan, on their success in the culture of black bass, and we learn that now they have young bass to distribute, thus proving the success of the experiment of introducing them to the waters of their ponds. They will now attempt the propagation of the finer species of catfish. It is sincerely to be hoped that the public will afford the club all the encouragement and assistance necessary to continue this excellent work.

FORMING LOCAL CLUBS.

WE sometime ago took occasion to refer to the method of work adopted by the Michigan Sportsmen's Association. The work is briefly this: The association sends out an agent, who visits the several towns in a given district, talks with the residents, invites them to meet him, and when they have come together explains to them the object of the association and the purpose of the game laws. He is as a rule successful in arousing sufficient interest to insure in each village thus visited the formation of a game club, which takes its stand on the side of game protection. The present representative of the association, who is now doing such work on the northern shore, is Hon. Cyrus W. Higby, of Jackson. Mr. Mershon, the secretary of the association, who is now in this city, tells us that the Michigan plan is working well, and good results are following Mr. Higby's labors.

This is certainly one of the most efficient methods of inducing among the people an appreciation of just what game protection is and what it is not. The spirit and intent of the restrictions imposed on the capture of fish and game are largely misconstrued by the general public, particularly in the frontier sections of the country. Game laws are regarded as enacted in the interest of a few, and are thought to be an infringement of the rights of residents and land owners. Obviously, then, in an intelligent scheme of game protection the first essential is to remove this misconception, and to secure that appreciation of the justice of the game laws, which a clear understanding of them is sure to effect. When this has been accomplished the rest is a comparatively simple matter. We shall watch with interest the progress of the Michigan Association, because we believe that they have adopted the right course.

SEA SALMON OR LAND-LOCKED?—We were recently shown a salmon taken by Mr. E. A. Green, of Newark, N. J., from the Marguerite, which the fishermen of the Saguenay region declared to be a "winninish." The fish was brought to our office for identification by that enthusiastic angler, Mr. T. S. Morrell, of Newark. It was apparently a salmon of about six pounds weight, but its extremely pointed snout gave it a peculiar appearance, and its coloring was some like that of a land-locked salmon. After a careful diagnosis we incline to think it merely an abnormal specimen of *Salmo salar*. The "winninish" is not now recognized as distinct from the land-locked salmon, and the latter fish is structurally a *S. salar* whose habits have been changed, and a slight change in coloration has followed. In other words, it is merely a variety and not a distinct species. Dr. Ferber has also brought us two small land-locked salmon from Loch Lomond, twelve miles from St. John's, N. B.

SEA TURTLES NEAR NEW YORK.—A few weeks ago a friend told us in conversation that many green turtles were caught near Sandy Hook this season. We have known of an occasional one being taken on Long Island, and even in Great South Bay, but not of frequent occurrence enough to be considered worth more than a passing notice as stragglers from the Gulf Stream, and we thought no more of what our friend said. Last Monday while Mr. Francis Endicott, the well-known president of the Staten Island Sportsman's Club, took three of them while fishing for striped bass from the lower end of the island. The turtles, which were small ones, of about eight or ten pounds weight, were taken on the shore of Staten Island and were in good order. Now that we know of this fact, we are prepared to believe that they are of much more frequent occurrence than is generally supposed.

THE MOODUS DOG SWINDLER.—We understand that the Moodus dog swindler, who formerly advertised under the names of Howard, Fowler, Chester, Gleason, etc., is again at his tricks. He has been advertising from Middletown, Conn., under the name C. E. Pollard, and we understand that another *alias* is "Rev. S. C. Fowler." This fellow—whatever his real name may be—is an arrant rascal. If any of his victims care to take steps to punish him, we can give them some additional information about him.

BOSTON PRESS SHOOT.—The annual shoot of the Boston Press Rifle Association will be held at Walnut Hill, September 28. The match promises to be an interesting one. Representatives will be on hand from the *Herald*, *Globe*, *Journal*, *Star*, *Post*, *Transcript* and *Advertiser*. Last year forty-six newspaper scribes shot at the targets. This year it is probable that there will be seventy-five entries, each man eager to get a "beat" on all the other papers.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

VIII.—A STATE PARK—RANDOM SHOTS.

UNLESS something is done by the State of New York to preserve the grand old woods as a public park, its glory will depart within the next ten years, and it will become worthless for purposes of recreation or as a means of supplying water to our rivers and canals. The lumbermen and bark peelers are fast destroying its value for these purposes, and the grand system of mountains, whose heavily wooded sides prevent the sun from evaporating the rainfall, will become bleak and barren rock. All along the Hudson this is the case already, and no new growth takes the place of the old forest whenever it has been entirely removed, the ground being too dry to favor its growth, and the unsightly stumps remain only to mark what was once good timber-growing land. The science of forestry, so well understood and practiced in some parts of Europe, seems to have been entirely neglected here, and men cut and slash by wholesale, leaving the future to take care of itself, so that they reap one harvest.

Thirty years ago there was plenty of water in the Hudson below Troy at all seasons, and sail vessels could tack at will in most places above the city of Hudson. Now a steamboat channel is all that remains in midsummer, and this is so scant that the river is lined with stone dykes to keep the water in the channel. Few are so ignorant to-day as not to know that the clearing off of timber tends to dry up the springs which flourished on the shaded, mossy sides of hills where rain and snow-fall was protected from the sun, hence it needs no elaborate argument to show that this region, which is the source of the Hudson and its main branch, the Mohawk, as well as of streams flowing into Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, and which is of no value whatever as an agricultural district, should be preserved as a public park. The practice of selling land to lumbermen, who make a first payment and then skin off the timber and decline to pay taxes on it, thereby allowing it to revert to the State, should be stopped at once, unless our legislators are willing to see the water highways closed. The State does not know, and cannot learn until the survey is completed, how much land it owns here, or where it is located, and unscrupulous men take advantage of the fact to cut timber on lands not their own. In no other country would this be tolerated for a moment.

The preservation of these forests is not alone a question concerning the sportsmen and others seeking recreation, it is one which affects the commerce, as well as the health of the whole people of the State.

There are still places enough in the Adirondacks where one can go and not find cockney hotels and people whom it is desirable to avoid, if he will leave the beaten track, places where he will find good woodland fare and hospitality, where no telegraph brings news of hourly stock quotations on Wall street, or where he will be oppressed with Saratoga style. Why those who desire these things come into the woods, which should be sacred to silence and blue flannel, is a wonder; they certainly are not in sympathy with the spirit of the wilderness, and seem as much out of place as our old friend "Leatherstocking" would be in a drawing room. Old Natty would be astonished at them, and like me would suggest that their "gifts were not for the woods." But they don't respect the honest old man, and it is a question if many of them know who he was. One man talks of laying out a race course in the woods. O, Ichabod, Ichabod!

It was an evil day when the level of some of the lakes was raised for the ostensible purpose of affording more water for the canals, but partly to facilitate the driving of logs down the streams, and a line of dead timber disfigures many as beautiful sheets of water as are to found on this planet, and which it will take a century to restore to their former comeliness. The raising of the water has injuriously affected the fishing by destroying breeding grounds which are not to be found along the new shores with their decaying vegetation and mold-covered bottoms.

To a man who loves the woods and nature in her wildest forms, who loves to look upon a landscape and imagine that no human eye has seen it before, or at least not an eye belonging to a white man, these things are all a profanation of the temple. The steamboats which go puffing up and down the lakes from Blue Mountain to Raquette are bad enough, but the slashing of timber and the damming of the lakes is worse. A lover of the woods goes there to escape civilization with its railroads, telegraphs and its money-making ways, and when he gets a glimpse of any of the birds or beasts which are ranging in his sight without being aware of his presence, he loves to note their movements and habits. It gives him a feeling of satisfaction which the gilded youth who needs the constant support of all the appliances of civilization, including hourly reports of the stock market, has not the faintest conception of. I readily fall into sympathy with the men who have visited the woods for the past thirty or forty years, and who have come from a love of the vast solitudes which railroads and good wagon roads are now rendering too easy of access to the ordinary tourist, and who are finding that the charms of their old haunts, *their* woods are gone. To them I will whisper that there are still places where they can leave the vanities of the world behind them; where the gilded youth dare not yet venture, and which even the old guides do not know. This may seem to be a strange statement, but this very year Mr. Colvin has found ponds which his oldest and keenest woodsmen, who hunt and trap in that district all winter and guide in summer, have been compelled to admit were "new water." This will all be announced in due time and in the regular manner, but leaving them out for the present, there are other places where the tourist does not go.

The guides take sight-seers by the main water courses, which are the easiest to travel, and these are so distributed as to make aquatic highways in several directions almost across the woods. Between these will be found comparatively unfrequented tracts containing small lakes, which the guides know and few beside themselves visit. Here one can camp without fear of interruption, and will see none except it be some one having his own tastes and habits, who will bid him "good day," and perhaps accept an invitation to halt, eat a trout or a venison steak, smoke a pipe and then pass on. Such chance meetings often ripen into future acquaintance in the case of two persons for whom the woods were made, and neither feels that the other is intruding, which all lovers of the woods feel in the case of an invasion of tourists who merely "do" the woods because it is the fashion.

I have spoken of the desirability of getting beyond all reach of civilization and its messengers, the mail and the telegraph, and to some this may seem carrying it farther than they would wish to go. I can best explain my desires on this point by quoting another. I once went into the woods with a gentleman having large commercial relations and great interests at stake. We were to be gone some time, and a man in his employ was to bring in some provisions at the end of the first week. The instructions to the latter were: "When you come in don't bring either newspapers, letters or messages, except on family matters. I am on a vacation of four weeks, and I don't propose to be disturbed by business. Even if banks fail and I am financially ruined I don't want to know it, and I have no wish to be bothered with it. When I come out I will resume business." He had the correct view of a vacation in the woods, and cast off his business for the time and enjoyed himself as he could not have done had he allowed his worldly cares to annoy him. He was a man who could endure his own society and did not need to carry his commercial relations with him. How few can do this! And how few have enough in them to interest themselves. Byron's lines on solitude are so to the point that I must quote:

> To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
> To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
> Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
> And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
> To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
> With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
> Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
> This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
> Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.
> But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
> To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,
> And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
> With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
> Millions of splendor shrinking from distress,
> None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
> If we were not, would seem to smile the less
> Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued;
> This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

The few who feel thus will not suffer from lack of the superfluities of civilization and will find more companionship in the hills than in Wall street. F. M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 24th inst., "F. M." in his sixth article of the "Adirondack Survey Notes" strikes the key note to the protection of game.

The remarks of the different guides, as given by him, on this question, are particularly striking and truthful, and show plainly how the matter is presented to them, and what vile means are resorted to by men who claim to be honorable and law-abiding citizens, outside of the game laws. But the day is near at hand that will brand the "venison thief" (as the FOREST AND STREAM styles him) with the same iron that is applied to the horse thief.

This putting men upon their honor is the true principle, and the man who bribes, or threatens guides, into "crooked" work, not only disgraces himself, but commits treason to his neighbors and all honest sportsmen who wait for the open season. And my experience has been, that the "higher toned" the violator, and the greater claim he made to honor and integrity when at home, the quieter he wants it kept, and the smallest hole is large enough for him to crawl through when he is caught.

The Adirondack survey party of which "F. M." was a member, set a splendid example, and its effect will be lasting. Many of the guides have been trying to do what they knew was right, but were meeting with poor encouragement in many instances from honorable (?) sportsmen. And to have Mr. Colvin's party with them, encouraging them in a practical manner, as well as by good fair argument, it has put new life into them on this question, and the last time I was on the Fulton Chain, they were pretty well prepared to meet those who had a disposition to violate the law; in a manner that if there was any honor in them, would bring it out. I hope every fair-minded sportsman will read Mr. Mather's article mentioned above, and if he has ever been a violator of the game laws, let him size himself up, and meditate upon the honor he has gained or lost in the operation.

Your valuable paper has taken good ground on this question, and its influence is being felt. Already we find many men who in years gone by slayed and killed at all seasons, who now hold up both hands to have the law enforced, and regret what they did in the past; and with help in various directions, we begin to see a decided increase in the deer in the Adirondacks. I hope that when tempted to shoot game out of season, every sportsman will counsel his honor before pulling the trigger. WM. P. DODGE.

PROSPECT, N. Y., Aug. 29.

QUAIL SHOOTING.—From all that we can learn the coming season will be a very fair quail year. Reports of an abundant supply of birds come to us from many quarters, and shooters are generally anticipating good sport.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"PISECO" ON LAKE COMO.

HOMBURG LES BAINS, Prussia, Aug. 14.

Dear Forest and Stream:

When I bade you good-bye last November, and you bade me "bon voyage," I had not an idea that the promise I then made would remain so long unfulfilled; for my previous experience of European life having been confined to the seaports alone, I had but little doubt but that I should be able to contribute considerable to your fish department at the least, and my plans not being definitely made, embraced a little out-door work in the Swiss Mountains, the German Black Forest and the Lochs of Scotland.

But, like many well-laid plans, mine ganged aglee, and a bit of Roman fever in the family last winter assumed the upper hand, and has shaped my subsequent proceedings, until now, it having at last held up raining, and being cold and cheerless as no previous spring and summer have ever been in Europe—at least so all the landlords assure me—I have settled down for rest and recuperation in this most delightful retreat, where I drink the waters, bathe daily in "mineral pine extract" mixture, and, I trust, am getting rid of some of the effects which have followed, very naturally, my many days of wading icy brooks in our home forests, and campings out in Alaska mountains.

A great preventive of too strong prickings of conscience for my broken promise is that, like the needy knife-grinder, "Lord bless you, sir, I've no story to tell," for however rich a stock of data suitable for a journal devoted to art, as is the FOREST AND STREAM to nature, might or may have been accumulated in my wanderings through the galleries and museums of Germany, Italy and Austria, I shrink from making them public, through an inward consciousness that Badaeker, Murray and Harper, with their facts and figures, and a host of itinerary literary tourists, with their vivid flights of imagination, have already so thoroughly exhausted the powers of description that mine would prove but a "twice told tale," and worse, a badly told one, for I fear that I am not romantic.

I brought with me, as you know, my fishing gear, but, wisely counseled, stored it carefully away in Paris last November, and there it has lain until this month; and I have not missed it, nor have I once wished that I had my Parker along. Either or both would have cost more in transportation than all the fish I have seen caught or game killed would pay for. I have seen fishing enough on the banks of the Seine, the Danube, the Rhine, Rhone and Loire, and the wharfs and quays of the Geneva Lake, besides many smaller or less known waters, and as I should judge from personal observation, constantly dotted with patient anglers, all armed with long bamboo poles and with floats. Never have I seen one of these fishermen make any movement which would indicate even a bite.

Only once previous to my arrival here have I made any attempt to fish and but once to hunt. The latter first, as it is a very short story. At Heidelberg a young Englishman, whose acquaintance I made at table d'hote, gave me a glowing account of his sport a few days before, when in the forest near by he had killed two deer. I thought to make an effort, but found obstacles. First I must take out a yearly license to hunt, at I believe 100 marks, the privilege of carrying a gun being expressly included; next to either join with others or else myself hire a sufficient number of men and dogs to range through the preserve and drive deer to me; then, all this being accomplished, to butcher at ten yards' distance any unfortunate animal that might be scared toward me.

In further conversation with this young gentleman, who was rather of the Oxford under-graduate, æsthetic style, I asked, "What dogs were used?" "Why, hunting dogs, to be sure." "Yes, but what kind?" "Oh, I don't know what you Americans call them, but we call them setters." Do you blame me for more than half fancying that if that young man had brought home any venison he had bought it? Or, as we used to express it in Sitka, when a particularly good result had been obtained—or claimed—by an indifferent shot, "He has met an Indian."

My attempt at fishing proceeded to greater length. I actually went. It was at Bellaggio, on the Italian Lake Como. Badaeker describes the trout in the lake as very excellent, and growing to a weight of five and twenty pounds. The head waiter assured me that some very good-sized and fine-flavored trout that we had for dinner, were obtained in the lake, and in the kindest manner accepted a retainer, and agreed to make all arrangements by which I the next day would be enabled to have a good day's fishing. These were to include a suitable boat, bait and gear, and experienced fisherman.

The day dawned showery, just right for fishing, and with high anticipations and accompanied by a couple of young friends, I was at the wharf at the appointed time. There lay the boat, a trim little rowboat, elegantly fitted up, with cushions, awning, curtain, etc., and in a little box in the stern sheets a lot of little gear, just big enough to use in perch or minnow fishing.

It struck me that my friend the boatman had insured himself against fish-soiled cushions, and us against sport. If the Italian language which I made use of was not grammatical, it was vigorous, and produced, evidently, the sought for impression, namely, that we were not so sufficiently verdant as to suppose for an instant that he had any intention of rowing us over any spot where there was the least chance of our capturing any fish that could by any possibility be expected in its dying struggles to shed a scale or drop of blood upon any of his tasteful fixtures; and that a common regular fishing boat, such as the fishermen use, and provided with suitable tackle, would be good enough for us. Surrounding boatmen, not being themselves pecuniarily interested, gave strong backing to my protest, and the old fellow yielded gracefully, and the intimation that the amount of his *buona mano* would depend entirely upon our luck—being limited to a "single franc if unsuccessful, to be raised upon to ten for a five-pound fish, and twenty for a ten-pounder"—started him in a hurry for substitutes.

In an hour we embarked in a great comfortable boat with two rowers, and sheltered by an awning on a frame resembling the cover of one of our western prairie schooners. So comfortable did it all look, and the day had cleared up so pleasantly that lady members of the party, having done the Villa Carlotta, and admired the beautiful grounds and the statuary—which includes a magnificent frieze by Thorwaldsen, and the original "Love and Psyche," worth a fortune, while their owner has to depend upon visitors' fees for an in-

come—joined us, and were very welcome, not only for their society but for the prudence displayed in bringing with them a good stock of sandwiches, with which, less than with fishing, our trip was made enjoyable. It isn't much fun to fish by proxy, and this we had to do, as you may see when I describe the method.

The first process toward getting ready consisted in the attachment to the upper after frame of the awning of an immense wooden reel—immense looked on as a reel, for it was fully fifteen inches in diameter, and in general appearance was more like a log-line reel than like for a fish line. It was provided with a friction brake and stop, and on its barrel was wound four hundred metres of line wire. A leaden weight of about an ounce was attached to the end of this wire, and it was then paid out. At ten metres a loop came in sight to which by means of a toggle another wire ten metres in length, to which a large hook baited with a small fish was attached.

This process was continued until all of the twenty lines were attached, and trolling astern at depths varying from two hundred to ten metres below the surface—a fresh sinker being toggled on between every second and third line, the depths of course dependant greatly upon the speed.

After about an hour thus devoted to getting underway, we began fishing in earnest.

One problem, based upon difficulties which I have at times encountered, when through faults in handling perceptible to my guide alone, I have in Adirondack lakes lost some large fish, presented itself, and I longed for a solution—it was this. Supposing a large fish struck and hooked himself on the outer and deepest hook, how could he, by any of the accepted rules in regard to such matters, be expected to keep up the connection during the period which must necessarily elapse while the fisherman reeled up nearly three hundred yards of wire by means of a crank, which, I was quite sure, would not take it up in less than twenty minutes, even if no further obstacles than those presented by the necessity of disconnecting and caring for each of the other lines, and probably the sinkers, of which there were eight or ten, presented themselves. And a ten-pound laker, I should judge, would in such contingency prove a considerable obstacle. And again, there was no provision whatever to relieve the dead strain, no spring of the pole, or giving a bit of line to depend upon. Unfortunately I had no opportunity of forming any better opinion, for except that we had a delightful row, and enjoyed hugely the beautiful scenery as we passed around Bellagio Point, and swung into Lake Lecco, our trip was a failure, and very soon recognizing the situation and accepting it, we concluded that to consider ourselves fishing required a lively imagination, and we devoted ourselves to the lady who had accompanied us, and the sandwiches she had brought.

As usual, there were any number of excellent reasons why no fish could be caught that day and why they should not be expected, which reasons would have been more acceptable if given before we started.

Well, I've added two more to the list of lakes I've fished in, but my score book shows a blank.

Several men who, armed with spears, were watching the shoals at the mouth of several little creeks we passed, they hidden behind large rocks, were more successful, for although none were speared in my sight, several good sized trout were held up for our inspection as we passed, and but for the gashes in their backs, which would have unfolded a tale, I rather fancy that I shouldn't have returned empty-handed.

I have used up so much of your space and my time in describing to you this unsuccessful trip, that I will reserve until I again feel in the mood—which will probably be on the next rainy day—on account of several successful ones which I have made among the mountain streams in this vicinity, during which I was able to settle very definitely a question which had been agitated in the London *Field*—viz., whether, first, the streams in Swiss Nassau contained trout, and secondly, whether, if they did, said trout could be taken by the fly.

Both questions I settled in the affirmative, and with the aid of my little rod, made especially for brook fishing, made the best day's work on record here. PISECO.

THE PACK WELL SHUFFLED.

BY A. MULE.

I WAS sitting on the steps of the court house the other day in the midst of a little knot of village worthies, discussing crops, checkers, pocket knives and other regulation themes of village gossip, when some one said:

"There comes McP——!"

"Where?" I asked, not seeing him anywhere.

"Not in sight yit, but thar's his advance guard!" and he pointed out a straggling dog or two standing idly in the square.

In a few moments a confused mass came round the corner and presented to view a solid acre of dogs—all busy about nothing—all sniffing, fighting, trotting along, but managing to keep going ahead all the time. There were at least fifty in the pack, of all sizes, all ages, all colors, all breeds, all tempers. Here a gigantic but dignified Newfoundland paced along looking like a big cypress among bushes; here a hard-featured desperate old fighter, of no particular breed, jogged on with head down and sulky look; there a dozen or so terriers skipped about on three or more legs as they happened to fancy, but all with an earnest cast of countenance, as if on serious business, and nearly all bearing the scars of honorable combat with bruin. As they entered the square they separated a little, each on his own hook looking up a strange dog.

Behind the dogs came their master. Shelb. was mounted as usual on his "old mar" that nobody on earth would own but him—and bent upon getting a little redeye for himself—a bottle of snuff for the old lady, and having a jaw with society in general.

The old mare is said by the oldest inhabitant to have once been a bright yellow sorrel, but this has long since given way to a grizzly brindle of no color whatever. She has but one eye, of course—that sort of "hoss" never has but one. No man ever knew her when she didn't have a colt trotting behind her, and she is in short the ugliest, rawboned, worst-tempered devil in the State. What she lacks in looks, however, she makes up in gaits. She has every gait ever seen with a horse, and several of her own invention besides. Being opposed to monopolies, she travels none of these long enough to tire her rider, but changes just as fast as her laziness and a touch of stringhalt allows, and indeed some of her friends have been heard to openly brag that she "goes all the gaits and goes them at once!"

Shelb. fairly dotes on the old mare, and swears she makes up in virtue what she lacks in looks. He hunts on her altogether, and somehow can convey his wishes to her in a private language of their own. She will browse for a day just where he left her; she will dodge trees and vines as well as a man, and knows how to get through cane like a wild turkey. She will come to Shelb's horn but not budge for another, and, in short, she is his bosom friend and up to all sorts of swamp tricks.

One of the boys stole her once and entered her at the county fair, giving her pedigree as "by Sleight of Hand out of Kentucky Stable," and she took the premium for an "aged and experienced cow." But Shelb. offers to ride her a race of ten miles through the canebrake with any horse, and I've no doubt she would win.

The old man got off his horse, turned her loose, and came up to where we sat. He was cordially greeted, and of course had at once a dozen invitations to drink. These he declined, as he rarely indulges away from home, thinking liquor is not healthy unless taken with a little tansy in it.

After a while the crowd drifted away and left old Shelb. and me to a comfortable chat.

"Why do you always carry so many dogs with you?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "the fact is I couldn't keep them at home without tying of 'em. And besides I think it does a dog good to take him out from home occasionally. When cooped up in one yard all the time a dog is apt to get as foolish as one of these country boys that never left his mammy. When he goes into the world he gets licked by strangers and fooled by females, and generally gets taught manners.

"Manners! Why, do you think a dog has manners?" I said.

"A dog is a dog," said the old fellow, "and he ain't got man manners nor feelins, no more than a paw-paw has pecans. But he has got plenty of dog idees, and some are just as different from others in them as among mankind. Now," said he, whistling up a heavily built dog, "there is old Brindle, who is not only my best start dog and a good fighter, but a perfect type of the honest flat-footed farmer. He don't run in and grab at every little piece of meat he sees, nor he don't yell out when he gets a point on a track unless he is sure, and altogether he is a square dependable sort of a fellow without any show or nonsense.

"This long-legged critter now is entirely different. He is too smart by half, sorter like some of these young penfeather lawyers. He is always trying to poke his long nose into everything first man, and that's the way he got that scald on his back trying to palaver my old nigger cook. He would run for Governor if he had a chance, or constable, or anything. And he is always getting set down, because everybody knows he is a genuine smart Aleck.

"That white and black dog over there is one of them good fellers you often see that's always anxious to oblige everybody and yet don't oblige nobody. If you just look at him his tail goes to waggin' like it would come off, and out in a hunt or wherever there is anything to be done, he is the foremost man there, swaggering and strutting around full of advice but never by accident doing a lick of hard work.

"You see the little fellow—the one with only one ear? Well, he's the doctor. Whenever anything goes wrong there you will find Doc. looking as wise as Satan, and sympathizing with everybody. Of course he licks all the sores on the other dogs, but he will also show the deepest interest in the settin' hens, and will look raptures over a new-born calf... I expect to see him dropping medicine out of a spoon yet.

"That bright, nervous little devil is a regular game cock. He ain't more than a mouthful for many of the pack, and yet, by hokey, I believe they are hait way afraid of him. He never hesitates a second but jump any dog that gives him sass. I believe he would tackle an elephant if he just had a stepladder. His tail you see is curled so tight that his hind legs just touch the ground and I reckon that sorter keeps him turned up so high. He is the best fighter I've got, for he is so little and so active that a bar can't do anymore with him than a flea.

"No sir-ree—a dog has got just as much character as a man, only he don't show it the same way. A new dog I had once was mighty green in the woods and never had seen a 'coon. One day he tackled one in a bush behind me and the varmint bit him in the paw. I'm blessed if that dog didn't say, "Oh Lordy!" so plain that I jumped round and asked who was thar!

"There came a fellow to my house one evening to stay all night. Well, he was full of science about dogs and wanted to teach me all about it. So he showed me how to tickle a dog's foot to make him kick. That great big hound over there was lying snoring before the fire and he tried him. The dog kicked furiously and we had a good laugh. But presently the teacher became so interested that he got on all fours, bent his face down to get good sights and stuck his straw into the dog's hind foot. Good lord, how that dog did kick him on the nose! Over went the teacher agin the wall, the dog run off scared and I got something to catch the blood out of the man's nose."

"You must—"

"Hold on, Col.!" said he, taking me by the arm, "just come this way a little!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"My mar is eating Doctor Nellip's oats out of his wagon and I don't want to see it!" said he, smiling.

So we got out of of sight where our honesty was not called upon to check the old mar's appetite.

MARYLAND GAME AND SHOOTING.

PARTRIDGES (*i. e.*, quail) will be numerous in this part of the State this year, judging from the frequency with which the young coveys are seen running across the roads and the well-known "Bob White" notes of the old birds in the stubble fields. The young rabbits, too, are very numerous, the law passed a few years ago for their protection having had the desired effect. Caroline county, which is apparently the most popular section of the peninsula for small bird shooting, now has complete game laws, and the extermination of her quail, rabbits and rails, which only seemed to be a matter of a few years, has been postponed, we hope, for many years. In former years the beginning of the partridge season would be marked by the appearance of scores of sportsmen from New York, Philadelphia, and other cities and towns, and thousands upon thousands of these birds were daily railroaded out of the county to those and other markets. By an act of the last Legislature sportsmen who are non-residents of the county, before shooting game within its limits, are required to procure a license from the clerk of the circuit court, costing in all $5. The same act also requires a license of all shippers of game to market, costing $25, which will have the effect to put an end to the gunning-for-market business, pursued by many worthless characters who did nothing else. The act also postpones the date for the beginning of quail shooting till November 1, ten days later than formerly, and rabbit shooting till November 1, twenty days later.

An entirely new and important feature of the law is that which provides for the protection of the rail birds. The season for the shooting of these birds, which annually come here in myriads, commences September 20. It is predicted that there will be a decided falling off in the non-resident participants in this sport when the law requiring license becomes known. The water rail has already made its appearance in considerable numbers, and by dropping a stone in the rank, wild oats, now almost ripe, a dozen "tutes!" from the concealed rail will greet the ears, telling you they are there. The law-makers did not forget the wild duck nor the muskrat either, and the season for the former begins September 10, and the latter December 1.

HOWARD MALONE.

DENTON-ON-THE-CHOPTANK, Aug. 29, 1882.

THE VANISHED HOUNDS.

EVERY old hunter and woodsman is, or has been, the owner of dogs. He may have been a still-hunter and opposed to hounding deer, and may even have been guilty of shooting or hanging the hounds he caught on the trail. But, all the same, he had his still-hunt dog that he held above price, and whose memory he cherishes as that of a lost brother. We may have owned scores of dogs, each of them with more or less good qualities, each with his own peculiar traits and characteristics; but every one of us can call to mind the particular dog that stood out in a has-relief of canine perfection—the dog whose like we ne'er shall look upon again. The dog that had a corner of our blankets, or cuddled up to our backs on a cold night, while his canine companions were relegated to a bed of damp leaves outside the shanty. The dog that always came to the front when the others were at fault—that always ran his track to the end, and always found his way back to camp in time for next day's race. Such a dog was Buffie. A pure hound, with a most marvelous voice, and plenty of it. Ears, 22½ inches from tip to tip. Color, a bright Maltese blue, fringed, feathered and evenly marked with orange. The handsomest hound I have ever seen.

But his voice was irrepressible. He ran foxes by day, and gave free concerts at night in the most persistent and aggravating manner. Training, breaking, and a regular course of beech sprouts failed to impress him with the value of silence. At last Mrs. Nessmuk called my attention to an article in a medical journal, entitled "The Importance of Sleep."

I saw the point, and turned the dog loose, to run at large, after the manner of village dogs generally. He chose his stand in the center of a flower bed, under the windows of my friend Dr. R., where he kept it up pretty steadily for a few nights; but it came to a crisis with him. One morning we found him in the back yard, stiff and stark, with all the indications of strychnine about him.

Even his staunch friend and admirer, "Hawkie," admitted it was a case of "jestifiable pizenin';" and, though I felt like Mrs. Gummidge's lobsters, "a disposition to pinch the world in general," I held my peace, and only sought relief in a rhyming lament, after the "Lallans" of Burns.

I trust I am not vindictive. But if I can inveigle such readers of FOREST AND STREAM as understand "the Scottish dialect of the English language" into reading what follows—well, it will be some comfort:

PUIR BUFFIE.

Gae tell to n' the hunters roun'
That Geordie's heart is sair cast down.
Wi' hirplin' step he treads the groun',
An' hingin' head.
Buffie, the wale o' youthfu' houns,
Puir Buffie's dead!

Let ilka tod frae Butler hill
To Allan's swamp an' Merrick rill
For vera joy bark loud an' shrill
Wi' muckle glee.
Puir Buffie's lyin' stark an' still,
Out owre the lea.

Had he been slain in open day
By hoof or horn o' stag at bay,
I wadna hae the heart to say
It did him wrang.
It's joost the foulness o' the play
That gies the pang.

Na doubt but he at times might draw
Ae sned o' beef wi' thievin' jaw,
Or aiblins on fine nights might blaw
About the street.
But if that faut's agen the law,
He couldna' see't!

Perhaps he might, in pleasant weather,
Wi' ither tykes sometimes forgather
To fyke on grocers' wares: but whether
He did or not,
In spite o' a' their scauldin' blether's
A triflin' faut.

He maks the fourth o' langeared friens
Wha followed me o'er hills an' glens
Until they met untimely ends
By murder sair.
Their fauts were something less than men's,
Their virtues mair.

But, Buffie dog, a lang fareweel.
Na doubt ye were a roguish chiel;
But, aiblins there's anither field
Where thou an' I
May chance to find a cantie bield
Ayont the sky.

Where thou an' Nig, wi' twa three more,
Wha hae been murdered lang before.
Maun hae yer huntin' frolics o'er
In shadowy race:
Whyles a' thae murderers hing out owre—
Anither place!

NESSMUK.

Natural History.

USE OF A COLLECTION OF INSECTS.

"WHAT is the use of all these collections?" asked a visitor of an attendant at the Museum of Natural History in the Park. The speaker was a farmer. He had enjoyed the big museum, was interested in the curious animals, and acknowledged that it was a "big show," but out his way taxpayers were not in the habit of building museums worth half a million merely to rest the eye on. "Well," said the attendant, "every one of these collections has a certain work to do, as a part and parcel of our public school system. In the collection of fishes you will find all those that are of use to man. The young at various ages, the eggs, in fact, everything about them that will be of value to the practical fisherman or fishculturist. The library on this subject is perfect, showing every possible device for their capture, and the uses they are put to in every country in the world.

"In the collection of building stones and woods that represent the quarries and vegetable fauna of almost every section of the globe, the builder, carpenter and stone-mason finds valuable hints and information that individually he could not obtain. The collections of fossils and minerals are of great value to the miner and chemist. The shells have their economic value; in fact, every collection here, outside of its value as a general educator and a show, has a special end in view. You are a farmer. Here is a collection that will show almost every insect in the world that is injurious to vegetables, and its manner of working, while the books on the subject in the library give perfect information when to expect them, the precautions to be taken, how to tell the various kinds, etc. In other words, if you are troubled with potato bugs, locusts, or what not, New York shows you these pests in all their forms, and gives all information as to the best preventatives free. It is a part of her public school system.

"Many of the insects injurious to vegetation are so minute that a microscope is needed to distinguish them as they lie in the cases, and the smaller they are the more injury they seem capable of doing. The *Calandra*, or wheat weevils, are among these. They do immense injuries in granaries by boring a hole with their snout into the grains of wheat, or barley, or rye, and depositing therein an egg, from which proceeds a white maggot, which devours all the farinaceous substance, so that nothing remains but the hull. These creatures live in this condition about thirty days, when they metamorphose into white cocoons, from which, after about ten days, the perfect insects proceed, the females of which immediately deposit their eggs, each laying about one hundred and fifty. Strange to say, they came originally from Europe, being imported in grain. It is some satisfaction, however, to know that they are now being sent back with interest. Farmers who deal largely in peas are troubled with a minute brown beetle, ornamented with white spots. When the peas are in blossom and begin to have pods, the females deposit their eggs upon them, and we find, therefore, a very small maggot in almost every green pea, the existence of which can only be perceived by a small dot upon it. In almost every seed pea, also, we find a perfect beetle, or at least an aperture from which it has already crawled out. In some parts of Europe they put their seed peas into hot water before planting, for the purpose of killing these beetles; and several of our scientific American horticulturists, according to Dr. Harris, advise to keep seed peas in air-tight vessels over one year before planting them, or at least not to plant them before the end of May.

"A curious beetle, much larger, with triangular antennæ terminating in a knob, and a long snout upon which is a hairy crest like the mane of a horse, is another of the family that devastates the palm trees of the southern countries, and, strange to relate, they are eaten in St. Domingo; they are roasted upon a wooden spit, or broiled, and eaten with dried and pulverized bread, seasoned with salt and pepper, and considered by many epicures as the *ne plus ultra* of delicacies.

Our turnips are subject to the attacks of several insects; and few are so destructive to these crops as the little jumping beetles, (*Haltica nemorum*) called by the farmers "the fly" and "black jack." Kirby and Spence record that in one year in Devonshire these insects did damage to the turnip crops to the amount of £100,000.

The *Scolytus*, a small round beetle, is said to have nearly destroyed the elms near London, and in one of the mining districts of Germany, not supplied with coal like similar districts in our own country, but dependent for fuel on the forests of fir-trees, a species of *Hyburgus* began to increase about the year 1780 to such an extent as to destroy in a few years whole forests. The working of the mines was in this way materially affected, as the proprietors had no fuel to carry on their operations. The effect of their ravages is to interrupt the course of the descending sap, and admit wet between the bark and the wood, so that decay of the tree quickly ensues. The *Hylesinus fraxini* attacks the ash, and the *Scolytus pygmæus* the oak. The latter small beetle killed forty thousand trees in the Bois de Vincennes, near Paris.

In the shield lice, almost invisible to the naked eye, we find another foe to the farmers. They resemble scales more than anything else, and like their relatives, the cochineal, it was a long time before they were known to be insects. Probably hundreds have passed through their orchards day after day, without noticing this insect, although myriads have been in sight. Many well-educated farmers have seen their peach trees covered with brownish warts, and have suffered them to wither and die, without dreaming that these warts were live animals, sucking the sap, the life-blood of the tree; and yet these motionless excrescences have laid waste whole orchards, have devastated the fairest of bushes and the most fruitful of trees, and in place of fragrance and verdure have left naught but desolation and decay. They are essentially noxious insects, which, if unmolested, multiply immensely, and hence should be carefully sought upon the branches of our trees, and, as often as they make their appearance, destroyed at the point of the knife. Their color very nearly resembles that of the branches upon which they alight, usually a brown or a black, but sometimes a reddish or violet, and hence they scarcely ever attract attention unless looked for. The branches of peach trees are their particular resort, and may often be seen covered with them, making the branches look rough and knotty and the leaves and fruit dirty and black, from the rain washing upon them from the bodies of these filthy creatures.

If your pet oleanders droop and appear dry and parched, examine them carefully, and you will find flattened upon the leaf, appearing a part of it, one of this voracious family that seems to gorge itself with the life sap of its victim.

The cochineal is a red shield louse, and when Plumier, in 1692, first stated that it was an insect, he was laughed at. Another of the family that we find here that represents a great commercial interest is the *Ficus religiosa*, found in the banyan tree, where it secretes from its body a hard gummy substance, adhering to the branches like a crust, and well known in commerce by the name of shellac. This substance is a most invaluable material in the manufacture of varnishes, sealing-wax, beads, arm-bracelets, necklaces, waterproof hats, etc., and is extensively used in dyeing. Mixed with a very fine sand it forms grindstones, and added to lamp or ivory black, being first dissolved in water and a little borax, it composes an ink of a very good quality, and, when dried, not easily acted upon by dampness or moisture. Notwithstanding the vast amount of this substance that is constantly consumed in manufactures of various kinds throughout the world, still this little insect produces it so fast and so abundantly, that, were the consumption of shellac ten times greater than it is, it could readily be supplied. Others are found upon our currant bushes, peach and apple trees. Harris describes a method of destroying these pests by introducing among them an insect that lives upon them—the lace-winged fly. It is of a pale green color, and has four wings resembling delicate lace, and eyes of the brilliancy of polished gold, as its generic name implies; but, notwithstanding its delicacy and beauty, it is extremely disgusting from the offensive odor that it exhales. It suspends its eggs, by threads, in clusters beneath the leaves where plant lice abound. The young, or larva, is a rather long and slender grub, provided with a pair of large curved and sharp teeth (jaws), moving laterally, and each perforated with a hole through which it sucks the juices of its victims. The havoc it makes is astonishing, for one minute is all the time which it requires to kill the largest plant louse, and suck out the fluid contents of its body.

The maggots of the genus *Syrphus* also live upon them, and Mr. Kirby says, that on examining his currant bushes, which but a week before were infested by myriads of aphides, not one was to be found; but beneath each leaf were three or four well-fed maggots, surrounded by heaps of the slain, the trophies of their successful warfare. He also says that he has found it very easy to clear a plant or small tree of lice by placing upon it several larvæ of *Coccinella* or *Syrphi*. Here are several large sphinx caterpillars, inflated with air, and a smaller one, blue and orange with black dots, that would be recognized by grape raisers as inveterate enemies. These caterpillars begin to appear about the middle of July, and others are hatched afterwards, as late, perhaps, as the middle of August. When not eating they generally rest upon the under sides of the leaves, and, although many may be found on one vine, they do not associate with each other. They live on the common creeper as well as on the grape-vine. They eat all parts of the leaves, even to the midrib and stalks. When fully grown and at rest, they measure an inch and a quarter, but stretch out, in creeping, to the length of an inch and a half or more. Towards the end of August they begin to disappear, and no more will be found on the vines after September. They creep down the vines in the night, and go into the ground, burying themselves three or four inches deep, and turn to chrysalids without making cocoons.

Locusts of all kinds and in all stages are here, and their powers too well-known to dwell upon; from the earliest times they have been the dread of culturists, especially in the East, and no remedy has been found. In the south of France at one time, people made it their business to collect them and their eggs, the latter being turned out of the ground in little masses cemented and covered with a sort of gum in which they are enveloped by the insect. Rewards were offered and paid for their collection, half a franc being given for a kilogramme (about two pounds and three and one-quarter ounzes avoidupois) of the insects, and a quarter of a franc for the same weight of their eggs. At this rate twenty thousand francs were paid in Marseilles, and twenty-five thousand in Arles, in the year 1613; in 1824 five thousand and five hundred and forty-two, and in 1825 six thousand two hundred francs were paid in Marseilles. It is stated that an active boy can collect thirteen to fifteen pounds of eggs in one day. The locusts are taken by means of a piece of stout cloth, carried by four persons, two of whom draw it rapidly along so that the edge may sweep over the surface of the soil, and the two others hold up the cloth behind at an angle of forty-five degrees. This plan was also tried in N. H., but with poor results; the only remedy seems to be those that nature gives—a parasitic worm, *Filaria*, and numbers of red mites.

Among the flies are many that are injurious to wheat, barley, rye and oats. The maggots are about one-eighth of an inch long and as many as twenty have been found on one grain. After a shower of rain they have been seen in such countless numbers on the beards of the wheat as to give a yellow color to the whole field. These insects prey on the grain in the milky state, and their ravages cease when the grain becomes hard.

In a case we find some eggs of the corixa that are used by the Mexicans as an article of food. The natives cultivate a species of sedge called "tulé," on which the aquatic insects deposit their eggs, the place being one of those great marshy lakes called the Lagune of Chalco. These sedges are collected into bundles and floated on the water, where the insects are attracted to them as places on which to deposit their eggs. The bundles lie for about a month in the lake, when they are removed from the water and dried. The myriads of eggs are beaten from them into a large cloth. They are then cleared and sifted, and put into sacks, and sold to the people, who make of them a kind of cake or biscuit, which they call "hantlé."

Such are a few of the insects that it would be well for our agriculturists to familiarize themselves with. Almost every large museum, notably the Smithsonian, and the American Museum, have all their collections arranged for practical use and value to the laborer as well as the man of science.

C. F. H.

CROW SENSE.—Brighton, N. Y., Sept. 4.—The droll antics of a pet crow, owned by a neighbor, have amused me not a little, and the following exhibition of its intelligence seems deserving of record. A few days since Jim was given some dry crusts of bread for his breakfast. After making several unsuccessful attempts to devour them, he seized one in his beak and hopped upon a chair, then on to the sink, and finding a basin containing some water, dipped the crust into the water until softened, then removing it, ate it, and jumped down and got the other piece, and after softening it as before, finished his meal.—W. W. C.

PERFORMING SEALS.

AN interesting account of the docility and intelligence of the seals in the Westminster Aquarium is given by Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, in a late issue of the London *Field*. He writes:

The performers are two in number, male and female, both of the common species (the *Phoca vitulina* of Linnæus). The male, which is the larger, has been about three years in the collection; the smaller female about two. Some time since, their tameness and attachment to their keeper suggested to the directorate the idea of training them to perform tricks for the amusement of the visitors, which has been most successfully accomplished. They are exhibited in the large tank which was constructed for the white whale, and has been recently devoted to the exposition of the natatorial powers of Miss Annie Beckwith. At one end a small tent has been erected on a platform raised a couple of inches above the water. From the upper surface of this the seals can glide into the fluid or return at will. Their first performance was a violent tugging at two bell pulls, to give notice to the visitors. The bells were in hideous discord, and the noise was continued far too long for the comfort of the auditors.

The bells removed, the animals took, at the command of their keeper, their stations on two inclined boards, which raised their heads and fore limbs above the general surface of the platform. To one hand-like forefoot of the male was attached a cymbal, with which it struck another conveniently placed in front, while the female was playing a tambourine by striking it with very great rapidity. The musical discord was varied by the keeper holding a banjo to the smaller performer, who evoked hideous sounds by rapidly scraping across the strings with her nails. This done, the audience were informed that the animals were about to indulge in smoking. Short pipes about six-inches long were placed in their mouths, from the bowl of which issued flames one or two inches high. On my first visit both animals held these flaming pipes in their mouths; but on my second the male declined, having been alarmed by the too near approach of the flames to his face.

Various articles, as baskets, logs of wood, etc., were then thrown into the water, and were quickly and easily retrieved and brought to the keeper's hands by both the animals.

The next performance consisted in both animals climbing up, by the aid of their fore limbs, a ladder rising from the surface of the water at an angle of about 45 deg. After diving into the water from the top of the ladder, the animals shot themselves by the impetus of their rapid motion on to the platform, and, seizing a couple of short cords attached to revolvers, fired a rapid succession of shots.

The performance concluded by a remarkable exposition of the strength possessed by these animals when in the water. A small boat capable of holding three children, whose united weights must have been eight or nine stone, was dragged very rapidly around the tank by the two seals in succession. A small collar was placed over the head, to which traces were attached that were secured to the boat.

The strength displayed by the seals was remarkable; the little boat, pulled by the muscular strength of one animal, threw off the water from its bows as if it had been propelled by a vigorous sculler.

The exhibition was to me of a peculiarly interesting character. The animals manifested a great degree of intelligence and docility, in keeping with their high cerebal development. Nevertheless, they have their peculiar mental idiosyncrasies. One of their characteristics is extreme susceptibility to alarm; the slightest alteration or fright will throw them out of work, and it is difficult to reassure them. Their training was effected by a system of rewards, without any punishment, and the visitors may notice a piece of fish dropped into the mouth of each after the performance of every trick. The amount of fish devoured by these two animals is about 30lb. per diem. The oleaginous Clupeidæ, herrings, pilchards, etc., are preferred; but failing these, whiting, haddocks, etc., are given, these being carefully cut open to assure the absence of any fish-hooks, which have repeatedly caused the death of captive seals, and possibly of wild ones also.

WASPS AND KATYDIDS.—Johnsontown, Va., Aug. 27.—I was much interested in the account of the wasps in the FOREST AND STREAM, and I will contribute my mite. Some years since a neighbor and friend of mine was very much surprised at bringing up in his well bucket with the water dead katydids, and this continued for some time, much to his annoyance. One day, however, being at the well, he saw a mud-dauber wasp bring a katydid and drop it into the well. After that he saw the same thing a number of times, as did also the rest of the family. The common brown wasp catches the green worms that infest the cabbages and carries them off. I saw a wasp take one from a cabbage this morning. From where I sit, I see the two goslings and the rooster together as usual. The goslings are now the largest. A note about them was published in your issue of Aug. 10.—OLD FOGY.

HE RECEIVED THE SNAKES.—Room of the Director of the Museum, Buffalo, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My wish to procure live rattlesnakes, which you so kindly inserted in your paper, has procured me four correspondents and enables me to make satisfactory arrangements in this matter.—JULIUS POHLMAN.

WEIGHT OF OPOSSUMS.—Tiffin, O., Aug. 26.—Opossum very scarce here. Caught one three years ago, weight, twelve pounds. Largest I ever saw.—F. M. H.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

It is no mean compliment to be able to say truthfully that FOREST AND STREAM is altogether the ablest and most readable of the several journals published in this country devoted to such out-door sports as hunting, fishing, yachting and kindred pastimes. The *Evening Post* says, justly, that "its correspondence is full of interesting reminiscences of sportsmen, and deserves special praise for the earnest effort it is making to secure the enactment of wise game laws and their enforcement." We are glad to know that its good qualities are appreciated, and that it enters upon a new volume enlarged to twenty-eight pages—a sure sign of deserved prosperity.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

A cent placed at compound interest when Adam was a day old would amount to a sum more than equal to a globe of solid gold the size of the earth. Without the use of logarithms what a lot of work with an Esterbrook Ledger Pen would be required to make the calculation.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

THE following schedule exhibits the game now in season. (Also, in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves: (15th, quail).
California—Deer, doves; (15th, grouse, rail, quail, wildfowl).
Colorado—Deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo, bison.
Connecticut—Wildfowl; (12th, rail).
Dakota—Grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover.
Delaware—Woodcock, rail, reed.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, pinnated grouse, plover, reed, snipe.
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo, wildfowl.
Illinois—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, deer, wild turkey.
Indiana — Woodcock, wildfowl, pinnated grouse.
Iowa—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, elk, deer.
Kansas—Pinnated grouse.
Kentucky—Woodcock, deer, wildfowl, wild turkey.
Maine—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, plover.
Maryland—Ruffed grouse, woodcock.
Massachusetts—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, doves.
Michigan—Ruffed and pinnated grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Minnesota — Grouse, woodcock, quail, wildfowl.
Mississippi—(15th, meadow lark, deer).
Missouri—Woodcock, plover, meadow lark, dove, pinnated grouse, deer; (15th, wild turkey).
Montana—Fool hen, grouse, ptarmigan, buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep & goat, moose, wildfowl).
Nebraska—Grouse.
Nevada—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, grouse, quail, woodcock, wildfowl.
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, moose, caribou).
New Jersey—Reed birds, rail, squirrel.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, ruffed grouse, quail, deer, caribou, moose, wildfowl, squirrel, rail.
New Mexico—Grouse, ptarmigan, quail, deer, wild turkey, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo.
New York — Woodcock, ruffed grouse, deer, wildfowl, squirrels.
North Carolina—Deer.
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, caribou, moose).
Ohio—Woodcock. ruffed grouse, wildfowl.
Oregon—Grouse, quail, wildfowl, deer, moose, mountain sheep, elk, antelope.
Ontario—Woodcock, snipe, hares, wildfowl, pheasants, partridges, grouse, prairie fowl.
Pennsylvania — Woodcock, wildfowl, plover, rail, reed birds, snipe, squirrels.
Quebec—Deer, caribou, woodcock, wildfowl; (15th, ruffed grouse).
Rhode Island—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, robin, meadow lark, hare, squirrel.
South Carolina—Deer; (15th, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, quail, doves, woodcock).
Tennessee — Deer; (15th, ruffed grouse, snipe, quail, meadow lark, woodcock, wild turkey).
Texas—Deer, ruffed and pinnated grouse, quail.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse, quail, wildfowl.
Vermont—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl.
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, wildfowl, woodcock, deer.
Washington Territory—Deer, elk, mountain sheep, grouse, antelope.
West Virginia—Pinnated grouse, deer, ruffed grouse, wild turkey.
Wisconsin — Woodcock, grouse, quail; (15th, deer).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp-tail grouse, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe.

☞For exceptions, local laws, etc., see FOREST AND STREAM Schedule "B," issue of July 20, page 489.

A WOLF HUNT ON THE PRAIRIE.

SEVERAL years ago, when this country was very thinly settled, it was infested with large gray wolves. Not in a manner that many who never lived on a prairie of vast expanse would suppose; but the wolves were very thick for a prairie country. In a timbered country, when wolves are thick, they are described as chasing any belated traveler by the whole drove, and a new one would turn up at every big bush. In a thinly settled prairie country one wolf to the square mile (640 acres) is considered very thick, and they are thick enough to do a great amount of damage to the poor settler who is striving to get a living with no more capital than a team, two or three cows and a few fowls. This is the way we were situated nine or ten years ago, and the settlers came to the conclusion that they would have a grand wolf hunt. Accordingly meetings were held in every school house and a person elected to meet and form a part of the "grand council." This council laid the plans, formed the rules and named the day that this grand hunt was to take place.

In a thinly settled prairie with its one (not very near) railroad, miles are the same that yards are in a thick settled place with its numerous cross railroads, telegraph lines and so, consequently my readers must not be surprised when I say that this organization extended over a circle of country thirty miles in diameter. There were no hedges and fences then and we could ride anywhere, while now hedges and wire fences are so thick that it is impossible to cross the country in any direction that you choose.

Every preliminary had been arranged by the "grand council" that would insure a perfectly safe and thorough hunt for the extermination of wolves. Each school district had its appointed leader or captain, and orders to form in line at a point ten miles from a given center at a distance of about 200 yards apart, and at 9 o'clock to "forward march" and move toward the center in good order, making all the noise possible in order to drive the wolves to the center of the ring. This hunt was to be the "o'-casion" of the season. It was the whole theme of conversation for four weeks before the day arrived. Every man and boy that could secure a mount and carry a gun or club was expected to go, and a great many ladies went in carriages. Many of my readers in this section will remember this hunt. Parties were present from Fort Scott, Uniontown, Mound City, Garnett, Colony, Carlysle, Neosho Falls, Iola, Humboldt and Osage Mission.

The eventful day arrived at last. It was in early April, and old Sol came out warm and bright, promising a warm and agreeable day for the great slaughter that was to be. At 9 o'clock our district had arrived and formed in line, closing the gap between the one north of us and the one south of us. Every man and boy that I had ever seen or heard of was in line, well mounted, armed, and with all the dogs that could be scared up.

There was the Methodist preacher, mounted on his cob, carrying a formidable hoe-handle and followed by his inevitable black and tan rat dog; the old sportsman, with his "blooded Morgan" horse, armed with Winchester rifle and followed by his intelligent pointer and deerhound; the old farmer on his Norman stallion, carrying a long and heavy double shotgun, and followed by a huge Newfoundland dog; and last, but not least, the fourteen year old boy, mounted on a wiry Indian mustang, carrying relics of the late war in the shape of either the 48-inch, 10lb., .52-caliber pumpkin-slinging guerrilla rifle, or the 40-inch, smooth bore, shot-scattering musket, with its nut-cracking lock, and followed by curs of all descriptions, chief among which was the "thoroughbred" bird dogs, which consisted of a cross between the bulldog and the spaniel, or, maybe, rat dog.

I was on the west side of the circle, and started direct from our house. I had loaned my shotgun to an unarmed neighbor, and my two Smith & Wesson's improved .44-caliber revolvers to two friends of mine, while I carried a 27-shot repeating rifle. I was mounted upon a Morgan stallion of Canadian descent, a perfect thunderbolt for agility and speed, and a perfect tornado when once allowed to gain his full speed. On my left was a Texan named Dep. Coe, and on my right one of my neighbor's boys.

The word to start was given, and we had proceeded about a mile, when to the left of me my pointer came to a full stand, and just as I noticed him up popped a jack rabbit and took off in front of Coe. Dep. comprehended the result on the dogs if this rabbit was allowed to continue on his meteoric course; so, quickly dismounting, he leveled his Winchester and fired, knocking the rabbit over in a double somersault. This was the first blood on our side. Every few minutes, somewhere along the line, the boys would flush a gang of prairie chickens, and it was pop, boom, bang; and this, together with the noise the dogs made, was enough to scare any animal toward the center of the living and fast closing circle.

When about four miles from the center and near an old cornfield I observed two large does making railroad time toward the space between the boy on my right and myself. I loped my horse toward the place that they were heading for and the boy on my right did the same. It was $50 fine to shoot at a deer at this time of the year, as they were heavy with fawn; consequently I only thought what I could do if it was in the proper season, and admired their struggles to reach the point they were trying to make before we headed them off. I shall never forget the sight of their noble efforts to escape. With heads and tails erect and spreading hoofs and nostrils, they "streaked it," one behind the other, with bounds twenty feet or more apart, straining every nerve and muscle to reach the opening before they were intercepted. After they had passed us I could have dismounted and shot them both with my rifle as they ran directly away from me in a straight line.

We had gone about two miles further when word went around the ring that seventeen deer had escaped at once in one place, and that the ring was full of wolves. At 12 o'clock we had arrived at the place designed for us to halt at, and the members were only from ten to thirty feet apart. We were a little ahead of the opposite side and were ordered not to move forward any further, and no shooting was to be allowed in the ring. In a little while all had gained their positions, and it was time to open the ball.

The circle of mounted men was one mile in diameter and we were all on a slight ridge which gradually sloped toward an old deserted house in the middle, which had an immense white flag nailed to a long pole which was itself nailed to the roof of the deserted shanty.

The spectacle presented was grand. There were 700 mounted men about thirty feet apart each, all in plain sight of each other and overlooking the center, each man mounted, armed, and followed by from one to ten or fifteen dogs. There were several large packs of trailing hounds, one pack of staghounds in the throng, also a pack of fine imported English greyhounds.

Every man, every horse and every dog was excited up to the highest pitch, and each man believed he could outrun or outshoot his neighbor. Every one of us, even the Methodist preacher, thought he was ably prepared to kill a score of wolves, and each rider declared that he had seen more than fifty wolves into the ring, and that one or more had most miraculously escaped the deadly aim of his gun and the fangs of his brave dog.

Now the ball has begun.

A shout is heard away on the other side, and upon looking that way a large doe is seen about 200 yards from the circle loping around towards us.

Every eye is turned toward her, when suddenly we see four puffs of smoke, and directly we hear the far-away boom of four heavily loaded guns. Thus it is all the way around, first, little puffs of smoke, then the heavy boom, then in a few seconds more, boom, boom, and you might imagine you were about to see a battle fought.

As the deer nears us unscathed, our excitement is intense, and we have forgotten all about the rules or the game law. Others have shot at her by the score, and why not we? As the deer got abreast of me she came to a full stop and seemed to be studying the situation. What a temptation! I could easily hit her, but where would the bullet go? That was what checked me. My rifle was ably capable of killing not only the deer but a horse or man on the other side. My comrades all shot and hollered to me to shoot but I would not. Soon the deer ran a short distance, then turned in a small circle and made for the ring to my left with all the speed she could command.

She ran towards the preacher and he raised his hoe handle, but she cleared his horse and himself all but his hat and hoe handle, and away she went with J. R. Griffets and his pack of greyhounds in pursuit, but she left them so quick that they "threw it up" after running about a mile.

Then came a "*Ough! Ough!*" and upon looking around we saw a pack of bloodhounds trailing towards the center.

This was the signal for every dog in the ring that would not mind his master, to run into the middle after the hounds. In a moment more we saw a wolf jump up and run with a hundred dogs in pursuit, all yelling to the top of their lungs.

The wolf was a very large one and he ran around the circle about 200 yards from the men.

There was no shooting now. As the wolf came around, fresh relays of dogs darted out from the circle of mounted men and the excitement was intense. Twice the wolf stopped and faced his foremost pursuers who discreetly ran around him, but when the bulk of the howling mob came up he turned tail and ran again. With the next stop he made, he was in the mouths of fifty dogs in no time.

While these dogs were chasing this large wolf, several other wolves were seen near the center, and in a short time the bloodhounds gave tongue again, and two more wolves ran around the ring, to be caught and chewed up in a short time. This game was kept up till twenty wolves had been killed, and all the dogs were almost exhausted. The excitement caused by this chase can be imagined but never described. After the twenty victims had been killed there was a lull, and most of the dogs were glad to lie down, when suddenly a huge gray wolf ran out behind the dogs and ran directly toward me. After him came all the dogs that could stand. We dare not shoot for fear of killing some one of the dogs. He broke through the ring, and with a shout we all started after him, with no definite idea of how we were going to kill him, but after him we went pell mell. In a few seconds my equine cyclone had gained the lead, and the way his iron-shod hoofs beat the ground was a caution. I gained rapidly on the wolf, and when about ten feet from him I thought I would stop and shoot him, but I might as well have tried to stop a locomotive as this horse when fifty more were thundering in his rear. I gave one pull, and before I could pull again I had run over the wolf, knocking him down, and before he could gain his feet again eight or ten more had run over him and used him up entirely

My whirlwind carried me on a quarter of a mile after the rest had stopped, and seeing no more in the field to run with he concluded he would let me stop him, which I did, and loped back to where the crowd was, each declaring that he himself had been the cause of the wolf's death.

Thus ended our wolf hunt, and although we did not slay hundreds, as many believed we would, we killed twenty-one and let none get away. After it was all over a freak seemed to strike every one to ride to the center of the ring, and consequently one hundred strange horses and men were jammed up in the middle, each striving for he knew not what, but trying to make more noise than his neighbor.

Imagine the effect.

Every old horse was squealing, pawing and kicking all the time; mules were braying and dogs were barking, and the noise and racket of these strange animals will never be forgotten by those present. C. J. W.

FAIR LAWN, Kansas, 1882.

HUNTING ON THE YELLOW MEDICINE.

THE Yellow Medicine Creek comes into the Missouri River on the west side just above the bend, as it is called. The shape of this bend is not unlike an ox-bow drawn in at the ends. Across the narrow part it is only about one and a half miles, while around the whole bend it is from thirty-five to forty miles; steamboat men differ on that point.

About the mouth of the Yellow Medicine is one of the most broken tracts of land that can be found along the river, gumbo hills being the preponderance of soil. A gumbo bluff is a chalkstone bluff (so called by the people here) burnt some time in the past ages, probably by ligenite in the soil, taking fire from some cause. The chalk rock seems to be a deposit, which has been compressed under an immense pressure until it has become a solid rock, which is rather soft and easily acted upon by the air and frost. It is constantly crumbling and falling down until it forms perpendicular sides 150 and 200 feet high. When it has been burnt and forms the gumbo it is a curious formation. The outside has a coal-tar look, while the inside will show the original gray perfect chalkstone. The action of the air and frost on this substance dissolves it into a dark gummy earth, and it is very sticky when wet. I used to think that the clay soil of Texas was sticky, but it is no comparison to gumbo. I don't know of anything much more adhesive, unless it be the good pine tar of North Carolina. You can easy collect from five to ten pounds upon your boots when wet. When dry it bakes like the clay soil of Louisiana and Texas. The bluffs are from 300 to 400 feet high above the river along the Yellow Medicine, and the waters in the past ages have washed them away till they are completely cut up into dry creeks and cañons. The best description that I can give you of the general appearance of the country is to refer you to a photograph of the moon's surface, and by that you can get a faint idea. As a friend of mine says, there is ten acres to an acre in the Missouri bluffs, and I think that you will have to double the amount at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine.

The main creek of the Yellow Medicine extends up through the country forty to fifty miles. The lower part is quite heavily timbered with cotton wood, oak, ash and box elder. It is a very crooked stream and has quite a number of branches, and each branch and the main creek have hundreds and thousands of tributaries and cañons leading into it, which bring down torrents of water when the snow melts, or in a heavy rain storm. Along the main creek and its larger branches there are nice bottom lands between the bluffs, many of which are as fine grazing lands as I ever saw. What kind of an agricultural land it would make I don't know, but should judge far better than most of the lands about this section of the country. Some of the bottoms are covered with the gumbo that has run down from the hills, and that is poor enough. Nothing grows on it but the prickly pear cactus, and that grows there to your sorrow if you happen to have your hunting dog along with you, as every once in five minutes or so you will have to dismount and extract the thorns from your dog.

We hunt this country on horseback with either the Indian or Texas pony. If a person has patience enough and good muscle, the Indian pony is the best hunting horse; but he is too lazy for me; he is so used to an Indian's heels which go perpetually like a trip hammer on his sides, that the exercise is too much for me.

When there is snow on the ground we take a fresh trail and follow it through the bluffs till we come up with the deer feeding or lying down; and if you are careful enough and work the trail quiet enough the chances are that you can get a good shot.

As to the outfit, in the first place you want a good Winchester rifle. And I think, take it all in all, that for general hunting purposes the .38 calibre rifle is the best one that a hunter can use. It uses the same amount of powder that a .44 calibre does. The lead is a little lighter I know, but you can use it for ducks, geese, chickens, etc., and the ball does not tear your game into mince meat. And more deer are killed at less than 200yds., and I might safely say 150, than at greater distances; and at that range the .38 is as accurate as a large-bore, and powerful enough to kill your deer (if you hit him).

The next thing required is the horse. A person who never hunted in this country don't know what an Indian pony can do. I t ink that the next thing to a deer or mountain sheep on the Missouri bluffs is an Indian pony. You start on a deer trail, and it may take you the first thing over the highest pinnacle of gumbo and through and across creeks and cañons, over ditches from two to twenty feet deep, and you often have to follow it from five to ten miles over such a country as that before the deer find a place that suits them to lie down in. It is wonderful to see the Indian pony sit his hind feet under him and slide fifty or one hundred feet down the side of a nearly perpendicular gumbo bluff. And when he gets to the bottom perhaps you find a cut creek anywhere from five to ten feet deep, and now to cross that is the question to a greenhorn. Not so to a hunter. He finds a place where there is a little gully, and slides his pony down onto that, and from that maybe sends him into the bottom of the creek, then looks for another such projection on the other side, spurs him up, and he scrambles to the top quicker and easier than his master can.

When you get to the crest of a hill, you dismount, throw the bridle reins over his head, and leave him there on the side of the bluff, the wind, it may be, blowing a gale and

the thermometer below zero. You may be gone as long as you will, and he is there when you come back. You poke your head over the crest of the hill and look sharp for your deer, and the chances are that you see the trail taking a straight course over the next ridge, and the same performance will follow over again. Or it may be with your glasses you will see the deer lying down in the tall grass. Then you take a general view of the country near him and you will see some ridge by which you can approach near enough for a shot; and if you are down the wind, you want to work your way around till you can come up against the wind, and, it may be, you will have to take a long distance to do it, but it will pay you in the end, for if you undertake to work down the wind your deer will be going over the nearest gumbo bluff before you get a shot; but if you are careful and work up the wind you will hardly ever miss getting a shot; and a good quick shot will get from two to four deer out of a band of five or six before they get away, but you don't want your single-shot rifle to do it with.

I have seen four deer killed and another shot through twice by my friend D. W. Spalding, in a band of six deer, and the furthest one away not more than 80yds. from where they started. Where would your single-loading rifle be in that case? Before you had fired more than two shots the deer would be out of sight over the next bluff.

The next thing in your outfit is your dress. I will tell you what mine is, and I think I have as good an outfit as I have seen in this part of the country. I have one of William Read & Sons' dog-skin shooting jackets that I had them make to order. It is lined with white flannel, and made reversible, so that I can wear it leather side out (which is dead grass color) or the white side, so it works either with snow or without snow. Corduroy pants, reinforced with buckskin, cut short just below the knee, and buckskin leggings made tight to the leg and worn under a pair of Thomson & Son's hunting boots, with a corduroy vest, good heavy underclothes, and a flannel shirt complete the rig. On my head I wear a little tanned buckskin cap with a large shade visor, and over that when there is snow on the ground I wear a white flannel hood that buttons across my chin and leaves only my eyes and mouth exposed.

With this dress I can stand most any weather, though if the weather is extremely cold I wear buffalo leggings and arctic overshoes. I carry my buffalo coat strapped to the back of my saddle, as after a day's hunt one may find himself a long distance from camp, and may not get in till after dark, and then the heavy coat comes handy; but during the day you will find that the dog-skin coat will be warm enough. I have hunted with it when the thermometer was below zero, and wet and cold have no effect. I have been out all day in a rain with snow, and came in and taken no other care of it than to hang it on the back of a chair and let it dry, and in the morning it was as limber as ever. On a cold morning I have sat in a cornfield, my back up against a corn shook, shooting geese, also all day in my canoe on a lake, shooting ducks, and be warm enough. I cannot praise it too much; only in brush it is worthless, not worth more than a kid glove would be, as the brush and thorns tear the surface.

Hunting on the Yellow Medicine is very hard when there is no snow on the ground, as there is so much country for deer to hide in that it is more by chance that you find a deer. I made a short trip there a while ago, but had very poor luck, as the snow all went off before I got ready to go, and as we had an extremely hot day the day we started and the next, and the snow was all gone before we got a chance to hunt any. I only saw two bands of deer, three mule deer and five white-tailed. I had a half-breed Indian with me who is a good one on a trail and a good shot. We trailed them two or three miles across Medicine Creek, into a deep, steep cañon, and while on the ridge the half-breed discovered three deer as he said, and before I could see them he fired at them and missed them. I got a shot at a buck running, missed him the first time and killed him the second time. The half-breed shot at the same time and brought down the second buck. I hit another one hard as they were going up the side of a bluff a short distance off.

We hunted all the next day and did not see a single deer, though we saw lots of sign and followed the trail of four for three or four miles till we lost it in the high grass. The next day I had promised to come home, and so we only got the two bucks. Another time we might have seen a dozen bands, as we probably saw tracks of more than fifty deer; but, as I said before, it is a great deal of chance if you find deer in the country without snow.

We had bad luck in our camp. A few years ago the Red Cloud Indian agency was located at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine, and the military built there a root house, and a fine camp it has been to many a party. I spent a week in it a year ago and the thermometer was below zero all the time that we stayed there, and we were comfortable as in a house. It was dug into the side of a hill, was about 20 feet wide and 40 long, made of hewn logs and covered with earth and was very warm; the greatest trouble was with the smoke. We built our fire inside to cook, and the smoke was supposed to pass out of the ventilator, but it did anything but that at times. Still with that difficulty it was a good camp. I started for it again last on this trip, and when I got there I found that the whole center of the roof had fallen in, dirt and all, and the doors were gone, so we had rather an open camp for winter. But we found both ends standing and made our camp in one end, and found it quite a camp after all, though rather lucky for us that it was not as cold as the winter before. My experience this last winter was rather hard in that respect.

As this was the second trip that I have been cheated out of what I supposed I would find—a good camp—I made a trip to Beaver Creek, and at the mouth of it there was a log house that had been used by wood-choppers a year ago, and in the fall it was standing all right. But when I got there on this winter trip I found that the Indians had torn it down, so we had to sleep entirely out of doors. We made a good fire out of the logs and lay down beside it, and I was as "warm as toast." I have slept under the side of a log stack with the thermometer below zero in this country on a hunting trip, and slept warm, too, with a pair of blankets, buffalo robe and buffalo coat. But still, as the man said about the crow, "I don't hanker after it."

I have said nothing about the "chuck," which here means eatables. There is such a variety now of canned goods that a party must stock themselves, but I would advise them to take along plenty of coffee, sugar, hard-tack and bacon. That will come in if you get snowed in in a blizzard, after you have eaten up all your canned goods; and you can save your venison (if you have any) to bring home. I have subsisted a week on it. With your saddle for a pillow you can sleep warm out of doors in a very cold night before a good fire, and sleep sound too, if you have followed deer over this country twenty or twenty-five miles; particularly if the ground is muddy or the snow is deep. I suppose many people would say a man is a fool that would sleep out of doors for the sake of a few deer.

I have spent several winters in warm climates; two years ago in Havana, Cuba, and like a warm place as well as the next man, but I can tell you that the excitement of a deer hunt in this country will pay for the discomfort of a cold camp, hard-tack and bacon. If you don't believe it come out here sometime and I will give you a trip to try it on.

LOWER BRULÉ.

A TEXAS TURKEY HUNT.

WE were located in Comanche county, Texas, that being then a frontier county. To go beyond it was to risk losing one's scalp, to adorn the belt of a Comanche warrior. Game was very plenty, such as deer, antelope and turkeys, with wolves, and all sorts of small claw-feet. The habits of the turkeys were uniform in that country, and this made hunting them a systematic work. They frequented the water courses, which in the late summer and fall were very scarce. Wild turkeys must have water; the Comanche county birds resorted to the brooks at about ten o'clock every morning. From that time they would sit in the shade until late in the day, and then would feed until their roosting time, which was just before dark, when they all start for the trees. The hunter could easily tell the roost by examining the large trees along the margin of the streams and pond holes, and noticing the large quantity of manure that had accumulated under the trees. I have known the entire flock to be killed while roosting on the same tree.

My companion Ezra and myself ventured out one day to see the sights and find a roost. Our prospects for a big bag of turkeys were very good. We found two large pecan trees with the unmistakable signs under them. We selected a spot some distance from the roost, in a dense thicket of live oak brush, and soon had our little camp pitched, horse picketed out on grass and the hounds secured. Supper being soon ready, and all things in proper shape, we started for the roosts, Ezra using a heavy double-barreled muzzle-loader, and I a breech-loader, 10-bore. I gave Ezra his choice of the trees, with the understanding that we must shoot the turkeys flying to the tree or immediately after they had alighted on the limb, but under no consideration was either of us to leave our blind to bring in wounded or dead turkeys until dark or until the turkeys had ceased coming.

Long before dark we silently repaired to our stations, and just about sundown we could hear all sorts of sounds coming from over the bluff on the opposite side of the creek. We knew at once that the turkeys were coming, and none but a hunter can understand our feelings while in breathless silence we sat with our trusty gun in position ready to send forth its deadly contents. But Ezra grew uneasy; he feared they had, from some hidden nook or corner, discovered us; but a motion from me kept him quiet, and soon an old gobbler stepped up on the bluff to reconnoitre, and after standing a moment, he moved leisurely back out of sight. We could see at once that all was well, and the only thing for us was to be quiet until nearer dark. As the shades of evening drew near the noise made by the turkeys increased, and one unaccustomed with their gobble would suppose that a turkey pow-wow was going on. Soon all was quiet. Occasionally a put-put could be heard. The time had come that they must seek the night shades of a roost. Ezra was still impatient; but in a moment the whirring of wings was heard, and over the rocky bluff came an old gobbler, the leader of the gang. He steered for Ezra's tree, and in an instant the old muzzle-loader was brought to bear on him, and before he reached the tree a deafening sound rent the air, and a splash in the water showed first blood for Ezra. Then the fun commenced. Those who are unaccustomed to wild turkey shooting might suppose that after the first shot all the turkeys would leave, but it is not so. They will start for the roost, but a shot will sometimes turn the turkey following off from his course and out of range of a shotgun; but they all start for the roost from the ground. Turkeys followed in quick succession, and a constant roar of guns could be heard, mingled with the fall of turkeys. Some of them would sail over and disappear in the darkness of the night.

After they had all flown over we came together to compare notes and found that I had brought down eight and Ezra five. My advantage he laid to my breech-loader; he said he would never be seen at a turkey roost again without a breech-loader, which promise I think he always kept. In looking about for turkeys we found eight more, three that he had shot and five that I had killed. We then returned to camp and had for supper turkey breast steak cooked in butter, which was not at all unacceptable to two such hungry hunters.

The programme for the morning's hunt was then talked over. We decided to get up at daybreak and go to the roost and call up all the turkeys we could and shoot what we could, gather our dead turkeys shot in the evening, then come back to camp, get our breakfast, and then turn the dogs loose for a deer hunt. We retired to rest to dream of our coming sport on the following day. I awoke at daybreak and found Ezra gone. I felt for the little bottle on his side of the blanket, and that was gone too. I saw his point in a moment and gathered my gun and started for the roost, and on reaching it I found Ezra hunting busily in the weeds. He had five turkeys piled up under his tree and claimed that he had shot them all the evening before. "But," said I, "you only claimed five in all, and you found three last evening." "O, well," said he, "I must have killed two to two shots." I was compelled to give it up. He had me. Said I, "Where is the bottle?" "Well, I just set it back in the weeds to make you hunt for it." "Well, Ezra, this is all too thin; I see through it all. So you have beaten my breech-loader after all. But I'll be even some how." Returned to camp, Ezra found the bottle, and honors were easy.

Breakfast over we laid aside the shotguns and shouldered our rifles, turned the dogs loose, and were off now for a deer chase. Deer were plenty. The old lead dog soon opened on a cold trail, and at the sound of the dogs, Ezra, who was on foot, made quick time for the point of timber near the sand rough. Every dog is now eager for the start, but old Dime cannot be hurried; he will take his time, and all the dogs must come back to assist him in his windings for the trail. There they all go, pell mell. The deer is up yonder in the bush. I see his white flag as he leaps over the oak bushes. Now he has struck the open ground, and the dogs are in sight, every one of them doing his best. Some of the rear dogs cut "cross-lots," while others run the trail. Here comes the horseman at full speed with his oft-repeated "hurrah, pups." Now they circle. Ezra is at his post, but the old buck won't leave the grove; he circles to the left and comes around to the starting point, and is headed off by me on horseback.

Hark! Listen! The dogs are coming directly toward me up the bluff. Here he comes, with every dog in full cry. One glimpse of his horns shows that he is coming close. The rifle is brought to bear at an open space; but the buck is too sharp, he has dodged into the bush, and gives the horseman a wide berth. But my companion may get him, for he is going straight for the point where Ezra stands. Every minute the sound of his rifle is expected, but the dogs pass on away out of hearing into the ten-mile sand rough. Ezra comes up. "Why didn't you shoot?" "Shoot!" said he. "How can a man shoot a deer when he is flying 30 rods a second? Those dogs run like lightning." The dogs came in about noon.

The next morning Ezra tried the old buck on the still hunt. He wore his breeches out crawling, and finally ran on to a small deer, but would not shoot it. He wanted bigger game; but it ran and scared the buck so Ezra didn't get him after all.

The next night it rained and Ezra would not leave camp. I killed five turkeys on the roost, and in the morning Ezra tried the old buck again. This time he crawled into a gang of turkeys, and they flew and frightened the buck. Ezra would not allow me to put the dogs on him; he wished to "Indian him," he said, and kill him or let him go. So we got no deer, and left for home.

P. M. S.

CARTHAGE, Missouri.

ADIRONDACK GAME RESORTS.

WE took the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad to Albany, and from there to Saratoga, then to North Creek; from this place we went to and stopped at Indian Lake, which is about seventeen miles from the depot. My cousin being very fortunate, happened to meet an old guide by the name of Elijah Camp, whom he had had guiding for him four years ago. He had a commodious log house on Little Moose Lake, twenty-two miles further on in the interior, where we could find the best of hunting and fishing. We immediately set forth and were conveyed by a buckboard to his house. After a few days we started for Sly Pond, some five miles distant. The name of this body of water was very appropriate for we had to climb a mountain two miles high in order to get to it, then it was with much difficulty we found it, it is so very secluded; but we were fully repaid for our trouble. The first night while hunting we had four shots, getting three deer. We came back to our guide's house and waited till the venison was consumed.

About a week after I started with my guide Elijah and his son Sam, for the Cedar Lakes. Arriving there we camped over night and hunted on Beaver Pond, some eighty rods distance from our camp, a very pretty little body of water, surrounded by deer grass and lily pads—I had two shots at deer that evening. The next day started for Pillsbury Lake, only two miles distant; on that lake I saw seven deer in the lake all at once, and shot two. From there we went to Little Rock Pond, Whitney Lake, Sampson Lake, Little Mud Pond, and the Alder Lakes. There is fine trout fishing in these lakes, especially in Whitney Lake. From there we went to Big West Canada Lake, Mud Pond, and South West Canada Lake. The is also fine lake trout fishing here with good deer hunting in Mud Pond. We went from there back to the house, rested a couple of days and I started with another guide by the name of Philander Shaw, to try our luck trout fishing on Cedar River, which is only two miles distant from Camp's house. I caught forty-eight inside of an hour, they being all a good size, some weighing a pound apiece. The average distance from Mr. Camp's to the lakes and ponds I have mentioned will not exceed seven miles. Mr. Camp has good waterproof bark camps at all these places. This saves much trouble for a party. He also has plenty of good deer hounds and boats, and everything comfortable and handy; his carries are well cut and smooth, which is a great advantage.

My next trip was down to the Moose River region, or Big Indian Clearing. My guide, Wallace Thayer and I, stopped at Mr. Brown's, which is nine miles from Camp's cabin. I visited the following lakes, which afforded good trout fishing and deer hunting—I first went to House Pond, which is only ninety rods from Mr. Brown's, and saw and heard three deer in the water. This pond affords excellent shooting when the weather has been warm and dry.

I next camped on Beaver Lake. This lake is the one that Mr. Colvin, the surveyor, camped at, and while he was out fishing a bear came into his camp and knocked down everything. This lake is one of the best deer ponds in the country—a party counted twenty deer all in at once one afternoon. The surrounding country abounds in bears, foxes, hedge-hogs, ducks, loons, and occasionally a panther. There are also the three Mitchell Ponds, being full of good sized trout; then Bear Pond, which is a good resort for deer. Mr. Brown has two salt lakes near his house affording fine deer shooting. After visiting Squaw Lake and the two Shanty Ponds, I tried my luck trout fishing on Otter Brook, Moose River and Sumner Brook; I caught four trout out of the last brook mentioned, in a cozy little hole; they lasted my guide and self two days, eating them at each consecutive meal.

To parties going to the Adirondacks, I freely endorse the places I have been to; they will find Messrs. Camp and Brown very entertaining, and willing to do everything in their power to promote the pleasure of a trip. Here is a list of guides; parties will find them very obliging and willing to do everything that can be asked. They are: Elijah Camp, Philander Shaw, Walter Hutchinson, Josiah E. Brown, O. Cross, and Wallace Thayer; their P. O. address is Indian Lake, Hamilton county, N. Y. I name these guides as being responsible, knowing from my own experience during my trip there, they are well worthy of any one's confidence. I had a shot at a panther, and I shot seven deer while in the mountains, which is very remarkable.

C. H. R.

NEW YORK, August 25.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, Aug. 28.—Deer are reported as very numerous among the Cumberland mountains. A party of hunters went out from McMinnville last week and killed eleven. This is in violation of the law, but most of the hunters about here have none of the true sportman's regard for open and close seasons. Doves are unusually abundant, and large numbers are being bagged every day.—J. D. H.

"SOMETHING NEW."—Photographs of the crowned heads of the world, finest assortment of Mrs. Langtry, and all the other English beauties, and also all actresses and other celebrities. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York City.—*Adv.*

"BACHELOR BOB WHITES."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to get an explanation of an incident in natural history which came under my notice many years ago, if any of your readers ever met a like accident, phenomenon or premeditated hatred of the fair sex. I am at a loss what to call it. We named them at the time "bachelor birds."

Our attention was first drawn to the matter in the fall of 1861. Mr. and Mrs. Bob White were holding a lawn sociable on the beautiful Chatahoochee bottom lands in middle Georgia, my brother and I, with Cato and Bob, being the only guests and partakers of the festivities. The afternoon was fast waning, and the accumulating weight (not in the hat) in the game sack, from the many little attentions pressed on us by our royal entertainers, we thought it time to retire, and making our best *salaam* we backed out, with many promises to call again. To shorten our way home we struck into the woods and over the river hills. When about half way up the hills, with dogs at heel, on entering a belt of oak timber the dogs became rigid and firm as the rocks beneath the old hills we stood on. At the word "Go" a bevy of about forty or fifty, with some scattering birds, whirred up. Four of the scattering loiterers came to grass and proved to be male birds. From the appearance of the flight in the gloaming all appeared to be male birds, no further notice being taken of it at the time.

A few days later, when on our way to make good our promise to call again, we headed for the same bevy, which we found in the same belt of timber, where for half an hour Robert gave us a free entertainment, until getting wearied of his part of the sport he retired into a belt of black-jacks, where we left him to rest his weary pinions and throbbing breast, wending our way to the bottoms to continue our part of the engagement in the family mansion. What birds we got on the hill being male birds, as well as all the birds seen. We frequently paid them a visit on our way back and forth, but we never got a female bird from them, nor did we ever find them in the open, always and at all seasons in the woods; and their numbers increased annually.

In 1863 and 1864 ammunition was hard to get, powder and shot could be had in Atlanta in exchange for lead, but lead being as scarce a commodity as the powder and shot, the only resource we had left was to open the paper cartridges prepared for the old muzzle-loading muskets, transfer the powder to the powder-horn, and beat the balls out flat and cut them into slugs to feed the gray squirrel, our friend Bob being placed on the retired list. In our squirrel excursions we frequently waded through Bob, but left him in peace to his own reflections—no doubt he felt insulted at the seeming neglect and the cold shoulder turned on him.

We—that is, my brother, the dogs and myself—frequently talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that these were "bachelor birds," who, for some reason best known to themselves, had become inveterate haters of the fair sex, foresworn female society, or had seen the abuses piled on their numerous family, and the uses to which they were applied, and rather than raise broods to fill the pot of the pot-hunters, they preferred to live a life of seclusion and retirement in the deep, dark woods.

In the spring of 1866, when that section was beginning to straighten out the snarl of the big rough-and-tumble, at dinner, one day, my wife thought she would like a small piece of quail. Necessity knows no law, and to wish for a quail in those days was to have it. Along in the afternoon I thought I would call around and see if any of my old friends were still in the woods. I had not visited them in two years. I found the birds largely increased in numbers, and brought a pair of them home in my hand. For three years, until the fall of 1869, at all seasons, when rusting for a shot, I would lie to that piece of woods and brush the rust off, and never got a single female bird, nor did I ever see a female bird in the flight. If any of your numerous readers have ever met with a like incident we would be pleased to hear of it. THOS. CHALMERS.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

PENNSYLVANIA DEER HUNTING.

I HAVE been hunting deer in the counties of Centre, Clearfield, Elk and Cameron for thirty years, from one to three months each year. I have a deer park at my place, and with my hunting in the woods and watching the deer in the park I think I know about as much of the habits of deer as there is any use of a man knowing. The country named is very much broken along the streams. Back toward the summit the ground is level and a large country covered with yellow pine timber. The country on and around the summit has a large number of small springs. The deer in the summer time lie by these; in the winter season the go to the ravines, where the large timber and laurel abounds, and late in the season you will find them on the hills near the river. They are hunted here in several ways: Still-hunting, ridge-hunting, sick-watching and hounding. I term hounding deer to start a hound after a deer and run it into the water. If that deer is not molested in any way except being chased by that hound it will be back on the ground from where it was started in twenty-four, or not more than forty-eight, hours from the time it was started. There is very little hounding done in our section. Still-hunting will drive deer from their grounds sooner than any other kind of hunting. One still-hunter will cause more deer to leave their ground than the best hound dog ever put after them. You get after a deer as a still-hunter does, and follow him until the deer knows you are after him, and he will leave the ground and will seek new ground if hunted hard, and the worst part of this still-hunting is done when the snow becomes deep, with heavy crusts, and the deer cannot get away from the hunter. There is where the still-hunter shows his skill. He steals up on the poor deer, takes a rest and fires, bringing his deer to the ground, then exclaims that still-hunting is the only way deer should be hunted. That is giving a deer a nice chance for his life. Now, put a hound on that same ground and when he gets the track he lets out a bawl, and, if near his deer, you will see the game in its first stage. Then is when the hunter nerves up. If he has no nerve to stay him he is "a goner" instead of the deer (I have been there). That deer may run along a line of men, and among that number there will be some with guns who attend county fairs and break ten balls thrown from a trap in succession, take first premiums, and with all these wonderful feats which they have performed will fire two shots at the deer and then be mad because the deer wont give them a chance to shoot at it all day. On the deer goes, until the dog gets tired. He stops and comes back. The deer will stop as soon as he finds the dog is not close to him, and he will also return to the ground where he was started.

We have a special act for our county, allowing a man to hunt as he may see proper, and we make it a point not to allow deer to be killed only except in season, as our judge is a hunter and wants the law enforced. I have watched deer through all kinds of winter storms. They seem to know when a storm is near, as they will lie in some secluded place; they will work to the steep side-hills, or get down in the heavy timber, or behind a rock or log, any place to be sheltered. I put up a shed for my deer to get under during the storms, but they prefer lying alongside the fence. When deep snows fall, they lay still and allow themselves to be snowed up, merely keeping their heads out of the snow.

Now my theory on hunting, and the only sporting way to hunt is to have dogs which do not run too long, and post your men on high ground, and take their shots; then have a good party, and good camp, a good set of dogs, and if a man is a hunter that is the way to hunt, and I will guarantee he will enjoy himself. My party shot twenty-seven deer last fall, and we hunted easy and we had an elegant time. I never hunt for the market, neither will I hunt with a party who does. G. R. B.

CENTRE COUNTY, PA.

"NIPKINS."

THE average darkey is very superstitious, and Tom was no exception to the rule. Though nineteen years of age, he was as ignorant almost as when he first saw the light. His fear of darkness was something laughable; it was almost impossible to induce him to stir abroad after dusk, so great was his terror of "Nipkins," as he called him. On a bright moonlight night he would sometimes venture out, but took great care to give the bushes where the shadows lurked a wide berth.

"Suppose old 'Nipkins' did catch you, Tom, what would he do?"

"Ef he cotch yo?"

"Yes!"

"He don't never tech no white folks."

"Well, how about darkeys?"

"Ef he cotch nigger?"

"Yes!"

"Well, sometime he get fool nigger loafen roun', den look out! Ef on de boat he tak all de clo's offen 'em, make 'em clum to de mas' hed, and den sometime he mak 'em dust roun' en clar de deck up till he sweat."

"Who sweats? 'Nipkins' or the nigger?"

"Nigger sweat! De ole feller set en look on, and ef yo don't kep er up rite smart, he tak en chuck yo over, en mos' drowned yo. Don't never kill nobody tho'; lets up jes en de rite time."

Our little sloop was moored alongside the meadow bank, in one of the cosiest coves on Sinepuxent. Closed on three sides, it opened toward the bay that stretched shimmering in the moonlight for miles. We were on deck after supper, enjoying that glorious time "just before turning in." Not a cloud in the sky, and one of the fullest of full moons sailing up the heavens, the smoke from our pipes floating in a soft blue wreath around us, so still was the air. The occasional splashing of a black duck as he hunted for food on the shoals, and the spasmodic honk, honks of a huge gang of wild geese out on the still water were the only interruptions to the quiet, which was rendered still more impressive by the rolling of the surf on the outer beach, subdued by the distance, but lending a rich undertone to the whole scene.

"Have you your sink-box along, Billy? I am going to have a crack at the geese one of these nights when they come in on that sand bar. Tom, you go there to-morrow just before sundown and sink the box not over forty yards from the point of that bar. You hear?"

"Ees, sir," says Tom.

The bar referred to ran out nearly one hundred yards into the bay—a hard spit of white sand, bare at all times, and a favorite spot for the geese, who came in at night to preen. And, as Brunt said, "If it was against the law it was also against human nature to sit on deck and see that bar glisten in the moonlight and covered with geese without 'cutting loose' at them." So it was arranged that Tom should sink the box just before sunset; then after a comfortable pipe Brunt would walk to it (about half a mile), stretch his manly form therein, wait for the geese and "blaze away."

Evening came. "Tom, is that box all right?" "Ees, sir; jes cum from fixen it."

Supper over, Brunt is so uneasy to start that he knocks the ashes from his half-smoked pipe, dons his boots, and, being ferried over the inlet, off he goes for the sink box. The moon comes up, and the geese come in. We sit on deck and watch them swim up to the bar, saunter slowly out, flap their big wings, and with an occasional grunt of satisfaction begin their toilet. "'Bout time suthin' went off, isn't it?" says Billy; "been gone a long time now. Tom, did you put plenty of hay in that box?" A woolly head sticks out of the companionway, and the stereotyped "Ees sir" is heard. "Bummer's gone to sleep; that's what ails him." An hour passes; the geese are still visible on the bar. "Hallo! Hallo!" comes over the water from the other side of the inlet. "Send the boat, will you, pdq." Tom is afraid of "Nipkins," so I paddle over. "What's the matter, old man?" "Matter! Why, I tried a short cut, fell in a hole and lost time; moon rose; geese all ashore; and after crawling fifty yards on the meadow, trying to sneak into the box, working like a hog to do it, too. I came to the edge of the meadow, and there, right under my snoot, that nigger had stuck the box, within three feet of shore." The truth was, Tom had been caught by dusk before he sunk the box, and "Nipkins" being in his mind, he just hurried her over the meadow, and slapped her in right by the edge of the bog. Brunt does not swear, but like Paddy's owl, he did a devil of a thinking that night; and between the fear of an outburst of righteous indignation inside the cabin and "Nipkins" outside, Tom was completely demoralized.

DICK.

CONNECTICUT.—Hartford, Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the *Courant* to-day a note to the effect that "hunting for partridges and quail has begun, but the birds will be in much better condition and feather later in the month. The law is not 'off' until October 1. Rail shooting is legal on and after the 12th inst., but it is reported that gunners are already at work along the Housatonic, and find birds plenty. Down Essex way must be a good place for 'coon hunting. A correspondent writes that the 'coons are making havoc among the cornfields, and the farmers are making desperate efforts to exterminate them." It may be of interest to your correspondents who want to commence shooting immediately to know where they can do it a month in advance of the season.—W. H. K.

OHIO GAME NOTES.

I AM constrained to express my extreme appreciation of the fourth paper of your "Adirondack Survey Notes." Your ideas of the man who violates the game law are just mine, though I have never expressed them so tersely, nor have I been so well pleased with anything that I have read on the subject. The whole article is first-class and worthy of commendation to every person concerned.

Our prospects for quail are very discouraging. In many localities last fall and winter there was not a bird to be found. This spring, however, they came from somewhere, and after pairing, were to be seen and heard in goodly numbers in many places. I was hopeful then that we should have a fair supply this fall, but I am told by the farmers, and my own observations confirm it, that they have never seen so few young birds. This must be attributed to a level country and excessive rain.

In your issue of August 24, "Byrne" refers to the disappearance of quail in July and August. This corresponds with my own observations, though his theory as to the cause is different, but well worthy of consideration.

I confess that I have never been able to satisfy my mind with a solution of the problem, but I give you my ideas: Owing to the increased care in farming there is now in this section, but little cover left for quail; and the timber, too, which seems to be so great a desideratum, has to a large extent disappeared. Add to this the increased amount of shooting to which they are subjected, and there is reason enough to suppose that they come into this open country to breed, where they are less apt to be disturbed by vermin, and then when the young are old enough to in a measure take care of themselves, shift back to the dense coverts of some wilder locality. This habit of birds going out into the open country to breed, is one that I have observed for many years, and is true even of the wild turkey. It may be simply instinct, but I have learned to regard birds as possessed of far more intelligence than they are accredited with, and were I in need of any other theory than that of present necessity, to account for an exodus of the birds, I should find it in their recollection of the safer resorts whence they came, and perhaps an intelligent anticipation of the danger to come in the open season.

I have also thought that many birds are poisoned through the now prevalent use of Paris green in farming.

What I have said of quail will also apply to the ruffed grouse. But however we may account for the disappearance of birds from particular localities, it is in vain to shut our eyes to the fact that there is in general a serious reduction of their numbers that can be attributed to nothing else under the sun than trapping and excessive shooting. D. G. J.

OHIO, Aug. 29, 1882.

DUCKS AND "MUD-HENS."—A correspondent of the Sacramento, Cal., *Bee* advocates the systematic destruction of the "mud-hen," on the ground that this bird destroys the food of the ducks. He says: "This letter will be entirely devoted to an evil that I presume few sportsmen on this coast notice, but which is doing more to destroy your now good but declining duck-shooting than would be done by any amount of shooting out of season. This evil is neither more nor less than the protection of "coots" (commonly called mud-hens), which are found by thousands all over the State, and especially between San Francisco and Sacramento, and in the bay between Oakland and San Francisco, where millions are found feeding every day in the year. These birds are of a blueish black color, a trifle larger than the teal duck, and have a white bill. Their feet are also not solidly webbed, but have a slight gristly web on each side of every toe. They are simply hogs in their way, eating constantly and incessantly, and as they feed entirely on all kinds of food that ducks do they must eat away the grass, roots and seeds that keep your duck's, the same as sheep would eat away pasture from cattle if left alone in one field. One instance I remember where these aquatic hogs ate away feed from one of the best duck marshes that ever came under my notice, in 1868, in Indiana. Two miles from my home were five little lakes with thousands of acres of marsh land that afforded the best duck-shooting one can imagine, and for several years we had enjoyed the sport of excellent bags, ranging from 50 to 200 ducks per day to a good shot. In 1868, in the spring, I went over to the lake one day and saw what I thought were ducks by the acre. I hurried to my old stand, but no flight came, and I was puzzled. I took my boat and made up my mind I would scare them up, leaving a companion in the blind where the ducks passed from one lake to the other. I rowed out to my acres of ducks (as I supposed), and noticed I could easily get within shot of them, so I began shooting into the flock, not waiting to pick them up until I got through. After following and shooting for some time, I began to gather them in, and to my surprise I found them entirely different from ducks. The result was that I found they were "coots," and unfit for use. Since that year these lakes have been the home of the coot, and I do not think that two good experienced sportsmen could bag twenty ducks any day since in those lakes; and I could refer to many lakes and marshes where the same destruction of duck-food has ruined the finest shooting in the country. Now, then, for the remedy. That is, simply, for every hunter to shoot mud-hens as fast as they come within range. They are fair shooting for sport, and as many hunters don't care for the game simply for the meat, they can have as much fun shooting mud-hens as ducks, for then the tiresome work of carrying them home does not come in. I have had many days' sport shooting them with a .22 and .32 calibre rifle. It takes a good shot to hit ten straight on the water with a rifle. Try it. Some will say they should not be killed in the bay. This is a great mistake, as ducks are equally good scavengers; and my word for it, you will see a duck come for every mud-hen and gull killed, and they will get nearly or quite as tame and breed there by the thousands if you will only kill off the birds that are eating away their pasture. Organize club hunts, and shoot nothing but mud-hens and gulls. Also, every sportsman that goes on a hunt should kill every mud-hen that flies by him, end every hawk possible, and in three years your marshes will be alive with ducks and other game birds, instead of the miserable, stinking hogs of coots. I would any time let a duck pass without a shot if there was a coot in range and give him the charge in place of the duck. Try it, brother sportsmen." [We incline to think that the writer of the above has not fairly tried the merits of the bird, which he so roundly berates as worthless for the table. We know that a prejudice exists among many sportsmen against the "mud hen" who have never eaten it. We have found them a very fair bird for the table.]

WHAT IS IT?—Omaha, Neb.—In the 24th of August number of FOREST AND STREAM "Homo" gives us an interesting account of plover shooting at Long Branch, at some period of time antedating the erection of the Stetson House, whenever that enterprise may have taken place. It is always interesting to read the story of success in field sports, and the best point of "Homo's" article is that he wrote at all. For whatever in a man's sporting life is worth remembering is also worth telling to others. If every sportsman would write down in his own way the most noteworthy incidents in his experiences in the field and publish them, he would add immeasurably to the enjoyment of his sporting brotherhood, although he may not be able to emulate "Homo" in perspicuity and force of diction. One thing, however, detracts from "Homo's" otherwise pleasing story. He fails to give any adequate idea of the particular species of the birds he so skillfully brought to bag in those old-time Long Branch potato patches. He calls them "grass plover" to be sure. But what is a "grass plover"? We find several species of plover out here on the great Western prairies, where there is more grass to the county than in any other country on the globe. But I have never heard that any of these species of plover subsist on grass. Possibly the great prevalence of this agrarian product, or the circumstance of a Vermont birth, may lend a tinge to my greenness, and yet in my limited reading of standard ornithological works I fail to find any reference to any species of birds by the name of grass plover. It is not of so much importance to sportsmen whether Wallack, Adams or Booth ever hunted these birds at Long Branch or elsewhere, as whether they were golden, black-bellied, killdeer, ringed, ruddy, sanderling or Wilson's plover, or a new species that the keen eye of the ornithologist has failed to discover.—BOB WHITE.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Dover, N. H., Aug. 31.—Ruffed grouse are exceedingly scarce, unless you go back in the country several miles, and lucky is he that gets first shot before the flocks are scattered. The scarcity of our ruffed grouse can be accounted for by the fact that persons calling themselves sportsmen go out for woodcock and who shoot the young birds almost before being feathered. Here every urchin large enough to carry a gun out of the city goes to the woods and fields and shoots everything in sight, thus bringing to all sportsmen of honorable intentions the dislike and almost hatred of our farmers who are very accommodating and willing to allow all honorable persons the right to gun their premises. This class of gunners who depredate upon our farmers in this manner, break down fences, leave pasture bars down, so that finally their victims have been compelled to seek in redress the protection which our State laws accord to them, thereby excluding the real sportsman from the pleasures of a day's sport with the rod and gun. Even while I am writing this the farmers around our neighboring lands are getting ready to post their premises, owing to the severe drought which has caused the woods and timber lands to be very dry. Only last week a careless shooter, probably using paper for wadding, set fire to the woods at Dover Point, a noted summer resort, compelling a force of twenty men to fight it two or three days in order to stay the fire.—GRANGERS' RIGHTS.

"SUMMER BEAR YARNS."—Wellsboro, Pa., Aug. 25, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours enclosing slip from *Boston Herald* just received. And so the *Herald* reprints, without credit, our bear talk, under the head of "Summer Bear Yarns." Bismillah! It is evil. It would be better were the name of the author or the paper from which it was—selected, appended to the sketch. Now, I like the *Herald*. I do not agree with people who call it a "literary Algerine." I think it a spicy, well made paper, conducted with ability—especially the scissors department. But if, in the near future, the editor should happen to strike anything from my pen in FOREST AND STREAM which he thinks worth repeating in his journal, will he kindly remember not to forget that journalistic comity demands quotation marks, a mention of the paper from which it is—borrowed, or the name of the author.

> Which I rise to remark that it seems only fair,
> When you quote from an author the same to declare;
> And not to go stealing the thunder of those
> Who haven't got thunder enough for home use,
> Let alone having any to spare.—NESSMUK.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY BIRDS.—Boston, Aug. 30.—For the last ten days I have been enjoying bay bird shooting in the vicinity of Plymouth, Mass. The first few days black-breasted plover, winter and summer yellow-legs were quite plenty, but towards the latter part of my visit they seemed less abundant. Now and then a few willets, chicken and piping plover were shot, but the main flight has not yet put in an appearance. Old residents say after a good easterly storm one can get more curlew and golden plover, etc., than could be comfortably carried. I need not mention the large flocks of sanderlings and ring-neck plover we came across, as some gunners consider them beneath their notice, but were they to see in what fine condition we found them, I do not hesitate to say that they would shoot quite a mess of them. One may find good shooting from Scituate to almost any part of the Cape. Those who wish to try the shooting grounds take Old Colony R. R.—FRED LEWIS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Boiling Springs, Aug. 28.—There is a prospect of an abundant crop of quail. "Bob White" may be heard every morning and evening. Pheasants (ruffed grouse) are going to be very plenty on our mountains near here. We advise any person wishing to have good quail and pheasant shooting to visit Cumberland Valley. There are four railroads running through the valley, by which any point may be easily reached. Boarding may be had at any place for three dollars a week. Pine Grove, an almost inaccessible mountain, is full of deer.—E. S. S.

Thompsontown, Juniata Co., Pa.—Quail are fairly plenty; ruffed grouse on the increase; about the usual limited number of wild turkeys.—JUNIATA.

MASSACHUSETTS.—West Sterling, Sept. 4.—The law on partridges was "off" last Friday, and our local sportsmen are after them. But there are no reports of any large bags as yet—all complain of the scarcity of the king of game birds as in other sections of the country. The indications are good for some quail shooting next month; several fine coveys having been flushed in this vicinity so far. Gray squirrels are also quite plenty this fall, so it is probable that the new breech-loaders have not been purchased in vain. The prospects are that we shall have some fine fox-hunting this fall, as they are quite plenty here, and those who delight to hear the music of the hounds in full cry after sly reynard on a still frosty morning, with a chance of carrying home a fine brush after the day's sport, can have their wish gratified. We have no regularly organized club here, but we know what the laws are and mean that they should be kept.—C.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN GROUNDS.—The following points are recommended to prairie chicken shooters—all reached via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway: Iowa.—De Witt, Cedar Rapids (hotels: Grand Hotel, Northwestern Hotel, Coleman House), Tama, Nevada, Ames, Boone, Ogden, Marshalltown, New Jefferson, Denison, Dunlap, Wall Lake, Sac City, Battle Creek, Mapleton. Minnesota.—Rochester (hotels: Cook House, Pierce House), Owatonna (hotels: Arnold House, Park Hotel), Wascca, Mankato, Kasota (hotel: Railroad Hotel), St. Peter (hotels: Nicollet House, Commercial House, Northwestern), Redwood Falls (hotels: Commercial Hotel, Exchange Hotel), Tracy, Marshall, Lake Benton. Dakota.—Watertown, Brookings, Volga, Desmet, Huron.

NEW YORK.—Medina, Sept. 4.—Woodcock shooting has been very good in this locality. I hear of bags of from twenty to thirty-two birds being made in a day, to two guns. A few quail have been seen this season, the first in several years, none have been killed that I have heard of; fifteen years ago they were quite plenty. A pair of blue herons were shot up the creek, three miles south of this place a few days since. It was considered quite a lucky strike by the successful hunter, as he has been trying for three years past to get a good specimen to have mounted.—SAL NITER.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP, as some Chico, Cal., deer hunters found the other day. One of the party had brought down a big buck, and the other sportsmen coming up "they gathered around the deer as it lay on the ground, and one of the boys was probing the wound and another drawing his hunting knife plunged it through the deer's throat, but his knife being too dull to sever the head he asked for another one, when, to the surprise of all present, the deer jumped up and escaped. They followed his blood for a long way, but found no deer."

MASSACHUSETTS.—North Andover, Mass., Sept. 1.—The season opens to-day for ruffed grouse. The prospect for good sport was grand earlier, but now everything has dried up and the birds have taken to the swamps or other inaccessible places, and we do not look for any shooting until rain comes. We have had no storms, not even showers worth mentioning since July 5. Wells and springs are fast drying up, and fields and pastures are as brown as a berry; even the forest leaves are scorched and withered.—E.

MEREDITH HOLLOW, Del. Co., New York, Aug. 31.—I am rusticating on one of the dairy farms of Delaware county. The game of this region is not very abundant. There are some ruffed grouse, but judging by what I hear, less than in former years. I have found no woodcock, but this is not strange, the land hereabouts being very high and dry. Quail appear to be like the snakes in Ireland. Squirrels are plenty, and make a very good pie when properly compounded.—PICKET.

ROCKLAND COUNTY.—New York, Sept. 4.—In Rockland county, this State, where I have been for a few days, I found that there has been quite some woodcock shot, and are still being shot, with indifferent success. The outlook for quail seems to be very good throughout the county, and any quantity of rabbits and squirrels.—R. B. S.

RAIL SHOOTING.—Bristol, Pa., Sept. 2.—Rail-bird season opened poorly. Reeds not yet ripe. Thirty-eight birds to high boat on Stewarts' flats. High boat on Bristoland Burlington marshes scarcely a dozen birds. Few reed birds flying. Rail in very poor condition. Likely to be another flight of rail by middle of month.—C. E. S.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 27.—Prairie chickens are said to be scarce along the line of the C. B. & Q. R. R. No other game to be seen at present.—Yo.

OHIO.—Tiffin, Aug. 26.—Quail plenty this fall, more so than usual. No woodcock to be found in a day's tramp, or squirrels.—F. M. H.

VIRGINIA DEER.—Deer are reported by a correspondent to be very abundant this year in Sussex county, Virginia.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

WE were out for woodcock, and as we were crossing the open between two covers our dogs surrounded a woodchuck, and encouraged by us we were making considerable noise, which attracted the attention of the old farmer and his son, and they left their work and came over to see the fun. As this was new game to the dogs, they were rather awkward in handling them. Fred, wishing to help them, aimed a vicious kick at the rodent, which missed its object, and striking poor Dan under the chin fairly lifted him off the ground. When the howls and laughter had subsided, the farmer's boy remarked: "That reminds me of how dad did for old Bose. He was the goll darndest woodchuck dog that you ever see. One day he got a chuck in a stone heap, and dad and I took a crowbar and went to help him. We pried out one or two stones, when the chuck stuck up his head and dad let drive at him with the crowbar full chisel. Just then old Bose spied him and made a dive, and the crowbar struck him between the ears and killed him dader than Julius Cesar." "Yes," added the old man, "and the funny part of it is old Bose don't know to this day but what the woodchuck killed him!"

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

When I was a young steamboatman on the raging Mississippi, running from St. Louis in the Keokuk trade, the good steamer Di Vernon with Capt. Matson commanding, was one of the finest and largest side-wheelers in the river.

The mate at that time was "Old Hughey," a large, broad-shouldered, fat Irishman, who had the reputation of being the terror of the roustabouts, for when he opened his broad mouth they had to "get up and dust around."

One day while the steamer lay "tied up" at the levee landing, some of the men were at work in the hold, and Hughey just then needed more help on deck; so striding to the forward hatch he looked down and bellowed out:

"Hello, down thar."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the men from below.

"How many of yees is thar down thar?"

"Three of us, sir."

"Well, the half of yees come up here." DORSAL FIN.

CHICAGO.

We were all seated about a roaring log fire. Nothing had been said for several minutes, when the solemn stillness was broken by the lonesome hoot of an owl near us. "That reminds me," said the Professor. "You know that family of Hurds? Well, one time the old man went out to the swamp to cut cedar, and not returning at night his wife became worried, and, accompanied by her two daughters, started to find him. They got well into the woods, and all at once were brought to a standstill by 'To who-o-o!' 'Hark, girls!' says the old lady. 'That's an owl,' says one of the girls. 'An owl! No it hain't, neither. Don't you suppose I know your father's voice? To who-o-o, Mr. Hurd?'" F. C. P.

LINCOLN, Maine.

A friend of the writer lately asked a genuine Florida "cracker" "if he ever went a fishing," and received the following characteristic and pointed reply: "Sometimes I goes a fishin' and sometimes I doesn't!" C. H. C.

GLENCOE, Florida.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouycha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites.* two species.
War-mouth, *Chaenobrytus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys sicromacumatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Moronc americana.*
Sea or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscion regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscion carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciaenops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

My purpose was to give you some directions concerning roach and dace, and some other inferior fish, which makes the angler excellent sport; for you know, there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in killing her; but I will forbear at this time to say more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon: but I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten anything that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.—*Izaak Walton.*

SHRIMP-CATCHING IN SWATOW, CHINA.

SWATOW, China, is in the Kwang Tung province, about two hundred miles from Canton (the capital of the province). The harbor is very spacious and thoroughly sheltered. The Haw River, carrying a considerable volume of water, empties into it at its upper end, and two or three smaller streams discharge into it at different points. As all these streams carry more or less detritus, they help to maintain, and even extend, the enormous mud flats that spread out from the shore a distance, varying from a few yards to a mile or more, at low water.

A large proportion of the inhabitants of the villages around the Bay of Swatow are fishermen, among whom, as with most of the poorer classes of Chinese, the struggle for existence is so horribly sharp that every possible chance of earning a few cash or securing a mouthful of food must be seized instantly. Hence it is that even the "nasty blue mud" is carefully searched for any stray shrimp, mud-worm, or other living thing it may hold.

There is a good deal of amusement to be derived from watching a Swatow shrimp-catcher skimming over the surface of the mud on his "mud-toboggin" (I coin the word, since none that I think of so nearly describes the implement); and not a little excitement, too, as the slightest movement seems sufficient to plunge him headlong into the soft black mud.

The shrimper strips to a simple breech clout, and ties his queue in a tight knot on top of his head, fastening it with a wooden bodkin. If the day is very warm and the sun unusually fierce, he wears a huge hat (made with a frame of thin bamboo strips, filled with dried bamboo leaves), tied securely under his chin. Round his waist he ties a wicker bottle of about half a gallon capacity, with small mesh to drain the water off from the contents, and having a small, rather long neck to prevent any particularly lively shrimp jumping out. His hands are thus left quite free to manage his "toboggin," and to capture any of the small game he is after.

The craft is made of a thin board about six feet long by ten inches wide, slightly curled up at the forward end. About two feet from the bow is a slight "gallows-frame," just high enough for the shrimper to lean on. He stands on one foot, balancing himself by the frame, and with his other foot pushes himself over the surface of the mud, by an adroit turn of the foot (something like the slight turn of the paddle-blade of a skilful canoeist), propelling himself nearly in a straight line. He will skim rapidly over mud so deep that, were he to attempt to walk, he would sink to his neck and probably be quite smothered, changing from one foot to the other while under way, turning sharp corners, stopping and backing, his feet and hands all the time slippery with mud, yet I never saw a misstep or fall. It requires long training and constant practice to enable one to use this

"mud toboggin" at all, and many and amusing have been the failures of adventurous young foreigners. I have several times been nearly smothered in the soft deep mud before I would confess that it wasn't intended for me ever to use one.

The principal part of the "catch" of these fishermen is a tiny shrimp about an inch long, but they let nothing pass them, their bottles containing worms, small shellfish, and various other inhabitants of the mud. The slightest evidence of life is sufficient to catch the eye, when (if moving rapidly) they stop by sticking the foot, that for the moment is doing duty as propellor, deep into the mud. This causes the "toboggin" to swing round as a pivot and "heave to." If the mud is comparatively shallow they will leave their craft and dig for whatever may have attracted their attention, if not, then they kneel on the "toboggin" while digging.

K. GOODRICH.

SHARKING AT NANTUCKET.

THE hunting of the shark, by its excitement and colossal dimensions, about corresponds to the noble chase of the buffalo or the grizzly on shore, and is an experience well worth traveling to Nantucket for. Every self-respecting tourist carries home a shark's jaw or some of the shark's curved teeth as trophies, and small boys have their wonderful pockets filled with assorted teeth and scraps of shark's skin, on which they sharpen their knives as on so many whetstones. To catch a shark you stop the boat while out blue-fishing and drop the line down in those shoal places off-shore where the sharks chiefly lie in wait, but the blue-fishing company generally object to this and prefer to stay by their original spot. A better way, and one partaking more of the typical island flavor, is to sail down the harbor to the little peninsula of Wauwinet, and, crossing the narrow strip of sand, re-embark on an old whaleboat and at a mile off-shore, drop anchor at the favorite summer resort of the sharks.

Hunting the shark is the nearest approach to "sitting on a mountain to bob for a whale," since the Norcross boys present you with 200 feet of stout clothes line and an iron meat hook for tackle, and impale eight or ten perch on the long-barbed hook for bait. When our nine lines were streaming out from the boat's side, and each one was braced for the coming struggle, first one female head and then a second was bent in pensive attitude by the gunwale. My own head was swimming, and sea and sky were rolling together, when a shout from the man in the bow drove every notion and sensation away, and we all stood up and shouted with excitement. The rope came slowly in, and soon the big fish was floundering on the surface, churning the water white all around, and drenching us with the spray. The Norcross boy seized a club, his brother held the line, and after a succession of blows on his pointed nose, the shark was hauled aboard, its jaws wide open and its ravenous career ended.

After the first catch there was a subdued excitement all around, and no one thought of the ground swell again. The Harvard prize man announced that he thought he had a bite, and, hauling his line cautiously, he found a little yellow crab clawing at the tempting bait. The shout of laughter was drowned by my own shriek of victory, as there came a jerk from the other end of my rope. It may be cruel and murderous sport, but there is a savage excitement in waging war against such wild beasts, and pulling in that shark was equal to holding a runaway horse. With braced feet, it hand over hand, the line gradually shortened and the body of the shark was seen darting around in the water. "Look out or you'll land him in your lap," cried the yachtsman, "and if he comes in some of us will have to get out." The little boys danced, the men shouted and the ladies stood up and shrieked in chorus with me, while the shark lashed the waters with his mighty tail and sent the spray all over us and the boat seats. The Norcross boys took the line and drew my prize in, hammered him on the head with a club, and putting another hook in his back, pulled him over and stretched him out. There he lay, his nose at one side of the great whaleboat and his tail hanging over the other, nine feet long from tip to tip, a good-for-nothing lump of a fish, weighing 800 pounds.—*Nantucket Letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BASSING IN PINE LAKE.

PINE LAKE, Michigan, has no reputation as ground for black bass, though Intermediate Lake, only three miles away, is famous for these fish as well as for pickerel and maskalonge. As interesting angling literature as I have read is the series of letters from the "Camp of the Kingfishers' upon Intermediate Lake, in FOREST AND STREAM. But the best sport of the "Kingfishers" was, I am sure, no better than I enjoyed last Saturday afternoon on the "South Arm" of Pine Lake.

The entire day was one of "'speriences." It began with an attempt to reach the fishing-grounds by means of a sail-boat. This came about from the offer of a young man, electrified apparently by some four-pounders I had brought in, to take me there with his boat, if I would only show him where the "there" was. We accordingly started Saturday forenoon and arrived in Charlevoix at 1 P. M., having missed the fishing-ground by about four miles. I was more than ever of the opinion that when I don't care where I go and whether I go anywhere I'll take a sail boat, while the young man was so disappointed with his boat, that he didn't fall in with my suggestion to take the afternoon steamboat directly to the fishing grounds. As for me, I was determined that my "hoppers" so laboriously secured should not be wasted, so the 3:30 P. M. boat found me embarked with skiff towing behind. (By the way, if anyone would be in a frame of mind to sympathize with the old hen in her surprise and disappointment when she misses the grasshopper she was so sure was her's, let him try to gather in enough of the lively insects in question, for a fishing trip.)

With my embarkation began a new series of "'speriences" and it would have brought tears to your eyes to see me struggle to prevent my skiff from going under the stern of the steamer as the latter backed off from her dock. Fortunately, a fellow passenger seized me by the arm and saved my boat from the screw, and me from a ducking. Of course the boat was half full of water when I reached my fishing ground, but a few minutes' diligent bailing made that all right, and I was ready for work. The bass was ready, too, it seemed, as I struck one soon, and was kept busy until the steamboat returned. I'll attempt a description of the capture of but one, a four-pounder, not because he was the largest, (I have taken much larger) but because he was the most active. I was anchored in thirty-five feet of water, as deep as my anchor rope would commend. Outside, the bottom dropped off very suddenly to a great depth, and I was fishing in this deep water with perhaps twenty yards of line. Inside there was a mass of pickerel weed and other aquatic plants. My rod is an eight-ounce split bamboo, made on the Henshall pattern. The fish in question seized my bait with a rush, and it hardly needed the strong snap I gave him to set the hook in. His very first move was characteristic. Instantly he struck for daylight, and leaped into the air with a spring that said, "Whoop, here I am, catch me if you can." It was the best leap I ever saw for a bass. He put all his fresh power into it, and fairly tumbled back into the water. I am sure he went four feet in the air.

From this first sample of his vigor and spirit I was prepared for a grand rush. I was not disappointed. My habit is to hold my fish very snug so that it is rarely indeed one makes a run of thirty yards, but this one carried out full fifty yards, fighting for every inch, and at the end rose rapidly, making another grand leap into the air. This run had been made away sternward of the boat, but still in deep water. Now he returned instantly over the same course, and his speed was such that I had to ply my multiplying reel with desperate energy to keep up with him. When just opposite me, he turned and darted under the boat toward the weeds. Of course I "gave him the butt," and my first thought was, not to let him have an inch of line, but his fierce tugs convinced me that the chances were good that my rod would shut up like a jack knife, so I let my line slip slowly under my finger. Unfortunately for my chances, I was standing at the bow when he made his rush under the boat, so that I could not pass the line under that end without fouling the anchor rope, so that for a few seconds the line sawed and hissed ominously over the keel; I soon passed to the stern, and so got out of that predicament. But in the meantime, the bass had buried himself deep among the weeds and seemed inclined to stay there. However, he did not sulk very persistently. A strong pull started him again, and once more he rose in his wrath. This time the thirty yards of line was hung (as it were) with a washing of weeds. Another rush under the boat carried him into deep water.

And now began some tactics that have succeeded more than once in my experience with black bass. Swimming near the surface, he kept turning on the hook, this way and that, rolling, too, over on one side and then on the other. No other device causes me so much anxiety. But this fish was too securely hooked to escape even in this way. Twice after this he darted under the boat, but was too nearly tired out to reach the weeds. A third feeble rush was made, but I drew him up near the surface, and holding the landing net in his course, I lifted him gently in out of the wet. This was but one of many tussles with big fish that afternoon, though no other was so prolonged and exciting as this. I shall not attempt the expressions of surprise that I had caught such fish in Pine Lake, that I had caught them with such bait, that I had landed them with such tackle, etc. A native came paddling by while I was struggling with one. He was overflowing with sympathy and surprise, and, when I finally "scooped up" my fish, broke out, "Well, I'd rather fish than eat, and I've been fooling 'round this point for years, but I never caught no such fish as that." I must tell you of one singular thing that occurred, and with that close this, to me, unexpectedly long letter. For a few minutes during my fishing I threw my line into the shallower water among the weeds. There I had a nibble that I thought must be from a perch or rock bass. I snapped sharply, and sure enough found I had hooked a rock bass, or rather two, the line passing through the lip of one, while the hook was fast in the side of the other.

CHARLEVOIX, Mich. T. R. WILLARD.

LIGHT AND HEAVY RODS.

YOUR light vs. heavy rod discussion is really instructive and amusing reading, as it brings out so many interesting and comical stories, that would hardly be put on paper without some such incentive.

For my part I see the justice of both sides of the rod discussion, and my rod case always contains both light and heavy rods that I use as the humor takes me, or as my experience teaches me will give the best sport at each varied fishing resort, the size of the trout and the peculiarities of the water being taken into consideration. My heavy rod saved me three noble brook trout weighing 3¼, 4¼ and 5¼ lbs., in an unfrequented lake near Bonney's Seven Chain Lake resort (Adirondacks), last May, when no tackle on a 6-oz. rod would have been reliable. But the next evening on Seventh Lake, with leaping trout all around me, anything but a light rod would have seemed a profanation. There is one idea connected with this discussion that I have not seen brought in, and that was embodied in the excuse the sometimes guide, always around old coon, Capt. Parker of Forked Lake, gave me when I suddenly came on him, fishing with a heavy pole, and large hook, in Constable's Eddy, Raquette River, one May morning several years ago.

"Honest John," my guide, whispered: "Ask for some worms and lift the boughs when I run you close." I did so, and saw over twenty brook trout stacked crosswise, not one under a pound in weight and several about three pounds. Naturally indignant I expressed my opinion very freely of a guide that would thus skin all the best holes early, before his sportsman customers came; when in reply I received this bit of wisdom: "I am spring poor; I go out to Blue Mountain Lake this afternoon, and trout bring twenty cents per pound at the hotels there. I take my biggest hook, that nothing but the biggest trout will take, and catch my required weight of fish in the fewest possible number, leaving the pools full of the sizes you fools can catch with your light tackle." I also have heard Alvah Dunning say he never uses a small hook, as then he never is tempted to keep small trout; and many guides argue, with truth on their side, that if none but large hooks were used, and all trout under say one-half pound returned to the water, that the trout in the lakes and streams would be inexhaustible; but that the small hooks and light tackle used by fancy sportsmen catch anything that comes along, and thus, to catch ten pounds, destroy what would be one hundred pounds or more in a few years. Looking at it from this point of view, when I afterward fished Raquette River I used a heavier rod and found fine sport, after my trout were hooked, in leading them to some pool where John could get the landing net under them, and then go back and get another. Whereas any one with experience knows that if a two-pound trout is hooked by a six-ounce rod and allowed to thrash around for half an hour or more, running up and down the river, through the water in every direction, tangling lines if any one else happens to be fishing there, that the fish are more or less scared and many less will be caught. All the talk and fine writing on some one fish that "took an hour to bring to net" sounds very nicely and looks well in print, but a show of a dozen such on a platter looks better in camp, and fills a place that otherwise has to be filled either by the canned beef brought in, or from the well-baited buoy that has often to be resorted to.

Now I have had many years experience in the Adirondacks, and can truthfully say (and for five years "Honest John" can vouch for me) I have never taken a trout in an unsportsmanlike manner, and yet have never eaten a meal there without them. I have never taken in any canned meat, but no party I have ever been with has had to resort to buoy fishing. Still, I am sure that the fanciest sportsman living could never call me a "trout hog," which, by the way, is a well coined word. Although I have often given fish to other camps that were poorly supplied, I can call to mind no time that I ever caught fish that were not used.

Your correspondents are covering about all the ground, and to me their letters increase in interest with every number. "Splasher's" "Deer Hunting in Michigan," almost confirms my long deferred resolution to still hunt deer in the Adirondacks this fall, instead of hounding them as I have done for past years, but when I remember the rough mountains and diverging streams that even the guides dare not still hunt on a dark day, except in some sections, and where the chance of always getting around to camp at night is more uncertain than on the level ground and straight running rivers of Northern Michigan, it discourages me, but sometime I surely shall have a trial at it. "H. D. W. L.'s" "Put Yourself into Condition" is also timely, though we in the country keep ourselves in fair condition, if we have sense enough to think at all on the subject, which, I am sorry to say two-thirds the business men never do either, in city or country. It seems unaccountable to me that men cooped up in offices every day, with no exercise, and necessarily poor appetites, can go on year after year without thinking a radical change necessary. If they would read your paper it seems to me that it would imbue them with the desire to at least try what others seem so thoroughly to enjoy.

M. S. N.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., August 28, 1882.

A TRIP TO NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

HOW pleasant the change from the busy, bustling city to the quiet of the green woods. The singing murmur of the trout stream, or the dash and hurtle of the broader stream. So we found it toward the close of the fishing season. The brain was stretched to its tension with the continued wearying rush of a city life, and the body run down and needing rest.

The Eastern Express from Chicago and the Grand Rapids and Indiana sleeper gave us a quick passage and a good night's rest. Bright and early in the morning we were put down almost in a grove of magnificent maple trees at the site of Summit City. A city here meant the abnormal quiet of the woods. The only sound greeting us was the screaming of the roosters and the clucking of hens, while the clear fresh morning air toned up the system, and, confess it we must, it made us hungry enough to devour a dry crust.

We found a place for breakfast, and then pitched a tent, and prepared to go into camp. The wife and twelve-year-old boy had accompanied us, and, for the first time in their lives, attempted a life under canvas. We were eager to go fishing, and after getting things into shape downed a fishing suit and started for an unknown trout stream. I mean to us unknown because it was in the woods, and to find the way through even the roadways in these dense forests is something of a task. Following the directions given, we after a four-miles tramp happily struck the creek—a veritable Michigan stream, brush grown, full of bends and turns, full of sand drifts and holes, overhung with brush, and log-covered; but we soon rigged up and made the first cast. The third one was made, and a lively trout struck with some earnestness and vigor. We struck promptly and landed a half pound brook trout, high-colored and game, and as handsome as a picture. We fished on until the shades in the woods warned us the sun was trending downwards, and we had five miles to walk. We had caught enough for a nice breakfast. A dozen trout in two hours' fishing on an unknown stream we considered good, especially at the close of August.

We have spent days on these trout brooks and have fished the Boardman River, the Manistee River feeders for the famous grayling, and enjoyed taking this splendid game fish. We have seen some fine fish taken from these stream, and have visited the region of the lake chain emptying into Lake Michigan at Elk Rapids. The streams here, as attested by ye scribe of the Kingfishers' Camp, maintain their old time name. Can you ask for anything better than this? The guests of George Dyer, at Elk Rapids, caught during last season 8,000 black bass, and over 3,500 trout. This season up to August 21, the guests of the same house had caught 10,037 speckled trout and bass. Elk Rapids is indeed a fisherman's home, where gentlemen can take their families with them, and the youngsters are as happy as clams at high water. Geo. Dyer and his good lady and daughters are soon in the confidence of the children. There is nothing fussy or restrained about the place, but the guests are surrounded with children, and enjoy their company.

My visit to Michigan has been a very pleasant one. For eight summers we have fished through various portions of this northern region, and come home each time more enraptured with its many beauties; its clear, cool air, its lovely nights, and its many trout streams; but above all, its pleasant social people. The hotel keepers in this region do not attempt to "skin" you, but charge moderate prices, give you the worth of your money; make you feel at home, and cordially invite you to come and see them again. And come you will if the fates will permit, for at these places are found gentlemen with like tastes who yearly, when the dog-star ascends the summer sky, turn their steps to this cool, northern region, and bring their families with them to enjoy the rest and quiet of this land of brooks and streams.

NORMAN.

CHICAGO, Illinois.

CANADIAN SALMON.—Ottawa, Canada, Aug. 28.—Fishing parties are preparing to camp out, and several American parties from Boston and New York have arrived, and start for the interior lakes to-day, where trout and other good fishing can be found. I saw a gentleman from the vicinity of Combermere, on the upper Ottawa, who informed me that the deer were reported by the woodsmen to be more plentiful than they ever had been known to be for many years, and duck hunting is reported as splendid. I think when the superior hunting and fishing to be found in this part of Canada are better known, there will be a large influx of parties in here during the seasons. Some five hundred American excursionists visited Ottawa on Saturday last and were highly pleased with the place. Ottawa is becoming a favorite place for tourists and visitors.—W.

RIVERS AND FISH OF NEVADA.

[A paper read before the California State Sportsman's Association.]

WHILE not attempting to enlighten any one as to the rivers of Nevada, their source, course, volume and sink, I may be permitted, from the inland seas receiving their waters, and from the evaporation constantly going on, to revert to Nevada's waters as unlike all others outside of the Great American Basin.

Perhaps the rivers of no State or country received their names from more celebrated travelers, explorers and soldiers than Nevada.

Prior to the discovery of gold in California, Humboldt, the great scholar and traveler, journeyed down the longest and largest river emptying into our inland sea, which river to-day bears the name of this most distinguished savant.

It was the articulation of the "Pathfinder's" trusted guide that caused General Fremont to write "Truckee" as the name for the grand river that drains Lake Tahoe.

It has been my pleasure to ascend the summit from which Kit Carson, the celebrated scout and Union soldier, first viewed Carson Valley, and gave the silvery stream, coursing through rich meadows, his own name; a name then and since, both in history and romance, so proudly mentioned in discoveries and war, that has followers, knowing the daring and purity of their commander, compared the dashing waters, fresh from the snow banks of the Sierras, to the intrepid scout that fulfilled every mission, led them from dangers, and halted only when ready to quench their thirst from the cooling waters of the Carson.

Walker River has its source in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Her several branches after leaving California run through Esmeralda county, where the main Walker forms and empties into Walker Lake. The river took its name from an old mountaineer and trapper, who, as early as 1844, had penetrated these mountain fastnesses, set his traps along the river bearing his name, traversed the adjacent valleys, little thinking the "toll-road fiend" would at some future day demand tribute, or the "Railroad Gazetteer" would index "Railroad Crossings of the Walker."

These four comprise the main rivers, if I may not mention Reese River, whose floating palaces and ferryboats having been hauled off and placed on the dry-dock to give way to the iron horse, are now in a state of majestic decay, while their human freight, the "Pioneers of 1863," look from their prosperous city in the Toyabe range with as much delight, upon this historic river, as did the Israelites upon Jordan, or De Soto when he first gazed upon the Father of Waters.

The three branches of the Owyhe uniting in Idaho rise in Elko county, as well as the Breauncan, one of the tributaries of Snake River; these flow northerly into and through the Columbia, discharging their waters into the Pacific.

On our southeastern border we have the Colorado skirting the boundary of Lincoln county for about 125 miles. In this county the Muddy, Vegas and Rio Virgin have their rise, flow south and empty into the Colorado. The Amargosa rises in Nye county, flows southerly and wastes her waters in the lap of Death Valley. None of these rivers, other than the Humboldt and Colorado, receive any considerable tributaries from Nevada. The great salt, nitre and borax deposits found east and north of the Forty-mile Desert are within the territory receiving the waters of the Carson and Humboldt rivers.

Here the absorption and evaporation is so great that during the fall months but little of the large volume of water carried down these rivers can be seen. Enough, however, and its saline character has justified me in stocking them with salmon, believing the salt water required by these fish will here be found. In the Maggie, Mary and Pine creeks, the principal tributaries of the Humboldt in Nevada, are found the best quality or finest flavored trout. The same may be said of the trout in the Humboldt. These fish, from one-half to six pounds in weight, in color and shape resemble more the speckled trout of Northern Pennsylvania, or from streams flowing into the Susquehanna than any of the several species west of the Rocky Mountains. A more warlike "biter" cannot be found, and the beautiful valleys and wild mountain gorges through which these streams course make a day's angling most enjoyable. A more choice repast cannot be served than from these delicious, white-flaked, firm trout, sure to be ready for the "pan" when the evening camp fire is lighted.

Among the most peculiar and least known fish of Nevada is the "Cauewe," native of and found only in Pyramid and Winnemucca Lakes. This fish belongs to the sucker persuasion, averaging about four pounds, and when first caught and properly cooked is not unlike our Lake suckers, but after remaining out of water for four or five hours it is worthless for food. During the month of March, the only season of the year when these fish are seen, large numbers are taken and cured by the Indians. It is at this time of the year that one of the natives' holidays is most observed. Indians of all ages participate in this required duty, made traditional by the yearly reunions of their forefathers.

In 1877 it was my good fortune to have the opportunity of introducing into the Nevada Legislature a bill creating a Fish Commission, stocking the waters with fish, and to provide a fund for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the measure. The Governor signed the bill, and to punish me for introducing such a measure, appointed me Fish Commissioner, without salary, or the hope or expectation of fee or reward.

One thousand dollars was appropriated, and for this sum I was enabled to make such favorable reports that at the next session of 1879 four thousand dollars was appropriated, and at the session of 1881 two thousand more was granted for the years 1881-2. Of these several appropriations less than three thousand has been expended, over one hundred and eighty plants have been made, besides a hatching-house has been furnished, fish cans purchased and nearly one million fish have been hatched and distributed. So far I have hatched only McCloud River salmon, McCloud River trout, land-locked salmon from Maine, and the eastern brook trout. While this small expenditure would seem to indicate but little work in the interest intended to be benefitted, it must be remembered that while our streams are grand, the business is new, and our waters, from their saline character, peculiar, hence experiments had to be made, and in doing so failures and mistakes had to be guarded against.

Other States, having several fish commissioners, with large appropriations and thousands of miles of rivers to stock, bring all the rivalry and combined energy from their various sections into thorough investigation of the work. Large and interesting volumes are compiled, and the most readable and beneficial information derived from them; but the most noticeable in their work is the benefit made apparent by the variety and great numbers of superior food fishes brought within the reach of nearly all our people. Believing it better to "go slow than make mistakes," I have confined the planting of Nevada streams, other than the several kinds of trout heretofore mentioned, with catfish and perch, our muddy streams seeming to invite this character of fish. Most gratifying results have been observed. Reports from nearly every plant are at hand, and the increase and general healthy character of the young fish assures me that in every instance I was in novice mistaken as to the nature of the water and the adaptability of fish introduced.

The most destructive element to fish in Nevada so far is the great quantity of sawdust annually discharged into the Carson and Truckee rivers. There being no effective law to prevent it, all attempts at remedy have proved futile, and until some strong reciprocal laws between California and Nevada can be adopted and enforced, no relief from this practice can be hoped for. The large amount of capital invested in the manufacture of lumber will hardly give way to the comparatively insignificant revenue or employment derived from the fish business, hence without kindly consideration protection by the lumber interest in the absence of needed laws we must expect instead of an increase a gradual diminution in the rivers above named and their tributaries.

From the poisonous substances used in quartz mills on the upper Carson much injury must result, particularly to the young fish, as the spawning beds are in this locality, but as it is within the boundary of California, the Fish Commissioner of Nevada is powerless in suppressing the evil and can only report its existence. Other than this no complaints against deleterious substances have been made.

The fragmentary remains of a Chinaman found on the Humboldt River, and considered unfit by his countrymen to ship to the Flowery Kingdom, together with the fact of dead fish floating near by, and exploded giant powder cartridges scattered about, evidenced the Celestial's merited death. Had our Chief Magistrate witnessed this violation of sagebrush law by one of his Cabinet advisers, he probably would have placed his John Hancock to a different and more popular document than his late veto message. HUBE G. PARKER.

THE GOVERNOR RESPONDS.

SOME time ago I wrote that Col. Geo. F. Akers had resigned his position as Fish Commissioner for Middle Tennessee, but had never learned who of the many aspirants for the position had been honored with it until I saw the following letter, which has been published:

"NASHVILLE, August 25.—Dear Sir: Gov. Hawkins did me the honor to appoint me Fish Commissioner, and having learned that your highest aspiration in regard to fishing is to yank out by main strength and awkwardness a slimy catfish from one of the sluggish muddy streams of West Tennessee. I, preaching a higher gospel of piscatorial art, send you the accompaning fishing-rod, trusting that its aesthetic proportions may teach you that there is something better than catfish fishing, add that when you have once landed a game black bass, that you will emerge from the slime and become a respectable fisherman. Yours truly, EDWARD D. HICKS."

Whether the new commissioner will be as energetic as his predecessor time alone will show. That he is an ardent fisherman and partial to the game varieties his own words are evidence.

Catfish in the waters of Tennessee other than Reelfoot Lake have always been classed with the game varieties, affording, according to piscatorial critics, quite as much sport to the angler as the bass, though probably the fishing grounds of our illustrious Governor have not been frequented by those gentlemen; and hence they know but little of the breed of cats which require the yanking process to get them out of the water. Now, however, that a prominent member of the Wisconsin Angling Club, a leading spirit in the Cumberland Angling Club and a noted breeder of Devon cattle, has assumed command of the non-lucrative but important office, the Governor may be enticed to quit his coarser modes of angling and in the future adopt the 10-oz. bamboo, silk line and reel, and forever abandon the unsportsman-like tackle hitherto used by him.

Quite a large party have been to the Collins River lately, and there had splendid sport, annoying the unaccommodating landlord of Crisp's Springs by camping out near his grounds, and filling his tavern with the odors of savory fishes, cooked by experts taken from the city. He almost felt like condescending to have his rigid rules about cooking fish laid aside, but the campers told him to condescend if he pleased, but they counselled to the contrary, as his conversion to civility had been too slow in coming, and that in the future his former guests, like themselves, would take the tented field for their abode in preference to his inhospitable hostelry.

The famous catfish eater I wrote you about some time since, is at present in training for a grand oyster feed, as soon as the weather gets cooler and the bivalves cheaper. He will attempt the no very easy task of consuming 124 oysters between the hours of 6 A. M. and 6 P. M., every day for one month, reserving for himself the privilege of having them prepared as he pleases. The bet is for a sum of money against his pledge to eat a peck of the oyster shells in default of accomplishing the feat.

Andy Meaders will furnish the oysters, and as he is confident that the champion fish eater can get away with the 3,720 oysters in the time specified, has invited a number of gentlemen, and your old contributor, to a supper on the evening of the 30th day, at which the boss eater will consume one hundred additional oysters and six quail on toast as a finish up of the wager.

Later.—The Governor has responded to the letter of Mr. Hicks, as follows:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug. 24, 1882. —E. D. Hicks, Esq., City.—Dear Sir: Your note of this instant and trout rod referred to have been received. The rod is indeed a beauty, and permit me to return my thanks for the same, and to assure you it will never be used by me to 'yank slimy catfish from the sluggish, muddy streams of West Tennessee.' I regret that, being a fisherman, you are not better informed as to the nature of the streams in that section of the State, and the character of the fish found therein. (As to the character of these streams, particularly in Carroll county, my home, see Mr. Killebrew's 'Resources and Advantages of West Tennessee,' page 18.) I also regret that you have been so woefully misled as to the nature and extent of my piscatorial aspirations. My experience in the delightful pastime of angling has not been confined to what you denominate 'the muddy, sluggish streams of West Tennessee,' though even there we have a fish which is 'gamer' than any black bass that ever 'rose to a fly,' and to land one of which requires more skill, steadier nerves and quicker judgment than the capture of a dozen bass. I have 'cast' my line in some of the clear, rippling streams of the West 'peopled' with game fish moving through their crystal waters, or, anon, rushing as if on the wings of the wind to some deep, dark and shady pool, and the sight of which, as they darted hither and thither, has made my sportman's heart to expand and glow with confident expectation that soon, perhaps, a half dozen or more, 'turning' one to five pounds each, would grace my basket. But the beautiful rod sent me by your kindness would have been of little practical use then—it has no reel nor line; in fact, there is accompanying it but little of the paraphernalia which renders such rods so efficient in the hands of practical fishermen. Again, I have made 'casts' in the pearly streams of East Tennessee—that secluded mountain land, the Italy of North America and the Eden of our sunny southland—where, truly to gladden the bounding heart of the disciple of Izaak Walton, 'jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top,' and where, in drinking in the beauties of nature and the sublime and awe-inspiring grandeur which breaks upon the vision at every turn, one is constrained to exclaim, with a heart swelling with pride and every instinct of his being aglow with legitimate enthusiasm, 'This is my own beloved Tennessee.' I am sure the poet who wrote 'I would not stay alway,' etc., was not an East Tennessean and had never even visited that enchanted land, as I have done—never made incursions upon the denizens of her gloriously beautiful streams which reflect back to heaven the myriad rays of sunlight falling upon their rippling surfaces, as I have done. But I imagine no bass was ever taken from with a rod, however 'aesthetic' the proportions, which was so sadly wanting in the appurtenances to a complete trout rod as the one sent. Permit me to again thank you for your highly appreciated gift—naked as it is. Very respectfully—ALVIN HAWKINS." J. D. H.

MISSISSIPPI COAST FISHING.

I HAVE fished at Alexandria Bay, Lake George and many of our West Mississippi lakes, and have read of your Northwestern fishing in FOREST AND STREAM, but none do I think can compare with the coast fishing of South Mississippi, both for variety and quantity. Dr. Lewis and Col. Pollock, of Greensville, Miss., Commodore Hansing, of New Orleans, La.; Captain J. T. Lay and son, B. M. Lay of Winona, Miss., left the Montross House, Biloxi, for Ship Island (a distance of twelve miles) early on the 20th of July. Now Biloxi is such a pleasant place that only the true lovers of fishing would ever find time for such sport. The walks and drives are magnificent, both on account of the delightful sea breeze and the perpetual shade, for the town seems to have been built up in a grove of large live oaks and willows.

Early on the morning of the 20th we left the piers in a neat little schooner, the Mary, and had only a tolerable wind. Reached Ship Island at eleven, and in half an hour we were on the Government piers with bait and tackle. For the first fifteen minutes we had very little encouragement. We could not understand why shrimps on ice did not suit them, but soon we found that it did please the mackerel, "trout" and bluefish. After they began to bite we could not get them off fast enough, although we had one man who did nothing but unhook them.

We fished off the Government pier in water forty feet deep and with very lone lines. At first we caught bluefish, weighing from one pound to a pound and a half. Next the "trout" began to bite and continued until we left. They weighed from two to five pounds. We were not expecting mackerel to bite, especially in water as deep as we were fishing in, but they did bite, and very ravenously, too, average weight five pounds. Line after line was lost and two rods broken, one a fine jointed rod, the other a large bamboo. One of our party had to quit after losing his rod, as we had only one extra one along. It fell the Commodore's lot to be a looker-on.

Sometimes all four of us had a fish at the same time. The boatman was in his little yawl and had his fish car alongside, ready to put the fish in as fast as possible. We did not attempt to pull the fish up on the pier as they were too heavy, but we pulled them along on top of the water to our boatman who was well skilled in taking them off. He never lost a fish after once getting the line in his hand. While tiring our "trout" down and as they came to the top of the water, we usually saw one, and sometimes more, after their brother or the bait he had in his mouth. We decided that we had taken enough, and at three o'clock we began to get things into the schooner.

While we were getting our buckets in Dr. Lewis got hold of a "jack fish" (noted for their strength and considered almost catch proof); but the Doctor was fortunate enough to have a reel with one hundred yards of very small silk line. We could see the fish in the clear blue water, and the smaller ones as they darted out of his way as he came charging toward them, for the water was alive with small fish of all kinds. It took the Doctor twenty minutes to tire it down, and then all the skin was off his thumb and forefinger, where the line had run under as it came off his reel. I had never seen such a strong fish before. It weighed about thirty pounds. That wound up the day's fishing. Going home we were caught in two squalls, and when within about one mile of the shore we were caught in a dead calm. The Commodore and Dr. Lewis were put in the yawl and sent ashore with the mackerel to be broiled for our suppers.

At length a small breeze sprang up, and we reached our starting place. There was a large crowd to meet us, having heard of our success. The fish car was pulled out and rolled down to the end of the pier; the fish were then counted, and were as follows: 83 "trout," 37 Spanish mackerel, 29 bluefish, and a number of smaller fish of less note. After giving our hotel as many as it wanted, we gave the others to any who wanted them. As soon as we had washed and changed our dress, supper was announced, and you who have been fishing or hunting all day with nothing to eat except a small snack, can imagine how we enjoyed our broiled mackerel, cooked exactly to our taste, and the Montross House is famous for fixing fish so not even the most fastidious can grumble. I never have visited Shandalier Islands, but am told that the fishing is better than at Ship Island, especially for redfish. B. M. L.

WINONA, Miss.

MAD RIVER.—Greenborough, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Trouting on the Mad River for the week just passed has been poor, the river and its branches being very low. Parties catching many thousands for fish stock farms have done a great deal toward the poor luck on this pretty little river.—W. H. R.

Remember if you wish to buy a fine gun and save money, go to C. L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

THAT CAMP ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

MY description of the camp on the Susquehanna has been subjected to inspection and correction by critics, W. H. M., one of the party, insists that the bait with which I made the double haul mentione i in my last was crawfish, and crawfish only: but, like the man who hid under the bed from an angry spouse, I won't give in while I have the spirit of a man, but will still maintain that one of the hooks was baited with worms, though I acknowledge that W. H. M. did bait the hooks that time.

My last was so egotistical that I fear the boys feel slighted, so pray bear with me while I do them justice. Webb undertook to row to church one Sunday, thereby setting the rest of us a noble example; but like all good boys and men he fared badly, for as he stepped from the boat to the shore a false step threw him into the water, wetting one side of him completely, and spoiling what was intended to be a killing rig-out, for, be it known, he desired to create an impression. What must have been his feelings when placed in such a plight. But it must be told to his praise, he went to the church all the same.

One evening, desiring to replenish the camp stores, Webb and W. H. M. rowed over to Port Deposit, and tying at McCulloch's Landing, went down to the town. On their return they found their boat gone, having been taken by some darkey who wanted to try fishing by moonlight, so they were compelled to wait until his dusky highness concluded to return. While they waited the pastor of one of the churches drew near, and hearing loud words, and perhaps impreeations, and being unable in the uncertain twilight to distinguish their faultless attire, concluded they were there for no good, and the next morning he informed Mr. McC. that he saw two tramps trying to steal one of his boats. Whether he recognized the voice of one of his tramps in the voice of the drenched tenor, on the following Sunday, deponent sayeth not.

Fishing under a burning sun has its disadvantages, especially if, as did the writer, one wears a narrow-rimmed hat, for much to his disgust, being an ex-G. T. of the heaviest calibre, he sported the reddest nose to be seen within five miles of camp. Of course the usual base insinuations were made, notwithstanding the fact that Port is a prohibition town. They even suggested that the scribe had indulged in a row to Lapidum, a town half a mile across on the other side of the river, where there is a saloon to every family, and where the dissenters of Port are wont to congregate. I merely state these facts in order to deny them.

Webb improved the shining hour by sketching and water color painting, and the last evening in camp he tried the hardest to catch a sunset, but I fear that darksome clouds interfered with him very much. Our veterinarian doubtless devoted many idle moments in studying the anatomy of the various denizens of the deep that we ensnared. I know he passed many happy moments conversing, in what was to me an unknown tongue, with a pretty German lassie from Baltimore, while I, compass in hand, took courses and angles, and foresights and backsights, but of all the sights I ever took, the backsight I now take toward our late camp is the sweetest. JEFFERSON.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE FISHLESS SCHUYLKILL.

MR. JACOB LEISERING of Mauch Chunk, Pa., one day last week took thirty-five sheepshead at Barnegat, N. J., between dinner and supper call. This count is the largest that has been made for years at the inlet. From reports that reach me through returning fishing parties, weakfish have never been more plentiful on the New Jersey coast. The following article, taken from the Philadelphia *Evening News* of the 25th ult., I send you as giving very nearly the truth regarding the Schuylkill River fish and fishing. The writer however, could not have lived in Philadelphia ten years ago, or in Uncle Thad Norris's time, or he could oftimes have seen him angling for striped bass (our rock fish) in the Schuylkill river, near the fall of water that comes over the dam at Fairmount. Fish of all varieties were plentiful then, and many rock were taken running from five to ten pounds in weight with minnow bait. Your correspondent knew of no better place fifteen years ago than the one referred to. The correspondent of the *News* is correct in saying that nothing in the shape of a fin exists in the Schuylkill from Fairmount to Flat Rock. The mills of Manayunk empty all their dye stuff into the river seven miles above Philadelphia, and render it untenable. Above Manayunk, where manufactures are rare, black bass seem to thrive, and since their planting have increased greatly. At Flat Rock they are sometimes caught, but the farther up the Schuylkill one tries for them, the more success is met. Below Fairmount dam and as far down as the mouth of the Schuylkill, the gas works and coal oil refineries have so poisoned the water that should any fish enter the river and be caught on its upward way to the head of tide water, its flesh can be readily detected as that of a Schuylkill River one, by the flavor or taste of gas tar. We think, however, that should the correspondent of the *News* try his luck above Flat Rock, near Conshocken or Norristown dams, he would find that black bass on favorable days would be found in numbers and size that would test his skill. HOMO.

The enclosure is as follows:

Did anybody ever catch a fish in the Schuylkill?

Did anybody ever see anybody catch a fish in the Schuylkill?

Is there a fish in the Schuylkill?

Most singular questions to ask, because fish are popularly supposed to inhabit the water and there is a good deal of water in the Schuylkill, and yet after exhaustive inquiry and a thorough weighing of the evidence, the writer most veritably believes and positively asserts that from the mouth of the Schuylkill to Flat Rock dam there isn't a fish in the Schuylkill bigger than a minnow, except gold fish, a thoroughly worthless fish either for sport or eating.

It has been the good fortune of the narrator of this singular fact to be a resident of Philadelphia for now nearly fifty years. During these years, in boyhood and manhood, he has plodded the banks of the Schuylkill times almost innumerable in his holiday hours, and has witnessed the hapless endeavors of countless fishermen to draw a fish out of this strange river. He has seen them fish with every contrivance, from the wrapping-twine line and bent pin of the boy to the most fantastic and expensive contrivance turned out by manufacturers of fishermen's wiles, and never yet did he see a fish caught in the stream, nor has he been able to find anybody who ever saw one caught. The wharves from Girard Point up to Fairmount are daily used by boys and men in the vain endeavor—with dipsy lines, cork lines and all sorts of bait—to coax the finny tribe from the swift-flowing tide. But the finny tribe are not to be coaxed, because they are not there.

Visitors to Fairmount who cross the race bridge on their way to the abutment of the dam can always find more or less men in boats in the heavy current that swirls out of the pumphouses into the sideway. They are generally equipped with rods and reels of the most approved pattern and bait with minnows. They and others before them have been doing this thing for a half century without the slightest result. There must certainly be a cause for this persistence.

It is because in 1833 a rockfish was caught by a boy in this very spot with a hook and line.

And there are and have been since hosts of unhappy men endeavoring vainly to catch another rock.

On last Saturday a *News* man stood looking upon this waste of time and energy. There were eight men in six boats, all sitting patiently watching eight corks bobbing and drifting in the turbulent water. An old man who, by his appearance, if ever industrious, hadn't made much out of it, sat on one of the benches watching the fishermen.

"Do these people ever catch any fish?" he asked.

"No."

"How do you know?"

"I ought to know."

"Why?"

"Well, I've been coming out here almost every day in fair weather for twenty years and I never saw one caught."

From Fairmount dam to the Falls, on both the banks within the park limits, can be found, any day up to ice making, scores of people engaged in the same profitless pursuit as those at the waterworks. There is an old chap who, in the cove above Sweet Briar and hard by the Landsdown ravine, has as a rule a dozen lines with sinkers well out in the pool, the shore ends attached to stout twigs buried sufficiently in the edge of the towpath to hold the lines and give by bending the evidence of the slightest nibble. It is safe to say that that singularly patient man never saw his twigs bend to anything but the breeze. His lines lay out until he pulls them up, like the child does his johnny jump-up to see whether it has taken root. He finds his bait all nipped away by minnows or worn off with chafing against the stony bed of the river, and he dreams that big black bass have done it, and baits his lines again, and will catch fish about the crack of doom in that river, and not before.

Then there is one of the brightest and cheeriest men in the world, who furnishes hotel news to the newspapers, who, having wasted his youth in hauling up an occasional perch or sunfish in Newtown and Timber creeks, in Robeson's bailiwick, has been persuaded in the mellowness of his ripening years that it is his mission to catch a fish in the Schuylkill. And he has devoted his Saturdays for fourteen years to the endeavor. He can be seen on any Saturday on the west bank of the river, under Girard avenue bridge, patiently trying to catch that fish. He believes it's there, and he's bound to have it. He has been ridiculed; he has been wept over and prayed over, but nothing can rid him of his infatuation. And he is but a type of the Schuylkill fishermen—a class whose faith is sufficient to remove the Alleghenies, if that faith could only be transferred from the Schuylkill to the mountains.

TOLEDO'S CHAMPION.—Mr. J. E. Gunckel again comes to the front and challenges Moore, Baker, Leffel, Winfield and Petosky Lorenz. At Ten Mile Creek, in front of the boat house, Mr. Gunckel landed thirty-one pike and black bass out of thirty-four bites, and used nothing but dead minnows. At one time he caught and landed three pike, using two poles, and on one line having two hooks. Justice Rike came on the ground and saw Mr. Gunckel catch some fifteen; the others were caught in the presence of four bridge builders, who are now putting up a new iron bridge over the creek. Mr. John Kramer, who has lived on the banks of Ten Mile Creek for many years, said the string of fish Mr. Gunckel caught was the finest he saw for five years. Mr. Gunckel says he actually got tired hauling them out.—*Toledo (O.) Telegram, Aug.* 28.

EF HE'D ONLY KNOWED IT.—"Uncle Sam," said a colored boy to black Samuel, a negro who used to bottom chairs for Colonel Sandy Faulkner, "whar yer gwine?" "Gwine fishin', chile; why ye ax me?" "Did yer know that Aunt Tildy is dead?" "Go on, chile! Is dat a fack? Yer doan mean ter say dat my wife is dead?" "Yes, sah." "When she die?" "Dis mornin'." "Wall, I'se sorry I wan't dar! Tell 'em to go an' make 'rangements, dat I'll be back agin de funeral. I'se done dug worms for bait now. Wish I'd knowed it sooner."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

OHIO.—Tiffin, Aug. 26.—The disciples of I. Walton are using red flannel on black bass with good success.—F. M. H.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORDFISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONTINUED.]

PUGNACITY OF THE SPEARFISH.

The spearfish (*Tetrapturus albidus*, &c.) also strikes vessels. I am indebted to Capt. William Spicer, of Noank, Conn., for this note:

Mr. William Taylor, of Mystic, a man seventy-six years old, who was in the smack Evergreen, Capt. John Appleman, tells me that they started from Mystic, October 3, 1852 on a fishing voyage to Key West, in company with the smack Morning Star, Captain Rowland. On the 12th they were off Cape Hatteras, the wind blowing heavily from the northeast, and the smack under double-reefed sails. At ten o'clock in the evening they were struck by a "who" (*sic*), which shocked the vessel all over. The smack was leaking badly, and they made a signal to the Morning Star to keep close by them. The next morning they found the leak and both smacks kept off to Charleston. On arrival they took out the ballast, hove her out, and found that the sword had gone through the planking, timber and ceiling. The plank was two inches thick, the timber five inches, and the ceiling one and a half inches white oak. The sword projected two inches through the ceiling, on the inside of the "after run."(25) It struck close by a butt on the outside, which caused the leak. They took out and replaced a piece of the plank, and proceeded on their voyage.

J. Matthew Jones, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., in his delightful little book, "The Naturalist in Bermuda," records the case of the Bermudian schooner Earl Dundonald, arrived in the port of Hamilton, which was pierced by one of these formidable fish off the coast of British Guiana.

In the museum of Charleston College, Charleston, S. C., is preserved a fragment of the snout of a bayonet-fish, apparently *Tetrapturus albidus*. By the kindness of the curator, Dr. G. E. Manigault, I was allowed to examine it and copy the label, which reads as follows: "The brig Amsterdam, bound to Charleston, owned by F. C. Bray, was struck in the Gulf Stream by a monster or swordfish, which caused the vessel to leak considerably. By great exertion she was kept free, and gained the port in safety."

Messrs. Foster, Waterman & Co., of Boston, presented to the Boston Society of Natural History, in 1869, a plank of Southern pine perforated by and containing a portion of the sword of a swordfish (*Histiophorus*) from the side of the ship *Pocahontas*, owned by them. (Proc. Bost. Soc. Nat. Hist., xiii, 1869, p. 64.)

ATTACKS OF THE SWORDFISH UPON WHALES.

One of the traditions of the sea, time-honored, believed by all mariners, handed down in varied phases in a hundred books of ocean travel, relates to the terrific combats between the whale and the swordfish, aided by the thrasher-sha k. The swordfish was said to attack from below, goading his mighty adversary to the surface with his sharp beak, while the thrasher, at the top of the water, belabored him with strokes of his long, lithe tail.

An early explorer of the Bermudas gives the following version of the story, with tone so fresh and enthusiastic that we might well believe him to have seen the occurrence with his own eyes. The passage occurs in "News from the Bermudas," a pamphlet dated "Burmuda, July, 1609," and reprinted in "Force's Historical Tracts," vol. ii:

"*Whale, Swordfish & Threasher.*—The swordfish swimmes under the whale, & pricketh him upward. The threasher keep above him, & with a mighty great thing like unto a flaile, hee so bangeth the whale, that hee will roare as though it thundered, & doth give him such blowes, with his weapon, that you would thinke it to be a crake of great shot." (26.)

Skeptical modern science is not satisfied with this interpretation of any combat at sea seen at a distance. It recognizes the improbability of aggressive partnership between two animals so different as the swordfish and a shark, and explains the turbulent encounters occasionally seen at sea by ascribing them to the attacks of the killer-whale, *Orca* sp., upon larger species of the same order.

There can be little doubt though that swordfish sometimes attack whales just as they do ships. The habit is mentioned by Pliny, and is the motive for one of the *Visions of the World* of Edmund Spenser:

> Toward the sea turning my troubled eye
> I saw the fish, (if fish I may it cleepe)
> That makes the sea before his face to flye
> And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
> The fomie waves out of the dreadful deep.
> The huge Leviathan, dame Nature's wonder,
> Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
> A swordfish small, him from the rest did sunder,
> That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
> His wide abysse him forced forth to spewe,
> That all the sea did roar like heavens thunder.
> And all the waves were stained with filthie hewe,
> Whatever thing seems small in common eyes.*
>
> [*Spenser's Visions of the Worlds Vanitie, 1591.]

I give also a few lines from an old play quoted by Scott as a heading to one of the chapters of the "The Antiquary":

> Who is he?—One that for the lack of land
> Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged
> Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles
> Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth
> He tilted with a swordfish.—Marry, sir.
> Th' aquatic had the best—the argument
> Still galls our champion's breach.*
>
> [*"Old Play," Antiquary, chap. xxx.]

Baron Lahontan, in a letter from Quebec, November 8, 1683, described an engagement between a whale and a swordfish which took place within gunshot of his frigate. He remarks:

"We were perfectly charmed when we saw the swordfish jump out of the water in order to dart its spear into the body of the whale when obliged to take breath. This entertaining show lasted at least two hours, sometimes to the starboard and sometimes to the larboard of the ship. The sailors, among whom superstition prevails as much as among the Egyptians, took this for a prestige of some mighty storm."(27)

Another early observer wrote:

"Concerning the Death of the Whale, which hath been related to have been stranded upon *New England*, it is not very improbable but that it may have been killed by a certain *Horny Fish*, which is said by Mr. *Terry*, in his East India Voyage, to run his Horn into the *Whale's* Belly; and which is known sometimes to run his Horn into Ships, perhaps taking them for Whales, and there snapping it asunder, as happened not long since to an English Vessel in the West Indian Seas."(28)

"In the month of August, 1861," says Couch, "near Westra, one of the most northerly islands of the Orkneys, an individual of the smaller species of whales, known as the herring-hog, was attacked by a swordfish; and when thus compelled to leap out of the water, which it did to the height of six feet, it was observed that the sword had been thrust into the whale's body behind the pectoral fins. Its leaps continued, and then it was perceived that a thrasher was assailing it on the sides."(29)

Captain Crow, quoted by Parnell, relates the following incident as having occurred on a voyage to Memel: "One

25. A hold under the cabin.

26. The following is a fair example of the average newspaper paragrapher's treatment of the subject:

"*Combats of the ocean.*—Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who 'go down to the sea in ships' none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and whale are described in Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish go in schools like whales, and the attacks are regular sea fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The swordfish always endeavors to take the whale in the flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the carcasses—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blow. The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of his adversary the whale is lost, for it receives the blow of the enemy and dies instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds for many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for its defense. It tries to strike its enemy, and finishes him at a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoids the fatal tail the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth and garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harrasses him, strikes him on every side, kills him, and flies to other victories. Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal about to crush it. It then dies like Maccaneus (*sic*), smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally, the whale gives a last few bounds in the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim."

27. Travels in Canada, 2d ed., London, 1735, 2 vols. 8vo.

28. An account of whale-fishing about the Bermudas by an understanding and hardy *Seaman*. Phil. Trans. abr. ed. ii, p. 844.

29. History of British Fishes, ii, p. 174.

morning during a calm, when near the Helrides, all hands were called up at 3 A. M., to witness a battle between several of the fish called thrashers or fox sharks and some swordfish on one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was the middle of summer, and the weather being clear, and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the thrashers, springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancous, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their long tails, the sound of which resembled the reports of muskets fired at a distance. The swordfish in their turn attacked the distressed whale, stabbing him from below, and thus beset on all sides and wounded, when the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood. In this manner they continued tormenting him and wounding him for many hours, and I have no doubt they in the end completed his destruction."(30)

The following is a story given to Frank Buckland by Mr. Hill, captain of an English trawling vessel:

"The thrasher sharks just do serve out the whales. The sea sometimes is all blood. A whale once got under our vessel —the Hurricane—to get away from these thrashers, and when she was there we were afraid to throw a rope overboard, almost to walk out, for fear the whale should chuck her tail and punch a hole in our vessel. She was full length in water, as clear as gin, right under our bottom, and lain as quiet as a lamb for an hour and a half, and never moved a fin. Where they had been a-thrashing of her the sea was just like blood. I have seen these 'ere thrashers fly out of the water as high as the mast head and down upon the whale, while the swordfish was a-pricking of 'im up from underneath. There is always two of 'em, one up and one under, and I think they hunts together and you can see the poor whale blow up in great agitation; and I be bound the pair on 'em don't leave him until they have their penn'orth out of him. It is just for vengeance they does it. Whether Master Whale has offended them or not, it's hard to tell. If they eats him they must have a tidy blowout of him, but I don't think they like the oil. I saw one engagement off the Staples; it was all two or three hours they was at it. I don't think they leaves him till they kills him."

Egede puts on record the belief of Danish explorers of the last century:

"The *swordfish* who is the Whales greatest Enemy; and when he kills one eats nothing but his Tongue, leaving the rest to the Shark, Walrus and Birds of Prey."(31)

The last quotation is especially important, since it shows how the swordfish and the killer-whale have been confused. It is still held, on good authority, that the killers eat the tongues of their victims.

At a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History in 1864, in reply to a question of Dr. J. B. S. Jackson about the thrasher or swingle-tail shark recently exhibited in Boston, Captain Atwood said that they were abundant at Provincetown, though not so common as the mackerel-shark. He also observed that he placed no confidence whatever in the stories current of attacks on the whales by the thrasher, believing them to be quite harmless and unable to hurt a dolphin. The story very likely arose from some peculiar movements made by the hump-backed whale. Swordfish, he believed, might attack a whale and kill him, from what he had seen of the force of their thrusts into the bottom of vessels, though he has no evidence that they ever do attack them. He was not aware, either, that the thrasher ever uses his tail for offensive purposes.(32)

Captain Scammon, in his "Marine Mammals," gives the following confirmation of Captain Atwood's views, speaking of the habits of the hump-back whale of the Pacific:

"In their wanderings they are addicted more than any other roqual to 'breaching,' 'bolting,' and 'finning.' In the mating season they are noted for their amorous antics. At such times their caressings are of the most amusing and novel character, and these performances have doubtless given rise to the fabulous tales of the swordfish and thrasher attacking whales. When lying by the side of each other the *Megapteras* frequently administer alternate blows with their long fins, which lovepats may, on a still day, be heard at a distance of miles. They also rub each other with these same huge and flexible arms, rolling occasionally from side to side, and indulging in other gambols which can easier be imagined than described."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLACK BASS CULTURE IN OHIO.

As you had a report of the building of a half acre pond by the Chagrin Falls Fish and Game Club last fall, for the purpose of propagating small-mouth black bass, your readers may be interested in knowing the result.

In October we placed six bass, weighing from two to three pounds, in the pond. They were brought eighteen miles in a tank in a wagon, and were considerably the worse for wear when deposited in the pond, their tails and fins being badly split and the slime pretty much all washed off of them. Within a week two died, from the effects of that great enemy of the fish tribe, fungus. In May our pond became thickly covered with alga, and we feared that our experiment was a total failure, but in about a month the alga all disappeared and our bass could be seen occasionally making a dash for minnows.

Our efforts have been crowned with the most gratifying success, and our pond now contains thousands of bass from one to two inches long, and as healthy and lively as could be desired. We, yesterday, caught over three hundred of the little fishes with a net around the borders of the pond and placed them in streams not previously stocked, and we shall this week draw down the pond and scoop the young fish from a low place or "kettle" left for that purpose, and go on with our stocking operations. Our pond is on a small brook and is very unpretentious, but answers all purposes.

The carp in our pond, which is about the same size as our bass pond, are doing very finely, and we have specimens a year old which will weigh nearly two pounds, and which are fourteen inches long.

I wish to urge upon the angling fraternity the advantage of building small ponds for stocking purposes. The ponds can be builded at small expense and stocked with little trouble. In them the parent fish are not troubled by other large fish, their young are not destroyed, and the result very satisfactory.

J. J. STRANAHAN.

CHAGRIN FALLS, O.

EARLY AMERICAN FISHCULTURE.—A friend sends us the following, headed "Growing Fish," from the Newport (R. I.) *Mercury*, of December 15, 1854: "The Cleveland (Ohio) *City Fact* says the most pleasing things exhibited at their county fair was a lot of brook trout, artificially bred by Drs. Garlick and Ackley, whose labors in this line we have heretofore noticed. They showed several brooks of fish, in different stages of growth, and have demonstrated that it is just as easy to grow fish as it is fowls, or any other description of food."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1882. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 884, New York, Secretary.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN TRIALS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE FOREST AND STREAM.]

FAIRMONT, Minn., Sept. 5, 1882.

The inaugural prairie chicken trials of the National American Kennel Club opened under most favorable weather conditions, and so far they may be pronounced a success.

Fairmont is situated amid most beautiful surroundings. The country is a high rolling prairie, interspersed here and there with many beautiful lakes, and well supplied with an abundance of timber.

The resident sportsmen had made all needed preparations for the entertainment of their guests, and there is a general feeling of satisfaction with the arrangements among visiting sportsmen. The East and the South are well represented by well-known sportsmen; and among the competing dogs are many first-class field workers.

Hon. E. B. Kennedy, of Omaha, who was one of the judges, having sprained his ankle, is not here. Mr. B. Walters, of Canterbury, Conn., filled his place Monday, and has been relieved by Mr. E. C. Sterling, of St. Louis, Mo. The other judges are Messrs. Theodore Morford, of Newton, N. J., and O. C. Bergunthal, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Many spectators have witnessed the running, visitors and residents repairing to the scene of the trials in a great variety of vehicles, and many on horseback.

MONDAY'S RUNNING.

The drawing for the Derby Stakes took place at 8 o'clock Monday morning and resulted as follows:

E. E. Hardy's Elsa (Drake—Countess May) against Sportsman's Kennel's Prairie Molly (Prairie Joe—Prairie Queen).

George C. Marsh's Gilderoy (Druid—Princess Draco) against B. F. Wilson's and J. J. Snellenburg's Josephine (Knox's Duke—Hunter's Cora).

W. B. Mallory's Pink B. (Gladstone—Countess Key) against A. M. Decker's Scott (Rob—Flash).

Joseph H. Dew's American Dan (Lincoln—Daisy Dean) against Dr. S. Fleet Speir's St. Elmo IV. (St. Elmo—Clio).

James Gibson's Cavalier (Rip Rap—Flight) against D. McK. Loyd's Count Dad (Count Noble—Nellie).

H. Widdicomb's Prince (Count Noble—Nellie) against J. Palmer O'Neil's Acme (Thunder—Bess).

R. R. Morgan's Prairie Wonder (Prairie Joe—Prairie Queen) against David Furgesson's Frank (Carl—Queen).

John D. Ladd's Countess Mollie (Count Noble—Spark) against Luther Adams's Countess May II. (Drake—Countess May).

Summary.

ELSA beat PRAIRIE MOLLY.
GILDEROY beat JOSEPHINE.
PINK B. beat SCOTT.

The birds were not very plenty, and the running generally was poor. Tuesday opened with good weather and a breeze. Birds still scarce. The result of the running Tuesday is given in the following:

Summary.

AMERICAN DAN beat St. ELMO IV.
CAVALIER beat COUNT DAD.
PRINCE beat ACME (withdrawn).
PRAIRIE WONDER beat FRANK (withdrawn).
COUNTESS MOLLIE beat COUNTESS MAY II.

This ended the first series. The result of the second series so far as completed Tuesday was as follows:

Summary.

GILDEROY beat ELSA.
PINK B. beat AMERICAN DAN.

There are twenty-eight entries for the Free-for-All Stakes. The drawing is as follows:

P. H. and D. Bryson's setter bitch Sue (Druid—Ruby) against W. H. Colcord's Countess Druid (Druid—Princess Draco).

H. M. Short's Frank H. against C. Cullin's Broker (Druid—Clio).

Geo. Knowles' Kinniknick (Druid—Bessie Lee) against Luther Adams's Bessie (Dash III.—Countess II).

E. J. Stoddard's pointer dog Bodine (Boy—Jaunty) against Col. W. E. Hughes's pointer dog Max (Garnet—Jill).

Dr. W. H. Daly's Jess (Dan—Flash) against R. T. Vandewarl's Christmas Bill (Lick of Edenhall—Ready Money).

Sportsman's Kennel's Prairie Ranger (Charm—Pearl) against Luther Adams's Shandee (Dash III.—Daisy Dean).

D. C. Sanborn's Count Noble (Count Wind 'em—Nora) against H. B. Harrison's London (Paris—Till).

D. C. Sanborn's Dashing Novice (Dash II.—Novice) against W. Tallman's Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II).

Col. W. E. Hughes's pointer dog Meteor (Garnet—Jill) against Sportsman's Kennel's Pride (Charm—Flip).

J. W. Orth's Gertrude (Gladstone—Neely) against J. J. Snellenburg's May Laverack (Thunder—Spot).

L. Sinclair's Clementine D. (Dash III.—Cornelia) against J. S. McIntosh's Biz (Dash—Flora).

Dr. N. C. McDonald's Rock against Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Maida.

Richard O'Brien's Dash against J. O. Donner's Bessie (Ranger II.—Belle).

R. B. Morgan's Punch (Charm—Pearl) against R. T. Vandervoort's pointer dog Don (Bang—Peg).

All above are setters, except where otherwise designated.

Some good work was done to-day (Tuesday).

FAIRMONT, Minn., Sept. 6—1 P. M.

The running of the second series of the Derby was continued to-day. Weather continues fine, and there is a large gathering of spectators. The results up to the hour of sending this dispatch are as follows:

PRINCE beat CAVALIER.

Prairie Wonder and Countess Mollie were ordered up, to be put down again if they have any chance to win. This ended second series. In third series,

PINK B. beat GILDEROY.

Prince was a bye. This ended third series. Pink B. and Prince are now running to decide first place.

DO DOGS DREAM?

I AM led to ask this question from a circumstance which came under my personal observation. While out in a country a few days ago with my setter dog I noticed a number of meadow larks in a field adjoining the road. Merely to give him a little exercise, I bade him "find 'em!" He ranged and quartered beautifully, and stood two birds fully thirty feet from the tip of his nose. Becoming somewhat excited, he afterward flushed another, for which I lightly boxed his ears. He is a very sensitive dog, and a flogging causeshim to "drop to heel" and remain there. A slight reprimand has always been sufficient to correct any indiscretion; a put on this occasion he seemed to fear that I was holding the flogging in reserve, and that the chastisement he had received was only a forerunner of what he might expect. The birds had by this time become very wild, and would up and away before he could catch a scent. The dog's actions plainly showed that he considered the condition of affairs all his fault; he hunted slowly and carefully, but it was of no use, no more points were had. I called him in, and as he approached me with downcast head and drooping tail his appealing look seemed to plead for mercy. I patted him and otherwise gave him evidence of my forgiveness, but his cheerfulness had departed for that day.

After returning home in the evening I sat down to read; the dog came up to me, wagged his tail and dropped at my feet. In the course of half an hour I took my eyes from the paper and happened to look at him. He was asleep; his breathing seemed laboured, broken occasionally by a piteous whine. Suddenly he jumped up, every muscle in his body stiffened, his tail betokened that he had found game, and there he was, fast asleep, staunchly pointing an imaginary bird. A close scrutiny revealed the fact that he was in a somnambulistic state. I touched him; he awoke with a start, appeared very much confused, turned around two or three times and went out into the yard.

I fully believe the dog had been dreaming of the incidents of the day, and that his conduct having so worked on his mind, actually dreamed he had found a bird, and, as a matter of course, must point it.

Now the question arises: Do dogs dream? I can see no reason why they should not. They are certainly the most highly organized animals of the brute creation. Will not some of the close observers of dogs give an opinion on this point?

C. D. V.

[Most certainly dogs do dream. We have seen just such instances as that related by our correspondent, and doubtless like phenomena have come under the observation of others.]

SOME OBSERVATIONS RESPECTING SETTERS.

I WISH to offer a few remarks, the result of my own observation and reflection, upon certain "points" of setters, especially English. They may seem of slight importance, but I hope they may contribute in some degree to the development of dog science. I also hope they may start some new discussions, as it seems to me we have had about enough of the cocker question, as well as the debate over Gordon and Irish setters. The writers on these topics, it appears to me, dealt too much in generalities, when they do not get into personalities. By way of a change I offer the following on certain details of the make-up of the leading variety of dog at our bench shows.

1. THE HEAD.—An idea is quite prevalent among some sportsmen that all setters should have "gable-roofed" heads; that is that the occipital ridge should be highly developed, the more the better. It is supposed that this form of head indicates intelligence, the theory being, I presume, that the whole or some very important part of the brain of the animal is contained within this bump, which, therefore, by its size and prominence, becomes a simple gauge of his mental endowments.

Now, I am pretty confident that this is all nonsense. Mere external examination of the head of the dog shows that the occipital prominence is a ridge of bone with a flat, broad muscle on each side of it. A slight knowledge of the dog's anatomy demonstrates that this ridge of bone cannot possibly contain any material part of the brain, because, for one reason, the brain consists of two parts or lobes situated respectively in the right and left parts of the skull. No mammal, so far as I know, has the brain massed in the center. Moreover, the bony ridge itself is too thin and narrow to serve any such purpose.

What advantage, then, is there in this form of head? The only one that occurs to me as possible is, that it may conduce to a good carriage of the head. The occipital ridge being a more bony process, useful only as a point of attachment of the muscles of the neck, an extraordinary development of it may assist in making the dog high-headed. But I do not think there is much in this suggestion. More probably the whole notion is a superstition, like the preference for double-nosed pointers, or the doctrine that a dog that has not a black roof to his mouth is a mongrel.

So far as English setters are concerned, the recognized authorities do not give much countenance to the "gable-roofed" head. Stonehenge says the English setter is without the occipital prominence so characteristic of the pointer, while the Irish setter has it well developed. My impression is he requires the Gordon setter to conform substantially to the English type in this respect, but I am writing without the opportunity to refer to his books. I am thankful that this high-peaked head (which I never liked, although I have seen it on some admirable dogs) is not essential to the perfection of my favorite dog; but I cannot see why it should be required of the Irish setter, in whom I am less interested. All the "points" of these dogs should have some relation either to utility in the field or to beauty in the eyes of an artist, and I am entirely unable to see how the form of head I have been considering can contribute either to beauty or utility. Moreover, what reason can there be why a good head for one kind of setters should not also be good for other kinds? Why is the same type or standard not applicable to all dogs so nearly related?

2. THE COAT.—On this subject I regret being obliged to differ from "the authorities." Idstone says the coat of the English setter should be of the texture of "floss silk." My impression is Stonehenge and some other writers say substantially the same thing. So I should not venture to oppose my opinion to theirs unless I conceived I had substantial arguments on my side. My idea is especially to these dogs, fineness has been carried too far. With respect to some other dogs, notably the fox-hound, the evil of excessive fineness has been recognized. It has not been considered the correct thing for a fox-hound to have a silky coat; not that it is a bad thing in itself, but because it indicates a certain delicacy of constitution, opposed to the ruggedness, which is a prime essential in that animal. Now the coat I must admire in a setter may be called the fox-hound coat lengthened. It should be long, straight, glossy, considerably coarser than floss silk, except on the ears, and with well developed feather on the stern and legs. All the dogs I have known with this kind of coat were as tough and enduring as any sportsman could wish, and none of them ever knew a day's sickness. I believe almost every sportsman knows that there is no specific for distemper except a hardy, vigorous constitution; and those who have experienced the ravages of this disease upon animals of inferior vitality will generally be more than willing to avoid a repetition. The recent mortality among the blue-blooded setters of this country, not alone from distemper, is quite suggestive of the need of greater vigor of constitution in this class of dogs. Without special effort I recall the deaths of St. Elmo, Pontiac, and Prince Taxis, and doubtless the list might be greatly extended. Now I do not mean to assert that fineness of coat was the proximate or remote cause of the death of any particular one of these dogs. But what I do think is that excessive fineness is apt to be associ-

30. Parnell, Fishes of the Firth of Forth, 1838, p., 216.

31. Hans Egede, Natural History of Greenland, 1741, p. 37.

"Three or four of these voracious animals do not hesitate to grapple with the largest baleen whales, and it is surprising to see those leviathans of the deep so completely paralyzed by the presence of their natural although diminutive enemies. Frequently the terrified animal—comparatively of enormous size and superior strength—evinces no effort to escape, but lies in a helpless condition, or makes but little resistance to the assaults of its merciless destroyer. The attack of these voracious fishes upon the cetacean in their power may be likened, in some respects, to a pack of hounds holding the stricken deer at bay. They cluster about the animal's head, some of their number breaching over it, while others seize it by the lips and haul the unwilling monster shoreward when practicable; should the terrified mouth be open, they eat out its tongue. We saw an attack made by three killers upon a cow whale and her calf, in a lagoon on the coast of Lower California, in the spring of 1858. The whale was of the California gray species, and her young was not over three days old; the bulk of the largest killers engaged in the contest, which lasted for an hour or more. They made alternate assaults upon the old whale and her offspring, finally killing the latter, which sunk to the bottom, where the water was five fathoms deep. During the struggle the mother became nearly exhausted, having received several deep wounds about the throat and lips. As soon as their prize had settled to the bottom the three orcas descended, bringing up large pieces of flesh in their mouths, which they devoured after coming to the surface. While gorging themselves in this wise, the old whale made her escape, leaving a track of gory water behind. Instances have been known on the northwestern coast where a band of orcas laid siege to whales that had been killed by whalemen, and which were being towed to the ship, in so determined a manner that, although they were frequently lanced, cut with boat spades, they took the dead animals away from their human captors and hauled them under water out of sight."—(C. M. Scammon, Marine Mammals, p. 89).

32. Proc. Bost. Soc. Nat. Hist. vol. x, 1864—'66, p. 82.

ated with more or less delicacy of constitution; that many of the leading English setters of the day are too delicate for sportsmen's dogs; and that their coats are excessively fine.

PICKERT.

August 31, 1882.

THE BEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

WE have been looking for a good dog, anxiously looking for many years. We are still watching hopefully, confident that our lucky dog star will ere long brightly shine and illumine our pathway with so bright a radiance that we cannot fail to reach the goal for which we have been striving so long. Now we have dogs, and always have had more or less ever since we were young and free from guile; dogs that answer our purpose very well ordinarily, and that afford us a fair amount of enjoyment when we take them out for a day's shoot; dogs that only once in a while flush a bird, and seldom chase or bite their game; dogs that mind us fairly and are not absolutely hideous to look at. But all this does not fill the bill. Our requirements are far greater than this. What we want and must have is a *good* dog. Such a one as we often read about would suit us exactly, or we would be content to become the proud possessor of one of these that we sometimes hear so much of as being the "best dog in the world." Now, either of these would make us supremely happy and fill with joy the aching void that rankles in our bosom; but, alas! fickle fortune fails to smile upon us and we are ever in pursuit of an ideal dog that ever eludes our grasp. Many years have flown by since we commenced this futile chase, and we have met with many adventures in our search for perfection, and encountered many mishaps that would perhaps have discouraged a less ardent devotee. But such was our determination to attain the end in view that, no matter how stunning the knockdown that we received, we always managed to come up smiling and in trim for the next encounter.

In our early days we owned a dog that perfectly satisfied us. It is true that we had had but little experience, and of course were not supposed to know much about it; and that our ideas were crude and uncultivated we were painfully aware, and hence neglected no opportunity to increase our knowledge or improve our skill. We have said that this dog entirely suited us. Perhaps this is putting it a little too strong, and we will modify the statement by saying that he pleased us better than any dog that we had ever seen. But there was a secret longing, an indescribable yearning for something intangible that we had not seen, that caused us much unhappiness. We often met sportsmen from different parts of the country, and were greatly impressed with the wonderful tales that they poured into our ears of preternatural dogs whose only fault appeared to be that they were too good, and that they would soon exterminate all the game in their vicinity. These oft-told tales excited in our bosom an ardent desire to become the possessor of such a prodigy as they described. We found upon inquiry that, although none of these paragons were for sale, yet to accommodate a friend, especially one that they esteemed so highly as ourselves, why, they would consent to part with their favorites and make us happy. We yet retain a very vivid recollection of our first attempt to secure one of these nonpareils. There came to our office one day a man who told marvelous stories of slaughtered partridges (ruffed grouse) and fabulous tales of the wonderful knowledge possessed by his dog. With attentive ears we listened to his lavish encomiums; with anxious eyes we eagerly scanned his weather-beaten features to try and discover a ray of hope for us. Thinking that we could perceive slight tokens of tenderness in the lines about his mouth, we hesitatingly asked if he would sell him. Anxiously awaiting his reply, what was our horror to see him take from his pocket a huge clasp-knife and coolly open it. Thinking that he was about to commit suicide, or offering such an affront, we retreated behind the counter. Our fears were soon allayed, however, when we saw him take from the other pocket a plug of tobacco and slice off a generous piece and place it in his mouth. Then with an expression of the utmost frankness he turned his eyes full upon our face and candidly said that he would not sell that dog to everybody, but, seeing that it was us, he didn't know but he might be induced to part with him, especially as his wife hated dogs

sible to change the conditions, hence the Palma match, through Sir Henry's efforts, has become practically a "dead letter."

Major A. P. Humphry is an officer in the Cambridge University Royal Volunteers. He was a member of the English team in the Centennial match for the Palma. He is a barrister at law. He became the champion military shot of England in 1871, when he took the Queen's prize on the score of 98 out of a possible 91 points at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards. He won the Duke of Cambridge prize in 1877, on the score of 33 out of a possible 75 points, at 1,000 yards; the Any Rifle Association Cup in 1879, on the full score of 35 points at 600 yards, and was a member of the team in the "Sixty" match in 1879-80. He published a work called "First Hints in Rifle-shooting," which had an extensive circulation among the soldiers in the United Kingdom.

Robert McVittie is a private in the Seventh Dumfries Regiment Royal Volunteers. He was a member of the Scotch team in 1876, in the Centennial match for the trophy. He is a cabinet-maker by trade and resides in Dumfries. He won the St. George's Challenge Vase at Wimbledon in 1874, on the clean score of 35 points at 500yds., and like third prize in the grand aggregate, score 34 the same year. In 1878 he carried off the Olympic on the score of 33 out of 35 points at 600yds. He has been one of the first 60 competitors in the Queen's Cup match, locally known as "The Queen's Sixty," six times. He has been a member of the Scottish eight in the Elcho Shield match for many years, and his score in that match this year was 187 out of a possible 225 points. He also won the Secretary of War's match this year at Wimbledon, on the score of 33 out of a possible 35 points at 900yds.

Lieut.-Col. W. H. Walrond is a member of Parliament for East Devonshire. He was born in 1830. He was formerly a member of the Lancaster Grenadier Guards, but is now a member of the First Devonshire Rifles. He shot for the Elcho Shield several times, and in 1865 was second in the competition for the Queen's prize. He is six feet high, has hazel eyes, light mustache, and light hair.

Henry Smith, Adjutant of the team, is employed in the telegraphic bureau of the English War Office. He entered the Volunteer Civil Service Rifles in 1863 and was the founder of the North London Rifle Club, one of the leading rifle organizations in England. He was the champion marksman of his regiment in 1876, and won the All Comers' match in the Middlesex Rifle Association of that year. He is five feet six inches in height, of fair complexion, light hair and mustache, and blue eyes. In shooting for a place on the team he averaged about 76.

George Boulter is chief clerk of the Cheshire Post Office, and belongs to the Second Cheshire Rifles. He entered the Volunteer service in 1865. He is 42 years old, and is 5ft. 9in. tall, fair complexion, hair sandy and beard and blue eyes. He has won the Grand Aggregate prize at Wimbledon three times, and holds the Bronze Medal of the British National Rifle Association. He also captured the Lord Lieutenant's County of Cheshire prize.

Sergt. John W. Dods lives in the town of Dunse, Durhamshire, England. He is 35 years old, has light hair, brown mustache and hazel eyes, and is 6ft. high. He joined the First Berwick Volunteers in 1867. He was a member of the "Twenty" during the past three annual prize meetings at Wimbledon, and also shot in the United Service match this year. He won 16 prizes at the last Wimbledon meeting.

Capt. P. T. Godsal, of Windsor, England, was born in 1850. He is about 6ft. in height, of light complexion, and has hazel eyes. He belonged to the Volunteers for several years, then served a term of six years in the Fifty-second Light Infantry, regular army, and finally went into the Second Regiment, Buckinghamshire Volunteers. He was a member of the English team which made the match for the Elcho Shield for three years. He won the Dudley Cup at 1,000yds. in 1880, and captured the Wimbledon Cup in 1881. He won the prize in the first stage of the Albert match, and the Dudley Cup this year at Wimbledon.

Private J. Goodear lives in Lancashire, and was born in 1838. He is of portly physique, florid complexion, with full sandy beard. He joined the Sixth Lancashire Volunteers in 1871. He made the top score of the winning team for the Wigan Challenge Cup, and won the St. George's Badge in 1876, and has been a member of the Lancaster team at Wimbledon every year since 1875. He also shot in the English "Twenty" during the past two years. "I have tried very hard to win the Queen's prize for the past eleven years," he said, "and I very much hope to win it next year."

Lieut. John Heap is thirty-seven years old, and has a florid complexion, hazel eyes, light hair and mustache. He shot second in the grand aggregate at Wimbledon this year, and has won all 700 at various volunteer competitions and has shot on the English "Twenty" and on United Service teams. In the team practice he has made scores of 89, 86, 87, 95 and 86 at the short ranges and 95, 97, 95 and 94 at the long ranges.

Capt. H. Mellish, the youngest member of the team, is 23 years old, and lives in Nottinghamshire. He is of medium size, light hair, sandy beard, and blue eyes.

Sergt. H. Oliver, of Middle Bromley, has been in the Volunteer service 12 years. He is 34 years old, of fine build, light fair complexion, and has a sandy mustache and blue eyes. He has been in the "Queen's Sixty" since 1870; won prizes in the St. George's match, and is a member of both the North London and South London Rifle Clubs. He made the top score out of a possible 105 points in the competition for a place on the team. He is regarded as one of the strongest shots in the regiment.

Corp. E. J. Parry was born in 1848. He is 5 feet 6 inches high, has blue eyes, light hair, sandy beard and chin whiskers. He took a shot in the English "Twenty" since 1874, making the top score in the first year and again this year. He won the Kolapore Cup in 1875 and this year. He won the Queen's prizes in 1877, 1880, and this year; the St. George's in 1872, 1874, 1877, 1878, 1880, and 1881, and the Grand Aggregate in 1877, 1878, 1880, 1881, and this year.

Major George Pearse, of Hatherleigh, was born in 1852, and is the tallest man in the team, being 6 feet 4 inches in height. He joined the Volunteers in 1870. He wears glasses, has a full brown beard and mustache, dark eyes and light hair.

Corp. H. Bates lives in Birmingham. He began shooting in 1879, when he won the Henry prize on the score of 33 out of a possible 35 points. He has won the Grand Aggregate prizes three times, the St. George's Medal five times, and has made a number of fine scores. He is 40 years old, of medium height, fair complexion, full beard, and hazel eyes.

Corporal William Caldwell, of the First Renfrew Rifle Volunteers, is forty-three years old, and about five feet eight inches in height. He wears a full beard, and has dark hair and gray eyes. He has been a member of the Scottish "20" every year since 1870, and was in the Scottish team in the Elcho Shield match in 1879. He won the Alexander prize in 1875, the Alcock prize in 1876, the Grand Aggregate in 1876, and the Albert prize in 1875. He was champion for the west of Scotland in 1879, and won the Grand Aggregate and Canadian trophy in 1881, when he was also in the United Service team.

Private Caldwell served three months at the outbreak of the late war as a member of Company F, Twelfth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., the same company and regiment to which Van Heusen, of the American team, belongs. He subsequently served to the end of the war as Captain in the Fifth Volunteers. He was never naturalized.

Some of Secretary Smith's records show that Pearse in competitions scored from 85 to 99 at the short ranges and 92 to 82 at the longer distances. Dods—Short range, 91 to 95 long range, 70 to 81. Caldwell—Short range, 78 to 98; long range, 75 to 94. Bates—Short range, 85 to 94; long range, 91 to 99. Heap—Short range, 86 to 95; long range, 93 to 97. Boulter—Short range, 80; long range, 79. Goodear—Short range, 93; long range, 74. Smith—Short range, 82; long range, 75.

In an interview with the Times reporter Sir Henry Halford pronounced the statements made here that the British team was using guns comprising the barrels of long-range match rifles attached to the stocks of military muskets as being "utterly without foundation." He proposed to use the same rifle with a change of rifling for scores. He has used in military matches for 15 years. Other members of the team would also use rifles they had used for many years, he said. The capacity of the rifles he thought was fully 90 or 95 points out of 105, but he did not believe it was possible for his men to make a greater average than 90 points with them. Their ammunition is from 75 to 80 grains of powder and bullets, weighing 530 grains.

"I believe," said Sir Henry, "that we can do better work with such charges than can be done with 84 grains of powder and 540 grains of lead which the American team is using." He also thought the gun barrels were less liable to become foul with the use of the lighter charges. Formerly, the British Rifle Association prohibited the cleaning of rifles between ranges. But when the American team went over to Dollymount a committee was appointed which practically abrogated the old standing rule, and now it is hardly observed. Sir Henry expressed the opinion that this match would result in a renewal of the rule in Great Britain, as well as its establishment here.

CREEDMOOR FALL MEETING.—The entry-books for the Autumn prize meeting at Creedmoor are now open at the offices of the National Rifle Association, No. 102 William street. Entries will be received until the 9th inst. The Michigan State rifle team will arrive at Creedmoor Tuesday, September 5.

MAINE ASSOCIATION.—Second annual tournament of the Maine Sportsmen's Association, for the protection of fish and game, will be held at Bangor, Me., Sept. 13, 14 and 15, and possibly the 16th, under the auspices of Norombega sportsmen's Club, at the Bangor Trotting Park. The matches under English rules have been modified to allow ten-gauge guns to compete; weight, and charge of powder is not limited. Contestants may gather their own birds.

FOREST AND STREAM.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR.

AUGUST 29.—All the members of the American military rifle team were at Creedmoor for the Autumn "day." They had almost the entire range to themselves, as besides them only a few members of the Seventh regiment were practicing at 200yds. The scores made were generally low, and several members of the team expressed themselves openly dissatisfied with the day's work. Irlam, especially, who is considered a very good shot, made a miss at 500yds., another at 600yds., and two more at the 1,000yds. range. His total score in the first stage was 69, and his score at the 1,000yds range only 17. The namesake of the bard of Avon showed only middling shooting. Although the day was clear, and the breeze in the morning was very light, the conditions under which the men practiced were said to be unfavorable to fine shooting. The sky was cloudless, and the bright glare of the sun's rays powerfully reflected from the white targets dazzled the eyes. During the entire day, too, there was a strong sheen or mirage that danced in front of the targets like gases ascending from a very hot furnace.

Col. Bodine was in command, assisted by Adjt. Charles F. Robbins. Ranges being clear, the "Monday" of the American team's long range," who had been impressed into the service as coach at the previous practice, seems to have become so infatuated with his new occupation that he appeared on the grounds in the same capacity. Dr. S. T. G. Dudley was also selected as coach for the shooters. During the day Col. Bodine appointed Major William L. Murphy of the Twelfth Regiment, Secretary of the American military team. When the team settled down for work in the forenoon, a slight breeze was blowing from the northeast, but not sufficient strong to interfere with the shooting. It gradually shifted, and when the 500 yards shooting was going on it was blowing from the east, and in the second stage it had freshened to a moderately stiff breeze from the southeast. Atkinson and Pollard did very creditable shooting in the first stage, and the latter planted five bullseyes in succession at the 500 yards' range. The following is the score in the first stage:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
D R Atkinson	30	31	31	95
J M Pollard	30	35	28	93
John Smith	31	29	32	92
C W Hinman	31	32	31	92
T J Dolan	30	29	30	89
G E P Howard	29	35	27	89
J L Paulding	31	30	26	87
D H Ogden	24	29	28	81
E O Shakspeare	28	30	27	85
Captain T W Griffith	31	32	22	85
A B Van Heusen	29	31	24	84
Frederick Alder	30	30	24	84
N D Ward	29	27	27	83
M D Hinds	29	28	26	83
James McNevin	28	28	24	80
S E Irlam	28	31	20	69

When the first stage was finished a recess was taken for luncheon, while the attendants moved back the tents and stools to the 800yds. range. Very few shots were fired at this distance, and the score was not taken, the team being desirous of occupying what remained of the afternoon at the 1,000yds. distance. The following are the scores made in this range:

John Smith 28, C. W. Hinman 25, D. K Atkinson 21, J. M. Pollard 22, T. J. Dolan 26, D. H. Ogden 27, T. W. Griffith 26, J. L. Paulding 24, A. B. Van Heusen 24, E. O. Shakspeare 23, G. E. P. Howard 18, J. McNevin 19, N. D. Ward 14, M. D. Hinds 13, F. Alder 11, S. Irlam 17.

Aug. 30.—The rifle team shot over all the six ranges of the international match at Creedmoor to-day. The aggregate score of the highest twelve men was the best, with one exception, that has been made since the selection of the team was undertaken, but very many points of weakness appeared in the course of the practice. The men drew a full 8 inches instead of 6 inches that is encouraging. Misses are sandwiched in between centers and bullseyes in a manner that seems to imply great uncertainty of judgment. The prone position is held accountable by all the most experienced shots who are watching the practice for the wildness of the shooting at the long ranges. "What is the use," asked a prominent member of the Amateur Rifle Club, who has given aid as a coach, "in my telling the wind and elevation exactly to a man when I can see the muzzle of his piece shaking enough in every direction to carry him twenty feet away from the target?" A majority of the men unfortunately use this position, and it is admittedly too late to break them in to shooting from the back position before the match. The best must be made of them as they are.

There are two flatly contradictory opinions regarding the chances of victory. A National Guardsman who has been an attendant at Creedmoor events since the range opened said: "We must no reckon on winning with less than 90 points per man—ninety-five at the short and ninety at the long distances. This, according to present indications, is about equivalent to saying, "We must not expect to win the match." On the other hand, Mr. Smith, of the team, who has himself shot at Wimbledon, and who knows all the visitors and their prowess, thinks America will win. He expects the team will average ninety points a man in the short-range stage, while the English will average rather less. He thinks the shooting will be even at the long-ranges, or else the advantage will be on the American side. He looks for a clean score for about seven men, or points each on an average in this division of the match. This, it may be remarked, is considerably above any average yet made by the American team.

About 5 o'clock the team held a meeting at the Range Club House, and there determined to all aim alike at a point above and to the right of the bullseye. This point has been found the most expedient with a view to avoiding errors of vision, and all corrections for wind and elevation necessary to carry the bullet into the bullseye can be made over the bar of the rear sight. Every man has besides been furnished with a document reading as follows, except, of course, that the figures all vary in proportion to the distance between the sights of each one's rifle:

Mr. ——: The sights upon your rifle being 27½ inches apart, a movement of line on the rear sight a iher for wind or elevation of 1/01 of an inch gives a variation on the target of 81-100 inches for each 100 yards; or, in other words, if, using a Vernier marking hundredths of an inch:

	Actual.	Approximate.
At 500 yards 1 point gives you	6.86	6½
At 600 yards 1 point gives you	7.89	8
At 800 yards 1 point gives you	10.48	10½
At 900 yards 1 point gives you	11.79	11¾
At 1,000 yards 1 point gives you	13.10	13

By order of Col. JOHN BODINE.

C. F. ROBBINS, Adjutant.

Shooting was begun about 11 o'clock upon three targets. This accommodation proved insufficient, and the team barely succeeded in finishing their scores in time for those who wished to catch the last train for the city. Four targets, all agreed, should by right be provided for the practice. The weather was fair the whole day, though not without drawbacks. The wind was fishtail and fresh enough to cause trouble up to 600yds. It declined steadily all day, and caused little or no disturbance at the long ranges, but there was considerable mirage. The scores are given below in the order of merit:

	First Stage.				Second Stage.				
	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	600 Yds.	Total.	800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	Total.	Agg.
Dolan	29	29	32	90	29	29	27	85	175
Hinman	29	33	28	90	28	31	26	85	175
Hinds	30	31	25	87	29	25	33	87	174
Smith	31	32	31	94	29	23	30	82	176
McNevin	26	29	31	86	32	25	21	78	164
Pollard	30	33	25	88	27	24	23	74	162
Alder	29	27	29	85	29	29	16	74	159
Ogden	30	29	27	86	22	26	23	71	157
Howard	29	31	31	91	27	23	15	64	156
Paulding	30	23	27	80	28	22	20	65	155
Shakspeare	30	29	19	78	22	26	27	75	153
Atkinson	28	31	31	90	18	23	20	61	151
				1,052				894	1,946

Irlam made 79 at the first and 65 at the second stage, total 144. Griffith, 63 and 70, total 133. Ward, 71 and 53, total 124. Van Heusen shot only in the first stage, making 75 points.

Aug. 31.—The American Rifle Team did by far the best work to-day that it has done since the close of the preliminary competitions. Only four ranges, including the 500, 900 and 1,000yds., were shot at, and the results were very satisfactory indeed. On arriving on the grounds they found that two artillery batteries had possession of the 200 and 300yds. range, and decided to open the day's work with shooting at the 600yds. range and to omit the other two ranges of the first stage altogether. This gave the men more time to practice at the longer ranges, and they made some of the highest scores recorded since they went into practice. The men got to work fresh at those points where they had been weakest. They had plenty of time and they made the best of the opportunity. It is only necessary to say that the best twelve made an average of eighty and five-twelfth points per man out of the possible 105, against seventy-four and a third on Wednesday, to show how great the improvement was, and, further, it must be remembered that Wednesday's shooting surpassed all previous days. Whether this average is a winning one is a subject of dispute. There are "bears" and "bulls" on the match. Some believe that, shooting as they do at short ranges, the team can take a victory with an average of seventy-eight points at long. Others believe that ninety points will be needed.

It was not a bad day on the whole for shooting, still it was not a very good one. The light was dull and pretty steady. The air was free from mirage, but, on the other hand, an ugly fishtail wind blew up the range with some force, varying from south by east to south by west, and defeating the calculations even of veteran marksmen. Elevations, too, had an unaccountable rise toward the close of the day, the theory being that it was due to a fall in temperature. Another peculiarity of the day's shooting was that some of the rifles fouled in an unusual degree. An examination of the deposit showed that this was due to the hardening of the wax used in the lubricating discs. On warm days this material remained soft, but yesterday the metal got heated rapidly and the crust quickly hardened on the inside of the bore.

The prevailing opinion is that a general mistake has been made in the use of lubricants. Most of the men use a soft disc, with a grease proof wad between it and the powder, and the bullet in contact with it. It is thought that the "patch" or paper wrapping of the projectile is injured by the grease, and, besides, the bullet carries with it several hundred yards a sufficient amount of grease to materially modify its line of flight. The practice is said to insert a second greaseproof wad between the disc and the bullet. Colonel Bodine, Captain Robbins and Secretary Murphy were all on the field. Mr. R. Rathbone, Mr. W. W. De Forrest and Dr. S. T. G. Dudley acted as coaches, and Major H. S. Jewell, of the team of 1877, paid a short visit and consulted with the officers of the team. Shooting began at eleven o'clock at 600 yards, and full strings were shot at that and the three long ranges as follows:

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.	Yards.
J. L. Paulding	31	29	28	88	28
G. E. P. Howard	31	27	29	87	27
C. W. Hinman	32	29	26	87	32
T. J. Dolan	30	28	28	86	31
E. O. Shakspeare	22	27	38	82	31
James McNevin	26	32	23	81	32
T. W. Griffith	26	27	30	83	25
D. K. Atkinson	29	27	22	78	28
John Smith	24	24	29	77	29
Frederick Alder	32	26	19	77	31
J. M. Pollard	27	26	20	73	32
M. D. Hinds	20	26	31	72	36
D. H. Ogden	18	23	22	63	24
N. D. Ward	24	16	20	60	25
A. B. Van Heusen	17	20	14	51	29
E. Irlam	25	16	10	51	30

Friday all the weather conditions were favorable, and some fine scores were piled up. At the short distances—200, 500, and 600yds—the highest scores were made by Smith and Ogden, who each tallied 96 out of a possible 105. Shakspeare also made a score of 95 at the same distances, and Hinman 91. At the 800, 900, and 1,000yds. ranges Pollard carried off the honors with a score of 96, and Howard followed with 91. They were both vanquished at individual ranges, however, by Smith and Paulding, each of whom made "clean" scores, or a bullseye at every shot, at the 800yds. range. The highest aggregate scores at both sets of ranges were made by Smith, Pollard, and Ogden, who tallied 186, 185, and 184 respectively.

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	600 Yds.	Total.		800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	Total.
Smith	31	32	33	96	Pollard	31	32	32	96
Ogden	29	34	33	96	Howard	30	29	32	91
Shakspeare	29	30	34	93	Smith	35	26	29	90
Hinman	30	31	30	91	Ogden	32	27	30	89
Paulding	32	27	30	89	Dolan	27	30	32	89
Howard	28	30	31	89	Atkinson	31	30	28	89
Atkinson	30	28	30	88	Alder	31	29	28	88
McNevin	33	33	32	88	Shakspeare	32	25	25	82
Pollard	33	32	28	88	Paulding	33	26	23	82
Dolan	31	26	32	88	Griffith	25	32	31	82
Hinds	30	30	28	88	Ward	29	26	20	75
Alder	27	28	24	79	Irlam	17	29	27	73
Irlam	26	22	24	72	McNevin	30	9	9	74
Van Heusen	28	14	25	68	Van Heusen	25	20	16	71
Ward	27	22	19	68	Hinds	29	28	11	68

Monday Col. Bodine announced that he had selected the following ten members of the team: Frederick Alder, T. J. Dolan, M. D. Hinds, C. W. Hinman, Col. G. E. P. Howard, James McNevin, D. H. Ogden, J. L. Paulding, Major E. O. Shakspeare, and John Smith.

The averages of the chosen men for all the completed competitions were as follows: T. J. Dolan, 167-2-3; C. W. Hinman, 167-1-3; Paulding, 160 3-7; D. H. Ogden, 160 3-7; C. W. Hinman, 159; M. D. Hinds, 157 5-7; F. Alder, 155 3; J. McNevin, 154 2-3; E. O. Shakspeare, 154 2-7; G. E. P. Howard, 141.

Frederick Alder, is a private in the Seventh regiment. He shoots the Hepburn gun, with 90 grains of powder, 530 grains of lead, three wads and two lubricating disks. Dolan is a sergeant in the Twelfth, and also uses the Hepburn. His charge is 92 powder, 550 lead, with the same number of wads and lubricators. Paulding, also a sergeant in the Twelfth, is the only man who has adopted the Hotchkiss gun. He shoots it with 100 powder, 550 lead, two wads and two felt lubricators. Sergeant McNevin, of the Thirteenth regiment of Brooklyn, uses the Hepburn, with 90 powder, 550 lead, two wads and one lubricating disk. Hinman, a private of the First Massachusetts, shoots the Hepburn, with 92 powder and 550 lead; Private Smith, of the Ninth New Jersey, uses the Borchard, with 85 powder, 550 lead, two wads and one lubricant; Ogden, of the Twentieth separate company of Binghamton, uses the Borchard, with 85 grains of powder to the same bullet, wad and lubricant. All the rest use the Hepburn. Hinds, of the same company as Ogden, uses 90 powder and the rest of the charge like his comrades. Col. Howard, a New Jersey staff officer, uses factory ammunition. Shakspeare is the only man of the team who does so. Maj. E. O. Shakspeare belongs to the staff of Maj.-Gen. Hartranft, of Philadelphia. His charge is 100 powder, 550 lead, two wads and one lubricant.

The practice on Monday resulted in the following scores, Hinman being absent. The rain seriously interfered with the work.

	800yds	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—34
T J Dolan	900	0	5	5	5	5	4	5—29
	800	4	5	4	5	4	5	5—31
J L Paulding	900	5	5	5	4	5	3	4—30
	800	5	3	5	4	5	4	3—29
M D Hinds	900	2	5	5	4	5	5	3—29
	800	3	5	5	4	5	5	5—32
G E P Howard	900	3	5	2	5	0	5	5—25
	900	3	5	4	4	5	5	5—31
E O Shakspeare	800	3	5	5	5	5	5	3—31
	900	3	4	3	5	5	4	3—27
J Smith	800	3	5	4	4	5	0	4—25
	900	3	5	5	4	4	5	5—31
J McNevin	800	5	4	4	3	4	4	3—27
	900	3	5	3	3	4	3	3—24
F Alder	800	3	3	2	5	3	3	3 22
	900	4	0	3	4	0	4	5—20
D H Ogden	800	0	0	0	4	3	3	2— 9
	900	4	5	3	5	5	4	4—30

Ogden's break-down was due to a change in his loading. The totals of the other six men were: G. W. Fielding, 182; J. M. Pollard, 28, 27; A. B. Van Heusen, 27, 23; N. D. Ward, 25, 24; S. E. Irlam, 27, 23; D. K. Atkinson, 25, 20.

Tuesday both teams were out for practice. The wind was troublesome and affected the guns. The first twelve men in the American team scored only 999 points, against 1,002 made by the British team, and the grand total also heading twelve men in the British team scored 2,028 to the Americans 1,988, making a difference of ninety-five points in favor of the British riflemen. Following are the scores:

	AMERICAN TEAM.					BRITISH TEAM.			
	800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	Total.		800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	Total.
Dods	29	29	29	89	McVittie	33	30	30	93
Heap	32	29	28	89	Pearse	34	30	30	93
Woodcock	31	27	29	87	Humphry	31	32	30	93
Bates	28	31	28	88	Mellish	31	27	28	86
Parry	31	33	24	88	Dods	31	24	30	85
McVittie	29	27	31	87	Caldwell	30	27	30	83
Pearse	28	27	28	83	Godsall	28	24	23	75
Oliver	24	30	31	85	Walrond	27	28	20	81
Boulter	26	29	30	85	Parry	28	24	28	80
Humphrey	27	28	29	84	Bates	24	29	24	77
Godsall	28	30	26	84	Goodear	25	24	28	77
Caldwell	29	26	28	83	Oliver	30	26	21	77
Mellish	22	29	29	80	Boulter	26	25	24	75
Smith	21	31	28	78	Heap	31	28	16	75
Walrond	25	25	28	77	Smith	33	32	..	45
Halford	21	Retired.							

	First Stage.	Second Grand Stage.	Total.
McVittie	87	93	180
Bourse	82	92	174
Dolz	89	85	174
Humphrey	84	89	173
Parry	88	80	168
Godsall	84	82	166
Mellish	80	86	166
Goodear	89	77	166
Caldwell	83	83	166
Batos	88	77	165
Heap	89	75	164
Oliver	85	77	162
Bruce	87	75	162
Smith	78	45	123

AMERICAN TEAM.

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	550 Yds.	To-tal.		800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	To-tal.
Hinds	33	32	32	97	Dolan	30	35	33	98
Hinman	31	32	31	94	Van Heusen	30	25	31	86
Howard	32	32	28	92	Alder	28	29	24	81
Ogden	29	29	31	90	Shakspeare	24	32	30	86
Griffiths	30	31	28	89	Paulding	34	35	28	97
Alder	28	29	29	86	Hinman	29	30	18	77
Pollard	27	31	28	86	McKevin	33	23	28	74
Smith	27	28	29	84	Atkinson	23	27	24	74
McKevin	26	28	29	83	Pollard	22	23	19	74
Van Heusen	31	27	31	82	Hinds	24	18	30	70
Shakspeare	26	27	29	82	Griffiths	21	28	19	68
Dolan	25	26	28	82	Howard	25	24	17	66
Atkinson	28	32	21	81	Irlam	21	30	24	65
Paulding	27	25	25	80	Ogden	30	23	12	65
Irlam	28	28	23	79	Smith	23	22	18	63

	First Stage.	Second Grand Stage.	Total.
Dolan	82	89	171
Hinman	92	77	169
Alder	86	81	167
Van Heusen	82	81	163
Hinds	70	103	173
Pollard	86	74	160
Shakspeare	82	77	159
Paulding	80	77	157
McKevin	87	83	170
Griffiths	88	69	157
Howard	90	66	156
Atkinson	81	74	155
Ogden	90	63	153
Smith	84	63	147
Irlam	75	65	140

BOSTON.—Walnut Hill, Aug. 30.—Six entries. Wind annoying, blowing from seven to ten o'clock. Only four scores were finished as follows:

F. J. Rabbeth.

800 yards	5	5	5	5	3	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—70
900 yards	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5—72
1000 yards	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4—72—214

J. S. Shute.

800 yards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5—77
900 yards	3	5	5	3	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5—68
1000 yards	4	3	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—69—214

D. W. Howard.

800 yards	5	4	5	3	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5—69
900 yards	5	4	5	3	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—68
1000 yards	4	5	5	4	3	5	5	4	3	5	4	5	5	3	4—65—202

W. Howard.

800 yards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5—78
900 yards	5	5	5	4	3	4	5	5	3	3	5	5	4	5	5—66
1000 yards	4	5	4	3	3	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	3—63—201

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The last contest of the Rochester Gun Club series of matches for a $200 gun, was shot last Thursday. Of the four contestants who had persevered, the winning man was Mr. Bigelow, who scored 178 glass balls out of 200. The other scores were: Butler, 175; Sumner, 162; King, 161; Amsden, 155, with one shoot behind.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The first competition of the Newport Rifle Association for the selection of a team to go to Creedmoor was held at Paradise Range last Thursday afternoon. The following scores were made 300yds. off hand, Creedmoor target:

W M Farrow	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5—47
W S Knight	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5—46
P Peckham	2	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4—40
J H Witherell	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4—42
C Torrey	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—36
E E Leonard	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—37
W Charles	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	3	2—34

The team match at Creedmoor will be shot with teams of four men. The club finals they will send on four strong shots. The next competition takes place Saturday.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 30.—The Amateur Rifle Club team practiced at Creedmoor to-day in anticipation of a match with the team of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, to be shot at Creedmoor on Saturday, the 9th of September. It is a return match to one at which the New Yorkers were defeated at Boston, in June. The team will consist of H. F. Clark, R. Rathbone, J. Habirshaw, W. W. DeForrest, J. H. Brown and J. W. Todd. The match is of fifteen shots each, at 800, 900 and 1,000yds.

IRISH MARKSMEN.—The Irish-American Rifle Club, of New York city, shoot a match on Sept. 5 with the Irish-American Club of New Haven. The contest will be at Creedmoor, ten shots at 200yds. The home team and reserve are: J. McNevin, F. F. Millen, N. O'Donnel, S. Cavanagh, J. Kerr, M. Duffy, P. McMorrow, W. Cushing, P. Farrelly, M. Brennan and F. Stewart.

THE TRAP.

WHITESTONE GUN CLUB.—Whitestone, L. I., August 30, 1882.—The fourth of the series of live bird matches for a silver cup and the championship of the Whitestone Gun Club was held here to-day with five men at the trap. A second prize was also offered consisting of a book, "The Life and Writings of Frank Forester." The cup goes to the man winning it the greater number of times. Conditions: Ten clay pigeons, fifteen yards, club rules.

Martin Hoffman	1111111111	10	H DeWitt Smith
A C Wilmerding	1111110001	7	F R Perry
C H Simonds	0001010011	5	

Hoffman took the cup and Wilmerding the second prize.

NEW HAVEN vs. WORCESTER.—Springfield, Mass., August 30.—The New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club and the Worcester Sportsman's Club shot a match on the Springfield Glass Ball Club grounds this afternoon, with six men on a side, each man shooting twenty balls. The Worcesters won by a score of 94 to 91. The scores follow: Worcester—Eager 16, Beaudry 13, Smith 12, Holden 18, Clark 17, Perry 18. New Haven—Post 18, Brogden 15, Folsom 18, Langdon 16, Goodrich 18, Nichols 11.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 7.—New Jersey Y. C. Open Matches.
Sept. 7—Royal Canadian Y. C. Club Race.
Sept. 8—Royal Canadian Y. C. Open Matches.
Sept. 9.—Pacific Y. C. Fall Matches.
Sept. 9.—Toronto Y. C., Mimico.
Sept. 9—Merrimack Y. C., Open to All Match.
Sept. 10—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Sept. 14.—Vixen-Cetes Match, New Haven; cup and $50.
Sept. 16—Dorchester Y. C., Open Races, Oak-Rigs.
Sept. 16—Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Three Classes, one prize each.
Sept. ——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Yachts dinghies, sailing race.
Sept. ——Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Sept. 20—Jersey City Y. C., Matches.
Sept. 24—Quaker City Y. C., Harbor Cruise.
Oct. 1—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Cruise.
Oct. 3—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.

LOGIC IN MEASUREMENT.

AN exceedingly superficial mind reporting occasionally for a turf journal imagines he has disposed of bulk measurement with such a vulgar platitude as this: "A barn is known to possess great bulk, yet I have never known one to sail fast." Very well; we add that a pine log 100ft. long is known to possess great length, yet we have never known one to sail fast; in fact, would undertake to beat the 100ft. log with a 16ft. Whitehall boat. What then becomes of length measurement?

The reporter's access to the columns of a reputable journal is our excuse for obtruding his pompous charlatanry upon our readers.

ENTERPRISE.—This Boston cutter, built for Com. Frank E. Peabody, has been sold to Mr. Geo. Moffat, Atlantic Y. C. Enterprise is 50ft. long, 43.9 on load line, 15.8 beam, and 6ft. hold. Built in 1878 in the best manner by D. J. Lawlor, of Chelsea, Mass. She is one of the earliest attempts at producing a compromise between cutter and sloop, has light displacement, with great depth of keel and deadwood, a cabin house and full cutter rig.

AMERICAN CUTTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

American cutters have met with most decided success in the Beverly regatta, as you have to some extent already commented upon. The friends of such boats are naturally proud of their performance. In the second class keels, Beetle, Kelpie and Mavis take the three prizes, all of them full-fledged cutters, with flush deck and running lbs. Beetle made better time than many of the second class center-boards or any of the schooners. All three were built by Lawley & Son, of South Boston and they have another on the stocks. Beetle is 29.04ft. load line, 9ft. 8in. beam, and 5ft. 4in. deep, and is the property of Mr. Hemenway, built from lines under the supervision of Mr. S. W. Burgess, in the spring of 1881. Kelpie and Mavis are sister ships to Mr. Edward Burgess's Moya, and a little smaller than Beetle, being 26ft. 4in. on load line, 9ft. beam and 5ft. deep. A strange thing was that these cutters outran the sloops before the wind quite as much as on the wind.

[The class of cutters refered to by our Eastern correspondent are yachts which can be recommended to all for every purpose. They combine the maximum of room on deck and below with speed, seaworthiness, significant handiness in rig, moreover and "comfort" of any style brought to notice, and they draw rather less water than the new keel sloop. As cruisers they carry off the palm, and for that reason alone they are destined to become very popular in Boston, and they should ultimately in New York as well. In general they resemble the most improved Solent boats in body, with the quarter, finish and rig they are up to the best cutter standards. The Mavis was designed by A. Cary Smith, of this city.]

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—AUG. 26.

LAST week we gave our own version of the most numerously attended yacht matches ever sailed in America or abroad. This week we publish an account from our special correspondent, and with it the only full official record of the racing yet printed, justified by the impartial hand of the Secretary.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second open regatta of the B. Y. C. was held at Marblehead, Aug. 26, the starting line being laid from the Phantom of the Eastern and Beverly clubs, anchored off the Eastern Y. C. House, to a stake-boat placed below Peirl.

Great expectations had been raised in regard to this race, as the club had spared no trouble in making the arrangements and getting as large a number of entries as possible. The largest race on record was that sailed by the club at Swampscott in 1879, when 144 boats entered, 99 started and 88 completed the course, and this race was expected to break record. The result was that large numbers of people gathered to see it, many from a distance, covering the shores and crowding the scores of yachts and boats watching the race.

Very soon after 9 A. M. of the E. Y. C.'s handsome new steamer loaned the Phantom to the judges, came round Friday afternoon. Very soon, although the wind was very light, the racing boats began to appear: odd boats from various clubs came first; then a dozen boats of the Cape Ann Y. C., closely followed by the Hull and Dorchester Club, which came down as a body, under the command of Com. Gray. The entrance of the latter club was very pretty; the cutter Kitten, which at Egg Rock was in the rear, had very cleverly worked to the front, and was leading, as they appear, close-hauled around the point of the neck; the minute she bore off up the harbor, light kites went up on both sides, and she ran quickly up to the head of the harbor followed by Egeria, Viking, Fiona, and some twenty sail besides.

During the night it was almost a dead calm, but the boats came dropping up, some of them having taken twelve or fourteen hours to run the fourteen miles from Boston. The morning of the 26th opened with a brisk northeast wind, a heavy sea, and every prospect that a northeaster of storm would set in by night; as early as 6 A. M. the boats began to arrive, the smaller boats under reefs. Later the wind slackened, but breezed up well at the start.

After considerable debate the judges decided to send the first, second and schooner classes round course No. 1, as follows: Leaving the harbor buoys, Hinkey Island and other shore, Rocky and Fig Rock stakes on starboard hand; leg of three miles to Egg Rock on port hand and return, fifteen and three-quarter miles, all outside work except the short run down the harbor. The third class was sent over course 10, as follows: Leaving Half Way Rock; stakeboat off southeast breaker, Gales Ledge; Bowditch's Ledge Beacon on port hand and return, ten and a half miles, while the fourth and fifth classes left Salman's Berth Buoy and Black Buoys three, five and seven, on port; stakeboat off Curtis Point and Bowditch's Ledge Beacon on starboard and return, seven and a half miles.

At 12 M. when the numbers were set the sight was pretty; many large yachts, including many of the E. Y. C. and the Hildegard of the N. Y. Y. C., were on hand to watch the start, while many more were cruising round the mouth of the harbor to see how the racing boats. The upper end of the harbor was so packed with the smaller classes as to look perfectly white, making it difficult to see the water from a little distance. The lower part of the harbor was crammed with the larger classes, and yachts of every description; the whole of Beverly Bay was covered with sails, all heading to one point, while the boats from Boston and vicinity were rounding the lighthouse point in a steady stream; the line running back toward Boston, beyond Egg Rock. At the time of the start there must have been over 200 sail in the harbor, not counting the large numbers waiting outside.

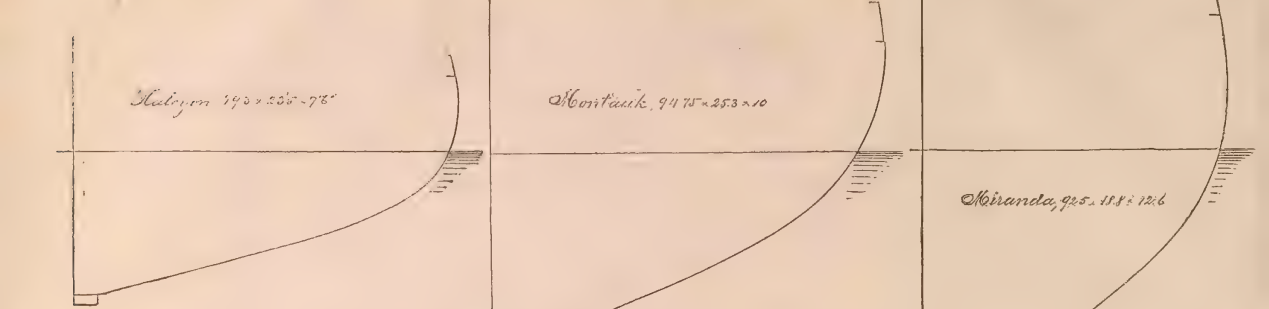
Promptly at 12:30, the advertised time, the order to fire was given, but the cap snapped, and the preparatory gun was fired at 12:31. Five minutes after the gun for first class was fired, and at 12:36:59 the crack Shadow led off, close hauled on the starboard tack, closely followed by Anna, Nimbus and Lena, with the other fifteen close behind. At 12:46 the gun for the second class was fired. Here Lillie led off, crossing at 12:46:26, with Eugenia twelve seconds later. Four centerboards and fourteen keels started in this class; among the latter the cutters Mavis, Beetle and Kelpie, of the L. Y. C., which were matched for the first time against all the crack keel sloops in the bay. Only six centerboards entered in this class, which, as '79, was second in numbers only to the first class, and this shows how the tide runs now; but it is doubtful whether the keels proved themselves better than the centerboards. The boats that started were two large Crosby built catboats, the well-known Folly taking better care of the start she used to, and the Joker 2d, who had come around from Woods Holl to try her hand. She appeared with a new suit of sails, put on for the first time Friday evening, which were hardly up to the mark in fit.

While the second class was crossing, a sloop, not in the class, suddenly shot up and anchored on the line just where the yachts were coming. As four boats were close to the line it was awkward, causing one boat to come up into the wind and make a start, and crowding two others into each other, the only foul of the day. The sloop was at once removed.

After getting out of the harbor the boats set large jib topsails, which were carried to the Pig Rock stakes, where spinakers were run out to port and all light canvas piled on for the run to Egg Rock. The boats opening over the course made a very handsome show and one not often seen; thirty-seven boats with spinakers coming down in a cloup before a strong breeze.

The cutters seemed to do well in second class, Beetle particularly passing several first class boats, and rounding the rock tenth boat. From Egg to Half Way was a beat; at first a long and short leg, as the wind canted out a little; but it soon went back and a dead on end beat in a heavy sea ensued, the big topsails having been taken in at Egg Rock. Inland the wind was more to the eastward, and spinakers to port were carried in from Half Way.

The third class gun was fired at 12:50, sixteen centerboards out of seventeen entries, and four keels out of eight entries starting, Allie leading at 12:56:41, with Jet seven seconds astern; some of the keels were in sight, but too late to start. The course was



Second Class Keels.—1st, Beetle, B. Y. C.; 2d, Kelpie, B. Y. C.; 3d, Mavis, B. Y. C.

Third Class Centerboards.—1st, Expert, H. Y. C.; 2d, Rebie, Bo. Y. C.; 3d, Sea Bird, H. Y. C.

Third Class Keels.—1st, Banneret, South Boston; 2d, Judith, T. C.; 3d, Sadie, S. Bay Y. C.

Fourth Class Centerboards.—1st, Joker, H. Y. C.; 2d, Janet, H. Y. C.; 3d, Amy, Q. Y. C.; 4th, Niobe, D. Y. C.

Fourth Class Keels.—1st, Vesper, W. L. Y. C.; 2d, Charlotte, H. Y. C.; 3d, Nonpareil, W. Y. Y. C.; 4th, Lizzie, J. C.

Fifth Class.—1st, Flora Lee, S. B. Y. C.; 2d, Mirage, B. Y. C.; 3d, Sassacus, C. A. Y. C.; 4th, Nancy D., C. A. Y. C.

Note.—The abbreviations for yacht clubs are: B., Beverly—Bo., Boston—D., Dorchester—H., Hull—S. B., South Boston—S. Bay, Salem Bay—W., Winthrop—J., Jeffries—L., Lynn—W. Y., Washington Village—W. L., West Lynn—Q., Quincy. TILLER.

THE PRESENT RULES GOOD ENOUGH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The greatest drawback that canoeing has had to contend against in the last twelve years has been the indiscriminate writing of its would-be friends. The "early fathers" have much to answer for, but their sins are small compared with those of the daily press and the average reporter. Not a race takes place but what the anger of the contestants is aroused by misspelled names, incorrect time and absurdly written reports, with usually some sagacious advice or suggestions. Of course in the late meet at Lake George was no exception, the daily reports were mostly meagre and incorrect, and in addition, the *New York Times* devotes a column to the asserted scarcity of competitors in the races, giving the reasons therefore and also a remedy. The writer complains that the presence of a few well-known sailors and paddlers deterred all others from entering, and that boats built and rigged solely for racing excluded the cruising canoes, and advocates a tax on sail area as a remedy (in the sailing races). As a matter of fact the entries in the different races were fairly up to the average in such contests, all conversant with any form of boat racing knowing well the difficulties of securing entries in any class. The races and regattas of the various yacht clubs call out perhaps a couple of schooners, three first class sloops, and less than half a dozen of the second class, while with hundreds of small sailboats around New York seldom a dozen show up in any one class in a race. The true reasons for this well-known fact do not concern us now, but an examination of the Lake George racing programme shows the absurdity of those given in the *Times*. Of the twelve races set down three were "junior" races, from which Messrs. Vanx, Whitlock and Hedgway, having taken prizes previously, were excluded, being no longer "juniors." A fourth race was for the larger boats in cruising trim, a limit being placed on ballast and consequently on sails, and designed to give a chance to the cruisers apart from the racers. As this was the first attempt, it is possible that the limit was not as low as necessary, a point easily settled in the future.

Two races besides these were "upset races," in which, as tests of skill in managing the boat in all emergencies, and in not depending on special racing appliances, the cruisers were fully on an equality with the gentlemen mentioned. Here were six races out of twelve specially devoted to the cruising boats, and in which it was intended they should have the advantage over any racing craft. The programme of races as well as the sailing rules were distributed to every member of the association some weeks in advance, showing plainly what races were open to each boat, and those who did not enter must find some better reason than that given. As to the second ground of complaint, there was not at the meeting a canoe that was not perfectly fitted for cruising, the only change needed being the substitution of smaller sails and replacing lead ballast by stores, etc., in some boats, not one being built exclusively for racing, or even so arranged as to deny the cruising outfit.

The many cruises of the Dot, the wandering of the Psyche in Florida, Mr. Wilsin's voyages in the smaller canoes, the well-read log of the original of the Lark, the present whereabouts of the Esmeralda, the Wraith's reputation, Oakes George and Champlain with what, speak sufficiently of the "racing boats," while with the larger and as yet untried Pearls the cruises of their English prototype are ample guarantees of their abilities as open water cruisers. That such boats, handled by men who are willing to carry more sail and carry more sail than the same boats owned by tyros is given as a reason for handicapping them, or, in other words, the man who timidly hoists his 40ft. of sail on a Shadow canoe in a calm, demands an allowance that will put him on an equality with Mr. Vaux, also in a Shadow, but carrying 80ft. in a fresh breeze, pluck and skill being penalized in favor of timidity and ignorance.

If this remedy is good for sailing races, why not apply a similar one to paddling? Mr. Heighway, with his six feet two inches height, has arms and consequently a reach to correspond. Now is it fair that men of only average height must paddle against him on even terms? Certainly not; but how can it be remedied? Let us adopt the rule of measurement, proposed in the *Canoeist* by "Keelson" for canoes, applying it to the crew—"multiplying the greatest girth by the extreme length between perpendiculars," or, to adapt it to the case in hand, multiplying the chest measure by the extreme height. Here is taxed both factors most valuable in paddling, staying power and reach of stroke, the latter nearly proportional to the height. No one could object to a rule so obviously fair as this, its only deficiency being that it takes no account (as a tax on sails does in reality) of the pluck, determination and fearlessness found in all successful racers, and which certainly must be considered if all are to be equal. With this detail added these two rules will cover both sailing and paddling races, and with some proviso for the upset races to make the good swimmer equal to the man who wears a life-preser when in his canoe, there will be no grounds for such complaints in the future, and this greedy monopoly of the prizes by a few practical canoeists to the exclusion of all "parlor" and "paper" cruisers, be effectually stopped.

JERSEY BLUE.

[The objections of our correspondent are well taken. The classification of the A. C. A., whatever its faults, is not likely to be improved by out of hand doctoring to handicap this or that style or individual. Better leave well enough alone and build up to the rules to compete with the best rather than weight the best for the benefit of the inferior. Type in canoes is necessarily not in a state of anarchy because the sport is too new to have the course clearly marked and canoes are put to such widely different purposes that no rules can be concocted to put all on the same level. Leave the builder untettered. Let him do his best on equitable terms, follow suitor take rank upon merit without asking for unjust indulgence by harrassing progressive development with complicated grants to types which have been left behind in the race or which are intended for foreign purposes.]

DUXBURY Y. C.—After an interval of several years this club started into life again with a match sailed August 31, over ten and six mile courses off the club house. First class, for yachts over 30ft., second for sprit sail boats. Judges were T. A. Hutchins, J. M. Cushing and Aug. Winsor. Leda, 28ft. 6in., C. Harlow, won in first class, by a single second in 1.42.25, beating Mamie, 27ft., W. C. Winslow. The sprit sail race was won by the Young Teazer, 15ft. 4in., J. D. Gaines, beating half a dozen others. Time, fifty-seven minutes and forty-two seconds.

LEADING TYPES OF SCHOONERS.

It is not so very long ago that light draft and shoal hold were deemed absolute requisites to speed, and even to the best rough water qualities. Such a belief had, of course, never taken hold of the handful of leaders who really set the fashions to the masses, but in late years talent of the aggressive sort, to whom the great crowd of mediocre copyists could look for precept and example, has been exceedingly scarce. Without masters the lesser lights fell ready victims to any kind of dogmatic faith, to which they clung with a tenacity in inverse proportion to their understanding. Circumstances surrounding our yachting in its infant stages of development, notably shoal and sheltered waters, beyond which we did not care at first to venture, conspired naturally enough toward the production of sheal flat-floored centerboard boats. By the time the sport had grown, and more venturesome sailing demanded hitherto unconsidered qualities in the pleasure fleet, the general run of builders had sunk too deeply into the rut of custom, and faith in "what was" held a vice-like grip upon the yacht building craft of the country.

To experiment, to venture innovation, to learn from other nations far advanced in experience of the kind we began seeking, was sneered at as mean and unworthy a truly loyal citizen who should be satisfied to take without murmur what was presumed to be indigent to the soil or in this case, rather, the waters. The man who accepted the wide, flat raft, and no questions asked, was the truly good American. The man who wished to improve sought only anarchy, was a ready to foreign ideas, a "snob," and a generally dangerous member of the community. But time works wonders, and as the little drop constantly at its work bores into the toughest stone, so the steady insidnous drilling of a few self-sacrificing workers with limited means and tools has at last wormed through the iron-bonad prejudice exhibited against the use of depth and handy rigs in yachts, until at the present day no excuse seems any longer sufficient to justify the construction of flat-iron boats, lest it be the very exceptional misfortune of having water only knee deep to sail in. In bringing about this change of sentiment, in transferring the affections of the public from the light draft sailing contrivances to vessels of safe and useful depth, and in forcing an acknowledgment of their speed and good qualities, FOREST AND STREAM has a record in common with a few enlightened designers and builders we are willing to leave to the judgment of the ripening experience of the times.

With the unjustifiable bias against the use of depth removed, a wider and more creditable field has been opened for the display of talent and sound judgment in the models of the fleet, and a short review of the predominating characteristics of the principal types now in favor may be the means of aiding in the selection for new vessels to be laid down this winter. Because we have been a persistent champion of depth, while down-trodden by the ignorance of supercilious and unpractical sophistry, it would not be justifiable to conclude that our opinions, in our opinion, exist in the colored type of old. On the contrary, we are prepared to give credit where it is really due, though declining to subscribe to mere blind faith because grandiloquently heralded as "patriotic" or fraudulently claimed as the indorsing "and American."

The three types with one or the other of which all schooners can be associated are very well represented by three well-known yachts of that class. Two of the three have figured with much credit in the recent cruise of the New York Y. C., while the third has its champions in the notable Miranda, the most successful schooner ever raced on Great Britain, and whose fame is familiar enough in American circles to require no specification.

The midship sections shown in the accompanying cuts reveal at a glance the striking differences in form of three radically opposite methods of achieving success. The Halcyon may be taken as an excellent and well-tried representative of the broad and shoal style of building with light draft, little dead rise and low freeboard. The Montauk is an exemplification of a new school likely to supersede former notions of perfection, especially where measurement by length is adhered to. In her the opposition to depth has been overcome, though great beam is still in the ascendant in her conception. She may be considered as a half-way house between extremes, the depth of the third representative having been approached while retaining the beam we are accustomed to on this side of the Atlantic.

In the Miranda we have an illustration of the newest ideas abroad, new even in her native waters. These have been a gradual approach in British schooners to the cutter form and Miranda's career has proven the wisdom of the tendency. The really modern two-sticker in beam and depth is not very wide of the proportions set for racing cutters, and by stepping the mainmast well in the middle a much closer match for the cutters has been attained on a wind than considered possible when Cambria's praise used to be sung in verse on the streets and her print displayed in the shop windows of British yachting ports.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VIXEN AND MAGGIE RATIONALLY COMPARED.

In answer to several inquiries, we put the issue between these two yachts in this form, the equity of which we do not think will be disputed by any person.

We race Maggie and Vixen, or any cutter and sloop, primarily as a test of *form*, and *not* of size, for everyone knows that a large boat has an advantage over a small one without trial by racing. We all know that a 30-ton cutter can beat a 5-ton sloop, and we know as well that a 20-ton sloop can beat a 5-ton, or a 10-ton, or even a 15-ton cutter; that is, the advantage, apart from form, lies with the larger boat to begin with. We do not seek to find out by a race whether a 15-ton Maggie can beat a 19-ton Vixen, but what we are after is whether a 15-ton Maggie can beat a 15-ton Vixen; and if no such boat is to be found and the race must be made with a 19-ton Vixen instead, it is only common sense and equity to demand allowance for the extra four tons, so as to obtain a correct and truthful answer to the query, "Which form is the best, on its own merits and not aided by extra size?" It is not a fair expectation to ask that a 15-ton cutter should be as good as a 19-ton sloop. That is clearly giving the sloop great odds. No one has been silly enough to claim that cutters are so very much better than sloops that they can afford to race on even terms with sloops twenty-five per cent. larger, but the claim has been that on the equitable basis of even size the cutter is the better form on all round trial. On the other hand, with "sloop men" it is not a question as to whether a 19-ton sloop can beat a 15-ton cutter; it stands to reason she ought, on the strength of being so much larger, if upon nothing else; but the question for them to answer is this: Would a 19-ton sloop be a better boat if shaped as a 19-ton cutter? There can certainly be no equity in the query, "Would my 19-ton sloop be a better boat if shaped as a 15-ton cutter?" The answer would at once come forth: How can you expect such a thing? You are asking that the cutter, in addition to being relatively as fast as the sloop, shall possess the extraordinary virtue of overcoming four tons of size and power.

We race for a test of *form*. The issue can therefore be nothing else but this: Given a certain size, which is the best *form* for it to take. Such being the issue, and we do not suppose any rational person will dispute the correctness of this fundamental proposition, a true answer can only be obtained from a race after all competitors have been reduced to the same size by the application of proper allowances. Whatever the remaining result then is represents the superiority of one form over another, outside issues of course not being here considered.

Now, since form is the issue, each individual should be unhampered in all directions so that he may give to the size agreed upon any shape he may choose, as long and narrow or as short and wide as he pleases. If he is building a sloop to race a 15-ton cutter, he may build her as wide as he likes, but in so doing he must not exceed 15 tons, for that would be impressing an advantage having no connection with the question of form. If he makes use of 19 tons in his sloop, the cutter builder would rightfully exclaim: "See here, friend, that is not fair. If you make a 19-ton sloop, you must let me make a 19-ton cutter. Of course you may beat my little cutter with your big sloop. A collier will outsail a tiny yacht, but it is nothing to her credit. Size does it, not form. Now, if your 19 ton sloop outsails my 15-ton cutter it may be due to her excess in size while her form may actually be inferior!"

And, we add, it would be difficult to deny the justice of such an argument. Clearly then, if the 19-ton sloop is matched with the 15-ton cutter, an allowance for the extra 4 tons is due to the smaller yacht, no matter what their respective lengths may be.

This is the rational method of comparing different types. The basis is equally fair to all. But to ask that a vessel like Maggie, not built under a length rule, should sail on even terms with one built with the special view of evading length is a proposition devoid of the least trace of equity, and results obtained from sailing a 19-ton Vixen against a 15-ton Maggie, must always be illusionary and misleading in their influence, unless the larger of the two, be it sloop, cutter, barn or dhow, is put on an equality with the smaller in respect to size. Measuring by bulk shows partiality to no form, it brings boats to the line even in that respect, so that the race may give us an answer to the query, "Whose *form* is fastest, unaided by the known superiority of greater size? Is a 15-ton Maggie better than a 15-ton sloop? Is a 19-ton Vixen better than a 19-ton cutter? That a good 19-ton sloop is better than a good 15-ton cutter, and a good 19-ton cutter better than a 15-ton sloop, stands to reason without competitive contests.

CRUISING.

YACHT cruising seems to be growing in favor in the East, while racing seems to be confined among a few. That is, a few fast boats have all the racing to themselves, while those who have yachts of medium speed content themselves with cruising and sailing, leaving out the exciting elements of the race. As we stated in our editorial of last week there are several reasons for this. The expense of maintaining a racing yacht is very great, and few care to keep in racing trim yachts which are not as speedy as some others in the same fleet. The fast ones are kept up for racing and the others cruise.

Cruising is really the sport of yachting, which is better liked as it is longer practiced. When a due fleet starts off on a cruise with a lot of yachtsmen and guests, everybody is in for a good time. The good time for one does not mean defeat and chagrin for another, as is the case in a race. There are no hard feelings engendered in any way. The "scrub races" which take place when going from port to port afford amusement for all and give the racing gentlemen a chance to enjoy the contests, while the absence of prizes and the general freedom from rules, etc., make the racing pleasant for all.

Within the past month the large clubs in the East, the New York, Seawanhaka and Atlantic, have had extended cruises, and judging from the published reports all hands seem to have pretty thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The only thing to mar the pleasure has been that the yachts have drifted from place to place without any wind. It seems as if this drifting business was rather the rule than the exception. Here we never have any trouble on this score, although the better cruisers several occasions when too much wind prevented the return of a portion of the fleet.

People who own yachts and cruise about for short trips get more out of their boats than any other class. They invite a few friends and go for a day or two to some favored spot, where they fish or lounge, enjoying the sail to or from the place, and in fact the whole trip. Others can see no enjoyment in this, but must have the excitement of the race or there is no fun in it for them.

When two or more yachts cruise in company a great deal of pleasure is experienced. Mutual interchange of visits, the pleasant evening in company, good natured rivalry to be at anchor or under way first, all combine to make such trips remembered. Of course, in cruises in squadron there is more or less formality, and there is a certain submission to orders expected, which is irksome to many. Yet fleet cruising does more to create an *esprit du corps* than anything else.—*San Francisco Breeder and Sportsman.*

THE AMERICA CUP.

FOR two seasons in succession we have been cheated out of the grand and instructive spectacle of competitive trials between British and American yachts. Last year it was Seabelle who decided not to cross to our waters, and this year the "forty" Annasona has been deferred from a visit by the shamefully unfair conditions surrounding the America Cup. It remains to be seen whether the New York Y. C. will show itself sufficiently solicitous of its own fair name to right a very patent wrong, or whether it will prove unworthy the trust assumed by permitting the charges brought against the club abroad to crystallize into permanent reproach to American yachtsmen. The *London Field* gives voice to the current impression abroad that the present trustees seek deliberately to escape international competition when it says as follows in its issue for Aug. 19:

"American papers are still having an altercation over the terms under which a foreign yacht can claim to sail for the cup won by the America at Cowes in 1851. One side contends that the terms are perfectly fair, and the other that they are the reverse of fair. We should consider them fair if the challenger could do the same as the New York Y. C.—select a yacht on the morning of the race; this, of course, he cannot do, and he has, moreover, to present the club beforehand with a model of his yacht. The terms appear to have been arranged with the sole object of making the winning of the cup as difficult as possible. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Mr. Ashbury acquiesced in the New York Y. C. selecting a vessel on the morning of the race. In fact, he was blamed by the English press for accepting the terms before the Livonia sailed for America, and on her arrival he endeavored without success to get the condition reversed. However, as it turned out after two days' sailing, the club

had no vessels to select from, and Sappho had to sail against the Livonia over the inside course and beat her. A most significant commentary on the present controversy, and one worth any number of opinions is this: that the owner of the most successful forty-tonner of the last two seasons had intended this spring to challenge for the cup, but altered his mind when he learned the conditions. It seems to me that if the cup is to be of any use at all as a challenge cup, the defending party should have no advantage of any description over the one challenging, except such as can be obtained by actual superiority of design of hull or handling in a match."

BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual regatta of the Bay of Quinte Y. C., which took place on Monday last, was the greatest success which the club has ever had, quality of the competing craft in the first class especially being taken into consideration. The wind was the only thing wanting to make the day a perfect one, but forces was in no place timid enough to furnish air enough to test the big ones, though the way in which the stately cutter Aileen and the graceful sloop Norah speeded along was astonishing. The Cygnet, a famous light weather skimmer, had her breeze, and although the big ones were close to her until the last part of the final round, when the breeze fell to a mere zephyr, and once even passed her, they were never in a position to give her the time to which she was entitled from her bigger sisters. At one time only was there a good breeze, namely, in the second round, and then the Norah's topmast—a flimsy, hastily made piece of balsam—was broken like a carrot. However, thus disabled, she showed of what she was capable of, taking the lead, nevertheless, while the wind held, but when it dropped she was done with. The Cygnet was in rare form in this race. After being hauled out at Kingston she was dropped on her board, which was doubled up, hence her miserable performance at Oswego. However, after being put in proper trim at Oswego, and with Capt. R. M. Wood, of Boston, at the helm, she was fit to race for all that was in her. The cutter Aileen was much admired and had many visitors, your correspondent among the number. She is a beautiful, business-like craft, and when her top sides are smoothed she will strike the observer as being as near perfection as possible.

The second class race was virtually a match between the Katie Gray, which is now the property of Mr. W. B. Phelps, Jr., of Oswego; and never giving her opponent a chance, she won handsomely by seven minutes. The Katie is in good hands, and will be put in the best of trim and kept that way.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. offers handsome prizes in their open regatta on September 8.

The young but ambitious Toronto Y. C. will offer handsome prizes on the 9th. The gathering will be a large one, and the local fleet will be represented by the Gracie and possibly the Norah. By the way, the Royal Canadians are now doing things in the right way; but two or three years ago yachts intending to take part in their races were paid no attention to, their dinghays being refused even the privilege of landing at the club's dock. Now, members of other clubs are invited to attend, and owners of yachts are asked to assemble off the club house, the accommodation of which is proffered them, also the use of the club's steam yacht to convey them to and from the city. The change is a highly desirable one. Long may matters remain as they now are.

Of the race not much remains to be said. The course was the usual one, from a stakeboat in the Narrows to a buoy off Badgley's wharf, on Big Island, thence around a buoy off Salmon Island, and return to the starting point, three times around for first class, thirty miles and prizes $100, $60 and $25 in first class, and $50, $25 and $10 in second class, which comprised all yachts under twelve tons. Four yachts to start or no third prize. No shifting of ballast allowed. Entrance five.

The breeze was paltry and fickle all day, and the smaller craft made way with the big ones in consequence. First class was got off as follows: Cygnet, 42ft. load line, at 12:37:28; Gen. Garfield at 12:38:32; Norah, 57.6ft., Commodore R. J. Bell, at 12:40:35, and the cutter Aileen, of Toronto, 54ft., at 12:42:47. Lady Agnes could not find wind enough to cross properly and gave up. Cygnet went into the lead though Aileen weathered on her in the second tack. The Norah fetched the mark to windward first with the cutter close aboard. With a free sheet to the second mark Cygnet went by the cutter and overhauled Norah by the time the first round was finished, the cutter two and a half minutes later, the Garfield distanced. The latter there took the first of a fresh southwest breeze to the home station, while the others were working out on the second round, thereby closing the gap. Norah had in this breeze closed up well on Cygnet, but after rounding the Big Island buoy lost her topmast and was left by the rest. Light winds gave the smaller craft the best chance for the rest of the race, which was finished as under:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Cor.
Cygnet	12 37 28	6 48 06	6 10 38	6 16 18
Garfield	12 38 33	7 02 58	6 24 26	6 24 26
Aileen	13 42 47	7 08 48	6 26 01	6 30 31
Norah	12 40 35	7 12 34	6 31 59	6 47 57

The second class found three at the line. These were sent away as follows: Gracie at 12:43:09; Surprise at 12:46:19, and Katie Gray at 12:47:52. Surprise did not hold a good wind, and after being suddenly shunted to leeward by a shift of wind she gave up during the second round. The other two made a fine match, leading alternately, with Katie getting the best of it toward the close, finishing at 5:35:04, her actual time being 4:37:12; Gracie finishing at 5:38:02, actual time 4:44:18, the former winning by 7m. 1s.

HULL Y. C.—The first of three races for the club championship was sailed off the club house September 2, with a good list of entries in the smaller classes. In second class, Gen. J. A. Osgood had a sail over for want of competitors. Third and fourth classes sailed seven miles, the rest six miles. Wind cast, wholesail breeze, shifting to southward and fading away. The judges were accommodated aboard Mr. Smith's sloop Vision for the day. Souvenir prizes were given to the winners, Gem, Allie, Amy, Corsair and Sea Mew. The races were finished as under:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Cor.
	L. M.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Allie, A. S. Wattles	32 05	1 29 31	1 05 16
Fairy, C. A. Perkins	24 01	1 31 56	1 08 46
Davy Crockett, A. Putnam	21 06	1 30 31	1 14 06

FOURTH CLASS.

Amy, E. W. Baxter	21 05	1 37 30	1 12 01
Ibis, J. K. Souther	20 06	1 38 38	1 12 13
Joker, George Coffin	20 08	1 34 38	1 13 25
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	21 05	1 43 57	1 18 28

FIFTH CLASS.

Corsair, W. H. Mills	18 11	1 23 13	59 11
Jamet, W. L. Phinney	18 11	1 25 03	1 00 11
Myrtle, C. H. & R. C. Poor	19 06	1 25 52	1 03 22
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18 01	1 30 25	1 05 33
Dread, W. J. Eagle	19 03	1 30 26	1 06 30
Shearwater, W. M. Merrill	18 09	1 31 46	1 07 31

SIXTH CLASS.

Sea Mew, G. R. Howe	17 02	1 30 57	1 05 08
Idlewild, H. N. Curtis	17 03	1 31 18	1 05 31
Dandelion, C. F. Adams, 3d	17 06	1 32 46	1 07 18
Zip, G. W. Morton	16 09	1 33 41	1 07 24
Dart, E. H. Ingalls	15 03	1 56 56	1 28 51

LYNN Y. C.—The third championship races were sailed in Lynn Harbor, Sept. 2, in a fresh southeast wind, which fell to a light wind the latter part of the race. Course, five miles. No starters in first class. Judges, C. E. Bead, Wm. Cyrus and Wm. Estes. Summary:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
	Ft. in.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Jennie L., C. H. Lockhardt	33 11	1 04 27	0 57 26
Paul, J. C. Lee	32 04	1 05 59	0 48 19
Rita, W. Bassett	24 09	1 09 50	0 51 50
Sadie, G. B. Gordon	32 00	1 16 15	0 58 38

THIRD CLASS.

Sadie, F. E. Taylor	17 06	1 09 40	0 47 27
Daisy D., W. D. Woodbridge	18 05	1 11 16	0 50 49

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has just finished a design for a Boston owner, 27ft. water line, 10½ft. beam and 3ft. draft. Least freeboard, 23in. The keel will be 2ft. wide at top and 1ft. wide at bottom, and the lower part will be lead, 2 2-3-100 tons weight. The remainder of the ballast will be cast to fit inside. The centerboard will go down through the keel. This boat is an improved Hesper, the improvement consisting of rather better lines, ballast better placed and more sail. The area of sail will be 8,80sft., or 162ft. more than the sloop Julian carried, the latter boat being ballasted with all iron inside. Mr. Smith's cutters Mavis and Hesper won in their classes last week at New Bedford and Boston. Orders are coming in thick and fast, and with the boats now on the books, 93ft. water line, 70ft. water line, 60ft. water line, not to mention some small fry, the season for designers bids fair to be a very busy one.

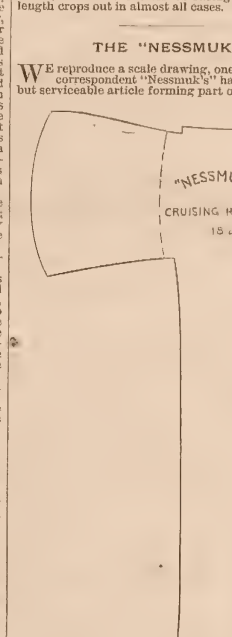
A SUBSTITUTE RULE.

"WHAT rule would you have recommended for the Vixen-Maggie races, as the Maggie could not be hauled out to have her bulk measured?"

So writes a correspondent from Boston. We should have recommended the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. rule, as it lends to much the same results as measurement by bulk. While taking exception to the theory of this rule, we have before this testified to its fair applicability in practice. Thus Maggie and Vixen are about same length. Multiply by their sail areas, 1,580 and 2,080 (these are lower sail only, but topsail could be added to live up to the rule in detail.) The products would, of course, vary in the proportion of 158 and 208, and if we start with Maggie as 15 tons, the Vixen would gauge between 19 and 20 tons. This is near the proportion her size bears to that of the cutter. The Seawanhaka rule makes a very fair substitute for bulk, since broadly stated, the larger boat has also the larger sail area, whether the excess of size be obtained by adding to depth or beam, and multiplying by the sail area acts, therefore, as a check to the error of racing on length only. It may be the largest boat pay for her extra size as indicated in a larger sail plan. Cases might be cited where the rule would work the wrong way, but they are exceptional, whereas the error of racing vessels of different type and length crops out in almost all cases.

THE "NESSMUK" HATCHET.

WE reproduce a scale drawing, one-half real size of our well-known correspondent "Nessmuk's" hatchet, especially made as a light but serviceable article forming part of the outfit of his light cruising



canoe. Total weight of hatchet and handle 18oz. As the cut shows, this tool is "double barrelled," as its originator is pleased to term the two cutting edges, and probably the only one of the sort in use. "Nessmuk" indorses the tool as extremely serviceable and fully as useful for canoeing and general camp service as the heavier and clumsier articles.

HULL Y. C.—The new club book for 1882 is a well arranged publication, and contains the story of the marvelous growth of the club. Organized June 20, 1880, incorporated April 20, 1882, it now has 450 members, owning a fleet of twenty-two schooners, all but two of them being keels; forty-nine sloops of which twenty-six are keels; four steamers and forty-eight catboats. The pamphlet contains charts of the various courses, the customary constitution and by-laws, an excellent collection of sailing rules, etiquette, and a good selection of U. S. laws bearing upon yachts, and a handsome chart of private burgees. The club flag is triangular yellow field, black diagonal cross with white star in the center. Flag officers fly swallowtails, yellow field, circle of blue stars around blue anchor for commodore, red ones for vice and white ones for rear. Quite a number of the private burgees are square in shape after orthodox fashion, so that the shape of the burgee may show whether it is a club, private or flag-officer's signal, the first triangular, the second square and the third swallowtail in cut. For racing signal the club has adopted a square blue flag with white star in center.

MATCH ON THE BAY.—The unfinished sweepstakes of the 24th ult. was sailed Aug. 31, with better success. The same boats came to the start. Mimic, 27ft. 4in., Pat McGehan; Mistake, Judge Elliott, 27ft. 11in., and Mary Keegan, John Keegan, 27ft. 4in. Mimic suffered from a leak, and Keegan was short on sand bags. Dave Snediker looked Mistake, young McGehan the Mimic, and the Keegan was sailed by her owner. Course from Frank Bates's pier around Robbin's Reef buoy, thence around buoy off Coney Island Point and home; sail twice over. The clinker got off first, followed by Mimic, and Keegan last. Wind was fresh S. W. Same order was kept up until the latter two got "pocketed" in the Narrows by a long tow, giving Mistake a chance to get well away from them. She led around the lower buoy by two minutes, finishing the first round at 3:41:30, Keegan at 3:43:14, and Mimic at 3:53:30, evidently handicapped by her leak. Second round was much a repetition of the first, the finish being made by Mistake at 5:00:09, the Keegan second at 5:02:22, and Mimic at 6:05:58. Mistake wins by 2m. 1s. actual, and 1m. 31s. corrected time.

SALEM BAY Y. C.—Under auspices of the Salem Bay Y. C. a series of races were sailed August 29 in the bay. The famous Lillie, 30.6ft. load line, Messrs. Dillingham and Bond, met the Nirvana, 41.6ft., W. S. Eaton, Jr., and was beaten by her over a course around Baker and Lowell islands. The wind was light and Lillie lost two minutes at the start. Nirvana's corrected time was 3:20:03 and that of Lillie 3:34:37. In third class Comus, J. Newcomb, won, beating Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers and Tulip, D. C. Goodridge and Sais. Time of Comus 2:23:38, taking the championship in her class. In fourth class Tulip, F. G. Dexter, won in 2:24:30, taking championship and beating Posy, S. Rich; Rose, T. H. Cabot; Lota, H. E. Wusten and Snowball, L. Philbrit.

NEW SURVEY.—Long Island Sound is now being resurveyed by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. Five parties are in the field with the steamers Gedney and Silliman and two schooners. It will take till 1885 to finish the work, though it will be pushed with vigor and detail charts issued as fast as harbors are plotted.

LILLIE-HERA MATCH.—The first of three matches between these two rival flyers was sailed Sept. 1 over a 20 mile-course off Marblehead. Only a week ago we wrote: Hera seems a trifle too full in body to be driven, and we should prefer her chances in light weather. That our preference was well grounded is shown in this first race. The wind was light from southwest and Hera finished in 3:2:7, with Lillie at 3:6:31, "much to the surprise of everybody," as the dispatch has it. Large sums changed hands on the event. Hera is 41ft. on deck, 35 load line, 14ft. 3in. beam with a draft of 5ft. 8in. Lillie is 38ft. 6in. on deck, 30ft. 6in. on the line, 14ft. beam and 5ft. draft. Hera has considerable weight on her keel, and Lillie is an old centerboard altered by the addition of a deep wooden keel.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHTING.—Stone has got a 60ft. steam launch under way, and Farmer is building a small catboat. Schooner Ariel has had a lead keel bolted on and a Bermuda mainsail instead of the gaff sail. Turner has Spreckels' new 80ft. schooner in frame. A mosquito race for small boats is contemplated in San Francisco harbor, all to measure less than thirty-five feet.

OSWEGO REGATTA.—The winners at the Oswego regatta, sailed August 22, were Katie Gray, of Trenton, first prize; Gracie, of Belleville, second; Laura, of Oswego, third, and Ella, of Oswego, fourth. Garfield, of Kingston, crossed the finish second, but was ruled out for fouling the Gracie.

ATALANTA.—Com. Vermilye, A. Y. C., arrived in his schooner in Halifax harbor Aug. 31, and will return to the southward the middle of this month.

OSPREY.—This snug little cruiser, 53ft. load line, has been sold by Charles Stevenson to Mr. Archibald Watt.

ECLIPSE.—This fast sloop has been sold by Mr. Willard to Mr. M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Works.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. B., Lancaster, Pa.—The rifle will do very well.

NASSAU.—See our last issue for New Jersey rail shooting locality.

J. R. S., New York.—There is no mention of the "meadow hen" in New York law.

W. H. B., Boonton.—We should rule that the ball ought to be scored as broken by the shooter.

SUBSCRIBER, Gildersleeve's Landing.—Your questions will be answered upon the return of our kennel editor.

SAYVILLE.—It is not probable that we shall publish a compendium of FOREST AND STREAM ichthyological matter.

J. E. L., Torrington, Conn.—The measure of powder is arbitrary. Take a Dixon's measure, which is usually accepted, as your gauge.

D. D.—You want one of the Boker guns which combine two shot barrels with a third rifle barrel, or else an auxiliary rifle barrel, which may be inserted into the shotgun barrel.

G. H., Canal Fulton, Ohio.—I. Belton was by Sykes' Dash, out of Daisy, who was litter sister to Llewellin's Dan. Dash by Dash II. out of Belle. 2. Belton is the sire of Sanborn's Nelly.

A. S.—I would like to buy a nice setter dog, a good ranger and staunch. Do you know of one? Ans. A card inserted in our advertising columns will bring you the desired information.

E. C. L.—It would be cheaper to buy a hammerless gun than to have your present one converted. If, however, you like the barrels, we presume that you could have the work done by any of the hammerless gun-makers.

WOODCOCK, Matteawan, N. Y.—When is the shooting of woodcock authorized in Dutchess county, N. Y.? Is there a special law in force in such county modifying the general State law? Ans. Woodcock season opened Sept 1. Game cannot be killed for market purposes.

J. M., Baltimore.—Is there any work giving instruction in fly fishing, or is it to be acquired only by observation and practice? Ans. The best American work is "The American Angler's Book," by Thaddeus Norris, fully illustrated and containing fly fishing and fly tying. Price $5.50. We can furnish it.

D. H. P.—1. You will find good Chesapeake ducking at Havre de Grace. 2. The bay is full of professional shots now, and there is no room there for mere shooters. 3. For map go to Colton's, in William street, this city. 4. A good book on the subject is Long's "American Wildfowl Shooting," published by J. B. Ford & Co., this city.

H. W., Shelbyville, Ind.—Will you please inform me through your paper where I can procure black bass fry, the proper season to plant them and what they will cost? Ans. Write your State Fish Commissioner, Mr. Calvin Fletcher, Spencer, Owen county. We know of no one in your section, or in fact anywhere else, who supplies fry of black bass. Waters are usually stocked with adults.

K. K. K., Philadelphia.—Is there a gun made for shooting a small harpoon with cord attached that could be used for catching porpoises? If so where are they made or sold? Ans. Yes, harpoon guns are used in the whale fisheries. They are somewhat similar to swivel guns. You can probably procure such a gun through any house of gun dealers, or if not, by applying to the New England whale-ship outfitters.

R. T. W., Jersey City.—Has any one as yet succeeded in breeding quail in confinement, and if so with what success? I ask the question because I would like to try the experiment and also profit somewhat by the experience of those who have preceded me in the attempt. Ans. Quail-rearing experiments have been made in this country for more than a quarter of a century, but no one has yet had any real success at it. Our files contain many articles on the subject.

R. W. T., Brunswick, Ga.—What is a "pompano" fish? What is its usual size and where found? Are they generally considered a delicacy? Ans. The pompano (Southern coast), cavalle or crevalle, (South Carolina) *Trachynotus carolinus*, is a fish found in salt waters all along the Southern coast. It is a fish of oval shape, compressed laterally, colored olive on the back and shading to light yellow below. It weighs about a pound and is considered one of the best of fishes at New Orleans and New York; at the latter place it sometimes sells as high as a dollar per pound. An excellent figure is given by Kilbourn, in "The Game Fishes of the United States," accompanied by an equally good description by Prof. G. Brown Goode. Ten years ago the fish was unknown in New York markets.

FIELD GLASS, Cincinnati.—I was greatly pleased with your interesting editorial on "The use of the Field Glass" in FOREST AND STREAM, June 29. It is a matter which is of great interest and importance to me, as I am slightly troubled with myopia, and having spent last summer in Colorado with nothing but an opera glass to assist my sight, I soon found that something more powerful was necessary. It is very necessary for me to procure the most powerful instrument that I can, combining convenience and portability, and I would like to have your opinion in the matter, as I place much confidence in your decisions. The cost would be no object. Ans. We know of nothing better than a finest quality field glass. Possibly some reader of the FOREST AND STREAM may have had experience with other glasses, and if so we should be glad to hear from them.

BLUE BARRELS, Ionia, Mich.—We repeat for you the directions given many times in these columns, but would advise you to send your gun to be re-blued by a first-class gunsmith. Any of the firms who advertise with us will do. The directions are as follows: Tinct. of muriat of iron, one ounce; nitric ether, one ounce; sulphate of copper, four scruples; rain water, one pint. First, securely plug up both ends of barrels, leaving one plug in each end of sufficient length to be used as handles, then thoroughly clean with soap and water, after which cover with a thick coat of lime, slacked in water, and when that has become dry remove it with an iron wire scratch brush; this is to remove all dirt and grease from the barrels. Then apply a coat of the fluid with a rag, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, when a slight rust will have appeared; then take barrels and immerse them in a trough containing boiling hot water, after which scratch them well with the scratch brush, repeat this until the color suits, which will be after three or four applications. When completed, let the barrels remain in lime water a short time to neutralize any acid which may have penetrated. Take great care not to handle the barrels during the operation, for the least particle of grease will make bad spots.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND, as the dog said at Fairmont last Monday when "he became a statue of carven rock."

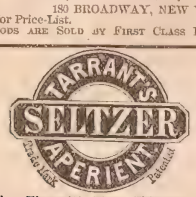


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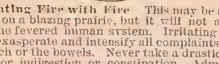
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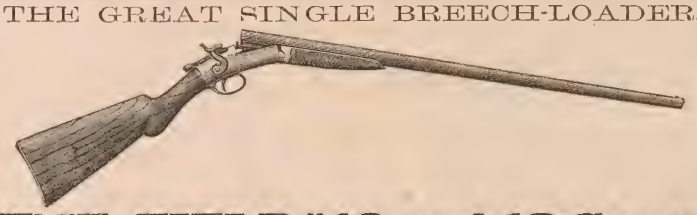
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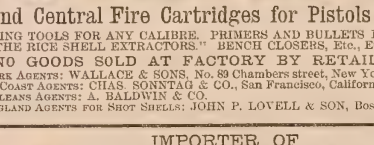
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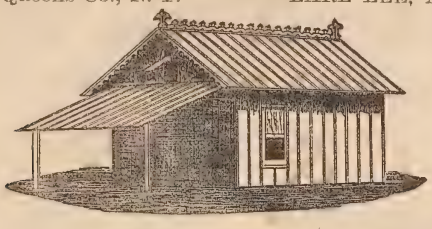
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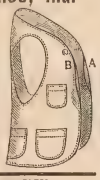
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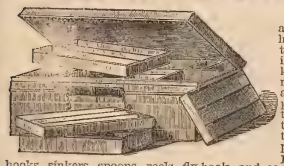


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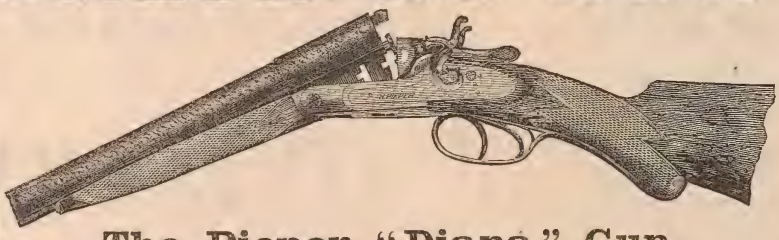
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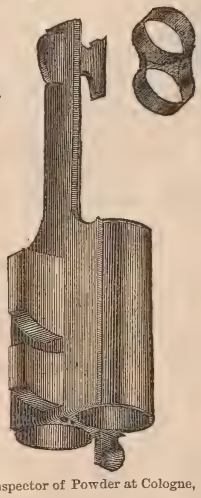
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	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot..	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
H. Pieper, Liege	3 3 4 4	4 4 4 3	4 4 4 4—45
Roedel, Prague	3 3 3 3	4 4 4 4	3 3 4 4—42
W.W.Greener, Birmingham	4 4 4 3	4 4 3 3	3 2 3 3—40
N. Bodsen, Liege	3 4 2 4	4 3 3 4	1 1 3 1—33
C. Bartels, Wiesbaden	3 3 3 4	4 3 4 4	1 3 2 3—37
Sackreuter, Frankfort	2 3 3 4	4 4 3 3	3 3 1 3—36
Camphausen, Crefeld	1 4 2 3	3 3 4 2	3 3 3 3—34

	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot..	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
A. Jannsen, Liege	2 3 3 3	4 4 3 3	1 3 2 1—32
Beermann, Munster	3 2 1 2	4 4 2 4	2 2 3 3—31
Brunn, Birmingham	3 3 2 2	3 3 4 4	2 3 2 3—30
Witte, Zutphen	3 4 3 3	1 1 1 1	3 2 3 3—37
H. Jansen, Wesel	1 2 1 2	4 3 2 2	2 1 2 3—25
Heuse-Lemoine, Nessouvaux	2 3 1 4	1 2 3 2	1 2 2 2—25
Cordes, Bremerhaven	2 1 1 1	3 3 2 1	1 2 2 1—20

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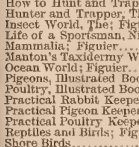
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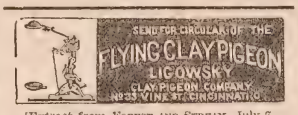
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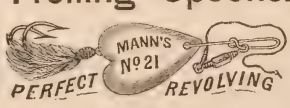
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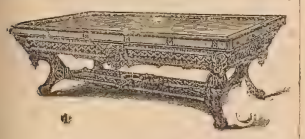
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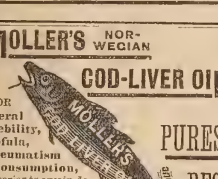
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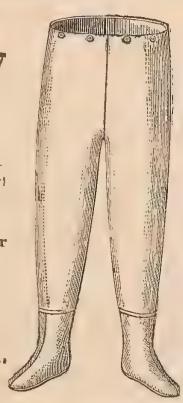
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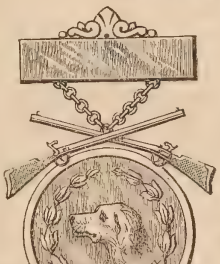
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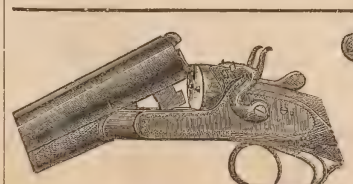
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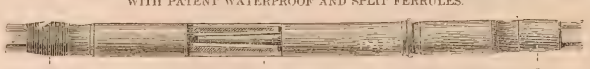
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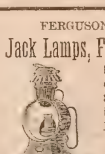
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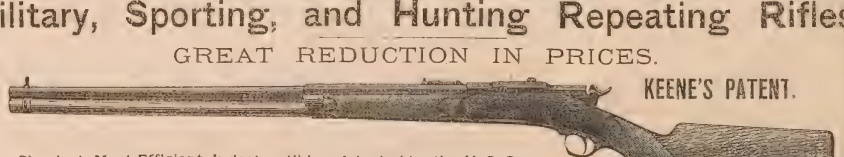
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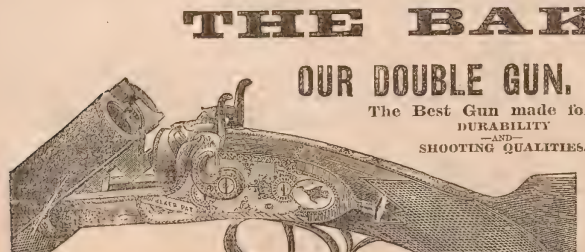
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FIG. 1

FIG. 2

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUCCESS IN OYSTER-CULTURE.

OUR readers have been made familiar, through the reports which have appeared in our columns, with all that has been done in the matter of experimenting on the fecundation of the eggs of the oyster. The last contribution to this subject was from Prof. John A. Ryder, and appeared in full in our issues of May 25 and June 1, of the present year. The experiments there described were a continuation of those of Prof. Brooks. These gentlemen have demonstrated that our oysters were not hermaphrodite, as was claimed by naturalists for the European oyster, but that they were bi-sexual, and that the eggs could be taken and impregnated in nearly the same manner as are those of the fishes, and some oysters that were imported from Europe by Mr. Blackford for the purposes of study were pronounced by the professors to be bi-sexual, and that the former European observers were at fault.

This season Prof. Henry J. Rice, Fellow in Natural History of the John Hopkins University, Baltimore, who had formerly paid much attention to this subject, came to New York and began a series of investigations in the laboratory in Fulton Market, which has been rented and fitted up for the use of students by the private enterprise of Mr. Blackford, has met with a success that promises to place oyster-culture among the practical industries. Heretofore the term oyster-culture has been confined to merely taking small oysters from one locality and depositing them in another which is more favorable to their growth. This is properly oyster-planting, and not culture, as we understand and use the terms.

Former experiments have shown that it was merely possible to obtain a successful impregnation of the eggs and to hatch them, but no one had been able to keep the "spat," as the free swimming fry are termed, more than six days, when they died, either from want of food, or more likely from lack of circulation. The minute spat defied all attempts at retention when circulation was attempted, and so the experimenters contented themselves with merely adding a small quantity of water at stated times, and thus gradually filling the vessel in which the infantile mollusks were confined. In consequence of this, the water stood perfectly still for hours, a condition which never happens in the places which oysters inhabit; hence they passed from life without the aid of an oyster knife in the hands of a restaurant conchologist, and without the accompaniment of pepper, salt, or lemon juice.

Prof. Rice was of the opinion that circulation of the water was the one thing needed to sustain the infants until such time as they should come to anchor and settle down to a steady and respectable molluscan life. Syphons had been tried in vain. All who have attempted to use this principle to maintain a flow of water have sooner or later found out that two syphons will not balance each other, and that if one of them sucks down and loses its grip it will not start again without assistance, and a stoppoge or an overflow is the consequence. Besides this, it was found that whatever sufficed as a strainer to detain the spat was necessarily so fine as to soon fill up and stop the flow. In pondering over this subject, Prof. Rice happily thought of strips of woolen cloth as syphons, and on trial found that the capillary attraction was not only sufficient to give a constant flow, but that the balance between the inlet and the outlet could be maintained by them because of their ability to start themselves, and they also detained the oysters.

With this apparatus he succeeded in passing two gallons of water per day through a small drinking goblet, and kept his embryos for fifteen days, nine days longer than they had ever before been kept, when a business call compelled him to leave them to their fate. We had the pleasure of dropping in on the Professor several times during the experiment, and of taking peeps at the youngsters through the microscope, and it did seem to us to be cruel to abandon them to their fate while they were doing so well and making such rapid strides toward the dignity of wearing shells, and lying on a block of ice in a window, under the gaslight, a hope which, we have no doubt, found a place in each little bit of molluscan protoplasm.

No former experimenter has been able to bring the spat to the condition when it cleaves unto some hard object for better or worse as long as it may live, notwithstanding they have kept them alive for six days. At the mature age of forty-eight hours one of Prof. Rice's infants, while under his eye at the upper end of the microscope, reached out one of its tentacles and fastened to the glass slide right in the center of the field. That this is the usual age for them to anchor we doubt, because others of the same age did not do so. It may be that being a precocious juvenile, and while passing under the instrument and happening to meet the Professor's eye, it just tried to show off, and anchored beneath his vision merely to attract attention. Be this as it may, the Professor was so delighted that he rushed down the corkscrew stair to Mr. Blackford's office, on the lower floor, and announced the event as soon as sufficient breath was regained. To fully appreciate the haste of Mr. Blackford's ascent into the laboratory, and his ineffectual efforts to shake the hold of the adolescent oyster from its chosen place, as well as the delight that overspread the countenance of Prof. Rice, one should have been there to see.

LABRADOR.—Prof. Chas. Linden, of Buffalo, N. Y., has just returned from an extended trip to the coast of Labrador. He reports a most pleasant and successful excursion, the details of which will shortly appear in our columns. On his way to and from Labrador, Prof. Linden met many of the prominent sportsmen of the Dominion, among them J. U. Gregory, Esq., of Quebec, whose interesting notes of a recent Florida trip are printed in this issue. Mr. D. H. Talbot, of Iowa, has also just returned from a Labrador trip. Mr. Talbot went out with the Stearns party, and although he was unable to penetrate into the interior of the country, collected some valuable ornithological specimens.

DEATH OF JAMES CHUBB.—We regret to learn of the recent death of Mr. James Chubb, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Chubb was well known to scores of shooting men, and this brief note will recall to many of our readers red-letter field days spent in his company. Mr. Chubb was an expert shot, and a sportsman of long and varied experience. He was a skillful taxidermist; a beautiful pair of quail mounted by him are before us as we write. One by one the old guard are passing away, and their ranks are growing thin. The younger men who are taking their places may well imitate such examples of manhood in the field as was that afforded by the life of James Chubb.

AN INTERESTING TEST.—It is reported by our Philadelphia correspondent that a resident of that city, who has been fined through the action of the West Jersey Game Protective Association, proposes to appeal, and test the constitutionality of the law under which his fine was imposed. If the gentleman has the time and money to spare we hope that he will carry out his expressed determination. The more cases carried up to the higher courts the better the results.

THE RIFLE MEETING.

WITH our next issue readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will find the record of the matches of the tenth annual fall meeting at Creedmoor, and in connection with that meeting the story of the International Military match. What the result of this great contest will be has been pretty well forecast in the news of the doings of the two teams as it has appeared in our columns. The Britishers are confident, the Americans quite the reverse. A defeat may be an advantage to the cause of rifle practice here. It certainly will direct attention to the matter, and in the many explanations which no doubt will be offered to explain the defeat we may find the true difficulty, and the weak points once noted their remedy is entirely a matter of time and labor. America cannot afford to be behind in any matter connected with small arms, and having made the better long-range military rifle, there should at least be a dozen National Guardsmen who will come forward and use it.

Some unfortunate occurrences have taken place in connection with the visit of our British friends, but much of the bad luck which now seems to surround our home team has been of their own bringing on. The doings of the past month have not encouraged in the breast of an impartial and critical observer any very high hopes of an American victory. As against a straggling few thousand National Guardsmen who have given little or next to no attention to rifle practice, there should be no doubt of the position of a compact organization of volunteers, who for over twenty years past have had several hundred thousand men giving much care to rifle practice. Yet for all this, there is no reason why the disparity should not be made up by renewed effort, and not as we now see, have the gap made wider by carelessness, over presumption and a disregard of the plainest precepts of good marksmanship.

MR. GEORGE DAWSON'S RETIREMENT from the editorship of the Albany *Evening Journal* marks the close of a notable newspaper career. His connection with the *Journal* has extended over more than half a century—a long time for active and continuous labor in any calling. He was first given employment on the paper when it was edited by the now venerable Thurlow Weed, with whom, from boyhood to the present hour, Mr. Dawson has enjoyed an unbroken friendship. The period of editorial service covered by these years was a most momentous one in the history of this nation and full of political crises, in all of which Mr. Dawson has taken an active and influential part. It is said that few men have declined more political offers than he. Now, having arrived at an age—he is over seventy—when most men, although their physical and mental vigor be unabated, naturally seek to throw off the burdens of active life, he has formally withdrawn from newspaper service to enjoy a well-earned leisure. Mr. Dawson, as all readers of this journal know, is an enthusiastic angler. He has been wittily referred to as one who "gave life to factions and death to fishes." We do not know how many of the famous Canadian salmon rivers he has fished, nor for how many summers he has made extended angling trips. We trust that there are many noble fish yet to be brought to gaff by his skill. In the pleasures of these angling excursions the readers of the *Journal* have usually participated, Mr. Dawson having written several series of charming letters from the woods. In 1876 a number of these papers were collected and published in a handsome volume under the title "The Pleasures of Angling," a book of which, we have found, it is now difficult to obtain a copy at the bookstores. The volume is an excellent model of angling literature—the finished work of a mature man and a graceful writer, natural and unaffected in style, and brimful of sentiments which are shared by all genuine followers of the craft.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.—Among the many specimens of photographs, made with the portable amateur outfits, which we have examined, none are more interesting than a number sent to us by our well-known correspondent. "Appe-kun-ny." One of them is a view of an Indian's aerial sepulchre, such as was described in the sketch, "Old Eagle Head's Sepulchre," in our issue of July 27.

THE FOREST AND STREAM PRIZE offered at the convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game has been awarded to the Onondaga County Fishing Club, of Syracuse. The particulars will be given in our next issue.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

IX.—THE DEER QUESTION.

I FIND that my sixth paper, which treated of killing deer out of season, has been very well received, and I am tempted to express some other views which, while believing that they will not be as palatable to all as the former ones, still are opinions which I entertain, and I see no good reason for withholding them through fear of their unpopularity. This would appear to me to be a cowardly course, and one dictated by fear of adverse criticism, and if those who take issue on this point will only stand up and maintain their point in FOREST AND STREAM and prove that the opinions are all wrong, I will find no fault, and even may be converted.

Deer in the Adirondacks are mainly killed in summer by "floating" or fire-hunting them at night in a boat. In the autumn they are hunted with hounds (except in St. Lawrence county, where it is forbidden), and still-hunted to a very limited extent. In the winter they are killed by crust hunting, a mode which is unlawful. Floating for deer is the most popular mode with both guides and sportsmen, and it is one of the laziest and unsportsmanlike of methods. Lazy because it involves no exercise of the body which sits in the canoe watching for the eyes of a deer to shine up from the light of the jack in the bow, and unsportsmanlike because the animal stands in a dreamy sort of way wondering what the light means which approaches its feeding grounds among the lily-pads. Added to this, it is often murdered with a charge of buckshot from a heavy fowling gun. I have said "murdered" deliberately, and will stick to that part of it at all hazards, and would like to see it made unlawful to use buckshot on a deer at any time.

My idea of shooting for sport is that the game must have a chance for its life, and that some skill should be required in the killing of it. Nor do I believe in killing a swimming deer by any means; let the animal get on its legs, at least. There are two methods of deer shooting to which no objection can be made; one is by still-hunting when there is no crust on the snow to cut their legs, and the other is to take a shot while the animal is before the hounds. The last, *ne judice*, is the highest style of sport and develops skill that its possessor may be proud of. The question of hounding *versus* still-hunting has been argued *pro* and *con* in many ways, and the gentlemen of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association are undoubtedly correct in saying that it is the best mode of keeping up the stock, and that one good still-hunter will kill more deer in a month than a party of six can with hounds, and that the deer do not fear the dogs as they do men. To still-hunt requires much knowledge of the woods and of the habits of deer, hence old woodsmen prefer it as the most certain. It develops manly qualities, brings health and muscle, and inures the body to fatigue, while it calls forth the exercise of the brain to circumvent an animal at once swift and wary. To kill a deer before the hounds requires patience, watchfulness, a quick shot and steady nerves. These qualities are those of the highest sportsmanship, but are not developed by floating or by killing a deer which has been run to water and is swimming for life, thereby becoming an easy prey to the man who has cartridges enough.

Our young men who go to the woods are too luxurious; and seem disinclined either to exert themselves or to seek more dangerous game than the deer. If they can lie in camp all day and at sundown step into a boat and be paddled up an inlet where the deer feed and kill one in an hour or two they are perfectly satisfied with the so-called sport, and return home without having wasted a drop of perspiration and think themselves heroes. If a man wants meat this is the easiest way to get it, but don't, O don't, term it sport. To my young friend going into the woods for the season, I would say: Never kill a deer out of season, nor while you have plenty of venison in camp; never kill one while swimming, and never allow yourself to get behind a jack light any more than you would set a trap or a spring gun to murder one. Kill your deer either by still-hunting, where your intelligence is pitted against that of your game, or shoot it fairly before the dogs. Follow these rules and you will learn to respect the qualities which will be developed in you, no matter if you do not have the numbers to boast of which those have who pursue the more effeminate methods.

Deer are more plentiful this year than in many years, a fact which is largely credited to a better observance of the law, and which I incline to believe to be the true reason. The guides are awakening to the fact that if the woods are full of deer it means business for them, and they are entering into the spirit of game protection, and certainly no more powerful aid can be given than their cordial support of the law, which prevents the extinction of the game upon which their livelihood so largely depends. Some guides have, to their honor be it said, given information to the game protectors of men who have opened the season on their own account, and have had them fined; and when this becomes to be a general custom throughout the Adirondacks the deer will swarm on the hills as before and the sportsmen will leave more hard cash among the hotels and guides than thrice the market value of all the venison killed. F. M.

ATTENTION IS CALLED to the advertising pages of this journal. All the principal sportsmen's goods dealers of this country are there represented.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WAR HORSE.

BY A. MULE.

"SHELB, was you in the war?" "I were in the scouts. I joined the cavalry first, but they found out that I knew something about woods and paths and sich, and put me into the scouts. I can't say I liked the service, though there was good pints about it. A man could go pretty much where he pleased so he kept to a general line of country, and of course this liberty was very agreeable to me, but then I never could get used to the idea of soldierin' without a gun."

"Why, didn't scouts have guns?"

"Nary gun. It was even agin orders to carry a six-shooter, though most of us did it. But you see our business was to run and not fight, and it was best to keep out of temptation. When a fellow had no weapons he had to run, while if armed he was always bein' tempted to do some bushwhacking on his own account. The Lord knows how many Yankee ginerals and colonels I mought have bagged if I had only done it. But it would have interfered with the General getting information, and to supply that alone was our business."

"You must have had some adventures, though."

"Well, I don't know that they amounted to that much, but I seed several things along during of the war.

"One time I jest dropped in to supper at a friend's house in North Mississippi, and hearing the family in the parlor I walked right in. There was nobody there but women, and they were looking mighty flustered about something. They were red-hot Union folks, but good friends of mine, and many a good point had I got by a sociable chat with them simple women. So I didn't mind their disturbed looks much, but arter passing the time of day and sich like I flopped down onto the sofy as natural as life.

"'Oh! Don't sit on that oncomfortable thing, Mr. McP.—,' they all squealed together.

"'Do, occupy the chair,' said the mother getting up out of the rocker.

"'Or maybe this would be more preferable to you,' said one of the gals, bringing up her little chair.

"'Why, I wouldn't take yer chairs for the world, ladies', I protested, and begged them to believe that most any sofy were softer than a saddle.

"Well, we had a reglar dispute about it, and one little miss about sixteen she come and got hold of me and wanted to pull me up anyhow. I laughed and got about half way riz, when her hold slipped and down I come again with a bump. And somebody grunted 'Good God'! and the women broke for other parts.

"'Hello,' sez I, 'what's that?'

"'It's me!' said a fine voice away down under the sofy. And, by hokey, there was a Yankee Major that had come over to see the gals and hid under the sofy. But he was too fat under the circingle by about six inches and the sofy just rested on him instead of the floor, and my cavortin' and bumping had been on him altogether."

"Did you capture him, Shelb?"

"Thunder, no. We never captured nobody without orders. I pulled him out and we all had a good laugh together, and a good supper besides. Though I won't say that I didn't get some points out of him, for that was my business. But we parted friends, and he sent me afterward a fine meerschaum pipe through the lines, with a word wrote on it: 'Sofa and yet so near.'"

"Did you never get captured?"

"Oh, yes, often, but I always got away by one means or another. Sometimes the Yanks would look rather jubius at me and begin to talk about spies. But I had on my uniform and regular orders in the pocket, so they couldn't say anything more. As for pure lyin' I always believed that was one of the arts of war, and indulged liberally whenever my position required it. One time I was ketched in a way I never heered of before. You see I was always fond of hoss-flesh, and during my leisure hours I had nothing to do but get up hoss races among the boys and trade around generally. Well, one time a fellow came along with a rattling pony that was a beauty, sure. He said he was a natural pacer and could outpace any hoss in the world. So all the pacin' stock in Forrest's division tackled him, and sure enough he got away with every cent we put up on our hosses. Somehow that pony got into my mind until I was just crazy to own him. So I traded for him at big figures, and rode off proud as a peacock.

"In a day or two I was sent out with a party toward the Yankees. They come on us rather unexpected, and pretty soon it got to be a question of speed with us, in other words we had to run like the devil. Off went everybody but me, and thar I was, Yankees a-comin up like hail, shootin' and a-yelling, my men running half a mile ahead, and me a diddling along on that cussed pony, whipping, spurring and cussin' all I knew how, and the pony doing his best, but he couldn't break his pace. He was a natural pacer, sure enough, and couldn't go another gait.

"Of course the Feds. just picked me and the pacer up like we was a sittin' down. I got away in a night or two, but I left the pacer."

"Didn't the Federals have their scouts, too?"

"I suppose they must. But they were not like ours, for certain; because being in a friendly country we could go unarmed anywhere, and get all the information the people had, while a blue uniform straying about was very quickly picked up by somebody. So their scouts must have been almost if not altogether spies—that is without their uniform, and going concealed.

"Did you have any regular system in your operations or every man go on his own hook?"

"Why, we couldn't have ran a week without a very rigid system. Suppose for instance, the General had his headquarters at a certain town and wished to know where the enemy was. Well, now spread out your fingers wide and you get an idea how we worked. First, say five men started on separate roads, all leading toward the enemy. After a greater or less interval five more were sent out, and so until the nails and joints of your fingers are represented each by a scout. In very important cases this system was extended to any stretch of country and any number of men.

"As soon as one of the first men discovered anything he dropped back, told the second and returned to his road. And so the news was rapidly carried to the General. Among so many some one was sure to find out what was wanted. One time, without knowing it, I had got entirely behind a Federal force out on a raid. And how to get back I did not know. Finally in despair, I determined to run through them. I knew they would be sure to just drop down and camp on both sides of the road, and made a little plan accordingly. So about 9 o'clock when everything was quiet I got up close to the pickets and put spurs to my horse full tilt down the road yelling, 'Whoa! whoa! stop that horse!' as loud as I could talk it out. Well, there was the very mischief to pay. Lots of Yankees lying in the road—run over and howling, scared to death—pickets shouting, 'Halt—halt!'—hosses breaking loose and neighing—the colonel a cussin' and damnin', 'Why don't you ketch that —— hoss?' And me lying flat on old Ball, and spurring and a shouting whoa! for dear life. I'm blessed if I believe they ever did find out what did it!"

"I should say that camp must have had very poor pickets and patrols," said I.

"Now, that's just it," said old Shelb. "What you read about in tactics is one thing, what the officers order is another, and what is actually done is the very last and most different. We scouts soon found out that it was almost safer to be in the enemy's camp than out of it and easy enough to get there if you tried. It did seem to me that if the big officers had known as much as we did, or would have believed us when we told them, that war would have been a very different affair. I firmly believe that the drawback in all wars is in the Generals getting skeared of each other. They are like two pinter dogs Tom S— uses; sometimes they pint each other by mistake and thar they stand, looking and afeared to stir until somebody comes up and gives them a kick to move 'em. Them high-blood dogs and scientific Generals stand waiting while one of my old cur fighters or a common man would run in and see what was what."

"But you must have been very lucky to escape so often?"

"Lucky is, may be, the right word for it, though I hardly spell it that way. My idee of luck is in a man keeping his eyes and ears open and his brains ready for business on the jump. One time I was ketched by some Federal cavalry, and as I was their only prisoner there was a poor show for me to get away. However, I rode along in the very middle of 'em, joking, laughing and making the best of it until we rode out into the woods a bit, for a noon halt. This was on a creek with pretty high banks and a smart chance of bushes about. About ten feet from whar I was I saw the biggest kind of a ball hornet's nest in a bush, and I begin to feel idees creeping all over me.

I kept sidling around until I got close up to the nest, and when all hands happened to not be looking my way, I up and hit that ball a tremenjous lick with a big riding switch I had. Good lord, how them insex did circulate among the hosses and men of that company. Thar was about a hundred of the cavalry, but in two minutes thar seemed to be a thousand. Every hoss seemed to think he ought to have been born a centerpede and was trying to make up the mistake now. Some run, some backed into the creek ker-slosh, some laid down and rolled over, but every one was a-buck-jumpin' all the time and all he knew how. About a dozen lit on me and my old mare and we went to dead plain running. I threw away the switch, and just held on to the mane. The hornets give me the devil, but I got away."

A TEXAS RIVER.

I HAVE a theme or subject here which I wish to suggest to some poet who will utilize it in the proper way. It is the river San Marcos. The river is all poetry, and so are all its surroundings. It reflects poetry, and poetry is reflected upon it. As it rises out of the earth in the grand fountain and moves along among the lily pads, ten to sixty feet deep, with stately and majestic step, it acts poetry; often it has escaped the deep pool and moves murmuring over the stony bed; it sings poetry, whose numbers may be distinguished by the dullest ear. Let some poet capture the poetry that it acts, and the poetry that it sings, putting it sometimes in a soft, low mellifluous verse, and sometimes in a grand outburst of song in rapid numbers. He need not write anything after that, for he will be immortal. The river will give him the poetry and the numbers; he need only put it in the right words. Translate this poet faithfully, and the poet who does it will place himself among the stars forever. Let him picture a beautiful water nymph, crowned with flowers and sparkling with gems, rising out of a fountain so bright that it may scarcely be called earthly, singing in the sweetest numbers of whence she came—from the profound grottoes in the earth; then let him picture her as she glides gracefully over the fountain; then as she enters the rapids and goes dancing away with the foam. Have we not here poetry for you, O, poet? If I were a poet myself, I would not betray to others this beautiful subject; I would cherish it until the work was done at my hands. But, alas, I am no poet, I am only a wandering gentleman tramp, with some æsthetic taste, to whom such high walks are forbidden. Yet, if I cannot be witty myself, I will "be the cause of wit in others," and therefore I freely tender unto them the nymph of San Marcos and her song and play. When you write your fine poetry think of him who gave you the cue.

This river is a very remarkable one. About a mile above the town of San Marcos, on the International Railroad, it rises suddenly out of the earth in one great, grand outburst of sparkling water, and moves away from this fountain a full-fledged river from the start. Just where it gushes up from the subterranean depths, it comes with such force that one often sees cones of water-dancing about on the surface like lunatics. They dance and dance until they sink away exhausted or burst to pieces in their mad joy. It is a peculiar sight, forsooth. The spring or great pool at the head of the river is about a mile in length, and often several hundred yards in width, a little lake of unsurpassed beauty. In some places it is said to be 60 feet deep, and yet the waters are so bright and pure that one can see the bottom as in a mirror, and count the glittering pebbles. Water lilies with gigantic leaves grow everywhere except in the deepest places, and it is delightful to see the fishes—black bass and perch—darting and glittering among these. Besides these, you may see blue cats leisurely moving about, as if in a high state of easy contentment, and on the bottom a graceful race of suckers maneuvering like armies in regular file. The fountain breaks forth at the foot of a rugged, lofty hill, but covered with live oak, elm and a wild entanglement of grape vines, loaded with purple grapes in their season. It is delicious to bathe in the great head fountain even in mid winter. The mountain that rises above it to the north is good protection should a blue-nose Texas norther whistle up at the time of the bath. There is no winter here except when the norther is blowing. N. A. T.

SAN MARCOS, Texas.

NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.*

A Trip from Quebec to Florida in the months of January and February, 1882.

BY J. U. GREGORY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In response to the request of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, I appear before you this evening to read my jottings by the way on my recent trip to Florida, the country of perpetual summer, orange groves and flowers, and a paradise for the lover of the gun and rod. My stay being but of a few weeks' duration, my notes are consequently not very extensive, and apply principally to what came under my personal observation, or to information gained from those with whom I came in contact.

I need not occupy your time with describing our journey to New York as full-fledged Quebec winter travelers, for this is easily imagined, but I shall begin with my departure from there. My traveling companion was the Baron de La Grange, a young French nobleman, who had been several months in Canada, enjoying its sports and wild scenery; an excellent companion and a good shot he proved himself to be, which very much added to the enjoyment of my trip.

On the 4th of January at three o'clock in the afternoon we left New York on the beautiful steamship Gate City, of the Savannah line. She is a vessel of 2,000 tons register, commanded by Captain Daggat, an excellent seaman and a courteous companion, to whom I commend the Southern traveler. The fare from New York to Jacksonville by this line is $25 all found. When we left New York the thermometer stood 31 degrees above zero, the sea was almost smooth, and the wind favorable. We were still wearing our Canadian winter clothing.

On the 5th, at nine o'clock in the morning, the thermometer had reached 36 degrees, the sea still smooth and the wind favorable. In the afternoon the thermometer reached 56. On each side of the vessel and for a long distance ahead might be seen hundreds of the sportive black porpoises racing and leaping out of the water, crossing and recrossing our bows, and greatly interesting the passengers on board. That night we passed the dreaded Cape Hatteras, and while enjoying a beautiful moonlit view of the sea we distinctly saw the light of the Hatteras lighthouse. The next day was much the same, with delightful clear weather, and the company of the passengers very agreeable.

On the 7th the thermometer in the early morning stood at about 62, and when we arrived at Savannah, which was at about 11 o'clock, it had reached 70. We steamed slowly up the Savannah River until we reached our wharf, which we found crowded with negroes, lounging among thousands of sacks of guano, bales of cotton and barrels of rosin. We noticed a great many of the large three-masted-schooner rigged vessels loading pine lumber for foreign ports, also several large steamers and sailing ships taking in cargoes of cotton, rosin, rice and other products of the country.

We dined that day at the Pulaska Hotel and then took a walk through the town. Our first impression of Savannah was not at all a favorable one, as the soil is sandy and the buildings in the business part of the town dingy in appearance; but on the outskirts are some very handsome residences, surrounded by flower gardens and shaded with trees of different Southern descriptions.

We here got our first sight of a Southern street railway, whose small cars are drawn by a span of mules, the driver lazily sitting upon a chair, lashing them on. He is often a negro, and appears to know everybody he meets, for he smiles, and bows and grins to a great many on each side of the road as he passes on.

Walking quietly along, I was soon greeted by a pleasant Quebec voice and a smile from Counselor Hans Hagens, who is spending the winter there for business purposes. Being nearly run over by a smart horse and buggy, I was astonished, on looking around, to find that the driver was another former Quebecer, no less a personage than the renowned Jim Ward, who appears to be thriving in his new home. A little further on another reminiscence of Quebec struck my ear. I heard the voice of a woman singing, and at once told my friend that I was certain I had heard that voice in Quebec. We turned a corner near by, and there, sure enough, accompanied, by an organ, was the large Frenchwoman who was seen last summer in the streets of this city. She informed me that she was flourishing in business, notwithstanding the language of her songs was not understood by the people. Here I thought I had done with Quebec, but a short distance further on another familiar sound greeted my ear, and we came upon a man in an artillery uniform, with a bright Russian helmet surmounted by bells and playing an accordion, drums and triangle. This poor fellow was perspiring freely under the weight of his warlike attire, and astonishing the darkeys with the multiplicity of his musical performances. My companion afterwards saw these two musicians in New Orleans, and says he thinks they are making *le tour du monde*.

Having some time yet to spare, we engaged a carriage and drove out to the beautiful cemetery at Bonaventure, a short distance from the city. This cemetery is possessed of the most tastefully arranged trees I have ever seen, consisting principally of the live oak, each branch of which is draped, in long hanging festoons, with the gray Spanish moss. These trees are perfectly regular, and almost entirely cover the long, broad, straight avenues running in different directions, their branches projecting across in such a manner as to resemble interlacing arches or the rafters of a church nave. The tombstones are plain but handsome, and surrounded by roses, magnolias, japonicas, camelias, oleanders, clematis and other beautiful flowering plants, many of which were in full bloom. The holly, with its red berries, was also there. The tree called the live oak is an oak which is at all seasons of the year in green leaf. From fissures in the bark of many of these trees were growing young ferns, which gave the trunks a remarkable appearance.

Our leisure time having now expired, we proceeded to the wharf to take passage on the steamer Florida for Fernandina. We parted with regret from our delightful old Captain Daggat, who had kindly introduced us to Captain Cusina, of the steamer on which we were then to embark for a journey of about 200 miles through the tortuous rivers, or rather lagoons, to our first landing place in Florida. We had met with great courtesy and politeness from everyone, and had been pressed to stay over in Savannah for some shooting and sight-seeing in the neighborhood, but our time would not permit us to accept these offers.

We left Savannah at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

*From the manuscript of a paper read before the Quebec Literary and Historical Society

The steamer was one of those large, flat-bottomed boats, with side-wheels, propelled by separate engines, and the boilers heated with pitch-pine wood thrown in immense fire-holes by a troop of darkey firemen, whose songs and jokes were very funny indeed. On our way up the river we passed a sucking dredge employed in deepening the channel. This dredge is of peculiar construction, and looks like a steamboat; it has a long, fifteen-inch pipe from behind which is dropped into the middle of the channel; the great wheels of the dredge stir up the mud, and so liquify it that it is easily sucked up by the pipe and poured into barges alongside, from which the water drains off, leaving the thick substance to be carried out of the channel. A passenger called this vessel "the government sucker," and said that it sucked a great deal more money than anything else. (We have such suckers here in Canada, but they are two-legged instead of two-wheeled.)

We were frequently detained on our journey, for some minutes at a time, by sudden fogs which would as suddenly lift, allowing us to proceed a few miles and then come on again. The sharp bends in the river necessitated the execution of extraordinary manœuvres to get around them. The bow of the steamer would be run on the bank, and then she would wiggle around till she turned as far as possible, then going ahead a little, soon taking the bank again for the same purpose. "Hook her up," the captain would sing out to the pilot, which means "full speed," and off she would go again till we would come to another bend, when the same manœuvring would be repeated. A good deal of the journey was made, first by the starboard wheel, then the port one, and often one wheel working against the other; but it was novel and very amusing.

The edges of the flat marshes, on each side of the river, were lined with oysters. There are no stones in Florida. Wherever anything in the shape of an island is seen, its low rocky appearance, left bare by the tide, is simply a bed of oysters, called 'coon oysters, and I know two 'coons who eat a good many of them.

On the 8th, in the morning, we saw many flocks of what are called raft duck, which are our common bluebills; we also saw hundreds of yellow-leg plover, curlew, oyster-catchers, and ricebirds. The latter is our singing bird, the bobolink, called by the Canadians the gougleu. When the bobolinks return to the South, they lose their handsome Northern plumage, and assume pretty much the color of our little sparrows. They feed upon the wild rice and get very fat, consequently they are much sought after for making game pies. We also saw the large and small heron, or white egret, the large blue heron, and the great scavenger, the bustard, the common cormorant and water turkey, which, I believe, is the Mexican cormorant, specimens of which I preserved later on.

The thermometer, this day, ranged from sixty-five to sixty-eight; it was exceedingly pleasant. The country, to our right, perfectly level, and to our left, the low, flat extent of marshes, through which could be seen the open sea, looking like a great lake.

At 4 P. M. on the 8th, we arrived at Fernandina. We had the pleasure of meeting here, a St. Hyacinthe French Canadian, a brother of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, who has been residing in the South for a number of years, and is connected with the line of steamers on one of which we had taken passage.

Before reaching Fernandina we had passed Cumberland Island, at the eastern extremity of the State of Georgia. Upon it stands Dunjeunnesse, a large house built of coquina, a conglomerate of shells. This was once the home of General Nathaniel Green, of American Revolution fame. In a quaint old burying ground near by, is the tomb of the celebrated American cavalry officer of the light horse, Harry Lee, father of General Robert E. Lee, who took such an active part in the late civil strife between the North and South, and made the memorable raid into Pennsylvania—ever memorable to me from the fact that I was in Philadelphia in 1863 when whole trains of wounded and dying Northern soldiers were brought in from the battlefield of Gettysburgh. Their groans, and sufferings can never be forgotten by one who saw and spoke to them.

Fernandina is a favorite wintering place. It was founded by the Spanish in 1632, and has a very interesting history, which I have not time here to speak of.

At 5 P. M., with the thermometer at about 78, we were seated in the cars which should have landed us in Jacksonville in an hour and a half. All went well on our journey for about half an hour, when we were nearly choked by the smell of burning grease and rags. The cars were stopped, and we found that the wheel packing had taken fire in the boxes; these were cooled off and replaced, and we started. We had not gone very far when some other boxes heated, and we were stopped again till they were cooled off, and fresh lubricants put in. This same thing occurred four times on our journey, which made it rather unpleasant, but it added variety to our previous delightful mode of traveling.

In our car we saw the first beautiful octoroon girl we had yet met; her eyes, glossy black waving hair, and figure were perfection, and one could hardly believe that the beautiful creature had any negro blood in her veins until attention was directed to the delicate yellow tinge of her complexion, and the peculiar dark hue surrounding the nails on her tapering fingers. Her companion was an ordinary negro woman—and such a contrast!

We reached Jacksonville at 8 P. M. and drove to the Carlton House, a large hotel near the river side, which is kept by two Northern proprietors who also have a hotel on the sea shore in Maine which they open in summer, closing the Florida house until winter, when they return again, thus enjoying a continual summer and appearing to thrive upon it.

On the 9th, having letters of introduction from our friends of the FOREST AND STREAM to Dr. Kenworthy, who goes by the *nom de plume* of "Al Fresco," we presented them, and were very kindly received at his beautiful home in Jacksonville, which we found surrounded by shady trees and flowers in full bloom. Dr. Kenworthy is an English physician who had practiced in England, Australia, and some portions of the United States before he came to Florida, where he was induced to remain on account of the wonderful health-giving properties of the climate, which thoroughly cured his delicate wife, who was suffering from weak lungs, and who is now a capital illustration of the curative powers of Florida's climate. Mrs. Kenworthy is the daughter of a British Admiral, whose name I do not remember.

The Doctor gave us much valuable information regarding the shooting and fishing of the country, and as the change of climate was fast telling favorably upon me, I felt all the ardor of the sportsman springing up within me, and was eager for the chase.

The thermometer this day was 79 in the shade, and I can assure you that, dressed as I was, I felt it. I had the pleasure of finding my old friend, Romeo H. Stevens, of Montreal, who had arrived a day or two before me. He was dressed in a white flannel summer suit, and being a portly gentleman of my own style we compared notes, which resulted in my visiting the shops for the purpose of procuring the lightest of underclothing. Fortunately I had with me my thinnest summer suit of serge, and in this I spent my time in Florida, never requiring anything warmer. But it is not well to be altogether without some fall or spring clothing as the country is occasionally subject to what they call a "norther," when the thermometer drops down to about 30, especially in the neighborhoods of Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and even a long distance up the River St. John, and when young plants and fruit are nipped; but such changes are of short duration and the weather soon assumes its usual warmth.

Jacksonville is situated on the left bank of the St. John, at a point where that noble river makes a sharp bend to the east. The city presents a very attractive appearance from the water, and its higher points command a pleasing outlook upon the stream and low-lands along the opposite shore. It is favorably situated for commerce, and does an extensive trade in lumber. Nearly all the railroad and steamer lines of the State center at Jacksonville, whence enormous quantities of fruit and vegetables are shipped to foreign ports. The city is lighted by gas, is possessed of an excellent system of water works from artesian wells, and is thoroughly drained, has several public schools, a circulating library and free reading room, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Catholic churches, banks, public halls, newspapers and telegraphic connections with all points. The population is about 15,000 souls. The rate of growth is very rapid, and the city is destined to be one of the great industrial centers of the United States. It is noted as a resort for invalids, especially those suffering from pulmonary complaints.

Florida was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, who sailed under the British flag, in 1497, and who also discovered Newfoundland. In 1525 Naverez took formal possession of it for Spain. The first settlement was made at the mouth of the St. John River, by a Frenchman named Ribault, in 1562. Then came a colony of Huguenots, in 1564, who settled eighteen miles from the entrance of the St. John River, on the south side, and called their settlement Caroline, which was totally destroyed by the Spaniards in 1565. In 1569 De Gougues, a Frenchman, revenged this massacre by killing the entire Spanish garrison quartered at Fort Caroline. The Spaniards founded a colony at St. Augustine, in 1565, which is said to be the first permanent town in North America. Many relics authenticating this fact still exist. In 1584 the Spanish authority extended as far as Georgia on the north and the Mississippi on the west. In 1586 Drake, the English filibuster, plundered St. Augustine, and Seminole Indians also pillaged it in 1611. Pirates, said to be English, sacked it in 1665. Pensacola was afterward settled by the Spaniards in 1669. In 1702 St. Augustine successfully resisted an attack, and in 1740 was captured by Col. Oglethorpe, of Georgia, then a British possession. In 1763 Florida was ceded by Spain to Great Britain, who only kept possession of it for one year, when they gave it back to Spain in 1764.

During the English occupation, the population of the entire State was only 600 whites. In 1812 the United States captured Florida from the Spaniards, and one year after gave it back to them. In 1818 the Spanish port at Pensacola was occupied by British soldiers, and General Jackson captured it for the United States. In 1819 Spain sold and ceded Florida to the United States, and it remained a portion of its territory until 1849, when it was admitted as a State of the Union. In 1861 it seceded and espoused the Confederate cause, but was speedily captured by the Northerners.

You can now understand why, for over three centuries, this country remained in an unsettled state. It certainly does not appear to have been very highly valued by either Spain, England or the United States, for even when given by Spain to Great Britian or the United States it was, in both instances, returned about a year afterward, I suppose because it was not considered worth keeping. However, since it has been admitted as a State, and particularly since the war between the North and South, energetic Northerners have been flocking into the country, and with true Yankee instinct have discovered and are fast developing its dormant resources. Even English capital, which has done so much to build railroads in other portions of America, is now being largely employed there for the same purpose.

Florida is the furthermost south of all the United States, and a great portion of it is a peninsula, projecting between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. Its peculiar position, with its ocean and gulf surroundings, makes it unlike any other country in the same latitude and longitude; there being no mountains or even hills of any size, the winds of the Atlantic sweep over it by day from east to west, and at night a gentle, cool breeze from the Gulf passes over the land in an opposite direction. One can only realize the delights of the climate by a visit to the country and a sojourn there of a few weeks. I was informed that Florida is nowhere more than 500 feet above the level of the sea, and this rise is almost imperceptible as it is so gentle, and extends over such a great distance. There are lakes in every direction varying from one to fifty miles in length.

Speaking from my own experience, as to the heat, I must say that while out shooting, when walking, especially in the middle of the day, I frequently felt very hot, but on turning completely round in another direction, I invariably felt a cool refreshing breath of air, as there is always more or less breeze which purifies and vivifies the atmosphere. The average temperature in winter is about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and in summer seldom over ninety. No case of sunstroke has ever been known to occur, nor, it is alleged, has a dog ever gone mad in Florida.

How delightful this climate appeared to me, when sitting upon a shaded verandah, lightly clad, with a Quebec newspaper in one hand, and a delicious orange in the other, the paper speaking of the thermometer being away down below zero, and snow over so many feet deep. The contrast was a novelty never to be forgotten by a Quebecer who enjoyed it in the latter part of January. How I did pity you poor mortals.

Some people have chills and fever during the summer, especially in localities bordering on swamps and creeks, but they pretend they are no worse than in the Western States, nevertheless, Florida affords many places said to be perfectly free from miasma, but they are all found upon the numerous sea-islands, and along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, or in the naturally well-drained pine lands of the interior.

Pine lands largely predominate, of fair producing quality,

comprising the pitch and yellow pine. There are also extensive tracts of what is called "hamak lands," high and low, covered with a dense growth of hard wood, such as live oak, white oak, cypress, gum trees, hickory, cabbage palmettoes, red cedars, magnolias, oleanders, and other varieties which I need not enumerate.

The "hamak lands" are adapted to the growth of tropical fruits, the leading species of which are the orange, lemon, lime, citron, banana, plantain, pineapple, guava, pomegranate, and several kinds of nuts and grapes. The black Hamburgs grow out of doors, but they are not equal to those cultivated under glass by our worthy president.

I saw no potatoes growing in the country, other than the swell potatoes. What they call the "Irish potatoe," our old-fashioned "Murphy," will grow there, but all that came under my observation were imported from the North, and selling at about from $6 to $8 per barrel, and were served out sparingly I can assure you.

Cotton, sugar-cane, and rice are extensively grown, in fact I believe that anything will grow there if the ground is well enriched with powerful fertilizers. It appears plain enough to every one that the climatic advantages possessed by Florida are counterbalanced by the porosity of her soil. It costs $50 a year per acre to keep an orange grove properly fertilized, and when this is neglected, the effect can be easily seen by the sickly appearance of the trees.

The orange is the leading crop. Three years after the transplanting of the young tree, it commences to bear and become remunerative, and at ten years old it yields handsome profits, some trees giving as much as $100 yearly returns. Oranges usually ripen late in November or December and if left there remain on the tree till March, constantly drawing nourishment from the sap, and daily growing larger, more juicy, sweet and delicious, but these oranges will not stand a long journey. Those of the Indian River district, where I made my longest stay, are renowned and justly so, for they deserve it.

Fancy a Quebecer picking such oranges off the trees in February, stepping out into the garden in the morning, collecting a handful of crisp, cool radishes and lettuce—yet dear old Quebec has her charms, as we all know, and we return to her with happiness, but a little break in the long winter months is very desirable, and I must say that Florida, so easily reached, affords a delightful change.

There was a peculiarity that struck me forcibly, it was the lank, sallow faces of some of the natives; they seem to run to a point or an edge. The country white children are the color of putty in complexion, their lips perfectly white, and all have a very lazy look. If you stop to talk to a man or woman anywhere near a fence, building or tree, they will lean against it before answering. They always appear to want propping up; they lack the vim of a true Northerner. I felt like a racer beside some of these fellows.

One noticeable feature of the population is the small number of foreign-born people and the very few Irish. I only met one Irishman who had a true touch of the brogue, Mr. Barbour says in his extensive travels in Florida, and I fully corroborate this from my experience.

There is quite a colony of Swedes near Sandford and a few Germans here and there. In the northern part of the State there still dwell some of the old Southern aristocratic families. They are few in number, and trying to accustom themselves to the new state of affairs consequent upon the destruction of the system of slavery under which they formerly flourished.

The negroes form a great portion of the population in the larger towns, and a strange, funny set of beings they are. They are not over industrious, very improvident, and light-hearted. A little hominy and pork, a cup of coffee sweetened with syrup, and an occasional fish, so easily caught, is their principal food. The last meal of the day over, fun begins, and banjos, fiddles and guitars can be heard in many directions. A jig is played, and then their feet—and, oh, such feet!—begin to keep time and become uncontrollable, a broad smile overspreads his countenance, his mouth enlarges, lips puff out with a grin, off goes his jacket, up jumps Sambo, and, with a tremendous chuckle and peculiar yell he is off in a double-shuffle, and will keep it up till he drops from sheer exhaustion. As a rule, the blacker the darkey the better and truer the man. The yellow fellows are considered lazy and conceited in most cases.

On the 10th of January, through the kindness of Dr. Kenworthy, we were invited by Captain Hains to take a trip on the Savannah, Florida & Western Railway, to a place called "Convict Camp," thirty-six miles from Jacksonville. Our object was to shoot quail, of which we were told we would find plenty. As we had no dog of our own, we engaged a negro called Joe to go out with us and bring his setter, which, he said, was staunch on such game.

We arrived at our destination at nine in the evening, and were met by the guards of the State prison, whom we followed to the quarters prepared for us, in a large room in which some ten or twelve of the force lodged. A good meal was soon laid before us, and we were waited upon by a smart young darkey named Charlie, who was dressed in the prison garb—black and white stripes. Our boy Joe took a seat, sullenly, in a corner, crying and evidently in great distress, and refused all food. He sobbed so much that we really pitied him, and tried to ascertain the cause of his sorrow, but without success, as we could not obtain any satisfactory answer. I called Charlie over to me and told him to try and get Joe outside and learn from him what was the matter, which he did, and soon came back and told us that Joe believed he had been fooled by us, that we had brought him out there with the intention of making him a prisoner, he was sure of it, and had confessed to Charlie that two of his brothers were already convicts at that station. Joe must have felt that if he was not there also it was through no fault of his. My impression was that he had an idea that he deserved to be there, and felt unsafe in consequence; he neither ate nor slept that night. Charlie, with his remarkable anxiety to be useful and agreeable, said he would introduce us, the next morning, to Joe's brothers. I answered that we had no objection to see some other members of Joe's family, but could do without the introduction.

The State of Florida utilizes its convicts in an excellent manner, and Georgia adopts a similar plan. So soon as a person is convicted of a crime, for which the penalty is imprisonment exceeding three months, he is sold to the railway company for $15 per annum, and sent out to the camps to work. The company feeds and clothes him, and is responsible for his safe keeping. There were 160 men, nearly all black, and about eight women, of whom four were black and the remainder white. They were housed in log buildings, surrounded by stockades. The women have separate quarters, and do the sewing, mending, and making of the prisoners' clothing. Any men who are unfit for hard labor, from physical infirmity, wash, cook, and keep the premises in order. The punishment for infringement of discipline is inflicted with a long, broad leather strap, the number of lashes being dependent upon the gravity of the misdemeanor. They are fed on corn-meal cake, pea soup, hominy (which is corn boiled like rice) and pork. One ox is killed every week to afford fresh meat.

When we arrived there, it being night, we found that the prisoners were all locked up in their sleeping quarters. After supper the assistant superintendent invited us to look at them. We found the men lodged in two long buildings, constructed of large pine logs, with plenty of space between each log. These structures were about 100 feet long. Within, raised about two feet from the earth, on either side of the passage, and extending its whole length, was a long bed, about 8 feet wide, capable of holding 100 men, 50 occupying each side. On these were sleeping the convicts in their working clothes, their great black feet near the edge of the bed, and their heads resting on blocks of wood. At each end of the passage was a square box, 3 feet high by 4 feet wide, filled with earth, upon which were burning pitch-pine knots, lighting up the interior and emitting an odor of burning rosin. Each prisoner's leg was in an iron ring, from which hung a chain about 4 feet long, fastened to another chain running the whole length of the building. They were covered with light blankets, but many of them had kicked theirs off. Outside, at the four corners of each building, stood the guards, armed with double-barreled guns loaded with buckshot. No prisoner is allowed to rise without permission, or speak to another until four o'clock in the morning, when free speech is permitted until breakfast time, which is six o'clock. After breakfast they are chained in gangs of nine, with a guard over each gang, and marched off to the work on the road, where each one still carries his leg chain. They work till dinner-hour, their food being sent out to them, and at the expiration of the hour allowed for this meal they resume their labors until six o'clock in the evening, when they are again chained in gangs and carried back to the stockade by the labor train.

I noticed three or four good-looking white men, who, I was informed, had been convicted for embezzlement or something of the kind. They were chained to negroes, and fared no better. When prisoners attempt to escape, a pack of hounds, kept for the purpose, is put on their track, and by following their scent never fails in coming up with them, and they are overtaken by the guards on horseback. Some of the prisoners, by good conduct and usefulness, are allowed considerable freedom; these are called "trusties" and are not chained. Of such was our attendant Charlie, who was a good, bright boy. While serving us at table I asked him how long he had been there, he answered, "For five years." "How long are you in for?" I then asked. "For life, sir," said he. "What did they send you here for, Charlie?" "Because I killed a man, sir." "What did you kill a man for?" "Because, sir, he killed my father with a gun; I grabbed the gun and shot him dead. I was tried for murder. The judge said I had no right to take the law in my own hands, and I was condemned here for life. I was here three years before I became a trusty, and I have been a trusty nigh on two years."

Charlie's case is certainly a hard one, and he meets with very much sympathy. The guards told me they expected the Governor of the State would pardon him very soon.

By the means I have mentioned of disposing of her convicts, Florida saves, in keep and attendance, over $12,000 a year, when the amount of $15 per head is taken into account. The railroad company thus have constantly on hand a certain number of men whom they can force to work, and by this means the road is mostly built, the State of Georgia doing the same at its end, as the road lies between the two States. There is considerable free labor employed in addition to convict labor, but it is not reliable, for the darkeys will not work if they can help it, and white people are very scarce, and will not work with niggers.

As soon as a darkey earns a few dollars he leaves for some of the large cities, rigs himself out in new clothes, buys sweets and cigars, and spends the balance of his money in fun and frolic; but when it is all gone he is a "hard-up" looking fellow indeed until he gets a new job.

When the work in the vicinity of the stockade is completed, the old buildings, which are mere log huts, are abandoned, the prisoners moved further off and new buildings erected by them which they occupy as long as required, when they emigrate again.

Sunday is a real holiday for the convicts, and they do pretty much as they please. After church service they engage in games and singing. Some of the old men preach very good sermons and lecture the young ones on the evils of their ways, but I believe fun predominates, as it is the nature of the negro to be very light-hearted.

To observe a lot of negroes, men, boys, women and girls, lounging around the wharves and railroad stations, and listen to their chatter is very amusing. They are constantly quizzing each other, and the chuckles and hearty laughter they indulge in is very funny. They often have good voices, and two or three of them will take a song in parts, executing it in a manner equal to any minstrel performance.

On the 11th, after breakfast, with one of the guards as a guide, we left our quarters for a ramble through the forest and swamps, and soon came upon quail. These beautiful, gamy little creatures generally found in coveys of twelve or thirteen birds, when flushed fly off two or three acres, alight and separate. The dogs point them as they do snipe, and when again flushed they rise singly or one or two together. They flew so swiftly that we found them very difficult to hit, or else they must have carried away lots of our shot; however, we managed to bag twenty-six to our two guns. They are found on the open portions of the pine lands.

While tramping along the edge of the forest, I came suddenly upon a large black snake, six feet long, and not knowing what his intentions might be, I gave him the contents of one of my gun-barrels through the head, which I regretted afterwards on being informed that this species, called the king snake, is harmless to human beings, but a deadly enemy of the dreaded rattlesnake, which it vigorously attacks, and quickly kills by winding itself around its foe, and exerting its constricting power. I may here mention that I saw no rattlesnakes in Florida, and that they are seldom met by any one. The hogs, running wild, sand cranes, and other large birds destroy a great many snakes of all kinds. One kind, called the moccassin snake, is very common in the swamps. It is not known to attack anyone, but will strike if stepped upon, and although its bite is venomous, it is not so deadly in its effects as that of the rattlesnake.

All strangers carry whisky with them as an antidote against the poison from the fangs of the rattle, as well as the mocassin snake. It appears that when bitten, a pint of whisky must be drunk as quickly as possible, which, it is said, is absorbed into the system, neutralizing the poison. Many travelers carry quite a quantity of whisky for the purpose also of qualifying the water, often using more of the qualifier than of the other article.

During part of this day we were in extensive pitch-pine forests, where we witnessed the manner in which the gum from that tree is collected for the purpose of making turpentine, rosin, and pitch. Large slices are cut out of the side of the trees, the thick gum soon fills up these wounds, when it is scraped off and carried to a building near by, where it is distilled into turpentine, the residue making rosin and pitch, which are among the leading exports of the country.

The pine woods are remarkable, the trees being almost uniform in size, growing very high, and branchless until within about fifteen feet of the top, where they shoot out in all directions; the branches of one tree almost touching those of another, thereby forming a shady grove. The trees are seldom in closer proximity to each other than fifteen or twenty feet, with no bush between them, and were it not for the fallen, decayed trees here and there, one might drive a coach and four for miles through such a forest without difficulty. The land is sandy and consequently dry, and covered with short coarse grass.

Outside of the pine wood one comes upon swamps, which are seldom deep. I saw none of them where boots over the knees would be required, the general depth being about up to the ankle. In these swamps are found the snipe, which makes Florida its winter quarters.

I was told by non-residents that the water of Florida was not wholesome, but the old settlers deny this, and we frequently drank it out of the swamps and creeks, without mixing it with the "qualifier," never experiencing any bad effects, and as we were not bitten by venomous snakes, we did not poison ourselves with liquor, which, by the bye, costs a dollar and a half a bottle, and, I should say, would kill at forty yards.

The thermometer, during the entire day, stood at about 78 in the shade, but the heat was tempered by a delightful breeze.

Our time having expired, we left Convict Camp for Jacksonville, by the evening train. On our arrival we found invitations awaiting us, to attend a "hop," given by the Florida Yacht Club, which we accepted, and had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of some of Florida's fairest ladies, who, with the gentlemen, were very agreeable. They speak the English language without the nasal twang noticeable in some Northerners. The dancing was to the music of a band of Italians with harp, flute and violin, and was kept up until shortly after twelve. The refreshments consisted simply of lemonade, oranges, and cakes, no wines or spirits of any kind being allowed. The gentlemen were dressed in their afternoon suits, swallow-tails and white chokers being quite a rarity; in fact, one need not make any display of the kind, as it would not be appreciated. The figures of the dances were called out by a member of the committee, who stood upon a platform near the musicians, for the purpose. We also had the pleasure of meeting at our hotel, Mr. George M. Barbour, who has written an excellent book on Florida, and from whom we obtained much valuable information.

On the 12th, after lunch, we hired a negro with a boat, to row us upon the river, and taking fishing tackle with us, we were soon engaged catching fish called sheepshead. To those accustomed to fly-fishing for salmon and trout, the catching of sheepshead with a hook baited with shrimps, is pretty tame work, and we soon gave it up.

We were in the immediate neighborhood of an extensive orange grove of several hundred trees, loaded with luscious, ripe fruit, the odor of which was wafted towards us by the refreshing breeze. The thermometer was at about seventy-three degrees, and a pleasant breeze.

We directed our boatman to land us, which he soon effected, and passing through an avenue of live oaks, we entered the beautiful grounds of Mr. Mitchell, a wealthy gentleman, whose northern home is in Wisconsin, and whose family spend the winter months here. We walked through the groves, carefully keeping our hands behind our backs, thinking it would give us a very honest appearance, as we were treading upon tempting ground, and the inclination to pluck an orange was almost irresistible. When we came opposite the house we observed a couple of ladies on the verandah bareheaded, and evidently engaged in some fancy work. We apologized for our intrusion, and at the same time handed them our cards, after which we were very kindly invited to walk over another portion of the grove and taste of the different varieties of oranges, one of the ladies offering to conduct us. You can well imagine that the offer was thankfully accepted. We were handed oranges of four or five varieties, all perfectly delicious. We also saw the date palm tree growing from a seed brought by Mrs. Mitchell from Egypt, and planted by herself in this grove, and appeared to be flourishing. Around the house were several kinds of roses, japonicas, jessamines, camelias, and other plants in full bloom, from which handsome bouquets were composed, and given to my companion and myself as a souvenir of our visit.

Near Jacksonville, and for many miles up the St. John River, on either side, are many beautiful residences, the winter homes of wealthy Northerners who spend this season in the sunny South. Among others, is the romantically situated cottage of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, at the delightful spot called Manderin. All these residences are surrounded by orange groves and flower gardens, the air in all directions being perfumed with their sweet and delicious odor.

On the 13th at one P. M., we left Jacksonville, on board the steamer George M. Bird, for Orange City, about 200 miles up the St. John River. The thermometer during the greater part of that day stood at about 76. By the attention and courtesy of Mr. Orr, the representative in Jacksonville of the firm of Messrs. Leve & Alden, passenger agents, we were allotted room No. 8, the largest and most comfortable on board the boat. I may mention here that having bought our tickets in Quebec, from Mr. Harris, the obliging agent here of Messrs. Leve & Alden, this gentleman very kindly wrote on to the office in Jacksonville, requesting them to show us some attention, and their effort in our behalf tended greatly to our comfort, and was very much appreciated. The steamer was heavily laden with freight, among which was a large quantity of hay in bales from the State of Maine. The hay and oats for the working horses and mules in Florida, I believe, all comes from the North, as their own grass is of a rough, wild description, and not sufficiently nourishing for working animals.

We were about twenty cabin passengers, and the decks

were covered with negro laborers going to work on a new railroad, several of whom "jumped," as they style it, and escaped at the first and other landing places, especially those who had got a dollar or two paid to them in advance. Our boat was not a very fast one, consequently we had ample time to enjoy the scenery.

On the 14th at nine A. M., we had reached Lake George. The thermometer was then at 72, the weather pleasant and refreshing from a light southwest breeze, and our route was due south. On the way out we passed orange groves on both sides.

After leaving Lake George we came into the narrow river, the boat almost touching its banks. On the projecting logs or dead trees could be seen, three or four in number at a time, large turtles called coolers. On nearing them they would slide off into the water. Here we saw our first alligator, a big fellow about ten feet long, lazily basking in the sun. We counted seventeen of them on our way up the river, and also saw quite a number of the beautiful wood duck, which appeared to be very tame, as they would remain in the water till the steamer approached within gunshot.

At five in the evening we arrived at Orange City wharf, where we engaged a wagon to carry us to the city, two miles back, and took quarters at the only hotel, which was a long building, one story high, surrounded by a broad verandah, with a door and window to each bedroom off the verandah. Orange City can hardly be called a city yet. It is comprised within a radius of two miles, and numbers about 500 souls, nearly all of whom are Northern people. We met here a Doctor Martin, who had formerly lived in Montreal, Judge Stillman, formerly of Woodstock, and a Mr. Scannell, of St. John, New Brunswick. Most of the other inhabitants are from Wisconsin, and all are engaged in the establishment of orange groves, and evidently doing well.

On the 15th, in the morning, we hired a large wagon with two cream-colored horses, and started on our journey of thirty miles through Volusia county to within seven miles of Port Orange on the Atlantic. When leaving Orange City by a road through the pine forests, our driver said we were then passing through French avenue. My Parisian companion could not understand why it was so styled, as he declared that it did not resemble in the slightest degree any remarkable avenue of Paris or elsewhere in France. Our horses never proceeded faster than a walk, notwithstanding the road was perfectly level; the only hill we descended or ascended could not have been more than from six to eight feet high, and appeared to me to have been the bed of a dried up creek.

The road was sandy and consequently heavy. We drove for about a mile through a cypress swamp, the water up to the hubs of the wagon wheels, and the branches of the trees almost meeting overhead. Here we saw the remarkable air plant, which appears to grow wherever it is hung up. In appearance, it is very like the top leaves of the pineapple, with a soft bulb and projecting from the center of the leaves is a stem with pretty red flowers. We passed several herds of the native cattle, browsing upon the wild grass. Cattle-raising is a very profitable business, and herds of several hundreds are owned by different proprietors, each having his own cattle marked differently, after which they are allowed to run wild, but receive occasional visits. They are small in size and not very fat, and are shipped in great numbers to Cuba, and other West India Islands. Milk cannot be obtained from any of the settlers, as these cattle give none, except during a short period when they have their young, and then the quantity is barely sufficient for the calves. Hogs, many so wild and degenerated that they resemble the European wild boar, can be seen in every direction, their tusks often being from six to eight inches in length. They afford many a choice meal for the alligators, great numbers being devoured by them.

These "thieving varmints," as the natives call the alligators, will quietly come upon the river banks, or out of the swamps (where there is water enough to cover their backs), stretch themselves at full length, lazily dozing in the sun, with an eye half open, until some foolish pig, calf or dog, impelled by curiosity, comes up close to him, when, with a sudden lash of his long tail and as sudden a turn of his huge head, the innocent animal is tossed between his open jaws, where he is sure to be caught, if not by the body, by a limb, and immediately conveyed to the nearest water by the alligator, who soon drowns his victim and then drags him ashore, when, if there are any of his own kind around, they all come to the feast. An alligator fight takes place, and to the victor go the spoils.

At noon, near a fresh-water stream, our horses were unharnessed and fed, and we took our lunch, consisting of corn-cake, canned meat and oranges, after which, when walking along the stream, we came across the first moccasin snake we had ever seen. This reptile was over three feet long, and as thick as a man's wrist. As we had nothing in our hands to strike him with we kept at a respectful distance, and he quickly disappeared in the wet grass.

The horses again harnessed we proceeded on our journey, and about 6 o'clock in the evening arrived at our destination, Waverly, a settlement of four or five houses in young orange groves near the Spruce River or Creek. There we found two brothers named Lefman keeping bachelors' quarters, to whom we had letters of introduction from some friends in New York. These two young men were formerly employed in a New York dry goods establishment, but the house having failed some five or six years ago, they sought their fortune in Florida, where they bought 160 acres of land, called a homestead, on which they built themselves a small house, and are now living there without male or female help, with the exception of a man or two employed occasionally, to assist them in their annual labors of fertilizing and preparing the soil around their orange trees. The senior of the brothers attends to the household affairs, while the younger one is engaged in making all he can out of the sale of fruit from their bearing trees, and trading anything that he can make a dollar by.

As Waverly was our home for several days, it may not be uninteresting for my sporting friends to know what we paid for bed and board. We accepted our host's offer to lodge and find us in food, including as many of the finest description of Florida oranges as we cared to eat, for $6 a week each. Of course with our guns and fishing tackle we contributed considerably toward the supply of fresh meat and fish. However, this was not taken into consideration in our host's offer. They supplied us with bread (principally corn bread), oatmeal porridge, rice, eggs, chickens, pork, canned meats, sweet potatoes, oysters, lettuce radishes, coffee, tea and preserved milk; I nearly forgot to enumerate butter. I have already mentioned to you that no fresh milk can be had here; therefore all the butter used is salted and imported into that warm climate from the North. You can imagine how strong it becomes. I so lost my taste for the article that I have not eaten butter, fresh or salted, since the 14th day of January last, and I believe I am very much less inclined to biliousness in consequence. We all slept in separate beds, in the same room, our party consisting of my companion, the two brothers (owners of the place) and myself. A we took a great deal of exercise we retired at an early hour, and were up betimes in the morning.

Our senior landlord told me that while living in the North he was a martyr to asthma, and generally, for several nights following his frequent attacks, was compelled to sit up nearly the whole time in great distress, but since he came to reside in Florida, no child could have enjoyed sounder sleep than he did, his complaint being altogether cured, which happy results he attributed entirely to the healing properties of the climate. I met several other persons who claimed that they had experienced the same perfect relief since coming to the country; and this fact contributes largely to the settlement of Florida by Northern invalids.

Near us were three or four families of old settlers or squatters, styled by the Northerners, "crackers," and by the negroes, "white trash." One person told me that they derived their name from a habit they had of carrying a horse-whip around with them when they visited the towns, and cracking it, under the impression that it gave them style, but I could not arrive at a satisfactory solution of the reason for their being called "crackers." Both men and women are inveterate smokers and chewers of tobacco. They have an odd mode of traveling, and when one of them adopts any other method, his friends accuse him of putting on "Northern airs," and of "going back" on them. They always hitch their one horse or mule to a small cart, and saddle the animal, the man riding him, his long legs often nearly touching the ground. It is perfectly immaterial whether the cart is loaded or not, in either case the driver rides the horse or mule, seated on a wooden saddle, thus imposing a double burden upon the poor beast.

The morning after our arrival my companion and I each hired a "cracker" to row us, in two skiffs, down the river for an alligator hunt; also for the purpose of fishing what they call trout, which is Southern black bass. After having started, I asked my man, who was an easy-going fellow, but a good boatman, about twenty-five years old, by what name I should call him. He answered that his name was Juniper. "What is your Christian name?" was my next question. "Why! Juniper," said he again. "Then what is your family name, Juniper?" "Pig, sir," said he. "Oh! you are Mr. Juniper Pig, are you?" "Yes, sir," said he., "Have you any brothers and sisters?" "Yes, sir," he answered, "I have one sister and one brother." "What is your sister's name, Juniper?" "Her name, sir, is Florida, Florida Pig." "And your brother, what is he called?". "Manderin Pig." I afterwards learned that the family name is spelled Pegue, and should be pronounced Peg, but Juniper was perfectly content with it when called Pig.

Our trip of several miles down the river, opposite to Mosquito Inlet, on the Atlantic, was full of adventure, and the country through which we passed, strange in scenery. On either side could be seen the cabbage and other palmetto trees, Spanish bayonet palms, cypress, live oak, red cedar, banana, orange, lemon, lime, fig, sugar cane, oleander bush and cactus, growing wild, the odor of the wild verbena mingling with that of the orange, perfuming the air. We had not proceeded far when we found ourselves among the alligators, which would slip off the bank into the river, at our approach. We counted thirteen of them both large and small, swimming about sixty yards from us at one time. Their bodies were altogether submerged, the only part visible being the slightly elevated portion of their flat head and eyes. We popped away at them right and left, and from the manner in which they made the water fly, must, I think, have hit several, but by very carefully approaching their known haunts my companion managed to kill two and myself one while they were on the bank. We caught twenty-seven sea and black bass, the total weight of which was 210 pounds. All the rivers and lakes of Florida abound with fish.

Returning after dark we saw hundreds of fire flies flashing their lights to and fro along the banks of the river. What a January sight for a Quebecer!

Before proceeding further I shall mention some of the fur, feather and fin tribes of the locality. The fur tribe consists of deer, bear, wild cat, fox, raccoon, opossum, hare, squirrel, the large black and tan fox, and an occasional panther. The birds are the wild turkey, quail, wild pigeon, or dove, snipe, woodcock, several varieties of ducks and teal, pelican, large and small white and blue heron, egrets, sand cranes, red ibis, pink and other curlew, plover, lark, oyster bird and reed bird. The fishes are bass, pike, roach, bream and sheepshead in the fresh and brackish water, and enormous sea fish in great varieties in salt water.

During our stay at Waverly, we occupied our time in fishing and shooting. The hunting of deer, 'coons, and opossums is carried on principally at night, when it is called "fire hunting" or "shining." I will endeavor to describe the manner in which these hunts are conducted. A dark night is always the most favorable for the purpose. We leave the house as soon as the darkness sets in, the leader carries on his shoulder a pole, at the end of which is an iron pan about eighteen inches square containing a few pieces of pitch pine wood which, when lighted up, serves as a torch or flambeau; behind him follow the sportsmen with their loaded guns, accompanied by a couple of deer hounds, the utmost silence being maintained, for fear of disturbing the game. Long tramps are made through the woods, until the feeding grounds are reached, when great care is taken to observe any shining eyes. The reflecting light causes the deer to stand still, and gaze at it, their eyes appearing like gleaming stars. When within about 60 or 80 yards, a motion from the hand of the leader will direct his followers to where he observes the animal's eyes. Aim then should be taken between them, about two or three inches lower than they appear, when, if the shot is well directed, it should strike the animal in the breast. As there are a great many cattle roaming over the same grounds, care must be taken not to mistake them for deer. For one who is accustomed to this kind of hunting, it is very easy to distinguish the difference, as cattle's eyes are set further apart than those of deer. My companion, on his first expedition, not properly understanding this mode of distinguishing between a deer and a cow, and being eager to get a shot, unfortunately hit a cow, but luckily did not kill her. Of course this matter was hushed up and kept very quiet while we were in Florida, for there is a very heavy penalty incurred by killing or injuring other people's cattle. When a deer is struck, and not killed outright, the dogs will follow it till it falls from exhaustion; the sportsmen being guided by the hounds' cries, soon come up to the wounded animal and quickly dispatch it.

Raccoon hunting is conducted in a very simple manner. As soon as the dogs get on a fresh scent, they follow it until they come up to the 'coon, which generally takes to a tree, and quickly reaches one of the topmost branches, crouches as close to the end of it as possible, the dogs meanwhile yelling at the foot of the tree and making futile attempts to climb it. By the reflection of the torchlight, his 'coonship is discovered and easily brought down by a shot.

The opossum occasionally takes to a tree, but often, when hard pressed, throws itself on the ground and feigns death, when it may be taken hold of and knocked about considerably without manifesting any symptoms of life, but the moment you turn your back or get out of reach off he bolts. It is from this trait of the opossum that the negro expression of "playing 'possum" originates, and it is quite a common thing, if a negro pretends not to hear or take notice, for another to say, "None of your 'possum foolin'."

Snipe are to be found on the swamp lands, but the swamps are so numerous that one seldom finds many birds congregated in any one place. From fifteen to twenty is a very fair bag for an afternoon's shooting.

One day, while hunting wild turkeys, I came across several snipe and made a very good bag. On our way back my guide recommended me to keep one barrel of my gun loaded with buckshot, as, in beating about the palmetto scrub, he might possibly start a deer, if not some other large animal. We had not proceeded far when I flushed a snipe, at which I fired, the report starting some twenty buzzards about fifteen acres off. Knowing these birds to feed on carrion it struck me that they had probably been disturbed from a meal off a deer we had wounded two days previously, so I hastened to the spot from which they had flown in the hope of procuring the antlers. What was my astonishment in finding, instead of a deer, an alligator apparently dead. "Oho!" said I, "this is what the buzzards are feasting upon, eh!" I approached the beast and obtained a good view of him, but could not find any traces of the buzzards' work. I had heard that alligators occasionally crossed over from one swamp to another, but it did not strike me that this fellow, seemingly dead, was on his travels.

I came nearer and poked him with the muzzle of my gun—he moved—and so did I, thinking that in this case, discretion was the better part of valor. He turned with distended jaws, and hissed, making a sound similar to that of a goose, but much louder. I leveled my piece when about ten feet off, and gave him the charge of buckshot in the head. He lashed his enormous tail around at a tremendous rate, but I saw that I had severely injured him, and that his struggles could not be very prolonged. I called my man, and we had quite a war dance over our prize. After he was dead my man opened the reptile's mouth, which was found to contain quite a number of small fish or minnows. This accounted for his, as well as the buzzards' presence, in this dried up swamp, for they had been feeding on these little fish, which had congregated in the last damp spot, about twelve feet square, which remained after the water had evaporated from this low ground during the several hot days we had recently experienced. We covered him up for the night with palm leaves, and next morning my man skinned him as far as the head, and brought it to the house, a distance of some three miles. I spent two days preserving the head and skin, which I afterwards packed up and brought home with me, and there he is, filled with sawdust, his damaged head being patched with black putty.

We drove over to Port Orange, a small settlement on Halifax River, the head waters of Indian River, or rather a salt water lagoon, for it is only separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a strip of sand, about three acres wide. Halifax River is about one mile broad, dotted with oyster shoals, which, at ebb tide, appear like low barren islands. There were some trees growing upon an island, the resting place of hundreds of pelicans, cranes, and herons. The waters teem with mullet, red snapper, whiting, pompano, sea bass, and many other of the finny tribe, besides sawfish and sharks, easily caught by hook and line or nets.

Green turtles are very numerous near Mosquito Inlet—some of enormous size—and turtle hunting, as well as searching in the sand for their eggs, forms a very attractive sport, 150 to 300 eggs being frequently found in a nest. They are excellent eating, and are greatly relished by epicures, as is the turtle itself. Oysters in countless millions line the shores and bottoms, and can be raked up anywhere.

We hired a sailboat and enjoyed a very pleasant day in the neighborhood. Here we came across a former resident of Laprairie, opposite Montreal, a railroad contractor who has resided in Florida for many years. He inquired after many Canadians with whom I am well acquainted, and appeared to enjoy talking of Canada very much.

After an agreeable stay of ten days at Waverly we decided to return to Jacksonville and go to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf of Mexico coast, as advised by Dr. Kenworthy. We parted with our pleasant hosts and bade good-bye to the settlers among whom we had enjoyed a very pleasant sojourn.

We drove to Enterprise, where we took the steamer Anita for Jacksonville, stopping over night at Enterprise and Pulaska, where we visited two of the large fashionable hotels, filled with guests from all parts of the North, many of whom said they came there for their health, but I must say they all looked pretty hearty. As I had gone there for the same reason, I did not make any remarks about others, not caring to draw any upon myself.

Arrived at Jacksonville, among an accumulation of letters from Canada I found one which brought me to a realization of the fact that *"l'homme propose et le gouvernement dispose,"* and all future plans for further travel in Florida were abandoned. My companion took the route via Cedar Keys to Cuba and Mexico, and I came home with my alligator.

THE SAME OLD STORY.—Mary possessed a diminutive sheep, whose external covering was as devoid of color as the congealed aqueous fluid, which occasionally presents insurmountable obstacles to transatlantic railroad travel on the Sierras. It tagged her to the alphabet dispensary one day, which was in contravention to the established usage, and caused the other youthful pupils to cachinate, and skyfugal, to see an adolescent mutton in an edifice devoted to the dissemination of knowledge, and so the preceptor ejected him from the interior. But he continued in the neighborhood, and remained in the immediate vicinity until Mary once more became visible. "What caused the juvenile southdown to hanker after Mary so?" inquired the inquisitive children, of their teacher. "Why, Mary bestows an unalloyed affection upon the little animal, to which the wind is tempered when shorn, as you must be aware," the preceptor with great alacrity responded.—ANON.

THE HEART OF THE WILDERNESS.

THIS immediate region, about Newcomb, New York, is visited only by a few who love to recreate quietly, and a little information as to what is here, and what can be seen and done, will be of interest.

For geographical information see any good map of the Adirondacks. I suggest that the following facts be noticed while the map is in your hands: First, Newcomb is in the heart of the wilderness; second, it is in the region of the headwaters of the Hudson, where lakes and streams abound; third, by a delightful route with easy carries you can reach Long Lake, whence access is easy to the region of the Raquette and Blue Mountain lakes to the south, and the Saranac region to the north.

We reached Newcomb by railroad to North Creek, where we were met by our landlord with a smart team and a Courtland wagon, who gave us a ride of thirty miles—wild enough, rough enough, beautiful enough, and long enough to satisfy the most fastidious. There is nothing quite like a thirty-mile ride over a mountain road The life of every lover of nature and of every dyspeptic will be forever incomplete without this experience. Such a ride here pays, you get so much for your money. Besides a good appetite, sore joints and a buck acne, if Landlord Williams meets you, or any other imported Vermonter or well-bred native, you will learn much history and hear of the exploits of famous hunters, not omitting those of himself. Stories you will have in abundance, and good historical ones too, based upon facts probable and improbable. Indeed, by a little judicious questioning you may be pretty well up in the lore of the region by the time your ride ends. At the Newcomb House you will have a thoroughly good table, good air and superb views—in a word, you will find enough to eat and enough to do, the two essentials of happiness in this country.

To the east lies Marcy and his compeers; to the north the most prominent is Santanoni; to the west, near at hand, is Goodnow. These grand old lords of the wilderness you may admire as you sit on the piazza and smoke your after dinner pipe. If this does not satisfy you, bestir yourself and climb Goodnow. It will take you but an hour and a half, and you will get the best view for the length of climb we have ever seen. At a distance the monarch Marcy towers in his magnificence, and his subordinates fill the horizon. To the south you will look down upon a sea of spruce tops, an unbroken primitive forest as far as the eye can reach. So much for mountain scenery. Lakes are abundant. From Goodnow you can count nine, and several others only a few miles distant you cannot see. These are all beautiful, but Rich and Catlin lakes excel. We camped a week upon Catlin Lake, and unanimously voted the lake unsurpassed in beauty and unexcelled as a camp ng ground.

How about the sporting? Well, come up in May or June and you may catch as many trout as you choose. At this season brook trout have left the rapids and are up stream in the spring holes, and the trout can hardly be beguiled out of the deep waters. You must fish if you catch trout in August. One persistent fisherman, however, came in several times with ten pounds caught in the brooks. Hunting is good everywhere; in some places you will find game. It depends upon what you hunt and how you hunt it. Partridges are plenty. Bears are a little scarce this year. Not a good year for bears. There are a good many deer, and if you hire guides enough and stick to it you may be sure of getting one. Since we came venison has been on the table regularly, and we have done our share of the providing. Later in the season, when the deer will swim, there will be a chance for some good sport. Of course you will take your chances. If all the guides of Newcomb or any other region would agree not to slaughter any game, and not to kill the deer early in the season, this game would soon be abundant. Indiscriminate killing for the fun of it ought to be prohibited by public sentiment as well as by law. The guides have this matter entirely in their own hands, whatever the conscript fathers may enact at Albany, and if they know what is for their own interest they will protect the game.

Come in season and you may catch fish—trout, large and small, pickerel, perch or bullhead, with an occasional bass. We trolled half an hour one day and landed three pickerel which weighed together over seventeen pounds. If you want to get away from work and rest out, and allow nature to recreate your tired brain and limbs, come hither. When you have snuffed this air for a week you will wonder if you ever had an appetite before, and a five-mile walk will hardly be enough for exercise. Leave all your good clothes, your society manners and customs, and come here where you can tramp, eat and sleep with neither cares nor creditors to molest or make afraid, stay a month, and go home aged sixteen.

H. H. K.

NEWCOMB, Essex County, N. Y., Aug. 28.

PUT OUT YOUR CAMP-FIRES.—In his admirable "Guide to Moosehead Lake and Northern Maine," Mr. Lucius L. Hubbard gives this sound advice: "The attention of campers is earnestly called to the subject of their camp-fires. Too much care cannot be exercised to see that these are thoroughly put out before the camps are deserted. The danger lies not so much in leaving a few smouldering brands in the middle of a bare fireplace, as in allowing to remain unextinguished a single spark in the turf at its side. It should be the tourist's last care, before leaving camp, to apply plenty of water to the soil around his fireplace, which nearly always is composed of dry moss, leaves and other inflammable matter, frequently to the depth of a foot or more. A spark lurking in this mass for days undetected may be fanned into life by the next wind that blows, and the mischief which ensues may be irreparable. Too much stress cannot be laid on this matter. The writer knows of cases where campers have taken the utmost care, apparently, to leave not a single live ember behind them, and yet ravaging forest fires have been proved to have originated from their camps. Thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of timber have been thus destroyed; and if we only remember that in burning a man's trees we do him as much harm as if we burned his house, it will spur all conscientious men to treat the forests with perhaps even more consideration than they would their own property. It is no mean privilege we enjoy, of camping, hunting and fishing on other men's land. Let us then render back at least this one duty of putting out our camp-fires."

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.—There is fine fishing all around—crabs by the millions at the wharfs. Spots and bay mackerel in profusion in the deep water by the Rip Raps a half a mile away, and sheepshead and hogfish a few miles distant. The angler can have the best of sport if he is fond of ocean fishing.—CHASSEUR.

Natural History.

SNAKES AND SNAKE BITES.

I AM like Sterne's starling—"I can't get out." The best I can do is to get a week out now and then, watch a lick, put out set-lines, lay myself out on a nice camp, and leave it just as I have fairly got my woods legs on.

It is one of the mysteries that odd bundles and packages of toil and trouble should quietly and silently fasten themselves on our shoulders just when we are least able to make a heavy carry, and through no fault or failing of our own.

Shall we understand it in the near future?

Shall we ever fairly understand why a human biped with average brain power can be content to exhaust a life in grasping and grabbing for certain metallic discs, represented by 412½ grains of silver or 25.8 grains of gold, ignoring poetry, philosophy and all that is beautiful in nature? Knowing, too, that he cannot pack a dollar over the last carry, and that the more he leaves the more it will curse his heirs. And I am trying to moralize on this brightest of September mornings! (Is my liver all right, I wonder?)

If I can't get out it is well to live in a region where every day brings some ripple of sport or natural history. For six weeks the berry season has been "on," and, as the berries are found on the mountains; furthermore, as the lively rattler is found among the berry bushes, it follows that snake stories are in order, and plentiful enough—snakes and stories. On one huckleberry mountain, where the ground is, or has been, blue with berries, as many as forty teams have been driven to the ground in a single day. And still the berries are plenty; also the snakes. There is not a day on which several large rattlesnakes are not brought off the hills, pendant from the tail-boards of lumber wagons. Only the largest are saved in this way. One evening last week three teams came through town thus adorned. One had a big yellow rattler hanging from the tail-board five feet long, fifteen rattles; another two rattlers, four and a half and four feet eight inches in length, nine to twelve rattles respectively; another, a livery team from town with a jolly party of six, had a poor show of berries but three rattlesnakes banging from the counter, all black ones, and none over four feet in length. The party claimed to have found a "den." They told stories of narrow escapes. They tried to run their yarns on me. I advised them to start a soap factory; they could get their grease from fat rattlesnakes, and it wouldn't cost 'em a cent for lye. So far no one has been bitten. But as we average one case of snake bite per annum in this county, I am only waiting for the next victim. And isn't it strange that men are bitten in New York by pet snakes and either die or come very near it, while men are bitten under a blazing sun on hot barrens, far away from medical aid, and always recover, without the loss of a finger?

Perhaps I am about the only correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM who has ever been fairly, squarely and deeply bitten by a full-grown, healthy rattlesnake.

And because of this; and because, taking my own notions of treatment in such a case, I was rowing and fishing on Devil Lake four days thereafter; and for that I have taken a more lively interest in the serpent tribe than in any other branch of natural history from my youth up, I propose, at an early day, to write an article for FOREST AND STREAM on snakes.

My observations extend from Minnesota to Maine; from St. Louis on the Mississippi, to Santarem on the Amazon (or Madeira). And I have not seen a tithe of the poisonous snakes that infest this earth. But, so far as I have seen and known, I may speak. Perhaps I can give a useful hint to someone who has fooled away less time on such matters than I have.

P. S.—I am almost ashamed to say that, while we can hold our own on copperheads and rattlesnakes, we are fearfully deficient on that grandest of ophidians, the terrible hooper. It is no fault of ours. It is owing to the unfortunate conformation of the country. Our society, the "Natural Naturalists," have studied this question deeply, painfully. We have sought in vain. We have offered a reward of $100,000 (in ten centennial instalments) for a genuine hoopsnake, but there is no response. We do not wonder at this. When the Smithsonian Institution, backed by the United States Government and what small change is left in the Treasury, cannot obtain a simple, common specimen of natural history, is it likely that a village society in the backwoods is going to succeed?

At our June meeting our scientist, B. Sickle, was deputed to collect all possible information regarding the hoopsnake, to add his own deductions as an engineer, and to report at the August meeting. I append his report. (I ought to add that B. Sickle handles the heavy coal train that comes down the mountain every day from Antrim to Wellsboro, with from 40 to 80 heavily laden coal dumps. That, in icy, slippery weather he always comes through safely; and that the "company" give him credit for sound sense.) I will say again, that I have known him for years, and will put his plain horse-sense against all the false, finniken notions of college boys, which the same I saw enough of in the "Scientific Commission" from "Cornell University" in 1870 on the Amazon River.

REPORT OF B. SICKLE.

To the Society of Natural Naturalists, Wellsboro, Pa.:

I have to report on hoopsnakes. First. Logic is logic. There is not, and never can be, a hoopsnake. No such reptile can or could ever make headway on any possible ground. A simple, self-moving circle, is impossible on smooth surfaces. A bicycle goes along by stiff, unbending rims, a balance bar, two cranks moved by a muscular rider, who must have practice and skill, and he must have a gradient not exceeding twenty degrees, with smooth, hard surface. Also, he must have a small stern wheel, or he cannot go at all.

Second. The bicycle cannot go in a clover field, nor in a common pasture, nor even on a village lawn. On a mountain side, or on a prairie even, you cannot roll an iron hoop two rods. An iron hoop is stiff, but you must give it an impetus to make it roll. Then, it will only go on a hard, smooth surface. Where is your balance and impetus on the hooper? Where is your rider, balance bar and stern wheel? And a snake is limber—pliable. Even if he could go, where is the motive power?

Third. Supposing such an impossibility possible, it would call for a country smooth as a floor, with a down grade to every point of the compass, or the reptile could never make a start.

Fourth. It is a question for fools, and not worth the notice of any man who understands the first principles of natural philosophy.

Fifth. If the society has any more such fool questions to ask, please propound them to my Chinese chore boy, Ling Sec.

B. SICKLE,
Scientist to the Wellsboro Natural Naturalists.

P. S.—Your Manitou correspondent, "S. E. B.," speaks of a mysterious snake which he killed at West Branch, Mich., "resembling an adder, but having a hard, sharp horn at the end of the tail," etc. You add, in a foot note, "We cannot say what the snake was from the description. * * There is no snake which has a sting in its tail nor in its tongue, as some persons imagine." You are right. But you ought to recognize the reptile at a word. It is the milk snake, *Ophibolus eximus*; one of the smoothest, handsomest, most harmless of all the ophidians. All mature males of this species have a hard, horny spike at the end of the tail. An old male will often have a double spike, each branch about an inch long, and quite sharp, hard, and bony. They have a trick of vibrating the tail when frightened or angered, just like a rattlesnake. This, among dry leaves or grass, makes a whizzing noise, that is apt to be rather suggestive to a neophyte. It means nothing that I could ever see.

I happened to catch a fine specimen some four weeks ago (single spike). I carried him home, measured him as well as I could, tormented him to madness, and then took him into the shanty and suffered him to bite me on the back of the hand and arm until he was tired of it. Although a good-sized specimen, he could not draw blood one bite in three, and all his best biting did not raise half as much inflammation as a single bite from the North Woods black fly. He measured three feet ten inches.

If FOREST AND STREAM would think a specimen of *Ophibolus eximus* worth the trouble, I dare say I could send one before the season closes—probably a double spike, pretty certainly a single one, and alive.

In closing, I rise to say I have no prejudice anent the serpent tribe. One and all, they embody Hogarth's lines of serpentine grace and beauty. They are a persecuted race, and they are useful.

I have voluntarily taken bites from the largest specimens of the garter-snake, the green-snake, water-snake, black-snake, and milk-snake. I was a little shaky on the water-snake. He was a huge, dirty-looking fellow, and mad as a hornet; he bit savagely, and hung on like a terrier; but his bite was harmless. I have a *peachant* for testing the bites of all innocuous serpents; and of the scores of bites which I have taken voluntarily, I can testify that no one caused as much pain or inflammation as the single bite of a black fly. As to the bite I got from a rattlesnake, perhaps you will agree with my friends, who ask, with super-human humor, "Did the snake live? What did they want a doctor for—the snake?" etc., etc.

Well, the snake turned out to be the only one of that party who needed a doctor. NESSMUK.

WELLSBORO, Pennsylvania, Sept., 1882.

The man who should read a daily paper in front of a map of the world and mark on it every point of interest as he reads, would soon find himself educated, and also find his map had disappeared in a bed of chalk. There is hardly a spot on the earth that would not be brought under his eye, and the simple record of facts thus gathered as the world moves on would show what it really is—one great source and one great reservoir of human knowledge. It is this characteristic which makes the FOREST AND STREAM, aside from sporting matters, a most valuable record of the true phenomena of organic life. The great beauty lies in the simple story of what is seen and done in the woods and on the water, and sometimes in that element now grave and now humorous and gay, and pardonable if the coloring is brilliant without distorting facts. Another thing is, what a man writes under his own signature will not often be "appropriated" by book compilers as their own, or credited in some obscure corner seldom seen. There is also amusement continually cropping out, marks of ignorance in high life we should hardly expect. One of the most common is disbelief in what one man of veracity has seen and done, while the other has had no such experiences. I once heard the president of a flourishing club room deny, as false and incredible, what your kennel editor had seen and done, and which your humble servant could swear to.

Some thirty years ago, in October, I unwittingly killed a blacksnake eight feet long (the black racer), from whose stomach I took seven red squirrels. I say unwittingly, because, like the Irishman, "I saw a head sticking out of a woodpile and hit it." The "original" *Springfield Republican* published dimensions and contents, which were copied into the New York *Journal of Commerce*. The next *Journal* contained the announcement from some "parlor naturalist" that it was contrary to the nature of coluber to eat so much; and would they please ask the *Republican* to shorten the tale of squirrels by six. I replied that the request could not be for a moment entertained, but for his especial edification I would state a fact not generally known, that the blacksnake, before retiring to winter quarters, lays in a stock of provision, squirrels, mice and frogs, provided he can catch them. In the present instance the snake was as stupid as a piece of cable, and could have taken the squirrels only by fascination, as all the circumstances indicated. H.

A correspondent sends in this clipping from an article which appeared originally, we believe, in the *Brooklyn Eagle*: "You have heard of hoopsnakes?" "Yes, often." "Just so. Not long ago we heard a fearful row in the cellar one night. It sounded like a rock-blast, and then there was a hiss and things were quiet. When I looked in the morning the cider barrel had busted. But we didn't lose much cider." "How did you save it?" "It seems that the staves had busted out, but before they could get away four hoopsnakes coiled around the barrel and tightened up and held it together until we drew it off in bottles. That's the way we found 'em, and we've kept them around the house ever since. We are training them for shawl straps now. Does that strike you for an item?" "Enormously," we replied.

FOOD OF SPARROWS.—Washington, D. C., Sept. 7.—On September 5 I noticed one of several Anglo-American sparrows apparently hunting for something to eat, on the east side north of N street opposite to No. 1,311, with a grub or caterpillar hanging from his bill. He stood till I came within three feet of him, and when I stopped to look at this, to me, absolutely new sight, he moved only eight or ten feet, and then with some little difficulty swallowed the grub. The others were apparently hunting under the shade trees for the same food, so I am satisfied that this unpopular little meddler will sometimes eat worms from our shade trees. All justice be done him.—M. C. MEIGS.

A SWALLOWS' ROOST.

FOR several years past swallows in countless numbers have congregated in the late summer and early autumn upon the farm of Mr. James Babcock, in the northerly part of the town of Westerly, R. I. The Providence *Press* thus describes them as seen on a recent visit:

"About 500 feet from the farmhouse lies a maple grove, covering a swampy, undulating tract of land of about five acres in extent. Half an acre of the southwesterly corner of this grove is the location of the 'Swallows' Rest.' At the time of his arrival the reporter had noticed several swallows flitting here and there, but their number was not sufficiently large to attract attention, unless specially remarked upon. As minutes grew, however, the number was perceptibly increased and was soon sufficient to be considered unusual. At 7 o'clock their number seemed legion. One could think of nothing but a snow storm with black flakes. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Still the new-comers were streaming in from all directions, and at 7:15 the multitude had become dense. About this time there was a sudden cessation of the various flights, and a general circular motion of the whole company was apparent. Round and round they flew for several minutes, drawing closer and closer together, when all at once the center began to sink toward the tree tops. Then, with almost the rapidity of thought, in funnel-shape, the whole host vanished, circling, in the tree tops, with a whirring of wings distinctly heard, and soon the air was almost still, broken only by the greeting chirps of the late-comers, who were straggling in in small groups and singly. These last arrivals did not pause to circle about in the air, but flew in toward the grove as straight as an arrow, and vanished among their settled brothers with lightning rapidity.

"Drawing now still nearer the grove, the rustling and chirping of the birds among the leaves and branches, as they settled themselves in comfort for the night, could be distinctly heard. Occasionally a louder, sharper, and more spiteful chirp than usual betokened a little dispute about a roosting place, but generally the little creatures, as well among the branches as before in their tortuous flight, be haved toward one another with the utmost good nature. Once in a while a group of hundreds, startled by some sound or not content with the spot in which they had alighted, would rise, circle about the grove for a moment or two, and then drop rapidly into the branches again. One of these groups, acting on this night in a somewhat unusual manner, as Mr. Babcock said, rose to a great height above the grove and there circled about for more than fifteen minutes, until their great height and the approaching darkness made them almost invisible, but finally they too descended with startling suddenness into the tree tops, and then, all the late-comers having also arrived, scarcely a bird could be seen. And as the darkness increased and daylight gradually faded the rustling and chirping of the denizens of the grove grew less and less, until the birds were wrapped in peaceful slumber for the night.

"'How long has this thing been going on?' said the reporter, as the hospitable farmer accompanied him away from the grove. 'Well,' said the latter, 'forty years ago there wan't a bird to be seen bereabout—that is, no more'n anywhere else. This flying in o' nights has only been going on for fifteen or twenty years. And it's only in the last eight or ten years that they've been so awful thick in the grove, so as to be such an uncommon sight. Of course, there wasn't any such number at first, but they kept increasing every year, with the young ones hatched out and the new ones picked up, till now, for several years, they have been coming here in this big crowd you have seen to-night, only I think there's more this year than last. There's more every year. They're the common, white-breasted barn swallows mostly. Still, about a third of them are martin swallows, and I see several hundred blackbirds go in with them every night.'

"'How early in the season do they begin to come?' 'Well, that depends some on the season. This year it was late, you know, and they didn't come till the last week in July. Usually, though, they begin to come about the 15th or 20th of July. They don't all come at once, of course, but in a week after the first night the ranks are pretty full. Then they come right along every night until about the middle of September. People living at Norwich, Watch Hill, and at points in all directions within twenty miles of here, have told me that at certain hours every afternoon in the season swallows in groups or straggling along could be seen headed in this direction. And, by comparing time-pieces, they have been traced along so that there can be no doubt of their coming here from long distances.'

"Here the reporter bade Mr. Babcock good night and went down to the hotel, to return to watch the birds out in the morning. He had been told to be back surely by 5 A. M. It was 4:45 when he arrived, and all was quiet about the grove. Drawing nearer, however, rustling and chirping among the birds was perceptible. Soon two or three groups, of perhaps a hundred or two each, rose from the grove in succession, and flew away toward the southwest. Just as the distant town clock and mill gong together rang out the hour of 5 o'clock a whirring sound, as of a distant waterfall, was heard among the grove trees, and eight or ten seconds after a perfect cloud of swallows rose in sight, and in a line perhaps 200 feet abreast, struck out directly toward the southwest. When the head of the line had gone perhaps 1,000 feet from the grove, and while birds were still emerging from the trees the leaders suddenly took a spiral course up into the air. This had the effect to bring the birds into a circling group, as just before their descent the previous night. No more birds now came from the woods, though it appeared to the reporter that not more than one-third of the whole number could have arisen. But this group continued in its rising, circling flight, and soon began to spread in all directions. The spreading continued until nearly all the birds had vanished.

"A minute or two after there came from the grove another whirring sound, much louder than the first. Another cloud of birds arose, fully twice as large as the first, and took the same line of flight, for about the same distance. But, instead of circling about, they steadily rose and began to scatter. It was soon noticed that they were drawing together again, and finally, with scarcely a moment's warning, returned with a rush to the grove, and resumed their positions in the trees, evidently dissatisfied with their first attempt at flight. This, as Mr. Babcock afterward told the reporter, is a common occurrence; the birds sometimes trying three or four times before they take a final departure. Especially in stormy or foggy seasons do they delay, sometimes until nearly 7 o'clock. Finally, however, this second group emerged with another whirr, flew directly southwest and rose in the air as at first, scattered in all directions, and were speedily gone. Only a few stragglers now remained, and they flew in and out among the branches for quite a while. When the reporter left the grove the number of birds visible was not enough to cause remark."

TRANSPLANTING QUAIL.—Rockland, Me.—My first attempt at transplanting quail was made a long time ago when a boy. On returning from a visit from Southern Massachusetts, I took to Lowell, Mass., three quail, which I liberated, and though I never saw them again, I have no doubt helped in a small way to restock the vicinity with game. Within a few years I have tried to introduce both the foreign and domestic quail. In the spring of 1879 we liberated one hundred migratory quail, and in the spring of 1880 one hundred more, and after careful inquiry I cannot feel satisfied that one of them has ever returned. The question arises, what has become of them? I have also liberated a few native quail, but they succeeded in getting through the winter, until the last winter. I have been told by Mr. E. P. Walker, who lives on an island about ten miles from here, that the few pairs which I sent last spring bred, and notwithstanding the heavy snow storms we have had, that they had a flock of sixteen, which they fed through the winter. I think the parent birds came from North Carolina. I had three from the same lot, which I kept in my kitchen all winter, and knowing they came from the South, I dared not risk in an outhouse, besides, I enjoy having them where I can watch them and hear their different notes, and I have learned to imitate their call so true that they answer back, and they make a great many notes that I never heard them make in the field. Last year I tried for the second time to breed quail in confinement, and though I failed, I succeeded in hatching four eggs under a hen. Two of them birds got out from under the hen in the night, and when I found them in the morning they were so chilled that they showed no signs of life, but I took them into the house and warmed them back to life, but they were very feeble and only lived a couple of days. The other two were smart, but owing to the lack of sunshine, improper food and unknown causes, they only lived a week. The experience is something, however, and I mean to try again. I got from two hens last year about forty eggs, but only set two hens on about ten eggs each, and though the last hen was the smallest, the best color, the other being white, at the expiration of her setting time I found a few dead chicks partially hatched and a very foul nest. It was now September and too late to try again. It is queer to me why people who have a better chance than I have do not try to raise quail in confinement. I have to get my quail from a long way off, have half of them dead on their arrival, and nearly all of the remainder die after reaching here, with wagons rumbling by all day, with cats to sit and eye them through the slats, with no nice sunny place free from cats and rats where they can scratch unmolested. What a pleasant occupation and pastime for a woman who loves pets. If any of your lady readers wish to try it I will give the benefit of my experience, and I assure them there is a great deal of pleasure in it—the profit is to come.—NUFCED.

THE JAGUAR, OR AMERICAN TIGER.—Colonel Brackett, U. S. A., has recently published a paper on the jaguar, *Felis onca*, which is found, he tells us, in Western Texas as well as in South America. He describes it as the largest and most formidable of American cats, measuring four or five feet to the root of the tail, that member being two feet long, or seven feet in extreme length, and says it is little inferior in size to the Asiatic tiger. One of the best accounts of the Bengal tiger is to be found in a work published by the Harpers called "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier," in which is given the average length of fifty-two tigers as nine feet, six and one-half inches. The largest of them was eleven feet five inches long. So that if Col. Brackett's estimate of the size of the jagnar is correct, the Bengal tiger grows to be fifty per cent. larger than the former animal. The cougar, puma, or panther, *Felis concolor*, grows to be much longer than seven feet. A panther skin from New Hampshire measured seven feet eight inches; one from Florida nine feet three inches; one from Colorado eleven feet two inches; while a mountain lion, another name for the cougar, which was lately killed in Colorado measured eleven feet three inches, or within two inches of the length of the largest Bengal tiger. The cougar or panther is a longer and more slender animal than the jaguar, but much less muscular and robust. Many years ago I lived in New Grenada, one of the United States of Colombia, where the jaguar was common, and was often known to kill and carry off a horse or a bullock. The cougar was also known there under the name of lion. It seems true that Col. Brackett has underestimated the size of the jaguar, and the artist in the illustration of it has given it a bushy tail, which is incorrect. I have been told by an experienced and truthful hunter in South Florida that a very large spotted animal of the cat kind had been seen there by him, which he took to be a jaguar. A two-year-old steer was carried off, and tracks of great size were found, showing that the steer was taken clear of the ground, in great leaps. Not long after, my informant saw a great spotted beast cross a road in the woods, so near that he had a good view of it; he was familiar with the common beasts of chase in Florida—panthers, wolves, wild cats, and bears, and was certain that this was something different. He had no gun with him at the time, so he lost the chance of identifying the animal, but said that it looked so large and formidable that he would not have liked to attack it alone.—S. C. C.

BREEDING OF QUAIL.—Baltimore, Sept. 2, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of 31st ult., "J. E. S.," of Oscaloosa, Ia., states: "In favorable seasons the average pair of quail will raise two or even three broods, of say, a dozen each, which is doing much for the sportsman's pleasure in a very happy and appreciable manner. *Last October I flushed quail scarce a third grown, and only able to fly a few yards, which must have been the third brood.*" Italics mine. I have been a close observer of the animal kingdom for twenty-five years, was born and raised on a Southern plantation home, resided in North Carolina, where quail could be purchased in any quantities at thirty cents per dozen. I never knew quail to lay later than July. Generally from the middle of June until the middle of July in that section of the country, or during wheat-cutting time. I do not suppose anyone will deny North Carolina's supremacy as a quail-producing State. As an illustration of the fact that quails are to be found there in countless thousands, I will state that I spent ten days in the old North State last season, and to my own gun averaged twenty-nine birds daily for every shooting day, and am by no means a first-class wing shot. I took a tally one day and counted twenty-seven separate and distinct coveys. Now, I will come to the point. I profess to know a quail when I see it, from a young one with the shell sticking on its head, reminding one of an animated pool-counter as it darts about among the cotton stalks, to the full grown ones that lie to Don's magnificent point in November. I never knew of the third nor even the second brood, nor do I believe in such nonsense. Until "J. E. S." came to the front I never heard such an altogether improbable story as a "quail too young to fly more than a few yards in October." When found, put it in a glass case with the "hoopsnake."—CHES A. PEAKE. [Ches A. Peake" is in error in assuming that because he has never observed a second brood of quail the birds may not breed twice. It is claimed by some that in certain localities quail regularly raise two broods in a season. If their nest be broken up it is probable that a second batch of eggs will be laid. There is no improbability about the statement of "J. E. S." quoted. We have seen quail later than October which were not grown.]

THE "BUCK FLY."—Huntingdon, Tenn., Aug. 27, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the New York *Herald* that parties have been discovering under the skins of rabbits and squirrels a specie of maggot or striped worm which appears to them and to the *Herald* to be worthy of publication. This is probably an interesting matter for the investigation of theorists and scientists, but practically the existence of such parasites has been known for an age, and perhaps a dozen ages, by all practical hunters and sportsmen. In the autumn months these worms may be found in Tennessee buried under the skins of nearly all wild rabbits, and infesting many squirrels, and are generally known here as wolf worms; and when their existence is developed the meat is not considered proper food. Now, while on this parasite question, I would say that a species of fly (known in the South as "buck fly") makes its appearance in Tennessee about November, which is reputed to be blown out of the nostrils of the male deer during what is styled the running season. Can you inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM whether there is any truth in such an assertion? The fly is about the size of a small butterfly, with dark wings spotted with red; and the fly as he travels has an up and down motion something similar to the leaping of the buck as he ranges through the woods; and it is said that it never alights until death is at hand. Perhaps some old hunter can impart the desired information. Has any one ever found such flies or the maggots from which they are developed in the nostrils of the deer, and if so are they found only in the nostrils of the buck?—H.

CROW SENSE.—Lockport, N. Y., Sept. 11.—I can vouch for the statement made by W. W. C., in your issue of September 7. We have a tame crow that softens his cookies in the same way, and he has a queer way of drying himself after taking a bath. At three different times, when I have seen him trying to bathe in a dish that he drinks out of, I have caught him and put him in a tub of water from which our Irish setter drinks, and each time as soon as I released him he would start for the dog (that was lying in the grass) and would jump upon him and settle down and commence to flutter to dry himself. The dog makes no objection to the performance, but seems to enjoy it as much as the crow. I have never seen him dry himself in that way only when I have put him in that particular tub that he sees the dog drink from every day. Another peculiarity I have noticed, that when the crow scratches his head with his foot, he always puts the foot up over back of the wing. I have never seen it done by any other bird.—J. L. D.

WEIGHT OF OPOSSUMS.—Petersburg, Va., September 7.—I noticed in your issue of August 24 that some of your readers want to know the limit of weight attained by the opossum. Being something of a "possum" hunter myself, I'll tell you what I know. The largest one that ever came under my observation weighed, when dressed, twenty-one pounds. It was a boar, and you may depend on it we considered him some "possum." In dressing about one-fifth is allowed for offal, so he would have weighed gross from twenty-five and a quarter to twenty-six pounds. This weight was attained after having been confined in a ventilated box and well fed for about three months; the food given to him cost merely nothing, being principally chicken and turkey offal and kitchen refuse. The counties contiguous to Petersburg are teeming with deer, wild turkeys, partridges (quail, you call them), etc. Sportsmen are anticipating a good time this fall and winter.—G. T. J.

SWALLOW-TAILED HAWK IN FLORIDA.—Tampa, Fla., Aug. 28, 1882.—I notice Mr. E. A. Brown speaks of swallow-tailed hawk or kite being killed on his place last June at North Bloomfield, O. For the past two summers I have noticed a pair of same kind of hawks here on my place, and this summer I saw four of them, and judging from their actions take them for parents and young, as one pair were feeding the others. I am led to believe that they have bred in this vicinity. They have been quite a curiosity to me, and many a time I have felt like shooting and mounting them.—W. A. M.

QUAIL AND CHICKENS.—The Sacramento *Bee* says: "At the farm of W. Fern, just below the city, is a hen of the ordinary domestic breed with a brood (not a "litter," as our informant states) of fifteen chickens. Lately a quail, which had strayed from its brothers and sisters, made friends with the old hen and her family, and is now the boss of the whole business, having entirely supplanted the hen in authority over the brood."

RAIL SHOOTING.—Philadelphia, Sept. 5.—Thus far, although we have had good tides for rail shooting very few birds have been killed. The cause for this is said to be the violation of the law before the opening of the season, September 1st, when not a few rail were boated. There is a good crop of reed, and some birds bred here have all been shot by the law violators. We are now waiting for a flight, and good shooting need not be looked for before the run of afternoon tides. Reed birds are more plentiful than last season, but not yet in good order. Your New York readers who contemplate a trip this way for rail shooting should postpone it for at least ten days or two weeks. Grass plover continue to be plentiful around Philadelphia, but no one appears to start for them. The new dinkey skiffs that came into use last season are becoming more and more popular, and many are being built. Hen Young, of Philadelphia, who ranks as one of the best skiff builders about here was at first given to condemn them, but now declares them to be the best boat for rail shooting.—HOMO.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

THE following schedule exhibits the game now in season. (Also, in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves; (15th, quail).
California—Deer, doves; (15th, grouse, rail, quail, wildfowl).
Colorado—Deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo, bison.
Connecticut—Wildfowl; (12th, rail).
Dakota—Grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover.
Delaware—Woodcock, rail, reed.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, pinnated grouse, plover, reed, snipe.
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo, wildfowl.
Illinois—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, deer, wild turkey.
Indiana—Woodcock, wildfowl, pinnated grouse.
Iowa—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, elk, deer.
Kansas—Pinnated grouse.
Kentucky—Woodcock, deer, wildfowl, wild turkey.
Maine—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, plover.
Maryland—Ruffed grouse, wood cock.
Massachusetts—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, doves.
Michigan—Ruffed and pinnated grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Minnesota—Grouse, woodcock, quail, wildfowl.
Mississippi—(15th, meadow lark, deer.
Missouri—Woodcock, plover, meadow lark, dove, pinnated grouse, deer; (15th, wild turkey).
Montana—Fool hen, grouse, ptarmigan, buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep & goat, moose, wildfowl).
Nebraska—Grouse.
Nevada—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, grouse, quail, woodcock, wildfowl.
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, moose, caribou).
New Jersey—Reed birds, rail, squirrel.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, ruffed grouse, quail, deer, caribou, moose, wildfowl, squirrel, rail.
New Mexico—Grouse, ptarmigan, quail, deer, wild turkey, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo.
New York—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, deer, wildfowl, squirrels.
North Carolina—Deer.
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, caribou, moose).
Ohio—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl.
Oregon—Grouse, quail, wildfowl, deer, moose, mountain sheep, elk, antelope.
Ontario—Woodcock, snipe, hares, wildfowl, pheasants, partridges, grouse, prairie fowl.
Pennsylvania—Woodcock, wildfowl, plover, rail, reed birds, snipe, squirrels.
Quebec—Deer, caribou, woodcock, wildfowl; (15th, ruffed grouse).
Rhode Island—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, robin, meadow lark, hare, squirrel.
South Carolina—Deer; (15th, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, quail, doves, woodcock).
Tennessee—Deer; (15th, ruffed grouse, snipe, quail, meadow lark, woodcock, wild turkey).
Texas—Deer, ruffed and pinnated grouse, quail.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse, quail, wildfowl.
Vermont—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl.
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, wildfowl, woodcock.
Washington Territory—Deer, elk, mountain sheep, grouse, antelope.
West Virginia—Pinnated grouse, deer, ruffed grouse, wild turkey.
Wisconsin—Woodcock, grouse, quail; (15th, deer).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp tail grouse, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe.

☞ For exceptions, local laws, etc., see FOREST AND STREAM Schedule "B," issue of July 20, page 489

AN AMATEUR GUNMAKER.

READERS of the FOREST AND STREAM may recall a notice which appeared in these columns some time since of the work of Prof. Wm. B. Hall, of Lancaster, Pa., as an amateur gunmaker. We have just had the pleasure of examining two new guns recently completed by Prof. Hall, which embody in their plan something entirely novel in the construction of firearms. We are aware that this is saying a great deal, for a vast amount of inventive ingenuity has been expended upon such work. The records of the Patent Office at Washington contain thousands of specifications of inventions designed to improve the various styles of firearms; and efforts in this direction have never been more active than during the last few years since the introduction and adoption of the breech-loading systems. In the matter of a breech-loading small arm alone, there were filed more than five hundred inventions in the years of the war and up to 1871.

Several of the novelties and improvements in the construction of firearms have been conceived by persons who were not regular gunmakers. Another fact which is illustrated by the present instance is this, that men who are endowed with special musical gifts are apt to be also gifted with mechanical ingenuity.

Prof. Hall is a teacher of vocal music, having for a long time held that chair in the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa. With him mechanical work has been a passion from boyhood. Some years ago he fitted up a room at his home as a workshop, fitting it out with an extensive assortment of tools, many of which, true to his bent, he made himself. In this workshop the most of his leisure time has been spent, making this or that article, as his fancy dictated.

Having been a sportsman from early youth—his first hunting grounds were in that sportsmen's stronghold, Western New York—it was but natural that Prof. Hall's mechanical genius should be directed to the shotgun. Some seven years ago he determined that the only gun for him to use in the field was one which should have been constructed by his own hands. Acting on this happy thought, he secured a pair of barrels in the rough, and having made his own lock and the other parts, fitted them together. This first gun, like several others that followed, was simply a copy, built on the model of guns of well-known makers. He was soon convinced, however, that the mechanism of these models was too complicated, especially in the locks. He accordingly began to study the problem presented, and drew several patterns of new devices, all the time aiming to reduce the number of pieces to the minimum consistent with strength and safety. The result now attained is shown in the guns inspected by us last week. One of these is a semi-hammer gun, the rebounding lock of which consists of five pieces; and the other a hammerless, the rebounding lock of which is composed of four pieces. This is, so far, as we know, the simplest mechanism employed in the lock of any hammerless gun.

The gun is, besides being a most beautiful piece of work, a marvel of simplicity and safety in its action. The old style of mainspring having been entirely discarded, a straight piece of steel is substituted in its place, this single piece acting at once as the mainspring and the cocking lever. The locks are very easily and automatically cocked by the simple opening of the gun—or dropping the barrels. Opening the gun also automatically locks the triggers so securely that the gun cannot be prematurely discharged by any possible tampering with the triggers; and owing to the peculiar motion of the sear, the bent or notch in the hammer is so made that the sear hooks into it; this, with an additional safety notch in the hammer, renders a premature explosion by a jar also impossible. The hammer and sears are very solid, and the whole mechanism of the locks appears to us to be strong and durable, and not liable to get out of order.

The opening lever, which also moves the automatic safety stop which locks the trigger, is so placed that it may be easily reached by the forefinger of the right hand (or the hand with which the triggers are pulled), and after the gun has been closed again and the shooter is ready to discharge it, the same finger removes the safety catch and unlocks the trigger. The top of the gun, of course, is entirely free from projections of any kind. Much ingenuity is displayed by the maker in the various devices for ready compensation of the wear of any of the pieces which may be exposed to friction. In short, Prof. Hall's amateur-made gun has impressed us as a beautiful piece of mechanism. This arm, by reason of its simplicity, strength, durability, ease of action, and, we should add, grace of outline and beauty of finish, is one that cannot fail to interest all sportsmen who may be so fortunate as to have the opportunity of inspecting it.

The semi-hammer gun is in principle the same as the hammerless, save that it is worked by the semi-hammers, which, while to one accustomed to the usual hammers they answer every purpose of the old style, do not rise above the line of sight on the top of the gun.

To prevent any possible misconception, we repeat that Prof. Hall is a professional gentleman whose mechanical work is his rest and recreation in leisure hours. He does not make guns to sell; he makes them to gratify his own tastes; it is his amusement, and a most sensible and satisfying style of amusement. And having made a gun he knows how to use it. To bring down a bird with a gun of one's own invention and construction is, perhaps, the highest realization of the truest pleasure of the field.

THE CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

I.—THE WORK UNDERTAKEN.

THE annual meeting of the California State Sportsmen's Association, at San Francisco, last May, was noticed at the time in this journal. The proceedings of the convention were subsequently published in pamphlet form for distribution. From them we give some extracts below, showing that the association comprehends the magnitude of the work it has undertaken, and also affording gratifying evidence that the California sportsmen are in earnest in taking up and carrying through this important work. In a letter to us Mr. J. Pitcher Spooner, the very efficient secretary of the Association, says:

"You will observe our State Association has much work in prospect as well as in hand, and we take pleasure in saying that we are just now becoming aware of the fact that our work is of some import. We find 'the boys' are waking up to the fact that our laws must be observed, and the 250 members of our Association are making strenuous efforts to show violators that laws not only exist, but are made for protection of game at certain seasons. Our sportsmen are thoroughly alive to the necessity of prompt action, and those who made a fine thing only a year since by illicit slaughter of game not find their vocation gone and themselves in momentary danger of arrest if they misbehave. These are, of course, most gratifying results to us all."

From Secretary Spooner's annual report read before the convention we take the following as exhibiting how the influence of the society is becoming a power in the State:

The few organized clubs not belonging to the Association are mostly working under our State by-laws and constitution, and they pay our body the honor of the compliment of saying "the State rules work well;" and these clubs are composed of sportsmen who are eager in their motives of preservation of our game and fish, and with our State Association Clubs have taken the pains to scatter your printed copies of the game laws wherever there seemed any reasonable good opening. We are firm in the belief that our game laws are not understood. For it is a most difficult matter to educate our citizens to the fact that there is any wrong in killing a deer, duck or quail, or taking from our streams a fish any time they wish to. The idea seems to prevail that game and fish are free of access in California any time of the year. A letter from Ferndale, Humboldt county, says, under date of January 23, 1882: "Deer, elk, duck and quail are taken whenever found, the whole year round, without any regard at all to the law." In fact the feeling is so strongly impressed that only last January, in a neighboring county to San Francisco, it was clearly proven in Court that a party was guilty of killing deer—killing more than one—of taking deliberate aim, and firing and killing, and as cool as possible reloading and firing and killing again and again. This evidence was most conclusive, and yet to the surprise and disgust of all our true sportsmen the verdict of an intelligent jury was "Not guilty." This case, well known to you all as the Hardy case, has been commented on by abler pens than most of us would suppose, and been printed all over the United States. Much good has accrued, and one notable conviction had in the McCutchen case, tried at Santa Rosa, September 5, 1881, for having in possession one dead female deer or doe. McCutchen plead guilty, waived time and was fined fifty dollars, which was paid. In this matter of furnishing evidence for this trial, as well as close attention to both it and the Hardy trial, your State Association made itself well known, and to those two trials must be given the credit for the scarcity of venison the past season. That venison does come to our cities is admitted; but not as openly as formerly. That deer are killed—and killed for their hides alone—we must admit; but under the laws as they now exist it is next to an impossibility for a conviction to be had. In Shasta and Trinity counties in 1879, according to a reliable informant, there were killed some 8,000 deer; in 1880 some 5,000; and so scarce had they become in 1881 that the same parties could only slay 3,500. Gentlemen, I think these figures are not erroneous, for one dealer alone in San Joaquin assures me he has purchased the past season nearly 4,000 hides of deer, and another dealer almost as many. You secretary would say further, knowledge of so strong a character came to the Association, that upwards of a dozen letters were forwarded at one time to parties who were running deer with hounds. Some few, like the boy at school whipped for catching flies, denied it, but "knew who did let their hounds run deer; and several wished to know who is the special agent of our Association. Our special agent is too good a sportsman to be deprived of his future usefulness to the Association; so the reply that he lives "over yonder" must suffice.

From San Diego come letters that you have seen printed: Deer are so plentiful we must sit on guard all night long and protect the green stuff with a small arsenal to fire every quarter of an hour to scare away the pests. The Board of Directors have gone to the fountain head for the purpose of carrying out the law, by distributing upwards of seven hundred and fifty copies of the game laws, one to each postoffice in California, one thousand copies of the printed game laws on durable board in railway cars and steamboat lines alone, and by showing to the heads of corporations their liability if found carrying contrary to law the unseasonable game. And to the credit of these corporations we record with pleasure the fact that their receipts now on file bear to us something more than a plain receipt for a piece of printed board. They show a keen sense of appreciation of the efforts of our Association, and bear to us their written expressions of kindly concurrence in the matter of stopping this illicit traffic. Wells, Fargo & Co. have given us assistance of a most important kind. J. J. Valentine, Esq., superintendent, issued to his subordinate officers throughout the entire State a copy of the laws as regards game and fish, with explicit instructions in relation thereto. One illustration will show you how nicely it has worked already.

Gen. Williams, you all know, has large landed interests in the tule islands. Last July I was called on by his agent, who stated: "Mr. Secretary, here is a telegram from an agent at Placerville; he has some fine mountain quail, caught for the General, who wishes to propagate them on his ranch; and, gentlemen, Gen. Williams cares for them in the best manner—but Wells, Fargo & Co. say 'you are not going to get us in any scrape with your live quail; see here!" and shows Mr. Valentine's order, "Ship no live or dead quail out of season." "Now, Mr. Secretary, here is this dispatch; it says: 'See some State Sportsman's Association officer and get us a permit.' Will you kindly help us to get our quail?" We were only too happy to send a few words in the name of the Association, which the agent of Wells Fargo keeps for future reference. Several cases of like kind occurred, showing we were doing some little good in our first year. It has been everybody's privilege heretofore to trap live quail for market, but now the trappers find their vocation gone, for they cannot get them to market.

You all remember ducks were scarce in market September 15 last. None were in the Stockton market. President Fisher, of the Stockton Club—a delegate here to-day—informed us that for the first time since he has been living on the Island, no shooting was done on the 14th of September last. And wherefore this sudden and welcome change from the old regime?

Our Board of Directors authorized a reward published of $40 for the information and apprehension leading to conviction of any person found violating the game or fish laws. This was published in the press September 3, 1881—the Sacramento *Bee*, San Francisco *Chronicle*, Watsonville *Pajaronian*, Tuolumne *Independent*, Yolo *Mail*, and Stockton *Independent*—and all these papers kindly gave locals, to the full extent of their space, on the good that might accrue by some watchfulness on the part of your Association. Every club of the Association was also carefully instructed to sleep with only one eye shut. Several arrests were made, but it was almost impossible to get any witnesses at the trial. Some thought that what they first called a dead wild duck might have been a chicken, and kindred testimony. But a good, healthy scare ensued, and no game was in the market until the 16th or 17th. This is of itself an acknowledgment of some importance. Publishing this offer of reward proved a most decided accelerator. But several who made application were unfortunate, in that their claim to the reward could not be recognized. One applicant who made the arrest of a party, on information furnished by members of the "California" and "Gun Club" was quite loth to give up the claim, but finally did so. The members of these aforementioned clubs not only furnished the evidence, but gave the entire credit of their good work to the State Association, and also as generously waived their claim to the reward. Martinez being of easy access, was a favorite haunt with gunners, and several arrests were made, which wake the boys unto the fact, "the States Sportsman members" do mean business.

The first reward paid was to the "Los Angeles Club," for the arrest and conviction of George Allen, for having in his possession twenty-five quail, which had been trapped. This club employed a detective, and received the reward, as was its due.

The second reward paid was to J. B. Testerman and G. W. Moore, of San Mateo, for the arrest and conviction of Charles George, for trapping quail. Said Charles George was sentenced to thirty days sequestration in the county jail, that sufficient time for meditation might be given, and it had a most wholesome effect on sundry trappers, for here too the public press generously came to our aid, and gave the facts of the case due publicity; and in this case we find the feelings of the public so dormant in the matter of whether the laws are kept or not, that your Association's counsel was, per force of circumstances, obliged to proceed without any assistance at all from the District Attorney in the case, not that your counsel was lacking in ability or zeal, but because the District Attorney thought the whole matter of slight importance. However, the result was ample, and coming so soon after the Santa Rosa doe case and the conviction in Los Angeles, gave our Association at once some considerable standing, in places where we least expected.

Reward No. 3 was paid to James Brown, constable, and Oscar Atwood, deputy sheriff at San Joaquin. These gentlemen have spent considerable time and money trying to break up the nefarious practice of Chinese fishing, have made numerous arrests, and been out of pocket every time, "John" taking the jail rather than pay a fine; but this time arrested (Nov. 21, 1881), three Chinese, an employer and his two employes, the latter, of course, could not be held, but the boss paid $50 fine and $15 costs. Since then these same industrious officials have arrested and convicted two more sets of Chinese for illicit fishing. This nefarious vocation is destined to strip our streams of every fish, unless we make constant war on it; and what cannot be sold of fish here is sent to Canton. We would most earnestly beg to impress those of our members who are likely to have a voice in the councils of our State at Sacramento, that more special legislation on this score would meet the entire approbation of our sportsmen. Other convictions for violations of fish laws have been made among them, one by Deputy Fish Commissioner Louis Levy, of Sonora, for blasting with giant powder in the stream for the purpose of killing fish; party was fined $50. J. S. Clark, of Modesto, secured conviction of two parties (both Chinese) for fishing with set nets; both parties fined $50 each. Nets of all manner of description are used, and in large numbers, despite the increasing destruction of them by our sportsmen wherever found. A fisherman told

me he cast his line seven times, and five times drew up a net, which was immediately destroyed, and the afternoon was not overly favorable either.

Considerable correspondence has been had with parties at various locations about fish ladders, and we rejoice to be able to say the ladders are gradually increasing in number.

We would say of the irrigation ditches, there is one feature unfavorable to fish. The ditch takes water from the stream and carries the water out on to some plain, and if a fish is in the ditch he soon gets into shoal water and the end is a lingering death. Those in charge of these schemes are, however, disposed to take a comprehensive view of the situation, and cheerfully comply with any suggestions offered by your Association. We must not overlook the fact that while our work has been productive of great good, the field of our usefulness is so vast that much remains to be accomplished. We have made a good start; have gotten the public press on our side; have awakened sportsmen throughout the State, and daily, almost, come to us applications for copies of the Game and Fish Laws. These must be thoroughly understood before we can hope to have them observed; some 2,000 of them are already distributed, we trust, judiciously. But the volume of correspondence received shows the spirit of our people to be willing to do the fair thing, provided they first thoroughly understand it.

SOME ONTARIO RESORTS.

WE have always had in this locality, the vicinity of Peterborough, abundance of sport. During the time the Mt. Julien Hotel was open (one or two years), no regard was paid to true laws which would govern any gentleman; and each and every guest (with only one or two exceptions) vied with each other to destroy the largest amount of fish, leaving them to rot away on the islands and shores of Stormy Lake. Had it stopped there, we could have borne with it, but on several occasions deer were slaughtered from June until the season opened. Indeed, such was the state of affairs that an open rupture with the settlers of the locality was inevitable, for when the season did open not a deer was to be found. All during the close season guns and rifles were freely carried and as freely used on every trip any party would make from the hotel. The proprietors winked at the whole matter, and actually, I was told, used the venison on the table; and I was also told at the time, that it was charged as "mutton" on the books of the company. This could not go on much longer and any sport continue, but happily some of the aggrieved habitants put match to the structure, and the place which knew it once knows it no more. Since then, game and fish have multiplied and replenished lake and forest, and our waters are comparatively free of parties who have no regard to decency.

There is now a fine hotel at Burleigh Rapids, where a genial host caters to the wants of any and all who wish true sport in either fishing or shooting. It is easily reached and offers grand inducement to those who, wearied with close confinement, wish a holiday in a healthy locality where game and fish are very plentiful. The scenery is grand and indeed sublime; with any care this place can never be fished out, nor the game all shot. Deer are quite plentiful, ruffed grouse everywhere, ducks in numbers. Black bass, maskinonge, lake trout, whitefish, and all the smaller kinds in great quantity.

Another place is situated in Bobcaygeon, a village twenty miles from here, where the devotees of old Izaak Walton would go mad over their favorite sport. Mine host Goulais is a square man and has built a beautiful summer hotel where everything tending to the comfort and convenience of guests can be had. I know of black bass being caught this season within cast of his fine house, and I am assured by an intimate friend that he caught three bass, two over five pounds and one three pounds three ounces, within a space of fifteen minutes (while the boat was waiting) not twenty feet from a part of the hotel. I may state that the fishing there is inexhaustible.

All through these lakes fishing is excellent, which with any care can never be fished out. I could direct you to small lakes where you could catch millions of the finest black bass with a piece of red flannel on a hook, where black or mountain trout are so plentiful in seasons that I was perfectly astonished, and where I believe they will bite finely to the fly, although I never tried them, but have been assured by friends I sent there that they gave grand sport in that way. On the margins of these lakes and creeks I have seen deer repeatedly, and partridge out of number.

I am so often out sketching and photographing on these places that I know many spots, out of the way ponds and little rapids where few canoes other than my own go. Here the game is plentiful, and I love to sit and watch nature in its purity, studying the habits of birds and beasts, and learning many a lesson therefrom.

But in the autumn when the leaves change and drop off, when stillness reigns everywhere, the scene changes. Early morning—daylight—dogs are coupled and quietly put in the canoes, soon to make the woods resound with such music as only a British sportsman can enjoy. Now I do not wish to say that Americans do not enjoy the voice of the hound, but I do say that to my knowledge I have never known anyone candid enough to tell the truth, who had a knowledge of the matter, that would say hounding deer diminished them or frightened them more than still-hunting.

To my own knowledge, certain localities have been infested with wolves which have been frightened out by the hunting of dogs through that part of the country, and deer are far more plentiful since the wolves left, although hound-hunting is still carried on there every year. Does any sane man who ever still-hunted, and will tell the truth, say that deer are more afraid of a dog than a man? I think not. Take for instance a case. A still-hunter invariably beats up against the wind, and a deer will turn on the scent of a human no matter how faint. Will they do so on that of a dog? No, for I have often seen them stand and allow a dog on a scent to pass them not ten yards off, and when a deer crosses a lake does he continue running? No, they invariably go back to where they came from. But let a man follow them and make the noise a dog would—why, not a deer would remain in the locality. Now, this simply proves one thing, at least here—that deer can be hunted by hounds time and again, and not be chased from a locality, and I am sorry that your countrymen have so tried to make dog-hunting so unpopular, and at the cost to themselves of loss of game.

I have written more than I had intended, but anything relating to sport makes me a different man, and I will do all in my power to advance any good cause relating thereto. I have given you already the names of two responsible hotels where a pleasant holiday and good sport may be had, but we want no men who are "cads" and butchers of game and fish. The true sportsman we will always welcome whether rich or poor, and I have often loaned my dogs to men whose faces I never saw before, but from conversation I felt they were gentlemen and could be trusted. I was not disappointed, for there is a kind of masonry about true sportsmen which is always respected, and to such men I will give any information in my power. G. B. S.

HOUNDING VS. STILL-HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice an article in issue of Sept. 7, from the pen of "G. R. B.," setting forth his style of deer hunting for years past, asserting that "one still-hunter will cause more deer to leave their ground than the best hound dog ever put after them." He says: "You get after a deer as a still-hunter does, and follow him until the deer knows you are after him, and he will leave the ground and will seek new ground if hunted hard, and the worst part of this still-hunting is done when the snow becomes deep, with heavy crusts, and the deer cannot get away from the hunter. There is where the hunter shows his skill." In conclusion, he says: "My theory on hunting and the only sporting way to hunt is to have dogs which do not run too long, and post your men on high ground and take their shots; and if a man is a hunter that is the way to hunt," etc.

It has been my fortune for years past to hunt in Warren and McKean counties, Pennsylvania, and while my friend, "G. R. B.," was standing wrapt in his overcoat by the side of some huge tree, thumping his toes against it to keep them warm, I was moving cautiously along the trail. If I get in a shot before starting the game, well and good. If not, I sometimes follow until I start them the second time, when I always change off for a new track. By this method the deer take no lasting fright, and will stay and occupy their accustomed grounds continually day and night, the same as though not hunted at all. This I know from actual tests, time and again. I suppose that should a still-hunter stick to the track all day, and have the power to run as far and fast as a hound, that he might fairly compete with the dog in driving off and worrying deer; no more and no less. And as for still-hunting "when the snow is deep with heavy crusts," that is entirely out of the question, for this reason, that up to the 15th of December, when the close season shuts off all modes of hunting deer, there is seldom but light falls of snow of a few inches at a time, and even if that becomes crusted in the least, it is good-bye still-hunting until it is thawed out again. No still-hunter that I ever saw claimed that he could kill one deer per week on a crust. "There is where the still-hunter shows his skill," says our scribe. Well I admit it if such can be done, but I have yet to see the man that can do it, or one that makes any such pretensions of skill. Then, "the only sporting way to hunt is to have dogs, and if a man is a hunter that is the way to hunt." Well, if that is the final edict, my gun is for sale cheap, or I will trade it for dogs and kill the dogs. I have a farm, and once in a while slaughter a sheep or calf for market or for home consumption. But I always dropped them by a bullet through or a blow upon the head, in cold blood. Never thought of turning them into an open field, and while a pack of dogs were coursing them around it, poured buckshot into them from a distance. To some this would be more fun, as it would give the animal more show for its life, the dogs exercise and a taste of blood, and the gunner a chance to display his skill to better advantage. I never thought it any benefit to kill game that way; could always procure a quantity even of squirrels or ruffed grouse by shooting their heads off with a rifle and ball. If not, I choose to let them go. A mess of either, stove full of shot, hair or feathers, never struck my fancy, much less a deer heated and hashed up by dogs and buckshot. If this is the only sporting way to hunt deer, why is it made unlawful throughout the State of Pennsylvania to "sport it" in that manner? CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, N. Y., Sept. 12.

SHOOTING AT TUCKERTON BAY.

THERE are many points along our Atlantic coast where wildfowl are more abundant, where greater bags are made, and where the sportsman may be more certain of meeting with success, but in all my experience—and I have had a varied one by river, marsh and in the field—my shooting at Long Beach, N. J., has ever been the most enjoyable. Not owing to the great quantity, and perhaps I might say quality of game, that fell to our guns, but doubtless, in a measure, to the spice of danger with which our sport on the neighboring bays was mingled, and the necessary requirement of being able to handle and to be the sole occupant of one's skiff in shooting wild geese and brant on those waters. Ten years ago more fowl frequented Tuckerton Bay than now, and there were fewer market shooters than at the present time, and less watching of the ponds on the meadows after dark, or night shooting indulged in. The erection likewise on the beach of several large hotels and numerous cottages which loom up in the distance uncovered and unsheltered by foliage of any description, has had the effect of turning many a flock of traveling geese and brant in their flight, only too anxious to stop, rest and feed before moving onward.

I well remember on one occasion having gone to Tuckerton, N. J., which is situated on the mainland shore of the bay at the head of a creek of the same name, that I might be there on the opening of the quail shooting, November 1, and have a week with my dogs and lighter gun, and await the coming of the brant in the bay. Vannote kept the hotel there, and when I entered his commodious reception room the huge stove setting in its circle of sand was surrounded by baymen with feet propped against the fender, which told without words no fowl had come on. Of course there was a "howdie" all around, and a hearty shake with each. Vannote never went fowl shooting, was glad to see I had my dogs, and promised me good quail shooting, but added, "the birds go to bad places after we find them and put them up."

We found it just so; our dogs pointed many coveys, and after two or three shots at each they sought shelter in the impenetrable cedar swamps, for which this section is noted, where shooting was impossible excepting on the outer edges. Vannote had been urging me for two years to go deer shooting with him in the back country, about thirty miles from Tuckerton, and when he learned of my purpose to cross the bay to the beach for brant as soon as I tired of the quail, he became more persistent than ever, promising me a shot at a buck without fail. Having been fully initiated into the uncertainties of Jersey deer shooting I declined again, and parted with him at the creek landing, when I started for Bond's, the captain having come across the bay for us with his yacht when sent for. It seemed as if I had hit upon the exact time for fowl shooting. Many brant were seen as we sailed over, and not a few were young birds which always stool better than old ones.

In the morning my man and myself, accompanied by a gentleman and his bayman I found stopping at Bond's, each in our skiffs, with their sterns loaded down with hollow decoys, made an early start for the Bunches, a mile and a half from the beach. "The Bunches," so called from being a growth of sedge entirely surrounded by water, is situated directly in the track of the majority of brant that make their way up and down the bay. Into this sedge we pushed our skiffs, and the almost entire covering of decks having been hidden by spreading trash over them, and the decoys, to the number of one hundred and twenty, anchored in front of us, we awaited the coming of daylight. Before day dawned several flocks of brant passed up the bay, but we could only hear them. Shortly after sunrise a small bunch of seven came to us, and they were all easily killed. They were followed soon by a drove, as my friend expressed it, and from the flock of at least a hundred we were able to boat with the eight charges of BB's we had sixteen or seventeen. For an hour or two after this we were visited by black ducks, a few redheads and a number of blackheads, our decoys representing those varieties having been placed well to leeward of the brant and wild geese stools. Toward noon seven wild geese lit half a mile from us, in reply to the honking of our bayman, and gradually swam up to the stools. While we were hidden in our boats more brant decoyed, but we could not shoot while awaiting the approach of the geese. Of these we killed the only four that came in range, the three older ones doing all in their power to prevent their younger companions from going into danger.

In the afternoon, as the wind freshened up and the weather began to look "dirty," we thought it prudent to take up our decoys and make for Bond's. As it was the sea made it very rough for our little boat as we crossed the main channel, and we were glad to reach the beach in safety. On this trip I spent a week at Capt. Bond's, and it proved the most successful one I ever had. Fowl were plentiful, had been shot at, but little, and they decoyed nicely. On my return to the mainland I found Vannote back from the deer shooting and three bucks hanging up to taunt me with. Two he had killed in the drive with his dogs, the third was shot by one of the party "on the same stand I should have put you," he said to me. I could show him three large sacks of wildfowl in return, to which he retorted, "I never shoot them."

HOMO.

GAME IN ARKANSAS.

IN this beautiful prairie region of Arkansas game of all kinds is very plenty except prairie chickens; for some reason, perhaps the extreme wetness of the spring, they did not breed well. I find a good many very early coveys and a few very late ones. Quail are unusually abundant. Some coveys were nearly grown in June, but the great majority of them are late; not large enough for game yet; some are just from the nest. Six weeks from now quail shooting will be very fine here. Squirrels, 'coon, 'possums and fine game fish such as black and striped bass, perch, etc., are very abundant. Deer and turkey about the same as last year, to wit, abundantly plenty. Bear, otter, mink and beaver can be had by those who know how to hunt them. Three bears were killed a short distance up the river by a party in two days three weeks ago.

We are now having the last days of the sickly season along the river and overflows. Soon it will be safe for the sportsman to hunt anywhere here. There is no healthier or more pleasant climate than this after frosts.

The country back from the river has remained quite healthy, especially families living right out on the prairie, so far as I have observed, have been entirely healthy.

For those who contemplate looking for a home in the West, now from this until the holidays is the time to look over this beautiful region. The crops are very fine and plenty in the country to live on. I am confident that there is no place where one can get so good lands as cheaply as here, and nowhere that one can make a good living or money more easily.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Arkansas Co., Ark., Sept. 5. BYRNE.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Nashville, Sept. 8.—Within the next two weeks the quail season will open in this State, and from all the reports I can gather they will be very abundant. Already our local sportsmen are burnishing up their guns, loading shells, and conditioning their dogs for the fray. Hermann Benkholz has the old reliable Jeff, and a youngster that will make a rattler when trained. Jack Bentley and Joe Clarke own two excellent dogs that are well trained and untiring in the field. Charley Griffith also has a good one. Mayor Burr's brace is as good as anybody need want. Joe Woodfolk and Clarke Pritchett each have fair fielders, while Jim Palmer claims the championship for his Prince. Felix Mitchell, Tom Chadwell, Will Erwin, and a score more of our best shots own each one or more dogs, and though they are not much on the boast, are the most reliable baggers of game about here. Several large bags of squirrels have been made lately, and as the mast is most abundant this year, the little bunnies are as fat as butter. While waiting for the shooting season to roll round our fox hunters have been making some of the grandest runs ever known in this section. Col. W. H. Johnson's pack of hounds is a remarkably fine one, and when put upon Reynard's trail the music that comes from its members is an entire opera in itself. They had a run yesterday, and after a most exciting chase earthed their game in a bluff on the Cumberland River, near by, where a most sumptuous barbecue was served to the huntsmen. There is nowhere on this continent where similarly grand sport can be enjoyed, because game is abundant, dogs unsurpassed, first-class horses, and all within the midst of high civilization and the loveliest country in America. I wish some of the Newport and Long Island fox hunters could run down here and take a spin after Col. Johnson's hounds, and I am certain they would never gallop after a drag or half tame fox any more. Our houses may not be so large nor their owners as wealthy, but on the welcome they will receive, the dogs, mounts, country and sports I will wager my last currency. If any of the patrons of the FOREST AND STREAM should determine to come out here, let them but bring a word from any of its editors to me at the office of *Southern Industries*, 162 Union street, Nashville, and I will do all in my power to launch them into the hospitable care of Nashville's sportsmen.—J. D. H.

THE RANGE OF THE SHOTGUN.

MUCH has been said regarding the "method," "loading" and shooting power of the breech-loading shotgun of modern times, and I propose to add my mite to the large amount of argument on this important point. I will speak from a practical standpoint, and give my views as an advocate of the "new-fangled" notion.

The average breech-loader will, when its peculiarities are discovered and humored, kill game at all distances "from the muzzle" to "one hundred and fifty yards," (?) but the long shots are only done in private performance, and the cartridges are always "improperly loaded" if the owner of the long-range gun be called upon to exhibit the "wonderful" gun.

I have had an experience of seventeen years with all kinds of guns, and I have utterly failed to find a gun that will kill game (excepting chance shots) at anything like "one hundred and fifty yards," and plainly state that I don't believe the gun is now made, or ever will be, that will do such work.

In a varied field and forest experience I have killed game at very long range, say 75 to 100 yards, but only claimed then and now that mere chance was the only real cause

The experience of some of our best field shots in this section, claim that a gun is "A 1" if it will kill game from 40 to 60 yards in "fair field and no favor." Distance is greatly overrate i, generally speaking, and when we down a duck at 40 or 50 yards, it looks like a far greater distance—to the "green hand."

Some time ago I was in company with a young sportsman ducking, and in passing over a large marsh came unexpectedly upon a large flock of geese at about 150 yards distance. Knowing I could get no closer excepting by a "run," I cocked both barrels, and with "far-stretching steps" went hurriedly toward the now thoroughly alarmed geese, while my companion stayed in the rear, "horrified" at my "trying to run down some wild honkers." I succeeded finally in flushing them; and on their taking wing gave them first the right and then the left, bringing to bag a fine old gander. My friend now came up on the run and emptied both barrels of his piece at the now distant "feather beds," and exclaimed: "What in the devil have you for a shotgun? That goose was nearly 200 yards off!"

I told him I had a fair shooting gun, one that done good work at all times, but he must be slightly mistaken in judging the distance of the shot, that it could not be over ninety or ninety-five yards at best.

We then paced it off, and found from where I made the shot to where the bird fell was just one hundred yards or paces. I then told him I did not expect to draw a feather from the geese, let alone kill, but made it a rule to not let a bird go "unsalued" at anything under ninety yards, and had accidentally killed many birds at that distance.

On looking over the old honker we found one "B." had found a "resting place" in his head, and he was thereby brought to bag. I have heard a great many "old hunters"(?) claim their guns would "switch them (the birds) every time at from 100 to 150 yards," an absolute, known misstatement.

No, gentlemen, the gun cannot be made that will kill game with any kind of shot 150, or even 75 yards "every time," and I know it as well as other men who have had any considerable experience with shotguns.

If you happen to "get hold" of a breech or muzzle-loader ten or twelve-gauge, that will kill every third time at sixty yards, thank your lucky stars and guard it day and night for fear it may take wings and fly away. I once got acquainted with a "gent" who formerly lived in "York State," who "once owned an old Springfield rifle that he could kill prairie hens out of trees at eighty rods, every time!" * * * * At one time this extraordinary gun "strained" its barrel on one very long shot and was "never worth a cent afterwards."

Long shots, I claim, are accidental if made out of ordinary bounds of shotgun range, and are nearly always made alone.

Keep the ball in motion. Will a gun loaded with shot kill at 150 yards "every time" or not? DELL.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN IOWA AND MINNESOTA.—Waukon, Iowa, Sept. 1.—I came down here the 12th of August, and have had pleasant shooting since the 15th. Many sportsmen are here who observe the law, but I hear not one who hazards the observation that he would were he debarred from shooting until September 1. The cold rains struck in the 30th, and that practically closes the chicken season. There may be, still, warm days upon which the birds may lay to the dogs, but they will be exceptional, and the man in Minnesota who has waited with a young dog for the season to open will have very few days' sport; but many of tribulation of spirit. This latter man I have yet to hear of, and can name you a half hundred between Rushford and the Dakota line who have bagged birds for two weeks. Indeed, I received chickens before I left (sent down in a shooting jacket left there last year) that were shot within sight of the steeples of Fairmont. In conclusion I make the statement that I know "one-half the sportsmen (local) between the Mississippi River and the Dakota line have shot birds for twenty days." I ask you what inducement is there for you or me to go along that line shooting now the season is opened.—X.

A MOST CURIOUS ACCIDENT happened to a California sportsman named Spitzer, the other day. In company with a relative, James Ashcraft, he was hunting deer in the San Benito hills. He was about one hundred yards distant from his companion, when he observed in the brush the antlers of a buck, which he picked up and was examining. Mr. Ashcraft noticed the antlers moving in the brush, and, thinking that he was about to kill a goodly-sized deer, raised his rifle, took careful aim at where he thought the body of the animal ought to be, and fired. The ball struck Mr. Spitzer in the right elbow, passing through it and the upper portion of the hip bone, and ranging across the abdomen. The wounded man is not expected to recover.

FLORIDA.—Tampa, Aug. 28.—As usual we have plenty of quail, and the first brood are fully three-quarters grown and large enough to shoot. I have the orange craze like every one else in Florida, and am sorry to say that it occupies so much of my time that my guns lay rusting in their cases, and the poor old setter Pat comes and looks up in my face wistfully, and almost says, "Why don't you get your gun, for don't you hear those quail whistling?"—W. A. M.

MAINE COAST SHOOTING.—Old Orchard, Me., September, 1882.—It is not generally known that the finest place for shooting on the Maine coast is at Camp Ellis, situated at the mouth of Saco River, three miles from Old Orchard Beach. It is one of the most charming places in the world, abounding in fine natural scenery, pine air and excellent fishing, while its attractions as a shooting resort are unequaled. It is reached by Boston & Maine Railroad. Parties can go to Old Orchard by train, and drive to Camp Ellis, or leave cars at Saco and take steamer down the river. It is a delightful half hour's sail, past fine old hardwood growths, smooth fields, wooded eminences, and here and there a few picturesque old buildings, moss-grown and fast falling to decay. The Camp Ellis House is right on the bank of the river, within five minutes' walk of the steamer landing. In summer it is crowded with seekers of health and pleasure, who come with joy and leave with reluctance. Through September and October the weather is delightful here, and is improved by the enthusiastic sportsman. Among others here at present is Johnny Jones, of Malden, sent by the Natural History Society of Boston. He has already lost his head over the place, and is out with a gun at all hours. Recently he bagged eighty birds before breakfast, which is a record to be proud of. A gentleman from New York assures me he has often killed ducks from the piazza, and says nowhere else is there such fine shooting. Will Fredericks, of Boston, also well known in sporting circles, got two hundred birds inside of two days, and thinks he can do even better. On the opposite bank of the river is a heavy hardwood growth, where the red squirrel is at home and challenges attention. Plover are shot in great numbers, also pigeons. Very soon the water will be black with the wild duck, and then the real fun begins. The crack of the fowling-piece is heard from morning till night, and there is much friendly rivalry between the boys. Parties desiring to come here should address C. A. Tarr, Camp Ellis House, Old Orchard, Me. It will be open all the fall.—F. K. HAMILTON.

HACKENSACK RAIL.—New York, September 7.—E. W. and myself spent Wednesday rail shooting on the Hackensack meadows. The birds flew well but were very difficult to get, the tide being so high. We killed thirty-three between us. Blackbirds plentiful — shot several. When pigeons commence to flock intend going to Newfoundland on N. Y. S. & W. R. R.; will report luck.—BOAR.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Meacham Lake, N. Y., September 6.—Our fall hunting is just beginning; one New York broker brought in six partridges yesterday. We are not running deer with dogs yet, for the reason that we get all the venison we want night hunting, or by watching on the streams before dark. The indications for good shooting were never as good here at this season as now.—A. R. FULLER.

ILLINOIS.—Charleston, Sept. 7.—Messrs. Chambers and Kline started out at noon on the second inst. and returned home about 8 P. M. They counted out twenty-six prairie chickens. That was a very large bag for this locality. On the 20th ult. John Cartwright and Isaac Hughes bagged seventeen prairie chickens.—FOX SQUIRREL.

ILLINOIS.—La Salle, Sept. 6.—Chicken shooting has been very good with us. I have shot, hunting over my old setter bitch Daisy, from eighteen to forty-six in one day. Quail I found in my tramps quite plentiful and large coveys.—T. D.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN a city not far from New York lives a minister as much celebrated for his love of the angle as for his profession. While speaking to his Sunday school one afternoon on the text, "Depart from evil and do good," he drew for illustration the simile of a wayward child leaving home and all good influences, he rushed into the broad paths of sin, but through the intercession of parents and friends is reclaimed, only to repeat his folly again and again. Finally, after almost superhuman effort, he is at last brought back to the fold, and his redemption from vice made a certainty for the balance of his life. To further simplify the illustration to the younger members of the school, the pastor said: "A few months ago I was fishing in the Maine woods. At the break of a fish on the waters of the stream I cast out my flies. A noble trout arose, seized the bait and away he plunged carrying almost all the line I had on my reel. Again and again, I drew the fish near the canoe and attempted to land him, but away he would go, only to repeat the struggle. Finally, tired out and weary with his efforts to escape, I at last drew him in, and slipping my landing net under the fish, threw him into my boat safe beyond all escape." Gazing about on his audience to see the effect of the moral of his story, the silence was suddenly interrupted by a small boy in the front seat, who astonished the school by exclaiming: "But, Mister ——, how much did he weigh?"

I wonder if any readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever heard about Chris. Smith's "live bait?" There was a party of them down in Maine somewhere, and were going fishing, and the question arose, where should they procure bait? Some one suggested pork, whereupon Chris. became disgusted, and declared that he would not think of fishing without live bait. A neighboring farmer had some sucking pigs which he was willing to sell for $2.50 apiece; and it was thought essential to the happiness of the party that the pig should change owners. One of the party was genial Samuel Norton, whose sudden death a year ago cast a sadness over this whole community. Now, as Sam was quite a hand on a dicker, it was thought best he should do the trading, and he was accordingly given orders to buy the pig. Unfortunately, Sam understood the price to be $3.50, and thinking it too much, he offered the farmer $3.00, which, it is needless to say, was quickly taken. The pig was boxed up, labeled "live bait," and directed to Christopher Smith; but the laugh was rather faint when they came to compare notes on the price of the pork.—SASSA-CUS.

SOUTH ABINGTON, Mass.

"SOMETHING NEW."—Photographs of the crowned heads of the world, finest assortment of Mrs. Langtry, and all the other English beauties, and also all actresses and other celebrities. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York City.—*Adv.*

ENLARGING THEIR FACILITIES. The clearance sale announced in our advertising columns by Messrs. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., of Pittsburg, offers sportsmen a rare opportunity to secure a choice weapon at a very low figure. Messrs. J. P. O'Neil & Co. expect soon to remove to new stores, their present room being too small for their business.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridei.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouycha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, two species.
Warmouth, *Chænobrytlus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscion regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscion carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

The principal distinctions that strike the careful observer between the trout of Long Island, or, I might say North America in general, and those of the British isles, is, first, the great uniformity of size on the part of the former, which rarely exceed two or three pounds in weight, * * * and secondly, the fact that in the United States trout are never taken in large rivers, or, if ever, so rarely as to prove the rule by the wonder arising from the exception.—*Frank Forester.*

THE INVITATION.

(To a Bottom-fisher.)

COME ye who love to fish
And stray by water's brink;
Come ye, with keen relish,
And see the float down sink.

Let them refuse the sport
Who never knew its charm;
But, brother of the rod, resort
To waters clear and calm.

The perch await us there—
Perchance a bass, or two,
Shall dart from out their lair
And give us pleasure true.

There will we bait our hook
With brandling, clear and bright,
And read from Nature's book
While waiting for a bite.

And when the tell-tale float
Shall nervous warning give
That some gill-guarded throat
Is striving to receive

The well-adjusted bait,
We'll "strike" with wary zeal
Ere yet it be too late—
And bring the fish to creel

Ah! angling, dear my friend,
Hath many a joy full sweet,
And unto our life's end
Its pleasures we will greet!

Then come on Tuesday next,
Prepared for a campaign,
And leave all questions vext
Of daily care, or gain,

And find what erst dear Walton found—
No angler can deny it—
A joy too deep for tongue to sound,
And "Study to be Quiet!"

O. W. R.

THE CALIFORNIA SALMON.

THERE is something exceedingly strange in the habits of the *Oncorhynchus chouicha*, or quinnat salmon, when planted in the East. Placed in streams flowing into the Atlantic, they are seen to feed and thrive through the parr stage and then disappear forever. At the last meeting of the American Fisheultural Association, Col. McDonald, of the Virginia and U. S. Fish Commissions, advanced the theory that the fish found the temperature of our rivers too high for them to enter for the purposes of spawning, and therefore backed off to sea again; that the short streams of the Pacific coast whose heads are among mountains, where the snow lies all the year, were cooler than ours, especially at their mouths, and that the Eastern rivers often presented a temperature of eighty degrees to the fish, which expected to find cooler water. If this be so, then where do the fish go, presuming that they are alive and seeking a place to deposit their ova? They are not taken in the nets near the rivers' mouths, nor yet by the purse-netters out at sea. On the other hand, we know that they have lived in some fresh waters, and, becoming "land-locked," have spawned. This has been the case with those planted by Mr. Fairbank in Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, and they have lived and grown to great size in private ponds.

We have a still stranger story to relate of this fish. In the autumn of 1875 we had a few thousand eggs of this salmon sent us for experiment at Honeoye Falls, Monroe Co., N. Y., while engaged in trout-culture at that place, and hatched them and placed the fry in a small pond, where they fed, but did not grow fast, partly on account of the small size of the pond (four by eight feet, by two feet deep), and partly because they were not fed regularly during our frequent absence. Repeated calls away on business interfered with our fisheulture greatly, the last year of our stay there, and in the spring of 1876 we were called to Philadelphia for the summer, and left the place entirely. On disposing of the fish in the ponds the young salmon were turned into the stream, a small brook emptying into Honeoye Creek, a tributary of the Genesee River, the supposition being that they would work down over the Genesee Falls and so into Lake

Ontario. Without disposing of the farm we leased it to Mr. W. C. Varney, who has remained on it since, merely working the land and paying no attention to the fishery, which is abandoned.

In early May, of the present year, we visited the place for the first time in six years, and in conversation with Mr. Varney, who fishes occasionally, he said that he had caught a salmon in Honeoye Creek a few weeks before, and that it must have been one of ours. He produced the head of it, which we recognized as that of a salmon of some two pounds' weight, and we walked over the farm, intending to bring the head away with us, but in a hurried departure it was forgotten. On arriving in New York we wrote for it, but it had disappeared through our negligence in leaving it in the barn. Mr. Varney says that it is the third one that he has caught, and that several others have been taken there. We immediately wrote the following letter, which was published in the *News* and in the *Gazette*, both of Honeoye Falls:

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM,
NEW YORK, May, 1882.

MR. W. C. VARNEY: It will be a very interesting fact to prove that California salmon have remained in Honeoye Creek for six years, and not have gone to the sea. As I saw the head of one in your possession, which is now unfortunately lost, I am sure of the identity of the fish. I wish you would offer a reward in both the papers printed at Honeoye Falls for all these fish if wrapped in cloth and packed in ice and forwarded, with a letter, telling where they were caught, etc., to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C. The box should be marked "dead fish" on the outside to insure immediate attention. I will pay $2.00 for each fish so sent which Prof. Baird pronounces to be a salmon. FRED MATHER.

It is not possible that these fish went into Lake Ontario, for the falls would prevent their return and there is no other conclusion but that some of them have remained in the Honeoye Creek and the Genesee River for six years, and have not grown large. The latter is not to be wondered at, for fish, like all other animal life, which are stunted in growth the first year, never grow to full size. The fish which Mr. Varney caught were in a pool below a mill dam near the hamlet called Sibleyville, and only in times of freshet could they go above the stream and reach the small brook on the trout farm, which empties into the mill pond.

THE VEXED MENHADEN QUESTION.

FOR the past few years there has been a growing feeling among our coast fishermen that the taking of the menhaden for purposes of making oil and guano was seriously affecting the number of bluefish, weakfish, striped bass and other valuable food fishes. In the New Jersey Legislature a bill was introduced forbidding the use of purse seines on that coast for this purpose, but it was withdrawn when it was shown that such a law was unconstitutional and that Congress alone had supervision of the waters included in the three-mile limit, and while such a law might be passed by the general government it could not affect British subjects, who have rights under the treaty of Washington. The increase in the number of oil factories has been followed by a decrease of food fishes, and at last the attention of Congress has been called to it. Senators Lapham, of New York; Miller, of California; Edmunds, Windom and Morgan were appointed a sub-committee by the Committee on Foreign Relations to investigate this subject, in consequence of a bill which was introduced into the last Congress by Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, which proposed to place certain restrictions upon the menhaden fisheries. This sub-committee has held sessions at Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City and Coney Island. Last week Senator Lapham began taking testimony at the latter place, and several gentlemen were summoned to give their views of the matter.

Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, the well-known Fulton Market dealer and a member of the Fish Commission of New York, was examined. He stated that he had been in the fish business for sixteen years, during which time he had carefully observed and studied the habits of fish in American waters. Various complaints had been made to him in his official capacity that menhaden fishermen were taking food fishes and carrying them to the factories to be manufactured into oil and scrap. He had been unable to do anything in the matter, however, because there was no law applying to such cases. Up to the last two or three years the menhaden industry had been expanding greatly, but recently a steady decrease had been observed in all of the places where the yield used to be the greatest. In some places it seemed to have become practically exhausted; this was especially the case off the coast of Maine. Striped bass had become scarce all along the Atlantic coast. Mr. Blackford said he knew of several instances where the menhaden fishermen had caught schools of food fishes and brought them to market. In the early fall of 1881 there was an unusually large catch, and four or more vessels came to Fulton Market with about 200,000 pounds, nearly all of which were weakfish. Owing to the warm weather at that time only about a quarter of this large catch was placed on the market. The remainder was taken to the menhaden factories and made into oil and fertilizers.

Senator Lapham inquired whether food fish were desirable for the purposes of the menhaden factories, and Mr. Blackford answered that, as a rule, they were not, but the bluefish or weakfish caught in the fall were very fat.

Senator Lapham—Upon what food do the menhaden feed?

Mr. Blackford—The food of the menhaden, as far as has been investigated, has been found to be generally a sort of jellyfish. In conversations with J. Carson Brevoort I have often heard him speak of finding jellyfish in the stomachs of menhaden.

Senator Lapham—About what time do the menhaden first appear?

Mr. Blackford—They appear on the Long Island shore between April 1 and May 1. They are then in spawn. About two months after that we find large quantities of menhaden about an inch long. I have noticed that menhaden have spawn in them about May 1.

Mr. Blackford went on to say that he had little information as to the exact time of the spawning of bluefish. The young bluefish, or "snappers," were just now making their appearance off this coast. Bluefish, it was believed, spawned somewhere between July 1 and Aug 15. They were caught prior to that period, however. Bluefish from two to three inches long were found about sixty days after they were seen in spawn in their ripest form. The young shad would hatch out in about forty-eight hours after the egg was impregnated. The effect of the great amount of menhaden fishing now carried on, Mr. Blackford remarked, was to break up the schools of fish which were followed by the striped bass and the bluefish, and it had a tendency to make them seek other feeding grounds. The striped bass were very voracious feeders on menhaden. Five or six years ago, late in the fall, large quantities of striped bass were caught, and frequently 20,000 pounds were brought to Fulton Market each day. Year by year the yield of this kind of fish had steadily diminished.

Senator Lapham—What legislation, in your opinion, would be desirable with reference to this decline of the food fisheries?

Mr. Blackford—I would like to see a law enacted prohibiting the catching of menhaden from April 1 until July 1, or such other dates as this committee may find, upon investigation, to fairly embrace the spawning season of the menhaden. I think that such a law would protect all interests and would do the least injury to those who are interested in the taking of menhaden. Many of the menhaden fishermen are of the opinion that such a measure would be wise.

Senator Lapham—Are menhaden ever used for food?

Mr. Blackford—Well, I have eaten menhaden, but I must confess I do not like them. They are only sold in market for food at times when there is a scarcity of other fish. Mr. Blackford said there had been a slight diminution in the the quality of bluefish, but nothing very marked. Fresh mackerel were caught in much the same way as menhaden. The catch of mackerel this year had been the largest of any single season in twenty years. The most noticeable decrease in the fish supply at present was in striped bass. This fish was, next to the salmon, the most desirable fish in market. Menhaden were the most taking bait for striped bass, as well as for bluefish. Mackerel fishing was not affected at all by the menhaden fishery, for mackerel did not feed on menhaden. They ate jellyfish and, at certain seasons of the year, a species of red seaweed, called by fishermen "cayenne," from its pepperish qualities and taste. The spawning season for striped bass varied very much. In the early spring they were found in the Chesapeake Bay with their roe very much advanced, and in the fall they were found off the Long Island coast. Mr. Blackford thought the prohibition of the catching of menhaden prior to July 1 would not impair the menhaden industry. He believed that after one or two years the increased catch would more than make up for the shortness of the season. The percentage of oil obtained from menhaden taken early was very small.

Senator Lapham stated that the bill under which the investigation was being conducted provided for an absolute prohibition of the practice of catching menhaden with the present appliances (purse-nets) within 20 miles of the Atlantic coast. Mr. Blackford suggested that if purse-nets were prohibited the mackerel fishery would be interfered with. He added that he desired to see legislative protection given to all fish during the spawning season.

Samuel B. Miller, President of the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association, said that last year bluefish had left these waters for want of food, and striped bass were scarcer than ever before. In answer to the claim made by menhaden fishermen that it spoiled their nets to catch bluefish, Mr. Miller said it was undoubtedly true that if a bluefish made a dive to get out of a menhaden net, the fish could cut the net with its teeth. Caleb Haley, of Fulton Market, agreed substantially with what was said by Messrs. Blackford and Miller. Oscar O. Friedlander, President of the Menhaden Fishermen's Association, and Capt. Simeon S. Hawkins took the ground that the menhaden industry was not detrimental to the food fisheries. Capt. Hawkins says that out of 21,000,000 pounds of menhaden brought to his factories there had not been a ton of food fish. The menhaden cost the factory men about $1.50 per thousand, and the food fish were worth $18 and $20 per thousand, so there were not many food fish manufactured into oil and fertilizers. Senator Lapham will probably not take any more testimony on this subject at present. The evidence already obtained will be written out and submitted to the other members of the sub-committee in Washington.

Mr. Oscar O. Friedlander, of the Barren Island Manufacturing Company, informed a *Times* reporter that in his opinion Senator Lapham had been giving a careful and impartial hearing to the complaints that the large catches of menhaden for manufacturing purposes were detrimental to the food fishes along the Atlantic coast. Mr. Friedlander emphatically denied the statement of a morning paper that the menhaden men were organized and supplied with capital to prevent legislation against their interests. "Senator Lapham," said he, "has so far found that any legislation which would interfere with free fishing for menhaden would affect a very large industry of this State, consequently he has spared no trouble in investigating the causes for complaint thoroughly." Mr. Friedlander claims that the catching of menhaden does not cause any diminution of the food fishes. His theory is that the menhaden left the coast of Rhode Island and the east end of Long Island because they found better feeding elsewhere. They are now found in large quantities on the New Jersey coast, between Atlantic City and the Delaware Breakwater. The captain of one of the Barren Island Company's boats states that he never saw so many menhaden together as he saw off the Jersey coast last Monday. The average yield of oil from the menhaden is said to be much larger this year than last. At the factories in which Mr. Friedlander is interested the average of oil this year is 5½ gallons for every 1,000 fish. Last year the average yield per 1,000 fish was a trifle over 2 gallons. The menhaden fishermen claim that to prohibit the catching of menhaden between the 1st of April and 1st of July would seriously injure their business. "I am opposed to catching the small fish," said Mr. Friedlander. "Our men fish with 2½ and 2¾ inch meshes, and I have advocated legislation in that direction. It would be a good thing to prohibit the catching of menhaden with smaller nets than 2½-inch mesh."

FISHES OF MANITOBA.—Winnipeg, Sept. 6.—I have not been out shooting yet this season, but from reports I hear that ducks and chickens are fairly plentiful. We have a few sorts of fish in the river here, namely: Pickerel, pike, buffalo, catfish, sturgeon and a small fish called goldeye. It is a flat-sided, small-mouthed fish with very bright silvery scales and a yellow eye from which it gets its name. There is also a queer fish which looks like a very long eel run together that is shortened and very large around the center. Would you kindly tell me the names of the last two fish, and also tell me whether buffalo can be caught with bait, and if so what is the best bait to use, and oblige—WINNIPEGGER. [We do not recognize the fish. The last fish may be the lake dogfish, *Amia calva*. Buffalo fish can be taken with a bait of bread dough mixed into cotton to hold it together.]

SEE advertisement of Shelton's Challenge Gun.

THE SPADE-FISH OR PADDLE-FISH.

FRANCIS PARKMAN in his exceedingly interesting book, entitled "The Discovery of the Great West," in the most graphic manner describes the adventures of Father Marquette, and among the many incidents is one where he first enters the swift current of the "Father of Waters," soon after which event his canoe was struck and nearly upset by a "spade-fish," and finally catching a few specimens in his net. He records his astonishment at their eccentric appearance.

There was recently caught in a small lake near Warsaw, Indiana, a single very large fish of this same species, *Polyodon spatula*, weighing one hundred and fifty-one pounds, and is the only fish of that kind ever caught in these waters. This small lake at low water is entirely land-locked, but is, after prolonged rains, in communication with a larger and an adjoining one.

This singular fish was brought here and placed on exhibition. It is provided with a projection or prolongation of the upper jaw that extends sixteen inches in front of the point where the lower one closes against it, and which from its bluntness, thickness and great apparent strength is used like a spade in breaking up the ground on the bottom of lakes and bed of rivers, turning out clams, roots and other food that might be exposed and secured in this way. But how this large and solitary specimen of such a remarkable species of fish could have survived and grown to such enormous proportions in this little lakelet without having been seen before, seems singular enough.

It is in the hands of an experienced taxidermist, and will be carefully preserved. Its dimensions are as follows: Length, 6 feet 9 inches; girth, 3 feet 9 inches; length of spade, 1 foot 4 inches; width of spade, 3 inches; thickness of spade, 2 inches; weight, 151 pounds. Its stomach was entirely empty at the time of its capture, and its diet is a question to be settled by ichthyologists.

The odor is not that of "Araby the Blest," but more of "an ancient and fish-like smell," similar to that of the whale that was exhibited through the country a few years since.

DORRIS.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Sept. 7, 1882.

CATFISH.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of August 31, I find you are seeking information regarding the catfish family, relative to transportation to Belgium

Your idea of transporting the "bullhead" is a good one; very few know its value for food, and, don't laugh, I have had heaps of fun, especially in my boy days, taking them. They are in season here in the winter, are skinned and readily fetch from fifteen to twenty cents per pound. I think the blue and yellow cats of the Great Lakes superior in flavor to all others, and the head of Lake Erie is their home. By referring to FOREST AND STREAM of two years ago (I think) you will find several articles which I brou ht out, describing this fish in both north and southern waters, from its range in the Red River of the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south. It certainly is a fish adapted to a great variety of waters. I have taken and eaten it most everywhere, and declare to you that those taken in this vicinity are superior to all, except in size. The lake cats bring in the Southern market, frozen or salted, a greater price than any other lake fish, save perhaps the black bass.

The Southern large cats are coarse and nasty, and with few exceptions are only fit as nigger food, while the same from the fine cold water of our lakes, when rightly cooked, myself and all that have eaten of them, prefer them to all other of our fishes. Twenty-five or thirty pounds is the full weight of the cats here. They go into the mud shortly, so if you wish to procure the same this fall you must hurry up. I would transmit as small fish as it is possible to procure; they are hardy and equal carp for transportation

The largest dealer in fish on the lake is Mr. H. E. O'Hagan, of Sandusky, Ohio. He is the soul of honor, and accommodating.

I don't know but what it would be a good idea to teach those Belgians how to cook cats. DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O.

If Mr. Mather can't get catfish more convenient, he could get a full supply in Middle Georgia. Presume he can get them nearer. THOMAS CHALMERS.

HOLYOKE, Mass.

SEA TURTLES NEAR NEW YORK.

IF you would "go a fishing" off the south shore of Staten Island, you would know that sea turtles abound in Raritan, popularly known as Prince's Bay. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for remarking parenthetically that Prince's Bay is only a little cove.

About three weeks ago Mr. Jacob Vetter, of the Excelsior Fishing Club, located at Huguenot, while angling for weakfish on "the middle," discovered that some thing had "caught on" to a baited hand line which he had dangling in the tide. This proved to be a turtle that had hooked himself by the shoulder close to the shell. With the assistance of Mr. John Ruse, who was in the same boat, and the aid of some gentlemen who opportunely passed within hailing distance, the turtle was lifted out of the water and brought ashore. With the basket in which it was placed the turtle weighed 126 pounds. It was rendered into 40 gallons of soup by "Gus" Spence, of Beekman street, which connoisseurs were unable to distinguish from the finest green turtle soup. From a description furnished to dealers in turtles, it was pronounced by them to be a green turtle. Its head may be seen at the taxidermist's on William street near Spruce. Its neck measures 19 inches in circumference.

It is unusual to pass a day in fishing off the south shore of Staten Island in the summer without being startled by the sudden appearance of one or more of these monsters, or by their "s-h-o-u-g-h," as they come up to breathe.

ALBERT E. COCHRAN

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.

THE WEST JERSEY SOCIETY.—Philadelphia, Sept. 5.—The West Jersey Game Protective Association is very active this season on the New Jersey side of our river. Several shooters have been arrested, not being able to show license. Bill Carson, of pigeon-shooting fame, was taken in day before yesterday and fined $50, and yesterday A. Welch, Jr., son of the great stock breeder, was arrested and taken to Camden and fined $50. The latter gentleman has declared his determination to make appeal and test the constitutionality of the law, which you know has been questioned by some.—HOMO.

DOLLY VARDEN TROUT.—Upper Soda Springs, Siskiyou County, Cal.—An article in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 17 mentions two kinds of trout as occurring in the McCloud River, viz., *Salmo iridea* (rainbow trout), and the other, punctatus (*Salmo purpuratus*), which name had been substituted for *clarkii*, and for which trout you wish a vulgar but constant name adopted. As we are not aware of a third species of trout in the McCloud River, it seems that for one and the same kind of fish the name of *bairdii* and *mahna* have, by right of priority presumably, been superseded by *clarkii* and by *purpuratus* finally. If we are correct in concluding that all these names stand for that larger, largely yellow-spotted trout of the McCloud River and other more northern streams of this coast, we would call your attention to the fact that this species is in the regions where it occurs, and more widely over the Pacific coast, known as the Dolly Varden trout, the general adoption of which name might, therefore, recommend itself as a one of long standing and answer the purpose of your article on "Correct Fish Nomenclature."—R. M. [The fish which we referred to as *S. clarkii* or *S. purpuratus*, is not the Dolly Varden, but is a fish called by Jordan "Missouri trout," and "Columbia River trout." It is so much like the rainbow trout, *S. iridea*, as to be popularly confounded with it. According to Jordan its scales are larger than those of the rainbow. The latter has 165 to 205 rows of scales (in lateral line), while the *purpuratus* has 155 to 165. Its coloration is, we believe, more of a flush than a distinct stripe like the rainbow. Its range is very wide, and it is found in the McCloud, according to the authorities, with the rainbow, from which it requires careful examination to be separated. The Dolly Varden is yellow or red-spotted, while the other two are black-spotted fish. All three species have been exhibited here, dead, at the trout openings at Mr. Blackford's.]

TOO FASTIDIOUS.—I don't quite comprehend why some of your correspondents so seriously object to the bass occasionally making a "square meal" of snake, and for such a lark condemn, knock down, and stamp, metaphorically, upon one of the gamiest, hardiest, and most succulent fish of our inland waters. That a bass "flops" a snake now and then only proves that he is the best fellow; is bold, and has a good appetite and a good digestion. Why not go back on a trout because he feeds on a nasty worm that lives on mud, or go hungry for a week because the delicious broiled chicken on the breakfast table got its sustenance from the barnyard? Snakes must be good or the bass would not take them. If the bass drank whisky enough he might have a red nose, where now he has only a red eye, and if he put into his stomach one-tenth the variety of food that every man thinks he must have or starve, or ate snake as a regular diet, there would then be some consistency in black-balling him. As it is, the bass is rarely fooled with stale meat, and will only take what has life or the semblance of it, and the same process of assimilation of food, or nearly so, that gives existence to all animated life, applies equally well to the bass that is fast superseding, I regret to say, the daintiest, sweetest, and most beautiful of fish—the trout.—SYRACUSE.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Since the spirited correspondence between the newly appointed Fish Commissioner and the Governor, matters piscatorial have been very quiet at the executive mansion, though the genuine anglers of our city have been having a good time with the jack, bass and black perch in the many first-class streams of the State. We have had much rain, but as a rule not too much for ardent sportsmen, as the rain kept the water in excellent fishing order. Col. Geo. F. Akers, ex-Fish Commissioner, paid us a visit the other day. He says that the fishing in the Upper Cumberland and the Red River of Kentucky is simply immense. The Colonel caught at Louisville, a few days ago, out of the Ohio River, an eel which weighed four and a half pounds. He says that he "never believed that an amphibious critter would be so cussed in his ways as was this snake-like monster." Our market is beginning to be well supplied with fish and oysters from the Eastern cities. Catfish and drum are taken in quantities with trot lines from the river close by town, and occasionally a hungry bass will be snared into taking the fixed bait on this unsportsmanlike tackle.—J. D. H.

THE GASPER-GOU IS EDIBLE.—We publish the following from the Fish Commissioner of Texas on the fish called gasper-gou in the South, lake sheepshead in the North, etc., the *Haplodonotus grunniens*. It is not eaten at the North, and the following is a reply to a letter from us on the subject. We do not think there has been an error in the indentication: "We certainly do eat 'gasper-gou' and there is no doubt about its being a good fish. Is it possible that a mistake has been made in the 'identification' of this fish? With the exception of several apparent species of bass, the gasper-gou is the best fresh wather fish we have in Texas. Weighing from a few ounces up to, say three pounds, it is a good pan fish- larger, a good fish boiled or baked.—R. R. ROBERTSON (Austin Texas)."

FISH AND GAME OF TROUT LAKE.—Escanaba, Mich., Sept. 4.—I was up to Trout Lake August 20; brought down 165 trout, which weighed fifty-five pounds dressed. I saw four deer, three beavers and one otter; killed one of the beavers with a little pole. I have a sample of the white bottom of Trout Lake; do you want it? If so I will send it to you.—A. F. YOUNG. [We would like to see a sample of this singular bottom.]

LIGHT OR HEAVY RODS.—Boston, Mass., Sept. 8.—Paste this record on the banner of the light vs. heavy. An eight-ounce rod has this season killed seven black bass whose united weight was twenty-three pounds. On one occasion a 3¼-pound bass and a 1¼-pound white perch were killed and landed at one time. Of course it took some minutes to "lead them around," but we don't grudge time spent that way, for we never fish for count or money, and are never miserable because some other boat brings in more fish than our own.—M.

ADIRONDACK TROUT.—Meacham Lake, Franklin county, N. Y., Sept. 6.—The trout are just beginning to head up stream towards the spawning beds. My California trout, hatched June 1, are now two inches long. I am very much surprised at their growth. If they make a good fish for the table, they will be of great benefit to the Adirondacks. I am in doubt yet as to quality, but hope it will be good.—A. R. FULLER.

VIRGINIA BLACK BASS.—On a late trip to Loudoun county, Va., I stumbled upon the best sport for black bass, short of New York State, I have ever found. It was at Castleman's Ferry, near Snickersville, on the Shenandoah River. No one appears to know of it, and the natives, in a very primitive way, take black bass with hand lines. A good hotel on the banks of the river affords accommodations, and the fish run large and take minnow bait freely. I found one trouble, that of the muddy state of the river after even moderate rains, as the Shenandoah drains a great extent of country, and the soil of Loudoun county is of a clayey nature. Good boats can be had at Castleman's Ferry, and fishermen getting there when the river is clear can be assured of sport.—HOMO.

FATAL FISHING.—A resident of St. Louis, who was on a visit to the East, went bluefishing the other day, became seasick. In his struggles, it is supposed, burst a blood vessel, and died.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORDFISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONTINUED.]

ENEMIES.

SUCH a large animal as the swordfish can have but few antagonists whose attacks would be disastrous. The tunny or horse mackerel, *Orcynus thynnus*, other swordfishes, and sharks are its only peers in size, and of these the sharks are probably its worst foes.

Capt. N. E. Atwood exhibited to the Boston Society of Natural History, December 7, 1864, the lower jaw of a large shark, taken at Provincetown, Mass., in whose stomach nearly the whole of a large swordfish was found. Some ten or twelve wounds were noticed in the skin of the shark, giving an idea of the conflict. The shark was doubtless *Galeocerda tigrina*.

Couch was told by a sailor that he had watched with interest the anxious motions of one as it was followed closely and rapidly in all its turnings by a blue shark. Twice did it leap above the surface to escape the near approach of its pursuer, but with what success at last the observer had no opportunity of knowing.

Mr. John A. Thomson states that the billfish (probably *Tetrapturus albidus*) is their especial enemy. Billfish, six to twelve feet long, appear about the last of the season, and their appearance is a signal that the swordfish are about leaving.

INVERTEBRATE PARASITES OF THE SWORDFISH.

Aristotle thus explains the leaping movements of the fish: "The tunny and the *Xiphia* suffer from the œstrus at the rising of the dog-star, for both these fish at this season have beneath their fins a little worm which is called œstrus, which resembles a scorpion and is about the size of a spider; they suffer so much from this torment that the *Xiphias* leaps out of the sea as high as the dolphin, and in this manner frequently falls upon ships."

This description of the parasite is somewhat vague; yet it is evident that allusion is made to one of the Lerneans or gill-lice, little crustaceans remotely resembling crabs and lobsters, which attach themselves to the gills and skin of many kinds of fishes, sucking the blood from their veins, and often causing death; dreadful to their victims as was their namesake, the fabled Lernean Hydra, to the Argives of old, and not to be destroyed by any pseudo Hercules and Iolaus.

In one of the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions is an account by S. Paulo Boccone of "an extraordinary *Sanguisuga* or *leech*, found sometimes sticking fast in the fish called *Xiphias* or *swordfish*." It is described as "about four Inches long, the Belly of it white, cartilaginous and transparent, without Eyes or Head, but instead of a Head it had a hollow Snout, encompassed with a very hard Membrane; which Snout it thrusts wholo into the Body of the Fish, as far as the Tongue was wound into a piece of Wood, and fills it full of Blood into the very Orifice." He names it "*Hirudo* or *Acus cauda utrinque pennata*."(33)

A specimen taken off Seaconnet, July 22, 1875, had fluke worms in the external coat of the stomach and in the air-bladder.

I am indebted to Mr. Frederick W. True for the following account of the parasites of the swordfish:

The swordfish is infested by many species of parasites. Some hang on the gills, others fasten themselves to different parts of the alimentary canal—the œsophagus, the stomach, and the intestines—and others still, bore into the flesh. Several species, as might be expected from the size of the fish, are among the giants of their races. All undoubtedly cause more or less pain to their host, but especially those which attach themselves to the gills, disturbing their action and destroying their substance.

The parasites of the swordfish, for convenience, may be classified in two groups, the worm-like parasites (*Helminthes*) and the crustacean parasites.

a. The worm-like parasites (*Helminthes*).—Seven species of *Helminthes* from the swordfish have been described, of which one belongs to the group *Nematoda*, or roundworms, four to the *Trematoda*, or flukes, and two to the *Cestoda*, or tapeworms. [Description omitted.]

FISH PARASITES—THE SUCKERS OR REMORAS.

Several species of "stays-ships" or "remoras" occur on our coast. The ordinary kinds, such as *Leptecheneis naucrateoides*, the one with a black stripe down its side and white corners to its caudal fin, appears to choose companionship with the sharks, while the oceanic species, *Echeneis remora*, is most often found clinging to ships.

A third species, *Remoropsis brachyptera*, is the particular parasite of the swordfish. I have several times identified it when found attached to the fish, and have never known it to be found on any other species. It has never come to us, moreover, from locality and season which would be inconsistent with a theory that it had been brought near shore by a swordfish.

Still another, *Rhombochirus osteochir*, seems equally inseparable from *Tetrapturus albidus*. This fact is known to the Cuban fishermen, who call it by the name *Pega de los Agujas*, the parasite of the spearfish.

Perhaps the two species are not so fixed in their likings that they will change from *Xiphias* to *Tetrapturus*. My friend Professor Giglioli, of Florence, who speaks of *R. brachyptera* as a fish new to the Mediterranean, obtained from Taranto a specimen said to have been taken from the gills (operculum?) of *Tetrapturus belone*.

These parasites probably prefer to cling with their curious suckers to the hard exterior surface of the opercular flap of the swordfish.

33. The | Philosophical | Transactions | and | Collections | To the End of the Year MDCC | Abridged | and | Disposed under General Heads | —— | Vol. II. | —— | Containing all the | Physiological Papers | —— | By John Lowthorp, M. A. and F. R. S. |

THE LOCATION OF THE FISHING GROUNDS.

In what has already been said regarding the dates of appearance and local movements of the swordfish in our waters may be found all the facts relating to the location of the fishing grounds, for the fishermen follow the swordfish wherever they appear to be most abundant.

Early in the season the swordfish are most abundant west of Montauk Point, and later they spread over the shoal grounds along the coast even as far north as the Nova Scotia Banks. They may be found wherever mackerel and menhaden are abundant, as may be inferred from the almost universal practice of carrying swordfish irons on board of mackerel vessels.

I quote the statements of three or four correspondents who have taken the trouble to interview the fishermen of their respective localities.

Mr. E. G. Blackford writes: "The following information I received from an old swordfisherman, a man whose statements may be relied on. The season first opens early in June in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook, and continues along the coast as far east as Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Shoals until about the middle of September. They are said to have been caught as far north as Cape Sable. At the first cold wind blowing in September they disappear, and are not found again on the coast that season." This is the statement of a New York man.

Capt. Benjamin Ashby, of Noank, Conn., informs me that the swordfish vessels of Noank and New London are accustomed to leave the home port about the 6th of July, and throughout the month they find fish most abundant between Block Island and Noman's Land; in August between Noman's Land and the South Shoal Light Ship. They first meet the fish twenty to twenty-five miles southeast of Montauk Point. In August and September they are found on George's Banks. There is no fishing after the snow begins to fly.

A little farther east is the New Bedford fleet. Capt. I. H. Michaux, of the schooner Yankee Bride, tells me that swordfish strike in about Block Island in the middle of June, and stay in that vicinity until the 15th or 20th of August. North of Cape Cod they are taken up to the 30th of October.

The statements of Mr. John H. Thomson, of New Bedford, have already been quoted, but may be epitomized in this connection. From May 25 to June they are found south of Block Island, approaching the Vineyard Sound and the neighboring waters through June and to the middle of July. A little later they are more abundant to the southeast of Crab Ledge, and after August 1 to the southeast of Cape Cod and George's Banks.

The schooner Northern Eagle, of Gloucester, Capt. George H. Martin, when engaged in swordfishing, is accustomed to leave Gloucester so as to be on the ground south of Block Island by the 10th of June, and the fish are followed as far east as Portland.

Mr. Earll ascertained that the swordfish are mostly fished for on the coast of Maine from July 1 to September 1.

Halibut vessels on La Have and Sable Island Banks occasionally take these fish upon their lines.

Mackerel vessels on the New England coast are always prepared for swordfish when cruising among mackerel schools. I am not aware that they are ever seen on the mackerel grounds of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

APPARATUS OF CAPTURE.

The apparatus ordinarily employed for the capture of the swordfish is simple in the extreme. It is a harpoon with detachable head. When the fish is struck the head of the harpoon remains in the body of the fish, and carries with it a light rope, which is either made fast or held by a man in a small boat, or is attached to some kind of a buoy, which is towed through the water by the struggling fish and which marks its whereabouts after death.

The harpoon consists of a pole fifteen or sixteen feet in length, usually of hickory or some other hard wood, upon which the bark has been left, so that the harpooner may have a firmer hand-grip. This pole is from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, and at one end is provided with an iron rod or "shank," about two feet long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter. This "shank" is fastened to the pole by means of a con cal or elongated cup-like expansion at one end, which incases the sharpened end of the pole, to which it is secured by screws or spikes. A light line extends from one end of the pole to the point where it joins the "shank," and in this line is tied a loop, by which is made fast another short line which secures the pole to the vessel or boat, so that when, it is thrown at the fish it cannot be lost.

Upon the end of the "shank" its somewhat securely the head of the harpoon, known to the fishermen by the names of swordfish iron, lily iron, or Indian dart. This form of this weapon has undergone much variation, as is shown in the series of figures of specimens in the National Museum. The fundamental idea may very possibly have been derived from the Indian fish dart, numerous specimens of which are in the National Museum. However various the modifications may have been, the similarity of the different shapes is no less noteworthy from the fact that all are peculiarly American. In the enormous collection of fishery implements of all lands in the late exhibition at Berlin, nothing of the kind could be found. What is known to whalers as a toggle-harpoon is a modification of the lily-iron, but so greatly changed by the addition of a pivot by which the head of the harpoon is fastened to the "shank" that it can hardly be regarded as the same weapon.

The lily-iron is in principle exactly what a whaleman would describe by the word "toggle." It consists of a two-pointed piece of metal, turning in the center, at one side, a ring or socket whose axis is parallel with the long diameter of the implement. In this is inserted the end of the pole-shank, and to it or near it is also attached the harpoon-line. When the iron has once been thrust point first through some solid substance, such as the side of a fish, and is released upon the other side by the withdrawal of the pole from the socket, it is free, and at once turns its long axis at right angles to the direction in which the harpoon-line is pulling, and thus is absolutely prevented from withdrawal. The principle of the whale-harpoon or toggle-iron is similar, except that the pole is not withdrawn, and the head, turning upon a pivot at its end, fastens the pole itself securely to the fish, the harpoon-line being attached to some part of the pole. The swordfish lily-iron head, as now ordinarily used, is about four inches in length, and consists of two lanceolate blades, each about an inch and a half long, connected by a central piece much thicker than they, in which, upon one side, and next to the flat side of the blade, is the socket for the insertion of the pole-shank. In this same central enlargement is forged an opening to which the harpoon-line is attached. The dart-head is usually made of steel; sometimes of iron, which is generally galvanized; sometimes of brass.

The entire weight of the harpoon-pole, shank, and head should not exceed 18 pounds.

The harpoon-line is from 100 to 150 fathoms long, and is ordinarily what is known as "fifteen-thread line." At the end is sometimes fastened a buoy, and an ordinary mackerel keg is generally used for this purpose.

In addition to the harpoon, every swordfisherman carries a lance. This implement is precisely similar to a whaleman's lance, except that it is smaller, consisting of a lanceolate blade perhaps one inch wide and two inches long, upon the end of a shank of five-eighths-inch iron, perhaps two or three feet in length, fastened in the ordinary way upon a pole 15 to 18 feet in length.

THE MANNER OF FITTING A VESSEL FOR SWORDFISHING.

The swordfish are always harpooned from the end of the bowsprit of a sailing vessel. It is next to impossible to approach them in a small boat. All vessels regularly engaged in this fishery are supplied with a special apparatus for the support of the harpooner as he stands on the bowsprit, and this is almost essential to success, although it is possible for an active man to harpoon a fish from this station without the aid of the ordinary framework. Not only the professional swordfishermen but many mackerel schooners and packets are supplied in this manner.

The swordfish "pulpit" is constructed as follows: The harpooner stands upon the tip of the bowsprit, outside of the

jibstay. At this point is fastened a square plate of iron as wide as the bowsprit. In the middle of this plate is a mortise two inches square and extended three or four inches down into the wood, forming a socket for an upright iron bar two inches square and three feet high. At the top of this bar is a bow of iron bent backward in semicircular form to surround the waist of the harpooner, the ends of the bow being separated by a distance of perhaps two feet. In the ends of the bow-iron are holes through which are passed irons to hold the dart when not in use. Through these same holes are sometimes passed ropes, by which is suspended a swinging seat for the use of the harpooner when not in action. When not in use the dart is lashed in a horizontal position to the top of the "rest." The lance is usually allowed to rest against the jibstay, to which it is secured by passing it through loops of rope arranged for the purpose. Upon the tip of the bowsprit, at the base of the *rest*, is a platform of wood about two feet square, large enough to afford a firm foot-hold to the harpooner. The harpoon-line is coiled upon the bow of the vessel, the buoy usually resting upon the bulkhead or close at hand. A second harpoon-line, attached to the reserve or second harpoon, is coiled upon the other side.

The structure above described is usually called a "rest", though not infrequently the "pulpit". Capt. Benjamin Ashby always called it an "oresembo". I was unable to obtain from him any derivation of this remarkable word. He informed me that he had always used this name because the thing looked to him as if it ought to be called by that name, and that he had never heard any one else call it so except members of his own crew, who had learned the word from him. This is a curious illustration of the arbitrary manner in which fishermen are accustomed to coin names for new articles of apparatus. Although many archaic and provincial terms whose etymology is plainly traceable are in use among our seafaring men, there are numerous others for whose meaning and origin it would be vain to search.

I have been unable to learn when and by whom this peculiar piece of apparatus was devised.

MANNER OF CAPTURE.

The swordfish never comes to the surface except in moderate, smooth weather. A vessel cruising in search of them proceeds to the fishing ground and cruises hither and thither wherever the abundance of small fish indicates that they ought to be found. Vessels which are met are hailed and asked whether any swordfish have been seen, and if tidings are thus obtained the ship's course is at once laid for the locality where they were last noticed. A man is always stationed at the masthead, where, with the keen eye which practice has given him, he can easily descry the tell-tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or three miles. When a fish has once been sighted the watch "sings out," and the vessel is steered directly towards it. The skipper takes his place at the "pulpit," holding the pole in both hands by the small end, and directing the man at the wheel by voice and gesture how to steer. There is no difficulty in approaching the fish with a large vessel, although, as has already been remarked, they will not suffer a small boat to come near them. The vessel plows and swashes through the water, plunging its bowsprit into the waves, without exciting their fears. Noises frighten them and drive them down. Although there would be no difficulty in bringing the end of the bowsprit directly over the fish, a skillful harpooner never waits for this. When the fish is from six to ten feet in front of the vessel it is struck. The harpoon is never thrown, the pole being too long. The strong arm of the harpooner punches the dart into the back of the fish, right at the side of the high dorsal fin, and the pole is withdrawn and fastened again to its place. When the dart has been fastened to the fish the line is allowed to run out as far as the fish will carry it, and is then passed in a small boat which is towed at the stern. Two men jump into this, and pulling in upon the line until the fish is brought in alongside; it is then killed with a whale lance or a whale spade, which is stuck into the gills.

The fish having been killed, it is lifted upon the deck by a purchase tackle of two double blocks rigged in the shrouds.

The fishermen have a theory to the effect that the swordfish can see nothing directly in front of him, on account of the peculiar location of the eyes, and there are instances of their having been approached and killed by men in a skilfully managed dory.

THE PERILS AND THE ROMANCE OF SWORDFISHING.

The pursuit of the swordfish is much more exciting than ordinary fishing, for it resembles the hunting of large animals upon the land, and partakes much of the nature of the chase. There is no slow and careful baiting and patient waiting, and no disappointment caused by the accidental capture of worthless "bait-stealers." The game is seen and followed, and outwitted by wary tactics, and killed by strength of arm and skill. The swordfish is a powerful antagonist sometimes, and sends his pursuers' vessel into harbor leaking, and almost sinking, from injuries which he has inflicted. I have known a vessel to be struck by wounded swordfish as many as twenty times in one season. There is even the spice of personal danger to give savor to the chase, for the men are occasionally injured by the infuriated fish. One of Captain Ashby's crew was severely wounded by a swordfish which thrust his beak through the oak floor of a boat on which he was standing, and penetrated about two inches in his naked heel. The strange fascination draws men to this pursuit when they have once learned its charm. An old swordfisherman, who has followed the pursuit for twenty years, told me that when he was on the cruising ground he dished all night in his dreams, and that many a time he has bruised his hands and rubbed the skin off his knuckles by striking them against the ceiling of his bunk when he raised his arms to thrust the harpoon into visionary monster swordfishes.

A LANDSMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF SWORDFISHING.

Mr. C. F. Holder, of New York, published in FOREST AND STREAM, February 17, 1876, the following description of a trip after swordfish in Block Island Sound:

"Lying all night in the harbor of Wood's Holl, we had ample time to prepare for sport, and at three o'clock in the morning our little sloop was swinging around, and, gathering herself together, headed for Gay Head. The vessel was a common sloop of about sixty tons, its only peculiarity being a stanchion with a curved top, to hold the harpooner, rigged on the extreme end of the bowsprit. At nine o'clock we were out of sight of the Vineyard. The wind settling, I was informed that I could go aloft and use my weather-eye, and the better I used it the more fish we would get. After not a few attempts to climb the greasy pole of a mast I found myself aloft, with a firm grasp upon the throat of the gaff, my weather-eye, contrary to orders, full of tar, and my port on the lookout for the game. We were just moving along, and I was taking in the horizon for miles around, when the man at the bow uttered a sound, which was a sort of a cross between a cluck and a groan, which I knew meant 'fish,' and that something had been sighted. The old craft fell lazily away, and I then saw two dark forms with their razor-like fins out of the water slowly moving along ahead of us. The captain signaled at once for me to come down, and as I reached the deck the fun commenced. The man waited until we were almost upon them, and as one of them turned, as if in idle curiosity, to see what the great shadow meant, he buried a spear, and the next moment the huge fish sprang from the water and with a furious twist tried to shake out the iron. So great was the effort that it fell on its side with a crash, and for a moment was still, but it was only for a second, the line jumped into activity and rushed out so you could not follow it, now swaying to and fro, and making the water fly like rain. About 50 feet of line had gone out, when six of us managed to get a fair hold on the line, and attempted to try our strength. If six individuals were ever jerked around in a more vivacious manner they have my utmost sympathies. Now the swordfish would land us altogether in a heap, then slacken up, and take us unawares, throwing us to the deck with a force that fully came up to my preconceived ideas of the sport. He would undoubtedly have dragged us all overboard if the rope had not been sure and fast. This sort of *fun* was kept up for about fifteen minutes, when the fish perceptibly weakened, and the long rushes to the right and left grew feebler and feebler, until we ventured to haul in. At last we had the brute alongside. A rope was rigged from the peak and fastened around the long sword, and the monster was rolled on board the sloop. We measured our game, which was 9 feet 6 inches long. Though I have frequently caught sharks which measured 13 feet, I never saw any that showed near the strength of this peculiar creature.

"We cruised all day in the vicinity, and succeeded in capturing three more, varying in length from 6 to 9 feet, and as we returned to Wood's Holl I felt that I had well earned my experience."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEUTSCHE FISCHEREI VEREIN has been awarded a silver vase as a prize of honor by the King of Saxony for the best work on the pollution of waters and their prevention and remedy.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1882.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1882. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 884, New York, Secretary.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A large number of communications remain unanswered in the absence of the editor of this department. Pending his return from the prairie chicken trials, we beg the indulgence of numerous correspondents.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN TRIALS.

[SPECIALS TO FOREST AND STREAM.]

FAIRMONT, Minn., Sept. 8, 1882.

Following is summary of the conclusion of the Derby running:

Fourth Series.

Prince Noble beat Pink B., and won first prize, Chevalier being withdrawn. Pink B. won second prize.

Fifth Series.

American Dan beat Scott; Gilderoy a bye.

Sixth Series.

American Dan beat Gilderoy and won third prize.

Seventh Series.

Gilderoy, St. Elmo IV. and Scott divided fourth prize. This ends the Derby.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

First Series.

Sue beat Countess Druid.
Frank H. beat Broker.
Adams' Bessie beat Kinnikinick.
Maxim beat Bodine (withdrawn).
Jess and Christmas Bell were ordered up to go down again if they have a chance to win.
Prairie Range beat Shadow.
Count Noble beat London.
Dashing Novice beat Foreman.
Meteor beat Pride.
Gertrude beat May Laverack (withdrawn).
Biz beat Clemantine D.
Rock beat Maida.
Donner's Bessie beat Dash.
Don beat Punch (withdrawn).

FAIRMONT, Minn., Sept. 9.

The continuation of the running in the All-Aged Stakes resulted as follows:

Second Series.

Sue beat Adams' Bessie.
Frank H. beat Maxim (who, with Meteor, was withdrawn).
Count Noble beat Prairie Ranger.
Gertrude beat Biz.
Rock beat Donner's Bessie.
Don beat Dashing Novice.

Third Series.

Sue beat Count Noble.
Don beat Rock.
Gertrude and Frank H not decided.
There are seventeen more heats to run. The finish will be about Thursday. Mr. B. F. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been elected judge in place of Mr. E. C. Sterling, resigned. Weather pleasant but hot. Fair attendance.

FAIRMONT, Minn., Sept. 11.

At a meeting of the handlers to-night it was agreed that the judges, assisted by Messrs. E. C. Sterling and N. Rowe, should place the remaining dogs instead of running them.

Sue gets four-fifths of second prize, and Dashing Novice one-fifth.

Gertrude, Count Noble and Adams's Bess equal third.
Biz and Prairie Ranger equal fourth.
The Fairmont prize was divided between Gertrude and Rock.
Best Pennsylvania entry in Derby, Count Dad.
Pointer prize, Don.
Best Pennsylvania entry in All-Aged Stake, Don.
The trials have been successful financially.

"You dog of a printer," cried the enraged poet, "you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Yes, but you see, sir, I am not a pointer—I'm a setter," replied the printer.—*Ex.*

WHY HE STOPPED IT.—Clinton, Mass., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please stop my advertisement in your paper and send bill to me. The puppies are about all disposed of, only two bitches left, so I shall need it no longer. I can testify to the good qualities of your circulation and the advantage of advertising with you.—CHAS. L. SHAW.

DESTROYING OLD FAVORITES.

ONE of the cares which a horse or dog owner must at times be acquainted with is to know what to do with the old favorites. They have gained upon our affections for years, and when in the prime of life we have looked upon them with pride for their present worth, without estimating their value for the future, excepting for a continued use of their services. Years steal on and by degrees we find their worth depreciating, and we become reminded that animal life is a short one, and that as soon as they begin to show the signs of old age, the descent in the scale of decrepitude is very rapid. At this stage the owner possessing a mercantile mind will look about him to find a new possessor for the favorite, though there is a certain pricking of conscience even to do this, and many a determination to sell is prevented indeed until it is too late to entertain such a notion at all, and the favorite is left—perhaps half by choice and half by circumstances—to finish his days in his old home. There are other people who would not think of parting with an old servant; and her Majesty the Queen sets this example, as no horse in the Royal stable is allowed to be sold after he has been in the service of royalty for four years. A third class of owners shrink from the final lie being separated by the sure hand of death, and so give the treasured favorite away, on an assurance that is mostly unpledged, but often on the seamless verbal promise that the animal shall be well looked after for the remainder of his life. This is decidedly the most cruel and thoughtless act of all, as if a master or mistress cannot feel the deepest consideration for an old dependant, how can it be supposed that a stranger will?

The question is a very difficult one, however, as the feelings of most people are particularly sensitive on this point, and no matter how much courage, moral or otherwise, that a man may possess, he shirks giving the order or doing the deed himself that is to put the old favorite out of the way. We have known a great many cases where such feelings have brought about exactly the opposite results to those aimed at. The memory of an old Scotch terrier comes back to us that reached the good old age of seventeen, but for two years previous to that time he had become a nuisance to himself and every one near him. "Really, ma'am, Fox must be killed," the confidential housekeeper used to say to her mistress. "Well, let it be done; but I must know nothing about it," was the reply. During this dialogue, however, Fox would be listening on the hearth-rug, and, as if he knew what was said, he invariably put his tail between his legs, and hid himself under the table or behind the curtain. Such an action on his part would make his mistress look very grave, and in the course of a quarter of an hour the bell would be rung, so as to give orders that Fox was not to be killed. So matters went on until at last the housekeeper, who could not refuse to the gardener, but that functionary was very fond of the dog, as he had known him as an old friend for ten or a dozen years. Consequently, he debated the orders to the day laborer, who knew nothing about killing dogs, and the upshot of it was that Fox was hammered to death with a spade.

Another case in point was that of a sportsman who was a particularly good shot, and he determined that he would put two very favorite terriers out of the way himself, so, as he termed it, "they should not suffer any bungling. After putting off his intention for months and weeks, he plucked up his courage at last for the very unenviable duty, and, taking the two old dogs into a walled garden, and getting them both together, he shot one, but the other moving, or, more likely, his hand shaking, he only wounded the greater favorite of the two, his faithful companion for years, and he had to listen to his cry whilst adjusting another cartridge. It was but a moment or two's misery, of course; but the sportsman was terribly cut up by the incident, and declared he could go through anything rather than have that again.

It is an absolute necessity in many cases that old horses and dogs should be destroyed, as their decrepitude is unquestionably painful to themselves, and their helpless conditions are frequently aggravated by disease. In fact, it is mistaken humanity to let them last out to the full extent of their years, besides the great inconvenience they incur. The method of carrying out the most merciful intentions, both for the sake of the feelings of the owners and animals, is therefore, a most important consideration, and we consequently give one that has been suggested to us by Frank Gillard, the Duke of Rutland's huntsman. Gillard was much put out by the contemplation of the old, and it must be acknowledged the quick plan of knocking the condemned hounds on the head with a hammer. This plan is similar in every way to the method pole-axing horses, and although people say it must be painless, the idea is revolting when one thinks of the terrible blow necessary to insure death, and that the animal must be previously cognizant of the action for its destruction. Poison, also, did not come quite up to Gillard's idea of what was required, but the serious effects of overdoses of chloroform gave him the notion of giving hounds an everlasting sleep. He tried it by empting the contents of a two-ounce bottle of that fluid on to a bit of sponge, and this he put into a muzzle and adjusted it on to the hound. Almost directly the animal lay down as if sleepy, and curling himself round just as a dog always does when he feels inclined for a nap, there was no further movement, and the only fact to relate was that he did not wake again. Gillard has adopted the plan entirely since he tried the first experiment, and he does not like to see any favorite hound go out of the kennel now, for fear it may be put out of the way under less comfortable circumstances.

The above method certainly appears to be the easiest way of putting an old favorite out of the way, as the death must be painless; and there is nothing about the surroundings of such a departure from this life to shock the feelings of the kindest-hearted master or mistress sorrowing for the loss of a canine friend.—*Kennel Gazette.*

THE COCKER STANDARD.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not wish to have any controversy with "Senex," as I am well aware that although I can beat him breeding I am no match for him with the pen. I used to have some respect for him, but he will not be satisfied unless he is writing against the Hornell Spaniel Club. He did just the same thing last year when we won at New York and then apologized in your columns for it. I don't care one cent what he says about me, but when he gets to writing such bosh about our dogs, then I must reply. He says the standard was made to fit the dogs of the Hornell Spaniel Club. I beg to inform him the Hornell Spaniel Club won first and special at New York before there was any standard, and that we have only one dog now in our kennel that we had when the standard was made, but we never fail to purchase any dog or bitch that may or will be of use to our kennel, and it is no exaggeration to say that we have the finest and largest collection of spaniels, field and cocker, ever brought together in America. We bought Bob Ivy in Ireland, Benedict and Beatrice of the Lachine Kennel Club, Black Prince of A. C. Williamson, Flirt of Geo. D. Macdougall, Ottawa, Ont., Topsy of R. Williams, Dash, Creole and Brahmin of A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Curlew of A. Sewell, Madge of C. Davis, Baroness from Mr. Hollis. She was bred in Canada, and now to show that we knew what we were buying I will say that all have won first or second prizes. The way I look at it is this, if you expect to make a name you must keep on improving always more ahead and keep ahead if possible. Just let some one offer good stock for sale and see if we do not offer a good price for it. We do not deal in or breed cheap dogs, they are a fraud and delusion. We pay good prices for our stock, and expect good prices for the pups. The standard "Senex" says was made to fit certain black spaniels of ours. Let me ask him how it happens that we won first and special at Pittsburgh with a black and white native, and second in puppy



MR. J. H. GOODSELL'S LAVERACK SETTER DOG "DON JUAN."

class with a liver; first at New York with black and white, and second and special in puppies with liver; also first in aged and puppy class at Cleveland with liver. Does "Senex" think I could buy or influence such honorable judges and gentlemen as Maj. Taylor, Dr. Niven, Messrs. Mason, Orgill and Kirk? He might as well say so as to write as he does, but I suppose he thinks no one knows what a spaniel is but "Senex." He does not like it, it seems, because the Hornell Spaniel Club can win a few prizes. Let him put as much money, time and brains into it as we have, and he may also expect to win. By the way, he forgets that he wanted to fix it so I could win his special prize at New York last spring. I replied that I had no desire to take any advantage, that our dogs must win on their merits. It is evident that "Senex" had not read "Stonehenge's" endorsement of the standard when he wrote as he did.—J. OTIS FELLOWS (Secretary Hornell Spaniel Club.)

DON JUAN.

DON JUAN is a blue belton Laverack setter dog, owned by Mr. James H. Goodsell, of New York. He is registered in the E. K. C. S. B. No. 10,146, and was born Aug. 8, 1879. His sire, Tam O'Shanter (6,138), is by the celebrated champion Rock out of Rum. His dam, La Reine (6,138), is by Blue Prince out of Cora. Don Juan was bred by Mr. H. F. Grant, Newport, Isle of Wight, England. He was imported in 1881. His public appearance was at the New York show of that year, when, owing to his lack of condition he only scored he. This year he came out in grand form, and at Pittsburg, in March, won first in the class for English setters of pure Laverack pedigree and the special prize for the best Laverack setter dog in the open class, also winning with Fairy II., Petrel II., Petrel III. and Plantagenet the special prize for the best kennel of five English setters. At the show of the Westminster Kennel Club, last April, he won the special prize for the best English setter dog of pure Laverack pedigree, champions excluded, and with Petrel, Petrel II., Petrel III. and Plantagenet won the special for the best kennel of not less than five English setters. At Cleveland, in May, with Petrel II., Petrel III., Prince and Plantagenet he won the special for the best kennel of five English setters, with Petrel II. the special for the best brace of Laveracks; he also won with Petrel II. the special for the best matched pair of English setters, regardless of sex, color and quality to be considered. Don Juan is a very handsome, gamy looking animal, compactly put together, with lots of quality. He is rather under the medium size, but has plenty of bone and muscle, is very stylish, and has a thoroughbred look about him that but few animals possess. He is unquestionably the peer of any Laverack setter in this country. The cut is by Harry Tallman.

COCKERS AND FIELD SPANIELS.—New York, Sept. 4. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The courteous manner in which Mr. Kirk answers all questions on the cocker spaniel subject leads me to ask him through your journal what he claims is the difference between a cocker spaniel according to the A. C. S. C. standard and a field spaniel. I can't see any as they are continually being bred together. And the same dogs are entered at shows, and can win prizes, first as one and then as the other, according to whether their weight at the time happens to be over or under the A. C. S. C.'s regulation weight (twenty-eight pounds), which is the weight of a medium sized field spaniel. The A. C. S. C.'s standard is about the same thing as "the points of the field spaniel," which Stonehenge gives in the third edition of "The Dogs of the British Islands," and describes a breed of dogs that has been known for a great while in England and in this country as field spaniels. The true cocker spaniel is a much smaller dog and his points differ considerably from the field spaniels. Stonehenge distinctly alludes to him several times in the third edition of "The Dogs of the British Islands," and he is very well described by "Senex," in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 22 last. There are still hundreds of them of the true type to be found in England and America. The spaniel described by the A. C. S. C.'s standard, or in other words, by the field spaniel, is said to, and may be, a more useful dog for modern shooting than the old-fashioned cocker spaniel, but that is no reason why he should be called a cocker and all old-fashioned cockers bred up to his standard. So I propose that if the members of the A. C. S. C. are satisfied with their standard they change the name of their club to the American Field Spaniel Club, and continue to guard the interests of the field spaniel, and leave the interests of the true old-fashioned cocker spaniel in the care of the new cocker spaniel club which is to be formed next October. I am not an interested party in this controversy, as I own no spaniels of either breed. I simply want to see the two breeds kept separate.—SAXON.

THE DOG BETRAYED THEM.—Philadelphia, Sept. 5.—Last week one of the boat houses at Gloucester, N. J., was entered by thieves during the night. Ammunition, oar locks, push poles, etc., were taken away, and the owners, on unlocking the door of the house the following morning, found that the robbers (evidently shore gunners) had left their spaniel dog in the building, forgetting to call him out when leaving. A very clever thought struck the owners of the boat house—that of utilizing the dog for the discovery of the thieves. A cord was fastened to his collar and the animal was allowed to take his own course before a slack line. The spaniel took his followers across the river, via ferry, and directly to the house of the robbers, where the entire stolen outfit was recovered. We all pronounce this a very clever dog.—HOMO.

If you wish a first class imported mastiff puppy write to G. W. Moore, No. 6 Engine House, Pittsburgh, Pa. Full pedigree furnished. See advertisement.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE TEAMS AT PRACTICE.

THE record of the teams in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM was given to the evening of Tuesday, the 5th instant. On the following day the teams again met for simultaneous practice. The American team shot only in the second stage, at 800, 900, and 1,000yds., while the British team began at 200yds. and shot at all the distances which will be covered in the international match. The 12 leading men in the British team made the remarkable score of 2,108, out of a possible 2,520 points. This was 50 points better than their score on Tuesday. In the second stage, at 800, 900, and 1,000yds., the British led the Americans by 66 points, although the latter had improved their score by 64 points. Col. Bodine said that his team was "banged to pieces from shooting so long over all the ranges, and hereafter they will not attempt to cover all the ranges in a single day, with perhaps one exception."

The British team began shooting soon after 10 o'clock at 200yds., the opening range of the first stage of the competition. The Americans opened at 800yds., the first range of the second stage. The sky was overcast, giving a clear gray light, and the air was chilly. "This is much like our weather at home," said Corp. Caldwell, of the British team. The Englishmen complied strictly with the conditions which will govern the match by wearing their uniforms. The wind blew gently from the rear of the firing points toward the targets. Sir Henry Halford performed his duties as captain of the team and as "coach" at one of the firing points. Adjt. Henry Smith "coached" the squad at the adjoining target. The scorers were provided with miniature targets. Looking through the glass when a shot was fired, they accurately placed it on the small target with a small pin bearing a number on its head. Each pin represented a rifleman, who had a number corresponding to it. Sir Henry and Adjt. Smith did not shoot. Neither officer proposes to shoot in the match unless compelled to do so by the illness of some other member of the team. Sir Henry wore the Scotch bonnet belonging to the uniform of officers of his regiment. Observing that there were no ladies present, he drew from his pocket a little black cigar, and filled it. Puffing away a half-smoked cigar, he leaned back in his chair, and prepared to enjoy "solid comfort."

Sir Henry, Lieut.-Col. Walrond and Major Humphry each wore on his breast a new decoration. It was made of red cardboard and looked like a poker chip. The word "council" was inscribed in German text on its surface, and it was suspended from a pin-bar by a blue and white ribbon. Sir Henry explained that it was the distinctive badge of members of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association. Lieut. Heap, the best rifleman in the team, did not feel well and he remained at Garden City. His absence reduced the number shooting to thirteen. The scores at the 200yds. range were of about the same average merit as on the previous day, and the total score made by the twelve men in order of rank was 349, six points more than either made Tuesday at the same distance. McVittie made the only "miss" scored in the first stage of the competition at 200yds. He retrieved himself by making a clean score at 500yds. All but one of his shots at 600yds. were also "bullseyes." His final shot was marked an "outer," counting two. Adjt. Smith, who was spotting the shots at the target, insisted that the shot was a "bullseye" and ought to have been marked as such, but it was not decided worth while to challenge the spot. Major Humphry also made a complete score at 500yds., and the score made by the highest twelve men at that distance was 385, against 363 made on the previous day by the British, and 359 scored by the Americans. The score at 600yds. yesterday was 356, an increase of five points over the score made by the Americans at that point on the previous day, and nine points better than the British score made on the same occasion.

The British completed their work in the first stage at 1:30 o'clock, just as the Americans finished shooting at the 900yds. range. Both teams dined in the same room at the club house. A heavy shower of rain began to fall during the luncheon, and as it was still raining when the riflemen left the table. The adjutants of the respective teams took advantage of the opportunity to formally introduce the members of the two teams to each other. Gen. Woodward, Gen. Molineux, Col. Cowperthwait, Col. Story, Col. Scott, and Judge Stanton reached the range during the hand-shaking, and the conversation began to be interesting, when Sir Henry, who had kept one eye on the weather, observed that the rain had ceased falling. "Come boys," he said, "there's no time to be lost," and, picking up his gun, he lighted his pipe, and started for the field. Col. Bodine's detachment followed and began their work at 1,000 yards, as the British riflemen commenced dropping "bullseyes" into the targets at 500 yards. The flags hung close to the masts. There was not wind enough to float them, and clouds obscured the sun. The score of the first 12 Americans at 800 yards was 356, against 380 made by a similar number Tuesday. This was three points less than was made by the British on Tuesday, who made 371 at that range yesterday. At 900 yards the score of the leading 12 Americans was 315, 3 points higher than their score of the previous day, and 10 points less than the British score on Tuesday. The score of the Englishmen yesterday was 355. At 1,000 yards the 12 leading men of the British "tied" a similar number of the Americans on 318 points. The Americans fired two "strings" at 1,000 yards, but only the first one was counted in their scores, while the other was kept as a record of the practice. They scored plenty of "duck eggs." Griffiths, Van Heusen, Irlam, Alder and Ogden each got one. Paulding scored two "misses," and Smith made an "angle" iron, which counted as a "miss" on his score. Following are the scores:

	American Team.					
	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
C. W. Hinman	28	32	28	88
J. Smith	29	31	27	87
D. R. Atkinson	30	26	29	85
A. B. Van Heusen	34	27	24	85
T. W. Griffiths	29	30	23	82
M. D. Hinds	30	21	29	80
S. E. Irlam	31	23	26	80
J. M. Pollard	27	27	25	79
D. H. Ogden	27	27	25	79
T. J. Dolan	29	27	23	78
E. O. Shakspeare	24	20	31	75
F. Alder	30	24	21	75
J. McNevin	28	19	26	73
G. E. P. Howard	23	16	26	65
J. L. Paulding	20	15	30	65
N. D. Ward	27	18	Retired.	

Thursday, the 7th, was an off day. The British team made it a day of rest, and only six of them visited Creedmoor, and they did comparatively little shooting, though what they did was of excellent quality. The six were Sir Henry Halford, Capt. Mellish, Lieut. Heap, Corporal Parry and Privates Goodear and Boulter. Sir Henry brought his "marker" out with him and hammered away all day at the old familiar bullseye of target No. 6. He shot at 800, 900 and 1,000yds., and at the last distance the others of the party joined him and fired a little to obtain records of elevation for the particular atmospheric conditions that prevailed. Three gentlemen, Messrs. Heap, Parry and Boulter, shot all through the short ranges and made splendid scores. Lieut. Heap's total was 99 out of the possible 105 points; Corporal Parry 98, and Mr. Boulter 89. Lieut. Heap performed the remarkable feat of stringing out 14 consecutive bullseyes, 7 at 500 and 7 at 600yds. On this side of the Atlantic, at least, this is an unparalleled performance with a military gun.

The British team had the range at Creedmoor to themselves on Friday, the 8th, and they rolled up some magnificent scores at the short rimers. The American team passed the day quietly, some of its members returned to their homes, and some watched the shooting of the British team, but, with the exception of Major Shakspeare, none of them did any shooting. Col. Bodine was firm in refusing to allow any other member of the team to shoot until to-day. The wind fluctuated from 4 to 6 o'clock on the dial. The British team called it "an ugly fish-tail breeze." For the first time since the beginning of the practice by the British at Creedmoor, they had to resort to "coaching." The Scottish members of the team settled down to their work, apparently making the horse for their participation in the Caledonian games on the previous day. Lieut. Heap had recovered from his indisposition, and shot over the ranges with the other members of the team. All of the riflemen complained of the ravages of the "bridgets," as they termed the mosquitoes.

The score in the first stage was chiefly remarkable for an absence of "misses." Although no sighting shots were allowed, every man struck the target on the first shot, and kept on it till the close of the stage, which was at 200yds. very much as has been previously been made by the team, but they were considerably above the average. Goodear and Boulter "tied" on 31, the highest score made at that distance, and the total score made by the team was 350 points. The aggregate at the three ranges was 1,086. The wind became more troublesome as the riflemen finished their dinner and assembled at the longer ranges. The mosquitoes were thicker and larger, and upset all records. The result of the shooting at this stage was greatly inferior to that hitherto accomplished by the team. The score of the best 12 men at 500yds. was 346; at 600yds. 340, and at 1,000yds. 310, making a total of 996. The score at the first stage was 1,086, making a total in both stages of 2,082. This is 54 points better than their score on Tuesday, 148 points better than that of the Americans on the same day, and 29 points less than the British score on Wednesday. Following are the scores:

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	600 Yds.		800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.
Goodear	31	30	33	McVittie	34	31	26
Parry	28	32	32	Caldwell	32	32	24
Caldwell	28	34	30	Bates	28	31	29
Oliver	33	29	29	Parry	28	28	32
Goodear	30	32	38	Boulter	31	30	32
Humphry	29	29	32	Humphry	30	25	28
Boulter	31	27	32	Godsall	26	30	27
Heap	27	30	27	Heap	32	24	27
Pearse	30	32	28	Pearse	31	30	22
McVittie	28	31	30	Walrond	30	21	29
Mellish	28	29	31	Oliver	29	28	23
Dods	30	29	29	Goodear	26	28	31
Bates	28	32	28	Dods	28	28	27
Walrond	24	29	28	Mellish	26	19	14

	First Second Stage. Stage. Total.				First Second Stage. Stage. Total.		
Caldwell	89	181	Heap	89	84	173
McVittie	89	91	180	Pearse	90	83	173
Parry	92	85	177	Oliver	92	79	171
Bates	88	88	176	Goodear	94	76	169
Godsall	90	83	173	Dods	88	74	162
Boulter	90	83	173	Walrond	81	80	161
Humphry	90	83	173	Mellish	88	59	147

Saturday was the final day for the practice, and both of the teams were out at work. The British team shot over all of the ranges and which will be covered in the International match this week, while most of the members of the American team dropped short at 1000yds., and thus prevented a close comparison of their scores with those of the British team. Many of the members of the team had been away from home during the entire week, and desired to take the last train from Creedmoor in order to spend the evening with their families. In the first stage 12 of the British led a similar number of the Americans by 45 points, the scores being, American, 1,055; British, 1,080.

In the second stage the British led the Americans by 22 points at each of the ranges of 800 and 900 yards. Sergt. Dolan, of the British team, shot only in the second stage. Corp. Caldwell, of the same team, did not feel well, and spent the day on the range as a spectator. In the American team Major Shakspeare and C. W. Hinman were absent, having left for their homes on Friday night. At the close of the day's work Col. Bodine completed the format on of his team by the addition of Atkinson and Pollard to the 10 already chosen. The team as now constituted is: T. J. Dolan, Frederick Alder, Major E. O. Shakspeare, J. L. Paulding, C. W. Hinman, J. McNevin, D. R. Atkinson, J. Pollard, M. D. Hinds, Col. G. E. P. Howard, D. H. Ogden, and John Smith.

Capt. Mellish, of the British team, discovered, after shooting at the 200yds. range, that his gun had been "tampered" with. His score in the second stage of the competition on Friday was remarkable, compared with those he had previously made, and he could not account for it. "Have you looked at your gun?" said McVittie, as the party moved back to the 500yds. range. An inspection of the gun showed a ragged crease in the stock, extending into the magazine. The gun about three inches. Taken in consideration with the fact that the Captain lost £20, which was in a box in his room, it was surmised that a waiter employed at the hotel, who disappeared on Friday, had been bribed to injure the gun and thus made off with the money. Captain Mellish said he could not tell what his money was stolen. He first missed it Saturday when he went to his box for some article. He observed that the contents of the box had been disturbed, and upon making a closer inspection he discovered the loss of his money. "It was done by some of those blasted pool-sellers," said Sir Henry Halford, emphatically. Capt. Mellish shot over the other two ranges in the stage with a gun belonging to another member of the team, and then left the range by an early train for this city to have the gun repaired. The theory of the members of the team is that the gun was injured by some person while Capt. Mellish was absent from the wooden cottage in which he lodges, either at dinner or while he was taking a stroll about the grounds. The incident caused quite as much indignation among the members of the American team as it did among the British team.

The wind was blowing from the rear of the firing points towards the targets, as the riflemen assembled soon after 10 o'clock to begin their work. The sky was overcast, and it was a regular Wimbledon day. As Adjt. Smith expressed it, Col. Bodine called it "a good day for shooting." The leading scores at 200 yards were very fair. When the Americans got back to the 500 yards range, "inners" and "misses" began to appear in the scores. Dolan made a "miss" on his first shot at 500 yards, and he "outered" at 600 yards. In the longer ranges Hinds opened his score with a "miss," McNevin found several "inners," and Howard got an "outer," Dolan scored three "inners," and Griffith had similar luck. Smith missed on his second shot, and then made an "outer." Ward punctuated his score with a "miss."

On the British side of the field there were numerous low shots. Goodear missed on his third shot at 600 yards. Parry kept within the "center" and "bull'seye" boundaries throughout the stage. Heap made an "inner" in opening at 600 yards, and finished his score with "centers" and "bull'seyes." Boulter found "inners" at 200 yards. Pearse ended a good score at 600 yards with an "outer." The scores are as follows:

BRITISH TEAM.

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	600 Yds.
Parry	32	34	31
Bates	29	32	33
McVittie	30	34	32
Oliver	27	31	24
Mellish	30	27	33
Godsall	29	32	29
Humphry	29	32	29
Heap	31	31	28
Boulter	28	31	27
Pearse	29	30	28
Goodear	29	32	25
Walrond	35	29	28

	800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.
McVittie	30	33	33
Bates	33	32	26
Pearse	33	32	33
Oliver	25	31	24
Humphry	30	29	31
Boulter	26	29	28
Goodear	25	30	30
Parry	29	29	26
Dods	33	26	23
Walrond	26	27	22

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
McVittie	83	96	179
Bates	94	91	185
Godsall	90	93	183
Parry	98	84	182
Humphry	90	90	180
Boulter	89	90	179
Oliver	91	88	179

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
Heap	87	86	173
Pearse	87	91	178
Heap	90	86	176
Goodear	86	85	171
Walrond	82	81	163
Mellish	90		
Dods	82		

AMERICAN TEAM.

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	600 Yds.
D. H. Ogden	30	32	32
J. L. Paulding	30	34	30
John Smith	30	29	33
T W Griffiths	30	32	29
S E Irlan	27	33	29
A M Tolford	27	30	30
A B Van Heusen	30	33	23
M D Hinds	35	32	28
D R Atkinson	27	29	28
G E P Howard	28	31	27
N D Ward	26	32	23
T J Dolan	29	28	23
F Alder	29	27	23
J McNevin	31	24	26

	800 Yds.	900 Yds.
J M Pollard	31	32
A B Van Heusen	33	30
T W Griffiths	33	27
J L Paulding	33	33
J McNevin	37	28
J L Paulding	31	27
John Smith	25	30
M D Gden	28	27
G E P Howard	27	28
D R Atkinson	25	30
G E P Howard	27	27
T J Dolan	34	28
M D Hinds	28	23
F Alder	26	15
N D Ward	18	20

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
Pollard	87	67	154
Griffiths	91	63	154
Ogden	93	58	151
Ogden	94	55	149
Smith	92	56	148
Van Heusen	86	60	146
Irlan	89	54	143

	First Stage.	Second Stage.	Total.
Atkinson	84	55	139
Howard	83	55	138
Dolan	81	55	136
Dolan	80	52	132
McNevin	71	59	130
Alder	79	44	123
Ward	81	38	119

The scores at 1,000 yards of those who completed them were as follows: Irlan, 37; Hinds, 25; McNevin, 34; Ogden, 28; Pollard, 29.

The practice was now virtually closed, and a pretty fair idea may now be formed of the merits of the teams. The teams have each shot over the range during the week and encountered somewhat distinct kinds of weather. Under all circumstances the advantage lay heavily on the English side. In every description of weather the visitors proved themselves capable of maintaining a standard of great excellence. The utmost variation of their scoring totals on different days did not reach a hundred points, and the lowest figure they made far surpassed the average shooting of the home team. Just what their shooting amounted to may be gathered from the table below, wherein the results of the week are collected, fourteen of their men are in the race for places on their team. The table shows the aggregate of points made by each, the number of practices he participated in, and the average number of points per day he made out of a possible 315. The figures are as follows:

	Aggregate Scores.	No. of Practices.	Individual Averages.
R McVittie	731	4	182¾
G Pearse	716	4	179
A P Humphry	708	4	177
G J Parry	703	4	175¾
P T Godsall	699	4	174¾
W Caldwell	524	3	174⅔
H Bates	693	4	173¼
G Boulter	691	4	172¾
J Oliver	688	4	172
J Heap	513	3	171
J Goodear	673	4	168¼
G Dods	499	3	166⅓
H Mellish	487	3	162⅓
W H Walrond	647	4	161¾

The whole number of points made by the team during the week was 8,673; the number of individual scores was 52. This gives an average for the team per day of 247·8, a figure of extraordinary merit when the distances, the weapons, the unfamiliarity of the team with range and the climate, and other disadvantageous circumstances are considered. Lieutenant Mellish's average is reduced by the nefarious delivery of his gun. Rejecting the score affected thereby, his average would be 170 points.

Last week the American team made but one complete record, b t their shooting since the opening of their practice, including that one day in last week, will give a perfectly fair idea of their capability. In the table the aggregate of all the scores since Aug. 14, the number of completed records and the average per day of each man are given. The average of each man at the beginning of this week is added, so that an estimate may be formed of the progress made by individuals and the team in general. The table follows:

	Aggregate Scores.	No. of Practices.	Individual Averages.	Former Averages.
T. J. Dolan	1,341	8	168	167 4-7
John Smith	1,323	8	165⅜	162 2-7
C. W. Hinman	1,133	7	161 5-7	159
J. L. Paulding	1,280	8	160	160 2-7
A. B. Van Heusen	1,118	7	159 5-7	159 1-6
D. H. Ogden	1,276	8	159½	160 2-7
M. D. Hinds	1,266	8	158¼	157 5-7
F. Alder	1,103	7	157 4-7	156
D. R. Atkinson	1,102	7	157 3-7	157 5-6
J. McNevin	1,085	7	155	154½
E. O. Shakespeare	1,239	8	154⅞	154 2-7
S. E. Irlan	1,225	8	153⅛	155
T. W. Griffith	1,072	7	153 1-7	152 5-6
J. M. Pollard	1,222	8	152¾	151 5-7
G. E. P. Howard	1,062	7	151 5-7	151
N. D. Ward	964	7	137 5-7	137 5-7

In this case the sum total of points for the sixteen men is 18,766; the number of individual daily scores is 120; the average per man per day is 156 23-60, or roughly 156⅝, against the English 1726⅛—a difference of 16 1-6 points per man in favor of the latter. A comparison of the two tables will show that the averages of eleven of the Englishmen surpass the best men on the American side.

On Monday the British team were down for a little desultory practice. Sir Henry Halford determined on the names of those who, barring accidents, will compose the team to shoot the match. They are Major George Pearse, Major A. P. Humphrey, Captain T. Godsall, Lieutenant J. Heap, Sergeant J. W. Dods, Sergeant P. Oliver, Corporal W. Caldwell, Corporal H. Bates, Corporal C. J. Parry, R. McVittie, J. Goodear and G. Boulter.

THE TEAM BLUNDER.

IT may be that an all-wise Providence has decided that a good end is to be met by a defeat of the American team in the match of the 22nd week. It certainly looks that way, for everything was right for a complete and utter rout of the American marksmen in the contest. It is likely that the squad of men who have worked their way to the front in the talk and effort and preparation for the match are really the best material which the National Guard of this country can afford in the match of marksmanship. It is certain that it is the best company of shooters which the National Association was able to gather.

But once gathered, the whole effort of those interested in the match should have been directed toward getting that company of a dozen men to make the very best formidable showing as a team. Instead of that, the work of the past few weeks has been a succession of blunders, until the whole matter has assumed the shape of one great, deliberate blunder. Never was a team selected as at present, before that a good captain should be chosen. It was upon him that devolved the duty of elaborating the scheme which should bring success to his team. There was some precedent to look at, but much of the work was to be done in unknown directions. We had accepted new and inconvenient restrictions in the conditions of the match. The acceptance of the rules of the match, as sent from the other side, was really as bold a step as was the agreement to shoot the first long-range match of 1874 with the Irish team. We were then pretty well again ignorant of all shooting, and we have since had much additional knowledge yet gathered on military long-range contests.

The first blunder of the team was in its selection of a captain. They selected a man of known ability as a shooter, but of manifest incompetency as an executive officer. The result of all this is that, except for the effect which the practice has had in giving the men experience, and therefore an individual prospect of higher scores, the team is to-day weaker than it was when first organized. Its captain is not respected and trusted as a captain. The suspicion exists that the captain is interested in the use of a certain model of rifle. He may allow his judgment of the merits of that arm to carry him to an excess of praise and urgency in its adoption, which suggests the paid agent, but in a team captain such a set purpose in a given direction is objectional. Instead of teaching the men to depend upon each other, to draw strength one from another, there has grown up a series of petty bickerings and divisions, personal as well as sectional. As a rifleman of exceptional steadiness and with most excellent judgment on matters of wind and the influences coming in to decide a match, Col. Bodine stands to the front rank. As a team captain, with a such a task before him as the carr ing of a military match, he has already proven a fist failure. He cannot now redeem him from such a verdict. Should the American team win, it will be by a fluke and not because they have moved up toward a victory by anything like a sensible plan of battle.

The exhibition of Tuesday afternoon last upon the range at Creedmoor deserves only the severest reprobation. Whether the charges of betting on the result of the match were true or false as regarded Capt. Griffiths, was of trivial moment as against the outrage of bringing out the whole matter before the world on the eve of the match. The washing of dirty linen in such a way and at such a time is entirely a matter for which the captain of the team is to blame. It was a senseless proceeding, since Capt. Griffiths was already in the reserve, and powerless to affect the destinies of the team, however much he may have wished to; and beyond the gratifying of some personal petty spite, it is difficult to find a motive for the attack. The team "sat down" upon the matter most emphatically, but the irreparable wrong of having fastened a black stain upon the American team remained with the maker of the charges.

The exhibition of the 12th was in keeping with the spirit which has dominated the team. There was neither sense nor reason in it, as the upshot proved. Nor does there appear to have been much discretion in any move yet made towards getting the team into shape. To have an American victory under these circumstances would be a calamity. It would put a premium upon incapacity and pretentious incapacity instead of hard-working executive ability; upon bickering jealousy instead of open-hearted helpfulness; upon sectional and personal preferences instead of a large-minded patriotism that can see that an American victory is the more glorious the fact of this or that man leading the team. The undisputed merit of American arms suffers through the blundering of a man who is foisted into a place for which he is not competent, and the record of victories is tarnished by a disgraceful defeat where there might have been a victory or at least a close rub for the honors, where little demerit would have fallen to the vanquished. NICK.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ZETTLER CLUB.—The Zettler Rifle Club, of New York, held its ninth annual shooting festival on September 10, on Steinbach's range, Guttenburg, N. J. The shooting was on the German ring targets, distance 200yds., with following results, in order of merit:

Target of Honor.—B. Zettler, D. Miller, W. Steinbach, G. Joiner, M. Dorler, A. Anderson, A. Lober, F. Fitz, O. Patterson, C. G. Zettler, M. E. Engle, C. Judson, W. Klein, J. Blumenberg, D. Calnam, H. H. Hoiges.

Ring Target.—H. Oehl, C. G. Zettler, D. Miller, M. Dorler, F. Fitz, G. Joiner, A. Anderson, H. Hoiges, C. Overbaugh, M. E. Engel, W. Steinbach, J. Blumberg, W. Klein, C. Judson, L. Bird, G. Shultoht, A. Lober.

Bullseye Prizes.—M. Dorler, most bullseyes; M. E. Engel, first bullseye; J. Eibson, last bullseye.

CREEDMOOR, Sept. 5.—The Irish-American rifle clubs of New York and New Haven met at Creedmoor to-day to shoot a friendly match of ten shots each man at 200yds. with military weapons. The teams were composed of nine men, and that of New Haven carried off a victory by 19 points. The score ran thus:

NEW HAVEN.	Totals.	NEW YORK.	Totals.
S Keohue	38	A J Howlett	39
P O'Connor	37	J Stewart	34
P O'Connor	37	E Miller	38
J O'Connor	35	W Cushing	35
L O'Brien	35	E F Millen	35
J J Denaher	34	N O'Donnell	32
J F Murphy	34	W Hinds	32
J Reynolds	32	J McHugh	27
J P Landers	31	M Brennan	26
Total	310	Total	291

After the match the New York club entertained the visitors at the club house. A return match will be shot at New Haven in October.

BOSTON, Sept. 9.—At Walnut Hill to-day the several matches that have been running through the summer, closed, and as a consequence a goodly number of riflemen were present, partly to complete their scores and partly to get their guns in trim for the fall meeting at Creedmoor next week. The wind blew from 1 to 3 o'clock, but was not troublesome, and the light was perfect. The following are the best scores made in the several matches:

Creedmoor Match.

O M Jewell	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—48
J Merrill	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—48
J O Murch	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5—47
R Davis	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	4	5—46
W Fisher	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	4—45
A D Aldin	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—41
J A Cobb	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—41
F Lewis	3	5	4	4	5	3	4	4	4—39

Sharpshooters' Match.

J B Fellows	4	10	10	10	10	9	4	6	8	6—79
F B Jacobs	8	7	9	6	6	7	4	9	8	7—73
J N Frye	6	6	6	9	6	7	9	7	6	10—72
F J Nye	8	7	5	10	7	8	5	10	7	3—70
F N Jenkins	7	8	9	8	5	6	7	8	5	7—69

Novelty Rest Match.

F Baker	10	7	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10—97
W Fisher	10	8	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10—96
J Merrill	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	9	10	9—96
Salem Wilder	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10—95
W Stiles	9	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	9—95
E P Carr	9	10	8	10	8	10	9	10	10	10—94
B Francis	8	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	9—94

Decimal Match.

O M Jewell	8	10	10	10	10	5	10	7	6	7—86
J Merrill	10	10	10	9	7	5	5	10	7	10—84
J O Murch	8	6	8	10	10	8	9	8	6	9—82
R Davis	9	7	9	9	9	7	8	6	5	7—79
S H Sturgis	8	6	7	10	8	7	5	8	10	8—77
C H Best	9	8	9	10	6	10	5	7	4	4—69
W Gardner	9	4	8	7	7	10	7	5	9	6—68

Next Saturday new matches, similar to these just finished, will be opened and run to the end of the year. Instead of the 300-yard match a 200-yard practice match, open to all comers, fifteen cents on entry and no prizes, will be opened, and it is expected that it will attract many who like to shoot for the fun of the thing.

NEWPORT, R. I., September 9.—At the Paradise range this afternoon the competition for the powder cup was won by P. Peckham, with a score of 45. The final competition for Creedmoor of the Newport Rifle Association team resulted as follows: George H. Burnham 49, W. B. Knight 45, P. Peckham 45, W. S. Bryer 43, E. E. Leonard 42, A. Dunn 42, Maxwell 29. The shooting was poor, which is the Creedmoor target. The day was good for shooting. The Creedmoor team has been selected as follows, with average scores made: W. Milton Farrow 46⅝, George H. Burnham 44, P. Peckham 43⅔, and W. S. Bryer 42⅝, with E. E. Leonard, substitute, 42. The team leaves to-morrow night to take part in the competition for teams in Connn.

BRINTON RANGE, N. J.—On Sept. 5 the Brooklyn Amateur Rifle Club held the eleventh competition in their Champion's Match, a handsome 48 out of a possible 50 being the winning score. The following were the best scores for the day:

Bunker	55455	55555—48	J Henry	54544	45455—45
A H Anderson	55454	55551—47	F Burns	45445	44443—43
T P White	45544	50455—46	J S Case	54111	45441—42
J B Hazleton	55454	54155—46			

J. S. CASE, Secretary.

THE TRAP.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—A match at pigeons of more than usual interest is booked to come off on the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club at Marion, N. J., on the 16th of this month, the challenge for a friendly match of the above club having been accepted by the celebrated Midway Gun Club, of Mattawan. The Midways have an enviable reputation as a club, comprising some of the most reliable shooters of the State, and having carried off the laurels from the Fountain Club of Long Island, and other clubs of their own State, have been waiting anxiously, we understand, for a challenge from the Jersey Heights. It has now been sent and promptly accepted, and a big time is expected. That there will be a large gathering of the disciples of the trigger from the State of New Jersey and its vicinity there is no doubt. The match is 25 men each club, 7 birds each. Jersey City Heights Club rules—that is, second barrel to count only one-half bird. The return match between the Jersey City Heights and the Algonquins at glass balls will take place soon at the grounds of the former, Marion, N. J., when 10 new members—that is, that were not among the 20 of the victors before—will be matched against any 10 the Algonquins may select. Conditions: 10 men each, 20 balls each, rotary trap, 21yds. rise; and a good time expected anyway, whoever wins. Come over and see one or both matches. The FOREST AND STREAM is always welcome.—JACOBSTAFF.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7.—Below is a score of a match at hats and explosive balls, shot at Spanish Fort, on Sept. 6, during the entertainment given for the benefit of the Army of Tennessee Tomb fund. The net proceeds of this match were placed to the credit of the New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials. The 10 bats were first shot at, and proved a most uncertain target to hit; the average of killed was 6¼ out of 10. Later in the evening the balls were thrown, and the breaking of them lasted into the late twilight. Some eight or ten thousand spectators were on the grounds, the shooters having a lion's share of the audience. The score stands:

	Bats.	Balls.	Totals.		Bats.	Balls.	Totals.
I Renaud	3	6	14	Fontaine	4	3	7
W Dupre	6	7	13	W Renaud	6	3	9
Febiger	10	4	14	I Renaud	7	6	13
Gathlem	2	2	4	Dronet	10	7	17
Dennyest	4	11	Leiehl	5	5	10
Lafaye	6	6	12	Cup Fortier	6	6	12
Le Sassin	4	5	9	Stewarl	9	4	13
Stuart	9	4	13	Seligson	5	6	11
Nicholson	8	5	13	Mirondais	9	5	14
De Buys	8	6	14	W Renaud	7	5	12
Ranleit	6	2	8	Cordona	8	5	13
Cook	5	6	11	Cordona	3	3	6
Seligson	6	3	9	Enstis	3	5	8
Leche	8	4	12				

Dronet won first on a full score; J. Renaud second, Nicholson third, Lafaye fourth, Cook fifth, Light sixth. PIROGUE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 7.—The Narragansett Gun Club held its fifth regular fortnightly competition for badge to-day, at their club ground on Pleasant street, between Providence and Hawtucket. A new Holden trap was used for the first time. The badge has now been won once each by W. G. Crandall, J. B. Valentine, S. D. Greene, Jr., W. H. Waterman and W. H. Sheldon:

W H Sheldon	11111	11111	11000	11110—16
G W Cary	11101	11010	11111	11110—16
G P Crandall	11110	01110	10111	01110—14
S D Greene, Jr	01110	11110	11011	00111—14
W G Crandall	00101	11001	11101	11101—13
E W Tinkey	00011	01110	11110	10010—12
W H Waterman	01011	01011	10101	10110—12
Geo Anthony	00001	01111	01101	10110—11
Edgar Pratt	11001	01111	10110	00001—11
H Baker	00110	10111	01001	10001—10
Jas Brown	01010	00100	11001	11100—9
G T Crandall	10001	00011	01010	01101—9
O A Baker	10000	10000	10111	00000—6
L Bennett	10000	01100	00001	10001—6

The ties A—W. H. Sheldon, 111; G. W. Cary, 110; W. H. Sheldon wins badge.—W. H. S.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 31.—The twelfth competition for silver cup by members of the Fall River Gun Club resulted as follows:

	Balls.	Clay pigeons.
Hall	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—18
Buffinton	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1—17
"Jackson"	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1—17
Valentine	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1	1 1 1 0 w —11
Negus	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—8

September 5.—A match for the Massachusetts State Association Championship glass ball badge, between Mr. W. T. Howard of the Stoughton Club, and Mr. E. W. Buffinton of the Fall River Club, resulted in an easy victory for the former, by the following score: 50 balls each, Hyde rise. Holden trap.

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tirely misconceived the drift of our articles concerning the Vixen-Maggie races, and ascribed to us certain sentiments and conclusions we never made. If his accusations were true, we should certainly have to plead guilty to his indictment. Others may not subscribe to our views, but we claim that our course has never laid us open to the implication of being so thoroughly illogical as Mr. Beames's charges. If correct, certainly would make us appear. Our object was just the reverse of that ascribed to us. We sought to strip the race of the unfair assumption of the length rule that both yachts were of like size, and also to submit the theory that the object in the case of the Vixen in her catching and working out ahead in a steadily strengthening wind. We have no other object than to arrive at the truth, for it is a matter of the utmost interest to us which yacht wins, so she does on merit, and not by the hocus pocus of a swindling rule and the dispensation of luck.

Our correspondent claims we neglected a comparison of displacement. We did not mention anything about displacement because wholly irrelevant to the issue and of no concern in the comparison. With like bulks at the commencement of building displacement is optional and at the free choice of the builders. The modeler of Vixen deliberately preferred light displacement and great shoulder power. The modeler of the cutter preferred the opposite theory, and put more body under water and less above. It was a matter of choice and neither has any claim upon the other for an allowance on that score any more than for fine or full lines, much or little bilge, outside or inside weight, or the hundred and one points going to make up a modern racing cutter. All these points we thought we had an even chance. With unlike bulks to work upon, the one using larger bulk, however, has an advantage in the command of larger possibilities in every direction, and for this reason the larger yacht should be made to equalize the chances by an allowance to the smaller. So far from anything being due to Mr. Beames on the score of the greater displacement of the cutter, the reverse would hold true were it really necessary that displacement should receive any consideration at all. The modeler of Vixen scouts the idea of large displacement, and believes that modernism in that respect is conducive to speed. By adopting light displacement he is following in his opinion the best road to success. How, then, can he claim in equity from another who has followed a course detrimental to speed according to his views as expressed in the Vixen?

There would not be much logic in asking another to pay for what he throws away as worse than worthless. It is far more creditable to drive large displacement with small sails as in the case of the Maggie than to drive small displacement with big sails like the Vixen. Displacement is to suit the combination at all times should say that time was due according to the ratio between displacement and sail, the yacht having least sail to every ton of displacement to receive an allowance from the one which possesses more driving power to the ton, and that would be the only way to pay even approximately for her excess in bulk. Mr. Beames fails to draw the line clearly enough between bulk and weight. Maggie may have greater weight, adopted by the free will of her designer, but she has not the bulk of the Vixen in the whole and therefore she has not the actual power of the latter has been endowed with at the start. Given the same bulk as Vixen and it follows that Maggie's builder could have given his vessel two or two more displacement or beam or freeboard or length just as he chose, and only then would the line upon that enjoyment of equal opportunities with the modeler of the Vixen. As he has not had equal opportunity, the bulk of Maggie being less than that of Vixen, an allowance was due to the centre and that allowance we figured by first ascertaining as nearly as possible the actual cubic contents of each yacht and referring with the difference to the time scale of the Y. R. A.

Maggie shows 15 tons of ballast and Vixen 10. Owing to the greater structural weight and rig of the latter their displacements show much less difference, Maggie's nominally as 33 tons to Vixen's as much as before explained, rests with the designer's ideas and forms no proper ground for allowances, as the race was instituted partly as a test of the effect of this very difference. Our correspondent errs in supposing that we gave the cubic contents of the circumscribing cube for the actual bulk of Vixen, less counter, from the official measurement of the N. Y. Y. C., and Maggie's bulk by multiplying her three cardinal dimensions according to Lloyds and Kemp, 41,758.8.7.9, and then by the decimal 0.45, representing the fair proportion between the circumscribed cube to be cut out of such vessels, giving the bulk as 1,410, as near as we could determine without the actual lines before us. The Maggie is fuller about the load line than Vixen, but the hollow to her floors and rocker bottom probably makes up proportionately for the excess. Our correspondent misunderstands us when the fact that more is immersed and less bulk above water than in the sloop, which is an idea her modeler may legitimately pursue without being saddled with a penalty. The modeler of Vixen could have sunk his sloop to a like extent so as to have had no bulk above is less wise he must suffer the consequences in a race; if his choice is wiser he will not be being saddled in time for having made the wisest selection.

Next, through our correspondent errs most is the charge of unfairness in "taking" Maggie at 15 tons to start with and the implication that we based the comparison upon tonnage obtained by the Thames rule. We did nothing of the kind. The Thames rule, which assumes fictitious beam, is, as we have often expressed, a ridiculous and ridiculous proceeding, inapplicable in any degree to measurement, based by the single dimension of length. Having got the actual bulks of the two boats as near as we could, with the data at hand, we "took" Maggie at 15 tons merely as a matter of convenience, so as to refer the bulk of Vixen to some tonnage standard. If the Thames rule does not vitiate the comparison made. It has nothing to do with it. We might have taken anything we liked as a unit. We might have called Maggie 1,500 bundles of space, in order to express the comparison with that expression in proportion to the bulks of 1,400 and 1,800 before calculated. That is, she would measure 1,600 bundles of space. Drop the ciphers and you have 15 and thus expressing the relation between the actual bulks of Vixen and Maggie, the least one of the two is the Thames rule. We "took" Maggie at 15 tons only because she happened to be known as a 15-tonner, but any other figure or unit would have served the purpose quite as well. We are ready to acknowledge the justice of Mr. Beames's complaint that it been founded upon anything else, but that is not the case, and consequently the Thames's charge has no standing in court. It is exactly upon the simile he adduces of equal balls of dough from which to shape two models that we claim the bigger ball from which Vixen was evolved should be made to account for the extra bulk over the smaller ball of dough from which Maggie was fashioned, represented by the difference between 1,400 and 1,800.

We left both counters out of consideration because difficult to estimate and of no material bearing one way or the other. The advantage in the respect would rest with the Maggie's counter with the most finer than the cutter, and being lowsided, with great width and low quarters, the bulk of her counter would come into play much oftener and to a greater extent than the lighter, higher and narrower overhang of the Maggie, which in its last third is little more than a mere thickness of plank, and of about as much use in contributing power or lengthening the lines of the boat's after body as the main sheet outrigger of a sand-bag machine, which no one argues should be included in her length. The counter of the Maggie is a hindrance to speed more than anything else. The power derived from it is extremely small under the circumstances, while friction surface is increased in a much greater proportion. The sloop obtains more good from a short bulky overhang than the cutter from her high tucked and narrower quarters. But the cutter's counter will not be both go unmeasured, somewhat to the advantage of the sloop. We "whittled down" Vixen's victory to just what she is entitled to after allowing properly for tonnage or bulk. A beating of four or five minutes is quite enough to justify the crowing anyone makes to a fin

quette 2:19 and Coral at 2:32, giving up soon after. On the beat it was the same old story over again; Aileen soaked out on the weather of all hands and eased around the lake buoy just before the wind fell off, at 3:28, Cygnet 3:16, Verve 3:21 and Coquette 3:37. Aileen took a light air in to the Exhibition wharf and trimmed to a beam wind through the gap to finish off the club house at 3:54, Cygnet 4:07, Verve 4:12½ and Coquette 4:18. Cygnet was unfortunate on this stretch in being left for several minutes becalmed between two winds, but this was in part made up by catching it quite strong on the last of the run in, which, coupled with her greater speed down wind than Aileen, materially reduced the latter's lead at the close. Summary as under:

	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Verve	4 40 00	6 00 00	5 41 30
Aileen	4 29 15	5 49 15	5 49 29
Coquette	4 22 45	6 02 45	5 48 11
Cygnet	4 30 00	5 50 00	5 50 00

Verve therefore wins on time and takes the $250 challenge cup, and a solace of $100 and champion flag. Aileen takes $50 and Coquette $25.

In second class Emma took the lead and was never headed, though Katie Gray sailing with a raw crew, we believe, pressed her closely. Summary as follows: Emma being a Kingston yacht, taking $50 without the Cosgrove cup, Katie Gray $30, and Gracie $15. Time of race for Emma 4:11:00; for Katie Gray, 4:13:30; for Gracie 5:18:55, and for Gypsy 5:04:00. Among the small fry, sixteen started, the four winners being Meteor, Commodore's cup and $30, in 3:09:33; Fiona, $20, in 3:10:45; Tory, $10, in 3:14:00 and Trixie, $5, in 3:20:00.

HULL YACHT CLUB.—The second club championship match was sailed off Hull last Saturday, in a light breeze with calms and fog. No first or second class boats appeared. The rest were sent off to a flying start in a puff from the northeast, which soon died away, leaving the fog to shut down. After an hour's drifting, a breeze from the east sent the racers around the rest of the course. Courses for third and fourth class, seven miles; for the rest, six miles. Judges, T. F. Patterson, Peleg Aborn and J. H. Conant. Amy and Sea Mew take championship in their classes, this being their second score. The other classes are not decided. Janet protested measurement of Wildfire. Summary:

	Ft. In.	Actual.	Corrected.
THIRD CLASS.			
Allie, A. S. Wattles	22 05	3 22 26	3 07 31
D. Crockett, H. Putnam	21 06	Not taken.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21 06	2 22 17	1 56 47
Ibis, J. K. Souther	20 06	2 33 40	2 07 17
Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers	20 06	2 31 12	2 07 14
Nixie, A. J. Clark	20 06	2 23 35	2 13 22
Joker, George Coffin	20 08	2 47 25	2 21 12
FIFTH CLASS.			
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18 01	2 03 06	1 38 14
Janet, W. L. Phinney	18 11	2 03 28	1 38 26
Shearwater, W. M. Merrill	18 03	1 49 24	1 37 14
Water Witch, S. G. King	19 06	2 11 31	1 48 01
Druid, W. P. Fowle	19 09	2 25 53	2 02 37
Corsair, W. H. Mills	18 11	Not taken.	
Myrtle, C. H. Poor	19 06	Not taken.	
SIXTH CLASS.			
Sea Mew, G. R. Howe	17 02	2 01 23	1 35 31
Gretchen, E. P. Sharp	17 09	2 01 23	1 35 34
Idlewild, H. N. Curtis	17 03	2 16 58	1 51 16
Cricket, W. A. Carr	17 01	2 32 40	2 06 45

LILLIE—HERA.—The second match between these two Boston sloops was started Saturday, Sept. 2, but owing to lack of wind it was not finished in the time prescribed, and was re-sailed Monday, Sept. 4. Course from judges' boat off Marblehead Rock, leaving Half Rock to port, Eastern Point buoy to starboard, around outer Big Rocks buoy and return, 27 miles. Wind was light from the S. and W. Hera went to the fore, and at Half Rock had over 9 minutes to her good, but on the run to Eastern Point Lillie closed up considerably. On the return Hera gained 3½ minutes to Half Rock, and increased it by a minute to Big Rocks, finishing at the judges 5m. 30s. ahead of Lillie. We hear the owners of the latter were not satisfied with the weather, which was rather fitful, and are anxious for another trial. The two boats may be considered about even, and victory will rest with the one worked to the best advantage or lucky in the way of flukes. Hera wins $1,000, and much money changed hands on the result. Hera is off on a two weeks' cruise at present.

HALIFAX REGATTA.—A match for the Mayor's Cup and a 3-ton sweepstakes were among the features of the recent great aquatic gathering in Halifax Harbor, N. S., Sept. 6. In both classes cutters won, and, strangely enough, both of them built for the Hon. Secretary, F. C. Samichrast, under his personal supervision. The race was started at sharp 2 P. M., the Oi-Kaze, tutter, Phantom and Isabel, sloops, started. Psyche, tutter, and Esme, sloop, were entered, but did not start. Wind light from E. N. E., shifting soon after start to S. Owing to the falling of the wind the officer of the day, F. Hamilton, Esq., stopped both this and the 3-tonners sweepstakes race at the first round. In the 3-tonners match, which was started at the same time as the large race, all entered started. Velenar, down to leeward, was the first to see change of wind and hauled in bowsprit spinaker, stood in to new Railway Wharf and tacked to starboard, weathering out on one tack past Lunatic Asylum flagboat, and keeping her lead to the end. Miranda carried away peak halliard, and was delayed for a short time, but worked up to second place at the island, only to be passed on the run in to Commodore by the smart Mariquita. Mascot, hampered by a very late start, could never retrieve herself. In the larger class, Oi-Kaze, sailing better than she has done this season, went away from her rivals and led handsomely all round the course. She was sailed by Mr. G. C. S. Handcock, in the absence of her owner. Phantom sailed a game race, and well deserved her second prize. The finish was as follows:

Mayor's Cup Race—Oi-Kaze, 4:12:33; Phantom, 4:18:51, Isabel, 4:38:50.

Oi-Kaze wins Mayor's Cup by 2min. 9sec. Phantom, second prize.

Three-tonner's Sweepstake Race—Velenar, cutter, 6:38:45; Mariquita, yawl, 3:40:25; Miranda, sloop, 3:41:30; Mascot, sloop, 3:43.

Velenar wins first prize by 16sec.; Mariquita wins second prize, saving her stake.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—The race for the challenge cup takes place Sept. 16, at 3 P. M., over a five-mile course off New Brighton, S. I., the present holder, C. P. Oudin in the Tramp, having been challenged by Wm. Whitlock in the Ripple. The club will also hold a regatta Saturday, Sept. 23, off the boat house, Staten Island. Six races, open to all canoeists, commencing at 3 P. M. Junior and senior paddling of class 2 canoes; same for class 3 canoes, and junior and senior sailing races for classes 2 and 3. Fifth race will be open to all classes, ½ mile sail and ½ mile paddle. Sixth race for ladies. All paddling races one mile. Sailing races 2½ and 3 miles. A steamer goes over the course. Tickets 50 cents, A. C. A. rules to govern. A junior is one who has never taken a prize in the class. No entrance fee. One prize to each race. Entries to W. E. Stephens, secretary, P. O. West New Brighton, S. I., or to the club house.

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—The club sailed its match this year, September 4, in a light southerly breeze, over a six-mile course, with the following result:

	Ft. In.	Actual.	Corrected.
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21 06	1 49 31	1 32 56
Joker, Geo. Coffin	20 05	1 50 43	1 33 09
Nautilus, H. M. Faxon	18 01	1 58 25	1 38 02
Myrtle, D. H. Poor	19 06	1 57 42	1 38 59
Halliard, H. A. Keith	18 02	1 59 57	1 39 40
Diadem, L. Haywood	18 07	Not taken.	

SPEED OF YACHTS.—We have many a time heard of smart passages and extraordinary fast sailing, but, according to the *Scotsman* of Monday last, the Forth Y. C. yacht Evadne must be awarded the palm of being "the best on record;" for at the Aberdeen regatta, held on the 17th inst., she is credited with the following: "The Evadne covered the 21 miles in about 53 minutes, or one mile in 2½ minutes." Not bad for a 10-tonner sailed by her owner, Mr. J. B. Sandilands, and "Jimmie." It is hardly necessary to add that the Evadne took the first prize.—*London Yachting Gazette.*

BATTERY BOATMEN.—The annual race among the Whitehall working boats of the Battery was sailed last Sunday over a seven mile course to windward and back off Battery Park. Four 30ft. boats entered and sailed under spritsails, with a crew of two each. Prize, gold medal, value, $100, presented by Richard Ganley. Won by the McGirk, sailed by Ed. Ring and John Delaney. Time, 3:13:38. Richard K. Fox acted as judge.

FROM LAKE GEORGE TO FLORIDA.—Canoe Islands, Lake George, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1882.—Dr. Neide and Capt. S. D. Kendall, in their canoes, Aurora and Solid Comfort, reached Canajoharie, N. Y., September 6. Head winds and head currents have troubled them. They expect to reach Buffalo about September 20, and Cincinnati, via Lake Erie, Cleveland and Portsmouth and Ohio River, about October 20.—N. H. B.

GENEVA LAKE, WIS., REGATTA.—In the races Sept. 3, the Geneva took first money, $75, time, 2:56:48; Ethel second money, $15, time, 3:06:48; Whisper third money, $35, time, 3:31:6. Second class. Conita took first money, $50, time, 3:28:3; Zouave, second, $25, time, 3:21:30. J. S. Ramsey's Nettie carried away the Ethel's forestay with her topping lift. The Nettie also capsized off Forest Glen park. The Aganeunmon parted halyards at the beginning of the race and had to withdraw. Delafield Sturgess's yacht Sweetheart upset at her pier early this morning.

MOSQUITO FLEET.—The second race for small boats off City Point, South Boston, was sailed September 7, over a five-mile course. Start from an anchor. Wind variable. Judges, J. Bertram, John Jones and J. Bullard. Daphne, H. L. Roberts, 14ft., beat Lizzie, H. M. McDonough, 13ft 3in.; corrected times, 1:12:35 and 1:17:20. In second class Herald, C. B. Smith, 11ft. 11in., beat Iceria, W. Condon; Trinket, W. H. Buckley; Clyde, J. D. Page; and Mascot, F. O. Whitman; corrected time of winner, 1:10:17; second, 1:16:39; third, 1:16:31.

CANOE PHOTOS.—For excellent photos of the recent canoe meet at Lake George, send to S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, New York. They show all the different styles of boats present, the camps and canoe islands, the races and the officers; or address him for circular.

BRENDA.—Mr. Jas. Little, Eastern Y. C., has sold the schooner Brenda to Mr. W. J. Talbot. She is Harrington built, and an excellent boat of her kind. Over all, 62ft. 5in.; load line, 44ft. 2in.; beam, 18ft.; draft without board, 5ft. 4in.

CHICAGO Y. C.—In the races sailed Sept. 9, over a 16-mile course, sloop Cora beat the new Wasp, Capt. Prindiville, by 2m. 29s. In second class Nameless beat the Burke; in third class Zephyr beat the Ariel.

AMERICA CUP.—The American Challenge Cup seems likely to be productive of a deal of penmanship. The FOREST AND STREAM has, however, hit the right nail on the head.—*London Yachting Gazette.*

AMERICA.—This schooner with General Butler on board was off Quebec Sept. 4, then proceeded to Montreal, and is now on her passage home to Boston.

TYPE IN SCHOONERS.—The continuation of this article is laid over till next week.

SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—Has now 165 members and $500 in the treasury.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. L. M., Baltimore, Md.—Noticed your account of "The Scientific Angler," published by Benrose & Sons, London, in August 31 issue. Please let me know the price. Ans. As stated in notice, the price was not given to us.

MARINE GLUE, New Bedford, Mass.—A good marine glue can be made by taking twelve parts of coal tar to one part of India-rubber. Heat the mixture gently, taking care not to burn it, and when well-mixed add twenty parts of powdered shellac. Stir well and drop in cakes to cool upon a slab of iron or stone. When required for use heat the cakes to 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

J. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—Can you give me any information concerning Greenwood Lake? I want to get three or four days' fishing (bass), and think of no place quite as convenient. Whose house is best located there, who is a good man for putting you on the ground etc., etc., and is this month or October the best season at the lake? Ans. Both months are good. There are good hotels all along the lake. We think that the largest fish are taken at the lower end of the lake. You might stop off at Cooper's Station and try it there.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A. T. wants board in farmhouse among hills, $5 per week, within seventy-five miles of New York.

H. B. wants a Pennsylvania hunting ground where he can find deer, bears and turkeys.

SATISFIED.—Hancock, N. Y., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find money order to balance account for advertising. I am very well satisfied with the same, as I have had more than I could do to keep up with my orders. The bass fishing here is good and has been for two months.—E. M. EDWARDS.

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Sprout, Tapered			3.95	2.73	2.37	1.89	1.58	1.51	1.36	1.22	1.22	1.08	.93	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
Knobbed			4.00	3.50														
O'Shaughnessy, Tapered Fgt.				3.88	2.83	2.45	2.23	2.09	1.87	1.66	1.44	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
Knobbed	6.50	6.50	6.50	4.00														
Bass Needle Eye		5.00	4.00	3.50														
American Trout, Marked					1.33	1.25	1.11	1.08	.97	.90	.86	.86	.86	.82	.82	.82	.82	.82
Carlisle, marked				2.16	1.87	1.65	1.44	1.33	1.18	1.08		1.00	1.00	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
Aberdeen, marked				2.16	1.87	1.65	1.44	1.33	1.18	1.08		1.00	1.00	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
Sneck Kendall, marked								1.15	.97	.93	.79	.75	.72	.72	.72	.72	.72	.72

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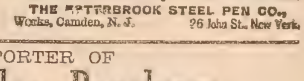
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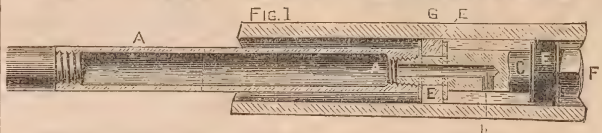
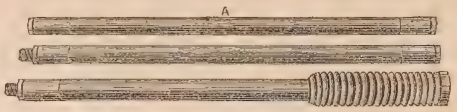
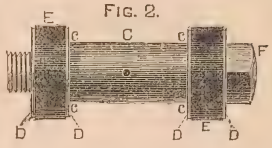


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.







NOTE.—In those made under the improved patent since July, 1882, the nut "F" is done away with, and the rubbers are enlarged or reduced by simply turning the rod by the hand.

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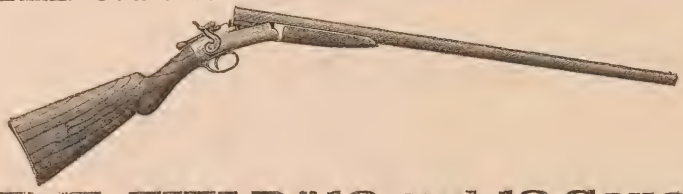
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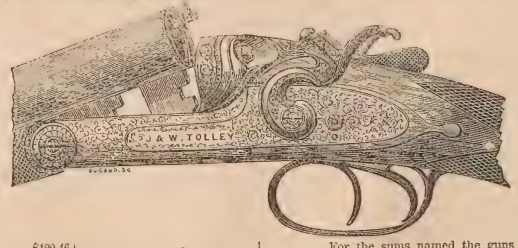
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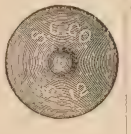
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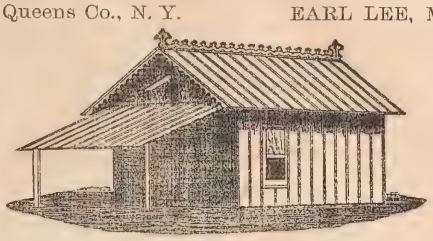
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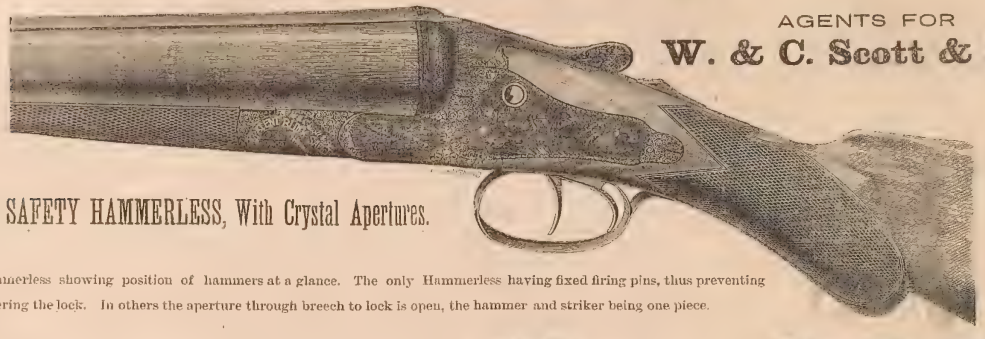
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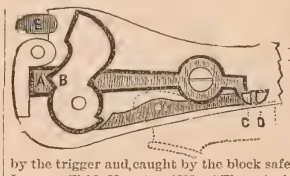
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LONDON *Field*, Nov. 1st, 1879.—"The principle accords with our ideas of what is wanted to make the hammerless gun safe."

Land and Water, Nov. 10th, 1879.—"The great improvement lies in the New Tumbler Safety Block; this being worked by the triggers only, supposing the hammer from any cause should fall, **without the trigger being pulled**, the projection on the hammer falls into the **Safety Block**, and so prevents an explosion. The gun is on the favorite top lever action, and the cocking arrangement is exceedingly simple and smooth-working."

REV. W. J. RAINSFORD, Toronto, Canada, Oct. 2d, 1879.—"I have used many guns, by many makers, and certainly your New Premier Hammerless is the hardest hitter I have put to my shoulder."

CAPT. BOGARDUS says:—"No gun can excel mine in shooting. The Block Safety is perfect."

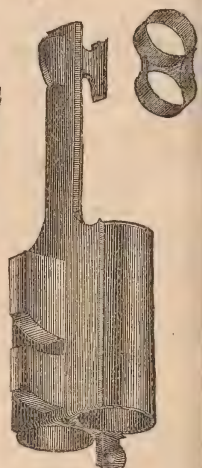
GREAT INTERNATIONAL PIGEON SHOOTING, MONACO, Feb. 18, 1882.—Grand Prix du Casino, 80 competitors, comprising the best shots in the world. Sig. Guidicini (the most noted shot in Italy), won the 8,000 frs. prize with a pigeon gun by W. & C. Scott & Son.

We call attention to a few of their leading hammer guns, viz: their New Trap Gun; their Star quality gun with Prize Compensating Lump; their New Triplex Lever Grip Pigeon Club Gun. Superior quality in hammers and hammerless. Their highest quality is marked "The Premier Quality" between name and address. No guns are genuine unless marked in full W. & C. Scott & Son.

SOMETHING NEW!







The Pieper "Diana" Gun.

This is the only gun of European manufacture made entirely by machinery. The system is entirely new, and actual tests have shown that for accuracy and strength it has no superior.

The reinforce lumps and bolt loop are of one piece of wrought steel. The tubes are finished to gauge and are put together *without heat* so that they are perfectly straight and always shoot to center. This is only found in very high cost guns made on the ordinary system, as the best barrel filers are necessary. The locks are finely finished and of the best steel, and all the joints are closely fitted; all the parts are interchangable.

A public trial was made in Cleve, Prussia, in August, 1881, to which the best continental makers sent their finest guns. The trial was for closeness and penetration. 4 is excellent, 3 is good, 2 is fair, 1 ordinary. The gun of Mr. Roedel, of Prague, was made on the Pieper system. The result was as follows:

Size of shot.	30yds. 2 4 6 8	45yds. 2 4 6 8	60yds. Total. 2 4 6 8	
H. Pieper, Liege	3 3 4 4	4 4 4 3	4 4 4 4	—45
Roedel, Prague	3 3 3 3	4 4 4 4	3 3 4 4	—42
W.W.Greener, Birmingham	4 4 4 3	4 4 3 3	3 2 3 3	—40
N. Bodsen, Liege	3 4 2 4	4 3 3 4	1 1 3 1	—88
C. Bartels, Wiesbaden	3 3 3 4	4 3 4 4	1 3 2 3	—37
Sackreuter, Frankfort	3 2 3 4	4 4 3 3	3 3 1 3	—36
Camphausen, Crefeld	1 4 2 3	3 3 4 2	3 3 3 3	—31

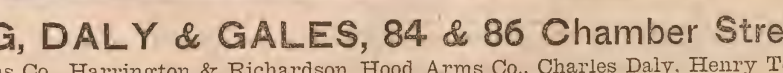
Size of shot.	30yds. 2 4 6 8	45yds. 2 4 6 8	60yds. Total. 2 4 6 8	
A. Jannsen, Liege	2 2 3 3	4 4 3 3	1 3 2 1	—32
Boermann, Munster	3 2 1 2	4 4 2 4	2 2 3 2	—31
Brunn, Birmingham	3 3 2 2	3 3 4 4	2 3 2 3	—30
Witte, Zutphen	3 4 3 3	1 1 1 1	3 2 3 2	—27
H. Jansen, Wesel	1 2 1 2	4 3 2 2	2 1 2 3	—25
Heuse-Lemoine, Nessonvaux	2 3 1 4	1 2 3 2	1 2 2 2	—25
Cordes, Bremerhaven	2 1 1 1	3 3 2 1	1 2 2 1	—20

Attested by the Jury, Klimm, Royal Inspector of Forests, Keyssler, Royal Inspector of Forests, Heise, Inspector of Powder at Cologne, G. Hahn, record keeper. It will be noticed that the Pieper guns are especially effective at long range.

Mr. H. Pieper has appointed the undersigned sole agent for the United States and Canada, and offers the goods at prices far below their real worth, in order to speedily introduce them into this market.

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No. 500. Stub Twist Barrels, Scott action, double bolts, extension rib, scroll fence breech, patent fore end, ornamental rubber butt (see cut) 12-gauge, 8 to 8¼lbs. . . . $52.50
No. 505. Same as 500, with laminated steel barrels, 12-gauge, 8 to 8¼lbs. . . . 55 00
" " " " " 10-gauge, 9 to 9½lbs. . . . 60 00
No. 600. " 505, with better barrels and engraving, 12-gauge, 8 to 8¼lbs. . . . 65 00
" " " " " " " 10-gauge, 9 to 9½lbs. . . . 100 00
No. 605. Very fine quality, best Damascus barrels, highly finished. 12-gauge, 7½ to 8¼lbs. . . . .



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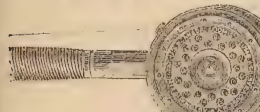
		Each.
No. 800.	Plain Brass Ferrules	$6 00
No. 801	Banded and Milled Ferrules, Metal Reel Plate, Cane Wrapped Butt	9 00
No. 802.	As 801, Nickel Plated	10 50

Bass Bait Rods, 10½ft. long, Ash Butt, Bethabara second and two tips.

No 350.	Banded and Milled Brass Mountings, Cane Wrapped Butt, Metal Reel Socket	9 00

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GENTLEMEN:—Have just returned from Moosehead Lake, Me. I cannot express the degree of satisfaction and pleasure I have found in the use of your automatic reel. Would not exchange it for all the reels I ever saw for fly fishing. Am confident I saved many fish that would have been lost with any other reel, particularly one large trout weighing three and one-half pounds which I played fifty minutes before he would come to the net. He fought hard and long, making many furious spurts from and towards the canoe, but it made no difference. I kept my finger on the brake and it was simply impossible to get a slack line. Mr. Childs, who fished with me once, has one of your reels, says that nothing would induce him to go back to the old crank reel. Yours truly,

GEO. F. GALE.

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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

* * * This flight so nearly resembles the actual motion of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits. * * *

Wanted.

Interesting to Gunners.

The "Oriole Gunning Club" have completed their building, and everything is now in readiness for fall shooting. Ducks and Geese. Three more members are wanted to make their number ten in all. The stand is within fifteen miles of Boston, and completely stocked. Any one desiring to know the full particulars can call or address L. G. W., 53 Lincoln st., Boston, Mass. sept14,3t

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Sire among others of Joe Mills, winner of puppy stakes, club stakes, and a special prize at the great collie trials held at Alexandra Palace, London, June 15, 1882.

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Four lemon and white dogs, $50 each; one lemon and white bitch, $15. By Sensation out of Bellona (Bow-Bendah), winner second prize in Class 21 at N. Y. show, 1882. These pups were whelped Aug. 20, and will be shipped at six weeks.

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One lemon and white ticked dog, $35; two lemon and white bitches, $30 each. By Borstall Kennel's Don (Sensation-Psyche II.) out of W. K. G. Maida.

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Liver and White. $50 Each.

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Winner of second Prize at N. Y. Dog Show, 1882.

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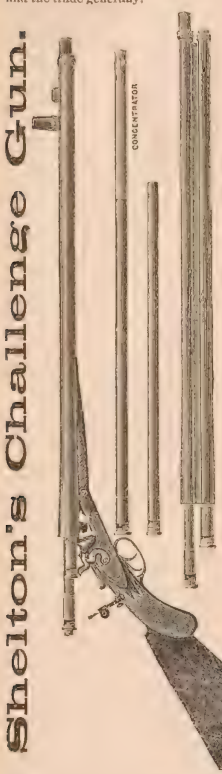
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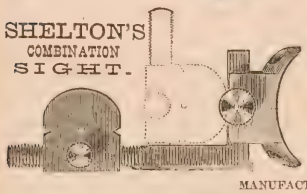


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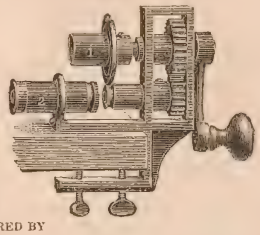
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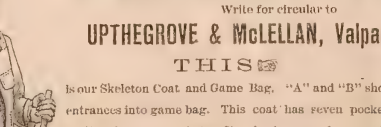
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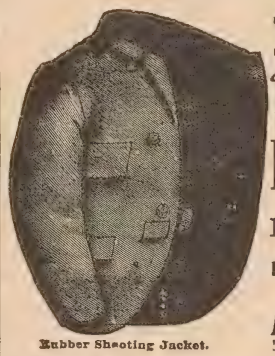
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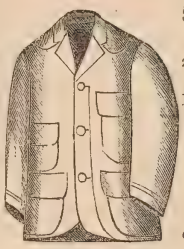
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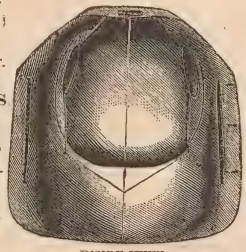
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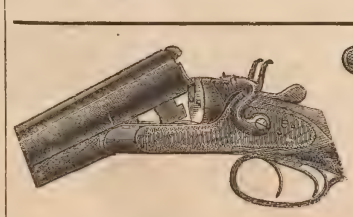
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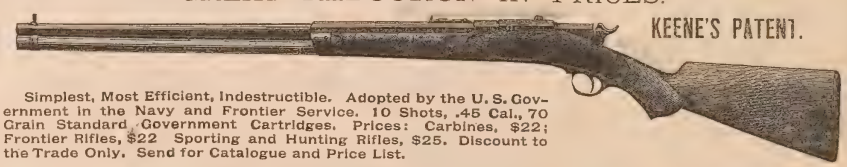
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FIG. 1



FIG. 2

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

THE DEFEAT AT CREEDMOOR.

NOBODY was surprised at the victory of the British team at Creedmoor last week, because everybody knew that the American team had carefully worked toward defeat. Everything seemed to have been done on the part of the home team to secure a low score, while a dozen matters which ought to have been looked after to secure a victory were entirely omitted or neglected. Nobody, either, appears to be very sorry over the defeat, for it was recognized that a high score on the part of the Americans would have been almost tantamount to a cessation of all further international shoots with the marksmen of Great Britain. Small-bore shooters have a sort of unwillingness to try further conclusions with our team men, but in military shooting the Wimbledon experts have discovered the vulnerable point of the Creedmoor shooters. The recent match brings out in bold relief the real weakness of our National Guardsmen, especially in long-range marksmanship, and after all, it may be a question whether it is worth while for men belonging to city regiments to cultivate a style of shooting so distinctively professional as this of sending over a half mile through uncleaned rifles.

The Americans did themselves credit at the first stage of the match, and showed that the work of Creedmoor has not been thrown away. There are a dozen ranges where shooting may be had up to 600 yards, to one where 1,000 yards can be shot over. To have made then so close a rub for the magnificently trained English team at these distances was a performance which should have the effect of pro ving to the home shooters that it is after all not so difficult a task to overtake the Wimbledon representative.

The good feeling which prevailed from beginning to end of the match, between the two teams, shows that in a social way the match was a success. It was really a contest for the honor of victory. There is no pot-hunting flavor about it, and the men who have given their time and effort to the patriotic duty of representing their respective countries, deserve a great deal of credit. Each country was fairly represented, for though in time America will put a much stronger team in the field, it is doubtful whether at the present time a better squad could have been mustered.

The defeat has shown us that work is needed, and the first effort should direct itself to the making up of an arm capable of filling the requirements of the match. There must be no serious fouling of the barrel as successive shots are fired. The rifles used by the English did not foul, and until American riflemen have the same sort of weapons they have no chance against the better equipped foreigner. Of course our armorers can produce such a rifle, but they did not evidently do so in time for this past match, still the match served as a point from which to take a departure in the right direction. There has been a pretty thorough exhibition of what we do not know in the matter of long-range rifles of this sort. Now it remains to be seen whether or no that deficiency can be remedied.

The matter of the selection of the team is a point over which the directors of the National Rifle Association have complete control, and it is worth considering, in view of the results shown, whether the team of 1882 was really fit to be molded into a good working team. It is well conceded now that to get a team up by a review of competitors, jumping to the conclusion that those who survive the tests are therefore the best shots, is not the true theory. It is not the plan elsewhere where teams represent mere individual effort on the part of their members, and especially is it not the correct plan with us where the team should be so constituted as to get whatever of strength there is in a carefully worked out team system. This can only be done where the closest bond of friendship exists, and where there is not constant struggle for personal preferment.

The team captain should be something more than a mere figure-head, not one of the "has beens," but one of the smart, young, energetic officers of to-day, full of ambition, and not so set in a certain line of opinion that the most stubborn array of facts produce no result in changing his plan. The National Guard of the U. S. may not be a large body, but it is amply large enough to pick out a most excellent team. Abroad the men pick themselves out by going down to the great Central range near London, and there showing their ability. Here the men will have to be looked up. If necessary good holders could be taken, and with good coaching taught to make very fair scores at long range. For off-hand shooting each man must be in great measure his own drill-master, and secure the secret of excellent shoulder-shooting by private aiming drill.

To have a defeat through sheer weakness at Wimbledon in 1883 will be a far more serious matter than the knock-down just experienced. For if a year passes and the same inability to cope with the English riflemen is still shown, then it will go far to indicate that we are after all not likely to become good military shots, and that we had better yield the palm to the Englishmen, and draw in somewhat of our boastfulness as a nation of marksmen. No such result, however, is likely to come about. We might have won the recent match by a great effort. It is gone from us and the Britishers have done us the favor of showing the American public that there is after all something for our guardsmen to learn, and for our expert gunmakers to do. Another year should see the weapons made and a team armed with them ready to do battle before the butts of the strongest team Great Britain can muster on her own soil.

THE BOW IN THE BARNYARD.—A prominent Western sportsman kills chickens for his Sunday dinner with bow and arrow. Although disdaining to shoot at a deer in the woods unless it be on the biggest kind of a jump, or to kill a game bird except on the wing, he ignominiously pots his chickens on the ground, alleging that the meat is better when the domestic bird is killed in serene repose. Yielding to his sportsman's instinct, however, he is now engaged in devising a trap to propel the fowls into the air. When this ballistic machine is perfected we may look for the formation of a National American Archers' Association for the Protection of Poultry, with annual tournaments for trap-shooting old hens at eighteen yards.

THE RIFLE STOLEN FROM WALNUT HILL by burglars last August has not yet been recovered. The owner, Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, requests riflemen to be on the lookout for the arm, which is easily identified. It is a Remington Hepburn, .38 calibre, Swiss stock, with check piece on the right side for a left-handed shooter. The rear sight is also peculiar, being a Winchester vernier without elevating screws, and attached to the rifle with but one screw. Only the base of front wind-gague sight was on the rifle when taken. A liberal reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

THE MOODUS DOG SWINDLER.—The enterprising and polynomial young gentleman of Moodus, Conn., who displayed so much ingenuity in exchanging mythical dogs of wondrous virtues for greenbacks, money-orders, checks, guns, fishing-rods, and other like substantial booty, has come to grief. His real name is Frank Fowler. He was arrested at Middletown, Conn., Sept. 7, on complaint of one of his victims, and at a hearing last Friday he pleaded guilty and was bound over to appear at the November term of the Superior Court. Fowler was a very successful dead beat, and has swindled numerous gentlemen out of sums of money. He is one of a pestiferous class of dog thieves who ought to be driven out of their business. We trust that those who have been victimized by this fellow will appear against him. This is a capital opportunity to make an example of one dog swindler, and one such example will go far to deter other rascals from taking up the same line of business. It is said that Fowler has been combining with his dog frauds a patent medicine swindle.

THE FIELD TRIALS.—We give in our kennel columns this week the details of the running of the derby stakes at Fairmont. A description of the all-aged stakes running will be found in our next issue. The plan adopted at Fairmont of appointing additional judges and running several braces of dogs at the same time was a wise expedient and proved very satisfactory in its workings. There is every indication that the field of entries at the coming trials will be large, and unless some such measure is again adopted to expedite matters, the meeting will drag its slow length along to an unreasonable extent. Field trials should not be prolonged beyond a week. That is long enough time for all concerned. By confining the trials to a reasonable length of time their promoters will render them more popular, insure a larger attendance and give satisfaction all around. The majority of gentlemen who attend these meetings cannot well afford to spend more time than a week on the grounds, and the judges should not be expected to do so. We hope that this matter may receive the attention it so imperatively demands.

THE COMING ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.—The proposed tournament which is popularly called the fly-casting tournament, will, in consideration of the attention which will be paid to bait-casting for striped bass, be known in future as the Forest and Stream Anglers' Tournament. The committee of arrangements consists of many gentlemen who are prominent in the angling clubs of the country and in game protective societies. A feature of the tournament will be a contest for prizes to be cast with single-handed fly rods which weigh less than five and a half ounces, which will be given by the house of William Mills & Son, New York. In a few days a circular asking for prizes will be issued and no doubt a fine list will be the result, as it is intended to make this contest the largest and best ever held in America. It is expected that it will come off about October 16, but the place is not yet decided upon.

THE FOREST AND STREAM PRIZE AWARD.—As stated in our last issue, the prize offered by the FOREST AND STREAM at the last convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, has been awarded to the Onondaga Fishing Club of Syracuse. We had hoped to receive from the Association such particulars in reference to the competition for the prize, and the record upon which it was awarded, as would have enabled us to publish the same this week, but in the lack of such information we are compelled to defer the matter.

FOREST AND STREAM FABLES.

NO. IX.—THE GAR MINNOW PROTECTORS.

THE King of the Fishes, when he found that his law was set at naught, was first of a mind to let the destruction of his small subjects continue till the Pike, Bass and Perch were deprived of food, and so brought to obedience. But being a good King, he could not help but have some kindly feeling for the poor Minnows, and so he appointed certain Gars Minnow Protectors, and sent them to enforce the law. But instead of doing what they were set to, the Gars went Minnow hunting along with the biggest Pike and Bass, and destroyed more in one day of the week than the Perch had in the whole seven. When this came to the King's knowledge he took their office from the Gars, and cursed them, and ever since, to this day, they have been hated by all Fish, big and little, and despised as well as hated by all men.

MORAL.

A dishonest game protector is worse than a poacher.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

X.—A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

A RAINY day in camp is often welcome to a party that is actively engaged at all times, when it is possible to accomplish anything, and on such occasions the ever busy chiefs of divisions of the survey improve the drizzling hours by figuring up the distances between the peaks of all mountains which are visible from not only a single peak, but from each other, also measurements of angles are looked over for correction or verification, the field notes are consulted for items to add to existing maps, and the cheerful tables of logarithms yield information both literal and figurative. In other tents, however, where the rodsmen, guides, and other attachees are gathered, mending clothes and implements and doing such other work as has been put off for just such an opportunity, there is a hum of conversation on various topics. Wishing to start an argument and then back out and leave others to fight it out, I asked the knowing guide: "Why is it that the sun puts out a fire?"

"It's because there's chemistry in the sun's rays that don't agree with fire," said he, after a pause in which he evidently hesitated between fear of appearing not to know, and doubt as to the cause of the alleged phenomenon.

"Because there's chemistry in your grandmother's black cat," said the careful guide, removing his pipe to empty and refill it, "I've heard o' that thing about the sun shining on a log fire and putting it out, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, and I've watched, but never made up my mind whether the sun had any effect or not."

"Of course it has effect," chimed in the positive guide. "You let a log fire burn all night in front of your tent in winter, and then see how quickly gray ashes will form on the coals and put them out as soon as the bright morning sun strikes them. You can't tell me anything about that, 'cause I've seen it too often, and I know it's so."

"Oh, yes! You know it all, you do," put in the teasing guide, who never missed a chance to bother the positive one, "You knew the ice would bear us up on Minnow Pond last fall, and when you went on it the rest of us knew whose breeches got wet and who came near losing his axe, and would have lost it if the water had been deeper. And you are the one that knew that the trail out of Big Moose that we were on didn't go to Twitchell, and so started off on the other one and brought up at—"

"Well, I don't see what that has to do with the sun, nor what you want to throw up a mistake like that for, every chance you get," retorted the other, "but when I say I have seen the sun put a fire out, I know what I am talking about. I have seen it and I know it; that's all there is about it."

"How do you know that the fire wouldn't have gone out anyway at that time if the sun had not come out?" asked the careful man.

"I tell you it is on account of the chemistry," asserted the knowing guide, with a shake of his head. "I guided for a doctor once, and I heard him say that light hurt some of his medicines, and he talked about chemistry and other things in wood and water which I've forgot all about, but they are there all the same."

"This is one of the things that would be hard to prove, and I don't see how you are going to do it," said the careful guide. "Your fire goes out perhaps because it has burned out, or the wood is wet, and you think the sun does it. Now I have seen fires burn all day and go out at night, and then why not lay it to the moon or the darkness? Perhaps there is chemistry in darkness, too," added he, with a look at the propounder of that learned theory.

"Now I'll ask you another question," said the teasing guide to the knowing one, "Why is it that if a silk handkerchief hung up by two corners will let a rifle ball by it without moving or showing that it has been hit? That is the old game of getting a bet out of a man that he can't hit a handkerchief at ten rods."

"You can't hit the handkerchief because there's electricity in the silk, and the ball slips under it without stirring it, but the thing can't be done unless with silk," said the knowing man. "We tried it once up on the Raquette when no one in the party had a silk handkerchief and so we put up a cotton one for a very fresh young man to shoot at. He had been telling what a wonderful shot he was when I stumped him to shoot at my big red cotton handkerchief, for a plug of tobacco to be bought when we sent out to the store again. He took the bet and I fastened the rag up by two corners, just as I had always heard was the right way, and we measured off the distance. He shot, and I'm a sinner if he didn't bore a hole through the thing and tore it so that it was only fit for a gun cleaner. Of course I was elected to buy the tobacco and he crowed louder than ever. Then when I got to thinking about it afterward I remembered that the old man who told me about it said that to do the trick the handkerchief must be silk, 'cause that had electricity in it."

"Maybe the man chewed his bullet so as to make it ragged," said the young guide, "they say that will fetch it every time."

"Do you believe all this stuff?" queried the skeptical man; "if you do and have a silk handkerchief about you that you want a hole put in, just hang it up and I will accommodate you by boring it with this revolver."

"You can't do it," retorted the other, "no man can do it with a smooth bullet, and I'll bet you two plugs of tobacco, you can't."

"I don't want to bet," answered the skeptic, "for I am not a betting man, but the thing's agin reason, and if you have never seen a silk handkerchief shot at, and have faith that it can't be hit strong enough to risk it, just go out and hang it up and you won't have this delusion long."

The handkerchief was hung up by two corners to a limb of a sapling near the tent, and when all was ready the pistol cracked, and a large rent near one corner was the result. A dozen excuses were made by the knowing man. "The day was rainy and the electricity in the air took the same from the silk." "The handkerchief was wet or it would never have been done, because the water made it too heavy to dodge over the ball." And besides, "it wasn't fair to shoot at the corner where it was tied; anybody would know that it couldn't dodge there," and other learned reasons were given to account for the unexpected result. I was much interested in this discussion of a question that I had heard among hunters thirty years ago, and which, like the philosophy of shooting a candle through a board, and pistol balls through glass, often come up when shooting is the theme of conversation. I had seen bullets shot through glass without cracking it to any extent, and once saw the thigh bone of a man which had been driven through an inch hemlock board by his jumping from a three story window, and was therefore prepared to believe the candle story, but the handkerchief feat was one on which I had some doubt, and to-day do not pretend to say whether a bullet striking one so suspended, fairly in the middle, would go through it or not. Some time, when in the woods all alone, I will try the experiment.

The rain continued, and the corner of a box happening to be pushed against the tent, the water came through there, and the teasing guide turned to the knowing one and asked, "Why is it that water will come through canvas where anything touches it? Is it on account of chemistry or electricity?" But the knowing man seemed to have his thoughts afar off and replied not to the very evident sneer. The conversation now languished through the apparent depression of the knowing man, and when the jocular teaser endeavored to rouse it by going over to the side of the one whom he had made his target by saying that "any man of sense would know that it wasn't a fair thing to shoot a handkerchief where it was tied," the knowing one merely turned a weary eye on him and heaved a sigh. One of the rodsmen who had taken no part in the conversation but seemed to desire it to go on, after a long meditation on a subject for debate, propounded the old question, "What becomes of all the pins?" A depressing silence plainly showed that no one was interested, and even the face of the positive man gave evidence that he did not care what became of them. As this problem had been fully worked out by Tubal Cain long before the dawn of the Christian era I ventured to give his solution, "They fall to the ground and become *terra*-pins." An old hound that had been lying by the door of the tent shook his ears as if an extra large mosquito was boring for oil in one of them and he looked me squarely in the eye with a most heart-broken expression; but when the rodsman rejoined, "That destroys my hair-pin-ness," he ran howling from the tent and was never seen again.

F. M.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE WILDERNESS OF LABRADOR.

I.—BELOW QUEBEC.

THE brakeman's loud voice shouts at last the welcome word Campbellton. The long, tedious railroad ride of over 900 miles from Buffalo is over, and the locomotive will soon be exchanged for the less rapid, but more commodious, transportation by steamer, schooner, boat and canoe to the still far off wilderness which fringes the north shore of the green waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Campbellton is a sleepy little town on the Intercolonial Railroad, midway between Quebec and Halifax, the terminus of that fine and well-graded government road. Past it flows the swift, glittering Restigouche, which, after pursuing its course for thirty miles or more between high forest-clad mountains, widens out here into a large estuary of lake-like dimensions, and blends its turbulent waters a short distance beyond with those of its boundless parent to whom it owes its birth and surrenders its life. The stranger from the low, dusty, heated plains of our latitudes may stand here at the wharf, which serves as the landing of the coasting steamer, and look for hours, without being conscious of the flow of time, upon the majestic panorama of nature's own handiwork, bounded on either side of the river by towering mountains fading inland into long, blue, hazy outlines as far as the eye can reach, while the seaward view is bounded by the placid waters of sunny Bay de Chaleur.

At this time of the year, beginning of July, its surface is not unlike the seas of happier climes, as yet undimmed by the dark skies and the fierce gales which but a few short months hence will herald the advent of winter. The deeply wooded slopes of the Restigouche at its mouth, with their green mantle of sombre pine trees all over-arched by the blue vault of heaven fleeced with white clouds, are morning and night reflected with mirror-like faithfulness upon the glassy surface of the river, and duplicate thus down to its destination the fairy landscape which adorns everywhere the course of this great artery of the northern wilderness.

We had gained the first glimpse of it at Metapedia, thirteen miles west of Campbellton, where a massive and yet withal artistically constructed iron bridge spans its swift current, and where the angler may, within full sight of great arches, cast his fly for the salmon, the royal game fish of these crystal cool waters.

A club house belonging to the well-known Restigouche Association, and located on the site of Dan Frazer's late tavern, is also additional guarantee that we are approaching the center of good fishing grounds, and the English and American flags hoisted at each end of the building symboliz the brotherly feelings which unite all true sportsmen, n matter of what nationality, into one common bond o brotherly feelings.

The tired locomotive which had been snorting and puffing fe over two hours since he started from Quebec rests here a fe minutes, and after being duly watered and fed speeds onwar toward Campbellton. Here we alight and transfer our selves and baggage to the near-by Royal Hotel, kept as c yore by mine host, Sproul, a rubicund, jolly landlord reminding us of the types of the now fast passing away ol regime known far and wide by all who chanced to have th good fortune to fall into their hands.

He of the Royal Hotel never tires to administer to th needs and comforts of his piscatorially inclined guests. H is himself an ardent fisherman, and will not be slow to mak arrangements for a day's trip to any of the near-by trou streams and lakes. Campbellton is indeed a focus of thes attractions, and a good point to start from for all disciple of the noble art of angling. They may diverge hence t wards all points of the compass without any danger of failure The Metapedia, Scanmenac, Norville and other equall good streams may all be reached by rail or team in less tha ten hours, while the Restigouche and Cascapedia hardly re quire even this short time, as they are almost within sight Two near-by beautiful deep mountain lakes, called Parker and Doyle's lakes, after their owners, are the favorite fishin grounds of mine host, who rarely fails to return from ther with a big load of the large, handsomely colored trout whic abound in their ice-cold waters.

I may not dwell here upon my personal experiences, no trespass upon your readers' patience by detailing what he often enough taxed severely my own, whenever success di not attend my efforts. Neither can I well picture, on th other hand, my satisfaction and delight when the strong tu at my wrist and the curving tip of my small eight-ounce ro admonished me time and again to pay attention to my lis and to idle away a few minutes in that most delicious of a pastimes—the playing with your struggling prize as the ca amuses herself with a lively mouse. We freely acknowledg of having on sundry occasions perhaps needlessly prolonge this agreeable occupation to listen a little longer to th sweetest of all musical notes, the whirring noise of the swi revolving reel, which beats time to this wild entertainmen the crowning desert of this present vacation journey.

It is also a happy pastime to view the impressive fore solitudes around us and to listen to the soothing sound foaming cascades, which becomes doubly sweet when inte rupted from time to time by the splashing noise of voracious playful brook trout. How quickly do not then our reverie come to an untimely end, and how soon do we not becom oblivious of all charms of scenery, when it becomes a seriou question as to whether we are really going to land safel that big five-pounder we have hooked, and which tugs an pulls so desperately to free itself from the encumbrance o its one-sided, gay, feathery moustache. And when, as happened to us on the St. John's River, that a large trou was hooked at the wrong end, near the ventral fin, by wh my canoeman termed jigging, the beautiful view aroun me melted away like the mists before the noonday sun, to condense itself into the focus of the struggling fish, th imagination magnified into absurdly gigantic proportion It turned out to be, after all, only a four-pounder, reinforce however, by a one-pound inquisitive comrade which ha taken a notion to the second fly.

We had enjoyed glimpses of Campbellton in former year its lakes and streams, including Mill Stream and McKe nonsbrook, both of which empty into the Metapedia te miles or more above Metapedia station, had all bee revisited, and to avoid the danger of monotony we pack u our baggage for Gaspé and northward beyond this termina point.

There is still, as four years ago, a semi-weekly coastin steamer plying between Campbellton and ports north as fa as the little village of Gaspé, on the northeastern extremit of the peninsula of Quebec. At present it is the St. Law rence, and she has good accommodations for her passe gers, although her table, like that on board of the grandil quently named Royal Mail Line, between Toronto and Mo treal, is far below the standard of American coasting steam ers. To judge, however, from her build and appearanc the chances of a safe and quick passage are fair, whic offsets to some extent the barren prospect of a good squa meal. The heavily oxygenated, invigorating sea air is affe all perhaps a better caterer than the best pupil of a Soye who could find a large field for improvement on sundr Dominion steamship lines.

The distance from Campbellton to Gaspé is about 1 miles, and is accomplished on this occasion in sixteen hour We stop at various places, including New Richmond at th mouth of the famous Cascapedia, Bonaventure and othe of minor importance, which in all tends to retard the pro ress of the steamer, while it also serves, on the other han to relieve the monotony which generally attends all trav by steamer. The sea is as polished as a mirror, and not ripple dimples its surface which photographs in ever-var ing tints the great white clouds drifting across the va overarching aerial dome. There are also hardly any dange ous jutting out reefs, and as the perpendicular rocky wal of the shore fringe abruptly the deep water, the steam approaches time and again close enough to throw a biscu ashore, as sailors term it.

The tourist, if he be inclined to study the active agenci and forces of nature which are incessantly at work to alt the contour of these shores year after year, will find here remunerative field for his observations and speculation The cliffs rise, in most instances, vertically from the se and are chiefly composed of a soft, deep red-colored san stone, which bears upon its exposed surface, near the wat line, everywhere unmistakable testimony to the wearing an eroding power of water and ice. Wherever the rocks are harder texture no deep grooves are visible, which appe again in their fullest development and of many feet in dep along the softer layers. This is undoubtedly caused chiefl by the eroding action of ice, which drifts along here in gre masses and accomplishes all of these results with the aid the strong tides and currents which are a peculiar feature the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Sooner or later the great ove hanging rocky shelves, deprived of support, tumble dow with a crash into the foaming breakers beneath them, whic pound and grind them up into gravel, sand and mud, serve, perhaps, in the far off future, as available materi for reconsolidation and a repetition of the same process which take place here now before the reflective min These features along the seashore are most conspicuous displayed from the village of New Carlisle, northward to th fishing settlement of Percé, where the ancient coast line h

become entirely obliterated. Nothing indicates its former existence excepting Percé Rock and the low island of Bonaventure, which is a mile or so in length, and composed of the same material we find on the mainland. The former is fitly named from its tunnelled base, which is marked by a perforation large enough to allow a large boat to pass through. Percé Rock appears at present as an almost square tower of a few acres in area, and 200 feet or more in height. The top of this curious ancient landmark is slightly convex, and its surface is well whitened by the excrementitious deposits of thousands of herrings, gulls and cormorants, which have chosen this lonely eyrie probably ever since the advent of the Terrace epoch as their roost. The pelting rain storms, aided by the melting of the spring snows, tend, however, to remove the excrements of the birds as fast almost as they are deposited, and such accumulations of them as occur in the rainless zone of the Chincha islands are, therefore, here not existing. For these reasons the only good which could possibly be accomplished by these otherwise useless birds is left undone, and they serve merely as an attractive sight on these otherwise rather lifeless shores. They come back each successive spring, fish day after day, chiefly for smelt and eels, not disdaining a casual dessert of young salmon and trout in the salmon rivers north and south of Percé Rock, to a distance of over fifty miles, where they may be seen coming and going to and fro each morning and night. Since no man can climb up their almost perpendicular rocky home, and since nobody cares for a mess of their unsavory flesh, they thrive and increase wonderfully, though only within a mile of the busy fishing settlements named after their rock.

There is to my knowledge only one more breeding ground of the cormorant along the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about twenty miles westward of Natashquan, where a small colony from the parent stock seems to have formed an independent settlement. The problem as to whether all birds will increase if unmolested in their breeding grounds can be studied here as by experiment in a contracted area, since the average mass of the cormorants on Percé rock, though not exactly countable, yet allow of a rough estimate. As their average number does not appear to suffer any appreciable variation, it would be instructive to learn what becomes of all of the young birds which are raised here in great accumulating numbers year after year. The normal amount of the great flock remains apparently unchanged, and whether it is only the old birds which return, or their progeny, is an open question. The ratio is perhaps maintained on the basis of the Darwinian theory, that the fittest and strongest only survive.

I am no special champion of the cormorant, some of which no doubt lessen my own chances of catching trout at Gaspé, and I pitch while passing by in the steamer a few balls from my rifle among the thickly-massed flock which sentinel in motionless attitude their chosen and protected reservation. This disturbance raises at once an immense cloud of them, which waves to and fro about the rock as long as the latter remains in sight from the steamer's deck. With aid of the field glass we also noticed that there seems to be a friendly feeling between the separate flocks of gulls and cormorants, though each tribe occupies its own special territory, in illustration of the axiom, "birds of a feather flock together."

As the sun sinks slowly behind the lofty peaks of the Gaspé Mountains, after having given us a gratis entertainment of the sunset, almost as brilliant as that so glowingly described in Byron's "Corsair," we round the bold promontory of Ship's Head, and steam into the placid, winding bay of Gaspé. This basin, as it is called, is the very picture of a typical Norwegian fiord on this side of the great deep, and unquestionably the most romantic, no less than the most secure harbor along the whole coast line from Quebec to the Straits of Belle Isle. A glance at the chart explains on sight much more than could and ought to be said in favor of Gaspé, which, like a hidden gem of the deep, is still secure from the prying gaze of the inquisitive crowd of fashionable pleasure seekers, who have not yet invaded its quiet seclusion. Its isolation is due to its great distance from the centers of population and the lack of well-organized communication, which, when completed, will destroy its present primitive charm and awaken it from the trance into which it seems to have fallen. A change will before long come over the spirit of its dream, unless all advantages which must accrue to it by reason of its geographical position should turn out to be idle fancies and speculations. It is strange indeed that the highly-favored natural situation of Gaspé should have been so long overlooked by those parties and companies directly interested in and concerned about the most rapid and cheap transportation, which seizes invariably, as if by instinct, upon the nearest and safest landing points for freight and passengers on all highways of transatlantic intercommunication. L.

Natural History.

THE GASPER-GOU.

I HAVE received the following communication from the Fish Commissioner of Texas:

"*My dear Sir*—As I have been much interested in some of your letters to FOREST AND STREAM [Why not all?—Byrne] I take the liberty of writing to you. I was interested particularly in your letters concerning the 'Monsters of White River,' [I was, too, especially in the congestive chill part of them.—Byrne]. The 'gasper-gou' with us is, with the exception of several species of bass, about the best fish we have in this State, and I am anxious to know more of this fish, its time of spawning, etc., whether I can propagate the fish artificially or not.

"In May last I sent some specimens to Prof. Baird for identification. Mr. G. Brown Goode, of the National Museum, classes the specimens as *Ambloden grunniens*, but tells me the fish is not edible.

"Mr. Fred. Mather, in a letter written August 28, asks me, 'Can you eat this fish gasper-gou, which is not used anywhere for food?'

"Is it possible a mistake has been made in the identification by Mr. Goode?

"Certainly here [And here also.—B.] the fish is a good one, and when from two pounds down to the smaller sizes, say five to six inches long, a first-class pan fish. When much larger than two and a half to four pounds, the fish is good baked or boiled, as you probably have seen. I would like to hear from you on the 'gasper-gou.'

"R. R. ROBERTSON, Austin, Tex."

As an amateur naturalist and ichthyologist, only in the back woods (prairie rather) of Arkansas, without any library, not even a dictionary, "Byrne," after carefully looking over the ground and the material and data on hand, feels that Mr. Robertson has cut him off a "little bigger chunk than he can chaw" conveniently. But if I had a complete ichthyological library, and had the collection of fishes in the National Museum at Washington (when completed) at hand, together with my vast experience in field and flood to draw from, I would tackle these questions of Mr. Robertson's with an energy and industry such as knows no failure. As it is, I will have to do the best I can, or, resign (and resign I never will so long as this occupation has no salary attached).

Where did Prof. G. Browne Goode get the name *Ambloden grunniens*? Did he coin this name just to create misery for me? I cannot keep those specialists in ichthyology straight if they go to work and coin a new technical name every time they get puzzled. If Prof. Goode had identified Mr. Robertson's specimens as *Corvina osculo*, De Kay; or *Haploidonotus grunniens*, Raf., as the other specialists have done and keep on doing; or told us that the gasper-gou is the white buffalo with a mouth formed like a sucker, and that the buffalo is *Bubalichthys bubulus*, Agassiz, "an excellent food fish," as Hallock does, "Byrne" would have had plain sailing; but for him to give it a name that I have never heard of before is simply outrageous, and relegates the whole question back to Major Lewis, of whom I had the most of my information.

Fishermen who have been very familiar with the fishes of the upper Mississippi waters, on coming here and seeing this White River gasper-gou, name it at sight either sheepshead, grunter, drum or white perch, for by these names they are very familiar with the fish known scientifically as *Corvina osculo*, De Kay, etc., and they call our gasper-gou by the same names. But if the two fishes were placed side by side, of the same size, they would resemble somewhat, but would show distinctly different. The Western sheepshead is more rounded longitudinally on the back, more hump-shouldered or heavy in front, and dwindles more abruptly toward the tail, seldom fat, flesh white, belly white. The gasper-gou is yellowish on the belly, flesh yellowish, but the most marked difference in the two fishes is in the thoracic plates or grinders, for both these fishes have, as the boys say, "their teeth in their throat," or three plates, two above, small, and one below, large, thickly armed with peculiar and beautiful grending teeth in their throats back of the mouth parts proper and in the mouth of the gullet. These in the sheepshead of the upper rivers are much larger than those in a gasper-gou of the same size. So far as I have observed the sheepshead feeds generally on shellfish and articulatæ, the gasper-gou on crayfish alone. A fish doesn't need so strong an apparatus for grinding crayfish as it does for shellfish, hence, as I think the difference. The only fish I find anywhere mentioned—though my researches have not been extensive—that seems very nearly like our gasper-gou is this. I copy from the "Sportsman's Gazetteer," Hallock, page 338.

"SCLENIDÆ.—*Malusheganay*, sheepshead; *Corvina richardsonia*, Cuv. and Val.

"This species is common in Lake Huron, where it is *highly prized as food*. It is *taken with crayfish*, on which it principally feeds; length, from one to two feet, color, grey with dark transverse bands above, sides silvery, abdomen yellowish. *The sheepshead of Lake Pepin is not valued as food*."

The italics are mine. Our gasper-gou takes crayfish only. Can it be that this Lake Huron sheepshead and our gasper-gou is the same fish? My opinion is that there are several species of this peculiar family of fishes, all looking very nearly alike, but varying distinctly in habits and quality, and that the family has been very carelessly studied, and here the matter must rest until we hear from the fish sharps again. Do not be bashful, gentlemen, if you make mistakes; I will correct you as kindly as I can, and if Mr. G. Brown Goode wants further specimens of these two fishes, some one will please furnish them, for I cannot, as I am forty miles from an express office or any other modern inconveniences.

Is the gasper-gou an edible fish? Yes, emphatically yes. But it has a peculiar flavor, like the oyster, codfish, lobster, etc., not always relished at the start, but, like them, use makes one very fond of it.

Is the up-river sheepshead (*Corvina osculo*, De Kay) an edible fish? Well, yes, hardly. Ten years ago on the Illinois River they were seined and thrown away by the thousand ton. Now they are hauled back in the country and sold as "white perch," "silver bass," and the grangers and dwellers of inland cities and towns manage in some way to get outside of a vast amount of them. Having never interviewed one of these sadly imposed upon fellow creatures immediately after he had dined on a "grunter," I cannot give his opinion as to its edibility. Of its wholesomeness I am certain, for there have been no epidemics in that Illinois country back from the river, and the people continue to raise corn enough to make "French brandy" for the rest of the world. "God bless 'em," for they have distinctly answered Mr. F. Mather's question, namely, "Can you eat this fish?" But I mistake; this question was rather pointedly asked Mr. Robertson. Well, I will answer for Mr. R. A Western man can eat anything (if it is called by a nice name), and we all know that a Texan can eat several Western or any other men.

From analogy I should say that the gasper-gou shows in August or September here in the still waters of the mouths of creeks and bayous. But this is simply a guess, but it true it would be a very easy fish to increase artificially.

Now, gentlemen, you Eastern specialists in all branches of natural history, I want you to go to work and revise the whole thing and publish a new set of text books with an entire change of technical names—the longer and harder to pronounce the better—for some of the old names are becoming entirely too familiar. If you should need any field facts or scientific facts, why write to me and I will furnish them, but be sure and enclose stamps, the more the better, green stamps, for I have been obliged to hold my mail here two weeks because our postmaster run out of stamps. BYRNE.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Ark., Sept. 12.

THE GASPER-GOU IS NOT EDIBLE.—Cleveland, O., Sept. 14.—The "gasper-gou (*Haploidonotus grunniens*) is edible," comes the news from Austin, Texas. So it is said of this fish whenever found in the waters of the Mississippi Valley, but here in the Great Lakes he is tough and tasteless. The better and longer he is treated by fire the tougher and tougher and more tasteless he becomes. The artist cook of the Ichthyophagus Club, they say, makes palatable many strange and untried things; let him try his art on the gasper-gou of our lake, and if he succeeds so that a cat, even, partakes of his cookery, he shall receive as reward a full peck of "lucky eyestones" from old Grunnien's head. In 1840 the first extensive German emigration quartered here, and as cheap food was a necessity to them, they resorted daily to the fishing grounds; to their surprise a fine large fish (they called them "wrass," I think) was offered to them gratis if they would take them away. I heard a fisherman remark one day: "Those ere sheeps will try those Dutchmen's gizzard's," and so it proved; in a short time the Dutchmen preferred "store fish." At one time great numbers of "sheepsheads" found their way to Cincinnati and other Southern markets. They were in great demand for a while for the reason they had foreign airs upon them, something new. If I mistake not a city council now and then in the Ohio Valley passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of Lake Erie sheepsheads. A few years later than this a grand hotel was opened here by two of Baltimore's most popular landlords. Among other entertainments given was a fish breakfast to a few chosen "old heads;" in addition to the products of salt water, fresh water was also to be represented; one of the "old heads" proposed the Lake Erie sheepshead as a *piece de resistance* at the feast, to which the two jolly salt-water landlords readily consented, as they knew all about that fish. They had the same down in the lower bay, near the Po-to-mack. The landlords and chief cook did wonders in their way to make perfect that breakfast, and so did *Haploidonotus grunniens*. How appetizing he looked brought on the table garnished with fine dressing, herbs and lemon-peel. One stroke of the fork and knife; then a suspense. The word went forth, "Waiter, tell the cook to give this fish a little longer turn; it's not done quite enough." Soon the dish reappeared, but on testing 'twas tougher than before. "Try it again, and tell the cook to 'tend to his business or else I'll return him to Baltimore." The cook in spite of his skill gave up the job, came to the table and in self-defence declared, "That praps that ere fish might be one of them are sheepsheads, but he never came from the ole Chespeek. Them, sir, got stripes on thur sides and teeth like sheeps' in the end a booth jaws. I thinks, misters, this yar fish is a confound mongrel." The old darkey cook was exactly right. Now let the "Ichthyophagus" try.—DR. E. STERLING.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

THERE appeared in the scientific journals lately notices describing the results secured by photographing birds in their flight by newly-invented instruments as the "Photograph Gun" and others. The figures of birds printed seem somewhat confusing, but are nevertheless very suggestive, and I beg to send a few notes on them, by way of interpretation of the actions represented. Certain terms have been customarily used for the motion of the wings, as depression and elevation, the former indicating the wings pointed downwards, and the latter pointing upwards, as if the wings had been struck up and down through the air by the efforts of the bird, while the body remained stationary all the time.

Now, the same appearances may very well be shown to be due to converse actions in the bird, viz., that the wings really remained stationary, while the body of the bird was elevated instead each time.

Similar mechanical action occurs in quadrupeds when the feet are planted firmly on the ground, and the muscular effort of the animal projects its body forward, using that base for a fulcrum.

It needs only hinting to mention that the body of a bird would be easier moved through the air than the wings perpendicular to their surface planes, both on account of its rotund form and superior density.

The process of normal flight hence may be considered to be due to two influences—the muscular effort of elevation, and the muscular relaxation of sliding down an inclined plane, which view may tend to simplify the explanation ventured on.

When the bird flashes down the wing at A (Fig. 1), the body is thereby raised to a higher level at B than the end of

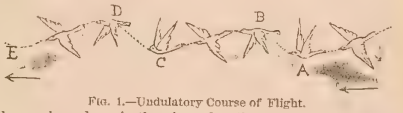


FIG. 1.—Undulatory Course of Flight.

the previous slope in the air, and at the next step the wings are held out horizontally while descent is begun down a short inclined plane, B C, where they have become relaxed, and are now pointed upwards.

On arriving here another flash of the wings is made downwards, and the bird rises to D, at the summit of the next slope, when again the wings are extended horizontally, when relaxation begins, and terminates at the bottom of the incline at E, where they are let go, and elevated previous to the next muscular effort.

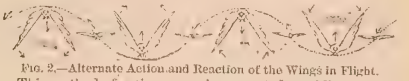


FIG. 2.—Alternate Action and Reaction of the Wings in Flight.

This method of action may be repeated rapidly, so that there might be continual flapping of the wings indicating short rises and short slopes in progression.

Or, again, if the inclines are lengthened out unduly over the rises an appearance of a bird sailing through the air is produced, when there is a flap only rarely given by the wings.

If the wings of a bird seem to be elevated we may suppose that it is at the bottom of the incline, or with wings depressed we may suppose it to be at the top of the rise.

The horizontal flight of birds with wings observed to be flapping would probably, therefore, consist of a series of undulations, or rises and falls, like the tracings of a sphygmograph, representing circulation or respiration.

The up and down flappings of the wings would correspond with the down and up curves of the line of flight, and these again with descent and ascent of the body of the bird, to which it would really tally, and not with the motion of the wings (Fig. 2).—*Arts, in Land and Water.*

RATS AND SPARROWS.—Baltimore, Md., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was a witness to an incident a few days ago which greatly surprised me. A lot of sparrows were eating in the stable yard, when several large rats ran from the stable, and chased the birds, which did not fly high from the ground. The rats then changed their mode of operations, and sneaked upon them. This they did for over an hour, but did not succeed in catching any of the sparrows.—J. L. MOST.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

GAME IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

THE following schedule exhibits the game now in season. (Also, in parentheses, seasons which open during the month.):

Alabama—Doves; (15th, quail).
California—Deer, doves; (15th, grouse, rail, quail, wildfowl).
Colorado—Deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo, bison.
Connecticut—Wildfowl; (12th, rail).
Dakota—Grouse, quail, snipe, curlew, plover.
Delaware—Woodcock, rail, reed.
District of Columbia—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, pinnated grouse, plover, reed, snipe.
Georgia—Wild turkey, quail, deer.
Idaho—Sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, deer, mountain sheep and goat, elk, antelope, buffalo, wildfowl.
Illinois—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, deer, wild turkey.
Indiana — Woodcock, wildfowl, pinnated grouse.
Iowa—Woodcock; wildfowl, pinnated grouse, elk, deer.
Kansas—Pinnated grouse.
Kentucky—Woodcock, deer, wildfowl, wild turkey.
Maine—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, plover.
Maryland—Ruffed grouse, woodcock.
Massachusetts—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, doves.
Michigan—Ruffed and pinnated grouse, woodcock, wildfowl, snipe.
Minnesota — Grouse, woodcock, quail, wildfowl.
Mississippi—(15th, meadow lark, deer).
Missouri—Woodcock, plover, meadow lark, dove, pinnated grouse, deer; (15th, wild turkey).
Montana—Fool hen, grouse, ptarmigan, buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep & goat, moose, wildfowl).
Nebraska—Grouse.
Nevada—Elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, grouse, quail, woodcock, wildfowl.
New Brunswick—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, moose, caribou).
New Jersey—Reed birds, rail, squirrel.
New Hampshire—Woodcock, plover, ruffed grouse, quail, deer, caribou, moose, wildfowl, squirrel, rail.
New Mexico—Grouse, ptarmigan, quail, deer, wild turkey, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo.
New York—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, deer, wildfowl, squirrels.
North Carolina—Deer.
Nova Scotia—Woodcock, wildfowl, snipe; (15th, caribou, moose).
Ohio—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl.
Oregon—Grouse, quail, wildfowl, deer, moose, mountain sheep, elk, antelope.
Ontario—Woodcock, snipe, hares, wildfowl, pheasants, partridges, grouse, prairie fowl.
Pennsylvania—Woodcock, wildfowl, plover, rail, reed birds, snipe, squirrels.
Quebec—Deer, caribou, woodcock, wildfowl; (15th, ruffed grouse).
Rhode Island—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, robin, meadow lark, hare, squirrel.
South Carolina—Deer; (15th, wild turkey, rail, reed, grouse, quail, doves, woodcock).
Tennessee—Deer; (15th, ruffed grouse, snipe, quail, meadow lark, woodcock, wild turkey).
Texas—Deer, ruffed and pinnated grouse, quail.
Utah—Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, grouse, quail, wildfowl.
Vermont—Ruffed grouse, woodcock, wildfowl.
Virginia—Ruffed grouse, wildfowl, woodcock, deer.
Washington Territory—Deer, elk, mountain sheep, grouse, antelope.
West Virginia—Pinnated grouse, deer, ruffed grouse, wild turkey.
Wisconsin — Woodcock, grouse, quail; (15th, deer).
Wyoming—Buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and goat, deer, ptarmigan; pinnated, sage and sharp-tail grouse, ruffed grouse, wildfowl, plover, curlew, snipe.

☞For exceptions, local laws, etc., see FOREST AND STREAM Schedule "B," issue of July 20, page 489.

SEPTEMBER.

(Forgot it wasn't cocked.)

Now the grouse with ruffled plumage
Hurtles wildly through the brake,
While the man with choke-bore leveled,
Yanks the trigger till fingers ache.

I am aware that the boys do not like to say anything about these little "contretemps," but a good many of them have "been there" all the same, and if brutes could talk there would be many a canine who would swear to the "doggerel" above. DICK.

BITS OF EXPERIENCE IN FLORIDA.

SECOND PAPER.

DURING the winter months the St. Johns, the prairies bordering on it, and the hamaks fringing the prairies afford much solid enjoyment with rod and gun. In many places the prairie extends from one to several miles along the river, and as far from river to hamak. Singly and in groups the palmetto dots the green expanse. Cypress swamps at intervals bar the progress. In them are found otter and cotton-mouth moccasins. Ducks frequent the river and lagoons making into it. Snipe feed in great numbers on the prairie, while turkeys, deer and squirrels keep to the hamak.

The weather is just right for a hunt. It is rarely otherwise in winter. The mercury stands at about 65 during the day, at night dropping to 40 or 50. Clean white clouds sail slowly overhead, and oranges hang yellow upon the trees. I can see the ducks rising in flocks along the river as some steamer puffs along, if I am at home, four miles distant. I hear the great blue heron squawk as he rises on laborious wing. I see great flocks of curlews whirl in the air, their snow-white plumage glistening as they circle, settling noiselessly, light as down on outstretched pinion. I note the killdee's cry of alarm. I hear the "scaipe" of the snipe, and see his jerky flight. I see the swirl of the bass chasing his prey ashore, the leap of the mullet in mid stream, or the lazy motion of the gar as he plays near the surface. What possibilities are in that dense hamak where the palmetto's fronds answer noisily to the breeze, and the far-branching live oak embraces a brotherhood of trunks. Deer and turkeys are there I know, and an occasional covey of quail may be found in the edge thereof.

I have the fever bad, and go over to my neighbor the Doctor.

"Doc., let's go to the prairie to-morrow."

"You couldn't have struck a likelier subject," says he, so we fix it up. We will start at daybreak, and stay two days, taking his darkey, dog, and my Osgood canoe.

Is there any pleasure in talking up arrangements for such a trip? Maybe not. Is there any enjoyment in loading shells, getting "traps" together, loading the wagon and taking an inventory of necessaries the night before? Preposterous. And how many sportsmen there are who don't take along divers and sundry articles they don't want, and which are sure to be in the way when the hurry is greatest? Legions. They will do it every time too. And to wind up these queries, where, on this rolling ball is the pursuit, or entertainment, or occupation, or whatever you like that will give pleasure clear to the marrow like the sports of forest and stream to the true lover thereof? Give us an easy one.

The alarm clock goes off with a rattling din at 4 A. M. I was just dreaming that my head was a boiler works and the whole place was in full blast. Out of bed, into my clothes in a hurry, and out to feed the horse. What a glorious morning! There is no suspicion yet in any part of the sky that a dawn is to break. The stars sparkle brilliantly in the cool air. Jack Frost did not actually visit us, but I know that he contemplated it seriously. What bounding life there is in the veins at such an hour—with a hunt ahead.

The horse is fed, a fire made in the kitchen stove and coffee made, and by the time I have breakfasted and hitched up, a belt of light rises in the east and all the cocks in the country are welcoming it, while the rattle of Doc.'s wagon announces his approach.

We drive through the pine woods a half hour and then down from the undulating land into what is termed "flat woods," where the saw-palmetto and gallberry grow in perfection. The fog lies heavy here, and the pleasant odor of "deer tongue" is all about. Deer feed here, and not an hour since have slowly gone, picking here and there, to dense cover. Soon we emerge from growth of tall "slash" pine and thick standing palms into a glade where the road is smooth and firm. A half mile in this brings us to the hamak that skirts the prairie, which soon opens right and left, sentineled with tall palms. When we have traversed half the distance to the river, arousing numerous snipe by the way, we strike water, increasing very gradually in depth, for the river is up, until we reach a lagoon lying parallel with the river and near it, the upper end of which we cross in water hub deep; frightening ducks, getting a couple, and driving out on a rise of ground extending a half mile around a bend of the river, called Hickory Bluff, only a few yards wide, river on one side, marsh on the other, and grown with palms, pecans and oaks. Here we choose a smooth spot canopied by palms, a yard or two from the bank, unharness the horses, unload the canoe, stretch the fly and are ready for business. Joe, the sable cook, attends to the camp and bangs away at a passing duck with his fusee, while Doc and I take the canoe and search the river and lagoons for ducks.

Around the bends we go, where the water is deep and dark and the oaks overhang the stream, or skirting a sea of bonnets we run into a lagoon here and there where the purple grakle feeds upon the bonnet worm and the gallinule querulously cries from its reedy retreat. The osprey wheels and plunges, shaking itself as it rises with its finny food, turning its head to the front, and steers straight for timber.

I noticed in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM a statement by some correspondent that the osprey seized the fish in the position in which it is carried—headed like the osprey. My observation satisfies me that the fish is seized haphazard, but is always turned head to the front after the bird rises.

We pass a cypress swamp and land on a bluff below, getting a few ducks on the adjacent prairie, kill a moccasin apiece, and go to camp, where we find Joe preparing dinner. When ready we recline under the fly, and, with other good things, sample the bass Joe has taken in our absence. Afterward we take our pipes, fill them with Lone Jack, and enjoy a half hour's smoke. The river runs with unbroken surface close by, the palm leaves rustle gently overhead, the mild winter's sun gives just the right temperature for thorough comfort, the horses stand with half-closed eyes over neglected hay (Northern, baled), and Joe clears the festive board. During the afternoon Doc. shot some snipe and I took a dozen bass with phantom minnow. After supper we gathered moss for beds, rigged our mosquito bar, and after a pipe or two, and rehearsing experiences, turned in. Our fish were on two strings, and a little distance apart. Just as we were dropping off, a splash near by aroused us.

"Gators, by jing!" said Joe, and getting a fan (dry palm leaf) he lighted it at the embers and we solemnly proceeded toward the fish. By the light of the torch we shined the 'gator's eyes as he lay out in the stream a few feet from the fish, but before we could get a gun he sank. We examined the fish and found a couple mangled. Back to bed we went, leaving a gun handy. Several times during the night we jumped with gun and torch, but failed to get a shot. Between the mosquitoes and 'gator, sleep didn't do us much good.

Next morning the fog lay heavily. Doc. and I rose about daybreak, and knowing that ducks nightly resorted to the lagoon just above us, I went to some bushes abreast the lagoon and as near as possible, and he to the upper end. Every few moments we heard the whirr of wings as ducks went by or the swish as they entered the water, but the fog was too thick to see. As it lightened they became alarmed and began to fly, but we got seven and went back to breakfast.

During the forenoon we shot a few snipe, more ducks and took some fine bass, one of which weighed eight and a half pounds; also a few large speckled perch.

The Osgood served us handsomely, being very steady and as dry as anything that never was wet. With guns, rods and ducks in her we could take her from the water and carry her anywhere with a single hand at each side. We shot ducks from her standing, Doc. making one beautiful shot. I believe I have mentioned his skill before. This day two ducks at not less than seventy yards, going down wind like lightning, tumbled to his Dougall. As an instance of his skill let me give you this: Two years since he took his team and dog and started for a day's quail shooting. His wife accompanied him. Through the high pine lands of Florida one can drive as well nearly off a road as on one. It is all open and clear. So they went here and there, the dog ranging, and when he found a covey the Doc. got out and shot, his wife keeping count. At night he had shot fifty-nine times and brought home fifty-two quail. I recently received a letter from him in which he says: "I went after quail the other day; found one covey of seventeen, shot sixteen down and bagged fifteen" (without missing). There are not many better shots than he in this country. S.

OUTFIT FOR A WINTER'S TRAPPING.

THE season for outfitting preparatory to a winter's campaign among the fur animals is now fast approaching. After a summer spent in various pursuits all trappers welcome the early frost which soon turns the color of the maple, oak and other trees into rich crimson and yellow tints so beautiful to all lovers of nature.

To trap successfully it is necessary first to have a sufficient number of steel traps which will vary some according to the ground picked upon. We have generally found 35 No. 1, 10 No. 1½, and 10 No. 3, sufficient. A double barrel shotgun of No. 10 gauge, and a Winchester model '76, will be found ample for fire-arms. A good small axe, all steel, and large hunting knife to wear in the belt will be necessary. One good companion is enough, but a smart active boy to stay at camp will be found profitable.

It is necessary to start early enough that the ground may be picked out well before freezing weather. The best places can be found with a good light canoe, skiff, or dugout, or if to the North Woods, in the country of rough, swift-running rivers, we would advise one of Rushton's light portable boats, which he will make to order of any required dimensions, on short notice. There is nothing so comfortable as a good boat in which you have all confidence to carry you safely wherever you may wish to go. The writer has ridden in nearly all kinds of boats, and knows whereof he speaks. Take along a good cotton "A" tent to serve as a shelter until the colder weather comes, when you will have a much more substantial home shanty built in some sheltered nook beneath the stately pine or sturdy cedar, and in close proximity to the river or numerous lakes, along and among which you expect to push operations as soon as the pelts become prime.

After all is in readiness you usually make one more trip to the settlements for a winter's supply of flour, meat, salt, beans, tea, etc., not forgetting some lights of glass to admit light and keep out the wintry blasts. By the time all this is accomplished it will be getting quite late, and most of the fur animals will be taking on their warmer winter dress that adds so much value to their skins. Happy indeed is the man so comfortably fixed in his lone shanty, far away from the confines of civilization. He can live comfortably and enjoy life and health through the long winter months, and if in a good locality, come out a better man in mind, body and pocket when the spring opens again.

J. LEE SMEDLEY.

DUODALE, Pa., Sept. 18, 1882.

THE CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

II—THE CLOSE SEASON.

THE following extracts comprise the major portion of a paper read by Mr. Ramon E. Wilson before the last convention of the California State Sportsmen's Association. There is a great deal of sound sense contained in what Mr. Wilson says. His paper is entitled "The Close Season," and is as follows:

What a world of meaning these words must have to the wildfowl and upland birds who make their home within a radius of an hundred miles of this city. Mr. President, imagine the feelings of those ducks that unfortunately selected the Alvarado, Alviso, and Suisun marshes and Sherman Island as their feeding grounds. What a pleasure to them it must be to know that they can fly over and across every point of the slough they please, without the least danger of being met with a volley from a score of guns; or if they choose to alight among a flock of their own kind, they may do so with an assurance that they are not among a lot of wooden ducks. What an additional pleasure it must be to know that the whole marsh is free to them, and that they may select the bunch of tules for their nesting where, only a little while ago, a man with a boat and a gun was hidden, dealing out death and destruction.

The upland birds partake of this pleasure too. What a comfort it must be to the quail to feel that he need not now get up before daylight to get his breakfast and get back into cover before the man with the gun and dog comes along. Mr. President, I took a little trip into the country the other day, and as I drove along the highway where I frequently go in the open season, and feel highly gratified if I can bag a couple of dozen, it seemed to me as though I had never seen so many quail before. They were running in the road almost under the horses' feet, sitting on the fencee, here, there, and everywhere. The road led through a small fresh-water marsh, and as I approached the edge of it, not more than twenty-five yards distant, up flew a brace of fine mallards, apparently not much concerned, but two months ago the best choke-bore gun in the country could not have ruffled a feather. They would have heard me coming 300 yards off and would not have stood upon the order of their going, but would have gone.

And, Mr. President, as I drove along after seeing these strange sights, I wondered if these birds were not endowed by nature with an instinct of their security and safety from harm. But I ceased to wonder when I thought that this was the close season, the time which, of all seasons of the year, Nature had selected as the most fitting for the birds to mate, to build their nests, lay and hatch their eggs, and rear their progeny; and that if Nature had seen fit to set apart this time for that purpose they might properly think that Nature should, during that time, protect them.

And Nature has done all she can. The severe storms of the winter have passed, the high grass forms good cover for nesting, and by the time the young appear, the seeds have ripened and there is an abundance of food. But there is one thing Nature has not provided against, and that is the unnatural, inhuman and cruel man, who disregards these beneficent laws of nature by shooting the birds at this season. The beautiful lesson which is thus exemplified should deter every son of Nature, every lover of what is good and beautiful in Nature, from violating its laws. Natural law is defined as "that rule of conduct which may be deduced from the common reason and conscience of mankind, as opposed, on the one hand, to a system of divine law revealed to man, and on the other, to enacted or formulated human law.

But, Mr. President, is there anybody who would so far forget his conscience as to wilfully violate such a wise provision of nature?

Yes, their name is legion, and they belong to that large class of mankind who have no conscience.

It has therefore become necessary to supplement this natural law by the enactment of human laws which shall impose a penalty for their violation. And now, Mr. President, we have reached a question which, above all others, should seriously engage the attention of every true sportsman:

How shall the game be protected and preserved during the close season?

The existence of a law is not sufficient. The only remedy is by the enactment of wise and efficient laws and the enforcement of them.

It is true that ever since the Legislature of 1852 our statute books have contained laws intended for the protection of game; but, up to within a comparatively very recent period, no effort has been made to enforce them. For nearly twenty years, you might say, nothing has been done but to pass laws.

As I said before, the fault is not so much with the laws as it is in the non-enforcement of them. Let us search for the causes of this, and see if some plan cannot be devised by which the obstacles can be removed. Among others is the lack of sympathy with the laws on the part of the masses. The number of men who are fond of field sports is comparatively small.

The people of your cities care nothing about these laws, and nine-tenths of them are not aware of their existence. All they know is that the game market has a season, like vegetables and fruit.

Outside of the cities this same lack of sympathy exists.

The cause is apathy—prejudice against every man with a gun in his hand—a pretended claim of having the inalienable right to do with and on one's property as he pleases, and selfishness.

To illustrate: Not long since I met an old gentleman, whom I had known many years. He knew I was fond of the gun, and frequently I have been his guest at his mountain home. He said to me: "My neighbors and I have agreed among ourselves not to allow a member of any sportsman's club to hunt or shoot upon our land." I said, "Uncle Dan, that is a very strange determination on your part. What led you to it?" "Well," he said, "the law against trapping quail was instigated by these clubs, and we are therefore down on them."

The old man, it seems, had been in the habit of trapping quail and getting a little extra pocket money by selling them in the market. This was selfishness—the benefit of the law generally he admitted.

On another occasion, with two companions, by invitation, I visited Sycamore Valley to have a quail shoot. Early in the morning we started out, down a small creek running through our friend's land. In a little while we flushed a very large bevy of quail. They flew down the creek. We followed in pursuit. Unconsciously we soon exceeded the limits of our friend's land, and, all of a sudden, we found ourselves confronted by the maddest red-faced man you ever saw. Swearing with every breath, he demanded to know why we were trespassing on his property. He especially made me the object of attack. We gracefully apologized, and denied the unjust appellation of being "d——d city hoodlums," which he called us. After a time, he in turn apologized to us. He said that he had been annoyed nearly to death by hoodlums and pot-hunters, who shot quail around his house, oftimes his chickens and a number of times he had found his animals injured.

The apathetic man is one who does not care who shoots on his place, or when the shooting is done.

The other class of which I have spoken, one meets quite frequently. He tells you that he owns all the game on his place, and the law has no right to dictate to him when he may and may not shoot.

All these different classes are difficult to contend against, and the only plan that I can see which will accomplish anything, is the one we are following, viz.: Meeting in convention as a dignified body of men, publishing our deliberations to the people, and by a concert of action show our determination to have the laws observed. Treat all men who violate the game laws as criminals, and see that they are punished as criminals. Conduct ourselves in such a manner as to gain the respect of all classes—educate the people as to the meaning of the word "sportsman." When it is found out that a sportsman is the highest type of a gentleman, and that the object we seek to accomplish is a good and honorable one, then may we expect to get outside help and support and our object gained. Until this bright future is reached, let us continue the good work with unabated vigor and determination. In all of which I assure you my most hearty co-operation.

In conclusion, and as apropos of the subject, I would like to call the attention of the Association to a few suggestions in regard to the existing game laws, some of which are my own and others I have been requested to make:

1st. All shooting in the night time should be prohibited.

2d. No killing should be allowed except with a gun.

3d. The use of swivel guns and punt guns should be absolutely prohibited in hunting wildfowl.

4th. A penalty should be imposed upon all transportation companies transporting game in close season.

5th. Some provision should be made for the issuance of search warrants, as in cases of stolen property.

6th. The close season for quail and ducks should be lengthened, that is to say: Commencing with the 1st day of March and ending on the 1st day of October.

7th. Section 626 of the Penal Code should include all varieties of ducks.

8th. The statute which prohibited the killing of doves for four years, and which has now expired, should be made absolute and without any limitation.

THE BIRDS IN KENTUCKY.

QUAILS are scarce. Protracted rains through and after the nesting season supposed cause. During a recent visit to central Kentucky farmers and sportsmen informed me that there is an unusual scarcity there this fall.

Partridges have multiplied greatly, but persist in declaring their proximity to the ear instead of the eye, and the analogy between walking and shooting by faith is rather too shadowy for didactic development, hence, the value of a yellow dog, when, in season, one would refresh the assimilation machinery with that most savory dish.

My pointer stands them staunchly, but has up to now failed to locate one where whirr and disappearance were not too nearly simultaneous for a satisfactory waste of ammunition, save one single instance, when a charge of No. 10's at forty yards served simply to stimulate a graceful acceleration of his return to the chapparal, through which his flashes led me till desperation induces a discharge of No. 5's at sound. Result—a glimpse of a brown streak in direction of a mountain top a mile away. An intervening cornfield, familiarity with the rugged mountain side, a lame leg which derives no solace from even a high private's pension, and a few "saw briers" which had numerously perverted the natural course of the cutaneous circulation, persuaded me that the cooking of that particular bird would require a little more butter than the madame would cheerfully supply, and I sat down and picked out the briers before resuming my tramp home, on which a satisfactory bag of quails had started me. I'm a convert to "Nessmuk's" humane treatment of partridges. They can deride me with impunity so long as they continue to keep out of sight, but I owe the family a grudge, which I am determined to avenge by shooting every member I can catch at the advantage they've always taken of me.

Uncle Joe slipped off from me last fall, though he had pledged himself to come by and take me on his annual deer hunt. His excuse was that he went earlier than usual and knew that I couldn't get away then (which was a fact, but aggravated his slipping off), and I'm glad to report that bacon constituted his meat diet that trip. He informed me that they are there this fall, and that I shall certainly be one of the party, *Deo volente*. Turkeys have done well. All varieties of mast are better than for many years, and game will thrive. Squirrels have not appeared in numbers yet. Every fall since I have been here till this their depredations upon cornfields have been serious.

Apropos, as to reasons of quails' disappearance from localities where they were plentiful in and after nesting season. I would hazard no why as to cause in the instances recently mentioned, but give an instance which is fresh in memory from the fact that a friend and myself who own the only pointers within an area of five miles square, had located many fine bevies, and were counting on the grandest sport of our experience from their numbers and locations. When we returned from our first day's hunt we didn't have enough for a divide, and I have known old "Higgins," my companion, to grass fifteen quails without a miss from one bevy, shooting over the dog we followed that day. Fact—sure.

In our neighborhood the dry weather of July and August parched the grass and cut short the weed crops so that by open season the stubble fields had been denuded of cover and so thoroughly gleaned by cattle that the quails emigrated. We concluded, from the absence of food, principally, as cover has ever appeared a secondary consideration. In a locality thirty miles away, which had been favored with seasonable rains, my brother-in-law informed me that in a day's hunt over ground on which he thought there wasn't a bunch of more than half a dozen left in any field, he put up nineteen full bevies, and that in crossing a cornfield near the house in which had been left but five birds of the two bevies reared there, he found four full flocks. In fact, after the stock of native birds had been killed, and the boys went out hoping to find a bevy that had escaped, they found that immigration had about doubled the original supply. As Hig and I had no apprehension of infringement we waited for November frosts to open our campaign, when we found our game gone to replenish the districts which had been depleted in October—where old Tim, who didn't post, said every other fellow had a double-barreled cannon and a darned bob-tailed spotted dog.

Barring quail, our prospects for fall and winter sport are excellent. The heavy beechnut crop corroborates the infallible Vennor's prediction that mercury stands a poor chance to successfully wrestle with the cold of coming winter, and believers haven't a doubt that ducks and geese will imagine they've found the North Pole when they reach our latitude, and will contentedly locate. KENTUCKIAN.

MILL SPRINGS, Ky., September, 1882.

BRUIN ON THE RAMPAGE.

I HAVE just been reading Mr. "C. H. R.'s" letter in your paper of the 7th of September about "Adirondack Game Resorts." "C. H. R." probably had a fine time, but has made one mistake I want to correct. He says that Beaver Lake was the place where "Mr. Colvin, the surveyor, camped at, and while he was out fishing a bear came into camp and knocked down everything." Now, Sheppard, Benham, Dart, Johnson and I are Mr. Colvin's guides, and were with him in the whole expedition to which "C. H. R." refers, and we want to correct his mistake without finding any fault with him; he was probably misinformed. The fact is the camp which the bears destroyed was on the Black Spruce Mountain, two miles from Fourth Lake on the Fulton Chain, and as for the fishing I never knew Mr. Colvin to go a fishing except once, when he caught eight brook trout at the mouth of the Canachagala in half an hour, the fish averaging a pound in weight each; but that was long since. And as for the fish in Beaver Lake, I tried to catch some for the party, and never saw such poor fishing in my life. It was next door to starvation.

Now in regard to the bears, the facts are as follows: While Superintendent Colvin was engaged in exploring the headwaters of the South Branch of Moose River and the West Canada Region, he left his tents and camp on the top of Black Spruce Mountain in charge of Mr. Blake, one of the assistant surveyors in his employ, who was engaged with a party of guides and surveyors in retracing old township lines and monumenting corners. Mr. Blake's duties calling him to the foot of the mountain, he was compelled to leave the camp sometimes for a day or two. During one of Mr. Blake's absences some bears came along, and discovering the tents and provisions stored in them, tore them open and took some of the provisions. They did not do so much damage this time, and Mr. Blake coming up the same day with one of his guides discovered what the bears had been about, and took my pack basket and some knapsacks and packages and fastened them up to the ridge pole of the big tent, where he thought the bears could not reach them. Blake and his men then went down the mountain to their work, and it is probable that the bears were watching them, for they must have renewed the attack upon the tents immediately, for next morning when Blake came up again they had demolished things generally. They tore seven great holes in the big tent, some of the holes being large enough for a party of men to walk through. One great square hole was right through the roof of the tent, and it looked as if one of the bears had jumped from a precipice that slightly overhung the tent on that side, and, landing on the tent roof, tore his way right through. My pack basket had provisions in it, and hung so high up to the ridge pole of the tent that they had great difficulty in tearing it down, but by jumping and striking at it with their claws they managed to tear the basket to pieces, and finally got it down with many other things. Of all the wrecks I ever saw this tent and camp was the worst. They tore open valises, tried their teeth on the big instrument boxes, ate all the provisions, tore up the pack bags and baskets, bit open the salt sacks and flour sacks and covered the ground with scattered flour. It was funny in one place to see where they had got hold of a paper of pepper and after one bite and taste had dropped the package as though it was red hot. They did not eat all the potatoes, but scattered them around and scattered all the tins and dishes, frying pans and kettles, upset and smashed a neat bark table I had made, made off with part of a ham, and stole Supt. Colvin's buckskin moccasins. But the worst damage they did was to the books and papers; they tore some of them into bits and carried off one large leather case, containing valuable maps, twenty or thirty rods into the woods. This we recovered, also a number of books with the leaves and covers more or less torn. They tore the British Nautical Almanac to pieces, so we think they must have been New York bears, and "down on the British." The only things that escaped their teeth were two tin cans of pressed beef. The cans were sealed tight and had no smell of meat, so the bears did not touch them. They carried the blankets out through the holes in the tent thirty or forty rods into the woods, and had paths from each hole in the tent (except the one in the roof) leading out into the timber, where they left what they could not eat.

It was a most extraordinary affair, and we guides are of the opinion that the bears would not have dared to do it but for their extreme hunger, for there were no berries in the woods up to that time, and with the exception of the suckers in the brooks in the spring, the bears have had little to eat since last fall, so the poor things must have been very hungry. In fact they proved this, for very shortly afterwards they came down to Mr. Blake's camp and took his butter pail away and emptied it, and kept lurking around his camp, being seen every day. They finally became so bold, the party having no rifles, only small revolvers with them, that one or another of the bears would come into Blake's camp every morning about sunrise, looking very hungry and ugly, and nosing around for something to eat. They did not mind revolver shots very much. One of the signal men, Bill Brown, met one in the path as he was going up to the signal on Black Spruce Mountain one day, and shot at him six times with a revolver carrying a long 32-100 caliber cartridge, and only succeeded in making the bear walk leisurely away. He probably did not hit him to hurt him much, for revolvers are poor things to kill a bear with. Mr. Baker shot at one of the bears one morning before breakfast with one of the old national revolvers. The bear was about fifteen feet off, coming by a large yellow spruce tree, Baker's bullet hit the tree near the bear's nose, and threw off a chip so sharply that the bear "ended over" and ran away.

All this made it rather uncomfortable for Blake's party, and they were very glad when we arrived from the South Branch and Beaver Lake country, where exploration had kept us engaged for two weeks. I brought in Mr. Colvin's rifle, a fine Winchester sixteen shooter, and Blake's men felt more comfortable. The very night we arrived at Blake's camp the bears came again and trampled around all night. As it was too dark to see them we went to sleep. Before daybreak two of the bears came to where guides Benham and Helmer were sleeping, and snuffed at their heads. This awaked Benham, and he aroused Supt. Colvin, who immediately shot one of the bears. The bear bled dreadfully, covering the ground and bushes with blood, but managed to crawl away, coughing and dripping blood, until he got into a windshock of fallen trees and a regular den of rocks, into which he crawled to die. So we lost his meat. The other bears stayed away after this for some days, but finally returned, but did not do any damage, as we kept close watch for them; and firing the rifle from time to time probably helped to keep them away.

All this happened over on the Fulton Chain, far away from Beaver Lake, and I take the pains to give you an account of it because it was the most remarkable show of ugliness and destruction that we guides ever knew bears to do. I shall take over some of my big bear traps this fall as soon as I get through working for the survey, and it will go hard with some of those bears if they want to keep up their manœuvres around there. WILLIAM F. BALLARD.

RAQUETTE LAKE, Sept. 13, 1882.

THE FACTS OF THE JERSEY CASE.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of 14th inst., I observe an item from your Philadelphia correspondent, "Homo," stating that the West Jersey Game Protective Association had arrested a Mr. Welch and fined him $50 for shooting in New Jersey without a license. This statement is erroneous, and as I am in full possession of all the facts of the case, I desire to state them for publication.

The West Jersey Game Society was organized a number of years ago under a special charter passed by the New Jersey Legislature, which provided in its requirements that no non-resident of the State should shoot in the counties of Atlantic, Cumberland, Cape May, Gloucester, Salem and Camden, without first complying with the provisions set forth in the by-laws of said society, which exacted a fee of five dollars for each certificate of membership granted. The society at that time was organized with the honest intention of enforcing the game laws and stocking the counties with game out of the proceeds derived from membership fees, and was efficiently officered, such men as Gen. Wm. Sewell being president of the society. Of late years, however, it has become a sort of mutual admiration society, or "close corporation," one or two men "running the machine," receiving all fines and dues, and as far as many of its members assert, making no returns, either by a financial exhibit or stocking with game.

During the session of the New Jersey Legislature of 1878, a number of gentlemen interested in the subject of game protection succeeded in securing the passage of a general law similar in wording to that of the charter of the West Jersey Society, as far as relating to non-residents, which provided that no non-resident should shoot or fish in the State of New Jersey "without complying with the by-laws of the game protective societies organized or to be organized under the laws of the State," which, of course, was intended to, and does allow all non-resident members of a game protective association to shoot anywhere in the State. An association was immediately formed under the name and title of "The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society," whose membership immediately began to rapidly increase. Many Philadelphians joined it, the annual dues being but five dollars a year.

As the West Jersey Society daily saw non-residents joining this new society and their members leaving them, the one or two parties who run it began to threaten to arrest any person found gunning in the six counties above mentioned who was not a member of their society, whether he bore a certificate of membership of another society or not. Last fall there was a correspondence between the two societies, in which the "New Jersey G. and F. P. Society" proclaimed that no person bearing the certificates of the "West Jersey" Society would be molested by them while gunning in any part of the State. As both societies were organized (or at least supposed to be) for the general good of the game laws and their enforcement, no matter which or what society of the State a non-resident joined, he was entitled to shoot in any part of the State. This did not suit the gentleman who assumes to act as president, secretary, treasurer, board of directors and counsel to the West Jersey Society, and so it was given out to his henchman, a man named Peyster, who acts as detective, (?) to arrest some one. This man accordingly picked out a young man named Robert A. Welch, a Philadelphian, who, when approached by Officer (?) Peyster, while gunning on the marshes in Camden county, and asked to show his license (as they call it), showed his certificate of membership to the "West Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society," which was instantly taken from him, and, in spite of his protests, he was commanded to go with the officer (?) to the second man Friday, Justice (?) Cassidy, of Camden county. Arriving there, that learned dignitary proceeded to fine him $50. Welch refused to pay, and notified Cassidy that he should appeal from his decision, and demanded back his certificate.

After a lengthy consultation between the secretary, coun-

sel and officer, he was given back his certificate and notified that he was released on his own recognizance to appear before the justice the next day. It is presumable to think that the learned dignitary and his friends never expected that Welch would appear the next day before them, but he did, and brought bondsmen with him. What did this learned counsel to the "West Jersey" then do, but demand that if he paid him the sum of $4.70 as costs he would release him. This was promptly paid, and the case appealed on the spot, and it is to come to trial in the Camden Court in October. The Board of Directors of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society immediately instructed the counsel to the society, Judge Wm. B. Rankin, of Jersey City, to at once look after the case and see that it comes up from the calendar. The society will pay all costs of the suit, which is to determine whether their certificates of membership do not cover the whole State. As the authorities (?) of the "West Jersey" have chosen to act in so unsportsmanlike a manner, the case will be carried to the higher courts, if necessary, for decision. The writer of this recently visited Philadelphia and talked with many members of the West Jersey Society, who denounced in strong terms the proceedings of their society in this matter. All non-residents may rest assured that the case will be thoroughly ventilated in the courts. N. J. G. & F. P. S.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Sept. 18, 1882.

THE MUD-HEN,

OR CALOMEL BIRD.

THE fowl called the mud-hen is either largely on the increase or has recently made its appearance in waters heretofore never visited by it. During a long residence at Vicksburg, Miss., I do not remember to have seen one, or to have heard of them until within the last three years, though up to that date I took but little interest in game or hunting, yet I was about the lakes a great deal during all seasons of the year, and would most certainly have noticed this queer fowl had they been about in any great numbers. Now they are to be met with almost anywhere that ducks congregate, coming ahead of all other ducks in the fall, even the bluewing teal, and being about the last to leave in the spring.

Last fall a party of four of us went from here to a small, shallow lake near the little railroad town of Ashland, about eighteen miles distant, upon information that the lake was literally black with ducks. On arriving within sight of the lake we felt that for once, at least, the facts had not been exaggerated, for it seemed to us that no less than ten thousand ducks were before us, and it was easy to conjure up in imagination a big bag to each gun before the close of the day. It is hardly necessary to tell of the shade of disappointment that passed over our faces, and the feelings of disgust that took possession of us when our driver informed us that what we saw were only mud-hens. The water in this lake was full of rushes here and there, with occasional clear patches of about an acre in extent, with numerous muskrat mounds that reached to the hight of an average man's armpits, the water being about a foot and a half to two feet in depth.

Our party deployed about among the mounds, and each took position near one of them. Ducks were fairly abundant during the entire day, and until night brought the performance to a close, quite a fusilade was maintained. The mud-hens paid no more attention to the racket than, when too near the cause of it, to lazily rise just above the surface of the water and go skimming along it with sprawling legs and dab down again a hundred yards or so away. Very often they would swim up to the watchers at the mounds so near that the color of the eye could be detected, and many of them that in their bolder flights misled the hunters on that dark October day, fell splashing among the rushes at the report of the guns. I remember that my first effort at retrieving what I supposed to be a pair of bluewing teal resulted in my finding one dead mud-hen and another badly wounded, with his head down among the weeds and his "hind parts" (one can't say "tail") sticking above water. Ducks were coming in and going out at intervals during the entire day, but I do not think a single mud-hen sought other quarters, although in the afternoon our party was largely recruited by local hunters, who aided us in keeping up the ass.

Three years ago I had my first direct introduction to the mud-hen. A neighbor of mine at Vicksburg had, in September, before the advent of ducks, killed quite a number of "peeldoos," as it is pronounced there, and gave me half a dozen, saying I would find them good eating. As he was, upon the whole, a fastidious person touching articles of diet—albeit he had come down to rats during a time of short rations while in the army and pronounced them nice—I took his word for it and had the fowls cooked. I confess that when they came upon the table their appearance was none too tempting, and not a member of the family seemed to hanker after them, but the table not being supplied with other meat or fowl, I think every one tried a portion of the new dish. By way of encouraging the others I ate a larger share than I craved. My recollection now is that all of us were more or less sick soon after this feast, while my own stomach felt as though a dozen nasty mud-hens were wallowing around in it.

Last winter this same friend who had been the trumpeter for the virtues of mud-hen, my brother and I, went over to some lakes in Louisiana, opposite Vicksburg, duck hunting, reaching the main lake in the afternoon in time to push out our decoys for the evening shoot. The beginning proved a miserable failure. Near sundown, as this friend and I stood in our blind waiting for ducks that never came, an army of mud-hens began to swim by within easy range, and I think they were an hour in passing. As night drew near before the cavalcade had gotten by, my friend killed one for our supper. My brother got a black squirrel, and that constituted our bag for the day. The mud-hen was nicely skinned and nicely broiled at our camp fire by its advocate, my friend, who ate most of it himself. I ate none at all, and my brother, having heard of the experience of the family on that former occasion, partook sparingly. During the night our friend got awfully sick, and was up two or three times. The next morning he said we would have to excuse him from joining in the hunt. But before we had coffee ready the mud-hen had so completely purged him that he soon came around all right. Since then, however, he neither eats nor recommends mud-hen, and I heard him over in Vicksburg, afterwards, telling some of the citizens there that he had a more appropriate name for the fowl, and would urge that it be named the "calomel bird."

This has been suggested by an article in the FOREST AND STREAM, of September 7, giving the mud-hen "fits," supplemented by a note by the editor, in parenthesis, saying the author must have been mistaken, as he, the editor, had found the abused bird a very fair one for the table. It is a well-known fact that tastes differ, and it may be the mud-hens of Mississippi are worse than those of other climes, but I do know that very few down there care to try them the second time, the darkies even turned up their noses at them. I have seen them hanging up in the market stalls in New Orleans, but I never saw any one buying them or taking them away. I never heard of one being eaten in this latitude. My honest conviction is that as a diet they are utterly worthless. Having tried mud-hen and not tried crow, I would choose crow if compelled to eat one or the other. BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Nebraska.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have read it to Mrs. P. She corrects me by saying that I am mistaken about the appearance of the birds when they came upon the table at our house, that in fact Aunt Ann, the old cook, did them up so nicely and they looked so well and tasted so good to Mrs. P. she ate heartily of them, enjoying the meal, but she got sick afterwards, and I don't think could be induced to try the diet again. B. H. P.

A COLORADO CAMP HUNT.

I WAS awakened at dawn by the report of Al's double-barrel cannon, and while I was rubbing my eyes in came York with a brace of ducks that he had killed from near the door as they flew past. Miguel was up, cooking breakfast, so I sent York for the ponies, and dressing, went to the creek and washed. When I came back breakfast was ready. We ate and then saddled three horses; three of us went afoot, as half of the party had got to walk all day, and started up the canyon for our deer-drive, Miguel going along, leaving the dogs chained at the door of the cabin to keep out skunks and strangers.

The programme was that on getting out of the canyon three should ride ahead a mile or so, and station themselves where they thought the deer would run, and the others then hunt till they reached them. The canyon has a growth of cedar and pinon on each bank of about half a mile wide, running parallel to the canyon, then comes the open prairie for miles. The deer are forced to run through the cedars along the bluff or they can't get down into the canyon, and don't like to run across open prairie. Dearden carried his shotgun, York mine, and they and Hi went ahead for the first stand, while Ted, Miguel and I drove. I chose the canyon edge, Ted the prairie side, and Miguel took the center. We waited ten minutes for the boys to get position, and then worked slowly down to them. We did our part faithfully, but it was a dry haul. We all saw plenty of deer signs but no deer. Miguel, Ted and I took the horses and struck out, leaving Hi, York and Al to drive. We were in position in ten minutes, tied the ponies out of reach of bullets, and took our stands on the south side of a little glade that ran at right angles from the main canyon. The boys were coming from the north. Ted stood at the top of the glade next to the prairie, Miguel next, I close to the canyon on a knoll. After waiting a long cold hour, crack went a rifle half a mile off, and the ball came buzzing over my head. I raised my gun and pointed it at a tree to see if I could hold it steady, found that I couldn't, and glancing at Miguel, who was thirty yards off, saw him doing the same thing. In a minute I heard the rocks rattle, and an old buck bounded into sight followed by three does, and stopped on the hillside opposite Miguel. A second, in which I held my breath, and crack went Miguel's old muzzle-loader, and the buck jumped high in the air and fell dead, with his neck broken by a half ounce ball. I shot repeatedly at the does, but they dashed up the glade toward Ted unharmed by me, and Ted bagged the largest of them at twenty yards, with a ball clean through both shoulders.

In a minute along came a little buck, trailing a broken hind leg, on the track of the deer, and I fired twice, missing as he ran past me, and then ran for my horse and went for him in earnest. He was forced to run across open prairie. I closed on him, and poking the muzzle of my gun against him, I rolled him over with a ball in the lungs. Trying my excited pony to a tree near by, I disemboweled the deer, put him on the saddle, and led the horse down to where the boys had got the two others. Hi and the two other drivers had reached them, and were admiring Miguel's buck, which was without exception the finest deer I ever saw. It had perfect antlers with six prongs. Hi was the one who had broken the little buck's leg. It was running when he fired at it.

Hanging the deer in a tree the drivers took the ponies and rode off, while Ted, Miguel and I built a fire and got warm, and then hunted down towards the standers. I skulked along about half a mile, catching occasional glimpses of Miguel and Ted through the cedars. I crossed a little glade, and when I reached the summit of the opposite bank I saw in the next glade a beautiful sight. About 75 yards from me in the open glade six deer, two feeding, the others lying down, and all unconscious of my presence. I quietly sat down, and resting my elbows on my knees upset a big doe that stood broadside towards me, and the rest bounded off a few yards and stopped, being a clean miss, and off they went. I ran down, knifed my deer, disemboweled when she had finished bleeding, and just then two reports came from a distance down the canyon, unmistakably those of Al's big shotgun, followed by four shots from Hi's rifle, then bang bang again from Al, and I started on a trot for the scene of action. I soon reached it, and there were three of the deer dead in a little glade, and the boys fixing them. Al had killed one, Hi two, and the two others had escaped unharmed. We built a big fire, broiled the livers, eat them, got warm, then held a council of war. York wanted to make another drive for he had not had a shot, but it was getting late and we had a load for the horses, so we slung the deer onto them and started for home. I was pretty cross by the time we reached camp, for the boys gave me an unmerciful chaffing about my wretched shooting, but after a drink from the keg I recovered my temper, and we soon had supper and settled down for the night. I occasionally have days like this when it seems as if I couldn't hit a house at 40 yards, and then other days when I can kill deer or antelope with perfect ease at a dead run. We each told our story of the day, then York asked Ted to tell about his adventure with the mountain lioness for Hi's benefit, and Ted, ever willing to oblige, commenced:

A few miles from Deck's ranche on the slope of the Raton range is the Sucarica canyon, where I used to live. The hunting is pretty fair in the spring the day after a fall of snow. One morning one of the Coe boys and I started out for a day's hunt and took opposite directions, each resolved to beat the other. I had a dog and wound my way up and along the hills traveling slow and keeping a good lookout for game. I had gone, perhaps, five miles, when I come to a big patch of low brush about up to my shoulders and commenced skirting it, when I heard the brush crack and saw indistinctly an animal leaping over the brush and coming toward me. I imagined that it was a deer and squatted behind a bush expecting a good shot. It was a large mountain lioness or cougar and had come out for a fight, so I made a virtue of necessity and fired at it. It jumped high in the air and came down howling, so I shot at it again and turned the dog loose. The lioness then retreated into the brush while I made good time toward the ranch, scared worse than Hi was with the bear I reckon. The next day four of us went up on horses with a lot of dogs and turned them loose at the edge of the brush and soon heard a tremendous row at the other edge. Dashing around there we found the lioness at bay fighting the dogs like a fiend. She could not run, as she was broken down in the loins by my shot of the night before, but she could strike with her forefeet and knocked over every dog that came within her reach. She would not notice us as we came up but kept on fighting the dogs. We all rode back about 100 yards, dismounted, tied our horses securely, and taking good aim fired a volley at her head. Every man hit the mark and her death was instant.

The dogs commenced worrying the carcass and we mounted our horses and rode cautiously into the brush as we did not know but that we might find another, and sure enough we did—two of them, but they were little ones—cubs of about six weeks old, about as big as a tomcat and as savage as demons. We caught them in a little while by one man putting a forked stick on their necks while the others tied them. Took the carcass of the lioness and the two live cubs home, and some Mexicans asked us for the meat of the lioness. We gave it to them and the wretches said it was good. It did look nice and white, but I didn't taste it. When we reached home we chained the cubs up to two kennels and fed them. They ate milk and meat greedily, and became very tame. Coe grew tired of them, and sold them to a saloonkeeper in Trinidad for $10 a piece. He sent them East and got $75 for them, and now Barnum has them. "There, that's all," said Ted, "now I'm dry." The keg went round, and Hi remarked that last winter he killed a cougar and ate the hind quarters, and it proved to be nice meat. He then began running through a list of frontier delicacies, mountain wolf cubs, skunk, rattlesnakes, beaver's tails, etc., till we all rebelled and made him quit and go to bed.

The wind rose in the night blowing from the east, and the snow commenced falling. When we rose at daybreak we saw that hunting was out of the question, so we fed the shivering horses double rations of corn, and sat around the fire all day mending saddles, playing cards and longing for it to clear off. We had a fancy dinner at sundown, cooked by your obedient servant, consisting of venison roast, venison stewed, roast duck stuffed with potatoes, fried green corn, fried potatoes, pickled onions, coffee, tea, sugar, biscuit and butter, condensed milk and canned peaches. How is that for a bill of fare 100 miles from the nearest store?

The next day was very cold with a high wind, but Hi and Ted were out all day. Ted killed a deer at long range and Hi went towards the big prairie on the east side of the canyon and found that the storm had driven the antelopes in by hundreds from the big prairie. He shot at several but did not kill any, and came home in great glee at the prospect of an antelope hunt the next day. Running antelope is the only thing I ever try to beat Hi at, but I can make him work to keep even with me there, so I felt very pleasant at the prospect of an antelope run. At daybreak next morning I was up and out hunting the horses, but not a horse could I find. Hi's mare was tied up, luckily, and so I came to camp in about an hour and sent York off to follow the trail on the mare. Hi came in at 3 or 4 P. M. with them all, found them on the run home, so we picketed them, and the next morning made an early start for the big prairie, sending Miguel up the canyon with the empty wagon to come after us and get the game that we killed.

We five led our horses up the steep path out of the canyon, and riding to the top of a little mound we saw a sight that does a hunter good to even look at. There, in the rays of the rising sun, stretched the billowy prairie for miles, extending further than the eye could reach, and literally covered with herds of antelope. I fully believe that there were five hundred in sight from that mound. The modus operandi of hunting antelope horseback is to ride in ahead of a bunch up wind, and when they try to run past you jump off your horse and shoot at them running as many times as you can. Every man forgot his friends then. Hi rode off slowly without a word. I struck out alone, and the rest did, too, I guess. I rode up a hollow and headed a bunch, ran my horse about three hundred yards, jumped off as a big old buck, followed by forty or fifty more, came whizzing past me, and commenced shooting; and now I can't tell you anything more distinctly of that day's sport. I shot and killed, I crippled, I stabbed and disemboweled. I ran my horse down, I ran myself down, and finally shot away all the cartridges I had out there on the prairie and had to stop at about 1 o'clock. Then I went to the wagon and commenced gathering the dead. York and Ted had come to the wagon and had got my dogs and were catching wounded antelope, and Hi and Al were eating liver. We went into camp that night with twenty-six antelope between us, all of us half dead with fatigue, the horses worse.

Of the events of the succeeding day I know nothing prior to 3 o'clock P. M., for I slept like a log. When I did get up I eat and went to work breaking up deer and antelope and eneveloping the hindquarters in the skin to take home. While eating supper Hi proposed to go up to the turkey roost in Cottonwood canyon, which Ted had found some days before. We were all rested and so assented. The moon would rise at 9, and so there was plenty of time as we didn't want to get there till we could see pretty well. So we tied up the horses and waited till about 8 P. M., and then rode up the canyon. It is a lonely place in the day, but in the night—whew!—it's the gloomiest, uncanniest place I ever saw. A ride of two miles and we had got within a quarter of a mile of the roost, and hitching our horses, built a fire and waited till the moon rose. When it got light we went creeping up to the roost afoot.

Al had his shotgun, I mine, and the rest rifles. The turkeys roosted in several trees that grew close together, and I should say that there were about eighty in the gang. We crept within about twenty yards of the trees; each picked our birds and fired at the word. The turkeys that were hit came down, seven in number, the others flew in all directions, and we saw them no more, for we were satisfied and went back to camp.

The next morning every one wanted to go home, and packing the wagons we started. Al's wagon, crowned by Miguel's big buck entire, my wagon with my little buck and

Peter, my dog, who was lame. We camped that night in Tuckalote canyon, where Hi found his sheep herd and left us. The next night we camped at the Follis spring in West Carisa canyon, and the next night rolled up to my ranch long after dark with tired horses. We Americans were dirty, tired, hungry and cross. We went to bed after a little unpacking and a great deal of supper prepared by the faithful Miguel.

The next afternoon I lent Miguel a horse and saddle. He put his big buck on it minus the head, which now graces my front door, also four antelope hams and a few groceries, and Al gave him $15 in small bills. He walked off home one of the most contented Mexicans in Colorado, leading my old pony well packed down.

In a few days we went to Trinidad and had a little jollification and parted. I have never seen Al nor Ted since. They both left this part of the country shortly after, but I can say for them that I never had pleasanter companions, and never had a better time than when I went on that hunt to the East Carisa canyon. W. J. D.

LOADING AND PENETRATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a table of some experiments in loading which I have made, which may throw some light on the question of loading for game. The penetration was found in the following manner: Taking a long, narrow box (about 4x4x30 in. inside), saw through both sides at intervals of one inch or less, with a wide-cutting saw, thirty or more places, into which place as thick pasteboard as will fit; knock out the end of the box toward you, and it is ready. I used pasteboard about ⅛ inch thick, with one piece of pine wood ¼in. thick in front; range, 21yds. From results thus obtained it is easily seen what loads produced the best effect in penetration. I find in looking over the table there is great similarity in penetration when the powder is increased 4dr. and shot ½oz., seeming to show that it requires 3dr. powder to move the added ½oz. shot at the same velocity; and it holds good through the range of ordinary loads, as 3drs. with 1oz. and 4drs. with 1¼oz. the resulting penetration is practically the same. Add 4dr. powder and let the shot remain the same, and the result is very marked. I think if your correspondent "D.," in issue of Jan. 5, will make the same trials, he will find 3¼drs. with 1oz. giving better results than 3drs. with 1oz.:

Load—		Number of Pellets passing through each Card.																				
Powder.	Shot.	Drams.	Ozs.	1	2	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
3	1			10	9	7	6	5	3	1	1												
3½	1			11	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	8	7	7	7	7	5	4	11			
3½	1¼			9	9	9	8	6	6	2	2	2	1										
4	1¼			13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	9	8	8	6	3	2	2	2
4	1¼			20	19	18	16	13	12	7	3	2											
4½	1¼			16	15	15	15	15	15	15	13	12	13	12	12	9	8	5	1	1			

In the first column are all the shots that struck. I then skip to the 12th, as all the shots that were going straight went through the eleven.

In loading for game I use 3½drs. with 1 oz. for woodcock, etc., and 4drs. and 1¼oz. for duck, grouse, etc., using a 10-bore, 9½ lbs., and am ordinarily successful.

In regard to pattern, my gun shows but little difference in size of pattern with varying loads; but of course there is more pellets in a given space with more shot. W.

A VISIT TO THE YACHT SANS SOUCI.

IT was my privilege to be one of a party of eight that lately visited the yacht San Souci, the property of Judge John Leisenring, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., and Mr. Chas. Parrish, of Philadelphia. The vessel now anchored in Barnegat Bay is 130 odd feet long, and is the most complete craft of the kind I have ever seen. She is used as a floating home in the duck shooting and fishing seasons by her owner and his friends, and has always in attendance two yachts of the cat rig order, and sneak boxes for shooting and fishing purposes. Capt. Sam Perrine, who has charge of the life-saving station near Harvey Cedars, on Long Beach, commands the craft, and under his captaincy the crew, four or five in number, keep the vessel in the most complete order.

On her late trip to Barnegat Bay the company consisted of Messrs. C. C. Brown, W. A. Leisenring, John R. Leisenring and Byron Esser, of Mauch Chunk, Pa.; Mr. Lee E. Wills, of Weissport, Pa.; Mr. H. E. Taylor, of New York; Mr. C. Hazzard, of Catasauqua, Pa., and your correspondent.

Fishing and shooting was to be the object of our visit to these waters, and the Sans Souci our home while we remained. We were met at the wharf at Barnegat on the main by a small yacht, which carried the party to the vessel, anchored three or four miles out in the bay, which we reached just in time for supper. A meal served by the cook of the Sans Souci is always an appetizing one, and ample justice was done to its four or five courses by our hungry company. Each of the party at once taking possession of a state room, our suits were changed and more appropriate costumes were donned. A comfortable night's rest in the most restful of beds found us in the morning eager for any sport the bay could give us. Some of the party at once began fishing from the stern of the Sans Souci, and in an hour or two enough sea bass were caught to furnish fish for the yacht for the day, it having been determined that no fish should be eaten that was not taken the same day.

A falling barometer, the day after we arrived, indicating the approach of a severe gale, our captain thought it prudent to make ready for it. Everything loose, therefore, was securely fastened, and by evening, true to the indications pointed out, the wind came out from the east and northeast with a force your correspondent had never experienced before. A second anchor was let out, and the yacht, with her head to the storm, pitched and tossed in such a manner as to cause some of us to feel a trifle uncomfortable, although none confessed it. It stormed the entire day after our arrival, the company keeping the saloon, highly entertained by the wit of Mr. John Leisenring, and dry humor of his brother, Will Leisenring. During the night the storm carried away our topsail, although securely fastened to the mast. We learned afterward from Captain Ridgeway, who has charge of the life-saving station at Barnegat City, that when he saw the remains of the sail flying from the mast in the morning, he thought it was our signal of distress. When informed that the government register showed the velocity of the wind to have been fifty-six miles an hour during the night, we began to realize what we had gone through.

After the storm had cleared and the wind changed, Mr. Wills and your correspondent took one of the sneak boxes astern, and rowing to a sedge island near by, tried the clapper rail. It was found the change of wind had affected the tide, so that we had not water enough to push our boat where we knew the mud-hens were, and consequently but half a dozen were shot. On rowing out of the thoroughfare which cut the island in half, we met Mr. A. Emelin, of the West Jersey Sportsman's Association, with Dad Parker, coming on the same errand we were returning from.

In the afternoon the whole party went to the "old wreck" for sea bass, and within three hours took over four hundred fish. In all my experience I have never seen bass caught so fast or bite so freely. The run of fish was a good one, and an average weight of half a pound to one and a half was taken. Mr. Byron Esser proved to be the champion, taking into consideration the weight of individual fish caught, but Mr. Will Leisenring came off best as to numbers.

During the whole trip nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the party save the storm, and even that being a fresh experience to most of us, can be said to have been highly entertaining, notwithstanding its spice of danger. The company was a most congenial one, and your correspondent considers himself very fortunate to have been asked to make one of its number.

We found the bay birds had all left the bay. Sheepshead had ceased biting, but the waters of Barnegat Bay can at any time furnish sport for just such a party of ardent tourists as was ours.

Duck-shooting begins in these waters in October; by the middle of November, however, the fowl have become wild, and acting on the advice of Capt. Sammy Perrine, I would state that the best time to visit Barnegat for ducks would be from the middle of October to the end of the month, before the birds have been too much shot at. HOMO.

KIT CARSON AS A "TENDERFOOT."—A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* tells this story: "For fifty years, from 1823 to 1873, all trade between the Missouri River and the far Southwest was carried on by wagon trains running from Fort Independence, near Kansas City, Mo., down the Santa Fé trail, which the Atchison, Topeka & Fanta Fé Railroad approximately follows, through Kansas to Santa Fé, N. M. Pawnee Rock was a favorite camping ground for the wagon trains, because its height—then considerable—insured a place of retreat in case of attack, and there was a spring of water at its base. It was one summer night, nearly half a century ago, that a train drew up at the base of the rock, which had among its guard of scouts the famous Kit Carson, then a young man unused to Indian warfare. Signs of Pawnees had been seen during the day, and there was reason to expect an attack. No camp-fires were lit, and, after darkness fell, a strong guard was put out around the camp. It was nearly midnight when it came Kit Carson's turn to watch, and, as he stole out into the grass just beyond the camp, the novelty and sense of danger in his situation stretched every fibre to the keenest tension. Suddenly the sleepers were roused by the report of a gun. Every man was instantly on his feet, rifle in hand, expecting a volley of arrows. 'What is it!' cried the leader, as Kit Carson came leaping back behind the wagons. 'The Pawnees,' gasped Kit, 'I just shot one in the grass.' The women were hastily concealed in the wagons, and the men waited the Indian yell and volley of arrows that were each moment expected. But the time wore on and nothing came. At last the strain relaxed and one man stole out to look after some horses that were in danger of being stampeded. He disappeared in the darkness and then a burst of laughter rang out on the silent night air. 'Come and see Kit's Pawnee,' he called. The scouts followed him, and there lay Kit's mule shot through the head. The innocent beast had been peacefully grazing, and Kit had taken the tips of its long ears for plumes of a Pawnee warrior. So this bluff, from that time to this, has borne the name of Pawnee Rock. Of the many Indian battles and attacks on trains that this crumbling mass has witnessed, no tale of more desperate courage has been handed down than that of two scouts, who were besieged on the summit of this rock some time in the '30s for three days by a band of Kiowas. They fought until their unerring aim made the Indians fear to approach the rock. Then the crafty savages fired the prairie, but the scouts, throwing themselves on their faces on the summit of the rock, were enabled, by a change in the wind, to escape. At last their ammunition gave out. The Kiowas sent a messenger to offer them their lives if one would safely run the gauntlet. The scouts accepted this last desperate chance, and the Kiowas chose Bill Gibson, a famous frontiersman, to undergo the ordeal. They formed in double line, armed with knives, hatchets and clubs. A little distance beyond stood the chief, who coldly warned the scout that, unless he could reach the chief's side unscathed and without losing a drop of blood, the lives of both would be offered up at the stake before sunset. Gibson stripped to the waist. The chief gave the word, and the scout leaped through the lines as though endowed with the vigor of a demon. He tossed the Kiowas right and left, dodged between their legs, under their outstretched arms, leaped over them as they stooped to strike him, and finally reached the frowning chief breathless, but saved, for the Kiowas kept their word, and he and his companion went free."

THE WASHINGTON GUN CLUB EXCURSION.—Last Thursday the annual excursion to Lake Hopatcong, N. J., of the Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn, was the occasion of a gathering of many friends and guests of this popular association. A special boat took them to Hoboken and a ninety minute ride by rail set them down at the station, where a small tug and two barges of four-mule power conveyed them up the canal and into the lake. About noon they were at the hotel dock. A brass band enlivened the trip and cheered the mules in their labors. President Altenbraud was everywhere looking for the comfort of the party, and was exhausted with encouraging the mules. After lunch the games began. First came a boat race open to members of the club only, which was rowed in three heats of a half mile. Mr. John Lenz won the first, Dr. Hughes the second, and the third by Mr. R. M. Hopps, who also won the final heat. Next came a free for all; the first was won by Mr. C. Wingert, the second by Mr. E. J. Trembly, and the third by Mr. W. W. Johnson, the final heat being won by Mr. Wingert. Rifle shooting at an alleged moving deer was next in order, but we missed this and went off to the lake with Mr. Harry Prichard to see him cast the fly. A heavy wind was blowing down upon the water, and the conditions were unfavorable, but with ninety-five feet of line on his reel Mr. Prichard managed to get most of it out. A fat man's race, open to all who weighed two hundred pounds, took place and created much fun. At dinner the songs and speeches kept the party at table until late, when more races and jumping matches were the order of the day until time to depart. Altogether it was a most enjoyable affair, and we hope to be with the club next year.

WISCONSIN.—Eau Claire, Sept. 11.—Local and sportsmen from abroad are having extraordinary good success in the fields in this section since the shooting season commenced, and wild game, especially chickens, were never known to be so plentiful. This may be said to be the case all over northwestern Wisconsin, and may be attributed to the fact that the winter was comparatively mild, with but a limited amount of snow. An early spring had also something to do with the preservation of the game, and sportsmen are having all the fun the law allows. A party of four or five go out within a radius of half a dozen miles from the city, and return with less than a hundred birds is considered no success at all, and often this number is doubly increased. The coveys are getting somewhat wild now, after having been hunted down so often, but there are yet thousands of birds in this vicinity to spare without being missed. The time for shooting deer in this State shortly expires, and those fond of this exciting sport can have their desires gratified by an expedition fifteen miles up the Eau Claire River, where there is an abundance of that kind of game. Most of the deer killed here in November and December is shipped to the Chicago markets, and can be bought of the hunters at about six cents through in carcass. The Eau Claire Gun Club, organized a short time, is commencing to show proficiency in their skill as marksmen, and have glass ball and pigeon shoot practice weekly.—*

A REBOUNDING BULLET.—Lower Brule, D. T., Sept. 8.—I send you quite a curiosity in the shape of a 45-75 Winchester bullet that was shot at a Texas steer in our corral by the man who does our killing. Our corral is just fifty yards across, and the steer was standing some little distance from the fence. The man shot at his head, and the ball came back and struck near the shooter's feet. He says that he hit the steer, as he showed it by his actions, whether in the head or on the horn he cannot tell, as he immediately fired another shot and killed him. Even had he hit him on the horn a direct shot that would have thrown the bullet direct back, I should have thought it would have gone through the horn, and if struck on the side of horn it would have glanced to one side.—LOWER BRULE.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.—It is gratifying to notice the vigorous steps taken by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, in offering a liberal reward for information that will lead to the conviction of any person who kills or has in possession any quail within the limits of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts before October 15. The work done by this society has had the effect of suppressing the sale of illegal game, and sportsmen can now stroll through the Boston markets without seeing large quantities of game offered for sale which was slaughtered during the close season. The association have issued posters which will be sent to game associations or parties interested in game protection by applying to the president or secretary at Boston.—A. C. G.

RAIL SHOOTING.—Philadelphia, Sept. 16.—At the closing of the week rail shooting is no better. We have had enough water but the birds have evidently not come. All the old heads look for a large flight yet during the month. I have not thought it worth while to go for rail myself, as "boats report" but 12, 16; 18, and 20 to the tide. A few teal were seen coming up the river yesterday. It will take some cool nights before we can expect many of them. Betterton fishing begins to be good, the perch are running larger. At Sim Lord's, opposite Reedy Island Light, fishing is first-class. —HOMO.

THE CLIMAX GUN CLEANER is an admirable tool. It is novel in its construction, well made, and in practical use satisfactory. The manufacture of this useful implement has been recently undertaken by the United States Cartridge Co., of Lowel, Mass., and we understand that the cleaner is being recieved with great favor by those who believe in keeping their guns free from "rust-spots."

FLORIDA.—Rock Ledge, Aug. 15.—Game of all kinds abundant. Quail are very plentiful. I see broods of from twenty to forty young birds in them, and we find them everywhere—in the orange grove and in the scrub and in the pine woods. Deer and bear are plenty at short distance from here. Fishing grand.—G. O. L.

SOUTH CAROLINA GAME LAW.—The game law in this State has been so amended that the legal time for hunting partridges and other game birds is from the 1st of October to the 15th of March.—L. M. E.

THE TAWAS CITY (MICH.) CLUB are jubilant on their success in convicting a deer killer September 7, the law not being up before October 1.

VERMONT.—Ferrisburg, Sept. 17.—I took a short tramp after ruffed grouse yesterday but did not find one bird. It looks as if they were scarcer here than ever.—R.

MIXED METAPHOR.—A Boston paper has detected three dark horses "angling" for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE FOREST AND STREAM, the most interesting of sporting papers, has been enlarged to twenty-eight pages. Its evident pecuniary success is fully merited by its excellence.—*Denton (Md.) Journal.*

A USEFUL ARTICLE FOR SPORTSMEN.—All sportsmen know the advantage of having boots impervious to rain and water. "Tittie's Leather Life," advertised in this issue, softens leather and makes it waterproof, it also admits of a good shine. Having used it, we can safely recommend it to do all that is claimed. The agent for its sale is Geo. L. Brown, 125 Federal street, Boston.

The Prairie Farmer comes to us under the name of the *People's Illustrated Weekly and Prairie Farmer*, and changed in form to six-teen pages. The illustrations are profuse, the reading matter most varied and interesting, consisting of stories, sketches, humor, news, and editorials on agriculture, horticulture and current topics. It will undoubtedly commend itself more than ever to the intelligent public. It is published by the Prairie Farmer Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

TENS OF THOUSANDS.—The New York Post Office is a big institution. Postmaster Pearson recently gave an *Evening Post* reporter the following facts about the morning mails which reach this city by 7:38 A. M. The East mail due at 4 A. M. brings about 12,000 letters, while at 4:10 A. M. a mail is due from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, containing about 15,000. At 6:30 and 6:40 A. M. three mails are due, being one over the New York Central road with some 20,000 letters, one over the Pennsylvania Central with some 18,000, and the through South mail with about 20,000. Then at 7:25 and 7:38 A. M., two mails are due from Boston and New England, averaging together about 25,000 letters. So the total must be an eloquent one, but we haven't time just now to add up and find out what it is. The point of real interest to us is that a very satisfactory proportion of these letters find their way into the box of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. montanus.*
Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Clark's trout, *Salmo clarkii.*
Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus malma.*
Salmon, *Salmo salar.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus chouycha.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, two species.
War-mouth. *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscion regalis.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscion carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

I concur with those who speak of the pastime of angling as a medicine, not alone from my own experience, although that may count for something, but from the great number of strong men with whom I have been brought in intimate contact during my more than thirty years of out-door life, and who, from their youth up, have found nothing so invigorating as the pure air of the mountains; nothing so soothing, after the toil, and worry, and fret of business, as the silence of the woods; nothing so pervading in its mellowing influence upon nerve and brain and spirit as the pleasant murmur of the flowing river; nothing so health-giving as the aroma of nature's grand forest laboratory: and nothing so exhilarating as the rise and swirl and rush of trout or salmon. Those whom I have thus known, with scarcely an exception, have preserved the vigor of lusty youth longer and more uniformly than their contemporaries who have sought other means of enjoyment—from which I infer that few but those who are blest with robust constitutions ever acquire a passion for angling, or that the pastime itself creates the healthful vitality which insures a vigorous old age. But whether the pastime is merely preservative or is really curative in its medicinal effects, it is certainly beneficent, and deserves the high place it holds in the affections of its happy, healthy and enthusiastic votaries.—*George Dawson, Pleasures of Angling.*

CAMPING AT LAKE MEGANTIC.

IT was the latter part of August when we took the 3 P. M. International train from Sherbrook for Lake Megantic to put in our usual annual vacation. On the train we met some friends on the same errand and bound for the same destination as ourselves, with whom we formed a coalition, increasing our party to seven, and with our guide, Den Ball, who also happened to be on the train, making just the number requisite for a double euchre set. The number of beans which changed hands at draw poker on the trip, would have led one to believe that we were carrying that portion of our provisions in our coat pockets, and an advance of ten beans better on a small pair was made by the better in a spirit of utter recklessness, and in a manner calculated to bluff the more cautious holder of a flush or three of a kind. In fact it was flush times in the bean line, as those who have been there can testify.

About 8 o'clock we reached Megantic and were soon enjoying a substantial supper at Pope's Victoria Hotel with an appetite which only regular habits and a begone-dull-care sort of feeling can produce. Our old friend, John Boston, was among the first to greet us. John in his capacity of fisheries guardian is trying to bring Lake Megantic and the Chaudiere River back to their former prestige. Some two years ago a quantity of salmon trout and land-locked salmon fry were placed in the lake, quantities of which are said to have been seen in its tributaries during the past summer. Our party contained some good vocalists, so that with the assistance of Billy Lee, who presided at the organ, Jack Smith and other local amateurs, we soon improvised a first-class musical soiree in the upstairs parlor, which was kept up until midnight. We question if many older and larger places could at such short notice have got up as good an entertainment. We take the liberty, however, of suggesting to friend Pope the propriety, in fact the necessity, of placing a hand rail or two on the stairway, a suggestion which will doubtless be appreciated by the individual who reached the bottom of that stairway at one step, a step which had the effect of lowering his buoyancy of spirits some twelve feet.

We had arranged with Messrs. Flint to have their steamer on hand at an early hour, so by seven o'clock next morning we were on board, and with Bob Dickinson as engineer we were not long in running the twelve miles through the lake, making a brief call at the summer residence of W. B. Ives, Esq., M. P., near Rocky Point, where we were well treated by the hospitable proprietor. At the Spider Lake portage we experienced some delay in getting our traps hauled over, so some of the party went into camp some two miles up the lake, while the rest attended to the baggage and joined them in the evening. The weather was beautiful, and although very hot was tempered by the lake breezes, so that the heat did not seriously inconvenience us. Our party divided up, some trolling for bass on the lake, some trout fishing and blueberrying up the river, and the rest getting the pot boiling and preparing for the evening's reunion in camp.

Our first night's jack-shooting up the river supplied us with venison; of trout and bass we had abundance, and for a few days we enjoyed ourselves as only those can who are fond of and familiar with an outdoor life. Our camp was christened the "Anglers' Retreat," a sign in charcoal to that effect placed over the verandah. Our beds made of hay or boughs at the choice of the occupant, friend Sweet prepared the bill of fare and filled it, too, assuming also the control of the culinary department, and although he did tell us repeatedly to "Go away from that window," we were forced to admit that he was the life and soul of the party, always good-natured, lively, full of fun, and ready to run his legs off to add to the comfort of any one of us. We were sorry to have him leave before the camp broke up. Another camping party had shot a fine moose, six prongs on one side and five on the other, making him between seven and eight years old, and we were liberally supplied with moose steak, which for juiciness and flavor surpassed any we ever ate. This moose was dropped in his tracks, and consequently the meat was far superior to that taken from animal run down or killed in the winter.

After a few days' sport on and around Spider, four of us went across to Hathan Bog, about a couple of miles on the Maine side of the boundary line. The trail is simply a blazed line through the forest, very rough in places. The day was sweltering hot, not a breath of air could be felt in the woods, and after nearly six hours' walk we reached our camping place about five in the afternoon, our clothes dripping wet with perspiration. Ball and I took the little boat which we had brought through the year before, and went down the bog for trout. We found the water very low and densely covered with lily pads. The beaver, Ball said, had all been trapped out last fall. We were rather glad of it, as we were too frequently startled by their giving the alarm while jack-shooting on our last trip. The tracks of moose and deer around the bog were abundant. At the foot of the log and against the beaver dam where we found a patch of open water, we took out twenty to thirty fine trout, and just before dusk returned to camp, or rather an apology for one, for the rest of the party, too tired to build a camp, had lain down on the moss against a knoll, and so did we, as soon as we had made tea and cooked enough trout for supper. On our return we saw a fine cow moose walking at rather a rapid gait across the head of the bog. She had not seen us, and by paddling behind a clump of bushes we tried to intercept her; but she gained the woods ahead of us.

About nine o'clock Ball and I started our jack light and went down the bog. Soon after starting a deer whistled or snorted on the other side, but we went through the bog and a mile or two down the river without seeing or hearing anything else. I was tired and sleepy, and it was with difficulty I could manage to keep awake. In returning a deer whistled on the bank above me, and I opened my eyes just in time to see his white neck as he bounded into the bushes. He was more startled than I was, as for fully half a mile we could hear him whistling every few seconds. This kept me awake for a while, but when we got back to the bog I began to doze again, and as we were passing a place which we had passed on our down trip I was fairly asleep. I felt a poke from Ball's paddle, and roused up to see something dark and indistinct just ahead, and without waiting to take particular aim, discharged my rifle, and immediately saw as pretty a specimen of buck-jumping as one could wish to see. I is not likely I hit him, as there was no sign of blood to be seen next morning. Ball had his double-barreled gun loaded with ball and buckshot, and if he had used that instead of playing poker on my back, he probably wouldn't have been obliged to pass the buck. Although I have always used a light Frank Wesson sporting rifle, I am convinced that for night shooting, as one always gets comparatively close to game, the weapon to use is a double-barrel—one barrel loaded with buckshot for deer and the other with ball for moose or caribou. It is difficult, unless very close or the light very bright and your position such that the light is distinctly visible, to shoot accurately with a rifle. I have only succeeded once in jack-shooting in hitting the exact place I thought I was aiming at, and that fetched my first moose.

Next evening from a spring hole in the river I took about forty trout, running from one-half to one pound each, as fast as I could cast. That evening it rained, but about mid night Ball and another of the party went out shooting, without success.

The vicinity of Hathan Bog is not a pleasant place to camp. Nothing is to be seen around the bog except stunted tamaracks. Some high mountains near the Chain of Ponds lend some grandeur to the view in that direction. Perhaps if one were "up in a balloon," so as to get a view of the five lakes and ponds, which a circle of a mile in diameter would strike, he might see something more attractive than Hathan Bog scenery. Crosby Pond is attractive, lying, as it does, embosomed in mountains, which the setting sun illumines on the one side, and throws into the most sombre shade on the other, while its swiftly running outlet creates a miniature Minnehaha in the evening stillness.

After two nights at the bog, we took an early start, and our packs being considerably lighter, we reached the Upper Spider at noon. It was another sweltering day, and we drank considerable water at the three or four watering places on the trail, so that the bottle of Fletcher's ale which we had left at the landing, in anticipation of the fatiguing effect of the trip, was very acceptable. A couple of miles row, a pannikin of strong tea, some dinner and an hour's rest, and we were all right again. Our Australian experience has taught us that nothing overcomes fatigue like a cup of strong tea.

That night Ball and I went up the river, but as there were no less than five boats out, it is not surprising that no game was to be seen. Deer had been seen nearly every day on the lake shore within a quarter of a mile of camp, and as we passed through, we saw one feeding on the lily pads, and ran down on him. Knowing that an object looks nearer on the water than it is really, I had elevated the sight of my rifle to 300 yards, but in this case I had overshot the mark. The deer was within 150 yards, and the ball went over and struck a log on the bank beyond him. He pranced round a few times, looked at the log, and commenced feeding again a few feet away. Another shot "hit him in the same place it missed him before," and he was off. Ball insinuated that he could have put a bullet through a deer's head at that distance.

Next morning he had the chance. I ran him down within 100 yards of one, at which he fired and missed. As there was some ripple on the water he was excusable. We ran the boat near the shore at the place where he went into the bushes, and there he stood some forty yards off, looking at us. Another shot failed to drop him, and as Ball was confident he had hit him he got out of the boat to look for signs of blood, which he said he found. While there another deer, a doe, came out to the lake some 500 yards away. Ball got into the boat and I ran him down within sixty yards before he fired. Knowing him to be a good shot and accustomed to my rifle I counted that deer in, but it wasn't to be. The ball struck a boulder just over the deer, and Ball's ball scored a miss. The conversation between us for the rest of the forenoon was only started at long intervals and was of a very brief character. He felt worse over his failure than I did.

But time is up. Reluctantly we break camp, pack our traps, cross the carry, and are steaming down Lake Megantic in time for tea. We change the clothes we have slept in during our camping out. An obliging friend puts a ten-cent shine on our boots, stands the cigars on the strength of the ten cents, and as we sit on the verandah of the Victoria blowing a cloud, contemplating the unwonted brilliancy of the shine on those boots, and conversing with John Boston, we forget that we were only that morning "out of the woods." Next morning, at 5:30, we take the train, and at ten we are back in Sherbrooke.

D. THOMAS.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., Sept., 1882.

SEVEN PONDS AND DEAD RIVER.

HAVING seen several articles about this wild section, none of which correspond exactly with my own experience, and having also received many inquiries concerning the same, I will, with your permission, give a running account of a recent trip there, in the hope of conveying to your readers a clearer idea of the region and its capacities for sport.

My first visit was in the spring of '81, and having derived great benefit and enjoyment therefrom, I could not resist the temptation to repeat it this season.

Our party left Boston June 17 on the 8:30 A. M. from the Eastern Depot, and arrived in Portland about 12 M. During our wait here of twenty-five minutes we tried in vain to learn of the employes of the Maine Central which train we should take for North Anson. All but one insisted that we should take the Skowhegan train, but as there seemed some doubt, we concluded the safest way would be to follow our baggage, which we did. One of our number, however, being in poor health, took the drawing-room car from Boston, and, owing to the negligence of the conductor, was carried on in advance to Skowhegan, where they tried to send us. We were naturally disgusted at the manner in which the railroad officials performed their duties.

Query: Is the Maine Central so poor that it cannot afford at this point even tolerably intelligent employes?

From Portland we took the train to West Waterville, thence on the Somerset road to North Anson, thence by stage (nine miles) to North New Portland, arriving at 6:30, where we remained all night. Wishing to take an early start the next morning for Kennedy Smith's farm, Eustis, the gentlemanly and obliging stage drivers, Viles and Dilson, accommodated us, and had us under way at 5 A. M. sharp.

We now entered upon a drive of thirty-six miles over an excellent road—a rare luxury in the Maine backwoods—enlivened all the way by scenery rich and beautiful beyond any power of description. Mountains, rocks and ravines presented themselves in almost unbroken variety, with grand old Mount Bigelow overlooking all, till we forgot the length of the ride and were not sorry to know that our return trip would take us through the same lovely region.

After crossing a primitive ferry (which was managed no by the ferryman but by his "gude wife") our way for nearly six miles lay along the banks of the south branch of the Dead River, and leading directly to the old "Flag Staff," renowned as the camping ground of Benedict Arnold in his perilous march to Quebec.

Leaving historic ground, our attention is called to a peculiarity of the road over which we are passing. It is built along the ridge of a low-lying range of hills, with, in many cases, barely width sufficient for the road, while on either side you look into ravines, some of them full seventy feet in depth. We enjoy every mile of this journey, so full is it of interest, but end it at last at Smith's Farm, about 1:30 P. M., where we dine and refresh ourselves for the twenty miles' ride on a buckboard through the wilderness to Smith's Camp, at Seven Ponds.

About two miles of this road may be passed with tolerable comfort, when we enter upon what may truly be called a "buckboard road." I will not attempt to describe it, as doubtless your readers are familiar with the term, and know what it implies. I was an easy and profitable passenger to take, for I greatly preferred walking to the difficult task of keeping my seat. Nothing but a Maine buckboard could hold together; "Adirondack Murray's," or any common vehicle would be utterly demolished in a short space of time. *En passant*, if you enjoy the company of black flies and mosquitoes, you will have no reason to complain of your reception here.

Tim Pond, the first stopping place, we reached with sound limbs at 5:30 P. M. Here Smith has six nicely kept and well arranged camps, which were our headquarters last season. Remembering my good success at that time, I could not resist the temptation to cast the fly to the speckled beauties, and for a half hour's labor was rewarded with a catch of thirty-six. The trout in this pond are small, averaging not more than a quarter of a pound, but are of excellent flavor, and contain more magnetism than any fish I ever saw. We frequently, last season, took two and three at a time, my largest weighing 2½ pounds. It is exciting sport to see them leap to the fly, clearing the water in many instances, but, wishing to encounter larger game, and having started for Seven Ponds, we pushed on next morning for those waters thirteen miles distant.

Our driver informed us that this half of the road was better, but not caring openly to question his veracity, we came to the conclusion, mentally, that his understanding, in more than one way, was calloused by his frequent drives over the road in question. Eight hours of this experience brought us to camp on the shores of Big Island Pond. These camps are well fitted up, and well kept by the man and wife in charge, who are the "right persons in the right place."

For the first two days we did not meet with flattering success. Owing to the high winds, combined with the backward season, the trout would not rise well to the fly, but the rest of our day was more satisfactory.

The pond is full of trout, averaging about a pound; though several were caught weighing from two to three. One lucky fellow, on his seven-ounce rod, captured two trout at one throw, that tipped the scales respectively at 2¼ and 1¾ pounds. The large trout are readily taken by trolling, and quantities of chubs can be obtained around the island. We did little of this, however, preferring always to take our trout with the fly.

This is the largest of the Seven Ponds, and here we spent the most of our time, though a day at L Pond gave good results. Trout plenty—eager for the fly—and averaging half the size of those of its larger sister.

At the upper end of Big Island Pond a small stream connects with Rock Pond. At its outlet a family of beaver had built their house and dam, while about half way between the two ponds a recently constructed dam, sixty or more feet in length, had flowed Rock Pond at least two feet. These were of peculiar interest to the writer, being the first he had ever seen.

The forests in this region abound in deer, moose, caribou, bear, and a countless number of partridge, so that the sports-

man who carries the gun, as well as he of the rod, will find plenty of game.

On our return to Eustis we found our lost comrade, who, having reached that place too late to join us, concluded to remain rather than make the rough journey alone. He had been having good success in the waters in that vicinity, and wished us to stop over and help him capture some of the big trout he had seen, but business prevented, and we were obliged to leave him to accomplish his object alone. He is not an expert with the fly, and the fish had literally "cleaned him out." The village afforded nothing better to replenish his stock than a large cod hook, and, fastening this to his heavy silk line, he sallied forth to the foot of the dam to capture his prize. Nor was he disappointed, for he soon landed in "derricks" ferous fashion, a lusty five-pounder. As he came to me the following day by express, I can vouch for his weight. The next cast he hooked one equally large, but having in the excitement of the moment forgotten his net, did not land him. He spent some time at Eustis, full of enthusiasm at his excellent success as a beginner, and, in fact, we all returned from the Dead River region well satisfied with our trip in all but the shortness of its duration, but mean to make up for that next time.

By this account your readers can see that, whether he bears rod or gun, if he enjoys roughing it with good sport thrown in, he will find all he desires in the wilderness I have described, while he who likes good fishing with less tramping will be well suited to make his headquarters at Eustis. S. SHAW.

BOSTON, Sept. 14, 1882.

FISHING AT INDIAN RIVER, MICH.

IN this far-off Northern clime, where the tourist, pleasure seeker, hunter and fisher join in pleasant converse to drive away the tedium of the hour, and seek that beneficent recreation that follows a change of occupation, there is much enjoyment to be had and solace to be sought in the diverse occupations that invitingly woo us to their sweet embraces. In company with a jolly party of five, two weeks ago yesterday, we embarked on my sloop yacht Cecile bound for the Descheneux, and the southern shores of the northern peninsula of Michigan in pursuit of the game bass, the succulent woodcock, and perchance a deer or two, if fortune favored. We stretched across the straits, keeping Point Brulu on our port bow and entered the harbor of the Descheneux, and a more beautiful sight never before met our greedy vision as we passed the lovely islets that, like innumerable emeralds, are set in a pale blue fringe of crystal water.

We come to anchor at the log hut of the "Poor Lo;" eat a hearty dinner and prepare our fishing tackle for an afternoon's sport in these justly famed channels. Summoning our Indian guide (Antoine we shall call him for short), and placing within his ready palm a silver dollar, we are soon put in possession of the secrets to success, which, he says, "Indian don't tell white man, 'cause they're very greedy and catch all the fish, while Indian, he catch only what he eats." Apropos of this, I could scarce repress a smile at this home-thrust at the acquisitiveness of the universal Yankee nation in all the sports of forest and stream, and wonder if the time will ever come when American sportsmen, following the custom of the rude savage, will be content to shoot and catch only what he eats, and leave the "big bags" and "long strings" to the "pot-hunter" and market-fisher. Accompanying us in his canoe, our native guide brought us to anchor where we enjoyed the very *ne plus ultra* of excellent fishing, and in less than two hours (unmindful of the Indian adage) we had captured thirteen bass, beauties, averaging not less than five and a half pounds each. Such sport as this I have never before had, though I have fished in most of the inland lakes of Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Such game beauties withal, that it took from ten to twenty minutes to land each fish, and tested the highest skill of the piscatorial art to land without injury to line or rod. This was the very perfection of sport, and if any of my brother sportsmen envy the good fortune that awaited the dipping of our lines in these successful waters, they have only to go and do likewise, and I assure them they will receive ample remuneration for their time and trouble in a visit to these justly famed fisheries of the Descheneux. We coasted back and fished for two days in "the passages," lived on fish, the most superb man ever ate. Respectfully, SENEX.

INDIAN RIVER, Michigan.

THE PLUNKETTS GO A FISHING.

MR. F. M. Gilbert, the "funny man" of the Evansville, (Ind.) *Argus* thus records the tale of the great fishing excursion of the Plunkett family:

Of course the fishing fever always strikes some people just at this season of the year, and this week it struck the Plunkett family. Their next door neighbors went out the other day and caught a few sickly little sunfish, and Plunkett and his wife saw them as they were coming home and of course the fever at once struck them hard and they decided to go next day. That night Plunkett and his wife got their tackle ready and laid plans for the morrow. The old man told wonderful tales of the huge fish he had caught when he was a boy, and the old lady said she "allowed she had yanked out a right smart chance of 'em" herself, in "the old crick up in Pike county." The worthy pair worked till late, he on his tackle, and she on the cold lunch she was going to take. She said that nothing was better than to take a skillet along, catch your fish and fry them while they were right fresh and then have a nice cold lunch to eat with them.

The rigging that Plunkett got up for his own especial use would have taken a prize to catch whales with. He had a line strong enough to hold a bull, a sinker that would take it to the bottom of the bottomless pit, and a hook that would hold up a dressed hog. His pole was a big hickory hoop-pole, and when his good wife suggested that the rig seemed to be a little heavy, he laughed at her and said, "People kin take all ther reels and fancy lixins they wanter, but gimme sumthin' I kin rely on. I don't play 'round with no fish; when I git one on that I jist yank him out, and ther hain't no busted lines nor fishes gittin away when I jist brace back and pull out that thar pole." The old man got very enthusiastic over the matter, and got in the center of the room and made a series of strange motions which he told her was the way to "land yer fish," but when he had jerked the clock off the mantel-piece and nearly snatched the old lady bald-headed by catching the big hook in her chignon, his ardor subsided and he decided to go to bed in order to get up early.

Before daylight yesterday they were up and off. The old man took the lead with a basket on his arm, the big pole on his shoulder and all his pockets filled with old oyster cans filled with worms. Next came the old lady with another basket, the skillet and two or three smaller poles which, when they were not punching the old man in the back or knocking off the big hats of the children in the rear, were continually falling off her shoulder. There is an end to everything, and so there was to the march to the fishing grounds, but the sun was high and hot, and the children were all tired and cross by the time they reached the old fallen tree top that laid in the water that was supposed to be alive with fish. After much trouble they all got their lines baited and in the water, and then followed a breathless silence. Not one of the children dared speak above a whisper, and Plunkett snatched the youngest and took it up the bank and spanked it soundly for making a noise and "skeerin' the fish away" before he remembered that it had the whooping cough and couldn't help it. Two hours passed away and "nary a bite," and the Plunketts were getting very hot and tired and hungry, when an incident occurred.

In order to get at the bottom of things it is necessary to take the gentle reader to the bottom of the hole the Plunketts were fishing in. True, a few wandering fish would drop in there once in a while, but it was the abode proper of an old time mud-turtle, or as some call them a snapping turtle. He was a grim old hero of a hundred fights with fish hooks. He was too large to be pulled out by the ordinary small boy, and of late he was getting too smart to even take chances on being pulled out. His horny head and sharp beak were scarred with innumerable conflicts with hooks during his younger days, but for some years he had known exactly how to take hold of a worm and pull it off a hook, without ever letting the point get where it could do any damage. This spring he was fatter than usual. The boys had fished that hole thoroughly, for every time a boy went home and told of the "big bites" he got in that hole, a dozen would come next day to try their luck. It may be that the big feed the old fellow had the day before had made him sleep late, but anyhow he had just waked up, and rubbed his eyes and rinsed out his mouth at the time we write of. When he saw an array of hooks all about his house he smiled to himself and remarked that, as it was a nice warm day, he believed he'd just take his breakfast and pick his teeth and then go out calling.

So he devoted himself to the hooks. First he would take a nice fat worm off the old lady's hook, and then he would patronize one of the little boys; but after he happened to come across the big hook of the old man, which from its size had to be covered with the very largest and most corpulent worms, he applied himself to that with great assiduity—and this was about the time that the old man commenced getting excited, and pulling at the big fish that he supposed kept taking his bait, and swearing, and spitting on his hands, and putting on fresh bait, and telling the children to stand back and give him a chance. Whether the old turtle got careless or whether the worms he got off old Plunkett's hook were so fat and tempting that he was eager to get them, we know not; but anyhow he made a miscalculation and stepped clear over it, and the next moment he felt the hook sink deep into one of his horny legs, and a second after he was flying sprawling through the air, with his legs vainly wiggling for a foothold, and his awful jaws ready to snap at the first thing they touched.

And that "first thing" happened to be the old lady's foot. When the horrible mud turtle came through the air she was frightened, but when it flew off Plunkett's hook and grabbed her by the toe she yelled, "Ouch! Murder-r-r-r, and flopped backwards over the log into the water, at the very time that Plunkett, the sudden weight removed from his hook, lost balance, and went over the other side, closely followed by the little boy who had been wrongfully spanked for having the whooping cough, and who had been allowed, in consideration, to fish from his mother's lap. Of course no one was drowned, but owing to the mud and dirty water that covered the party, they didn't dare to come home till dark, and as the woe-begone procession filed into the Second Ward that night *sans* poles, *sans* bait, *sans* fish, *sans* everything but the children and the old woman's frying-pan, the soft summer air was laden with a kind of a sewer smell, the musical "squish," "squish" of the muddy water in the shoes of the whole party and fourteen different assorted brands of profanity from old Plunkett.

JOTTINGS FROM GERMANTOWN.—A new Philadelphia fishing club has been organized at Atlantic City, styled the West Side Club. For the low price of $4,000 they bought the building owned and used for a number of years by Jonas Higbee as a boarding-house, located about two hundred yards from the bridge where Camden & Atlantic Railroad crosses the thoroughfare. The purchase included the furniture of the building, which contains nineteen rooms, with an acre and a half of ground attached. The club has a membership of forty, with a well-known and much-respected Philadelphian as president. . . . "S." desires to know where good autumn bass-fishing and mountain air can be enjoyed together. One of the best places that we are aware of is in the village of Bushkill, near the Delaware, about twelve miles above Stroudsburg, where a stage awaits the arrival of trains and conveys passengers directly to the place. If good success should not be met with at Bushkill, there are comfortable farmhouses a mile or two away, in more isolated places along the river, where good rooms and meals can be obtained, and better fishing than in more frequented places. . . . A sudden jar on the surface of the water will stun and not unfrequently kill fish. We have seen pike so stunned by the concussion of a pistol-ball, which struck near them, that they were captured with the hands. The driving of piles for the erection of piers and bridges has a similar effect. This was noticed the other day in Maryland, where the jar of the heavy hammer caused catfish and young shad to float on the surface. . . . An experiment was tried in France to see if fish could exist in a great depth of water. Different species were placed in vessels of water made to sustain a pressure of "four hundred atmospheres," under which they preserved their health. This pressure corresponds to that at a depth of 13,600 feet in the ocean, or about two and a half miles, and it is therefore concluded that fish can penetrate to a great depth without injury. . . . It is said that experiments show that if whisky is poured into the throats of fish immediately after being caught, they can be resuscitated by replacing them in water, even after they have been conveyed a long distance. A certain class of anglers, unfortunately, too often make somewhat similar experiments on themselves, and have none of the fiery liquid left to experiment on their victims.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE SCIENTIFIC ANGLER.—This work, which we noticed a short time ago, can be obtained at Brentano's, New York; price $2.50. This is in answer to several inquirers.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORDFISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONTINUED.]

THE CAPTURE OF SWORDFISH BY HOOK AND LINE.

ONE or two instances are on record of the capture of swordfish upon an ordinary hand-line, and it is probable that this is much more common than has been usually supposed. Capt. George H. Martin, of Gloucester, informed me that he had seen seven caught in this manner in one day in the South Channel. They were caught in water fifteen to twenty-five fathoms deep, on the old-fashioned George's cod-hook, with a six-inch shank. Mackerel were used for bait; these were split down the tail so that the shank of the hook could be entirely hidden in the gash.

I have been told that they are also taken in this way about Block Island, and a similar method of fishing is described by Italian writers.

Within the past three years it has not been unusual for swordfish to become entangled in the long lines of the halibut fishermen on the northern banks. The manner in which this occurs has already been discussed above.

I have collected several instances. In 1877, in the month of August, Capt. Daniel O'Brien, of the schooner Ossipee, of Gloucester, fishing in 200 fathoms of water, between Le Have and Western Bank, caught, in one voyage, five swordfish.

At about the same time, Capt. R. L. Morrison, of the schooner Laura Nelson, fishing in 175 fathoms, on Sable Island Bank, caught three swordfish. Another vessel in August, 1877, fishing on Le Have, in from 175 to 180 fathoms, caught twelve, as well as three or four more in September. August 17, 1878, Capt. Joseph W. Collins, of the schoner Marion, fishing in the southwest prong of Banquereau, in 200 fathoms of water, caught one swordfish; again, on October 1, fishing southeast of Sable Island, in 175 fathoms, caught one swordfish on his trawl and saw several others swimming at the surface; October 3, caught another on Banquercau, in the locality first mentioned. In August, 1878, Captain Greenleaf, of the schooner Chester R. Lawrence, of Gloucester, fishing in 140 fathoms, caught thirteen in one trip. I cannot learn that this manner of capture was ever known before 1876, but it has since become so frequent that it excites no remark for a halibut-catcher to unload several swordfish among its halibut. This manner of taking the swordfish is of course purely accidental, and is rather a vexation than otherwise to the fishermen. It is probable that the fish take the bait when the line is being set and they are swimming near the surface, and they are involuntarily carried down by its great weight.

The vessels engaged in swordfishing are sloops and small schooners of generally less than fifty tons. The crew is also small, consisting of two or sometimes three men besides the cook and a boy. Although many vessels are employed in this fishery for several successive years, there are many others which fit out for a single season or for a part of a season. Others, on the south coast of New England, divide their time between fishing for seabass and hunting for swordfish, all warm and quiet days being devoted to the latter pursuit. Six or eight vessels from New London are thus employed, as well as others from Noank and Bridgeport. On the coast of Maine, as has already been mentioned, many of the smaller fishing vessels fitted for the capture of mackerel and cod devote a part of the season to swordfishing. Other vessels, among them occasionally a gentleman's yacht, enter the field for a cruise or two in the course of a summer. To this is a favorite recreation for old swordfishermen engaged in other work. Numerous mackerel schooners carry the swordfish "pulpit" on their bows, and so do various coasters and packets.

It has therefore not been thought desirable to attempt to make a list of the vessels engaged in the swordfishery, or even an exact enumeration of them. In 1879 estimates by careful men engaged in the business fixed the number belonging in different ports as follows:

New York (hailing from New London)	2
Greenport (sloops)	2
New London	8
Newport	1
Fall River	2
Cuttyhunk	3
Westport	1
New Bedford	18
Dartmouth	2
South side of Cape Cod	5
Total	40

In 1874, according to Mr. Thompson, New Bedford had twelve vessels in this fishery. In 1877 the estimates of total number of vessels made by different men varied between thirty and forty.

To show how uncertain the continuance of vessels in this fishery may be I will refer to the annals of Gloucester. In 1876, one schooner, the Meteor, was engaged; in 1877, the schooner Champion; in 1878, the schooner Northern Eagle; while in 1879 and 1880 the field is abandoned by this port.

FINANCIAL PROFITS TO FISHERMEN.

I have before me the record of a single schooner for the season of 1878, from which it appears that in the season of four months eight trips were made, averaging about twelve days in continuance. One hundred and sixty-three fish were taken between June 8 and September 20, weighing, in the aggregate, in round numbers, about 47,000 pounds, dressed. These were sold at an average price of three cents per pound. The gross stock of the season would amount to about $1,300. From this must be deducted the expense of living, the interest on capital invested, and the wages of the cook and the boy. The remainder would probably not exceed eight or nine hundred dollars, and the profits have to be divided among the two or three men composing the crew and the owner of the vessel. It is not probable that many vessels stock as large a proportionate amount as did the Northern Eagle. The success of one New Bedford vessel in the season of 1878 was spoken of as extraordinary, the return being $311 to each of the crew's share.

The price of swordfish is low, and the success of the voyage is always somewhat precarious. A few small vessels with experienced skippers apparently succeed in making a fair living, but that the profits are not great is clearly indicated by the fact that there is no great increase in the number of vessels engaged, and that so many are constantly undertaking and abandoning the swordfishery.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SWORDFISHERY.

There are few data upon which to found conjecture as to the time when the swordfish came to be regarded as sufficiently useful to be sought for by fishermen. One of the earliest records of its use for food is found in the *Barnstable Patriot* of June 30, 1841, in which it is stated that the fishermen of the island south of Cape Cod take a considerable number of these fish every year by harpooning them, and that about two hundred pounds a year are pickled and salted at Martha's Vineyard.

Captain Atwood remembers seeing swordfish on the coast of Maine as early as 1826, although up to the time of his retirement from active participation in the fisheries, in 1867, no effort was made by the fishermen north of Cape Cod to capture them.

The fishery apparently sprang into existence and importance between the years 1840 and 1850, upon the south coast of

New England. Captain Ashby first engaged in it in 1859, when it was apparently a well-established industry. In 1861 it is recorded that some thirty vessels from New Bedford were profitably engaged in this business on the favorite ground, 15 to 20 miles southeast of Noman's Land.(34)

Mr. Earll ascertained that little attention was paid by the fishermen of Portland, Me., to swordfish until within two or three years. This fishery is carried on at odd times by mackerel gill-net fishermen, using by cod-trawling vessels when their regular industry is interfered with by the abundance of dogfish. The season for dogfish is also the time for swordfish, and at the present time, when the price of swordfish justifies it, smaller fishermen, when they are driven from their regular work by the dogfish, make trips for the express purpose of capturing swordfish. Mackerel-seiners are beginning to carry swordfish irons, and are often very successful in killing the fish.

At the present day, and for five or six years past, perhaps much longer, there has been very little change in the number of vessels engaged, this varying from thirty to forty approximately in different years.

Capt. Epes W. Merchant, of Gloucester, who has been familiar with the fisheries since 1804, tells me that the first swordfish ever brought to Gloucester within his recollection was caught on George's Bank about the year 1831, by Captain Pugh, who brought it in and sold it at the rate of eight dollars a barrel, salted. Fishermen had before that been very much afraid of them, but afterwards a good many were caught.

34. Swordfish have been taken this season in large numbers. New Bedford vessels have made a good thing of it. Fifty or more boats failed to take one or two daily. Captain Cobb, of the pilot boat Vision, in a day and a half took nine, the largest weighing 400 pounds. Thirty vessels are fifteen miles south and east of Noman's Land, or sixty miles out from New Bedford, and same distance from Nantucket. The season extends from June to September. The fish generally weigh 400 or 500 pounds, and are from 10 to 12 feet long. They are sold in New York. After a fish is harpooned it sends away, with a coil of rope paying out, and sometimes an hour is used before he is brought on board."—*Barnstable Patriot, Aug. 29, 1882.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INDIANA COMMISSION.—The Fish Commission of Indiana is one of the youngest of commissions, but is making progress. The Legislature appropriated $1,400 for its use at the last session, for the year ending September 20, and the first report will be issued in January. Although but little has been done on account of lack of means, still, the energetic commissioner, Mr. Fletcher, has made a beginning and the good work will now go on. The cold season has operated against the carp, which have not done as well as in the year previous. Public sentiment in favor of fisheulture is growing in this State where it has been rather backward.

THE OHIO COMMISSION.—Toledo, O., Sept. 13.—The commission is now very popular in the interior of the State, as it has paid especial attention to stocking the rivers. Heretofore almost the entire effort has been made to stock the lakes. It expects this year an appropriation of $15,000. The commission has put into Lake Erie this year some thirty-five million whitefish, and in the rivers some fifteen million jack salmon, hatched at Toledo, and some ten thousand black bass, and has received from Troy, N. Y., a large number of silver eels, which seem to thrive well in most rivers. The hatcheries will open about Nov. 1 with whitefish spawn.—X.

The Kennel.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN TRIALS.

THE Inaugural Trials of the National American Kennel Club on Prairie Chickens (pinnated grouse) at Fairmont, Minn., commencing on Monday, September 4, and closing on Monday, September 11, were fairly successful. The extremely hot weather during the week made it almost impossible to run the dogs except in the early morning and just at night. This, with the scarcity of birds, caused the running to drag tediously, and had not extra judges been appointed Wednesday evening it would have been impossible to have arrived at any satisfactory result. As it was, some of the last ones in the Derby divided,and only the first prize winner was found in the All Ages, the handlers agreeing to let the judges place the dogs as they should see fit for the balance of the money and honor. This was the best possible solution of the difficulty that could be devised under the circumstances, for judges, handlers and spectators were nearly exhausted and entirely disgusted with the hot and dusty condition of affairs; and the announcement on Monday evening that arrangements had been made for terminating the running by a division, was received with satisfaction by all. Much as we should have liked to see the ties run out and the race decided on its merits, we could but agree that under the circumstances the best course was pursued.

No one expected that the running of both events would occupy more than one week, and as many of the participants as well as spectators had calculated upon the ensuing week for a little private shooting, the unexpected three days thus gained were doubly welcome. Especially was this the case with the judges. They had accepted the position in the belief that Friday or Saturday at the latest would see the close of the meeting, and as the few remaining days which they could possibly spare in the demands of business had been set apart for a turn at the chickens, for which arrangements had previously been made, it was, therefore, no small sacrifice for them to forego the anticipated pleasures of the field and devote one more day to the onerous task of following the dogs and deciding upon their merits. They consented to act only until the first prize winner was found. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the judges for the very intelligent and satisfactory manner in which they performed their duties. All of them were entire strangers in advance to fill the position, and the almost unanimous endorsement of their decisions shows that they were rendered without fear or favor.

Much time could have been saved and in all probability the trials could have been run out by Saturday at the latest had there been six judges instead of three at the commencement. This plan was adopted Thursday and proved very satisfactory, the judges dividing into three squads and going in different directions. The gentlemen appointed as extra judges were Mr. J. D. Brown, Missouri Valley, Iowa; Mr. T. F. Wilson, Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn. All were thoroughly qualified for the position by a long experience in the field, and so far as we could learn all of the decisions were endorsed by both spectators and handlers. There were many gentlemen from all parts of the country attending the trials, who watched the proceedings with much interest. The quality of the work done by the competing dogs was under the circumstances fully equal to that of any previous trial. We were greatly disappointed in not witnessing the performance of some of the Minnesota cracks, about whom so much has been said, as there was not a single entry from this State, although we were repeatedly assured by their owners that several of the dogs owned here could easily discount the winners.

In estimating the quality of the work of the individual dogs, and comparing it with the performances at previous trials, or with the every-day field work to which the spectator is accustomed, there are many things to be taken into consideration that form no part of an ordinary day's shooting. In the first place the dogs and their doings are under the critical eyes of inexorable judges, whose duty it is to impartially record whatever of merit or demerit may transpire, regardless of the result, and trifling faults or errors that the partial eye of the fond owner would condone or overlook, are relentlessly scored against their favorite. It must also be remembered that the excitement of the moment, be your dog never so steady and level-headed, may cause him to lose a trifle of that steadiness just at the critical instant when all his coolness and judgment are required, and instead of a meritorious point he scores an ignominious flush, that in his ordinary work would not have occurred.

Then again chickens are notoriously uncertain birds, and in the course of a single heat one dog may have the good luck to find tame and close lying birds and obtain a capital score, or he may find them with heads up all ready to take flight before he gets near them, leaving, perhaps, one or two of their number, who, with malice prepense, wait for their arch enemy to get just near enough to score a flush. In ordinary work this would be considered more in the light of a misfortune than of a fault, but in a public trial a few repetitions of this performance will not, to say the least, add much to the credit side of the score. Meantime the other dog, perhaps, has had the luck of the birds and run up a score that apparently shows him a long way ahead, when in reality he may be no better than his competitor. Many of the false points which occur at a public trial would not be seen in every-day work for often the dog will find and staunchly point a bird who but for the noise of the advancing host would lie, but before the judges can get there wily *Cupido* has swiftly stolen away, leaving scarcely a vestage of scent upon the parched ground, and nothing is left to the judges but the memory of the magnificent point which they are compelled under the rules to score as false.

In view of these facts, notwithstanding the apparently poor performances of some of the dogs, we have no doubt that a very large proportion of them would prove capital animals under the ordinary conditions of every-day work. The intolerable heat was a serious hindrance to the running. Not only was it very uncomfortable to both man and dog, but the parched condition of the ground was very unfavorable for holding scent, and it was almost impossible to accomplish anything except in the early morning or late evening. Birds were very scarce compared with what we had been led to expect, although the weather undoubtedly had something to do with this, as on the last day—Monday—which was a little cooler after the slight shower of the previous night, we found them fairly plenty.

With these exceptions no better place for holding the trials could be found. The village of Fairmont is located nearly in the center of a chain of beautiful lakes that extend for ten miles to the north and south of it. These lakes are the resort of myriads of water-fowl who are just commencing their migrations. Geese and several kinds of ducks afford the shooter a pleasing change from the weary tramp after chickens. In the immediate vicinity of the town the ground is high rolling prairie. Many of the knolls are covered with groves of quite respectable timber, which gives to the landscape a charm that is fully appreciated by the visitors, who are unanimous in praise of the great beauty of the village and the loveliness of its surroundings. Extensive stubble fields are found in every direction, and on nearly every one of them we found birds at some time during the trials. The citizens of Fairmont with few exceptions extended a cordial welcome to their visitors, and did all in their power to render their stay agreeable. Two or three of the farmers, probably not understanding the object of the meeting, or through pure cussedness, refused permission to hunt their land, and one enterprising individual, after graciously according his consent, shouldered his gun and shot over the ground just in advance. The hotels and many private houses were filled to overflowing, but we heard of no one who had not a place to lay his head and plenty to eat, and of but few who went dry.

Our description of the running, given below, is, for the most part, just as we saw and recorded it at the time. Of course in some instances when the dogs were wide apart it was impossible to see them both at once. In such cases we obtained the necessary information from the judges who accompanied the dog that we could not see. We are under great obligations to all of the judges for their uniform courtesy in imparting to us desired information. On Thursday when the judges divided and went into separate parties, we obtained the details of the running from parties in whom we have perfect confidence, and to whom we are greatly indebted for the completeness of this report.

The first event upon the card was the Derby, open to all setters and pointers whelped on or after March 1, 1881, with a purse of $450, of which first, $125; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25; entry, $20. The entries closed July 1, with forty-five nominations, sixteen of them completing their entry. This was a very good proportion of starters, giving us a capital lot of youngsters, many of them showing remarkable field quality. They were drawn to run in the following order:

ELSA. E. E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 12, 1881, by Drake (Prince-Dora) out of Countess May (Dash III.-Countess Ada), handled by Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Shadwell, Va.,

against

PRAIRIE MOLLY. Sportsman's Kennel, Geneva, Ia.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, April 2, 1881, by Prairie Joe (Charm-Ruby) out of Prairie Queen (Rake-Prairie Pearl), handled by Geo. Waddington, Geneva, Ia.

GILDEROY. Geo. C. Marsh, Chicago, Ill.—English setter dog, Nov. 4, 1881, by Druid (Prince-Dora) out of Princess Draco (Rob Roy-Livy), handled by N. Nesbitt, Milwaukee, Wis.,

against

JOSEPHINE. B. F. Wilson and J. J. Snellenburg, Pittsburgh and New Brighton, Pa.—White English setter bitch, March 15, 1881, by Knox's Duke (Belton II.-Nell) out of Hunter's Cora (Parson's Sam-Queen), handled by R. B. Morgan, Canton, O.

SCOTT. A. M. Decker, Chicago, Ill.—Red Irish setter dog, July 17, 1881, by Rob out of Flash, handled by R. Johnson, Bellefontaine, O.,

against

PINK B. W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn.—Black and white English setter dog, May 13, 1881, by Gladstone (Dan-Petrel) out of Countess Key, handled by H. M. Short, Middleton, Tenn.

ST. ELMO IV. Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 20, 1881, by St. Elmo (Pride of the Border-Jessie) out of Clio, handled by E. H. Haight, Allaire, N. J.,

against

AMERICAN DAN. Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April, 1881, by Lincoln (Dan-Lill II.) out of Daisy Dean (Pride of the Border-Ruby), handled by Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.

COUNT DAD. D. McKinney Loyd, Pittsburg, Pa.—Black and white English setter dog, July, 1881, by Count Noble, (10,134) out of Nellie, (Belton-Dimple), handled by D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.,

against

CAVALIER. James Stinson, Chicago, Ill.—Liver and white pointer dog, July 15, 1881, by Little Ruthin, (Faust-Devonshire Lass) out of Blight (Bow-Madge), handled by A. Winternute, Chicago, Ill.

ACME. J. Palmer O'Neil. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black and white English setter dog, April 17, 1881, by champion Thunder (Pride of the Boarder-Fairy II.) out of Bess, handled by R. B. Morgan, Canton, O.,

against

PRINCE NOBLE. H. Widdicomb, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Black and white English setter dog, July 1881, by Count Noble, (10,134) out of Nellie (Belton-Dimple), handled by W. R. Geer, Hastings, Mich.

FRANK. David Furgesson, Milwaukee, Wis.—Black and white ticked English setter dog, June 15, 1881, by Carl out of Queen, handled by W. B. Stafford, Mankato, Minn.,

against

PRAIRIE WONDER. R. B. Morgan, Canton, Ohio.—Lemon and white English setter dog, April 2, 1881, by Prairie Joe (Charm-Ruby) out of Prairie Queen (Rake-Prairie Pearl), handled by R. B. Morgan, Canton, O.

COUNTESS MAY II. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter bitch, April 11, 1881, by Drake (Prince-Dora) out of Countess May (Dash III-Countess Ada), handled by Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Shadwell, Va.,

against

COUNTESS MOLLIE. John D. Ladd, Martin, Tenn.—White and tan ticked English setter bitch, July, 1881, by Count Noble (10,134) out of Spark (Carlowitz-Magnet), handled by W. B. Stafford, Mankato, Minn.

After the drawing Mr. B. Waters, of Canterbury, Conn., was chosen to fill the place of Hon. B. E. B. Kennedy, of Omaha, Neb., who telegraphed that owing to a sprained ankle he would not be able to attend.

As the entries for the All-Aged Stakes did not close until 8 o'clock Monday morning, a start was not made until half an hour later, when judges, handlers and reporters, accompanied by a large number of spectators in comfortable riding spring wagons, started in a northerly direction, and at a little after 9 o'clock

ELSA AND PRAIRIE MOLLY

were cast off in a narrow piece of cut stubble for the first heat. Molly showed the most style and speed, ranging fairly, while Elsa appeared over cautious. She soon warmed up, however, and moved a little better. Elsa was the first to show sign of game at the edge of the field. Molly, soon joined her, but neither could quite make it out. Ordered on, Elsa swung to the right and ran into a brace of old birds and dropped nicely on point just at the instant they flushed. Moving on, both made game two or three times, and Elsa finally came to a staunch point, which proved to be false. It was very hot, with only a slight breeze stirring.

The dogs were now taken in the wagon, and after going a couple of miles east were put down again. Working through the prairie and stubble blank we crossed a slough, when a brace of woodcock were flushed by the handlers, and one of them was shot by Waddington. A little further on Elsa scored a flush, and soon another got up; she dropped to wing, but soon moved a little and another bird got up close to her. She then dropped on point. The handlers, coming up, flushed two more, one of which the Captain killed to order. Taking a step or two another rose, which he also cut down. Both dogs were steady. Waddington sent Molly to the left, where a brace of birds had been marked down, and she flushed one of them and half pointed just as the other rose. Turning west to a stubble field, where a bird had been marked, both dogs took a long turn to the right, and when coming in Molly ran into a covey and scored two or three flushes in quick succession, and, worse than all, she chased, for which she was beaten by Waddington as well as Elsa, who was declared the winner, after being down an hour and a half.

GILDEROY AND JOSEPHINE

were at once put down in the grass. Josephine moved much the liveliest and showed the most style at the start, but Gilderoy soon warmed up and there was not much to choose between them. Turning into a stubble, Gilderoy dropped on point. Jo. refused to back, but joined him, when both roaded nicely, but the bird had evidently flown, as they soon gave it up. It was now eleven o'clock, and very hot, and they were ordered up to go down again in the afternoon, and we returned to the hotel. Owing to the extreme heat we did not leave the hotel until after three o'clock. When about four miles north of town the dogs were again put down in a nice looking stubble which was drawn blank, except one bird, which one of the judges nearly stepped on before it rose. Then a long tramp was taken through several stubble fields and the intervening prairie without a find. After a while a single bird was flushed by the spectators, and soon after Nesbitt walked into the middle of a nice covey which got up all around him. Morgan sent Jo. in there, thinking she might find a bird remaining. His idea was correct, but Jo. was not quite cautious enough and scored a flush, she dropped to wing and Morgan dropped the bird. Then across a slough Nesbitt flushed a brace and killed one of them. Working on through a stubble and cornfield which were drawn blank we came into grass, where Gilderoy half pointed and drew on but got too close, and the bird flushed but flew only a few yards. He dropped to wing and remained on point as he saw the bird alight. Josephine stopped to order close by him until the bird was flushed. Both dogs were steady and that was all the praise that they merited. A little further on and they were ordered up as they were tired out, and Pink B. and Scott were put down. After their heat was finished Gilderoy and Josephine were again put down and after a short spin, during which Gilderoy did some very good work on a covey, dropping to point and then roading them out nicely while Josephine failed to distinguish herself, they were ordered up and Gilderoy awarded the heat. Down altogether one hour and thirty-five minutes.

SCOTT AND PINK B

were sandwiched into the previous heat. Both of them showed considerable style and speed as they ranged wide on the open prairie. Working around a small lake to a stubble field a large covey flushed wild, and several mallards also flew from the stubble, while a large bunch of teal got up from the lake, the whole making a picture that was worth going a long distance to see. Just here a skunk put in an appearance, and as he leisurely ambled along Pink spied him, and apparently realizing that nature had been remiss in not making game of the rodent, he undertook the job on his own account and sailed in regardless. Every one knows that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but we assure you that a Pink is a different sort of a posey altogether, for without any change of name—although come to think over, Short did use some other name. Pink came out of the scrimmage with a most decided change of odor, at least it seemed so to us, but Pink soon convinced us that his smell was all right by handsomely pointing at a long distance a single bird that had remained on the stubble. Scott refused to back, and forged ahead and flushed the bird. This was capital work for Pink but disastrous for Scott, as they were ordered up and Pink declared the winner. Down fifty-five minutes. Gilderoy and Josephine now finished their heat, and

ST. ELMO IV. AND AMERICAN DAN

were at once cast off. They were very near equal in speed and range. Although St. Elmo is a very stylish animal, he could not compare with Dan, who is one of the most stylish dogs at the meeting. Dan led off with a flush, where he should have pointed. He dropped nicely to wing. A little further on he made a grand point, but soon moved on and roaded a short distance very nicely, but nothing was found. A little further on Haight, who was too close up scored a flush, to which both dogs dropped. Several other birds then got up all around. Dan moved on a little and pointed, but he worked up too close and the bird flushed. This was poor work all around. Soon after, as it was nearly dark, they were ordered up, to go down in the morning.

Tuesday morning we were early astir and shortly after six o'clock St. Elmo and Dan were cast off in a small stubble about a mile west of the town. Dan at once found a large covey, and pointed them in grand style; then on in grass both pointed nicely. The birds were flushed to order but not shot at. A little further on Haight flushed a brace and killed one. Working on up the swale, St. Elmo challenged and half pointed

just as a brace got up. This was very near a flush. Dan was then sent on these, and one got close up to him. One of these birds was marked down in grass and the dogs were ordered in that direction. St. Elmo found the bird and should have pointed it, but drawing too close he scored a flush. They were now ordered up and the heat awarded to American Dan. Down altogether forty minutes.

COUNT DAD AND CAVALIER

were at once put down; they got away at a slashing gait with Cavalier a trifle the fastest; he is the only pointer that ran in the Derby, and a capital one he is; he is very stylish and has the true pointer action. He has an extraordinary turn of speed and wonderful powers of endurance for so young a dog, and if properly handled will be heard from again. Count Dad is also a capital dog and did some very good work, but the pace was too hot for him, and at the close of the heat he was fagged out and could not smell the birds. Cavalier was the first to find, but he drew too close and scored a flush. Then across the prairie to a stubble he again pointed, but not so staunchly as he should, as his tail was going; he soon drew on a little, and the bird flushed. Dad pointed fairly, then swinging round he flushed a single bird that he should have pointed, as he had the wind; he dropped to wing, then moving on in some weeds he flushed two more; then on open prairie Cavalier gave a fine exhibition of his speed and ranging qualities: then into stubble Dad ran on to a single bird and scored a flush; then one or two fields were drawn blank, when Cavalier, thinking that it was time that something was done, raced away nearly half a mile away and disappeared in some corn. When we came up his handler whistled for him and a large covey flushed out of the corn, which he had evidently been pointing, as he soon made his appearance from that direction. Then swinging to the left Dad dropped on a nice point but nothing was found. He then took a wide turn on the stubble and flushed a single bird down wind; he then swung round behind where this bird got up, and dropped on a nice point, which Cavalier backed fairly. The bird was flushed but not shot at; this was a good piece of work for Dad. Both dogs then alternately pointed false. Then on in stubble Cavalier challenged and drew to a beautiful point; then roading very nicely a short distance to the edge of the grasse he again pointed, locating his bird nicely. Dad backed an instant and then swung ahead and stole the point. Two birds were flushed to order, and both handlers shot and crippled one but it got away. Then on Dad flushed a bird in weeds and then pointed, and Cavalier backed nicely. Then on open prairie a long tramp was taken, during which Cavalier let out an extra link and appeared to be going better than ever, while Dad was evidently about pumped, for when birds were found he could not smell them, but scored a flush on a single that he should have pointed. He at once dropped to wing and Cavalier backed him, the handlers coming up flushed a bird behind the dogs. Dad then moved up a little and put up another one. They were then ordered up, and Cavalier awarded the heat. Down three hours and twenty-five minutes. This was a long and very trying heat for so young dogs, and both of them showed remarkable staying qualities.

ACME AND PRINCE NOBLE

were now ordered down, but Acme was withdrawn and Prince Noble declared the winner of the heat.

FRANK AND PRAIRIE WONDER

were at once put down on some scattered birds, but at the request of the handlers they were given a short spin on the prairie first, where Wonder showed the most speed and range; then back to where the birds had been marked. Wonder challenged but could not make it out, and the birds were not found. Turning toward home, Stafford flushed a bird which was marked down in the grass. Meantime a large covey had been driven from some corn and marked down in a slough. Going for the single bird, Frank made a gamy point, which Wonder refused to back. Moving on, nothing was found, and he was stood a take point. Then in the slough an awful mess was made, and dogs, handlers and judges scored flushes right and left. It was now eleven o'clock, and the heat was stifling in the long grass, and the dogs were ordered up, when Frank was withdrawn and Prairie Wonder awarded the heat. Down fifty minutes.

COUNTESS MAY II. AND COUNTESS MOLLY

were put down in the afternoon at half-past three, about a mile east of town. Neither dog showed much speed or style. Working through some weeds and grass, Molly pointed just as a bird flushed at the corner of a corn. Just then a cur ran ahead and flushed a covey in some stubble. Turning to the south, May ran on to a bird down wind and dropped to wing very nicely; she soon flushed another which she should have pointed; then she pointed false and Molly backed nicely. A little further on May again pointed, but soon moved on and made another point, Molly backing. Then Molly did some fine roading down wind, but flushed the bird; then going south a mile to stubble, both dogs showed more speed. Nothing was found, and they were ordered up to go down again, and a number of heats in the second series were run, when they were again put down, and Molly at once pointed. May worked in ahead and pointed, but moved and flushed the covey. They were then ordered up and Molly was given the heat. Down altogether one hour. May was all off and suffering from an attack of dysentery. This ended the first series of heats. Following is a summary:

First Series.

Elsa beat Prairie Molly.
Gilderoy beat Josephine.
Pink B. beat Scott.
American Dan beat St. Elmo IV.
Cavalier beat Count Dad.
Prince Noble beat Acme (withdrawn.)
Prairie Wonder beat Frank (withdrawn).
Countess Molly beat Countess May II.

Second Series.

ELSA AND GILDEROY

were put down in stubble while the last brace were bracing up for a renewal of the contest. Gilderoy at once made game, and Elsa soon did the same. Gilderoy roaded out the bird and dropped on point just as the handlers flushed the bird. On a little further Elsa was dropped on a gamy point. Elsa swung ahead and half pointed, while Nesbitt, to order, flushed the covey in front of Gilderoy. This was very pretty. Elsa was called up and a bird flushed close to her. She moved on a little and made a beautiful point, but nothing was found. Gilderoy then swung into the wind and located a brace in capital style, dropping as if shot when he caught the scent. This was good work. Elsa now made a beautiful point at the edge of some weeds, and the Captain flushed it to order. One also flushed behind Gilderoy. Both dogs were very steady. A bird was soon after flushed a long distance from Gilderoy, who instantly dropped to wing. Then after the scattered birds Gilderoy dropped on point, and Elsa working ahead scored a flush. Gilderoy in the meantime had roaded a bird, which the judges flushed as they came up. Swinging over a knoll, Gilderoy dropped on point to a single bird, which was flushed to order. They were then ordered up and Gilderoy awarded the heat. Down forty minutes.

PINK B. AND AMERICAN DAN

were at once cast off; both started out at a rattling gait, Pink evidently all the better for his adventure with the skunk; for he let out an extra link and ranged much wider and at greater speed than in his previous heat; Dan also moved well, and was fully his equal in speed, style and range; they made a capital brace, being more nearly matched than any brace at the meeting. Both challenged several times, but it was some time before any thing was found; ranging over a stubble Pink made a long point on a brace of mallards which got up wild as we approached; then swinging a little further he again pointed in grand style, Dan backing or pointing, we could not tell which, as the birds flushed wild before we came up. This was first class work for both; then across a slough after them several more flushed from the short grass in a mowing, Dan making a beautiful point, when they got up. Pink went straight to the scattered birds and made a grand point; the birds were flushed to order, and each handler killed one, both dogs retrieving very well. Dan then pointed in grand style, but spoiled it all by moving up a little too close and scoring a flush; as if determined to lose the heat, he then blundered up another one, and the judges after a short consultation ordered them up and announced Pink B. the winner of the heat. Down half an hour.

CAVALIER AND PRINCE NOBLE

were then put down, but as it was nearly night no birds were found, and after a twenty minutes' spin they were taken up to go down again in the morning. Both showed great speed and range, giving promise of an interesting heat if no ill-luck should befall them. Wednesday morning at a few minutes past six they were again put down in an oat stubble about a mile west of the town. This was drawn blank, as was a stretch of open prairie to the next stubble, when Prince dropped on a capital point, which Cavalier handsomely backed. We then went a mile west to a large stubble, and Prince again dropped, but soon moved on and roaded very nicely what proved to be the trail of turkeys. Cavalier showed grand style in backing, in fact he was too much inclined to back, although the performance was very pretty to look at. After drawing another stubble blank we went a mile south to a large stubble where Prince flushed a single bird that was just coming out of the grass; then east to another stubble; Prince challenged where birds had been running and Cavalier backed him; Prince swung for the birds, and was fortunate in finding them; he dropped very nicely to a large covey, the pointer backing him in good style; the birds flushed nearly a hundred yards ahead; this was very well done. Working on Cavalier located a single bird in the weeds, but pointed, but his tail was moving; Prince did not back, but took point alongside.

The judges, after a short consultation, awarded the heat to Prince Noble. Down, altogether, an hour and a half. The handler of Cavalier took exceptions at the decision and withdrew his dog. In this we think he acted rather hastily, for Prince had certainly shown himself the better dog; and if a longer trial had been given, the superior handling of Prince, together with his greater experience, would undoubtedly have pulled him through. We were sorry to see Cavalier withdrawn, as we thought him a very superior animal, and had he remained in he could hardly have missed a place.

PRAIRIE WONDER AND COUNTESS MOLLY

were at once cast off and worked east to a large oat stubble, where Molly challenged, and would not leave, although repeatedly called. Stafford, in going for her, flushed the bird that she knew was there. Wonder then pointed larks, and Molly backed her a long distance. Then, in stubble, Molly pointed a covey which soon flushed; she dropped to wing nicely. Wonder then came up and made a bad flush, and Molly following suit, the dogs were ordered up, not to go down again unless they should have a chance to win; down nearly an hour. This ended the second series. Following is the summary:

Second Series.

Gilderoy beat Elsa.
Pink B. beat American Dan.
Prince Noble beat Cavalier.
Prairie Wonder and Countess Molly ruled out.

Third series.

Gilderoy and Pink B. were put down to decide which should contest with Prince Noble for the honor of first place. Prince had been very fortunate, as by the withdrawal of Acme, he won his first heat without an effort, and now by the throwing out of Wonder and Molly, he was entitled to a bye, thus virtually winning three heats while only called upon to run one. This was hard lines for Pink, who ran a game race to the end, and under more favorable circumstances, the verdict might have been reversed, as there was not much to choose between the two.

Gilderoy also ran game as a pudble and made a good fight, although he was sick with dysentery and clearly not fit for work; had he been in proper trim there is no telling what the result would have been. When he and Pink were put down Pink at once struck out at a rattling gait with Gilderoy not far behind. At the far end of the stubble Pink ran on to a bird that he should have pointed, when both dogs dropped nicely to wing and a brace of birds lay until Short came up; then swinging north both dogs made game, but Pink located the bird. Short coming up flushed the bird just as he pointed Gilderoy then scored a flush; then several fields were drawn blank. Swinging along the edge of weeds Gilderoy challenged and roaded his birds in grand style. Pink did not appear to smell them but worked ahead and flushed. Gilderoy was now out of sight in the weeds, and several more got up near him. Then some time was expended in beating a stubble and grass without result. Several birds having been marked down the dogs were worked in their direction. Gilderoy pointed grandly in the weeds, but nothing was found and he scored a false point. Pink then flushed a brace and Gilderoy followed suit. The judges, after consulting, ordered them up and awarded the heat to Pink B. Down an hour and ten minutes. Prince Noble having a bye, this ended the third series. Following is the summary.

Third Series.

Pink B. beat Gilderoy.
Prince Noble a bye.

Fourth Series.

PINK B. AND PRINCE NOBLE.

After a half-hour's rest, Pink B. and Prince Noble were put down for the final heat which was to decide which of them should be crowned as winner of the Derby. Just after the close of the previous heat we had flushed a small covey, and most of them had flown but a few yards. Working the dogs toward these, some were flushed by the handlers and judges. The dogs were swung round and Prince flushed one, dropping to wing nicely. Pink then flushed, and as it fluttered close to his head he made a jump for it. This was bad, but the provocation was great. After working a little further on the dogs were ordered up until evening, as the heat was terrible. In the afternoon, after driving about five miles north, the dogs were put down on the open prairie. A bird was flushed by the spectators and the dogs were called up, when Pink scored a flush. A little further on Prince scored a false point. Then on in the grass Prince showed the most speed. Pink was his equal in range and his superior in style. Then at corner of stubble both challenged, but after roading a short distance they lost it. Swinging for the scent, Pink found it, but scored a flush. Then, in the grass, Pink dropped on point, but he was too close; the bird flushed, and he started to jump for it, but dropped to order. Then, in the stubble, he pointed false, Pink backing nicely. Then, drawing a stubble field blank, we crossed a slough to another stubble, where Pink scored a capital point, while Prince backed in good style, Short killing the bird to order. This was very good work. It was very hot, and the dogs were tired, Prince showing evident distress. They were taken into the wagon, and the first brace in the All-Aged were given a half hour's turn, when they were again put down on marked birds when Prince scored a flush and Pink got a good point, then Prince moved on a little and earned another flush and Pink followed suit. Then in stubble Prince pointed nicely, but nothing was found, then across a slough into a nice stubble. Prince pointed and Pink backed an instant, but caught the scent and pointed also. Short flushed to order and missed; this was capital work and was greatly enjoyed by all. A little further on Prince found the bird that Short had shot at, dead, and pointed it nicely, Pink backing, then on a little further, Prince pointed and Pink backed, the bird was flushed to order, and in an instant the performance was repeated, then again the same with Pink in the foreground. This was the liveliest work that we had seen, and it was keenly enjoyed. We thought Pink was a sure winner, but he swung back and flushed two that he should have pointed, and soon another one got up in front of him. The dogs were ordered up, but after consulting awhile they were put down again and worked across the prairie to a large stubble where Prince made a beautiful point, but drew too close and flushed the bird which was a trifle wild. Pink coming up scored a flush. Prince Noble was declared the winner of the heat and first prize. Down altogether three hours.

Fourth Series.

Prince Noble beat Pink B., and won first prize. Cavalier, who was the only dog beaten by Prince Noble, having been withdrawn, Pink B. was declared winner of second prize.

Fifth Series.

Pink B., by the withdrawal of Cavalier, won second prize.

Sixth Series.

SCOTT AND AMERICAN DAN

were at once put down to decide which should run with Gilderoy for third place. Not much was done, as it was nearly night, and they were taken up to go down in the morning. At half-past six o'clock on Thursday morning they were again cast off in stubble two and a half miles east. Both started well. Dan, who had been all off, evidently feeling much better, commenced with a flush, and Scott soon after scored the same. Dan then showed us one of his stylish points, which Scott refused to honor, but moved on and put up the bird. A few steps further on Scott again flushed and made a jump for the bird, but stopped to order; he soon made another flush. Dan then pointed, but Scott, who evidently winded the birds, drew ahead and again flushed. The judges concluded that this was enough of the kind and awarded the heat to Dan. Down an hour and a quarter.

Sixth Series.

American Dan beat Scott.
Gilderoy a bye.

Seventh Series.

AMERICAN DAN AND GILDEROY

were now put down to decide the winner of third place. Both were feeling better. Gilderoy led off with a false point, which Dan backed in grand style. Then in a small stubble Gilderoy dropped on point, Dan again backing. Reading on, Gilderoy was unfortunate in taking the back track, while Dan, with better judgment, got them right, and made a magnificent point. Dew flushing the birds to order. Then, on east, Dan pointed false. A little further on he swung his head over his shoulder and made a capital point; Dew killed to order. Moving on a little, Dan again pointed. Gilderoy, failing to back, was dropped to order. Dan was a little unsteady, and Dew corrected him. They were ordered up and Dan awarded the heat. Down an hour and a half.

SEVENTH SERIES.

American Dan beat Gilderoy and won third prize. St. Elmo was withdrawn, and Scott and Gilderoy divided fourth prize, thus ending the Derby. Next week we shall give the running in the All-Aged Stake.

THE WINNER OF THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

By an unfortunate miscarriage the last three heats of the All-Aged Stake in the chicken trials failed to appear last week. They were as follows: Gertrude beat Frank H.

Fourth Series.

Sue beat Gertrude. Don a bye.

Fifth Series.

Don beats Sue and wins first prize.

FOX HUNTING IN MARYLAND.

THE revival of fox hunting in Maryland is hailed with enthusiasm. It has been steadily growing in popular favor for the past six or seven years, the red foxes having so increased as to be troublesome to the farmers. Owners of rural residences have taken a great interest in the matter, and have been greatly improving the breed of fox-hounds, bringing it up to the old time standard of excellence. Years of idleness had almost obliterated every trace of the various old packs, whose cheery voice once kept the hills of Baltimore, Howard and Hartford counties ringing merrily. Here and there a good dog was found, but it was the exception rather than the rule. Now a number of packs can be found, and the position of "Master of Hounds" is rising to its old eminence. One of the hardest workers in the late revival of fox hunting was Dr. Maxwell Wood, U. S. N., now deceased. His country seat, Rosewood Glen, is near the old Garrison Forest Church, at the head of the Greenspring Valley, and his success may be gathered from the fact that the first meeting took place there in 1875, and the fox was run to earth in the most approved style, after a ride that set the young men wild with enthusiasm and stirred the old to glad memories of their youth.

Several packs of fox-hounds of unexcelled quality are now kept in Pennsylvania, in the neighborhood of Paoli and West Chester, and for years the sport of fox hunting has been followed with continued ardor of olden time. Great care is observed by the wealthy farmers of these sections in keeping the blood of their hounds perfectly pure. All worthless animals are culled out, and the Schaffer pack as well as that of the Rose Tree Hunt, is composed of the speediest and truest of dogs. If our Baltimore friends need new blood they can readily draft from the packs of their Pennsylvania neighbors. HOMO.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

TORONTO, Sept. 16, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very successful show of the smaller breeds of dogs, from cocker spaniels down to toy-terriers, has been held at the Toronto Zoological Gardens during the present week. The entries numbered about 120, and most of the classes were very good.

The show of black and tan terriers was much above the average in quality, and the winning dogs, although rather too heavily cropped for perfect elegance, were thorough terriers in character, with beautiful long heads and muzzles.

The fox-terrier class was well filled and brought out some capital specimens. The winning dog, known far and near as the Markham dog, looks like a rare workman, and bears the scars of many an encounter with large-sized vermin, such as 'coons and foxes. He has a capital head, and ears beautifully carried. He is just a trifle high on the leg, and his tail has been left too long for symmetry. The second prize was given to a rare good dog, but which was too heavily marked on the body, and also a wee bit too leggy. The went to a beautiful-bodied and nice-limbed bitch, with neat ears and good expression, whose head, however, was rather short, and muzzle with hardly enough punishing power.

Two rare good Skyes faced the judges. First was awarded to a drop-eared dog, very short and strong of limb and with great length and strength of body. His coat was very dense and hard and of good length, although he was not shown in the pink of condition. He was hardly pressed by a young prick-eared dog of excellent quality, who is not yet so well furnished as his older competitor, but which will, by and bye, be hard to beat in any company.

The class for rough-haired or Scotch terriers was, as usual, rather a mixed one. The winners, although inclining to be too soft-coated and leggy, were every inch terriers of great character, and very *vermint* looking dogs.

The class for dandie dinmonts had some excellent specimens, and the winning dogs, indeed the whole four entries,

if shown with more care as to condition, are fit to compete successfully at the largest bench show.

The cocker spaniel class was an easy one to judge, although out of a dozen entries four were pretty fair dogs. First prize went to a black of average merit, and second to a liver and white ticked litter sister.

An very good young dog won the first prize. His strong points were his markings and wrinkles, and his size (about eight pounds) gave him a decided advantage over the second-prize dog, which was too large—about sixteen pounds. The winner is rather small in the head and not quite short enough in the face. He will furnish up in body with advantage as he gains in age.

The toy-terriers were very good, first going to a very small black-and-tan beautifully marked as well as coated.

Appended is a full list of the awards, the judges being Messrs. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, J. C. Morgan, of Parkdale, and W. Bugg, of Yorkville, who acted in concert, and it is needless to say the judgments were well received by the *cognoscenti*.

AWARDS.

Class 1, Black and Tan Terriers.—1st, John Guest, Toronto, dog Cuss; 2d, John F. Scholes, Toronto, bitch Sniff; vhc, John F. Scholes' dog Sep; hc, George Haskins, Toronto, dog.

Class 2, Fox Terriers.—1st, R. G. Armstrong, Markham, dog Spot; 2d, David S. Booth, American Hotel, dog Grit; vhc, A. C. Douglas, Toronto, bitch; hc, John Warne, Toronto, bitch, and John Dudgeon, Toronto, dog.

Class 3, Skye Terriers.—1st, Jas. M. Rogerson, Toronto, dog; 2d, Thos. Ogilvey, Toronto, dog Ogie.

Class 4, Rough-haired or Scotch Terriers.—1st, Jno. F. Scholes's dog Sandy; 2d, D. McKinlay, Parkdale, dog; vhc, Polly Newhall, dog Schneider; hc, George E. Cooper, Toronto.

Class 5, Dandie Dinmont.—1st, Geo. J. Little, Parkdale; bitch, 2d, Arch Little, Guelph, bitch; vhc, Geo. J. Little, Parkdale, dog; hc, Arch Little, Guelph, dog.

Class 6, Cocker Spaniels.—1st, Henry A. Hall, Toronto, bitch Jetty; 2d, Henry A. Hall, bitch Fanny; hc, F. A. Campbell, Toronto, bitch Dido; c, Richard James Day, Hamilton, dog Czar.

Class 7, Italian Greyhounds.—1st, W. A. Andrews, Toronto, mouse-colored bitch Nelly.

Class 8, English Pugs.—1st, John Hendry, Toronto, dog Tommy; 2d, Grant Braley, Toronto, dog Jack.

Class 9, Toy-Terriers.—1st, John Walker, Toronto, black and tan bitch Topsy, 2¾lbs.; 2d, George Cooper, Scotch terrier Gyp; c, W. Smith, Toronto, black and tan bitch Tiny.

Class 10: puppies of these classes.—1st, A. C. Douglass, Toronto, fox-terrier dog pup; 2d, A. C. Douglass, fox-terrier bitch pup; vhc, Dennis Farrell, Toronto, black and tan bitch; hc, E. Cooper, Scotch terrier bitch pup.

Extra class, Yorkshire Terrier.—1st, John F. Scholes, 2d, E. G. Bell, Toronto.

Special prizes.—Hy. Samson, Toronto, fancy Chinese dog Jumbo; T. D. McGaw, Queen's Hotel, one Scotch coolie pup; E. Doherty, Galt, field spaniel pup; Mr. T. A. Sullivan, of Toronto, exhibited a pair of thoroughbred English setters, and Mr. John Hendry, of Toronto, a very fine pointer bitch and pups. These did not compete for prizes. The attendance has been very large, and the display an equally good one. SIMCOE.

DOMINION KENNEL CLUB.—Yesterday afternoon (Sept. 15) a meeting was held in the Queen's Hotel for the purpose of discussing the formation of a local branch in connection with the recently established Dominion Kennel Club. In January last the "Dominion of Canada Kennel Club" was started by a number of prominent Canadian sportsmen then in Ottawa, and since that time vigorous and consistent effort has been made to develop the association into a representative Canadian one. The original provisional board of directors included such well-known men as Alonzo Wright, John Gilmour, Lindsay Russell and W. A. Allan, of Ottawa; Lieut.-Gov. Newdney, Mr. Caron and C. N. M. Temple, of Quebec; Christopher Robinson and Z. A. Lash, of Toronto; H. B. Harrison, of Tilsonburg, and others. Mr. B. H. G. Vickars, of Ottawa, was appointed provisional secretary and treasurer. A circular issued by the directors gave the objects of the association as twofold, national and local, as follows: National—To encourage throughout the whole Dominion the importation, sale, breeding, training, and exchange of highly bred dogs of all classes. To compile and publish a national stud book, in which dogs of every breed, whelped or owned in the Dominion, can be registered. To endeavor to secure such legislation as will protect the game of this country, and assist in the enforcement of existing laws having that object in view. Generally to assist in the conviction and punishment of persons guilty of cruelty to animals, more especially to the dog, and the various kinds of game. To encourage public exhibitions of dogs, such as bench shows and field trials. To encourage legitimate sport generally. To aid in improving breed, buy, sell, train, and exchange, for the benefit and profit of the shareholders, such breeds as may from time to time appear advisable to the club. To afford medical attention, nursing, and care to dogs being the personal property of members of the club as well as those owned by the club as a body. Organization of the club was effected upon a joint-stock basis, with shares at $10 each, and headquarters at Ottawa. A resident board of directors was subsequently appointed, and each of the provinces was allotted representative directors. Besides this, it was deemed advisable to have local boards in each of the larger centers, such as Montreal and Toronto. A few days ago the secretary of the club, Mr. Vicars, arrived in Toronto to confer with sportsmen here, and the result was yesterday's meeting, attended by a number of gentlemen privately notified of the matter. There were present among others Messrs. Richard Cassels, Christopher Robinson, Q.C., John Maughan, Lieut.-Col. Otter, Jas. Spooner, Major Drayton, W. Armstrong, R. Tinning, Jr., E. G. Bell, Geo. Schofield, and J. F. Kirk. Mr. Cassels was moved into the chair, and Mr. Kirk named secretary. Mr. Vicars, in introducing the subject, spoke briefly regarding the objects of the club, as given above, and enlarged upon the benefits which would result in the breeding of dogs in Canada. Besides establishing a kennel upon a large scale at Ottawa, and holding annual bench shows, the club proposed to take in hand an annually exhibition of sporting outfits and materials. For the bench show they had assurance of large entries from the States. The club proposed also to inaugurate field trials, a sport not as yet familiar in this country. There was every prospect that the association would be able to accomplish its ends satisfactorily and economically. As regarded the establishment of a kennel in Ottawa, a lot had already been donated to the club by one gentleman, and the Messrs. Gilmour had offered to give all the lumber needed in construction. The total amount of the stock would have been subscribed two or three times over in Ottawa, had it been desired, but as it was wished to make the association as general as possible, no advantage was taken of the fact. A general discussion followed regarding the object and scope of the association. The opinion was expressed that the breaking and training of dogs was one of the most important of the matters to be attended to. Mr. Vicars said that first the club would be able only to maintain one or two competent kennel-keepers at headquarters, as the expense of a training establishment in the country could scarcely be borne, but that the keepers could yard-train the dogs, and subsequently a branch establishment might be undertaken in a game neighborhood. It was suggested that some of the country sportsmen might take this matter in hand. It was eventually determined to nominate a local board of directors, with power to add to their number, the board to formulate their views regarding the objects of the club and the best means of furthering its interests in this vicinity, and to communicate the same in writing to headquarters at Ottawa. The following were nominated: Mr. Richard Cassels, Col. Gzowski, Mr. Spooner, Lieut.-Col. Otter, Lieut.-Col. Grasett, Messrs. John Maughan, John O. Heward, E. Clarkson Jones, J. H. Morris and Beldome. Mr. Kirk agreed to act permanently as secretary. The meeting then adjourned. A meeting will shortly be held in Montreal to organize a branch of the club there.—*Toronto Mail.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MATCH.

THE country and the world knows the fact of the defeat of the Americans in their match with the British team in the long talked of International Match. Below the story is told in detail and with the scores in full. There is little really to be narrated. The shooting went on without interruption. The faces fired without special mishap, and the result is a fair showing of the relative merits of the two teams. There are dozens of explanations, but the truth is that the match was lost in a dozen different directions. More experience, better discipline, superior rifles, and a greater incentive to work as operated to bring the British team one hundred and seventy points to the front. The defeat is such a crushing one that it suggests at once that a radical move must be made in making up the team for the return match. A start must be made from the bottom, and somebody familiar with the theory of rifle building must furnish a rifle fit for the work in hand. This once provided, the rest of the labor of preparation is comparatively easy. We are defeated, but it is not American habit to remain so.

THE FIRST DAY.

On the afternoon of September 14, the International Military Match opened, and the day closed with the American team 19 points to the rear.

Seldom has the range looked more attractive than it did on this occasion. As the visitor passed through the gates a most inviting panorama was presented. Bright day light, a cool breeze, and as a matter of comfort, not from a marksman's standpoint, was all that could be desired. Sun enough to be felt, clouds enough to prevent it from being felt too much and to prevent also any disagreeable effects of too much light upon the targets which so many eyes were to scrutinize for hours. The broad level acres of Creedmoor wore a charming shade of green, and at this point and that could be seen the folds of the British or American colors—National Guard flags, flags of the association or signal flags—all flying fast in the strong south wind.

Then there are to be seen over on the ex reme left of the field two rows of small tents which are at the service of visiting national guardsmen. Further down the avenue is a group of private tents, in one of which John Hilton spent a time, and in another of which General Molineux, the president of the association, received his morning callers.

The hotel is the central gathering point on the range, and from its roof the English flag is flying. The eastern end of the hotel is occupied for an ammunition salesroom and statistical department of the association. As you stop to look into the ammunition room a wagon drives up at the door with half a dozen small boxes in it which appear to be the heaviest handling, for which, in fact, the sturdy sergeant when he comes to unloading them. They are boxes of cartridges intended for a general extermination of bullseyes. The remainder of the hotel is in the hands of a caterer, with piles of roast chicken at the windows, very much like galleries of pictures, and as a matter of size, baskets of fruit, barrels of beer, and so forth, while out behind the club house some pleasant vapors began to ascend from one of the biggest clam chowders on record, and from green corn boiling in an adjoining field of huge dimensions. A view of the range from the hotel, where all the people congregated prior to the beginning of the great match, shows you, beside what has been already mentioned, the president's official tent right opposite, the bulletin board to one side thereof, a number of beer gardens under canvas, a telegraph office, the little frame house used by the markers, and below all, yet above all, that chief object of interest to visitors, the row of targets standing there, with a bit-me-if-you-can look in each one's appearance.

Just east of the systematic depreciation of the American's chances since the arrival of the British team was seen in the comparatively small interest manifested in the match. Where thousands had gathered to witness the small-bore matches several years ago, hundreds now were gathered, and there was no scene of excitement and enthusiasm. There was a strong sprinkling of military men in the lines pressing about the bulletin boards, and they were chiefly interested. It was a military affair, and in this aspect and in the interest which is bound to attach to service rifle construction and military rifle practice lies its greatest significance.

Shortly after noon the members of the two rival teams sat down to lunch together in the headquarters tent of the National Rifle Association, opposite the club house, and a crowd of spectators assembled in front of the tent to see the men at their meal, and to be pointing out to each other the different riflemen, and commenting on their appearance, a proceeding not altogether agreeable to the Englishmen, who are not accustomed to be placed on exhibition at meal time. Col. Bodine, the captain of the American team, sat at the head of the table, flanked on the right by Sir Henry Halford, Captain of the British team, and Major A. P. Humphry, of the committee who direct the British team. Mrs. Humphry, wife of Major Humphry, sat next to Sir Henry Halford, and the rest of the two teams were scattered with officers of the rifle association. The lunch was a very plain one, and no wine or other exhilarating drinks were used, soda water and plain water being drank exclusively by the gentlemen. The lunch concluded at 1:30, and at 2 o'clock precisely each of the two teams then took a last look at their rifles, discarded all superfluous garments, and started for the new, or west, range, where the first trial of skill, at 200yds., was to take place. The British team, led by Sir Henry Halford, was preceded by the Main Guard, and from the Creedmoor, then followed the American team, led by Col. Bodine, and the Pennsylvania State team, marching in columns of four, acted as rear guard. The crowd which had watched the lunch so faithfully followed the teams to the range only to find that the best places for seeing the matches had been appropriated, and they had to take their places in the rear of those who had been wise enough to hurry to the range in advance and secure good places at the ropes.

The breeze was so strong that it fairly approached the proportions of a good, stiff, working gale. It was from the left of the long stakes of the headquarters of the rifle association clear from the ground, and at times it seemed as though some of the less secure of the tents would be torn from their foundations and hurled across the range. It was a beautiful wind, veering from 6 to 8 o'clock, and at all, though blowing in a general direction from the rear toward the targets, shaping its course in such a zigzag manner that one of the British team ventured the suggestion that it was "going to be all my own eye" to shoot in such a wind. Over the tops of the tall trees which covered the sky all through the forenoon broke away before the match began, and the sun shone out upon the range very brightly. There was no mirage, however, in front of the targets to blind the eyes, and the mist was constantly driven off. The day was much preferable to alternate shade and sunshine which it was feared during the morning would make aiming very uncertain by lighting and shading the targets alternately. But for the strong south wind which blew steadily throughout the afternoon, a better day for the shooting, or a great match, could not possibly have been selected.

During the morning the choice of position had been tossed for and won by the Americans, who selected the targets to the right, marked 6 and 7, the British taking Nos. 3 and 4, to the left, leaving but one target out to use between the two teams. The British team at once began to make ready for the opening contest, which was appointed for 1 o'clock, and the American team did the same. Rifles were uncovered and carefully examined, the men sitting on rude wooden benches. The wind had veered to the south during the morning, and the wind blowing a perfect gale. In front of each team was a series of four telescopes, at which the scorers sat to watch the targets and see that no mistakes were made in the scoring by the men in the "butts." The British and American boards were many furlongs to the right of the field, on which a continuous score was kept from the first shot made in the stage to the last, with the totals.

The uniforms of the British teams presented a striking variety of color, the Irishmen in the full dress uniform of Pearse and the red coats of Dods and others, the dove-colored Eton uniform of Godsal and Humphry's cadet gray. Mrs. Humphry was dressed in quiet brown and wore the badge of the National Rifle Association. She sat at the telescope, and when not engaged looking at the target gave her husband points regarding the variation of the wind and other matters of importance to marksmen. Colonel Bodine was the most military-looking figure on either side. Tall, dignified, straight as an arrow, he looked the very ideal of an officer. Colonel Howard was only in undress uniform of the coaches, but even this slight addition to his usually exceedingly plain uniform seemed to trouble him. Some of the Englishmen had white cloth havelocks over their caps as a shade from the sun. The men shot in squads of four, two men to a target and three shots to a man. Each of the two teams was divided as follows: Parry and Goodear, Bates and McVittie, Pearse and Oliver, Caldwell and Dods, Heap and Boulton, and Humphry and Godsal. On the American side the pairs were: Hinds and Ogden, Howard and Richard and Hinman, McNevin and Atkinson, and Dolan and Alder.

Sir Henry is a genial old gentleman—not so old perhaps as his gray hair would indicate, with a love for a rifle second only to his love of the land where he learned to shoot. Naturally not a decidedly conservative nature, his enthusiasm as a marksman is unbounded, and the records he has made have given him good right to rate himself high as an expert and authority. He showed his interest by rapidly moving about among his men the livelong day, admonishing one, praising another, and urging all on to their best work. Casually glancing at him, an observer would have quickly concluded that he was displaying much nervousness, but close inspection showed that there was method in every movement, and that no word was spoken without its purpose. Personally examining the guns of all his subordinates, he was prolific in s ggestions and came fresh to each marksmen in turn with hints as to the force of the wind and other obstacles which were to be met. He had a field-glass of his own and kept it in constant use. Occasionally he would run leisurely across the sward intervening between the British and American teams on the range and cordially interchange a dozen words or so with the American leader, to tell a story, or crack a joke which always seemed to be most pleasantly received, and was certain to produce a hearty laugh. He was clad in the undress uniform of his regiment, a dark blue cloth marked by black braid. Upon his head was jauntily displayed a Scotch bonnet of color and texture corresponding to his suit, and upon the left breast side of this head-dress appeared in silver the insignia of his regiment, the First Leicester Vols.

The positions assumed by many of the men at the off-hand range were decidedly unmilitary. For instance, Major Pearse, of the British team, shot from a hip rest and leaned back on his right leg in a manner which could hardly be called military; also Sergeant Paulding, of the Americans, reached the left hand too far along the barrel. These are only two in-tances of trespassing upon the rules of tactics that might be cited. Perhaps these objections might be deemed captious, but it must be remembered that the match is supposed to be a military one. Another thing noted was that the men of both teams raised the right elbow so high that they been firing in the ranks they would have knocked their right hand men out of dressing.

The rifles of the Americans were all Remingtons, their chief peculiarity being a drop of powder and a half at all the other distances the bullet employed was 550 grains of lead, projected by a charge of 90 grains of powder, but it does not appear that there was uniformity either in the amount of powder burned by the teams or in the strength of it. So far as might be judged by the results the English powder was far quicker in burning, and, therefore, cleaner and better than the American.

The British team completed their 200yds. scores at the 200yds. range at 2:45 P. M., the American team finishing about fifteen minutes later. The aggregate British score at this stage was 340, and that of the American team 331—a lead of 9 points for the visiting team.

This range had been thought to be the strong point of the Americans, but the Britishers proved themselves able to hold up to it with greater weight of men stood firm in the heavy wind. Still the battle was not over, and nobody was either specially elated or discouraged.

Without loss of time the teams changed positions from the short to the mid ranges, and commenced shooting a few minutes before three o'clock at 500yds. This is a favorite military distance, and when it is remembered that the shooting was at a 22-inch bullseye, from the prone position, it is not surprising that good scoring should be done, and this distance the British team rapidly and confidently than they had done before the third class targets. All through the day's work McVittie, whose fine shooting had been witnessed before at Creedmoor, was remarkable for the steadiness and rapidity of his practice. The Irishmen

tlemen well known in military and sporting circles. Among them were Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock and staff, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Gen. Kilburn Knox, Gen. Alexander Shaler, Gen. M. T. McMahon, Col. John Meagher, Col. Carl Jussen, Col. Frank Risley, Major Wm. De L. Boughton, Col. Emmons Clark, of the Seventh Regiment; Judge Gildersleeve, Col. E. O. Hotchkiss, Twenty-third Regiment Veteran Corps: Gen. James W. Latta, Adjutant-General of the State of Pennsylvania; Col. George H. North, Assistant Adjutant-General on Gen. Hartranft's staff, and Dr. Reed, Surgeon-General on the staff of the Governor of Pennsylvania.

The hope indulged in by many that the Americans would be able to overcome the nineteen points by which the British led them at the close of the first day's shooting was doomed to disappointment. The leading team was confident; the following team was desperate, and lacked the cohesion necessary to make a strong uphill fight. The members of the beaten team were still trying experiments, while the winners had finished all experimenting years ago. While it was a day sufficiently ugly in its weather conditions to try the best of skill, it was not as bad as some days to be met on Creedmoor, nor are the scores on either side as good as the day should have warranted. The match closed without any mishap, and to the end there was no call for the services of General Molineux, the referee of the match. The utmost good feeling prevailed to the end, and the English team carried away with it a feeling that everything had been done to make its stay a pleasant one, and to secure it every chance of showing its wonderful skill as a band of military long-range shots. American riflemen learned by the severe drill of a "knock down" that there is much to be done yet before they can boast of real practical skill with the rifle. The plucky fight of the Americans on Thursday stimulated an interest on the part of the people much greater than that shown on the first day. Fully three or four times as many spectators were on the ground, and many handsome equipages skirted the edge of the crowd that pressed against the ropes near the firing points. Many came out expecting to see a stubbornly contested struggle, and hope was very lively at the outset, even in the hearts of the American team, for a possible victory.

All expectations of this kind dwindled rapidly when the shooting began. The first few shots on both sides told the story of what would be the outcome, to the initiated. The Americans began with excess of caution that bordered on nervousness. The British opened fire first. They had no record of the prevailing meteorological conditions and were thrown on their judgment as to how they must be met. They raised their elevations a point above their highest record, estimated with great nicety the force of the wind, and found the target at once. The Americans delibrated, consulted, hesitated, and then Hinds fired the sighting shot for the team. The bullet went wide of the target. Dolan shot next and got a bit near the edge. Shot after shot followed, and betrayed the fact that the guardsmen were floundering about without accurate knowledge either of the correct elevation or the necessary wind allowance. The story of the day's work is a simple one. Without special incident or event the shooting went on during the afternoon. On one side was confidence and serenity; on the other groping about for results. At 800yds. the opening was ragged. No shooting that could be called good was done at the 800yds. range. Heap put up only 10 points, out of a possible 35, for the British, and Hinds was able to make no more than 19 for his side. Boulter led the field with 31, while Alder and Ogden headed the American score with 27 each. The first range team completed at 2:35 o'clock, and it showed that the British had scored 293 points to the Americans' 255, leaving the latter 38 points behind. The score was out of a possible 420 points. The gain just mentioned, when added to that of the day before, gave the British a lead of 57 points to go back to the second range with.

At fifteen minutes before three o'clock the contending marksmen were ranged in order behind the 900yds. firing points. The wind was hardly so strong at the opening here, though it increased afterward. Parry began for the English with a center, and was in due course followed by Hinds, of the home team with an inner. Dolan commenced with his modest three, and so the sport went on from bad to worse, so far as the Americans were concerned. When the shooting was about closing at the 900yds. distance a large number of expectant spectators was found behind the American team watching their movements anxiously. At half-past three o'clock the practice was ended on the second range. The result was a record of 313 points for the British and 271 for the Americans. This was a new gain of 42 points by the leading team which put them 99 points ahead at the commencement of the third and last range.

The shooting was begun at 1,000 by twenty-five minutes to five o'clock, and it continued without interruption to the end. It showed no hopes for the Americans. There was only just enough daylight for keeping down the tremendous number of points against them. At the outset Ogden scored an outer, and his comrades seemed content even that he had got on the target. Hinds, on the same side, came in with a three, and then Dolan with a four. The English got to work with their customary steadiness and perseverance, forging ahead, as usual, nearly every round. At last they concluded with a total of 307 at this range to 236 made by the Americans—another gain of 71, or a total majority of 170 points over the Americans.

With the firing of the last shot came a little speech making. Good wishes were expressed towards the Britishers. Sir Henry Halford, in returning his thanks, took occasion to utter some pertinent remarks which it would be well to remember. He said: I stand, with my team, in very proud position on this occasion, as victors over those whom we had come to regard as almost invincible in rifle shooting. (Applause.) There is no doubt that the contest has been fought out in a soldierly spirit, and with every possible fairness and honesty. (Applause.) Our reception here has been more than we could have expected. Every point that has been discussed with us has been met in the frankest and most cordial and courteous manner, and I can only say that I return to all of you the best thanks of our team, and also of our country, for the way in which you have received us here. I trust that in 1877, when we were beaten, and beaten bandsomely, we took our defeat like gentlemen. (Applause, and cries of "You did.") If we took our defeat then as you have now, there was certainly nothing more to be desired. I trust that we shall not take our victory in a spirit of boasting, but that we have had a friendly contest at the butts. (Applause.) I may say that we had in the first place a very much greater chance of winning than you could possibly have had, for we must not forget that this class of shooting has been our main study for the last fifteen years, whereas you have only lately taken it up, and I think we cannot but admit that you have made a very good showing under the circumstances. I am quite convinced in my own mind that the victory lies as much with the weapons as it does with the men; and that you have been handicapped in both respects—first by want of practice at long range, and second by having to compete against superior arms. I have very little doubt but that, with your go-ahead American nature, you will appear on the ground next year with equally good if not better weapons than ourselves, and that we will have to work hard to retain our laurels. I feel that we cannot afford to consider next year's match a foregone conclusion from the result of this one. I expect that then you will put us in a very tight place, and I hope you will do so.

The score of the match is given in detail below. The team was divided into two squads of six men each, and two of each squad completed a target until their seven shots had been fired, when they retired, and the two following them in the squad took their places. The British team was divided as follows: Squad 1—Lieut. J. Healy, Sixth Lancashire Volunteers; Private C. H. Ogden, Second Cheshire; Major G. Pearse, Fourth Devonshire; Sergt. P. Oliver, Third Kent; Major A. P. Humphry, Cambridge University Royal Volunteers, and Capt. P. T. Godsal, Second Bucks. Squad 2—Corp. C. Parry, Second Cheshire; Private J. Goodacre, Sixth Lancashire; Sergt. J. W. Hale, Third Berwick; Corp. W. Caldwell, First Ronfrew; Corp. H. Bates, First Warwick, and Private R. McVittie, First Dumfres. The American team was divided as follows: Squad 1—Private M. D. Hinds, Twentieth Separate Company; Private J. H. Ogden, Second Cheshire; Major Henry Bates, Sergt. J. McNevin, Thirteenth New York; Capt. D. R. Atkinson, Thirteenth Pennsylvania; Major E. O. Shakspeare, staff of Gen. Harfranft, Pennsylvania; Col. G. F. Howard, First Brigade Staff, New Jersey. Squad 2—Sergt. T. J. Dolan, Seventh New York; Private F. Alder, Seventh New York; Private C. W. Hinman, First Massachusetts; Capt. J. M. Pollard, National Rifles, Washington; Private J. Smith, Ninth New York, and Sergt. J. L. Paulding, Twelfth New York.

The order of shooting had at any given time in the match four men at the firing points from each team, and it may be said that taken in the hap-hazard fashion the British scores ran ahead of our own. The record stood:

THE BRITISH SCORE.

G. Pearse.

First Day.							Second Day.						
200	3	3	4	4	5	5	4—32	800	3	5	3	4	6	4	5—29
500	4	5	4	4	5	5	5—32	900	3	5	5	4	5	5	5—32
600	3	5	4	4	4	5	5—29	1,000	2	5	3	5	3	5	4—27
Totals							—90								—88—177

Robert McVittie.

200	4	5	4	4	5	5	4—32	800	3	4	5	5	5	0	4—26
500	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—34	900	5	5	4	3	5	5	5—30
600	3	5	4	5	4	5	4—30	1,000	5	3	3	2	5	3	4—25
Totals							—95								—81—176

C. J. Parry.

200	4	5	4	3	4	4	1—28	800	4	3	2	2	3	5	4—25
500	4	5	5	4	5	5	5—33	900	4	4	2	4	2	3	3—24
600	5	5	4	4	2	4	5—29	1,000	5	5	4	4	3	5	5—31
Totals							—90								—80—170

C. Boulter.

200	4	4	3	4	4	4	3—26	800	5	3	5	5	5	4	4—31
500	4	4	5	5	4	5	5—32	900	3	4	1	2	3	4	1—25
600	4	5	5	4	5	4	5—32	1,000	2	3	3	2	5	5	4—24
Totals							—90								—80—170

W. Caldwell.

200	4	4	3	4	5	3	3—26	800			R	5	4	4	3—25
500	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—33	900	4	2	5	3	5	4	5—26
600	3	5	4	5	5	4	4—31	1,000	3	2	4	5	5	2	3—25
Totals							—90								—76—166

J. W. Dods.

200	4	4	4	5	5	5	4—31	800		4	1	5	3	5	2—20
500	5	5	5	4	3	4	5—31	900	4	2	1	5	3	3	5—23
600	5	5	5	4	5	4	4—32	1,000	2	0	0	5	5	3	5—20
Totals							—94								—73—167

D. Oliver.

200	4	4	4	4	5	3	4—27	800		0	3	5	0	3	5—21
500	4	3	5	5	4	3	4—30	900		4	5	4	5	4	4—26
600	5	4	5	3	5	4	3—29	1,000		5	2	3	4	5	5—24
Totals							—86								—71—157

F. T. Godsal.

200	4	5	3	4	5	4	4—29	800		5	4	5	4	3	4—25
500	4	5	5	2	3	4	4—27	900		2	2	5	0	5	5—24
600	3	1	4	5	5	5	4—30	1,000		2	4	1	0	5	4—22
Totals							—86								—71—157

A. P. Humphry.

200	4	4	3	5	3	4	4—27	800		3	3	0	5	5	2—18
500	5	4	4	4	5	5	5—32	900		3	3	2	4	4	4—23
600	3	4	3	5	4	2	5—24	1,000		5	4	5	5	3	4—26
Totals							—83								—77—160

J. Heap.

200	5	3	4	5	4	5	5—31	800		3	0	0	5	0	2—10
500	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—34	900		4	4	0	2	5	3—18
600	4	3	3	4	4	5	3—26	1,000		2	5	5	4	4	0—24
Totals							—91								—52—143

THE AMERICAN SCORE.

John Smith.

200	4	5	4	3	5	5	3—30	800		3	2	5	4	5	5—28
500	3	4	5	5	5	5	5—31	900		3	3	4	4	5	5—28
600	5	5	5	3	5	4	5—31	1,000		0	0	4	4	5	5—18
Totals							—92								—73—165

J. M. Pollard.

200	5	4	4	4	5	4	3—29	800		2	3	4	5	2	2—25
500	4	5	4	5	5	5	5—31	900		4	4	5	5	3	4—28
600	4	5	2	4	5	5	5—30	1,000		2	3	2	2	2	5—18
Totals							—91								—69—160

C. W. Hinman.

200	5	4	4	4	5	4	4—30	800		3	0	4	3	0	4—15
500	4	4	5	5	5	4	4—32	900		3	3	5	4	3	5—26
600	4	3	5	5	3	5	5—30	1,000		3	3	0	4	2	5—17
Totals							—92								—68—158

D. R. Atkinson.

200	4	4	4	4	5	4	4—29	800		2	4	5	4	4	5—26
500	5	4	5	5	5	5	3—32	900		2	3	3	5	4	0—17
600	4	5	5	4	5	5	4—31	1,000		4	3	3	4	3	5—23
Totals							—92								—66—158

D. H. Ogden.

200	4	5	4	3	4	3	4—27	800		2	5	3	5	3	4—27
500	4	5	4	4	5	5	4—31	900		0	2	3	2	5	2—14
600	4	5	3	5	5	4	4—31	1,000		2	2	3	2	3	5—20
Totals							—89								—61—153

T. J. Dolan.

200	3	4	3	5	4	3	5—27	800		3	2	4	2	0	3—14
500	4	4	5	4	5	4	2—28	900		3	3	5	4	4	5—24
600	3	5	5	4	5	5	5—31	1,000		3	3	0	3	4	5—18
Totals							—87								—64—151

J. McNevin.

200	5	5	0	3	4	3	3—23	800		0	4	3	4	0	3—14
500	5	5	5	4	5	4	5—33	900		5	5	0	3	4	2—19
600	5	5	3	4	5	3	5—30	1,000		2	3	4	3	4	3—19
Totals							—86								—63—149

G. E. P. Howard.

200	4	4	5	4	2	4	2—25	800		3	5	2	3	0	3—19
500	4	3	5	4	4	5	2—29	900		2	5	0	3	3	0—16
600	5	2	5	4	3	5	5—29	1,000		4	3	4	4	5	5—29
Totals							—83								—64—147

E. O. Shakespeare.

200	4	5	4	5	5	4	4—31	800		0	0	4	2	4	3—13
500	5	4	5	4	2	5	4—29	900		4	2	4	5	0	5—24
600	2	5	5	3	4	2	2—25	1,000		5	5	3	5	R	0—21
Totals							—85								—61—146

J. L. Paulding.

200	4	4	4	5	4	3	4—27	800		2	3	5	5	0	3—20
500	3	5	4	5	5	4	3—31	900		2	R	5	4	4	5—20
600	3	3	4	4	3	4	4—24	1,000		3	4	2	3	5	3—20
Totals							—82								—60—142

Fred Alder.

200	4	0	4	3	4	4	4—27	800		4	5	4	4	3	5—25
500	3	4	4	5	5	3	3—27	900		0	2	4	5	3	5—22
600	5	3	3	4	3	0	5—23	1,000		4	0	3	2	0	3—12
Totals							—80								—60—140

M. D. Hinds.

200	5	3	4	4	3	5	5—29	800		0	6	5	4	3	2—19
500	4	5	5	5	3	4	2—29	900		3	3	2	0	3	4—19
600	4	5	4	3	4	4	4—28	1,000		0	0	0	5	2	0—10
Totals							—86								—48—134

An interesting view of the match is had in the running record, where the results are tabulated according to rounds shot. It was seen that when three shots had been fired by each man at 200yds the Americans were 7 points ahead, but after that there was a pretty steady downhill gait maintained by the home team. The opening round at 800yds. gave the Britishers at once 16 points, while the next round added 12 more. The completion of each stage showed a large increase to the lead the British had reached. How the battle was waged when viewed by this method is shown as follows:

THE RUNNING RECORD.

Round	Highest Possible	Amer. Total.	British Total.	Amer. Lead.	British Lead.
1	90	58	74	..	16
2	180	101	97	4	..
3	180	147	110	7	..
200 yards. 4	240	199	191	..	1
5	300	229	214	..	5
6	360	288	293	..	5
7	420	331	340	..	9
8	480	380	393	..	13
9	540	431	449	..	18
10	600	490	504	..	14
500 yards. 11	660	543	556	..	13
12	720	595	604	..	9
13	780	649	661	..	12
14	840	700	718	..	18
15	900	748	765	..	17
16	960	797	818	..	21
17	1020	846	870	..	24
600 yards. 18	1080	887	918	..	31
19	1140	944	963	..	19
20	1200	990	1015	..	25
21	1260	1043	1062	..	19
22	1320	1095	1100	..	35
23	1380	1094	1141	..	47
24	1440	1144	1179	..	35
800 yards. 25	1500	1188	1224	..	36
26	1560	1221	1275	..	48
27	1620	1265	1319	..	54
28	1680	1298	1335	..	37
29	1740	1331	1305	26	..
30	1800	1366	1441	..	75
31	1860	1406	1456	..	50
32	1920	1450	1523	..	73
33	1980	1490	1569	..	79
34	2040	1527	1618	..	91
35	2100	1569	1668	..	99
36	2160	1596	1709	..	114
37	2220	1626	1751	..	125
38	2280	1651	1792	..	141
1000 yards. 39	2340	1690	1836	..	146
40	2400	1724	1886	..	162
41	2460	1769	1930	..	161
42	2520	1805	1975	..	170

The steadiness of the shooting on both sides, though shown in the full score given, may be more readily noted in the following tabulated showing of the classes of hits:

	Mis-sers.	Out-ers.	In-ners.	Cen-ters.	Bulls-eyes.	Points.	Lead over oppo-nents.	Aver-ages.
British.								
Ranges.								
200yds.	..	16	48	30	340	9	..	2845
500yds.	1	5	29	49	376	9	..	3143
600yds.	7	4	14	31	84	344	1	2893
Totals..	8	25	108	163	1,062	19	..	8854
800yds.	9	6	23	18	28	233	38	2145-12
900yds.	1	8	17	29	36	313	42	3054
1,000yds.	5	10	21	16	32	297	71	2578-12
Totals..	18	24	61	63	86	913	151	761-12
G'd totals.	19	29	96	171	189	1,975	170	1647-12
American.								
200yds...	1	3	15	45	20	331	..	2772
500yds...	..	2	7	31	44	369	..	3034
600yds...	1	6	16	25	37	343	..	2857-12
Totals..	2	10	38	101	101	1,043	..	8611-12
800yds...	11	17	21	17	18	235	..	2134
900yds...	10	10	25	19	20	271	..	2372-12
1,000yds.	16	13	26	13	16	236	..	1924
Totals..	37	40	72	49	54	762	..	6344
G'd totals.	39	50	110	150	155	1,805	..	1505-12

THE CREEDMOOR FALL MEETING.

OPENING on the 12th instant and running in a desultory way through the remainder of the week and into the present week, the tenth annual fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association has been held. Good weather favored the marksmen, though, of course, there was the usual amount of growling on the part of those who would hit the bullseye but did not. It was a period for good scores if the shooting stuff was in the men. Many new faces were seen upon the old lawn, and new marksmen faced the butts. Michigan and Maine met at the firing points, and Pennsylvania was there to do her share, and right well too did the Keystone State sustain her dignity, and it may be laid down as a pretty positive fact that almost any State is now liable to send up a team of dark horses, so general has become the attention paid to rifle practice. The meeting, in a large degree, was permitted to run itself, and the time is still in the happy dream epoch of the future when system and order, and especially promptness in returns, shall take the place of the present plan of running a meeting with underpaid and incompetent help.

Interlocked in the meeting came the International Match, the tale of which is elsewhere told. There was no great crowd of shooters at the meeting at any time, and the number of entries in the matches may appear small, but it is getting to be pretty well understood that a poor shot stands little chance of securing even a place in the matches at Creedmoor, and many who would be competitors if on the ground do not care to risk the labor of a trip to the range. The presence of the visitors from England added much to the interest of the meeting, and in such matches as they entered the British riflemen held their own pretty well. There were some ugly winds at times during the progress of the matches, but there were no exceptional streaks of weather, and there was favorable chance enough for good scoring, of which many of the men availed themselves. There were no noticeable "duffers" and the places of honor in every match seemed to go where they were deserved. Everybody may not have been satisfied with the result, but everybody was agreed that he lost or won fairly.

Below will be found the complete record of the meeting with the names and winners in order of the conditions of the several matches.

No. 1.—"DIRECTORS'" MATCH.

200yds.—Open only to Directors of the N. R. A. Rounds, five. Position, standing. Weapon, any military rifle. Entrance fee, $1. Prize—The Directors' Championship Gold Badge, shot for annually, and held by the winner during the year.

Won in 1874 by Col. Wingate; in 1875 and 1876 by Maj. Fulton; in 1877 by Col. Stafford; in 1878 by Maj. Fulton; in 1879 by Col. Cowperthwait; in 1880 by Col. Gildersleeve; in 1881 by Gen. Wingate.

Geo D Scott	3 5 4 4—20	G W Wingate	3 4 4 4—18
D D Wylie	3 3 4 5 3—18	G S Schmerhorn, Jr.	3 2 4 4 4—17
G L Morse	4 3 4 3—18	J G Story	3 5 4 3 4—17

No. 2.—"JUDD'" MATCH.

Offered annually, under resolution of Board of Directors N. R. A., to commemorate the services rendered by Hon. David W. Judd in securing the passage of the law by which the association was enabled to obtain its range. Open to all comers. Weapon, any military rifle. Distance, 200yds, Position, standing. Rounds, seven. Entrance fee, $1 each. Two entries allowed, but only the highest score to count.

1st Prize.—A 6½ Pistol Grip Ballard Rifle, offered by the Marlin Firearms Co., of New Haven, Conn., through Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, N. Y.; value..... $70

2d Prize.—A Life Membership N. R. A., transferable, and cash.

$25	50
3d Prize.—Cash	20
4th " "	25
5th " " Offered by E. A. Buck, Esq	20
6th " "	15
7th " "	10
8th to 12th, each, cash, $10	50
13th to 20th, " " 5	85
30th to 50th, " 3	93
Total	$448

Henry Bates	4544455—31	C A Bennett	4444554—30
T Gousal	4445535—31	G Doyle	4444554—30
S A Day	4455544—31	W J Underwood, Jr.	5445444—30
W M Farrow	5445544—31	J A Fairbanks	4554444—30
G E Albee	4555551—31	J M Lancaster	3455445—30
S Oliver	4544445—30	J Blatter	3534445—30

D E Goodear, 30; J L Price, 30; C W Hinman, T J Dolan, W R Hussey, G W Patterson, W G Hussey, G W Paulson, T J Dolan, W R Bostwick, H T Lockwood, George Pearse, E P Howard, John W Dods, Wm Caldwell, Wm Burroughs, J H Stack, 29 each; C W Davis, I R Denham, C Van Orden, C H Eagle, W E Fitch, R McVittie, G A Jevevis, H F Wood, C W Youngs, G H Wolcott, J M Paulding, W J Reinock, T Laing, Jr, H F Hodges, H Mellish, Private Byrne, W T Mills, H Bachelder, A P Humphrey, 28 each; H Manderson, Jr, J Heap, M Doolan, Col Walrond and A Donner, 27 each.

No. 3.—THE "CHAMPION'S" MATCH.

Open to all comers. Weapon, any rifle or rifles. Distances, 200, 600, and 1,000yds. Rounds, ten at each distance. Position, standing at 200yds; any at 600 and 1,000yds. Entrance fee, $3.

1st Prize.—Grand Medal of the N. R. A., in gold; value, $50, and cash, $25..... $75

2d Prize.—Grand Medal of the N. R. A., in silver; value, $20, and cash, $15..... 35

3d Prize.—Grand Medal of the N. R. A., in bronze; value, $15, and cash, $10..... 25

4th Prize.—Life Membership N. R. A., value..... 25

4th " Cash..... 10

5th " " 10

7th to 10th each, cash, $5..... 20

Total..... $240

	200yds.	600yds.	1,000yds.	Agg.
J. H. Brown	44	50	43	137
S. I. Scott	44	47	44	135
R. McVittie	43	47	43	133
C. W. Hineman	41	45	46	132
R. Winegear	41	48	41	130
J. T. Miles	43	40	44	127
Sir Henry Halford	39	46	42	127
W. Scott	40	45	42	127
L. W. Parlin	39	44	46	126
E. A. Perry	37	48	46	126

No. 4.—"MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

First Stage.—Open to all members of the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps of the United States, or of the National Guard of any State. Each competitor to appear in the uniform (full dress or fatigue) worn by the organization of which he is a member. Distances, 200, 500, and 600yds. Rounds, seven at each distance. Weapon, any military rifle. Position, at 200yds., standing; at 5 00 and 600yds., any. Entrance fee, $2.

1st Prize. Cash	$25
2d " "	15
3d to 10th, each, cash, $5	40
Total	$80

Second Stage.—Open to the highest sixty in the first stage. The winner of the first prize in this stage is entitled to the "Championship of the United States of America" for one year. Distances, 800, 900, and 1,000yds. Rounds, seven at each distance.

Pool targets will be opened at Sea Girt, one-half hour before the commencement of this stage; at 900yds. upon conclusion of 800yds. range, for half an hour; and at 1,000yds. upon conclusion of 900yds. range, for half an hour; the match shooting at each range to immediately follow the closing of the pool targets at such range. Position, any. Entrance fee, $2.

1st Prize.—The United States Military Championship Gold Medal; value, $50, and cash, $25	$75
2d Prize.—Cash	30
3d, 4th and 5th, each, cash, $10	30
8th, 7th, 8th and 10th, each, cash, $5	25
Total	$150

	First Stage.				Second Stage.			
	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
S A Day	29	33	30	92	W M Farrow	32	29	21	85
T E Webster	27	30	32	89	J M Pollard	28	25	23	76
J M Pollard	26	33	30	89	E H Sanford	33	25	26	74
J Smith	28	32	29	89	T E Wackwell	32	23	23	72
J L Price	28	30	29	87	C W Hinman	29	19	23	71
S E Irlam	29	30	27	86	J R Denman	31	20	21	72
G W Munson	28	32	26	86	S A Day	27	21	14	62
H T Lockwood	29	29	28	86	J L Price	29	19	11	60
E W Ives	26	32	26	84	W R Bostwick	28	2	16	46
G E P Howard	31	30	23	84					

No. 5 "WIMBLEDON CUP" MATCH.

Open to all citizens and residents of the United States. Distance, 1,000yds. Thirty shots. Weapon, any rifle within the rules. Position, any without artificial rest. Entrance fee, $5.

1st Prize.—The "Wimbledon Cup," presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the N. R. A. of America, to be competed for on conditions to be decided upon by the National Rifle Association of America, and to be held by the winner till the next Fall Meeting thereof, when it will be shot for on the same conditions. Value, $500, and cash, $35 | $525 00
2d Prize.—A Remington Creedmoor Rifle, offered by Messrs. E. Remington & Sons. Value | 80 00
3d, 4th and 5th, each, cash, $10 | 30 00
6th to 10th, each, cash, $5 | 25 00
Total | $860 00

| | | | | |

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
29th Separate Company (1st)	100	111	211
29th Separate Company (2d)	111	104	215
Company H, 7th Regiment	110	106	216
Company B, 7th Regiment	111	100	211
Company A, 14th Regiment	113	98	211

No. 18.—"SHORT RANGE—ALL COMERS" TEAM MATCH.

Open to teams of four composed of all comers; 200yds; seven shots per man on each entry; position, standing; any rifle. Teams shooting all military weapons to receive six points allowance on aggregate score.

Competitors must not be members of more than one team.

Two entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. Entrance fee, $5 per team.

1st Prize.—Cash	$25 00
2d Prize.—Cash	20 00
3d, 4th and 5th, each, cash, $10	30 00
Total	$75 00

Major Humphrey's Team.

Major Humphrey	33	Major Pearse	29
Lieut Heap	31	Corp Oliver	30
Allowance			6—129

Newport Rifle Association	128
New York Rifle Club (first team)	123
Capt Godsall's team	116
Brooklyn Amateur Rifle Association	125
Michigan State Troop	135
Corp Bates's team	125
Michigan State team	122
New York Rifle Club (second team)	119
New York Rifle Club (third team)	118

No. 19.—"INTERNATIONAL MILITARY" MATCH.

Between British and American teams.

No. 20.—"CONSOLATION" MATCH.

Open to all comers. Winners of prizes exceeding $2 in cash or value, won in any match of this meeting, to be handicapped two points on their score; 200yds., any military rifle, seven shots; standing position. Entrance fee, 50c.

1st Prize.—Cash	$15
2d "	10
3d to 7th, each, cash, $5	25
8th to 22d, " " 2	30
Total	$80

J J Horan	35	35—32	E J Crum	44	45—30
B O Bush	34	45—31	Wm McBrian	34	45—30
G W Munson	45	46—32	A D Van Heusen	45	45—30
B H Silliman	44	41—30	C H Gaus	45	41—30
—"Less 2			W M Farrow	35	35—30

G A Krebs, D D Wylie, J Pickham, T E Webster, 29 each; J McEwen, J N Pyne, F M Barnes, J R Spellman and C E Robbins, 28 each; G D Coulston, C B Bates, S S Bumstead, John McKinzie, 27 each.

No 21.—"GOLD WATCH" MATCH.

Open to everybody. 1,000yds., any position and rifle, 15 shots each entry. Entries unlimited, at $2 for first and $1 for each subsequent entry, without post charge. No score to be commenced after 4:30 P. M. The prize, a stem-winding, 18-carat, double-case gold watch, presented by Maj. G. L. Morse, value $75, to that competitor making the highest score.

FH Holton	71	R Winegar	69
S I Scott	70	Capt Adams	69
T Lamb, Jr	69	H Halford	61
W Saxby	67	H Parris	59
W Scott	66	R McVittie	58
D Bainbaw	66	C C Godfrey	53
F W Lantz	64	D F Manice	44
R Rathbone	64		

Mr. J. H. Steward, of 406 Strand, London, optician by appointment to the National Rifle Association of America, offers two elegant prizes to be awarded in the manner following:

A.—To that competitor making the highest aggregate score in Matches 13, 14 and 15, a New Camp Binocular Field Glass, as used officially at Wimbledon (won by H. T. Lockwood; score, 121); value $40 00

B.—To that competitor making the highest aggregate score in Matches 2, 3 and 5, a Lord Bury Telescope (won by J. H. Brown; score, 291); value 25 00

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE TEAM MEDALS.—In connection with the International Match came an after fight for two medals. The contest came off on Saturday, September 16. The teams were to shoot for two $100 gold medals offered by B. A. Vogeler & Co., and W. T. Blackwell & Co. One medal was to be given to the man in each team who in contest with his fellows should make the highest score. It was in no sense to be a contest between the teams. Both bodies lunched together in the headquarters tent with the officers of the National Rifle Association. Dr. Morean Morris, surgeon of the Seventh Regiment, presented Mrs. Humphrey with a bouquet made of English ivy and oak leaves, and bound with red, white and blue ribbons. He said that he was not surprised at the victory of the British team, when its interests were watched over by so fair a guardian. Major Humphrey returned thanks for his wife. Major Morris presented Sir Henry Halford with a laurel wreath. The British team fired 10 shots per man per range, while the Americans fired but 7 shots, the scores standing:

	British Team.					American Team.				
	200 yds.	600 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.	200 yds.	500 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.	
Caldwell	44	47	43	38	172	Dolan	27	27	24	85
Pearse	43	46	39	38	166	Hinds	30	26	24	80
Parry	45	36	36	40	157	Smith	27	30	23	80
Bates	44	35	36	40	155	Atkinson	30	23	28	80
Humphry	41	39	35	36	151	Van Heusen	24	30	24	78
Godsal	45	41	29	36	151	Ogden	28	31	17	76
McVittie	44	45	32	29	150	Shakespeare	28	28	19	75
Oliver	39	40	33	37	149	Pollard	26	28	19	73
Goodear	46	44	29	29	148	Griffith	26	26	20	72
Walrond	43	35	39	30	144	Alder	25	26	20	71
Boulter	41	40	40	25	146	Hinman	29	23	20	71
Mellish	38	40	32	35	145	Ward	22	23	13	70
Dods	45	35	28	30	139	Irwin	25	28	16	69
Heap	40	33	23	12	108	McNevin	25	23	0	58
						Paulding	27	25		

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—At Walnut Hill to-day a few gentlemen battled bravely with a most perplexing and baffling wind, which blew from the northeast, and made large scores very difficult to make. The wind not only affected the bullets but swayed the guns so as to make it almost impossible to "hold" at the off-hand position required. The following are some of the best scores made, the new fifteen-cent practice match being the most puzzling:

Practice Match.

A Duffee (Mil.)	45	55	55—45
J A Cobb	45	43	45—42
D Augan	44	43	35—42
B S Jenkins	45	44	33—40
J C Burns	44	43	45—40
P D Thomas	43	44	31—39

Creedmoor Match.

J A Cobb	45	44	33—40
A J Carter	45	45	43—38

C A Jones.....34 34 44 43—36

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB—Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting.—South Vernon, Vt., Sept. 6 and 7, 1882.—Order of the day, thirty consecutive shots to three ten-strings; distance, forty rods, at rest. The club medal to the best aggregate of the three strings. Below, in inches, 8th and 10th, are the best scores in each string, and the best aggregate of three strings, measured from centre to centre:

	First String.	Second String.	Third String.
H Warner	5 4 0	N S Brockway	11 0 0
C F Fletcher	9 5 1	J Williamson	13 1 0
R C Cressy	10 0 1	N J Huntoon	13 4 0

C F Fletcher	9 5 0
H Warner	9 6 0
N B Tyler	10 3 0

The best aggregate, Homer Warner, Wilcox, Pa., 29 1-0.

J. WILLIAMSON, President.

THE ELCHO SHIELD MATCH.—24 Suffolk Street, Dublin, September 5, 1882.—In the reports of this match, published in England, there are some errors which I find repeated in the account of it that recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. No "Sharp" rifle was used this year by any of the Irish teams. Their armament was five Rigbys and three Metfords. Mr. Coghlan, who made the highest individual score of the three teams, used a "Rigby," as also did Mr. Gauly, whose fine record of thirteen bullseyes in his fifteen shots at 1000yds. was most heartily applauded. The Irish team had top score at 800 and at 1000yds., but lost the match by a series of errors at the middle range, among which the most remarkable were three cases of miscreading the wind gauge by a whole division, equalling ten-hundredths of an inch, resulting in two misses and one outer. The wind was a most difficult one, varying in force and direction so suddenly that very large alterations of the wind gauge were constantly necessary. This was the cause of the low score made by all the teams.—JOHN RIGBY.

LOST MEDAL.—Leo Fitzmann, of 13 Second avenue, picked up a National Guard's marksman's medal with three bars, at the festival held at Jones' Wood, Sept. 19.

THE TRAP.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS vs. MIDWAY.—A friendly match between the Jersey City Heights Gun Club and the Midway Gun Club, Matawan, N. J., was shot on Tuesday, the 19th, at the grounds of Jersey City Heights Club. Teams of 25 men, 15 birds, 28yds. rise, under the Jersey City Heights Gun Club's rules, which allow both barrels, but if a second barrel is used to count a half bird only. Considerable interest was manifested in this match, as the Midways had defeated the Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn. We give the scores below, the Jersey City Club winning by 7 birds:

Jersey City Heights Gun Club.										
Heritage, Jr.	1	1	1	1—5	Palmer	1	1	1	1	1½—4½
Townsend	1	1	1	1—5	Burlett	0	1	1	1	1—4
Demarest	1	1	1	1—5	Meadowcroft	1	1	1	0	1—4
Heritage	1	½	½	1—3	Lamb	1	0	0	1	½—3
Thompson	0	0	0	1—2	Baker	1	0	1	1	1—4
Hughes	1	1	1	1—5	Collins	1	0	1	1	1—4
Cannon	0	1	0	1—3	Eaton	1	0	1	1	1—4
Berkery	1	1	½	0—3½	Outwater	1	0	1	1	0—3
B Payne	0	1	1	1—4	J Von Lengerke	1	1	1	1	0—3½
Fowl	1	1	1	1—4½	Antoine	1	0	0	1	0—2
W Payne	½	1	1	1—3½	J Von Lengerke, 1	1	1	1	1	1—5
Cummins	1	1	1	1—5	Verrington	1	1	½	½	1—4
King	1	0	1	1—3½						
Grand total										97½

Midway Gun Club.										
Disbrow	½	1	1	1—4½	Vilmis	1	1	1	½	½—4
Applegate	1	½	½	0—3	Holmes	0	1	1	1	0—3
Vanderveer	1	½	0	½—2½	F E Hyer	1	1	1	½	1—4½
Dunlap	0	1	1	1—4	Gerin	1	1	0	1	1—4
Warner	1	0	1	1—3	D Hyer	0	1	1	0	1—3
Conover	1	1	1	½ 1—4½	Muirhead	1	½	0	1	½—3
Brown	1	1	1	0—4	Borden	0	0	1	1	0—2
Berger	1	1	1	½ 1—4½	Brackle	0	1	0	1	0—2
Coleman	1	0	0	1—2	Lamberson	0	1	1	0	½—2½
Ivins	1	1	1	½ 1—4½	Haight	1	0	1	1	0—3
Riddle	1	1	1	0—4	Campbell	1	1	0	1	1—4
Waite	1	1	1	1—5	Terhune	1	1	0	1	1—4
Belle	1	1	1	1—5						
Grand total										90½

LONG ISLAND FORESTERS.—The regular monthly shoot of the Long Island Forester Club was held at Canarsie Saturday, Sept. 16. Seven birds, handicap rise:

Thorpe, 21yds	1111000—4	Field, 21yds	0000010—1
Seidt, 23yds	1101111—6	Hawkes, 23yds	1100011—4
Giles, 21yds	1111101—6	Banks, 23yds	1000001—2
Ryan, 23yds	1110110—5		

Mr. J. F. Sabin wins the medal.

Remember if you wish to buy a fine gun and save money, go to C. L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—SEPT. 16.

THE fall match of this club was sailed last Saturday in a strong northwest blow. Nineteen yachts started, but only eleven finished in good shape, the rest being disabled and one capsized. There were three classes, with entries as follows: Cabin sloop Sara, Commodore Hobby, 30ft. 5in. (no competitor). Second class, jib and mainsail—Nettie Thorp, J. W. Thorp, 24ft. 10in.; Corinna K., P. Crumeich, 23ft. 9in. Third class, jib and mainsail—Rover, W. H. Erskine, 20ft.; Nimrod, J. F. Lalor, 20ft. 6in.; Maggie, Wagner & Lange, 17ft. 10½in.; Mary Gibson, N. Lockwood, 21ft. 10½in. Fourth class, cat-rigged—Lizzie R., 31ft.; Alice, Baker & Beals, 29ft. 10½in.; Gracie, W. R. Morse, 24ft. 6in. Fifth class, cat-rigged—Gilt Edge, L. Lefferts, 23ft. 8in.; Melanie, W. A. Stewart, 21ft. 5½in.; Sharpie, W. Wolter, 21ft. 3½in. Sixth class, cat-rigged—Magic, J. L. Barker, 19ft. 5in.; Bon Ton, P. F. Heraty, 18ft.; Susie B., A. A. French, 17ft. 9in.; Vaddie, W. A. Brady, 17ft.; Lillie A., J. E. Ackerman, 16ft. 8in. Seventh class, cat-rigged—Hattie, R. Schelling, 14ft. 8½in. (no competitor). The course was from off the club house at Fort Morris to and around Gangway buoy, off Sand's Point, and return, for all but the seventh class, the latter turning the buoy off Fort Schuyler.

The steamer Philadelphia went over the course with the committee, Messrs. A. E. Miller, D. M. Winnie and E. W. Smith. Start flying with five minutes to cross. It was a fine wind up, but as the broad reach beyond the Brothers was entered, the strong gusts played havoc with the boats. The Sharpie got into trouble Corrina K. parted peak halliards, but repaired and continued for a while, but a second parting forced her to give up. The Gibson got into trouble and withdrew. The Gibson parted halliards off Whitestone, but made good the damage smartly. The little Hattie capsized and the rest shipped a great deal of water, and had many narrow shaves from like disaster. It was a case of "jogging" with a vengeance and hard work for the crews. Off Fort Schuyler both ends were hauled around throughout the fleet, excepting Lizzie R., Alice and Nettie Thorp. The Gangway buoy was rounded as follows: Lizzie R. at 12:47:20; Alice, 12:50:35; Nettie Thorp, 12:58:49; Sara, 12:59:05; Gracie, 12:59:35; Rover, 1:00:40; Gilt Edge, 1:00:48; Mary Gibson, 1:01; Nimrod, 1:01:34; Bon Ton, 1:05:3; Melanie, 1:07; Lillie A., 1:12; Maggie, 1:13:50.

The full sheet took them around Fort Schuyler buoy where sheets were trimmed flat, and with a favoring ebb fast time home was made, the winners being Sara, Nettie Thorp, Mary Gibson, Lizzie R., Melanie and Bon Ton. The race was a memorable one, both as to the large number of competitors and the hard work entailed by the rousing blow. One thing was lacking, however, and that was some regular windward work. Finish as under:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Sara	11 39 10	2 52 59	3 13 49	3 13 49

SECOND CLASS.

Nettie Thorp	11 37 40	2 52 53	3 15 13	3 15 13
Corrina K	11 38 00	Gave up.		

THIRD CLASS.

Rover	11 30 00	3 16 54	3 46 54	3 46 54
Mary Gibson	11 39 30	3 48 29	3 31 59	3 31 44
Maggie	11 32 15	Not timed.		
Nimrod	11 34 00	3 10 38	3 36 38	3 33 38

FOURTH CLASS.

Gracie	11 24 11	3 02 49	3 38 31	3 25 31
Alice	11 24 25	2 59 26	3 35 01	3 22 49
Lizzie R	11 20 00	2 30 20	3 01 20	3 01 20

FIFTH CLASS.

Gilt Edge	11 24 16	3 04 49	3 40 33	3 40 33
Melanie	11 27 00	3 10 41	3 43 41	3 39 16
Sharpie	11 26 00	Gave up.		

SIXTH CLASS.

Magic	11 24 00	Gave up.		
Bon Ton	11 22 20	3 29 18	4 07 58	4 05 08
Susie B	11 22 28	Did not go course.		
Vaddie	11 21 15	Did not go course.		
Lillie A	11 23 24	Not timed.		

SEVENTH CLASS.

Hattie	11 17 15	Capsized.		

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB—SEPT. 16.

"It was a jolly mariner, the smallest man of three,
He loosed his sail against the wind, and turned his boat to sea."

A FRESH breeze from the west would have given ample excuse for a postponement, had any been needed, of the fifth race for the Challenge Cup, set for last Saturday, but 9 P. M. found all the sailormen who had entered ready at the float of the club house, Staten Island. The large racing sails had one and then two reefs turned in as the breeze freshened, and were finally dispensed with, smaller ones by the Dot and Ripple, each carrying cruising main and mizzen lugs, single reefed, while the Tramp carried racing mainsail only, also single reefed. The course selected was from the float to and around the quarantine hulk off Bedloe's Island, thence around a pile off Constable's hook, 13¼ miles, and back to float, 3¼ mile, or about 4¼ miles, thus avoiding the strong ice-going tide in the Narrows.

The reef to leeward of the float, nearly bare, made it difficult to start, but the boats were finally laid head to wind along the float, the Tramp, Vice-Commodore Oudin, to windward; Ripple, Mr. Whitlock, next, and the Dot, Commodore Vaux, to leeward, the bow of each being beyond the other in the order named. At last the word to go was given by Mr. Stephens, the boats were cast off together, the Dot at once filling away, and starting off in the style, while as the Tramp swung off more rapidly than the Ripple, with boom well off to starboard, the latter paid off until her mast brought up inside the boom of the Tramp, some time being lost in getting both clear, the Dot meanwhile taking a handsome lead. Once clear, the others started in chase, the Ripple keeping well to windward, and with the wind forward of the beam her extra foot of length soon told, the Tramp taking third place, though the Dot still held a good lead.

The tide up off Robbin's Reef made lively work for a few minutes, but the positions were about the same, except that, evidently overestimating the force of the ice-going tide, the Ripple kept too far to windward. Between the Reef and the first turn the Tramp took a knock-down, but quickly luffed and was off again. At 4:10 P. M. the Dot tacked around the mark, and with boom to port stood up toward the Jersey shore, passing the Ripple, which had gone far to windward of the mark, and was then running down for it. Tramp profiting by this error, rounded second at 4:11½, the Ripple following at 4:12¾. The three now presented a handsome sight, the crews seated up on the starboard deck, the crew of the Dot, owing to her "tumble home" and 4in. less freeboard, sitting, during the puffs, not deck, but actually outside on the upper-strake of the boat, a position which, at each weather roll, forcibly recalled the motto of the Cincinnati C. C., "Madidam mutavi vestem." At 4:23 the Dot was again about on port tack, and heading for Black Tom, the Tramp following at 4:25 and the Ripple, now far astern, holding on for a short time longer. At 4:30 all three were standing up well under their canvas, but a moment later a shout from the float directed all glasses on the Tramp, which had been holding well on to the Dot and rapidly leaving the Ripple, but now

"Alas—the Lively—where is she?
Her capsized keel is in the foam
Her pennons in the sea."

A rush was made at once to launch a boat for her rescue, but her plucky skipper, after several attempts, boarded her, put all hands to the pumps, and was shortly bound for home under paddle. The Dot, seeing no help was needed, held on her course, the Ripple evidently having an engagement in the direction of Jersey City. For the next ten minutes the Tramp engrossed the attention of all, but at 4:43 the Dot was to windward of the second mark.

"Up went the helm—close reefed—
The sheet held firmly in his hand,
With ballast snug—the vessel jibed,
And scudded for the land."

With a strong ebb under her and a stiff breeze astern, the little Dot fairly danced over the last leg of the course and finished at 4:49, the liveliest and most exciting race yet held for the cup, the Ripple rounding at 4:50 and finishing at 4:57. Four of the five races sailed have been won by the Dot, and too much praise cannot be given to Com. Vaux for the admirable way in which she is handled. Four seasons of racing together have made a combination of man and boat that will be very hard to beat, as is shown by the way in which they have disposed of larger, more powerful and heavier ballasted boats.

The performances of the Pearls thus far have not come up to the expectations of their friends, but it is no disparagement to their owners to say that they have not been handled yet to their best advantage. To get the best results from such boats it is absolutely necessary that they shall be canvassed, ballasted and trimmed properly, and some time and care is necessary to do this. The season is not over yet and there is still time for such practice and trial, that they may open next season under better auspices, the management of the race was in the hands of Messrs. Stephens, Monroe and Newman.

SUMMARY.

Fifth race for Whitlock Challenge Cup, Sept. 16, 1882. Wind fresh from W., tide ebb, course triangular, 4¼ miles.

Canoe.	Model.	Length.	Beam.	Start.	Mark.	Mark.	Fin.	Time
		ft. in.	in.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m
Dot, B. Vaux	Shadow	14 4	30	3:54	4:10	4:43	4:49	:55
Ripple, W. Whitlock	Pearl	15	31½	3:54	4:12¾	4:50	4:57	1:07
Tramp, C. P. Oudin	Pearl	14	33	3:54	4:11½	.....	.....	

EAST RIVER Y. C.—SEPT. 18.

A BRISK southwest wind made the fall race of the club last Monday a memorable and interesting event. Before the start the Mary Gibson capsized, but was got upon her legs again in time to sail, the gaff of the Holmes gave way shortly after crossing, and several minutes were lost in effecting repairs. Lone Star capsized when nearing Fort Schuyler, and Favorita got into trouble with her board. The steamer Americus accompanied the racers with the regatta committee on board. Course from club house, Greenpoint, Hell Gate, to and around Stepping Stones lightvessel and return. Alice made the best time but was ruled out for passing west of Blackwell's Island. It was a free wind up with a close haul home, and a beat through the Gate. Reefs and bob jibs were in order for this work, the latter being found cutting out hard and wet work for the crews. Entries as follows:

Class A.—Cabin sloops—Linda, 42ft., H. C. Roome; Favorita, 32ft. 6in., Commodore Charde; James Tregarthen, 30ft. 6in., Vice Commodore Reminaton; Lorelei, 30ft. 10in., A. Beals.

Class B.—Cabin sloops—Elsie May, 30ft. 4in., J. G. Northrup; M. W. Couway, 29ft. 4in., James Conway; Alice, 27ft. 9in., T. C. White.

Class C.—Cabin sloops—Julia, 24ft. 3in., J. F. Sullivan; Progress, 23ft. 4in., J. Schuessele.

Class D.—Cabin sloops—Jewell, 23ft., H. H. Holmes; H. H. Holmes, 22ft. 2in., J. Kreymeir; Mary Gibson, 21ft. 11in., N. Lockwood.

Class F.—Open sloops—Valley Forge, 18ft. 4in., E. B. Conners; Tip Top, 16ft. 10in., S. R. Silliman.

Class G.—Cat-rigged—Lone Star, 18ft. 4in., Oswar Jocback; Oakley, 15ft., F. Oakley.

It was a day for size to tell and the largest boats had the best of the bargain. Measurement was taken on load line, and the start was flying. Favorita won on time; Elsie May takes prize in class B., Alice going wrong course; Julianus in class C; the Mary in class D., Progress being disabled, and Tip Top wins on time from Valley Forge. The catboats failed to make a race, the weather being too much for such light weights. Jewell takes challenge pennant for best corrected time, allowance being figured for all the boats down to class, Favorita being 23 seconds longer by the same process. Summary:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
	H. m. s.	H. m. s.	H. m. s.	H. m. s.
Linda	11 50 51	3 47 19	3 56 28	3 56 28
Favorita	11 49 25	3 53 08	4 03 43	3 44 43
J. Tregarthen	11 50 20	4 06 05	4 15 45	3 52 45
Lorelei	11 54 11	4 31 21	4 37 10	4 14 00

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

Elsie May	11 50 51	4 06 17	4 15 26	4 15 26
M. W. Conway	11 52 45	4 37 34	4 44 49	4 42 49
Alice	11 51 35	4 01 54	4 10 19	4 03 49

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS.

Julia	11 53 23	4 35 39	4 42 16	4 42 16
Progress	11 53 32	Broke down.		

CLASS E—OPEN SLOOPS.

Jewell	11 55 54	4 00 18	4 16 20	4 16 20
H. H. Holmes	11 55 10	4 44 23	4 49 13	4 41 23
Mary Gibson	11 50 37	4 24 56	4 31 19	4 26 09

CLASS F—OPEN SLOOPS.

Valley Forge	11 53 31	4 28 57	4 35 26	4 32 26
Tip Top	11 52 03	4 23 57	4 31 54	4 31 54

CLASS G—CAT-RIGGED.

Lone Star	11 49 14	Capsized.		
Oakley	11 50 59	Not timed.		

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The sixty-ninth match of the club was sailed Sept. 16, off the club house, Harrison Square, in a stiff northwest wind. Two classes, cats over and under 18ft. Course, seven miles. Reefs were hardened down, but many came to grief. Niobe parted main sheet off Halfway Rock; Water Witch split rudder; Amy split centerboard and Warrior carried away main boom. The big new Belle, a huge cat rig, split her mainsail near the foot and tied down two reefs, she won easily on her power. Judges, Hartford Davenport, Frank Batcheller, H. A. Sallé, Coolidge Barnard, Geo. H. Guslin. A dinner at Hull followed, many yachts running down to that town with guests aboard. Summary as under:

FIRST CLASS.

Name and Owner.	Length. Ft. In.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Belle, J. E. Baker	26 03	1 08 18	0 46 46
Thisbie, S. A. Freeman	21 08	1 17 00	0 51 25
Penang, H. Gray	20 04	1 23 09	0 56 26
Isis, J. K. Souther	20 06	1 26 00	1 00 37
Niobe, A. J. Clark	20 01	Disabled.	
Water Witch, T. G. King	19 03	Disabled.	
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21 00	Disabled.	
Marion, W. H. Litchfield	25 00	Disabled.	
Dawn, C. M. Baker	18 10	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS.

Nora, G. B. Denny	16 07	1 33 19	1 01 27
Lorelei, W. W. Beardsley	16 07	1 39 49	1 05 09
Gretchen, E. P. Sharp	16 08	Withdrawn.	
Spray, C. H. Nute	14 03	Withdrawn.	

NEW BEDFORD Y. C.—Ninth match for the Commodore's Cup was sailed Sept. 6 by the third-class sloops of the club. Course: From Fletcher's foot flank buoy, leave buoy to port, Bush buoy to starboard, Wilkes's Ledge buoy ditto; Butler's Flats buoy to port, and to starting line—fifteen nautical miles. Wind fresh northeast. Painter lost topmast near Black Rock. Judges, E. B. Hammond and E. P. Haskell. Summary:

	Length. Ft. In.	Actual. H. M. S.	Corrected. H. M. S.
Arazalia	28 01	2 33 51	2 31 16
Painter	29 00½	2 34 01	2 33 25
Glimpse	30 00½	2 40 41	2 33 26
Iderim	24 00	2 52 06	2 43 03
Starling	29 01½	2 54 55	2 53 48

DON QUIXOTE ABROAD.

MR. FRANK GOWER, of Providence, R. I., is fortunate enough to own a little cathoat called Gleam. Mr. Gower likewise has an "organ" in our brigat contemporary, the *Providence Sunday Star*. Mr. Gower's cathoat has been a source of great trouble to its owner, and has led him into fighting windmills to port, to starboard and ahead, very big windmills, too, for it has taken columns upon columns in the *Star* to relate the ire-arousing manner in which the windmills declined to notice the ferocious onslaughts made upon them by such a mite as a most deserving little cathoat. Mr. Gower returns crestfallen, filled with bitter feelings toward our slow-going cousins abroad, because all England failed to rave and tear its hair in feverish excitement over the advent in its waters of a boat few of England could give a beating to and none to match, which could only be quenched in long columns of exultation at the doings of his wondrous little sailboat, right in the enemy's own waters. And Mr. Gower was not reckoning without his host—only he failed to furnish the materials required for the exploitation of his hero. He has been a man enough to have served up to the public. Mr. Gower won his victories in ink instead of adoat, and we declined to beslobber a cat possessing no merit, and therefore demanding no attention, and that is the reason so little notice was made in this journal of Gleam and her owner's publicity but illustrated adventures in the London yachting press.

Mr. Gower has returned to the scenes of his youth and in the *Star* sets forth his grievances at length with the very truthful remark that there are two sides to the question. Since he has given our side in his excellent organ, we will for the sake of setting things right in history give the public the benefit of the side he has overlooked, so that all may judge by the facts intelligently, and decide in this war which Mr. Gower has so bravely undertaken single handed against a people from the Prince of Wales down to the crowd of unsympathizing wretched Britons who cheered or are said to have cheered him so heatly upon the slightest provocation. It is well to see ourselves as others see us, and in holding up the mirror to the cathoat Gleam, may we hope it will teach him wherein he has failed and why his boat has not been proclaimed the sensation he deems her to be in his own estimation.

We quote the salient points from the *Star* as under, premising that, if not written by Mr. Gower himself, as we have reason to believe, they were at all events "inspired" from that source, and are as replete with warped statements, romance and views soured by disappointments as attempts to overreach opponents as other similar articles which have been distributed by Mr. Gower's honest pen.

"While a prominent sporting paper of New York, whose editor's fulsome praises of the English cutter rig, and his depreciation of the centerboard and the American model of yachts generally, are given a wide circulation in America, is publishing laudatory articles about the English cutters that dragged and sailed so far from home in American waters, it is desirable that the public should know that there is room at least for two opinions on the subject, and that a Rhode Island boat, of the extreme American model as to length, beam, depth and model on board, has created more of a panic in English waters among boats of her class for the past two seasons than did ever the Madge or the Maggie on the American side of the water. For, while Americans admitted the speed and weatherly qualities of Madge and Maggie, they were not afraid to meet them, and their yachtsmen generously admitted them to both regattas and private matches on most favorable terms, and were willing to go upon the record as being beaten if the visiting vessels could do the beating.

As an introduction we have here a tissue of misstatements and wild assertions devoid of fact, for which Mr. Gower's distant residence may serve as an excuse. The complimentary allusions to the prominent New York sporting paper refers, of course, to *Forest and Stream*, as no other yachting paper of standing in the country. The "fulsome puffery" with which we are charged consists of our efforts to introduce deep, wholesome yachts in place of traps, using the visiting cutters as the most effective handle or pry for the purpose, with what effort has been made to "depreciate" the centerboard and the American model of yachts generally, are given a wide circulation in America, is publishing laudatory articles about the English cutters that dragged and sailed so far from home in American waters, it is desirable that the public should know that there is room at least for two opinions on the subject, and that a Rhode Island boat, of the extreme American model as to length, beam, depth and model on board, has created more of a panic in English waters among boats of her class for the past two seasons than did ever the Madge or the Maggie on the American side of the water. For, while Americans admitted the speed and weatherly qualities of Madge and Maggie, they were not afraid to meet them, and their yachtsmen generously admitted them to both regattas and private matches on most favorable terms, and were willing to go upon the record as being beaten if the visiting vessels could do the beating."

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matches with private owners, accepting our existing rules. Maggie joined several of our yacht clubs, and as a vessel of the fleet enjoys the same rights as any other in the club and nothing more. No rules have been relaxed in her favor, but she sails under the heavy handicap of length. Mr. Gower's conduct is really none of our business, but may we be permitted to suggest that had he pursued the same course as the owners of Madge and Maggie he would have met with like success? We are not aware that they "demanded," threatened, expostulated or sought to have existing rules laid aside for their benefit, nor did they coolly ask whether this or that sailing committee proposed to take initiative action, nor yet insist upon terms altogether in their favor as the condition of their racing. Mr. Gower would have had no cause to complain had his *pronunciamento* to the Royal Yacht Squadron been issued at all. The committee found necessary to remember in a general way this definition. Few could considerately send the following note, detailing the rules of the club, to which it not unnaturally expected a person claiming the privileges of entering would readily subscribe.

ROYAL PORTSMOUTH CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB, }
August 6, 1882. }

SIR—I placed your letter dated 1st inst. before the committee of this club yesterday, and I am directed to forward you our programme for next Saturday, by which you will see that there is a race for Una boats, but they must be steered by a member of the club, so if you can get any member to steer for you, you can enter and race the Gleam. You will observe that the race is a handicap, and the handicapping will be arranged on Wednesday next. I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) C. E. MCCUNAIG, Hon. Secretary.

To which Mr. Gower is moved to respond categorically, volunteering his particular views as a partisan, but, at a lifeless, sinless, irresponsible yacht.

Cowes, Aug. 7, 1882.

C. E. McCraig, Esq., Honorary Secretary R. P. C. Y. Club:

SIR—I am duly notified by your letter of the 6th inst., on behalf of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. As I understand your terms, you will allow the Gleam to enter your regatta, in her (Una) class, upon the conditions:

1. That she allow herself to be steered by a member of your club.

2. That she allow your committee to impose any allowance of time which they see fit, without regard to size, or to the usual rules in such cases. I beg to be allowed to decline both these conditions, and to add the comment that they seem to me to be among the most remarkable terms of entry ever offered by any club to a visiting vessel.

I remain, sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) F. GOWER.

The dutiful organ this side of the Atlantic, rings the echo as under:

"Truly, a most munificent offer to make! To invite the writer to enter our race, wherein he was to submit to such a handicap as they chose to impose, and then to pass the management of his boat over to his antagonists."

And in this way the irrepressible and gallant owner of Gleam conjures up another big windmill. He applies to be admitted to a certain race, to be kindly accepted and sent programmes. The conditions do not suit Mr. Gower, and small blame to him. No handicap is a fair match, as it means simply a penalty on the fast boats in favor of the slow. Again Mr. Gower was perfectly right in declining to deliver his boat to the mercies of a helmsman unacquainted with her wiles, though his inordinate suspicion of foul play we believe grounded less. The conditions not being suitable to a fair trial of the Gleam, there was but one thing to do, to keep out of the race and the matter would have been ended. But Mr. Gower expects that the Royal Portsmouth—which, with all due respect to Mr. Gower, doesn't care one cent's worth for him or his catboat and probably never heard of either until the receipt of his letter—should recall a programme already fixed, under which entries had been made, prizes appropriated and expenses incurred, to please his High Mightiness, Mr. Gower, from Rhode Island. Mr. Gower is very unreasonable. The programme could not be altered without a meeting of the club, the withdrawal of entries already made, a change in fixtures all round, and much other fuss, red tape and loss of time. The committee had no authority to do it. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that Mr. Gower's last communication was not honored with a reply or explanation. An unpardonable sin has been committed by our panic-stricken cousins abroad, for which they have justly been held to account by the home organ. We quote from the Providence *Star* once more:

"The yachting papers have ceased to refer to her as an American, and one of the most prominent of them seeks, week after week, with laudable persistency, to disparage her individuality, by mentioning her briefly as 'the Gleam, Mr. J. S. Gower.'"

There lived in the fifteenth century, we believe, one J. S. Gower, who was jugged for stealing chickens, and the conspiracy of the British press to get the gentleman from Providence, Rhode Island, misses fire, and the Gleam is maintained under the most constructive mind, as shameless as it is cowardly. Mr. F. Gower will find in this journal a staunch defender by his side, prepared to maintain his initial against the dastardly plot to run him out of existence in favor of the above-mentioned Una. We are not aware of the views of Mr. Gower's difficulties abroad in this journal of world-wide circulation, is absolute guarantee that the designing schemes of English yachting editors against the nationality of the catboat Gleam, will end in eventual failure.

We learn with pleasure that "the Gleam is a grievous thorn in the side of small English yachtsmen which will not down." Since that is much better than to have a thorn in the side "which will not out," though we are at a loss to know why undersized English yachtsmen have been selected as victims when big men might stand the infliction with less fear of consequences. We learn with equal pleasure that the Gleam is to continue in racing trim prepared to meet any antagonist bold enough to tackle her. Much as we admire Mr. Gower's enterprise and persistency, which, by the way, we would like to see some sloop owner's imitate, we regret that nothing in the Gleam's career abroad has yet transpired to justify extended notice in these columns. If Mr. Gower will draw a lesson from the foregoing remarks, we have little doubt but that he will find himself able to get on all faces in the next season, and the FOREST AND STREAM the opportunity of demonstrating that we are prepared to mete out equal doses of "fulsome puffery" to any style of yacht whose achievements are really deserving, whether she fly the flag so dear to Mr. Gower's patriotic heart or any other colors under the sun.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—A second attempt was made, Sept. 12, to sail off the Anderson Cup, not awarded in the race of Sept. 8, but the wind failed again in time. The start was in 4 divisions, as before. Entries same, including the 32-ton cutter Aileen, the 16-ton cutter Verve, the 37-ton cutter Alarm, the 90-ton schooner Oriole, sailing at 57 tons, the 17-ton sloops Madcap and Coquette, and the 34-ton sloop Cygnet. The match again failed for want of wind, Aileen made a fine start and was first round Lake Ontario Point twenty minutes to begin with. The start was flying, to one gun, which was given precisely at 10 A. M. The eastern flagboat in the bay was turned by Verve at 10:26, Alarm 10:11, Oriole 10:12, Madcap 10:13½, Coquette 10:18, Cygnet 10:20, Aileen 10:21. Aileen was timed at 10:31. The wind failed in the gap between Toronto Island and the mainland, but Verve fanned out in the lead when more breeze was struck, sending the big ones by her. The Minnie buoy was passed by the schooner Oriole, 11:32, Cygnet second at 11:34, Verve at 11:35, the rest well astern with Aileen at 11:58. Quite a swell had been stirred up by the easterly gale of the previous day, and the cutters were again at a premium. The Island buoy was reached on a close haul by Cygnet first, Verve close aboard, then Oriole, Alarm, Aileen, Coquette and Madcap. The lake then became smooth, and sailing commenced, Aileen having so far made good the twenty minutes lost at the start. The little Verve even weathered on the famous sloop Cygnet in the swell. Says the Toronto *Mail*: "The needle-like cutter dug into the swells like a swordfish, and the sloop rolled and tossed. The outer mark was fetched by the Verve at 2:23, Cygnet 2:32½, Aileen 2:33¼, the rest well to leeward. The wind was rapidly falling and the race became reduced to a drift. The yachts reached the Island buoy from the same position, and the lake then became a sailing a tow into harbor, the rest continuing the drift eastward to the Scarboro mark. The cutters led round and then it fell calm. Occasional catspaws carried cutter Aileen to her moorings at 8:30, cutter Verve second, then Cygnet, Coquette and Oriole.

NAMOUNA IN A JERSEY SEA.—I received a letter from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of New York, who describes a very good passage made by his fine new steam yacht Namouna on Thursday, August 24, from Havre to Cowes. It blew half a gale nearly the whole way across, with a very heavy cross sea, but though fully coaled (160 tons), water and provisioned for a long cruising, Namouna accomplished the passage in seven hours, or at about thirteen knots an hour. She was driven very hard with a view to test her sea-going qualities in bad weather, and quite surprised her owner, and all on board, by her wonderful speed and behavior on such a day. She took hardly any water on board, though very deep, but when about an hour out from Havre, one very big sea gave her a heavy blow forward, smashing in some of her bulwark planking. Namouna has since sailed for the Baltic.—ST. CLARE J. BYRNE.

QUANNAPOWITT REGATTA.—Third match for Commodore's prize—a silver set—was sailed at Wakefield, Sept. 16. Course six miles. Judges, R. H. Mitchell and John A. Maloney. Won by Phantom, J. H. Beebe, in 1:05:30, beating White Cloud, S. O. Richardson; Foam, W. Wiley, and Alice, Dennis Dailey. The Cloud takes second prize, Comm. Yanostrand's silver set becoming the property of Mr. J. H. Beebe, his Phantom having won three successive times.

THE QUESTION OF TYPE.

WE have never seen a more intelligent and sound opinion delivered on the merits of shoal and deep boats than the review of the recent Toronto races in the Toronto *Mail*, September 11. We quote as follows, premising that the seeming shortcoming of the entrants Aileen and Verve when sailing free in light wind is probably due to their being English rig, and that with larger spars they would give a better account of themselves under these circumstances:

"The race brought into prominence again the respective merits of the deep-draught and centerboard yachts, and exemplified in a most interesting way the weak and the strong points in each class. Euclid says 'a line is length without breadth,' and the more one tries to take bee-lines from leeward to leeward the more it is found necessary to remember in a general way this definition. Few could view Saturday's race without going away more convinced than ever of the necessity of length rather than breadth as the *sine qua non* of speed to windward. Length, depth, bulk, and the water displacement, ability to heel far over and yet sail, absolute safety, and considerable comfort—these are evidently desirable qualities. There is a tenacity of purpose in the action of the Aileen and Verve when they turn to windward in a heavy seaway, which the shallow and broad boats can only imitate in the run away and after sometimes tries to imitate the walk of a business man—the want is very apparent. These two boats have keels of many tons of lead, modeled and molded with scientific accuracy, so as to get through the water without holding on to it, and they possess a wind-jamming power as relentless as a meat ax. The Cygnet and Madcap both got a long lead of the Aileen and Verve, the latter not being ready at the start, and the Cygnet was miles ahead at Minico, being extremely fast off the wind. After this the five miles to windward was only a short and long leg; but it was enough for the deep keels to collar the Cygnet.

"Considering the tremendous lead the Cygnet had at Minico (certainly two or three miles), these boats must have sailed nearly two feet to the Cygnet's one, and their performance in the light and vacillating breeze and heavy head sea was simply marvellous. The broad centerboard Madcap, which last won the Prince of Wales' Cup, would rise on a wave, quarter, and then plunge her short broad body into the oncoming wave and receive it on the shoulder. The deep keels on the contrary rose on the waves, and if they put their forefoot out they were held fast and firm on their course by their great depth. Those tons of lead so gracefully shaped had then a motive power which, of their own to forcibly compel the knifelike bow to slice the oncoming wave with unbated speed. Of course the Madcap's sails and trim were in no condition for a race, but nevertheless as all she had in her was coaxed out of her, and as she is a fast representative of her class, her signal defeat is unfortunate for center board yachts. With smoother water the Madcap asks no favors. The truest test, however, of all yachts is the test of going to windward in a seaway. Anything else is largely a question of who can pile on the most rags. The little centerboard Coquette, long, narrow-keeled with none of the deep draught qualities, did wonderfully well, and the deep-keel Coral, with her new sails, showed some of the ability which in the old time caused her to be as much dreaded as 'The cream-colored pirate of the yellow ocean.'"

VIXEN–CERES.—A match was sailed September 14 for $500 and a cup, value $100, between the sloop Vixen, of New Haven, J. G. Beecher, of New Haven, and the sloop Ceres, of Portchester, L. I., W. L. Ward, over a twenty-mile course, from line between Captain's Island and Fort Island Harbor, around Stratford Shoal buoy, and return. Wind blowing fresh southwest and considerable sea on. Vixen is 27ft. 10½in. long, and Ceres, a Kirby built boat, is 39ft. 9in. long allowing the former 5m. 55s. Vixen had a crew of ten hands, which left New Haven at the wheel, and Ceres had eleven hands, with Isaac Martin, of Portchester, to the shipping. Mr. J. Hobart Park acted as referee. The race turned out a one-sided affair, Ceres being too much for the smaller boat in such a wind. The sea bothered both considerably, and numerous knockdowns were the result. Sun for the 28 miles, and the weather rail we might have had to record a capsize. The yachts took the water aboard by the barrelful, and in general made very poor weather of it. A short time after starting Vixen's weather rigging parted, and the jig was rove. Ceres then reefed sing and continued over the course at leisure. The start was made at 11:25:15, lower mark rounded by Ceres at 1:32 and the free run home in little more than an hour, the race ending at 2:36. Elapsed time, 3:10:15. The match excited a good deal of interest, and Portchester was elated with the ending. Another match between the two for $100 over a twenty-mile course has been agreed to.

BUFFALO Y. C.—During the season of 1881 the Buffalo Y. C. offered a valuable barometer as a prize for the yachts in the squadron under the rules of the club, the prize to go to the yacht winning the most races. At the first race in 1881, sloop Fun (T. P. Frank), the Arrow (Geo. G. Smyth), and the Curlew (J. F. Elliott) contended for the prize, the Curlew won. Another race was had soon after, when the Arrow took it, and in a third match the Turk won it. Thus each had secured



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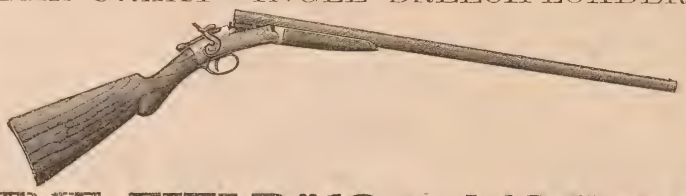
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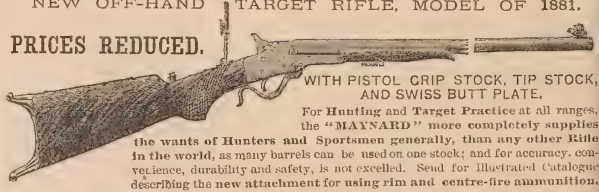
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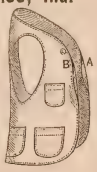
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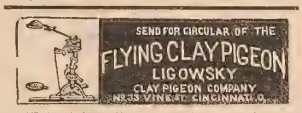
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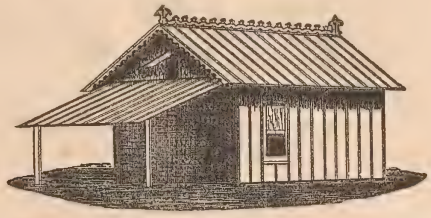


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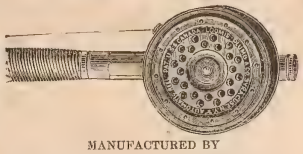
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Description.—Top snap, double bolt, extension rib, pistol stock, rebounding locks, snap fore stock, large solid strikers, low hammers when cocked, horn butt plate, Damascus barrels, choke bored. 20-bores, 5¼ to 6lbs.; 16-bores, 6½ to 7lbs.; 12-bores, 7 to 9lbs.; 10-bores, 8 to 11lbs.

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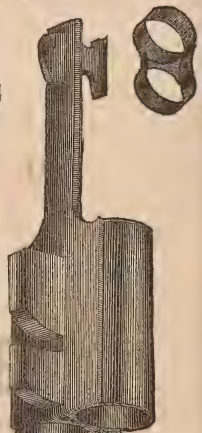
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	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot.	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
H. Pieper, Liege	3 3 4 4	1 4 4 3	4 4 4 4—45
Roedel, Prague	3 3 3 3	4 4 4 4	3 3 4 4—42
W.W.Greener, Birmingham	3 4 4 2	4 4 3 3	3 2 3 3—40
N. Bodsen, Liege	3 4 2 4	4 3 3 4	1 1 3 1—38
C. Bartels, Wiesbaden	3 3 3 4	4 3 4 4	1 3 2 3—37
Sackreuter, Frankfort	2 3 3 4	4 4 3 3	3 3 1 3—36
Camphausen, Crefeld	1 4 2 3	3 3 4 2	3 3 3 3—34

	30yds.	45yds.	60yds. Total.
Size of shot.	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8	2 4 6 8
A. Jannsen, Liege	2 3 3 3	4 4 3 3	1 3 2 1—32
Beermann, Munster	3 2 1 2	4 4 2 4	2 2 3 2—31
Brunn, Birmingham	3 3 2 2	3 3 4 4	2 3 2 3—30
Witte, Zutphen	3 4 3 3	1 1 1 1	3 2 3 2—27
H. Jansen, Wesel	1 2 1 2	4 3 2 2	2 1 2 3—25
Heuse-Lemoine, Nessouvaux	2 3 1 4	1 2 3 2	1 2 2 2—25
Cordes, Bremerhaven	2 1 1 1	3 3 2 1	1 2 2 1—20

Attested by the Jury, Klimm, Royal Inspector of Forests, Keyssler, Royal Inspector of Forests, Heise, Inspector of Powder at Cologne, G. Hahn, record keeper. It will be noticed that the Pieper guns are especially effective at long range.

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No. 595.	Same as 590, with laminated steel barrels, 12-gauge, 8 to 8¾lbs.	55 00
" "	" " " " 10-gauge, 9 to 9¾lbs.	60 00
No. 600.	" 595, with better barrels and engraving, 12-gauge, 8 to 8¾lbs.	60 00
" "	" " " " " " 10-gauge, 9 to 9¾lbs.	65 00
No. 605.	Very fine quality, best Damascus barrels, highly finished, 12-gauge, 7¾ to 8¼lbs.	100 00



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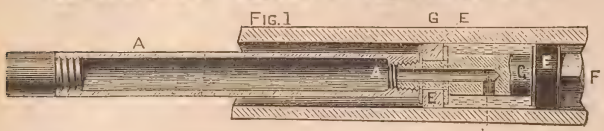
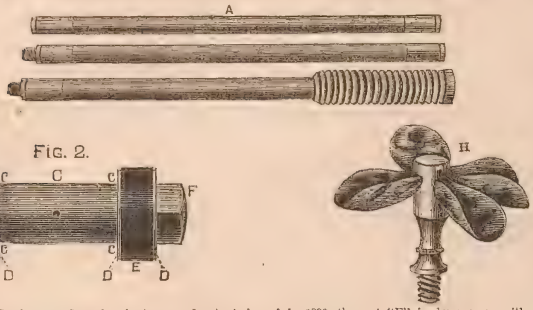


Fig 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



NOTE.—In those made under the improved patent since July, 1882, the nut "F" is done away with, and the rubbers are enlarged or reduced by simply turning the rod by the hand.

In offering the Climax Cleaner to the sporting fraternity, we think we can substantiate the claim made, that it is the most practical gun cleaner ever invented, by the following reasons, viz:

1st. It is made in three joints, like a common cleaning rod, and therefore is portable.
2d. Its perfect adaptability to its work in cleaning a gun that has been shot once, or one that has been used all day.
3d. The case with which it can be adjusted to fit the barrels, loose or tight.
4th. The price, which is no more than that of a common cleaning rod.

Price $1.50. Postage Paid.

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DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS AND DISCOUNTS TO DEALERS GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

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[ESTABLISHED 1863.]

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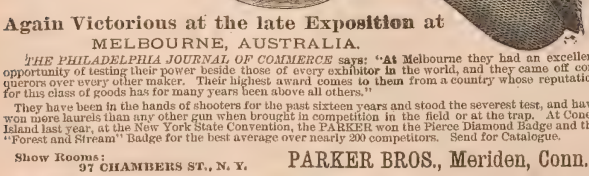
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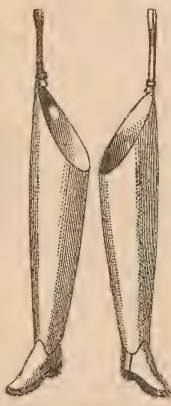
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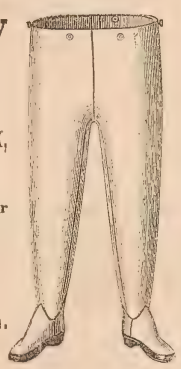
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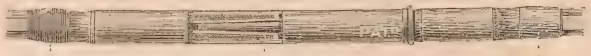
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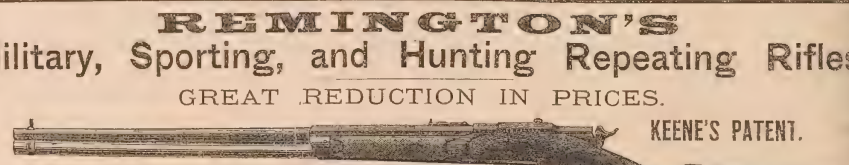
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FIG. 5



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FIG. 2

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FARMERS AND FIELD SPORTS.

"Happy the man whose only care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground."

AND happier still is such a one who has a love for the rod and gun, and with them finds now and then a day's freedom from all cares by the side of the stream that borders his own acres and in the woods that crest his knolls or shade his swamp.

As a rule none of our people take so few days of recreation as the farmer. Excepting Sundays, two or three days at the county fair, and perhaps as many more spent in the crowd and discomfort of a cheap railroad excursion, are all that are given by the ordinary farmer to anything but the affairs of the farm. It is true that his out-door life makes it less necessary for him than for the man whose office or shop work keeps him mostly in-doors to devote a month or a fortnight of each year to entire rest from labor. Indeed, he can hardly do this except in winter, when his own fireside is oftener the pleasantest place for rest. But he would be the better for more days of healthful pleasure, and many such he might have if he would so use those odd ones which fall within his year, when crops are sown and planted or harvested, and he need not stay at home. A day in the woods or by the stream is better for body and mind than one spent in idle gossip at the village store, and nine times out of ten better for the pocket, though one come home without fin or feather to show for his day's outing. One who keeps his eyes and ears on duty while abroad in the field can hardly fail to see and hear something new, or, at least, more interesting and profitable than ordinary gossip, and the wear and tear of tackle and a few charges of ammunition wasted will cost less than the treats which are pretty apt to be part of a day's loafing.

But barring the dearth of the objects of his pursuit, the farmer who goes a-fishing and a-hunting should not be unsuccessful if he has fair skill with the rod and gun. For he who knows most of the habits of fish and game will succeed best in their capture, and no man, except the naturalist and the professional fisherman and hunter, has a better chance to gain this knowledge than the farmer, whose life brings him into everyday companionship with nature. His fields and woods are the homes and haunts of the birds and beasts of venery, from the beginning of the year to its end, and in his streams many of the fishes pass their lives. By his woodside the quail builds her nest, and when the foam of blossom has dried away on the buckwheat field she leads her young there to feed on the brown kernel stranded on the coral stems. If he chance to follow his wood road in early June, the ruffed grouse limps and flutters along it before him while her callow chicks vanish as if by a conjuror's trick from beneath his very footfall. A month later, grown to the size of robins, they will scatter on the wing from his path with a vigor that foretells the bold whir and the swiftness of their flight in their grown-up days, when they will stir the steadiest nerve, whether they hunt from an October-painted thicket or from the blue shadows of untracked snow. No one is likelier to see and hear the strange wooing of the woodcock in the soft spring evenings, and to the farmer's ear first comes that assurance of spring, the wail of the Bartram's sandpiper returning from the South to breed in meadow and pasture, and then in hollow trees that overhang the river the woodducks begin to spoil their holiday attire in the work and care of housekeeping. The fox burrows and breeds in the farmer's woods. The raccoon's den is there in ledge or hollow tree. The hare makes her form in the shadow of his evergreens, where she dons her dress of tawny or white to match the brown floor of the woods or its soft covering of snow. The bass comes to his river in May to spawn, the pike-perch for food, and the perch lives there, as perhaps in his brook does the trout.

All these are his tenants, or his summer boarders, and if he knows not something of their lives, and when and where to find them at home or in their favorite resorts, he is a careless landlord.

His life will be the pleasanter for the interest he takes in theirs, and the skill he acquires in bringing them to bag and creel.

THE FOREST AND STREAM PRIZE AWARD.

AT the last convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, the FOREST AND STREAM offered a cash prize to that society, to be awarded under the following conditions;

To be given to that club, belonging to the Association, which shall show the best record for the past year in the work of game protection, *i. e.* (1) the promotion of a better observance of the game laws; and (2) fostering and increasing the supply of fish and game. The award to be determined by a committee of three, to consist of the President of the Association and two others to be appointed by him. The records of the competing clubs to be made in writing and submitted to this committee. The award to be made on or before August 16, 1882.

It was explained that in considering the record of the clubs in respect to "the promotion of a better observance of the game laws," it was designed that the committee should take into account, first, the prosecution of offenders against the law and the prevention of such offenses; and second, efforts intended to effect a better appreciation of the true spirit and intent of the game laws and game protection by the community at large.

The committee appointed to make the award was composed of the president of the association, Mr. S. T. Murray, of Niagara Falls, and Messrs. William Pool, of Niagara Falls, and John B. Sage, of Buffalo. Having been unable to make a decision within the time named in the original conditions, the committee, with the acquiescence of the FOREST AND STREAM, extended the time to September 10; and, as was stated in our issue of the 4th inst., then awarded the prize to the Onondaga Fishing Club of Syracuse—a decision which will meet with general approval throughout the State.

The Onondaga County Fishing Club and its record are splendid examples of what such an organization should be and do. The club is composed of some two hundred gentlemen of good standing and much public influence. For years past it has been known as an active, wide awake, fearless and determined society, and as such has won the respect of the decent portion of the community, and the fear of the rest. Those who were familiar with the condition of affairs in Onondaga county five or six years ago and the general spirit and practice of lawlessness which reigned among the fishermen and fish pirates in those waters, will appreciate the magnitude of the task assumed by the Onondaga Club and the credit due them for the present improved condition of affairs. The club has, since its formation, prosecuted successfully in the courts more than two hundred suits against illegal fishermen, having won two of these suits on appeal. They have destroyed more than two hundred fishing nets illegally set, and have sent the lawbreakers to jail. Their persistent efforts have been rewarded by a gratifying success. They have practically broken up the illegal fishing which once threatened total ruin to the fisheries of the county.

The principal work of the club the past year, we are told, "has been more particularly the stocking of waters, assisting or opposing the passage of proposed laws, and in calling the attention of the public and other clubs of the State Association to the necessity of enforcing existing laws. The result attained since our organization is such as the farmer expects when he plows the ground and sows his seed in the fall—a good crop the following spring; and our well-stocked waters are evidence that our earlier and our continuous work was not in vain."

The record is one of which the Onondaga Club may justly feel proud, and other clubs emulous. Were there a like active and determined society in each county, game protection would soon cease to be a by-word among the people. There are clubs enough now belonging to the State Association to thoroughly enforce existing game laws, provided these clubs cared to do it. Unhappily, however, there appears to be a most discouraging apathy regarding such endeavors. Indeed, so far as we have been able to learn from the officers of the Association, the Onondaga Club was the only one which presented for the committee's consideration any exhibit of game protective work during the past year.

THE FIERCE STORM of last week was looked forward to by rail hunters as the so-called "equinoctial" always is. It was expected that it would bring with it a high tide and consequent good shooting, and so shells were loaded, pushers engaged and all preparations made. How good the shooting was we have not yet learned, but it is certain that very high tides occurred in this vicinity. The terrible ravages in New Jersey, caused by the unprecedented rainfall, certainly turned the thoughts of the people of that State away from the pleasures of shooting. All lowlands were overflowed, houses were floated off and cattle drowned. But few lives were lost, but the damage to property was very great. The railroads suffered severely, bridges being broken and tracks washed away in many places. The Philadelphia & Bound Brook line was the only one over which traffic from Philadelphia to New York was uninterrupted, and the trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad were sent to this city over the tracks of that road.

NON-RESIDENTS IN NEW JERSEY.—Last week we published a letter from an officer of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, presenting, from his standpoint, the disagreement now existing between that society and the West Jersey Game Protective Society. To-day we print a letter from a prominent member of the latter society, giving his side of the case. The question involved is an important one, and happily the decision is not to be arrived at by the uncertain and unsatisfactory medium of newspaper controversy, but by recourse to the courts. While extremely deprecating the unfortunate absence of that harmony which should unite two such societies in their work for a common end, we shall await with no little interest the court's decision of the point at issue.

GEORGE W. CHAPPEL, President of the Long Island Sportsman's Association, died on Wednesday, September 20. Mr. Chappel was quite well-known to the sportsmen of Long Island and of New York State. He was senior member of the firm of Chappel & Storer, wholesale fish dealers, Fulton Market, and was forty-nine years of age.

WE PUBLISH ELSEWHERE a very noteworthy correspondence between the St. Lawrence Gun Club and the District Attorney of St. Lawrence county. The letters are exceedingly creditable to both parties, and afford an encouraging evidence that the game interests of that section are in good hands

THE NEWPORT HUNTERS OF THE ANISE-SEED BAG have incurred the displeasure of some of the members of the S. F. P. C. A., and it is hinted that next season the bag may be relegated to the bourne where Rhode Island pigeon shooting disappeared some years ago. We very much doubt, however, if the society will succeed in suppressing fox hunting. If it does, what will be the next thing to receive attention?

MAJOR JOSEPH VERITY says it is better to catch a trout than to catch sight of one.

MATCH AFTER THOUGHTS.

THE British team are now homeward bound laden with victory and the good wishes of their recent antagonists. Nobody finds fault with their work, for they won by superior marksmanship, and because for years past they have been working intelligently and diligently at the very problem in shooting of which the late match was an exemplification. In another column will be found some opinions upon the match from observers and critics. Some of the conclusions reached may be open to contradictions, since they were drawn from insufficient or erroneous data, but there is a general agreement that the American team were beaten because they were not properly armed for the match. Transform the rifles and in all probability the result would have been a victory for the now defeated team. It was in large measure a success of rifle and not of men.

Sir Henry Halford, in his speech before the officers and guests of the Thirteenth Regiment, in the dinner given the teams at Manhattan Beach, on Tuesday, September 19, hit the key-note of explanation when he said that, while it would not become the American shooters to lay the blame on the rifles, since they would at the same time expose themselves to the charge of being poor workmen quarreling with their tools, yet he could frankly tell them that the reason for their defeat was to be found in that direction. He rightly said that it was nonsense to suppose that as good men could not be chosen from our National Guard as were to be selected from among the Volunteer force abroad. Experience counted for something, and other things being at all equal would decide a match, but the most experienced marksmen in the world cannot undertake to manage the vagaries of a rifle which, being leaded in the barrel, cannot be relied upon to place two consecutive shots anywhere near the same point on the target.

The visit of the British team has been on the whole a very enjoyable one. They have suffered no mishap, have had no sickness, and after the long run of American victories with the rifle they seem to have turned the tide in favor of the British arms. The reception given the team by the officers of the Seventh Regiment, on the evening of Saturday, the 16th inst., was a very pleasant affair and enabled the visitors to gain an idea of what may be done in the line of building magnificent armories for these associations of civilians under military regime. Sir Henry and his team members could not but note that there is a plenty of young and enthusiastic men in the ranks of the Guard and that they are not likely to sit down under defeat for any length of time.

With Monday the 18th came a run up the river to West Point, and this great school for officers of the United States Army was inspected by the men who possess supereminent ability in at least one duty of a soldier—that of hitting what is aimed at. Of course the metropolis is not properly visited in summer without a trip to Coney Island, and by the courtesy of the officers of the Thirteenth Regiment the British team was enabled to have a glimpse of Manhattan Beach. To be sure it was one of the waning days, but the people turned out in a great multitude, and there was a popular as well as a merely military welcome to the cousins from over the water. On Monday night last the New York Rifle Club took the Britishers in hand and showed them how pleasantly marksmanship and merrymaking may be blended; and while the Englishmen were familiar with balls and bullets of all sorts, the New Yorkers "balled them off" in a way which made the British crown swell with the morning light, and would have made a rifle match on that morrow a great skylarking affair.

There was a good "send off" at the departure of the team in the characteristic American way, and many a hearty promise that the honors so well won by the Britishers were not to be kept by them, without a vigorous show of battle on the part of the Americans. Our guests go home fully aware that they will have need of their best men to meet the team which will go over in June next, for unless the officers of our National Rifle Association display more than their usual ability in how not-to-do-it, there should be no difficulty in sending over a properly disciplined and particularly a properly armed team.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.—In regard to the question of the scarcity of menhaden and the influence of the continued capture of these fish, we give the following, as a contribution to the literature of this subject. For some weeks past Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, has been shipping menhaden to the many fishing clubs which use that fish for bait for striped bass. He has sent from twenty to forty barrels per week to clubs as far East as Martha's Vineyard, a thing which is very unusual. All along the coast, to the east of New York, are clubs of wealthy gentlemen who fish for the striped bass, or rockfish, as it is called south of New York, and these clubs have heretofore obtained their bait near their fishing grounds, instead of sending to market for it. No better evidence of the scarcity of the menhaden on the Massachusetts coast is needed. Weather it is safe to draw the conclusion that the factories are to blame for it is something we do not care to say, at present.

NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

XI.—THE ADIRONDACKS OF MURRAY.

THE marvelous Adirondacks of which we have all read in "Adventures in the Wilderness," are indeed a fairy land—a land which is at once alpine in character, and one where without paths or other means of travel save by boat and carry, the most delicate ladies and fragile invalids may venture with full faith that in a few days they will rival the guides in appetite, and in as many weeks will exceed them in strength. In that land the school girl, throwing aside her chewing-gum and substituting trout for her former lunch of slate pencils, and venison for pickles, returns to her home a perfect Di Vernon.

In Murray's Adirondacks the poor consumptive, who has but four cubic inches of lung left to oxygenate his enfeebled blood, arrives on a stretcher, and is carried into the woods more dead than alive, and after breathing nature's extract of spruce, balsam, hemlock and pine for twenty-four hours, arises, burns the litter he was carried on, and declares that he feels a new lung sprouting at the lower end of his windpipe. At the end of a month his yell delivered from the top of Owl's Head is heard in Plattsburg, eighty miles as the crow flies. On his return to New York he finds his new lungs so much better than the old ones of those who have not visited "Murray land" that he secures an engagement in the Bowery to shout the charms of the fat woman, the beautiful Circassian girl, and the big snakes. It is a fact that if you question one of the gentlemen engaged in the last-named occupation, and who are vulgarly termed "side-show blowers," you will find that he was formerly a victim of consumption, who has been restored by the advice of Mr. Murray, and is now living on the labors of a new pair of hand-sewed water-and-whisky-proof lungs, that are made of the best damascus twist, clinker-built and copper-fastened, six-strip bamboo, semi-hammerless, and warranted a yard wide and all wool. The man was the son of poor but wealthy parents, and after reading Murray he pined for the pines and bawled for the balsams and never spruced up until among the spruces and hemmed by the hemlocks, and free to roam in the aroma of Mr. Murray's woods. He left his track on Brown's tract by reluctant consent of his parents who feared that he could not stand the Raquette. He went. This was early in June, and the guide rolled the invalid in his liverpad and placed him in his gun case. But the healing properties of the pines healed up his lungs and grew some new ones in a few hours, when he crawled out of the gun case and took on so much fat that he can never get back to its protecting tube. Another Adirondack convalescent is a cannonball tosser in a circus, and has married the fat woman, and daily sees his athletic progeny tumbling in the sawdust of the arena while he gathers in more shekels from the combined attractions than the manager does. (See Murray's book, page 14.) This, I am aware, is an extreme case, and, as such may seem exaggerated; but it is not.

In Murray land "the lumberman has never been. No axe has sounded along its mountain sides, nor echoed across its peaceful waters." (Page 17). Why, no; those stumps that you see are all the work of beavers. To be sure, it does look like the work of an axe, but then you know the beavers have learned how to take a tree down and not leave it filled with tooth marks as they did a century ago. That second growth of white poplar, birch and other deciduous wood, which follows the clearing off of the evergreens in so many places, has just sprung up to give variety to the forest, and the lamming of the lakes is merely to give water to the canals and not to drive timber down, and those tracts of land that the lumbermen have bought of the State for five cents an acre will never be cut off; they only bought them to look at.

Here I must have dozed, for I heard a voice which said: "L'Adirondaque d' M. Murray is for one man who is blasé, one very fine place where he find the refreshment without the fatigue of the tramp, as he so truly tell us in his most excellent book (page 51.) Here one is front à front a dame Nature, and can be so fainéant, so idle as he may please. Here the divertissement of the hunt and the fish is all performed from the boat which your valet he carry on his back over the portage. The most delicate lady do not catch the cold in l'Adirondaque, for it is one impossibility where the lampness and the miasma come not. Fatigue is unknown, and one enfant of five summers can put forth all the exercises which one needs in le grand wilderness."

"Die Adirondacke des Herrn Murray haben in dem monat Juni ein little black fly, aber er ist nicht as the mosquito so bad, as you may on page 55 learn. The men who have in the newspapers of this insect written have the black fly much exaggerated, und you will find that Herr Murray has of him a good and a truthful account given, und he so truly says that the bite not severe is nor is it ordinarily poisonous, obgleich there may exceptions be. It is of the insect family one of the most harmless and least vexatious, und ist ein monster which in the feverish imaginations of men exists only. Die stories von die bears ist ridiculous, also, animals that more timid are and harmless exist not, und when the bear nach your camp come, a stick oder a piece of bark von die tree will scatter them so like the cats which on the back shed come. All what bad is, ist sehr übertrieben by die newspaper fellows. In die Adirondacke can man who no experience has, und who all his muscle gains when he pounds on his pulpit, take himself in his boat down some rapids where his guides who much in the woods are dare not follow."

"In la Italia we have no so fine wildernessa as in la Adirondaka. I comme from la city, where I keepa one fine standa for de pea-nuta. In de first tima, a prima vista, I thinka so granda, so fine, but de new brooma, you knowa, he sweep so clean, as we say, 'di novelle tutto par bello,' but I lika much. Here can one see so granda sights, one younga girl she come in canoe with light at night, and John and me see she was one espirita, John call ghosta. I was so scara at first, but we chasa her, and when I catch her dressa I found nothing but empty air. I tell John she is 'dolce cose a vedere, e dolci inganni,' or somethings so sweet to see-a and some sweet deceptions. I was so much impressed with-a her vision that it is with much grief, con dolore, that I go back-a to the city, where the small boy he ask-a me, 'Say, mister, how mucha you-a sella de banan?' But if you no believe-a him, ask-a John."

"Begorra, av it's fun you want you should g'up in the Adirondacks. You should have seen me an' Martin take turns holdin' av a deer by the leg an' he the tail. It was a dark, foggy night, d'ye see, an' after I shot the spalpeen—the deer, not Martin—he lay still till I kem and then, bad cess to him, he strived to get on his legs again, and I tuk a grip on his hind leg an' hilt wid all the grip that I had willed to me be my ancestors, the O'Caseys, who were famous in Tipperary for grip. There's Larry O'Casey, now, Aldherman in the Ninety-siventh Ward in New York, has a grip on the b'yes, who all make their headquarters in his saloon, and ivery man av them is good for a dozen votes apiece, and so Larry has a powerful grip on the Boord av Aldhermen, d'ye see? But I forget the deer. He kicked until I thought I was in bed with a man who had the delirious triangles, and was a-kickin' the clothes all aff me, until I was forced to let go, when Martin O'Flaherty grabbed the creature be the b'yes, and with a will he stuck a good holt, av it don't pull loose.' 'Phat's that?' says he. 'Spit on your hands, Martin,' says I. 'Go to the divil,' says he. 'Go there yourself,' says I, an' wi' that the buck gave a lep, an' Martin kem down on his back, crying 'Och! murther! me eye is out an' the hole stopped up wid mud,' and that was the last I heard av the buck till we found him dead, with his head in the marsh, where it had run be rason av his bein' overbalanced when his tail pulled out.'"

Here I awoke and found the book had dropped from my hand and I had been dreaming. At least this is what I ask those who read this to believe, whether I do or not. If you don't believe it, ask John.

One impression remains. In his chapter, "When to Visit the Adirondacks," Mr. Murray says: "July is the best month for jack or night shooting." I have been over the ground of night shooting, and have no more to say of it, but I would like to have Dodge or some other game protector catch him shooting deer in July. Now, having gone over Murray's Adirondacks, I will have to touch upon the idea that some others entertain of that region. F. M.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

II.—ANOTHER OLD ADAGE.

IN a former "Familiar Letter," the old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," formed the trellis over which we trained our remarks, which blossomed with truth and good counsel.

In this thirsty, sticky, dogday weather, we are thinking, dear FOREST AND STREAM, of the many "slips" which many have found "'twixt the cup and the lip" during the summer now past.

There are "slips" moral, "slips" spiritual, slip-ups and slip-downs, but the prime "slip," which we have in mind, is the "slip" physical, which may possibly drag in its train the whole catalogue of "slips" in general.

Imagine with me a royal fellow, who, from ambition or necessity, is devoting himself, body and soul, day and night, to his life work, one who finds in his daily work the greatest pleasure, for it is possible to combine the most serious and sustained effort with the liveliest satisfaction, and such combination is most always the winning factor in success.

We can easily conjure up such an one, can we not? and feel like enrolling our royal selves in such a noble army of martyrs.

The price of such devotion is wear and tear, however, and unless we take heed, we are liable to make a fearful "slip" just here. The thirsty, needy, ambitious "lip" craves the "cup" of success. Shall such a "slip" dash it to the ground?

Our imaginary worker cries "no," and seeing the need of rest and recuperation, decides to secure it in his little "vacation" that he may return to his work "like a giant refreshed."

Do you not see by this time, my dear journal, that my mind is dwelling upon the many ridiculous and absurd "slips" made just at this point? Without a "slip" here, one may quaff at this cup and drink to the full to pleasure and profit. But a "slip" made, and as with Tantalus, the raging thirst is unquelled, and it is "all up" "'twixt the cup and the lip."

How to spend a vacation free from the "slip" of disappointing results is to some a hidden secret. Because at the outset, drawn within the maelstrom of some fashionable resort, where conventionality hampers and frets, or where continued long hours and a really superheated life consume, the "slip" is made at once. One easily trips over the equally dangerous mistake of casting lot, for a while, in some smaller community at less expense, but where the dangers of surface drainage and kindred evils make the "slip" a costly one.

We want you to join us, in fancy, dear FOREST AND STREAM (for you are good company and we like your society), and see if you cannot give our imaginary hero a few hints which may open his eyes, while we draw a pen picture of a few days of our "vacation" this summer. We are eager to ask this, be-

cause in the after results we find no "slips"—the draught was refreshing and health-giving.

Fancy our family (which includes two bright, eager boys of 12 and 13 years), located in a charming "cottage by the sea." We want you to picture for yourself all the surroundings—the house standing under the shade of friendly foliage—green fields sweeping down to the shore, half a pistol shot away—romantic rocks and "cold gray stones" against which the restless sea purls its gentle ripple, or dashes its ponderous swell and savage billow, at pleasure—the little "cove" with its sandy beach, where little folks may learn, and older "boys" are eager to swim—the boats at moorings drawn up on shore—the old windlass sticking up out of sand—the fishcars and lobster pots—bits of stranded wreck—and the whole line of shore paraphernalia. Can you not see it? with the blue water and level horizon, dotted with white sails beyond all? And this place, *five miles from the station*, and a mile or two away from the nearest neighbor, save a few good souls who are fortunate enough to cluster around this particular "point!"

Here is rest, quiet, freedom, health! Here is the opportunity—you do not need the programme. You can see us, pater-familias and young fry—all young together digging our heels into the sand—lying on backs or taking running jumps at the very edge of the blue water on the hard beach—fishing from rocks or boat—making miniature piers and establishing miniature navy-yards—anchoring buoys and light ships—tying the whole list of "sailor knots."

The sun shines bright, but the breeze is cool. The face grows brown and red, but it is not with "fever" or "biliousness." Sleep is sound and appetite hearty, and vigor is instilled into the veins with every hour's enjoyment.

We must call your notice, however, to an old friend of yours and ours that arrived early one morning, and as she let go her anchor and her cable merrily ran away, fired her gun of salutation—to that good old boat the Nahma. She lies there, just within the "cove," riding easily and waiting to contribute her part to the prevention of any "slip" of ennui or weariness. Later, as "Capt. Bill" pulled off in the yawl, we all rose up and "called him blessed." The same old, honest friend, the same old trustworthy grip!

We do not now mean to outline more than the skeleton of this vacation, because you are to suggest to our worker that it is a frame worth draping in his own way and according to his own fancy.

One day a merry party of children, among whom "the Commodore" renewed his youth, sailed out and joined the yacht race of the N. Y. Y. C., exchanging salutes with the commodore of that fleet.

Another day, scudding along under a breeze that carried away balloon-jibs and foretopmasts as we ran out by "Watch Hill."

Another day, cruising to and fro in "The Race" with twenty other sail, all after the first bluefish.

Another day, ashore on Gull Island, startling myriads of gulls, and careful as we stepped along the shore, to avoid crushing either eggs or little gulls to untimely end.

And every day full of anticipation and gain. The moderate pipe, nothing stronger than "claret cup," and early hours all contributing to the increasing fund of good. Do you see any "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" here?

If we could together, dear FOREST AND STREAM, prevent some of our royal brotherhood from making a bad "slip," which wastes his opportunity, if not worse; if we could extend a hand to pull up from their knees those only partially down through ignorant "slips" in this matter of putting a vacation where it will do the most good, we should be happy together, would we not?

If then you find any of this class, just give them these hints, which have made happy days and happier afterdays, for you and for me. B.

MAINE NOTES.

THE article, "A Swallows' Roost," in your issue of the 14th inst., calls to mind the movements of a flight of swallows here, nightly observed by quite an audience of villagers, during the months of June and July. On the side of the stream near the village stands an unoccupied tannery, the brick chimney of which is about forty feet high, the opening at the top being a foot square.

At sunset the swallows are observed coming from every direction, and circle about the chimney until their number aggregates hundreds. They circle about in one direction for several minutes, following all the curves and angles of one leader, and then reverse the direction, seemingly with the view of ascertaining if they are all present, or else for a general inspection by the elders. When they first arrive they circle at considerable heighth, gradually dropping lower with a spiral motion which is clearly observed, making occasional attempts to enter until they reach the desired angle, when they drop into the chimney in one solid black column, not from the center, as observed in the article referred to, but from one end. It takes several minutes for them all to get in, and the rapidity with which they pile into that narrow opening makes one think that those on the bottom must be considerably disarranged in feathers before they can get out of the way. I am unable to give the technical name of this swallow. I am of the opinion that they use the chimney only as a roosting place, and that they breed in some other locality, as they are first observed here about the 20th of April, but do not occupy the chimney until six or eight weeks later, and migrate earlier than the other varieties of swallows.

Mr. E. M. Stillwell, who takes so much interest in preserving our game and stocking our lakes with fish, very kindly caught and delivered to me forty fine black bass, which I liberated in Crooked Pond, two miles from town, of easy access by water. As the pond is quite small, admirably adapted to their propagation, and many of them were of a pound weight each, we may reasonably expect fine sport with this gamy fish in a short time. The professor caught one of them a few days after they were put into the pond, but liberated him as soon as landed, after having his usually placid demeanor considerably shaken up.

Our ruffed grouse are scarce. Woodcock, so far as I have observed, are fairly plenty. I shot four within sight of the office yesterday, gone less than a half hour from my work. The dog flushed seven more returning, but as parties come here from abroad here to shoot woodcock, I was generous enough to leave them unmolested. In this locality I mention I have never succeeded in flushing more than three or four in former years. It may be that the severe drouth of the summer months has driven them nearer the streams, and that higher ground may not have its usual quota. Deer are quite abundant, and apparently increasing every year. I have observed their tracks all about the shores of the lake, within sight of the village. Mattanawcook Lake is quite a resort for several varieties of ducks—black, wood, and blue-wing teal, specimens of which I have already secured in numbers sufficientfor several good meals. Wilson snipe, ring-neck plover and yellow legs are numerous just now and very fat.

F. C. P.

LINCOLN, Me., September 20.

IN CAMP.

GEORGE, I could live forever thus,
Away from noisy din of town,
And with you Nature's beauties share,—
But in that case I could not wear
My bonnet, George, nor my new brown
Silk gown.

How guileless are these simple folk,
Compared with dwellers in the hum
Of city life. How chaste! How pure! -
But George, that horrid guide, I'm sure,
Smelled very strong of gin, or rum
And gum.

How sweet to hear the katydids
Replying to the cricket's chant.
Of Nature's music there's no lack.
Oh, George, there's something down my back!—
Feel here, love, see if find you can't
An ant.

No dainties here tempt us to death,
But food enough to satiate
In plain, health-giving, hearty fare.—
It grieved me, though, to see McNair,
To test its heat, on griddle-plate
Expectorate.

What soothing music's in the fall
Of raindrops, beating light as dew
On canvas tent a lullaby.—
Good gracious! Such a leak! Oh my!
My waist is very near soaked through!
Ker-chew!

SENECA.

BELOW QUEBEC.

SECOND PAPER.

THE picturesque town of Gaspé is situated on the forty-seventh parallel and nearly 400 miles east of Quebec, which city is at present one of the chief terminal points for all merchandise and passengers from England to the Canadas. Its harbor, however, like that of Montreal, is blocked up by ice during a large portion of the year, and transatlantic communication, therefore, virtually ceases from the middle of November to the middle of May. The expense and perils also arising from navigating the St. Lawrence River to such a long distance from the seaboard, are an additional drawback to free intercourse, since the cost of towage and pilotage on this land-locked highway swell the bill to a high figure, not counting the accidents and wrecks, which are only too common at any time of the year on the St. Lawrence. It is for these reasons that Halifax is preferred as port of entry, and has grown in size and extent of commerce. The Intercolonial Railroad, built by the Canadian government, unites that city with Quebec, and by its rapid transit greatly facilitates commercial traffic. It is an inexplicable oversight, however, that a branch road after the pattern of the American narrow gauges, such as are in operation all over Pennsylvania, has not been long ago constructed, whereby Gaspé, only about 180 miles distant from the intercolonial station of Campbellton, could have been brought into direct railroad communication. The advantages of such an enterprise are too many and too obvious to be neglected. Gaspé basin is in the first place a natural harbor, unsurpassed in point of safety, depth, extent, and absence of all obstructing reefs and shoals, by any other along the whole coast line of the Dominion. No pilot is ever needed, day or night, in all kinds of weather, and the Great Eastern, once inside, could float safely everywhere in it. By reason of its proximity to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the not far off never frozen ocean beyond it, Gaspé has at least six weeks longer of spring and fall navigation than Quebec, which is blocked up by ice when navigation eastward near the ocean is fully opened. By employment of proper machinery the harbor of Gaspé, which is only fifteen miles from the open basin of the Gulf, could, with but small expense, be kept open still longer. This is actually done elsewhere, as at Detroit River and the harbors of Milwaukee and Grand Haven, which though continually in danger of being closed by a solid sheet of ice during severe winters, are yet kept open with ease, as they are near the large basins of Lakes Michigan and Huron. It is almost needless to point out in addition how easily during midwinter, when all navigation westward of Halifax is suspended, large consignments of freight could be forwarded to Gaspé by such means as the above referred to narrow-gauge road. Large cargoes could be thus readily shipped off under favorable circumstances as early as April, not counting lower rates of shipment by reason of shorter distance, expense of pilotage and towage. Swift ocean steamers, as the Parisian, which but lately made her passage from Quebec to Queenstown in five days, could accomplish the same in four days from Gaspé, and thus lessen considerably the risks and inconveniences from which many passengers suffer through prolonged Atlantic travel. They could in short be landed quicker and transferred, and save at least one day in their passage from land to land, in eight months out of twelve.

These incidental facts, though somewhat out of the line I have chosen to pursue in our present vacation trip, naturally force themselves upon our attention. As we take a passing glance at the map on the cabin table of the St. Lawrence, where the prominence of the peninsula of Quebec, jutting out far into the spacious basin of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is too conspicuous to be overlooked. Gaspé may surely hope, in view of its favorable geographical position, for an early revival of her former good times, when its spacious bay was whitened, not fifty years ago, by hundreds of coming and going fishing crafts, and when the cheery yo-heave-ho of their sturdy crews was echoed by the towering hills, which rise abruptly from the base of this beautiful fiord. All around it death-like silence reigns now supreme. A Rip Van Winkle trance seems to have come over its dreams of a brighter future, and we may look from the veranda of Mons. Le Boutillier's stately residence, at most any time of the day, over its deserted waters, on which only a few small crafts are mirrored. Never a sound here interrupts the stillness of the morning and evening hours; the very oars of the clumsy old-fashioned ferryboat seem to be muffled, and we could almost fancy ourselves for a moment fully a century behind our stirring time, if it were not for the graceful relief of the steamer La Canadienne lying almost directly under our feet at an anchor. She is one of the three government vessels which patrol, in the interest of fisheries and maintenance of order and law, these distant shores where such an official as a constable exists only by proxy. The firms of Le Boutillier and Collas, however, carry on still quite a healthy trade abroad, and from time to time send their ships with full cargoes of dried codfish, which are said to be of better quality here than elsewhere, as far as the southern ports of Europe and Brazil.

There are also three beautiful rivers—the York, Dartmouth and St. Johns—which empty their cold crystal floods into the winding estuary of Gaspé basin. Since all of these swarm with salmon and large sea trout, they have attracted for years a score of salmon anglers to them, who have never yet failed in making great catches. The St. Johns and York rivers have been for a long time the favorite fishing quarters of Messrs. Curtis and Barnes, of Boston, and some of the catches made by Lord Dufferin upon the York River have equalled those on the Cassapediac, which has always had the repute of being the most productive of all Canadian salmon streams in point of both number and size. The lease of the York River has of late been transferred to Mr. Thos. Murdock, of Chicago, who has enjoyed the last and present summer's fishing in his commodious log-house camp, erected at the very edge of one of the best salmon pools. The Dartmouth had thus far never yielded much sport, but unexpectedly proved to be the best of the three during the past summer, when young Mr. Evarts, a son of the ex-Secretary of State, obtained a gratifying score of nearly sixty salmon in less than twenty days of fishing. This indeed may be termed gratifying results for one, who modestly ranked himself still as a novice in the art of casting a fly for this royal game.

We had the pleasure of passing a day at his encampment, where he assiduously indulged in this seductive pastime, with the aid of two trusty canoe men, whose help is indispensable in all of these rapid rivers. From a comfortable seat fashioned by nature's hand from a curving root jutting out horizontally from the high and steep cliff near the great falls of the Dartmouth, we could survey at leisure the full extent of the operation and even see in full sight the great dark looking shoals of salmon lying in unbroken phalanx on the bottom of the pool. They hardly betrayed any signs of animation and appeared much more like a broken ledge of rocks than a compact mass of flesh, if one or another of their number had not turned over from time to time its glistening silvery side or ventured to take a leap for the tempting fly trailing on the transparent water above its indolent companions. Although the casting was good enough to do credit to any expert, I had not the pleasure of seeing a salmon hooked and landed, as it was midday before a start was made. Morning and evening are here as elsewhere the best hours. Salmon averaged this year about sixteen pounds on the Dartmouth, which is considered a very small size, and it is strange that this same happened this year in most of the rivers which had previously yielded on the average large-sized salmon.

Gaspé is admirably suited to idle away a few weeks, and affords a recreation from the toil and weariness which the close confinement to business in our large cities entails. The bracing air, fresh from the ocean, and tempered to suit even delicate constitutions by the heat radiated from the land, is pure and invigorating, and the few visitors who spend their summer here report great improvement of their health. The dull, flat and uninteresting surroundings of such Canadian watering places as Cacouna, Metis and others are a serious drawback to those commons, while here in every respect the reverse obtained.

But there must be society, balls, picnics, orchestras, dresses and fashions to satisfy the crowd. Without these attractions the charm of their summer seaside paradise would vanish, as the follies and vanities of the fashionable world must follow its train. There is an excellent boarding house kept at Gaspé by Mrs. Dumaresque, where a few boarders can be accommodated, who may enjoy there, along with a well-set table, all of the pleasures which seclusion and freedom from the restraints of artificial life confers.

Our own time, however, is too short to permit even a temporary rest. The mail schooner Kate, anchored in full view from our window, is ready to sail on her next trip to the north shore, and we have to hurry to complete our necessary preparations. She rivets the last and only link of communication between this outpost of civilization with the few settlers along the northern shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Anticosti Island; is a rather comfortable craft of about 80 tons; and has fine accommodations for about half a dozen passengers. She is not a very fast sailer, but makes two trips each month during the summer, and runs until the beginning of November. We have known her master, honest, obliging Richard Miller, for years past when we travelled part of the time along her sailing route, and as he calls on this present trip at St. Johns River, one of the highest tributaries running into the Gulf, we are glad to avail ourselves of her opportune departure, as we have a cordial invitation to join two English sportsmen, Messrs. Garland and Bland, who are again this year the lessees of the salmon fishery of the St. Johns.

A brisk land breeze, which prevails night and morning at Gaspé during summer with as much regularity as in the tropics, soon carries us past the frowning headlands of Snip's Head, where the high, steep rocks face the sea abruptly and rise up vertically to a height of over 400 feet, affording by their stern and bold front one of the most picturesque headlands along this coast. Beyond them, to seaward, are visible the blue outlines of Anticosti, the nearest land of which is only about thirty-five miles distant. Here, at the Southwest Point lighthouse, jutting out from the otherwise even trend of the island, the Kate makes her first stop to deliver her mail.

This cape has for sundry reasons a rather hard reputation in point of safe anchorage and landing, and most of the vessels running along here take good care to give it a wide berth. There is a sufficient lee for southeast winds, but when the breeze changes around to the northwest a tremendous sea dashes against the solid rocks upon which the lighthouse is built, and justifies the fears in respect to danger vessels are exposed to when too near inshore.

As I expected to revisit yet this summer this interesting spot, I merely contented myself with a view of the round white tower standing out in bold relief from the low reef and forest-clad hills back of it. The lighthouse is marked conspicuously with two broad, red horizontal bands, to enable the navigator to recognize it quickly at first sight. There is thus no reason to confound it with that of the west end of

Anticosti, which has red stripes longitudinally painted upon its white background. It seems strange that so many years had to roll by before such simple means were adopted in guiding vessels during the thick fogs which so often hide Anticosti from view, and that wreck upon wreck was suffered to strand upon these bleak shores. They are the grave of many a hapless mariner whose terrible sufferings, frequently ended at last by freezing to death, are still within the vivid recollection of some of the old settlers upon the island. For sake of additional precaution, the West and Heath Point lighthouses, situated respectively upon the eastern and western end of Anticosti, are now provided with signal guns, the boom of which for miles away warns the befogged vessel of the proximity of their dangerous jutting out reefs.

We entertain, however, at present no particular apprehension about any possible mishap. The months of July and August are especially this year marked by beautiful and clear weather, and although a brisk northwest breeze, which raises in a hurry a rough sea, compels the Kate to run for Ellis's Bay, the sky looks all along as blue as smiling Italy, and the sun sinks as lovely behind the wooded cliffs back of Ellis's Bay as ever poet's fancy pictured. The short swell upon which the Kate had been tossed like a cockle shell subsides as quickly as it rose, and after a comfortable night in this best harbor on Anticosti we weigh anchor again at sunrise and head with a fair wind for the St. Johns River.

Anticosti Island is fully visible from the mouth of it, as it is divided from the north shore by a narrow strait of hardly thirty miles in width. The sea around it swarms with life during spring and fall, when its migratory birds arrive in immense flocks, and when in the former season seals come in thousands upon the drift ice, which is carried by the northern currents through the Straits of Belle Isle into the basin of the Gulf. But now there is a breathing spell and animated nature takes her vacation. We saw, however, along the north channel many porpoises and several large whales, which some of our crew, who are professional whalers, asserted to be sulphur bottoms. Their spouting and mouthing, which latter means their feeding, could be distinctly heard for a couple of miles. Sometimes one or another would rise close alongside, though only to dive instantly when they discover their mistake. The large black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*), called here appropriately saddle back, the common herring gull, the silvery white and black-winged solan goose, better known here as gannet, the eider duck and scoter, a few guillemots, and a great number of puffins make up the average species of birds we saw here hovering over these silent waters during the summer months. The latter bird is called here parroquet and breeds in great numbers, along with a little colony of the solan geese and herring gulls, upon a little island named after it. The schooner passes the same almost within rifle shot, and a great cloud of birds hovering over it indicates at a glance that it is their breeding ground. In aspect it is like a huge square tower of about thirty acres in area with vertically rising sides formed of limestone. It is the westernmost one of the long chain of the Mingan Islands which closely skirt, like a broken necklace, the main shore of Southern Labrador. To judge by appearances they have been separated from it by the immense denuding forces, the effects of which are everywhere engraven upon these carved out coastlines of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It is only eight miles from here to the mouth of the St. Johns River, and a gentle breeze from the southwest soon finds us at last anchored outside of its shallow bar.

This great artery runs in an almost parallel direction with the generality of the great rivers which drain the southern slopes of the heights of land. Among them the Moisie, Mingan, Romaine, and Natashquan are the most notable. Moisie and St. Johns are also the principal highways, of which the Montagnais Indians avail themselves for making their annual hunting and trapping expeditions into the but little known interior of the great Labrador peninsula.

Nothing definite concerning any of these is known, excepting the Moisie, of which an exploration was made in 1861 by Prof. Hind, the results of which have been published in two interesting volumes of explorations of the Labrador peninsula. It is yet very difficult, if not impossible, to gather any reliable information concerning the aspect and character of the great primitive wilderness between the shores of the Gulf and those of Hudson Bay and the Straits of Belle Isle. This region can only be penetrated by canoes along the great water courses, but even then it is no very easy task to obtain expert guides to accomplish such an undertaking, and do the work thoroughly.

The Indians are very reticent, as they fear competition and intrusion on part of the white trappers upon the only reservation and hunting grounds for game and fur, which constitute their only means to eke out a miserable existence. Even such old settlers as Mr. Scott, who is a well-informed sportsman, and has been for a half life time the agent of the Hudson Bay Company's post at Mingan, knows relatively nothing concerning the game of the interior of Labrador, not to speak of its physical and geological features. All that there is known to him or any of the white settlers along the Gulf coast is this that the Mountaineer Indians leave the coast, bag and baggage, for parts unknown about beginning of August, and return next spring toward the latter end of May, loaded down with fur, whenever trapping has been fair. They depart with merely an excuse of an outfit in the way of provisions, and state that they manage until late in September to subsist without taxing their scanty stock of powder upon the myriads of waterfowl breeding upon the countless shallow lake-like ponds which dot the interior.

I have heard it stated that only one white man, a Catholic missionary, ever penetrated the Labrador peninsula from the Gulf shores to Esquimaux Bay on parallel 56 deg., of which route he made a rough chart, the only one in existance. The whole distance traversed by him hardly exceeded 250 miles and was accomplished, with exception of the several portages well known to the Indians, entirely by water, along the course of rivers and lakes. This region then is still one of the few spots which invites the adventurous explorer, who may be the first to put his foot upon this primitive wilderness marked off with large letters on the government map as unexplored region. To the ornithologist it would be doubly interesting, as these regions serve undoubtedly, by reason of their remoteness and undisturbed condition, as breeding grounds for the innumerable flocks of geese, ducks, and waders of all kinds, which make each early spring their appearance for a few short weeks only along the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to resume their flight in a northerly direction. But my present journey is not one of exploration. For such a comprehensive undertaking larger preparations and means are needed than I can command at present. A passing glimpse at the portals of the mysterious lands beyond, recreation from exhausting indoor occupations, along with the prospect of an occasional treat in the way of trout fishing, have allured us again to these shores. Already do we feel the invigorating effect of the pure and heavily oxygenated air, which gives us the refreshing, constant luxury of an air bath, as applied inwardly and outwardly, through lungs and skin. L.

AN AFTERNOON ON BOG RIVER.

SEATING ourselves on the little "Rushton" that had borne us so many miles, a few strong strokes of the paddles sent us gliding swiftly from our camp landing toward the outlet of the pond where the trail we were to take began. A scene of rare beauty was before us. To the left, rising high and rugged hundreds of feet above the water, shone the bare cliffs, rain washed and sun beaten, of Jac's Mountain, resembling in their broken masses the crumbling turrets and battlements of some old feudal castle, and where the scanty verdure grew, or perhaps a stunted pine or shrub clung to some crevice, one could easily fancy portcullis, tower, or oriel window, moss grown and ivy covered. From the base to the water's edge was an unbroken forest, and the waving tops of a hardwood ridge was always suggestive of a cool retreat. To the right rising to the west, a rolling series of hills rose one above another higher and higher till their peaks were hid in the mists and clouds in the distance, while tamarack, beech, maple, spruce and birch presented ever-changing shades of green, which undulated before the varying breezes like the ocean billows; and the rustle and sighing of the leaves and branches was not unlike the murmur of the sea on a smooth coast.

A narrow sand beach, skirted with a fringe of emerald-green, spear-like grass, shone like burnished gold in the sunlight at one end of the pond, while the farther end, and that towards which we were heading, was bordered with low hanging bushes, and tamarack and balsams indicate swampy ground and oozy soil, a safe retreat for deer or bear from dogs or men, for few would care to penetrate its boggy recesses, made almost impenetrable by dense thickets, masses of fallen timber and creeping vines and roots.

All was peace. High over head two hawks were sailing with ever-widening circle. A crane stood among the rushes waiting for his dinner to appear. Far up the mountain side, perched on the highest limb of a dead pine, sat a great bald-headed eagle, watching doubtless for some unlucky rabbit, bird or fawn to feast upon. A mother duck with her brood of young scurried away and hid among the lily pads and reeds, while a great northern diver, startled at our approach, dove beneath the surface to reappear a quarter of a mile away, where he shook his wings and uttered his shrill cry ere he sank again in quest of his fishy prey. As we entered the little cove formed by the outlet, two startled deer raised their heads, and after one frightened look bounded over the bushes and disappeared, and the crane, with a harsh, discordant cry, rose with great flapping wings and dangling legs and flew away over the tree tops.

A carry of a mile or more brought us to a great marsh surrounding a lake whose principal attractions are acres of lily pads, oceans of mud, through which it is almost impossible to force a boat, and a preponderance of every known species of the insect tribe that harass the unwary traveller, and famous for the fact that it is one of the best feeding grounds for deer in the country, and was once the breeding places of the moose.

After reaching the shore of the lake we had to go nearly a mile before the water was deep enough to float the boat, and as for the major part of the way we sank ankle deep in the tenacious mud, our minds were in anything but an amiable condition, nor was our temper much improved by the myriads of winged pests that swarmed around us. After searching vainly for a spring which the guide book located in a clump of balsams, we quenched our thirst with a few sucks of a lemon, and launching our boat passed down the lake and entered the channel of the river whose source is the lake just mentioned. The river is very tortuous, and in some places so narrow one can almost touch either bank, while frequent sand bars and shoals render navigation, when the water is low, exceedingly laborious.

A moth skimmed lightly over the water, almost touching it. A sudden rush of water, a splash, a swirl in the water and a few bubbles show where a trout is taking his meal. With a backward stroke of the paddle the boat is checked, and a moment later the flies are trailing across the wake just left.

Once, twice, three times they are drawn across the pool without a rise.

Drawing back for the fifth cast the rod suddenly bends, and with a snap the lure is taken, and then the sport begins.

He is hooked on the dropper, a Rube Wood, and as he makes his first turn another trout seizes the stretcher, and both break water at the same time, the first a "beauty." That was a glorious fight!

Now rushing toward the boat, anon heading for the fallen tree whose top just appears above the water, which if they reach tackle would part like a thread, again sulking, they seek the bottom.

But they struggled in vain, for the little 7½oz. rod had stood many a fight with trout and bass, and nobly responded from tip to butt to every call, and soon both lay gasping out their lives in the bottom of the boat. The first one weighed 1 lb. 9ozs., the second a trifle over 13ozs—not large, to be sure, but gamier than many I have caught weighing twice as much.

A little below the river widened, forming a large pool, and from this, in less than half an hour, sufficient were secured for supper, but none over a quarter of a pound in weight.

As fast as the trout were caught the guide dressed them, and then, when enough had been caught, the rod was put into its case and the gun taken up instead, for we were in a country teeming with game.

As we turned a sharp bend in the river an otter slid down the bank and disappeared under the fringe of alders skirting the water's edge, and a fair-sized trout lying on the bank showed he too had been after his evening meal.

Soon we came to an apparent landing on the right bank, although almost hidden by the dense alders. We pushed the boat's prow through the thick bushes, and, after some scrambling, I managed to reach the top of the steep bank, and found some evidence of a former camp from the charred wood and two or three peeled barks lying on the ground, so concluded we had better stop here for supper, as the country was as new to my guide as to myself, and neither knew how far it might be to the next camping ground.

Supper was soon ready, composed of trout, fried pork, tea, flapjacks and potatoes, and how good it tasted only those who have worked hard in that pure bracing air can appreciate

The meal finished, the guide busied himself cleaning up, while I pushed off in the boat to explore the river below.

Presently I came to a place that had been burned off, making a field of several acres, and among the stumps that were left four deer were quietly feeding, but a careless "flunk" on the side of the boat with the paddle caused them to spring away into the woods with "whistles" and snorts of alarm; but it was just as well, for the season was not quite yet open, and provisions were not so scarce that I was obliged to wage war on does and their young, but had a buck appeared I fear my conscience would have been rather elastic, for I was waiting with eager expectation for savory venison stews and tender steaks; but for the nonce I had to content myself with trout.

While watching, and, I confess, hoping, a buck would appear, I heard a low mutter of distant thunder, and that warning was sufficient, and hastily putting the boat up stream, soon reached the landing, and there found the guide waiting for me anxiously, for, very carelessly, I had omitted putting the blankets and rubber coats in the pack, as the day was so warm and bright I did not think we would need them when we left the camp, and that was now some five miles away, and it was after six o'clock and would soon be dark. So speed was necessary if we expected to sleep in our own shanty that night. We applied our paddles with a will, but soon a few big drops of rain splashing in the water, and the sighing of the wind in the trees, while the black clouds were piling up and flying overhead, warned us our prospects of a ducking were very probable.

Soon there came an ominous lull, and knowing what was soon to follow, we drove the boat ashore, lifted it from the water, inverted it, and resting one end on the ground, propped the other up with the paddles and crawled under. We were just in time, for the boat quivered and rocked with the wind and rain driving against the bottom, which we had placed so that it would take the brunt of the storm, while we were almost deafened by the roar of thunder, the whistling wind, and the crash of falling timber, and the water was beginning to stream in miniature rivulets under the boat and render our position anything but comfortable. But we had no alternative but "fighting it out on that line," and when, after an hour's confinement, we crawled out, cramped and wet, we could not help laughing at the sorry spectacle we presented with our muddy and bedraggled appearance, and the water-soaked condition of our clothes. We went up the river till we came to a slight rise of ground on which a clump of balsams grew, and landing there we built up a rousing fire, and crawling beneath their thick branches, laid down together and slept till the next morning's sun, peeping over the distant hills, drove the darkness and shadows away and awakened us to the beauties of sunrise in the mountains. And not even a sneeze worried us with the fear that perhaps we had caught our "death o' cold" from sleeping on the bosom of Dame Nature with no protection save rugged health, pure air and youth on our side.

An hour and a half later we were at our own home camp, and the flag floating from its mast at the landing waved us a genial welcome. ONONDAGA.

Natural History.

BREEDING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

THE following account of an experiment in breeding quail in confinement is written by Mr. John J. Willis, president of the Westfield, New Jersey, game society, and was published in the *Monitor* of that town:

I am not the first man who has tried, and been successful, in this line. Fifteen years ago, I saw young quail hatched and grow to full size in New York city. Mr. A. C. Lawrence, of Ninth street, has made a success of the experiment, and that is where I got my first ideas on the subject. Mr. Lawrence's arrangements consisted of wire netting, extending from the fences of his court yard on three sides, or about fifty feet in length, three feet high, and the same width, partitioned off for three pair of birds. In the inclosure were planted dwarf evergreens, and suitable boxes in which the birds could take shelter in wet or cold weather.

I started my experiment in my small conservatory. During the winter I kept the birds confined in a small space thereof, inclosed by wire netting. As soon as I was able to place my flowers out of doors, I raised the sashes and placed wire netting so as to cover the open windows. Beside giving them a box of road dust to wallow in, I furnished them with plenty of good soil to scratch and peck at, and then opened the cage and gave them the liberty of the whole room. Having become familiar with the place during the winter, and accustomed to seeing me in the room to feed them, they made no effort to get out by flying against the glass, and in a week were as tame as chickens. The hen bird was one of two that I purchased last fall, and hatched under a bantam. The cock was one of a lot that our game society purchased for stocking our preserves, and came from Indian Territory. He soon became as tame as the hen, notwithstanding the fact that he took advantage of an open door on three occasions, and escaped. Each time, as soon as I discovered his absence, I shut up the hen and opened the window, and each time my gentleman returned to his mate.

Quail should breed as early as June, but I saw no signs of mine doing so before August. As soon as I observed nest building indications I cut a large bog of long grass and placed it on the floor in a corner, surrounding it with living ferns, and other plants, to furnish a hiding place. I also collected a quantity of fine, short, dry grass, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a pair of quail build their nest. I do not believe that one person in a thousand knows how they do it. They at once selected the place I had fixed for them, and the cock carried the material to the spot, where Mrs. Quail arranged them to suit herself. Herein is the peculiar part of it: the bird does not carry the material in his bill directly to the nest, but standing with his back toward the nest, picks up a straw and throws it over his shoulder, repeating the operation until it reaches the nest. After the nest was completed I found it entirely inclosed by the grass, both top and sides, leaving two round openings, one of which seems to have been made for use as an entrance, and the other to admit light from the sun.

In a day or two I had the pleasure of seeing the first egg, and it was interesting to watch and listen to the continual consultation the pair seemed to carry on in a low chatting tone. In a whole week there were but three eggs laid, and a day after, when I found one of them out in the middle of the floor with a hole in it, I was discouraged and feared my experiment had come to an untimely end. This, however, must have been an imperfect egg which they wanted to get

rid of, as the hen went on laying an egg every day until there were nine, when she commenced sitting about August 26th. Every morning the hen comes off to feed, and take a dust bath, and returns in a few minutes not to leave again until the next day. The cock bird now spends most of his time near the cages of my mocking bird and robin, seemingly taking no interest in his own household, but the moment one enters the room he utters a low warning note that is answered by the hen, showing that like many married people, they understand each other better than others give them credit for. He does not seem to enjoy his present companions, or the prospect of his becoming "daddy for nine," but sits quietly most of the time on one foot, with ruffled feathers waiting like "patience on a monument (not) smiling at grief," but simply passing the time that must necessarily intervene before his hopes can be realized. Having read Darwin, who can say that Mr. Quail's mind is not occupied at this time with the same hopes and fears to which we human beings are subject under the same circumstances.

Communications in FOREST AND STREAM on this subject always interest me, and while I get many "points" therefrom to guide me in my operations, I could in several instances have made practical suggestions, that would possibly have made complete success where there was but partial success recorded. But an active business man, however much interested, finds little time to indulge in hobbies, and less to write criticisms of others' communications.

THE GASPER-GOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My old friend, Mr. D. B. Wier, of Crockett's Bluff, Ark., writes me concerning the gasper-gou, and asks me to reply through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. I have never seen this fish from Southern waters, and consequently cannot say from personal observation whether or not it has been correctly determined as the sheepshead of the Illinois and the Great Lakes, (*Haplodonotus grunniens*, Raf.) As I understand that the fish has been submitted to Prof. Goode of the U. S. National Museum, and returned by him with this identification, I have no doubt whatever that the sheepshead and gasper-gou are specifically the same. Such peculiarities of the Southern form as have been mentioned, might be reasonably attributed to climate, local conditions, peculiarities of food, and so on. Until within the last four or five years this fish has not been eaten in Illinois, as far as I know, but the large numbers of them caught by seine fishermen have always been left to die upon the banks. Lately, however, a demand for the fish has sprung up, and it is now generally offered for sale, both in the local markets along the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, and in St. Louis, under the name of "white perch." At Alton I found the fishermen this summer dressing only the smaller specimens and rejecting those over a foot in length. At Pekin, however, all the so-called white perch which are large enough to pay for dressing, are regularly shipped and marketed.

The food of this species in the Illinois River, as determined by a careful study of the contents of twenty-five stomachs from fishes, ranging from an inch in length up to the full grown adult, consists chiefly of insects and crustaceans until the species is about half grown, while the old fish lives almost entirely on mollusks, including the thick-shelled varieties which other mollusk-eating fishes cannot master.

S. A. FORBES.

STATE LABORATORY OF NATURAL HISTORY, Normal, Ill.

A FINE DISPLAY IN AQUARIA.

AT the great Industrial Exhibition now in progress in Cincinnati, there is a good exhibit of aquatic life in the department of aquaria which is thus described by the *Commercial*, of that city:

The display in this interesting department is located in the south area which separates the main building from the south wing. The tanks are arranged along facing the cascade in Floral Hall. It far exceeds the display of any former exhibit. These aquaria are under the auspices of the Natural History Department, of which Mr. W. A. Collord is Chairman and Prof. F. W. Clarke and E. A. Kebler are associates. Charles Dury is manager.

It is the purpose of this article to give a brief account of the more interesting species on exhibition. The first tank on the west end contains a group of fifteen "fringe or double-tailed carp" (*Cyprinus auratus*). Nothing in nature can excel the beauty and grace of this group, as they float slowly about through the clear water of the tank. They are fed daily on bread and worms. These fish are from Messrs. Muth and Eckardt, of Mt. Healthy, and are one year and four months old. The second tank contains gold fish (*Cyprinus auratus*) of selected varieties, which are less than four months old. They are also from the Mt. Healthy fish ponds.

Tank 3 has in it two of the Bavarian goldorfe (*Idus melanotus*). This is a newly introduced and beautiful fish, very hardy, and especially adapted for ponds and ornamental waters. These specimens were imported by Messrs. Muth and Eckhardt, and were shipped in the patent transporting tub invented by R. Eckardt, of Lübbinchen, near Guben, Germany. Out of twenty that started per steamer Elbe from Bremen, nineteen arrived in fine condition. The water was not changed during the voyage. Captain Willcigerod, of the Elbe, takes great interest in acclimatization of valuable food animals and gives them care and transportation gratis. The "goldorfe" grows rapidly and is omniverous

Tank 4 contains dogfish (*Amia calva*), ring perch (*Perca flavescens*). The dogfish is a pirate without a redeeming quality, the terror of other fishes, and a nuisance to the fishermen. Its flesh is pasty, soft and worthless. When it falls into the hands of the Lake Erie fishermen it retires from the interview in a pulverized condition. The other occupants of the tank (the perch) are an excellent pan fish, and give some sport to the angler. These specimens were kindly presented by D. T. Howell, Superintendent of the State hatchery at Toledo.

Tank 5 contains the "blue-spotted sunfish" (*Chanobrettus cyanellus*). This is the familiar pond fish.

Tank 6 contains the "pumpkin seed" (*Pomotis auratus*) a beautiful sunfish from the lake. It is in bad company, the "long-nosed gar" (*Lepidosteus osseus*) only surpassed in general worthlessness by the dogfish. These gars were presented by Mr. Henry Douglas, of the Sandusky hatchery. The "pumpkin seed" are from Mr. Howell.

In tank 7 are black bass, (*Micropterus salmoides*) the gamest of North American fishes, and of great value as a food fish, presented also by Mr. Howell.

Tank 8 contains eels, (*Anguilla rostrata*). These specimens are from Troy, on the Hudson River, N. Y.; they travel up the river at night and keep close to the shore to avoid swift currents and hungry enemies. The eel-catcher takes advantage of this habit, and sets his traps, which consist of bunches of willow switches tied together at one end. Into this the little eels squeeze themselves in fancied security to rest. When the fisherman makes his rounds he rudely disturbs them by slipping his wire under the bunch, and they are caught. It is in this way the thousands are taken to stock rivers all over the country. The transportation is safely effected by using a box 11½ inches long, 9 inches wide and 5 inches deep; this will carry two thousand eels. It is lined on the bottom with canton flannel and filled full to the top; the lid is then nailed on, and through a small hole in the top ice water is allowed to drip. In this way they can be transported without losing a single one. This year, eel-ladders, to enable eels to ascend rivers obstructed by mill dams, have been introduced in Germany. Mr. D. T. Howell has planted many thousands of this valuable fish in the waters of this State. He kindly presented these specimens.

In tank 9 are the peerless brook trout (*Salmo salvelinus fontinalis*), from the Castalia Springs, Erie county, Ohio. These springs belong to a fishing club, and the fishing privilege is confined to its members. It swarms with beautiful fish, some of which weigh as high as four pounds. These specimens were received through the kindness of Messrs. Post, Ferris and Douglass, of Sandusky. In tank 10 are fringe-tailed carp, four months old, from the breeding ponds at Mt. Healthy. Tank 11 contains small bass from the large lot recently distributed by the Cuvier Club from the Sandusky hatchery.

Tank 12 contains leather carp (*Cyprinus nudus*).

No. 13 contains mirror carp (*Cyprinus rex cyprinorum*).

No. 14 contains the common carp (*Cyprinus carpio*). These three species are the famous food carp of Europe, and are being largely introduced in this country. Almost any ponds are suitable for them. They grow with a rapidity almost beyond belief. The fish spawned on May 9 in Messrs. Muth & Eckhardt's ponds are now from four to eight inches long. They grow even more rapidly when fully fed.

Mr. Watkins, superintendent of the fisheries of Minnesota, mentions in FOREST AND STREAM of six-year-old carp that weighed twenty pounds. In the same paper of January 27, 1881, is an article on the growth of the carp in America, by Mr. Mather, the celebrated expert on fishculture. He quotes a letter from Baron Von Behr, President of the German Fishery Society, giving some interesting facts in regard to the growth of the carp. Mr. Mather shows that the carp grows faster in America than in its native country.

The leather carp, not having scales, bears transportation better than the other two, for where the scales become knocked off the fish is liable to fungus. Raising carp is destined to become in this country, as in Europe, a great and profitable industry for the farmers and others having ponds. The writer was invited to go carp fishing in one of Messrs. Muth & Eckhardt's carp ponds. Several very fine ones were taken, weighing from three to ten pounds. The fishing came to an end by a very large fish getting away with the fishing line, hook, bob and sinker. They bite readily, and come out of the muddy water shining like a mirror. In these ponds are also the blue carp.

In tank 15 are some *Cyprinus auratus* of the same age as those in tanks 2 and 10, but retarded in their growth from overcrowding in the pond, there being more fish than food. It is the intention to keep adding choice specimens to the display.

At the east end of the aquarium is an alligator case, in which are three fine little specimens, exhibited by H. C. Stewart, of the Vienna bakery. In the same area Mr. Klepper, of Covington, exhibits some beautifully arranged ornamental aquariums for private house decoration. Mr. Klepper exhibits a number of fishes best adapted for such aquariums. In his collection are specimens of the spotted Triton (*Diemyctyus viridescens*) and the large darter or log perch, *Percina caprodes*, not represented in the other collection.

OPOSSUMS IN FLORIDA.—KITES.—Seeing several items in late numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM relating to opossums I will add my mite. I spent July and August at my place, near Mosquito Inlet, and while there we were troubled by opossums eating our scuppernong grapes and pineapples. I set a box trap and caught fourteen opossums and a skunk within a month. Here is how it was done: The first night a female opossum was caught. Some time after killing her I noticed movements around the "pouch," and upon examining the same found seven young ones, no larger than rats, hanging to teats inside. Two nights after that an old female got in the trap, but got out again by partly lifting the top and squeezing out of the side. In doing this she left two small rat-like 'possums behind! That is what I call a rare occurrence. How many more she carried away with her I don't know. She tried hard to get them out, after getting out herself and missing them. After this four old ones were caught, the largest weighing about ten pounds. Opossums are smaller here than those further north. This is the case with almost all animals in Florida. "W. A. M.," of Tampa, Fla., seems to entertain an idea that the kite, or swallow-tailed falcon hawk, is a rare bird in this State. They are seen on the east coast, where I believe they also breed. This is the most graceful of all birds in its flight. In fact, its soarings, circles, darts and scrolls might well be called "the poetry of motion." It appears to fly so easy, without any effort and scarcely a movement of the wings, yet it is as swift as an arrow. I have noticed that it eats its food—consisting principally of snakes—while on the wing.—C. H. C., (Jacksonville, Fla.)

BREEDING OF QUAIL.—Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, Sept. 16. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* "J. E. S," in his article regarding Iowa game, in FOREST AND STREAM of August 31, is undoubtedly right about an occasional brood of quail being scarcely able to fly in October, although "Ches. A. Peake" thinks it altogether improbable. A friend and I were out after woodcock on the seventh of the present month, and we came across a brood of quail that had just left the nest, as some of them had pieces of the shell sticking to their backs; and as quail are not able to fly under the most favorable circumstances, such as mild dry weather, an abundance of food, etc., in from three to four weeks, it is not probable that so late a brood as this will take wing before the middle of October, and certainly will not be fit to shoot before quite the last of November. It is not an uncommon event to find quail only two-thirds grown in November, and yet I saw a covey of these birds a week or more ago that were quite mature. This, I think, is a good indication that they raise more than one brood in some localities when the season is favorable.—GEO. F. ALDEN.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

THE RANGE OF THE SHOTGUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For heaven's sake do not turn loose upon your unoffending readers the "long-range shotgun liar." Hoopsnake and trout liars are harmless enough, but the former class are vicious and wholly incorrigible. At least, if they are to have a hearing, make each one set up a soft pine board at the exact range at which the bird is claimed to have been killed, mark upon it size of same bird, and then fire at this target five charges, such as were used to kill the bird, and then report the result "upon honor," and whether or not any of the shot, if they struck the shape of the bird marked out, "stuck" in the board.

I remember a test once applied to one of these fiends. He claimed, and was ready to make oath, that he had killed one of the birds in his bag—a quail—at some fabulous distance, I do not remember exactly what; but a bet was at once made of a wine supper for the party, that he could not take one of his birds, pluck it, set it up at the same distance at which he claimed to have killed his bird, and in ten shots hit this target, or if he did, that the shot would stick in the bird, he to use the same charges he had been using all day, etc., some of which he yet had. The bird was twice hit, but neither time did the shot pass through the skin, and he paid for the supper, and he has never since killed birds at extreme ranges. My dear sir, I did not pay for that supper, though I helped to eat it.

I am well aware of the fact that many birds are killed at extreme ranges for a shotgun, have often seen it done, and have made such shots myself, but never at such ranges as I have often heard tell of.

A few shots at a proper target will soon teach almost any man what the killing power of a gun is with a given charge, and just about how far it will kill every time, provided always it be properly held of course.

The smaller number of shooters know to within very narrow limits just what a gun is capable of doing. One of this number never makes one of these astonishing long shots. But the larger number of gunners know little or nothing of the actual powers of their guns, and the less they know very naturally the further they can and do (*t*) kill game, the actual powers of the gun to the contrary notwithstanding.

Estimated distance as a rule is never correct in such cases.

S.

It seems that "Dell," of Sank Center, Minn., is not a believer in the "twenty-rod gun." He is right. No one who has ever tested his gun at "patterns" will assert and prove that it will kill "every time" at above fifty yards. In fact, the best of them often "miss" at less distances, and to kill "every time" is practically impossible. If a man asserts ownership of such a wonder put him down as a "Saxon," for they, it is confidently asserted, "will kill anything at any distance."

J. E. S.

OSCALOOSA, Ia.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

"HERBERT'S a brick!" was my very emphatic exclamation as I laid down my old file of a sporting paper containing a report of an ill-starred "Turkey Hunt in Missouri," my pointer slumbering on a mat at my side, and my pipe smoked out by energetic puffing occasioned by the zest with which I had enjoyed the narrative.

"Yes, Herbert's a brick. He's not ashamed to acknowledge that he has had days when he came home with an empty game-bag. Let your Nimrods and your Acteons and your dapper fellows who swear by Diana and sport breech-loaders laugh. Who cares?"

Perhaps the reader may, if he be a person of suspicious habits, begin to suspect that the above ebullition proceeds directly from a fellow feeling. I am free to say that it does. But apart from this I quite agree with Herbert in the sentiments with which he closes his letter. He says: "Who is the next one to relate the incidents of an unsuccessful day? Pass him along. It may be an agreeable change. We have been surfeited with the right and lefters of the unerring shots and the plethoric bags which they always empty before us. Let us have the other side for a while—just for variety." Those words have a true ring, and have given me courage enough to stand being laughed at for relating a ludicrous experience of my own which occurred some years since, and which I jealously guarded as a secret from my most intimate friends. The story is not exactly of an unsuccessful day's shooting, but rather the unsatisfactory termination of a very successful one.

It was a bright October morning, crisp and keen, and the village, as viewed from the old bridge which crossed "the lake," as the people called it, never looked more bright and cheery. The smoke curling in faint columns from the chimneys of the farm houses proclaimed the preparation of the morning meal, as with my old friend Charley W——, I stepped into the boat for our long-talked of duck hunt. The boat was about ten feet long, and was covered with hooks, from which hung huge masses of sea-weed, completely covering it. At the bottom was an improvised mattress, on which we reclined at full length, or as nearly so as we could. A hole in the stern through which an oar was run and turned by Charley formed our sole power of propulsion. We had proceeded slowly along for some three miles in the direction of a well-known feeding place, when a warning from my friend admonished me to look sharp. Lying flat for some ten minutes we had drawn so close to the shore that the danger of running aground was imminent. We could see the ducks swimming around not three hundred yards off.

Our progress was slow, painfully slow. Yet, we were getting nearer; we were conscious that the appearance of the boat resembled a huge patch of floating weed, and were satisfied it would never alarm the ducks. Nearer we approached. They had not, as yet, noticed us. The time had come. "Pick your birds," whispers Charley. They were getting suspicious. A large drake gave a start and away they fly, and our guns bring down two as fine birds as you would wish to look upon. Hastily gathering our game, we move on at a more rapid pace than before. I was elated; it was my first duck. And tell me of the sportsman who can forget his first duck—the wild, ecstatic thrill it gives him? Its memory is as perennial as "love's young dream." From diffident I became boastful, and I fear with an undue display of asperity, declared duck-shooting to be

"a very simple matter anyhow." I was already a spoiled sportsman. My pride was short-lived, for though no one ever threw his heart into the sport with more enthusiasm, though no one ever tried harder than I, yet I emptied barrel after barrel without effect, and my first duck was my last. Charley, on the other hand, modest, unassuming, whose head could not be turned by good fortune, had been doing splendidly. Eleven big, plump fellows had fallen under his cool, unerring aim, and I am ashamed to admit it, but envy added to my desperation.

We had paddled about for a long while without a shot, when the noise of another flock told us that our day's sport was not yet ended. Cautiously my friend moved the boat along, and as we turned a bend we found we were approaching a flock feeding. This was the last chance, probably, and I burned to redeem myself. I chafed at the slow progress of the boat, but at last we were close enough to see something of our intended game. The flock was a large one. But, good heavens! what is that swimming among them? A large bird, the size of a goose. My blood was up. Here was a prize. I gathered myself for a shot. I would shoot him down where he was. My piece was at my shoulder, when Charley called out in a hurried, "Don't shoot that, it's only a loon; take the ducks." It was no use. My limbs were in a tremble. That "goose" I must have. He was game worth the candle. My heart was in my throat. Slowly I drew up my gun. I covered him fairly. There was a ringing crack and down went the goose. The ducks took flight and were off, but not until my friend (as I afterward ascertained, being at the time too excited to hear or see anything) had brought down a couple of them.

The final capture was enough for me, and notwithstanding Charley's entreaties to "go ashore awhile and stretch our limbs," I was determined to get home as quickly as possible. And home we went.

It had been agreed upon in advance that we divide the spoils equally. At least Charley had generously proposed it, having a pretty correct estimate of my abilities as a shot. But the huge goose had interposed as a weight most difficult to balance. From the beginning of the division Charley had said nothing derogatory of "the goose," as I persisted in calling it. I inferred somewhat from the way he spoke when I was covering it with my piece that he did not regard it with any great favor, but the appearance of the bird—it was such big game—caused me to overlook that. "Well, old boy," said Charley, and he never had a more sober face in all the years of our acquaintance, "you have made the great shot of the day, and I congratulate you. Now, of course, 'to the victors belong the spoils;' you want the loon—I beg pardon, 'the goose,' though it is a loon, and having such a prize, I suppose I can rely upon your generosity rising to the level of your success, and that you will allow me the greater share of the ducks." Feeling under obligations for his invitation to the day's sport, I was, of course, ready to accede to anything he might propose. But my joy at having the big bird was complete. What were a few paltry ducks to me? "The goose" was equal to a half dozen ducks in size. What a dinner he would make! My mouth watered at the thought of it. We made what seemed a very fair division. Charley took all the ducks, save two very large ones, which went in with the goose as my share.

We wended our way though the village feeling very well satisfied with the results of the day. Occasionally some of the people meeting us would stop and congratulate us on our good fortune. It might have been fancy on my part, but I have often since recalled it, that something very like a grin would pass over the villager accompanied by an elevation of the eyebrows, but this, upon looking at my friend, soon gave place to a smile as well as a shower of compliments on my skill and good fortune in bringing down such a leviathan.

"But we'll never eat it," was the despairing rejoinder of my esteemed maternal parent as I carried my trophy home. "Such a small family. And what will you do with the ducks—they won't keep? You'd better let me give them to Mrs. B." The ducks went to Mrs. B., "the goose" went down stairs, and after being subjected to a picking in which, according to the statement of the expatriated descendant of the great O'Neil, who reigned over the realms of the cuisine, "He parthed wid his feathers as if he loved 'em."

Sunday came, and with it some friends from town. As it was said, "it takes a goose some time to roast," my goose was put into the oven early. Having been in the required time, he was taken out, but on the statement of the above mentioned descendant of the great O'Neil that he wasn't quite done yet, he was returned. A half hour later and the same result. The dinner hour had arrived. My maternal parent expressed a fear that he "was a little old." The table was set, everything was waiting, and, it was easy to see, our guests were getting hungry. Again was the "goose" brought out and pronounced "not done." Mother apologized. Among our guests were old Dr. S., a man of epicurean taste, and rather crusty temper, whose only genial minute was when he was well fed and wined. As might be imagined, the Doctor was getting rather tart. Once more had the goose been brought out, only to be put back. "I never saw such a goose," was my mother's despairing remark. Things were getting desperate. It was nearly three hours after our usual dinner hour, and our visitors and our ourselves were nearly famished. At last the goose was declared ready, and all hands adjourned to the dining room with unwonted celerity. The goose was served. It needed but a casual observer to notice that upon each one tasting it, they did so with rather a drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and divers other expressions of disrelish. That the goose was a failure was evident. One would have thought the old Doctor was taking a dose of castor oil to see him swallow it. "Where did you shoot this goose?" he managed to ask. "About a mile from N.," I answered. Then there was a silence. "What variety of goose was it?" timidly queried Miss G. "Charley called it a 'loon'," I replied. "What's that!" gasped the Doctor. "A loon," I repeated. Heavens! to see his jaw drop. He would not touch it. It was noticed, and the suspense was maddening. "Why, Doctor, is not a loon considered as good as the ordinary goose?" inquired my mother. "I should say not, madam; why, I never heard of its flesh being eaten before in my life."

Confound the old rascal! The table fairly rose. The gentlemen looked surprised, then grinned, while the ladies fairly screamed, and one or two were on the verge of asking the question, "Is it poisonous?" The whole company seemed like a demoralized army requiring a Napoleon to restore them to their normal condition. But a regard for good manners held them in check. That "goose" was removed, dinner was resumed, but was a failure. But though the horror soon gave way to the comical side of the matter and I came in for a share of bantering, it was all I could do to conceal my mortification. That evening Charley came around to inquire "how the goose tasted," and I fear my answer was more forcible than polite. "I couldn't help it," he said laughingly, "the joke was too good, and I had to let it take its course. You would have given me all your ducks had I insisted, but that would have been carrying it too far. I could foresee the result, and left you the ducks, not thinking you would ruin yourself by giving them away. But never mind, old fellow, I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself. I am going out next week, and you must come along, and I promise you a string of ducks that will make these people recall all they have said." And he did. I brought home enough to stock a village butcher. But it was no use. The story got abroad, and go where I would, some malicious imp of a village would put himself to great pains to inquire if I had "shot any geese lately."

Time has passed rapidly since then, or, to use the words of the playbills, "a period of ten years is supposed to elapse." In the interim I have purchased many works on ornithology, and to-day Charley W. nor any other man can "do" me so far as to let me mistake a miserable loon for a "goose."

VIGILANT.

MT. HOPE, N. Y.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GAME CLUB.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 26, 1882.

L. O. Lang, Esq., District Attorney:

DEAR SIR.—The undersigned, a committee appointed at the last meeting of the St. Lawrence Game Club, to memorialize the district attorney of St. Lawrence county upon the subjects of its organization and purposes, respectfully represent:

The St. Lawrence Game Club was incorporated in the year 1881, under and pursuant to the provisions of chap. 267 of the State of New York, passed in the year 1875, and in May, 1881, it was organized by the election of officers, as provided by its constitution.

In the first year of its existence its attention was necessarily principally given to the consolidation and detail of its organization, and but partial attention could be given to the whole field of its labors.

At the last annual meeting of the club its organization was perfected, and plans of action adopted. We inclose you herewith a copy of the circular letter issued by the president of the club advisory of its organization and purposes, and also a synopsis of the statutes of the State for the protection of fish and game, with the names and residences of the officers of the club. These papers have been extensively circulated, and the information they contain made general.

As you are aware, the purposes of our association are to protect the fish and game of our county against the lawless and wanton destruction practiced by classes and persons who resort to our forests and streams in disregard of every consideration but that of personal greed or the gratification of a morbid passion for wanton and indiscriminate destruction.

Our society had its inception in a general sentiment of reprobation, excited by the annually recurring raids made upon the best animal products of our forests and streams by those within, and from beyond our county limits, during prohibited seasons, practicing methods of pursuit and capture, and using appliances unlawful, inhuman and exterminating in their threatened persistence.

We are happy to inform you that our organization and its purposes have elicited earnest and sympathetic expression from the law-abiding, and the substantial contributions to its treasury evince a general determination to make its efforts effective.

It is matter of congratulation that the demoralizing and degrading violation of the statutes of the State for the protection of fish and game within our county becomes a matter of so general and earnest concern as to substantially guarantee its suppression.

The enforcement of these statutes is in the enlightened interest of our whole people. It concerns the professional man, the tradesman, the artisan, the farmer, the laborer and the backwoodsman struggling with the difficulties and privations incident to border life.

The invigorating, healthful diversion to be found in field sports contributes most essentially to the economy of manly development and culture, and our overworked population in every condition of life and form of industry eagerly covets its relaxation on the waters and in the magnificent forests of our favored county. They are the common domain of the people, and a wise legislation which expends annually large sums for the protection and preservation of their best products has made most stringent laws against their spoliation.

As you are especially charged with the enforcement of the criminal parts of the statutes popularly known as the game laws, our club will at all times confer with you for the purpose of affording such efficient assistance as may be possible, and will keep you fully informed of the results of its detective efforts.

Soliciting for our association and the public interests it represents your kindly and attentive consideration, we are

Yours respectfully,

JOHN WEBB, JR.,
WILLIAM PETERS,
J. MCNAUGHTON,
Committee.

OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
BRASHER FALLS, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Sept. 14, '82.

GENTLEMEN.—Your memorial, bearing date August 26, has just been laid before me, and I desire to say to the St. Lawrence Game Club through you that I concur in every sentiment expressed in your communication. I have heretofore had occasion to consult with members of the club relative to complaints against persons charged with violations of the game laws, and in each instance I have found the members quite ready and willing to impart and secure valuable information touching such violations, and in each instance have I been satisfied that they were actuated solely by a wholesome desire that the law be executed according to its spirit, that the worthy object contemplated by it might be realized, and in no instance have I detected a disposition to gratify personal animosity by indictment or criminal punishment, which too often actuates complainants. While the purpose of the St. Lawrence Game Club continues to be thus honorably to secure punishment under the law, in order that the purpose of that law be accomplished and the game of our forests and the fish of our streams be protected from lawless, wanton and indiscriminate destruction, it shall have my cheerful co-operation. The time has come when in this State there is need of those strong penal statutes and a vigorous enforcement of them which has been found necessary in other States to protect game against destruction at unsuitable seasons and by unsuitable means. I trust that the penalties imposed by the last criminal court in this county will serve to admonish persons who have heretofore treated the "game laws" as a "dead letter," that the St. Lawrence Game Club, the criminal courts and the prosecuting attorney of the county are awake to the necessity of a vigorous enforcement of such laws as the Legislature has given us for the preservation of game. The last grand jury of the county was fully conscious of this growing necessity, as will appear later.

After the pains which your club has taken to advise the public of the provisions of the law by printed circulars containing a convenient digest showing the acts which incur liability under the statute, together with the action of the last Court of Sessions, there can be no excuse for persons who hereafter violate its provisions. When it is well understood that violators of these statutes will be treated like other persons guilty of crime, I believe all good citizens will approve of your efforts; and if there is no relaxation of your vigilance in detecting violations, the corporation known as the St. Lawrence Game Club will be a recognized public benefactor. If other counties will by similar organizations and like vigilance strengthen the arm of the State in its efforts to fill up the wasted supply of game in our forests and fish in our streams, the public will very soon be compensated for the money which is annually appropriated for the purpose.

Again assuring you of my hearty co-operation in your efforts to secure the enforcement of the law, I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,

L. C. LANG,
Dist. Attorney, St. Lawrence County.

To William Peters, John Webb, Jr., J. McNaughton, Committee.

NON-RESIDENTS IN NEW JERSEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of your paper I notice an article entitled "The Facts of the Jersey Case," in which there is a garbled and prejudiced account of the relative merits of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, and "The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society," signed by the "N. J. G. and F. P. S.," at Plainfield, N. J. As a member of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, I desire to let the sporting community know, through your valuable paper, the truth, and the law in New Jersey touching this subject.

In 1873 the Legislature passed an act conferring upon a certain number of gentlemen and their successors a charter for the purpose of the propagation and the protection of game in the six lower counties in this State, viz.: Atlantic, Camden, Cumberland, Cape May, Gloucester, and Salem. Also compelling non-residents who desired to shoot in the above-named counties to pay $5 for a certificate, which certificate or "license" entitles the holder to full membership in the society. Each subsequent year $2 is charged. The proceeds arising from this sale of certificates are applied to policing the district above referred to, and in stocking proper localities with game and fish. Since the organization of the West Jersey Game Protective Society the officers have put out over 5,000 quail, 500,000 salmon, and about 15,000 black bass. The officer employed to look up all infringements of the game laws is employed by the year, and whenever authentic information is received, is sent to that locality. As a consequence, shooting out of season, trapping, etc., are nearly all broken up.

The officers of this society are Major Walker, of Vineland, N. J., president; Judge R. T. Miller, of Camden, secretary, and Geo. E. Taylor, of Camden, treasurer. All money is paid by order from secretary on treasurer, and vouchers filed in all cases. At the annual meeting there is a committee appointed to audit the accounts of the secretary and treasurer, and if, as your correspondent informed you in the last issue, "no returns are made either by financial exhibit or stocking with game," it is very strange that some of the members have not taken action about the matter before. Each certificate sold has a corresponding stub, for which the officers are bound to account, and if there were no return made, how would it be possible to run an institution of this character? I know whereof I speak, for on more occasions than one I have been placed on the auditing committee, and never yet have I known the officers to be short one penny.

Now, as to the "N. J. G. and F. P. S.," of Plainfield, N. J. This society was organized under a general law passed in 1879, for the protection of game and fish, "and carry ing out the laws of this State for the protection of the same." This act, it is claimed, gives general jurisdiction over the whole State to societies formed under its provisions. There is nothing in the act (which is short, containing but four sections) that repeals either in express terms or by necessary implications any other act, either general or special. A simple power is given for the formation of societies, and to regulate, by constitution and by-laws, the membership fee and the general regulation of its affairs. But no power is given any society formed under this act to charge non-residents one cent for shooting within the limits of the State of New Jersey. (See laws of 1879, p. 169.) Now if this be true, and I can see no reason to doubt it, why should the "N. J. G. and F. P. S." be incensed over a plain violation of law?

This brings us to the point which will certainly be decided in our courts, viz., Can a general act, without any repealing clause, abrogate or repeal a special charter? It has been held in this State in innumerable cases that it could not, and decided the same in New York and some of the other States. It is a principle that must be familiar to every man of common sense and reason, the power that grants cannot take away nor curtail unless by express enactment. This has never been done, consequently the W. J. G. P. S., (called by the writer of the communication to your paper the "West Jersey"—that letter, aside from the bare facts of the arrest and the appeal, being a base fabrication and as false as the writer is prejudiced in favor of his society) still holds exclusive jurisdiction over the six counties before enumerated.

I have interviewed the secretary in reference to the correspondence between the two societies and was informed that it resulted in a letter being sent to the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, by the direction of the Board of Directors, to the effect that any non-resident found gunning within the territorial jurisdiction covered by their charter without a certificate from the West Jersey Game Protective Society would be arrested and fined. To my personal knowledge agents of the N. J. G. and F. P. S. have been soliciting non-residents and others to join, holding out as an inducement that they only charged $2 while the "West Jersey" charged $5. The membership of the "West Jersey"

numbering over 1,200 at this time, has never been greater nor has the society been in a more flourishing condition. There is plenty of money in the treasury to fight this case with.

In conclusion I challenge the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society to show the public or myself any one instance where they have ever spent one cent for the protection or propagation of game, where or they ever spent one penny to enforce the law, either in this locality or any other.

A MEMBER SINCE 1875.

CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 23, 1882.

The following is a report of the last annual meeting of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, held Sept. 20, 1882:

The annual meeting of the West Jersey Game Protective Society was held last evening, at the office of the secretary, R. T. Miller, Esq., 106 Market street, where about seventy sportsmen of Philadelphia and the six counties of New Jersey, which come under the W. J. G. P. S. district were present. Major Thomas W. Walker, the president, called the meeting to order, and requested the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting; $600 being appropriated for game which had been distributed throughout the different counties.

George E. Taylor's, the treasurer's, report, was then read, and showed that there was a balance of $535.88 in his hands, which spoke well for the financial standing of the society, and that $1,618 had been collected in fines and for certificates, and $1,082.12 expended for game, and for police and officers for protection of game and arrest of offenders. Richard T. Miller moved that a committee be appointed to audit the secretary's and treasurer's accounts. So ordered. The chairman appointed George Emlin, Charles Dougherty and Charles A. Bragg. Mr. Weaver moved that the committee be allowed to have the books to make a thorough search and report at the next meeting, which was carried. The committee also stated that several persons had been arrested for violating the game laws, and brought to justice, although some depredators had escaped. The committee was then discharged.

Secretary Miller then wished to know what action should be taken about the conflict of the laws between the two New Jersey societies, he contending that the W. J. G. P. S. had the sole right to issue certificates for gunners to shoot in the six lower counties, as power was given them by a special act of the Legislature and which had never been rescinded. Mr. George Emlin said that he had seen the secretary of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society a short time since and told him they were not acting right in issuing certificates to people to shoot in the six lower counties, but they could do as they pleased with the other counties, but did not get any satisfaction from the secretary, and he now moved that the new committee to be appointed on prosecution be allowed to engage counsel to push the cases we have on hand, and, if necessary, to use every dollar in the treasury to see how we stand, and see if we are in the right and have the law on our side, as we must protect game and our own gunners. In a short time we would be overrun with pot-hunters, as the New Jersey Society only charges $2 while we charge $5 for the privilege of killing game. The motion was then put to a vote to prosecute all cases brought before them, and especially the case of Mr. Welsh, who was arrested a short time since while shooting near Woodbury without a W. J. G. P. S. certificate, but with one of the N. J. G. and F. P. Society's. This motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. Weber then asked how it was that the secretary had power to send their agent to make arrests without the consent of the Prosecution Committee. Mr. R. T. Miller always understood he was an ex-officio member, and as the other members were so far away he always acted as he thought would be for the good of the society. On two occasions he had arrested two men, which cost the society $40, and which turned into the treasury over $600. After a long controversy it was decided that the secretary be made an ex-officio member of the Prosecuting Committee.

It was moved and seconded that the fine of Mr. W. Carson be returned to him, as he was an old resident of New Jersey, and that he did not intend to break the law as he had belonged to the society since its organization. The nomination and election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

Directors—Camden county, H. Vannuxem; Gloucester county, Joshua C. Richards; Cumberland county, Thomas W. Walker; Salem county, Mr. Brown; Atlantic county, John R. Beebe; Cape May county, Major W. B. Brown; Philadelphia, Mr. L. Coleman. President, Major Thomas W. Walker; Treasurer, George E. Taylor; Secretary, Richard T. Miller. Committee on Prosecution—Gilbert Griffin, Harry Matton, C. A. Bragg.

RAIL SHOOTING.

THE rail shooting has not been good as yet. I think the late spring has a good deal to do with it, in breaking up the first nestings. It certainly has had that effect on the clapper-rail, or mud-hens. On August 28 I was shooting mud-hens near Atlantic City, and saw great numbers of birds entirely too young to fly. Some of them could not have been more than three or four weeks old, and others just able to raise from the trash. I could find comparatively few fit to shoot, all either too young, or else old birds with the young ones. We caught several young with our hands in the floating trash and grass, and saw one female with twenty-three young with her. They were swimming in clear water from one bunch of grass to another, and the old one did not offer to fly, though the boat was shored within ten feet of them. It was very interesting to watch them. They were certainly all of one brood, though the number surprised both the boatman and myself. The meadows were entirely covered with water, and the young and old mud-hens suffered from both guns and sticks in the hands of boys and men who should have known better. The professionals respected the very young and the old birds with young, though the others suffered. I got thirty birds, which was as many as I had use for, in about one and one-half hours, and in drawing one of the birds at home I found in its craw a short-tailed meadow-mouse. The body of the mouse was at least two and a half inches long. Is not this new food for the clapper-rail? J. N. DE H.

PHILADELPHIA, September 18.

Quite a number of blue-winged teal were shot this week in our river. Now that they are beginning to show themselves we may expect more. In reporting that the West Jersey Game Protective Association were arresting some resident sportsmen for shooting without a lisence, my informant did not give particulars, and I am glad to see the note brought forth an explanation from a correspondent. He said nothing about the case of Mr. Carson, who was likewise fined and who did not make appeal.

At the head of Raccoon Creek, or at that portion of the stream just above Swedesboro, N. J., there is now a large extent of marsh and meadow subject to overflow at high water. I am told that there are many rail there by a resident of Swedesboro, but that it takes a high tide to get on this ground. It would be well for some of our shooters to be on the spot when the water comes. I will guarantee a big score. The Raccoon Creek runs into the Delaware at Bridgeport, N. J. Ten or twelve miles up the creek is the place I refer to. Let some one try it. Teal will be found there also. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 21.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—Easterly wind and rain at this writing. "Everybody" is starting for rail, and the biggest tide of the season is expected. The rail (a big flight) came during the week. John Krider loaded two thousand shells yesterday. This is but a drop in the bucket of what will be shot this afternoon and to-morrow, although it is Sunday.—HOMO.

FORESTER'S PHEASANTS.—The editor of the Rochester *Journal* tells "a story regarding Forester, which we have never seen in print. It was told the writer by a Rochester man, who lived for many years in Newark, N. J., and when a boy saw Forester frequently, and remembers him stalking through the streets in full shooting costume. Forester imported a lot of English pheasants, probably with a view to increase the list of game birds of America. The pheasants, however, did not thrive, and all but one of them died after a short residence in America. Herbert's residence, the Cedars, was in the vicinity of a cemetery of which the superintendent was an Irishman named Pat Hart. Now Pat lived in the cemetery grounds, and was something of a sportsman himself, and one morning when Forester's last pheasant chanced to get out of its enclosure, and flew into the cemetery, Hart, without knowing anything about its history, shot it. Some one carried the news to Forester, and that night, when Hart happened to be away from home, Forester, who had evidently drained several of the bowls that inebriate, rapped at Hart's door, and when informed that 'the man of the house' was not at home, expressed his intention to shoot him for killing his pheasant. Hart's daughter ran off to warn her father of his impending danger, but Forester and he did not meet that night. In a few days they came across each other, when both were sober and Herbert had modified his views as to the punishment due for the death of the pheasant. 'Mr. Hart,' said he, 'it's well you were not home that night, for I meant to shoot you.' 'I'm glad I wasn't,' replied Hart, 'for one of us might have been shot, but it wouldn't have been me!'"

MUD-HENS.—It is undoubtedly true that these pests do in a great measure interfere with the ducks' efforts to find an abundance of food; for, while a shot fired over a lake will cause the former to leave for a time, the mud-hens remain and help themselves to the best the place affords. They eat night, noon and morning—they seem to live for no other purpose but to eat—and it stands to reason that this incessant poaching must early in the season cause the ducks to seek new grounds. Upon no other theory can old sportsmen account for the disappearance each season of ducks from their favorite haunts. Of course, it seems like cruelty for men to shoot the mud-hens for no other reason than that they are gluttons and persist in "hogging" all the succulent grasses and roots that grow in the marshes, instead of dividing with their more decent half-brothers, the ducks. But then they are perfectly useless creatures, anyhow, while the ducks furnish mankind with both food and sport. On the theory, therefore, that only the fittest should survive, perhaps it would be as well to adopt the suggestion of "Hoosier," and drive away or kill off these pests of the duck-grounds. Each year the supply of ducks is being lessened, while the coots are increasing. A few years ago Riverside Lake afforded splendid duck-shooting, but for the last two winters it has fairly swarmed with mud-hens, and scarcely a duck could be seen after the first few weeks of the season. And so it is in many other places, wherefore sportsmen should take the hint and go for the invaders.—*Sacramento Bee.*

GRASS PLOVER.—Ferrisburgh, Vt., Sept. 17.—In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM some one asks what the "grass plover" is. Here that name is given to Bartram's sandpiper (*Tringa bartramia, Totanus bartramius*), which is also called upland plover and by some killdeer plover. In Rhode Island it is or used to be called grass plover, and the name was brought here from there. A good many breed in our fields, and their long-drawn, plaintive spring cry is frequently heard in May and June. As soon as the young birds are strong upon the wing, in August, the most of them depart, so that few remain with us till they are in full flesh and worth shooting. On almost any still August evening the chuckling note of these migrants may be heard, as high overhead they face southward. To the sportsman it sounds like a chuckle of derision. Now and then a straggler is picked up in September, and such a one is of more than twice the weight of an August bird. As far as my observation goes they leave us earlier than they used to thirty years ago, and not nearly so many breed here.—R. E. R.

A NEW OTTER TRAP.—An animal trap, especially adapted for catching otter as they slide down their "snow slides," has been patented by Mr. Erastus H. Hamilton, of Community, N. Y. The body of the trap is made with two jaws and a flat U-shaped spring in the usual manner. A series of sharp, strong teeth are held by rivets to the under sides of the jaws, in such a manner that they project from the adjoining edges of the jaws, and lugs that project each side of the teeth serve to hold them more firmly. A platform, secured on top of the pan of the trap, stands higher above the ground than the ends of the teeth when the jaws are set open. The trap is placed in the "snow slide," and as the otter passes over it on his belly, the platform is pressed down and the trap sprung. As they slide rapidly, and the fur is soft and yielding, they slip out of ordinary traps, and the jaws must be provided with sharp teeth to catch them. —*Scientific American.*

NEW YORK.—Long Island City, Sept. 22.—There have been several large flocks of golden plover on the hills in this neighborhood during the past week. Several were shot and proved to be very poor, hardly fit to eat. I saw some black ducks about a week ago, and a flock of about thirty teal was in the swamp a few days since.—SWALLOW.

CAMP COOKERY.—New York, Sept. 22, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please to tell us in as early an issue of your paper as possible how to cook, if it can be done, game and vegetables, especially green corn on cob, duck and fish without a camp stove. Have heard of such things being done under hot coals after the blaze has died out of a wood fire, and that the food cooked was thoroughly enjoyable. Attempted it this summer and made a first-class fizzle of it; am going to try it again, and would like to get a few hints from one who knows. Is there a work on the subject? Can think of no article that would be more appreciated by your numerous readers than such a one.—DR. D. F. EASTON.

GAME IN MEXICO.—Since the completion of the Mexican Central Railroad from El Paso to the city of Chihuahua, a great many people are visiting the latter place. Perhaps some sportsmen will do so, and for their benefit I write. Between Laguana and Encinillas—I think a distance of twenty or thirty miles—there are numerous ponds where myriads of ducks congregate. In the mountains near by there are a great many deer and bear—some Apache Indians, too. Sportsmen going into the mountains should go prepared for an Indian fight, and keep a good lookout for redskins.—GEO. W. BAINES, JR.

IOWA.—Troy Mills, Lynn County, September.—Quail are more plentiful than they have been for years. Chickens are very scarce. Woodcock are almost unknown. Duck shooting gives promise of being good this fall; quite a number nested in this vicinity. Squirrels and rabbits fairly plentiful. Ruffed grouse have been scarce for a number of years; do not see one where a few years ago could see a dozen.—J. A. B.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY.—West Chester, N. Y., Sept. 20.—The game in Westchester county isn't all poker, old sledge, etc., after all. To-day while walking along an unfrequented road near Van Nest station, I flushed a ruffed grouse within easy gunshot. He didn't fly far, and by roundabout work I got within thirty yards of him again. He was a this year's bird.—SENECA.

ONTARIO.—Kingston, Sept. 20.—Quail are plentiful, and we expect to have a fine time with them when the law is out. The fox and gray squirrels are scarce, caused by their being hunted unceasingly. Prairie chickens and partridges are seldom seen here, but are plentiful thirty miles west. Rabbits abundant. Are expecting ducks soon.—TALLEQUAN.

HARVESTING WOODCHUCKS.—A self-binder, cutting wheat at Vermontville, Mich., elevated a full-grown woodchuck, tied him up in a bundle, and choked him to death.—W. W. ARNOLD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Bradford, Sept. 22.—Game was never so plenty in this section as at present. Partridges, plover, woodcock and gray squirrels in abundance.—G. L. M.

"SOMETHING NEW."—Photographs of the crowned heads of the world, finest assortment of Mrs. Langtry, and all the other English beauties, and also all actresses and other celebrities. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York City.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FOREST AND STREAM ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

THE following circular has been issued:

An Anglers' Tournament will be held in or near New York city, about October 16. There will be contests in casting the fly, as for salmon and for trout, together with bait casting for striped bass, as practiced on the sea-coast. The tournament will be open to all persons from any part of the world, without favor. It will give especial attention to the encouragement of amateurs who have never before cast in public. It will have no connection with any other sports. The committee of arrangements is composed of gentlemen who are interested in angling as an art, and they now invite contributions suitable for prizes. All donors are assured that full credit will be given them on the lists, and that the press will be afforded full facilities for reporting the contests. The committee believe that this will be the best conducted tournament ever held in this or any country. You are respectfully invited to present something for competition before Oct. 2.

All communications on this subject may be addressed to Mr. Fred. Mather, Fishery Editor of FOREST AND STREAM, New York.

(Signed.)

FRANCIS ENDICOTT,
President Richmond Co. N. Y. Game and Fish Protective Association, Chairman.
JAMES BENKARD,
President South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island.
WALTER M. BRACKETT,
Vice-President Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Society, Boston.
EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, N. Y. Fish Commissioner.
S. M. BLATCHFORD, Squibnocket, Club, New York.
MARTIN B. BROWN, Wawayanda Club, New York.
HENRY F. CROSBY, Willowemoc, Club, New York.
DR. A. FERBER, New York.
JAMES GEDDES, Onandaga Fishing Club, Syracuse.
DR. J. A. HENSHALL,
Author of "The Book of the Black Bass," Cynthiana, Ky.
FRED MATHER, Fishery Editor FOREST AND STREAM, New York
PROF. ALFRED M. MAYER,
Stevens Institution of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.
BARNET PHILLIPS,
Secretary American Fish Cultural Association, New York.
GEO. W. VAN SICLEN, Willowemoc Club, New York.
Committee of Arrangements.

The date of the tournament is fixed for Thursday October 19, weather permitting. The prize list is not yet made out. The sentiment of several individual members of the committee seems to favor making no allowance for length of rods, and to make the extreme distance cast the only point to be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes in most of the classes. Those who have expressed themselves on this point seem to think that this is the only point that spectators are interested in, and the one that usually influences judges most in making awards. Until the committee meet, however, it is impossible to say what rules will be adopted. In our last issue we noted the fact that a prize would be offered in a class for rods weighing less than five and a half ounces. The firm which offer it have amended the conditions so

"five and a quarter ounces or less; rods to be made with ferules and reed bands, and of either two or three joints, and made of any material, provided that it is a complete rod; two flies only to be used on leaders six or nine feet."

We learn that the Commissioners of Public Parks have granted the use of the lake at 110th street. We will examine the water named and report upon its character and fitness at the next meeting of the committee. No admission fee will be charged to visitors, as there is no intention to make money out of the contest, and the entrance fee for contestants will be placed as low as possible. In our next issue we expect to name the place where the tournament will be held, and to give the rules which will govern the different classes.

DRUM, CROAKER AND SHARK.

I DO not fail to enjoy festive fish stories, nor do I miss the gambols of St. Clair's poetic pen, or the witchery of "Nessmuk," who wants to go around the world in a small canoe; albeit my pen has been silent for some months. But on Saturday I spent a day in deep-sea fishing, which would have gladdened dear old Izaak Walton's heart. The day was complete. It was a very "bridal of the earth and sky," and followed naturally the east wind of a "halcyon and vociferous" congressional convention.

Spicer Leaming, Esq., one of Philadelphia's most genial and gentlemanly lawyers, who can build his own boat as correctly as he can construct a brief in the Common Pleas, invited us to try the croaker and the drum. The recollection of a fifty-two pound red drum caught off Cape May (my hour's struggle with that gamy fish—is not the chronicle of it all written in last year's FOREST AND STREAM?) still lingers pleasantly in my mind. And when Spicer said, "Let us drum on Saturday," I replied, "I came to the side of the sounding sea on purpose." Spicer added to the party Morris Cresse, who had given twenty of the best years of his life to the life-saving service on the Jersey coast, and, when not going to sea in ships, Morris had played a stout and successful rod and line on the black and red drum, the black sea-bass, the mackerel, as well as on the sweet tempered and unoffending shark. With Morris Cresse came Sydney Townsend, as agreeable and devoted an angler as ever stood in the surf.

The mackerel business which necessitates rising at 4 A. M. and sailing all day and not catching a scale for a week at a time, had rather disgusted me, and I agreed with Cap. Fig Foster (who conveyed the Flotsam-Bacon) that there may be rewards for the "early bird," but it is nowhere written that any unusual luck shall fall on the early rising fisherman.

So 7:30 A. M. saw us four and no more plowing down the thoroughfare toward Sewell's Point in the little cat-rigged Mistake, made and completed from keel to truck by Sydney and Spicer, called the Mistake because she was cut in two and her stern made over again. By half-past eight we were passing over the bar, always a dangerous place, where the channel is only twelve feet wide, marked by a buoy constructed of a cedar log with a six-inch rag on a standard, fluttering in the breeze. No wonder Shelley loved the sea as Byron did, and as the white wings of the Mistake caught the Favonian breeze, I cried out with joy akin to Xenophon's soldiers, who, running away from the Persians, hankered for the sea, and finding it, exclaimed, "Be thou greeted, thou infinite sea."

As we looked ahead to the croaker ground, two miles away, I bethought myself to gaze on the voluminous lunch basket, and I will "sum up" by saying there were of *edendi et bibendi*, thirteen kinds of liquors and solids—mostly solids—for Spicer would permit the use only of the juice of the purple grape which had seen the sunny sky of Italy, and the bottles were marked "for medicinal purposes," and surely a liquid like that could not displease the most fastidious temperance advocate, not even my dear friend H. Dewalt, Esq., of temperance fame. The great painter who vainly sought to portray the anguish of that historical father who condemned his son to death, drew his artist brush over the "stern parient's face." So I draw my pen over the sad havoc of that lunch! To my dying day I will never tell you whether it was the pear, the apricot, the plum, the watermelon, the cantelope, the peach, the quince preserve, the sardine, the spanish bun, the toothsome sandwich or hard-boiled egg which let slip the dog of war on my digestion, and kept me in bed half of Sunday, able to feed only on pepsin, quinine and boiled milk! And, dear Spicer, "an' thou lovest me," unless thou meanest, best and most genial disciple of sweet Izaak, to be guilty of the "deep damnation of my taking off," O! Spicer, lunch me no more.

But to return to our objective "sardine," to wit, the croaker and the drum. A council of war was held at Sevell's Point, and Cresse carried the day by declaring that we would try the croaker first, and the red drum.

Now the croaker is a queer fish, not game to bite or to haul in, but still, as we think in West Jersey, a good table fish, also a fish of unknown origin, unless, as the savant of our party decided, "a weakfish loved a Cape May goodey not wisely but too well, and the result was a croaker." Certainly appearances indicate as much, for the croaker "croaks" like a weakfish, bites like him, less his game propensity and his spots, which seem to be born of his similitude to the mountain trout; and the croaker bears also many resemblances to the toothsome Cape May "goodey," or "Lafayette," as you call them in New York.

At 9 A. M. the anchor of the Mistake caught-on, and the croaker race began between Spicer Leaming and J. M. S., as to who should catch the most croakers inside of an hour; stake, two bottles of Rocderer. J. M. S. scored his first croaker at 9:10 A. M., and then the fun grew fast and furious. Spicer caught his first fish 9:12 sharp time. Cresse varied the monotony of increasing croakers by hauling up a weakfish which had been swallowed by a twenty-five pound man-eating shark; but at sight of Cresse the "shirk" dropped fish and hook, and in less time than I can write it, had fastened himself to my bottom hook. I played him with reasonable skill for ten minutes, till I felt "the nakedness and the vacancy" of the briny deep and the shark had levanted with both hooks and the lower end of my line. Sydney kept piling up croakers in the bottom of the boat, and Cresse called "time." Spicer had bagged fifty and J. M. S. fifty-six croakers, easily winning the champagne, which is to be a case, *solvendum in futuro* the next time we sail the ocean blue. J. M. S. was correspondingly happy, for Spicer is a "high hook" fisherman. We counted one hundred and fifty-seven croakers and two sharks, and pulled up the "mud-hook," as Spicer calls the anchor.

We were soon on the drum ground, a mile off Sewell's Point, and hooked two or three drum, but were not successful in landing any.

The mullet, the red drum's favorite fish, has not yet reached the Cape May waters, and the menhaden steam fishermen caught eighty red drum in one day, and by depopulating the waters of the food fish, seem gradually driving away the mackerel and the other big game fish. Let us hope Warner Miller, United States Senator, will compel these steam slaughter houses to keep off the coast during the months of July and August, and give the angler a chance.

Spicer had a lance ten feet in length with which we speared the reluctant sharks when we hooked them, and after a lively fight we bagged one man-eater weighing fifty pounds. But all things have an end, and at four o'clock, after drinking "the wine divine," the sea air, for eight hours, strengthened, exhilarated, rested in body and in mind, we, all unwillingly, turned the prow of the Mistake homeward.

Sydney, Cresse and J. M. S., meditating a "slaughter of the innocents," the drum, this week, say regretfully "hail and farewell" to Spicer Leaming, our captain, who unites in his own person the graces and courtesies of lawyer, fisherman, artist and gentleman. May he be triumphant ever, whether his contests are with Venus (the Goddess of Love born of the sea foam) or on the tented fields of Coke upon Lyttleton. Spicer, we hold thee in grateful remembrance, and we owe thee one perfect day on the beautiful sea.

CAPE MAY, N. J., Sept. 19. J. M. S.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

THE influence of the capture of immense quantities of menhaden for oil, on our food fishes, is now attracting the attention of Congress. We have referred to this matter on several occasions and in our issue of September 14 we gave a synopsis of what the committee appointed by Congress is doing. The daily papers have also taken up the question, and the following letter was sent to the New York *Herald:*

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1882.

To the Editor of the Herald:

In this day's issue of the *Herald* appears an editorial headed "Fighting the Fish Commission," which does great injustice to the menhaden industry, on whose behalf I request the insertion of this communication in answer to the strictures and charges of your editorial made against the largest fishing interest of the country when capital involved, vessels owned, men employed and value of its productions are considered in their bearing upon manufacturing business, agricultural results and food producing factors throughout the United States. There is at present a strong effort made by certain classes of people to have legislation adverse to the menhaden interest, based upon wrong impressions, ignorantly entertained, that menhaden fishing is destroying food fish or the food of marketable fish, and the object of this rejoinder is to explain away the fallacy of such theories, as follows:

In the first place, fish are migratory in their nature, hence legislation will not keep them in any given locality.

Second—Fish which are used as table food, such as salmon, cod, herring, porgies, shad, eels, weakfish, blackfish and flounders, do not require menhaden for bait or for food, while the principal catch of commercial mackerel are caught in waters where the menhaden have not been seen in years—viz., off the coast of Maine and Gulf of St. Lawrence

Third—As to the charge that we catch "food" fish for fertilizing purposes, the absurdity of such a charge will be easily seen when it is known that table or food fish is worth from $3 to $10 per barrel in packing houses or markets, while any kind of fish for fertilizing purposes is only worth from sixty-five to seventy-five cents per barrel.

Fourth—The menhaden fishermen do not, as you assert in the editorial in question, "catch up millions of small fry that should remain undisturbed," for the simple reason that our nets are not less than two inches and one-quarter meshes, and that any fish of less than twenty-one cubic inches will pass through. Nor can these same seines retain or hold a catch of game fish, for the twine is too fine. On the contrary, we destroy the most destructive enemy of food fish—the shark. It is a matter of record that this season the fishing menhaden fleet have killed off the coast of New Jersey these past four months over 6,000 sharks, varying from 20 pounds to 300 pounds each.

Fifth—No evidence or assertion when thoroughly sifted can or will prove that the catching up of menhaden fish has anything to do with keeping or driving off food fish from the coast. On the contrary, the greatest catches of menhaden are made along the coast when there is a dearth of bluefish, bonitas, Spanish mackerel or sharks, and when these are plentiful along the shores the menhaden, following the first law of natures—elf-preservation—give their enemies a wide berth. It is these very predatory fish, who destroy and feed upon all the small fry, your editorial accuses the menhaden fishermen of catching.

Sixth—As to the proposition to (hamper) regulate menhaden fishing on the ground of protection to the menhaden, this is absurd, from the fact that the menhaden is found with spawn during the fishing season from spring to early winter, and when the waters become cold they disappear and are not seen again until spring.

It will be observed from the foregoing the broad assertion is made that the menhaden fishermen interfere in no way with market or food fish, and further, that, taking the number of people engaged in supplying this kind of provender, there are as many fish caught as ever, but the consumption of same has vastly increased, as it should. But if menhaden fishermen, with steamers and with proper nets, should embark in catching food fish, one day's good fishing would suffice to glut the markets of the United States for a week with food fish.

A few words more in conclusion. The menhaden interest has at this present season $5,000,000 invested therein, ninety steamers, over 200 sailing vessels, giving employment to some 5,000 people, and exceeds in value the cod and mackerel fishing combined. Its products in oil and guano reaches millions in value every season; its fertilizer is equal, ton for ton (dry), to the far-famed Peruvian guano, which it is largely superseding in these United States. Would not the civilized and commercial world stand amazed at the Peruvian government if they should be guilty of such a gigantic stupidity as to destroy their nitrate or guano deposits? The legislation to prohibit menhaden fishing would be just as stupid, forcing the planter and the farmer to purchase mostly from abroad the ammoniacal ingredients which gives the early development to the growth of cotton, grain, grass and vegetables.

Agriculture is the strength of the nation, land is growing poorer from over tillage, natural and manufactured fertilizers are increasing in demand yearly to help meet the increasing demands from mother earth, and yet it is calmly advocated to legislate out of existence an industry which produces largely the two most important ingredients of vegetable life—ammonia and phosphate of lime—and from ignorant prejudice and in the supposed interest of would-be sportsmen or summer visitors along the coast (principally of New Jersey) put an end to a business having such a direct bearing upon the great staples of the country.

Respectfully, LOUIS C. D'HOMERGUE,
Secretary United States Menhaden Oil and Guano Association.

In an editorial comment upon this the *Herald* says: "The writer truthfully says the business involves millions of capital and employs thousands of men. The extent of a business, however, is no indication of its propriety. Neither is there any force in the argument that because some fish are migratory it is useless for legislation to try to retain them in certain localities. Fish return at regular intervals to the places where they have fed, and if they can find food they remain there for a certain time; if the food is lacking they depart in haste. All fish remain longest where food is most plentiful. It is quite true, as the writer suggests, that if food fishes are caught in the menhaden nets it would be foolish to make them into oil and fish guano when they would be far more valuable for market purposes, but it is also true, although the letter is silent on the subject, that in the taking in of a large catch such food fishes as are among the menhaden are so badly bruised before they can be separated from the general mass that they are utterly unfit for market. We could instance a single case of a boatload of fish, taken by a crew in search of menhaden, that contained thirty or forty tons of weakfish; about one-tenth reached market, the other nine-tenths—more than a day's supply for New York—were so unsightly that they went to the oil mills with the general catch.

"It is stated that the greatest catch of menhaden usually occurs when the food fishes are scarcest along the coast. Exactly so. The menhaden come in shore to escape the fish that eat them; then is just the time they should be let alone, to lure the fishes to where they can be taken.

"It is undeniable that the shore fisheries have been steadily declining since the menhaden began to be taken in large quantities, and that fish that once were cheaper than any kind of meat are now often more costly than spring chickens. The great population along the seacoast cannot afford to foster the menhaden fisheries at any such cost. If menhaden must be taken let the boats go further out to sea; they can do it and still do a profitable business. Or let their fishing season be restricted."

Our own view of the case is that this little fish, which forms such an important portion of the food of our valuable species, is not allowed to breed to a sufficient extent. As soon as the first menhaden appears in the bays of Long Island the seines are hauled, and the fish, poor in flesh, are thrown on the land for manure. When they appear in greater numbers the oil men begin at them, and the fish, full of spawn, are boiled down for oil. We believe that if the fish was protected until after it had spawned there would be enough of them to feed the fishes and to satisfy the oil factories also. If the gentlemen of the Menhaden Oil and Guano Association will kill the fish that lays the oily egg, where do they expect the next crop from?

BLUE-BACKED TROUT.

OUR readers will find the above-named trout in our list of "Fish in Season in October," and the following account of this little-known fish will be found of interest. It is taken from Suckley's "Monograph of the Genus Salmo," in the second report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

SALMO OQUASSA, GIRARD.

Blue-back lake trout; the Oquassa trout.

Syn.—*Salmo oquassa*, Grd. Proc. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist., vol. iv., p. 262. (Read before the society Oct. 20, 1852).

Special characters.—[Condensed from Dr. Girard's description and the examination of eight specimens]. Length, from eight to ten inches. Body subfusiform, slender, graceful. Head proportionally small, conical. Mouth smaller than in *S. fontinalis*, from which it also differs in the structure of the opercular apparatus. Fins placed in the same relative positions as the latter, but larger, excepting the adipose, which is considerably smaller. Margin of the caudal somewhat forked and undulated. Scales much like those of the brook trout, but larger. Lateral line similar in both species.

Colors.—A bluish tint extends all along the back from the head to the tail, so that when seen from above the fish appears to be entirely blue. Sides and abdomen silvery white in the female, and of a deep reddish-orange in the male, spotted in both sexes with the same hue as the abdomen. Dorsal and caudal fins brownish blue, bordered with pale orange in the male; the pectorals, ventrals, and anal of a fiery orange, blackish-blue at their bases, and margined with white.

Habitat.—Moosemeguntic, Kenebago River, and Lake Oquassa, Maine.

According to Dr. Girard this is a lake species of great delicacy and beauty. It is found on Lake Moosemeguntic, making its appearance from the depths about October 10, and coming near the shore, ascends the Kenebago River in shoals. Half a mile from its mouth the Kenebago receives the outlet of Lake Oquassa. The trout then leaves the Kenebago and enters Oquassa Lake, where its voyage comes to a close. After the middle of November it returns to Moosemeguntic, and is not again seen till the following year. It is known to the residents of that region as the "blue-back."

Dr. Girard adds the following remark: "The flesh of the fish is highly flavored and more delicate than the brook trouts in Europe and America. It resembles that of *S. umbla*, of the Swiss lakes, both in the peculiarity of its habits and its delicacy. *Salmo umbla* is a lake trout, an inhabitant of the deep, making its appearance near shores January and February to spawn, and never ascending the brooks or rivers, tributaries of the lakes."

Diagnosis.—From *S. glaceri* [land-locked salmon], by lacking black spots; by its smaller scales. From *S. fontinalis*, or the common brook trout, it can be distinguished by the uniform color of the back; its unspotted fins (tail included); slightly larger scales; small, conical head; slender body; small size of the light spots along the flanks, and by the colors, as given.

A unique field whistle is manufactured by Mr. F. G. Farnham, of White Mills, Pa. It is made on the same plan as a trombone, and the tone can be changed from soft to loud in an instant. See advertisement in another column.—*Adv.*

FINNY REPRESENTATIVES TO THE COURT OF HAWKINS.

SINCE the remarkable letter of acceptance to the Governor of Tennessee by the newly-appointed fish commissioner for this portion of the State, the latter gentleman has been the subject of much comment and the cause of many amusing stories being told; among them the following struck me as pretty good, though perhaps a slight shade too sarcastic, related by a gentleman occupying a high position in the legal world:

"I have read and heard much of animal sagacity, but I never considered fish as remarkable for intelligence, and certainly not for gratitude; yet what I am about to relate rather inclines me to the opinion that these aquatic creatures have been grossly slandered, and that they are entitled to both of the qualities I thought them not possessed with. My informant is a worthy man, though poor, and he swears that on a recent trip in canoe from Huntsville to Nashville he was astounded at the appearance of myriads of fish in the Cumberland. There were, said he, cats, buffalos, shad, jack, bass (black and white), perch, suckers, redhorse, and even the diminutive steelbacks, silversides and crayfish. At night their cavorting and playful sess created so much noise that he could scarcely sleep; his mind wandered, and at last fatigue overcame him, and a deep, heavy sleep followed, but even then his mind was not permitted to have repose. Dreams tormented him, until at last the climax was reached. He rose to a sitting posture, and, with eyes wide open, he says that the entire mystery was explained. Two enormous fish, one of the game variety known to him as the salmon, and another, no less in stature, but of the shiny cat species, arrayed themselves before him, as though he represented the highest earthly tribunal, and addressed him as 'Most potent prince.' Was it a delusion or a reality? he asked himself, and finding it the latter, he worked up all the courage he could, and answered:

"'What will you with me monsters of the deep?' The noble salmon, feeling assured from my dignified manner, replied, 'We have noticed for the last two days and nights your highness's presence, floating calmy down our placid stream, in your barge of state, and surmised that you were an emissary either from our most noble executive, or his tender-hearted successor to that terror of terrors, Col. George F. Akers. As it is we are willing to confide in you, inasmuch, that we overheard from one of the pot fisher pests of the region, that the gallant colonel had been deposed, and that henceforward, not only would his excellently worded laws, passed for our protection, be forcibly administered, but that his successor, though an angler himself, only used such light tackle, as would give all of my family a fair chance, and that he had forced the noble executive to repudiate the charge of taking by foul and unsportsmanlike manner, brethren of mine hitherto considered of passable pedigrees, and had furthermore disqualified him from troubling even the dainty members of the royalty bred varieties found in the mountain streams of our land, by presenting him with a bare, and consequently harmless rod; that, in consideration of all these acts of kindness and carefully conceived regulations for our future well-being, I, Jack, alias wall-eyed Pike, alias Salmon, issued a ukase from my favorite dwelling place, Caney Fork, to my immediate subjects, to rally at a given day to go in person to the capitol, there to return thanks to the noble executive; at the same time, and under the seal of my dominions and treaties already made, for defence and offence, existing between the denizens of my realm and those of the shiny, short-bodied, or shell-covered natives, to join in acknowledging our heartfelt gratitude for his recent acts. As you see they came, and my shiny friend conceived a most admirable idea, by which to prevent any conflict of races on our expedition, which was for them to wear bright yellow badges, upon which were printed A. H., and for us of the sky-blue blood, similar insignia of azure tint, upon which should be the letters G. F. A. Now, most potent prince, we have told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so we bid you a fond au revoir.'

"At this juncture of the proceedings, I realized the unnaturalness of the scene, yet I was awake, I saw the fish, and as Andrew Jackson said, 'by the eternal,' I'll swear to it even down to those badges and the A. H., and G. F. A."

NASHVILLE, Sept. 16, 1882. J. D. H.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.—I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for some time, yet so far have failed to see any account of fishing in the immediate neighborhood of this city, and this is a subject that must be of interest to a number of your readers who have not the time or means for a trip of a few days to more favored localities. Will you be so good as to let me (and perhaps many other readers) have some particulars and details, so I may know where and when to go to enjoy this sport? I notice in your paper of July 20 that it is illegal to kill striped bass of less than half pound, yet I have seen many such taken in Coney Island Creek, and have no doubt the same happens elsewhere. Again, why is it that some works on angling say nothing of the lafayette? I have caught many of these, and although they do not show much fight, they afford sport when nothing else will bite, unless it is the crabs. By the way, can you tell me how to avoid this nuisance when fishing in such places?—BROOKLYNITE. [Our correspondent must have overlooked our frequent reports of correspondents, as well as our own, on the salt water fishing about the coast, including Long Island and the New Jersey shores. There is really nothing much to say of it except to chronicle the numbers caught, as an index to the fishing. One can find fair fishing at the lower end of Staten Island, and every morning train takes down dozens of anglers. Or he may go down to Sheepshead Bay. In regard to small striped bass the law is disobeyed by many anglers; they are liable to fine, however. The main result of the law is that the fish cannot be sold in market, and so it is useless for the fishermen to haul seines for them and take them in quantity. Works on angling do mention the lafayette, at least Norris and Scott do, and this week a correspondent speaks of the same fish at Cape May as the "goody." Coast fishes have so many names that only one familiar with them all know what is meant by the local names. The crab must be endured when one is fishing near the bottom.

MISSOURI.—Kingston, Mo., Sept. 20.—Henry Botthoff captured a catfish in Shoal Creek, north of town, last Tuesday, which tipped the beam at seven pounds, and was two feet and four inches in length. This is considered a large fish for these waters, as we are thirty miles from where Shoal Creek empties into Grand River, and large fish seldom ascend the stream so high. It was taken with a trolling spoon.—TALLEQUAH.

FLY-FISHING FOR SUNFISH.—Philadelphia, September 25.—Perch fishing in our river is very good. At Betterton it is at its highest and the fish now large. Your correspondent and friend amused themselves a few days since with light rods fly-fishing in the Schuylkill, above Shawmont, for large sunfish from a row boat. When one has nothing else to do it is excellent sport and keeps one in practice for bass fishing. Of course the smallest of flies are used, and when a light leader is attached to a delicate line and casts are made just outside the grass and docks which line the shore where the fish are numerous, the fun is great, when no other fly-fishing can be had. At all events it is a most pleasant way to pass an hour or two near to home.—HOMO.

THE WEAKFISH HAVE GONE.—The Tom's River, N. J., *Courier* says: "The late severe easterly storms and high tides have about put an end to weakfishing in Barnegat Bay for this season, and most of the guests have taken their departure, but with the appearance of the bluefish the hotels will again fill up with sportsmen. Several good strings of bluefish have already been taken, one party of two bringing in fifty one day and thirty the day following, running in size from two to nine pounds each.

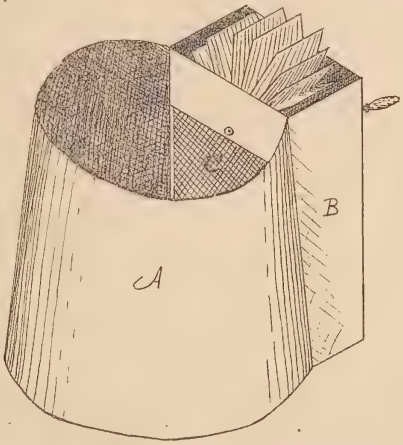
A BAD FISH FOR NETS.—E. P. Andreu, of St. Augustine, Fla., on Thursday, in fishing with his net for turtles, caught a fourteen-foot sawfish, with a saw three feet ten inches long. The monster weighed between seven and eight hundred pounds, and drove his teeth many times into the sides of the boat.—*Palatka (Fla.) Sun.*

Fishculture.

AN AERATING MACHINE.

IN your issue dated July 6, 1882, I noticed an article under "Fishculture," by Mr. George Shepard Page, speaking of the transportation of live fish and the method used to properly aerate the water. He says: "This was effected in the simplest and best way known at present, viz., by dipping out of the cans and pouring back again from a height of two feet." I am not prepared to dispute Mr. Page's statement, still it seems very laborious and somewhat primitive.

No one who has had access to our large rivers or to any of the many waters where ply the sidewheel steamers, has failed to note the white streak of foamy water left behind them as they steamed along their course. It seemed to me that this water had become aerated to a certainty, and if so, then the principle might with success be applied to cans for transporting fish. My inclosed sketch explains readily the idea applied.



A is the main reservoir which is to contain the fish. The square box B is separated from the large apartment by the wire netting C, whose meshes should be of such size as to allow a free passage of the water into box B, and yet small enough to prevent the passage or entanglement of small fish. In the box B is hung the paddle-wheel, which is intended to be revolved at a proper rate by an ordinary crank handle. The blades are here represented as being flat and square. Perhaps on trial some other form would be found necessary, a concave shape for instance. A more positive circulation of the water might be found necessary, and a different arrangement of the compartments and bottom be made. This plan may have previously been presented and condemned; if so, I have been unfortunate in not seeing it, and shall but add another one to the list of failures. RHODY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE McCLOUD RIVER SALMON STATION.

I SEND the following account of the salmon breeding station of the United States Fish Commission on the McCloud River, California, as it stands since its restoration after being destroyed by the great floods of February, 1881:

We have now on the Fishery Reservation a mess house, hatching house and stable. We have also built a bridge 150 feet long across the river, and have added to it, as usual, a firmly built fence or rack that allowed the water to pass down, but prevented the salmon from going up the river.

The mess house is a well built and nicely painted two story house, forty feet by twenty-five feet, containing a kitchen, pantry, store room, dining room, and mess room on the lower floor, with three large sleeping apartments on the second floor. It is well supplied with running water from a spring on the hill behind the house, so that there is always a full tank of fresh cold water in the kitchen, another tank on the second floor to be used in case of fire, and a third on the porch where the men wash. This abundant supply of cold water in this very hot climate is a great convenience, not to say luxury. The mess house rests on bed rock well up above high water mark and is perfectly safe from any future floods. The stable is a well built, substantial two story building, forty feet by twenty feet, with accommodations for four horses. It has two commodious store rooms and a loft. On the north side, where it is protected from the sun in summer and the storms in winter, a shed is built adjoining the barn.

The hatching house is a large, handsome, painted building eighty feet long and thirty feet wide. It stands well above the danger mark of high water, and is provided with forty hatching troughs, each sixteen feet long, and furnished with seven hatching baskets, each two feet long, making two hundred hatching baskets in all. These baskets will carry thirty-five thousand salmon eggs each, giving a total hatching capacity to the house in round numbers of ten million salmon eggs. The hatching house is provided with nine windows on each side, one window in each gable end, and five skylights on the roof, all of which combined furnish a good supply of light even on the dark rainy days in the fall, when the salmon are being hatched for the restocking of the tributaries of the Sacramento. On the east end of the house is a large shed built for the purpose of furnishing room and shelter for packing the eggs intended for distribution.

The water supply for hatching the eggs is lifted to the house by a current wheel in the river. This wheel is a fine piece of workmanship and a credit to the builders. It is thirty-two feet in diameter, is furnished with thirty-two arms and thirty-two paddles, and revolves on a shaft eighteen inches in diameter. It rests on two very substantially built boats, each thirty-six feet long and eight feet wide. On these boats, sustained on suitable supports, the current wheel rests. The boats and wheel are placed at a point in the river where the current has the greatest velocity, which gives the wheel a lifting capacity of twenty-four thousand gallons an hour.

In addition to the structures already mentioned, there is the post office building, which was washed off its original foundation and somewhat injured by the high water, but which has been replaced, raised higher and somewhat enlarged. This is now used as a dwelling house. A small storehouse which survived the flood, and the spawning house for taking the eggs in, complete the list of buildings at the McCloud River Salmon Fishery, as it is now restored. LIVINGSTON STONE.

SHAD ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—On Monday last R. Look caught in his weirs on the east side of the bay two shad, one two-thirds grown and the other full grown. These are the first of these fish caught north of the Columbia River, and the first full grown one we have ever heard of on the coast. Five years ago the eggs were sent from the Atlantic by the United States Fish Commission and put in the Sacramento River, and young ones have occasionally been caught in Monterey, San Francisco and Humboldt bays since that time. Two years ago one or two were caught in the Columbia, and quite a number last year. Now they have reached Puget Sound, but probably in small numbers.—*Olympia (W. T.) Transcript.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1882. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 884, New York, Secretary.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

THE CHICKEN TRIALS

WE give this week a full report of the running of the All-Aged Stake at the chicken trials at Fairmont.

The heats are given in the order in which they were drawn to run, although with two and part of the time three sets of judges, a portion of them were run simultaneously, and some were run out of their regular order or perhaps were sandwiched in with others. This of course could make no difference in the result, as each heat is a completo race in itself.

While the last heats in the Derby were being finished the running of the All-Aged was commenced. This stake was for a purse of $500, open to all setters and pointers, with $250 to first, $125 to second, $75 to third and $50 to fourth. Entrance, $20. Entries closed September 4 at 8 o'clock A. M. with twenty-eight in. There were twenty-three setters and five pointers, and among them were many of the most noted dogs in the country. Thirteen of them had before run in public, and no less than eight of them were Field Trial winners. There were also several "dark horses" whose wonderful performances were mentioned with bated breath, whose owners confidently expected to sweep all before them. All this presaged a good race, and we were not disappointed, although the extreme heat rendered it impossible for a large portion of the time for the dogs to show at their best. The entries and order of running were as follows:

SUE. P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3 years (Druid-Ruby) handled by H. M Short, Middleton, Tenn.,

against

COUNTESS DRUID. W. H. Colcord, St. Joseph, Mo.—Blue belton, with black ears, English setter bitch. May 1880 (Druid-Princess Draco), handled by N. Nesbitt, Milwaukee, Wis.

FRANK H. James Hunter, Alleghany, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2 years (Don-Cora), handled by H. M. Short, Middleton, Tenn.,

against

BROKER. O. C. Calkins, Chicago, Ill.—Red and white setter dog, 3 years (Druid-Clio), handled by W. B. Stafford, Mankato, Minn.

KINNIKINNICK. Geo. Knowles, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½ years (Reed's Druid-Bessie Lee), also handled by Stafford.

against

BESSIE. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter bitch, 2½ years (Dash III-Countess II), handled by Captain C. E. McMurdo, Shadwell, Va.

BODINE. E. F. Stoddard, Dayton, O.—Liver and white pointer dog, 2½ years (Bow—Jaunty), handled by J. E. Zimmerman, Dayton, O.,

against

MAXIM. Col. W. E. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo.—Liver and white pointer dog, 2½ years (Garnet—Jilt), handled by B. Waters, Canterbury, Conn.

JESS. Dr. W. H. Daly, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Orange and white English setter bitch, 6 years (Wilson's Dan—Le Moyne's Flash), handled by owner,

against

CHRISTMAS BILL. R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 2½ years (Luck of Eden Hall—Ready Money), handled by owner.

PRAIRIE RANGER. Sportsman's Kennel, Geneva, Ia.—White with lemon ears English setter dog, 3 years (Charm—Pearl), handled by Geo. Waddington, Geneva, Ia.,

against

SHADOW. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2½ years (Lincoln—Daisy Dean), handled by Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Shadwell, Va.

COUNT NOBLE. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling Mich.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 8 years (Count Wind 'em—Nora), handled by owner.

against

LONDON. H. Bailey Harrison, Tilsonburg, Ont.—Blue belton English setter dog, 2 years (Paris—Lill), handled by W. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.

DASHING NOVICE. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2 years (Dash II.—Novel), handled by owner.

against

FOREMAN. Wm. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2 years (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.), handled by owner.

METEOR. Col. W. E. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo.—Liver and white pointer dog, 2½ years (Garnet-Jill), handled by B. Waters, Canterbury, Conn.,

against

PRIDE. Sportsman's Kennel, Geneva, Iowa.—Lemon and white English setter dog, 3 years (Charm-Flip), handled by Geo. Waddington, Geneva, Ia.

GERTRUDE. J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2½ years (Gladstone-Nelly) handled by owner,

against

MAY LAVERACK. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.—Black and white English setter bitch, 4 years (Thunder-Spot), handled by owner.

CLEMANTINE D. L. Shuster, Philadelphia, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2½ years (Dash III.-Cornelia), handled by owner,

against

BIZ. J. S. McIntosh, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Dash-Flora), handled by owner.

ROCK. Dr. N. McDonald, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2 years (Rox-Belle) handled by John Shoemaker, Garner, Ia.,

against

MAIDA. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 5 years (Dick-Clio), handled by E. H. Haight, Allaire, N. J.

DASH. R. O'Brien, Mason City, Iowa.—Liver, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years (Rob-Pet) handled by owner,

against

BESSIE. J. O. Donner, New York.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, 4 years (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle), handled by J. N. Lewis, Ransey, N. J.

PRAIRIE PUNCH. R. B. Morgan, Canton, O.—Liver and white English setter dog, 3 years (Charm-Pearl), handled by owner.

against

DON. R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Liver and white pointer dog, 3¼ years (Bang-Peg) handled by owner.

SUE AND COUNTESS DRUID

were put down a short time Wednesday in the middle of the heat between Pink B. and Prince Noble, who were given a rest, which they greatly needed, as it was terribly hot. After a half-hour's spin without finding birds they were taken up and put down again on Thursday morning for about the same length of time without result. The first time down they were under the eyes of the regular judges. The second time Messrs. Morford, Starling and Brown had them in charge. On Thursday afternoon Messrs. Sterling and Dew completed the heat. They were put down at 4:15 in grass at the edge of a stubble field. Sue got away at a faster gait than she had previously shown. Before she had taken a dozen strides, she ran into and flushed an old bird, dropping to wing. She then ranged wide and well, running very light and easy. While not remarkable for her style, she was clearly ahead of Countess in this respect. Ranging over the stubble, Countess let out a link, going much better. Nothing was found on the stubble, and the dogs were worked on the prairie. Sue pointed a bird in the edge of some corn, but the bird flushed wild before the judges came up, and she got no credit. Then in the grass at the edge of some weeds she flushed a single bird, both then challenged and roaded some distance, Sue finally locating a turtle. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven toward a large stubble. On the way some birds were flushed by the teams and marked down, and the dogs were put down and worked toward them. Sue got a little too close and flushed one of them. Countess was more fortunate, and located one of them, although not in a very stylish manner, Sue backing her. Nesbitt winged the bird, which Countess retrieved fairly well. Countess then pointed another, and was handsomely backed by Sue an instant, but she moved a little and the bird flushed, but flew only a short distance. Sue swung for it and made a grand point, which Countess refused to back, but drew ahead and stole the point. Sue drew on a little and located the bird, which was running. Short flushed and killed, Sue retrieving it nicely. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven south to a stubble, where Countess made a good point. Sue not seeing her, soon after pointed the same bird, which flushed wild; then several more got up near the edge. Countess pointing where they had been, was backed by Sue, who then drew along the grass and pointed, while Countess backed indifferently. Sue roaded into the grass and pointed just an instant before the bird flushed. After a short consultation, the judges ordered up the dogs and awarded the heat to Sue. Down one hour and a quarter.

FRANK H. AND BROKER.

This was a rattling good brace. Broker is the fastest and has the most style, Frank is a most persistent worker with wonderful staying powers; he is by no means a slow dog, and was one of the widest rangers at the trials. He also has an excellent nose, and with plenty of work to perfect his judgment he will be a hard dog to beat. They were at once put down where the last brace were taken up. Frank threw up his head and half pointed, then he alternately roaded and pointed for a long distance in the corn but finally lost it, Broker meantime working all around him but showing no sign of game. Then on the prairie, while going down wind, Frank flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. Broker soon followed suit with a flush, but evidently did not see nor hear the bird as he paid it no attention. Coming together on a mowed strip of prairie they raced along, and as they winded a bird both turned in the air almost as one dog and pointed, just an instant before the bird flushed. Broker partly dropping and Frank on his feet. Both dropped to wing. This was very pretty. Then beating out the stubble the handlers flushed three birds. Broker going round dropped on point, Frank backing in good shape. Short thinking the point false ordered Frank on and he scored a flush. The dogs were given water and a large stubble then worked over. Frank out of sight over a knoll flushed a brace; he then undoubtedly pointed, as Broker, who could see him, backed, and soon three more got up. When the judges came in sight Frank was flat; as the handlers came another bird flushed between the dogs. Then in the grass both dogs pointed a single bird which Stafford killed to order, and Broker retrieved it rather slovenly. Frank then pointed and Broker backed. Short shot to order and brought the bird nearly to the ground, but it recovered and escaped. Frank then scored a flush, both dogs dropping to wing. Then in long grass Broker put up one which was marked down, and the dogs worked in that direction. Failing to find at the first cast, they were swung around again, when Frank made a magnificent point close by his handler. Broker coming up flushed the bird. A bird was then thrown for Frank to retrieve, which he did in very good shape. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Frank H. Down fifty minutes.

KINNIKINNICK AND BESSIE.

Thursday morning we divided into two squads, judges, Wilson and Bergunthal with Kinnikinnick and Bessie, who were ordered down at 6:30, in a stubble field about one mile west of the town. We expected to see some good work from this brace, who had both been winners at Grand Junction, last fall, where they did grand work. Both were fast, Bessie showing a trifle the most speed. She also showed the most style. In range the dog had the best of it, as Bessie was a little inclined to be jealous, and did not strike out so free as she ought. Kin. was the first to score, but it was unfortunately a flush. He then pointed another. Bessie backed very stylishly a moment, and then stole in ahead. In the next field Kin. again flushed when he should have pointed. They were then taken in the wagon and driven a mile west to a nice stubble, where Bessie dropped on a beautiful point to a small covey. Kin. came round down wind and flushed a single bird; he dropped to wing very nicely, and the remainder of the covey lay. Stafford killed to order and both were steady. Ordered to retrieve, Kin. did so only fairly, mouthing his bird. Moving on, Bessie, while going down wind, passed by a brace of birds, but catching the scent, she dropped as if shot, and held them. Kin. also dropped on back very nicely. Both handlers shot, but the birds got away, one of them hard hit. This was very well done so far as the dogs were concerned. Two more stubbles were drawn blank, then on the prairie Kin. challenged, and was joined by Bessie. Both roaded in good style, but turning a little to the right of the birds they were flushed by the handlers. In the next stubble only one bird was found, and this flushed wild before Kin. In the next stubble Bessie dropped on a capital point to an old cock bird, who took to his heels; but the little beauty was at home here. Gliding along his trail like a snake, she followed him out, and the Captain grassed him very neatly. Bessie retrieved him very well, taking into consideration his great size. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Bessie. Down one hour and a quarter.

BODINE AND MAXIM.

Bodine not being in condition was withdrawn, and Maxim was declared the winner of the heat.

JESS AND CHRISTMAS BILL.

This brace was put down several times under Messrs. Bergunthal and Wilson, and were finally ordered up to go down again, if in the judges' opinion they had a chance to win. Jess was grossly fat and could run but a short time. While fresh she showed some good work. One long point that she made was greatly admired. She was in the grass some forty yards from the edge when she threw up her head and located a bird in grand style. Her owner, known to our readers as "South Fork," walked up to her and the bird rose a long distance away; coolly bringing his gun into position he cut loose and killed the grouse stone dead. Jess retrieved in capital form, carrying the bird to the wagon to order, and jumping in left it and returned to her master, amid the plaudits of all who witnessed the performance. Christmas Bill was reported to be a very fair heeler, yet he did nothing worthy of mention, except a beautiful point on bare ground. When we came up the bird walked away in front of him, while he remained steady. He also backed once or twice very nicely.

PRAIRIE RANGER AND SHADOW

were cast off in the same stubble, shortly after Kinnikinnick and Bessie finished their heat. We greatly admired Shadow at Grand Junction last fall, but he was all out of sorts and appeared to have no nose. She started off at a moderate gait, but soon warmed up and went at a fair rate of speed. Ranger, at once, with a far-reaching stride, but rather heavy action, ranged and quartered well. Both worked across the stubble, then Shadow swung back and challenged in the center of the field. She roaded a few yards, but the birds flushed fifty yards away. The dogs were then taken in the wagon and we went to a large stubble a mile north. Ranger disappeared over a small knoll and flushed a bird, but as he was out of sight we could not say that he was to blame. Working on to the edge Ranger ran into and flushed a covey that he should have pointed. Moving on after the scattered birds, Shadow challenged, but turning to the whistle she flushed a brace. Both dogs dropped to wing. Shadow soon moved and flushed another. Ranger then made game and roaded a long way, but the birds flushed before he had established his point. In the meantime Shadow made a beautiful point, and roaded finely; but urged by her handler she went too far and scored a flush. Working toward the scattered birds, Ranger made a nice point which Shadow partially backed, but as Ranger moved a step or two she drew on down wind, and flushed the bird, which Waddington killed and Ranger retrieved in good form. Shadow then pointed and Ranger crowded ahead and scored a flush. Then each of them flushed one or two, making very bad work. Then to another stubble, both challenged and swung in opposite directions. Ranger struck in the grass and alternately pointing and roading he located a brace nicely. Shadow backed at first, but catching the scent also pointed. Waddington to order flushed them and killed one. This was very well done. Ranger soon again pointed a single bird, which flushed itself. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Prairie Ranger. Down one hour.

COUNT NOBLE AND LONDON.

This brace was put down at 5:15 on broken ground, grown up to weeds, near a stubble field. Count Noble is the brag dog of the West on chickens, and, judging from what we saw of him, he would make it hot for the best of them, provided he went all right, but he is headstrong and wilful, and not under good control; he also appears to be jealous of a strange dog, and committed many errors that an aspirant for field trial honors cannot afford. But when he did go all right his wonderful speed and powerful nose, combined with his rare good judgment in locating the favorite haunts of the birds, made him indeed a formidable antagonist. His style when on point or backing is faultless. London is a very handsome animal, of good form, and for a dog who has had but two weeks' work on game he did very well indeed. He is fairly fast, and although his range is rather circumscribed, he quarters his ground in good shape; he is also quite stylish when on game, and appears to be under good subjection. When cast off Count went like a shot and was out of sight in a knoll. When we came in sight Count for us was half pointing, but at once commenced roading the trail of a covey, soon establishing his point and locating them handsomely, dropping flat as his handler came up. Sanborn requested Tallman to shoot, which he did, but without ruffling a feather. This was a beautiful piece of work for Count. Following up some of the birds which settled in high grass he made a finish, for which he was not to blame, and soon another got up near him. Meantime London challenged, and was carefully roading out a brace, when Count swung to his right and dropped. London, an instant later, caught the scent and also pointed. Tallman flushed and again missed. This was very well done. Moving on one or two more birds got up, Count dropping to wing. Then across the slough and stubble Count made a nice point, London backing him. Nothing was found, although some birds were flushed soon after about fifty yards from where he pointed. Further on, Count again false pointed, while London on the sidehill made an elegant point, and then roaded quite a distance, but nothing was found. A little further on Count dropped on point. London brought up, did not see him, but threw his head in the air a second and moved on; this also proved false. Then in the corner of the stubble, three or four hundred yards away, Count made a magnificent point, and Judges Bergunthal and Sanborn went toward him. But before they had got half way he moved on and flushed the birds. In the next stubble Count dropped very prettily to a single bird, which Tallman missed. He then ran into some corn, and not making his appearance, Sanborn went for him, and soon a bird was seen to flush and Count was heard begging pardon. Then on through grass to the road, the dogs were put in the wagon and driven to a large stubble. A single bird flushed just as the dogs were getting out, and Count soon flushed another, although he pointed just as it rose. He dropped to wing and London backed him. He then pointed, but this was almost a flush, as the bird got up at once. He then ran over another one, and had London got in a little good work he would have stood a good chance to win, as the Count was evidently having one of his poor streaks. But this was not to be, for Count, swinging into some grass, pointed, London backing nicely. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Count Noble. Down one hour and a half.

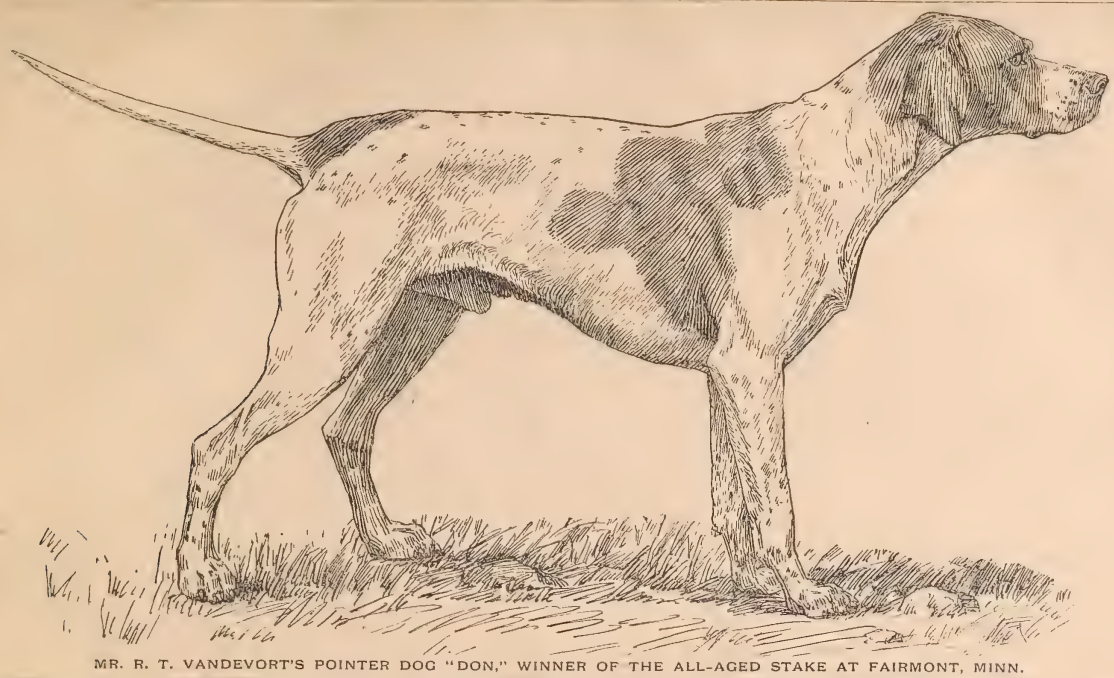
DASHING NOVICE AND FOREMAN.

At the close of the heat between Jess and Christmas Bill, on Friday morning, Dashing Novice and Foreman were put down in a stubble. Novice won both the National and Pennsylvania Derby, at Grand Junction last fall, when she captivated all with the gamy manner in which she run her heats. She has been worked but very little on chickens, nevertheless she did some very good work. She is fairly fast and one of the most indefatigable workers that we ever saw. She has a rough style, but gets on her birds in a gamy manner that is very taking. Foreman is very nearly her equal in speed, having improved very much since we saw him at Grand Junction; he quarters his ground much better than Novice, but does not range so wide as she. He is an elegant mover and quite stylish. Both got away at their best pace. Novice on top of a knoll winded a brace and should have pointed, as the wind was in her favor, but she kept on a little too far and flushed them. Then across a mowing to a large stubble Novice swung to the left and Foreman to the right. When nearly in the middle of the field Foreman caught a little scent, and throwing his head high in the air, stopped a moment and "felt" for them; then casting still further to the right, he unluckily, as it proved, went the wrong way, for Novice swinging back dropped on a beautiful point to a covey that were lying about thirty yards to the left of where Foreman challenged. She drew on a short distance and located them very nicely. Tallman, to order, flushed and killed one, which Novice refused to retrieve. Then crossing a slough to another stubble Novice dropped on point, but moved on in time to escape penalty for a false point. Then through some corn both dogs were charged to order, while Tallman took off his coat; while doing this a single bird flushed close by, then a large covey got up and flew out on the open prairie, both dogs remaining steady.

The dogs were then put in the wagon and we drove toward the scattered birds, which had been marked down. Casting them off Foreman swung wide and made a beautiful point, which Novice honored; he soon, however, moved on toward the birds, which he evidently had winded, while Novice took a turn to the left. As Foreman came to some high grass a single bird flushed wild in front of him; he dropped to wing and several more flushed all around him. He undoubtedly winded the scent left by the birds on top of the long grass, but owing to the dense growth failed to locate them. Novice was steady, and thus left a grand opportunity. Taking the dogs in the wagon again a short distance, they were put down in grass, where Foreman challenged, but could make nothing of it. Then through some high weeds into a small stubble, Novice dropped on point. Foreman, who was a little ahead and to one side, at almost the same instant threw up his head and felt of the air, but both soon moved on. Working on through grass Novice slipped into some corn, and not coming back to the whistle Foreman went for and gave her a slight taste of the whip. Taking the dogs in the wagon and driving south to a stubble, they were again put down. Foreman challenged and drew on, but got too close to a brace that he should have pointed, and scored a flush; then while going down wind he put up another one. Then on the prairie Novice was lost for fully five minutes, and was found dropped near where three or four birds had been seen to flush shortly before. She had undoubtedly been pointing them, and probably was not to blame for the flush. Working on in the prairie toward a small pond, Foreman flushed a single bird in the tall grass, for which he was not to blame, as not one time in fifty can a point be obtained under the circumstances. After a short consultation the dogs were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Dashing Novice. Down nearly two hours. Then several volunteers with their dogs were sent into a large cornfield, from which they routed a large covey of birds, but they were not marked down. Punch and Don were now put down. Their running will be found in its proper place.

METEOR AND PRIDE.

Thursday afternoon at 5:40 this brace were put down, under Judges Morford and Brown. We had heard such almost incredible tales of the wonderful performances of these dogs that we were on the tiptoe of expectation, and it was with no small degree of interest that we awaited the signal for them to start. We had carefully examined them before, and with the exception of being a little off in head, Meteor is one of the best-formed animals that we ever saw. He has a thoroughbred, gamy appearance that is not often found. Pride is also an exceedingly well-formed animal, and looks all over a worker. They were cast off on the open prairie, and both raced off at wonderful speed, Meteor at a rate that we never saw equalled by pointer or setter. He moves very lightly and gracefully, and skims the ground like a swallow. Pride is also very fast and a beautiful mover. Swinging back from a wide circuit to where some birds had flushed wild, from the noise of the crowd, Meteor made a handsome point, and Pride a moment later came up and also pointed. Both soon moved on and challenged a number of times where birds had evidently been running, as just then a brace were flushed nearby out of some tall grass. Then on again, down wind, Meteor flushed a single bird. Then over the knoll another one got up wild, both dogs dropping to wing very prettily. A little further on and Pride scored a flush. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven southeast to a large stubble, where Meteor flushed a bird, and at once pointed another one, which soon flushed itself. He then pointed again and Pride backed him grandly. Waters flushed to order and killed neatly. When Meteor was ordered to retrieve, Pride thought that he would take a hand, and, gathering the bird, he started in with it, but at once dropped it to order and Meteor retrieved it in first-class style. He then swung to the left, and made a capital point, but the bird got away, and although Pride roaded as though he were stepping on eggs, the bird flushed some distance ahead of him. Near the edge of the field Pride challenged, but could make nothing of it. Then across a mowing, one of the judges scored a flush and a chase on a gopher; there was some excuse for this as it really looked at one time as though the judge would bag him. Then in a stubble Meteor pointed and Pride backed, making a beautiful picture; but Meteor discovered his error and moved on in season to escape penalty for false point. Then into another stubble both challenged, but soon moved on. At the edge of the grass a bird flushed wild ahead of Meteor. Then, crossing to another stubble, we met the farmer who had had previously ordered off the party with Count Noble and London, and as he refused to let us hunt his land, and it was nearly dark, the dogs were ordered up, to go down again in the morning. Friday morning was foggy and quite cool until about nine o'clock, when the sun came out, the rest of the day being very hot. Meteor and Pride were put down at 6:40 in a stubble one and a half miles northwest of the town. Both got away at top speed, Meteor the fastest and widest ranger. A bird flushed wild ahead of him, but he did not see it. Then on the open prairie he made a magnificent point on a single bird, and Pride backed in good style. The bird was running, and as Meteor roaded in capital form, Pride crouch-



MR. R. T. VANDEVORT'S POINTER DOG "DON," WINNER OF THE ALL-AGED STAKE AT FAIRMONT, MINN.

ingly backed him, creeping along as he moved on. This was a beautiful sight and greatly admired. Meteor soon pointed again, Pride backing nicely. The bird was flushed by the noise of the teams, and Meteor took a couple of jumps after it, but at once dropped to order. He then pointed again a running bird, and roaded very carefully, but the bird flushed a long way ahead of him. He looked longingly at it, but dropped to order. Both then challenged, but soon moved on. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven west nearly a mile and again put down on the prairie. Pride got a beautiful point on a covey which flushed fifty yards in front of him. He dropped to wing, and Meteor coming up, backed him in good form. Ordered on, Meteor swung to the right and made a capital point in some tall weeds. The judges, after a short consultation, ordered the dogs up and awarded the heat to Meteor. This was a grand heat all through, and keenly enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to witness it. Down altogether an hour and forty minutes.

GERTRUDE AND MAY LAVERACK.

This was a short heat, being finished before any estimate of the quality of the dogs could be made. Both started off well, but May was suffering from an injury to her jaw that she had received some days before and was unfit to run. Mr. Snellenburg wisely withdrew her and the heat was awarded to Gertrude. Down ten minutes. This was a disappointment, as May is well known as a rattling good one, and it was expected that she would give a good account of herself. At the conclusion of this heat the first heat of the second series was run, an account of which will be found in its proper place.

CLEMANTINE D. AND BIZ.

This was the first heat run on Thursday afternoon, under Judges Morford and Capt. Brown. Clem had no business in this race, as the red dog could easily run all around her; nevertheless, she is a nice little animal, fairly speedy, and showed that she is capable of good work and is undoubtedly a capital dog for a day's shoot. Biz was in very fair bench show condition and showed that he had not had work enough to harden him. This was owing to the state of his owner's health, which would permit of only a limited amount of exercise. He is wonderfully fast and has lots of style, and possesses a capital nose. He ran in good form at the National Trials last year, beating Count Noble, and a few days later, in the Pennsylvania Trials, beating King Dash. Had he been in condition he would undoubtedly have secured a better place. They were cast off at 4:15 in a stubble field about two and a half miles north of the town. Both started at the word, Clem at a good pace, Biz like a whirlwind. He soon beat the stubble and swung into the grass at the far edge. Catching scent he whirled around and carefully feeling for them he drew on twenty or thirty yards and located his birds in grand style. Clemantine working toward him also made a beautiful point to a single bird which flushed as we came up, both dogs dropping to wing. Biz then rose up and taking a step or two resumed his point. Clem swinging round ran over a bird; just then she saw Biz, and backed him, and the rest of the covey got up. Taking the dogs in the wagon we drove to another stubble and the dogs were put down in the grass alongside. Clem challenged but soon gave it up. Biz, who was going at speed, suddenly turned and made a magnificent point, and held his birds until we came up. Clem backed indifferently. This was first-class work. Then in the wagon again we drove a short distance and put them down on the prairie. Working through the grass and a piece of corn into stubble Biz flushed a single bird and dropped to wing, when a large covey got up all around him. Then working toward some birds that had been marked down in grass, one was flushed by the handlers, both dogs dropping to wing. Then Clem flushed one, and Biz soon followed suit. Biz then pointed, Clem backing him in good form. He moved on, however, and on the sidehill made a capital point, which Clem backed. He then drew on a little and a single bird was flushed and shot at but missed. Then Clem challenged, but flushed before she established her point. Both dogs manifested a little uneasiness, and as Schuster shot the bird they were quite unsteady but dropped to order. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Biz. Down an hour and a quarter. Although frequent resting spells had been taken and water had been freely given him, Biz was much distressed and plainly showed that he was not in proper condition to maintain his tremendous speed for a lengthened period. Pride and Meteor were then put down but did not finish their heat until the next day. The next brace in order were

ROCK AND MAIDA.

This heat was commenced Thursday evening under Judges Sterling and Dew, but as it was nearly dark, the dogs were soon ordered up without having found any birds. On Friday morning they were again put down at 7:30, on stubble, about three miles northeast of town. Rock we had heard of as a wonderful killing dog of great natural ability. He showed good speed and ranged wide, but did not quarter his ground very well; he appeared to have a good nose and a happy faculty of going straight to the birds. He hunted independently and was not under good control. With experience and proper handling he will undoubtedly make a first-class performer. Maida is well known to our readers, as one of the best fielders in the East. She won second in the All Aged Stakes at Robin's Island last year, running a capital heat against Grouse Dale, who had but a trifle the best of it. She ran a very good race here, but Rock's finding powers proved too much for her. When cast off they both got away at a rattling pace, much better than they had shown the previous day. On top of a knoll a single bird flushed down wind before Maida, who dropped to wing. Then at the far side of the stubble Rock ran into one, also down wind. He then made a good point, which Maida, crouchingly, backed very prettily. Shoemaker flushed to order and missed. Both dogs were steady to wing and shot. Rock, a little further on made a capital point which Maida backed grandly fifty yards away. Shoemaker flushed the birds and killed one. In the meantime Maida, in drawing toward Rock, who had moved on a few steps, winded a bird and changed her back to a point, her bird flushed when Rock's did, and Haight shot but failed to kill. Rock, sent to retrieve, did so, but rather slovenly. Then to another stubble; Maida pointed but the birds got up wild, she dropping to wing. Rock, brought up to back, refused, and drew past her and pointed, she backing him. She then moved on and pointed where birds had been flushed from. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven north to a flax stubble where both pointed a covey. Maida struck the scent a second or two before Rock. The birds were ordered flushed, but before the handlers got there the covey flushed wild. Then in the wagon again to another flax stubble. Maida made a stylish point, Rock refusing to back; she soon discovered error and moved on. Swinging into an oat stubble adjoining this field Rock drew to an elegant point to a single bird which flushed wild, Maida backing him nicely. A little further on Maida challenged once or twice, dropping flat once, when we thought she had them, but she soon moved on. The dogs were then taken in the wagon and driven toward a stubble and put down in the grass. Rock swung ahead and flushed a bird but paid no attention to it. Then through a strip of grass and weeds to another stubble. Rock dropped on point to a single bird, Maida backing him; he roaded out the bird very well, Shoemaker flushing it. After a short consultation the judges ordered up the dogs and awarded the heat to Rock. Down altogether an hour and twenty minutes.

DASH AND BESSIE (DONNEN'S)

were at once cast off. Dash is a slow-moving dog with not much style or range. Bessie goes like a streak and ranges wide, quartering her ground in good shape. She is also very stylish and gamy on her points. Working back over the ground that had just been hunted, Bessie went at a great pace. Dash pottered a long time where the last covey were flushed, but finally gave it up. Bessie, in a strip of wheat stubble, flushed a single bird, which got up wild. She beat out the field in a workmanlike manner, but nothing else was found. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven to an oat stubble, which Bessie worked out in quick order; then to a large stubble, where Bessie dropped very nicely on point to a single bird, which flushed wild as her handler came up. Dash was brought round and at once challenged and half pointed; then moving on he flushed a bird, which was killed by his handler and retrieved by him in good form. Dash then pointed, but moved on just as his handler claimed a point. Bessie then challenged and roaded some distance, but it was hot and dry and she lost it. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven to a flax stubble, where both pointed, but the birds flushed wild. Dash then dropped on a nice point, but nothing was found and he scored false. The dogs were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Bessie. Down an hour and a quarter. This ended the forenoon's work of this party, who then returned to the hotel. Meantime the last brace in the first series were running their heat in one direction, and the first brace of the second series in another.

PRAIRIE PUNCH AND DON.

This was the last brace of the first series, and was run under judges Bergunthal and Wilson, who ordered them down at 10:05 Friday morning in the grass alongside some corn, where Dashing Novice and Foreman finished their heat. Punch is a sturdy looking dog, and is said to be a very good one, but he was all off with a severe attack of dysentery. He showed a fair amount of speed and range, quartering his ground in good shape. He is not very stylish, but gets on his points in a gamy way that is very pleasing. Don ran last year at Grand Junction and covered himself with glory by beating Grouse Dale in a hotly contested heat, although he had been worked but a few weeks on game. He had considerable work after the trials, and has been kept at it since the season opened, and was brought out in grand form. His speed has increased and he is under better control than he was last fall. He is a fast and wide ranger, and quarters his ground very well. He also has a capital nose and a level head, and displays a great deal of style. Both dogs started off in good form, and soon challenged. A little further on Don pointed, Punch backing. Then with his head high in air, Don drew on a piece and lost it. Evidently this scent was from birds that had got up some way ahead a few moments before. Beaters had been through the corn and flushed a large covey, and the racket had undoubtedly made these birds wild. Both dogs alternately pointed and backed and roaded a short distance, then Don swung for them, ranging wide, a straggler got up wild ahead of him, and soon another one flushed. He then turned to the left and swung back to the corner of the corn and pointed where a bird had been flushed. He soon moved on a few steps and again pointed. Punch backing him finely. He then roaded very carefully a few yards in the corn and brought up all standing. Vandevort ordered to flush, failed to raise the bird, and as Don stuck to it that there was one there he examined the ground under his nose and saw a crippled bird, which Don, to order, retrieved unharmed. This was very well done. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven about a mile, when a large covey flushed ahead of the teams and a portion of them were marked down. Driving to their vicinity the dogs were cast off in a valley and worked towards them. Morgan flushed the first bird and killed it, Punch retrieving it in good style. Don then made a cast up the hill and flushed a single bird, instantly stopping and remaining steady. Punch then pointed just as a bird flushed, which Morgan missed; meantime Don challenged across the valley and drew to a point, but the bird was running, and as Vandevort came up he swung round to the right, when Punch, who had been backing, worked ahead and put up the bird. Don then pointed false, then working south he again pointed and Punch backed; he soon moved on, but could not trace them on the dry side hill. Swinging round some corn into a stubble, where nothing was found, the dogs were put in the wagon and driven north to a stubble, where Don made several points but soon moved on. Birds had evidently been feeding there, but it was so hot and dry that he could not follow them. Punch was now about used up, and Morgan wisely withdrew him and the judges awarded the heat to Don. Down nearly two hours. This ended the first series of heats, and as it was about noon a stampede was made for the hotel. The following is the summary:

Sue beat Countess Druid.
Frank H. beat Broker.
Bessie beat Kinnikinnick.
Maxim beat Bodine (withdrawn).
Jess and Christmas Bill (decision reserved).
Prairie Ranger beat Shadow.
Count Noble beat London.
Dashing Novice beat Foreman.
Meteor beat Pride.
Gertrude beat May Laverack (withdrawn).
Biz beat Clemantine D.
Rock beat Maida.
Bessie beat Dash.
Don beat Prairie Punch.

The first heat of the second series was run in the morning; in the afternoon we divided into two parties instead of three, thus giving each party three judges. The first heat between

SUE AND ADAMS' BESSIE

was run Friday morning under judges Morford and Capt. Brown, who ordered the dogs down at eight o'clock, immediately after the finish of the heat between Gertrude and May Laverack. Casting them off in a stubble field Bessie at once made a gamy point and was handsomely backed by Sue. Discovering her error Bessie soon moved on and both struck out at a lively gait, their speed and range being nearly equal. Bessie again pointed and Sue backed. The captain was ordered to flush but failed to find and Bessie was scored a false point. She then alternately pointed and drew on for quite a distance, Sue backing her, but nothing was found, although shortly after birds were flushed near the place. Sue then challenged and Bessie backed, and then Bessie half pointed, Sue backing nicely. Sue then winded a bittern and pointed, but soon moved on into some high grass and made an elegant point to a single bird. The dogs were then ordered up to go further on; Sue came in but Bessie was missing. She was soon found on a staunch point, but as they were not under judgment it did not count, although deserving of credit. Moving on Sue ran over and flushed three birds, dropping to wing. Bessie then did the same on a single bird, and as she arose another one got up in front of her; she then flushed a brace. Sue then made an elegant point to a single bird and was handsomely backed by Bessie. Short flushed to order but failed to kill. Bessie then challenged, but the bird flushed before she established a point. Sue then scored a flush and appeared inclined to go on, but dropped at

once to order. Bessie then pointed where a bird had got up, and would not move until ordered on. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven a mile and again put down. Sue in the grass ran into a covey and flushed one of them. She turned partly around and catching the scent instantly pointed. Short flushed to order and killed a bird which Sue retrieved in good form. Bessie then made a nice point, but soon moved on and ranged like a snake through the grass and located her bird in fine style. Captain McMurdo flushed and killed, Bessie retrieving in first class style. Sue then pointed and Bessie backed. Short killed and Sue again retrieved well. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Sue. Down nearly two hours and a half. Then a start was made for town.

FRANK AND MAXIM.

This brace was put down on the open prairie five miles north of town, on Friday afternoon, under Judges Morford, Brown and Dew. Frank we have already described. Maxim is a very good-looking pointer, weighing about sixty pounds. He is not so trim-built as his brace mate, Meteor. He is quite fast, and a wide ranger, quartering his ground very well. He is very stylish on point, and an excellent backer. Indeed, he is too much inclined to back, which, we presume, is caused by working with Meteor, who is much faster. We could but believe that it was this propensity that lost him the heat, for he did capital work, and had he been under independent ownership would undoubtedly have made a better score. When the word was given both were off at a slashing gait. Frank went straight away to the top of a knoll, where he flushed a single bird, which flew but a few feet and dropped in the grass. Frank dropped to wing and remained still until we came up, when Short flushed the bird and killed, Frank retrieving well. Meantime Maxim, not seeing Frank, swung beyond him nearly 100 yards and came to a staunch point on a covey, which he held until Judge Dew and his handler came up, when Waters flushed and killed one, which Maxim retrieved well. This was a capital send off and the behavior of the dogs was warmly praised. Ordered on, Maxim cast to the right and a bird flushed wild in front of him. He dropped to wing; then moving a few steps another one got up and he dropped to order. As his handler came up another one flushed wild. These birds were evidently alarmed by the noise and would not lie. Frank coming up both dogs challenged, and then at a great pace swung for the birds. Maxim ran through some weeds into the grass beyond and flushed one that he should have pointed, as he had the wind. Cautioned by his handler he was more careful, and after beating out a stubble he caught scent in the grass beyond and made a magnificent point. When Waters came up he roaded a short distance and the bird flushed nearly behind him. The dogs were then watered at a lake near by. Sent on again we crossed a slough. Frank challenged and Maxim backed, but they could make nothing of it and soon went on. Then over a knoll two or three birds were flushed by the handlers and judges. Frank swung into the valley and pointed on a mowing, Maxim on the hillside backing him grandly. Frank drew up on the valley for two hundred yards, Maxim backing nearly all the while. Nothing was found, and from appearances we thought that it was caution instead of scent that influenced Frank. The dogs were then given water and we swung round back again across the slough, then Maxim did some pretty work on a turtle, locating him nicely. Waters bagged the game very neatly and turned it over to the judges. Then working through the stubble we turned south across the prairie to another stubble where Frank challenged, and then roading quite a distance came to a point which Maxim backed a long distance in a very elegant manner. Frank soon roaded on and then left it. This we thought a bad case of false pointing. Then beating the ground along the slough again swung north and gave the dogs a plunge in the lake which they greatly needed as it was very hot. Then on again Frank pointed a single bird, but soon moved on a little and located in good shape, Maxim backing him. Short flushed to order and killed it, Frank retrieving fairly. The judges now consulted a while and then ordered them on again, and after considerable work without result the dogs were put in the wagon and we drove south to an oat stubble where Frank pointed in magnificent style, Maxim backing nicely. The gentlemen who owned the land here came up, and stated that he had just flushed a covey there which flew but a short distance. Casting off the dogs in that direction both pointed almost at the same instant, Frank a second or two first on the covey, while Maxim a little to his right was evidently pointing the trail. They were now ordered up and Frank H. awarded the heat. Down two hours and a half. We then drove to another stubble and

COUNT NOBLE AND PRAIRIE RANGER

were at once put down on the prairie near it. Count worked into the stubble and went straight to birds and pointed; moving a little, he again pointed as the handlers came up. Short flushed one thirty yards from him. Count then challenged to the right and Ranger pointed to the left. Count swung around him and flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. Ranger took a step or two, but stopped to order just as the covey got up. Waddington shot, but failed to kill. Then on in the grass Count dropped on point, but nothing was found, and he scored a false point. Swinging round between the lake and cornfield and then turning west, Count dropped as if shot on point to a covey. Ranger, coming up, also pointed. The birds were flushed to order, Waddington killing one, which Ranger retrieved very nicely. Count meanwhile took one jump, but dropped to order. Working on toward the birds, one got up before Count, who dropped and looked as if he expected something. He was not disappointed, as Sanborn gave him a taste of the whip. Ranger then pointed or flushed, we could not tell which, as there was not time enough between them to decide. A little further on and Count had very nearly the same experience, but we thought that he had an instant the best of it.

It was now nearly dark, and the dogs were ordered up to go down again in the morning. Mr. Sterling, who was almost sick, resigned in the evening, and Mr. B. F. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was chosen to fill his place as judge. Col. Hughes, who expected the trials would close by Saturday, seeing no prospect of this, withdrew Maxim and Meteor, in order to get some shooting, as he had an appointment with some friends. On Saturday morning Count Noble and Prairie Ranger, under the same judges, were put down at 6:50 in a stubble one mile south of the town. Count at once pointed, then drew twenty yards and again pointed, evidently a running bird. Casting well ahead, he again struck the scent and came to a beautiful point, dropping as we came up. Ranger brought up, half pointed to the right, and as the handlers moved on, the bird got up wild. This was a very fine piece of work for Count. Orth, who was shooting for Sanborn, missed with his second barrel, the first having missed fire. Count then made a long cast on the stubble, where he flushed a single bird. Then working south, Ranger pointed a covey in a patch of weeds, but was not quite steady, and two or three of them got up, closely followed by several more. He dropped to wing, but soon moved on, and another one got up off of bare ground. We then went to a large stubble. Ranger flushed a bird that he should have pointed. He was like many of the other dogs—suffering from dysentery—and although he went well he was not bright, and apparently could not smell them. Then working to the southeast Count was lost in the grass, but soon found dropped on point to a bittern; swinging around some corn he was found, when we came up, flat in the grass, but nothing was found and he scored a false point. Then in a stubble a covey flushed wild. Count coming up dropped on point to a remaining bird, which at once flushed. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven to another stubble, when both dogs ran past a brace of birds that was flushed by the teams, that they should have pointed. The judges after consulting ordered the dogs up with Count held to retrieve, and called for the next brace, but concluded to go on and finish the heat. We here saw a flock of blackbirds with a snow-white one among them. Count was let go in some corn; not being under judgment, he swung out in the grass and dropped to a covey which soon flushed. Ranger was then put down, but the birds were all gone. Working south through grass and stubble Count pointed an instant, and then reading very fast a short distance, he dropped to a large covey and held them until we came up, when Ranger passed between Count and the birds, making no sign. The covey then got up wild, Waddington shooting but without harming them. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Count Noble. Down nearly two hours. The next brace in order were

GERTRUDE AND BIZ.

They were put down at 4:35 on Friday afternoon, under Judges Bergunthal, Sterling and Wilson, on the open prairie, about five miles north of town. Gertrude is a very good moving animal, of fair speed. She is not a wide ranger, but quarters her ground very well. She is quite stylish on point, and is easily controlled. Ranging fast over the prairie, Biz slowed down and drew to a grand point, which he held a moment and then drew on and located a single bird in capital style. Gertrude brought up to back, pointed where Biz first stopped. Meantime, Mr. Sterling, Mr. McMurdo and Orth came to order and made a clean miss, both dogs dropping to shot. Then moving on, the handlers flushed two more birds. Then swinging to the right through the stubble, which was drawn blank, and across a slough through a cornfield to another stubble, both challenged and drew on and pointed, but failed to find. Swinging back, Biz pointed to the right, and Gerty coming up, backed. Biz moved a little and Gerty went on and located the bird, which at once flushed. Orth killed it, both dogs dropping to shot, and several more got up behind them. Gerty, ordered to retrieve, failed to find. Then turning to the right through a cornfield Biz made a long turn in the prairie and came to a grand point; Gerty coming in flushed a bird and dropped; ordered on she pointed a single bird, and Biz, who had held his point, was ordered up to back. His birds had now got uneasy and were flushing all around him. His handler whistled, and as he started found another bird got up. Then a cast was made for some birds that were marked. Biz found one in quick order and pointed, Gerty backing. Biz drew on a little and the bird flushed wild. The wagons were now sent round a slough and the dogs taken across. This was a wrong move, as it was very hot and the dogs were both much distressed. Biz having gone at a rattling pace was nearly blown and needed water sadly. He could not hunt, and Gerty was but little better off, as the best that she could do was to move at a slow trot. It was a long time before the drinks for them, and when they finally reached the wagons they were about used up. After giving them water and a little rest they were ordered on. Both now went very well. Gerty going through a stubble pointed a single bird near the edge in some weeds, Biz backing her nicely. The judges consulted and ordered up the dogs, giving the heat to Gertrude. Down nearly two hours.

ROCK AND DONNER'S BESSIE

were at once put down in the stubble. Rock challenged, but soon moved on. Bessie swung round and pointed nicely. Rock refused to back, but went ahead and stole point. Lewis, to order, flushed and killed. Bessie, ordered to retrieve, Rock rushed in and picked up the bird, but dropped it to order, and Bessie brought it in good shape; she then ran over a knoll and again pointed, drew on and located the bird in fine style. Lewis, to order, flushed it, but did not shoot. This was very good work. The stubble was then drawn blank and tae dogs ordered up, to go down in the morning. Down half an hour. Saturday morning they were again put down at 7:45 in a stubble, where a large covey were seen to flush and fly a short distance. Wording toward them both dogs pointed, the birds getting up as the handlers approached. Then, in grass toward another stubble, Rock pointed and Bessie backed indifferently. Rock soon moved on and drew a long distance, but failed to find; he then swung into the stubble and again pointed, but moved on and scored a flush, Bessie dropping to wing. Rock then made a false point at the edge of the field. The dogs were then put in the wagon and driven a mile, when a bird was flushed and marked down in high grass. The dogs were cast off, and Rock pointed it nicely, Bessie backing fairly. Lewis killed the bird to order, and Rock retrieved it rather slovenly; then in the wagon again to a barley stubble, which was drawn blank. We again drove a mile to a large stubble, where two or three birds flushed wild before Rock, and Bessie ran on to a single bird down wind; Rock, in the grass, followed suit. Then driving to another stubble, Bessie ran into some corn and was lost for some time. Judge Wilson and handler, in search of her, flushed a bird and found her just beyond flat. Then on to a stubble Rock pointed and roaded some turkeys a long way. The judges then consulted, and the heat was awarded to Rock. Down nearly four hours; altogether, four hours and a half.

DON AND DASHING NOVICE.

This brace were put down at 9 A. M. on Saturday under judges Morford, Brown and Dew, on the prairie. Both ranged wide. Crossing a slough Novice swung a long way ahead, and pointed, but was hunting wrong, drawing her grandly. She moved a little too close and flushed one; she dropped but soon moved on and flushed another; then several more got up wild. Don then came up and pointed where they got up, but soon moved on; then casting north he again pointed an instant, then through high grass to a mowing, Don pointed, and then roaded in the short grass a long way, but the bird would not lie and flushed wild; then back to the high grass, Vandevort flushed and killed very nicely at a great distance, Don retrieving it very well. Two or three more birds were then flushed, but the grass was so high that the dogs were not to blame. Then working toward the covey that Novice flushed, Don in the high grass put one up. Then three more flushed near Novice. Don then swung wide to the south, and pointed an instant and moved on; turning back he pointed a single bird, which flushed wild and he dropped to wing; he then swung to the left out of sight and a bird got up. When we arrived he was flat. Don then took the trail and Novice and Vandevort went south. Turning toward each other a bird flushed wild between them when they were a hundred yards apart. Both pointed where the birds got up, and moving on a little they backed each other. Moving on to a flax stubble Don scored a false point; then a long tramp was taken but nothing found. The dogs were given water, which they greatly needed. Casting them off again Don pointed just as a covey flushed wild ahead of him; working toward them a bird flushed near Novice and she dropped to wing; failing to find the covey we swung back. At this time Don was ranging fast and wide, while Novice was going slow, but she pluckily kept on, although she showed distress. Working through a flax stubble Novice dropped on point, Don coming up, backed her. She then moved on some distance and flushed; Don swung to the right and flushed, dropping to wing. He instantly turned and again pointed, and held his bird, which Vandevort flushed to order and killed, Don retrieving it well. Orth coming up, flushed and shot a bird which fell dead two hundred yards away. Novice sent to retrieve brought it fairly well, a short distance, to her handler, who went with her. Then on in grass Novice dropped on point, but soon moved on and flushed three birds, and soon another got up. Don came round and pointed where they flushed from. Novice had got her second wind and was now going all right. The judges consulted and ordered up the dogs and Don was awarded the heat. Down two hours.

SUMMARY.

Sue beat Bessie.
Frank H. beat Maxim (withdrawn).
Count Noble beat Prairie Ranger.
Gertrude beat Biz.
Rock beat Bessie.
Don beat Dashing Novice.
Meteor withdrawn.

Third Series.

SUE AND COUNT NOBLE

were put down on prairie four miles south of town at 4:40 Saturday afternoon, under judges Morford and Dew. Sue let out a link, apparently realizing the situation, and fairly outpaced Count. Considerable ground was gone over without result. Count was the first to find, pointing a bevy of quail, but as this did not count, he then found a covey of chickens and pointed. The birds were running and he moved on. Sue then went in and, locating them, pointed nicely. Short flushed to order and killed a brace, Orth, who was shooting for Sanborn, also killing one. Both dogs were steady, and both to order retrieved well. We were now joined by the other party, who had run out their heat. Casting off the dogs again and working west to a stubble, Count ran through it and flushed three birds, and Sue coming up, flushed a single, all of them down wind. Then over a knoll out of sight, both dogs flushed a nice covey, but we could not see whether they were to blame or not. The dogs were put in the wagon and driven toward the birds and put down near a slough. Count went into some corn and was lost but soon brought back, when he scored a flush in the slough, and then on top of the knoll he put up another one and dropped to wing, Sue coming up, backed him. Short ordered her on and she swung round to the right and made a capital point to a single bird, which was flushed. She then went on and soon pointed another one, which Count flushed. This was capital work for Sue, but very poor for Count. Then working north to stubble, Count made a very stylish point, which Sue backed very nicely. But alas for the Count! The bird had vanished and with it all his fond dreams of victory, for the judges ordered them up and awarded the heat to Sue. Down an hour and twenty minutes.

GERTRUDE AND FRANK H.

were at once put down. Frank started at race-horse speed and beat out the stubble before Gerty fairly got agoing. The dogs were then put in a wagon and driven north to another stubble, where Frank challenged several times, but found nothing; then in grass, he pointed false; then in stubble, Gerty, who was now going much better, scored a flush. She then swung into the grass and made a beautiful crouching point. Orth flushed to order and hit the bird hard, but it got away. Frank then pointed a bird in the stubble, Gerty backing him very handsomely. Short flushed to order and Frank dropped to wing. He then pointed near the edge, Sue backing, Short flushing to order. Frank then ran over a brace of birds close to the edge that he should have pointed. They were then ordered up to go down again on Monday. This finished the work for the day. Monday morning the weather was delightful. There was a shower Sunday morning which had settled the dust and cooled the air, and we started out with high hopes of a good day's sport. Gertrude and Frank H. were put down in stubble one mile south of town at 6:30. That was drawn blank and we worked on south, when both dogs went over a knoll and a bird flushed in their direction, but we could not see what was done. Coming back Gerty dropped on point just as a bird flushed ahead of her; then at the south edge she flushed another one, dropping to wing each time. Frank in the meantime had disappeared, but he soon came out of some corn. Then working south to a stubble, both challenged but found nothing. Then driving a mile east to a small stubble, both dogs ran into and flushed a covey that they should have pointed, as they had the wind. Then at the edge of stubble Frank pointed and drew on, Gerty backing an instant, when she caught the scent and also pointed, both of them locating the birds very nicely. Short flushed and probably would have killed had his gun been loaded. Then around a slough to stubble both challenged where birds had been flushed. Frank then cast to the left and dropped on point, Gerty dropping to order. Frank left his bird, and Gerty, going on, flushed it. A little further Frank again dropped on point to a single bird which Gerty flushed as she came up. This bird settled in some weeds a short distance away, and Orth sent Gerty there, where she made a point, and he flushed and killed the bird, Frank then swung over the knoll and dropped on point to a single bird, which Short flushed to order and killed. Gerty meantime was dropped to the left. They were now ordered up and Gertrude given the heat. Down altogether an hour and a half.

DON AND ROCK.

This heat was run Saturday afternoon, under Judges Bergunthal and Wilson. They were put down on the prairie five miles south of town at 4:30. Don soon pointed at the edge of a mowing and held his bird a long time for Rock to come up and back, which he refused to do, but walked around Don and flushed the bird. This was an excellent piece of work for Don, but very bad for Rock, who was evidently all off, his long heat with Bessie having been too much for him. A little further on Don again pointed. Rock would not back even to order, but went ahead; but he could not manage the trail. Don, moving on, swung for it, and catching it once in a while, he finally got it straight and located it in good shape. Vandevort went in to flush, saw the bird on the short grass, which was loth to get up, probably knowing what to expect. He finally flushed it and grassed it neatly, Don retrieving it in good form. Don then struck the trail of a running bird and pointed, and then roaded awhile, but lost it. He then threw his head high in the air and swung for it. He found the bird but got too close and scored a flush. Rock had not done much, and he now flushed a bird, and they were ordered up and the heat awarded to Don. Down for forty minutes. This ended the third series. Following is the

SUMMARY.

Third Series.

Sue beat Count Noble.
Gertrude beat Frank H.
Don beat Rock.

Fourth Series.

There were now only three in, all of them good ones, and it began to get quite interesting.

SUE AND GERTRUDE.

This brace was put down on Monday morning under Judges Morford, Bergunthal and Wilson, at 7:15, in a stubble about a mile south of where Gertrude and Frank H. finished their heat. Sue is much the faster and wider ranger. She soon challenged and roaded very prettily. Gerty worked in ahead and challenged and then left it. Sue swung for it and ran into and flushed the bird, dropping to wing. Gerty coming toward her flushed another one and dropped to wing; then driving to another stubble, both dogs going at speed across wind, threw up their heads and ran over a knoll, where Sue pointed grandly and Gerty backed her in good style, the birds flushing wild as the handlers came up. Then to another stubble, Gerty flushed a brace, and as she dropped two more got up. Sue then pointed and Gerty backed. Short flushed to order and killed. Sue retrieving very well. She then made a long cast on the stubble and put up a single bird. Then near the edge she flushed a bird and stopped. Gerty came up and both pointed a covey, which Orth flushed and missed; then in high grass the handlers flushed and soon after Sue dropped just as another got up which Orth shot and Sue retrieved, but flushed a bird as she was coming in. Gerty then pointed, the bird was flushed

and both handlers shot, the bird flew two hundred yards and fell dead. Sue then swung around and made a beautiful point to a single bird, which Short flushed to order and killed. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Sue. Down an hour and a half. This ended the fourth series, Don having a bye.

SUMMARY.

Fourth Series.

Sue beat Gertrude.
Don a tie.

Fifth Series.

DON AND SUE.

This was the deciding heat for first prize, and as it proved the last heat of the trials. Sue was given a short rest, and at 9:20 they were put down in a stubble where Don soon half pointed and then roaded on and flushed four birds; then near the edge he pointed grand and Sue backed in faultless style. When the handlers came up Don moved on and did some of the best roading that was seen at the meeting, following out an old cock that had run a long distance, both handlers saluted him as he rose, but cackling and laughing at them he sailed away unharmed. This was a capital piece of work. Then to another stubble. Don almost false pointed, but moved on in season to escape penalty. They then both challenged and Don swung to the left and flushed part of a covey that he should have pointed; he stopped and more of them got up. Sue then came around and flushed another one. This was poor work for both. Then across a slough to stubble Don pointed a covey which put up wild a long way ahead of him, Sue backing him nicely. Don then pointed a single bird, which flushed wild as Sue came up. Don then swung over the knoll and another bird got up wild; one also flushed wild ahead of Sue. Then near the edge Sue pointed, Don instantly backing her. Both moving on, Don stuck to the trail and roaded beautifully a long way, Sue close by him, occasionally challenging; she finally got too close and the bird flushed just as she dropped. Then working toward some birds which had been marked down, Sue flushed a bird that she should have pointed; and the chicken trials were over, for the judges ordered them up and awarded the heat to Don and declared him the winner of the first prize. Whereupon Don, to show that he was deserving the honor, swung out and made a magnificent point to a single bird which his handler flushed. Don is the first pointer that has won first at a field trial in this country. He is also a bench show winner, having won second at Atlanta, Ga., last December, and first at Pittsburgh last spring. He is a very good looking dog, as a glance at the capital likeness of him, which will be found on another page, will show. That he is as good as handsome the history of his performances attests. As we stated last week the other prizes were awarded by the judges. The following is the

SUMMARY.

Fifth Series.

Don beats Sue and wins first prize. Sue wins four-fifths and Dashing Novice one-fifth of second. Gertrude, Count Noble and Adams's Bessie equal third. Biz and Prairie Ranger equal fourth. Don won the special prize for the best pointer in the Free-for-All Stake, and the cup for the best dog in the stake from Pennsylvania. Gertrude and Rock divided the amateur handlers' prize.

MONTREAL DOG SHOW.

THE first bench show of the Montreal Dog Fanciers' Association was held on the 18th, 19th and 20th of September. The building selected for the show was the Crystal Rink; and being of immense size, very lofty, without any inside pillars, it was in every way suitable, and at the close of the show hardly any unpleasant smell could be noticed. The exhibition was the most successful of any yet held in Montreal, 463 dogs being in their places, and only five or six of the entries were absent. Much of the success is due to the untiring efforts of the secretary, Mr. John F. Campbell. The judging was done by two gentlemen whose names I omitted to find out, the awards were generally correct, and there was less grumbling afterwards than is usually heard. The prizes were paid promptly toward the close of the show, and notwithstanding we we were unfortunate in having rain on two days, yet the bank account will, I believe, show a surplus. The exhibit of sporting dogs was not good, for Montreal is not possessed of many blue-blooded setters and pointers, such as you see in the States. The entries for pointers, setters, spaniels, etc., were not numerous, and the quality, with the exception of the Gordons, was nothing to boast of; but in the non-sporting classes were many fine dogs, for in terriers especially Montreal is hard to beat. The dogs had ample space, the large ones being chained all round the building on a platform raised about a foot above the floor, while the small varieties were confined in wire cages on tables running the length of the building.

The prizes were firsts, second and honorable mention, dogs and bitches competing in separate classes.

Greyhounds were represented by two dogs and a bitch with pups, all good, and better than generally seen in this country. Mr. C. Murray's black dog took first and Mr. Jos. Hickson's brindle second; the bitch, also a black, owned by Mr. Creighton, was also awarded a first.

Two large mongrels were shown as bloodhounds, but very properly no award was made in this class.

Foxhounds numbered three, all pups; shown by Mr. John Roberts. They were a good lot, looked like fast dogs, and deserved their first and two hm.

English pointers had seven entries, but there was nothing extra in this class. J. B. Sparrow took first for the best dog, G. B. Arcand for the best pup, and hm for bitch. In hardly any of the classes were the names or pedigrees of the dogs given, so I will not enter into particulars.

English setters brought out nothing to look at. Mr. H. Curtis was awarded second for a white and black ticked dog, and John Dickson for the best bitch, a small orange and white.

Irish setters.—A dog and a bitch were the only two in this class, and both gained a first. The bitch was the best of the two, and is owned by Mr. John Warner.

Gordon setters.—First, Mr. John Hickey's Major, by Marble Grouse, out of Queen Bess II. A very fine dog, medium size, not too clumsy, rich tan markings, and well feathered. He was in good condition, and attracted much notice. Mr. Hickey imported Major from, I believe, Elizabeth, New Jersey, and he has got at the stud some very handsome puppies.

For the best Gordon setter bitch Mr. Robert Blackwood's Young Flora took first. Young Flora is by Mr. J. A. Haldane's (of Lodge Keith, Scotland), dog Ranger, out of Flora, one of the Duke of Richmond's black and tans. She was imported June, 1880.

Gordon setter pups.—Mr. Blackwood's Faustina first, Mr. Hickey's Flattery, honorable mention. Both good, little to choose between the two.

The spaniels were poor in quality in all classes, but Mr. J. F. Cambell took first in Norfolks with a very handsome little dog imported from the Marquis of Bute's kennel.

The class for collies filled well, and the best dog was a small one owned by Mr. Alloway.

Newfoundlands.—The American Consul, Mr. Gianelli, took first with an enormous dog. The others were good also, and I think the winner owed his prize to his size.

Bulldogs.—For dogs, no first was awarded, Mr. H. C. Dean taking second with a white and brindle dog with cropped ears, the other entry being a nondescript.

Bulldogs, bitches.—W. Hammersley's Venus (by Bonny Boy, out of Gypsey), was the only entry and was awarded first. Venus is out of the same litter as the New York Thunder.

Mastiffs.—Mr. Beatty, of St. Lambert, took first, with a very fine dog; J. H. Stewart, second, with a very big one, but poorly marked.

The classes for terriers of all sorts were well filled, some very handsome Skyes, fox-terriers, black and tans, and toys were shown, but it would take up too much space to go through them all. Bull-terriers were very much mixed. J. F. Campbell had a very finely shaped dog in Billy, imported, and J. P. Burns exhibited a good one, but J. R. McLaren's bitch lost first in bitches, under 16lbs., by being over weight. This is a very handsome, game little dog. This class filled well, and attracted much attention.

A Japanese dog, a Chinese hairless dog, and a Russian water dog were objects of curiosity much admired.

The Yorkshire terriers were a good lot, and the judges had hard work to decide as to their merits. The pugs also were pretty equal, and both medium in quality.

The attendance was very good, and the dogs were well cared for by careful men. Most of the entries were from Montreal, but it is to be hoped that at the next show more dogs will be sent from the country. HEMLOCK.

RALEIGH.

DIED SEPT. 20, 1882.

"And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
* * * * * *
He never will come again."—*Hamlet.*

FIRST blithe as the day,
As lovely as May,
And now so still!
Not a gladsome bound
From my gallant hound,
To do my will.

See! yonder he lies.
In beauty's own guise,
With grace enfraught.
Yester e'en he came
At lisp of his name—
He now cometh not.

My pride lieth there,
My hope, my fond care—
Love past telling—
Worthy the utmost
Wert thou, my lost—
All excelling!

How can I leave thee,
And thus bereave me
Of love and truth?
The wide world over,
Maiden and lover—
Give but its ruth!

Seeking far and wide,
O'er land and o'er tide,
Man finds in thee,
O dog, truth and love
Alone, and above
What man's can be!

Thy tongue—O music
Sweet it was! I prick
My ears again
To catch its ringing tone—
Memory alone
Bears its refrain.

Veiling lustrous eye,
Dew-sweeping ears lie,
Thy gay stern low—
Beseechingly I look,
As on a sealed book,
Then—turn and go!

"And will he not come again?"
Ah me! I call in vain—
Low is his head.
Yonder in state he lies;
Him, in my heart, I prize,
With other loves he vies—
There is not dead! O. W. R.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—At a meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, held at Delmonico's last Thursday evening, the suggestion of FOREST AND STREAM was considered, and it was decided that the running of the Trials to be held at High Point will be run as at Fairmont—under as many sets of judges as may be found necessary to confine the length of the Trials to proper limits. This is a wise course, and will undoubtedly prove very satisfactory to all concerned. Mr. Hall, the secretary, tendered his resignation, as owing to the demands of business he is unable to devote the necessary time to the duties of his office. His resignation was accepted, and Mr. Washington A. Coster was unanimously elected to fill his place. Gentlemen who are to run their dogs in the Eastern Field Trials can obtain free transportation for them by applying to Mr. Coster, whose address is Flatbush, N. Y.

BLACK SPANIELS.—Anyone in want of a well-bred black spaniel should examine the advertisement of the Hornell Spaniel Club, who offer some of their celebrated stock for sale. These handsome and gamy little fellows are fast winning their way into favor, and we presume that there will be plenty of customers for them.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLIE TRIALS.—At the Pennsylvania State Fair, Allegheny City, Sept. 16, there was a trial of sheep dogs, in which were entered Champion Tweed II., owned by Mr. Thos. H. Terry, of New York, and Dan, owned by Mr. Wm. J. Walker, of Washington county, Pa. Tweed easily won the first prize.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Fleetfoot and Rob Roy. By Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., for black greyhound dogs, whelped May 2, 1882, by his Doubleshot (Riot Act—Sunflower) out of his Dorothée (Roi du Combat—Sciatica).

Fritz, Jr. By Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., for blue greyhound dog, whelped May 2, 1882, by his Doubleshot (Riot Act—Sunflower) out of his Dorothée (Roi du Combat—Sciatica).

Lady Lotz, Atlanta and Fanchon. By Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., for two blue and a black greyhound bitches, whelped May 2, 1882, by his Doubleshot (Riot Act—Sunflower) out of his Dorothée (Roi du Combat—Sciatica).

Cora Lee. By Mr. C. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., for bitch beltou English setter bitch puppy by Cambridge (Gladstone—Clip) out of Cassie Lee (Paris—Coomassie).

Icicle. By Mr. Geo. W. Fisher, Danville, Pa., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 11, 1880, by Jerry (Sensation—Colburn's Belle) out of Snowflake (Glenmark—Girl).

Nelly Belton. By Dr. Rawlins Young, Corinth, Miss., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July, 1882, by Belton II. out of Rhoebe III. (Gladstone—Frost).

BRED.

Dot—Royal Gladstone. Mr. J. M. Hunter's (New York) black, white and tan English setter bitch Dot (Bergunthal's Rake—McClellan's Pera) to his Royal Gladstone (Gladstone—Mersey).

Kate Claxton—Gladstone. Dr. R. L. Hampton's (Athens, Ga.) English bitch setter Kate Claxton (Guy Mannering—Flash) to champion Gladstone, Sept. 8.

Florence—Phil. Mr. Winchester Johnson's (Boss, Mass) liver cocker spaniel bitch Florence (Snipe—Cute) to Mr. J. P. Barnard's black cocker Phil (Brew—Kittie).

Feather—Beau. The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's (Claremont, N. H.) imported liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Feather to their imported black spaniel Beau (Bob—Nell) July 31.

Gem—Beau. The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's (Claremont, N. H.) liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Gracie (Snip—Zuletta) to their imported black spaniel Beau (Bob—Nell), Aug. 20.

Gem—Beau. Mr. G. S. Tucker's (Peterboro, N. H.) liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Gem (Snip—Feather) to the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's imported black spaniel Beau (Bob—Nell), Sept. 3.

Blackie—Beau. The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's (Claremont, N. H.) imported black spaniel bitch Blackie (Rolf—Belle) to their imported black spaniel Beau (Bob—Nell), Sept. 3.

Frost II.—Dime. Mr. C. B. Boxer's (Winnepeg, Man.) lemon and white English setter bitch Frost II. (Gladstone—Frost) to his Dime, Aug. 7.

WHELPS.

Dorothée. Mr. L. C. F. Lotz's (Chicago, Ill.) imported black and white greyhound bitch Dorothée (Roi du Combat—Sciatica), May 2, 1882, six (three dogs), by his imported Doubleshot (Riot Act—Sunflower).

Viola. Mr. P. M. Buckley's (Niagara Falls, Ont.) liver and white pointer bitch Viola (Dick—Fan), Sept. 14, nine (five dogs), by Campfield's Snipe.

Mollie D. Mr. J. M. Hunter's (New York) black and white English setter bitch Mollie D. (Druid—Jolly Mac), Sept. 12, four (two dogs), by his Royal Gladstone (Gladstone—Mersey).

Negress II. Mr. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.) black spaniel bitch Negress II. (Kaffir, 10,451 - Negress, 8,373), Sept. 3, four (three dogs), by his Toronto Beau (Kaffir, 10,451—Syman, 10,880).

Bonnie Kate. Mr. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.) liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Bonnie Kate, Sept. 12, seven (five dogs), by black, white and tan cocker spaniel Bonnie Charlie; all black, white and tan.

Nell. Mr. J. Colcman Drayton's (New York) brindle greyhound bitch Nell, Sept. 13, seven (three dogs), by his Dick Salisbury.

SALES.

Fleetfoot. Black greyhound dog, whelped May 2, 1882 (Doubleshot—Dorothée), by Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., to Mr. J. M. Fisher, Farmerville, N. Y.

Rob Roy. Black greyhound dog, whelped May 2, 1882 (Doubleshot—Dorothée), by Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., to Mr. W. B. Shufelde, Oconomowoc, Wis.

Fritz, Jr., Atlanta and Fanchon. Blue greyhound dog and bitch and black greyhound bitch, whelped May 2, 1882 (Doubleshot—Dorothée), by Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., to Mr. S. J. Schaefer, Baltimore, Md.

Lady Lotz. Blue greyhound bitch, whelped May 2, 1882 (Doubleshot—Dorothée), by Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., to Mr. J. W. Trafton, Boston, Mass.

Daisy Dean. Liver and white imported pointer bitch, 4yrs. old, by Mr. J. Cummings, St. Paul, Minn.; to Mr. Geo. De Forest Grant, New York, and the Borstall Kennel, Morristown, N. J.

Abbess. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 27, 1881 (Dan—Psyche), by Mr. H. C. Glover, Tom's River, N. J., to Mr. Je de Henera, Cuba, W. I.

Gip. Imported black greyhound bitch, 3½yrs. old (1st New York, 1882), by Dr. O. P. Coe, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Little Maud. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch (Brag—imported Feather), by the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. C. C. Raitan, Boston, Mass.

Lilite Nig. Black cocker spaniel dog (Brag—imported Feather), by the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. H. H. Groves, Saxonville, Mass.

Snowflake. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 18, 1880 (Glenmark—Girl), by Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., to Mr. Geo. W. Fisher, Danville, Pa.

Icicle. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 11, 1882 (Jerry—Snowflake), by Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., to Mr. Geo. W. Fisher, Danville, Pa.

Rag. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 8, 1880 (Viscount—Victoria), by Mr. Geo. W. Fisher, Danville, Pa., to Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich

DEATHS.

Fritz, Jr., and Atlanta. Blue greyhound dog and bitch, whelped May 2, 1882 (Doubleshot—Dorothée), owned by Mr. S. J. Schaefer, Baltimore, Md., from inflammation of the bowels.

Wasp. Blue Skye-terrier bitch, owned by the Borstall Kennels, Morristown, N. J., Sept. 11, from inflammation, the result of a cold.

Border Lily. Gordon setter bitch, 7½yrs. old (Rowe's Duke—Flirt), owned by Mr. J. E. Fisher, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 6, from puerperal fever.

Raleigh. Chestnut, white and fawn basket beagle dog, whelped June 17, 1882, by Mr. N. Elmore's imported King out of his imported Music, owned by Mr. O. W. Rogers, Billerica, Mass., Sept. 20, 1882, from fits. A very beautiful and promising puppy.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

WHY AND WHEREFORE!

WITH the finish of the match came a shower of "I told you so," and on every side came explanation after explanation. Said one observer: "It is idle to offer an excuse for the defeat of the American team to say that such a result was a foregone conclusion from the first. In fact, such a result must have seemed more than likely to the originators of the plan of the two competitions this year and next. The matches were not planned in the expectation that through them new laurels would be placed on the brows of American riflemen, but principally to improve military shooting. This result will be accomplished most effectually by the present outcome. The mechanical disturbances will first be overcome, and a military rifle constructed which will meet the requirements of long distance and 'dirty' shooting, as the Metfords in the hands of the British have met them in this match. The National Guardsmen of America will not rest easily under so humiliating a defeat, and earnest work will be done toward recovering the lost laurels. Many after the match, perhaps some could not hold their rifles firmly, others may not have appreciated the importance of keeping the barrels of their pieces plumb; not one could master so well as the majority of the British the things which contribute to success. And so they failed woefully, and had only this consolation; that the victors had contended, not brilliantly, but only better than they with trying conditions. The scores the second day on both sides fell many per cent. below the poorest that have been made at Creedmoor since the preparations for the contest began, but it was a more trying day than any within that period.

Said another critic: "The American riflemen are to be heartily congratulated on having been beaten. Their victories in international contests had made them careless, and target practice, instead of improving, has been actually retrograding for several years. So a few of the most famous shots in the country had wholly withdrawn, and a crushing defeat was precisely what was needed to revive rifle practice at all the ranges. The American militia have first to note that while several regiments contributed to their defeat, an important one was that the British visitors were a team, while the Americans were only a collection of individual marksmen.

"The contrast between an organization like the Volunteers, which, with its adjuncts, has about 200,000 men from which to pick a team of twelve, and the two score thousand American uniformed militia, is great, at the outset; it is increased from the fact that the expense of transporting competitors from distant States to the range at Creedmoor, and there providing for them, practically limits the choice of the American team to New York and its immediate neighbors. Hence the only chance of success was in getting together the selected men early in the year, and subject them to rigid coaching, under which individual faults would be eliminated and the strong points of each turned to the advantage of the team as a whole. But the twelve were definitely selected only a few days before the match. Their British competitors were not only more experienced marks-

men, all having had a national reputation for many years, and several being old international competitors at Creedmoor, but were selected, organized, and trained as a team fully a month before the Americans were chosen. They were subject to military discipline, under the orders of the War Office; they were armed substantially with the same weapon and had been perfectly familiarized with its use; each member was faithful in keeping the full record of his shooting and in giving the team the benefit of his experience.

"The American team, on the other hand, came in spite of efforts of their coaches, never attained the character of a well-trained team. It is often desirable to so arrange the order of firing that a steady and trustworthy shot shall begin in order to best ascertain the conditions of the light and wind, and to give the others confidence; then marksmen of other peculiarities follow in their allotted order, as may be the best. But the shooting of the National Guardsmen had been so variable, from day to day, that such arrangements as these might have been premature. Throughout their preliminary practice they had half a dozen different lots of guns and as many different lots of ammunition. Their methods of loading and lubricating exhibited all varieties. The only thing was that not one of the weapons which they possessed was fit for the conditions of the match. Under great urgency two gunmakers each produced a rifle, a few weeks before the contest, specially intended for it; but many of the marksmen declined to experiment with it, having, indeed, some excuse in their allegation that it was folly to give up familiar rifles and cartridges on the eve of an important match for new ones with which, however meritorious, they would have insufficient time to test."

Another writer, speaking of the match, makes some valuable suggestions and hints in explanation of their defeat. The blaming of the American rifle for the defeat is very proper, for without a reliable weapon all the team's science and all the practice possible goes for naught. One keen observer says:

"The difference between the scores of the two teams is so great that it is really unfair to judge the ability of the visiting team by the figures which have been recorded. Certainly it is not to be inferred from that the Americans nowhere. The victors have not even enjoyed the pleasure of being forced to do their best. From the time when the challenge was received from the National rifle Association of Great Britain there has not been a day when any individual American competitor would not say that there was even a probability of victory for an American team. America has seen no long-range work with military weapons and under the no-cleaning rule. In England, on the contrary, the special problem of making a gun and a reasonable number of shots would not foul the barrel in any serious degree has been worked out by years by a score of armorers. The difficulty was found to be not one of ammunition rather than of rifle, and it was not until the two have been most accurately adjusted that real progress was made. The American men had built up a really very fine long-range rifle which, shooting strong charges, was able to throw a heavy bullet with the greatest accuracy; but after each shot came a scrubbing out of the barrel, and every particle of debris from the barnyard powder was removed. Any of the small-bore riflemen would have laughed at the idea of attempting to get accurate shooting out of their rifles unless the cleaning part was most carefully looked after, and yet, strangely enough, this is just what the members of the American team have to do, and have not done. Not only this, they have been subjected to the additional handicap of shooting with open sight and with no wind gauge. The rejection of the latter was at the express request of the English managers of the match. It seems absurd that, while every rifleman who has a more or less elaborate scheme of "elevations" for carrying over various distances, nothing should have been tried to overcome the effect of wind. There are simple devices for giving the rear sight a shifting motion to meet any cross wind, but military men reject them all, and the match is made up with the restriction of a fixed rear sight. Still, the restriction bore equally on both team, the British feeling secure in the rifles with which they are armed. They are of the finest pattern in all essentials. With barrels as cleanly polished as diamond emery can make them, and with a comparatively light charge of which is large enough to throw the light ball used, but not large enough to fill the sides of the barrel after each discharge with a scum of half-burned powder ready at the next discharge to tear away the metal from the lands, and so to start a point of leading where at each succeeding shot more and more deposit would be made until it were as well to use a section of "gas-pipe" for the barrel of the piece so far as accurate shooting is concerned. The members of the American team had this deficiency, and from the beginning up to and through the match the men were carrying on experiments to discover some way of overcoming these difficulties. With these ill-adapted arms it was not surprising that the scores ran wild, for such arms it was indeed impossible to form that "team system" which should have been perfected in position on the range yesterday. It was not a really difficult day, as days ran on ordinary ranges, and there is no reason why, being once on the target, the entire number of shots, with perhaps one or two exceptions, should not have been put on the paper. The record of each target shows the work of a gun each shot out of which was a sort of experiment in the dark. The marksman was restricted from cleaning, and hence could not tell how far the grooves of his rifle were filled. The idea of having a rifle already fouled and ready for systematic coaching all the outside advice, no matter from whom, was more of annoyance than of benefit. It is no excuse to say that the British team shot almost entirely without coaching assistance beyond a good target pull, while every American had the benefit of the custom abroad. They have tried the team system and failed to make it work. The Americans have had it and with it have won several difficult matches."

It is amusing now to look back and think of the comfort the American riflemen secured from the fact that the Englishmen had consented to shoot the 200yds. range from the shoulder. There was really no test of rifles at this range. The open-sighted military rifle has again and again beaten the fine rifle off-hand work, and the question of holding, which is the only one to be tried, may be readily learned by one who will take plenty of aiming drill at a paper target in a room.

The manner of the selection of the team has also been criticised as having much to do with the defeat of the team. Open competitions where anybody may come in and push his way to the front by effort have a very popular look, but such scoop-net proceedings are not the best calculated to get a strong team which may be unified into a working body. The recent drill week of the militia all over the country will enable the directors of the N. R. A. to invite certain tried gentlemen to make up the team. Then, with ample time at their command, sufficient money and abundant enthusiasm, there is no reason why the very strongest team should not be brought out. The method has also the merit of a direct profit to something of the sort in the making up of the previous small-bore teams.

A review of the scores will show that there was hardly a redeeming feature about the match. There was no stage when the Americans appeared to show what they could have done, and while they represent this country were in nowise fitted to do so, because they had neglected to first secure the best information on the topic in hand. Starting off with a false theory, the team men soon found themselves in a tangle, and with an inferior weapon for their hands unable very well to escape. The team captain, while an excellent shot himself, has shown a marked lack of executive tact, while a fixed faith in a certain rifle has acted as a clog rather than a help to the men under him. The members as a team have spoken freely that they were even shooting each for himself and against his fellows. In the battle of the two days they have proved themselves weak at every range fired over, and everywhere when the teams were firing could be heard the heavy bang of the American rifle spitting out much unconsumed powder for the 90 to 109 rifles firing with the light British weapons, using from 70 to 80 grains of powder and burning it all in projecting the light bullets employed, were a marked contrast. The English rifleman had experimented himself away from the heavy fouling charge, while the American was still laboring with the antiquated system.

The return match of next July upon Wimbledon Common will be a contest in which any American National Guardsman ought to be proud to enter himself. But it is to be hoped that we may by studying the plan of the English shooters. They have given us one lesson, and a very effective one it ought to be. Creedmoor has seen the very best team which Great Britain has been able to muster in this special form of military drill. It is an opportunity for military knowledge and skill to be able to construct and use such a rifle as shall without cleaning send shot after shot accurately over long distances. This is the rising small arm problem, and the recent display of ignorance upon the subject among our prominent American experts is not a pleasant sight. If the return match of 1883 is to be won it will be by making up a team without regard to personal preferences, and by placing in the hands of the team, not the gun which any particular maker may wish to have placed there, but the gun which is specially adapted to the match in hand and which the team of 1882 plainly did not have.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR.—The continuous matches of the fall meeting, the conditions of which were given, but which were not made up to the time of our last issue are now tabulated. In the Short-range Continuous Match A. J. Howlett, of New York; A. Lowell, of Boston, and W. M. Farrow, of Newport, are tie on full scores. R. Kohrt, United States Army, and J. K. Gross, Seventh Regiment, with military guns, also have a total of 50, while five of the men have 49, and eight 47. The lowest winning score, and there are eight of them in the 50, is 45.

In the 500yds. match, owing to the fact that the military guns made full scores, the allowance brings them above the highest possible. The leading scores were:

	Score	Allowance.	Total.		Score.	Allowance.	Total.
J K Gross	50	2	52	E T Brown	49	..	49
W Farrow	50	1	51	W Cowell	49	..	49
H Batchelder	50	1	51	H Bates	49	..	49
J L Price	50	1	51	J Hetcher	49	..	49
S V Turney	50	..	50	G Boulter	49	..	49
G Pearse	50	..	50	J N Lancaster	49	..	49
R McVittie	50	..	50	G J Parry	49	..	49
W M Farrow	50	..	50	J Smith	49	..	49
J Cavanagh	50	..	50	J N Dods	49	..	49
J S Shepherd	48	2	50	E M DeRuscha	48	1	49
A Keller	48	2	50	W Underwood, Jr	47	2	49

MARKSMAN'S BADGES.—The National Rifle Association proposes, in view of the expressed wishes of many members of the National Guard, to open the range and matches at 6 o'clock A. M. on Sept. 30, and close at 4:30 P. M. A full complement of scorers and markers will be provided for an all-day match, in which everyone can have an opportunity to shoot in the Qualification Match and win a marksman's badge. An executive officer will be present, and no effort will be spared to make the day a satisfactory one. The conditions make the "Qualification" Match open to members of the U. S. A., N. Y. and N. R. A.; the former being in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may count scores made as partially qualifying them to shoot for the N. Y. State Marksman's Badge, provided that they use the State Remington rifle; 10 rounds, standing, at 100, kneeling at 200yds., five shots at each distance with any military rifle. The "Champion Marksman's Badge" Match of 1882 is open to all members of N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A.; the latter, however, not being eligible to win the principal prize; 200 and 500yds.; five shots at each; Remington rifles N. Y. State model; position, standing at 200yds., any, with head to the target, at 500yds.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 23.—At Walnut Hill, today, the marksmen gathered in good force, and found the elements propitious to the seekers for bullseyes. The Creedmoor contest was perhaps the most interesting of the day, but some excellent shooting was had upon the other targets. The scores were as follows, at 200yds.:

J B Fellows	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	45	5
C G Foster	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	42	4
R Thomas	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	41	4
K F Thomas	4	3	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	42	4
J A Cobb	4	5	4	4	4	4	2	4	4	4	39	4
C A Jones	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	39	4
S L Victor	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	45	5
R Reed	5	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	41	4
T J Davis	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	40	4
D B Curtis	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	39	4
J S Grant	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	41	4
M W Daulton (mil)	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	40	4

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C A Jones	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	39	4
S L Victor	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	45	5
R Reed	5	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	41	4
T J Davis	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	40	4
D B Curtis	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	39	4
J S Grant	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	41	4
M W Daulton (mil)	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	40	4

Best Match.

C B Edwards	9	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	95	
E F Richardson	10	9	10	7	10	7	10	10	10	9	92	
W Gardner	10	7	9	10	9	7	10	9	8	8	87	
F H Eaton	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	90	
W Morson	9	5	9	10	10	6	9	7	7	7	79	

Victory Match.

E P Richardson	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	49	
E R Fisk	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	49	
W Gardner	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	48	
J Merrill	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	48	
F E Rick	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	48	

Sharpshooters Match.

J B Fellows	9	10	9	8	8	10	8	8	10	7	87	
J N Frye	5	8	10	9	5	10	9	7	8	7	78	
F J Bates	8	9	7	4	9	7	6	7	10	8	75	
J F Nye	8	8	4	9	7	9	8	5	9	6	73	

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 17.—The Louisiana Military Rifle Association has been actively at work of late, and at a recent meeting the conditions of the Hill trophy were so amended that it may be shot for at 200 instead of at 500yds. The old range committee has been discharged, and a new one, composed of Lieut. Kerr, of the Louisiana Guard Artillery; Wm. Arnold, of Washington Artillery, and L. Gertels, Jr., of the Continental Guards, appointed to make arrangements for the markers, tents, skiffs, etc. To-day the Hill trophy was shot for under the amended rules upon the West End range. The shoot began at twelve, after a good deal of practice had been indulged in, and finished a little after two. The smallness of the scores was due to the heavy wind that was blowing. The only incident of the day was a recontre with the police, who retired defeated. The officer at the lower end of the walk raised the point that the marksman had no permit to shoot in the city, but it was shown that they were in Jefferson parish.

Louisiana Field Artillery.

	First Series.					Second Series.					
Weiss	4	3	4	4	3—29	3	5	4	4	3	3—30—59
Berggeay	4	4	4	4	3	3—29	4	4	5	3	5	3—29—54
Montgomery	3	4	3	3	3	4—24	4	4	4	5	4	4—29—53
Thompson	3	4	3	4	4	4—25	4	3	4	3	6	3	4—26—51
Fortier	4	4	3	3	4	5—23	4	3	3	4	4	5	3—23—50—2d

Continental Guards.

Knight	5	3	4	4	5	4	4—29	4	4	5	4	4	4	3—28—57
Howe	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—29	4	4	4	3	5	4	4—28—57
Seigfried	4	4	3	4	4	4	4—27	5	3	4	4	3	4	4—27—54
Franklin	4	4	3	4	4	5	3—27	4	4	4	4	3	3	3—25—52
Schuppert	4	3	3	4	3	3	4—24	3	0	0	3	4	2	2—14—38—2d

Washington Artillery.

Charlton	4	4	2	3	3	4	4—24	3	4	4	4	3	5	4—29—54
Arms	4	3	4	4	4	4	3—26	3	3	4	4	5	4	3—24—50
Bradford	3	4	4	3	4	2	4—24	3	4	4	4	2	4	4—25—49
Miller	3	4	3	4	4	4	4—25	3	2	3	3	5	3	4—23—48
Manion	2	4	3	4	3	4	5—25	3	4	4	4	4	0	4—23—48—2d

There is a movement afoot to have an interstate match at 200 and 500yds. on next Mardigras.

BRINTON, Sept. 19.—The Brooklyn Amateur Rifle Club shot the twelfth competition in their Champion's Match at 200yds. off-hand. The annexed scores were the leading ones for the day:

A Anderson	5555555—35	G Hunter	4555555—34
T P White	4544442—34	F Burns	4445555—34

THE TRAP.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 25.—The Narragansett Gun Club held their sixth competition for badge on Thursday September 21, at their club grounds, Washington Trotting Park, Mr. S. D. Greene, Jr., winning the badge, also a handsome gold cuff buttons offered by a member of the club for highest score in badge match. At our next competition a member has donated a "bag of shot" to winner of the badge. Summary:

S. D. Greene, Jr.	11111	10111	11111	11010—17
C. T. Baldwin	11101	11110	11110	01110—16
J. B. Valentine	11111	10110	11110	11011—16
G. J. Crandall	11101	11010	11111	01101—16
W. H. Sheldon	01011	11111	10111	10111—16
W. Tinkler	11110	10011	10111	11111—15
T. S. Hall	10010	01101	11110	11101—13
G. W. Cary	10000	00110	11011	01111—11
E. Dovolve	00010	00000	01101	01100—6
G. T. Crandall	00000	W		

Sweepstakes Glass Balls.

Sheldon	1111011111—9	Tinker	1011100001—6
Valentine	1111110111—9	Anthony	1011010110—6
Greene	1011111111—9	Hall	1010000011—4
Cary	1011010101—6	Bennett	0110000100
Baldwin	1101010111—7	Crandall	1000100111—5

Ties on 10—Sheldon 10, Valentine 9. Ties on 7—Cary 4, Baldwin 1.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Raleigh, Sept. 15, 1882.—One of the pleasantest places in the State to visit is Scotland Neck, and especially pleasant it the occasion be a shooting matchunder the direction of the excellent gun club of that town. The shooting and all arrangements pertaining to it at the match there on Thursday last were a success, we learn. Nothing was forgotten; everything was provided. At the invitation of Mr. A. L. Hassard-Short, the party of fifty visiting sportsmen dined with him, and here, too, nothing was forgotten.

The match was for a horse, buggy and harness, at ten glass balls each, from Carl's revolving trap, screened. Thirty chances at $10 a chance. Each man upon going to shoot at his own trap; 16yards at twenty-one yards. Twenty-four entered. Winner to pay $90 for balance of chances not subscribed.

White	1111011111—9	Ed Engelhard	1111111111—10
Hassard-Short	1111011111—9	H I Clark	1111111111—10
W M Shields	1111111111—10	Ed Engelhard	1111111111—10
W M Shields	1101111111—9	H I Clark	1111111111—10
Ed Engelhard	1111111111—10	Hassard-Short	1111111100—8
Maj Burnett	1011100000—5	H I Clark	1111111111—10
W M Shields	1111110100—8	J J Robertson	1111111111—10
Ed Engelhard	1111111111—10	Ed Engelhard	1111111111—10

Messrs. Engleharl and Robertson used 10-bores, and shot at 21yds. In shooting off all tied again on 3. It being impossible to decide the tie, in consequence of shells giving out, it was decided to divide the purse of $310 between the successful shooters. We doubt if there is on record a match in which 24 shot; 225 balls shot at, and only 21 missed.

Remember if you wish to buy a fine gun and save money, go to C. L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York.—Adv.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 1—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Cruise.
Oct. 3—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.

A YACHT BUILDER'S VIEWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your having brought my name prominently before the public several times of late, I deem it proper to reply to some things you say, as they do me great injustice, because wholly devoid of any foundation in fact, while other passages describing the Maggie races are misleading in not giving the whole story. I wish to reply first to your strictures on the construction of our large sloops. You say that "All these large sloops are structurally weak;" that "Julia leaked like a basket;" that "Gracie followed suit." All this may be true, but you go on to say that last fall the "new Pocahontas suffered the same complaint," which is at variance with the facts in the case. The new Pocahontas did not leak last fall. Her pumps were not touched during her trials nor after her return. If all vessels were built as solid and fastened as well as Pocahontas, there would be no leakage from straining in carrying sail.

She was purposely built strong enough to go to sea, to Europe, or anywhere else desired. You speak of through fastening, to which I do not object, if it is the right kind and put in in a proper manner. Gracie, I am told, is through fastened—that is, treenailed, which I suppose is what you mean by through fastened, and no doubt she is fastened in the same way; yet, according to report, they wring and leak. What is wrong? I can say for want of through fastening. But as they are through fastened, that cannot be the trouble. In my judgment, treenail, or wood fastening is wholly defective, particularly in light frames, and is not near as good as long spikes, when the latter are driven home and clinched inside. Tnis is the way Pocahontas is fastened, and she does not and will not wring or leak from carrying sail. The defects of treenail fastening are: First. That the plank in many places do not touch the frames. Second. That when a treenail is driven through and a spike enough in the plank to hold it on. Of course it does not touch the frame in many places, and treenails will not draw it up, for they have no head. In fact, treenailers make no effort to get the plank to fit, "for they don't know any better," and do not, for actually it cannot be seen. Spikes will draw the plank close against the frames, because they have heads, and if long enough they cannot be drawn out, hence you get a more solid job. An inch wooden pin is not as strong as a ½ or ⅝ inch square iron spike. Another defect of treenailing is in the boring the frame and plank for the treenail.

Now the frames for these larger sloops are probably not sided more than four inches. Pocahontas is 6½ inches, and doubled, of course, as they ought to be good for anything, should not be less than an inch. Then, if two treenails are used in a frame, you cut out two inches of the frame, and wide plank would need three or four; then you would have but four, five or six inches of wood left in the frame, according to the number of treenails used. When spikes are used you will see that nearly the whole eight inches of wood in the frame, the frame and plank in that manner cannot but weaken the frame and plank. Fastening the plank on with wood is but a clumsy old-fashion way at the best. More thorough fastening would be necessary if a light frame is used, but the frames should, if not wood. You have much to say of the superiority of workmanship on English yachts over ours. Well, I presume we have no such expensively built boats of our type as Madge and Maggie. And why not? Not because there are not as skilful yacht builders here as equal to the English, but because work cannot be done without money, and our yacht owners will not pay for such work. That is the whole secret. I am told that Madge cost eight thousand dollars. Now, a 40 or 42ft. yacht of our type can be built for about the same amount as Madge. Now, let a yacht-builder ask the would-be owner three thousand dollars for such a craft, and he will hold up his hands in holy horror, and say, "Too high, too high; I can get one in Brooklyn, or somewhere else, much cheaper." And he is very correct in his conclusion, so far as his experience. We have to go without the work, or slight it, or lose money. You look at fashion-ins, and sneer at my work and ability; yet who can do better than I have done—get material together for such a boat, design her, lay her keel and all the plans for everything about her, build her, launch and rig her, and have her ready for sea in two months for the money enough to complete her at that? I had no contract with the owners, but expected to get what she cost; but when I found I was to be cut short, I had to drop many things I expected to put on her. As it was, her owners got thirteen hundred dollars' worth more than they paid for.

No job could be done so neatly, and no plans can be drawn perfect, when in such a hurry. Yet I am sneered at, and all sorts of false statements are made about her, and she deliberately cut out, although her without consulting me, or giving her a decent trial trip, and rendering it impossible for her to go, as her power was taken away. There is no encouragement here for a yacht builder to try to advance in his business, when he cannot get money enough to do so. I wish to return to your account of the Maggie races in Boston harbor. You speak of her beating the Dudine, Hesper and Anna. You say the fast Anna is one of Kirby's build. I but her fourteen years ago. Since then she has been raised, which makes her very tubby, and nothing like I should build now. But you are comparing her with England's latest and best type. Can anything in England beat her that was built as long ago as she was? Beside this, the Anna is but little more than half the size of Maggie. Of the Hesper I know nothing. The Dudine was fast, and had a good record until altered two or three years ago, since which she has not shown much speed. In your issue of August 31, you speak of Oriva beating Active and Addie. Active was never known to be very fast, being nearly always beaten in the fleet she was in, and what I wish to speak of particularly is the Addie, which you say is one of Kirby's build. I hope I am "one of the foremost of my profession," but if I had ever built so slow a boat as the Addie is now, I am afraid it would go against me. I had nothing to do with building her, she is now, for the most part, a little of the old boat left that is not covered up. When I first built her she was the fastest sloop in New York waters, without regard to size. The two largest sloops then in commission were Gracie, 61ft. over all; and Eva, 78ft. Both of these boats had easily exceeded, in a fair wind, the sloops of her own size, as the record will show, when she beat five of the best including Gracie, in a race for the Bennett Cup. She was then but 48ft. water line, and 55ft. on deck. Then she was pieced out all, making her 58ft. water line, but her speed had vanished, she not being near as fast as before, either on or off the wind. Since then she has been raised, and widened, making her about 70ft. on deck, but her speed does not appear to have been improved. Beside this she was first built in 1867, 15 years ago. But you are comparing her with the latest English models, as you do with Anna.

Do not think I have been standing still all that time, but give me a chance, with money enough to carry my plans through, and perhaps you will not have occasion to sneer so much at American builders. I think I have models that are about perfect, but many remains to be done in the way of light construction, in rig, and getting ballast low down. But I would not have the same model or rig for seagoing as I would for smooth water cruising. I would build and rig them to suit the work they are expected to do.

DAVID KIRBY.

RYE, Sept. 6, 1882.

[In speaking of "through fastening" we had reference to through bolting and clinch work, not as Mr. Kirby has taken it, for we agree with him in all he says against treenailing the small frames of yachts. We think Mr. Kirby's remarks concerning the Pocahontas, as no one can be expected to turn out first-class work without being paid for it. We further believe that American mechanics can turn out good work, that is, first-class American yacht builders like Mr. Kirby, but we certainly had the experiment in details, which they have not. It was with a view of furthering better construction that attention has been called to existing defects. Owners are not altogether to blame. They do not understand such things, and builders should make it their business to point out the difference in quality when they make a bid. All our yachts suffer from the same defects—too heavy scantling with very slovenly fastening, badly designed iron work, too light rigging and paucity of outfit. Time will change this, and the visit of Madge and Maggie have given improvements of many kinds. Let us hope that the foreign models and fine finishing shall lead to call attention to our deficiencies in respect to build, rig, and outfit, and the necessity of putting more money into the builder's hands for a really first-class job, their visit will not have been without valuable fruit.

The cost of Madge and cutters generally is still greatly overrated. Quality for quality there should be no difference in the cost of producing cutter or sloop. The former may carry more lead, but with the large displacement now coming into fashion in our sloops even this difference is disappearing. Hull, spars and rig are cheaper in the cutter, because smaller and lighter in proportion to displacement. There is less material more easily wrought in the easy form of a cutter, and there is less area and bulk to her sail plan, and therefore shorter and lighter spars, like strength in both types being presumed. The Madge can be duplicated in England for $5,000, and that means a vessel built of hard woods throughout, fitted and finished in the most superior and complete style, in fact, cabinet work all through, fastened from keel to rail with copper, through bolted and clinch work, coppered outside, special brands of steel wire for rigging, faultless sticks, the most approved blocks in the market and fourteen

sails with all their belongings; tested chain, patent anchors and innumerable special small fittings above and below; everything ready for sea. Compared to such work and such an outfit the great majority of our yachts are only half finished, and not more than a dozen in the country could stand inspection or receive a decent rating from Lloyds. Naturally, to such such disparity in favor of cutters, they may be expected to cost more, for the same reason that a gold stem winder cannot be purchased for the money that will bring a nickel-plated boy's watch. There is much less wear and tear to a cutter than to a sloop, the latter being so much harder on spars and hull. This is probably no news to Mr. Kirby or to any intelligent observer, yet these very points have right along been disputed by hot-headed partisans, who allow well-meant but misplaced "patriotism" to interfere with a dispassionate contemplation of purely mechanical issues, and it is for this reason we have to patience with, and Mr. Kirby must charge many of our hard words to those who are so blind to common sense as to stir up righteous indignation.

If we have condemned the superficial capacities of yacht builders as a whole, we are none the less aware that there are a few deserving exceptions; but, as Mr. Kirby intimates, the few have to sink to the level of the common herd or go begging for a living. If a change in public sentiment in favor of better work is now to be observed, it will end to the benefit of good builders like Mr. Kirby and for bringing about a proper appreciation for good work and distinguishing between it and the shabby cobbling of the "hand-me-down" talent, first-class mechanics may thank FOREST AND STREAM. We have often referred to Lloyd's rules for building, as published in their Yacht Register, and if owners will only insist upon a like but simple step of making those rules the basis of their contracts, misunderstanding would be done away with, and owners who can read can at a glance see what they are offered for their money, and weigh the estimates from different parties in the light of a strict business proposition without being mechanics themselves. At present they pay their money and the builder gives them any kind of a job he pleases, and that it will be the cheapest kind of a job is as certain as sunset.

The views of Mr. Kirby's letter contain information of interest, but does not vitiate anything we have written. Some old boats are a good deal better than new ones, and we question late improvements in the modeling of our yachts. As a class we have retrograded ever since the days of the America in the vain endeavor to build on a large scale, according to notions derived from river sailboats, for which read the modern fleet consists of overgrown toys and machines instead of seaworthy vessels. With all respect to Mr. Kirby, we cannot look upon Pocahontas and boats of her kind as anything else but overgrown and correspondingly costly toys, whose hulls and rigs are altogether at variance with the duties to be legitimately expected from such large yachts. The days have gone by when owners of 70ft. vessels were content with pottering about the Sound, and yachting has taken a firm hold in other ports besides New York. There is no object in building huge machines for such a confined stretch of water. The Sound is fast becoming little else than an approach or fairway to New York, and large yachts at all events should be modeled and rigged with a view to more extended services. We do not encourage or approve of yachts to go to sea [illegible] except as an experiment always attended with danger should she be caught out in bad weather. As for the sailing qualities of such boats at sea, the less said about them the better.]

NARROW CUTTERS AND CRUISERS.

THE *Herald* published last Thursday a very conservative review of the recent cruise of the New York Y. C., to the main conclusions of which no exception can be taken. We must question, however, the comparison by which the bulk of Maggie is made to appear as large or even larger than that of Vixen. The *Herald* arrives at his conclusion by comparing the bulk of Oriva to that of a sloop of like length, the Eclipse, and imputes a similar relation between Maggie and Vixen, overlooking the very material difference in beam and freeboard between Oriva and Maggie. The first has four and a third beams to load line, the latter five, so that the comparison would have to be considerably modified, bringing about just the opposite result. The relation of size between Maggie and Vixen is best shown by the diagrams published in this journal, which indicate beyond dispute that Vixen is considerably the larger of the two. For the sake of supplementing what we have already deduced from direct calculation with a comparison, after the method of the *Herald*, we will select another cutter of known contents. The Muriel, without counter, measures scant 1,240 cubic feet. She is 40ft. load line and 9ft. 6in. beam. Reducing her beam to one-fifth the load line, or to 8ft., her volume would diminish in the proportion of 1421n. to 960n. It would become in round figures 1,000 cubic feet. This would be the bulk of a 40ft. Maggie very nearly. A larger boat would compare with this as the cubes of their load lines. Therefore a 44.7ft. Maggie would be to a 40ft. Maggie as 89 to 64 nearly, which from the above gives us a bulk of 1,385. But the Maggie is proportionately a somewhat bigger boat on her length than the Muriel, her midships showing less hollow to the floor, this excess tapering, of course, towards bow and stern, and reaching from about a foot above the garboards to the lower turn of the bilge. Beyond two-thirds the length it would melt away at both ends to a mere film. One hundred cubic feet, nearly three tons, would certainly much more than cover the excess, two tons we deem quite enough. The cubic contents of Maggie less counter are therefore under 1,500 and probably nearer 1,400 than the next hundred above.

The *Herald* further reverts to the cost of Vixen and Maggie, claiming the sloop to be the cheaper. No doubt she is, but Vixen is a very interior job to the cutter in every respect, and her fittings and outfit are of the most meagre description. Maggie cost, new and complete, $7,000. The sloop Fanita, of about same length and of third-rate build and outfit, except such finishing cabin joiner work, brought $8,000, two years old. Valkyr, a cross between the two types, brought a like figure in her second year. The Maggie is built of selected hard wood throughout, copper-fastened, coppered outside, and very complete in rig and appointments. She cost no more than a sloop of the same class of build, though unquestionably more money than the cheap iron spike and yellow pine job, supplied with three or four summer sails and a fair weather rig, half complete, and iron ballast into the bargain. There is no reason why cutters, even of the extreme type, should cost any more than sloops. They carry a trifle more lead, owing to lighter hull, but they also require less material and smaller rigs, and can be put up with greater facility than a beamy boat. Like quality and the saving, if anything, should be on the side of the cutter. But if you ask Mr. Lloyd's rating for eighteen years in one case and in another are satisfied with a sloop just thrown together, and expect to put half her cost again into extra outfit on your own account, the first mentioned will of course appear the more expensive of the two.

We are very much surprised to find the *Herald* admitting that Maggie has more room below than Vixen. It is so much proof that the objections urged against cutters are based principally upon prejudice sure to wear off upon closer acquaintance. Thus the mam stay of those opposed to cutters has been their supposed want of accommodations below. Yet here we find the *Herald* after actual inspection coming to the honest conclusion that Maggie has larger accommodations below than a sloop of twice her beam. The *Herald* is perfectly sound in this conclusion, as what we have always maintained. The great beam in the sloop is very deceptive. It is a bunion midships, and only from the bilge up. The ends profit nothing by it. The forecastle of a sloop is a kennel compared to the lofty quarters for the crew aboard a cutter, and in the run the rise of the flat floor of the usual sloop cuts out the after saloon or lodger, which room always to be found in a cutter. The centerboard splits up the cabin, and thus it is that figures lie, for the *Herald* has discovered the Maggie's 8 or 9ft. beam to be worth more than the 15ft. of the Vixen, and we believe others will arrive at the same conclusion after due inspection.

The *Herald* does not see much room on Maggie's deck. We believe, however, her gangways each side of the hatches are wider than those of the Vixen, and the gangways form the critical part, so far as working ship is concerned. The great angle of heel of the cutter is a fact only when carrying on in strong blows. A moderate increase to the sloop's usual heel we have never found any objection in practice. There may be "no need to build such narrow boats" in America as long as we sail so low by doubling up the sails, but they can race a 20 with a 10-ton yacht on even terms. But let each pay for what she has in the way of size, and let length remain optional with the builder as much as beam or depth and the problem would in time be decided upon its merits as to such conditions as would alone form would survive, and then we could tell just how much the modern racing cutter owes her proportions to tonnage rules and how much to real superiority of her special form. Length rules reduce racing to question of overpowering rather than outmodelling one another, and under such rules it is quite likely the most powerful hull will maintain the day to the sacrifice of other types which possess more intrinsic merit in their design and are better adapted to the general wants of the community.

Let us hope the process of selection, however, the evidence of the times points in favor of the narrow boat for regular yachting work. Not long ago it was customary to give British cruisers great beam, four to load line was considered about right. Then as obsolete racers of less beam were thrown upon the market, they were bought up and quickly discovered to be much superior to the old and beamier craft. Thus Playmate, Butterfly, Challenge, Sunshine, Floatwing, Ildegonda, Dudu, Buccaneer and hosts of others of four and a half beams, having been driven off the course by five beam boats, were relegated to the "fast cruiser" lot, at which business they were found to give such satisfaction, that in later cruisers four and a half became the standard in place of four, and it was quite common to meet with four and three-quarters even. These narrow cruisers had the advantage of fetching where they pointed, while the beamier fellow—our sloops are good proof—had a way of "pitching into the same hole twice," and were no use in a seaway. And so it came to pass that as experience with the narrow boats accumulated, they were received with constantly growing favor, until at this day we find five beam cruisers laid down without the least compunction about their excessive heeling," "narrow decks," and the common stock of objections still heard on this side of the Atlantic. Julianar with six beams was built for a "comfortable" cruiser. So was the Seabelle schooner with five and one-half beams, and so was the five-beam Maggie on Boston waters.

She was laid down as a specimen pure and simple without regard to speed as a racer, though her owner desired a boat which would "go" in all kinds of weather as long as he chose to rough it. For months he and his family knocked about the British coast in all weather, reporting their little vessel a fine performer under circumstances which would have made a passage in a beamy boat altogether out of question. It must be conceded that our British cousins cruise 10, yes, 50 miles to our one, and that cruising qualifications in their cruising yachts are sure to be questions standing out in bold relief before their minds when building. These alley have solved through long experience in the cutter of small beam and rig, with great depth and low weights. They did not plump on to such narrow boats without other experience, but on the contrary, the beginning was made with plenty of beam, and by the slow but sure process of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, beam is giving way to depth and length in British waters. With this transformation in cruisers tonnage rules have nothing to do, and we may accept that for British waters, at least, the narrow cutter is winning the day as a cruiser as she already has as a racer.

Whether the milder weather and longer swells of the Atlantic we are accustomed to justify steering a course different from the one laid down by our cousins abroad is another matter, to which time will furnish the solution. It is well, however, that a clear understanding should be had of the course found advisable in British experience, so that we may profit thereby to the best advantage and avoid false conclusions.

CANOE RIGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sketches appended hereto will show some devices in rig which I have used with success, adapting them from the customs of aborigines as observed during a residence in Honduras. The leg of mutton arrangement I used as far back as 1860. Fig. 1 shows my improvement on the Creer leg of mutton of Honduras. It combines the advantages of a sliding gunter, and the handy single halliard yardsail requiring only a stump or short pole mast. As the halliards are hauled taut in this arrangement the yard is drawn close up to the mast at the same time it is hoisted, as the sketch will explain, the bead ring



traveler sliding up the mast as the halliards are pulled upon. In the old style without this traveler the yard flies to leeward when the sail is reefed or in lowering away. In Fig. 2 an improvement on the Cincinnati Lord Ross is illustrated. A halliard is attached through a block or sheave at the masthead to the hook on which the lateen yard is hung, and a parral with loop and toggle on yard is passed around the mast underneath the halliards. This enables the sail to be reefed from the foot and keeps the yard in to the mast. This is more simple than the plan without halliards, which cocks the boom up into the air when a reef is taken like a drake's tail, and looks like a carpenter shop device all through. Battens and parrals might be added as in balance lugs. Thus improved I consider the rig the best in use on canoes. When sailing free the yard can be lowered at will. If simply hung to a pin without halliards you must come by the wind to manage the sail, and may capsize in so doing. MULL.

COST OF BRITISH YACHTS.

LONDON *Land and Water* ascribes the cost of modern yachts to the tonnage rule in force in British waters. Though we agree with our contemporary as to the fallacious results obtained by considering beam and length and the necessity of having depth represented in the rule to measure size correctly, we do not think that measurement is responsible for the great cost of the modern racing yacht, but that lead and large displacement are. Now lead has won the day under all rules of measurement, whether the old Thames rule, or length rules, or bulk rules or sail area, etc. Lead is shown by experience to be speedier than iron. No change in the British rule would bring about a return to iron ballast in a first-class racer. As for large displacement, it is manifestly an advantage in a cruiser and if it costs more than small displacement it is because you are getting a larger and abler boat for your money. In racing it is likewise sought after under all rules as soon as builders learn its value. Thus British racing yachts have steadily grown in displacement for the sake of the increased power it gives. But we find this the case under Y. R. A. measurement and in the kitchen boats and American sloops just the same, though the latter are built under length as the standard. Now the narrow deep vessel can never obtain so great a displacement as the broad and deep. Not only will the latter be the more costly in ballast but also in rig since she carries a much larger area of sail than a narrower boat. The most expensive yachts in proportion to real size and accommodation in Great Britain are the Wilderness and kitchen boats built on a length rule. We are rapidly working up to the same end here in America.

If the present British rule were changed to allow more beam, the consequence would be an increase in that direction, which would make up for all the displacement saved in depth and more too, add to the cost of hull and to the size of rig. Certainly the present Y. R. A. "beam and length" rule cannot properly be saddled with the charge of producing expensive vessels, however current such a belief may be. There can be no object in reducing fast boats to the level of slow ones by taxing them for their good points. There is no more sense in asking that outside ballast should be taxed or prohibited than in demanding to have topmasts abolished, balloon sails, paid skippers or anything which is first class, and therefore expensive, outlawed by enactment. Special scrub races may be introduced under any restrictions, but to give the rack a chance at the expense of the meritorious is getting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. British races will all fast enough as soon as the present transitory development of the modern racer out of the old-fashioned plug has been completed. Then outbuilding will cease and racing yachts, capable of making a close match, will multiply fast enough. But first let the highest standard be reached without checking development by legislating against it. There is a limit to length and to depth. When once built up to, "outbuilding" is at an end, and racing will again become what it was in former years. British yachtsmen are not the only ones suffering from paucity of entries. Under all kinds of rules we are troubled here in the same way. As soon as the fastest yachts have given proof of their speed the slow ones naturally stay away, as witness the meeting of our large schooners and sloops. Among the small fry this is not so apparent, for the good reason that the fastest boats are not so well known or recognized since their records are too meagre to furnish convincing proof as yet.

A NARROW CRUISING YAWL.

THE change that narrow beam vessels are more costly than others, though perfectly groundless, is made to confirm that the following data from the *London Field* will prove instructive. They also show how the fashion in cruising yachts is trending with regard to beam. The Leander is a yawl built especially for cruising. Load line, 65ft.; beam, 14ft.; draught, 9ft.; tonnage, 74 tons; displacement, 74 tons; least freeboard, 3ft. 1in. Built to class 18 years A1 at Lloyds. Iron inside, 35 tons; on keel, 9 tons; floors and keelson of angle iron; headroom in cabin, 7ft. 4in., built of hard wood, copper fastened and coppered. Full outfit of sails and appointments. Cost, $170 per ton Y. R. A., or about $8,000. Accommodations are far in excess of those to be found aboard a Mischief or a Pocahontas, as follows:

Large roomy forecastle, caboose at after end, with skylight above for ventilation; main cabin, 12ft. long, laid out in the usual way, with the saloon table running athwart the after end, and with stained-glass window over, which also acts as a ventilator.

There is a large roomy stateroom at the fore end of the cabin, and another at the after end on the starboard side. At the foot of the companion is a hot water stove fitted with curtains, so as to make a sleeping berth when required; abaft this is a lavatory closet, for coats, etc., with a place for shoes, etc. Abaft the stairs is a lavatory, containing lavatory, shower bath, and w.c.; a grating takes up in the floor of the lavatory, down which we stow empty portmanteaus, etc. The lavatory again is fitted with two baths, two large hanging wardrobes, drawers, settees; and, opening out of the ladies' cabin at the after end, is a lavatory and w.c., fitted with a skylight over.

All the accommodation I have named is commodious and good, not cramped in any way for length, floor space, or head room, and is thoroughly well ventilated. Beneath the cabin floor we have water tanks, holding fourteen days' supply, and below the ladies' cabin floor is a bath.

The deck fittings, bulwarks and waterways, are all teak; cabin fittings of teak and pitch pine, French polished, the panels in the main and ladies' being fitted with silk embroideries.

Here is her rig, which is interesting compared to the 52ft. hoist and 65ft. boom of a sloop. Mast, 39ft.; boom, 43ft.; gaff, 31ft.; bowsprit, 36ft.; mizenmast, 39ft.; mizenboom, 15ft. 6in., and gaff, 18ft. Area of working sail, 2,800 sq. ft., against at least, 4,500 sq. ft. for a snugly rigged sloop.

BEVERLY Y. C.—SEPT. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The seventy-second regatta and third championship was originally appointed for Sept. 9, but was postponed to Sept. 11, and again to Sept. 16 on account of calms and heavy rains. The 16th opened with a severe gale from the northwest, increasing in force and making it plain that no boats from Quincy, Nahant or Swampscott could get down to participate. The judges were early on hand, but no boats were to be seen. About 12 A. M. the Peri, under three reefs, was seen to be coming from Manchester, but it was soon evident that she would not fetch across the bay to Marblehead. She seemed entirely smothered, and after a short time turned back, half full of water. After taking in more ballast, another start was made, and this time she got half way across, when the sail blew clean off the gaff, and she gave it up for good.

The cutter Beetle put in an appearance about 11:30, under reefed mainsail and foresail, and cutter Kelpie was anxiously expected. But her Bay Mary was found to be in a bad condition, and she gave it up. The little cutter Lola, however, came up under foresail and a scrap of mainsail at about noon. At 12:00:30 Beetle was sent off over a ten-and-a-half mile course, Lola following at 12:12 over a seven-and-a-half mile course, having been delayed by her fore halyards giving way. Both boats had a warm drive with the wind abeam to Bowditch Ledge beacon, getting it hot and heavy over the last part, Here Lola hauled up for a beat to Curtis' Point. About half way up she was forced to take in foresail and sailed rest of race under a rag of the mainsail. Beetle got off very fast before the wind to Gale's Ledge; then stood out to Southeast breaker, with wind abeam; then close-hauled to Half Way Rock and then a dead beat back. Over the whole course she sailed very fast, and kept very dry, going steadily along in the handsomest manner in the heavy sea at Half Way. As she rounded the rocks a large three-masted coaster passed by going free, under mainsail and jib, while other heavily loaded coasters carried reefed mainsail and jib, so you may judge of the cutter's excellent performance in such weather. At 2:21:30 Lola crossed the line, followed by Beetle thirty seconds later, the little boat being half full of water. Summary:

FIRST CLASS.

Beetle (cutter), A. Hemenway.....2 21 30

SECOND CLASS.

Lola (cutter), C. H. W. Foster.....2 09 30

TILLER.

THE AMERICA CUP.

ARE we to have an international match for the cup next year? It all depends upon those responsible for the conditions surrounding the trophy. The 40-ton cutter Annasona would be in our waters now had those conditions been framed with a view to equity instead of for the purpose of retaining the cup at all hazards by making a challenge next to impossible in demanding great odds for our side not likely to be granted by any one in his senses. Will the New York Y. C. rectify the blunders of the past? If they intend to take action it should be at once, for time is flying. If not the public will know to account for preventing an international contest the British cutter is ready to accept as soon as even terms are offered. We quote from *Bell's Life:*

The latest performances of this marvel have certainly been something astounding. Who would have thought that a 40-tonner could beat boats more than double her size in a strong breeze and sea, and that, too, without time allowance? Yet such was the fact, the Annasona handsomely defeating the Lorna, Mr. Morley's yawl, by five minutes clean. The supports what Duncan, who sailed the little Madge in America, said, that the boat to go across to New York for the America Cup would be a good clever 40-tonner. Mr. Hedderwick meant to go last year, and no doubt would go right off now with his vessel, but the American conditions make it too big a thing for him. There can be no doubt whatever now as to the Annasona's being the boat, and there can be as little doubt as to O'Neil's being the man, holding, as he does, a mate's deep-sea certificate."

SAFE SAILBOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me add a few words to your excellent ideas of safe sailing boats. Here, at Evansville on the Ohio, we have a nice harbor for sailing or rowing, but the fault with the mass of sailboats so far is that they are nothing but mud traps. Several attempts have been made to get up a sailboat that would not upset and drown the would-be sailors, but so far no plan has been obtained of safety great enough that all boats whose propulsion is by sail are looked upon as dangerous.

Our river has a variable current of from three to five miles an hour, and our weather furnishes more cats' paws and irregular winds than any place known to me, and the problem of making a river sailboat in which safety and pleasure are obtainable.

The boat is 18ft. over all, 12.8ft. on keel, 5ft. wide, 3ft. deep at bow, and not quite so deep at stern. The mid-section is very nearly drawn in the body profile given in "Canoe and Boat Sailing," shown on page 55 in *The Century* for July, 1882. The sternpost is of oak and plumb, the bow has about six inches rake. Both cuts of the boat are sharp, is cast-iron keel 12.8ft. long, 4in. deep, 2in. thick at top and 4in. at bottom, weighing 225lbs., bolted on with nine ¾in. bolts. The boat is decked 3ft. from each end, and inclosed airtight galvanized iron boxes which fit into the bow and stern, each containing 27sq. ft. of air. Between these inclosed iron boxes we have two "locker" seats each six feet long, on the inside of the hull. This seat is continued across the boat, hence we can comfortably seat half a dozen persons. The mast is of pine, 3½in. in diameter, set perpendicular, just behind the forward airtight box, and is 16½ft. above deck.

The jib extends five and a half feet outboard. The jib is 8½ft. on foot and 16ft. hoist. The mainsail is a leg-of-mutton, so rigged that

the boom will clear the heads of all in swinging around. It is set at about 35 deg. with the mast. The boom is 16ft. long and the sail has 16ft. hoist on mast; one row of reef points on main and jib three feet from foot. The rudder is large, extending nearly two feet, thus giving the extra turning power needed on a short boat, and at the same time making the boat steady. The sails are made of 25yds. of cotton duck, 28in. wide. The boat runs very level, is fast enough, and now my telephone is telling me that a brother practitioner wants me to repeat the sail we had one week ago, when we went up the river about six miles. To get to the place and back we sailed at least twenty miles in a pleasant breeze, going along lively, but best of all, safely. No matter how irregular the wind blew, with mainsail and jib trimmed flat as a board, we could go against it somewhat. The boat, although short, obeys her tiller better than any boat I ever sailed in, and despite the prevalent ideas in favor of long boats, none can run truer than the Sates on a given sailing course. The hull is clinker built, of cedar planks, and very strong and great, sprang to no thing, and with this peculiarity, that I believe no other wood has—it will not shrink nor swell in rain nor sun, nor have we any wood save cedar that will last so long. MEDICUS.

ANNASONA.

THE following concerning this forty-ton cutter, taken from the London *Yachting Gazette* will prove of interest in view of a possible visit of the Annasona next year, should the conditions of the America Cup challenge be put upon the plane of ordinary fairness, as we hope they may be:

"The deeds of bygone forty-ton celebrities have been totally eclipsed by the astounding performance of the Annasona this season, and never before has homer of vessel been so complete been more meritoriously gained. That the Fairlie boat was a *rara avis* her doings last year plainly proved, when, out of twenty-two starts, she won seventeen prizes, value £967; still, few would have been bold enough to prophesy at the close of '81 that another year might see her absolutely at the top of the tree. Compared to her doughty deeds all this season, the feats down in days of yore by the Niobe, Muriel and Myosotis pale to insignificance; yet, after all, the outcome may lead in future—by handicapping or keeping the classes intact, to a means of protection against a light weight wagging with the class ranks. Out of the forty starts, the nineteen prizes, value £1,350; and last year the Samoena capped this performance with twenty-three prizes—sixteen first and seven seconds —out of 30 starts, the gross amount of her winnings being £1,410. The Pantomime, Julianna and Latona have all been mighty stars in their day, and some of the light weights have been credited with extraordinary averages; but Annasona is unique—viz., 35 starts, 29 prizes, 28 being first and one second, and the gross value of the whole £1,550.

"Such matchless feats to be accomplished by their speed against all classes and under every condition of weather; and it will not detract from the merit of the last match in the Channel—that sailed at Torquay last Tuesday—by stating that the forty then went out more with the object in view of obtaining a good sea-boat for Ireland, going in for a stern sea fight. There have been days when power has told a tale, the Samoena having a grand revenge one day in Dublin Bay; and it would be folly to think that—marvel she is—Annasona or any other forty could have saved her time on that tempestuous Monday at Harwich with a clipper like Miranda, Vanduara or Lufra. Apart from being a phenomenal vessel, the unparalleled success of the Annasona may justly be in a great measure ascribed to the faultless way in which she has been sailed. O'Neil's helmsmanship was not discounted by a want of smartness on the part of the crew; in fact, the little ship has been simply worked like a 'hand saw,' as only those who have closely watched the manœuvres know. There has been no crippling of the bowsprit by getting 'the bobstay down early in the morning,' no punishing the lee bow-boule with a disproportionate jib when the third was sufficient, nor has a yard topsail been seen aloft when a jib-header was all that was required to keep the gaff steady. The use of purchases to sheets has been recognized and put in practice on board, and all these things have contributed a share in crowning Annasona 'the pride of the season.'"

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—SEPT. 16.

THE third attempt of the club for the Anderson cup was successful, fully sailed Saturday September 16 by two vessels out of the fleet, the first being unfortunately headed by a shift of wind which was subsequently entirely lost, leaving all but Oriole and Aileen becalmed, and unable to reach harbor before dark. The entries included the same lot of cracks who have met so often of late, Schooner Oriole, Lieut.-Com. Lees, sailing on 56 tons, and rig allowance; cutter Aileen, 32 tons, Mr. Gooderham; sloop Cygnet, 34 tons, Mr. Dennis; cutter Alarm, 37 tons, Lt. Col. Grassett; sloop Madcap, 17 tons, Com. Boswell; and cutter Verve, 10 tons, Mr. Cosburn. The course was from the anchorage off Hanlan's point, on Island around East buoy in harbor, out the West Gap to Mimico buoy, then back to buoy off Island, then out into the lake around a mark stationed five miles off shore, return around buoy off the island, then around Scarboro buoy to the eastward and return through West Gap, Prospect Point channel to finish. Challenge Cup, value $200 and $200 to first yacht home on regular time allowance, $100 to second, $50 to third and $25 to fourth. Open to club yachts only. The match was timed by Captain Shupard, and the fleet went across to a smart one gun start in light but steady puffs from the south.

The stylish Aileen hit off gun fire a trifle the best and was first away. She kept her lead around Mimico buoy, with the big schooner and Alarm going round after her in company, the rest a short distance astern. The wind suddenly dropped and came out from the south, heading Verve, Cygnet and Madcap, and compelling them to work up to the first mark, while the other three had it a good wholesail leading wind for the Island buoy, which they rounded in the same order, and passed out on the inner road into the lake. The sails disposed of the big schooner and eased sheets around the outer mark with plenty to spare. Spinaker was run out in good shape aboard the cutter, and she bowled in to the island again at a good rate, apparently with the prize well in hand. The three sloops went to the eastward with a quartering wind and hauled around Scarboro buoy in the same order, the two 17-ton sloops, Cygnet and Madcap, with the tiny 10-ton Verve, being by this time virtually out of the race, in consequence of their bad luck in being nipped by a shift near the first mark, and thus losing it altogether. No sooner had the leading six trimmed for a close haul home than the wind veered to nearly south east, making it cabin window business for the West Gap. At this the schooner had so much the advantage of her rig that with a consteady freshening breeze she was up to Aileen on the quarter, and finally drove by carrying the streak clear home, winning by 8 minutes and landing the Anderson Cup, the cutter taking second prize, rest becalmed.

CUTTER—LAUNCHED.—The new cutter Wenonah, built by Hegy and Harris, of Greenpoint, for Mr. Jas. Stillman, N. Y. Y. C., E. Y. C., S. C. Y. C., L. Y. C., and St. A. Y. C., was launched Sept. 21. The *Herald* furnishes the following description of this yacht, built on lines and to specifications supplied by Designer Prior, for the Eldonia, of London: With the exception of the Bedouin the Wenonah is the largest cutter ever built in this country. It is the owner's intention to give her a thorough trial before the close of the yachting season. The dimensions of the Wenonah are as follows: Length over all, 72ft.; length on load line, 56ft.; extreme beam, 16ft.; depth of hold, 10ft. 6in.; draught of water, 10ft. 6in. The keel is of Ohio white oak, sided and molded and fastened with copper bolts driven through and clinched on rings of the same material. The sternpost is also of Ohio white oak, as is the apron, the latter sided 6¾ inches at the head and tapered to the siding of the deadwood. The deadwood is well bolted with yellow metal bolts through the sternpost and keel aft and stem and keel forward, the bolts being clinched on rings. The planking is put on outside the keel, stem and sternpost. The planking is put on in two thicknesses, both being worked fore and aft, the inner skin of yellow pine and treenailed to the frames and bent timbers. The outer plank is of white oak and averages 1¾ inches in thickness. The ceiling has been worked to form air spaces between the clamps, and pieces of convenient lengths have been made to fit the air ports. Hanging knees of angle iron have been fitted to the mast beams, the capstan beams, in wake of the running tackle, to the beams at the end of the saloon and to the beam at the afterpost. Knees of the same kind connect with the lower deck beams where it is possible, forming partial iron bulkheads. The inner iron and cross ties are of angle iron 1¼ by 1¼ by 3-16 inches and the gusset plates 3-16 inch thick. The deck is of white pine, worked in long lengths and free from knots or snakes. The joiner work in the cabin is handsome and very substantial. There are two roomy staterooms, a third that is smaller, and two berths aft the cabin, besides the captain's quarters. The saloon is large enough to fit out with settee and the usual fittings in medium size yachts. The galley will be very complete and the room for the bath, ice house, lockers and pantries is all that is required. When finished and furnished the saloon of the Wenonah will be very attractive and the accommodations of the staterooms ample and satisfactory. Pneumatic connections may be made with all the rooms, and an indicator and gong placed in the steward's pantry. There are twenty tons of lead on the outside of the keel and the remainder—the inside ballast—is of lead cut to fit the frames. Two working boats are being made for the yacht—one 15ft. and the other 18ft. long. The whole length of the mast is 66ft. 6in., from deck to masthead, 55ft.; length of topmast, 40ft.; boom, 58ft.; gaff, 36ft.; bowsprit, outboard, 28ft.

TEASE—SADIE.—A capital match was sailed between these two diminutive specimens of the catboat, Sept. 23, in a howling northeaster accompanied by a drenching downpour. Tease, Peter Devoe, owner, is 12ft. 6¼in. long and Sadie, Alfred Wright, owner, is 18ft. 10in. long, allowing the former 5m. 25s. over a fifteen-mile course from off club house foot East Eighty-ninth street, to and around Throgg's Point buoy and return, for $100 a side. Both were sent off to one signal at 2:35. Tease with whole mainsail, Sadie with a reef down. They had a favorite tide through the Gate with a nasty chop blinding the crews with the flying spray. The boat with Ward's Island channel was live work, and required great caution to prevent a capsize. Off South Brothers Sadie weathered on her competitor by a few lengths, but subsequently split tacks, allowing Tease to make a board into Throgg's Point without following, whereby the latter managed to fetch the turning mark first at 6:33:7; Sadie casting around at 6:21:2 and shaking out reef for the run home. Both put in some fearful rolling and dipping bouts. It was dark long before reaching home, the match ending after one hour and three minutes; but skillfully sailed races ever witnessed between small boats. Tease crossed at 7:28:30, Sadie at 7:37:46, the former winning in 4:43:53¼ corrected time, Sadie second in 4:53:23.

NEW CUTTER.—We take the following from the Boston *Herald*: "The new cutter building by Lawley & Son, at their yard in South Boston, for Rear Commodore Charles A. Welch, Boston Y. C., is entirely planked, and presents a very handsome appearance. She is 38ft. 6in. over all, 31ft. load line, 10ft. beam, 7ft. draught. flush deck, with 6ft. under the carlines. The main cabin will be 8ft. 4in. long, with two long transoms on each side of coamers and sliding sash, aft of which will be a fine stateroom 6ft. 8in. long, with modern improvements. The forecastle will be 12ft. long, and will be provided with accomodations for the crew. The frame is of best live oak, two inches square, doubled, spaced 12in. between centers. The planking is one and a half inches, the garboards and topsides pine, four inches wide and runs the entire length without butts. On the keel there is an iron shoe, weighing six and a half tons, firmly secured by iron floors on the inside. The deck will be laid with clear white pine, one and a half inches square. The masts will be 48ft. long above deck, eight and a half inches at partners; housing topmast, 24ft. long; bowsprit, outboard, 16ft.; gaff, 23ft. 6in.; boom, 31ft. 6in.; hoist of sail, 29ft."

SAN FRANCISCO YACHTING.—A race was sailed September 9 by the Pacific Y. C. over the usual course. The gun to go was not heard through the fog, and this was taken from explanation of the fifteen minutes allowed to cross. This has created dissatisfaction, and shows the necessity of indicating the start by two simultaneous signals, one appealing to the ear, the other to the eye, as the discharge of a cannon and hauling down of colors. If one escapes observation the other acts as a substitute. Aggie was the only yacht away on time, the rest being handicapped. Nellie did the best sailing, especially in the windward work, but could not make up for handicap at the start, and as the protest about not hearing the gun was not entertained by the judges she got only second. The wind was light, with a pleasant breeze, and the match in other respects a fair one. Nellie made the best time over the course in 3:32:47; Aggie next in 3:35:37; Ariel, formerly of New York, was third best in 3:41:05; Annie, a New York sloop, fourth; Aggie was corrected time in 3:33:37; Nellie second, 3:42:17; Whitewing and Annie tie at 3:43:41, Ariel 3:07 and Fleur de Lis 3:50:54.

ANOTHER WINDMILL.—There is a ferment of excitement in the Providence *Press* editorial sanctum because a local item in the London *Field*, detailing the winnings of the 23ft. cutter Widgeon, fails to refer to the Gleam's sailing for the same race for a cup generously donated by her owner, Mr. F. A. Gower. As the Gleam is not the Widgeon, and Mr. Gower very kindly declined to take his own cup, he sent over to the Widgeon as second boat, what has the Gleam got to do with Widgeon's winnings? Her record was reported as the best in her lot, and as an open catboat has no class with decked cutters, and Widgeon's record was compared with home boats. Mr. F. A. Gower is fighting another windmill. It should prove to him that the Gleam did not turn the heads of "small English yachtsmen" for the ocean! We cannot believe his humble modesty believe. The Widgeon won the "blue ribbon" in her class, Gleam or no Gleam, for she beat the rest of the boats of the same breed, and no one claimed she won from Gleam or any other machine. Widgeon, by the way, is an old hooker, with a counter patched on and is now off fishing.

STATEN ISLAND REGATTA.—A match was sailed off Staten Island, Sept. 23, open to cabin yachts under 35ft., for prizes offered by Capt. Jake Schmidt, the boat builder. Course, from Bay View House to Fort Lafayette, thence around Robbins' Reef buoy, and back to Bay View House buoy in one hour. The wind was southeast, variable, accompanied by rain showers. Judges, J. B. Gerard, H. B. Holmes and J. Krehmeyer. Time allowance 1m. per foot. Summary:

	Ft. In.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Metamora, W. H. Progers	35 09	1 25 47	1 25 47
Favorita, Com. Charde	32 06	1 30 10	1 29 40
Lorelei, J. Schmidt	31 00	1 35 06	1 33 06
Alice, Thos. White	31 00	1 35 50	1 33 55
Pastime, C. Wanetto	31 03	Not timed.	

NEW BEDFORD Y. C.—Second and third class sloops sailed a match, Sept. 15, for sweepstakes and cash prizes. The sea was heavy, there had been a storm S. E. Wednesday, her chain plates and parted bowsprit shroud, and Metric shipped a sea in the bag of her jib, splitting it near the foot. All hands were sorely tried by the sea. Corrected times as follows: Whistler, Com. Hawes, 2:10:05; Metric, Jr., Lt. Sisson, 2:10:35; Viva, Lt. Hawes; Isabel, Mr. Chapman, 2:17:37; Painter, D. L. Parker, 2:20:58; Startling, G. W. Parker, 2:33:28, and Noble, G. F. Parlow, 2:37:53. Whistler wins $15 and $30 sweepstakes in second class, Painter taking second prize, $10. Metric wins in third class, $15, and Ariel takes second money, $10.

ANOTHER CRUISING HATCHET.—Mercersburg, Pa., Sept. 18.—In Forest and Stream of September 7, I find a drawing of "Nessmuk" hatchet. I would say it is probably the only one. I saw such a hatchet made many years ago by that celebrated old hunter and inventor, Edward Stables, of Maryland. In 1873 I was in need of such a tool and made one, using the Stables hatchet as a model, but instead of the long bite made the bit short, and put on a heavy weight complete, with handle, is just one pound. Inclose drawing, giving exact size and shape of hatchet and handle, also pocket for carrying same on belt. When the hatchet is in the pocket the handle should be turned so as to rest on the leg in walking.—S. D.

CITY POINT SWEEPSTAKES.—A match open to cats over 18ft. was sailed off City Point, Boston, Sept. 20, from Sailors' Snug Harbor buoy No. 6, thence to buoy No. 7 off Independence, to Sculpin Ledge buoy, leaving it to port, then to No. 6 on Lower Middle and home. Wind variable from S. E. and light. Amy, E. W. Baxter, 20ft. 4¾in., won in 2:20:22 corrected time; Viva, S. A. Freeman, 20ft. 7½in., was second in 1:31:45, though making the course in 2:20:22 less actual time; Viva, a new boat by Hutchins & Prior, 18ft. 5in., was third in 1:35:15, and Druid, Mr. Fowle, 18ft. 6in, fourth in 1:36:45.

MOSQUITO FLEET.—The third race for the champion cup among the little shavers about City Point, South Boston, was sailed Sept. 23. Course nearly three miles. Lizzie, H. J. McDonough, 13ft. 2in., won in 1:02:16 corrected time, beating Saltpan and Saltpan Savage, Mascot, a new boat, F. O. Whitman, 12ft. 2½in., won for the second time in second class, in 1:01:14, beating Herald, Cyde and Egeria. Lizzie and Mascot take the champion cups, Herald taking second prize in her class.

LAID UP.—Although the best time for sailing is now at hand, many yachts are already laying up, and the chances for fall matches in a breeze in which both yachts and crews would be put to a test are small. Rambler has found a berth in Port Jefferson, Julia at New London, to be doctored for next season; steamer Yosemite at City Island; Snow Water at Bristol, R. I.; Agnes to New York; Vanity, Comet, ditto; Haze at Winthrop's Cove, New London, and Ruth at Noank, where she is to be newly rigged for next season.

WAYWARD.—M. J. G. Fowler's sloop, which went ashore Sept. 20 on Gerrish Island, off Kittery Point, N. H., in a fog, is expected to come off. She is being lifted with casks. Skipper Tom Haley reports the fog horn on Whale's back not in operation at the time of the disaster. The new York schooner Princess, which drove on the rocks on the Maine coast, has broken up.

TEASER.—Mr. Holmes's catamaran essayed a passage from Babylon harbor, L. I., to her regular moorings, off Staten Island, last Thursday, but was wrecked on the way, some of the connecting gear giving out in the sea, the two hulls being wrenched adrift. The crew of one were rescued by the Staten Island life-saving crew.

SQUARE SIDER.—The Lawley's, of South Boston, are building a flat bottomed boat for Com. Welch, for use in Florida waters. She is 28ft. over all, 25ft. on load line, 10½ft. beam, with high sides and a 9ft. living space, living 3ft. 5in. head room

VIF.—Charles A. Stevenson, formerly owner of the Osprey, has bought the schooner Vif, in Boston. She is 47ft. on deck, 40ft. load line, 14ft. beam and 7ft. 6in. draft. Hull Y. C. burgee.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The first of the second series of catboat matches of the club was sailed Sept. 18, off the club house over a five-mile course. Wind moderate southwest. Mobe, A. J. Clarke, won in 1:02:17 corrected time, beating Thisbe; S. A. Freeman, 1:03:43; Water Witch, S. G. King, 1:03:53; and Belle, J. E. Baker, 1:07:02. The second match was sailed next day in a wholesail southerly wind. Won by Water Witch in 53:21, Thisbe 53:54, Niobe 54:21 and Gretchen, E. P. Sharp 59:49.

KEEL CAT.—Colter, of Dorchester, has recently launched a large cat boat for J. E. Baker. Length, 29½ft.; beam, 14ft.; draught, 4ft. She has an iron shoe of 2½ tons. Hoist, 27ft.; on boom, 31½ft; on head, 18½ft. Oak frame, yellow pine plank in one length fore and aft; mahogany fittings. Has 6ft. in cabin, and forecastle for two.

WINTER QUARTERS.—Sloop Kelpie, J. N. Winslow, has been moored for the winter in the Seawanhaka Basin, S. I. Schooner Clytie, Vice Com. Stokes, N. Y. Y. C., has been laid up at Red Bank; Alarm, J. C. Kingsland, at Staten Island; sloop Saloma, C. H. Leland, at Edgewater, S. I.; Vision, J. J. Alexandre, at Bay Ridge.

NAMOUNA.—This steamer, Mr. J. G. Bennett, N. Y. Y. C., arrived in Cowes Roads, Sept. 5, from Dieppe, and after communicating with shore sailed for Southampton before proceeding to the Baltic.

ACTEA.—Mr. David Sears sailed from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, Sept. 4, for Falmouth.

Answers to Correspondents.

MAC.—The particulars as to rifles used by American team were given in our last issue.

C. G. S. C., Cincinnati, O.—We know of no Kentucky counties wherein hunting is prohibited in 1882-83.

W. E. C., Connecticut.—About Aiken, S. C., and Thomasville, Ga., you will find quail, deer and wild turkey shooting. Either place is an excellent winter home.

S. B. Iron Mountain.—The barrel will fit into any breech-loading gun. It does not have self-acting shell extractors. is made in different sizes to fit different ganges.

SWALLOW, Long Island City.—1. The gun is a good one for the price. 2. For rabbit shooting on Long Island go to Lakeland and vicinity. You will not find good squirrel shooting on the island.

Q., Opelika, Ala.—1. Where is the pulse in a dog? 2. What is the normal beat per minute in a dog weighing about fifty pounds. Ans. 1. On the inside of the knee; or place your hand on the left side of the dog over the heart. 2. 90 to 100 beats.

B., Brooklyn.—1. The price you name is hardly adequate to secure a first-hand double-barreled breech-loader. You may find a good second-hand one for the money. Go to any of our advertisers and you will receive good treatment. 2. For Long Island shooting grounds, see late issues of this paper.

G. R. S., Dumont, Col.—Why is it that trout have spawn in them here this time of the year. I caught a dozen this week and they all were nearly ready to spawn. It is something very strange to me. Ans. The Rainbow brook trout will furnish spawn from October to January, often have eggs in them quite well developed in summer. Your trout are probably spring spawners, unless they may be the "Dolly Varden" trout, and while their eggs may be large, it is a question whether they will be deposited before spring. We wish you would take note of their date of spawning and report to us, giving the name of the trout you refer to, and all the facts.

C. E. W., Troy, N. Y.—Three weeks ago we received a fish weighing twenty-four pounds which was caught at Fire Island and was called a spanish mackerel by all who saw it, including the old fish-woman at the island. It had the appearance of the spanish mackerel, but I have never heard of one being caught that size before. FOREST AND STREAM what do you think of it? Ans. Mr. Blackford informs us that the largest spanish mackerel he has ever seen weighed 8¼ pounds. Last week he had one on his stand of seven pounds weight. Your fish was probably the cero, *Cybium regale*, called in some parts "black spotted spanish mackerel," but known in New York as cero. It is not as good a fish as the true spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum*.

LIGHT CANOES vs. BOONVILLE BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of August 10 I notice an article on "Light vs. Heavy Canoes" over the signature of "Nessmuk." In this article the writer refers to a letter of "J. R., Jr.," and compares very unfavorably the Adirondack boats or "Long Lake boats," as they are termed, with the Rushton canoes. He further offers to "wager $100 or $200 that J. R. Rushton makes me a canoe to weigh less than ten pounds, less than eight feet in length; that I take the canoe at Moose River House, and paddle and carry the same through the Fulton Chain to Raquette Lake, then on through Forked Lake, etc., to Paul Smith's; come back by way of the Tupper's, Smith and Albany lakes to Ed. Dunbar's on the Beaver; from there, by the Beaver and Seven Mile carry, to Twitchell's Lake; thence to Big Moose, and down by the three carries to Fourth Lake, thence to the Forge House."

This he wagers to do himself; and at the close of his article he adds: "Does 'J. R., Jr.' mean what he says? Will he meet me for a cruise of a month or more at any point between Paul Smith's and the Forge House? I in a twelve-pound canoe, he in such a boat as he pleases?"

Now, while this is not put forth as a challenge to "J. R., Jr." to go over this course, he in a boat and "Nessmuk" in a canoe, yet it is put in such a way as to lead any but a very careful reader to take it as such. It is after all only a good deal of "brag and bluster" about Rushton's canoes and what "Nessmuk" thinks he can do in one of them, and it is also intended as a fling at our Adirondack boats of the "Long Lake model."

I know "J. R., Jr." very well; he and I have camped together in the North Woods years ago, and have met every year on the Fulton Chain for a good many summers. I know that he makes no pretensions as a boatman, in fact I know that he is physically unfit to attempt to row for any distance; his whole life and occupation has been such as to render him unable to do it. So I just thought that it might not be amiss for me to step in and offer to take his place, and give "Nessmuk" a chance to try the relative merits of the two kinds of boats. I feel all the more inclined to do this because for the last thirteen years I have handled the Long Lake boats, and therefore ought to know what they are, and what they can be made to do.

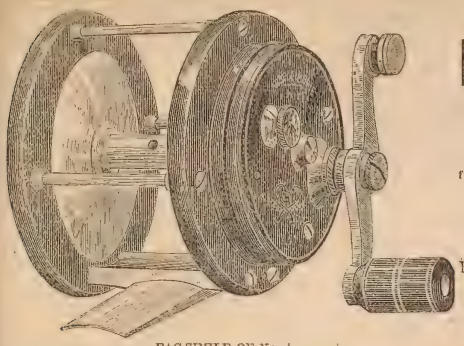
To put it down in plain English, I will agree to go over the course before named ("Nessmuk's" own selection), he in a ten or twelve pound, eight-foot Rushton canoe, and I will go in a sixty pound double-ender boat of the Long Lake model, but built in Boonville, and will beat him through to the Forge House by at least forty-eight hours. But it must be for money, for I cannot afford to have a boat built, and lose the time consumed on the trip. I will therefore make it as he says, $100 or $200 a side, which ever will suit him best.

So much for "Nessmuk." Now I will make another offer. For the same sum of money I will make a match with any other man, who is not a professional, for a six days' race, I to take a sixty-pound Long Lake model boat, Boonville build, and he to take a canoe built by Rushton. The course to begin at the Forge House on Fulton Chain, and to be gone over between Monday morning and Saturday night.

I want it distinctly understood that I am not a professional, as I understand it—that is, a man who makes it his business to row races for money; but the whole drift of "Nessmuk's" communication is so loudly in praise of certain canoes as being the *ne plus ultra* of a boat to sit in, that one is inclined to think that the Adirondack boat is nothing but a flat-bottomed scow as compared with them. This is my reason for this offer.

GUS SYPHERT.

BOONVILLE, Oneida County, N. Y.



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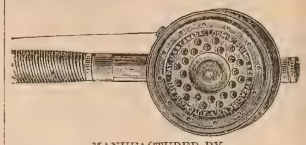
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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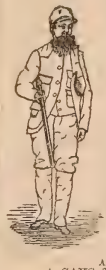
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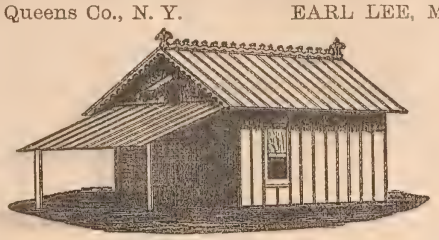
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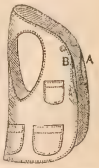
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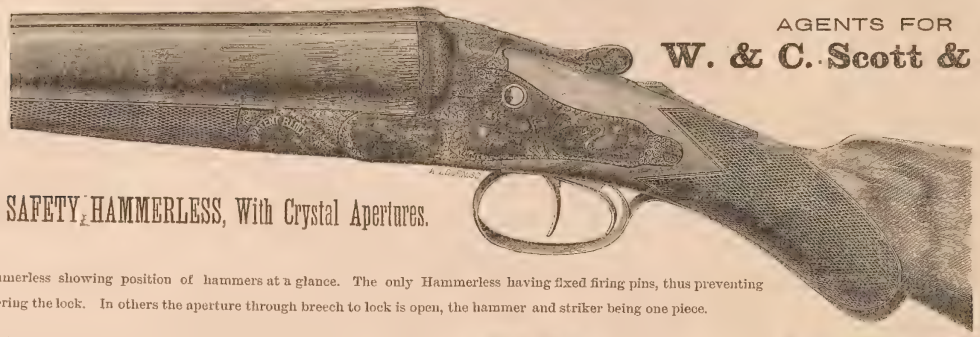
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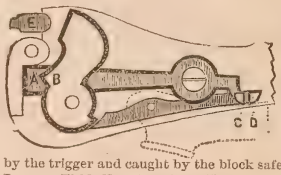
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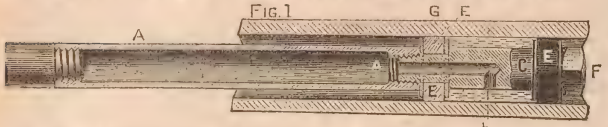


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.





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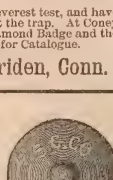
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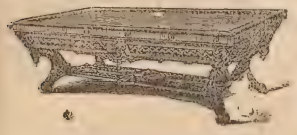
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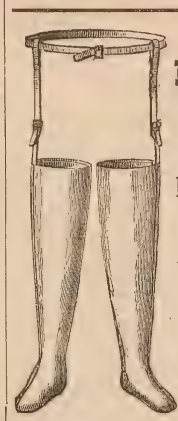
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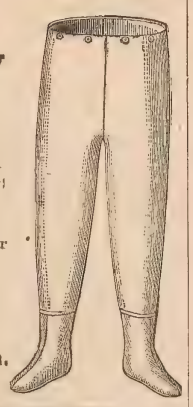
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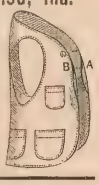


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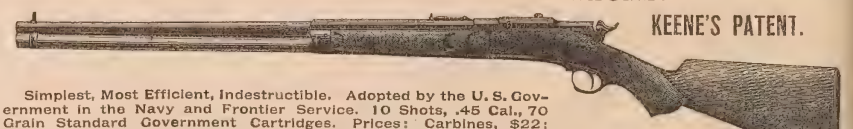
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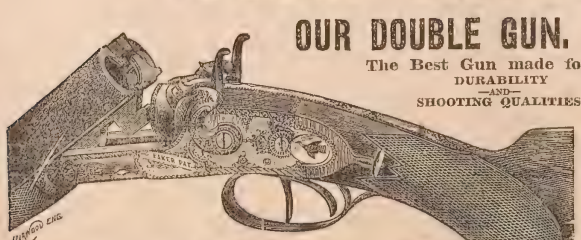
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THE Commissioners of Public Parks of the City of New York having kindly placed the Harlem Mere, One Hundred and Tenth street, at the service of the Committee of Arrangements, the first annual FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament will be held there on the 19th inst., weather permitting. The only postponement will be on account of rain, when it will take place the first fair day following. The grounds can be reached from the City Hall in forty-five minutes, either by the Sixth or Ninth avenue elevated roads, or by the the Third avenue line. In the case of the two former the visitor will leave the road at One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and a twelve-minute walk will bring him to the spot. Should he go by Third avenue, then the nearest station is One Hundred and Sixth street, which leads directly into the park a few yards south of the lake.

This tournament will be the best one ever held in this country, and will give people a chance to see what a beautiful art it is to cast the fly to a distance and to do it with delicacy. It will draw the attention of anglers to this style of fishing and no doubt will add many recruits to the ranks of those who use the fly in preference to baits. Should the day be fair many ladies are sure to be present, and as there are a few ladies who cast the fly with skill, there are no doubt others who would like to do so, and here they will have an opportunity to observe the contestants and note their different styles without leaving the city to do so.

Below we give the adopted rules which govern the contests, and a partial list of the prizes—a list which will be completed next week. It will be seen by a glance at this that many valuable prizes are to be contested for, and that the amateurs have not been forgotten. The amateur class we regard as the most important one on the list, being designed to bring out new men, and as this class will be called first, it will give the leading ones an opportunity to enter the other classes if they wish. Many arguments were held at the meetings of the Committee of Arrangements in regard to the rules, especially in regard to the rule, which is held in other tournaments, requiring the contestant to recover his line after casting. It was decided to leave this regulation out of the present rules, the argument being that it was a useless requirement and one that was impossible of enforcement when automatic reels are used. Certainly a person who can cast his line can retrieve it; but all do not do so. Another departure is in making no allowance of distance for length of rod. This, we hold, is the correct principle, for if a man cannot cast with a short rod as well as with a longer one, let him provide himself with a tool that he can use. Besides this, abolition of allowance will tend to show what length of rod is the best. There are anglers who talk of a rod "fitting a man," meaning that a tall man can use a length of rod that a short man cannot. We do not believe this, nor do we believe that a tall, long-armed man has any advantage in casting for distance. We think that a man may be "fitted" with a rod of a weight to suit him, but weight does not always express the drag that comes on the muscles of the arm. Leverage is a more powerful factor, as Mr. Van Siclen has shown, through the figures of Mr. Mitchell. We recently had two rods of exactly the same weight shown us, but the weight was so differently distributed, that one felt to be nearly twice the weight of the other.

There are many questions regarding fly rods which can only be settled at tournaments where the casts are measured and comparisons can be made, and, as a means of educating the public in the beauties of our art, and of training the rising generation of anglers in the way they should go, these contests are of the greatest value.

Two meetings of the Committee of Arrangements have been held since our last issue, and Mr. James L. Valloton, President of the Pasque Island Club, has been added to the Committee. They have decided to consider delicacy and accuracy in the awards of fly casting; but a scale of points, with their value, has not yet been made. Next week we will give the full prize list and the entrance fees. The following is a partial prize list:

Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York, "The Game Fish of the United States," by Kilbourn and Goode	$50 00
W. Holberton, 65 Fulton street, New York, copy of "Standard Trout Flies," colored by hand, in frame	10 00
Frank Holmes, manufacturer, Chagrin Falls, O., "Stranahan Folding Canvas Boat," with seat and oars	30 00
Thomas Sedgwick Steele, Hartford, Conn., copies of "Canoe and Camera" and "Paddle and Portage"	3 00
Fred. Malleson, manufacturer, 136 First street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Split bamboo Newport bass rod, with agate tip and rubber handle	40 00
Fred. Malleson, Split bamboo fly rod	25 00
William Mills & Sons, 7 Warren street, New York, dealers in guns and fishing tackle, a "Leonard" rod, reel and line (in special class for rods of 5¼ ounces and under)	50 00
Members of the South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island, Cash	100 00
Eugene G. Blackford, dealer in fish, Fulton Market, New York, Cash	25 00
Porter & Coates, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., "The American Angler's Book," by Thad. Norris	5 50
Robert Clarke & Co., publishers, Cincinnati, O., "Book of the Black Bass," by Dr. J. A. Henshall	3 00
B. F. Nichols, manufacturer, 153 Mill street, Boston, offers a whole class of prizes of his split bamboo rods. Prices not given.	

Other prizes are promised. Mr. William Mitchell, rod-maker, New York, has offered a rod upon conditions which are being considered by the committee, and Conroy & Bissett, dealers in fishing tackle, New York, have promised a prize, and William Mills & Sons talk of giving a whole class of bamboo rods in addition to the one named above. We can assure our readers that our next issue will contain many additions to the list. The following rules were adopted:

RULES FOR FLY AND BASS CASTING.

SINGLE-HANDED CONTESTS.

1. No rod shall exceed eleven feet six inches in length, and it shall be used with a single hand.

2. Any style of reel or line will be allowed, but a leader, or casting line of single gut, of not less than eight feet in length, to which three flies, one stretcher and two droppers, shall be attached.

3. No allowance of distance shall be made for difference in length of rods.

4. Persons entering these contests shall draw lots to determine the order in which they will cast, and will be ready to cast when called by the judges.

5. Each contestant will be allowed five minutes to cast for distance and will then stand aside until called in his turn to cast for delicacy and accuracy, when he will be allowed five minutes for this purpose.

6. The distance shall be measured by a line with marked buoys stretched on the water, said line to be measured and verified by the judges at least once each day of the casting. A mark shall be made on the ground from which the buoy line shall be measured and the caster may stand with his toes touching this mark but may not advance beyond it. Should he step back of it, unless directed so to do by the judges, the loss in distance shall be his.

7. The stretcher fly must remain at the end of the casting line in all casts. The others are not deemed so important. A contestant may claim time for repairs, which shall be allowed by the judges. Or the judges may order the next on the list to cast while repairs are made, in their discretion.

SALMON FLY CASTING.

1. The foregoing rules shall govern, except that the rods shall not exceed twenty feet in length, and may be used with both hands, and that only one fly will be required.

HEAVY BASS CASTING.

Rods shall not exceed ten feet in length, any reel may be used, but the line shall be of linen not less than twelve threads. The casts shall be made with sinkers, weighing two and a half ounces. (These will be furnished by the committee). The casts shall be made in lane formed by the buoy line and a line parallel to it, and distant twenty feet. Each contestant will be allowed five casts. His casts within the lines shall be measured, added, and divided by five and the result shall constitute his score.

LIGHT BASS CASTING.

The above rules shall govern except that the sinker shall be one ounce, and there shall be no restriction as to lines.

A WORD ABOUT GUNS.—Hardly a day passes that the FOREST AND STREAM is not called upon to tell some inquirer which particular one of the many guns advertised he shall buy. Our invariable reply to such inquirers is, that we do not give such advice. It is our aim to exercise due discretion, whereby advertisements of worthless or dangerous articles may be excluded from the pages of this journal. Having done this, our duty to purchasers ends. Our position respecting the many makers whose goods are represented in our advertising columns, must, of necessity, be one of neutrality; any other would be unfair, and resented by all save the favored party. We can well understand and appreciate the dilemma of an individual who must make a choice among so many different excellent guns as are now in the market. Each interested dealer, as a matter of course, honestly believes that his particular gun possesses peculiar merits, and is superior to all others; and it is also a fact that the sportsman, who has become used to a special gun, comes to regard that particular make as the best. A man looks upon his gun much as he does his dog—it is the best in the world. The gun suits him; he becomes attached to it; there is no other like it; he wants no other—"wouldn't take a carload of them if they were given to him." And so we usually tell the anxious inquirer to buy whatever gun happens to suit his fancy, and the probabilities are, that he will be satisfied with it so soon as he is used to it.

TOURNAMENT NOTES.—General Wade Hampton, who was called by Frank Forester in the dedication of his "Field Sports" "the first sportsman in America," is now in New York, and in conversation with Mr. Endicott, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the coming Anglers' Tournament, expressed his regret at being unable to remain to witness that event. He said, however, that he would look anxiously for the report in FOREST AND STREAM, as he took great interest in the contest. The General, like most sportsmen, has devoted more time to angling and less to shooting as he has advanced in life, and he is credited with being the most expert angler in South Carolina. President Arthur is now capturing bass among the Thousand Islands, and watching to see that his boatman does not take him into Canadian waters, where there is an unwritten law that a President may not venture. He has signified his desire to be present at the Tournament, but fears that the politicians would annoy him, and as he is beyond their reach now, he proposes to remain there during his vacation.

BLACK BASS FOR ENGLAND.—Mr. W. T. Silk, a well-known fishculturist, of England, in charge of the fishcultural establishment of the Marquis of Exeter, arrived here on Saturday last in the Germania. Mr. Silk has tanks on board in which to take back black bass. He desires very small ones, of two or three inches long, if they are to be obtained. He called on us and we referred him to Mr. W. O. McDowell, of Greenwood Lake, who will probably assist him to some large specimens, if not small ones. Mr. Silk has taken over these fish in former years, and tells us that both he and Mr. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, have taken the fish in English waters from the former plantings. We wish him success both in obtaining the fish and in their transportation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP LIFE IN THE GREAT SWAMP.

BY A. MULE.

I WAS sitting one day last summer on my front porch, looking out on the scene before me and thinking, perhaps too seriously, of what was suggested. In one solid mass of living green the clearing swept out in all directions, laughing and glittering in its gay verdure until lost in the dark frown of the yet unbroken forest. Here and there a cabin nestled along the edge of the woods, or sent its little column of blue smoke stealing up from amidst the cotton and the corn; the woodpeckers in the orchard called to each other; the fowls softly gossiped along the fence; the breeze blew a caress from the westward, and everything spoke of peace and happiness. All but the spirit of man was divine, and as I watched the stupid niggers loafing behind sullen mules under pretense of plowing, I felt that something was certainly wrong and out of joint.

What was it? Did we really deserve the reproaches lavished upon us by foreign ignorance? Were we really all lazy and shiftless? Should we not abandon our ways and walk in those of the stranger? Ought we to go and buy sub-soil plows and reapers, and all sorts of improved gear to put into the hands of niggers too careless and lazy to take care of a hoe? Ought we to give up cotton and corn and plant grains and clover and grass, and raise cattle and manure? There was land—just rolling enough to shed its water—with a soil of the very richest loam twenty five feet deep. Did that need clover and grass? There was a range for all the cattle in the United States in the cane-brakes, green and fresh through any winter; there was a mighty stream of richest manure sweeping by our very doors in countless tons, trying to put itself on our fields, and rejected with difficulty, and yet! lo, the nigger and the mule!

Healthy? Yes, no place is healthier where one lives in the clearings and provides good, well-cooked food. What kills people in the bottom is because fools squat down over a nasty bayou to save driving a well, and eat cubes of half-raw bacon, saleratus adulterated with flour, and drink bad whisky. This ought to kill anybody, and, thank God, it has killed a lot, but they learn very slowly.

By George, there he comes. I'd know the old "mar's" gait a mile off—the head to one side, the body twisting along, first one side ahead, then t'other, and the flirts of that big bushy tail, like an ugly woman trying to show off her hair!

In a short while old Shelb. had dismounted and occupied a seat near me.

Now it is a rule fixed—that is, a sort of swamp axiom, a rule without exception—to offer a guest a drink of whisky. Of course I knew this well enough, but as old Shelb. rarely drank away from home, and we were all busy over a basket of peaches, I somehow failed to ask him.

Presently he rose to go, and there was a general protest. I saw something was wrong, and urged him to stay. After much talk he turned red as a gobbler. "Well, then," he said, "why in blazes don't you ask me to take a drink?"

The general whoop that followed and my red face eased his humor.

"Why," I said, "you old catamount, you wouldn't drink if I asked you."

"Anyhow, I like to be asked all the same," said the old fellow.

This matter of diplomatic courtesy settled, old Shelb. and I dropped into the half cross and half affectionate style of our general intercourse.

He was wandering about the country out of pure restlessness. From frost to frost he is totally out of gear. He gets feverish and bilious and almost cross. This is the time he whips his dogs for all the old sins he can remember, and even in a press has added a few licks on general account. He prowls around the house like a wolf, until the old woman fairly runs him out to the stable lot. There he will lean on the fence and fondle his old "mar's" nose and talk to her by the hour. Somebody once suggested a rat-catching, and thereby earned his deep gratitude, for there isn't a rat on his place now, though Shelb. swears they only go off to the Springs for the summer. Of course he gets "bilious." No one knows what a countryman would do if he couldn't get "bilious." Shelb. has two points in view. Not only does he get medicine, but the deep sympathy of his wife, who is apt to be rather careless about touching the old fellow's dignity. She always gives him his pills and watches him while he takes them, handing the water or taking the box with exquisite simplicity and earnestness. Shelb. uses Blank's pills, and no others need apply. These have long been out of market, but he has an arrangement with a drug house in Memphis, who save all their extra pills and sell them to him as "the genuine Blank's Liver Pill." Anyhow they don't kill him, and he believes he would die sure unless he could occasionally get a dose of three of Blank's pills with six compound cathartics, "just to make 'em act, you know!"

He wanted me now to go a fishing. I told him—as he knew—that I detested fishing, but he insisted and I consented. The fact is it was quite a compliment for him to ask me, as he generally prefers to take the woods alone, and I agreed more for that reason than because I cared for the sport. As for the details, he demanded that he have full charge of everything. And so we parted, to meet at his house next day. I was to carry a mosquito net, pair of blankets and myself; the rest he was to provide.

His plan was to go in his dug-out through a chain of bayous and lakes, camping out at night, and returning in a week or two, as we chose. These waterways fill the whole county, so that it is possible for one thoroughly acquainted with them to travel long distances by water. Occasionally a portage may occur, but rarely, as your true Swamper has no longing for that sort of labor.

I found the dug-out already loaded on the wagon, and all fixed for a start.

This craft is a thing to gladden the eye of a connoisseur. On it Shelb. has expended all of his ingenuity and experience, until she is fairly as perfect as that style of boat can be. She was made out of an enormous sassafras he found somewhere in the woods. The tree must have been over four feet in diameter high up from the roots. Carefully shaping and hollowing this where it fell, the embryo boat was then sunk in water for a year, to season and avoid splitting. At the end of this time she was drawn out and set up in his front yard, where he could put the final and lingering touches on her.

As she lay before us she was about twenty feet long, two feet beam, and say eighteen inches deep, with a well-shaped entrance and counter, the bow and stern rather raised; then a sheer given to the whole bout and neatly painted of a dull color between lead and copper, impossible to describe, but as much like an old log as possible. The bow and stern were covered with a sort of deck for about a foot, and heavily bound with iron, screwed on to prevent cracking where the fibers of the wood ran out. The seats were small boxes, about the size of a big brick, and the paddles of the lightest bottle-ash, very thin and broad, contrary to "Injin" rule, which is to make them narrow. A stout setting pole, some ten feet long, with a fork at the end to catch a hold with when pushing through flags and grass, and a big sponge to bail with, finished the equipment of the boat proper.

Under a canvas flap near his seat were nailed small hickory forks to hold his gun and keep it dry, while the box he sat on contained ammunition. Resting on other pieces for the purpose were two beautiful canes for fishing rods. They were about twelve feet long, straight as arrows, and well wrapped with sinews between every joint; no doubt ugly enough beside a fine-jointed rod, but beautiful in the woods and a very coach whip among fishes. No reel, but a set of pretty brass guides led the line back to the butt, where it was tied to a deer's foot, artistically set on. A small box, some fourteen inches square and twelve deep, composed our mess chest, and when examined was a gem of itself. On raising the lid a table for two was completely set out. Salt, pepper, vinegar, sugar, in proper vessels, each buried an inch in its hole; two pannikins for grub; places for knives and forks, and spoons and cups. Everything was in place, awaiting only the food which enlivens to be placed on it. Below this was a drawer for cold meats, bread and other matters. The bottom held our sugar, coffee, etc., etc.—everything that had no bad smell. The cooking utensils were in a bag and the heavy grub ditto. But as old Shelb. is getting restless, we had better start and do the rest of our poking about in camp.

We started. Where we went I decline to say. I have no idea of ruining the country by hundreds of cockney canoeists pushing about in it. Let them find out and pay toll to the lawful mosquitoes like men.

But in half an hour after leaving Shelb.'s house we were afloat in a clear, dark bayou, with the cool breath of the forest just reaching us, and not a sound to be heard beside our own voices and paddles.

Shelb. had turned aside as we came along in the wagon, and now brought out a nest of some fly or wasp as the result. By tearing off the top and gently patting the bottom a number of fat, helpless worms fell out and became bait for fishes. One of these he put on his hook and dropped it into the water. Generally, however, in such a boat each man baits the hook of the other for convenience. His float was made of a combination of goose-quill and white pine, very narrow and scarcely visible on the water. But he saw it well enough, and in a short while down it went. A touch, a twitch, and into the boat came a beautiful little bream. Shelb. at once loosed him.

"What's that for?"

"Luck!"

"Didn't know you were so superstitious."

"Well, I ain't. But fishin' is a queer business and has some strange ways. I allers spits on my hook, and have tried it often, and I'm blessed if it *don't* make a difference. Now, in hunting you can see all around you—see the game, see the woods and the earth; but in fishin' you don't see nothin' but a bob and a line. Now, how do you know what's going on down in the water?"

We continued to float gently along, now paddling a little, now fishing, until time for a lunch. Paddling up to the bank we got out and Shelb. proceeded to prepare some fish for dinner while I looked over the stores. We had sugar and coffee—3lbs. each, a bucket of lard, pilot bread, and flour—some 30lbs., a bag of onions and potatoes. This was to last us indefinitely—not less than a week. A jug I thought whisky proved to be two gallons of molasses, and our stores were practically finished. We had a nice loaf of bread, butter, and other good things out of the old lady's pantry for to-day, and I dipped a cup of water from the bayou.

"Hold on a minute!" said Shelb., bringing out a two-gallon rundlet. "Have some beer?"

"Why, where in blazes did you get beer?"

"Made it. I don't think that bayou water is good at this season, so I just carry along a stock of corn beer."

"I never heard of such a thing, but it does help out awfully. How do you make it?"

"Well, I first bile some corn, say about a quart, then put this in about two gallons water, then a quart of molasses, a half pint of dried apples, and ginger or sassafras or spruce enough to suit. Whenever I take any out I put some sweetened water back again, and so I keep a stock always on hand."

That night we camped at a lovely spot. A sheet of water that glimmered in the setting sun relieved the feelings, which will fire of the deep shadows of the woods. On the lake all was brightness and life. The fish were breaking the glassy surface as they leaped for their prey, the crane frowned at our intrusion as he flew heavily by, and the kingfishers squalled as merrily as usual in their blue suits as they jumped on their finny suppers.

Our tent was what the hunters call a half-faced camp. They all use this style, and claim that it lets the heat of the fire get to the occupants, but I have always found as much smoke as heat got in, and beyond all question prefer the Sibley tent with a wall to it.

The cooking of supper was an easy job, as the remnants of our luncheon supplied it. But after this the old hunter began to bustle about in a way to excite my curiosity.

"What are you up to, Shelb.?"

"Going to bake bread for to-morrow."

"Have you got a Dutch oven?"

"Dutch! no; got better—'Injin!'"

He cleared away a little clean space of earth upon which he placed what looked like, and was, a simple sheet-iron box. In this he placed his dough and shut it close. A little earth covered the box entirely and left only a sort of mound to mark its grave. On and around this a substantial fire was built and the operation was completed.

"Now," said McP——, "the 'Injins' cover their dough up in green leaves simply, and that does just as well, but they don't use yeast and I do; so I have the iron box to let her swell. The only points of difficulty about it is to learn how to proportion the fire so as not to get the bread too dry during the night, and if all goes well we will have hot rolls for breakfast: they can't burn, though they may be too dry."

"Why, Shelb., you are developing genius as a cook!"

"I 'low I orter; I've been at it long enough. I brought you on this voyage more to shew you my ways in the woods than for any sport we are going to have. Livin' in the woods is so simple that very few people ever get the hang of it. Most old hunters get lazy and dirty, and so don't care—while most green hands strain so painfully to be 'knowing' that they leave themselves without either comfort or necessaries. As I hunt a great deal by myself, I try to arrange my plans so as to let most of the cooking attend to itself. Now here is my camp kittle, like you never saw in a camp before. It is simply one kittle inside of the other, and no matter how long you leave it your cooking can't burn. This is worth a great deal to me, yet it only cost a trifle to fix. When by myself I do all my cooking while asleep! When I wake in the morning I make coffee, and the bread and stew is all ready, having cooked while I rested."

"That's all very well for cooking after you've caught your hare, but after all I doubt if any man can travel through the woods now and kill a living as he goes."

"That's because you don't know how. On the contrary, I doubt if there is any county in the United States that won't support a man easily by its contributions of game, etc. You want to kill a buffalo or deer every day to keep from starving—but that is useless as well as impossible. Now, if I was under a press of hunger I should commence to kill the nearest live thing. Everything—except crow—is eatable when cooked right. So I'd kill sparrows, jays, hawks, all sorts of game trash, and in the course of a day pick up enough of them to feed half a dozen men. Put them in my kittle, with proper fixins, and a king wouldn't turn away from that dish. The mistake people make in the woods, as out of them, is, their eyes are bigger than their bellies. A half acre of ground will furnish bread for a man easy, and a very small patch of uncultivated ground supply all the flesh he ought to eat."

"I remember hearing in South Carolina about a Frenchman who lived that way, and lived well. His firewood and rent cost nothing, as he squatted on the edge of a swamp; he planted about an acre of corn and vegetables, and supplied flesh by hunting. He was evidently a gentleman, but there he lived for years, till he died, solitary, satisfied and healthy. His cookery was famous, and no one ever knew whether it was a woodpecker or a dove he was eating. Yes, the cooking is the great thing. If ever brains were needed, it is in camp cooking, and yet anything seems to be thought good enough. Everything is fried, and every bill of rations includes the inevitable bacon; this and slapjacks, also fried, make up the genuine 'all-day-piddley' diet. Now in camp nothing ever should be fried. The facilities for roasting and stewing are too good there to throw away."

"The water kettle like mine here enables anybody to make a good rich stew—a gipsey stew. That is, put in anything you happen to have and stew it all night! Again, Mr. Greenhorn buys ground coffee instead of the grain, and doing his own roasting and grinding.

"Ask ten men why they go into the woods, and nine will say, 'for an appetite.' But just think of wasting an appetite on slapjacks and bacon! But, Shelb., you have to fry fishes?"

The old hunter looked at me indignantly. "Didn't you never eat a chowder out of blue cats? Why a fish of no kind ever was meant to be fried. No, sir, to get the good out of him you must keep him in water, dead or alive; and before we get home I'll have you so full of stewed fish you can't say fry. Ever eat planked shad, eh? Ever get hold of a clayed trout, eh? Nor roast oysters, nor baked crabs, nor baked shad? The people who fry lose too much. But it must be either laziness or ignorance. Now you mark me, and I will feed you well and not fry once on this trip."

The next day was on us; the bass were jumping all over lake, and we had no bait. Shelb. got some long bushy branches off a pecan tree, and tying the twig ends together, soon made a very effective minnow seine. With this we swept a little hole or two and got all we wanted. The fishes bit beautifully, and we soon had what the old fellow called "a mess," then we pulled around the lake and went to camp.

BELOW QUEBEC.

THIRD PAPER.

MR. EDEN, the genial and obliging harbor master of Gaspé, has furnished us with a general letter of introduction to all of his many friends stationed in summer time while fishing is carried on along the various stations scattered along the north shore, and this document insures us upon landing at the St. Johns River a hearty welcome from Mr. Conway. He is the agent at this port of a codfishery established here by Messrs. Collas, of Gaspé, and enjoys his busy summers in a neat and substantially built house near the mouth of the river.

His kind intentions and hearty welcome have, however, been already forestalled by orders given in advance of my anticipated arrival by Messrs. Garland and Bland, the present lessees of the St. Johns. They have a snug and commodious frame house at its mouth, which serves for the double purposes of lodging and store house. In front of it is anchored a large two-masted firmly-decked boat, in which they can extend their excursions to any point along the coast whenever it suits their time and fancy. At present, however, salmon fishing up the river is still in its prime, the cottage is untenanted, and the boat swings quietly to her anchor with each change of flood and ebb as if she had no other mission to fulfill. The man in charge of the camp transfers my luggage to my assigned quarters, the wants of the inner man are duly attended to, and a canoe is ordered to carry me at daybreak up to the fishing grounds, where I am to have again the pleasure of meeting those two genuine sportsmen whose acquaintance I had made during my last year's journey.

It requires at least the aid of two good men with a canoe to stem the swift current and many rapids which characterize the generality of all larger salmon rivers, the St. Johns included. The canoe is built at Gaspé of thin strips of maple firmly braced with a large number of tough, neatly-cut ribs, and in build it resembles a compromise between an elongated clinker boat and the ordinary birch canoe. These Gaspé built boats stand, in virtue of their compact fittings, much more wear and tear than the latter, and will last at least four years if properly handled and cared for when not in actual use.

Their excess of weight is of no special consequence, as there are no portages to be made; and since they are roomy, a couple of men find plenty of space in any of them for their camp baggage and themselves. I am of the opinion that in point of the known luxurious means of transportation, that of canoe riding is ahead of the list, and even the motion of a rocking chair is a jarring one in comparison with the easy rising and falling of the canoe upon the gently yielding

water, which is apt to produce a delicious drowsiness perhaps not unlike that we once felt so often when rocked to sleep in the cradle of our infancy.

Thus I always look back upon the many canoe rides I have as the most perfect enjoyments, and the present one formed, of course, no exception. The day promises to be perfect. The thick mist which had obscured at daybreak land and water, soon lifts before the dissolving rays of the sun which often rises here in the Arctic zone with a brilliancy not surpassed by that of happier climes. Soon the whole landscape, the swift, glittering river with its densely wooded banks, rising here and there in steep vertical cliffs, unfolds itself to view, and reveals all of the peculiarities which characterize the northern wilderness. The geological features of the St. Johns probably differ but little from those of the Moisie described by Prof. Hind in his above alluded exploration of Labrador. There is a low range of granitic mountains, a spur of the heights of land, skirting the whole length of the coast from the Moisie to the Natashquan, falling off in a gentle slope of a few miles toward the basin of the Gulf. For several miles up stream we find a series of evenly steatified glacial deposits of gravel and sand overlaid by a stiff clay, filled with remains of fresh-water shells, which seem to indicate a recent rising of the land. Higher up these deposits disappear, the broad valley which resembles at its mouth the terminal funnel of a huge glacial gorge becomes narrowed in, and the compressed current of the river now foams between high granitic walls often but a few hundreds yards apart. Huge boulders torn from their flanks and carried sometimes into the middle of the river, where even the impetuous current is unable to dislodge them, attest silently, but eloquently, their former agents of transportation. They are no longer in operation, and a narrow river bed occupies the center of the valley filled by a huge slowly moving frozen glacier.

Along the present banks once covered by it, flourishes such vegetation as is indigenous to the southern belt of the Arctic zone. We notice the forest to consist chiefly of spruce which attains here a height of about thirty feet, and form in general a thickly matted impenetrable growth, on account of the closeness of the trees, many of which in their decay have tumbled down right and left, between a network of rotten trunks, branches and roots, not unlike that of a windfall. Wherever the soil favors, particularly along the river banks, there are occasional small thickets of maple and alder with a sprinkling of birch and mountain ash. The latter are now in full bloom, and their white cymes overtopping those of lower bushes of osier, relieve to some extent the wilderness of its rather sombre and monotonous aspect.

There are quite a number of pretty flowers just now in full bloom corresponding in time of their development with our early June, but I notice that many species bloom here simultaneously, which are separated with us by wider intervals of time. The wild strawberry, marsh marigold, spring anemone, dwarf laurel, bloom side by side of the blue bells, epilobium, erigeron and beach peas. All of them must accommodate themselves in order to produce ripened seed to a short summer, and they create thereby the pleasing aspect of a flowery carpet, which, however, only lasts a few weeks, the happy honeymoon of the Arctic zone.

But never a rose without its thorns, and never was there yet a northern wilderness, no matter how embellished by bright flowers, without its great drawback.

This manifests itself here in a threefold way by the intervention of the mosquito, black fly and sandfly. The name of each tribe is legion: they are everywhere, and when the bloodthirsty black fly has completed its mission of torment with the setting sun, the excruciating contralto of the mosquito breaks upon the stillness of the night and adds to the martyrdom; man and beast alike suffer from these dreadful pests. No matter how successfully you may battle even against these two insiduous winged hosts, the sandfly is still in reserve, and sure to come off victorious, unless the traveler in these woods has taken the most particular precautions. Mosquito netting of the finest grenadine in the market is the only effectual safeguard, or better still, light sheeting which, notwithstanding its closeness, causes no discomfort in the delicious cool nights which prevail here even in July and August. This is the only remedy against the sandfly, which in virtue of its countless numbers, microscopic size and hot poisonous sting, is the most dreaded torment. A combination of sweet oil and carbolic acid as strong by admixture of the latter as the skin can bear without smarting, proved to me this summer an unrivalled ointment against mosquitoes and black flies. Not only was this remedy, which has been published a year ago, in *Nature*, highly effective in keeping off by its powerful long-lasting scent, the invading hosts, but it had a powerful efficacy to allay the severe pain of the sting, which lasts sometimes for days after the original bite has been inflicted.

By being properly anointed, and additionally protected by a netting of fine gauze suspended by means of an elastic band from the rim of my hat, I could bid successful defiance to both black fly and mosquito, which, during daytime, hovered often like thick smoke about my head.

The canoe men, notwithstanding their being continally in motion, suffered terribly on this day, and faces were swollen and punctured with deep red spots like a sieve before they could be induced to try the virtues of preparations. Notwithstanding the swift current of the river, they poled up stream very rapidly, at the rate of about four miles an hour, and only rested at noon for a lunch near a small tributary, where I attempted in vain to catch a few trout, but failed to get even a single rise, although the locality has a decidedly encouraging aspect. The reason of this is very obvious. None of the large streams is inhabited by the proper brook trout, but at the right time of the year they are literally alive with immense swarms of the sea trout, which collect on this coast about latter end of May at the mouth, where they remain until beginning of September, when they gradually make their ascent to deposit their spawn. There was thus in July and early August most excellent trout fishing at the mouth of the St. Johns, but the advance of the migratory swarms had not yet commenced. A few large-sized trout are occasionally caught in the salmon pools near the falls, while the angler will cast in vain during early summer his fly near the most tempting ripples and rapids below them. The absence of life in the water is equaled by that along the shores. Not a single note of any bird is heard save that of the occasional tittering of a few kingfishers, which build their nests as with us in deep holes along the banks of clay, or the white-throated sparrow. Further up we notice a few white-bellied swallows and the white-throated sparrows. The former also nest in holes along the banks like the sand-martin, which it seems to represent here. As we advance the rapids, the cliffs converge gradually and form deep gorges, through which the river, increased by depth and in velocity, foams along, forming series after series of white-crested rapids. From time to time we see on these the harbor seal, making its way for the salmon pools, their favorite grounds. Since these animals cannot successfully swim against the rapid current, they facilitate their progress by a series of leaps, which, by their quick succession, attest to their marvellous muscular powers.

The abnormally dry summer which prevailed last year upon the north shore was terminated by one of the most extensive and destructive forest fires which have ever been known upon these coasts. For hundreds of miles inland and close to the seashores this great conflagration raged all August, and all but exterminated not only the wild animals upon which the Indians depend for fur and meat, but also several of the small fishing settlements scattered at intervals along the seashore. Near by, pretty Mingan escaped unharmed, to judge from its seaward view, but only a few hundred yards back of the dark green belt of low spruce trees which fringe the shores, the havoc wrought by this great devastation is painfully manifest by the burned and charred stumps of the trees, the only remnants of a once luxurious forest growth.

The mouth of the St. Johns is but fourteen miles west of that, the Mingan and the houses about it barely escaped destruction. The path forest fires take, runs, however, rarely in a straight line. While some parts of the forest are entirely swept away, others perhaps not a half a mile on either side of the fiery highway remain all standing, and I felt surprised to see often for miles not a single vestige of the conflagration, which I had been assured made a clean sweep. Near the great falls, however, which are but a mile or so above the encampment of Messrs. Garland and Bland, the fire had raged in all its full fury, and seemed to have culminated. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but a sightless charred wilderness remained. So quick was the advance of the flames that the party then fishing there had a very narrow escape and lost nearly all of their camping materials and provisions. Mr. Bland related to me that the tent above his head was lifted bodily off the ground by a vortex of conflicting aerial currents, and carried up with the glowing atmosphere above, where it was consumed. He only owed his own safety to the canoes, which were moored within a few yards of the tent, and conveyed without a moment's delay the anglers and their men beyond the limits of danger.

It may be here perhaps of some interest to those interested in salmon fishing, and the ways and means employed to carry on this sport, to learn how much comfort may be enjoyed when proper arrangements are made. Camping out, so often accompanied by personal inconveniences, becomes by their intervention an enjoyable luxury. We have visited in former years several of these fishermen's camps on the Restigouche, Nipisighuit, York, Dartmouth and Cascapediac rivers, but never approached in point of completeness and practical conveniences that erected for several years past near the falls of the St. Johns by Messrs. Garland and Bland. Both of these gentlemen are what is termed off-hand old stagers, and they have succeeded by their vast experience, extending over many years in nearly all parts of the world, to reach the culmination of ideal comfort in the wilderness. The site of their present camp is within fifty yards of the river, and alongside a little ice cold brook which furnishes in the hottest time of the day a refreshing drink. All trees and bushes near by which serve for convenient lurking places of noxious insects are completely removed, leaving them a large airy space of an acre or more, on which there are three tents, a floored compactly built frame house for cooking purposes and shelter of their men, and a little dining-house. The latter is surrounded on all sides with wire gauze in place of boards, and is thus a perfectly mosquito-proof retreat, where the sportsman can enjoy his meals and a quiet pipe with as much comfort as in any well fitted out sitting-room. Comfortable canvas stretchers and other like contrivances complete the furniture, all designed for solid comfort, not ornamentation.

Their help is the best obtainable at Gaspé, whence they were shipped to the St. Johns. The force available consists of four canoemen, along with Ben, the cook, who has been under careful and critical training for a number of years until he has remodeled and improved upon his former backwood notions and now turns out from time to time as good dishes from the smoky depths of his workshops as could be expected in a well-served restaurant. Nor does the vista of a beautiful river, clear as crystal and often well stocked with large salmon undisturbed by anyone, not even the passing Indian, impair the digestive processes. Fishing used to be excellent but a few years ago. The catch has, however, this year greatly fallen off, both in point of number and size of the fish, and only ninety salmon had been taken from the latter end of June to the beginning of August. This complaint is a general one, with exception of Natashquan, where a score of 365 salmons, averaging fourteen pounds, were made in five weeks by its lessees, Messrs. De Vere and Maurice, both of London, England.

Fishing on these rivers is best by beginning of June, when the salmon ascend, but it dwindles down gradually and becomes unproductive by latter end of July. Morning and night are considered here, as elsewhere, as the best hours for sport. The silver doctor, golden pheasant and Jock Scot are the favorite flies, the latter in particular is considered as the most taking. The casting is made from the shore, which has generally wide, open gravel beaches, or from canoes, which, when handled by two skillful men, are often preferable. The fish captured are turned over to the men, who either salt or smoke them.

We soon feel at home in company with gentlemen, who are virtual true sportsmen in the fullest sense of the word. The older of the twain, Mr. Garland, may claim the attention of the reader by a passing notice. In point of his compact mold and massive physique he fain reminds us of the old Norman type personified in a Warwick or rather the powerfully built Goths so graphically portrayed in Kingsley's "Hypatia." Though near sixty years of age he is still more active and vigorous than many men half of his age, and seems to bid defiance to the encroachments of time in virtue of almost perfect physical health. His experiences might fill volumes if written down, since his travels extended for many years over some of the most famous hunting grounds upon our globe. One of the very first white men who stood at the brink of the great falls of the Zambesi, he has hunted these remote grounds from its mouth to near its sources for the lion, elephant, hippopotamus and rhinoceros, not to speak of the countless species of antelopes, gazelles and other ruminants for which South Africa is famed. There is not a corner of our own Western Territories, from west of the Mississippi to the shores of the Pacific, where the crack of his rifle has not been heard, and his adventures in our own continent alone could fill volumes. Added to these stupendous journeys are several years of residence in South America, when in pursuit of the guanaco he crossed, several times, the snow-crowned Andean ranges, and thus rounded off his practical experiences concerning all of the notable game in our western hemisphere. Notwithstanding all of these achievements, well calculated to instil a due allowance of pardonable vanity, the bearing of this prince of sportsmen remains yet as simple and unaffected as that of a child, cast with the mold of all great natures wherever and in whatever profession we chance to meet them. May he enjoy for many long years to come a well-earned, happy, ripe age, the personification of typical manly sentiments, kind in all of his impulses, and of a cast such as we are wont to often picture ideally but rarely, if ever, realize.

There is one member of the company whom I almost forgot to mention, though his history and daily life are not at all devoid of interest. It is Jumbo the beaver, a prettily little pet six months of age, as tame as a dog and almost as affectionate to his human master as a little child. His mother was trapped by Indians, who captured the six weeks old orphan and sold it at the salmon camp for a trifling consideration. Jumbo has learned since to come quickly when called by anyone belonging to the camp, although he manifests a decided preference for Fred. Beatty, who has taken him under his especial care and protection. He wanders about without having any restraint put upon his movements, and takes regularly his morning and evening bath in the near-by river, after which he makes a careful toilet, dries himself as near as he can, and retires for his night's rest under a blanket in any one of the tents, unless he is put into his box. He has at command a variety of sounds expressive of his feelings, some of which resemble those a petted child is prone to utter. Though by nature amicably and peacefully inclined, he is occasionally aroused to fits of anger, in which he uses his forepaws and deals blows right and left with about as much dexterity as a child could employ. Though his teeth are well developed, he has never yet shown any inclination to bite.

The development of its transmitted instincts, which ought to manifest themselves by a natural tendency to construct dams and like structures is slow, and he is not in the least concerned about the arrangement or accumulation of any loose sticks or branches. The last and only one of his feats in this line is recorded of him when he was finally taken to Gaspé, where he was busy in digging a large and deep hole at the banks of a little creek near the house, where he lived on good terms with a large dog. I am assured, however, by old hunters, that the beaver in a state of nature does not attain to the full development of his constructive faculties until the fourth year, and Jumbo, though in splendid condition and as rounded as an Ohio pig, is only one-third grown and hardly as large as a woodchuck. A series of observations made upon his further achievements and development would be of unquestionable value and shed much light upon what has been asserted and surmised in respect to the habits of this most intelligent creature.

It is here worthy of note that many animals taken from this wilderness domesticate very rapidly. A full grown hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) became last year an inmate of the camp, and grew more bold and familiar than any tame domesticated bird. It would fly off to parts unknown during the day, but returned invariably before night, and had the habit to light in the most unconcerned manner upon the head or shoulder of any man who happened to be near. There is now a tame young raven at the Southwest Point lighthouse on Anticosta which prefers the buildings about the tower to the near-by woods. It flies off for long distances along the beach, but makes frequent calls, particularly when it notices any open window, where it may have an opportunity to indulge in its incurable thievery and hiding propensities.

Our stay at the falls of the St. Johns is, however, brief, as fishing is growing poor. The encampment is broken up for this season, and all moveable materials are transferred to six canoes, which are loaded to their utmost capacity and carry rapidly their cargoes to the mouth of the river, where the general headquarters are fixed. Within gunshot of the house lies our neat small schooner, a metamorphosed quondam fishing boat, the Gasher, which is used for excursions along the coast, when time threatens to grow dull. As there are yet a few weeks to pass, everything is put in readiness and a force of four men selected as the needed complement for the three boats which are hoisted on board. Our destination is a short excursion to the near by Mingan Islands. They stretch for about ninety miles at a short distance from the north shore, which they fringe like a disjointed necklace as far as Natashquan. Unlike the rocks on the main shore they are formed of limestone, evenly steatified and closely resembling by texture and fossil remains those of Anticosti Island, which is separated from them by a strait of about twenty miles in width. There is no doubt but that they were once united with the former, which formed the southern shores of the mainland, of which it was once an integral portion. L.

Natural History.

THE MASSASAUGA'S BITE.

CAN it be thirty-seven years ago this very September, since Charley Vance and the writer were induced to leave Western New York with its grand old forests and abundance of sport, for the rather new and decidedly unhealthy regions of Southern Michigan? *Tempus fugit.*

Every gray-haired lover of rod and gun can call to mind localities which he has been induced to seek by some slight hint from one in whom he had faith, and who had been there. In our case it was "Bart Meyers," a young giant, a crack shot, and a full pattern of a man every way. Bart had done Southern Michigan pretty thoroughly for four months, with a twelve pound Kentucky rifle and his knapsack for his only companions. He expressed the opinion that nowhere on earth could a pleasanter country and greater abundance of fish and game be found than in the region he had prospected.

He particularly endorsed the country lying north of Hudson, Lenawee county, and he thought Devil Lake about the finest spot he had ever struck for a camp. Bass, pickerel, grouse, deer, turkeys, quail, squirrels, rabbits, too plenty. A man was tempted to shoot beyond reason. His story was told late in October; it turned us. All through the winter we talked it up in our little cosy room, and organized our

fishing tackle and oiled our muzzle-loading Billinghursts, and practiced off-hand every mild day, and quite got ourselves in love with Devil Lake and Sand Lake without good reason therefor. All through the spring and long, hot summer it was our one objective point, the stake to which we were steadily working up, and it came to us. The having of such a hearty, healthy object constantly ahead was, perhaps, worth more than we knew.

At last, on a hot day in early September, we took a packet of the old "Red Bird line" for Buffalo. Then, the old clumsy propeller Globe for Toledo. And then came the ride by railroad. The "Southern Michigan," what there was of it, and it was not much. Twenty miles of rickety strap rail, one shabby car, a trifle larger than a wagon, a six-ton locomotive called the "Rocket," a couple of quaint freight cars, very small. Such was the train as made up every day on what is now the grand "Southern Michigan Railway." Just here I want to state the fact that we had leisure to get off the train and shoot squirrels alongside the track going west. And coming back two months later we saw the "Rocket" stalled in the black looking-ditch, because, as a train hand told us, the engineer had tried to crowd her and she jumped the track! Compare that with the "Southern Michigan" to-day. All the same the trip was a pleasant one, and it was not tedious. The eighteen mile ride from the end of the railroad to Hudson was slow but full of interest. The people were friendly to a fault, more than one farmer offered to board us for $1.25 per week, if we could "put up with his fare." Compare that with the way summer boarders are pecked and fleeced at popular "resorts" nowadays.

At Hudson we struck a broad-shouldered, rough-looking old granger, who calmly looked us over in a way we did not like. I thought him rather a backwoods rough—one who, it might be, was disposed to resent a decent hat or store clothes as a personal insult. I was mistaken. When he had listened to us a while he came up to me, gave me a startling slap on the back and said, "You come from Rochester? I am from Syracuse. I've been here ten year. You jest come with me. I live two mile from the lakes. I've got two fool boys who are just your style—want to fish an' hunt all the time." And we submitted to farmer Noyes, and went home with him, and were introduced to his ague-stricken family of wife and eight children. (Alas, that such a sylvan paradise should be cursed with the plagues of ague and malarious fevers. But such has been the lot of more than one Western State.) A brother could not have treated us more kindly. He offered to board us for $1.25 per week, or as much less as we pleased to pay. He owned the only skiff on the lakes; we were welcome to its use. If we wanted to camp, his two boys, Gabe and Bill, would take the team, put us on the best spring, take an old scythe and cut us all the grass we needed, help us make camp, stay with us if we chose, show us the best hunting and fishing grounds, and in a general way, do all in their power to make our stay a pleasure. We accepted the offer thankfully. Gabe took us to a marvelous spring, a model camping ground.

The spring gushed out just below a stiff layer of blue clay, cold, clear and strong. It was shaded by oaks and shrubs, and was one of the finest I have ever seen.

In making camp we missed the hemlock, but we had the long marsh grass, woolen blankets and a square sheet of strong cotton cloth eight feet by ten, well oiled, and safe for a shelter against any rain. It was a pleasant camp, that on Devil Lake.

And how cheap the living was. How friendly and kind the settlers. And what sport! Luckily I have my musty old check book at hand, from which I quote prices as follows: "Flour, $3.50 per barrel; pork, mess, 4c. per pound; butter, 10c. per pound; potatoes no sale, given away; eggs, 6c. per dozen; fine hams, 6c. per pound; board, country hotels, $1.75 to $2 per week; board, among farmers, $1.25 per week, or what you like."

Looking back through the dim vista of forty years and the seven trips I have made to Michigan, I rise to say that, aside from the absence of hemlock, the absence of trout and mountains, and the danger of malaria, Michigan is the finest State for sport in which I have ever camped.

We soon found that it would not do to shoot or fish more than an hour or two daily. You can't relish an excellent squirrel soup, or a pigeon stew, or fried fish for breakfast with each and all the animals rotting about camp, and we kept our camping ground clean and sweet, and burned all offal, brush, and other debris, and killed no more than we could use. Forty rods below our camp was the beginning of a long marsh, grassy, dry at that time, and studded with dead tamaracks, on which the pigeons were constantly alighting. The marsh was a paradise for swamp rattlesnakes, or, in the vernacular, massasaugas, while the sluggish outlet was a hot-bed of the largest water-snakes. The marsh, the outlet, and the timbered land along their borders came to be our favorite hunting grounds. Bass, pickerel and ducks were abundant in and on the waters, while on the bordering dry lands gray, black and fox squirrels, grouse, quail and turkeys, with an occasional deer, were plenty enough to satisfy any reasonable sportsman.

Vance liked to hunt the marsh, practicing at the necks of ducks and pigeons.

I chose the uplands. I liked to clip the heads of grouse and squirrels. We both were fond of fishing, and, let me add, snakes.

Now, it happened at that time that there was quite an animated discussion going on as to the question, "Do snakes swallow their young?" That way the question was stated. *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, then the leading sporting paper of the country, rather favored the affirmative. Naturalists were divided. One or two, with something of national reputation, showed, in a calm, superior way, that the thing was, first, improbable; second, unnatural, uncalled for; third, against physical and organized laws, therefore impossible, all of which was convincing, and not to be gainsaid by a green backwoodsman of tender years, only it happened that I had seen the most improbable and toughest yarns concerning natural history, the first to be verified by actual facts, and I had seen the garter-snake, the water-snake and the rattlesnake each and all of them swallow their young, and I said I will secure a specimen with the young inside of her just as they were swallowed, and forward the thing to *Porter's Spirit*. That will settle the question for good.

It has been my experience through many years that, just when you particularly want a specimen of natural history, that is just the time you can't lay your hands on it. Vance and I hunted the lake, the marsh, the outlet, in vain. We saw hundreds of water snakes, scores of massasaugus, and secured a dozen sets of rattles, but did not find what we wanted until one hot September forenoon, I being in the edge of the grove and he in the marsh; he suddenly sang out, "Come here, quick; here's your snake swallowing its young ones." I was there in half a minute, and here is what I saw. A large massasauga lying on half a sunken log, tail erect, with a low warning rattle, mouth open, and I was in time to see the last baby snake disappearing down the motherly throat; then she dropped off the log and commenced to disappear among the roots of marsh weeds, shrubs, and rotten wood.

The chance was not to be lost. I saw nothing better for it, and seized her near the tail. She hung to the weeds like grim death, and I pulled strongly and steadily. I thought the biting end of her had got into a ragged looking break in the log, and meant to let up as soon as the head came in sight. It came in sight suddenly. It came around the stiff weed stalks like a flash, and shut down on my left hand with a grip I should hardly have expected from such a light pair of jaws. I took in the situation at a second's notice. I was "snake-bit." No use to whine or cry out. I took her by the neck, snug up to the head, with thumb and finger of the right hand, and pinched for all I was worth. She did not choke off worth a cent. Then I jerked her loose, tearing the teeth through the flesh and making a wound that bled freely. In an instant I was sucking the wound with all the strength I could bring to bear, while I held the squirming reptile at arm's length toward Charley Vance, who clipped the head off quietly and neatly. Then we started slowly for camp, I sucking the wound, and all the time pressing and squeezing the flesh toward the bite, to get out all the blood and poison possible. When my mouth was dry as a bone, and I seemed to have exhausted all power of suction, Vance wet a handful of fine cut tobacco and tied it snugly on the wound. Then I sat down by the spring in the cool shade and took to pouring a constant stream of cold spring water on the arm and hand, while Vance, under instructions, made a huge poultice of blue clay. The poultice, an inch thick, and large enough to cover the hand and arm half way to the elbow, was thickly sprinkled with fine salt, and pressed on. It at once relieved the pain, which was getting severe. All this took about two hours. Then Vance suggested whisky. He assured me that a quart would not make me drunk. He had faith in it. I had not. But he filled a gill cup with common corn whiskey, which I drank, and was tight in less than half an hour.

Then Gabe Noyes, who had suddenly played out when I was bitten, came back with his father, the country doctor, and several sympathetic neighbors.

The doctor had a half gallon of whisky and a bottle of sweet oil. It was his notion that I ought to drink the whole business at once. He even hinted death in case of refusal.

I began to see fun in it. I was feeling easier; was already half drunk and disposed to joke. I begged off on the ground that I was a little fellow. I only held a pint, and was already half full. The doctor was a solemn man. If there was a point he didn't see it.

He insisted on his whisky and sweet oil, and I finally took a gill cup of whisky, with a layer of oil on top. I thought then, I think now, that it was bad medicine.

As the sun sank slowly down the west I lost all relish for fun. I seemed to feel the steady tramp of death marching slowly from hand to shoulder, from shoulder to heart, and I was sick—sick all over—sick unto death.

Farmer Noyes looked serious. He sent his son home with the team, and stood by me that painful night. I had faith in the spring, and kept pouring the cold water on arm and hand. Every two hours they made me a fresh clay poultice, increasing the size until at last they reached nearly to the shoulder.

Just at sundown I was taken with a chill and became numb all over. They made a huge fire. They brought in my rifle, and the snake. They cut the snake open and counted the young ones—thirteen in all. They remarked on the coincidence that the number of rattles should correspond—thirteen rattles.

It was a miserable night. I was cold, delirious and sick. I came to realize that a snake bite was a rough joke, but I did not expect to die.

In the early gray of the morning I became unable to stand, and felt like freezing. They made a bonfire that threatened to burn the camp. When the sun was fairly up I made the spring and commenced to pour cold water again.

Then relays of clay poultices. A cup of the strongest black coffee, a nip of hot whiskey and a gill of squirrel soup.

Then, the swelling began to subside. I felt better. Twenty-four hours after the bite, I could say I was safe. It had been worse, more painful than I should have supposed. It may be that the bite of our black or yellow mountain rattlesnake is more dangerous than the bite of the massasauga; and the bite of the large diamond rattlesnake of the Southern States may be still more deadly. I do not know. The bite of a massasauga is bad enough.

The second night was more endurable. I was no longer delirious and had no chills. I slept fairly, rousing up once in about two hours for a fresh poultice. The skin, which had been glossy, with a watery semi-transparent look, began to shrink with a whitish shriveled appearance. Just three days from the time I was bitten I was decidedly convalescent. On the fourth day, just before sundown, I was on the lake fishing. The arm was stiff and swollen, and the fingers somewhat like a row of bologna sausages; but I could manage an oar or a rod after a fashion. On the fifth day the poultices were discontinued, and the only treatment thereafter consisted of two or three daily washings of hand and arm in strong brine—salt and water. In a week I was enjoying the old life well as ever. In six weeks the skin had peeled off nearly to the elbow, and I have never felt any inconvenience since from that little experience. But I found myself a good deal demoralized on serpentology. Whenever I stirred up a rattler with his sharp warning whiz, a sort of electric thrill would dart from fingers to heart, and a disposition to start or jump was irrepressible. It has never left me. I still handle the festive rattler; but I do it with a quickened pulse and beating heart.

Let me add a few words on snake bites. I have personal knowledge of more than fifty cases, and only know of three deaths, (excepting the case of Doctor Wainwright, who, being a doctor himself, and in easy call of the doctors in New York, could hardly be expected to recover). The three cases alluded to were exceptional. In each of the cases the blood was heated, the snake was large and virile, and the bite was inflicted in a most dangerous place. One victim was bitten in the neck, the fangs reaching a large artery. One was bitten on the wrist deeply and far from help. The third, a young woman in the western part of Pennsylvania, was bitten while coming off the mountain with a pail of berries in each hand. She dropped her pails, fell down, and was bitten deeply the second time. She died that evening, and was buried before sunrise the next morning, so rapidly had decomposition taken place.

A young man was bitten near Ansley's last summer, and the treatment resorted to was whisky. He was dead drunk for twenty-four hours, was sick a long time, and recovered with the loss of a finger.

Boy bitten on hand at Lloyds, eighteen miles below here. Two days before a doctor could be had. Simple remedies were applied; salt, tobacco, cold water, etc. The lad soon got well.

Six miles below Lloyds a farm hand, in mowing, cut off about five inches from the biting end of a large rattlesnake. He seized the piece near the head intending to drop it in a hollow stump. The head turned around and bit him on the thumb. He was already well primed with whisky, and his friends proceeded to fill him with the same until he was dead drunk. Between the whisky and the poison he had a rough time of it. For days his life was despaired of, but he finally recovered.

Schoolboy bitten on Long Run, sixteen miles from here. Remedies: sucking the wound, pressing out all the poison and blood possible with salt, cold water, etc.; no whisky. Boy was attending school in a week thereafter.

I could give a score of additional cases but these are enough. They go to prove that whisky is no antidote to snake poison, at least for one in the habit of drinking it.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to offer my own notions of remedies in case of poisoning by the bites of insects or reptiles. First, if the bite inflicted by a poisonous snake is not severe enough to bleed freely, enlarge the wound by use of the knife. Next, if it be possible, suck the wound thoroughly, pressing the surrounding parts towards the wound. For outward application, I believe ammonia to be the best remedy; but it is seldom at hand. Common salt, moistened to a poultice-like consistency, is the next best thing I know. It should cover the wound and the adjacent flesh to the thickness of half an inch or more. After three or four hours, the clay poultice, as before described, and by all means keep up the pouring of cold water. No man will suffer much or long from a snake bite or scorpion sting who adopts the above treatment, provided the application be prompt.

On the Amazon River I found ammonia the one remedy in which all had faith. If that was not at hand, then salt. I knew of many cases there; scorpion, tarantula, coral snake, and even the deadly *surucucu* being included. With the exception of the latter none of them proved fatal. The sting of the centipede was the most obstinate and painful, but it would yield to copious applications of ammonia.

I was stung by the common gray scorpion on the Estrada San Joan, and in one minute had a handful of wet salt on the wound. It was about equal to a first-class hornet sting; the promptness of the treatment saved me much pain.

A physician in the southern part of this State, who has probably treated as many snake bites as any man in America, depends entirely on, first, enlarging and pressing the wound, second, on pouring cold water. He has never lost a case of snake poisoning.

And enough of snakes, poison or otherwise. NESSMUK.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

COMPILED FROM THE NOTES OF MR. O. WIDMANN BY W. W. COOKE.

PART I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following notes on the movements of our birds were sent me in daily reports by Mr. O. Widmann, 4,024 Carondelet avenue, St. Louis, Mo. In gathering them together I have endeavored, as far as possible, to preserve the exact words of the author.

My plan has been to give in Part First the general statements, and afterward in Part Second a tabulated list of the dates of arrival and departure. The nomenclature is that of the last Smithsonian catalogue. In Part Second the numbers before the name denote the order of arrival this spring. Where several arrived the same day they are given the same number.

Yours respectfully,
W. W. COOKE.

WHITE EARTH, Minn., June 10, 1882.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 22, 1882.—*Dear Sir:* Your invitation to help in tracing and timing the birds in their migrations, I accept with enthusiasm, and promise aid to the full extent of my power. The chapter of migration is the most interesting part of the whole science of ornithology, but it cannot be studied to great advantage without the co-operation of others.

There seems to be no part of the globe more appropriate for this particular branch of investigation than the valley of the Mississippi. Migration has been studied for ages, but the work has never been done systematically, with simultaneous co-operation, and therefore there has always been a tendency for speculation to step in where actual observation was lacking.

Having recorded every bird observed during the last four years, I am already in possession of a considerable number of data. Immediately after receipt of your letter I set to work to prepare a list of what I thought the most interesting dates, namely, the first (= F.) and last (= L.) days of transient visitors (= T. V.). The last (= L.) days of winter sojourners (= W. S.) and the arrival (= F.) of summer sojourners (= S. S.). While doing so I found that such does not always give a correct insight into the movements of the bulk of a species, and I tried to remedy this omission by inserting another date, which I named N. N. (= numerous and noisy), as it means the first day when I found the species humerous, probably the arrival of females, which event can as well be heard as seen.

In studying the migration of birds I think we have to consider principally the movements of our common, well-known, conspicuous birds, and that the arrival of rare birds is of little value. The dates of arrival of single individuals do not show much of interest; a full exponent of the movements of a species is only obtained by continuous observation and repeated reports upon the bird's doings.

3, 7, '82.—Last year spring began here on the 16th of April. This year it has already set in on the 1st of March. The meadows were rich green in February. Maples are covered with flowers. Frogs croak since 3, 1. Grasshoppers and butterflies are abroad. Everything is advanced except the bird life, on which this fine spring weather has had little effect.

3, 19.—There was a perfect standstill in everything from 3, 6, till 3, 15, the weather being cool, wet, gloomy, windy,

with slight frosts. Since the 15th we have had warmer but changeable weather, and yesterday a warm spell with mercury 76 deg. Fahr. On our bird life the forwardness of the season has had little effect. There are a few arrivals of such birds as do not generally come at this date, namely, thrasher, *H. rufus*, one seen 3, 13; purple martin, *P. subis*, three seen 3, 16; yellow-rumped warbler, *D. coronata*, one male and one female seen 3, 15; white-bellied swallow, *T. bicolor*, a party of ten seen 3, 16, hunting over a lake. These are the only species, and very few individuals of which I could say that they have been influenced to make their appearance before their time had come.

3, 20.—Yesterday we had warm easterly winds with light rain. Birds seem to be moving now, and new arrivals were numerous, especially chippies. Early peach trees in flower.

4, 2.—From 3, 20, to 4, 1, were stormy, cold windy days, and frosty nights. No great change could be expected, none took place. The first pair of my martins, I mean martins which nest on my premises, arrived on the 22d, and to-night twelve pairs have taken lodgings, these are all old birds, birds of the second year have not yet arrived. To-day we have regular summer temperature, 64–87 deg., at 3½ P. M. thermometer showed 111 deg. in sun.

4, 3.—Another summer day. Great change in bird life. Air full of the song of the thrasher (*H. rufus*). Where there were four thrashers last week there are more than forty to-day, and all in full song from 5 A. M. They must have arrived during the night. This is the day I call N. N. The cowbird and Carolina dove have also increased in numbers, but the principal part of the great change in our bird life lies in the almost total absence of the snowbirds (*J. hyemalis.*) Instead of a hundred, as met with with last week, I could not find ten snowbirds to-day. They have certainly availed themselves of these warm moonlit nights to draw nearer home or probably right into their home.

4, 6.—This morning a heavy rain produced a new start in the advancement of vegetation and insect life. Most trees have small leaves, Thrashers wild with song and seen in pairs. *Pipilo*, males, fighting like roosters.

4, 16.—There has been a great check to the progress of spring, and another perfect standstill in the migration of birds. The first week of this month was a series of summer days. It was astonishing that the arrival of migrants was so insignificant considering the advanced state of temperature and vegetation. The change commenced the 9th. At sunrise of the 11th the thermometer stood at 29 deg., and the morning of the 12th surprised us with a sheet of snow. Green trees and flowers and white roofs! This great change of weather has, of course, a decided effect on the movements of birds. No new species have been seen since the 8th, except a single swift (*C. pelasgica.*) All the birds behaved quite differently from what they did the week before. They did not ascend high trees, they were not much heard to sing, but they kept very quiet and secluded, mostly near or on the ground. Yellow-rumps were seen hopping on the ground among chippies, and the thrashers would not go from underneath their briar bushes. Martins remained in or near their boxes for several days without even trying to seek food until the wind abated on the 13th. They must have been very hungry, as they went out hunting all day the 14th and 15th. They left early in the morning and did not return before sunset, and still continue to do so, while during warm weather they stay in the vicinity of their boxes almost the whole time. The ruby crown kinglet was the only bird that did not lose its good humor during this cold spell; it kept on singing as usual.

4, 21.—We have had fine weather for the last week, but the great wave of migrating birds has not yet reached us. Birds are coming in slowly, only the avant guard has arrived, a few old males, and it needs a good lookout to discover them. Fourteen species were seen for the first time to-day.

4, 22.—Last night commenced dark, overcast, threatening; we had two light thunderstorms; at sunrise partially clear, but soon clouded again. The wind was light southeast in lower stratum, but west in higher stratum; this morning a light north.

The expected wave has struck fully now. The number of birds present to-day is really marvellous. They must have come in clouds. For ten birds yesterday one hundred to-day, but I have no idea at what hour they arrived. They must have come during this stormy, rainy, dark night, when one would expect them least. The few arrivals yesterday had not changed the general feature of the bird life, but now the change is complete, the aspect summerlike. The birds which brought this great change are principally the yellow warbler, the red-headed woodpecker, the two orioles, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the kingbird, the warbling vireo, the white-eyed vireo, the yellowthroats, etc. The increase in numbers of individuals extended to many other species already present, such as robins, thrashers, Peabody's, goldfinches, swifts and others, which increase helped to swell the aggregate number to such a height. In some places the bustle and tumult were so great that it was impossible for me to adhere strictly to my rule of identifying each and every bird.

4, 26.—Last night calm, early morning thunderstorm, then clearing up after ten o'clock. Considerable movements have been going on last night, our lately arrived species have largely increased; ranks of S. S. fill up rapidly. Many other species have increased, even redwing blackbird.

4, 27.—Warm weather continues. Ranks of S. S. filling up more and more. Transients abundant. Bird life luxuriant.

5, 2.—Last five days steady beautiful weather. Northerly winds and cool nights. Bird life has not changed much, although every day showed new species in my record.

5, 3.—Summer again, maximum 70 deg., 10 A. M. 60 deg. Very few trees are without full grown leaves now. Potatoes hand high. Corn being planted.

5, 4.—After a mild, clear moonlit night (60 deg.) a warm (80 deg.) day, south wind, just the weather for birds, and, indeed, the most glorious day of the season for an ornithologist. It is the height of the season. All birds, sojourners and transients are in song. Number of birds, both by species and individual, the highest of the year. Bird song everywhere and the concert in many places perplexingly many-voiced. Great numbers have arrived since yesterday, especially catbirds, olive backs, Tennessee warblers, black polls, white crowns, indigos, black-throated buntings, orchards, etc. To give you an idea of the richness of our present bird fauna, let me say that I have during my morning's walk to-day identified over eighty species. And standing on a wooded bluff which slopes to River des Pères (a creek that forms the southern limits of the city) I have counted fifty species which I could see or hear without moving from the spot. Between 6½ and 8½ A. M. the noise which all these birds made was sometimes deafening, the more so as the Tennessee warblers and blackpolls were almost as bad as the thirteen-year locust last year.

5, 5.—Calm, warm night (67 deg.), sultry, cloudy, hot day (85 deg.), with hard storm of rain and hail this afternoon. General character of our bird life is summerlike. At 3:45 A. M. the catbird, wren, chippy and bluebird were already in song; at 4:50, when I left home, the voices of such birds as Traill's flycatcher, indigo, peewee, cuckoo, etc., showed at once the advanced season.

5, 8.—After that hail on 5, 5, we had a cool, gloomy day, 5, 6, with strong north wind, yesterday clearing up and to-day southeast wind, warm, fair. No new arrivals to be reported, but a considerable decrease of whitethroats, savanna sparrows and yellow redpolls. Yellow-rumps are all gone.

5, 14.—The night of 8th to 9th brought us a series of very heavy wind and rain storms, and ever since that time we have had nothing but cold, gloomy, rainy and windy (west and north) days until to-day, when it cleared up, still cool, but promising fine weather. During the cool weather the birds remained almost silent and kept generally very retired, so that it is not possible to give the state of the bird life with anything like completeness, still no great change has taken place, and no new arrivals were seen.

5, 23.—Cool weather has continued since my last report, with slight hoarfrost on 16th. The vegetation is far advanced, in spite of all cold weather, the foliage too luxuriant for an observer of birds, but the insect world is far behind this season; not even the mosquito has made its appearance. The birds seem to have little spare time for a song, and are slow in building. The martin is my insectometer. The time it spends at home corresponds with the abundance of insects. Does it remain at home the whole day there is plenty of insect food; does it keep away from home all day, then it has to work hard for a living.

5, 28.—When I made my last report I thought migration was at an end, as there were only a few migrants left after the south wind period of the 18th and 19th. How great was my astonishment on the morning of the 24th to find again great numbers of transients, especially Tennessee and black poll warblers. If they came from south or returned from north I cannot tell, of course, but here they were, numerous and very noisy. On the 26th most of them, and on the 27th all of them, had departed again. Some species, especially mourning and Connecticut warblers, pass through here unnoticed in common years, but this exceptionally cool May makes them stay with us in great numbers and quite a long time. They have, for the first time, been common this season, while they are rare in other seasons.

A few other species I have not met with at all this season, for instance *Sitta canadensis*, *Spizella pallida*, *D. blackburniæ*, etc.

The most conspicuous birds in transit during the last few days were the nighthawks. During the daytime they were met with everywhere, hunting over fields, singly or in parties of ten or more, or sitting on trees, fields, fences, etc. In the evening of the 25th, 26th and 27th they migrated north in a very loose but continuous stream, from 6½ to 7¼ P. M. On the evening of the 26th we counted within half an hour, over 200 going over our house straight north. During these cool gloomy days, the water-sheets on the other sides of the river and parts of the Mississippi half were alive with different kinds of swallows and with swifts, but I do not think those were birds in transit, but they were our St. Louis S. S. which go thither hunting low over the water.

5, 29.—Fine day, clear; night has been clear moonlit, but transients are still lingering. Among the species seen was one snowbird (*J. hyemalis*). I hardly believed my eyes; had seen none since 4, 20. No nighthawks to-day; no mosquitoes yet; winged insects are still scarce. Martins do not yet build in earnest.

6, 3.—The season must be considered closed now; spring migration seems to be over as far as this neighborhood is concerned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONSTERS OF WHITE RIVER.

THIRD PAPER.

NO, Byrne did not die with that congestive chill. But he should have died, there is no doubt of that. For a man that will perch himself on the immediate bank of the White River after the greatest overflow ever known, unacclimated, and silly enough to go paddling and wading around through the stinking overflow on hot days in July after snakes and things, has not sense enough to appreciate the solid business matters of life, and should die "some time or other." Instead of dying as any useful citizen would have done under the circumstances, Byrne gained a little strength, crawled down to the boat and started up White River.

The White River is the crookedest straight river in the world; that is, the general course of the lower river is quite straight, but it winds around through a bottom seven to twenty miles wide toward every point of the compass. Often a steamboat has to travel thirty miles to make ten, and one has a lively time to keep on the shady side of the boat on a hot day. But Byrne reached the mountains all the same, drank of their healing waters, shed his malarious dark yellow hide, flirted with the widows, danced with the girls, danced a cotillion, in which all four of the girls (ladies I should say), none of them over eighteen, were "dipping snuff," (all had a stick in their mouths) while they danced; eat double, triple, yes quadruple rations, and "watermilions," "cantelopes," peaches, etc., between meals.

As he gained strength went up to Fort Smith, climbed Sugar Loaf Peak, interviewed the Choctaw nation, and returned here after six weeks' vacation weighing 149 pounds and ready to tackle anything not larger than a grasshopper, found the swamps smelling not quite sweetly as yet, but found scarcely anyone sick, except right along the margin of the river and overflows, and people living right on the open, fragrant, breezy prairies as healthy as people in any country. In fact this season proves conclusively that the open prairies of this region are as healthy as any part of the State, the mountains not excepted, and besides one finds on them fewer miseries of this Southern life, namely, mosquitoes, chiggers, fleas, ticks, house-flies, scorpions, snakes, etc. The most objectionable features of the prairies are "boss-flies." A small and large green head horse-fly and a great black one are at times very severe on horses and cattle, but these will disappear as the prairies are settled, as they did in the Western States.

Mr. Lee Griffith of this place, last month while walking along a road, with an axe on his shoulder, found a large yellow or mountain rattlesnake, a "mouster" which he proceeded at once to decapitate. This snake proved to be six feet four inches long and thirteen inches in circumference at the largest point. Its rattles had in some way been mutilated, only four remaining. Its skin roughly preserved by my friend Ben is now before me. How gladly would I have given a twenty dollar bill to have this snake saved for me alive and uninjured. He was in good condition, colors bright, and full fed. I have had a lifetime longing to capture a yellow rattlesnake over six feet, but have never found one alive over five feet, except one I captured in Nebraska five feet and one inch; this I kept for three months in a glass-fronted box along with four others somewhat smaller, and during that whole time I could not prevail on any of the five to strike at me, except this larger one, he would strike every time he was disturbed. At the first strike he would leave quite a drop of "pizen" on the glass, from each fang, then the amount decreasing with each strike until the fourth, after which nothing visible would be left on the glass, and this has been my experience with all poisonous snakes, the majority of them not offering to bite, unless held, but devoting all their energies for retreat.

THE "COTTON MOUTH."

The day before receiving the number of FOREST AND STREAM for August 31, while hunting quail on the upland in this vicinity, I noticed my setter pup nosing after something in the grass. I approached and found it to be a snake; seeing that it was a new species to me, I put my foot on its head to examine it, when it flattened out the middle of its body extensively. I thought then that it was the common "spreading-adder," or "viper." (I have refrained from writing of snakes, for the reason that, in nearly every neighborhood, the more common snakes have different names given to them by the people; and, not knowing them by their technical names, I am well aware that it is hard to know what particular snake is meant when called by any name; and I regret this exceedingly, for I have paid great attention to the habits of snakes all my life.) I moved my foot backwards from its head, when it turned its head upwards and sideways and bit the toe of my boot. I plainly saw both its fangs, and the exuded poison spread over my wet boot.

This convinced me that it was not the adder or viper, which are a class of—so far as I have examined them—perfectly harmless snakes, so far as biting a person is concerned. The snakes I mean are such as when irritated flatten out their head and neck exceedingly, some of them at the same time hissing or blowing and striking. Thinking my find was the snake here called "cotton-mouth," said to be quite common, I cut off its head and carried it to this village to have the natives determine what it is called here, and they calmly proceeded to give it three different names, to wit, "cotton-mouth," "spreading-adder," and "upland-moccasin," the last name is by an intelligent colored gentleman. The majority, however, insisted that its right name was "cotton-mouth." I mention this snake simply for the reason that it exactly, in all particulars, answered the description of the "upland-moccasin" (*Ancistrodon atrofuscus*) in the paper referred to, except the tail, which did not terminate in a "small, horny point," or if it did the "horny point" was very small indeed, for I examined its point carefully, it being so very tender toward the point, and I recollect giving this point attention for the reason that several have told me that there are snakes here with such tails, but I accept tales about snakes from no one as facts, simply for the reason that the great mass of people when they catch sight of a serpent, no odds how small, lose every sense except that of fear, and are therefore as a rule incapable of telling the truth about it. Hence snake stories are even wore than "fish stories," therefore I am inclined to believe that Dr. Troost's "upland moccasin" is simply the Arkansaw "cotton mouth." If so, I think numerous specimens can be obtained here,* but for one I will not agree to furnish any with spikes in their tails. I will not flatly dispute that there are such serpents, but, well if any of my readers find such a snake, please cut off the spike and mail it to the snake editor of FOREST AND STREAM. This snake that I decapitated was not at all vicious, not striking the puppy nor at me, until I held it fast. Will some herpetologist kindly publish in FOREST AND STREAM a list of all the serpents so far as known in the United States, with their technical names, together with all their vulgar names and every known synonym? BYRNE.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, ARK., Sept. 15, 1882.

*I hope no one will gather the idea from these papers that Arkansas is a dangerous country to live in, on account of snakes; for the facts are the reverse. Like all new and thinly-settled regions, serpents are more plenty than in old, thickly-settled regions. It is true that there are a great many water moccasins along White River, but they are not at all dangerous, never taking the offensive or striking unless stepped on or held. I had no idea when I came here that this snake had poisonous fangs, but the evidence is too great to dispute, and curiously, since this question was brought to my notice, I have been unable to capture a specimen, so as to positively determine this point. And, as I forgot it in its proper connection, I will add that Prof. Troost is right as to the upland moccasin having four fangs, in one sense of the word; for the anterior ends of both under-jaws are armed by a long, strong, backward-curving tooth, very like a fang proper, but yet they are teeth proper (for holding their prey), and solidly set on the jaw, and not hinged like fangs proper. The fangs (poisonous) proper of this snake were stouter than those of the rattlesnake, but not so long, poison-sack very large. B.

BREEDING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Following is a continuation of Mr. John R. Willis's work with the quail. It is taken from the Winfield (N. J.) *Monitor*: "Monday, September 18.—The quail are hatched; how many I do not know. There was an unusual chattering between the pair this A. M., that gave warning of the momentous event, but it was not until I returned from town at 5 P. M., that I was assured of a 'successful result' in seeing a number of empty shells on the floor outside of the nest, and on looking in the nest found that my gentleman was also on the nest, thus seemingly being desirous of appropriating some of the credit due while having done but little, as may seem to us, towards accomplishing it. There is no mistake, however, that he is now thoroughly interested in his progeny. What shape that interest will assume after the birds come out remains to be seen, but if he is inclined to be any way tyrannical I have a prison cell in which to incarcerate him until he learns how to behave. Yesterday, being about three weeks from the time the bird commenced to set, I made all the arrangement I could think of for the comfort and health of the coming 'chicks.' I partitioned off a space on the floor with three-inch boards in which I placed sand and gravel and a sod of fresh grass. I also procured a half bushel of sweepings from the hay mow and scattered them on the floor, and to-morrow A. M. I expect to have the pleasure of seeing 'Biddy' and her chicks out for their first feed. How young quail act when

hatched in confinement I don't know; but as a boy I have seen a nest full of eggs in the evening, and nothing but shells in the morning. I don't suppose I will have much more to chronicle in time for your next issue, and will therefore merely say that if successful in raising the birds until proper growth to determine how to pair them, I propose to present at least three separate pairs to such gentlemen as may satisfy me of their ability and interest in the subject to warrant the gift. I will donate two pair to gentlemen approved by FOREST AND STREAM, as a thank offering for the pleasure and benefits I have derived in reading its many and varied articles of interest to disciples of the gun and rod. September 19.—Eight young quail made their appearance this morning and at once commenced to scratch, eat and drink, run after flies, etc. They are all as lively as crickets and about the size of the end of your thumb. They don't seem to be afraid and pay no attention to my entering the room. The cock bird insists on appropriating all the duties of nurse, and covers the whole of them whenever he can coax them to come. They run out and feed about every ten minutes. Barring accidents I have little doubt of being able to raise them.—WILLIS.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

QUAIL SHOOTING IN KENTUCKY.

THE fall of '68 found me established in a border bluegrass county in a district where only foxhounds were recognized as sporting dogs. I always persistently declined invitations to accompany the hunters, lest the infatuation should demoralize me into a nightly follower of the chase. Although the old gentleman is now a "confirmed rheumatic" from the many hours shivered through on the front verandah and yard fences rather than lose a strain of that inexplicably and incredibly fascinating music of a large pack in full cry, I knew that the introduction of hounds to the back yard was no more to be entertained than the establishment of a red fox as the old lady's poultry keeper.

The accepted incompatibility of fox chasing with consistent Sunday Christianity would have rendered it almost blasphemous to join in the chase, and 'twas ever an "I-give-it-up puzzle" to me to figure out the paradox of that individual's unrelenting and uncompromising hatred of the hound species, and the alacrity with which the approaching serenade rushed him into his overcoat and out of the house.

"Posted" was an unknown term there then, as the gentleman from Africa, with ex-army musket, had not developed that remarkable ramification of his genealogical sapling which is now directly traceable to Nimrod and Diana (a thoroughbred cross; unquestionably, however often the black crops out in fresh litters of pickaninnies) as well as demonstrated his utter inability to distinguish a domestic fowl from an untamed quail, or discriminate between the inoffensive pig and the ferocious hare. If "gates" or "bars" were not provided for convenient near-cuts from farm to farm, fox chasers had found panels, the top rails of which would slip, and fences were no bar to riding where you chose, provided you had learned the many routes.

There was a light thirty-six-inch double muzzle-loader in the family, which was at my command, and a brother, whose business engagements prevented his hunting that season, lent me his pointer, consequently, I was in good condition to practice on the thirty-two flocks of quails which I had located within a radius of a mile. Often my wife would count my game and give me the per cent. of misses, having counted my shots. If I started for a half day's jaunt I nearly always mounted my thoroughbred gray, whose saddle has more than once furnished me a rest for a difficult rifle shot, and over whose head I have cut down many a quail from bevies that he'd flush. The whirr of a bird brought him to as staunch a stand as did sight or scent the little bitch that would always rear up to deliver me game killed from the saddle.

I soon learned that if a quail, sighted over those long barrels, appeared no smaller than a June bug, my chances were worth the trial, and before the season closed I could almost average two birds to every three shots, on which I've improved little or none

In '69 the crop was nearly up to that of the previous year, and proof of my suspicious descriptions of that "happy hunting ground" increased my popularity amazingly with the boys whose lots were cast in the persecuted districts.

On a clear frosty morning in November, '69, I had started, alone, for a friend's farm nearly four miles distant. When about a mile from home, I met two buggies loaded with guns, ammunition, dogs, and four as true sportsmen as ever pulled trigger or reeled a line. They were bound for my headquarters, where it was proposed to sojourn until they were surfeited. Three were entire strangers, whom I have not since met, nor would I now recognize, and whole-souled, handsome, eloquent Dick, the friend of my early manhood, who had brought his friends forty miles to enjoy our sport, can repeat the cheery introductions of that morning only when we shall all have met on the "other side."

Doctor was a dignified old practitioner and farmer, who wore spectacles in the field, and whose prudence kept him a "feetle" in the rear after the first volley into a bevy on the rise, consequently his score at the end of the hunt was expressed by a single figure. Harry was a genial young Benedict of my age, and we were well-mated as ordinary shots—apter to get a bird with the second barrel in a snap contest. Will was rapidly merging into venerable bachelorhood, if there be such, and was an exemplary church-going farmer, of whom it could be truthfully said that there were literally few hairs between him and heaven. He used a common old muzzle-loader, for which he paid twice its value, because it suited him, and had an old red and white setter that would hardly have been demoralized on a warm trail by a bladder of dried beans tied to his tail.

That old bachelor was the best field shot that I ever saw, and I sincerely believe the equal of any of whom I ever heard. If to-day what he was in '69, I'd "put up" on his grassing as many as any man living, under the same circumstances, sooner than back a favorite which I absolutely knew would not be pulled.

Dick had a seven and one-half pounds Mortimer muzzle-loader, built to order, for which he paid $150 in London, and barring the circumstances that he was occasionally demoralized when contending with one of the best wing shots, whom he refused to acknowledge his superior, was an extraordinary shot.

As an opportunity offered to send word of their arrival, I turned them for the fields to which I had started, and they were soon reached. Buggies and horses secured, hunting gear was rapidly donned and the dogs left to exchange cards as we crossed into the nearest cover. We were not half across the field when a flock was flushed out of range. We followed them into an adjoining woodland, when Harry walked up a brace and made a handsome double before a point was made. Every fellow seemed on his mettle and resolved to take no desperate chances, neither any undue advantages, and the greater part of that covey was bagged without a miss, and every gun made a score. Harry's advantage of a couple was mentioned, but after the next covey was put up, and the Doctor insisted on acting marker, Dick and Will got down to their work and pressed rapidly to the front by scoring a bird at every shot, till gun barrels were so hot and pockets so full that a resting and cooling spell was but suggested to be adopted, and it also occurred that the panting dogs needed water. It was tacitly understood that Dick's whole soul was bent on making a larger bag than Will, of whose modestly-worn laurels he had heard much, and with whom he had shot but once, and that a recent occasion, when Will's guest. Dick had used his friends gun while the owner substituted the most convenient, and his generously permitting Dick to tie him on their afternoon's shoot, had deluded him into the belief that he could demonstrate to Will that at least one other sportsmen was about as nearly dead certain of grounding every fair shot as he.

After being enlightened by Harry a glance at the situation disclosed the fact that Will was as thoroughly aware of what was in the wind as if Dick had declared his intention, but not a word escaped either till that night around the fire, and a casual observer of their marvelous shooting could have suspected no more than that they were paired against a rival couple shooting over other grounds, with whom they were to compare their combined scores at close of the hunt. The woodland was surrounded by corn and stubble fields, and every bevy that we found pitched into that excellent cover, and when a halt was called about 2 o'clock, we were so near our horses that 'twas resolved we should start for home in time to have quails at supper. My lunch, though plenty for two, didn't grow in the subdivision (nary fish in the collation), and a passing visit to a couple of flocks of which I knew the location near our route was voted enough to conclude our first day. We got thirteen from one, and enough from the last bevy to swell our bag to seventy-eight. The last bird flushed was an old cock, which Harry covered as it made a bee-line for Dick, whose lurches and yells to "don't shoot! don't shoot!" and the Doctor's racket to avert the peppering, at probable cost of an eye, which he had been dreading all day, made the scene a rather nervously exciting one till Harry lowered his gun, when it was demonstrated that Dick was the only one of the four cool enough to stop the author of all that hubbub on as beautiful a cross shot as is often made. The accidental discharge of my gun during the day in such close proximity to Dick's head as to temporarily deafen him, tended little to relieve the Doctor's apprehensions of accidents, and when Harry deliberately covered the unfortunate with both barrels at full cock, not fifty yards off, it did appear that Dick was doomed to slaughter. A dozen for supper had been forwarded by a passing neighbor, and the suggestion of some one that he recognized the aroma of broiled quail was a reminder of the long fast which, while it lengthened faces, it both accelerated and lengthened our strides supperward.

The veranda reached and the strangers welcomed by the most hospitable host and wife, a count was first on programme. Dick couldn't count more than twenty-seven, while Will piled up even thirty, and not one of the party could refer to another than the single miss which he declared he had made.

Doctor was the only man who bagged a bird every shot. He had three. As the incidents of that day determined him to continue his adopted course, his score at close of the hunt amounted to less than ten. It was deemed an occasion for setting out the landlady's quart bottle, full to the cork, of medicine, and as a contributor to the combined flavors of mint and nutmeg its quality was affectionately tested and conceded "most excellent," without shadow of dissent. The thoughtfulness of that motherly hostess had suggested the contingency of the visitors reaching the field unprovided with lunch, and a hint to hurry up preparations for early supper put an unceremonious end to all discussion. My memory extends to the good old days when the wedding feast, in fare, and a round of parties (supper and dancing always, except at a parson's house) were the order of marriage festivities, and till the recent innovation of levees and ax-grinders' entertainments, those feasts were the unrivaled standard of culinary excellence. On such occasions I have ever been acknowledged a first-class gastronomer in a go-as-you-please contest with fingers, knife, fork and spoon, but that particular supper saw and went one better any spread that I ever attacked.

Were they not in bad taste (!), details of the dishes would prove too distressing for me to voluntarily attempt them at this late day—so vividly remembered—and I must pass on to less melancholy matters by briefly adding that a fried oysters' accompaniment to broiled quails make a mouth-watering impression on memory never recalled without my becoming "too full for utterance" before first swallowing—one of those oysters in imagination.

Dick had enough cigars to last through a protracted siege, and every brother accustomed to bituminous fuel knows what peculiar zest a cheerful wood fire lends to cigar and anecdote after a successful day's shoot over good dogs and with congenial companions. Dick voluntarily acknowledged to his determination on entering the field, and Will smilingly assured him that he had only confirmed a suspicion which was aroused early in the day. In discussing next day's route it was proposed to go back over the same ground, when the old bachelor informed the audience that 'twas doubtful if those birds were reassembled after an interval of two nights. It was a point to nearly all, which was soon verified by some of the skeptical.

Dick and Will selected birds for breakfast and next day's lunch, despite the landlady's remonstrance, then drew the remainder and suspended them above the reach of thieving carnivora. The dogs and guns were looked after, and a motion to retire early met a ready second, as it was desired that an early start should be made next morning. All were astir in time to hear the birds calling in every direction, and by sunrise a mount for each was at the door, and in consequence of a hint from the old bachelor as to the great convenience of such an attendant, the obliging host had instructed one of his sons to accompany the party, horseback, with a grain bag, and carry all the game, as well as open gates, lay down fences and bars, and hold the horses during an engagement. It was the most acceptable addition to our party that could have been made, and almost as indispensable with me now as my dog. A game bag is a nuisance, shoulder straps and strings from belts always permit birds to flop around most annoyingly to me, to omit great stress on often finding only a birds head left in the loop, and though not an anomalously lazy sportsman, I generally manage to have an attendant to help me, even if I can't drive a better bargain than a promise of half the game. I have always exhibited highest appreciation of the boys' culinary accomplishments in camp; never object to location of the tent, nor grumble at the side of the bed assigned me; invariably complimented the good judgment they displayed in taking care of the minnows and their skill in dressing the fish; always kept an eye out for the best pile of driftwood and reported its location; never refused to stand up in the boat and point out the easiest chute up through shoal water, and the safest down—have even sprawled out in prow of the craft like a lizard on a log, and aided in pulling through by the twigs overhanging the bank when no other alternative; never in a single instance that I can recall, when solicited, hesitated to undertake that most difficult undertaking, when the fresh water was provided, to compound toddies in accordance with the caprice of every member; and I defy any man to prove that I was not always ready in any emergency, with the best advice in stock. Nevertheless, notwithstanding, all that I have modestly offered in self-vindication, I have the first time to have escaped in a party of four or more, one of those sore-headed, meddlesome, hard-to-please fellows, who tried to hurt my feelings by having some confidential chat with one of the boys about me, in which I'd overhear something about getting there by nigh-cuts; if but one good minnow in a bucket of fifty, I couldn't put my fingers on any other; and much more of that kind, to invariably wind up with something about "a darned shirk."

I'm not over sensitive, and I know that full justice is rarely rendered any of us here, our solace should be in hope of "future rewards." But, to the second day's hunt. But a few rods from the front gate we left the road through the yard of a half finished dwelling house. Even the horses were started by the rise of a flock from under their very feet. The dogs had passed the gate before we turned in and were behind us, and the birds so frightened that nearly half of them alighted on and in the house. Is it not a fact that quails alight on the nearest tree or fence from the demoralization of sudden fright? I don't remember to ever have seen a quail fail to alight on the ground, when the bevy had lain to the dogs till put up by the hunter.

From that yard we passed into a field where three flocks were found, and everyone sought the shelter of a small locust grove, in which the grass had fallen in such a tangle as to necessitate kicking out many of the birds. The rapidity of shots reminded the ex-soldier of a brisk skirmish during the "recent unpleasantness," but there were at that time no valiant home guards to "rush to the fray" and confiscate the ordnance (?) as had been.

In that grove was the only manifestation of the old bachelor's loss of temper. While reloading after killing one with each barrel, Harry and I winged but one of four that sailed off under circumstances that made their escape so shameful, for even tyros, that he couldn't hold in, and the lecture wasn't lost on either of us, for we kept on the alert the remainder of the day, for the chance of a split (?) with the old fellow when beside him. There too was bagged the only woodcock seen by any of the party. That went to the old bachelor's credit.

When each fellow had made his deposit in the grain-bag before leaving that grove for stubbles new, Will was so far in the lead that hope deserted Dick, and that night he pronounced the bachelor a "world beater."

The next covey we found afforded an instance of the unreliability of the average hunter as a marker. The birds flushed out of range, and every one dropped within view on the opposite hillside. "I saw 'em go down!" from two or three of the six markers led to a comparison of opinions. Developments proved that the old bachelor was the only one who had accurately located them, some of us being badly off. I confess that I can't, in weeds three feet high, kill two birds at a right angle, and turning to gather the first go within twenty feet of either, unless accidentally marked by some conspicuous object, and I have more than once left both after a disgusting search; consequently I generally stay home if I can't persuade or bribe someone into going along as marker and game carrier. It naturally occurs to the reader: "Why doesn't he have a good retriever?" My wife has always taught my puppies to retrieve and turns them over to me satisfactorily broken, but I have invariably neglected that accomplishment so long before taking them into the field that it has been of no practical value to me in a majority of my dogs. How many sportsmen have yet to learn the impropriety of endeavoring to aid a retriever further than to approach the spot where the bird fell and take a stand until the dog has found the game, or the trail, if a runner? It was long after the hunt of which I write that I learned it of an old friend whose residence necessitated his hunting alone in his younger days, when wing-shooting was regarded an impossibility by the majority, and pointers and setters were curiosities to most of our dog fanciers. I am indebted to him for more valuable suggestions during the four years that we hunted and fished together than a lifetime experience would have taught me. He is one of the few sportsmen who carry their philosophy into the fields, and when vexed by effects trace them back to their causes, that they may avoid recurrences.

In connection with that bevy which developed the unreliability of five of us as markers, occurred two incidents which I doubt not are as fresh in the memory of every other member of the party living as in mine. Two birds arose before the old bachelor and started for the adjoining field. The first was beautifully grassed, but before the second could be covered it had settled behind an intervening post and rail fence and was rapidly whizzing out of range when, to the astonishment of all, that remarkable shot dropped to a sitting posture and killed the bird through a crack that would but comfortably admit the thrust of a foot in climbing. The greater part of the charge of shot was lodged in the rails. It was the handsomest feat that I ever saw in the field. The wonderful performances with guns and pistols on the stage, as per programme, soon appear commonplace from the realization that they are but recitations of lessons conned and rehearsed till they become mere deliveries by note. Such performances in the field elicit always warmest applause and highest admiration from the display of readiness in emergency and quickness to circumvent unanticipated obstacles.

The other was the fall of a bird. Flushed high on the

hillside, he wheeled and made for the cove across the hollow, from which he had been first put up. His line of flight was almost directly over three who happened in line up and down the hill, each of whom in turn saluted him with one barrel as he passed over.

The height at which he was hit and the impetus he had gained in winging his frightened stampede to cover and possible escape carried him at an angle of forty-five degrees to the opposite hillside nearly one hundred yards, on a line, as we had to walk. On striking the ground he bounded like a ball.

Comments on the occurrences just related led to a discussion of the dogs' performances, and there was general and legitimate boasting except by the old bachelor, whose praise was of the others' dogs. Dick's pointer was a lemon and white, wiry little fellow that went like a skyrocket, and gave his master much trouble by frequently ranging too far when out of sight and freezing too staunchly to game to be called off, consequently in high cover it was sometimes a tedious job to find him.

Dick boasted that he would stand as long as game would lie, and that he had never been guilty of a false point. When we crossed into a neighboring field that dog was discovered on a point, and when all had gathered around him the universal verdict was, that the dog had lied the very first opportunity that offered, to prove that he was his master's equal in even that essential accomplishment. Dick, as well as a crack shot, was a celebrated angler, that could drop a minnow into a tub of water nine times out of ten, at seventy-three feet, when in trim—so reported by average authority—I never fished with him. The grass had been grazed off so short that within a circle of forty feet around that dog there was no more visible cover for game than on the bare floor of a room, and after tramping around and kicking everything within an improbable range of a dog's nose, we proceeded to give it to Dick unmercifully, even the charitable old bachelor deeming it a fit occasion to add a genteel tap. "This is the first time that I ever knew him to do it, sure!" was pronounced a rather transparent screen behind which to endeavor to hide. The dog remained as immovable as a piece of statuary, and the others held a steady but wondering back. The fun was becoming uproariously enjoyable to all but Dick, who supported a small tree with his back while submitting to the demand that the dog be left to work out the mystery.

I'd rather own a true-to-life picture, photograph or painting, of that particular scene, than a gem from the brush of an old master. It was a stunner to all, and noticeable that his nose almost touched the ground, and that his eyes were fixed as if he saw the game just under his nose, but had he stood upon a billiard table there could have appeared no greater impossibility of there being a bird where his nose and eyes indicated. But it was there, covered by a leaf in a depression made by the tread of a heavy ox when the ground was soft, and there it remained till Dick kicked at the spot on which the dog's eyes were riveted. That bird fell to Dick's gun and was bagged, and the exultation of the dog's owner was shared by all. I have seen birds lie to dogs when not even a spear of grass intervened, but I think that was the most extraordinary instance I ever met.

That was an eventful day's hunt, for in addition to those so prosily narrated, there were many other laughable incidents similar to those happening in the almost every day's hunt of all.

Hares were counted game the second day, and the hoisting of a white flag guaranteed no protection as the day before, when every gunner had to pocket all his game. Early in the afternoon it was decided to finish filling that bag—about which there had been some chaffing before we started—with hares and go home. When we reached the house our pack horse appeared to be just from mill, and the game was actually estimated by the bushel. The two days' score of quails was 156, a coincidence I shall never forget so long as I remember that hunt. Seventy-eight each day, nearly half of which were killed by that old bachelor, who burst fewer caps than any but the Doctor.

Next morning a high wind prevailed and Harry and the Doctor left for home. The bachelor, Dick and I revisited the scene of the first day's shooting and found the birds by singles and pairs, and not a bunch of more than half a dozen, just as we had been reassured that morning. By noon we had bagged just twenty-five, and after lunch we separated with pledges to repeat the hunt every fall, but the Fates decreed that our first and last meeting. With that season my connection with the neighborhood terminated, and the boy who accompanied us as game carrier—now the head of a family and the best wing shot in the country—has often told us that game has never been so plentiful as the two seasons of my residence there. KENTUCKIAN.

IN THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

COMPLYING with a promise hitherto made, I beg the indulgence of your readers, whilst I give a brief account of a recent trip to the mountains of this State, made partly for recreation and partly to enjoy whatever of sport the forests and streams might afford. I will premise by saying that the results, as a hunting experiment, were far from being so satisfactory as I was led to anticipate by the glowing descriptions which had been given by friends who were, doubtless, sincere in their declarations.

Leaving home at 3 A. M. on Saturday, the 9th, our party, consisting of X. K. C., well known as "The Old He-Fisherman of Waccamaw," W. B. Barker, a genial denizen of Quhele (to avoid misprinting this consult the "Fair Maid of Perth" as to the name of one of the clans engaged in the battle), Teecel, his son Pick, and the writer, reached Charlotte in time for breakfast at the Central Hotel. Owing to railroad connections, we had to remain until 1:30 P. M., when we took the Charlotte & Atlanta Air Line for Spartanburg, S. C., at which point the road from Columbia to Hendersonville crosses. We arrived at Spartanburg in due time, and transferring ourselves and luggage were soon on our way towards that lovely range of mountains which "divide the waters from the waters," and is known as the Blue Ridge of the Appalachian chain. After a run of two hours we had come to the foot of the chain, and having to ascend a long and steep grade from the immediate valley of the Pacolet, as the track was wet we were obliged to exercise our patience until additional locomotive power could be obtained. This came at last, and slowly we ascended for several miles, until Saluda, a summer resort, was reached. This place is east of the ridge, and situated on a high range near Tryon Mountain, between the waters of the Pacolet and Green rivers, both of which flow into Broad River, a tributary of the Santee. Thence we began descending towards Green River, and crossing that by a sinuous course we soon passed the summit and came to the waters of the French Broad, which are discharged into the Gulf of Mexico. In about a half hour the whistle sounded, the brakes were put on, and the pleasant town of Hendersonville, 2,500 feet above tide water, sent its cheerful lights to gladden travelers and betoken that the end of the journey by rail had been reached. We got quarters at the Virginia Hotel, and remained there until Monday about midday.

It was rather more cheerful to us, with our surroundings, than was the "Wet Sunday at a Country Inn," so beautifully described by Washington Irving. But that Sunday was a decidedly wet one. There was no cessation of the waterfall from daybreak until Monday morning, and when some one of our party inquired if a portion of our companions, who were Baptists, could be expected to call to see us, "the Old He" consoled us by saying, "Ye need not expect it; for they are opposed to sprinkling." We kept our rooms, of course, and passed the time reflecting that it was far better for the rain to fall while we were under the shelter of shingles, than when protected only by one of Hennemeway's tents. Besides this we consoled ourselves that we should probably escape a wetting while in the woods, because of the fact that the clouds were then discharging a large part of the vapor which the atmosphere held. And we were right, for we had a cloudless sky during our search for game among the head waters of the French Broad and the Savannah.

About eight o'clock on Monday morning the clouds broke up, and at twelve we were seated in two old-fashioned "kivered wagons," to each of which was hitched a pair of very philosophical mules, and started on our journey to Transylvania. After traveling about fourteen miles we reached a farm house, and getting such accommodations as it afforded, "put up" for the night. Besides those heretofore named, we had for companions Rev. Mr. Wordan, his sons Will and Jim (one of the best shots in the State), Bob Laird, Bart Bomack, Charley Ledyards, and the drivers. Two beds and the floor afforded us the chance for sleeping, and I presume this luxury was fully enjoyed. Next morning we left and soon reached the French Broad, finding it much swollen by the recent rain. Crossing on a bridge we reached the western side, and ascended to a point eight miles southwest of Brevard, the county town. The valley is a beautiful one, and the lowlands quite productive. On the east side of the river, and five miles below Brevard, is the farm of Mr. Loundes of South Carolina, one of the best cultivated and fertile in the western part of the State. He is a raiser of fine stock, and lives at his place from May until November, when he goes back to the city of Charleston. Passing Brevard we stopped at a farm house about one mile distant, where the wife of the proprietor kindly gave us a good supply of delicious milk, which, with corn pone and ginger bread, made quite an agreeable lunch. The owner of the premises has a large young orchard of apple and peach trees, hoping to derive from the products at no distant day a handsome revenue. I trust he may do so, for no better apples are raised on the face of this earth than those which grow in the mountains of this State. If he can escape the blight in his pear trees, I see no reason why they may not be made profitable, provided always that some better means of getting them to market shall be supplied than now exists, and the cost of transportation is not so high as to consume the value of the article.

While our mules are enjoying themselves at rest and partaking of their lunch, several of our party concluded to walk on, with the view of finding some game. So, taking Jim Wordan's old Jeff and Ledyard's Argo—our only dogs—we started forward. Jeff is a pointer on the shady side of eight, and was once hard to beat at grouse. But he has been sadly damaged, not only by the weight of years, but by being used as a squirrel and "possum" dog, which occupations have caused him to prefer the smell of those "varmints" to that of the bird called in our mountains the pheasant. So, pretty soon after reaching the woods, Jeff vindicated his character by treeing a squirrel, which I had the pleasure of tumbling with my sixteen-bore Webley, loaded with two and a half drams of gunpowder and one ounce of No. 9 shot. Argo, who is young and needs some training, backed Jeff handsomely, but failed to bark at the quarry. The hills being rather steep for my inagile limbs, I got to the highway, much preferring its gentle grades. Jim Wordan and Bob Laird, however, crossed, and I soon heard several guns in rapid succession. When they came to the road they had two grouse, one killed by Jim and the other somewhat in dispute. With one squirrel and two grouse as our only trophies we pursued our way until we got within two miles of Miss Mary's, where we proposed to stop. At this point several of us took a "nigh cut" through some woods and fields, hoping to get a shot at grouse or quail on the way. No grouse was found, but we started a large covey of young quail, about two-thirds grown, from which we succeeded in getting ten. It was my fortune to have shot three times, getting a bird at each shot. When the sun was nearly down we reached "Miss Mary's," where our wagons were found, and received a kindly welcome by her and her brother, the owner of a splendid farm on the river. A good supper, a pleasant chat and tired bodies made us enjoy the beds, to which we retired at an early hour.

Next morning we were off, and after traveling five or six miles we left the river and commenced a slow ascent of the adjacent mountains. Winding round and round we reached an elevation of five or six hundred feet above the river, and soon came to the margin of a clear, rapid brook, the roar of whose cataracts, just below us, could be plainly heard. It is called Flat Creek. Going up this for about a half mile we pitched our tent and then started out to see if we could add to our stock of provisions. A part of the crowd had previously taken a "drive" and started a buck, which escaped unseen. We got about ten squirrels and three grouse—the grouse not being in packs, but separate. Having a scanty supply of rye straw upon which to spread our blankets, the ground was too hard for my hips—and I got but little refreshing sleep. We concluded that the promised land had not yet been reached, and after spending one day on Flat Creek with but poor success we pulled up stakes and started for Hog Back Church, on the beautiful Toxaway River, a tributary of the Savannah and situated at the foot of the mountain bearing that classical name.

We soon reached the crest of the ridge, and after traveling about two miles, reached the Toxaway, crossed it, and spread our canvas. Just as we had stopped one of our party flushed a grouse within fifty yards of the camp, and on being notified, four or five of us, with the two dogs, started in pursuit. Argo soon flushed it without being seen. On he went, and the bird again flushed in a thicket, and I got a glimpse of him as he sped away. Following the course, old Jeff soon came to a stand and Teecel and Laird being in advance, approached. Soon the whir was heard. Laird let off his Westley Richards, missing, and Teecel knocked him over with his 16-bore Scott. Crossing a small branch, and going down it, a young bird was flushed, which I saw perched upon the limb of an oak. I approached within about thirty yards and feeling sure I could kill it with my Tolley as it sat, and not certain I could do so if it flew, I determined that meat was needed and clipped it over. The dogs stood another, which rose wild, and not being able to find it or any other, we returned to the camp. Having succeeded in getting a good supply of straw and hay, our tent floor was amply provided, and the canvas and the church gave us comfortable quarters. Next day we got a few squirrels, and three or four grouse, and by the aid of a boy, a nice string of about forty trout out of the adjacent stream. Concluding that owing to the want of dogs, if not for other equally good reasons, we should not be able to load down our wagons with game, and having "seen the elephant," we determined to pack up, leave the pellucid waters of the laughing Toxaway and the frowning crags of the Hog Back, and get back as early as possible to the haunts of civilization. And so, after eight days' abscence we got to Hendersonville, and then by train, soon saw "the thrifty wifie's smile" at home and heard the prattle of the "weans" as they welcome back their "dads."

The country we saw is a beautiful one, and no doubt grouse in considerable numbers inhabit the woods. The people say there are plenty of them. But we had no good dogs. If we had been so fortunate as to have been supplied with them, I think we could easily have bagged several dozen each day by the use of energy and muscle and steady shooting. Indeed, I am told that in the woods, within a few miles of Hendersonville, there are plenty of these birds, and there is no use of traveling so far as we did in order to find them. I believe the statements.

Nearly all the streams which enter into the French Broad, especially when they are rapid and the water is cool, abound in trout, and an angler who is not afraid of water can catch as many as he wants, if he knows how to do it. I give it up, I can't jerk quick enough. As to their flesh, I must be pardoned for saying that I have often eaten fish equally good, and much larger in the section in which I live, and especially upon the banks of Lake Waccamaw.

We had good health and good appetites, invigorating atmosphere and delicious water. Of the last named article the mountain streams afforded an abundant supply, cool and pure enough for any man whose taste and stomach have not been ruined by profuse additions of Kennebec and North River. WELLS.

"MAINE COAST SHOOTING."

IN your issue of Sept. 14, under the heading of "Maine Coast Shooting," comes an article from F. K. Hamilton, who gives us a very enthusiastic account of the shooting to be obtained at Camp Ellis, situated at the mouth of Saco River, Maine.

Now, having during the past resided quite a number of years in that neighborhood, and knowing the tide waters, the marshes, flats and sand-bars for a number of miles around that vicinity, I think a few remarks would be acceptable to such of your many readers who have any intentions of visiting there. Mr. Hamilton, in his account, tells us of the extraordinary shooting to be obtained at that place; and, to use his own words, he says that a "Mr. Jones, of the Natural Historical Society of Boston, has lost his head over the place and is out with a gun at all hours, and recently he bagged eighty birds before breakfast." He does not tell us whether Mr. Jones ever found his head again or not, but from his silence on the subject we suppose he has recovered it again, which is very fortunate for him, as well as the Natural Historical Society of Boston. Neither does he tell us what particular kind of birds Mr. Jones bagged, nor does he tell us whether he shot the birds or not; but as he was out at all hours with a gun and had lost his head too, this makes it difficult to express an opinion. He tells us also that the ducks had not arrived at that date. This we already knew; and taking into account his date of writing, I infer that they were some variety of the bay birds which are due about that time. Many years ago, before the building of the Boston & Maine Railroad along the beach to Old Orchard, we used to have, during August and September, excellent bay bird shooting. All along the beaches from Blue Point, across Little River to Old Orchard, along to Bay View, over Goosefair River, and along to the Saco River, this used to be the favorite feeding ground of the bay birds, from the yellow-leg down to the little sandpiper.

Almost anywhere along the seven miles of beach I have alluded to, we used to plant our sink boxes in the sand, and over a small flock of decoys we used to call down flock after flock, only to have them wheel and go, leaving the dead and crippled to the tune of our old muzzle-loaders. But all this is changed and gone; the railroad has opened up the beach to easy and convenient travel, all along the beach hundreds of cottages and monstrous hotels contain their thousands of guests and summer residents, all forming a constant confusion and driving the birds from their old haunts. Little River, below Old Orchard, has been filled up by the railroad company, and turned from its course also; Goosefair River has been treated in the same manner, and much of the old breeding grounds of the birds is destroyed. The construction of the breakwater at the mouth of the Saco River has destroyed most of the feeding ground in that locality by the formation of a number of constantly shifting sand bars which contain no food, where there used to be fine shooting.

And now with its villages of hotels and cottages all along the sea wall among the sand hills, the railroad running along the beach, and the constant travel and confusion, taking all into account, when we hear from hotel proprietors such phenomenal scores, these accounts are entitled to our suspicion.

Mr. Hamilton says also that on the farther side of the river there is to be found heavy hard wood timber, where the red squirrel challenges serious attention. I was not aware that the small red squirrel challenged much attention from sportsmen, except the destructiveness of the little rascal, whose depredations among the nests of the ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock are a matter of serious consideration. I dare to place myself on record in making the statement that if there are any red squirrels on the opposite side of the river from Camp Ellis that all the timber from Hills Beach up the river to Westbrook is hunted over almost every day by a number of that part of the population known as the small boy, of which I have no doubt there are a great many in the large cities of Biddeford and Saco, only a few miles up the river.

Mr. Hamilton also tells us that the wild pigeons are shot in great numbers. We have traveled the blueberry lands

from the old Eastern Railroad down to the beach in all seasons of the year hundreds of times, also the great tract of land situated a few miles from there on the other side of the river, and during quite a number of years' careful observation I saw but very few wild pigeons.

And again, we are told in glowing terms of the waters being black with wild ducks, some of which can be shot with a shotgun from the piazzas of the hotels. The ducks must be very accommodating to come to bag in that curious manner. Let any one ask the old duck-gunners around there how often they set out their decoys and lay in wait among the rocks over the mussel beds, or in some sink box sunk in the sand bars or spits, and then listen while they tell you that day after day they have to take up their decoys, shoulder their twelve-pound muzzle-loader and break for home without a bird. These stories will sound rather strange after hearing of their being killed in considerable numbers from the verandas at the hotels.

Years ago we used to shoot over a great extent of marshes; commencing at Blue Point and running back for miles were the great marshes of Scarborough, with which we were well acquainted. Above Old Orchard were the Googgins marshes and rocks, where from the bogs of the one, and while hidden among the kelps and rockweeds of the other, we once had fair shooting. Further up the beach was old Goosefair River, upon which could always be found a few scattering birds, mostly dusky duck and teal. Further up the beach you came to Bay View, just back of which along the edge of the woods on one side, and the sea wall on the other, was a long, narrow pond, known as Long Pond. This pond during bad weather was a splendid place for the black duck to resort for fresh water and nest. Among the flags and rushes at its upper end we have had fine shooting there in windy, stormy weather, but would you believe it? the pond is all filled up now, and where we then shot ducks in the water among the flags, are standing cottages to-day. Further along over at the river, the breakwater has been built out some two miles, and the once quiet mouth of the river, where the ducks used to rest in seclusion, where there was also the best of feed.

But how is it now? The swift current of the ever-flowing river cuts up the flats on the right side of the breakwater, and on the northeast side is always a choppy sea as well as strong under and counter currents, which destroyed all the mussel beds, as well as causing a constant shifting of the sandbars and spits, and during all this time where are all the ducks? An echo comes quickly back and answers that they have gone to a more favored locality, where they can get food and are not interfered with so much.

Now, to sum up the argument, I will leave all conclusions to be drawn from these articles to the readers of your valuable paper, who have fair play and no favor, hoping that you will excuse this long letter, which I hope to see published to do justice to sportsmen who are constantly having baits held temptingly out to lure them to some locality where the crows have to take their rations along with them while crossing it. D. E. ARBORN

LOWELL, Mass.

HOUNDING vs. STILL-HUNTING.

I NOTICED an article in your issue of September 7, from the pen of "G. R. B.;" in the next issue he is replied to by "Cap Lock," who speaks my opinions exactly. I do some hunting myself during the season for it (but very little with dogs) in some of our northern counties of Pennsylvania, though I have hunted with them some, no longer ago than last fall in Elk county, and am satisfied that hounding the deer will cause them to leave a part of the country. As an instance, one morning about the first of December, we started our dogs, (which were about half hounds) which made a good run, taking a fine buck to the branch, some three miles away. We got no shot at him. It being the running season, he was on the tramp and had passed outside of our line of watchers before we were posted, the dogs had gone in the direction of home; we supposed they would remain there. After some deliberating we concluded to start a fire and have some hot coffee, and a lunch. Contrary to our conclusions the dogs came back about the time we finished eating, so we quickly got in positions for another chase, and one of the party brought down a fine two-pronged buck (no shotguns used in our party) weighing over 100 lbs. Getting him off the mountain occupied a good part of the day so we hunted no more. I noticed more deer sign during the day than I've seen for years on the same amount of land; they were feeding on beech nuts, which were very plentiful, and by the different sized tracks I knew a good many deer were using them. Our next day's hunt was off to the south. It was snowing heavily all day, we killed nothing though we started some deer. Our prospect for the next day was very encouraging; we started in good season for the top of the mountain, where we found about five inches of snow, in good condition for tracking. On the scenes our first day's hunt, a tract of country between two runs, which were nearly two miles apart, and wider further north, we hunted over a tract of country five miles long, by about two in width, before we found a sign of deer—they had all been frightened out by our dogs of two days before and had not yet came back. I don't pretend to know how long before they would have come in again, but when we did find sign, there were so many tracks that we couldn't follow them. After trying it for a while we gave it up as night was coming on, and we were wet through from the snow, started for home.

A good deal of ecstacy is gone into by many hunters over the music of the hound's. I think imagination goes a great way in that direction, it's all fudge and nonsense, and "nothin' in it," it's very pleasant to hear them coming in our own direction, or toward some of our friends, but suppose they're taking the game in an opposite direction, or suppose the dogs belong to some one else, running over a track where we intended still-hunting on that same day, where would the music be for us? I think hounding deer is taking a mean advantage of them, but to stand on the crossing with a shotgun requires a great stretch of imagination to be considered sport; I cannot see where it requires any skill. I do not object to any one using a half bred dog for deer, a mixture of shepherd and hound is very good, they will run only fifteen or twenty minutes, they make very little noise in the woods, and are soon back again if the deer is is not killed. They are used for what is called ridging deer. A hound will run a deer for miles, until completely tired out and then stay at the first farm-house he comes to, and then have to be hunted by his owner, possibly a day or two, and I think three of every four deer killed before hounds, are killed by strangers, mostly at streams at which they run to cause the hounds to lose their trail and if they do escape the dogs, there they generally stay hidden near the stream for several hours, giving persons time to come long distances and kill them.

Still-hunting I think is the only true way of hunting deer, it gives a person an opportunity of matching his skill against the cunning of his game. If he can catch it standing he can generally bring it down, unless by some accident such as his bullet being turned from its course by a twig, which, even it small, will turn the ball sometimes clean out of its course. If the deer discovers him first, and his only chance is hitting him on the jump, it calls for his utmost skill, if in an open country and a strong wind going, he must make allowances for its deflection of the ball, he must think of his elevation for distance, for the speed the deer is running, and as their run is but a series of jumps, he must make his calculations very nicely, or he will shoot over or under him, and he should keep one eye on the tail, for if hit, that is clapped down at once. And right here I should like the opinions of my hunting friends, when is the easiest time to strike the deer. Some say pull to hit him just as he strikes the ground with his fore foot; I always pull to catch him in the air. If any friend of mine were to kill a deer with shot of any size, I never want to know it, it would lower him very much in my estimation; a shotgun might do very well, and could be tolerated in the hand of old age, when the eyesight had grown dim and the limbs had lost the elasticity of youth, and the nerves their firmness, and the rifle has to be laid aside, but whose love of the hunt is as strong as ever—in such a case the shotgun is just the thing. Now let "G. R. B." from this use his gun only on flying game, at glass balls, or even pigeon matches. Let him procure a .44-calibre rifle and go into practice, and my word for it, he will never use anything else. FORTY-FOUR.

BUCKS COUNTY, Pa.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN MINNESOTA.

MANY an Eastern sportsman who is familiar with the majority of game birds found near his home, knows but little about *Ectopistes migratorius*, the wild pigeon of North America. Along the coast of the New England and Middle States this bird though once abundant is now becoming very scarce. Pigeon Cove, a small village situated on the extremity of Cape Ann, Mass., once famed as the home of the wild pigeon, has now become something of a fashionable watering place, and it is needless to say that in this locality the bird has disappeared. In New Hampshire, where they are said to be fairly abundant, I have never killed but one, and though there are places in the interior where pigeons can be shot, even in large numbers, many devoted followers of the gun know the bird only as seen in the markets or rising from the trap. To such, a short description of our pigeon shooting may be of interest

Leaving St. Paul and going northward by way of the Northern Pacific, a pine belt or "big wood" is reached which extends to the Canadian frontier. All through this timber little openings are found, and such of them as are low and swampy, particularly if encircled by scrub oak trees, are, in the proper season, very apt to contain pigeons. Near Brainerd, distant 136 miles northwest of St. Paul, these marshy openings are very numerous, and from the 15th of August to the same date in September many pigeons are killed. Perhaps for the reason that it is easy and affords excellent opportunities to those who prefer motionless marks to flying ones, pigeon shooting in this locality is very popular. The birds are usually quite tame and can be approached with ease and shot from their perch on the limb of some dead oak tree. But if one will but give them a fair chance and flush them before shooting, their peculiar wavering and rapid flight, which can only be likened to a flash of lightning, gives almost unequaled opportunities for fine marksmanship.

The best hour for shooting is early in the morning, from daylight to perhaps nine o'clock. Though rather tenacious of life, pigeons may be brought down with a touch of No. 8 shot, and I prefer No. 10.

With perhaps the exception of the golden plover no bird can be "strung" to better advantage than the pigeon. To string a bunch of birds nicely, a long pliable twig, with a crotch at the large end, must be obtained. Sharpen the small end and pass it through the birds' throat just at the base of the under mandible. As each bird slips down the twig the long slender bodies fall naturally and gracefully into place, and on the march home, as you swing in your hand a bunch of fifteen or twenty pigeons, glistening here and there with the morning dew, and with the deep ruddy color of the breast glowing in the warm light of the morning sun, a prettier sight can hardly be imagined.

BRAINERD, Minn. GEORGE HUGHES COUES.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE severe storm of last week, and the prevailing easterly winds of the greater part of it brought in big tides to the Delaware River. Many rail were killed, but great individual scores it appears were not made. Seventy, eighty and ninety birds to the boat is as large as I have heard of. All who were out seemed satisfied, and almost every one who shoots rail took advantage of the high stage of the water. Friday and Saturday, the wind shifting to the west, caused a marked falling in the tides, and consequently rail shooting was poor. The cool weather since the clear up has brought many blue-winged teal into the river and creeks flowing into it, and a number are being killed over decoys in the early morning.

A few black ducks begin to show themselves, and since the late storm I learn of snipe having been shot on our meadows. Reed birds are fast disappearing, and those that have not taken their departure are wild and difficult to be got at by those who are fond of shooting them.

Last week Judge Leisenring, of Mauch Chunck, while on a visit to his yacht Sans Souci, at Barnegat Bay, made a large catch of bluefish. I mention this because the week previous, when your correspondent was there, the bay men were not expecting another run of bluefish, and reported the last about gone.

There will be many quail this season on the main land about Barnegat, N. Y. Parties who visit the bay for duck shooting should not fail to take their light guns with them and tarry a few days with Bob White before going on to the beach. Mr. George Vannote, if not able to go out with them, would be glad to direct parties.

Philadelphia sportsmen read with a great deal of satisfaction the account in FOREST AND STREAM of the motion made at the last meeting of the West Jersey Game Protective Association to return to Mr. Wm. Carson the amount of his fine. Not only had Mr. Carson been a member of the association for years (unfortunately he had allowed his license to run out), but when arrested was returning from a shooting trip on the property of a friend, by whom he had been especially invited. Mr. Carson so informed your correspondent, and I have discovered he has the general sympathy of the shooting community here. All along the New Jersey coast during the storm of the past week thousands of mud-hens or clapper rail (*Rallus crepitans*) were killed, and bunches of fifty and one hundred are this week offered for sale in Philadelphia. The bird as compared with our own sora and Virginia rail is worthless for the table. Not a few, however, were sold to the uninitiated as kingrail (*Rallus elegans*), which they much resemble at first glance. My experience with mud-hens is that not one in five will jump when a boat is pushed upon them, no matter how high the tide is, but prefer to escape by either diving or sneaking away with but a small portion of their bodies out of water, and many are thus potted. The kingrail, on the contrary, if there is water enough, can readily be put up and shot on the wing. HOMO.

SEPTEMBER 29.

TENNESSEE NOTES.

IT is singular how easily boyhood recollections are revived, even when time has dealt its devastating blows. At least such was my experience this A. M. at seeing Col. Jos. W. Woodfolk armed and equipped, and followed by Clarke Pritchett's Lewellyn and his own handsome white pointer, starting out for his first day this fall after Bob White. I forgot my size and poor eyesight, and had the least temptation been thrown in my way doubtless I would have made the effort to have one more of those delightful field days so heartily enjoyed by me a quarter of a century ago. Col. Joe is a fine, manly looking fellow, and untiring in the field; besides this, he is a dead shot and a rare sportsman. The beauty of this locality as a sporting field is that birds are found in abundance in the immediate vicinity of the city, and the labor of getting on the grounds so insignificant that when the sport begins the sportsmen and dogs are perfectly fresh. Hermann Burkholz bagged a few birds yesterday, and would have gotten more, except that his dogs were too wild, and the youngster, Snow, interrupted the older ones even when they settled down to work.

Joe Clarke's brown setter is in splendid condition, and it hunted over by a No. 1 shot would find all the game he could kill. Jack Bentley has a pretty fair dog, but I never saw him in the field, and hear that he is not quite as good as his looks indicate.

Captain Marsh Penckard is one of the leading fox hunters about here, and is admitted to be one of the most graceful and daring horsemen of the hunt. Mounted on his peerless fencer Beloxi, no timber is too stiff or high for him to take, and on the flat it would take a rattler to keep apace with him. The captain often times relates to me some of his exploits after Reynard, which I furnish to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. He becomes enthusiastic when speaking of Col. Johnson's pack of hounds, thinking as he does that in no part of the world is there a faster or more reliable one of its size; they will catch the gray every time, and nine times in ten make the wilier red fox wish they were not in the land.

Col. Duval McNairy leaves in a few days for the river counties of Arkansas, where he proposes devoting two or three months to bear, deer, and turkey hunting. Game in those localities is reported abundant and the colonel is an adept Nimrod, hence I will look forward to his game book for some startling bags.

The clans are now being called together by Col. G. F. Akers for his grand hunt down in Trigg county. Dr. Bell of Louisville and Col. Griffith of the same city are preparing the camp equipments, Col. Geo. S. Wharton, Matt and Joel McKinney the hounds and horses, while Col. G. F. A. is off to Indiana to make some additions to the canine forces. Our crops were so abundant and prices have been so good, that the farmers throughout the South are in a better condition to indulge their natural tastes for field sports than any day since the war. The game will consequently suffer this year, but those who come among them to participate in the various sports will have a grand time of it.

Even the colored brother is getting his ax ground, 'coon sacks repaired and the yaller dog fed preparatory to their night chases for "possum" and "coon." William Hobbs went out last night (the first cool one this fall) and captured two "possums," one of which was so absurdly fat that he could scarce waddle. "Maybe somebody won't be happy over his savory carcass."

Squirrels by the hundreds are found feasting on the heavy mast of this prolific season. Rabbits are numerous, and if our people do not benefit by the advantages so lavishly bestowed upon them, then no one but themselves will be to blame. J. D. H.

NASHVILLE, Sept 23, 1882.

NEBRASKA.—Fairfield, Clay County, Sept. 25.—This locality is about thirty miles south of the Platte, and a few miles further east than Grand Island, and is a magnificent and fertile prairie country. Prairie hen and quail, plover and jack rabbits, with the various varieties of geese and duck, in their season, constitute the game of the country Prairie hen shooting is reported to have been good, but at present it is not and for the past three weeks has not been in consequence of the birds having been shot off and those remaining having become wild. Good hunters, early in the season, used to bring in from a day's shooting anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five birds, while now they would scarce get half a dozen. There has been a good deal of shooting done, but a greater trouble has been, many expert hunters began, as has been practiced heretofore, to shoot in July, out of season, and continued to do so while the birds are young and tame, and are easily decimated. The prairie hens are found everywhere, but as a general truth, I think, not in the greatest abundance. There are quite a good many quails, yet they are not abundant enough, I think, to make their special pursuit very desirable. This region is a favored locality for the several varieties of ducks and geese, both in the fall and spring and often for a considerable period, they scattering in abundance over the country everywhere to feed in the corn and grain fields. An advance flock here and there of geese made its appearance on the Missouri and on the Platte some little time since, and the first flocks of brant and geese this fall made pioneer trips over this section on Sept. 22. The country here now is very dry, and the coming of a good rain which will leave water in the low places on the prairie will at once bring the best of duck and geese shooting. Twenty miles southward a few bands of antelope are yet found, and in the same section a few deer in the coverts along the creeks, but the last of the turkeys disappeared three or four years since. A few coyotes yet linger, having burrows in the sides of the hollows.—F. M. WILCOX.

NEW JERSEY GAME SOCIETIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the quarrel between the West Jersey Game Protective Society and the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, I say that I am not a member of either, though sympathizing with the ostensible objects of both. Of the operation of the latter named society I know but little, but of the W. J. G. P. Society I know considerable. I believe that the charter of neither society will stand the ordeal of a high court. I have read the charters of both, but not recently, and according to my recollection they are nearly identical. The W. J. G. P. Society was originally composed of residents of New Jersey, almost exclusively. At the present time, and for several years past, it is almost exclusively a Philadelphia society, indeed I am informed that for years past very few if any residents of New Jersey are members of the society, except the necessary officers, which of course renders it a close corporation of the most odious kind. It is the universal opinion throughout southern New Jersey that this society has not benefited the game and fish interests of this region to any appreciable extent. One statement of your correspondent from here must be glaringly false. He says that the "Society officers have put out over 5,000 quail, 500,000 salmon and about 15,000 black bass." I do not believe that they put out one-fourth the amount of game and fish claimed. It is extremely doubtful if any such quantities have been put out in the entire State by all authorities combined and in all previous time. To do so, would require more money than the W. J. G. P. Society ever had. I am assured that this society never paid a dollar for either salmon or bass, but did pay out a small amount for putting out some of these fish furnished by the State or U. S. Fish Commission, or both. It is possible that they may have put out 1,000 quail, though old members of the society do not believe it. They charge also that those which have been put out, have been placed mostly in isolated out of the way places known to only a few who have manipulated the affairs of the society, and that these few have had the entire shooting of these birds to themselves.

According to your correspondent, the membership of this society is over 1,200. Now under their charter, everyone of these members becomes an officer of the courts of New Jersey, empowered to make arrests for any violation of the game and fish laws of the State; and yet said laws were never more openly and extensively violated than since the existence of this society and at the present time. In this paragraph I will call attention to a single matter in the report of the last annual meeting of this society, held as late as Sept. 20, and which seems to be published by you in connection with the other communication referred to in the "financial standing" of the society as reported by the treasurer, is the item of $1,618, collected in fines and for certificates. Now, according to your correspondent, there should have been over $2,400 collected on memberships alone, even though all were old members. How much was collected in fines? The report mentions two arrests alone which turned into the society's treasury over $600.

It is reported that the society is shy about arresting anyone who is likely to carry a case to a high court. It is hoped that the other society or some individual able to do it, will test the legal status of this preposterous "close corporation." I believe it rests on a frail foundation, but I am

No Lawyer.

Camden, N. J., Oct. 2, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would seem, from a communication appearing in the last issue of the Forest and Stream, headed "Non-residents in New Jersey," that my comments on the sportsmanlike (?) actions of the "West Jersey Game Protective Society," appearing in a previous issue of your valuable paper, have infused new life into that organization, for have they not held a meeting, elected some new men in the Board of Directors, turned out the sympathizers with the right, and made a statement of their doings? Let us hope they will yet see the error of their ways and conduct their organization, as it should be, in the interest of true sportsmen. I do not desire to take up valuable space in your paper by a long review of the case in point—the alleged authority of the West Jersey Game Protective Society in prohibiting members of other game protective societies from shooting in the lower counties of this State. That question will be settled by the courts shortly. It is the ungentlemanly insinuations of the writer I desire to briefly note. In speaking of my previous communication, he asserts that "that letter, aside from the bare facts of the arrest and the appeal, being a base fabrication and as false as the writer is prejudiced in favor of his society." Now what that base fabrication is, I am at a loss to understand. I asserted that which had been told me, not only by members, but an officer of his society, in reference to the laxity in which the affairs of the society were conducted. I am glad, however, to note that the new officers of the West Jersey Game Protective Society (according to account of their last annual meeting) have infused new life into the organization.

I have no prejudices for any one society, that is a mistake, as all who know me will attest. I have always asserted that, as the objects of game protective societies were (or should be) for the protection of game birds and fish, their members should have but that one idea at heart. No mercenary motive should actuate them—no matter whether one organization, by their by-laws, exacted an initiation fee of $5, or $2, or not one cent from non-resident or other members. The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, from its inception, thought that $2 a year from members was a sufficient sum to carry out all the ideas it was organized for. No extravagant salaries are paid its officers, and there is a sufficient sum in its treasury, with plenty of willing hands ready to assist pecuniarily in the carrying out of the objects it was organized for. As to the challenge made by the writer "to show the public or himself any one instance where they (the N. J. G. & F. P. S.) have ever spent one cent for the protection or propagation of game; where or when they ever spent one penny to enforce the law, either in that locality or any other?—I would simply state that, to my personal knowledge (and I too have audited accounts), the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society have during their four years of existence offered and paid rewards for the arrest and punishment of violators of the game and fish laws, and have arrested and caused to be imprisoned and fined, in several instances, parties shooting and fishing illegally. But as the writer might think this a "base fabrication," I suggest that both societies publish a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures since their organization.

A Member of the N. J. G. & F. P. S.

Plainfield, Oct. 3, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society was held in their rooms, Plainfield, N. J., Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1882. There was a large attendance and much interest manifested in the welfare of the society. The secretary made a lengthy report, setting forth the doings of the society through its board of directors the past year. In it appeared that the board had held thirteen meetings the past year, and had accepted sixty-three new members. The total number of members was 321 at that date. A commodious room had been secured since the last annual meeting and furnished in comfortable style, wherein meetings of the board of directors and society were held. There had been six persons arrested the past year by members of the society for alleged violation of the woodcock laws in shooting on the first day of July, and on the supposition that the parties were non-residents. No evidence was adduced to prove that they had shot any woodcock on the day in question, and as all proved to be residents of the State or members of a game protective society, they were discharged from custody. The action of the members was encouraged by the arrested parties, the result being a gain of five new members to the society.

Information was received that one of the non-resident members of the society, Robert A. Welch, of Philadelphia, had been arrested by an officer in the employ of the West Jersey Game Protective Society while shooting on the marshes in Gloucester county, and taken before a justice in Camden county, who imposed a fine of $50 on him for not bearing on his person a certificate of membership from the latter named society. Welch, according to instructions given all non-resident members of the N. J. G. & F. P. S. had refused to pay the fine, and gave notice that he should appeal from the decision of the justice, giving bonds to appear before the Camden Courts in October, the return day for causes for trial being the 16th day of that month. It was at once resolved that counsel to the society look after the case and defend it to the end, even if it became necessary to carry it up to the highest courts. Voluntary contributions were at once offered, amounting to $350, to enable counsel to defend and contend for the rights of the society. Such contributions were, on motion, accepted, should it be necessary to go beyond the funds of the treasury for such prosecution.

The treasurer's report to the board of directors previous to the annual meeting, showed a balance in the treasury of $107.80. With dues paid in since, the society has on hand about $300.

A large number of black bass fry have been planted in streams in Union, Somerset and Middlesex counties the past year, under the supervision of and expense by the society.

The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year: Directors—James S. Vasseller, W. L. Force, M. W. Schenck, J. W. King, Isaac Brokaw, J. D. Ten Eyck, Wm. E. Jones, Wm. B. Dunn, Edward P. Thorn. President, James S. Vasseller; Vice-Presidents, Percy C. Ohl, John J. Holly, Roderick Robertson; Secretary, W. L. Force; Treasurer, Wm. E. Jones; Counsel, Wm. B. Rankin. According to the by-laws honorary vice-presidents may be elected each year. The following named gentlemen were chosen: Frederick Volckman, Gen. Wm. H. Sterling, George R. Suydam, R. M. Stelle, James R. English, Rinaldo S. Little.

In the act to incorporate the West Jersey Game Protective Society, the sections relating to non-residents are as follows:

6. And be it enacted, That if any person or persons non-residents of this State, shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any doe, buck, fawn, or any sort of deer whatsoever, or shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any partridge moor-fowl, grouse, quail or woodcock, at any time, or shall catch any speckled trout, or speckled river trout at any time, within the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May, in this State, without complying with the by-laws of this game protective society; then the person or persons so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars each, for each and every offence, to be sued for and recovered, with cost of suit, in any action of debt, by any person before any justice of the peace of the county wherein such offence shall have been committed: and in default of the payment of the forfeit money, with cost of suit, any person or persons so offending shall be in the common jail until the same shall be paid; one-half of the forfeit money shall be for the benefit of the person prosecuting for the same, and the remainder paid to the collector of the township wherein the offence shall have been committed, for the benefit of the township: Provided, Nothing in this act shall prevent residents of this State from taking game or fish subject to the existing laws of this State.

8. And be it enacted, That the fee for membership in this society shall be five dollars, to continue for one year, and a yearly payment hereafter of two dollars per annum shall constitute a continued membership, except in cases of forfeiture of certificate.

9. And be it enacted, That the secretary may admit persons to membership, by letter or otherwise, upon payment of the membership fee, and shall issue to the person becoming a member of this society a certificate of membership, which shall hold good for one year from the date of the certificate.

10. And be it enacted, That every member of this society shall be empowered to make arrests of any person or persons who may be found violating any of the provisions of this act, or infringing any of the laws of this State made for the protection of game and fish, and bring him or them before a magistrate for examination.

11. And be it enacted, That the secretary of this society shall, on or before the 1st day of July and the 1st day of September of each and every year, furnish to each of the directors in the several counties named herein twenty-five printed lists, containing the names of non-resident members of this society, with their places of residence.

12. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the directors to leave at least two copies of the lists of non-resident members of this society with each township clerk in the county in which he resides.

13. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the clerks of the several townships in the counties herein named to file the lists of non-resident members at their offices as places of business as soon as they may receive them from the directors of the counties in which they reside, and to furnish them to any person for inspection upon application, by the payment of the sum of twenty-five cents.

14. And be it enacted, That any person loaning, transferring, or giving away his certificate of membership shall forfeit the same, and shall not be re-admitted to membership in this society except upon payment of the sum of twenty dollars to the treasurer for a renewal of his certificate; and any person using a certificate of membership (not his own) for the purpose of enabling him to kill or take any game or fish mentioned in this act, the person so offending shall be subject to a fine of one hundred dollars for each and every offence, to be collected in the same way and manner as prescribed in the seventh section of this act.

15. And be it enacted, That whenever the funds of this society shall amount to three hundred dollars, the said directors, together with the president and secretary, may, at such times as they think proper, employ a game agent or agents to purchase game, birds or fish to be placed in the counties herein named, at such points as they may determine.

16. And be it enacted, That the funds obtained from non-residents for certificates of membership shall be used for no other purpose than to pay the legitimate expenses of the society, and for the purpose of stocking the several counties named with game or fish, as the directors may from year to year determine.

17. And be it enacted, That there shall be no salary attached to the office either of president or directors of this society, only so far as is necessary for the payment of their traveling expenses to and from the meeting of this society; but the secretary may receive such compensation for his services as the by-laws of this society may provide.

18. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Supplement to an act entitled "An act incorporating the West Jersey Game Protective Society."

Be it enacted by the State and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That hereafter any persons or persons, non-residents of this State, who shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any doe, buck, fawn, or any sort of deer whatever, or shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any partridge, moor-fowl, ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, pinated grouse or prairie chicken, or other kind of grouse, quail, woodcock, Wilson or gray snipe, reed bird, rail bird, or rabbit, at any time, or shall catch any speckled brook trout or speckled river trout at any time within the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May, in this State, without complying with the by-laws of this game protective society then the person or persons so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty (50) dollars each, for each and every offence and may be proceeded against in any county of this State wherein such person or persons may be arrested, or wherein such offence shall have been committed, and in default of the payment of the forfeit money, with costs of prosecution, any person or persons so offending shall lie in the common jail until the same shall be paid; one-half of the forfeit money shall be for the benefit of the person prosecuting for the same, and the remainder paid to the collector of the township wherein the conviction may be had, and all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act hereby repealed. Provided, That nothing in this act shall prevent residents of this State from taking game or fish, subject to the existing laws of this State.

The act under which the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society was formed reads as follows:

CHAPTER CCXXXIV.

An Act for the Protection of Game and Game Fish.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That from and after the passage of this act, no person or persons non-residents of this State, shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any doe, buck, fawn or any other sort of deer whatsoever, or shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any partridge, moor fowl, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, Wilson or gray snipe, reed bird, rail bird or rabbit, at any time, or shall catch any speckled brook trout, or speckled river trout, black bass or bass or salmon, at any time in this State, without complying with the by-laws of the game protective societies, organized or to be organized under the laws of this State, the persons so offending shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars for each and every offence, and may be proceeded against in any county in this State wherein such person or persons may be arrested, or wherein such offence shall have been committed, and in default of the payment of the forfeit money, with costs of prosecution, any person or persons so offending shall lie in the common jail until the same shall be paid: one-half of the forfeit money shall be for the benefit of the person prosecuting for the same, and the remainder paid to the collector of the township wherein the conviction may be had, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed; providing, that nothing in this act shall prevent residents of this State from taking game or fish subject to the existing laws of this State.

2. And be it enacted, That any member of any society for the protection of game and fish, organized under the laws of this State, shall be empowered to make arrests of any person or persons who may be found violating any of the provisions of this act, or infringing any of the laws of this State made for the protection of game and fish, and bring him or them before a magistrate for examination.

3. And be it enacted, That the county clerks of the several counties of this State be, and they are hereby directed to keep in their respective offices a record of the members of any game and fish protective societies organized under the laws of this State, and shall upon the payment of twenty-five cents furnish to said members as aforesaid, a certificate under his seal certifying to said membership.

4. And be it enacted, That this act shall be a public act and shall take effect immediately.

Approved April 4, 1878.

Section 7 of the By-Laws of the Society reads as follows:

7. The annual dues shall be two dollars for each year, to be paid by each member in advance, the first such payment to be made to accompany the application for certificate of membership, and subsequent payments to be made annually in advance upon the commencement of each succeeding year of membership; and in case of non-election such first annual fee shall be returned forthwith to such applicant.

Non-residents desiring to become members of this society, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter CLXXXIV of the Laws of the State of New Jersey, must comply with the provisions of this section.

Woodcock and Partridge Shooting.—The season is now here when the woodcock and partridge, or ruffed grouse, are in their finest condition, and what better sport can there be, or what better music to the sportsman on a clear, frosty morning, when the air is like champagne, than the clear, ringing whistle of the woodcock, as he jumps up from under the alder; or the louder buzz and roar of the partridge, as he scatters the dry leaves like a whirlwind. Be steady, now, for it requires a cool head and staunch dog to insure success. I recall many such a morning in this, the best of all seasons, when I have had rare sport,

"When the maple boughs are crimson,
And the hickory shines like gold,
When the moons are sultry hot
And the nights are frosty cold."

I am certain more actual enjoyment can be had in one day of this kind, than in many of the sultry dog days. Carry as little weight about you as is possible, a light corduroy suit, with large pockets to the coat for game, ammunition, lunch, etc. Do not cumber yourself with rubber boots to heat and draw your feet and fatigue you before your sport has scarcely begun. A good pair of leather boots, with a dressing of the water-proof "leather life," which is recommended by Forest and Stream, will keep your feet dry and comfortable. No water can get through it. These birds will often lead you into swampy places, but you may come out dry shod. The weight of your gun should not be more than seven or seven and one-quarter pounds, and as you may have to travel twenty or more miles in a day, the more comfortably one is prepared, the more comfort taken. As very many can say, woodcock and partridge are getting more and more scarce every year, and it is certain that these birds should be better protected by our game laws. They are pelted at both ends of their journey, north and south; are hardly given time to breed in New England. Even before the young are fully fledged some ambitious pot-hunter begins the slaughter. August being their moulting season, they are in poor condition; but wait till Sept. 1, or early frosts, and great enjoyment can be had. It is a disgrace to New England for her legislators to allow these birds to be shot before a proper time, and it is a pity that we have to trust to men to make game laws who have so little knowledge of the habits of our birds, and, too, the hotels who advertise prairie chickens and partridge out of season and the market men who buy out of season, are the greatest enemies to our game laws. Till these matters are looked after and the law enforced, New England must suffer—as it has in the past.—B. G.

Massachusetts.—East Orleans, Sept. 25.—The writer has gunned this beach pretty thoroughly from Chatham to Nauset for the past four weeks, and I have never seen birds so scarce and in such small bunches. A flock of twelve or fifteen yellow-legs is seldom seen, and the arrival of such creates quite a commotion among the gunners, and no large bags have been made, in fact none but the thoroughbreds who will stick to their blinds and decoys early and late, through thick and thin, have got anything like a decent bag, and by the way I wish to say that the "bird call" as advertised recently by Mr. Edwards is the best one that I have ever seen. I did not think it amounted to anything at first, but with a little practice it did pretty well, and now after using it a few weeks I can call any kind of a bird with it. It is very simple, and is always ready to do its duty, and one of them is enough for any kind of a bird. An old gunner here, upon hearing it, came to my blind and asked to see my whistle, saying it was the most natural he had ever heard. Ducks are arriving in fair numbers, and some pretty good bags have been made. A party of three Boston gunners killed twenty-five black ducks at one discharge of their guns, and teal are arriving in pretty good numbers. The prospect for quail shooting is grand. Ruffed grouse are not very plenty here.—C. D. S.

Maine Grouse and Woodcock.—Gardiner, Me., Sept. 24.—In the last number of the Forest and Stream I notice information is wanted by "J." where a man would be reasonably sure of good partridge and woodcock shooting in this section. They are quite plenty this year, though the season has not been favorable for their breeding. If he would like a guide I will be at leisure after Oct. 10, and will take him where there is plenty of game. Gray squirrels are very plenty. I shot twenty-two in two hours, including the time of walking from my house to the woods. The woods are full of game—partridge, woodcock, squirrel, rabbit and fox. Any further information will be cheerfully given.—I. H. Hodge.

ILLINOIS WILDFOWL.—Aurora, Ill., Sept. 28.—Prairie chicken shooting I think has been better than an average. There are a good many birds left for next year. There will not be many more shot this season. They are wild and rise out of range. Some of my friends report quail quite plenty. English snipe (*Scolopax wilsonii*) have begun to put in an appearance, but are not very plenty, owing, I presume, to its being so dry. Blue and green-winged teal are in some numbers, with a few young mallards, but then a person will have to know where to look to find them. I shot four young mallards last Wednesday, the first I have seen. By the way, it is about time to think of loading shells for the fall shooting, and while doing so a good many will want to know where they are going to look for good duck shooting. I will describe one place where a friend and myself spent a week of as good shooting as one would care to enjoy. It was on the Kankakee River above Momence, on west side, about twenty miles from the town. You will have to take your own tent with you. Can get a team to take you out, and if it is not a very wet fall, you will not require a boat. The best shooting is back from the river about a mile or so, that is during the morning and evening shooting, but in the middle of the day the river is the place. I would advise any one going there to take along a good rifle, and if it gets very blustery hire a team and driver and go to Little Beaver Lake. They will find a good many geese there, with some swan. The writer shot one while there, as fine a specimen as I ever saw. One will have no trouble in finding this lake, as by inquiring most any one that lives in that section can direct him to it. We took along two dozen decoys, and parties going there should do the same, although good shooting will be had without them. If this letter is not explicit enough I will take pleasure in answering any inquiries that are addressed to me.—L. A. HOYT.

NEW YORK.—Candor, Tioga County.—Ruffed grouse and woodcock never so scarce here; have been out several times, and seen none.—J. O. F.

INDIANA.—Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 25.—We are all patiently waiting for Oct. 16—the 15th comes on Sunday. Prospects good.—S.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE story of the clergyman, the fish and the small boy told in your issue of Sept. 14, reminds me of an occasion when an Elizabeth, N. J., minister was disconcerted in a somewhat similar way. He was illustrating some point by the loading and discharge of a gun. Describing the process, he accompanied his words by a highly realistic pantomime performance, pouring into the muzzle of his imaginary gun first the powder, then a wad, the shot, and wads again "ramming her home" every time, then withdrawing the ramrod, he put on the cap, raised the gun to his shoulder, sighted along the barrels, and, turning suddenly to his audience, exclaimed, "And now, what do I do next?"

"Pull the trigger!" shouted a small boy in a front pew.

"I'll pull *your* trigger for you, you little wretch," said the disconcerted clergyman, dropping his arms and shaking his finger threateningly at the offending urchin.

Your story of the Hartford clergyman and the fish recalls an incident which once happened in a city less than a thousand miles from Pawtucket, R. I. There is nothing about fish nor game in it; if classified it would probably come under the head of the vegetable kingdom It was the young clergyman's first service in the church. In a front pew sat an elderly deacon. The minister gave out, among other notices, one of a meeting to be "held as usual on Wednesday evening." "You are mistaken," said the deacon, rising in his pew, "the meeting will be held on Thursday evening." "Ah, yes," said the young minister, in a loud voice to correct his error, "Thursday evening;" then *sub rose* and confidentially to the deacon, "Right, brother; I acknowledge the corn."

Not long afterward the congregation raised a liberal sum and sent the young man off to brush up in Europe, where your genial correspondent "Pisco" may perchance run across him.

"Talking of preachers," said Caleb Parker, "reminds me of a story they tell of Uncle Cephas Bascom, of North Haven. Uncle Cephas was a shoemaker, and he never went to sea much, only to anchor his skiff in the Narrows abreast of his house and catch a mess of scup, or to pole a load of salt hay from Sanquitt Island. But he used to visit his married daughter, in Tremont, and up there they knew he came from the seaboard, and they used to call him 'Captain Bascom.' So, one time when he was there, they had a Sabbath-school concert, and nothing would do but 'Captain Bascomb' must talk to the boys, and tell a sea-yarn, and draw a moral. Well, Uncle Cephas was rather pleased with his name of 'Captain Bascomb,' and he didn't like to go back on it, and so he flaxed round to get up something. It seems he had heard a summer boarder talk in Sabbath-school at Northhaven; he told how a poor boy minded his mother and then got to tend store, and then keep store himself, and then he jumped it on them: 'That poor boy,' says he, 'now stands before you.' So Uncle Cephas thought him up a similar yarn. Well, he had never spoke in meeting before, and he hemmed and hawed some, but he got on quite well while he was telling about a certain poor boy, and all that, and how the boy, when he grew up, was out at sea in an open boat, and saw a great swordfish making for the boat Hail Columbia, and bound to stave right through her and sink her; and how this man he took an oar and give it a swing and broke the critter's sword square off; and then Uncle Cephas—he'd begun to get a little flustered—he stopped short, and waved his arms, and, says he, 'Boys, what do you think! That swordfish now stands before you.' I call'ate that brought the house down."—*October Century.*

DOGSKIN JACKETS, windproof, flannel lined, pliable and indestructible, are imported and manufactured at Oak Hall, where sales last season were nearly one thousand at retail. This season Oak Hall has manufactured largely for the trade, and there is no knowing how many will be sold. One thing is certain, a dogskin jacket is indispensable to a sportsman and to all who drive or are exposed to the weather.—*Adv.*

SOMETHING THAT EVERY SPORTSMAN NEEDS.—One of the Eclipse pocket re-cappers, de-cappers, loaders, etc., manufactured by C. L. MORSE & CO., Hamden, Conn. See advertisement.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

It may be laid down as a position which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is something wrong.—*Dr. Johnson.*

FOREST AND STREAM ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

Notice of the first annual FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament will be found in our editorial columns.

THE TILEFISH IS NOT FOUND.

OUR readers will remember that the tilefish, *Lophiolatilus chamæleonticeps*, which was a newly discovered food fish dug up in great quantities in deep water by the U. S. Fish Commission, suffered severely last year from some unknown cause. The miles on miles of dead fish reported by incoming vessels were supposed to be largely composed of this fish. It was a question whether the species was exterminated or not, and if not, then the fishermen should be learned to take them for market and the people should become familiar with them. With this end in view, Mr. Blackford chartered a vessel for Prof. Baird and they went in search of the tilefish. Although this fish was not found they discovered a new species. Mr. Barnet Philips of the editorial staff of the N. Y. *Times* and secretary of the American Fishcultural Association, accompanied the expedition and gives the following account of his trip, dated Gloucester, Mass. Sept. 26:

Take a little craft of forty-five tons, sail for some 120 miles out into the Atlantic, and with a good southwesterly breeze the green waters will roll, and the vessel will have the liveliest of motions. Sometimes she may duck her bowsprit under, or her boom may graze the crest of a surging sea; but staunch she is and trim, and if, as in that poetical language which sailors use, "she is in good tune"—ballast all right—and is not too low by the head, she will ride along most gallantly, and despite the heaving seas and their impact will, as she spins out her eight knots, be as safe as the biggest ship that ever sailed. Just such a craft as this is the Josie Reeves, a well-known smack, that has made her weekly trips all through the summer from the lobster grounds of Menemsha Bight, on the Vineyard, to Fulton Market. Because Capt. Redmond presented one of the best types of the American fisherman, and was master of the Josie Reeves, captain and smack was chartered by Mr. E. G. Blackford for the United States Fish Commission, to take a trip off the coast in search of the tilefish. The little expedition was under the direction of Capt. J. W. Collins, attached to the United States Fish Commission. This officer, who for many years has had in charge fishing vessels going out of Gloucester in search of halibut and cod, is absolutely familiar with all kinds of fishing gear, the methods of securing fish, and from his thorough practical acquaintance with the details of this perilous business is singularly fitted for the position he occupies. A man of this kind must be able to take the wheel, be ready for any emergency, and at the same time possess a very considerable amount of scientific knowledge in regard to the various kinds of fish he catches. At the Berlin Fish Exhibition Capt. Collins was one of our commissioners, and visited the German and English coasts in order to understand their various methods of fishing.

We left Greenport, L. I., on the 19th, and it was just before sundown that, with a pleasant breeze, all sails set, the Josie Reeves slid through the water, and by 8 o'clock, with an increasing wind, Montauk Point was passed, and keeping well clear of Shag-a-wam Reef, bowling merrily along, we made out for the sea, steering well eastward at first, and then working southerly.

That the tilefish had been very abundant before in exactly the localities where the dead fish were found was very certain, because the Fish Hawk, the steamer attached to the commission, rarely went to these tile-fish grounds without taking quite a number. But this year the Fish Hawk, having gone to the same places, could not find any, if, then, the United States Fish Commission could not find the tilefish this summer, would the Josie Reeves be more fortunate? Used to the business of trawling, with a thoroughly seaworthy boat, ably commanded, with a good and willing crew, provided with the most perfect apparatus, having an exact knowledge of where the ground was situated, having on record all the localities where the fish had been found in 1879, 1880, and 1881, the chances were that a load of tilefish would be secured. Capt. Kirby, in May, 1879, had secured on only a part of a single trawl 2,500 pounds of the fish. On Thursday, with a whole-sail breeze, the Josie Reeves arrived at the exact locality. By observation, we were at 40.03deg. 70.28min. west, and by dead reckoning and careful soundings just where the tilefish should abound. The soundings are of a somewhat peculiar character. The water south of Long Island shallows very slowly at first, with a gradual slope, somewhat more than a fathom to the mile, until sixty-eight or seventy fathoms are met, when, all of a sudden, down goes the sea bottom, and from 140 to 200 fathoms are struck. Following this ridge, which extends some 100 miles south of Long Island, on the deep soundings, trending somewhat irregularly to the southward, the fishing was done. Take a lead of eighteen pounds and plumb the depths some 150 fathoms and try to get it up the 900 feet, and with the weight of water it is a good half-hour of work.

Being in the exact locality, the trawls, which had been baited early in the morning, were made ready.

It is time now to haul up the trawls. The dory is lowered, the two men in oilers and heavy boots take flying leaps into the boat, and, with a few vigorous strokes of the oars, are fast to the buoy keg. Then the strain and pull begins. The two men haul all they can. As the dory rises with the wave crest they take advantage of the natural heave, and let go just when they would be hauled overboard. Inch by inch they fight for the mastery. At last the first anchor is up, put in the boat, and they are running over the ground line which has the hooks on it. We put in close to them. A reward has been offered for the first tilefish. We see from the jumping deck of the Josie Reeves an occasional silvery-looking fish come from the hooks, but the golden gleam of the tilefish is not here. These are commonplace hake. All day the men set their trawls—two sets of them at a time—and work with the vim of donkey engines, and there is a never a *Lophiolatilus*. Capt. Redmond is in one of the dories. As he pulls in at nightfall he says: "I haven't a tilefish, nothing but hake; but here are some handsome fish. I never saw their like before. Wouldn't Blackford like to have one? Red as can be, and here they are," and four beautiful red fish, some smaller than a blackfish, some very much larger, are tossed on the deck. If we have not found the tilefish, maybe we have stumbled on something else. Capt. Collins examines them carefully. He has never seen the like before. It is a very beautiful fish, with warm red lustre and black and cream-colored mottlings. It looks faintly in general build like *Tautoga onitis*, but it is a lustier fish, and its pectorals are blood red and of very great breadth and sweep. Have we hit the duck and missed the drake? to commit an ichthyological bull. Still, we had hoped for the tilefish, but unlike the colored fisherman, who, when fishing for catfies, caught a striped bass and was disgusted, we are not without hope.

The weather still continuing fine, we prepared for another day's trawling. Everything being made snug for the night, we went westward, making considerable southing. For two more days we fished, persistently, indefatigably. On Friday we took some dozen more of these handsome red fish, some very much larger than the first, but of *Lophiolatilus* not a sign. Of hake there were plenty with skates galore, and dogfish, and a *Lophius*, too, the ugliest of all fish, that animated carpetbag.

Three days were we at it. It might blow all it pleased; so that the small boats could be worked the men were willing. But the tilefish would not come. Then we looked again at the red fish. They had been, with the whole of the catch, put on ice. They looked so tempting. The specimen misers of the Fish Commission might want them all to stow away in alcohol. What if we should brave them? We were at sea, beyond the chance of a telegraphic dispatch. Then there was a member of the Ichthyophagous aboard. That red fish had to be eaten. What was a dry scientific jumble of vomers, palatines, snouts, opercles, dorsals, anals, scales, to him? There never would come such a chance again. The fish might never be caught again. To Capt. Collins might accrue the honor of having discovered a new fish, but to the member of the Ichthyophagous would come the delight of being the first human being who should eat it. The proposition was made by the gustatory iconoclast "to have just one fried," and he did it in cold blood. Capt. Collins, touched perhaps by the eloquent appeal of the fish-eater, consented, and the cook had two of the fish given him. At night it was eaten, and proved to be the most delicious of fish, in fact, a fish which every gourmand and epicure would want to taste and tell about. It had a firm flesh, yet it was crisp, with a delicate, crabby flavor. On Saturday, the 23d of September, after having fished all day, the seas increasing somewhat and the sky to windward looking angry, the barometer falling, it was thought wiser to seek a harbor and so close the cruise. Specimens having been secured, as instructions had been given to be both general and special in collecting—everything, in fact, found in God's great seas, from a whale to a tiny parasite, being within the requirements of the United States Fish Commission—at sundown we took a northeasterly course and made for Block Island.

It blew a fresh breeze, and the Josie Reeves made Block Island on Sunday at 3 A. M., the light showing clear some ten miles west. By daybreak the long range of small islands forming the right-hand side breakwater of Buzzard's Bay was made, and by 10, just as thick weather was threatening, the anchor was dropped at Wood's Hole, within ten yards of the Fish Hawk.

The particular fish having been handed over to the ichthyologists of the commission, it was declared to be a new member of the family of *Scorpena*, first described by Jordan in 1880. Such of the *Scorpena* as have been before described have been only some three inches in length. The fish taken in this cruise are over a foot in length. There are differences in the markings, and very probably on examination some other specific variations will be discoverable.*

"Are we to be forgiven for having eaten two of these fish?" we inquired rather anxiously of the Commissioner.

"Oh, certainly; you did precisely right. Scientific research is one thing, but to turn what we may find into use is the great practical bent of the Fish Commission. I believe I can congratulate Capt. Collins on having found what I believe to be a new fish, and what is more, to have been among the first to eat it, and if there were only enough of them, I should very much like to try one too; but I must send the best of the fish at once to Washington to have casts of them, and the rest are now in alchohol and will form material for careful study."

As to why the *Lophiolatilus* was not caught on the trip of the Josie Reeves we are not prepared to state. As to what killed the fish, or whether all the fish were destroyed this year, no one can hazard an opinion. The solution of these curious problems will require much additional study.

* Prof. Goode has since identified the fish as *Scorpæna dactylopterus*.

THE HENSHALL ROD.

I HAVE read with no little interest the numerous essays on fishing rods, and wonder if that subject will be settled at all. The only solution that I can see to the problem is that every angler use just the kind, pattern, size, length, weight and material of rod that he likes best; then don't let anybody disparage him about his rod and thus destroy his happiness. His own way suits him best.

When in Florida last winter with my friend Dr. Henshall, I had only one rod. It was what he styled the "coming bass rod"—with ash butt and lance-wood second joint and tip. I think it weighs about eight ounces, but have not weighed it. I used that rod all the time while there, and have it now in as good condition as the day I got it, nor did I use but one tip during the time. This being the first and only jointed rod that I ever had or used, therefore would not be a proper critic as to light or heavy rods, as we at the South always, "'fo 'mancipation," used cane poles without reels. As to the holding qualities of this rod, its "give and take," its perpetual elasticity, I don't think can be surpassed on earth.

The bass that we took in that country are simply enormous, and an eight-ounce rod that will master those eight to ten-pound fellows is certainly good enough for the most obstinate stickler. I thought that if this rod was a fraction stiffer it would be better for such large bass, but for anything under six-pound bass I would not have it changed. A half hour is too long to fight one bass, and so if the rod was a third stiffer it would curtail the fight say to twenty minutes or fifteen.

One evening I was alone on a beautiful stream in my canvas boat. I had half grown "bream" for bait, which were so heavy (eight-ounce bait) that I could cast them only thirty or forty feet, yet I took seven bass, of which the smallest weighed four pounds and the largest ten pounds; average

size seven pounds, the four-pound one being the only small one in the lot. I was three hours landing these fish, thus allowing half an hour to the fish, from two o'clock to five, afternoon. The "flexors" of my arm were sore for several days, and the generalship that I displayed with this delicate tackle on those monstrous bass should have been praiseworthy had some one been there to have witnessed it besides myself. I was as sorry for the poor little rod at times as though it was a human being.

The Doctor used a heavier rod than I did and of course stiffer, and he had less trouble in landing his fish; but then I doubt if he had as much sport as I had, for whenever I "tackled" a nine-pounder or the like, I had all I wanted to keep rod and tackle from jeopardy. But in all the bass fishing in Florida with that little eight-ounce rod and a little silk line the size of three horse hairs, I never lost a fish, parted a line or broke a hook but once, when I had an old half rotted line, a seven or nine pound bass struck just as the line got kinked on the reel and snapped it.

When I go to Florida again I want a rod, say one-third or half stiffer for bass, but no heavier in weight, or at all events not much, for an ounce or two will tell on your nerves in casting the minnow a half day "*à la* Henshall," the which method I think above all the *crème de la crème* of angling. Get the Doctor's "Book of the Bass" and take lessons on casting the minnow, and you will fish no other way afterward. It is worth the price of the book ten times to learn this one lesson. Get a good reel and put it before the hand. The rod that I have has the reel seat behind the hand, and the first bass that I took in Florida—a five-pound one—came near cutting my finger off with the line. I then took the reel off, placed it above the hand, and lashed it on with a string. I had no more trouble afterward. I don't see the sense of a reel behind the hand, or where the idea ever came from. It came near ruining my finger in the first attempt, and I believe if the fellow that first advocated a reel behind the hand had been in that boat with me as that red-hot line was sizzing through my fingers, and I couldn't turn loose, I would have been tempted to give him the butt of my rod instead of the retreating bass. C. L. JORDAN.

WILLIS, TEXAS, Sept. 24.

MAINE NOTES.

THE present season, now so near at a close, has been a successful one in this region for trout and salmon fishing.

More anglers and tourists have visited Moosehead Lake than ever before. A new and elegant house, "Lake Hebron Hotel," is being erected at this place, which will make the summer travel a specialty.

Ship Pond, or Lake Onoway, Long Pond, Greenwood, Bear, Benson, Spectacle, Monson, the Twin, or two Doughty ponds, Grindstone and twenty other beautiful sheets of water, are accessible from this village besides our own, Hebron, three and one-half miles in length, upon the shore of which is the new hotel.

Everyone of these abound with spotted and lake trout, while Onoway and Long Pond have land-locked salmon. Hundreds have visited the former the present summer.

The whole of Northern Maine is rapidly becoming a Mecca for the tourist, angler and lover of nature. Our people will eventually derive a great deal of material benefit from this influx of visitors from the city and mart if they sustain the enforcement of our wholesome protective laws.

The greatest evil that we now have to contend with is the shipment and transportation of trout out of the State in the months of April, May and June, which can easily be done since the iron horse has penetrated these forests and came into close proximity to these resorts.

It is estimated that more than ten tons of trout were shipped to Boston from Moosehead Lake last spring by poachers from neighboring towns.

Every sportsman in Maine and all who are interested in the progress and welfare of our State ought to unite and work upon this subject until our Legislature enacts a law to prevent this wholesale slaughter of trout. We hope the many readers of your valuable journal in the Pine Tree State will each consider himself bound to labor with his own member of that body in the interest of this and similar matters. J. F. S.

MONSON, Me., Sept. 25.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

THE subject of the menhaden fisheries, though more than once treated in these columns, is of too great importance, both commercially and economically, to be permitted to drop out of notice. The plain facts are that during the last few years the menhaden fisheries have been gradually assuming greater and greater proportions, till now the capital invested is not less than $5,000,000, and the number of hands engaged from 5,000 to 6,000, while it employes some 90 steamships and 200 sailing vessels. Its products in oil and guano amount to millions annually, and these products the country cannot afford to, and will not, if possible, want. But concurrently with the development of this industry there has been a falling off all along the coasts frequented by the menhaden fishers, of our valuable food fisheries. Interested parties have denied the necessary connection between these facts, and have challenged the native fishermen to prove that the one fishery interferes with the other; but so long as we have the well established and glaring fact that as the one industry has persistently grown, the other has steadily declined—that precisely as the menhaden fishers appear on a part of the coast, the food fishes, as bluefish, striped bass, weakfish, etc., disappear—ordinary persons can scarcely be blamed for concluding that the continued progress of the one industry, as at present pursued, appears incompatible with the profitable prosecution of the other. It is, therefore, scarcely too much to say that unless some modification in the mode of prosecuting the new enterprise can be devised, our coast food fisheries are in danger of collapse, while an important, or rather we may say an essential, element of our daily food will pass out of the reach of persons of moderate means.

There is another aspect of this question not unworthy of notice. Till this new industry was so extensively followed, our bays and sounds along the New Jersey coast were stored with bluefish, weakfish, and other food fishes, affording excellent sport to the amateur fisherman. Many a toil and desk-worn disciple of Izaak Walton was thus allured from the city to spend an occasional day on our health-giving coast, greatly to his own benefit, mentally and physically, as well as to the advantage of hotel-keepers, boat-hirers, and many others. But our marine inlets are becoming depleted of their finny tenants, and our city sportsmen are beginning to weary of fishing in tenantless waters, and are disappearing accordingly. Thus a good round sum of money threatens to be lost annually to our coast.

We are not oblivious to the fact that the menhaden fishery has stimulated industry and circulated money in localities—Tuckerton, for example—where such stimulation was much needed, and in recognition of this fact we are not prepared to join our voice to those which call for absolute repression of the industry. We think it a case for thoughtful legislative regulation, based on a careful collection and collation of facts. Elsewhere—in Loch Fyne, Scotland, for example—it has been found possible by such legislation to reconcile the interests of rival fisheries quite as conflicting as these in hand, and we have perfect faith that whatever has been effected elsewhere, Americans are competent to accomplish here. One thing appears clear: the Senate committee, to whom the subject has been referred, should give the New Jersey fishermen a better opportunity to be heard than they have yet been afforded. The investigation was prompted by a bill introduced by Senator Sewell, and the constituents of that gentleman should have abundant opportunity to present their case.—*The Coast Pilot.*

THE COLUMBIA SALMON WHEEL.

"BARRELS are plenty this morning, captain. This is the third we have met during the last twenty minutes. Where do they come from?"

It was Captain John H. Wolf, the veteran master of the Columbia River steamer Wide West, which affords a much pleasanter journey than the cars for Bonneville to the Dalles [Oregon].

"Well, sir," said the captain in reply, "they come from the Cascades. If you should examine any one of them you might be surprised. You wouldn't imagine, would you, that those barrels, though empty, carry a more valuable cargo under than most casks do in them? Those barrels are buoys. They sustain each about 200 pounds weight of salmon, alive, strung through the eyes, on their way to the canneries down the river. There they have little steam launches which pick up every one and tow them in."

"How are so many fish caught? I haven't noticed any nets to-day."

"Nets are of no account now. Go and see the Snail," said the captain, as he bent over and strung the slowing bell for the Dalles.

Some time after I saw the "Snail," and a most ingenious, successful, detestable engine of destruction it was. The owner had admirably planted it just above the Upper Cascades, on the north bank of the river, the south bank being at that point almost impassable to the fish. It was placed just where the swift edge of the current makes a most inviting eddy, through which the salmon must naturally "run" on their way up-stream. Here the current was about eight feet deep. The salmon never swim lower than four feet below the surface. Erected over what would be the entire width of the "run" was a huge frame. Suspended within this an immense wheel revolved, so adjusted on pulleys as to rise and fall with the changing depth of water. Upon the spokes or arms of this wheel, eight in number, were fastened as many wire nets, each thirty feet in diameter, loose and baggy and movable, resembling in appearance the pouch of a pelican. The current itself is the force that turns the wheel like an undershot. Very slowly its goes around. The great scoop-nets spread lazily through the water, one after another, at just the depth where they are most fatal. Their arms almost pause and float motionless through the stream. But, though slowly, the great wheel, called from this motion the "Snail," does move and with just the right tardiness, for as the nets emerge from the water they are so filled with the struggling prey that Mr. Williams, owner of one of the wheels, pronounced 800 an average amount. At the proper angle above, the net is turned upside down. Its contents are dumped along the arm of the wheel to what might be termed its hub, striking which they rebound along a trough to the bank. It is a stirring but cruel sight, for there are many small and unmarketable fish in every "haul." The theory is that these are returned to the water and live, but it is like the "returns of the killed and wounded" after a battle—so stunned and maimed are they that but few survive. The wheel presents a busy scene, and the profits must be enormous, for the simple contrivance costs but about $400, and requires but half-a-dozen attendants. There are four of these wheels on the river, and a gentleman engaged in the fishing business informed me that the calculation was they caught about half the salmon that go up. There is a wheel on Bradford's Island, above Bonneville, the work of which has become so notorious (not merely killing merchantable fish, but in so doing destroying a dozen times as many of a size as yet too small for commerce) that the public press has demanded its suppression. But all these wheels, as has been said, are "the production of a brain which aims to live without work." Probably from 2,500 to 8,000 salmon (for proprietors of the wheels are very chary about giving actual figures), large and small, are caught every hour, night and day, of the week, save from Saturday to Sunday night. Compute the amount. I know of one actual catch of 6,400 salmon in a day—large fish, suitable for the canneries. An experienced fisherman stated it as the result of his observation that about one in ten of those caught were used. Even of the number used, packed, and sent down in barrels, one wheel kept the large cannery at Warrendale busy all through the season, and then the cannery couldn't take care of all.

Looking at the descending stream of half-dead fish literally "broken on the wheel," I could not but regard the question for a moment in the light of an angler and an economist. I remembered the half-remorseful tone (as if the speaker thought of the many laden baskets he had brought from the Silver Bow) with which, at Fort Missoula three months ago, Lieutenant Fremont said, "That's a killing fly," as he handed me a little, hairy, fuzzy, artificial coleopteron with brown folded wings. I remembered, too, the time when, a month after, Captain George J. Ainsworth and I were floating for a summer afternoon over one of the transparent lakes that half surround his beautiful retreat near Tacoma. The trout had responded lazily to our trolling lines, and something like a dozen lay in the bow of the boat as we stopped for a moment in the shadow of some giant firs where the water lay dark and deep and still beneath the long, floating lilies.

"In my country," said I energetically, "we would just drop anchor here, whip out pole and line, and with grasshopper or angle-worm catch half a boat land between now and night."

"So we could here," replied the captain, "but that wouldn't be fishing;" and the young but veteran disciple of good Izaak rowed softly but hastily away from the too tempting precincts. I wondered what these gentlemen, devoted fishermen, keen but just, would have said, could they have stood by my side and witnessed this wholesale destruction of a fish nobler than the trout. From a point of view less sentimental, it seemed to me that not only to the sportsman's instinct of fair play but even to the naturalist's foresight for the continuance of the species, that wheel was a spectacle alike revolting. In the contest between animal and man, it is so inevitable that constant victory must be with the latter, that in all civilized communities some safeguard against the capacity of lawless individuals has been provided. And yet, for over two years these wheels have been permitted to do their work, until, mainly through its evil results, the price of salmon in this market has been reduced more than fifty per cent. Of what use is it to fine a fisherman twenty-five dollars if he traps a fish or uses a bit of drug on his bait or berry on his hook, while such wholesale destruction as this is allowed? I remember at Big Horn Tunnel, the first night we were in camp, an officer of the company of United States troops stationed there torpedoed the Yellowstone and caught half a dozen stunned trout for our supper. The act is punishable with a fine of not less than $100 here, and yet the Columbia on fire with exploding cartridges of giant powder or dynamite all day could not equal a single hour's work with the "snail." The fact is, the Columbia River is governed by a fish law, written before this mechanism was heard of—a law made for nets. Better that immunity be granted them all than that these machines, compared with which a gillnet or seine is but an angling-line, should be permitted to ply their trade year by year from April until August.

Bad as all this is, the worst result of the salmon-wheels is found in the ingenious imitations and wholesale slaughterpens, more glaringly offensive to the spirit of the law, which they have brought into existence. To understand these properly the reader must be reminded that the habit and habitat of the salmon in these waters have been so thoroughly studied that they are now fully known. The salmon, like the shad in the East, is a creature of regular migrations, accurately described in treatises; so that not only every angler but every schoolboy knows how the fish acts and lives, and where he is at any month of the year. It is well understood that after the subsidence of the high water during the last week in July and the first week or two of August, the latercoming fish, heavy with spawn, leave the sea and come up into the river to hatch. With every ascending tide numbers of sea fish follow for the eggs. The time of the fish is too far gone to admit of a long ascent of the river, and the spawn left on the sands near the mouth may be reckoned as almost a total loss. The earlier and stronger fish ascend the Columbia to the Snake River and the numberless inflowing streams in the greatest number during March and April. They keep close to the bank of the river and turn instinctively into its tributaries. Now, at Shearer's Bridge, on the Deschutes River, beyond the Dalles, the stream has been dammed, and the fish are forced, having entered it, into a canal; so that all the fish that enter the outside shoot of the river are literally flumed. Again, across the entire mouth of Spokane River the Indians have built a salmon trap, a solid network of willow twigs, which leaves literally no chance of escape.

Is it not Thoreau who writes what might be called the elegy of the shad—how he ascends the Connecticut year by year with watery dreams of his impending doom? Some such pathetic persistence marks the annual begira of the salmon at its propagating season, though in the case of the latter there is not the wise legislation of the East by which the fish's greatest natural enemy protects him against himself. I do not mean to say that there is no thought given to this subject, no agitation of it. There is much talk in the newspapers and among the more intelligent fishermen about hatcheries and needed alterations in the existing laws. It is seen that more of the heavier and stronger fish must be allowed to go up the river or the salmon product will inevitably decline. But this is attending to the spigot merely. The legislation is not judicious. Its execution is not firm. A tramp is forbidden to cast a bait after August. A fisherman may not drift his net on Sunday. Meanwhile, day and night, the "barbarous and murderous" (I am using an intelligent fisherman's phrase) "snail" wheel is kept going and the salmon are literally corralled by millions in the very haunts where they go to bring forth their kind. Meanwhile, too, all along the Sound to Alaska, the larger part of the fish so plentifully caught is wasted, just as the buffalo were in Montana, and the tendency is to the same result—extinction. What will become of an industry which supports 10,000 men when the price of its product has fallen three-fourths during the past few years? It is just so with timber-cutting and burning. Whole areas are denuded as if the supply was illimitable. So prodigal is this rich country in its best resources.—*Columbia River Correspondence of the Evening Post.*

A CURIOUS FISH.—Assumption, La.—I, to-day, send by express one small package containing a few fishes preserved in alcohol, and hope that you will be kind enough to let me know what they are, as nobody around here knows them. For the last five years these fishes run up Bayou Lafourche during low water and can be caught by millions. They apparently come from the Gulf of Mexico, and go into the Mississippi River, and never come down stream again. I live on the Bayou seven miles from the Mississippi. Said Bayou is an outlet of the river, as you know, and empties into the Gulf. The fish sent you run up stream during three or four days (night and day), and then disappear to reappear at about the same time the following year, always during low water.—P. E. D. [These singular flat-headed little fish are called by Prof. Jordan *Dormitator maculatus* (Bloch), Jordan and Gill, fam. *Gobiidæ*. They seem to have no common name. They are a common brackish water fish of the tropics, but according to Prof. Jordan, not before recorded from Louisiana.

BOAT-FISHING VERSUS WADING.—In trout-fishing there is no sport like wading the stream and casting your fly into the pools. It is so far ahead of sitting in a boat and whipping the shores or spring holes for trout that they are not to be spoken of in the same day. Even in fishing for black bass it is more enjoyment to walk along the bank of a stream than to be cramped up in a boat until one's legs are stiff and numb. These thoughts occurred to me after a day's black bass fishing on Greenwood Lake, where most all the fishing is done from boats. Three days of it was enough for me, and the dead feeling did not leave my legs for nearly two days afterward. I was surprised to note that Mr. Mather, in one of his "Adirondack Survey Notes," prefers boat-fishing to any other, and yet he calls shooting deer from a boat "lazy sport."—WADER.

WEAKFISH AND KINGFISH AT LONG BEACH.—I was surprised on hearing some clapper rails cackling while I was fishing at Long Beach, three weeks ago. There are no accommodations there now except the bridge-man's shanty; and if one cares to rough it he will have a splendid opportunity there. I started last Friday thinking the storm would bring a high tide; concluded to try the mud-hens or clapper rail in the afternoon and fish the next morning when the tide was low. I got into the boat with a man to push me; we went in the high reeds and found that there was not enough water to push, so we took the small creeks. We put up five birds on that meadow and killed four, the other was hit hard but got away. The tide was now dropping so we gave it up for the night as we were all wet through, the rain coming down in torrents. I went to the bridge-man's cabin, that being the only place where I could get a bed for the night, as the hotel was closed for the winter. I felt chilled with the wetting but the bridge-man's son, a youth of fourteen, soon had a fire kindled, so I borrowed an old pair of dry pants and a coat. Our hot coffee seemed the best coffee I ever tasted. I do not care much for eels but I think I was ready to eat anything that evening. As the moon was showing through the clouds I concluded to fish for a couple of hours as they told me the weakfish and kingfish bit at night. I pulled out into the channel and fished in five different places but it seemed that there was nothing but sea spiders, and I soon had a dozen of those ugly crabs in the boat; I then caught a small eel and became disgusted. I pulled for the shore, and on reaching the cabin I found it full of smoke; they were burning sage to drive out the gnats and mosquitoes. In the night I suddenly became conscious of a number of large things walking all over me. I woke up the bridge-man who was snoring away on the other bed, he quieted my fears by assuring me that they were only mice and that they would not hurt me. I reasoned if a man and a boy slept there every night and the mice did not eat them up that I might safely sleep one night. I always make it a point to accommodate myself to the surrounding circumstances, no matter what they are. The next morning, at five o'clock, I took the boat with my fishing lines and soft crabs for bait and went up stream about one hundred yards, opposite a large creek, with a half tide running out began fishing, and for two hours I had rare sport. I captured eleven weakfish weighing from one and a half to three pounds, I lost three or four, and one large one that I held too strong broke a three-ply swell and carried off the hook. I then went in to breakfast and came back again and fished until 2. P. M., taking five more. As the tide was now nearly full, I went out to try the mud-hens again, I only killed two more. I think for good sport there are few places within an hour's ride of New York to compete with Long Beach, as the kingfish and weakfish are both a nice game fish, and a large one will give a man a good five minutes' play to land.—JAMES ALBERT (New York).

THE GASPER-GOU.—Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., Sept. 23.—In response to the appeals directed by your correspondent "Byrne" and others to the Eastern "fish sharps," I tell what I know about the "gasper-gou." I have collected specimens of him in Louisiana and Texas, and I am unable to see that he differs in any technical way from the animal called "sheepshead" in the Great lakes, and "white perch" "drum," "grunter" and "thunder pumper" in the Western rivers. This fish was first described by Rafinesque in 1818 as *Aplodinotus grunniens*, and this name of course it must keep, although we have adopted Professor Gill's correction of the spelling of *Aplodinotus* to *Haploidonotus* (*haploidos*, cloaked; *notos*, back). Later, Rafinesque changed the name to *Amblodon grunniens*, a thing he had no (scientific) right to do. Some years later the fish was called "*Corvina oscula*." A single specimen, apparently abnormal and distorted, and now lost, was also called the "malasheganay" or "*Corvina richardsonii*," and this last fish was said to be abundant in Lake Huron, and to be good eating. These statements were, however, somewhat premature, as the only specimen of "malasheganay" ever known was not eaten, but stuffed by the discoverer. If, as we think, there is but one species of this type, its name is *Haploidonotus* (or *Aplodinotus*) *grunniens*. It seems to be certain that in the Great Lakes this fish, under the name of "sheepshead," is absolutely worthless; the flesh is tough, ill-scented, and often infested by worms. In the Ohio and upper Mississippi, as "white perch," the young are passable panfish, not very tender and with a sort of muddy flavor, but still readily saleable. The old fish, as "croaker," "drum," "grunter" or "thunder-pumper," are coarse and poor. Further south, as "drum," or, in Louisiana and Texas, as "gasper-gou," the young fish are well liked, either because really better than further north, or because other fish are poorer. This Southern "gasper-gou" was considered by Girard a different species, under the name of *Amblodon neglectus*. If really different, it should be called "*Haploidonotus neglectus*," but we have thus far failed to discover any positive points of difference.—DAVID S. JORDAN.

A GAME PROTECTOR IN BROOKLYN.—We learn that Mr. John S. Collett, one of the New York State game protectors, formerly of Albany county, has removed to Brooklyn. Mr. Collett has begun by paying attention to violators of the lobster law, and has named several men who have had lobsters for sale under ten and a half inches (exclusive of claws), and will keep a close watch on the markets of New York, which, if closed to the sale of game and fish out of season, will do much to protect other parts of the State from their illegal capture. Mr. Collett's address is 391 Fifth street, Brooklyn.

ILLEGAL SALMON FISHING IN MAINE.—The Calais *Times* says the destruction of salmon at Salmon Falls, at the cotton mill dam, Calais, is deplorable. No fishway has yet been provided by the corporation and the salmon gather under the rolling dam and attempt to pass through the water that falls over the top of that structure, and in doing so fall back and are stunned by falling across logs and ledges. Men and boys, not satisfied with netting these fish, now arm themselves with pitchforks and spear them. All this is done in defiance of State laws.

CATFISH AND SALMON SPAWN.—It has been discovered, says the *New Era*, of Benecia, Cal., that almost all catfish taken from streams where salmon are in the habit of depositing their spawn are full of such spawn. It is therefore apprehended that the destruction of salmon is inevitable, unless extraordinary efforts be made to get rid of the catfish. While the species of catfish introduced into California waters is very prolific, it seems to be by no means a favorite with the people.

ENORMOUS RUNS OF SALMON.—The well-authenticated stories of the enormous runs of salmon up the rivers of the Pacific coast of North America seem to be so different from the experience of most people that they are difficult to believe. We have seen them so thick that a spear could not be thrown in the river without striking a salmon; but we can truly say that we never had so vivid a picture of swarms of fish until we this week received a photograph of a scene on one of the rivers from our old friend and correspondent, "Mowitch," who says: "I believe this is one of the first attempts to obtain photos of fish in their native element." It is a stereoscopic view taken, as is written on the back of it, "August, 1882. Fish shown are the suckeye of Frazer's River, or blue back of Columbia River, *Oncorhynchus nerka*, Walb. Gill and Jordan. Gordon Creek is a small tributary of Frazer, about one and a half miles below the town of Yale, B. C. It has no peculiarities differing from, or advantages over, countless streams emptying into Frazer River, and the number of fish to be found in it is probably no greater than in others of equal size. The fish not being in a quiet state, together with the glare of the sun, renders their outlines in some cases indistinct; still the artist has been singularly happy in producing a photograph which is altogether unique." The foregoing remarks of "Mowitch" are true. We had no idea that rapidly moving fish could be photographed at all, especially in a river. In some places they are shown to be three deep, and doubtless there were more below, while the surface is as thickly strewn with them as it is possible to be. We can now almost believe the old California story of walking across the river dry shod on the backs of the salmon.

THE SPADEFISH.—Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 25.—I notice in your last issue an account of the spadefish. They are quite numerous in the lakes in this vicinity, where they are known as "shovel-bill catfish." Their average weight is about thirty pounds, though I have seen some that were very much larger. They have no scales, resemble catfish somewhat, but the upper jaw projects ten or twelve inches. The mouth is at the lower end of the shovel and is toothless. Only a short time ago I saw a wagon-load of them for sale on the streets. The negroes consider them a great delicacy. I cannot tell you how they are caught. I have fished in lakes said to be full of them, but never caught one, probably because I was fishing for game fish. From their general appearance I think they could be caught with worms or soft bait near the bottom.—FISHERMAN.

TROUT MURDER.—The Helena, Montana, *Herald*, under date of Sept. 18, reports: "The employes on the Northern Pacific Railroad are killing trout by the use of explosives. One of the most famous and best stocked trout streams between Deer Lodge and Missoula is Whiteside. Last Sunday our informant was about to review his experience of former years and drop a line, with a fly attached, in a certain pool of the stream flowing through Mr. Whiteside's ranch, but was told by Mr. W. that the attempt would be futile, because that morning some N. P. R. R. men had taken in a basket full of fish, using cartridges. The practice is in violation of Territorial laws; is a shame and injures one of the great attractions for tourists in Montana. Let some action be taken by interested parties in this matter at once."

Fisheulture.

FISH COMMISSIONERS.

WE present the following list of the different Commissioners on Fisheries for the Provinces, States and Territories of North America, corrected by correspondence to date. A few changes will be found since our last list (September 29, 1881), and one more State (Delaware) has awakened to the importance of fisheulture as a State industry and appointed a commission. The following will be found correct to date:

DOMINION OF CANADA—
W. F. Whitcher, Commissioner, Ottawa, Ontario.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK—
W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, St. John.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA—
W. H. Rogers, Inspector, Amherst.

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—
J. H. Duvar, Inspector, Alberton.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—
A. C. Anderson, Victoria.

THE UNITED STATES—
Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

ALABAMA—
C. S. G. Doster, Prattville.
D. B. Huntley, Courtland.

ARIZONA—
John J. Gosper, Prescott.
Richard Rule, Tombstone.
Dr. J. H. Taggart, (Business Manager) Yuma.

ARKANSAS—
John E. Reardon, Little Rock.
James H. Hornibrook, Little Rock.
H. H. Rottaken, Little Rock.

CALIFORNIA—
S. R. Throckmorton, San Francisco.
J. D. Farwell, Niles, Alameda county.
W. W. Traylor, San Francisco.

COLORADO—
Wilson E. Sisty, Idaho Springs.

CONNECTICUT—
Dr. Wm. M. Hudson, Hartford.
Robert G. Pike, Middletown.
George N. Woodruff, Sherman.

DELAWARE—
Enoch Moore, Jr., Wilmington.

GEORGIA—
J. T. Henderson (Commissioner of Agriculture and *ex-officio* Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries), Atlanta.
Dr. H. H. Cary (Supt.), La Grange.

ILLINOIS—
N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago.
S. P. Bartlett, Quincy.
S. P. McDoel, Aurora.

INDIANA—
Calvin Fletcher, Spencer, Owen county.

IOWA—
B. F. Shaw, Anamosa.
A. A. Mosher (Assistant), Spirit Lake.

KANSAS—
Hon. D. B. Long, Ellsworth.

KENTUCKY—
Wm. Griffith, President, Louisville.
Hon. John A. Steele, Versailles.
Dr. Wm. Van Antwerp, Mount Sterling.
A. H. Goble, Catlettsburg.
Hon. C. J. Walton, Munfordville.
Dr. S. W. Coombs, Bowling Green.
John B. Walker, Madisonville.
P. H. Darby, Princeton.
Hon. J. M. Chambers, Independence, Kenton county.
W. C. Price, Danville.

MAINE—
E. M. Stilwell, Bangor.
Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield.

MARYLAND—
Thomas Hughlett, Easton.
G. W. Delawder, Oakland.

MASSACHUSETTS—
E. A. Brackett, Winchester.
Asa French, South Braintree.
F. W. Putnam, Cambridge.

MICHIGAN—
Eli R. Miller, Richland.
A. J. Kellogg, Detroit.
Dr. J. C. Parker, Grand Rapids.

MINNESOTA—
1st District—Daniel Cameron, La Crescent.
2d District—Dr. William M. Sweney, Red Wing.
3d District—Dr. Robert Ormsby Sweeny, St. Paul.
4th District—No appointment until January.
5th District—No appointment until January.

MISSOURI—
Dr. J. G. W. Steedman, Chairman, 2803 Pine street, St. Louis.
John Reid, Lexington, Lafayette county.
Dr. J. S. Logan, St. Joseph.

NEBRASKA—
W. L. May, Fremont.
R. R. Livingston, Plattsmouth.
B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha.

NEVADA—
Hon. Hubb G. Parker, Carson City.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—
Edward Spalding, Nashua.
Luther Hayes, Milton.
Albina H. Powers, Grantham.

NEW JERSEY—
Dr. Benjamin P. Howell, Woodbury.
Maj. Edward J. Anderson, Trenton.
Theodore Morford, Newton.

NEW YORK—
Hon. R. Barnwell Roosevelt, 76 Chambers street, New York.
Edward M. Smith, Rochester.
Richard U. Sherman, New Hartford, Oneida county.
Eugene G. Blackford (Fulton Market, New York city), 809 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.

NORTH CAROLINA—
S. G. Worth, Raleigh.

OHIO—
Col. L. A. Harris, President, Cincinnati.
Charles W. Bond, Treasurer, Toledo.
Halsey C. Post, Secretary, Sandusky.

PENNSYLVANIA—
Hon. H. J. Reeder, Easton.
Hon. B. L. Hewit, Hollidaysburg.
James Duffy, Marietta.
John Hummel, Selinsgrove.
Robert Dalzell, Pittsburgh.
G. M. Miller, Wilkesbarre.

RHODE ISLAND—
Alfred A. Reed, Providence.
Newton Dexter, Providence.
John H. Barden, Rockland.

SOUTH CAROLINA—
A. P. Butler, Commissioner of Agriculture and *ex-officio* of Fish and Fisheries, Columbia.
C. J. Huske, Superintendent, Columbia.

TENNESSEE—
W. W. McDowell, Memphis.
H. H. Sneed, Chattanooga.
Edward D. Hicks, Nashville.

TEXAS—
R. R. Robertson, Austin.

UTAH—
No appointment since the death of Prof. J. L. Barfoot in April last.

VERMONT—
Hiram A. Cutting, Lunenburg, Essex county.
Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans.

VIRGINIA—
Col. M. McDonald, Berryville.

WEST VIRGINIA—
Henry B. Miller, President, Wheeling.
C. S. White, Secretary, Romney.
N. M. Lowry, Hinton.

WISCONSIN—
The Governor, *ex-officio*, Madison.
Philo Dunning, President, Madison.
C. L. Valentine, Secretary and Treasurer, Janesville.
J. V. Jones, Oshkosh.
John F. Antisdel, Milwaukee.
Mark Douglas, Melrose.
Christopher Hutchinson, Beetown.

WYOMING TERRITORY—
Dr. M. C. Barkwell, Chairman and Superintendent, Cheyenne.
Otto Gramm, Secretary, Laramie.
Hon. N. L. Andrews, Johnson county.
Hon. E. W. Bennet, Carbon county.
Hon. P. J. Downs, Uinta county.
Hon. T. W. Quinn, Sweetwater county.

THE SUCCESSFUL PROPAGATION OF CODFISH—The operations of the United States Fish Commission, in the direction of the fish hatching and other experiments, are being at present carried on at Woods Holl, where the work has been done for a couple of years past. Previous to that time hatching operations for codfish were carried on at Gloucester, and millions of young codfish were set free there. Vast numbers have also been let loose into the ocean from the hatching rocks at Woods Holl. Since this work has been done, but little, if anything, has been seen of the cod small fry, till now the fishermen report vast multitudes of little codfish, from four to ten inches in length, in the mouth of the Piscataqua River and vicinity at Portsmouth. Since these little fish are strangers in that vicinity, it is believed by those interested that they are "Prof. Baird's fish," or, in other words, that they are the first visible results of the codfish hatching experiment of the government under Prof. Baird's direction. It is believed, and not without good reason, that the little cod off the Portsmouth shore were really hatched in the government boxes at Gloucester and Woods Holl, and that they have drifted northward along the shore in their natural emigrations toward colder waters. Should such prove to be the true state of the case, it certainly is a most happy result, and

may be the first step toward again stocking the waters from Cape Cod to the Bay of Fundy with millions of codfish, as they once were, before the fisherman, in his search after food and profit, had so nearly robbed this part of the Atlantic shore of its rich treasury of food fish. If it has been discovered that the supply of codfish near our shore can be kept up by artificial propagation, the importance of what is known as the shore fishery, which has grown in fifty years from a few cargoes in winter to sell frozen to 20,000,000 pounds at this port alone last year, can be doubled again in a few years, the government has been well paid, and Prof. Baird has done a noble work.—*Belfast, (Me.) Republican Journal.*

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORDFISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONTINUED.]

THE CAPTURE OF THE SWORDFISH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

M. VICTOR MEUNIER, in his treatise "Les Grandes Pêches," p. 141, describes the various methods formerly and at present in use in the fisheries in the Mediterranean. The Greeks were accustomed to use boats with projecting bows, modeled to resemble a swordfish, and painted with its peculiar colors. This the unsuspecting fish would approach, thinking to meet one of its own kind. The fishermen, taking advantage of the mistake, would pierce it through and through with their lances. Although surprised, the swordfish would defend itself with vigor, striking the treacherous boat with its sword and endangering its safety, while the fishermen strove to seize it by the head and, if possible, to cut off its sword. Having overcome their captive, they would fasten it behind their boat and carry it ashore. Oppian compared this method of fishing to a military stratagem. This ruse was known also to the Romans, and in their time the swordfishery was one of the most important. They also captured these fish in *madragues*, in which they were easily entangled while pursuing tunnies and other fishes of the mackerel tribe. "Although he is able to break the nets," said Oppian, "he shrinks from it; he fears some snare, and his timidity counsels him ill; he ends by remaining a prisoner within the ring of the net, and becomes the prey of the fishermen, who with united effort drag him to the shore." This does not always occur, to be sure, for often, to the grief of his would-be captors, he breaks the walls of his sepulcher, liberating also the other fishes buried with him.

There is at the present day a fishery in the Straits of Messina, continuing on the Calabrian shore from the middle of April to the latter part of June; on the Sicilian shore from the first of July to the end of September. The Calabrian fish appear to approach by the Pharos, the Sicilian ones by the southern entrance of the straits. This summer fishery has for its object the capture of the large fish, which are killed with a lance. The boats used are about 18 feet long, 4 feet deep, and broader at the stern than at the bow. There is a single mast, 17 feet high, surmounted by a brace of a curved form, intended to support the lookout, who gains access to it by steps fastened to the mast. The lookout from this elevated station views the movements of the fish, and by voice or gesture directs the movements of the oarsmen. At the proper time he descends, and standing on a narrow thwart amidships he aids the waist oarsmen and performs the office of steersman.

At the bow stands the man who strikes the fish. His lance is about 12 feet long, with an iron head, which, from the vague description of Meunier, appears to resemble closely the American lily-iron. This is detachable, and to it is fastened a line as thick as one's little finger and 600 feet long (200 meters).

Two guards are also stationed on the shore. On the Calabrian coast they climb upon high rocks and cliffs; on the opposite shore, where there are none, they stand on a tower, built expressly for this purpose, about 800 feet in height.

"Everything being arranged," says Spallanzani, "they hold the order of the fishery. When the two watchmen perched upon the tops of the rocks or of the mast judge that a swordfish approaches from afar, by the change in the color of the water, at the surface of which he swims, they signal with the hand to the fishermen, who row toward it with their boats, and they do not cease to cry out and to make signs until the other lookout on the mast of the boat has perceived the fish and follows it with his eye. At the voice of the latter the boat veers now to the right, now to the left, until the lancer, standing at the bow, weapon in hand, catches sight of the fish. Now the lookout descends from his mast, stations himself among the oarsmen, and directs their movements in accordance with signals given him by the lancer; he, seizing a favorable opportunity, strikes the fish, often at the distance of 10 feet. Immediately he slackens out the rope, which he holds in his hands, while the boat, with the force of all its oars, follows the wounded fish until he has expended all his strength. Then he rises to the surface; the fishermen, approaching, fasten to him with an iron hook and carry him to the shore. Sometimes the fish, turning from his wound, strikes the boat and pierces it with his sword, so the fishermen stand on their guard, especially if the animal is large and active."

The young fish are captured in nets about 300 feet long, called *palimadaras*. These are stretched between two boats with lateen sails, moving along, entangling in their meshes everything which they touch. Spallanzani protested vehemently against this fishery. It is carried on from October to March.

Oppian describes a method of capture used in the Mediterranean. A bait was fastened with a sliding noose to the line at a distance above the naked hook, and the whole was so contrived that when the swordfish seized the bait with its mouth the hook seized it from behind with great force. This story is declared by writers of the present day to have been fanciful and without foundation.

I am indebted to Mr. Frederick W. True for the following translation from Prof. Adolfo Targioni Tozzetti's essay on "The Fisheries of Italy," published in 1870 (35), which gives briefly a description of the methods now employed in the vicinity of Messina and elsewhere on the Italian coast (36):

"Swordfish are taken from time to time, together with the tunnies, in the *tonnare* (37); but hook-and-line and gill-net fisheries are also carried on, the methods of which we may describe somewhat at length.

"These very distinct fisheries are prosecuted—one by day the other by night. The former is carried on by means of peculiarly constructed nets called *palamitare;* the latter by the use of harpoons, or *draffmiere*, as they are called. The harpoon fishery is prosecuted in the Straits of Messina, on the coasts of Calabria and Sicily, and among the Eolian Islands.

"The fish appear earliest along the coasts of Calabria, between Givia, Tauro, Palmi, Bagnara, and Scilla, and hence it is in these localities that the fishery first begins. It is prosecuted later in the season on the Sicilian coast, between S. Teresa al Faro, Gazzi, Salvatore dei Greci, and Capo Faloro.

"The net fishery on the Calabrian coast is carried on most extensively between Palmi and Scilla, the harpoon fishery between Palmi and Capo delle Volpi. On the Sicilian coast nets are principally between S. Teresa and Gazzi, but between Salvatore die Greci and Capo Peloro, where the management of nets would be very difficult on account of the deep water and rapid currents, the harpoon fishery prevails.

"The season of the regular fishery in Calabria extends from the middle of April to the end of June, and in Sicily from the middle of July to the middle of August. The capture of young swordfish, however, continues to increase long after this time, the season often extending to the middle of October Fish weighing little more than a single kilogram are frequently taken, and the practice, therefore, has been strongly censured. In the latter part of October both adult and young fish disappear, retreating, as many suppose, to the depths of the ocean. They reappear in spring, prior to spawning time, and remain on the fishing grounds throughout the entire season.

"Fisheries are also carried on, but with more or less irregularity, among the Liparian Islands, near Tropea, in Calabria, in the tunny-nets of Nulazzo, Alliveri and S. Giorgio, near Patti, and in the waters of Sardinia.

"The fishery on the Sicilian and Calabrian coasts is prosecuted at certain fixed stations. At some of the stations, such as station 25, in Calabria, net and harpoon are carried on with equal success; but at others, as for instance at station 21, in Sicily, only the harpoon fishery is prosecuted, and at others, again, as at station 20, the net fishery alone prospers.

"The stations are occupied by the gangs (*poste*) of fishermen. The conformation of some portions of the coast of Calabria is such that the day fishery with nets cannot be carried on, and at these points each gang comprises two boats, or feluccase, of from 10 to 16 tons, two skiffs for each felucca, and one additional skiff used in carrying on communication between the boats.

"The *palamitara* is set from time to time, and at each station is fitted up in the manner deemed most suitable by the fishermen. It is made of strong hemp twine, and is hung to two ropes, the upper being buoyed by cork floats, and the lower weighted with leads. The length of the net varies between 600 and 800 meters, the breadth is 16 meters, and the area 14,000 to 15,000 meters, more or less, according to the depth of water, which on these coasts varies between 40 and 600 meters; the mesh measures about 17 centimeters far. Each end of the upper rope is tied to a large cork buoy, to which a bell is attached, which sounds with every motion of the net.

"By these arrangements the net has sufficient play, so that it is not liable to injury by the sea. At the same time, when a fish strikes the net and is gilled, the more it struggles to get free the more it becomes entangled. In the mean time the ringing of the bell gives the fishermen the signal that a fish is captured, and they hasten to free the net and set it again.

"The methods of the harpoon fishery is very different. Two watchmen are employed, one having his station on the cliffs overlooking the water, and the other at the masthead of the felucca. The mast of the felucca is usually 20 or more meters in height, and the watchman climbs to his station by means of a rope ladder. The watchman on the cliffs scans the sea far and near, and when he perceives a swordfish gives the signal to a lookout, called fariere, foriere, or foliere, standing at the mast head of some one of the boats, or *foutro*, at the station.

"The watchman indicates the movements of the fish by certain signals. For instance, he strikes his right leg when that the fish goes yonder, or toward Il Faro; or *'ra jusu*', he goes down, that is, toward Messina; or *'ra forra*', he goes out, or toward Levante; or sometimes *'ra vlerra*', meaning that the fish is swimming toward the shore.

"The lookout, at first obeying these signals, and then relying on his own observation, guides the *foutro* toward the fish. When the boat has approached sufficiently near, the harpooner strikes the fish with his *draffmiera*, or harpoon.

"The *draffmiera* consists of a wooden staff 12 feet long, furnished with an iron 7 inches in length. The iron has two wings, and is constructed in such a manner that when it strikes the fish the point enters the flesh and the wings spread in the wound (38). A rope, or *protese*, often 600 feet or more in length, is fastened to the harpoon head, so that it may be recovered when the fish, weakened by loss of blood, is captured and brought into the boat.

"A short warp is tied to the staff of the harpoon, by which when the head is detached it is brought back into the boat. After the fish is struck, the *foutro* puts back to the station, leaving the chase and capture of the wounded fish to a second boat. Usually he is easily captured, but sometimes by dashing against the boat or by other movements he manages to free himself and make his escape.

"A fishery very similar to that carried on at the present time was described by Polibius, according to Strabo, more than two thousand years ago. The account of the fishery at Messina given by Oppian (39) is somewhat fanciful and inaccurate, but in the last century Spallanzani gave a more strictly technical description of it (40). Recently the fishery has been accurately described in elegant Latin verse by Vetrioli (41).

35. La Pesca nei Mari d'Italia e la Pesca all'Estero Esercitata do Italiani. Cataloro degli Espositori e delle cose esposte Sizione Italiana, Esposizione Internazionealo di Pesce in Berlino, 1880, Firenze Spamperia Reale, 1880, pp. xv-cxxxvi.

Swordfish Fishery.—Pesca della Pesce spada, pp. lxix-lxxiii.

36. The author states that the material for the following article is derived from the writings of Duhamel, Oppian, Spallanzani and Vetrioli.

37. A kind of pound not constructed for the capture of tunnies or horse-mackerel (*Oreyaus thynnus*).

38. This iron resembles closely the American lily-iron.

39. Oppiano, Della Pesca, lib. iii.

40. Spallanzani, Niaggi alle due Sicilie ecc. vol. iv., p. 308, et seq.

41. Vetrioli, Xyphias Carmen, Naples, 1870.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Answers to Correspondents.

A. P. F., Lancaster, Pa.—We know of no Newfoundland puppies for sale.

TRUTHFUL JAMES, New York Post Office.—Please send your name to this office.

L. H. H., Schooley's, N. J.—We make no charge for registry of names claimed, sales, etc. For proper form, see notice at head of Kennel Notes. For cost of advertising, see first page. The gentleman you mention at one time owned well-bred beagles.

C. V. V. S., Tarrytown, N. Y.—Can you tell me anything of the cocker Toby. I wish to know his winnings. I think he won in 1877, or a year or two later? Ans. Toby won 1st at New York in 1879. He was imported in 1877, we think.

W., Trenton, N. J.—1. What is considered the best book on the dog, their points, breeding, &c.? 2. Where can I purchase the Kennel Club stud book of this country, and price of same? Ans. 1. "The Dogs of Great Britain, America and other Countries." Price $2.50. We can furnish it. 2. Write to David Bryson, Memphis, Tenn. Price, $2.

W. M. R., Kansas City, Mo.—1. What should be the color of a well-bred Irish setter? 2. Is white allowable in such a dog? 3. At what age should training commence? 4. How can I polish a pair of ordinary deer antlers? Ans. 1. A rich blood-red. 2. A little white on neck, breast and toes is admissible. 3. As early as possible. 4. Use the end of a soft pine stick.

J. J. McK., Houston, Texas.—Is it injurious to feed a puppy on cooked beef? Ans. We prefer a diet of well-cooked corn and oatmeal mixed with vegetables, which must also be well cooked. This, with plenty of milk, we believe produces the best results in puppies. Well-cooked beef, in small quantities, we do not consider injurious; we often use it for a change, but would not recommend it for a regular diet.

DAN, Bellows Falls, Vt.—1. Can beagle hounds be trained alone without using another dog with them, and, if so, what would be the probable length of time necessary to get one in trim? 2. Will a dog whelped in April be too young to commence running this season for rabbits? 3. Has the color anything to do with a dog's hunting qualities? 4. Can you give me the address of any one who has trained beagles for sale? Ans. 1. Yes; but it is better to run them with an old dog. The time necessary to train varies with their intelligence and natural hunting qualities. 2. Not if worked carefully. 3. No. 4. Consult our advertising columns.

F. C., Jr., Princeton, N. J.—Did an Irish setter named Socks ever win a prize at Baltimore or any bench show. Can you give his pedigree and name of present owner? Ans. Socks won first in the native Irish class at Baltimore in 1877. All that we can learn of his pedigree is that he was out of Miles' Jule, she by Rodman's Dash, out of Rodman's Emma. Socks is probably dead; as he was whelped in 1872.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1882. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 834, New York, Secretary.

December 4.—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11.—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

FOOD FOR PUPPIES.

EVERY sportsman has had more or less experience in breeding, or rearing, dogs—taking it for granted that every sportsman, be he shooter or fisher, is a lover of the dog as a helper, friend and companion.

A well-bred puppy is a very delicate piece of handiwork, the organization of which is akin to that of a sensitive young child, and while left very much to nature should not lack the oversight and judicious care of its owner or guardian. All this for a preface and now for a few words to the point. While more of an angler than a shooter I must confess to the tenderness I have for a good field dog, or for a good dog of any breed that men most affect. I have had a little experience in breeding and rearing puppies, but my latest has proven a wretched failure. Not long since I took a very decided fancy to have a beagle hound, and when the puppy (of the best imported sire and dam) was six weeks old I took him home and with care and pride began to mark his development. At the start I fed him on boiled cow's milk, on broth, on puddings (corn and oat meal) and scarcely a scrap or morsel of solid meat for the first three weeks. Worms made their appearance, the common maw worm (*Arcaris vermicularis*) and the long round worm (*Arcaris lumbricoides*) and I resorted to santonine and areca nut, the doses followed by a cathartic, carefully measured and administered alternately. Of course the little thing did not thrive very fast under these circumstances, and his appetite began to be capricious and very soon he seemed to eat anything but plain meat. I consulted the breeder (a careful, honest and reputable gentleman whose kennel is known everywhere) and he said "give him meat." For long I hesitated and, at length, against my judgment and all past experience, I gave him cooked meat every day, often twice, but never a surfeit. Once in a while I would skip a meal, or starve him into eating milk, or broth. One day when out for an airing, an incipient fit startled me and I grew grave and cautious. The worms, for nearly a fortnight, had not shown themselves, and I thought the worst was over, when one morning the long round worms were discharged in considerable force and in less than four hours the handsome puppy was dead, and his little grave in the orchard dims my eyes every time I looked thitherward.

Will some reader please express his views upon this subject? With my past and late experience to guide me, I reserve the right to hold to my own opinion that solid meat is not good for young puppies and that they should only have a suggestion of it merely previous to the period of dentition, or, better still, the age of six months. Are hounds, and especially beagles, peculiarly hard to rear? O. W. R.

THE COLOR OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

I HAVE lately seen in a contemporary a protest from a well-known and very successful breeder of Newfoundlands against the success that sometimes attends black and white dogs when exhibited against black dogs of the same breed. The writer adds that, as the black and white color is supposed to point to some cross in the breed, it must certainly be a mistake to prefer them to black dogs in a class set apart for Newfoundlands. I question, however, whether black and white is not, after all, the more usual color of the breed, and I certainly do not think that the presence of white should be in any way a cause for suspicion.

It is well known by old owners of Newfoundlands that the more common color of imported dogs was black and white, or brown, or even gray and white, and the black and white color is supposed to point to some cross in the breed, it must certainly be a mistake to prefer them to black dogs in a class set apart for Newfoundlands. I question, however, whether black and white is not, after all, the more usual color of the breed, and I certainly do not think that the presence of white should be in any way a cause for suspicion.

It is well known by old owners of Newfoundlands that the more common color of imported dogs was black and white, or brown, or even gray and white, and the black and white color. A white tip to the tail, a large white breast, and frequently white on the head, was the usual marking of a dog imported from Newfoundland fifty or sixty years ago. In the famous picture by Ward, entitled "Disputing the Prize," and painted early in the century, we find the two Newfoundland pups are represented as black and white, the upper one marked as in Landseer's "Member of the Royal Humane Society," while the lower one has four white gaiters, and white on the head, breast, and shoulders, and tip of the tail. Then there was Neptune, the dog owned by the York mail coachman in 1820, who is said to have been marked like the upper pup in Ward's picture, and who was whelped on board the ship that was importing his dam from Newfoundland.

Earlier again in the list we have Lord Byron's Boatswain, immortalized by the epitaph over his grave, which tells us that he "was born in Newfoundland, May, 1803." This dog had white on the head, on the back, and on the tail. If more proof were wanting of the presence of much white in pure Newfoundlands, I think my Nelson is a good example, for his pedigree dates back on one side to celebrated black prize winners, while on the other side he came from imported stock. He is marked precisely as the dog in Landseer's picture, and, as if to show that his color was no accident, he reproduces himself exactly in color and marking in Trafalgar, whom he got out of a jet black bitch with a white star. No doubt when, nearly a century ago, the Newfoundland was first imported, the black color and nearly black was much preferred, though this was only so because for sporting purposes black with much white was too conspicuous, and likely to attract attention. In support of this we find in breeding, even from almost entirely black dogs, that some, or perhaps all of the pups have white toes, breasts, or tips to the tail, and sometime only white hairs on the bottom of the feet; and this is inherited from their ancestors years back, since a small white marking was not objected to even by sportsmen, as it was unlikely to be seen sufficiently to disturb game, though when we remember that in the last century very few people were allowed the privilege of sporting, and that very few of these could kill a bird on the wing, we shall see how necessary it was to have nothing at all likely to disturb and put up the birds. Hence, I believe, arises the preference for black or nearly black Newfoundlands, and to the Kennel Club is due all honor for having provided a class for other than black

Newfoundlands, thus giving black and white, bronze, and even gray dogs a chance, and preserving much pure Newfoundland blood that might otherwise have been lost or neglected as useless. But the appearance of some white on the pure Newfoundland is so persistent that that alone should secure some respect to those that are black and white, and even should make us look very closely into a dog that appears to be all black, for such may perhaps in reality have some cross. If we look at the modern champions of our black Newfoundlands, we find Mr. Nichols's Nelson with white toes, and Joe Sadler has a large white breast and white on the soles of his feet.

With these facts before us, it certainly seems unreasonable to object to a black and white dog in a class set apart for Newfoundlands, and if any objection could be made, it would seem more correct to object to an entirely black dog in such a class.

I think, too, that our knowledge of the reasons for the prejudice in favor of black dogs should lead us to the following conclusions: (1) That in a class set apart for black Newfoundlands white marks should not disqualify, unless they are so large, or so placed as to be very conspicuous, and likely to attract immediate attention from a reasonable distance. (2) That in a class set apart for other than black Newfoundlands the first thing to be valued should be undoubted character, and then, though a long way afterward, the regularity and beauty of the markings. (3) That in a class open mostly to Newfoundlands, a black and white dog should certainly be considered as pure as a black dog of equal character, though the preference for color must always be a matter of opinion.

Though most of our flat-coated retrievers owe their good qualities to the selection of black in their Newfoundland ancestors, yet it would seem an open question whether the true interests of the breed were best cared for when preference was given to color in the place of type, symmetry and proportion.—*Henry R. Farquharson, in Kennel Gazette.*

LOUISIANA FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Quail reports from Opelousas, La., where the New Orleans Gun Club field trials will be held in December next, are most encouraging, an unusual large crop of birds having been hatched out and reared. Mr. J. W. Jackson, living there, has secured the best fields over which to run the trials, and will see that the game therein is most scrupulously guarded and preserved for the occasion. Your readers may rest assured that birds will abound in such goodly numbers that "heats" between the dogs will be of short duration. A large number of dogs owned in Louisiana will be entered, and we expect a dozen or more from our neighboring States, and perhaps a few from Grand Junction. The prizes offered are quite liberal, and the entrance fee of five dollars to each stake is as low as any one could wish. An effort will be made to procure excursion tickets from Grand Junction to Opelousas and return at satisfactory rates. Excellent board in the town can be had at various hotels at most reasonable prices, while a day's ride on the back of an "Attakapas" pony can be had for a mere song.

I often see inquiries in your valuable journal as to good hunting grounds for quail, chicken, duck, snipe, etc. To such I would say, visit this land made famous by the poet Longfellow. It is only within a year that the railroads have made this section accessible to hunters from New Orleans; and such hunting! Marshlands, woodlands, and rolling prairies abound in game of all kinds and varieties, and in such quantities that the merest novice with dog and gun is certain to find a surfeit. In the midst of this hunter's paradise we have located our field trial grounds. A cordial invitation is extended our Eastern friends to join us thereon, and after participating in the trials prolong their stay sufficiently to make the surplus game in the vicinity.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sept. 19.

DOG LARCENY.—The following extracts are from the opinion of Judge Earl, sustaining the conviction of the dog thief, Mullaley, whose case was reported in our issue of November 24, 1881. Mullaley, it will be remembered, stole a dog of less value than $25, for which he was convicted, and thereupon carried the case to the Court of Appeals, claiming that stealing a dog is not larceny. The Court did not agree with him and affirmed the conviction. We quote the following from the opinion: "The reason generally assigned by common law writers for this rule as to stealing dogs is the baseness of their nature and the fact that they were kept for the mere whim and pleasure of their owners. When we call to mind the small spaniel who saved the life of William of Orange and thus probably changed the current of modern history (2 Motley's Dutch Republic, 398), and the faithful St. Bernards which, after a storm has swept over the crests and sides of the Alps, start out in search of lost travelers, the claim that the nature of the dog is essentially base, and that he should be left a prey to every vagabond who chooses to steal him, will not now receive ready assent. In nearly every household in the land can be found chattels kept for the mere whim and pleasure of the owner, a source of solace after serious labor, exercising a refining and elevating influence, and yet they are as much under the protection of the law as chattels purely useful and absolutely essential. The common law rule was extended to the animal that can scarcely be said to have a sound basis to rest on. While it was not larceny to steal a dog, it was larceny to steal the skin of a dead dog, and to steal many animals of less account than dogs. Lord Coke in his institutes cited above, said: 'Of some things that be *feræ naturæ*, being reclaimed, felony may be committed in respect of their noble and generous nature and courage serving *ob vitæ solatium* of princes and of noble and generous persons to make titter for great employments, as all kinds of falcons and other hawks, if the party that steals them know they be reclaimed. In the reign of William I., it was made grand larceny to steal a chattle valued at twelve pence or upwards, and grand larceny was punishable by death; and one reason hinted at by Lord Coke for holding that it was not larceny to steal dogs was that it was not fit that 'a person should die for them;' and yet those ancient law-givers thought it not unfit that a person should die for stealing a tame hawk or falcon. The artificial reasoning upon which these rules are based are wholly inapplicable to modern society. *Tempora mutantur et leges mutantur in illis.* Large amounts of money are now invested in dogs, and they are largely the subject of trade and traffic. In many ways they are put to useful service, and so far as pertains to their ownership as personal property, they possess all the attributes of other personal property."

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There will be an important meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club at Del monico's, 212 Fifth avenue, at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening Oct. 10. All members should be present, as judges for the coming trials are to be selected, and other business of importance will come before the meeting. The indications are that the coming trials at High Point will prove a great success. A large number of dogs will compete, and we have advice that birds are very plenty on the preserved grounds. We shall possibly be able to announce the judges next week. Mr. John G. Heckscher offers a cup, value $100, for the dog showing the best natural field qualities, irrespective of training, run at the trials. Several other valuable special prizes will probably be offered, of which notice will be given as soon as we learn the particulars.

SALE OF FIRE-FLY.—Dr. E. Wilson, of New York, has purchased of Mr. W. H. Pierce the well-known red Irish bitch Fire-Fly, and will take her to Cuba for field use the coming winter. She is in whelp to Mr. Pierce's Larry.

THE ESSEX COUNTY (N. J.) HUNT will this week commence their seventh season of fox hunting. The following are the meets for October, viz: Saturday, October 7, 4 P. M., at the kennels, near Llewellyn Park; Wednesday, October 11, 4 P. M., Watsessing Station; Saturday, October 14, 3 P. M., Bloomfield; Wednesday, October 18, 3:30 P. M., Ridgewood Station; Saturday, October 21, 3:30 P. M., Mansion House, Montclair; Wednesday, October 25, 3:30 P. M., Verona; Saturday, October 28, 3:30 P. M., St. Cloud.

BENCH SHOW AT DENVER, COLORADO.—The State Industrial Association, of Colorado, at their coming fair, to be held at Denver, will have a bench show in connection therewith, on October 5 and 6. The prize list includes fortythree classes of dogs. About $100 in cash and quite a number of special prizes are offered. The entries close on Thursday, October 5, at 12 M.

EAGLE ROCK KENNELS.—Mr. W. F. Duerr, of Orange, N. J., claims the name of Eagle Rock Kennel for his kennels. He will breed pointers exclusively, from stock by Sensation out of his Gipsey.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

E. E. S., Boiling Springs, Pa.—I have a bitch about three months old that I would like to have spayed. Would it impair her hunting qualities? Ans. We have never known of an entirely successful case of spaying and would not advise that it be done.

RAZOR, Wrightsville, Pa.—Your dog undoubtedly has worms. Give her upon an empty stomach a dose of finely powdered areca nut, two grains for each pound of her weight. Follow this in two to four hours with a dose of castor oil. She will probably outgrow her timidity with age and gentle usage.

D. C. S., Dundee, N. Y.—What shall I use to kill lice on my dogs? something that will not injure the dog or his coat. Ans. Tie up in a piece of muslin two ounces of quassia wood chips and suspend them for two hours in a pail of water, occasionally stirring it. Use this to wash the dog, with plenty of soap, rinsing off with clear water.

J. N. C., Newburyport.—1. What is the best food to give a dog during the hunting season? 2. Is a dog (setter) 14 months old likely to be injured by hunting over grass occupied by a bull? Is it advisable to let a dog retrieve the first year? Ans. 1. Table scraps and well cooked corn meal mixed with vegetables and meat. 2. Yes. 3. No.

C. M. G., Minneapolis, Minn.—Please give prescription for red mange. Ans. Wash the animal thoroughly with strong soft soap suds, using warm water; apply the following, rubbing it well in: Sublimed sulphur one dram, balsam of Peru one dram, lard two ounces. Apply this for three successive days, on the fourth day repeat the warm bath. Repeat this treatment at the end of a week if a cure is not effected.

H. B., Titusville, Pa.—My cocker dog, eight years old, has always been well, but this summer his right ear has swollen, appearing like a large bli ter. I cut it open twice, letting out blood and water. It is now swelling again, what shall I do for it? Ans. Cut it open the entire length of the blister, commencing at the top, slightly press the ear to get out all the matter and syringe out thoroughly with a weak solution of carbolic acid, and wash twice a day with water as hot as you can bear your hand in, to which a little vinegar has been added.

F. D. McC., Chattanooga, Tenn.—I have a fine red Irish setter about a year old. He is suffering from what seem to be warts. They are all over his head, ears and chops, and one the worst one, on the inside of the lid of his right eye. He suffers very much, and I fear will lose sight of the eye. Have had doctors examine him, but no one seems to know what it is. Can you inform me and suggest a cure? Ans. Cut off the wart in the eye with a pair of scissors, touch the others twice a day with caustic and they will probably disappear in a few weeks.

G. B., Morrisburg, Ont.—I have a liver and white spaniel dog one year old. Have had him out three times; he puts up partridges all right and hunts by scent for them, but he is silent, will not tongue or bark. He is death on chickens and cats, and barks at a cat in a tree first rate. Please let me know how to induce him to give tongue when he starts a partridge. Ans. Learn him to "speak" for a bit of something to eat. This you can readily do when he is hungry. You will then have no trouble in learning him to give tongue if you give him the order at every rise.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Dam, with her sire and dam.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Viper. By Mr. E. Leyer, Philadelphia, Pa., for black and tan terrier dog, whelped March 22, 1882, by his Vorrigera out of Lily II.

Royal Emblem. By Mr. Jerry W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., for tawny, brindle and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped July 29, 1882, by his Prism (champion Hector—champion Amy) out of his imported Novice.

Lady Superior. By Mr. Fred W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., for ornamis, tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped August 9, 1882, By Mr. Smith's Rollo out of owner's imported Lady Abbess (Hero—Lottie).

Daisy Belton. By Col. F. E. Whitfield, Corinth, Miss., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 1882, by Belton II. out of Rhoebe III. (Gladstone—Frost).

Doctor Belton. By Mr. J. E. Gift, Corinth, Miss., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 1882, by Belton II. out of Rhoebe III. (Gladstone—Frost).

Don. By Mr. A. B. Minick, New York, for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped June 24, 1882.

Hermit, Friar and Otho. By Mr. Fred. W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., for tawny, brindle and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped Aug. 9, 1882, by Mr. Smith's Rollo, out of owner's imported Lady Abbess (Hero—Lottie).

Beckie III. By Mr. J. P. Wilcy, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black spaniel bitch, whelped May 1, 1882, by Brush II. out of Blackie II.

Bruce. By Mr. T. C. Faxon, Boston, Mass., for black, tan and white Collie dog, whelped July 28, 1882, by champion Marcus out of imported Isle (Mac—Rose).

Lad o' Kilmarnock. By Mr. T. C. Faxon, Boston, Mass., for tawny red and white collie dog, whelped July 28, 1882, by champion Marcus out of imported Isle.

Scot. By Mr. T. C. Faxon, Boston, Mass., for tawny, red and white collie dog, whelped July 28, 1882, by champion Marcus out of imported Isle.

Lady Bruce. By Mr. T. C. Faxon, Boston, Mass., for black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped July 28, 1882, by champion Marcus out of imported Isle.

Annie Laurie. By Mr. T. C. Faxon, Boston, Mass., for black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped July 28, 1882, by champion Marcus out of imported Isle.

McMordo. By Col. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., for black, white and tan English setter dog puppy, by Gladstone out of Frost.

Southern Bess. By Mr. F. H. Andrews, Charlotte, N. C., for lemon belton English setter bitch by champion Gladstone out of Leita (Leicester—Kirby).

Jessamine Frost, Cozens and Monmouth Brutus. By Mr. Charles E. Wallack, New York, for mastiff dogs whelped July 7, 1882, by Zulu (Colonel—Diana) out of his Tigress II. (Colonel—Lufra).

Monmouth Queen, Monmouth Mona and Monmouth Mab. By Mr. Charles E. Wallack, New York, for mastiff bitches, whelped July 7, 1882, by Zulu (Colonel—Diana) out his Tigress II. (Colonel—Lufra).

Rumor, Restless, Random. By F. W. Wheaton, Wilkesbarre, Pa., for white, black and tan English beagle dogs, whelped July 15, 1882, by his Sport (imported Leader—imported Beauty) out of his Rudy (champion Lee—Cloudy).

Phryne, Sheila, Finette. By F. W. Wheaton, Wilkesbarre, Pa., for white, black and tan English beagle bitches, whelped July 15, 1882, by his Sport (imported Leader—imported Beauty) out of his Rudy (champion Lee—Cloudy).

Lucky. By Mr. I. R. Peirson, Buckingham, Pa., for black and white greyhound dog, whelped July 5, 1882, by his Ben (Cremorne—Lioness) out of his Fan (Buccaneer—Folly).

Honor, Bright and Olga. By Mr. I. R. Peirson, Buckingham, Pa., for black and white greyhound bitches, whelped July 5, 1882, by his Ben (Cremorne—Lioness) out of his Fan (Buccaneer—Folly).

Modoc. In FOREST AND STREAM of May 12, 1881, page 294, R. Pitcher claims the name of "Modoc" for pointer dog now owned by I. Young, Wapakoneta, Ohio. Issue April 13, 1882, page 214 "Modoc," pointer dog, is entered in National Derby. This dog has no right to the name. —R. PITCHER.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Gypsie Queen—Ben Lachine. Mr. C. V. V. Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Gypsie Queen (Guess—Lou) to his Ben Lachine (Bessitet—Fanny), Aug. 30.

Gypsey—Bess. Mr. W. Wade's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) imported mastiff bitch Gypsey to Mr. W. H. Lee's (Boston, Mass.) Turk.

Queen—Darby. Mr. T. Donohue's (La Salle, Ill.) red Irish setter bitch Queen (Tolleston—Bridget) to his Darby (Champion Race—Nina), Sept. 10.

Bess—Bow. Mr. P. B. Lynch's (New Orleans, La.) orange and white pointer bitch Bess to Mr. Edward Odell's Champion Bow.

——Bow. Mr. John G. Watrous' (Arcola, La.) liver and white pointer dog Bow, Edward Odell's New Orleans, La., Bow.

Low—Ben Lachine. Mr. C. V. V. Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) lemon and white cocker spaniel bitch Lou (Skip—Nannie) to owner's black spaniel Ben Lachine (Benedict—Fanny), Sept. 1.

Mystification. The Westminster Kennel Club's liver and white pointer bitch May (Trump—Bess) to their champion Sensation, August 24.

Opal—Dash III. Mr. N. Hatheway's (Fall River, Mass.) English setter bitch Opal (Rake—Fanny) to Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III.

Dora—Dash III. Mr. Edward P. Brown's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Dora (Rock—Dora) to Mr. A. M. Tucker's Dash III.

Scot—Bet. Mr. E. C. Shaw's (Rockland, Me.) black cocker spaniel bitch Smut (Scott—Wildfire) to Mr. A. McDonald's Bet (Dick—Gypsy), Sept. 13.

Di—Marshal Ney. Mr. W. B. Taylor's pointer bitch Di (Ben—Dream) to Mr. F. H. Andrew's (Charlotte, N. C.) Marshal Ney (Beaufort—Nymph).

Madge—Marshal Ney. Mr. B. F. Tipton's pointer bitch Madge to Mr. F. H. Andrew's (Charlotte, N. C.) Marshal Ney (Beaufort-Nymph).

Tallulah—Marshal Ney. Mr. F. H. Andrew's (Charlotte, N. C.) pointer bitch Tallulah (Borstall Kennel's Rab—Bellona) to his Marshal Ney (Beaufort—Nymph).

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Minnie. The Borstall Kennel's (Morristown, N. J.) lemon and white pointer bitch Minnie (Sensation—Whiskey), Aug. 30, nine (five dogs), by their Rab (Rush—Romp).

Poetess. Mr. W. E. Rea's (La Porte, Ind.) English setter bitch Poetess (Carlowitz—Dell), Sept. 3, seven (four dogs), by Druid.

Pride. Mr. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) pointer bitch Pride, Sept. 6, nine (six dogs), by Mr. E. C. Allen's champion Pete, Jr.

Flora. Mr. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) liver and white pointer bitch Flora, Sept. 4, nine, by his champion Bow.

Cinderella. Mr. C. V. V. Sewell's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Cinderella (Capt. Stubbs—Lina), Aug. 20, eight (six dogs), by owner's Guess (Toby—Flirt), all liver and white.

Dinah II. Mr. W. Wade's (Pittsburg, Pa.) imported mastiff bitch Dinah II., Sept. 3, thirteen (four dogs and four bitches living), by Tauris II. E. K. C. S. B. 3,329.

Sylph. The Union Kennel Club's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Sylph (Drake—Nell), Aug. 11, nine (eight dogs), by Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III.

Rhoebe III. Mr. Rawlins Young's (Corinth, Miss.) English setter bitch Rhoebe III (Gladstone—Frost), July 10, six, by Belton II.

Lady Saff. Mr. E. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) imported black and tan terrier bitch Lady Saff, Sept. 12, six, (four dogs), by his Vorrigera.

Lioness. Mr. Wm. H. Lee's (Boston, Mass.) imported mastiff bitch Lioness, Sept. 17, twelve (nine dogs), by his Turk.

Dashing Countess. Dr. R. F. Tull's (Elkton, Md.) lemon and white English setter bitch Dashing Countess (Dashing Lion—Armida) Aug. 20, eight, by Grand Derby (Royal Rake—Sadie).

Rose. Mr. C. Du Bois Wagstaff's (Babylon, L. I.) red Irish setter bitch Rose (Ranger—Rose), Aug. 25, twelve (six dogs), by Mr. Sidney D. Ripley's Spy (Duke—Belle).

Clio. Mr. J. F. Wiley's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Clio (Snip—Feather), Sept. 20, three (two dogs), by Mr. Cuming's imported Brush II. (Brush—Rhea).

Leita. Mr. F. H. Andrew's (Charlotte, N. C.) English setter bitch Leita (Leicester—Kirby), July 18, eight (four dogs), by Viudex (Prince Royal—Vic).

Tallulah. Mr. F. H. Andrew's (Charlotte, N. C.) pointer bitch Tallulah (Rab—Bellona), Aug. 13, six (three dogs), by his Marshal Ney (Beaufort—Nymph).

Klea. Mr. H. L. Willoughby's (Saratoga, N. Y.) black and white cocker spaniel bitch Klea (Wildair—Dolly), Sept. 28, five (three dogs), by his Spio (Sam—Daisy Dean).

Maggie. Mr. W. F. Duerr's (Orange, N. J.) pointer bitch Maggie (Sensation—Gipsy), July 22, eleven, by his Sensation II.

Fan. Mr. I. R. Peirson's (Buckingham, Pa.) imported black greyhound bitch Fan (Buccaneer—Folly), July 5, seven (two dogs), by his imported Ben (Cremorne—Lioness).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Charley. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped May 3, 1882, by Boom (Sleaford—Dawn), out of Rena (Sensation—Rose), by Mr. Geo. E. Thompson, of Conneautville, Penn., to Mr. C. G. Squire, Troy, N. Y.

Rex. Mastiff dog, whelped July 21, 1882, by Duke (Buff—Belle), out of Pride (Duke—June), by Mr. Chas. E. Shaw, Clinton, Mass., to Mr. G. W. Chase, North Adams, Mass.

Monarch. Mastiff dog, whelped July 21, 1882, by Duke (Buff—Belle), out of Pride (Duke—Juno), by Mr. Chas. E. Shaw, Clinton, Mass., to Mr. G. W. Brown, Conneautville, Penn.

Faithful. Imported beagle bitch, by Mr. Theodore Meyer, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. E. Johnson, Hoboken, N. J.

Rock—Faithful Whelps. Beagle puppies, by Mr. Theodore Meyer, Jersey City, N. J., a black, white and tan dog, to Mr. J. Johnson, Hoboken, N. J.; a black and tan dog, to Mr. W. F. Steele, Piermont-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.; a black, white and tan bitch, to Mr. E. Hermann, Rutherford, N. Y.; a black, white and tan bitch, to Mr. E. L. Harris, Danville, Pa.

Gladstone—Frost Whelps. Lemon and white English setter bitch, by Col. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., to Mr. S. Grantland; a lemon belton dog, to Mr. A. E. Bell, Mount Sterling, Ky.

Liversweet. Liver cocker spaniel dog (Bertie—Wildfire), by Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., to Mr. F. C. Knight of same city.

Spat—Thorn Whelps. A brace of beagle puppies, by Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., to Mr. James O'Neil, Thomaston, Me.

Dixie. Black, white and tan Gordon setter bitch, by Gresly (Rupert—Fan), out of Belle II. (Dr. Aten's Glen—Belle), by Mr. Fred. H. London, Rock Hill, S. C., to Mr. J. H. Pendleton, Natchez, Miss.

Marshal Ney—Talulah Whelps. Liver and white pointer bitch puppy, by Mr. F. H. Andrews, Charlotte, N. C., to Mr. D. H. Hill, Jr., Milledgeville, Ga.

Pinder—Anne Boleyn Whelps. Two black, white and tan English setter bitch puppies, by Mr. F. H. Andrews, Charlotte, N. C., to Mr. John G. Hall, Burlington, Iowa.

Pride. Lemon and white English setter dog 3yrs. old (Charm—Flip), by the Sportsman's Kennel, Geneva, Iowa, to Mr. T. W. Sterling, New York.

Monmouth Mab. Mastiff bitch, whelped July 7, 1882, by Zulu (Colonel—Diana), out of Tigress II. (Colonel—Lufra), by Mr. Chas. E. Wallack, New York, to Mr. Wm. Henriques, Somerville, N. J.

Monmouth Brutus. Mastiff dog, whelped July 7, 1882, by Zulu (Colonel—Diana), out of Tigress II. (Colonel—Lufra), by Mr. Chas. E. Wallack, New York, to Mr. E. H. Ames, Titusville, Pa.

Larry—Lassie Whelp. Red Irish setter dog puppy, by Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to Mr. W. H. Bacon, Worcester, Mass.

Larry—Gussie Whelp. Red Irish setter dog puppy, by Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to Mr. A. Koch, Williamsport, Pa.

Larry. Red Irish setter dog, 3½yrs. old (Elcho—Rose), by Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to Dr. J. W. S. Arnold, New York.

Gussie. Red Irish setter bitch, 3½yrs. old (Dan—Ruby), by Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to Dr. J. W. S. Arnold, New York.

Larry—Lassie Whelp. Red Irish setter bitch puppy, by Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to Mr. L. A. Davenport, Davenport, N. Y.

Monmouth Mona. Mastiff bitch, whelped July 7, 1882, by Zulu

Colonel—Diana), out of Tigress II.(Colonel—Lufra), by Mr. Chas. E. Wallack, New York, to Mr. A. R. Dodge of the same city.

Fire Fly. Red Irish setter bitch, 7yrs. old (Rufus—Friend), by Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to Dr. E. Wilson, New York.

Glencoe. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 1, 1881 (Elcho—Noreen), by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Cora Lee. Blue belton English setter bitch puppy (Cambridge—Cassie Lee) by Mr. L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont., to Mr. C. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Dashing Monarch—Leah whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch by Col. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., to Mr. R. Brown, Jr. A black and white bitch to Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Shadwell, Va.

Monmouth Mac. Mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1881, by Saulsbury (E. E. C. B. 3,330) out of Tigress II. (Colonel—Lupa) by Mr. Chas. E. Wallack, New York, to Mr. Jas. Smieton, Jr., Crawford, N. J.

LEITERSBURG, Md., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to thank Mr. W. E. Brodnax, of White Plains, Brunswick county, Va., for the presentation of a Byron foxhound bitch puppy.—C. W. HARPER.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Phoebe III. English setter bitch by Gladstone out of Frost, owned by Dr. Rawlins Young, Corinth, Miss., Aug 22, from meningetis.

Sirra. White, lemon and tan fox-terrier bitch (Puncher—Donna) owned by Louis B. Wright, New York, Aug. 30, from fits.

"SOMETHING NEW."—Photographs of the crowned heads of the world, finest assortment of Mrs. Langtry, and all the other English beauties, and also all actresses and other celebrities. CHARLES L. RITZMANN, 943 Broadway, New York City.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR, Sept. 27.—The Rapidity Match was shot to-day, with a liberal list of entries. The match is open to all comers, 200 yds. any rifle with open sights, magazine guns to be used as single loaders. Competitors must take to the firing point not exceeding twenty cartridges. Re-entries allowed to the extent that time will permit. At sound of the bugle each competitors opens fire at his own target, and continues loading and firing until the bugle again sounds (sixty seconds after first signal). A deduction of 5 points will be imposed for 1st.—Each shot fired before the first signal. 2d—For each shot fired after the second signal. 3d—For each shot signaled on his target in excess of twenty. Triggers will be tested at the firing point. The leading scores were:

	Bullseyes	Centers	Inners	Outers	Total
G E Albee (a)	2	8	4	4	62
M W Bull (a)	—	5	7	3	47
S A Day (b)	—	3	8	3	45
T J Dolfu (c)	—	3	3	2	25

(a) Hotchkiss Rifle. (b) Lee Rifle. (c) Rem. Magazine.

CREEDMOOR, Sept. 30.—The matches to-day were for N. Y. National Guardsmen. In the Qualification Match at 100 and 300yds., 5 shots each, and in the Champion Marksman's Badge at 200 and 500yds. The top records stood out of the large entry list:

	Qualification Match.				Champion Marksman's Badge.		
	100	300	Total		200	500	Total
J L Price	25	24	49	J B Roy	19	22	41
W J Underwood	24	24	48	W E Lane	20	21	41
H T Lockwood	25	23	48	G E Constable	20	21	41
T J Dolan	25	22	47	H O Stratton	22	19	41
G W Minton	25	21	46	S N Merritt	19	21	40
J S Shipherd	21	24	45	L E Lefferts	19	21	40
J James	21	23	43	B H Jarvis	19	21	40
F Schuiken	22	21	43	G Clark, Jr	20	20	40
F Lynes	21	21	43	H O Stratton	21	19	40
J A Greenleaf	22	20	42	C A Jones	23	17	40
W N Walker	22	20	42				

	300	500	Total		300	500	Total
H T Lockwood	21	24	45	T A Bartley	20	21	41
Undewood, Jr.	22	22	44	W P Pickett	19	22	41
J McNevin	20	23	43	J B Dewson	21	19	40
F Schulken	20	23	43	C Le Boutillier	21	19	40
C Kerr	19	24	43	J S Shepherd	19	21	40
F Parrelly	19	23	42				

BOSTON, Sept. 28.—At Walnut Hill this afternoon members of the Boston Press Rifle Association gathered for the annual contest. There was a large number of newspaper men present and the best of feeling prevailed. At 1 o'clock Mr. Charles P. Tower, the executive officer, called the company to order and stated that before commencing the team contest a volley would be fired in respect to the memory of the late George C. Dupee, who during life took a great interest in the association. The volley having been fired the team shooting took place with the following result:

Globe	190	Transcript	173½
Post	178	Advertiser	171
Herald	176	Star	109

The conditions of the team match were 200yds., off hand; rounds, 10 per man for a prize; trophy heretofore to be won 3 times, and must be won three times before owned, and for four sets of medals, five of each kind. The scores for the winning team of gold; for the second team of silver; for the third team of bronze, and for the team making the lowest score, leather.

An individual match at 200yds. followed, the leading scores being:

J N Post, Globe	5555444—32	C B Danforth, Herald	4443434—26
Charles H. Orr, Globe	4555531—31	W H Hathaway, Post	4343344—25
J G Smith, Advertiser	5455334—31	C Kuhkelly, Star	4234534—25
A Keach, Advertiser	4444454—29	L Hammond, Transcript	3334334—24
F W Scott, Post	4544444—29	J R Carmichael, Adv	3353434—24
R Luce, Globe	3455444—29	J S Buckley, Star	3344434—23
V L Seche, Advertiser	4553444—29	J B Gomez, Herald	4432334—23
A P Kelly, Globe	4444434—28	J Curran, Globe	3343433—23
S J Byrne, Herald	2434544—28	E A Grozier, Globe	4443823—23
A G Gillam, Post	5434444—28	W Alexander, Trans'pt	3345233—23
H A Newman, Post	4453444—28	H K Bushnell, Herald	3443443—23
T D Parker, Herald	4445431—28	A T Waite, Herald	3234435—23
J Whitcomb, Trans'pt	4544453—28	F H Cahill, Post	2543433—23
S Merril, Globe	4355445—28	W H Jordan, Adv'r	4332340—19
H S Fisher, Transcript	4455435—28	S S Miles, Advertiser	0300344—14
E Stearns, Globe	3444444—27	J A Fynes, Herald	0233432—19
W S Walker, Herald	2344544—27	J T Daly, Herald	3032400—12
H M Wyatt, Star	3445344—27	E L Haskell, Star	0030020— 5
G H Morgan, Herald	4445352—27		

BOSTON, Sept. 30.—This was a remarkably fine day for shooting and was taken advantage of by a very large number of the lovers of the sport. Contrary to the past few shoots, some very fine scores were made. There was quite a breeze on hand, and the friendly clouds hid the sun from view. The noted performances of the day were 14 consecutive bullseye shots into a 3½in. circle, by Mr. Rabbeth, and a clean score of 10 consecutive tens, a feat which is seldom accomplished, especially in matches.

Creedmoor Match.

J B Fellows	5515455555—48	O M Jewell	4555555455—48
J Merrill	4455545555—47	F J Bates	5455555545—47
J O Murch	5455555154—47	A Duffer	4554554554—46
E Burbeck	5554444544—47	G H Edwards	4545441445—43
S Mariner	5453444554—43	C Weston (null)	5444453454—42
J A Cobb	5554444143—42	E C Barker	4545554133—42

Sharpshooters' Match.

	500 Yards Off Hand Match.										
E A Borel	9	10	6	6	5	8	10	8	8	81
J N Frye	9	5	5	8	8	6	7	9	10	10—77
J B Fellows	7	8	9	6	9	7	8	8	7	7—76
J F Nye	10	10	4	7	8	5	6	6	7	6—76
E A Easton	7	6	10	9	8	10	4	5	6	8—73
S Mariner	10	6	5	9	7	5	6	5	2	7—62

Rest Match.

F J Rabbeth	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
A Duffer	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9—98
Salem Willey	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	7—95
C B Edwards	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	8	9	9—93
C Weston	7	10	9	9	6	8	8	10	9	8—84

‖ UNEQUAL HANDICAPS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to call your attention to a fact and ask an opinion. Would it be the right thing for any association claiming to be "national," to show a "fair field and no favor" in its games or competitions. I fancy your reply to be "certainly." Now the fact. The National Rifle Association in its fall matches, showed favor to the rifles that the New York troops are armed with, by allowing a possible total of 20 points in five shots at the 500 yards Creedmoor target in the mid-range continuous match, these figures could not be reached by armed members of the National Guard from other States, five bulls eyes for them was a total of but 25 points, but the N. Y. Rifle, or the arm adopted by the State of New York, could count 36, perhaps it was the desire of this "National" Association to keep as many prizes to "our boys" as they could; if so their success was ample.—GUARDSMAN.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 28.—The Worcester Rifle Association met at Pine Grove Range to-day. It was the final meeting in the first series of prize matches. There was a large attendance. The interest is on the increase. The prizes won are to be paid Thursday next, when the second series begins. There was a squad present of Worcester Light Infantry, Company C, Second Regiment, Mass., V. M. The following are the records for the last of the first series, distance 200yds., off-hand, which is followed by a list of the winners, and other scores which have been made:

Massachusetts Target—Possible 130.

H T Farrar	11 11 11 9 10	7 12 10 12 10—101	
Stedman Clark	12 7 11 11 12	8 9 9 9 12—100	
J N Morse, Jr	10 12 11 7 12	10 9 10 9 10—100	
A L Rice	8 10 10 12 9	8 11 11 10 8—97	
C Duscoberry	7 11 6 9 9	9 10 9 11 7—86	
F A Hatch	11 11 7 8 7	4 10 9 10 7—84	
S B Winchester	5 2 3 8 9	10 7 10 11 11—79	

Creedmoor Target—Possible 50.

E A Bartlett	4455454455—44	J Williams	4344545554—44
G A Allen	5544445545—45	C Rice	4444444145—42
V W Eames	4455544545—45	C D Eames	5434445454—42
S Clark	4444454554—44	A F Hatch	3434344434—36

Military—Possible 50.

F A Hatch	4343343333—35	C A Wagner	4234033284—29
W S Lincoln	4433234044—31	W H Haynes	0033373305—23

Massachusetts Target Match.

Fuller (1st prize)	103 102 105—310	Winchester (4th)	101 98 98—300
Morse, Jr. (2d)	102 104 100—306	Read (5th)	97 98 102—297
Clark (3d)	101 100 100—302	Rice (6th)	100 99 97—296

Remaining Scores.

C D Eames	101 96 94—291	Farrar	99 79 101—279
Arnold	95 96 94—285	Wesson	88 92 87—267
V W Eames	91 100 92—283		

Creedmoor Target Match.

Rice (1st prize)	46 46 45—137	Bartlett (4th)	44 44 45—133
Fuller (2d)	45 45 45—135	V W Eames (5th)	43 44 45—132
Allen (3d)	45 44 45—134	C D Eames (6th)	42 42 44—128

Remaining Scores.

Clark	41 42 44—127	Arnold	39 44 40—123
Murphy	41 41 44—126	Wesson	41 42 40—123
Winchester	41 42 43—126	Howell	40 39 39—118
Johnston	43 41 41—125	Farrar	33 40 39—112
Hatch	39 39 45—123	Hatch	35 37 34—106

THE FORT LEAVENWORTH COMPETITION.—The great Army competition in the Division of the Missouri came to a conclusion on the 27th inst., and the team of twelve with their scores are given below:

1. Lieut. J. M. F. Partello, Fifth Infantry.....245
2. Sergt. Osborne, Eighth Cavalry.....245
3. Sergt. James, Eighth Cavalry.....244
4. Capt. Ellis, Thirteenth Infantry.....243
5. Private Weagraff, Fourteenth Infantry.....238
6. Lieut. Berrian, Fourth Infantry.....235
7. Corp. Gordon, Ninth Infantry.....234
8. Sergt. Bentley, Seventeenth Infantry.....232
9. Private Preston, Fourth Cavalry.....232
10. Corp. Fosdick, Eleventh Infantry.....232
11. Private Nihill, Fifth Cavalry.....231
12. Sergt. Eberle, Nineteenth Infantry.....231

Lieut. Partello is the winner of the gold medal in this contest, which is an exceedingly handsome one, and was made at the United States Mint in Philadelphia. He also won the gold medal on the 24th of August last in the Army competition at St. Paul Minn., and bids fair to carry off the one which is to be shot for in October of this year at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. General Sheridan presented the trophy in person, and Mrs. Sheridan advanced from among the spectators where she was sitting and gracefully pinned it to the lieutenant's coat.

The preliminary contest began on September 12 and ended on the evening of the 27th inst., and the total points made by the first twelve marksmen are as follows:

1. Lieut. Partello, Fifth Infantry	1,032
2. Private Weagraff, Fourteenth Infantry	1,043
3. Private Elwell, Seventeenth Infantry	1,024
4. Capt. Rogers, Thirteenth Infantry	1,023
5. Capt. Ellis, Thirteenth Infantry	1,022
6. Sergt. Osborne, Eighth Cavalry	1,019
7. Sergt. Cudworth, Twentieth Infantry	1,016
8. Sergt. Stanton, Seventh Infantry	1,015
9. Sergt. James, Eighth Cavalry	1,013
10. Corp. Fosdick, Eleventh Infantry	1,011
11. Sergt. Eberle, Nineteenth Infantry	1,010
12. Lieut. Buck, Thirteenth Infantry	1,004

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 24.—To-day there was another shoot for the Hill trophy at the West End. The 500yds. range not yet being completed, two series of 20byds. were made. Weiss, of the Louisiana Field Artillery, claims that the likeness of his first two shots was due to a mistake in standing with the marker.

	Continental Guards. First Series.	Second Series.	
McQuinthy	2 5 3 3 4 4 4—25	0 3 4 4 3 2 3—19	—44
Brown	3 4 4 4 4 3 3—25	5 4 4 4 4 4 4—30	—55
Knight	4 4 4 3 3 4 3—25	3 3 4 4 3 4 4—25	—50
Gertels	4 3 3 4 4 4 4—26	4 3 5 4 3 3 5—27	—53
Franklin	4 3 3 5 5 4 4—28	4 3 4 4 4 3 4—28	—56—258
	Louisiana Field Artillery.		
Whitney	3 3 4 4 4 3 5—26	4 3 3 3 3 3 2—21	—47
Montgomery	4 4 4 3 3 5 4—28	3 4 4 5 4 5 4—29	—57
Fortier	2 3 3 5 4 4 5—26	3 4 3 2 4 4 5—25	—51
Berregey	3 2 2 3 3 4 4—21	4 4 4 4 4 4 4—28	—49
Weiss	0 0 4 4 3 3 3—17	4 3 4 4 4 3 3—25	—42
	Washington Artillery.		
Bradford	5 4 4 0 3 4 3—23	3 4 3 3 4 4 3—24	—47
Charlton	2 3 4 4 4 2 3—22	4 4 3 3 3 4 4—25	—47
Wilkins	3 3 5 2 0 3 3 4—21	2 2 3 3 2 4 4—20	—41
Minton	4 4 3 3 4 4 4—27	3 4 4 3 3 4 4—25	—52
Arms	4 5 4 4 4 4 4—29	3 3 3 4 4 4 4—25	—54—237

ALBANY, Sept. 29.—The competition at Rensselaerwyck having been suspended during the past month were resumed with the seventh competition at the Capt. Albert Gallup range to-day, matches at 200yds. off-hand. The day and weather conditions were fine, and the recess did not seem to effect the men, as they readily found the bullseye and kept it without any serious breaks. The first and second places in the Daly match having been captured in the previous competitions, a percentage of the entrance money is paid to competitors making first and second scores. The third and fourth places still remain and considerable skill is exhibited by the marksmen to get third and fourth places. However, the scores are first class, and so far no man has shot off out of the fifty has been able to get a place. Yesterday was no exception to the rule, the leading score being a string of ten bullseyes. The scores were as follows:

Captain John Daly Match—500 Yards.

W. T. Reinick, Bal. S.	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—50
James J. Miles, R. M.	*4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5—49
Wm. E. Fitch, R. C.	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5—48
L. Geiger, R. S.	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4—48
R. R. Speiman, Jr., Bal. S.	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4—47
J. H. Wood, S. M.	4	5	4	2	4	4	5	4	5	5—42
A. Donnor, Bal. S.	5	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4—44
John L. Babcock, R. M.	*4	2	3	5	3	3	5	4	4	3—36

* Allowance to military rifles.

The 500 yards off hand match followed. There were not so many entries as in the previous match, as few of the marksmen care to try their skill in an off hand match at that distance. The leading scores were very good, though none of the competitors escaped an outer. The scores were as follows:

	500 Yards Off Hand Match.										
James L. Miles, Bal. S.				4	5	2	5	5	5	4—30	
Wm. E. Fitch, Bal. S.				5	5	4	1	5	5	5—29	
Andrew Donnor, R. M.			*2	3	2	4	5	4	4	5—29	
Wm. T. Reinick, Bal. S.				5	4	2	3	4	3	4—25	

* Allowance to military rifles.

THE TRAP.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE GLASS BALL ASSOCIATION will hold a grand fall tournament at the Grounds of the Malden Gun Club, Wellington, on Saturday, Oct. 7. There will be ten matches, seven of them individual contests, one two-man and one three-man team competitions, and a novelty match, in which latter one bird and one ball will be thrown up at the same time (five pairs). The individual matches are at balls or birds, five of them at seven "singles," and two at five pairs, and the team contests are at seven single balls (in the two-man team match), and birds (in the three-man match). There will be no restrictions whatever in the make-up of teams, and all the competitions, both team and single, will be open to all comers. There will be close shooting in all the events; purses will be divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; all ties will be decided at three birds or balls, except in double shooting, when it will be at two pairs, and the last match will be called at 10 A. M. promptly. There will be no postponement. The committee of arrangements for the tournament is as follows: H. H. Francis, Randolph; Frank T. Noble, Boston; Albert Keating, Quincy; John Buffum, Boston, G. J. Rugg, Worcester; L. Arnold, Attleboro and T. H. Hall, Fall River.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTERS.—The first of a series of pigeon shooting matches between the Furman Island Club, of Brooklyn, and the Glenmore Club, of East New York, took place on the afternoon of Sept. 28, on the former's ground, on Newtown Creek, with the following result:

Furman Island.		Glenmore.	
H Carrick	1111101111—9	Geo Forbell	1111111101—9
J Evans	1111111101—9	S Livingston	1111110001—7
C Curtis	0111111010— 7	H Bookman	1111010100—6
H Heageman	0011111011— 7	E Schiellien	1111111010—7
J Dierking	0111110111— 8	J K Powell	1110111110—8
John Cotter	1111010100— 7	P Soutter	1010001100—4
W Lockwood	1111111110— 9	J Freeland	0110011100—5
J E Morgan	1101000011— 5	J Ochs	1001100010—4
E I Baker	1111110011— 7	John Miller	1111111011—9
A J Metcalf	1111111111—10	E H Madison	1111101011—8
Total	79	Total	67

WHITESTONE GUN CLUB.—Whitestone, L. I., Sept. 30, 1882. The fifth and final match for the silver goblet, possessing the championship of the club for 1882 was held yesterday, 29th inst., with seven men at the trap. Owing to the high wind prevailing at the time of the match, the scores were not as good as usual. The cup becomes the property of the one winning it the greater number of times. Previous to this contest the score stood: two matches in favor of Smith, one for Hoffman, and one for Simonds. A second prize, consisting of a subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, and a third prize, a case of loading implements, were offered. The conditions: Ten clay pigeons, 18yds. rise, club rules:

A C Wilmerding	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1—7
H DeWitt Smith	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1—6
Martin Hoffman	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1—6
Fred G Moore	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1—5
O H Simonds	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	0—4
F R Perry	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	0—3
William Wallace	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—3

Wilmerding won the cup, Smith the second prize, and Hoffman third. Cup and prize reverts to Smith, he having won it twice (the greater number of times).

THE FALL RIVER GUN CLUB held its thirteenth match for silver cup to-day (Sept. 14) and resulted in W. H. Sheldon, winning the cup for the third time. The following scores were made.

	Balls.		Clay Pigeons.	
Sheldon	11111	11110	10110	11111—17
Valentine	11111	01111	10100	11111—16
"Jackson"	01100	10110	01000	11001— 9
Buffinton	01100	11100	10011	w. — 8

The club badge was then contested for with the following results. Twenty balls, eighteen yards rise:

Sheldon	11111	01101	10111	11111—17
Valentine	11111	10111	11001	11110—16
Buffinton	01111	11111	11001	11110—16
"Jackson"	01011	01110	01110	10111—13

Sept. 28.—The fourteenth competition for silver cup resulted in a victory for W. H. Sheldon for the fourth time, and if Mr. Sheldon succeeds in winning once more, it becomes his property. The following were the scores:

	Balls.		Clay Pigeons.	
Sheldon	11111	11111	11001	11011—17
Valentine	01001	01111	10011	11111—14
"Jackson"	11000	11111	10100	10101—13
Hall	11110	11011	11010	00001—12

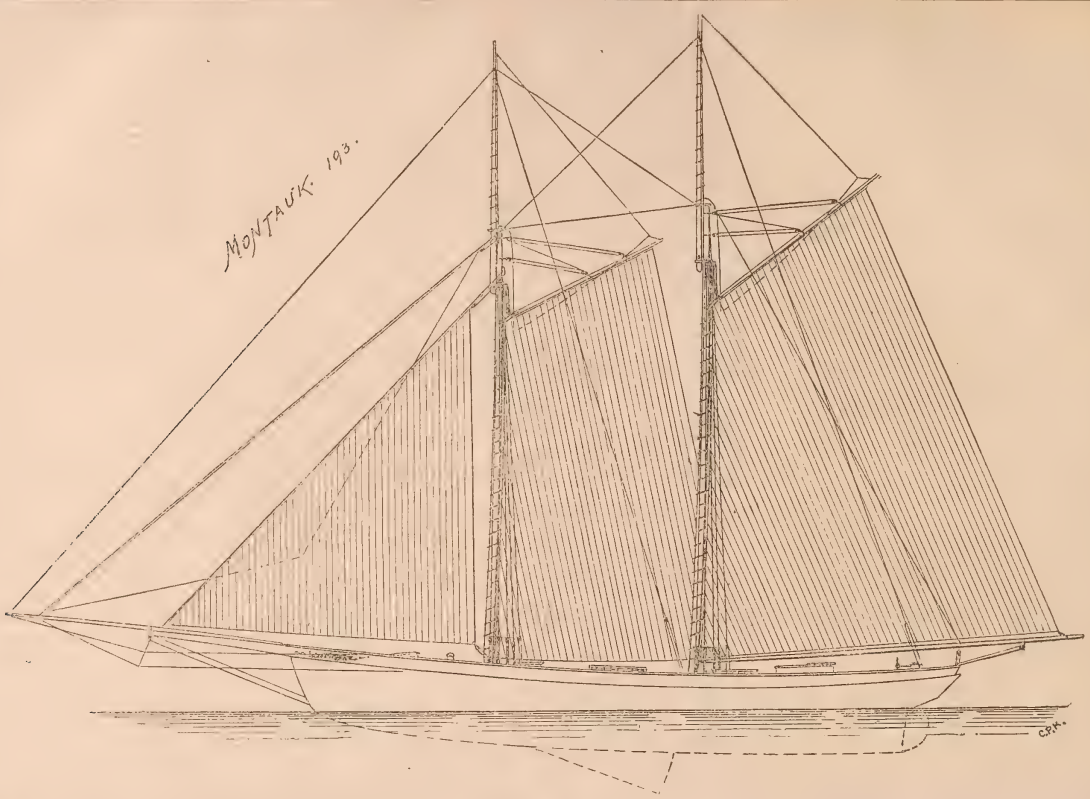
Match for Club Badge—20 balls; 18yds. rise.

Hall	11011	11110	11011	10111—16
"Jackson"	11111	01111	10111	11111—18
Valentine	11011	11001	10100	00101—11
Wood	00000	01100	00010	11111— 8
Sheldon	01111	11111	w.	— 9

T. S. H.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Sept. 27.—Our club, "The Vicksburg Gun Club," desires it to be known, by publication in the far-reaching FOREST AND STREAM, that its members can show a fair score at the trap, and I therefore append the score of the last shoot of the season. Conditions, 30 clay balls, 18yds. rise:

| | | | | | | | | | |



Yachting and Canoeing.

SCHOONERS OF THE DAY.

CONTINUING the review of the principal types of schooners from page 116 we come to the consideration of individual peculiarities of shoal and wide, deep and wide, and deep and narrow models. An important thing in dealing with any such subject is not to overlook the fact that we judge everything only by comparison, and that what may seem one thing when compared to a certain standard will appear the reverse when referred to some other. It is altogether too common to condemn some vessel as being very narrow simply because the critic happens to be brought up to something wider. Again this or that vessel is characterized as a deep one with only flat floored boats in mind, whereas she may really be quite shoal in proportion to some other type. A birdseye view of the whole field of design always affords the safest opportunity for drawing sound conclusions and to enable the reader to follow these remarks understandingly we produced in our issue of Sept. 7 the midship sections of Halcyon, Montauk and Miranda, these three covering all principles of design from one extreme to the other. Vessels may differ more or less from them, but all can be referred to one of these three grand divisions. Anything falling between these examples will partake of the qualities of the inclosing types, following one type to a greater or less degree as she is more or less allied thereto in likeness. Thus a boat still flatter and wider than Halcyon would exhibit the qualities of that schooner to an extreme, while a yacht whose design lies half way between Halcyon and Montauk, or Montauk and Miranda, would represent a compromise between the two.

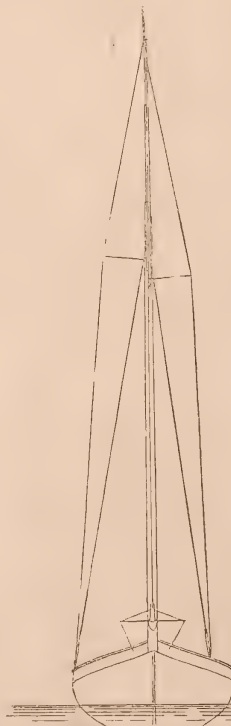
There is another caution which should be ever present when comparing different yachts. Too much stress by far is laid upon figures and much deception is the consequence. Form should be uppermost in the mind, figures are but faint representatives and cannot take the place of form. We hear for example that A has 14ft. of beam in his yacht, and B 15, then jump to the conclusion that B is one foot better off, has that much more room to floor, bertus and deck with a corresponding increase of power and sail. This may be the case, but very seldom is. In spite of his extra beam B may for all practical purposes have the narrower boat of the two. A trifle more flare to topsides may represent the difference between 14 and 15ft., yet the apparently beamier boat may have a sharper angle of deadrise and possibly not the depth of the other and therefore possess less beam below, narrower floor and berths and even less power and displacement as illustrated in sketch No. 1, reversing, in fact, the story told by figures alone without a consideration of form. Practically the beam of a boat cannot be estimated by the maximum measurement athwartship, but rather by the average throughout, and this not only in reference to the midship section but also to fore and aft shape. A long-sided, broad-sterned boat of 14ft. offers really more available beam than a 15ft. bulge in the center, narrow quarters and fine ends.

Exactly the same applies to depth. The hold of one as usually measured from underside of deck to top of keel amidships may be greater than in another, yet owing to dead rise of floors, clean run and rise forward to the stepping line the useful depth may be less than in another, carrying a lower bilge along for a greater distance fore and aft. With regard to length much the same can be said. A rocker bottom, cut up forward and with clipper stem, raking post and long fantail, will represent in figures a greater length, but practically may be shorter than a boat with the length more evenly distributed throughout, but marking less on a tape line or by some clumsy averaging process as "mean length." The importance of the foregoing cannot be overrated if we are to have clear conceptions in naval design, and we lay some stress upon this, as it is all too common, even among critics of some pretention, to decide summarily on the strength of figures only, regardless of form and the deceptive nature of the figures accepted in proof of an idea or fancy.

A great deal, for example, has been said of late concerning boats, both deep and beamy, a style supposed to be exemplified in Montauk and her kind. Conclusions of a doubtful nature are curtly arrived at in this wise. Montauk is a deep boat and has 25.3ft. beam on 94.75ft. load line, about three and three-quarter beams to the length. She is, therefore, both wide and deep, and her success stands proof of the correctness of a new-fangled theory. Now figures might lead to such an assertion, but raw figures in this case tell only half the story, and tell it wrong at that. A due amount of attention bestowed upon Montauk's form shows that no such problem has been solved in her at all, bearing in mind what has just gone before.

This will appear plainer by reference to the annexed cut, No. 2. Both sections A and B will, by figures appear like in beam and depth, yet A only possesses in reality great beam and depth, while B has what we may term a fictitiously great beam, her practical beam being what she *averages* from rail to garboard. This is quite moderate in the sketch compared to that of A and illustrates how little dependence or meaning can be placed in figures. Though alike for A and B they fail altogether to convey the actual relation between the "working beams" of the two sections.

Exactly the same deception is practised by the figures indicating depth. By them both sections are the same, yet the average of A far



exceeds that of B. How little mere figures convey in this respect may be gathered from a third sketch. Thus, by figures, we should take B to be the deeper boat of the two, and much would be written and wise theories be drawn from the performance of the very deep boat B, while A would be held up as an example of the opposite type, when in truth the contrary represents the real state of affairs, A being, in spite of figures, the deeper for practical purposes and from the standpoint of a naval architect, because that section will *average* more depth than the other. When an honest comparison is to be instituted between boats, and a theory is to be derived therefrom, something more than figures must be taken into account, and that something is form. Leave that out of the question and the theory is a skeleton without vitals, and a structure built upon quicksand.

By turning to the illustrations in our issue of September 7, we have an actual application of the above before us. The schooner Halcyon is, in fact as well as figures, a model of great beam. Her width is not fictitious; it is carried down in a plumb side, a low, short bilge, and rather flat floor. Her section approaches that of a rectangle, and possesses for that reason the features imparted to it by its extreme dimensions. On the other hand, the section of the Montauk does not fulfil the same demands in as great a degree on account of her flaring side, slow bilge and hollow floor; and in her case extreme dimensions would lead us into a more serious error in consequence, as those dimensions would imply a circumscribed rectangle from which the Montauk has departed to a greater extent than the Halycon; while Montauk's great beam measures only the width of her deck, that of Halycon measures more nearly the boat. In the first case the figure is fictitious altogether, in the second it is more in accord with fact. Halycon, with 79.3ft. load line, has 23.5ft. beam, a proportion represented by 3.37. Montauk, with 94.75ft. load line, has 25.3ft. beam, or in the proportion of 3.74; apparently only a trifle less beam than the very wide example, Halycon. If now we average their widths to get at a more definite result, a much greater divergence will become apparent. This average we obtain by adding the beams at various depths and dividing by their number. In Halycon we find the average to be 17ft. 1in., and in Montauk 16ft. 8in., or actually *less* than in Halycon, without even considering the difference in length of the yachts. But Halycon is 79.3ft. long; the proportion between that, and her mean beam is 4.85. Montauk is 94.75ft. long, and the proportion between that and her mean beam is 5.69. Turning these into decimals, we have for Halcyon, 10.215, and for Montauk 0.176. That is to say, the mean beam of Halcyon is about *one-quarter* greater than that of her big sister. In other words, a Halcyon of the same length as the Montauk would have about 20ft. 10in. beam, whereas Montauk has but 16ft. 8in. This, then, shows the true relation between the "working-beams" of the two boats. It has been said that Montauk is a very beamy boat. We have shown this to be deception played by figures. As a matter of fact, compared to the beamy American schooner, the Montauk is a boat of *small* beam.

Let us now turn to depth. Montauk has been called a deep schooner. Whether she really is or not the following will tell. Halcyon has 7.6ft. deck to rabbet on 79.3ft. length, a proportion of 0.096. Montauk has 10ft. hold on 94.75 ft. load line, a proportion of 1.105 or only *one-eleventh* more. Not a very great deal, remembering the extremely shoal type of which Halcyon is a representative. But this is only a comparison of figures. What relation have their average depths, the depths of the boats viewed as bodies rather than the mere tape-line dimensions taken at an extreme and exceptional point in the hull? How do their mean depths compare? Proceeding as before, measuring the depths amidship at a number of points athwartships, and dividing by that number for a mean, we find Halcyon to have an average of 6.166ft., and Montauk just 8ft. Referred to length Halcyon's mean depth is expressed by the decimal 0.078, and that of Montauk by 0.084. In body the latter proves to be only *one-thirteenth* deeper. Whether such a trifling distinction justifies calling one a shoal and the other a deep boat by contrast the reader can answer for himself.

Summarizing the foregoing, we conclude that as opposed to the orthodox flat, wide American type, Montauk must be deemed a narrower boat with small increase in depth in point of fact, whatever deception bare figures may present in contradiction.

The real position of vessels of her kind in the analysis of type can be clearly assigned by following a similar train of thoughts, with the antipodes of Halcyon as a basis. For this purpose we have selected the well-known British schooner Miranda, the famous Harvey flyer, who has awed all schooners off the course in British waters and given cutters a lively bout to windward upon many an occasion. The diagram on page 116 shows that her beam, though considerably less than that of Montauk, will average much better and reduce the difference exhibited by figures taken at the extreme points, because she carries her beam well up and down, while the American craft is all flare. Thus compared to length we found the ratio of Montauk's extreme beam to be 0.267, while that of the British vessel is 18.8 divided by 92.5, or 0.203, indicating apparently one-quarter less. This difference becomes materially reduced, however, when form is allowed the influence it should have in our conclusions. The ratio of Montauk's mean beam ascertained above is 0.176. For Miranda we find it by the same method 0.143, the lowest width being taken 3ft. up from bottom of keel. The difference between these is 0.033, or between one-fifth and one-sixth less beam than Montauk instead of one-quarter as derived from the bald figures, or, to put it in a plainer way, while figures lead us to suppose a difference of 0.24 in the beams of the two yachts, the average of their bodies shows only 0.19. We are aware that this has been obtained only from a consideration of midship sections and not from the whole bodies, so that the result might need modification according as one yacht is fuller fore and aft than the other, but we can accept the midship sections as general indices of type to avoid further complication which would on the whole not affect these deductions. Stated in a general way then, although figures indicate Miranda's beam to be a quarter less in proportion to length than Montauk's, it is in reality only a fifth less.

With regard to depth, the ratio for Montauk is 0.105 and for Miranda (by Lloyds) 12.6ft. divided by 92.5, or 0.136, so far as figures go. But by the plan of averaging, the proportions are for Montauk 0.084 and for Miranda (mean depth 9.85) 0.106. Now by extreme figures the difference in depth appears as 0.031 (0.136 less 0.105); that is, Miranda had relatively 0.295 more depth than the American schooner. But by a comparison of mean depths the difference is 0.106 less 0.084 or 0.022, which bears to Montauk's mean the relation expressed by the decimal 0.262. In other words mean depth reduces the excess of

Miranda from 0.295 to 0.263, a little over one-fourth more than Montauk. We need not look far for an explanation hereto. The reduction arises from the hollow floor of the Miranda which naturally makes her average depth rather less than when gauged by a type line at the center only. Montauk's floor being nearer a straight line does not reduce her mean depth to the same extent. In spite of this modification the mean depth of Miranda is so much in excess of that of Montauk, (106 to 84), that the latter cannot by any means be called a deep vessel. Summing up this second chapter in our analysis, we find that as opposed to the modern English schooner Montauk is a wider but shoaler boat. The above leads then to this final deduction, compared to the flat, beamy type illustrated by Halcyon the Montauk is narrower but deeper. Compared to the really narrower, deep type, illustrated by Miranda, the Montauk is wider but shoaler.

In general, therefore, the Montauk's model, viewed as a body, lies half way between the extremes. What she saves on beam over the orthodox American style, she has added to her depth. What she saves in depth over the modern English she has added to her beam. The Montauk is therefore a representative of the "medium type," possessing moderate depth and moderate beam. She is *not* a vessel both deep and broad, and cannot properly be accepted as evidence that such a combination is possible with good results and consistent with speed.

Such a combination cannot be successful. It is in direct opposition to experience and naval science. By the jugglery of barren figures a fast vessel may seem to be both deep and broad. In point of volume she cannot be without dropping to the level of a gas-tank in her performance.

As a very fine example of the "medium type," we this week offer general plans of the Montauk drawn to scale, which, with the following description will be found useful in view of the increasing favor with which such a material modification into the old order of things is now being received by the public. Future experience will no doubt lead to still further changes to meet wants not quite accomplished in the Montauk, and the directions in which beneficial changes are to be sought, we will point out upon another occasion.

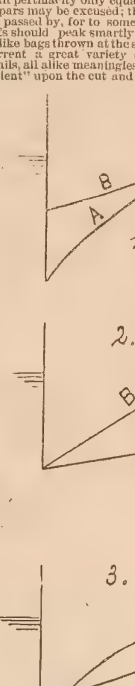
The Montauk was modeled by "Phil." Elsworth, of Bayonne, N. J., upon ideas found to work well on a smaller scale, as in the sloops Elephant and Fanita. What we find most commendable in those boats is their perfect fairness and the unity pervading all portions of their hulls. Each part belongs to the rest, and there is a notable absence of abrupt twists or turns, bulges or swells. The eye resting upon such hulls can detect no special spot as the beginning or end of anything, for curves and volumes melt with an imperceptible change one into the other in such a soft way that starting at the cutwater instinctively the eye sweeps the whole broadside at a glance, not stopping till it runs off at the counter, convincing the mind that the form must be grasped as a whole or not at all. One might look and look yet never get over weary at such "eye sweetness" as possessed by one of these Elsworth models. There is about them an enchanting voluptuousness of form which appeals with a "look at me again" as artist's eye finds irresistible. Apart altogether from the matter of dimensions, type, or rig, the very fairness of a boat from his hands insures an advantage of no little account in contributing to the decision of a race, and much of the success of his boats we attribute to that in particular more than to any virtues inherent in the type adopted. Nine yachts out of ten are abortions for want of fairness as a whole, and no matter how excellent their general features may be, without fairness of body throughout they cannot hope to make a match with another craft perfect in that respect however inferior in regard to type. Fairness first, the rest afterward, and fairness the Elsworth boats have to such a marked degree that the merits other boats may possess are completely overshadowed just for lack of equality in this one and all important particular.

Clothe large displacement and power in a fair form of limited skin and you have at once a combination hard to beat under ordinary circumstances. Only when driven at a high rate, or when in a sea would the question of mould and type crop to the surface. Simple as this requisite for speed in moderate weather may seem, it can be found only in very few schooners in our fleet. And when it comes to pile-driving to windward, not the Elsworth yacht, if not to our liking in type, has at least as good and probably better lines with larger displacements than most her fast sisters this side of the Atlantic. If she is not over close-winded, if her head and fine ends try her sorely at a gamy pitch and toss, and her light draft and tall rig chop her off to leeward with every lurch, if her huge sticks do threaten to open her sides, or go over forward for want of proper staying, she is in all this no worse than any of the rest, but better provided with stouter rigging and backstays, English fashion. She is sharp as a knife with moderate hollow about the entrance, but more down below. Above her lines are nearly straight, and there is next to no roundish flare so common in the orthodox productions. Her midships is peculiar, something after the fashion of the old America, with topsides tumbling home, but the bilge is cut in very long radius; in fact, it is all a long, slow bilge from rail to some distance below the line of floatation, "then straitish about the lower buttocks, with just the faintest hollow on the floors, which disappears quickly as they run up fore and aft. The forebody below water-line is a series of triangles, the dead rise steadily increasing, and the round and flare of the bilge amidships diminishing rapidly as it rises, to melt away completely in the rail. Aft the lines fall gracefully to the stepping line, but preserve the same angle of rise well up in the after body where the angle is made to meet the drawing in of the quarters. The whole side is bold, and nowhere has useful bulk been sacrificed to fanciful notions about "lines." From the nature of her sections we judge Montauk to be a perfect specimen of wave-line areas, and that her wetted surface is a minimum is guaranteed by her general conformation. In sheer she is as handsome as such a boat can be made. It does not appear in relief as quick as shown on the accompanying plan, or objection might justly be made. But it is well known to naval architects that rather more than acceptable must be struck in on a flat projection to produce just the effect desired in relief. It is no easy matter to give just the proper sheer, and when we say that nearly all our schooners are faulty in this respect, it is no more than any person of taste is prepared to acknowledge. The Montauk is the happy exception, and among a score of yachts at anchor off Staten Island she stands out as the finished work of an artist among the commonplace fresh about her. The cutwater is of the pilot-boat variety and dictated, we imagine, by a stubborn fancy for pilot-boat models somewhere in mind of like fancy, new to prevailing notions, perhaps, but withal in full accord and harmony with the design, and for that reason handsome.

Aft, the blight of length measurement—and possibly the ghost of "measuring girth"—still lingering in the minds of designers, has, we would seem to have exercised its evil influence in the production of a "docked tail" discontinuation. The beauty of carrying out the lines to their natural termination in a light, dainty fantail ending in the graceful clipper-board seen in the cutter, the room on deck thereby gained—this has all been cut short and sacrificed to the nonsense of measurement committees who have decreed that a couple of feet of such finish are as good as one foot in the body, and must pay accordingly. Some day such creeds will be thrown overboard among intelligent persons and then will the Montauks sustain a shock to their prospects. Of the yachts than the bob tail mixture now affected, a cross—and, in unskilled hands, a most ungainly one, too—between two pure breeds, the cutter and George Steer's immortal clipper. But how to weather on length rule seems was the trial Elsworth had to face, and with that in mind, it would be difficult to solve more acceptably the riddle how to cut a boat short without making her stumpy. It was a fortunate thing for Montauk's owner that the eye responsible for her fashioning had likewise the charge of her building from mould left up. Seldom it is that a design is laid down correctly. Frames will be bent, the moulds adds to the error, and by the time the frames are up and knocked into the plumb, shored and braced, ten to one the deviation from the original intentions is to be measured by a good many inches, and the vessel launched is as like the design as a counterfeit coin is like a genuine coin. To secure the modeler's individuality in the completed structure, he should be on hand to skipper the job from first to last, for what escapes his eye ought not to be worth while fussing over. If, so it was that Montauk's conception in design, was launched in fairness, with the double guarantee of the designer's faultless eye and the draughting talent of Mr. John G. Prague's architectural office, the original model having been laid down on paper and faired over again by curve and batten with the utmost vigilance and care.

And now that we come to rig our ardor dampens. There was a galley, a big one, in the way, and so—all for the galley, most important factor in the design—the centerboard had to go aft, whether it ought to or no, for the galley it had to be just so big, it had to fit in just there, it could not be shifted, it could not shrink, there it was to be and so the insignificant weatherly attachment shuak aft. We have never seen that galley. When we do it will be with respect and awe. A galley that can bounce a board clear into the after cabin and drive the mainmast through is the kind of a galley for which our admiration. The diameter of that nourishing institution having been irrevocably determined after due consultation with the stars, there was nothing else left but to shove the board aft and the mainmast with it. So it came to pass that Montauk suffers from a hopelessly ugly, odd-fashioned and faulty rig, for which, upon some critical occasion, she will have to pay dearly. All for that galley. The foremast is too far aft, the drift between the two spars too great and the jib an abominable bag with which to clip things so wondrously fine as we know Miranda can do. Not that we blame those responsible for the out of her sails. Given the spars and their position and the rig is not as ugly as it might be, though lacking in style and smartness. But the single jib—well, it is childish. A remnant of the little sailboat, of the toy we see in the shop window, a reminder that once we all were young and sailed in little boats, and they had single jibs, and in our youthful minds were all but perfection.

The Darwinian theory propounds occasional relapses in man. May not this jib of Montauk be a revival of the little sloop of yore? Not only is the jib inefficient, but the sailor views with great disfavor this hanging of the whole rig to bowsprit end and bobstay. A forestay and double head sail would have made things more seamanlike, more mechanical, snugger and faster. A division of the motive of double head sail is fortunately no longer necessary. Innumerable practical tests and experiences have justified our crusade against such a lubber's contrivance as Montauk sports, and not a single instance is on record where double head sail, when properly applied, has been found less speedy or less weatherly than the ancient apron river arrangement originally intended for stump bowsprits only, but since then adhered to in spite of changed proportions and enlarged demands with pertinacity only equalled by its absurdity. The position of the spars may be excused; that galley did it. The cut of the sails may be passed by, for to some extent it is a matter of taste whether gaffs should peak smartly and alike or whether the sails should look like bags thrown at the ship and accidentally caught. There are also current a great variety of unstable theories about the "draft" of sails, all alike meaningless, but exercising much influence with the "talent" upon the cut and sit.



Possibly some of Montauk's ungainliness in rig—to our eyes at least—is to be ascribed to some deeply hidden mystery in "draft." But a single jib and no forestay on so large a vessel is without the pale of ought but our severest condemnation. It is without one good reason. Its supposed superiority—we cannot imagine in what respect—is mythical. It is the idle gossip we hear passed from mouth to mouth until mere repetition gives it a veneering of sense. We hope Montauk will shift to a more sailorlike arrangement before she pitches the sticks over her bows, or before she meets a genuine windjammer over her tonnage, though with the company she finds this side of the Atlantic even her present unhappy rig seems good enough to keep her to the fore. Should she ever be tried high the truth of these remarks might receive an unwelcome illustration.

In build and fittings Montauk is a long way ahead of usual American practice, especially with regard to lower rigging, iron work and miscellaneous outfit, most of which bears something like reasonable proportions between strength and strain. Material and fastenings of hull would hardly rate her high at Lloyds, but few American yachts is less class at all. Throughout this schooner one thing is noticeable. She has been turned out upon definite preconcieved detail plans, and but little has been left to the happy-go-lucky shiftlessness still so characteristic of yacht work in America. When built she was finished, and botching and doctoring have had no place in her log.

BOATS THAT WILL NOT SINK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My reason for asking you to publish what follows is that I am in receipt of letters from readers of your paper requesting me to state why the nonpareil sharpie will not sink. I will briefly say, that on carefully and practically testing the matter. I find that the above named 28ft. sharpie will easily float 4,837½ pounds of stone when she is filled with water, and that this is accomplished entirely by the buoyancy of the wood of which she is built, without assistance of confined air or any kind of float. The ballast required for this boat is less than one ton, and nobody can sink her without adding other weight, when she is in cruising trim.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I.

NEW SCHOONER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has finished the design for Vice-Com. Henry S. Hovey, E. Y. C., and the schooner is now being laid down at Pollon's, in Brooklyn. Over all, 109ft.; on the line, 85ft.; beam, 22ft. 6in.; draught, 12ft.; least freeboard, 3ft. 6in. Elegant lead on keel. The latter will be 15in. sided and 17in. moulded, nearly as wide on the bottom as on top. In many respects this new schooner is an advance upon old ideas. She is to be a seagoing cruiser, and her moderate beam and good depth will insure ease and snug rig. The main-mast is to be well forward, right over the centre of buoyancy, and in head rig she will resemble Norma. Deck plank will be laid straight fore and aft, and main saloon is located amidships, affording better arrangement down below. Frames will be 8in. sided and 8in. moulded at keel, and 5x5 at head. Their heels will be boxed into the keel, the floors being of wrought iron, secured to keel and futtocks by through bolts, a much superior plan to crooks and spikes. Walls of 3in. oak and plank of yellow pine in long lengths. Composition fastenings and treenail work. The floor-beams will be heavy and have fore and aft stringer over the ends and iron tie-posts at the bulk-heads between decks and from floor to keel.

TEASER—BROTHERS.—A match between these two cats was sailed in the harbor Sept. 28 in a fresh northeaster. The Brothers, Wm. Murphy, of Communipaw, owner, is 18ft. 4in. long, and the Teaser, Jas. A. Relyea, of Jersey City, owner, is 18ft. long, receiving an allowance of twenty seconds over the fifteen mile course from off Communipaw, passing between Ellis' and Bedloe's Islands, to and around Fort Lafayette and return. Stakes $250 a side. Brooklyn Y. R. rules. Tide was last of the ebb. Both yachts had reefs turned in. Brother got outside but shortly after split her tiller flying into the wind, her competitor taking the lead. Brothers failed the stick and went again to the fore when near the turn, and kept her lead in the exciting windward work home, winning in 2h. 23m., Teaser, 3m. 40s. later by corrected time. The latter is anxious for another trial. Ira Smith tooled the winner and Teaser was skippered by her owner.

CHAIN OUT.—Three times the depth of water for ordinary weather is a fair scope; five times in strong winds, and the longer the better in heavy weather. Chains should always be marked, so that the amount of chain out can be told in the dark. Copper wire rings around the links is a good way.

ALBANY Y. C.—SEPT. 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ninth annual regatta of Albany Y. C. was sailed Sept. 27 on the club course from the city to Pard Rock light and return, a distance of fourteen miles. The prizes were a solid silver cup presented by Com. Wm. W. Grey, one by Vice-Com. A. Van Rooney, a set of signal lights, a pair of marine glasses, and an ensign and an anchor and cable presented by the club. Following the advice so often given in your columns, this year the regatta committee decided to start the boats from an anchor. This is an innovation for these waters, but it has been found to work so satisfactorily to all concerned that it is safe to predict its continuance in future regattas. As you will see by the inclosed list, eighteen boats were entered and all started but three. The interest of club members and the public was centered mainly in the first and second classes. In the second class on account of the number of boats entered, which had each its admirers and partisans, but chiefly in the first class, where the local rivalry between Albany and Troy has for years been very intense.

The sun shone brightly, the wind blew a nice topsail breeze from the north, and the yachts danced merrily over the line as the gun was fired at 10:25 to start the second and third class boats, and ten minutes later the first class boats started. The boats crossed pretty evenly, and with topsails set and spinnakers drawing finely, they sped away before the wind. The Artful Dodger and Coquette rounded the stake boat first, followed closely by the Cynthia and Breeze, who became entangled with the smaller boats, while the Sans Souci, which reached the stake boat third, was enabled to round and head for home about twelve minutes before her rivals. The Cynthia finally got clear of the other boats and started for the finish apparently a hopeless distance in the rear, but long before home was reached she had overhauled the leading boats, and crossed the line a winner by fifty-five seconds, corrected time. The Artful Dodger, in the second class, finished 1min, 17sec. ahead of the Albani, but was beaten by her on corrected time by 1min. 13sec.

The steam-yacht Carrie Ward accompanied the fleet, carrying the judges, time-keepers, and friends of the members. The judges were, W. Stone Smith, of Troy, and H. A. Glassford, of Albany.

Summary is appended:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	
	ft. in.	
Mabelle, F. O. Alsop, Troy, N. Y.	29 3	
Cynthia, B. Guardenier, A. Y. C.	29 0	1st prize.
Sans Souci, S. S. Y. C., Lansingburgh	27 3	2d prize.
Mary Alice, J. A. Fleet, Albany	25 1	

SECOND CLASS.

Breeze, sloop, A. Albers, A. Y. C.	21 0	
Artful Dodger, sloop, H. Riley, A. Y. C.	23 6	2d prize.
Coquette, sloop, Bulbeck & Grey, A. Y. C.	22 4	
Albani, sloop, J. D. Brooks, A. Y. C.	21 0	1st prize.
Anne Bell, cat, W. Mellus, A. Y. C.	21 0	
Nina, cat, A. Dingard, A. Y. C.	21 0	
Spray, sloop, C. Conklin, Catskill	18 9	
Bessie, cat, Clem Fonda, Lansingburgh	18 8	
Coral, cat, Kirkkamp & B., Albany	18 3	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Gypsy, sloop, Jas. Van Hagen, Lansingburgh	17 6	1st prize.
Dart, F. D. Weidman, Albany	16 7	
G. W. Blanchard, George DuBois, Albany	14 7	
Carrie, J. E. Smith, Albany		
Addie, sloop, C. O. Jones, Troy		2d prize.

A. ALBERS, Secretary, A. Y. C.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.—The three-ton match was sailed Saturday, September 23, in light southerly breeze in Halifax harbor. Start was made at 2:30 P. M., and the yachts went over in the following order: Mariquita, yawl, W. Wallace; Miranda, sloop, R. J. Wills; Velenar, cutter, F. C. Sumichrast; and Mascot, sloop, H. M. Wylde. Mariquita led to Dartmouth ferry buoy, but on the lead to Port Clarence mark fell back into third place. Miranda, which had the lead for a short time, had to yield it to Velenar, the latter working out to windward in true cutter fashion, and coming in an easy winner. The finish was: Velenar, 4:41:55; Miranda, 4:45:45; Mariquita, 4:50:30. Velenar allowed Miranda 9m., and Mariquita 2m. 56s., Velenar by 3m. 56s. off Miranda, which secured second prize by 2m. 18s. from Mariquita.

DETAILS OF SHARPIE.—The following are the specifications of a 28ft. yacht sharpie, built over all 30ft.; ring beam 9ft. 3in. on bottom and 7ft. on top. Depth at bow 3ft. 2in.; depth amidships 2ft. 4in.; depth amidships 6ft. 3in., round stern; centerboard 10½ft. long and 5ft. wide at after end. Cockpit 3ft. long, yellow pine grating on floor; bulkheads of black walnut and ash. Foremast 38ft. long; mainmast 35ft. long, 6in. diameter at partners, 11in. at head. Sheaves in masthead for halliards. Racing foresail with 10ft. club, working foresail with 5ft. club, also used as racing mainsail. Steps filled with brass collars, extra step for working with one sail only. Awning, oil skin coat for cruising, brass portholes; forepeak 4ft. 7in. wide, 6ft. long, 3ft. high. Lockers in stern. Gear as necessary.

FANCY—CRUISER.—A match between these two cats was sailed Oct. 2 over a straightaway course from Lareinont harbor through Hell Gate to the Seawanhaka Basin on Long Island. Cruiser is owned by Mr. A. B. Alley, and is 20ft. 10in. long, while Fancy has often figured in these columns as the property of Mr. F. Grant, of Boston. She is 20ft. 3in. long, and has a record of nearly forty wins to her credit. Two matches have already been sailed this season, each boat winning once, and this last passage was to be the sail off for the season, the prize being a $100 cup. Cruiser made the run in 6:36:40; Fancy in 6:41:29. Corrected times, 6:36:40, and 6:38:52, the Cruiser, therefore, winning by 2m. 12s. Distance about 20 miles.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHTING.—The second annual mosquito regatta, under the auspices of the S. F. Y. C., was sailed Sept. 23, open to launches 25ft. and under 30ft. Winners as follows: Class No. 1—First prize, Captain Sennett, sailed by himself; second, Faught-a-ballagh; third, John Kendall. Class No. 2—First prize, Lark; second, Con O'Connor of Lake Merritt; third, Squiboh. Class No. 3—First prize, Carrie; second, Fleetwing; third, Blackbird; fourth, Sadie. Class No. 4—First prize, Fawn; second, Flirt, of Goat Island. Class No. 5—First prize, Thetis; second, Flirt. The prizes ranged from a silver pitcher down to a variety of small articles.

IN PROSPECT.—The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. proposes a series of three matches towards the close of the month. It is probable that the cutters Valkyr, Oriva and Bedouin, and sloops Gracie and Fanny will take part, and it is hoped that the imported cutter Maggie may be induced to make the passage from Boston to meet the Vixen upon the occasion. One match will be over the New York Y. C. course, one twenty miles to windward or to leeward and return outside the Hook, and the third over some triangular course at sea.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—A paddling race took place Friday last over a one mile course between the new Jumbo, 18ft. by 24in., just built for Mr. M. F. Johnston by Richard Jenkins, of Toronto, and Mr. S. L. Hicks's Shooter, 14ft. by 24in. Jumbo won, of course, and Mr. Johnston runs down the Paddling champion cup. An attempt was made on Saturday to race the sailing canoes for the Toronto challenge cup. Six started, and Mr. Tyson's Isabel took the lead, but the race could not be finished. Mr. Tyson's Isabel will hold the cup till next season.

MAHOGANY STAIN.—For a dark mahogany boil together a gallon of water, half a pound of madder and two ounces of logwood. When the mould is dry, after washing over with the hot liquid, go over again with a solution of two drachms of verdigris in a quart of water. For light mahogany color wash with diluted nitrous acid, and when dry use the following: Dragon's blood, four ounces; soda, one ounce; spirits of wine, three pints. Apply when well dissolved.

ALBANY YACHT CLUB.—The annual match of the club was sailed Sept. 27, over a thirteen mile course. Winners as follows: First Class—First prize, Cynthia, Albany; second, Sans Soucie, Lansingburgh; second class—First prize, Albany; second prize, Artful Dodger, Albany. Third class—First prize, Gypsy, Troy; second prize, Addi, Troy.

PROPOSED MATCH.—Dr. J. G. Barron is anxious to match his sloop Wave against some flyer before the season closes, and Mr. Franklin Beams proposes to meet him with the Elephant for a $250 cup, ten miles to windward and return, Atlantic Y. C. rules to govern. We hope something may come of this.

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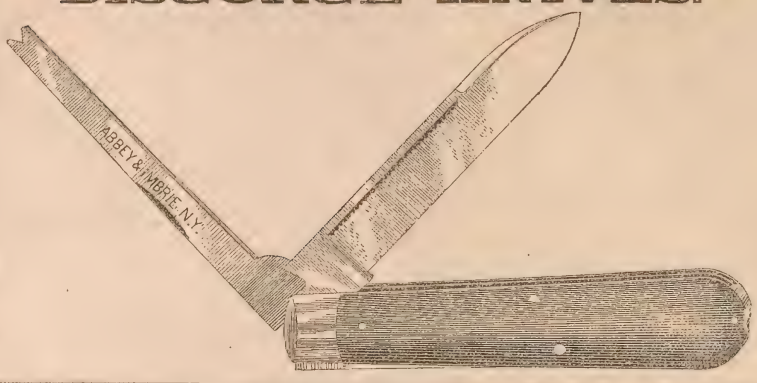
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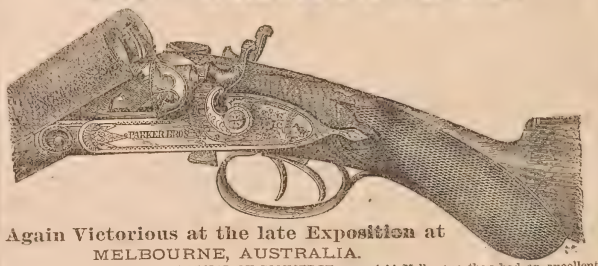
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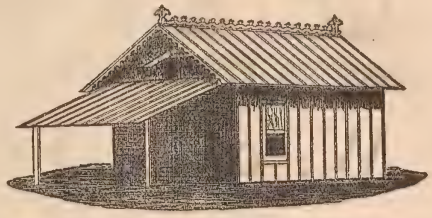
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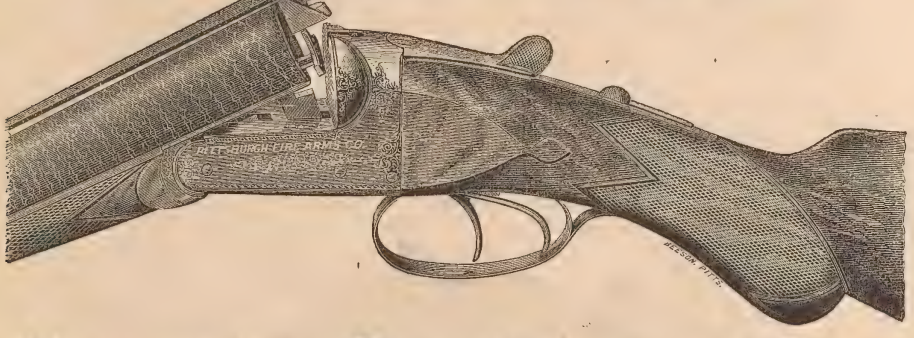
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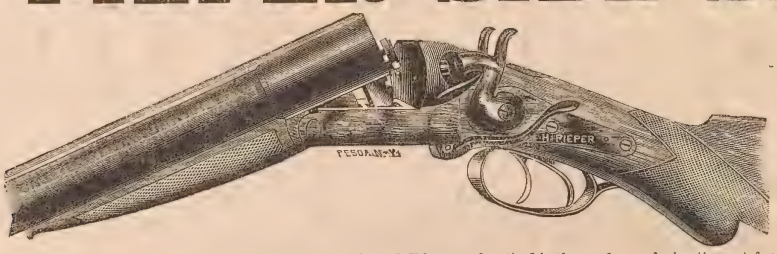
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THE PIEPER SIDE SNAP.



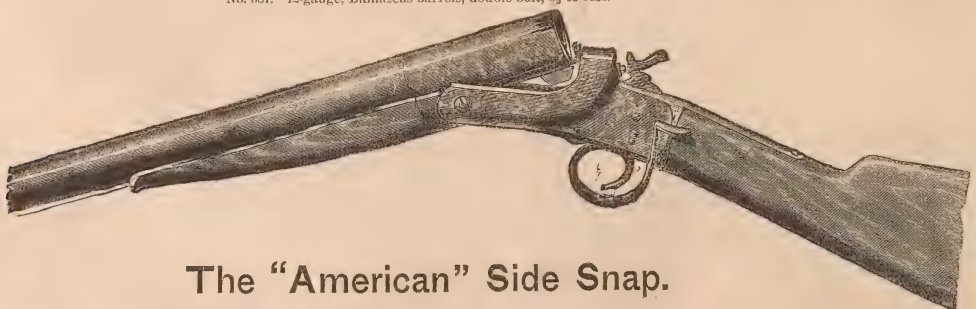
This Gun is made by the *same manufacturer* and on the *same system* as the now celebrated **Diana,** advertised in these columns during the past four weeks. (Orders for the Diana's have come in so rapidly that the factory cannot keep pace with them). One reason they give so much satisfaction is that by this system every gun shoots to center, and shoots just where you hold it. Dealers are asked continually for a good, cheap gun, one that they can recommend. The Pieper Side Snap is the only gun that will fill the bill. Barrels are fine twist, locks are steel, rebounding and good quality, stock is oiled, finest walnut, pistol grip, butt plate rubber, patent fore end.

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The "American" Side Snap.

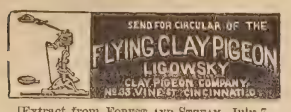
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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Dogs thoroughly broken and prepared for field trials. Broken dogs always on hand for sale. Reference, FOREST AND STREAM. H. CLAY GLOVER & C. GROVER, Tom's River, N. J. sept21,4t

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One lemon and white dog, one black and white ticked dog, $35 each; three lemon and white bitches, one black and white bitch, $35 each. By Sensation out of Queen May (Columbia Kennel Club's Native-champion Fan), winner third prize in Class 21, N. Y. show, 1880. Whelped July 20.

Two lemon and white bitches, $25 each. By Borstall Kennel's Don (Sensation-Psyche II.) out of W. K. C. Maida.

One lemon and white ticked bitch, whelped May 7, $50. By Sensation out of N. Y. Gun Club's Dell. One liver and white bitch, whelped June 19, $50. By Sensation out of Lake White's champion Grace.

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FOR SALE.—MY ENGLISH SETTER DOG DON, three years old, well broken and a good retriever. For further information address W. H. LOMBARD, Brimfield, Mass. oct5,1t

FOR SALE.—FIVE FOXHOUND PUPS, THREE dogs and two bitches, two months old. Color black, white and tan. From the well known "Leopard Pack" of Delaware Co., Pa. This strain is noted for its staunchness and fine nose, and has furnished many winners at bench shows. Price $10 each. Address W. W. TWADDELL, 3960 Market street, Philadelphia. oct5,1t

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Imported Black Spaniel
"BEAU."

Send stamp for stud fee, pedigree, prize winnings, prices of young stock out of imported prize-winning bitches, &c., &c. All inquiries cheerfully answered. RIVERSIDE COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL, Lock Box 83, Claremont, N. H. sept21,tf

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—OR THE—
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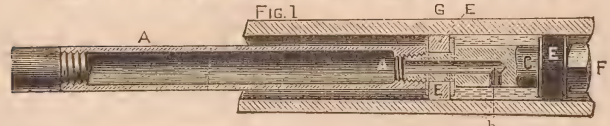


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.





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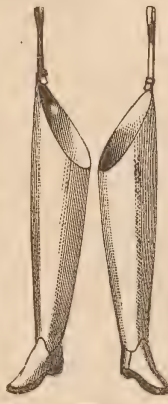
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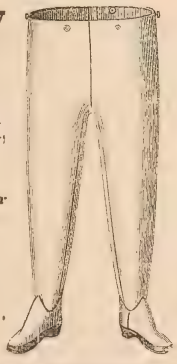
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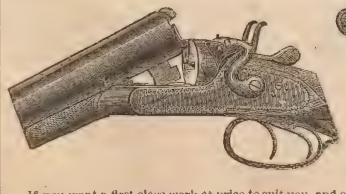
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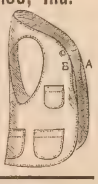
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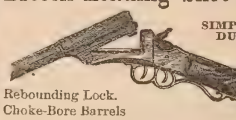
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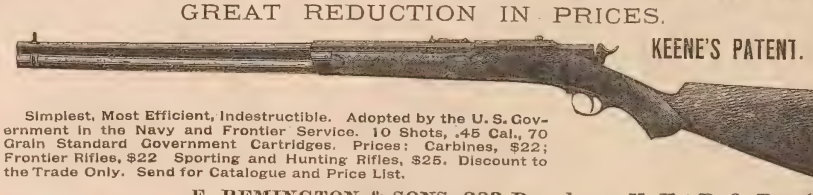
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FOREST AND STREAM has been permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages, the subscription price remains the same as before.

THE TEAM CAPTAIN'S REPORT.

IN another column we give the views of Col. Bodine upon the late International Match. As captain of the defeated team he is in a position to speak understandingly of the situation, and in some respects his conclusions are well founded. He coincides with the views held in the FOREST AND STREAM, that the defeat was one of arms rather than of men. The ammunition and the rifle were not properly mated, and with an unreliable arm all attempts to make a good working team were futile. The report of the statuesque Colonel is worth careful consideration, for it contains the conclusions of one who has won distinction as a long-range shot and who has had opportunities to appreciate all the difficulties through which the last team passed, and to most keenly see what a great task is before us in the match of 1883. He does not take a very buoyant view of that contest, and there certainly is little at present to indicate anything but a repetition of the defeat of 1882.

Much of the report of the team captain is taken up with confessions of bad management. The unpleasant incident of the day before the match is revived in what seems to us an entirely unnecessary fashion. The report brings out in a strong light the entirely experimental character of the shooting on the American side. It does not appear that all the preliminary practice was anything more than a series of tests of ammunition, rifles, sights, positions, etc., on the part of the members of the American team, and then over all the captain came in with additional doses of advice, until it is a wonder that any sort of a score whatever was made.

The matter of coaching a military team receives a curious remark at the pen of Col. Bodine. He gives it as his conclusion that coaching a military team is a delusion, and then confesses that he merely "went through the motions" of coaching to hoodwink the public into the belief that some sort of preparation was under way. This is certainly refreshing after all that has been said on this point of team drill, and by the Colonel himself. Because British teams do not enjoy a system of team drill is no reason that the American team could not employ it to advantage. No team among the number of small-bore squads defeated by the Americans in past years have shown any conception of what benefits could be gained from effective team work. Of course that was in small-bore long-range work, but the report of Col. Bodine does not clearly point out wherein military shooting differs so much from the other styles of shooting that the team system cannot be transferred. With guns shooting in some sort of uniform style, mutual help can be extended from one member of a team to another. The records of the team then become valuable as guides for future shooting; but with men changing their powder charges from day to day, it is no wonder that Col. Bodine jumped to the erroneous conclusion that coaching was a useless endeavor. No doubt the coaching attempted for the recent American team was effort thrown away. But it is nonsense to suppose for a moment that a military team may not be so accustomed to shoot together, that from the first shot to the last each may serve as a help to the others.

The report hits a point of consequence when it advocates the appointive rather than competitive style of selection. It is easy for a committee to make up a team from among the best known shots of the country, and such a team would in all probability be a stronger working body than the haphazard group gathered by an all-comer's contest.

The Colonel lays special stress on the necessity of immediate steps for the organization of the team for next year, and of the need of hard work in the getting up of rifles for the match. He speaks of postponement, but that is out of the question, nor will it be thought wise, as he suggests, for us to go to the British armorers to secure weapons for 1883. If our National Rifle Association directors wish to really encourage rifle practice and the promotion of good shooting in America, they can find a few experts who are able to make the special gun needed for the match of next year. To secure the weapon will require the expenditure of money, however, but if there is a further dependence upon the voluntary efforts of the well-known armorers, it is not at all unlikely that next spring will see the same chapter of experimenting, groping, miscalculation and ultimate defeat.

THE FOREST AND STREAM ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT *will be held in the Central Park, Oct. 19. See notices on pages 202 and 209. A cordial invitation is extended to every reader of this journal to be present as a participant or spectator.*

NON-RESIDENTS IN NEW JERSEY.

THE correspondence published in this journal between the two New Jersey game protective societies has directed public attention to these organizations and their methods of work. The peculiarity of these methods consists in the discrimination enforced against non-resident sportsmen. The authority for such discrimination is derived from special legislation, which, like all legislation of the kind, may be odious to those whom it does not directly benefit. Without calling into question the acknowledged good motives of the gentlemen who organized these societies, or the results which may have been attained, we apprehend that the legislation under which they act is a legitimate subject of examination, for approval or criticism.

The regulation imposing a tax upon the guns of non-residents in New Jersey is not found among the statutes of the State; it is one of the by-laws of a society. The act of the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey incorporating the West Jersey Game Protective Society provides that it shall be unlawful for non-residents to hunt within certain counties "without complying with the by-laws of this game protective society," and penalties are prescribed for non-compliance. This is certainly a most extraordinary enactment, for, first, the by-laws of any society can, in the very nature of things, govern nobody except the members of that organization, nor, secondly, can there rightly be any penalty for the infringement of those by-laws, save such penalty as may be provided and enforced by the society itself. But this act not only declares non-members of the West Jersey G. P. S. subject to the regulations of that society, but it further provides that certain individuals, who may not obey the rules of a society of which they are not members, shall for such disobedience be fined, or by the machinery of the State dragged to jail. Such unusual powers having been granted it, the society adopts this by-law for the government of those who are not its members:

"Any person or persons, non-residents of this State, wishing to kill, destroy, hunt, or take, at any time, any game as provided for in the seventh section of the 'Act incorporating this society,' shall first become members of this society, by payment of the membership fee to the secretary, receiving a certificate of membership, signed by the president and secretary and sealed with the corporate seal of said society."

By this peculiar combination of State-and-society legislation the system for the West Jersey G. P. S.'s imposition of a tax upon the non-resident is complete. The latter pays his license fee and shoots unmolested, or else he does not pay, and is in consequence fined or thrown into jail. Putting aside altogether any consideration of the constitutionality of all this, there can be no question as to its legality.

With regard to the arrests of non-residents by the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, however, the case appears to be different; their arrests, so far as we understand them, are not even legal, much less, then, constitutional. This society is organized under a general act, similar in its non-resident provisions to the act of incorporation of the West Jersey society; it declares it unlawful for non-residents to shoot in the State of New Jersey "without complying with the by-laws of the game protective societies," etc. If, now, the New Jersey G. F. P. S. had adopted a by-law like that of the West Jersey G. P. S., or a similar one, prescribing that non-residents desiring to hunt in that State should first become members of the society and pay a fee, then, clearly, the tax system would be complete in this case also, and non-residents not complying with this by-law might legally be arrested. But, as a matter of fact, the by-laws of the West Jersey G. P. S. nowhere contain any such rule. No obligation whatever is placed upon the non-resident sportsman to take out a certificate of membership before he shoots; whether or not he shall do so is with him purely voluntary. We are at a loss to see, then, how their arrests of non-residents, simply for the atrocious crime of dwelling without the limits of the State of New Jersey, can be otherwise than illegal, harsh, and oppressive. If it can be shown that they are not so illegal, certainly the officers of the society owe it to themselves not less than to the public to make this clear.

We have said that the New Jersey non-resident discriminations are odious to those who are not benefited by them. The disfavor with which a law may be regarded is not of necessity any proof that the law itself is inherently wrong. One very general objection, however, namely, that of unconstitutionality, strenuously urged against this New Jersey system, is worthy of consideration. If these laws are unconstitutional they cannot and ought not to be defended. The doctrine that "they may be unconstitutional, but they protect the game, and so they are all right" is not good doctrine; on the contrary they are all wrong. The end cannot justify the means. No one holds in higher estimation than we do the importance of legal game protection, but of unmeasurably more account we hold it to maintain the constitutional right of the humblest citizen. Game is one thing, justice another. Better that the deer and the quail and the grouse should be exterminated than that men should be subjected to the indignity and wrong of illegal arrests.

We do not propose to discuss the merits or demerits of these New Jersey laws. We advert to them only because it is desirable that they should be discussed and determined in the proper manner, and an opportunity to do this appears now to have arisen. If as a result of the Welsh case it shall appear that non-resident members of the New Jersey G. F. P. S., who are not also members of the West Jersey G. P. S., have, on the territory of the latter, only the rights accorded to all other non-residents, then the New Jersey G. F. P. S. can enforce its claims in behalf of its members only by taking the case up to a higher court and obtaining a decision that all these non-resident discriminations are unconstitutional.

It will be purely optional, of course, with the contesting parties to take this case up or to drop it, but it will be a pity, now that this opportunity is presented, not to improve it. Whatever be the final decision, the interests of legitimate game protection will in no wise suffer. There will still be left abundant constitutional methods of enforcing the game laws; whenever there are not, the game had better be allowed to perish.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—At a meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, held at Delmonico's on Tuesday evening, October 10, the following gentlemen were selected to act as judges at the coming trials at High Point: Col. James Gordon, Lochinvar, Miss.; Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa., and Mr. Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn. The club decided that no owner nor handler who has worked any dogs within a radius of eight miles of High Point shall be allowed to compete at the trials on penalty of being debarred.

THE ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

NEVER before has there been so much enthusiasm over a casting tournament as now exists in regard to the coming First Annual FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament. Inquiries pour in regarding it, and many prizes have been given by gentlemen who take interest in angling as a fine art. Should the weather be fine on the 19th, there will be a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen to witness the contests. From the number of persons who have already mentioned their intention of entering the different classes, it is a question if the programme can be carried out in one day. The rules which the Committee of Arrangements have formulated, and which we again publish in another column, are such as in their judgment seem best and fair for all.

An objection has been raised that the rules do not contain a clause requiring the line to be recovered after casting. This clause, which has been inserted in the rules of other tournaments, was considered unnecessary, for the reason that the recovering is not of use, and therefore the rule was intentionally left out. It was said that one who made a long cast could certainly get his line behind him if he wished, and that with the use of automatic reels it was impossible for judges to determine whether he did so fairly or not.

The prize list, as published below, represents a value of over seven hundred and eighty dollars ($780.00), not one article of which is valued at a fraction beyond its retail price. The FOREST AND STREAM prize is a solid coin silver flower, fruit, or punch bowl, with gold lining. It is of hammered silver with appropriate ornaments and inscription. This, it will be seen, is placed in the class arranged for those who have never cast before in public, the class which the tournament is especially designed to encourage, and it will prove a most acceptable trophy to an amateur.

The contests in fly casting will be judged by a standard including distance, delicacy and accuracy. The committee have substituted the word "delicacy" for that of "style," as some persons have construed the latter to mean the grace of the caster. In these contests "delicacy" will be construed to mean only the manner in which the line and flies fall upon the water.

The first contest will be called exactly at 11 A. M. Thursday, October 19, and the others will follow in as quick succession as possible, and it is hoped to conclude the tournament in one day if possible. The following order will be observed:

1. The two light-rod contests.
2. The Nichols contest.
3. Fly casting—Class A.
4. Light bass casting.
5. Fly casting—Class B.
6. Heavy bass casting.
7. Salmon casting.
8. Fly casting—Class C.

THE PRIZE LIST.

Light Rod Contests.

CLASS A.—Open to all; entrance fee $3. This prize is to be cast for with rods of 5½ ounces in weight or less, made with ferules and reel bands, and of two or more pieces, rods to be not longer than ten nor shorter than nine feet; six to nine feet leaders with two flies.

A split bamboo "Catskill" rod, reel and line, given by Wm. Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York	$50 00
Members South Side Sportsman's Club, cash	25 00
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00

CLASS B.—Entrance fee $3. To be cast for with full mounted rods of two or more pieces, with metal reel bands, weighing not more than 4½ ounces; leaders to be six to nine feet with two flies.

Members South Side Sportsman's Club, cash	$25 00
William Mitchell, rod maker, 26 Vandam street, New York, offers a three-piece fly rod, duplicate joint and three tips, 4¼ ounces weight, or similar rod with metal reel plate one ounce heavier, if winner prefers; value	30 00
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00

The B. F. Nichols Contest.

Open to all. Each contestant to use the same rod, reel and line which will be furnished. (Rod 10ft. long and weighing about 6¼oz.) Each competitor will be allowed three minutes practice with the rod before casting. The scale of points in this class will be: distance, accuracy and delicacy, thirty-three each. The line must be retrieved after each cast. All the prizes are donated by B. F. Nichols, manufacturer, 153 Milk street, Boston, and all in grooved wood cases.

1. Split bamboo salmon rod, 10½ft., 27½oz., with two tips, German silver mountings, ($12.00). Also one split bamboo trout rod, 10ft., 7¼oz., German silver mountings, value $20.00. Total $60 00
2. Split bamboo trout rod, 11ft., 8¼oz., German silver mountings, two tips, $20.00. Also one similar rod, 10ft., 7¼oz., $30.00 ..... 40 00
3. Split bamboo fly rod, 11ft., 8½oz., two tips, German silver mountings 20 00

Single-Handed Fly Casting.

CLASS A.—Open to those who have never cast in any tournament or who have no public record of casting sixty feet. Entrance fee three dollars. The winner to have choice of the following prizes and the other contestants to choose from the remainder in their respective orders of merit:

FOREST AND STREAM offers a hammered coin silver gold-lined bowl, value	$125 00
Members of the South Side Sportsman's Club offer cash	50 00
James Ramsbottom, Baldwin's, L. I., a split-bamboo fly rod with reel, reel case, and water-proof silk line	35 00
Wakeman Holberton, 65 Fulton street, card of copy of Standard Trout Flies, colored by hand, in frame	10 00
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00

CLASS B.—Open to all who have never won a *first* prize at this or any other similar contest. Entrance fee $3. The winners to have choice of the following prizes in the order of their awards:

"Game Fishes of the United States," plates by S. A. Kilbourn, and text by G. Brown Goode, presented by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York	$50 00
Split bamboo fly rod, presented by Mr. Fred Malleson, 136 First street, Brooklyn, N. Y.	25 00
One portable "Stranahan" canvas boat, seat and oars complete, presented by Frank Holmes, Chagrin Falls, O.	20 00
Copy of "Fyshe and Fishing," by Dame Juliana Berners (American edition)	1 50
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00

CLASS C (champion class).—Open to all. Entrance fee, $3.

E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, cash	$25 00
Revolver, .32 cal., presented by Messrs. J. P. Lovell & Sons, Boston, Mass.	value not given
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00
"Book of the Black Bass," by Dr. J. A. Henshall, presented by Robert Clarke & Co., publishers, Cincinnati, O.	3 00

Salmon Casting.

Open to all. Entrance fee, $3.

A finely finished, German silver mounted, hexagonal split-bamboo salmon rod, presented by Conroy & Bissett, 65 Fulton street, New York	$50 00
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00

Striped Bass Casting.

CLASS A.—Open to all, under the rules applying to heavy bass casting. Entrance fee $3.

Split bamboo "Newport" bass rod, with agate tip and rubber handle, donated by Fred. Malleson, 136 First street, Brooklyn	$40 00
"The American Anglers' Book," by Thad. Norris, presented by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia	5 50
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00
"Canoe and Camera," by Thomas Sedgwick Steele, Hartford, Conn., from the author	1 50

CLASS B.—Open to all persons, under the rules applying to light bass casting. Entrance fee $3.

"Remington" sewing-machine, with four drawers, hemmer, etc., complete, presented by Martin B. Brown, New York	$55 00
One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM	4 00
"Paddle and Portage," by Thomas Sedgwick Steele, Hartford, Conn., from the author	1 50

GEORGE R. PHELAN.

TO note the death of a contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM, is but to discharge an obligation which is owed to its readers. This would be the coldest and most perfunctory of all performances of duty, did it not also carry with it the privilege of adding a word of tribute to the memory of the departed. It is with the sincerest sorrow that we announce the death of George R. Phelan, the author of the series of "Great Swamp" sketches published in this journal, under the fanciful *nom de plume* of "A. Mule."

We have before this referred to the many peculiarly pleasant friendships which it has been our privilege to form with correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM. Not least among them did we value that of George R. Phelan. For his untimely death we feel that grief which least readily expresses itself in printed words and sentences.

Few persons outside of this office can appreciate from what a diversity of men and variety of circumstances come the letters and sketches published from week to week in this journal. The stories of "The Great Swamp" were sent to us from the sick room of an invalid; they were written—so their author told us—to while away the weary hours, and that in their composition the pain which was racking the worn frame might be for the moment forgotten. Mr. Phelan's personal letters stamped their author as a singularly gifted man, and they had about them an undefinable charm which at once won the heart. In them were the strangely intermingled hope and despair of a man prostrated with an incurable disease, and running through them all was a vein of cheerfulness that told how brave was the heart engaged in the unequal conflict. We cannot forbear to quote this pathetic ending of one of these letters written a few days before his death:

"...The trifles sent have been written during the most distressing cough and pain. ...I send what I have on hand. I am really too ill to write at all, and both Secretary of Interior and Surgeon General (private officials of my own) have forbidden further attempts.

"Thus ends a sportsman's life. One by one all have dropped, and after descending from the gun to the Faber, I have to drop *that* from a nerveless grasp. Good night."

From the Memphis *Appeal* of Sept. 26, we take the following notice:

After a brave struggle of many years with consumption, the enemy which never fails to conquer, and after much suffering and long hovering between hope and despair, George R. Phelan died at his residence, in this city, on Sunday morning last. His death was not unexpected, as nothing but his iron will and resolute determination have kept him alive for the past three months. The deceased was born at Tuscaloosa, Ala., and was about thirty-five years of age. He descended from the first families of the South. His father was the late James Phelan, of this city, a senator in the Confederate Congress, and his mother was a Miss Moore, a member of one of the oldest, most talented and highly respectable families of Alabama. It is impossible to give a correct analysis of the genius and character of this man. He had grand aspirations, and his life, from his boyhood up to six months ago, when he returned home to die, is full of adventure and romance. Of Irish descent on his father's side, his young brave heart deeply sympathized with the wrongs of Ireland, and when a boy he stole away to Ireland and was prominent in organizing the Fenian movement. He crossed the ocean twice before he reached his majority, and in the hope of restoring his shattered health he exiled himself amid the wilds of Texas, Mexico and Colorado. George R. Phelan was composed of the stuff of which heroes are made. He was the very incarnation of perseverance. With iron resolution, he set his aim before him, and no difficulty could discourage him. His life was almost a continuous living tragedy in its fierce fight with disease. Nothing but his strong will kept alive the weak and emaciated body. He had the qualities of a commander, and would have been great in perilous times, for what would have been to other men depression, would have been to him inspiration. He was fearless and aggressive, and a strong man as the leader of any cause. His mind was brilliant, his fancy was fervid, he was eloquent and forcible as a speaker, and as a writer he had but few superiors. The artistic delineation of his nomenclature; his arrangement of words; his construction of sentences, the darting fierceness with which he shot his satire, ridicule and arguments in his communications to the public always attracted attention. He had great fertility of imagination, and with a natural talent for study he never knew the cruel necessity of forsaking his favorite pursuits to earn a livelihood. Moved by a restless desire to know everything, he had ample leisure to explore any branch of human inquiry which might allure him. His mind was enriched by foreign travels, and to other rare gifts was added a wonderful memory, which made his mind a vast treasure house in which were stored rare gems, original ideas, other men's thoughts, and the bric-a-brac of the literature of other nations. Had he been blessed with perfect health he would have easily placed his name in the pantheon of fame. The constant gnawing of disease often made him irascible, but he bore his extraordinary sufferings with more than usual fortitude. It is a melancholy thing to see one so gifted have a life so brief. He was an accomplished lawyer, and but for the loss of his health he would have been eminent in his profession. We knew him well and loved him with the tenderness of a father, and deeply sympathize with the wife and children whom he loved so tenderly.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"NUTMEGGERS" ON THE OTTAWA.

ON Monday, Sept. 18, a party of four males might have been seen boarding a northward bound train near the western boundary of Connecticut. They were middle-aged men, dressed throughout in coarse, heavy clothing, blue flannel shirts, etc. Each carried a rifle and knapsack and numerous small packages, from which peeped hatchets, hunting-knives, etc. Their parting with friends at the railroad station would have led one to believe that they were entering upon an expedition of several weeks' duration. They were, in fact, business men from Connecticut, just starting out on a hunting and sporting trip up through northern Ontario by way of the Ottawa River and its tributaries. They seemed to be bent on having a capital time. Being one of the party and also a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, I knew that you would like to have me report their trip for your columns, and have decided that I would do so without that fact being known to the others, for I knew just what troubls the war correspondents reporting General Wolseley's campaign in Egypt had experienced, and I didn't propose to be bluffed off in the way they were. Consider me, then, as a special reporter on this expedition for the FOREST AND STREAM; and you may depend upon it that I shall send you each week a straightforward, truthful account of this expedition, without fear or favor of any man.

Connecticut, like most of the seaboard States, being of late years principally adapted to the production of barn swallows and malaria, my comrades are in the habit of taking about a month's vacation every fall for health and pleasure—far away from business cares and civilization's requirements—one year to the pine forests of Northern Michigan, another to the attractive mountains and lakes of Maine, or to the gamy forests of Ontario. One of the number has, in his experience, captured and slain seventeen bears, three moose, fifty-two deer, six caribou and innumerable otter, beaver and smaller animals. The route marked out for this trip was via Albany, Montreal and Ottawa to the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, at this date, has been pushed up into the wilderness 350 miles beyond Montreal. This route was changed somewhat by crossing the St. Lawrence River at Brockville.

Wednesday morning found us at Renfrew, an intermediate station near the Mattawaska River. Here we chartered a three-seated wagon, and with John Scott as driver and guide, we headed toward Ferguson Lake, twenty-five miles west, where we propose having a few days' sport with deer before continuing our journey up the Ottawa. Six hours of pretty rough traveling brought us in sight of the lake which lies at the foot of Mount St. Patrick. Here within a stone's throw of the shore a wanderer from the Emerald Isle, Patrick Hanrahan by name, has established a residence, and in order to introduce him and his quaint originality, I will quote an account of our party's first introduction to him when, on a similar trip last September, we had driven up as we have today. His whole-souled, generous and hospitable nature revolted at the idea of our "camping out" while he had a good log cabin and barn to share with us:

"Faith," he says, "It's not often I see the likes of yees out in this haythen wilderness, and (barrin the ould woman) yees are welcome to any and ivery blamed thing I have. I have a deer hound, the likes of which yee'll not find betwixt this and ould Ireland, and if I jist whisper in his ear, he'll put a deer into this lake for yees in the smaller half o' thirty minutes. Now do yees go straight into the cabin and put yer guns across the deer horns up out of the children's way, and before yee ken say Jack Robinson, the ould woman 'll have yees a smokin' dinner an' a cup o' bilin' tay. No yee're not aither, goin' to tint out, an' cook yee'r own fodder, not while me name's Pat Hanrahan. Here, bye, run, run as fast as iver yer legs kin carry yees, and give the gintlemen's harses some hay, and none o' yer scrimpin', now mind ye, give 'em the full o' the manger; and, Johnny, run now, run ye divil ye, and tell yer mother to put the tay kittle a bilin', there's a gintlemen here from the states of Ameriky, coome all the way to see ould Patsy Hanrahan. Well, well, well, I'll be blamed if ever I thought such a thing could happen. Ah, byes, byes, coom in, coom in, and run, Tommy, ye booger, and give Bosy a pan o' sour milk, and whisper in his ear, and tell him we'll be after givin' him a sniff at a deer as soon as the gintlemin pick their teeth. Hi! hi! hip, faith an this is a big day for Patsy Hanrahan. And here's me ould mother, five and ninety years since the day she was born, an' she's able to lick the best of 'em now, an' here's me wife and the mother of me ten children, an' she can shake her feet this minnit as illigantly as any o' yer byes and gearls in yer big city. Coom now Mary, spake to the gintlemin, and make them feel like they were in their own cabin, an' barrin yees have no objections, I'll be aither haulin' up to a cup o' tay wid ye.

"How does we be aither getting a docther here, is it? Well, well, well, Mary, do yees hear that now? Faith an' niver a bloody docther—Paddy, now run away with yees, an' don't be lookin' at the gintlemin like they was a bear in the oat lot. As I was sayin', niver a docther put his wicked hed in at Patsy Hanrahan's door. We have heaven's pure air, an' that's all we ask for. Faith, an' I will take another cup. Yees brought tay the likes of which I niver saw before. Bears, is it? Ah, in the winther ye should see them, an' ye should see the one that took me ould sow one night last winter, an' ye could hear the sides of her rippin like ye were tearin' boards off a barn. Now away wid ye, ye young ruskil, or yer tin toes 'll be fro ted before ye have yer pertees dug. An' now, gintlemin, if yee're done, the dog is waitin' for ye at the door, an' now mind! A segar, is it? Faith, Mary, an' would ye have one? It's for the like o' ye and the childthern that thim are a pleasure to. It's the black plug for me ivery time, and when I see the black, sthrong smoke curlin' up from it, thin is whin I get pleasure, but bein' as ye offered it, I'll take one just the same to remember ye by.

"An' is it in yeer country ye have apples? Faith, an' ye might have ivery blamed deer in Ontario an' welcome, if yeed only say we might raise apples here. Ah! dear, dear dear, it's a fine dhrink the juice o' that same apple makes, an' shorter wud it make many a long winther's evening whin we sit in this ould cabin wid ice four feet thick on yanther lake, and all we can listen to is the wind, and the wolves a racin' a deer over the top o' the mountain. And now, Bosey, the gintlemin are ready for ye, and begone wid ye. And now mind, do ye go wid Scott an' watch the runway above the clearin', and do ye two take that birch canoe and, and, kin ye swim? An' now do ye steer straight for the tall pine on the other shore, and thin paddle as fast as

ivir ye kin go to the first five acres above an' as soon as ye get in the rushes wid yer canoe, wid yer left ear ye'll hear the dog coming round the mountain, an' mind do ye look straight across the lake, an' about three acres above the pint, ye'll see the deer comin' in the wather. Now mind what I tell ye, if ye don't bring home that deer, it'll not be the dog's fault, and if it's a buck, and ye wound him, don't ye come to close quarters wid him, or he'll put his fut through yer birch canoe and ye'r a goner."

And thus we were then welcomed, introduced and regularly installed as members of the Hanrahan family, and started on our first hunt in less time than it takes to give the above verbatim report. And from this you can imagine somewhat the nature of our reception in the old log cabin on this Wednesday afternoon after a year's separation. Patsy was enthusiastic and hilarious in the extreme, and the next fifteen minutes' flow of language would fill a volume.

All this time while Patsy was "delivering himself" Mrs. H. was quietly preparing the "cup o' bilin' tay" for us. Some of our party have jaw-breaking but magnificent names, so I have given them the more familiar ones of Brady, Dorsey, Miner and Rerdell, and the dog—why certainly we have a dog; brought him all the way from Connecticut, but I have forgotton to mention him—we call him Rock. He is one of the finest looking members of the party. After doing justice to the "bilin' tay" and the necessary accompaniments we found that we had some two hours time before sunset. Time, we thought, for a little preliminary skirmish with deer. Our host provided canoes, and we crossed the lake, Scott, Miner and Rerdell to the southern end, Brady and Dorsey to the northern. B. G. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELOW QUEBEC.

FOURTH PAPER.

IT is only a short run from the mouth of the St. Johns River to the Parroquet, as the distance does not exceed eight miles. This island lies at the westernmost extremity of a long chain, which once unquestionably formed, in connection with near-by Anticosti, the southern shores of the main coast line, as shown by the separate fragments forming the group of the Mingan Islands, which resemble a long strip of coast as they are only separated from each other by narrow gaps of the sea.

Even within the memory of the old settlers on the near-by north shore they once teemed with a great variety of game, which has now been almost exterminated in consequence of incessant raids made upon it by both whites and the Montagnais Indians, which tribe has made Mingan and the main land for years past their annual summer quarters. Hence they organize their hunting excursions for seals and sea birds of various kinds which once bred in great numbers upon the islands. Notwithstanding, however, these ravages which have resulted in the extermination of game, and thus deprived in a measure those fairy gems of one of their chief charms, they are still in many respects well worth visiting. In a brief excursion of ten days we managed to call on this present occasion on Parroquet, Mingan and Birch islands, which are separated by narrow straits and resemble each other in their general formation though they differ in many minor details.

Parroquet Island is still the chosen annual breeding ground of thousands of puffins, a small colony of gannets (*Sula bassana*) the herring gull and the spotted sandpiper (*Actitis macularius*) the young of which latter were barely able to fly at the time of my arrival. There were also quite a number of seals sporting about the rocks at the base of the fort-like vertically rising cliffs, by which Parroquet is distinguished from all the rest. Among these animals we noticed a very large species called by the settlers the horse-head seal. It differs both in size and aspect from the harbor, hooded and Hays' seals, all of which are equally well or better known to them. The harbor seal is the smallest species of the three, and breeds in the well sheltered coves along the shores of many rivers, where it raises one or two young. The Hays' and hooded seals are not indigenous to these parts, but arrive in March in countless numbers upon the drift ice, which is carried into the basin of the gulf by the northern currents running through the straits of Belle Isle.

The heavy detonations from the large Westley Richards express rifle, which is Mr. Bland's favorite arm, advise me soon after our landing at Parroquet, that he was paying his regards without delay to some of the horseheads, one or more of which I wished much to obtain, for the sake of their skins and skeletons. But the aim is uncertain, the round heads of the seals are only visible at intervals, they bob up and down in the uneasy swell of the sea, and rarely afford a good mark for an accurate shot My own efforts, seconded by Sharps hammerless, old reliable rifle, prove alike futile, and the skipping balls plow up the water in front and beyond the glistening round heads of the seals without doing any damage. To make up for lost time the shotgun is now called into requisition, and with its aid we soon obtain a sufficient number of puffins, murres and gannets to select a few good specimens for preservation. Although it is the beginning of August when these birds ought to be in full moult, they are still in as good plumage as in the spring, and we notice even no pin feathers when we skin them. Heavy shot is needed to penetrate their thick coats, and they will often manage to get away with quite a number of No. 6 pellets in their bodies.

We pass the larger portion of the day upon Parroquet, but as there is no anchorage for the Gasbet, and as the sun is getting low, we return aboard after our hasty call and square away for Mingan Island, which is only a couple of miles to the eastward. As there is an excellent bit of land-locked harbor on its west end of sufficient depth to float a boat, and as carrying facilities are also very superior, we prepare to remain there a few days. There is on Mingan Island a total absence of all mosquitoes and black flies, and an abundance of good water and driftwood along the beach, although not a single tree or shrub grows upon its bleak and exposed surface. To the northwest it rises in bold relief, forming a distinctly marked terrace with an ancient ridge of cliffs overtopping it, which shows the outlines of its former beach line as clearly as when the primeval waves dashed against it. Many isolated and curiously carved out rocks bear additional testimony to the unwritten history of its remote past and the manner in which they were then acted upon and undermined by the action of surf and frost.

The surface soil of Mingan Island consists of decomposed limestone, lightly covered with rotten vegetable mould. Upon this flourishes to a thickness of a foot or more, a soft, yielding vegetable growth, composed of gray and green lichens and mosses, which are closely interlaced by a network of trailing branches of dwarf birches, willows, shepherdias and like shrubby plants. Wherever these are not monopolizing all light and heat and encroach upon the less favored species, a thick, soft carpet of crowberries, cranberries and worthleberries, dotted with innumerable bright-colored flowers, hides every inch of the cold, bare rock.

The stems and foliage of the tender nurselings of this inhospitable region are deeply imbedded into the warm folds of the mosses, and their blue, yellow and purple blossoms are glowing like so many bright stars upon the sombre background of the dark green sward.

The noon of this floral honeymoon is, however, fast waning, although we notice still a fair number of blooming species, consisting, in the beginning of August, chiefly of blue bells, white yellow-eyed dryas, stonecrops, andromedas, calmias, wild roses, and bright, yellow, shrubby potentillas. They all bloom here and there, almost side by side, as the dry soil is varied frequently by many little boggy patches which are never dry.

Wherever the rocks themselves are exposed to view, as is the case near the seashore, they reveal an abundance of fine fossils, belonging, evidently, to the Lower Silurian, and if anyone who desires to make collections of them were to come here properly provided with heavy hammers, powder and fuse, he could gather quickly a great amount of beautiful fossil remains. On the northwest corner of Mingan Island, which is covered chiefly with the debris broken off by frost from the near-by cliffs, we saw immense accumulations of almost perfectly preserved large orthoceratites of elegant patterns, piled up here and there in confused array like as many small, loose sticks of square-cut firewood. Some of these were several feet in length, all hollow and literally studded on their inside with rosettes of transparent, calcite crystals. Large detached fragments of calcite, with perfectly formed crystals of larger size than those from Derbyshire, lie here and there fully exposed upon the surface, where they have been apparently tossed and broken up by waves and action of frost. Notwithstanding our entire want of much needed tools, we yet gathered here in a few hours a sufficient number of fine specimens to fill a large box—a mere fraction of what could have been done with a better outfit.

Mingan Island, called by the natives Bald Island, is, as stated above, devoid of all arborescent vegetation, hence its name. For this reason its temperature is both day and night several degrees lower than that of any of the near-by islands, and not a note of a single mosquito is ever heard to interrupt the pleasant cool siestas we take stretched out at full length upon its velvety turf.

It would be difficult to explain this local absence of all higher vegetation when the nature of the soil is the same, and when the surrounding water shows no appreciable variation of temperature. There are also, on account of its absence of trees, barely any land birds to be seen. A few Savannah sparrows were the only species I noticed in the scenery along the shores. At low tide in particular, which exposes many mud flats, the tableau is, however, more animated owing to the presence of large flocks of the red-backed sandpiper (*Tringa alpina*) and a few marbled godwits and curlews, which just now commence to migrate and make their appearance on this coast. The eider duck is also occasionally seen. They breed here. Their young are now full grown, and a handful or so of the soft down indicates here and there the site of their old nests. The red-backed sandpipers have just now arrived from the North and are still very tame. A few charges of coarse shot fired into the midst of the densely packed flocks soon supplied the larder, which had been previously added to by a great number of fine lobsters captured by Fred Beatty at low tide underneath the boulders which line the beach. Of the many spots where, during the sweltering heat of mid-summer, a cool retreat might be enjoyed, Mingan Island would certainly take the palm. In point of bracing, invigorating air it surpasses all the rest of the many health resorts along the whole length of this coast from Quebec to the Straits of Belle Isle, and although the nights are cool enough to render a double blanket comfortable, excessive changes of temperature during July and August are never experienced, and the temperature of day and night varies only a few degrees. It is a sanitary paradise for all afflicted with dyspepsia, and our appetites increased greatly under the stimulus of the cool oxygenated air, which seems to infuse fresh energies into every fibre of the body.

With the help of botanizing, hunting, fishing, and collecting, our time passes rapidly among these islands, where we have all the luxuries of tent life, unmarred by the many inconveniences which so often attend the same when preparations are insufficient to insure the full enjoyment of bodily comforts.

There are, no doubt, many campers who prefer what is termed "roughing" in the harshest sense of the word, who content themselves with a blanket and a teakettle for an outfit, and find their recreation in the personal attendance to the laborious details of camp life. We differ from these views, and prefer to increase our appetite and health by help of more legitimate means. There is no need to leave our back yard if the cutting and splitting of wood, the cooking and washing of dishes is our chief object—all of these exercises may be performed equally well at home, where, however, we cannot attend to gun, fishrod, and collecting-box in our premises. I prefer, if needed, to get up an appetite by a long tramp along the shores, through fields, woods, and swamps, and to sit down after my return to a plain but well-cooked supper, in preference to the crude messes which form so often the bill of fare in tents. We have not always been bedded on roses, and remember well the time when a couple of old tin cans made up our entire outfit of cooking utensils on a journey of several hundred miles, in a small open boat, along the eastern shores of Florida. But this is no reason why we should have enjoyed these privations and look in regretful mood upon our present improvements. The sweets of life are ever few compared with its drawbacks, and I, for my part, subscribe to the epicurean platform, and prefer the camp where all my personal wants are supplied to the one where the reverse obtains. This was the case here in its fullest sense, and the days seemed thus to shorten into hours which flew past only too quickly, perhaps never to return.

We spent a couple of weeks on this excursion among the islands, and taking advantage of a fine breeze from the northeast ran back safely into the St. Johns River to prepare for our return to Gaspé in the Kate, which had been ordered to call for the party. There were, fortunately, a few days to spare, and these were devoted to trout fishing, which had been temporarily suspended, and is here still in its prime. The mouth of the river fairly swarms with them. They run out and in from the sea in its ebb and flood tide, and prefer over and above all just now the fly to the most tempting bait. The sea trout attains occasionally to a weight of seven pounds. The average is about from two to three pounds, and fish of such a size afford good enough sport for a few days, at least. Any large salmon fly is preferable to the small regulation patterns of trout flies, and rigged out with such, backed by double salmon leaders, there is no danger of going back with empty creel. The very perfection of sport is attained when fish ascend the river *en masse*, and when we get in the very center of a great shoal with a good man in a light canoe. Hundreds of beautiful large-sized trout may then be seen splashing all around the boat, all eager to rise to the trailing fly, which often scarcely touches the water before a five-pounder is hooked. In the latter end of three consecutive flood tides, or about seven hours all told, three rods took four hundred and fifty pounds of sea trout. All of them were as gamy, and if anything more vigorous than the most lively brook trout. To the novice this was indeed a great achievement, which, however, the veteran anglers, in recollection of their forty-pound salmons, viewed as mere child's play.

While waiting still thus agreeably occupied for the arrival of the Kate, and varying our sport with an experimental codfishing trip, which netted a ton and a half of flesh gross weight, an easterly wind favored among other arrivals, that of a fine sloop-rigged yacht direct from Natashquan. This vessel was purchased a couple of months ago by Messrs. Hope Vere and Morrice, both of whom were fresh from Cambridge University, and had started to wind up their commencement exercises by an initiation into the mysteries of salmon-fishing. They landed at Quebec in early June and made inquiries about a steamer which they might engage for a passage to their leased stream. But no less than the modest price of $800 was asked of them by the owners of the coasting steamer Otter, which makes regular semi-monthly trips along the north shore from Quebec and extends by schedule her journeys within about 150 miles of the Natashquan River. In plain words, an extortion price of $800 was asked to carry a small party of four men to and fro at a distance of only 150 miles in a vessel, whose running expenses, judging from her looks and size, ought never to exceed fifty dollars per day. To avoid this imposition the stranger sportsmen purchased and manned a new and well fitted out sloop in which they took a sail 600 miles below Quebec to get the value of their investment. They report a catch of 365 fish, averaging about 14 pounds, and succeeded in making in less than six weeks the best score of any thus far ascertained.

By calling on their way back for a day or two at the St. Johns River, we had the pleasure of meeting them. Their past excursion is only an initiation into a projected tour round the world, including a tiger hunt in Bengal, upon which they naturally look as the culmination of their prospective adventures. Though still novices in such wild sport they are yet in virtue of their athletic frames admirably equipped and will no doubt acquit themselves handsomely in any face to face encounter with their ferocious prey.

There was of course a little stag party given in honor of their unexpected visit, and the bill of fare on this occasion might well be calculated to create some surprise in the mind of any one who labors under the illusion that seal oil and codfish is the staple article of daily diet on the lower St. Lawrence. We remember among the various items of our spread fresh roast mutton, codfish tongues, a rice pudding plus eggs, canned fruits and jams, and last though not least a large dish of delicious fresh wild strawberries, the first of the season, backed for a dessert by some fine cucumbers and cauliflowers. The latter dishes came from the hotbed of Mr. Conway, the agent at St. Johns, who succeeds to raise under glass as fine garden vegetables as are sold in the New York markets. All these luxuries, some of which had been imported from long distances, were properly diluted with a few bottles of dry Verzenay, the only survivors of a once numerous tribe. Coffee with Havana as suitably finished this memorable repast, to which I have only adverted on account of its novelty and completeness in such an out of the way place. We met our friends once more on the River St. Lawrence, where they were in the unpleasant environment of a thick fog, with a strong gale dead ahead and no harbor under their lee. By the opportune kindness of Capt. Wakeham, the commander of the government steamer La Canadienne, they were, however, promptly relieved from their embarrassing position and towed into the beautiful and secure harbor formed by the land-locked bay of the seven islands.

I have made occasional mention of this vessel, which, in connection with two more (the Druid and Napoleon), is employed in the interest of the fisheries along the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence as far as the Straits of Belle Isle, the terminus of the jurisdiction of the Dominion. But not only is it the mission of the Canadienne to report upon the various matters connected with statistics of fisheries, but she is also a sort of an armed floating commissioned police force, to maintain order and the authority of the government in these remote parts. To accomplish all of these tasks efficiently there are but few idle days for her during the summer beyond those needed to lay in a fresh supply of coal. This enables her to move rapidly from station to station, to make pertinent inquiries, and adjust the various difficulties which arise from time to time, where large bodies of reckless men are controlled by only a few responsible agents. She even brings, wherever and whenever needed, medical and surgical relief to the distressed settlers, as her commander, Capt. Wakeham, is the only efficient professional physician capable to administer the same.

It costs the city of Buffalo, N. Y., annually a trifle of over $250,000 to maintain law and order in a community of about 170,000 people scattered over about five square miles; but here I am assured that an annual appropriation of a little over $25,000 is all required to patrol and guard the social welfare along a coast line of over one thousand miles, not counting the various enumerated duties devolving all upon one single man. Since I had, for a few days, the good fortune to exchange the prospective narrow berth on board of the Kate for the commodious, tidy cabin of the La Canadienne, I was thus able to gain a fair insight into the manner in which her complicated task is so efficiently and economically accomplished. My only regret was this, that there was so very little delay at any of the various stations at which we called, and that we rarely made any stops exceeding two hours. I am thus not well qualified to speak authoritatively upon the resources and features of the Magpie, Sheldrake and Moisie rivers, at which all told we hardly remained half a day. At the latter I saw very comprehensive but now abandoned works for the reduction of iron ore. I am assured that their erection involved an expenditure of

over half a million dollars, but none of the sanguine expectations entertained by the shareholders were ever realized. The transportation of fuel from great distances, the shipment of the reduced ore to Quebec, which is the nearest central depot of communication, and also the want of sufficient quantities of workable raw material, presented so many stumbling blocks, and led to the complete abandonment of an enterprise of which so much had been expected, but from which virtually nothing but unpaid debts were realized.

The ore itself turns up at various points along the shore of the gulf in form of a black magnetic iron-sand, comminated into its present fine-ground state in the course of long ages. It has probably never been correctly determined how deep the superficial layers extend which fringe the shore, close to the water's edge; but it was left to the happy illusions of the stockholders that they were inexhaustible. If any of them had only taken the pains to visit some of the great iron ore deposits in the mountains of North Carolina, where there are innumerable deposits awaiting development, and lie unused because they are not near enough to any trunk line of quick communication, they would have probably thought twice before engaging hap-hazard in a scheme which was scientifically and financially unsound to its very bottom.

I called at Seven Islands just in time to witness the departure of a large number of Montagnais Indians, men, women, and children, for their winter hunting-grounds. They presented a spectacle of the most abject human misery and squalid, ragged appearance imaginable. The great forest fires of last year had destroyed the game in their regular hunting and trapping grounds, and, as a consequence, they came back half starved and without furs. At the agency of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Seven Islands, the usual advance of provisions and clothing has been withheld this summer on account of the unreliability on the part of the Indians to ever fulfill any given promise to pay debts, and some of these families, consisting of half a dozen or more members, leave now for a six months' sojourn in the far, icy wilderness, with nothing more than a barrel of flour and some ammunition. How they will manage to survive is impossible to say. It is fair to assume that more than one half must perish, as the bare necessities to maintain life are lacking. L.

IN THE OLD VIRGINIA LOWLAND.

WHAT a picture comes back to my mind of an old ancestral Virginia plantation as I sit on the porch of ye ancient place called Tower Hill—an old home, the typical Old Dominion dwelling in the ante bellum days, when a rich Virginian counted his broad acres by the thousands, his sable servitors by the hundreds, his horses by the score, and he lived his life like a baron of the good old age of Squire Allworthy and Squire Western, though with more refinement and style than the sixteenth century possessed.

A big plantation was the Tower Hill. The house, like most planters' mansions, was of that order of architecture brought from Holland by the Dutch, with steep gable roofs and small dormer windows. A wide, spacious lawn of twenty acres surrounds the dwelling.

In its time the plantation comprised a goodly settlement; a blacksmith and wheelwright shop stand side by side; a weaving-house, cotton-gin, clothroom, spinning-room and stillhouse, while back of all the servants' quarter runs. Neat log-cabins they were, with garden in front. The stables, out-houses, cotton-barns, machinery-rooms were scattered about in independent irregularity. Most of these structures are mouldering down now, and a few lie prone upon the ground, showing only too plainly that the ancient regime, with all of its splendid faults and noble virtues, is gone forever.

The typical Virginian of those days was a thorough sportsman. After his morning ride around the place he had nothing to do, and his horses, dogs and gun in bright weather and his library in foul constituted his employment and pleasure.

Here, in Sussex county, was the finest hunting probably in all the Middle States, for the county is not only adapted for the propagation of game, but was very thinly settled, the few estates being of immense area, chiefly devoted to the production of cotton. Then, again, the landowners stringently enforced the game law. The slaves, of course, were forbidden to carry or possess any firearm, and confined their hunting operations to the legitimate darkey game—the 'coon, the rabbit and the 'possum. The poorer class of whites could not afford to keep dogs, and so the whole preserves were for the pleasure and sport of a very few rich landowners.

Deer were the chief in the list and were so plentiful that a dozen were frequently killed in a day by a small party of three or four. It was not then the uncertain sport it is now, for at that time, the land being under cultivation and inclosed with what is known as the Virginia snake-fence, the deer avoided them, so that in the drives the sportsman always knew exactly where to stand.

The fields teemed with birds. In the winter time there were at this place frequently dozens of partridges, in large coops, that were kept in high condition and turned loose in the spring—thus the supply was always kept up. The hunting was splendid—at that period the canebrakes and impassable morasses were cleared, and the birds had not an impenetrable fastness to fly to when flushed. Big bags were the order of the day. Even with their Joe Manton muzzle-loaders, fifty birds to a gun was no uncommon result of a day's hunt.

And the fox-hunting was something to thrill our hearts now to think of them. They were grand affairs, these gatherings of the neighboring gentry, called "meets," and were to the master what the corn-shucking jubilee was to the slave. As many as one hundred and fifty hounds, the property of the planters for fifty miles around, were often in full cry after a single fox. Imagine, if you can, the ecstatic music from such an orchestra as that. If there are any sweeter, more tuneful notes in this terrestrial sphere of ours, human ears have never heard them.

The grand sweep of the grounds and the picturesque mansion are all that remain of the old plantation; the busy hum of life, the sound of the blacksmith's hammer, the whirr of the spinning-wheel are no longer heard—while the old mammy, that autocrat who queened it over all, has disappeared—even the master and mistress acknowledged her sway—for had she not raised them from puling infancy to lusty man and maidenhood—and on her sympathetic bosom had not their tired childish heads ever found a resting-place! Ah, me! the vision of that aged but erect figure, clad in brigit calico, with a gaudy bandana handkerchief covering her grizzled head, rises before me now; then the stately butler, with his Chesterfieldian manners; the proud coachman, the envy of the field-hands; the fat cook, no unimportant personage, I can assure you; the likely maid servants, and the whole tribe of pickaninnies—have all gone and vanished in the dim past.

An air of Sabbath-like stillness broods over the quaint old place, a half a dozen hounds lie stretched out under the shade of the trees, a couple of setters are snapping at the flies on the porch, three or four horses graze contentedly on the lawn, while a tame fawn is gamboling on the green.

Throughout these mutations the love of sport has survived all changes, all vicissitudes. The stable where eight hunters fattened in the stall, now has one, which is used both as a riding horse for the ladies and to follow the hounds with.

The splendid gamekeepers have gone the way of all the rest, and a deer a week is about the average in September. Where there were a dozen just after the war, there is one now, and the ubiquitous darkey is the cause. They never work until forced by hunger, and live always in cabins in the woods. Each African is the possessor of an old army musket and two or three mongrels, who will chase anything from a squirrel to an antlered buck. It is a common thing to pass in one hunt a dozen negroes with their gangs of curs scouring the woods and old fields for deer—or meat, as they call it—and a cordon of them watching for the game to pass. Their weapons are loaded with all kinds of shot, mostly squirrel shot, and they pepper every deer in the section, and the consequence is, that one rarely kills a buck or a doe without finding a pound or so of small shot in the carcass.

They shoot anything, even a wild turkey hen sitting on her nest.

The formation of a darkey's stomach is as different from that of a white man's as a Congo African's head is from the skull of the Anglo-Saxon. The lowest class of negroes have no desire for fixed meals. They eat when they are hungry, and will often get up at 2 o'clock in the morning and scoop clean the hominy pot.

No white man can go to work without breakfast. Such an attempt will surely result in a faintness or nausea, but the colored man and brother can labor on for hours without eating. I have often heard one say in the harvest field:

"Hum! Ise gettin hongray. I haint eaten nuthin sence yestidday."

Then they have neither imagination nor anticipation, for they go to sleep the minute they are at rest. Where game is plenty they subsist entirely on that, and in many of their cabins there has not been a dust of meal for two weeks.

The only species of bird that is safe from them is the partridge, and as there is rarely a deep snow in this section of the State where they can track them, Bob White walks the field in full security against their ancient, brass-mounted, straight-stock, hard-triggered musket, that throws three ounces of shot and makes a report like a six-pounder.

I have never in my life seen the partridges so numerous as they are in and around here this year, and there will be fine sport this fall.

There are but few sportsmen in this section, young George Blow being the foremost. Over fifty pair of antlers decorate the porch, the result of his gun.

On the side of the barn are spread out and nailed up sixty-three fox skins, all of which he caught in one year.

He has eschewed hunting now, and presented the pick of his trained pack of hounds, six in number and probably the finest-drilled dogs in America, to Mr. Harry Ferguson, of the Baltimore F. H. Club. CHASSEUR.

SUSSEX COUNTY, Virginia.

THE WOLVES OF BYWYA.

I WAS much pleased with an article by "A. Mule," entitled, "A Swamp Episode," in your issue of August 17, as it carried me back to my life in that glorious hunting land many years ago. I have hunted through the counties of Winston, Lowndes, Oktibbeha and Chickasaw. I once had three months of hunting life in Oktibbeha with three the best friends God ever gave to man, which forms the brightest period of all my life to look back upon. It seemed to me that the sun never shone upon such a stretch of hunting territory as lay between Mayhew prairie, south of Starkville, and the center of Chickasaw county. The two great swamps, Trimcane and Bywya, meet in the northern portion of Oktibbeha, and together make a stretch of forty miles of continuous swamp averaging from one-half to two miles wide. These same dear friends—two of them long since dead, with the one still living in Texas—were types of that generous and manly growth which seems to prevail among the better educated Christian families of the South.

I speak of the far-back ante-bellum days, and presume that the same holds good still. I never knew their like for downright unselfishness, generous impulse and kindly nature. They were young, but full of strength and self-reliance, and no labor was too great which gave me any gratification.

I would like to tell you of one little incident of a hunt which continued through fourteen days with these same three friends, and which was an exciting experience to me. There were in the South two kinds of wolves, the black and the gray, or tawny, and it is well known that they have great antipathy to the dog more than to any other animal, and will take his track whenever they cross it and follow it, and if a number of them can gather in time, woe be to that purp, for he must either find shelter at once or be very fleet of foot.

We had established our camp just at the junction of these two great swamps—Trimcane and Bywya—and were having very exciting drives by day and fire hunting by night. Deer were much plentier than birds or squirrels are in our Northern woods. I counted from thirty to fifty a day. Two of us had been out on a fire hunt until about midnight, leaving the others in camp, and when we returned, as we rode into camp, we noticed that one of the hounds had broken his tether and was gone. We were some twelve or fourteen miles from any plantation, and we knew he had taken our track and was probably then three or four miles from camp. Calvin, our oldest boy, very quietly remarked, "Now, look out for fun; the wolves will bring him into camp on the double quick, or they have got to be pretty sharp if they catch him." We began blowing our horns to give the hound our direction. In about ten minutes, and while we were listening, a wolf far up the swamp gave a long, mournful howl, and was answered by one a mile off in another direction. Soon one gave a sharper, quicker note, and was answered by a number in different parts of the swamp. They seemed to be all gathering in the direction of the first wolf. Then a long, querulous note and the whole pack broke into full cry, and it seemed that a hundred of them were on the poor dog's track and rushing him down the swamp toward us. Such clamor and noise from such infernal throats I had never listened to.

Stirring up the fire and snatching up our guns we stepped to the bank of the slough—for we were camped just in the edge of the cane—and waited the finish of this race for life. Pity for the poor dog was uppermost and we fairly raged with a desire to get a shot at the wolves. If his strength and speed held out—and they were coming like a hurricane—he would reach us before they gathered on him. But we could not forget—

"Their long, low gallop that can tire,
The hound's deep hate, the hunters' fire."

And we trembled for the poor dog. On they came, a hundred black throats in full cry. We cocked our guns and strained our eyes to pierce the darkness and gloom of the swamp beyond. Then suddenly, as they came nearer and nearer with a rush, pell-mell and hubbub most devilish, dog and wolves piled into the slough before us and Calvin on top of them. We dare not fire, lest we should kill the generous fellow as he stamped and struck with clubbed gun in what seemed such an unequal contest. The poor dog had but barely made it and his life was saved; but we did not kill a single wolf We could hear them all around us in the cane whimpering for the rest of the night, but were not disturbed and did not fear them. H. B. S.

MARIETTA, O., Oct. 3, 1882.

UP IN THE ROCKIES.

THOUGH I promised to send you sketchings of my rambles in Colorado as anything occurred worth noting in the line of field sports, I have up to the past few days not attempted to do more in hunting and fishing, than to wear away the summer months by rambling about the banks of the beautiful and historic stream, the Rio Grande, whose bright waters swept along one side of this quiet little village. Occasionally I have amused myself with the rod and fly, whipping the rapid shining current for those gamy little paragons, the speckled trout, whose number seems to be countless in all the mountain streams, especially in that of the Rio Grande. I have had no field companion, except an occasional stranger, who might chance to halt here for a few days on his way up the river to the so-called Wagonwheel Gap, and sometimes above to Antelope Park; the gap being thirty miles above here and Antelope Park about thirty miles above that, all on the Rio Grande River, and it being understood that the higher up on the river the better the fishing. All tourists and parties coming out here, to have a full benefit, strike at once for the head waters, some stopping for a few days at this point, but the larger portion going directly on. This is, so far as my experience goes, mostly a matter of fancy. I found at all times sport enough here, until indeed it ceased almost to be sport, because of success being so common and so easy acquired that really to me it grew stale, and rather impressed the idea of cruelty instead of sport, legitimately speaking. At any rate I always caught all and more than I had any use for unless I should condescend to become a potter and express them to Denver and sell them, at which place they are always in brisk demand at remunerative prices and great numbers were sent there by the pot fishermen during the summer, expressed by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad from this point.

Thus the summer months have been spent in this quiet little village of the foothills of the great Rockies, the climate of which is the most delightful for a summer residence that could be desired. At length my expected party of friends arrived about the latter days of August. The company consisted of the following gentlemen: Col. Tom Steel, Sr., Tom Steel, Jr. and Frank Cook, of Little Rock, Ark., and R. McDonald, of Kansas City, Mo. They came to spend September at least in the sports of rod and gun, and accordingly, as soon as full preparations were completed, the above four and myself started for Wagonwheel Gap. The road was fine, partly rail, the rest buckboard. We arrived the same day, Aug. 26, at that paradise for sportsmen, especially those of Waltonian proclivities, Peck's Hotel, one mile below the famous Hot Springs. We spent the following day trouting. Peck, the jovial and accommodating landlord, who keeps a good, clean, neat house and excellent fare, and full teams of horses, wagons, burros, etc., readily outfitted the party with wagons and sent us up four miles above the gap, where he said the very best fishing was, and so we found it to be. Taking lunch with us we spent the day casting the fly on those bright waters with success. On returning to Peck's our sacks were emptied and the fish counted. They numbered 207, and weighed 104 pounds, several weighing separate 2½, 3, 3½ and 4 pounds. One weighed 5½ pounds, and was what the small boys call a whopper.

The fish were turned over to Peck, and the next morning, August 28, we commenced to outfit for the mountains, which we found to be, "sure enough," real mountains. Our entire kit, consisting of cooking utensils, tent, bed and bedding, together with provisions, gun, etc., were packed in pack saddles, on five little burros, while each of us was well mounted on good, gentle horses, all except Cook, whose horse was a burro. We left Peck's Hotel at 8 A. M., traveled up the river five or six miles, leaving the valley or rather the river at mouth of Bellows Creek, that reaches the river through a terrific canyon, with solid rock walls three thousand feet high. Here the mountains set in on all sides. Above and to the north of the canyon a half mile a little old buffalo trail was perceptible, and along this we commenced to climb the immense mountain before us. The 3,000 feet we must ascend along that trail, which was not more than one foot wide, between rough ledges of rock and along the margins of yawning precipices, McDonald leads the way, Col. Steel next, then the five little faithful burros, each without bridles or halters, and under a pack as large as himself, and weighing 200 pounds, and close at their heels tramps Tom Bim, the burro handler and our guide, whose Mexican lingo seems to be as perfectly understood by these little donkies as one Mexican understands another; they never refuse implicit obedience. Cook and Steel, Jr., and myself creeping along in the rear, our horses puffing and blowing like small steam engines. Looking away up at the ascending train and at McDonald, reminds one of Napoleon ascending the Alps; his horse with terrible effort struggles up an ascent whose angle is not much less than forty-five degrees.

At last we reach the summit of Bellow's Mountain and pause while our stock "blow" and take a little rest. Soon, however, we are ready to proceed again along that little trail that now lends obliquely down the side of a steep, sharp gorge, from the bottom of which we again ascend as before. Then reaching the summit of at least another thousand feet, and turning west along its crest and traveling about three miles over the most terrible rough rocks and through a dense forest of spruce timber, suddenly we debouch into broad, beautiful parks, covered with beautiful and luxuriant grass and dwarf willow. We camp on the

margin of the park near a small pond of clear water. Looking at my watch I found that it was four o'clock, and that eight hours had been spent on the trip. Our tent being hastily pitched, a roaring fire made of seasoned spruce logs, we partook of an enjoyable supper of broiled bacon, bread and coffee. By this time it was becoming dark, and snow commenced falling, which continued at intervals all night.

The morning of August 29 opened dark. A dense fog or rather cloud enveloped the entire mountain on which we were camped, the altitude of which was over 11,000 feet above sea level. On the mountain lay a snow four or five inches in depth. A little inspection in early morning developed the fact that within forty yards of our camp were two good sized bear beds, which the bears had probably left the evening before unobserved by us, as we approached the place. This fact naturally enough produced at once an excitement in camp. A hurried breakfast was swallowed and all hands sallied forth to the woods, each man eager to kill a bear to begin with.

I also started on the bear hunt, but as my gun was a twelve-bore, I reconsidered the case, and as I also concluded that I could not remember having lost any bear, returned to camp willing to decline the honor to more enthusiastic amateurs. In less than three-fourths of an hour I heard the crack of a rifle and directly another, and pretty soon another, then a yell and a whoop. Very soon three of the party arrived in camp reporting a dead bear, and the last rifle shot had killed a fine deer.

By twelve o'clock the clouds had cleared, the snow had very nearly all gone and the bear and deer had been packed into camp. All went out in the evening. Nothing more was killed, but a number of deer reported seen; 30th, McDonald who had killed the bear, killed a deer, and Col. Steel two deer; 31st and 1st September, three more deer killed, and 2d killed two fine deer, and as we now had all the game that we could pack in with concluded to go into Peck's, our headquarters, and rest a few days and return. So leaving our tent and beds, blankets, etc., all packed on an improvised high bench or scaffold, brought up the five burros, and loaded them with all the meat they could carry and balance hung high up on poles, and took the back track to Wagon-wheel Gap, when after a terrible zigzag, break-neck, reckless ride we arrived all safe at Peck's, where we rested quietly for three days. The further arrangement was to return on the 5th September, which we did, and the result of which will be detailed in my next. R. T.

DEL NORTE, Colorado, Sept. 1882.

Natural History.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

COMPILED FROM THE NOTES OF MR. O. WIDMANN BY W. W. COOKE.

PART II.

(24) *Hylocichla mustelina*—Wood Thrush.—S. S. common; 4, 22, F. not numerous, the van only has arrived; 4, 24, still scarce and not yet in song; 4, 26, more numerous; 5, 2, not in full numbers and song seldom heard; 5, 4, numerous and in song.

(33) *Hylocichla fuscescens*—Wilson's Thrush.—T. V., 5, 3, F., two migrating; 5, 9, two migrating; 5, 18, L.

(23) *Hylocichla ustulata swainsoni* and *H. aliciæ*.—T. V. very common; 4, 21, F., one seen; 4, 26, more numerous; 4, 27, more conspicuous and singing; 5, 2, in many places, but small numbers; 5, 3, very numerous, especially var. *Swainsoni*, now at height of season, that is, as numerous as they ever will be; 5, 5, migrating individuals seen; 5, 9, to 5, 14, many every day; 5, 23, still numerous; 5, 24 and 25, numerous; 5, 26 and 27, only a few; 5, 29, still a few; the last left before 6, L.

(14) *Hylocichla unalascæ pallasi*—Hermit Thrush.—T. V. irregularly common; 4, 4, F.; 4, 6, more seen; 4, 7, one seen; 4, 9 to 4, 14, a few more met with; 4, 18, no increase and not conspicuous; 4, 22, a party of four in a pasture; 4, 25, L.

(2) *Merula migratoria*—Robin.—R., but mostly S. S., a few stay in mild winters; 2, 25, F., two males; 3, 4, great arrival of flocks and first song; 3, 4, was the day of robins, they were seen and heard everywhere; 3, 20, heard everywhere, but still no migrating flocks; 4, 2, large migrating flocks are here; 4, 3, seem to be restless, flying to and fro in all directions; 4, 4, still numerous in flocks; 4, 7, mostly gone; 4, 15, a new migratiug flock of twenty-five; 4, 22, migrating flocks again seen; 5, 2, sits on eggs, male sings morning and evening; no more flocks; 5, 12, fledged young on lawn.

(17) *Mimus polyglottus*—Mockingbird.—A few stay in mild winters (1877-8 and 1-81-2). The great numbers arrive in March and April, very irregular. Once seen 2, 10, but may have been an escaped cage bird; 4, 7, F., three males and females, one male in song; 4, 17, found building, 4, 18, a little more numerous, but still scarce; 4, 24, ranks fill up, females arrived, males are noisy; 5, 2, not all arrived, the earliest comers are building.

(24) *Galeoscoptes carolinensis*—Catbird.—S. S. very common. 4, 22, F. not numerous, the van only has arrived; 4, 24, still scarce and not yet in song; 4, 26, more numerous and singing; 4, 27, males singly, singing, no females; 5, 2, about one-half of S. S. are here, singing often, but not excited; 5, 4, full numbers and flock of migrating individuals; 5, 10, first egg.

(7) *Harporhynchus rufus*—Brown Thrasher.—S. S. very common. 3, 13, F. one bird silent on ground at old stand; 3, 18, two seen, first song; 3, 20, a little more numerous, but none migrating; 4, 2, no increase, not ten per cent. yet arrived; 4, 3, N. N.; 4, 6, wild with song and seen in pairs; 4, 9, the most conspicuous songsters, hundreds populate the gardens, parks, etc.; not uncommon to hear three to six at the same time. They ascend to the tops of the highest trees and sing in such an earnest way, and with such an energy, that it makes one think they must sing for a certain purpose and not for mere pastime; 4, 15, building; 4, 22, besides our S. S. which have nests (first set of eggs to-day), flocks of migrating individuals are met with in brier patches, hedge rows, etc.; 5, 2, on eggs, no flocks, a diligent songster.

Sialia sialis—Common Bluebird.—R. Great numbers stay all winter. They became gradually more and more numerous during February, and are now in full force since 3, 3, which day may be set down as the first day of warbling bluebirds. They were seen and heard continually all day and everywhere; 3, 19, full numbered, pairs are found at all the places which they frequented in former years, no migrating individuals observed, all are S. S.; 4, 8, first egg. They now keep pretty quiet and silent except in early morning; 5, 2, feed young in nest.

(14) *Poliuptila cærulea*—Blue-gray Gnatcatcher.—S. S. 4, 4, F.; 4, 6, more seen; 4, 7, two seen; 4, 8 and 9, seen at different places, and places where they do not breed; 4, 9 to 16, a few met with; 4, 21, males in full numbers and quite noisy; 5, 2, building, no migrating individuals.

(12) *Regulus calendula*—Ruby-Crowned Kinglet.—T. V. 3, 28, F., from then to 4, 2, increasing in numbers every day; 4, 3, singing; 4, 4, everywhere—heard song at ten different places; 4, 7, N. N.; 4, 9, more and more numerous, not in flocks, but everywhere—in gardens, on trees, by roadsides and in woods. Their song is now much more beautiful than that heard in March. 4, 21, about same numbers since first part of month; 4, 22, noisy and conspicuous; 4, 27, decrease; 5, 3, a few only left at certain stands; 5, 4, one bird; 5, 5, migrating individuals; 5, 9, L.

(9) *Regulus satrapa*.—Golden-Crowned Kinglet.—T. V. 3, 16, F. one seen; 3, 18, one; 3, 23, one; 3, 31, L.

Lophophanes bicolor—Tufted Titmouse.—R. Equally numerous in winter and summer, but "peto"-ing in excitement since 2, 25; 5, 2, have eggs, males are still noisy.

Parus atricapillus—Black-Capped Chickadee.—R. 3, 7, goes in pairs and full of music; 5, 2, have eggs, but the males still keep singing.

Sitta carolinensis—White-Bellied Nuthatch.—R. Seldom seen, as it is very retired.

Sitta canadensis.—Red-Bellied Nuthatch.—T. V. Irregular; no record for '82; for '79, 4, 25, F.; 5, 10, L.; and for '81, 5, 2, F., 5, 6, L.

(9) *Certhia familiaris rufa*—Brown Creeper.—T. V. almost W. S. 3, 16, F., one seen; from 3, 20, to 4, 2, four seen; 4, 7, L., two seen.

Thryothorus ludovicianus—Carolina Wren.—R. 3, 7, its loud whistle heard very often; 3, 15, carrying building materials; 5, 2, young in nest, males as noisy as ever.

(11) *Thryomanes bewicki*—Bewick's Wren.—S. S. 3, 20, F., one singing at old stand; 4, 2, full numbered at old stands; 5, 2, rather stingy with its little song.

(17) *Troglodytes ædon*.—House Wren.—S. S. 4, 7, F., one male; 4, 9 to 16, a few met with; 4, 18, a little more numerous but still scarce; 4, 20, twelve males; 4, 21, not one-half of full numbers; 4, 22, heard to-day everywhere; 4, 24, ranks fill up, females arrived, males are noisy; 4, 28, N. N. everywhere; 5, 2, building.

(14) *Anorthura troglodytes hyemalis*—Winter Wren.—T. V. 4, 4, F.; again 4, 5.

(28) *Telmatodytes palustris*—Long-Billed Marsh Wren.—S. S. 4, 27 F., one male, singing, in migration.

(28) *Cistothorus stellaris*—Short-Billed Marsh Wren.—S. S. 4, 27, F., one male, singing, in migration.

(17) *Mniotilta varia*—Black-and-White Creeper.—S. S. 4, 7, F., one male in woods where it breeds; 4, 22, one more male seen; 4, 24, more numerous; 5, 2, male and female seen every day.

(25) *Protonotaria citrea*—Prothonotary Warbler.—S. S. Rare; 4, 24, F., one male, migrating; 5, 2, N. N. at its breeding places.

(27) *Helminthotherus vermivorus*—Worm-Eating Warbler.—S. S. 4, 26, F., and few.

(22) *Helminthophaga pinus*—Blue-Winged Yellow Warbler.—S. S. 4, 20, F., five males at old stands; 4, 21, males in full numbers and quite noisy; 4, 22, migrating individuals everywhere, in gardens and orchards in city; 5, 2, N. N. at its breeding places.

(28) *Helminthophaga chrysoptera*—Blue Golden-Winged Warbler.—T. V. 4, 27, F., male, singing, in migration; 5, 2, males only; 5, 4, first female; 5, 9, male and female seen; 5, 16, L.

(28) *Helminthophaga ruficapilla*—Nashville Warbler.—T. V. 4, 27, F., male, singing, in migration; 5, 2, males only; 5, 4, several seen and heard; 5, 14, two seen; 5, 16, L.

(29) *Helminthophaga celata*—Orange-Crowned Warbler.—T. V. Irregular; 4, 28, F., one male.

(26) *Helminthophaga peregrina*—Tennessee Warbler.—T. V. Regular and abundant; 4, 25, F., one male in song; 5, 2, in many places, but small numbers only; 5, 4, everywhere and numerous, singing continually; 5, 5, migrating individuals; 5, 8, same, larger numbers; 5, 9 to 13, many seen, although the bulk left 5, 8 and 9; 5, 16, L. (as was supposed), but on 5, 24 and 25 they suddenly became again numerous; 5, 26 and 27, only a few; 5, 29, heard and seen in different places; before 6, 1, all gone.

(22) *Parula Americana*—Blue Yellow-Backed Warbler.—S. S. 4, 20, F., one male at old stand; 4, 21, males in full numbers and quite noisy; 5, 2, noisy at stands.

(23) *Dendræca æstiva*—Golden Warbler.—S. S. 4, 21, F., two males in full song; 4, 22, the bulk of this species, the males at least, have arrived; the song is continually heard, and is to-day omnipresent. 5, 2, N. N. excited, mating.

(—) *Dendræca cærulescens*—Black-Throated Blue Warbler.—T. V. Never seen in spring and but once in fall.

(8) *Dendræca coronata*—Yellow-Rumped Warbler. T. V. 3, 15, F., one male and one female; 4, 2, the female has remained at same place, but no other individuals found; 4, 5, general arrival, more males than females; heard song at many places; 4, 7, N. N.; 4, 9, seen and heard in many places, but most numerous along banks of creeks; 4, 21, about same numbers since first of month; 4, 22, noisy and conspicuous; 4, 24, extremely numerous; 5, 2, same numbers at same places; 5, 3, many young birds and females; bulk left 5, 8 and 9; 5, 10, two seen; 5, 11, L.

(33) *Dendræca maculosa*—Black-and-Yellow Warbler.—T. V. 5, 3, F., one male migrating; 5, 4, several males in song; 5, 9 to 13, several males and females; 5, 16 to 18, numerous; 5, 24, females seen; 5, 29, two females; all left before 6, 1.

(23) *Dendræca cærulea*—Cerulean Warbler.—S. S. 4, 21, F., four males in full song; 5, 2, noisy at stands.

(33) *Dendræca pensylvanica*—Chestnut-Sided Warbler.—T. V. 5, 3, F., one male migrating; 5, 4, several males in song; 5, 5, migrating individuals; 5, 9, male and female seen; 5, 16, 18, 23, single birds and pairs.

(38) *Dendræca castanea*—Bay Breasted Warbler.—T. V. One male, 5, 16.

(31) *Dendræca striata*—Black-Poll Warbler.—T. V. Abundant; 5, 1, F., one male; 5, 4, all at once N. N.; 5, 5, migrating individuals; 5, 8, same, large numbers; 5, 9 to 13, male and female; bulk left 5, 8 and 9; single birds and pair seen every day to 5, 23; 5, 24 and 25, again numerous; 5, 26 and 27, only a few; 5, 29, male and female seen and heard in several places; 6, 1, L.

(—) *Dendræca blackburniæ*—Blackburnian Warbler.—T. V. Irregular; only once seen 5, 4, 1880.

(—) *Dendræca dominica*—Yellow-Throated Warbler.—T. V. Never seen in spring and but once in fall.

(31) *Dendræca virens*—Black-Throated Green Warbler.—T. V. Irregular; 5, 1, F.; one male; 5, 16 males seen.

(24) *Dendræca pinus*—Pine-Creeping Warbler.—S. S. Rare; 4, 22, F., in song.

(15) *Dendræca palmarum*—Red-Poll Warbler.—T. V. Abundant; 4, 5, F.; 4, 6, more seen; 4, 9, very few seen; may be more numerous, but they keep secluded, much more so than those which come later in the season; 4, 22, seen again; 5, 2, numerous now, everywhere seen and heard; 5, 4, still numerous almost anywhere, 5, 5, bulk left; 5, 8, considerable decrease; 5, 12, male seen; 5, 15, L.

(40) *Dendræca dicolor*—Prairie Warbler.—S. S. Local; 5, 22, F., found at stand.

(22) *Siurus auricapillus*—Golden-Crowned Thrush.—S. S. Common; 4, 20, F., three males; 4, 21, males in full numbers and quite noisy; 5, 2, full numbers at stands, noisy.

(29) *Siurus noveboracensis*—Short-Billed Water Thrush.—T. V. 4, 28, F.; 5, 2, numerous, migrating; 5, 4, still numerous almost anywhere; 5, 10, 13, many seen; 5, 18, L.

(17) *Siurus motacilla*—Large-Billed Water Thrush.—S. S. Local; 4, 7, F.; one male at old stand in wood along creek. May have been there several days already. It was much excited, singing incessantly during my stay (7 to 9 A. M.), restless, changing station often within its chosen district, mounting high branches of trees, etc. This showed its mate had not arrived. 4, 9 to 14, a few met with; 4, 25, three males and one female, somewhat more numerous and noisy; 4, 21, males in full numbers and quite noisy; 5, 2, noisy at stands, full numbers; 5, 4, singing continually till 9 A. M.

(38) *Oporornis agilis*—Connecticut Warbler.—T. V. 5, 16, F.; seen again 5, 24, 25, 26, 29.

(28) *Oporornis formosa*—Kentucky Warbler.—S. S. Abundant, 4, 27, F., singing at old stand; 5, 2, noisy at stand; full numbers.

(36) *Geothlypis philadelphia*—Mourning Warbler.—S. S. 5, 19, F.; seen again 5, 20, 25, 26.

(20) *Geothlypis trichas*—Maryland Yellow Throat.—S. S. Common. 4, 18, F., one male; 4, 20, four males, somewhat more noisy and numerous; 4, 21, not one-fourth of full numbers; 4, 22, more numerous; 4, 24, ranks fill up, females arrived, males are noisy; 5, 2, noisy at stands, full numbers; 5, 4, exceedingly N. N., probably migrating individuals among them.

(26) *Icteria virens*—Yellow-Breasted Chat.—S. S. Common. 4, 25, F., several at old stands; 4, 26, N. N.; 5, 2, noisy at stands, full numbers.

(26) *Myiodioctes mitratus*—Hooded Flycatching Warbler.—S. S. 4, 25, F., one male singing at old stand; 5, 2, noisy at stands, full numbers; 5, 4, full numbers and singing all the morning.

(34) *Myiodioctes pusillus*—Wilson's Green, Black-Capped, Flycatching Warbler.—T. V. Abundant; 5, 4, F., males, singing, migrating; 5, 5, migrants; 5, 9 to 22, male and female seen every day, also on 5, 24 to 25; L. very soon after.

(34) *Myiodioctes canadensis*—Canadian Flycatching Warbler.—T. V. Rapid transit, same as *M. pusillus*.

(23) *Setophaga ruticilla*—Redstart—S. S. Common; 4, 21, F., three males in full song; 4, 24, more numerous; 4, 27, females arrived and male jubilant; 5, 2, noisy at stands, full numbers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPRING BIRDS OF QUEBEC.

MR. JOHN NEILSON, the well-known Canadian ornithologist, has recently contributed to the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* his observations on the migration of birds during the spring of 1882. His notes cover a period extending from March 1 to July, and we take pleasure in introducing them through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to a wider circle of readers interested in ornithology than they would reach in the journal where they first appeared. The observer says:

Except sparrow birds, ever the first (song) harbingers of spring, such as "Wilson's snowbird, or nun," the "song sparrow," and a few others, many species made default till rather late in the season. This was particularly the case with respect to that beautiful and useful family, the "warblers," while of fly catchers proper, a few only have been detected. The fact, however, that from the end of April, the field of my personal observation was not extended to much beyond the immediate environs of my residence here, may, in a great measure, account for this; as it does for the very limited arrivals recorded in the following

SPRING LIST.

March 1.—Common crow, on spring migration; several passed the winter here and at St. Foy.

April 1.—Canada goose. 3d, song sparrow. Wilson's snowbird or nun. 5th, robin, few have remained to breed in this locality at this time. 15th, golden-eye duck, shot confluence of "Tourili" the only open rapid from settlements on the St. Anne, to "Peche a Markham." This duck is abundant during winter on the lower St. Lawrence, and occasional here. 16th, woodcock, reported some days earlier. Rusty grackle, of late becoming more abundant on spring and autumn passage. Great northern shrike, several on upper St. Anne, in company with the no less sanguinary hawk-owl, following vast hards of white wing, and red crossbills, pine finch, redpoll, grosbeak, etc. Winter wren, near "Peche a Markham," St. Anne River. 20th, grass finch. 21st, black duck, discharge of "Lake Sergent." 24th, snow goose, yearly becoming more regular on spring passage. Redtail hawk, gyr falcon (*F. sacer*). This falcon, formerly rare, may now be noted as regular (one to five specimens each season) on spring migration, and occasional as a summer visitor here. I have frequently observed it in June, and on two succeeding days in mid-July, apparently foraging over fields at Valcartier. A gentleman resident at Pine Lake, Matawin, writes to say that the gyr falcon is fairly common in that locality, and that the birds themselves, under his observation, gave the strongest possible reason for believing that they breed at, or near, Pine Lake. The same observer also sends curious and interesting notes touching the habits of this beautiful hawk and others, too long for the present list. Herring gull. 29th.—White-throat sparrow, Peabody-bird, sweet pinkey, etc. White-crown sparrow.—A spring visitor sometimes abundant. I have not observed it as a summer resident, or during autumn; but Mr W. U. G. has remarked a pair during summer near Sillery. It has a sweet, wild song, entirely different from that of the white-throat sparrow. American bluebird (*Sialia sialis*), principally on spring and autumn passage it is said, breeds largely at Lake St. John, where in September, and till late in October, I have met it occupying a large extent of country. Summer 1880, this elegant bird attempted to build at Quebec, St. Foye and other places, with poor success apparently; since the venture has not, to my knowledge, been repeated. Golden-wing wood-pecker.—Though really a wood-pecker, its habits in many respects are quite different from others of the tribe.

May 1.—Golden-crested wren, as far as my experience

goes, never abundant. Pewee or phebe, rare this season. 2d. [Fox sparrow] on passage north, amongst sparrows the most brilliant songster. [White-bellied swallow.] 3d. [Tree sparrow,] spring and autumn on passage. 6th. [Chipping sparrow] for rapidity of reproduction it has no equal in our *fauna;* four broods to date, is the result of this season's operation. [Hermit thrush—] the sweetness of its melody has won for it, amongst our American cousins, the appellation of swamp angel. The wood thrush only—a rare summer resident here—is its equal as a vocalist. 7th. Yellow-bellied woodpecker, rather rare in this district, now breeding in Cap Rouge woods. Pigeon hawk (*F. columbarius*) common spring and fall, frequently found breeding here. 8th. Broad-winged hawk (*B. pennsylvanicus*) adult in full plumage shot, presented in aid collection Sillery Convent. Last year, July 14, on "Dornald" property, I discovered the nest of this species. It contained two young, probably eight to ten days old; the female and one young shot and presented to above institution, while the remaining young was captured alive, and presented as an addition to the "Spencer Grange" aviary. Want of space forbids a minute description of the nest. 10th. Yellow bird, or Canadian goldfinch. 11th. Solitary tattler, nestles about Beaver meadow, far from the haunts of man; probably two or more broods, as I have late in August, observed the female anxious for her young, no doubt, secreted near by. Belted kingfisher. 20th. Yellow-rumped warbler; rare this season, sometimes very abundant. Breeding far North, it returns late in autumn and is frequently caught in heavy snow storms, when it resorts to various grass seed for food. 23d. Scarlet tanager; very rare. At Pont Rouge, a pair probably breeding—kindly reported by my esteemed confrere, Alex. S., Esq. Whippoorwill, now very rare. Within the limits of our province I have never detected this pleasing nocturnal, so familiar during my sojourn in Manitoba. Its presence this summer up to July 16, has been reported, from Grand Anse, St. Maurice, Pine Lake, and at Cap Sante. Peregrine falcon (*F. anatum*) occasional; has been taken in the neighborhood of Quebec. One specimen only noticed here the present season; several have been observed at Pine Lake, where it was seen to capture a golden-eye duck while on the wing. Another friend states his conviction, that this famous hawk breeds in the St. Maurice district. The matter deserves attention, and will receive it. 25th. Golden-crowned thrush, or "oven bird," its nest is oven-shaped, hence its name; like the grouse, if you approach the nest, it will feign lameness or a broken wing to draw the intruders from its treasures—abundant. 25th. Yellow red-poll warbler, not common in this district; not detected breeding here. 27th. Black and white creeper, common; Wilson's thrush, very common, and "Swainson's," the latter not sufficiently identified, equally common. [Summer yellow bird, rather fond of city life, if these pests, the town sparrow, would leave it in peace. Chestnut-sided warbler, regular and commonly breed close to my residence and generally about woodlands, environs of Quebec.] Maryland yellow-throat, has a pleasing warble, is fond of building about scrubby pastures.] Savannah sparrow, habits like grass finch. [Black-throated green warbler, common, but generally seeking its insect prey on spruce or balsam; is difficult to detect. [Bay-breasted warbler, generally rather rare, but more abundant the present season than ever before noticed. 31st. Redstart, common, breed here, is probably more terrestrial than any other warbler.

June 1.—Ruby-crowned wren, very rare the present season, one specimen only detected, while at other seasons this pretty little wren fairly invades a large section of country. 2d. Black-poll warbler, not common; I think it breeds here. 3d. Green black-capped flycatcher, rare, but as its haunt is low bushes, it is probably more abundant than we suppose. I have not detected it later than June, nor have I found any signs of its building about here. 5th. Canada flycatcher, rather common and very regular. Ruby-throated humming bird, common resident; well known. Like the bird itself, the nest is the perfection; such as I have found were always placed far from the busy haunts of men, about ten feet from the ground, curved over by *cryptogamia* or snow; once at Reviere aux Pin Lakes, about eight miles from any habitation. 6th. Black and yellow or magnolia warbler, not common; sometimes frequents low scrub; often the tops of evergreens; I have not found it breeding here, but probably it does, or at least at no great distance north. 7th. King bird, valuable as a farmyard protector; neither crow, hawk or even eagle dare approach the vicinity of its nest. Red-eyed vireo, never arrives till the forest tree leaves have attained at least half their normal size; everywhere abundant; a pleasing, untiring songster; certainly two broods and perhaps three. 15. Cedar bird. Yearly decreasing in number. After fruit season it becomes a graceful and expert fly-catcher. This bird is an exception; it feeds its young, I believe, entirely on fruit—principally on the shadberry. Great-crested fly-catcher (*M. crinitus*)—A very rare summer visitor; four or five specimens only observed (this district) by me. The subject of present note was detected at "Spencer Grange," by the proprietor, J. M. LeM., Esq., author of "Les Oiseaux du Canada," besides other literary productions of which Quebec may well be proud. 17th. Indigo bird, known to the French-Canadians as l'oiseau de Montreal. Up to last season two or more pairs regularly built about "Dornald," the present season two or three—evidently stragglers—have appeared This beautiful and charming songster has been noted abundant on the route from Bertnier to Pine Lake; also, at the latter place, a pair of Baltimore orioles. 18th. Catbird. Rare in the environs of Quebec; found breeding in the Gomin Woods, near the Jewish Cemetery; common west of Three Rivers. 24th. Warbling vireo. Not common, nor have I ever, beyond a doubt, found its nest; but being a summer resident it no doubt builds here. While in the Northeastern States it seldom (see Samuels) frequents deep forests, here woodlands are its favorite habitat. As a sylvan vocalist this vireo has no superior.

July 13.—Blackburnian Warbler.—Among the many beautiful warblers that annually visit us, this unquestionably is the most beautiful. Its habits are similar to those of the bay-breasted warbler, seeking its insect and larval food, by actively ferreting in and out the thickest of thick balsam and spruce clumps. At such time, it is extremely unsuspicious, and may be leisurely examined from arm's length. The subject of this notice (a pair) appearing much later in the season than usual, led me to suppose that the nest might not be far, but my search was vain, and my pretty friends shortly after took flight to some locality outside the circuit of my interviewing. Speaking of this bird, Mr. Cauper (see Samuels 13th N. E. p. 369) notes it as "very abundant here last spring." No doubt correct, but personally during many years of observation I have certainly not met a dozen specimens—probably less. 29th—Bonaparte's Gull (*L. bonapartei*).—From date till mid-September, common, generally flying over or swinging about the channel of St. Lawrence, where they—apparently independent of shore life—very gracefully pick up surface matter or insects. An extremely pretty little gull, very tame. Neck, head and bill black; upper parts pale blue; under parts and tail pure white; outer primaries tipped black; feet reddish orange.

For reasons before stated the above will be found but a meagre list when compared with the real number of migratory land and other birds that as transitory or summer residents visit the picturesque environs of Quebec. Birds of different families necessarily require and seek different conditions of country to suit their various habits—highlands, lowlands, heavy timber, evergreen or deciduous, scrubby pasture, meadow land, or grain-field, marsh or waterside; each claims, by reason of the food or other wants supplied, a certain number of feathered denizens. To secure these, even a tolerably full spring list, it behooves the field observer to be up and doing. The circuit for research is extensive and springtide short. The eye, the ear, not to speak of the vast amount of patient endurance (mosquitoes and black flies) required, will be brought into play; but the discovery of even one rare bird will always be deemed more than ample compensation for the fatigues of the day. To read a book is to learn and profit by what the author knows and teaches; but if we wish to add our mite, let it be ever so small, to the common stock of knowledge, we can do no better than to seek at the fountain-head, open the book of Nature, and from it, while we enjoy the beauty and harmony that on all sides surround us, we glean such matter as may suit our aptitude or taste; we will learn that which is no less precious—more truly to love its author.

SECOND BREEDING OF QUAIL.

OSCALOOSA, Ia., Sept. 19, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I hardly think it necessary that I should make any reply to the article of "Ches A. Peake" in issue of September 14, but I would like to try to vindicate my esteemed friend "Bob White." I will confess I felt slightly indignant on reading that article. Any wonder?

Sportsmen of the "great Northwest," mark what he says: "I never knew of the third, nor even the second brood, nor do I believe in such nonsense."

I was not indignant that "Ches A. Peake" should doubt my statement. Oh no! but only that he should doubt the good qualities of the Iowa quail.

If "Ches A. Peake" should state that the soil of North Carolina produces quail spontaneously, I might (?) think he was misinformed, but how else they come there in such numbers, except by second or third brood I know not. When I think of the disadvantages under which "C. A. P." must labor, I readily forgive him. Probably he has never had a hunt on the broad "flat prairies" of the Northwest, and because he has never "seen with his own eyes" he cannot believe, which is sometimes a good fault. Seriously, "Ches A. Peake," has it never occurred to you that Iowa is several miles from North Carolina? That climatic conditions may have something to do with that which you know nothing of? Or that "Bob White" of Iowa is only another example of the productiveness of the "great Northwest?"

I will further state for your benefit that I not only flushed those quails, but I shot two of them (not for meat but for curiosity), and actually held the "impossible" monstrosity in my hand. Unfortunately I did not think to "put it in a glass case with the 'hoopsnake'" (sorry for the comparison) and send it to the "Smithsoman," where all doubting skeptics might examine it at leisure.

I wish to bring forward one authority. In "Game Birds of the U. S.," Thomas Alexander says: "A little later," (after the first brood takes wing) "the mother" (quail) "relegates the care of the rising family to her liege lord, and sets about the pleasant duty of getting a second brood ready for the sportsman, sometimes, it is said, even a third."

J. E. S. is still "to the front" on this question. He seldom makes a statement as "a fact" until his senses have convinced him of it, then he is seldom driven from the stand of firm conviction. Now, resting it on the basis of indisputable evidence, I "submit the case." J. E. S.

In regard to quail, would say that in November, '75, in the lower part of Delaware, I saw quail so young that they could barely fly a few yards. I. N. DE HAVEN.

[We know from personal observation that at least in one instance quail have raised a second brood, for we carefully watched from day to day the very interesting performances of this happy family, and know that there could be no mistake. We, too, have many times seen broods in November which were so young that they could not fly, and we believe with our correspondent that quail frequently, if not usually, rear two broods in a season].

BREEDING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Rockland, Me., October 3.—I saw in the last FOREST AND STREAM an article on breeding quail in confinement, and I was glad to hear from the writer, and I wish that we could hear from more on the subject. I have now two quail chickens which were hatched the 17th of September. The quail began to sit on six eggs on the 22d of August; time of incubation twenty-six days. Only three were hatched, and one of the chicks got into a hole in the brush in such a way that he died; the other two are very smart. The cock did not sit on the eggs at all, but when it was about time for the eggs to hatch, he nestled down beside his mate, and has been very attentive ever since. I am satisfied now that the quail that I hatched under a hen last year died for want of a proper mother, as I gave them the same food that I feed these with. I hope to get them through the winter. I hope the correspondent who inquired through you if quail could be bred in confinement, will be encouraged to try it, and I should like to hear from the gentleman who had the quail sitting at the time he wrote. I feed my chicks on boiled eggs chopped fine and mixed with bread or oatmeal (raw), a few small earth worms cut into small pieces. I dug into some ant hills and got some eggs, ants and dirt, altogether a waterpailful, and they seem to enjoy eating these the best of anything, but they only get them as a dessert.—JAMES WIGHT.

A CURIOUS MIRAGE.—Cleveland, O.—I send you a sketch of two ravens as seen by a party of us one forenoon, the result of mirage on one of the border deserts of the "Great Basin" in 1856. All exclaimed, "What are those Baptist ministers doing here?" Gen. Marcy, in his "Army Life on the Border," page 143, describing the mirage of the Western plains, says: "A raven, for instance, would present the appearance of a man walking erect."—W. E. STIRLING.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

HOLD WELL AHEAD.

I.

ON he comes with whirring pinions
Darting swiftly toward the blind,
Would you kill him as he crosses?
'Tis no child's play, you will find.

II.

Now, my friend, when you salute him,
Throw your barrels well ahead
(That's the only way to bag him),
Otherwise you waste your lead,
And will see him still whizz onward
When you had him (in your mind).

III.

Mark, my boy, that single feather,
Gently sailing down the wind.
Just a "souvenir" he's left you,
Showing that you shot behind. DICK.

A RED LETTER DAY.

TEN or twelve years ago I was living in Philadelphia, Pa., and as business would admit when the shooting season came in it was my custom to visit friends in Delaware for a day or so shooting on woodcock, and later on try the canvas backs and redheads. Looking back now on the solid chunks of comfort in the field and in the blind taken those days, I feel a pang of regret that I cannot now repeat them. Following Mr. Barnard's well-trained setters and hearing Geo. Barnard's cry of "mark cock" as one or more longbills rose and flew into the open where I was generally placed, while Henry Barnard being on the opposite side of the cover, George between working sometimes a cocker or a setter, while one or more of our canine friends would be doing their work at the edges. And then after the day's shoot was over we would assemble around the table—a table amply provided with good things at the hands of Aunt Polly. Our conversation would usually be of the events of the day, dwelling clearly on all the good shots, particularly the difficult and scientific ones, leaving the scratches and poor work to care for itself. And with what pride I would return to town if I could take with me five or six brace of birds and not be particular either as to keeping the birds out of sight, for was I not something to brag about before strangers on the train and look a veritable Nimrod and "blasé" sportsman? and how satisfactory to hear some one say:

"That's a fine bunch of birds; takes a good shot to make any sort of a showing on those birds."

Some one else might say:

"Well, where did you come crost them birds? Kill 'em all yourself?"

"Yes; that is not quite all."

"Buy 'em?"

"No, sir; what do you suppose I'd take my gun 'long for and then buy the birds. Scarcely, my friend."

"Well, I have seen some of the city fellers come down to my part of the country and blaze 'round for a week or so then hire some of the country boys to shoot a bag full of birds for 'em to make a blow over in the city."

"Yes, I have heard of such things, but would scarcely believe a sportsman capable of it; oh, no, not all, of course not."

It was Wednesday, late in October, about six P. M. I came through the hall door of my boarding place feeling tired from the day's business and wishing at that moment I could take a run down the country for a day or so, but business was so brisk with the company with which I was employed I hardly dared to ask for a short leave of absence even.

I was met by my very amicable landlady who handed me a telegram. "Mr. Dick," the boy said, "you was not at the lower office so he brought this here, knowing you would get it as quick as any way." It read:

"Come down to-morrow. Flight birds coming in; made good bag this morning; old place reserved; will meet you. GEORGE BARNARD."

Now what was I to do. I could not possibly see my chief until ten o'clock next day to ask permission, besides, even if I did ask him he might grumble, not being a sportsman, and there were shells to load.

Ah, ho, ho! brilliant idea. I would take my tea and at once board a horse car and go to the residence of the manager, who was a sportsmen, but whose infirmities prevented him taking the field. I know, too, if any man in this world was fond of looking at and eating woodcock it was the same general manager.

Three-quarters of an hour later I was ushered into the manager's comfortable library.

"Come in, Dick, what's the trouble, why your face looks as long and grave as if something weighty was on your mind. Any wrong with the joint traffic? Been shooting this season? Fine weather this mellow October; now if this foot of mine would bear me out for half a day, I would certainly try it and invite you to go with me." A good opening, truly. I handed him my telegram; a smile, then a hearty laugh.

"Mr. F—," said I, "I cannot see Mr. Reese in time to make arrangements to go, will you, sir, please fix it for me. I wish to go very much."

"Now, Richard, I can fix it, but you must do a little business for me in Baltimore before you come home, and be sure and bring me a brace or so of nice birds; here is a good segar for you, now be off, but find Henry down-stairs and tell him to go to Mr. Reese to-night and say that I am using you to-morrow. Here is a letter to pass you over the different roads."

So much for having a gentleman sportsman for manager, and one of the old school, too, thought I. I'd never have gone on this trip if I'd had the average run of humanity to deal with.

I hurried home, inspected my undergrip breech-loader, and loaded a hundred and fifty shells before going to bed and got my traps together for the start.

Nine o'clock next morning I was comfortably seated in the train on the P. W. & B. R. R., happy with the prospect of two days' sport. Arriving on time at the station, I found George and Henry there.

"Halloa, Dick, glad to see you, old chap."

"How's the birds, George?" said I.

"Birds? lord, man, they are thick. You will just wear

yourself out on them; haven't seen a bigger flight for years. Pond is good, and I calculate they will stay until they're froze out."

"Seen any ducks, Henry? How is Floss's lame leg; think she is fit for work?"

"Oh, yes, she'll do; she'll go on one leg if you'd show her a gun and look as if you meant business."

"Good enough! good enough," said I, delighted with the prospect of shooting over this admirable dog. "We will get them up if we don't touch a feather. How's all the folks?"

"Well; and expecting you. Kate, Molly and Miss Cochran say they will bring us our lunch at one o'clock to-morrow, so we will have a sort of a picnic and then drive home."

"Charming! Now see here, boys, I must take a few brace of cock to the city or I will be cashiered, have my shoulder-straps ripped off and bugled out of camp." I then explained how I received my permission to get away.

"How are you, Mr. Barnard," and "Aunt Polly, how are you." "Come in, come in." "Hollos, Floss, and here is Nick (the cocker) and Duke, also Ginger, all to greet me." Such a wagging of tails and short barks, exclamations from the folks and greetings from the girls, who by this time had met us as we moved toward the porch. After making a little toilet I sat down with the family to a late dinner.

To some readers all this introductory to a shoot may seem superfluous, but to my mind the "how I got there," the welcome, the good folks and general notes on same, help immensely to make up the pleasures of a shoot.

Thursday morning, shortly before sunrise, we were on our way to the covers, Floss, Ginger and Nick in high spirits. We worked pretty thoroughly all the good and indifferent covers, and at twelve o'clock could show but seventeen cock to the three guns. We had our lunch and enjoyed the society of the ladies, but there was disappointment on our faces and in our hearts. I had killed only four birds. The bulk of the flight George had found must have left. However, I had one more day, and remembering how erratic the longbills are, and a few more might come in now that frosts were reported north of us, I took courage.

Saddling George's horse, a beautiful saddle animal, like a bundle of light steel springs under you, accompanied by Henry, we rode some eight miles distant to the duck blind to put some things in order, look over the stools, and if there seemed to be a ghost of a chance to take a shot at the ducks on Saturday morning.

We saw old Mr. Abron, who lives near the water. He had killed a few that morning—half a dozen teal and three mallards, and thought it highly probable we might get a few shots. We turned home, riding across the country, and if bars were not handy and the fences not too stiff we took them pretty much as they came. A fine country for fox hunting. Many a time have I heard the music of the hounds and a dozen or so of us in the saddle, following, wild with excitement. Is there any music that can compare to the cry of a well-trained pack of hounds, eight or ten couples say, running even together on a hot scent and far enough away from the listener to mellow the sound? I like to have the wind blowing just enough to make the delightful music sound faint, fainter, almost lost; then, as the wind carries it back to the ear, it will come with double force and melody, thrilling the listener through and through. And again when the old red is running in the open, in plain sight of the pack, every dog mute, putting in his best work, then too the best horses are to the fore; all is anxiety and suppressed excitement; the old red's brush is trailing; his tongue hangs out; the pack assume the shape of a very elongated V; now we see the best ones in the pack; on, on they go, the distance between fox and dogs decreasing surely and certainly; nearer and nearer; a fence is reached, and the old red with spent strength makes one effort to mount, falls back, turns and faces his relentless pursuers; they are on him; snap, snap; smothered growls; a confused heap of dogs and very little fox, until the hunter who takes the brush holds the dead fox up and whacks his brush off.

In my experience in shooting, as a rule I have found that where I make reckoning and feel sure of having plenty of good shooting, I am usually disappointed. Time and experience has not taught me better. I am as enthusiastic now as ever at the start out, and only realize after the disappointment that it might have been better for my feelings if I had not been so sanguine. Going to the field next morning feeling as if I would not have sport, I was disappointed in the right way.

"Now, Dick," said George, "you take the outside on the left. I'll go to the right with Ginger, and you work Floss. Then will work Nick right down between us. We will just work this big place for all it's worth." This was said as we tumbled out the wagon and getting fixed. A walk of 200 feet—"Hi's on, Nick." The cocker instantly bounded away and immediately gave tongue. Bang, bang, went Henry's gun. "Mark cock!" Well, I should smile; yes, grin; then yell. The air was full of them—big, strong fellows; not duly cock, unworthy of a sportsman's notice. "Gefunden," what a flight there is here.

I must here remark, brethren, I was kept pretty busy on my side. The first bird I killed came whistling through the treetops accompanied by seven or eight more. I will always remember that particular cock, and how I threw up my gun, covered him, and at the crack he collapsed in mid-air, held for another and missed, shoved in a couple more cartridges, birds getting up all around by this time, in front, at the side, out of the brush, through the treetops. The excitement was intense. One noble bird whistled within two feet of my head, coming in from my back. I believe I actually dodged. The next moment I had him down. I stood right there and killed seven. A cool, old hand would have doubled the number. Floss lay charged the whole time and when this introductory scrimmage was over she fetched my birds in style. We kept right on killing every few yards, some difficult, but mostly fair shots. Henry had the worst place to work, but gave a good account of himself, working clear through the cover. We cast the setters off in the open, but within a hundred yards or so of the trees, and had some magnificent sport, in not only shooting but in watching the dogs point and back, sometimes both pointing. This work yielded us thirteen birds. I started with, if I remember, thirty cartridges—they were now gone, and I had killed twenty-two. To the three guns we bagged seventy-four cock in about two hours and a half work. After mutual congratulations we decided to return home, replenish with ammunition and try the other cover towards evening. This we did, Mr. Barnard making one of the party; had most excellent sport, bagging thirty-seven more, making in one day's shoot to four guns part of the time, one hundred and eleven birds. Mr. Barnard said it was the largest bunch of flight birds he ever knew to come in there, or, in fact, anywhere in that part of the country.

I have had good woodcock shooting since, but never saw so many birds together at one time. I understand, though, that in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., woodcock are very abundant at the proper season. I have heard of a crack shot there, handling a Westley Richards 12-bore, killing a hundred in a morning's shoot, and of his killing straight thirty-six cock. Well, gentlemen sportsmen and friends, that is shooting—it 'tis so. Since I have really known better, I have not shot for the bag; but in shooting flight birds, of course it is generally held even now to get all you can, though I very much doubt if this is right, and I would not want to set a bad example to the young sportsman by killing any of the varieties of our game birds for the sake of the bag. The practice is unworthy of a sportsman and gentleman, and partakes very little of Christian charity.

Being asked for my opinion as to the proper loads for breech-loaders, best adapted to 10, 12 and 16-bores for different game, I can only say that it is quite impossible to make any set rule—a rule that will be a guide for all gauges. Tables are sometimes useful; the criterion to go by is experiment, and only by this can you find the best or the proportionate charge for a gun. For woodcock shooting the gun should be a 12—28—6¾ to 7lbs., test pattern say 150 of 1oz. No. 8, but even; 2¾ to 3 drams good powder, No. 8 grain; 1oz. No. 10 or 11 shot. Heavy guns are used, of course. Some gentlemen use a 10-bore and find great pleasure therein, but the 12-bore I think is the golden mean. The woodcock dies easily, a slight shock such as in a quail would not be noticeable, will often kill these delicate and beautiful game birds. A quick-burning powder is necessary, as most of the work, and in some places all, is snap shooting, often not seeing the bird but aiming where he in your judgment ought to be. Under such circumstances a good retriever is absolutely necessary. I sent twenty brace of birds to the city, and followed from Baltimore. I picked out five brace after getting home, and sent them to Mr. F., and did not lose his friendship either. Oh! no. I don't forget the box of segars he sent me, and how we chaps enjoyed them at the office.

CAMP COOKING.

OUR friend Dr. Eaton's experience in cooking without a camp stove is probably very like that of many others, who, having never been thrown long enough upon their own resources in the wilderness, are apt to neglect the old adage that "necessity is the mother of invention," and to apply it in preparing a savory meal without the appliances of a modern kitchen, or the skill of a Blot in their manipulation.

While not making any claims to being a *maître de cuisine*, it has always been my custom to prepare some little morsel after my own fashion while in camp, even when supplied with a regular cook, few of whom ever pay attention to the niceties of seasoning or browning to a turn, which adds so much to the enjoyment and relish of an epicure.

Camp stoves, as a rule, are a nuisance save when used inside the tent for the double purpose of warmth and cooking during cold, damp weather. For myself, I would not have the best one made, if compelled to "tote it" around on my fishing and hunting trips. When a man goes to the woods to hunt or fish, if an experienced hand, who enjoys it because the very opposite of the city, he don't want to take his piano, Saratoga trunk, and spring bed, that are all necessary at home. He goes there to enjoy and study nature in her own domain, with only natural surroundings, where, "he gathers knowledge from every leaf finds instructive sermons in stones, secrets in bubbling brooks, and poetical lessons of wisdom in everything.

Being one who relishes all good things to eat, especially all game birds and fishes, let me suggest to the Doctor and his friends, the way in which they may secure with a little care or effort, a meal which, when seasoned with the appetite of a day's pleasure in the wilderness, would prove most welcome to a hungry palate. If you will take an "old stager's" advise, carry along just as few cooking traps as possible, unless for a long stay with plenty of help and little change of camp. I go long trips every year, often alone, and never carried a camp stove in my life; and all my kit for cooking you can put in a good haversack. I generally live pretty well, too, for I have a decided failing that way.

First of all, you cannot cook without plenty of coals and hot ashes. A fire of good hard wood that has burned several hours, or better still, all night, is the best.

If ducks are the game and not too large, pluck them, clean and draw them and cut off heads and feet. Broil a piece of salt pork by sticking it on a forked stick (birch if to be had) and put it inside the birds, then rub a little salt on the outside, grease a piece of paper with butter, lard or the fat from the pork, and wrap the greased side next the flesh. Then envelope in at least three thicknesses of wet paper or large green leaves. Now make a hole near the center of your bed of coals, dig it out with a good stick as deep as you can, size etc., depending upon number of birds to be cooked. Then push in a good thick layer of live coals and cover slightly with hot ashes. Lay in your game several inches apart, after having secured their wrappings with twine or strips of bark, and cover them with a thin layer of ashes, then rake on a good bed of hot coals at least six inches thick on the top and sides, and on top of this throw a few light sticks of wood to burn and keep the air from cooling off the bed below, and leave it to bake about forty-five minutes to one hour, while you get the rest ready. If you have potatoes to bake, cut the ends off slightly and put them in a bed the same way, only use more ashes and not so thick a layer of coals, and place where they can be raked out before the ducks are done or they will be burned to a crisp; about thirty or thirty-five minutes for medium sized potatoes and good coals. Fish of good size, especially bass, are very fine cooked in this way, the only difference, do not dress in any way except to wash them off clean, and wrap them in three or four layers of wet paper or leaves, the buttered or greased paper being omitted as being only intended for game whose flesh comes in contact with paper and would otherwise stick to it. When the fish are done run a knife along the back and the skin with the scales will peal off, taking the offal along with it, leaving the flesh white and beautiful. A little butter and salt while smoking hot, and a delicious dish is the result. Corn on the cob may be cooked the same way by removing one outer husk, stripping off the silk and breaking off the silk end about an inch. Then twist down the husk tightly over the broken end. When all is ready your coffee will be needed, and the water should be all ready boiling hot. A few minutes before ready to serve up put into a clean coffee pot a tablespoonful of ground coffee for every cup wanted, "one for the pot," and set it near the fire to get thoroughly warm. Then see that your water is boiling a gallop, when it is, pour in the number of cups wanted into the pot, cover over tight and set where it will keep hot but not boil, for fifteen minutes, when you will have a cup of coffee that will do you good. If game is large split it down the back and make two parcels in wrapping for the fire. Small game, such as woodcock or snipe, pluck, but do not draw, as such birds have no crops, or entrails to speak of. The trail can be removed after they are cooked by those who do not like it, but it adds greatly to the gamy flavor to let it remain while cooking either this way or any other.

I have heard persons say it was a good way to put birds in the same as fish, undressed, but anyone who has tried it and got a whiff of burnt feathers will not be apt to try it a second time. The meat will not cook properly unless plucked and drawn and the smell of burnt feathers would drive a hungry horse away from his oats, much sooner a hungry sportsman from his supper. Let me remind the Doctor that this way of cooking requires time and that perfect success depends greatly upon plenty of good live coals and a warm bed of ashes. To insure the best results you must have a good bed of live coals under as well as on top.

In my next I will describe another method more speedy and requiring less fire—two desirable features when one is hungry and wood scarce—but to my taste will produce equally good results. CAPT. DORSAL FINN.

CHICAGO, Ill.

NOTES FROM SANDUSKY BAY.

NATIVE ducks are not found in as large numbers as usual this season at the marshes at the head of Sandusky Bay. The law is off Sept. 1, but the Ottawa, formerly Howe's Point, Club, do not commence shooting until the 15th. Ten members were present at the opening this year.

As there are one or two stands that are very much better than others, we cast lots for choice of positions. This prevents any scrambling for the best places and liability of several going to the same point.

The shooting is done at daybreak, and for two or three hours after, and the bag consists almost wholly of bluewing teal, although there are a few mallard, pintail and greenwings.

The shooters are all back to the club house by ten or eleven o'clock.

Best bags were fifty-one, twenty-eight, sixteen, etc.

We were out again on the morning of the 16th, and scarcely fired a gun, which shows how easily the ducks are "whipped out" at this season.

Since the 15th, shooting has been very poor, although one member got into a mallard hole and killed forty or fifty mallards in one day.

We often wonder if the "coots," that the Eastern gunners work so hard to get, with boats strung along the beach in the surf, are the same as our mud-hens, that are a nuisance and an abomination, covering our marshes by the acre, swimming ahead of our boats in droves, and only flying when closely pressed. They lie just out of gunshot, or even closer, and decoy ducks—to our disgust—their great numbers making them more attractive than our painted symbols. If these are coots, must say you are hard up for shooting. It is a problem with us how to get rid of them. I think we should offer a valuable prize to the man who kills the greatest number of mud-hens during the fall on our marshes, for the reason that they are great eaters, and, I must, of course, lessen the duck feed.

Everything is backward this season, and we do not expect the "heavy weather" duck until later than usual, although pintail and widgeon will soon be in. M. H. ABLE.

QUAIL INTRODUCED INTO VERMONT.

"BOB WHITES" AND "MIGRATORY."

YOU will perhaps remember that I wrote you in the spring of the present year, giving you the result of our effort to plant the American quail (Bob White) in this State. I am happy to say that that experiment was crowned with great success. We procured from Texas twelve dozen birds, about one hundred and thirty-five of which we succeeded in turning down in good health on the fifteenth day of April. They appeared to have mated between the fifteenth of May and the first of June and very generally to have nested and hatched their young. Thirteen nests were broken up by mowing machines and other causes, which was about twenty per cent. of the whole number of possible nests; this was a heavy loss and quite discouraged us. These disturbed birds, however, made other nests, or else some birds raised two broods, for we find now, at this late date, some broods not yet able to fly.

I have been out twice and killed in all sixteen well grown and strong birds. I know that it was earlier than the laws allow in States where there is a law, but there is no law on quail in this State and these birds are ours, so the judge and I are a law unto ourselves, so far as quail are concerned. We brought them here simply to see whether we could get them to breed so as to give us one season's shooting, intending to lay in another breeding stock next season, if this one proved successful. We shall try, however, to carry some of this stock over winter by feeding and care. Quail used to be moderately plentiful in some portions of this State, so at least the oldest inhabitants tell us, and there is no reason to doubt it, but on the contrary, every reason to believe it; but in those days small grains were more commonly raised than now and food was more plenty. Now food will have to be supplied for them and I see no reason why, with plenty of food, they cannot withstand the rigors of a Vermont winter as well as ever they could. We shall try it at any rate, but shall provide for a fresh importation all the same.

I think that there is some reason to believe that quail are working their way into this State again in a natural manner. Some three or four years ago there was a small covey raised in the town of Manchester about forty miles south of this town. During the early winter of 1881–'82 there was a large covey in the adjoining town of Sunderland, but whether they wintered or not I am not informed. Some three years ago there was a quail shot in Granville, N. Y., some twenty-five miles southwest of Rutland—all this points to a northward movement of the birds for some years prior to our plant of this year.

There have been quail seen and they are known to have nested and bred in several places in the State this season. There is good reason to believe that they have been seen or heard at least in Ferrisburgh, fifty miles north of this, and this at a time so nearly following the liberation of our quail, as to seem to preclude the possibility of their being astray

from our flocks. Nests have been found, and young birds seen in Leicester, twenty miles from here to the northward.

One of three things is certain, either the birds were at these different points by natural means; or our birds were great rovers (and I do not understand that the native bird is a roamer.) Or—and here comes the point of greatest interest—the migratory quail have come back to us. I do not like to speak very positively or even hopefully about this last point, but there are certainly some indications that such is the case.

A farmer who took great interest in the migrations, and on whose land they bred in great numbers, when they were turned out some years since, asserts positively that he flushed a bevy of at least fifty birds in his stubble field on the 25th of this month, that they rose to a good height in the air, and flew away over the woods to the south, that he watched them at least a quarter of an hour. Now this is just what the migratory should do, and just the season for them to do it, and it is not like Bob White to do any such thing. Furthermore, Bob Whites do not flock at this season so that fifty birds can be flushed together. There were no Bob Whites raised, so far as is known, on this or adjacent farms. If they had been native birds they would almost certainly have returned to that same stubble, but there are no birds there, so that I am well inclined to believe that the migratories have been here this season, but it is not certain. Woodcock are fairly abundant this season—that is for this country, where they are always scarce. I killed nine fine birds yesterday afternoon. Ruffed grouse very scarce here and everywhere else, as I think.

The judge has a fine lot of rainbow trout growing. I have not seen them, but they are said to be all that they should be. VERDE MONTE.

RUTLAND, Vt., September, 1882.

THE VERMONT DEER.

SOME time since you asked me to write you the result of our efforts to restock the mountains of this State with deer. It is, perhaps, too early yet to speak with certainty as to the success or failure of the experiment. So far as we are now able to judge, however, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the result. The deer, some fifteen in number, were turned loose in the spring of 1877, I think. They were all park deer, and some of them very tame, their tameness, in fact, was a source of infinite trouble to us, and some expense as well, for instead of seeking at once the fastnesses of the forests as they were expected to do, they sought instead the gardens and grain fields of the farmers, from which it was almost impossible to drive them. They would run just fast enough and far enough to discourage the farmers' dogs, and in an hour be back in the garden. Blank cartridges had no terrors for them, and horns, gongs and the like seemed to be rather an invitation than an alarm. Many a round bill for damages we had to pay the ring the first two years. Now, however, the native wildness of the animal seems to have returned to it, and we rarely see or hear of them near the habitation of men. Some of the original stock have probably died from natural causes, and it is possible that some have been killed, although we have no reason to believe that such is the case. We are assured that they bred and multiplied after the manner of their kind. Every season we have seen or heard of fawns following their dams. Their tracks are also seen by the lumbermen every winter, and it is not infrequently the case that they come about the places where the lumber hunters feed their horses, to pick up the refuse hay and grain. So that on the whole, we have no occasion to regret having made the plant. They are protected by law until 1885, and we shall make timely provision for an extension of the protection for a long terms of years. Not one of the parties engaged in the enterprise ever expects to shoot a deer in Vermont, that pleasure is to belong to another generation who shall come after us. VERDE MONTE.

RUTLAND, Vt., September, 1882.

THE McCLOUD RIVER PANTHER.

"I'VE got the panther," Mr. Barbour called out to us when he came down to the river bank this morning, where we were hauling the seine for salmon.

The panther referred to had made himself very much disliked in our neighborhood the last two or three weeks. He had come down to Mr. Barbour's house every two or three nights, and had stolen several pigs almost from his very door. It is estimated that he and his mate have killed upwards of twenty pigs and hogs this season. He seemed to have a regular beat for his nightly foragings. His custom was to go to Mr. Barbour's house, and from there to follow up the river trail to the Trout Ponds, where he would skirmish around for something to eat, and where, a few nights ago, he even tore open a cage containing a beautiful pet gray squirrel, which he killed and ate. From the Trout Ponds his track usually went directly up the high mountain behind the house, on the flanks or summit of which he probably spent his days, like other cats, sleeping.

The panthers lately have become very bold and numerous here, and besides hogs, they have killed calves, colts, and even full-grown cattle and horses. The consequence is, that our whole neighborhood has had a lively feeling toward panthers in general, and particularly toward this one referred to by Mr. Barbour when he called to us this morning as we were drawing in the seine.

"Where did you kill the panther?" we inquired.

"Just behind the house," Mr. Barbour answered.

Upon hearing this, I told Mr. Barbour I would like to go up with him when he went for the animal, and see the scene of the conflict. So taking an Indian with us to pack the creature down to the house, we started off. On our way up, Mr. Barbour said that the panther came to the house about two o'clock that morning and pounced on a pig, as usual, almost under his window. Seizing his rifle and a torch, and calling his son, they started in pursuit. They did not have to go far, for they found the panther in a tree hardly a stone's throw from the door. Their approach frightened him out of the tree, and he jumped and ran for another tree a few rods off. He left this one again as they came up, and was treed by the dog again about twenty rods further. This time Mr. Barbour concluded not to come up again to him with a light, and so they built a fire where they were and waited till daybreak. When it was light enough to see a little, the hunters left their fire and went to the tree where the panther was. His great, tawny, but graceful form could be plainly seen about forty feet up the tree. Mr. Barbour did not like to shoot by so dim a light, but the panther began to "churn" the limb he was on with his immense paws, and to lash his tail, and it was evident that it was now or never, for he was about to spring. Drawing as good a bead as he could by the gray light of the early morning, Mr. Barbour aimed and fired at the panther's eye. It was a most successful shot. The ball entered his eye and passed through his head and neck, and with hardly a struggle the creature fell to the ground—dead.

When Mr. Barbour and I reached the spot, the panther lay where he had fallen, and looked like a large cat asleep. We lifted the body on the Indian's back and took it to the house and dressed it. We found nearly a whole pig in the creature's stomach. His skin measured eight feet and a half when stretched. Since his capture, we have had roast panther, boiled panther, panther steaks and panther croquettes. The meat is white, dry and clean, tasting something like partridge meat, but of a coarser grain. Our house cats eat of their great cousin with much relish, but the human members of the household ate only enough to satisfy their curiosity. Such is the force of prejudice, for the meat was as clean and delicate as any venison or beef, and wholly free from any unpleasant taste. L. S.

U. S. FISHERY, McCloud River, Sept. 21, 1882.

MASSACHUSETTS NOTES.—Taunton, Mass., October 9.—One glorious month of autumn has quickly passed, and October, the best month in the year in New England, is here. This is one of the months that the true sportsman has waited for, and as he passes into the woods, where the leaves are falling from the trees, the ruffed grouse springs up with a roar like muttering of thunder, and he must have a steady hand and a cool head to bring this grand game bird to bag. I have been out in the woods nearly every day for the past month, but my bags of game have been few and far between. The leaves have been too thick to have good sport with the noble grouse, and owing to the dry weather in August, but few woodcock are to be found. The prospect for quail shooting is good; have started young quail nearly every day, a large number of which were not more then half grown. How anyone can shoot quail that can hardly fly, and call it sport, is what I can't see into. This last spring I found a a quail's nest with eggs just lain, at Cape Cod, May 27, and my brother found a quail's nest with eggs here July 27. Any person can see by this that quail must have at least two broods in a season. Gray squirrels are more abundant than for years past. Quite a number of black ducks have been shot in ponds near here. While out with my gun one day last week a little incident occurred, which I should like to relate. I was passing through some fields, when a meadow lark flew off of a fence in the field and alighted near a piece of land that had just been plowed. I had shot away all of my large charges, and had in my gun at the time a shell loaded with dust shot. I determined that I would creep toward the lark and see if I could get near enough to shoot him. I crept forward on my hands and knees, until I thought I was near enough to shoot, and then rose up, expecting to see the lark, but to my surprise the lark was not in sight. Stepping quickly forward to one of the furrows I looked down to the end, and there beheld Mr. Lark, running as hard as he could. He saw me, and knowing well that he was out of gunshot he started up with a nod of his head, as much as to say, "I was too cunning for you that time, old fellow."—CHESTER.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Quail are, as I have written, very abundant, though the weeds are too rank for the dogs to work, and almost impassable to man. Notwithstanding this statement, a restaurateur has "Quail on toast only 25 cents." It is a disgrace to our State Legislature that the laws passed to protect game are not enforced. Hundreds of negroes armed with muskets, and worthless shotguns, overrun the entire country, killing scarcely any, but wounding thousands of birds, rabbits and other game. One in a hundred of these fellows may know how to shoot, though certainly not more, and as a small size porker, or a few innocent barnyard fowls are as acceptable to their palates as game, they content themselves with breaking up the sport of genuine sportsmen, injure the game, and rely upon the domestic animals enumerated to fill their bags with. Now that we are to have Charles Reed, of Saratoga, domiciliated in our midst, I expect to see a tremendous boom in "fox hunting." He is so partial to steeple chasing and across country work as sport, the taste must have sprung from his fondness for the chase. If so, he has purchased a farm in just the best fox hunting portion of Tennessee, and with such neighbors as Col. W. H. Johnson, Bill Shute, Tom Chadwell and Marsh Pinkard, it will not be long before a rattling pack of hounds, and a few trained fencers, will form part of the new establishment at "Fairview." That the native knights of the pigskin will receive him with opens arms it is useless to repeat, and they will cotton to him all the closer, when they see he is no fancy chap but a "Nimrod" of the old school. While the gentlemen aboved named are highly refined and educated, when they mount their noble coursers to the melodious sound of the hunter's horn, no lar-de-dar business will pass among them. This is a glorious country, but we want some new elements introduced, and the high-toned breeder of thoroughbred horses, and thorough sportsmen is that element, so let it come.—J. D. H.

GEORGIA.—Columbus, Oct. 2.—Being an ardent sportsman, (and a successful one), I can't resist this opportunity of writing something about game. I kill turkeys, ducks, geese, snipe, quail and some few woodcock. I have never seen a year in this locality but that I could kill largely of the above-named game (except geese). Here the winters are never too cold to bar you a day's hunt. Duck and turkey hunting are in my estimation the refinements of sport. On ducking days I leave Columbus at dawn in a batteau with old Reuben to paddle. I travel thirty miles before 4 P. M., shoot for an hour at Jenyhill Pond, take steamboat at 10 o'clock P. M., sleep well in good berth, and at 2 P. M. am showing my luck to madam, who counts on an average about twenty-five ducks, with an occasional turkey gobbler and a few geese. Besides I am within forty-eight hours' travel of bear, deer, ducks, and geese, without number.—G. B. Y.

DELAWARE RAIL.—Wilmington, Del., Oct. 5.—I will tell you what some of our crack shots (not professionals) have done with the rail birds. Sept. 26—On the tide, E. T. Walton killed 244; E. Hewes, 219; Wm. Jones, 210; G Churchman, 209; C. B. Richardson, 164; H. Gause, 135; A. G. Wilson, 110; making 1,291 birds for seven boats. Sept. 27—E. T. Walton, 282; E. Hewes, 201, and broke his gun; H. Gause, 247; G. Churchman, 230; A. S. Richardson, 223; A. G. Wilson, 137; G. McClellen, 103; making 1,423 birds for seven boats. That is hard to beat. Would like to hear from some others up the river.—JR.

THE NEW BRASS SHELL ABROAD.—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 7, 1882.—The most interesting current discussion of which I have any knowledge—interesting to "shooting" men, I mean—is that one which, for the past six weeks, has absorbed the attention of every really well-posted lover of the shotgun in England, on the improved or "perfect" brass shells (and boring of chambers) of the Messrs. Kynoch, Birmingham. The objective point is the reduction of the considerable "shoulder" between chamber and barrel; and this, it seems, is effected in a marked manner by using the so-called "perfect" shell (only one-fourth as thick as the paper shell) in barrels, either new or "bushed," fitted for this shell; the "shoulder," in these barrels, being reduced to about .005 of an inch. This new shell is only .027in. thick, while the paper case is .027in. thick. It goes without saying that, if this new-fangled thing holds out as well as it has started, it will prove the most important thing, to sportsmen, that has been brought out in ten years. The subject is vast and keenly interesting, and I am astonished to have to say that, so far, I have seen not a word in reference to it in any American paper. Who does not dislike that annoying "shoulder"?—W. MCK. HEATH.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Allegheny City, Oct. 7, 1882.—I have just been on an extensive hunting tour through the various counties in Western Pennsylvania. In Indiana and Westmoreland counties game as a general thing is scarce, very scarce. The squirrel hunter has absolutely no use for his gun whatever, the frosts having killed all the nuts. Pheasants are present, but in very limited numbers. Quail are somewhat more plentiful, and rabbits are found in abundance. In Mercer county, north from Pittsburg, game is very plentiful, with, I believe, the single exception of grey squirrels. For those who wish to enjoy a deer or bear hunt in this State, I would recommend Sullivan county as being the best place for it. It is readily accessible from Williamsport by stage. Brook trout fishing is also excellent in this vicinity in season. To those who visit the town of Mercer, in Mercer county, I would recommend Whistler's Hotel as being the most desirable stopping place for sportsmen; the hospitality of the host and the kindness and generosity of the people in general are unexcelled. Within a radius of two miles from town you can have royal sport.—C. A. R.

HUNTING IN TUNIS.—The following extract is from a book published in 1738: "The Arabs and gentry of the kingdom of Tunis who delight in field sports do not spring the game with dogs, but shading themselves with a piece of canvas stretched upon two reeds into the shape of a door, walk through the several brakes and avenues where they expect to find it. The canvas is usually spotted, or painted with the figure of a leopard; and a little below the top there is one or more holes for the fowler to look through and observe what passes before him. It is remarkable that the partridge and other gregarious birds will, upon the approach of the canvas, covey together, though they were before at some distance from each other. The woodcock, quail, and such birds as do not commonly feed in flocks, will, upon the sight of the same, stand still and look astonished. This gives the sportsman an opportunity of coming very near them, and then, resting the canvass upon the ground, and directing the muzzle of his piece through one of the holes knocks down sometimes a whole covey at a time."

VERMONT NOTES.—Highgate, Vt, Oct. 4.—Large numbers of gray squirrels have been killed during the past month here, in Northern Vermont, around our corn fields, orchards, and outbuildings. This has led many to believe that our whole country is swarming with this game, but the truth is there are no nuts in the woods this season, and this has caused the squirrels to come out to the cultivated districts in search of food. Ruffed grouse shooting has been, so far, fair. The Missisquoi Gun Club report black duck shooting good over their grounds, but snipe shooting poor, owing to the high water, that has completely flooded the marshes. Very few woodcock, so far, have been bagged by the members of this club. Fall duck and wild geese are now coming in, and they will remain with us until the bay freezes up. Mr. Leach, President, and Mr. Beatty, member of the club, have made some good bags of wood-duck and blue-winged teal.—STANSTEAD.

MINNESOTA.—Duck shooting is in full vigor around the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and Pickerel Lake, Pig's Eye, the pass on the Minnesota at Van Ness's place, Sugar Island, at the sloughs over in West St. Paul, in fact every piece of water within walking and driving reach of either city, had more than its due allowance of shooters. In fact, such places as Van Ness's, Pig's Eye and Sugar Island, well known to fame, were overcrowded, and on such a day as yesterday there were more gunners than ducks. Nevertheless "the frequent gun" was heard on every side and every fowl of the duck tribe was fired at, whether within range or not. The amount of ammunition wasted on out of range ducks is marvelous, equaled only by the marvelous number of ducks reported killed and never retrieved.—*St. Paul Press.*

MISSOURI.—Jackson, Oct. 3.—The quail law in this State will soon be out (on the 15th inst.), and our sportsmen are anxiously waiting for that time to come. Quail promise to be plentiful, and we are expecting some fine sport. For the past few weeks we have had good practice, shooting doves, which are also numerous. They come in from the fields, late in the evening, to roost in the fruit and shade trees in or near town; and the rapid discharge of the breechloaders is heard almost every evening. Squirrels have been very scarce in this vicinity, but we look for them to come in soon. Some of the boys are talking of a trip to the swamps on a deer and turkey hunt about the 10th or 15th inst., and if they go, will have a grand time. We also look for some good duck shooting later in the season.—H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME.—Claremont, N. H., Oct. 6.—The grouse with us are scarce, and the woodcock—the flight birds—have not yet appeared. I have been out a few times and have bagged in all, over Elcho, forty-five birds, thirty-six cock, nine grouse, my best day's score being eight cock, three grouse, then six cock, one grouse, then three grouse, two cock. Of course not much, but just enough to keep green that love of sport with dog and gun we have. Mr. Fottler, President of Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has been visiting me for a week past. I was sick on my back two days, which rather affected my fun, but I got out with him for a couple of days. One day we bagged sixteen cock, six grouse, and another five cock four grouse.—MONT CLARE.

TEXAS GAME GROUNDS.—Indianola, Oct. 3.—The weather is still very warm, and the ducks, etc., are slow in coming this way. I have killed a few blue and green winged teal and a few pintail ducks, and my first jacksnipe on the 24th ult. In the surrounding country quail and pinnated grouse are very plenty, especially the former, which have been shot at very little, and as the summer rains have been plentiful, they have splendid cover and will give fine shooting all winter; but those wishing to bag them must have a good dog and hold straight, or they will "get left." Any one having the means and wishing fine quail shooting, let them come out here now, and they can have all they want all along the line of railroad (Gulf, Western Texas & Pacific) and anywhere along the bay shore or river bottom, with pleasant weather up to January, just cool enough to tramp, and, with a few exceptional stormy days, all winter—no snow or ice—and a sprinkle of all kinds of game.—G. A.

IOWA.—Ridgeway, Oct. 3.—Chicken shooting has been going on for six weeks, and we have been disappointed at results. We thought before the season opened that we were going to have better sport than for the last four or five years, but we have had no better, if as good. I don't think it is from any scarcity of birds, but from an increase in the amount of corn grown, and more particularly from our having had six weeks hot weather with hardly any rain, thereby holding the birds in the corn until very late in the evening. I think we have plenty of quail this season, and snipe and duck are beginning to come round. I am glad to be able to tell you that I have never seen the game laws better observed round here than they have been this season.—CUPIDO.

SNIPE IN NEW JERSEY.—Tom's River, N. J., Oct. 8.—Snipe shooting has begun here. On Friday, 6th inst., there were a good many birds. I moved at least seventy-five on one spot of about six acres; was working two puppies, so did not make much of a bag. On Saturday I found about twenty birds.—H. C. GLOVER.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

GUS is a good wing shot, inveterate wag and an unmerciful practical joker. One morning before he had passed the town limits on his daily hunt, he was overtaken by an old farmer in his rockaway returning to his home, three miles in the country, after taking the girls to school. Ever on the alert for a lift, the clatter of the vehicle caused Gus to look back for the chance, and he chuckled when he recognized the single occupant of that roomy conveyance bound for the very ground selected for that day's hunt. So confident was he of a cordial "get in" that he stopped and waited for the old man to come up, when, to his utter dumbfoundment, the driver merely bowed as he drove on. Aware that the old fellow was a little hard o' hearing, Gus yelled, "Lem me ride?" "Hey?" as the old man's head popped out of the rockaway. As the anchor dragged Gus threw up a hand as a signal to land and take in a passenger, while he moved up with an unwonted agility, repeating, "Lem me ride?" Sailing on the captain of the craft informed Gus in most unctuous tones, "I'm only goin' two or three hundred yards down the road."

Trudging on to the top of a hill beyond the first milestone, Gus espied the rockaway in front of the toll gate keeper's smithy, which is nearly two miles from town, and determined to climb in and ride the last mile and a quarter; he quickened his gait and came almost alongside, when the brakes were loosed and the old gentleman again jogged on. At the next turn in the road a glimpse was caught of that vehicle disappearing up the avenues. I don't think that Gus ever was a model Sunday school scholar, for he was always fluent as an unique orator, and he spread himself in a soliloquy on that occasion which blued the circumambient to a shade that it would be a gun-barrel colorer's delight to reproduce.

Late in the afternoon, loaded with game, as was a matter of course, the fagged out sportsman had lighted his pipe and was taking a rest on the top rail of a worm fence before entering on the home stretch—that most unpleasant, exhausting part of a pedestrian's day's sport. Being in sight of that avenue he was relieving himself of a half mental, half muttered supplement to his morning soliloquy, which a realization that at that time of day ninety-nine of every hundred vehicles were leaving town had little tendency to tranquilize. There is yet "balm in Gilead," thought Gus, when he heard a vehicle coming his way. Imagine his disgust when he discovered that same old farmer in an open buggy, leisurely driving a mild-eyed, mild-mannered cow. Formal salutations were exchanged, but apparently no balm for Gus in that turnout. Just before reaching the pike the cow remembered that she had forgotten something and must go back, and to Gus's no little delight scorned all the gentleman's remonstrances. Springing from his buggy he rushed down the road after her, yelling to Gus, "Head that cow! head that cow!" Gus didn't move except to encourage the rebellious brute, and when the accommodating (?) farmer came puffing abreast that unfeeling fellow, without deigning him a glance, Gus consoled him with "Oh, she's only goin' two or three hundred yards down the road." Last seen of the old man he was "clipping it" across the fields with little prospect of getting ahead of that cow before she reached the nearest house, nearly two miles from where Gus continued to sit, complacently smoking, so long as the cloud of dust gave evidence that the cow was still on the move. J. T. B.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, Ky.

Every one who has shot ducks on the Gunpowder Bridge knows old man S., one of the best shots and best claimers that ever fired a gun from that very popular shooting place. The old man has a very heavy muzzle-loading gun, No. 7 bore, that kicks like a mule. When he fires it he always throws himself forward so as to meet the recoil, and not be kicked over backwards. One day when the old man was rowing home, he saw a large bunch of ducks flying toward him. He stood up in his boat and prepared himself for a shot, expecting to knock two or three ducks out of the bunch. He got sight on them, pulled the trigger and threw himself forward to meet her recoil, but the old gun missed fire, and Daddy S. went heels over head into the river, gun and all. The old man is near eighty, but has recently taken unto himself a buxom wife of eighteen; and says he "Haint going to shoot no more on that bridge; there is too many gol darned claimers shoots there for him."

BALTIMORE, Oct. 9, 1883.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

There is, I think, a love of novelty in all anglers. We prefer to fish new waters when we can, and it is sometimes pleasanter to explore, even without success, than to take fish in familiar places. New and fine scenery is always worth finding.—W. C. PRIME.

THE ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

WE republish the directions for reaching the grounds and the rules governing the tournament. The first annual FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament will be held at Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city, on Thursday, Oct. 19. The only postponement will be on account of rain, when it will take place the first fair day following. The grounds can be reached from the City Hall in forty-five minutes, either by the Sixth or Ninth avenue elevated roads, or by the the Third avenue line. In the case of the two former the visitor will leave the road at One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and a twelve-minute walk will bring him to the spot Should he go by Third avenue, then the nearest station is One Hundred and Sixth street, which leads directly into the park a few yards south of the lake.

RULES FOR FLY AND BASS CASTING.

SINGLE-HANDED CONTESTS.

1. No rod shall exceed eleven feet six inches in length, and it shall be used with a single hand.

2. Any style of reel or line will be allowed, but a leader, or casting line of single gut, of not less than eight feet in length, to which three flies, one stretcher and two droppers, shall be attached.

3. No allowance of distance shall be made for difference in length of rods.

4. Persons entering these contests shall draw lots to determine the order in which they will cast, and will be ready to cast when called by the judges.

5. Each contestant will be allowed five minutes to cast for distance and will then stand aside until called in his turn to cast for delicacy and accuracy, when he will be allowed five minutes for this purpose.

6. The distance shall be measured by a line with marked buoys stretched on the water, said line to be measured and verified by the judges at least once each day of the casting. A mark shall be made on the ground from which the buoy line shall be measured and the caster may stand with his toes touching this mark but may not advance beyond it. Should he step back of it, unless directed so to do by the judges, the loss in distance shall be his.

7. The stretcher fly must remain at the end of the casting line in all casts. The others are not deemed so important. A contestant may claim time for repairs, which shall be allowed by the judges. Or the judges may order the next on the list to cast while repairs are made, in their discretion.

SALMON FLY CASTING.

1. The foregoing rules shall govern, except that the rods shall not exceed twenty feet in length, and may be used with both hands, and that only one fly will be required.

HEAVY BASS CASTING.

Rods shall not exceed ten feet in length, any reel may be used, but the line shall be of linen not less than twelve threads. The casts shall be made with sinkers, weighing two and a half ounces. (These will be furnished by the committee). The casts shall be made in lane formed by the buoy line and a line parallel to it, and distant twenty feet. Each contestant will be allowed five casts. His casts within the lines shall be measured, added, and divided by five and the result shall constitute his score.

LIGHT BASS CASTING.

The above rules shall govern except that the sinker shall be one ounce, and there shall be no restriction as to lines.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

FRANCIS ENDICOTT, President Richmond Co. N. Y. Game and Fish Protective Association, Chairman.
JAMES BENKARD, President South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island.
WALTER M. BRACKETT, Vice-President Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Society, Boston.
EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, N. Y. Fish Commissioner.
S. M. BLATCHFORD, Squibnocket, Club, New York.
MARTIN B. BROWN, Wawayanda Club, New York.
HENRY F. CROSBY, Willowemoc, Club, New York.
DR. A. FERBER, New York.
JAMES GEDDES, Onandaga Fishing Club, Syracuse.
DR. J. A. HENSHALL, Author of "The Book of the Black Bass," Cynthiana, Ky.
FRED MATHER, Fishery Editor FOREST AND STREAM, New York.
PROF. ALFRED M. MAYER, Stevens Institution of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.
BARNET PHILLIPS, Secretary American Fish Cultural Association, New York.
GEO. W. VAN SICLEN, Willowemoc Club, New York.
JAMES L. VOLLOTON, President Pasque Island Club.

MINNOW-CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

AT the coming FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament it has been suggested that a contest in casting the minnow, as for black bass, should be arranged. The committee has considered the question, and, owing to the length of the programme and the apparent lack of interest in such a contest, have decided not to attempt it this year. We asked Dr. Henshall to give us his views of what the rules governing such a contest should be. He has kindly furnished them, and we publish them below. The Doctor may be right in saying that the number of black bass casters throughout the country exceeds those who fish for striped bass, but we would except the Atlantic coast from this estimate. Again, the black bass fishers of the East seldom cast the minnow, and it is doubtful if there would be three entries in such a class; but by publishing the proposed rules it will call attention to the subject, and perhaps such a contest may be arranged another year.

DR. HENSHALL'S PROPOSED RULES.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Sept. 27.

As there is to be a contest for "bait-casting for striped bass," there is no reason why there should be none for "bait-casting for black bass." There are one hundred bait-fishers for black bass to one of striped bass anglers in the country.

I offer the following suggestions for rules for such a contest:

1. No allowance for length or weight of rods, but they shall be not less than eight feet in length and not less than seven ounces in weight.

2. In casting, the rod is to be used with one hand.

3. Only multiplying reels to be allowed, clicks or drags not permitted, as the rendering of the line, in casting, must be controled by the thumb alone.

4. Lines shall be of not less caliber than No. 5, braided silk or linen, No. 1 grass line, or corresponding sizes of other material.

5. The weight of artificial bait and sinker not to exceed one and one-half ounces, and the same bait and sinker to be used by each contestant.

There might be prizes offered for both distance and accuracy. The casts for accuracy to be at twenty yards distance.

The foregoing rules will be better understood in regard to their limitations, when I say that with a five-ounce stiff rod of five feet in length, I can cast a minnow nearly twice the distance, than with the ordinary nine-feet, eight-ounce rod, especially by using an extremely small line, as a single thread of sewing silk. It is therefore proper to limit them to practical and ordinary tackle. It is also important that the same bait and sinker shall be used by each contestant, as the heavier the bait, the further it can be cast.

J. A. HENSHALL.

CAMPS ON THE WAY.

I.—TROUTING ON THUNDER RIVER.

"Wouldst thou rest
Awhile from turmoil and the feuds of men
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit." —*Bryant.*

EVER since I went trout-fishing with grandpap Farrington on a tiny stream one sunny afternoon away up in the White Mountains, I have wanted to be with the trout again. That was a matter of a dozen years ago at the least, and yet I have never forgotten the savage jerk a half-pound fellow gave my line on that occasion. Grandpap and I fished with worms. I do not know that he had ever seen an artificial fly in his life; most certainly I had not. Dropping my worm in the holes at random after the fashion of my chub fishing in boyhood days, I happened to let it fall at the edge of a bit of overhanging rock, and like a bolt from a cross-bow that half-pounder struck it. The surprise was mutual, but I am bound to confess that the fish recovered before I did, and as a consequence he had all the fun to himself. Although I failed to hook him, I have never forgotten him; and as each fishing season has come round since then, the memory of the lusty fellow has come beckoning me to the streams held by others of his tribe.

Nine annual summer pilgrimages I made to the Michigan Au Sable and was content with the sport the grayling gave. Beginning with a tamarac pole and a grasshopper bait, I advanced by easy stages in the art of fishing on the open waters of that stream and its tributary, Big Creek, until finally accoutred with a decent fly-rod and a book well stocked with the best flies, I came to imagine myself a fairly good fly-fisherman, if not a little more than fairly good with the grayling. But the grayling of the Au Sable cannot last always. Had fishermen contented themselves with killing no more than enough to supply their own camp tables, grayling fishing would still be in its prime in that stream. But the average fisherman is seldom satisfied with enough for camp use. He must forsooth send fish home to friends, and so the unlucky grayling have been killed by the thousand and shipped to distant parts to become stale on the road.

And so last year when my quondam fishing friend, Dr. Walter, of Marietta, Ohio, met me at the "Forks" of Big Creek for a two weeks' fish, we found the fishing somewhat tedious; and this year I resolved to renew my acquaintance with the tribe to which the fellow belonged who bit so savagely at my hook that sunny afternoon away up in the White Mountains.

Every one, I suppose, who purposes trying new waters, experiences more or less difficulty in getting satisfactory information concerning the same. I know such has been the case with me, and I write this and the one or two articles which may follow more for the purpose of telling what little I learned about the fishing localities I was in the past season than for any other purpose. Having made up my mind as to the kind of fish I would seek, I looked to Wisconsin or the Upper Michigan peninsula as the place to go. Of course I examined the "Sportsman's Gazetteer" and the back volumes of FOREST AND STREAM, and of course I got information. But I did more; I studied the map—especially of Wisconsin—and wrote letters to men whom I knew and whom I did not know—to lawyers, doctors, preachers, post masters, lumbermen and station agents. Enclosing to each a stamped envelope and a list of questions, which, if answered, would give the information I was after, it would seem that I ought to have laid in such a fund of knowledge concerning Northern Wisconsin at least, where by far the larger number of my correspondents lived, as to have been at no loss whatever concerning the location of its many trout streams. But alas, my bureau failed me! Out of the lot I got but three answers that had information in them and were serviceable to me. The others went to the waste basket, and while I am thankful to the writers, on general principles, I do not think I will ever again open a correspondence on so extensive a scale with a view of learning where fish do bite. The outcome of it all was Thunder River was selected as the first objective point. This stream has no place on any of the maps that I have seen, but it was enough to know that I had to go to Peshtigo, near the north shore of Green Bay, and then "wagon out about fifty miles."

On the morning of the 18th of July we reached Peshtigo, the seat of a once thriving lumber trade and famous for having been twice swept away by fire. The we, as above, comprehends George, Edward, Oscar, and myself My three companions were young men and in no sense sportsmen. George was an old camper—had been with me on a half dozen extended trips, and was a good camp cook and camp "tender." He had a nose for berries, and would walk further for raspberry or "huckle" than any other person I ever knew; but he neither fished nor shot. Neither of the other two had ever been in the woods before, and both were out this time on account of bad health. Unexpectedly we met with trouble at the very outset. Usually it is no hard matter to find teamsters during the summer season in any lumber town, ready for an undertaking of the kind we were in, but, for some reason, no one hankered after the job that day. Boniface, it is true, was quite willing to send us to Lake Nok-e-bay, where he assured us of plenty of bass and pickerel fishing, and that, when we tired of that, some one who lived at the lake would, for a consideration, hitch up and take us to Thunder. The road to Nok-e-bay, he said, was quite good, else he would not be able to send us even there in his light wagon. According to his plan it would have

cost us well on to forty dollars to go to Thunder River and return, and judging, from his occupation, that he was presumably interested in our being sufficiently pleased with our trip as to speak well of it, and perhaps return another year, I am unable to understand how he could so coolly suggest the fleecing. The Nok-e-bay suggestion was disposed of in short order, when our landlord sent his hired man out in town to learn whether or not he could borrow a wagon suitable to carry us and our camp stuff; but it seemed that the man who kept wagons to loan was out of town that day, and so the hired man returned as he went.

The situation began to look desperate. No one could say when a wagon could be had, and the only livery man of the town, so far as I saw, being from home, his driver was "mighty sure" that he would not let a team go to Thunder if he were at home; and at any rate for not less than fifteen dollars a trip. And then we began thinking about other fishing grounds and to inquire the time of the arrival of the next north-bound train, and while getting this information a young man driving a well-fed and stout team of horses stopped at the pump for water. At a venture I accosted him, and to my delight he said: "Certainly; will carry you out for ten dollars, and when your stay is out fetch you back for a like sum." He could not go until the morrow; but in a little while we had our "outfit" on his wagon and he hauled us out to a good camping ground, where we set up our tent and went to housekeeping.

The next morning Charley Armstrong, for that was the young man's name, came after us according to promise, and at once we set out for Thunder River. It would be needless to cumber the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM with a description of the country through which we passed. It is enough to say that about half the way (as I now remember it) was through hardwood timber, and over the worst roads to be roads at all I certainly ever saw. The team walked fast, and with stumps, roots, mud holes and corduroy I never had such a shaking up in all my life before. Where the pines grew the sandy soil insured us dry roads and reasonably smooth.

About twenty-five miles out we came to the "Armstrong farm," a clearing in the heart of the lumber region. Soon after passing this we crossed Beaver Creek, a very pretty stream, and one which I have no doubt is a fair trout stream. The cook at the farm boasted in our presence of the fine string he had caught in Beaver Creek the day before, the first information we had of our nearness to a trout stream, but when I mentioned the circumstance to Charley he said the cook was an "awful liar," and then said something about the fish being "for the farm." On our return I met the schoolmaster at the "farm," and he told me that he had good trout fishing in Beaver Creek.

At the setting of the sun we climbed a high ridge, from which we could see far to the west, through the thinly scattered pine trees, the cloud-reflecting surface of Thunder Lake, and beyond, in the hazy distance, a mound shaped hill which our driver said was Blue Mountain of the white men and Win-cha-win-ching of the red. The scene was one of great beauty. A rain cloud which had just passed over, and but for our rubbers would have given us a good wetting, hung like a black pall in the east, while the crimson sun shone over the west of Win-cha-win-ching, and lighted up hilltop and treetop with "colors dipped in heaven." It was not yet dark when we reached our camping ground, which was on the north shore of Thunder Lake, fifty feet or more down the surface of the water.

Thunder Lake, which in the Indian tongue was Ah-me-ke Sok-i-e-gan, in its greater length is about a mile long and lies south-southeast by north-northwest. It is perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide and is surrounded with low hills, thinly covered with pine timber. It is fed by a little stream which takes its rise in a spring a couple of miles to the west, and which stream widens into two small lakes ere it enters Thunder. The outlet is from the north side not far from the inlet, and it runs a mile northward, discharging into Thunder River a mile or so above its entrance into the Peshtigo River. Our camp was pitched in the angle formed by the lake and its outlet on the east side; and about fifty yards from us, down near the stream, was the cabin of old Frank, a crack-brained old fellow who has lived the life of a hermit here for nine years.

We had heard of old Frank while at Peshtigo, and had been given to understand that it would be well for us to honor his whims, for he knew where the best fishing grounds were, and without his help we might lose valuable time hunting them for ourselves. On two or three subjects old Frank was a decided crank, but on all others he appeared to be straight as a gun barrel. He thinks he is the lawfully elected President of the United States, but has been deprived of his office through the machinations of bad men. He was elected in 1876, and has been patiently awaiting a summons from Washington to come and assume the reins of government ever since. That summons will come at any rate by the fourth of next March, or else war will set in between the Democrats and the Republicans, and the people will go to cutting each other's throats. Old Frank is overcome by a "power." A "power" has revealed all these things to him. He was born one hundred years to a day after Washton, and he was elected one hundred years to a year after Washington, or to use his familiar speech, "George did his great work." Old Frank imagines that the hill on the west side of the outlet of the lake contains a gold mine, and for two years he has been digging for the precious metal. That gold is in solid ingots and belongs to the people of the United States. He has dug a great hole in the hill's top and has sunk a shaft about thirty feet deep in the bottom of that hole, which is curbed with wood. Every bucket of sand drawn up that shaft occasioned him a journey up and down it. The old man is as gentle as a child, and, strange as it may seem, talks very little upon his crank themes. He is "God's man and can afford to wait," he says, and it never seems to enter his head that anyone could be so foolish as not to believe as he does. Twice a week he carefully shaves himself and twice a day he carefully combs his long, thin hair, and thus keeps himself in a presentable condition, should Secretary Frelinghuysen or even President Arthur unexpectedly call upon him to go up to Washington and take control of public affairs. But if after all it should happen that it is I who am the crank, I nevertheless feel sure that the Secretary or President, whichever it is that goes out to Thunder Lake, would do well not to enter old Frank's cabin. The country air out there is delightful, but the ancient smells that come forth from the open door of that old cabin would never remind one of "Araby the blest" I am sure.

Win-cha-win-ching is an egg-shaped hill, the longer axis of which lies east and west, with the "little end" to the east. It is, perhaps, three or four miles long and two and a half or three wide at the widest part. It rises gradually from the plain, save on the south side, where there are said to be precipitous cliffs, but at no point does it exceed one hundred feet above the level of the surrounding region. It is covered with a dense growth of heavy timber, with impenetrable thickets of an undergrowth beneath, and it is the home, says old Frank, of great numbers of bear, deer, and wolves. Two streams, which take their rise, the one west of the hill and flowing along the northern side, and the other southwest and flowing along the southern side, meet east of it and form the Thunder River. From thence down to the Peshtigo River is three miles or more as the crow flies, and in these two streams and for two miles below their union is where the trout are found.

High up in the northeast quarter of the hill, surrounded by dense groves of giant trees, is a little lake of limpid water. Hither came the deer, judging from their tracks, in great numbers, to feed on the water-lilies, and about the submerged logs bass were lurking in numbers truly astonishing. I threw a spoon from the shore and caught four lusty fellows as fast as I could draw it in, which were returned to their home as soon as sufficiently admired. Old Frank assured us that immense trout live in this lake, also—trout weighing three and four pounds; but they are never caught before October, and from thence on through the winter. In Thunder Lake the larger fall and winter trout are also taken, but in no other lakes than these two thereabout.

Fishing in Thunder River is no realization of an artist's dream. The fisherman therein cannot lounge under the shadow of the trees upon beds of soft grasses and summer flowers. He may hear the singing of birds, and especially that sweet singer of the thickets, the hermit thrush; he may perhaps hear the whistle of a startled deer now and then, but as he journeys down the winding Thunder, he will soon learn that it is all he can do to preserve his Christian integrity. The brush is literally in clouds, the ground is spongy and full of holes, and by the time one fishes the "likely spots" that lie within the length of a half mile of the Ahme-ke-Se-be-Wer-shen,* if he has not ripped out some fearful imprecations, he is a wonderfully even-tempered man, like myself. But then the fisherman can get trout, and I am inclined to think as richly-colored fellows as swim in water. The Thunder River trout are very highly colored, more so, I think, than the trout of any other stream that I afterwards fished. They were new to me, and I seldom took one off my hook that I did not turn it over and over and study and admire its wonderful combinations of blue, vermilion, salmon and other colors, shades and tints. And the Thunder River trout are by no means scarce and are of good size. In looking over my journal, I find the following figures indicating the numbers taken at different times, to wit, 16, 25, 23, 9, 24, 12. The largest I took was fourteen inches in length and weighed twenty ounces; the next was thirteen inches long, and I got several a foot in length and a good many ten inches long.

"For nine years," said old Frank, "people have been coming to Thunder and fishing, and the fish are about as plenty this year as they were at first. I don't know where they come from. They must come from some place, for they will be pretty well caught out by the time people quit coming this year."

I do not know how true all this may be. I apprehend there will be an end to trout fishing in the Thunder River in due time, but the stream would seem to belong to a region that is peculiarly favorable to the growth of trout. The tributaries of the Oconto, Peshtigo and Menominee, all of which discharge their waters into Green Bay, are many of them trout streams and some of them famous for the numbers and size of their fish. The "Menominee range," as is called that region of highlands rich in iron ores, through which the celebrated Brulé River runs, abounds in trout streams.

The Brulé has been the objective point for many trout fishermen for many summers, and a Chicago lawyer wrote a book about it, but I was assured by trappers, "land lookers" and others, that all through the range there were other streams abounding in trout. The entire region has been lately opened up to fishermen by rail and a new line of road running some distance west of the Northwestern Railway is in process of construction, and the probability is, that in a few years more the Green Bay streams will be depopulated. This new line of road will pass within twenty miles of the Thunder and crosses Beaver Creek at the Armstrong farm. It heads up for the "range," and when it is opened I apprehend there will be a grand rush from Milwaukee, its point of departure, for the new streams it will make accessible.

D. D. BANTA.

* Chippewa for Little Thunder River.—OLD FRANK.

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

FOURTH PAPER.

"The south wind, like sighs from a fair maiden's breast,
Just ripples the water that else were at rest;
The cloud, like a frown from that fair maid, scarce seen,
Just shadows the surface that else were serene:
While honey-drops, type of the lovely girl's tear
Just stain the fair streamlet that else were so clear.

THE south wind, as for the huntsman so for the angler, is the typical wind, is the desired wind for sport, but barring the east and northeast bluster any wind, other things being favorable, may blow, and the patient and painstaking angler may bring to creel worthy fish. I have fished with the baneful northeast blowing half a gale, but it came on when the day had been "set apart" for an outing, and I must either try my luck or mope. It was where "hackles" or any other fly had not been used for at least a generation, and indifferent bottom fishing was the only alternative.

It was my wont to keep a "worm preserve" in good condition for immediate use, and the well-scoured "brandlings" and "gentles" well repaid the care taken of them in luring goodly perch and occasional bass to my hook. I freely confess that I do not like to kill trout save with the fly! It seems the only proper way to take those cleanly, aristocratic fish, and certainly none other is so perfectly satisfactory, either to contemplate or to practice. Dost not agree with me, my brother of the angle?

"In plying our dear craft" we meet, at every step of the way, new experiences, and with every fish brought to creel we lay up in the memory some pleasant thing to serve us when fish and fishing are not at hand.

The mind of man from childhood to age, is the receptacle of many and varied etchings, pleasant to recall and indestructible while memory holds its sway, and the sportsman has such a glorious stock of these in store, that he ought to be envied by those who see nothing to be enjoyed out of the daily routine of their dull lives. This is no day for fishing, and these thoughts come to me as I sit with a quaint copy of an "Angler's Song Book" in my hand, and through smoke-wreaths watch the leaden sky and the steady downpour. The wind is south, to be sure, but the rain is *wet* and all the earth is sodden! Had we no leisure to wait for a good fishing day, I could not so calmly sit under this "frown" of nature on our anticipated sport; but there are times when a rainy day, to the angler, is a godsend—to be enjoyed, and not to be scowled upon aneath a "cursing-cap." On such a day, if his tackle be not in order, he can read Walton and other masters in the "gentle art," review the past and forecast the future, and be the better prepared to go a-field when the "shadows flee away."

After such a season with tackle and books and retrospect, if a sympathetic and congenial friend chances to "drop in," and his smoke wreath co-mingles with your own, how fast the dull day wears away.

"We are just like brother and brother,
And this is our toast,
The true anglers' boast—
Success and good will to each other."

But there are times when a rainy day is a dire one for any angler to accept graciously and every gentle influence fails to soothe. Everyone who has long used the rod can recall such, and some, it may be, have left scars behind them that quiet musing unveils. One, even now, "looms up" before me out of the long ago and brings with it a chill, as a ghost may be supposed to bring with it from its pent charnel-house. On that day, long anticipated, the east wind blew as if bent upon marring every chance of success, and I fished with bravado as if to spite the elements. Fished? I made casts and changed positions, but my creel swayed on my hip with every blast, too empty to defy the wind. Like the apostolic fishermen I "toiled" and "caught nothing." I fished because I had left town on that special day to fish, and high noon passed before the buffetings of the fateful wind made me surrender. This one day was sandwiched between two perfect fishing days—a "stroke" of "fisherman's luck" far worse than a "wet jacket."

The literature of angling is so rich, both in prose and poetry, that all tastes may be suited, and no seeker need fail to find, though he runs "riot." Of yore men wrote from the heart, wrote as they builded castles and cathedrals—for all time; and 'tis a rare joy in this matter of fact age to "unearth" an old book on field sports and see the honest zest and hearty love that sat behind the quill. All honor to the worthies who wrote of field and flood, who sang, in sweet measure, as they strolled a-field!

"Here's a bumper to rod and to spear!
A bumper to those, who, where'er the rill flows,
Are spearing and angling along!

"Here's a cheer for the charms of the stream,
A cheer for a glorious burst;
And who would not cheer, when the bold throw the spear,
For the fearless are always the first.

"Here's a sigh for the anglers afar,
A welcome to those that are here:
A health to the whole, who, in spirit and soul,
Are friends to the rod and the spear!"

As gold to the miser, so is the sight of running water to the angler—it thrills him to the heart's core, and his eye peers into the deeps for a lurking fish with a greed and a hope that must be felt to be understood. Sad indeed it is to see so many "likely" waters utterly bereft of worthy fish! Alack! the miser hath usurped the angler, and the fouled streams croon a requiem for the fish that are fled!

O. W. R.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN FISHING CLUB.

THE log of the twelfth annual cruise of the Second Presbyterian Fishing Club of Philadelphia, on the schooner Samuel Applegit, is just before us in a neat and humorously illustrated pamphlet of ninety-six pages. The large chart of the cruise shows a most remarkable formation of the country about Chesapeake and Delaware bays which materially differs from the charts of the U. S. Coast Survey, and shows what inferior work is done by the Government engineers. The latter corps seem to have entirely neglected the resemblance of different head lands to the profiles of the members of the Second Presbyterians, and consequently the government maps do not show any similarity to Smith's nose in the peninsular terminating at Cape Charles, nor do the names of places at all compare with those of the new chart now presented. The log, as kept by Mr. Clifford P. Allen, and illustrated by Mr. Herbert S. Packard, shows that due regard for the solemnity of fishing was observed and all levity banished from the schooner. Yet they were not happy. Some evil-disposed person had posted handbills purporting to be signed by the Chief of Police of Kensington, offering a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the "outlaws who stole the schooner 'S. Applegit,' now said to be in the neighborhood of Norfolk," thereby causing these truly good men to be looked upon with suspicion. An advertisement was also inserted in the Norfolk *Landmark* warning people not to trust the members of the 2d P. F. C., and in consequence they were sore at heart.

We have given the by-laws of the club in former years, and only note a new clause which says: "No member shall receive credit on his score for the biggest fish yet, when he 'ail but got him on board but lost him;' neither shall he insist that the weight of his fish is seven pounds when it is evidently eight ounces." The trip of the club covered the first two weeks of July, and twenty-two members participated in the grief, which became intense when it was discovered that there was not a single onion on board. Among the edibles was a snapping turtle, and after the cook had decapitated the reptile the following lecture on anatomy was delivered by Dr. Minich:

"Gentlemen! If you will give me your attention I will endeavor to explain the construction and uses of the subject, which my assistant, Mr. Simon, has so ably prepared and which now lies before you. The specimen is the head of the *Gymnopaus spiniferus*, or in plain English, the snapper; you will perceive that the head is divided into two parts—an inside and an outside. The outside is composed of bone covered with skin or cuticle. The skin on his cheek, you will observe, is very thin and appears almost as hard as the bone which it covers—as hard in fact, as the cheek of the average member of this club. The inside you will find largely decorated with brain, muscle, nerves and sinews. Here we have

the eye, or organ of vision, with all its delicate appendages; it differs from the organ which our brother Mousley operates upon, in not having a handle. Connected with it latterly though we find this thread-like substance which is the optic nerve. This nerve is connected at the other end with the snapper's caudal appendage, commonly known as the tail. This acts on the snapper's eye like the rudder on a ship, if it is flopped over to one side the eye naturally turns to the opposite. This nerve is subject to various diseases, prominent among which may be enumerated cross-eye, strabismus, and cock-eye. The latter is caused by the nerve becoming entangle in the spinal column, or vertebræ, and the only remedy in such cases is to take out the backbone and disentangle the nerve. The vertebræ can be put together again with Spaulding's glue. In man such a disease may be both a blessing and a curse. If he looks at a pretty girl and sees double it may be looked at in the light of a blessing. Should he, however, reach out to a lean lunch counter, and find that his eyes deceive him, he is more than likely to deem it the reverse. In that best friend of man, the mule, the optic nerve is connected directly with the hind legs, so that the moment he sees anything from the rear he 'lifts his fut.'"

We regret that our space forbids publishing the Doctor's learned lecture in its entirety, but enough has been given to show that the club devote some time to intellectual enjoyment as well as the mere animal one of catching bluefish.

RAINBOW OR CALIFORNIA TROUT.

TO any one familiar with the fish laws of the State of New York it must be evident that something is wrong, since the rainbow and other western trout, as alleged, have been introduced into some of our native trout streams and lakes.

The season for brook trout opens on April 15 and closes September 1. The season for the rainbows and other trout opens September 1 and closes May 15. Now it looks as if the foreigners must be kept out of the trout streams or it will have a tendency to make our present laws a dead letter.

The rainbows and other western trout do not commence spawning in our waters (as far as heard from) until the latter part of April, and are not through by June 1.

In many parts of the State our native brook trout begin spawning the latter part of September and in most streams they finish in November.

Now what is to be done? You can't regulate it so that a California trout will not take your fly in the spring when he should not, or the fisherman would not, nor in the fall can you prevent the brook trout from doing the same after it is unlawful to so take him.

Dropping the fish so taken out of season back into the stream don't fill the bill, even if every person were so disposed to return them. I see no way out of it if they are still put into trout streams, but to have the open seasons made the same for both, or all the year round, and abandon all attempts at protection.

And then a word about the salmon trout, *Cristivomer namaycush*; I think the open season for them should close September 1. They have been caught in the lakes of Western New York during September in greater numbers than during any month of the year, and they are then full of spawn which is almost ripe. J. ANNIN, JR.

CALEDONIA, New York.

AQUARIA AT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.—Philadelphia, Oct. 3.—The interesting account in your paper of week before last headed "Fine Display in Aquaria" at the Cincinnati Exhibition, calls to mind a matter which has not yet been published. In your city there is a flourishing institute which holds an interesting exhibition every season. There is also a high-toned institution in this city that don't have an exhibition every year, in fact, the last one they had was some eight years ago, the last previous one was sixteen years before. At the time of their last exhibition the fish commissioners of this State desired to make a display in aquaria, showing methods of artificial fish-hatching, etc., and secured space therefor. One gentleman at much trouble secured a fine lot of glazed tanks for the display. When the time arrived to make arrangements for the water, it became necessary to obtain the signature of the president of the institute. That astute individual at once squelched this feature of the exhibition, declaring that it was boy's play, without a solitary scientific feature. The scientific gentlemen connected with the exhibition felt much scandalized, and one of the professors remarked that their president owed his position to his money rather than his brains. In this connection I am reminded of the Centennial display, but *infandum renovare dolorem*.—AQUARIUS.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK—Oceanic, N. J., Oct 2.—"Brooklynite," in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM, wants to know where to get a day's fishing near New York. Striped bass, I suppose, is what he is after. Now, let me try and inform him where I have had good success from October to November 15. Take Central Railroad of New Jersey to Bergen Point Station, Walk down to Burns's where he will find boat. Fish from the first of the flood to high water at 1,500 to 2,500 feet west of the draw. Fish off from the abutments about 100 feet; cast in 20 feet from the corners of the abutments. Should shedders be too high-toned in price, let him use for bait some small oysters—say a quart—which have been salted over night. In addition, he may use shrimp and a bunch or so of soft clams. Use a tracing sinker. I have taken fine messes of bass during this month. Fishing has been fine in Shrewsbury River this summer. We have taken the largest kingfish that has been taken for years. My neighbor Vantine and myself took to-day twelve fine bass and two weakfish in three hours' fishing.—J. H. WILD.

CHUB OR BLACK BASS?—West Point, King William County, Va.—On the 21st of September, there came such a rainfall as to wash away five mill dams in this county, thus turning loose a great number of mill pond chub. No doubt many of the small fry reached the Mattapony River, but a great many large ones were captured and delighted the palate of the epicure. Three gentlemen in the neighborhood of King William Courthouse bought over fifty pounds of fish weighing from five to ten pounds a piece. Experienced fishermen or those who observe closely, do not consider the southern, or mill pond chub, as identical with the black bass. They say there is a striking similarity, and yet well defined points of difference. And then the chub grows so much larger, sometimes turning the scale at fourteen pounds.—TUSKRAP.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—ALTONA, Clinton Co., N. Y., Oct. 7.—I notice with pleasure that four of the most persistent violators of the game laws in this part of the country have just been arrested for illegal fishing at Chazy Lake, Clinton county, N. Y. These men have nearly exterminated the trout in Chazy Lake with their gillnets and nightlines, and have lately turned their attention to the Chateaugay Lake, which lies about six miles from Chazy Lake. Not long ago these lakes were teeming with trout, and deer and grouse were plenty on the hills surrounding them, making quite a sportsman's paradise. It is a pity that a few lazy, lawless scamps should be allowed to slaughter the game and fish during the close season, by the sale of which they scarcely manage to eke out a miserable existence. They catch hundreds of pounds of trout off their spawning to use as bait for their mink-traps, and "crust-hunt" the deer merely for their hides. I hope, now that the good work has begun, that it will be followed up until these pests have been driven off. The hotel-keepers on the lakes should take a lively interest in the prosecution of these fellows.—GROUSE.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Nashville, Oct. 6.—As soon as we have a rainfall a number of gentlemen from Nashville will away to their favorite fishing grounds to enjoy the fine sport and the luxuries of camp life during October, the most delightful month of the twelve in this latitude. Ed. Horn has been having some remarkably fine sport angling in the Cumberland River. The other day he procured a bucket of live minnows, and from five until seven o'clock A. M. he creeled eight handsome bass, weighing from one-half to one pound and a half each. This is all the more remarkable as the fish were caught from the wharf, which is in the very center of the city. A day or two later the same gentleman took a fine string of bass and drum from the river at the same place, but this time with dead minnows and common earth worms. This change in the supply of river fish is one of the most striking evidences of the advantages gained by protective laws.—J. D. H.

Fishculture.

THE FISH QUESTION IN VERMONT.

THE following letter to the Rutland *Herald and Globe* gives a fair account of the question which is now agitating anglers in the Green Mountain State:

It appears to be generally understood that an effort will be made during the coming session of our Legislature to have the "Odious Fish and Game Law" repealed, and a just and sensible law enacted in its place. I believe this move is a good one, as any man who really knows anything about the matter, knows that under the present law the trout in the waters of this State have steadily decreased.

Our present law was enacted, avowedly, for the purpose of protecting the fish with the view of increasing them. We were told that this law would have "the effect of increasing the supply of fish"—how, no one has told, or no one can tell, but that was the claim. Now, what after a trial of eight years is the result? in this section—and I am informed it is so all over the State—the trout have steadily decreased; and why? For the very best of reasons, viz: This law has thrown all of the free fishing exactly on to the places where the supply comes from—namely, the mountain streams. No spawn deposited in streams in the open country where the soil is broken by cultivation, roads, etc., ever hatches out, as the fine sediment which settles on the eggs is sure death to every egg, as every fishculturist will testify. Therefore the supply must come from the mountain streams where the soil is little broken, and so comparatively little fine sediment is ever deposited on the eggs; besides the mountain streams are more rapid, and what little fine sediment is deposited is quickly washed off after high water occurs.

We might just as well expect to raise a large supply of poultry by killing the little "chicks" soon after they are hatched, as to by law throw all the free fishing directly on to the hatching grounds, and thus encourage a larger amount of fishing exactly where it does the most harm, *i. e.*, cut off the supply—what folly! We have been told by men who pretended to be very wise on the subject, "If you will only stop fishing a little while the streams will soon be full of trout."

I do not wish to appear egotistical about this matter, but let us say there is not a word of truth in this statement. It has taken years and years of fishing, fair and foul, lines, nets, spears, snares, etc., to deplete the streams and it would in a natural way take years and years to replenish them.

Fishculturists, men who have spent years in studying up this matter, say that doubtless not over one trout egg in a thousand deposited in a natural way is ever hatched out and produces mature fish. Thus you see the process of re-stocking is extremely slow. We can't wait for such slow work, if it can be done more quickly, and it can be, with but little trouble and expense. From 85 to 95 per cent. of trout spawn can be, and is, every year artificially hatched. If any reader will figure the difference in percentage between the two methods, and then say he thinks the streams will best re-stock themselves, I would like to see that man. I think Vermont cannot afford not to have a "State hatching house" and every year put the trout into its streams, and let the people take them out under proper restrictions as to time and implements. For we all know that the artificial propagation of fish is no longer an experiment involved in any doubt. The results obtained in other States where they have "hatching houses"—establishes the fact so firmly that no one can possibly doubt the feasibility of re-stocking our streams with trout artificially at small expense compared with the beneficial results that would be attained.

This State is now able to reap the benefit of the outlay and experience of other States. The great benefit of having plenty of trout in our streams of course no one can question. Pleasure and profit are not often combined, but in this case they are, and I believe if the question of a "State Hatching House" is properly presented to our legislators they will make a fair appropriation for it, repeal the present law and enact a just one in its place. But if the Legislature does not see fit to make an appropriation for a "Hatching House" it certainly, by all means, ought to repeal the present law, which every one knows prevents private enterprise from restocking the streams; for, of course, no man would, at his own expense, put fish into a stream and then when he went to catch a few for his breakfast, be liable to be arrested as a criminal and pay a heavy fine and cost, or be "jailed," for taking the very fish out of a stream that he himself put in.

The story is too long to tell in one letter. I only write this to call attention to the subject as it is understood some of us intend to make an effort to have whatever is done be an improvement on our present system. All persons who feel an especial interest in the subject of restocking the streams of our State with trout are invited to correspond with the writer, giving their opinions and knowledge of the working and effects of our present law, that this matter may be plainly and fairly presented to our Legislature for their consideration during the coming session. C. F. ORVIS.

MANCHESTER, Vt., Sept. 25, 1882.

PLANTS FOR CARP FOOD,—Nashville, Tenn.—Dr. A. Gallenger is now engaged in botanical researches in this State, and tells me that he has for some time past given attention to those species of aquatic plants, so common in our southern States, with a view to ascertaining the character, and of determining which would be most likely to furnish the much desired food for German carp. He thinks there are a number of these plants now growing in many Southern ponds and streams which are particularly adapted to the carp as food, and in this his opinion is almost confirmed by the appearance of certain aquatic plants, not indigenuous to the country, but imported from Asia by some mysterious manner. One of these varieties was lately discovered by a botanist in Massachusetts. The Doctor is a thorough master of the science of botany, and no doubt will solve the question of carp food before long. The carp placed by Col. G. F. Akers, when State Fish Commissioner, in the ponds upon the Capitol grounds, have grown amazingly from all accounts. Those given to Captain Frank W. Green have multiplied beyond conception, and grown to a great size. He has so many in his pond that he is now advertising them for sale. Next year a great many ponds will be built and stocked with either carp or our native varieties, the superb harvest of this year placing our farmers in a better condition to improve their homes than they have been in many years.—J. D. H.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters, whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. F. N. Hall, P. O. Box 884, New York, Secretary.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. S. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

'COONING NEAR NEW YORK.

THE other evening a party of eight, five bipeds and three quadrupeds, rendezvoued at a spot eight miles from Jersey City, and a mile and a half west of the Hudson River. The bipeds were Charley, Hugh, Jim and George, residents of Jersey, and Doc, a tenderfoot from New York. The quadrupeds were Jack and Shot, hounds, and Bess, a brindle bitch "of the bull-terrier persuasion," in fact the very one that "V. H. C." brought into notice in some recent communications to this journal. The hounds were old and experienced 'coon-dogs, and the bitch was brought along to see the fun, and if we had luck to take her part in scrimmages. We started for the woods at half past nine, and a walk of a mile brought us to Palisade Avenue. Here the dogs were cast off, but found nothing. Walking up the road with lanterns carried low we presently found the track of a large 'coon, crossing the road and making for an adjoining cornfield to the west. The dogs brought up refused the scent, the road being covered with a coating of dry dust an inch or more in thickness. The hounds were then cast off in the standing corn and left to follow their noses, while we, with careful steps and searching eyes, scanned the ground for 'coon sign—and we found it. Every low and wet place was fairly covered with tracks as if a party of twenty or more had been frolicking all over the field. Presently the hounds opened, and Hugh exclaimed "They've got him treed!" and after a minute's pause added, "No, that isn't a 'coon up a tree, it must be something else."

Hurrying up, we found Jack and Shot over on each side of a stone wall that was thickly overgrown with wild grape vines and briars. The hounds were fairly crazy and trying to get in to the wall. Bess was held in arms, crying in the most piteous tones to be released and struggling with all her might. A low growl came from the wall, and Hugh sung out again, "Yes, boys, it's a 'coon after all, but in all my life I never saw one take to stone wall before." The stones removed and Jack's nose went down into the hole. Out it came in an instant with something attached and Bess jumping from the arms that held her, in an instant became one with the struggling animals. A brief fight settled the matter, and our first 'coon was found to be an opossum. This was about half past eleven, and the rising moon now began to throw out more light on our proceedings. Everyone was happy except Bess, who wanted more 'possum, and slipping from hand she made one jump and closed her jaws partly on 'possum and partly on Hugh's fist. Half an hour later the hounds again gave tongue, this time in the woods. The tree was reached, and found to be a small, one not more than twenty feet in hight. His 'coonship was descried high up, but a few shakes brought him down, and as she lit out proved to be a cat. A few rabbits, a fox and a few more cats were started, and as the night drew on it seemed as if our 'cooning was to be a failure. About two o'clock the dogs again began to talk, and this time they appeared to be in earnest. We found the tree to be a large one in the midst of a swampy wood. A fire heaped high with brush was quickly kindled, and Hugh, putting on his climbing irons, was soon among the branches. Charley followed him up, and the 'coon, this time a real one, was seen lying out on one of the upper limbs. Hugh descended, and Charley being of lighter build went higher and shook him out. A thud, and in an instant four struggling animals were united. Jack had him by the nose, Shot by the stern, and Bess closed her powerful terrier jaws upon his loin in a grip that relaxed not until poor cubby had given up the ghost, and even then had to be choked off, much to her grief and indignation.

The dogs again commenced to range, but it was some time before they announced a tree. Careful search revealed nothing. The critter, whether 'coon, 'possum or cat, had escaped before we arrived. The track was down toward and at four o'clock we reached Kelly's hostelry at Fairview. Some liquid refreshment, and an hour's nap prepared us for an early train, which brought us back to the city in time for breakfast. A few funny things occurred during the hunt. After Hugh's fingers had got mixed with Bess's teeth he insisted that she should be kept on chain. "He wasn't going 'cooning along with such a dog that didn't know when the 'coon was dead." Hugh had crammed the 'possum into his overcoat pocket, but the powerful scent was a sad temptation, and Doc. had his hands full in keeping Bess out of mischief. Later when we reached the cat tree, the chain was removed and the bitch held by the collar until the game came to earth. When the cat jumped hounds and men took after her, but Bess didn't care for cat (plenty of them at home), but made a jump for Hugh's coat and held to it with a pretty tight grip, and Hugh hardly knew whether to keep on the run dragging the dog behind him or to shed his coat and leave Bess master of the situation and the 'possum.

This 'coon hunt brought back the memories of twenty years ago, when the writer devoted two or three nights a week, during the season, to the running of 'coons in the rich bottom lands bordering the Genesee River. In those days, in September, as soon as 'coon sign became plenty in the corn, the

sport was inaugurated, and the nightly harvest was usually satisfactory. We rarely worked the same fields two nights in succession, but with a stretch of several miles of good 'coon ground had plenty of opportunity to make good bags. Starting as soon as it was dark, we were generally through by one o'clock, when the fire by the last 'coon tree enabled us to prepare a little primitive refreshment. Roasting ears, potatoes, a few bullheads from the river and a piece of 'coon meat were hastily cooked and eaten with gusto, and added relish from some neighboring melon-patch.

The above has been written to show that Bergen county has a few 'coons and opossums to spare, that they can be gotten without much trouble, and that a night's sport can be had in the immediate vicinity of the city. The morning mail brought me a note from a friend, in which he stated that a few days ago, in company with three others, they shot sixty-one ducks, teal, widgeon, etc., without boats or decoys, and within five miles of New York City Hall.

A word to "V. H. C.," I am prepared to admit, in reference to the color of bull-terriers, that white sometimes has its advantages, *e. g.*, when dog and 'coon are badly mixed on a dark night it is easier to tell them apart; and secondly, when the dog has fleas, it is easier to see them. BRINDLE.

RETRIEVING AND STYLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In discussing the qualities of our field dogs a great deal is usually said about "pace" and "nose," but not much about "style" of hunting. Now "style," as regards the way in which a dog carries his head, is to my mind of as much importance as the quality of his nose, as unless he does so in good form he will certainly potter or flush more than he ought to do, however well he may have been trained. Style of hunting is an innate quality that can be improved or injured by good or bad management.

Hunting on the prairies is generally supposed to be good for style, as if the head is carried too low, the nose gets cut by the grass. Trailing (following the foot scent) is about the worst habit a setter or pointer can get into; and retrieving wounded game is the surest way of encouraging it. No one will, I presume, confound it with *roading*, which, when well done, is the finest of work. Retrievers ought to trail their game, so in training them, one of the chief points to be attended to is to encourage them to do so, and they are only at first hunted upon wounded game. Several years ago, before I had had the experience in American hunting that I have since had, I suggested in the valuable columns of FOREST AND STREAM, that it would be better to use a separate dog for retrieving instead of allowing one's setters and pointers to do so, but the idea was then evidently considered absurd, because the point of it was not understood. Sportsmen who only keep one dog, must, of course, have them to retrieve; but where several are kept I am certain it would be found advantageous to have this retrieving left to a regular trained retriever; scarcely any game would then be lost, either from land or water, the hunting dogs would not be distressed in hot weather by having to look for and carry it in; nor in very cold weather by getting wet; they would also behave better in a general way, as retrieving is the cause of much unsteadiness, a fact that is proved at every field trial. These advantages would be gained, in addition to the preservation of fine style. C. E. MCMURDO.

SHADWELL, VA., Oct. 7.

FOX HUNTING IN TENNESSEE.

DURING the past two weeks "Revnard" has been permitted to take but little rest by our numerous fox hunters all over the State. The moon has shone forth with unusual splendid brightness, and the temperature all that could be desired, cool enough for bold man and horse, yet not enough so to require heavy top coats and other encumberances at times necessary for comfort.

The last chase took place a few nights ago, meeting as did the twenty or thirty enthusiasts at "Spout Spring," about two miles from the city. Splendidly mounted was each and every one, and the dogs never in better form or keener for the race, the only item needed to make up the tableau was the wily fox. On Morrow's poultry farm being in the vicinity, it was safe to calculate upon finding one of the fore-legged lovers of the dainty fowls somewhere thereabouts, and in that conjecture the master of the hunt was about right, as was shown by the eagerness of the hounds to be slipped from their leashes at the sound of the sharp, shrill voice of Dandy, who had been sent out to reconnoitre in the vicinity of where we were all assembled quaffing our juleps and enjoying the lovely scenes around us.

The first dog to open cold Burkhardt, he to be instantly seconded by Rover, Rattler and Duncan, broke away, coupled as they were, and had the effect to make the others of the pack very restless; in fact, so much so that, contrary to custom, they were let go before game was certain to have been unearthed. Like lightning they dashed up the sides of the precipitous hills surrounding the spring, and before the horsemen could get out into the open country the entire pack was in full cry and going a pace that nothing short of a thoroughbred in good trim could have kept up with. Col. Geo. Akers led the hunt on his reliable black mare Fanny, closely followed by Charley Hollister and Major Ed. Saunders, from Nashville.

Marsh Pinkard, Hermann Burkholz, Billy Raggio and George Holmes were more considerate upon their horses, and took the Vaughn pike at a trot, keeping within hearing of the dogs all the while; thus the chase went on for a few minutes, but after this the entire phase of the sport changed. The fox turned towards the pike and at a tremendous speed came down through a field of stubble, and took the fence a few yards in front of George Holmes, frightening his horse and causing him to heave and pitch so furiously as to land his rider in a bunch of briars and giving him such a shaking and scratching as to put him *hors de combat* for the remainder of the night. Hermann Burkholz applied the spurs to his charger, and in an instant had cleared the stone wall at one side of the road and was soon in with the pack; Marsh Pinkard's Bijou refused to leap, and came near skipping his cargo, but being a first class rider, that was not to be done. Billy Raggio, a son of poetical Italy, was too prudent to attempt the leap, but active enough to dismount at a weak place in the wall and knock off rock enough to allow his nag and Marsh's to get over without further trouble.

By this time the hounds with Hermann close at their heels, were a mile or more away, and the remainder of the boys would have been rather lonely if the Colonel had not come up at that time. He was a picture indeed. Don Quixote, after one of his most perilous tilts, never looked more forlorn, or had fared worse than did our gallant Virginian. Hat gone, coat rent asunder, one leg of his trousers had been ruthlessly torn away by some intruding vine, face scarred, out of breath and as mad as a nest of disturbed hornets. This was about the plight he was in. The old mare had dumped him in a ditch, and while scrambling through the undergrowth briars and plowed ground, the balance of the misfortunes had befallen him; never was there a man in Tennessee so exasperated, writhing with pain, ridiculous to look at and utterly disgusted with his luck; he, like "Richard," was willing to give his kingdom for a horse, mule or any conveyance that would enable him to prosecute the chase. Billy Raggio, like the good Samaritan, was on hand, offered his mount to the gallant son of Mars, and again, like Richard, he was himself again.

"Where are they gone?" said he.

"I dunno," replied Marsh, "and guess you don't care much."

"I'll catch that vagabond of a fox if he stays in Davidson county," continued the Colonel, "or I'll never take another drop of Lincoln after this one," at the same time feeling for his flask. Fancy his expression when he discovered that the useful tickler was gone. There was no use grumbling, however, and off he started at the top of his horse's speed, and Marsh after him. Fortunately there were no fences of importance around the field they were in; hence all went well until they reached the Gallatin pike, where they again came within hearing of the hounds. This gave new life and enthusiasm to the Colonel, and off he started again, though not destined to go far, because of a terrible cropper he got in attempting to cross a gully, into which his horse fell, rolling over on him and bruising him badly. This effectually closed the sport for him, though the hounds went on, still followed by Hermann, whose horse never faltered at an obstacle, or apparently tired, until the fox, overpowered by fatigue, yielded up his life at the first toll house, into which he sought refuge, but found death, and that not by his pursuers, as he ran upon a huge mastiff belonging to the gate keeper, and which finished him with one shake.

Charley Hollister received severe contusions about the head, and the Nashville man had his arm broken, by their respective tumbles. Colonel Akers sent for "Sandy Carber" to wait upon him, and by a mass of restoratives, applied scientifically by this aged caterer to fast boys, the bruises were soon healed. Marsh Pinkard underwent a similar treatment, though not wounded, and is now doing better. Charley Hollister and the Kentuckian are able to be about, and have been taken repeatedly, the one for Arabi Pasha and the other for Admiral Nicholson of Egyptian notoriety. A telephonic communication was received from Billy Raggio, at Gallatin, that he had surrendered after giving up his horse. He reported being footsore and financially embarrassed. Funds were at once telegraphed, and when he gets in to town all the members of the famous chase will have reported.

The hounds have, like chickens, come home to roost, and every possible attention paid to them. They will be ready a great deal sooner to take the field than any of their followers; but as soon as heads, arms and faces get well, the boys will go out again.

J. D. H.

THE RED IRISH SETTER GARRYOWEN.

MR. HILLIARD'S protest against Mr. Giltrap's champion red Irish setter Garryowen appears to have raised quite a breeze in the English journals. As some of Garryowen's descendants in this country have made their mark upon the show bench, we append the following from the *Stock Keeper*, which will give our readers the gist of the matter: We have received some additional correspondence relating to the setter Garryowen, and as there are some curious and novel statements made by one or two of the writers, it may be well to briefly review the history of the dog. He was originally called Shot, and was bred by Mr. H. S. Moore, of Dublin, who sent him to a first-rate trainer; but the dog did not show any unusual intelligence, which was accounted for at the time by the low condition the dog was in. He was subsequently purchased by Mr. J. J. Giltrap, his present owner. When in the possession of the breeder the dog's nose and eyes were of a "flesh-color," but when seen by Mr. Moore he "had great difficulty in identifying the dog from what he considered an alteration in his appearance." Mr. Giltrap "admits that he has a deshy nose, and I never heard of a dog having any other sort of nose. As to the color of it, I deny that it was ever black. It is a dark liver-color, and very much darker (as well as his coat) than when I bought him of Mr. Moore. He was then a miserable-looking creature, full of worms, not a pick on him, with sunken eyes, a staring coat, and no feathering." In this wretched state Mr. Giltrap purchased the dog, believing he was a good specimen of Irish setter. How the transformation is attributed "in addition to improvement by age, good care, a clean kennel, wholesome food, combined with regularity of feeding, a constant supply of pure water, and plenty of exercise." And every one knows what an alteration can be made in the appearance of poor, ill-conditioned dogs when well looked after, properly fed and exercised. We are not in a position to say whether the dog's nose and eyes have or have not changed in color since he has been in the possession of his present owner; but it will probably be new to most people to know that the color of the eye of a dog can be changed at the will of the owner any more than this can be done with the human eye. A clearness and a brightness can undoubtedly be obtained either in a man or a dog when they are in a healthy condition, but that the naturnl color of the eye can be changed we do not believe.

This dog, as well as Mr. Hilliard's Comet, were exhibited at the Alexandra Palace Show; both owners were present, and Mr. Hilliard as well acquainted with the alteration in the dog's appearance as later on, but instead of lodging a protest then, when the matter could have been thoroughly investigated, Mr. Hilliard waited until the Belfast and Bristol Shows, when Garryowen's owner was absent and not able to defend himself except by calling in two vets.

But now comes a still more serious charge against Mr. Hilliard, inasmuch as Mr. Giltrap accuses him of exhibiting dogs that had previously won three or more prizes, and should therefore have competed in champion classes instead of in open classes, both at Belfast and Portadown. At the latter show his dog Palmerston was disqualified for this very cause. If this is so, it is a very serious charge, and by no means adds to the reputation of Mr. Hilliard; for one could hardly think it possible for an exhibitor not to be aware of the number of prizes his dog had previously won. Still it is possible Mr. Hilliard may be able to satisfactorily explain this matter.

It appears to us that, finding his dog beaten, Mr. Hilliard became annoyed, and not making sufficient allowance for the improvement to Garryowen's appearance, somewhat hastily came to the conclusion that the dog's nose had in some way been tampered with, and hence the many long and personal letters which have appeared on this unpleasant subject.

THE COLLIE AS A SPORTSMAN'S DOG.

THERE has been much complaint among sportsmen and gamekeepers in reference to the hardness of the mouth of the retriever. I have very much pleasure, through your widely-read paper, to offer a remedy for this long and grevous complaint. I have been experimenting on the collie as to his capabilities as a sportsman's dog. I find him capable in every way, and a superior worker to the retriever, with a beautiful soft mouth. To sportsmen and gamekeepers I would recommend the collie, rough-coated (black and tan), as a superior dog in every way to the retriever, and by adopting the collie instead of the retriever they will have no more grumbling about hard mouths. The collie retrieves splendidly on both land and water. I had very little difficulty in training collie to his new calling. I do not think it cost me more than half of the time that I would have required when training a retriever. The collie's usefulness to sportsmen is of much value. I consider I am conferring a great boon to sportsmen and gamekeepers in offering them this experience of the collie through your valuable paper. A GAMEKEEPER.

A correspondent forwards the following cutting, which appeared in the Hmily *Express* on this subject:

I would have given my experience, as a gamekeeper, of what I think of the collie as a sportsman's dog in your last week's paper, but I have been very busy, and had not had time to write. I beg to state that I have the collie working instead of the retriever, and I would not now give "collie" for twenty retrievers. It is a pleasure to see "collie" at his work, and the careful manner in which he collects the game; he is as strong in the head as the retriever, and much softer in the mouth. "Collie" is a doggie that one can train to anything within the brute beasts' power. "Collie" is born a true companion to man; I have therefore great pleasure in recommending him to my brother gamekeepers to work instead of the retriever. I would recommend gamekeepers to get the thoroughbred south long-haired collie. I got my collie from Haddington (off Champion—Highlander). In the North the breed of the collie is spoiled by the mixing of the breed with every mongrel up and down the country. Robbie Burns gives the true idea of a Scotch collie in his tale of the "Twa Dogs." In reference to Luath, the ploughman's collie, Robbie says:

> His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face (or lang face)
> Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
> His breast was white, his towzie back
> Weel clad in coat o' glossy black.
> His gawcie (or bushy) tail, wi' upward curl,
> Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

This is certainly the description of no mongrel cur, but a picture of a collie of the best and purest Scotch breed. The retriever is a mongrel, with breeds of the foxhound, Gordon setter, collie, Newfoundland, Labrador, and other mongrel breeds in him. The best way to train a collie is to use the same method as when training a retriever, with the exception of doing away with the whip, and using kindness and coaxing instead. "Collie" cannot stand the whip; this is the reason why some of the shepherds' collies are so much cowed —with using too much of the rod. I hope that those who have well-bred collies in their possession will see that their breed is carefully cultivated, and get these mongrels cleared out of the country. In closing, I would recommend every gamekeeper to work the collie instead of the retriever.—*Live Stock Journal.*

COCKER JUDGING AT CLEVELAND AND TORONTO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the Cleveland Bench Show (1882) Mr. Kirk, in judging cockers, declared that he would award no honors to animals that failed to score 75 points of his scale. Several cockers which in the East would pass for good specimens were on exhibition. Of these Idol was deemed the best, but she obtained but 62½ points, the others less, and consequently no prizes or honors were awarded. Now I have carefully read Mr. Kirk's standard and scale of points and confess that I can find little fault with it as it appears on paper, and my conclusions were that Mr. K. had established an ideal scale under which no cocker, either black or liver and white, at present existing could score a very high mark; that Mr. K. desired to create, as it were, a new animal rather than to compare the merits of those now bred and in use. Assuming such to be the case, I was greatly surprised on reading the report of the late Toronto show (FOREST AND STREAM Sept. 21), Mr. K. again judging the cockers, to find that four prizes—first, second, he and c—were awarded. The only inferences that I can draw from this are that Mr. Kirk at that show judged by some new standard, or that he lowered his limit low below 75 points, or that Canadian cockers are much better than ours. I can hardly believe the latter to be the case, and therefore feel impelled to ask Mr. Kirk whether he has one rule for the Provinces and another for the States. GREENHORN.

NEW YORK, September, 1882.

TRANSPORTATION OF DOGS TO HIGH POINT.

SOME misunderstanding having occurred in relation to the free transportation of dogs that were being taken South preparatory to the Eastern Field Trials, Mr. Leach explained the matter to the different railroad managers, and has received the following from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He presumes that the other roads will adopt the same course when they understand that the dogs must go some time previous to the trials instead of waiting until then. The letter is as follows:

Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Passenger Department,
Office of the Eastern Passenger Agent, 849 Broadway,
New York, Oct. 4, 1882.

GEO. T. LEACH, Esq., care Messrs. H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co.:

DEAR SIR—Referring to the matter of transportation of dogs to take part in the trials of the Eastern Field Trial Club at High Point, N. C., our baggage masters have been instructed to pass such dogs, accompanied by an attendant, as may be offered, on presentation of a card signed by your secretary, Mr. Coster. Trusting that this arrangement will be satisfactory I am, Yours truly,

SAMUEL CARPENTER, E. P. A.

PRINCE ROYAL AND PRINCESS.—Incredible as it may appear, we have ascertained beyond all question that the Laveracks Prince Royal and Princess were killed at Aldridge's after they had failed to realize the reserves set upon them. Of course, an owner can do what he likes with his own, but it is not a sportsmanlike action or one that savors of humanity to kill animals of note that have won our classic prizes at shows simply because they fail to realize a large amount of money. There were several present who would have given £50 for Prince Royal, and such a price always insures a dog being taken care of. A good home could have been procured for him, therefore, without any difficulty.—*Kennel Gazette.*

THE ORGILL KENNEL.—We are sorry to learn that Mr Edmund Orgill has decided to give up the breeding of pointers except such as he may require for his own use. Mr. Orgill has been the most successful breeder of fine pointers in this country. Starting only a few years ago with Steele's Flake and Guide's Lilly for the foundation, he has built up a kennel whose reputation is world-wide, and it seems a pity that it should be broken up. He will retain Rush and Rue for his use in the field, and dispose of the others. We trust that they will fall into the hands of gentlemen qualified to appreciate their worth.

HARDY'S DIANA RECOVERED.—Boston, Mass., Oct. 9.—After an absence of eighteen months I was able to trace and recover my old bitch Diana, dam of Clair, Clairine and Pollux. The case was tried this morning, and I recovered her, but was unable to fix the theft on the party in whose possession she was found.—EDWARD E. HARDY.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

W. G. H., Greenfield, N. H.—Can an all tan Gordon setter be pure blood? I have one whose parents were both black and tan and one to be full blood, but out of a litter from them three were black and tan and two all tan. The one I have is nearly as dark a liver color as an Irish setter, with white flecks on the breast. Ans. It is by no means a rare occurrence for the best bred Gordons to throw a red puppy.

A. C. F., Clinton.—I have a mastiff bitch who is troubled with a small raw spot on top of her head at the base of the ear. It will apparently heal up and then break out all raw and bloody. There is no matter in it and the dog is quite free from any humors. Her appetite and general health is good. Ans. Cleanse thoroughly with soap and water, removing all scabs, etc., then dust on some powdered iodoform. Repeat in three days, and again if necessary.

A. R. F., Meacham Lake, N. Y.—My old hound was taken about ten days ago; first loss of use of hind legs, after two or three days one of the fore legs became affected. He eats well and his eyes are bright. I gave him three Schenck's pills yesterday. The only reason I can give for it is that he has been tied since last December with but little chance for exercise, as he puts for the woods every time we let him out. He gets about to-day better than any time before; we let him run at large now. We also have two collie pups about one year old, both of which have large lumps under their necks. I thought at first it was an enlargement of the glands and would go away, but it shows no signs of it yet; does not appear to hurt them when handled unless pressed very hard. Ans. Paralysis is probably the cause of the loss of power and may be the result of old age, or it may be as

you suggest, the result of want of proper exercise. Rub the limbs night and morning with volatile liniment and see to daily exercise. 2. If the enlarged glands do not disappear after using daily for two weeks iodide of potassium ointment, show them to your family physician, perhaps he will remove them for you.

J. W. P., North Middletown, Ky.—My pointer dog has been sick about two weeks; he coughs and gags without throwing up anything; it is much worse when taking exercise, otherwise he seems very well; is fed with scraps from the table; is in very good condition but not fat. He is four years old and weighs about fifty pounds; has never been sick to my knowledge before. Please prescribe. Ans. Your dog has chronic bronchitis, for which a cough medicines containing two or three grains of iodide potass., given twice a day, would undoubtedly do it benefit.

L. E. A., Oneida, N. Y.—My hound, six months old, is broke out with a fine red rash that keeps him scratching all the time; his hair is very thin. I have been giving him sulphur and washing him with carbolic soap, which helps, but does not cure him. Please prescribe. Ans. Wash the animal thoroughly with strong soft soap suds, using warm water, then apply the following, rubbing it well in: Sublimed sulphur one dram, balsam of Peru one dram, lard two ounces. Apply this for three successive days, on the fourth day repeat the warm bath. Repeat this treatment at the end of a week if a cure is not effected.

B. R., New York.—My setter dog, aged 3 years 4 months, has been ailing some time; he seldom finishes a meal without throwing part of it up; he is very thin indeed; his eyes run; his nose is hot; for three months or more he has been losing his hair profusely. I do not think he has worms. Ans. If it were not for the age of the dog we should think distemper might be the trouble. Your account of the symptoms is not explicit enough. We should know the kind of food given, character when vomited, digested or not, and general appearance, regularity of bowels and character of discharges, amount of exercise taken, condition of skin and coat.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*;

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breading or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Chance. By Mr. W. Cleaver, Brooklyn, N. Y., for red and white setter dog, whelped April 1, 1882, by Mr. W. Hunter's Gippo out of owner's Nell.

King Paul. By Mr. A. W. Hitch, Cleveland, O., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 2, 1882, by Beaufort. (Bow—Beulah) out of Fannie Turner (Sensation—Queen II.)

Little Dott. By Mr. A. W. Hitch, Cleveland, O., for pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 10, by Lewis's Rush (Duke—Nell) out of owner's Nellie.

Teleo. By Mr. W. F. Owens, Bergen Point, N. J., for lemon pointer bitch, whelped May 9, 1882, by Sensation out of Dell II. (Duke—Queen).

Bridgeport. By Mr. George C. Sterling, New York, for black, white and tan English setter dog puppy by Dashing Monarch out of Vannette.

Nelly. By Mr. H. W. White, Yankton, Dakota, for English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 18, 1877, by Dash (Pride of the Border—Dora) out of Nellie Gleason. Lead in mouth. Color, lemon and white.

Kenza Frank. By Mr. H. W. White, Yankton, Dakota, for Gordon setter dog, whelped March 5, 1880, by Kenoza Kit (Doane's Tom—Thompson's Bessie) out of Lock (Doane's Tom—Fottler's Pansy).

Kitty. By Mr. H. W. White, Yankton, Dakota, for Gordon setter bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1881, by Doane's Tom (Dash—Fly) out of Lucille (Marble's Grouse—Fottler's Pansy).

Feather. By Mr. A. Duane, Bergen Point, N. J., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 9, 1882, by Sensation out of Dell II. (Duke—Queen).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Fly—Pilot. Mr. Richard Torpin, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) setter bitch Fly to Mr. Samuel G. Dixon's Gordon setter dog Pilot (Grouse—Maud), Sept. 27.

Pixie—Porter. Mr. Robert C. Cornell's (New York) white and tan fox-terrier bitch Pixie (Gamester—Feefee) to Mr. J. Coleman Drayton's Tartar (Jester II.—Thyra), Oct. 5.

Fannie Turner—Beaufort. Mr. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) liver and white pointer bitch Fannie Turner (Sensation—Queen II.) to his Beaufort (Bow—Beulah).

Gipsy Girl—Rousseau. The Fairmount Kennel's (Hyde Park, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Gipsy Girl to their Rousseau, Oct. 1.

Gretchen—Perkio II. Mr. Samuel S. Howland's (Hyde Park, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Gretchen to their Marko II. Oct. 5.

Rose—Knickerbocker. Mr. Fred. Smith's (Jersey City, N. J.) liver and white pointer bitch Rose (Duke—Queen) to Mr. Geo. L. Wilm's Knickerbocker (Glenmark—Girl), Oct. 3.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rose. The Westminster Kennel Club's lemon and white pointer bitch Rose (Snapshot—Gypsie), Oct. 4, nine (six dogs), by their champion Sensation.

Biteen. The Borstall Kennel's (Morristown, N. J.) liver and white pointer bitch Biteen (Sensation—Daisy), Oct. 3, nine (two dogs), by their Rab (Rush—Romp).

Regia. Mr. Rodney Benson's (New York) recently imported St. Bernard bitch Regia, Oct. 6, twelve (six dogs), by Mr. W. Smith's (Sheffield, Eng.) Rollo, E. K. C. S. B. 11,754; one bitch since dead.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

King Hal. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 2, 1882, by Beaufort (Bow—Beulah) out of Fannie Turner (Sensation—Queen II.), by Mr. R. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., to Mr. A. W. Hitch, Cleveland, Ohio.

Bridgeport. Black, white and tan English setter dog puppy (Dashing Monarch—Vannette), by Mr. J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., to Mr. George C. Sterling, New York.

Bob and Jenny. Black spaniels, dog and bitch, by champion Brush out of champion Rhea, by Mr. R. M. Lindsay, Scranton, Pa., to the Hornell Spaniel Club, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Flora and Meg. Black spaniel bitches by Bub (Brush—Rhea) out of Jenny (Brush—Rhea), by Mr. R. M. Lindsay, Scranton, Pa., to the Hornell Spaniel Club, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. H. B. wishes to learn of a good deer country in Ohio.

W. H. B.—Deer are said to be plentiful in Sussex County, Va.

D. U. P., New York.—We shall shortly publish the desired description.

H. J. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.—We know of no book on ferret management.

J. F. B., Bangor, Me.—The semi-hammerless guns named are perfectly reliable so far as we know.

RIFLE, Brooklyn.—You can best determine the proper charge for your revolver by experimenting with it.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—Would a 10-bore 8¼ or 9-pound gun, choke bored, finish barrels, be a better shooter than if it had 30-inch barrels? Ans. No.

P. C. E., Boston.—The advertiser of bird calls was Mr. Geo. W. Edwards, North Andover, Mass., but he has gone out of the business, being absent from home.

T. M. P., New York.—I have a young setter bitch that retrieves, but bites her birds badly. Can you tell me how to break her of it? Ans. Read "Training vs. Breaking."

DORSAL FIN, Chicago.—For information about Florida shooting resorts you should consult back files of this journal. Read Barbour's book on Florida, published by the Appletons, of this city.

F. M. H., Tiffin, O.—What game can be found near Brainerd, Minn., from October 15 to November 15. I would like to spend a month in that locality this fall. Ans. Elk, deer and bear, wildfowl, grouse, etc.

R., La Porte, Ind.—Can you or any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM give me the pedigree of Dr. Wm. Jarvis's imported Dick and Nellie. Also of Black Nell, imported by the Marshalls, of Virginia? Ans. Dr. Jarvis's Dick was from a pair of Red Irish setters imported by Mr. Goodwin, of Boston, Mass. He was undoubtedly well-bred, although nothing is known of his pedigree. Nellie was a white setter bitch, with orange markings on head and body. Her eyes and nose were black. She was presented by Dr. Jarvis to a gentleman at Yonkers, N. Y. Nothing is known of her pedigree. Will some of our readers supply the information about Black Nell?

W. H. H., Oil Creek Lake, Pa.—Which seed should be sown in the fall or early spring. We do not know that there is any choice between the several "brands" of seeds for sale by parties who advertise in this journal.

R. A. O., Norton, Mass.—Is "Forest and Stream Bird Notes" available as a work of reference without "the first twelve volumes" of which it is composed? Ans. Yes. Each reference is followed by a synopsis of the article.

GEORGIA, Columbus, Ga.—1. How do cockers work their game? 2. Are these breeds of dogs trained to tree birds, running trail silently and giving tongue when treed? 3. What could one so trained be purchased for? I want one to tree turkeys. Ans. 1. Cockers are generally trained to work within gunshot. Many of them give tongue or whimper on trail. Others give tongue only when the bird flushes, while some work silently. We know of none for sale such as you describe, nor do we know the price of a well-trained cocker.

OSCEOLA, New York.—A cousin and myself, both just coming of age, with inherited fortune of $5,000, and desiring to go into and succeed in stock raising. We have had no practical experience, but have been "studying up" for the last three or four years. Would you or any of your readers kindly advise us how to undertake it, what our requirements would be, etc., and I should consider it a great favor. I was exceedingly interested in Maj. H. W. Merrill's remarks on Texas. Ans. We should advise "Osiolio" to make a trip to the cattle country, where he may, by personal inspection, learn the merits of the different sections and gain a knowledge of what will be required.

See the advertisement of the Scott Hammerless Gun, for sale by Wm. Read & Sons, Boston, Mass. This firm carries a large stock of the best sporting equipments.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

COL. BODINE'S REPORT.

AT the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association held on the 3d instant, the feature was an extended report from Col. Bodine of his work as Captain of the American Team, which position he has chosen captain of the team for 1883, and will visit Wimbledon next July in that capacity. He says of the late match:

To the President and Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association of America:

GENTLEMEN: Having been honored in being elected to the responsible position of Captain of the American Rifle Team which represented the National Guard of the United States in the late international Military Rifle match with a representative British Team from the Volunteers, I beg to transmit to you my heartfelt thanks for your hearty co-operation and liberal support, and also the thanks of my team for your bounteous provision for their comfort while engaged in the competitions, and on days of match, and for your earnest endeavor to promote the efficiency of the team.

Although unsuccessful in our efforts to obtain the victory, I feel that my men deserved success by their indomitable pluck, and stern resolve to win if possible.

The late contest has given us a measure of the prowess of our opponents, and the efficiency of their arms.

I am entirely assured that this defeat will inure to our future success. Our National Guardsmen will spare no effort to reverse the result of the late contest.

I most respectfully present herewith a report of the late International Match, under proper headings, of such matters as seem to me important:

CONDITIONS OF MATCH, AND ITS CONSEQUENT REQUIREMENTS.

The conditions of the late International Military Rifle Match, between the National Guard of the United States and the Volunteers of Great Britain, were as a team to require a team of twelve men, representing different States, who were not only expert at the well-known military ranges, but who had a very considerable proficiency at the longer ranges. It was found easy to fill the first condition, but difficult, I may say impossible, to secure the last, for reasons well known to your Board, which I need not enumerate. Competing, taking effort, and the necessary encouragement of our State or National Governments, and of patriotic individuals, together with the earnest support of the National Rifle Association, to secure any respectable proficiency at long ranges, it such teams, if such teams are to be placed on an equal footing with British organizations.

We have in our National Guard a spirit of emulation and a willingness to expend time and money in individual effort, which under present discouraging circumstances, is most commendable.

The conditions of the match also required that under this head will be the arms which were to be used in the late match.

It became apparent to those at all familiar with the matter that we would require a new and effective arm, which would conform to all of the requirements of both short and long range work, while it must needs come within the rules for military rifles. And that it must be not what our Ordnance Boards and State governments declared to be a proper service arm, but it must conform most strictly to the service rules of the British Empire. We were obliged to discard certain favorite arms with which I found myself expert, and go back to obsolete forms which were known to be inferior.

The task of producing this arm at short notice was undertaken by two of our prominent gunmakers, and as much accomplished, as under the circumstances could be expected. both produced guns of merit, and though they were defective in some minor particulars, noticeably in adaptation of ammunition, yet, with such modification as their use in this match has suggested, I feel warranted in saying that they will prove satisfactory. It would extend this article too much to explain. What I may think would improve the arms.

METHOD OF SELECTION OF TEAM AND ITS OFFICERS.

I will only allude to this subject very briefly, although I believe it of the utmost importance.

The mode of selection of team by competition has only one advantage in matches of an international character.

It is supposed to afford the opportunity of readily securing a representative team. Aside from this it has no merits and has been discarded in Great Britain for a number of years. Our own experience in this method of selection has proved its defects when applied to former teams.

I will not attempt to suggest a method which would meet all the difficulties, but will only say that if the proper representation can be secured, the appointment system would result in good in many directions. It would secure a more thorough subordination to its officers, and the best and most efficient men for the team. The appointment system would result in good in many directions, and this should commence with the appointment of the captain and his adjutant. I am fully convinced that the captain should be entirely relieved of the most unpleasant duty of parading of the men, and shooting with them. His work should commence after his adjutant and the team had been selected, after which he should have supreme control, with power to displace any member, for what to him might appear sufficient cause, in favor of one of the reserves. He should also have the power of dismissal in cases of subordination or neglect of discipline.

SELECTION OF ARMS TO BE USED IN MATCH.

I cannot help expressing my regret that it could not have been found feasible to sooner appoint the committee, of which I had the honor of being a member, for the recommendation and selection of arms to be used in this match.

I am also prepared to say that it would have facilitated the earlier production of the arms. It is certain that the committee was appointed too late, and that the production of the arm was so delayed that the ammunition who shot for places on team were either obliged to use old and obsolete arms or new guns, which they had not yet seen before, and even of these only a few were available at this time. The new guns were coming in for some time after the team had been selected. And as the old guns were considered inferior, it was thought expedient to allow members to use the new guns outside of regular competitions.

But I most emphatically, in all cases, charged each man in such cases to "Hold his grip on the old gun." And when I discovered that he was not doing well with the new one I immediately set him back to his old one.

I found that with one exception that the Bocnardts brought forward for the match were chambered for the short shell. I caused these to be rechambered for a longer shell, in order to take the full charge and seat the bullet 3-10 of an inch. This was done with good results.

The result of all of these trials and experiments left in the hands of the shooting twelve, 9 Remington, 2 Sharps and 1 Hotchkiss.

METHODS EMPLOYED IN EFFORTS TO SECURE THE GREATEST EFFICACY OF TEAM.

After the selection of the fourteen men, and on my election as captain, we commenced the regular system of practice with a view to improve in shooting and familiarize our men with their new guns and peculiarities of the range. After three competitions, two additional men were added to the team, making the full number sixteen, from which to select the final twelve. After some days of practice, I finally selected ten men, and shortly after this the remaining two. This last selection caused me much perplexity and I felt, somewhat unpleasant results, as one member was guilty of so-called subversion of discipline; this, with other causes of a most reprehensible character, led me to arraign him before the team. They disposed of the case in a way which was satisfactory to themselves.

I had intended to shoot the men in the usual fifteen squads of four men each, and shoot them around, but I finally concluded that this method would be defective, as with the crude sights entailed by conditions being obliged to discard the windgauge, the men were necessarily thrown as a unit country on their several points, and the consequence being the caution afforded by long-range coaches as to sudden changes of wind. Their various opinions in regard to changes of light on their elevations were in most cases so different from those entertained by long range experts that they were left to themselves in this matter.

It was evidently to be a match to be contested on the individual judgment of each man, except so far as his comrade could help him in a general way. And I venture to predict that only when our men have acquired sufficient experience to each stand on his own bottom at all of the ranges will our teams become the equals of the British. And I repeat here what I have said in public, that this is not a thing to be acquired in a month or a year. With the windgauge much can be developed in a few months, but not as much as when using the fine orthoptic sights on the smallbore.

I enjoined careful and systematic loading, and recommended to my team to use such form and materials as I knew to be best by long experience and careful experiment, and at last my advice assumed the form of an order.

I, together with my adjutant, were indefatigable in our efforts to provide powder, bullets, shells, lubricants and wadding, and this was accomplished under great difficulties, as scarcely anything was forthcoming by long range experts that they were left to themselves in this matter.

I caused to be prepared for each man a table of the value of one-hundredth of an inch, or one point, for each of the six ranges, calculated in accordance with the distance between sights, so that each man might know the exact value of the points at all the ranges, for either elevation or wind allowance, providing each with a copy for ready reference, so that feet, inches or points became interchangeable. As relating to gun or target, I enjoined the strictest attention at the firing point, the men being in squads of two, to the most careful and uniform treatment of the rifle, the constant watching of conditions, and the proper entering of these conditions, and their scores each day on the score books provided.

I caused to be kept by an adjutant a correct and minute record of each range and position at all ranges, together with corresponding records of weather conditions.

The men before commencing the opening at each range were cautioned to verify each other's sights. These records proved of great use, and although their efficiency was somewhat impaired by the changes made in ammunition and guns.

My greatest effort was in the direction of procuring the greatest efficiency in work on the targets, and consequently my discipline of the men was very strict at the firing points.

Aside from this I did not feel it incumbent on me to enjoin silence under the awnings, nor did I think it necessary to place my men in line, and at shoulder arms, to please the fastidious notions of those self constituted critics, whose pretensions far outstrip their knowledge.

The only difficulties in the way of prompt attention to orders grew out of the great time required in the preparation of ammunition for use each day, and the great want of proper loading tools for each man. My duties, as to my adjutant were to handle the men with forbearance and discretion, as most conducive to obtaining best results. His and my own constant care was to secure their greatest comfort and promote their greatest efficiency. I heard no complaints, and know of no cause for any.

AMMUNITION—WHAT WAS USED, AND WHAT SHOULD BE USED, IN A MILITARY MATCH.

My experience in this match has satisfied me that the ammunition to be used in military matches should be carefully loaded, if possible, under the eye of the captain, by experts who are skilful in the work, and that no man, after becoming a member of a team, should be permitted to use any ammunition not loaded by himself.

The uncertainty of what guns would be adopted for use in this match, and their late procurement by members of team, and the failure of the companies to supply what was necessary, either in a liberal shape, or with materials for loading the same, entailed upon us all of the uncertainties incident to this state of things.

I was obliged to allow each member to load his own ammunition, but I charged him to make no useless or hazardous experiments. I gave him such directions as I knew to be best by long experience, and so far as practicable provided him with powder selected by myself some years since, and the same as used by the British team. I procured the best lubricants obtainable, and also procured materials and had lubricant made. I supplied my team with tools and implements for facilitating loading. I found, however, a most unpardonable disposition to depart from my instructions, which can only be partially excused by the prompting motive. Each man was exceedingly anxious to secure any advantages over his fellows in their struggle to obtain a place on the shooting team. I found in one instance, which will serve as an example, that six or eight of the men had taken the recommendation of a member of known experience, and had been using for a week the composition known as the Bracket powder (a preparation of nitro-glycerine and some other substance), placing from seven to eight grains in bottom of shell, under the black powder, in order as they delared to clean their guns.

This was destructive of even shooting, and further it vitiated all previous records of elevations. I learned of this by accident, and stopped it at once, and by severe measure caused them to adopt the system at all times recommended by myself.

We found a radical defect in the shell for new guns; they were too long and too large; they required reducing after each discharge, and the bullets in many instances when seated were found to be seated crooked. I at last observed one small tool, and this had to serve for all the men; I sent the remainder to a gunsmith, but he could not improve them. This want of tools kept the men up as late as midnight reloading their ammunition, and often delayed work in the morning, the shells being in so long we necessitated the using so much powder or else the flame up with too much wadding. The experiments made with these shells at the factories were fallacious, as the excess of lubricant used has been discarded long ago by all experts.

The patching of bullet was defective for dirty shooting on account of being so thin and delicate that the powder crust if not fully saturated with moisture by breathing in barrel would scrape it off, or if bullet not properly seated it remains in barrel for a few shots, and the paper would become saturated and pulpy, and in this case would become displaced and produce bad results, besides leading of the gun. I prepared a preparation, of which vaseline was the base, which resolved the last difficulty. We used a thicker patched bullet, but time would not permit of any change.

MORALE OF TEAM, AND ITS EFFECT ON THE DISCIPLINE OF TEAM.

At no time, even when the outlook was most discouraging, did any of the members of the team show any demoralization; on the contrary, they one and all showed a cheerful alacrity and a grim determination to "shoot for all they were worth." I am proud to say this of the team, as the comments of the press were to the discouraging—the reporters vieing with each other in laudation of our opponents, which we thought to be quite proper, as we admired their skill ourselves, but surely it was not necessary to deprecate and decry the merit of our efforts, as the team, when they were fighting an up-hill battle under insuperable difficulties, and this for the honor of our National Guard.

COMPARISON OF ARMS USED BY EACH TEAM.

The arms used by the British Team were undoubtedly superior to ours in many particulars. They are the product of the keenest rivalry between the leading gunmakers of England, backed by capital and scientific talent stimulated by the expectation that such arm as may prove best will be the one adopted to replace the present service arms—the Snyder and the Henry-Martini—neither of which are popular with the soldiers or officers.

Our guns were extemporized in haste for the occasion, and it would be almost a miracle if at so short a notice our makers had succeeded in producing a gun fully equal to the British arm.

But our muskets are second to none in the world, and, given the fire and the necessary inducements, no one can doubt their ability to produce a military, as they have a sporting or long-range arm, which will be superior to any in the world.

The present gun used in the team I feel assured will, with some slight changes, which I have indicated, prove equal to the British; it may prove superior.

POSITIONS IN FIRING.

I wish to earnestly recommend the following positions in firing:

At 200yds., the left hand should be placed in the military position, and if it is shoved out or extended rather farther on the barrel than is required in this position, it will be found an advantage. The right shoulder should be thrown back and the body rest squarely on both feet, which should be about fifteen inches apart, and in a natural and unconstrained position.

In the prone position the hand should grasp the barrel in front of action, the body and legs should lie obliquely to the left, and the

right shoulder should be somewhat withdrawn, as in this position the recoil is much less severe than when taken squarely on the shoulder. For the long ranges there can be no doubt but the back position is incomparably the best, for, except that the sight may not be quite so clear, all other considerations point to this position as the proper one for the skirmish line or for the long range expert.

And now that the wind gauge has been adopted and issued to the British troops, we shall again return to its use in all matches and consequently use the V sight, which will facilitate the seeing more easily on the back position.

MILITARY SHOOTING, COMPARED WITH SMALL BORE, OR WHAT HAS BEEN HITHERTO CLASSED AS LONG RANGE WORK.

I think that I may safely say that a good self-reliant military shot can soon become a good long range or small bore shot. But the reverse of this is not so apparent.

The acquirement of a steady proficiency as a military shot entails so many radical conditions that the small bore expert will find much experience needed before he can take up the military arm with the comparative certainty with which he uses his favorite weapon.

Hence the difficulty of recruiting the ranks of our military marksmen from our long range experts.

I will not deny that long range practice will undoubtedly be a considerable help in promoting the efficiency of the military man, as he will be sharper to detect changes of light and sight, the intentions of wind, the effects of which are more easily appreciated on the fine gun.

My experience is that the long range expert, if purely such, can not be an efficient coach. Nor do I think that our Irish rifle team, with its present sights, can be done with any marked success. I satisfied myself of this in the last match, and only went through the motions to satisfy the public and prevent strictures from the press.

The leader of the British team told me on several occasions that he deemed it impossible to coach a military team, and that he only cautioned his men occasionally as to radical changes. This was all my coaches could do, and if more was attempted it only confused the men.

The last man in a squad can be of assistance in putting the leading man of the succeeding squad on the target, and where two shoot in squads, they will soon become used to each other's methods and sighting, and can be of much mutual assistance. Men should be squared off with a view of their most harmonious action, and this involves several considerations.

Long range, small bore work is of incalculable advantage in bringing out and developing the capacity of the arm, and directing attention to all matters of improvement in military arms. And all such improvement has been worked out and determined solely by small bore work, with fine orthopic, Vernier sights.

It is exceedingly interesting to trace the history of small bore shooting, from the first successful experiments of an English officer, General Jacobs, in India, down to Whitworth, Rigby and Metford, and more recently by our own great makers since 1870; and to notice how steadily the improvements in the purely military gun has kept pace with the small bore. And in this connection, I will repeat what I have said before, your honorable Board on previous occasions, that long range, small bore shooting is the corner-stone of all shooting. It should never be allowed to languish, as when an interest in this acquirement ceases all shooting will depreciate.

WHAT OUR EXPERIENCE IN THIS MATCH INDICATES, AND WHAT OUR NECESSITIES MAY BE IN THE COMING MATCH.

Our experience in this match has demonstrated two things beyond a doubt. One is that our present gun is defective in some important particulars, and the other that our best military shots need much more experience at the long ranges. The matter at this time needing most prompt attention is that of preparing an arm, either by some modifications of the present one, or a new one, which, from careful experiments and comparison, with fine sights, will show itself equal at least to the English gun, and now that we have their guns, this comparison can be made. If our makers can not produce a gun of such a gun at short notice, then it becomes a question as to whether it may not be expedient to procure guns from abroad to use until such time as our makers can produce an arm which will be equal to the British. This, however, would be humiliating, but best by far so than to attempt to repeat our last costly experiment, and subject our team and its officers, and through them the National Guard, to defeat as a foregone conclusion.

The guns must be procured at once, or with the least possible delay, and placed in the hands of competent men, and work commenced at once and carried through the winter at Creedmoor and other convenient ranges where suitable scaler fire can be afforded. When you consider that the match would be held in the middle of July, you will see that, as outdoor practice commences about the 25th of April or 1st of May, there would be only at best about six weeks for practice in the spring before sailing. The team must be selected, or at least put in shape for selection, this fall, or we will be in no condition.

The above matter should be carefully considered, and if what is suggested is impracticable, then it is well to discuss the only alternative, which would be the opening of negotiations with the British Association looking to the postponement of this match for one year. I think that a favorable answer might be made as to what I may prove to be insurmountable difficulties to sending a team next year would receive courteous attention.

If this was done and the public given to understand the matter fully, a full and representative team would not lose interest in the match, as the constant practice for this purpose would keep up the public interest.

And if this could be accomplished, I have no, doubt but that by July, 1883, we would be fully able to place ourselves on an equal footing with our opponents. You will, however, in judging of this matter, and in your collective capacity arrive at a proper conclusion.

I make this suggestion with a full knowledge of the very grave importance of the subject in an international point of view, and with a feeling that our pledge for a return match next year must be fulfilled, unless Great Britain freely accedes to our request.

Is it wise under any circumstances to ask this concession? If we can procure proper guns, either through alterations in the Remington model or can have proper guns at short notice, we can do much earnest work this fall and winter, and I have no doubt arrive at a fair proficiency before sailing next year; but I repeat again that it mainly depends on our being able to procure the guns; and of the two alternatives, that of procure the guns or asking them to defer the match for a year, I must say I much prefer the last, but half the *eclat* of winning would be lost if we had to go to them for guns. I earnestly hope that neither will be necessary, but it would not be well to ignore that it may become inevitable.

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10 A. M.	30	72	6
11 "	30	80	8
12 "	29.95	81	8
1 P. M.	29.9	83	9
2 "	29.86	83	9
3 "	29.82	72	18
4 "	29.81	71	14

RESULT OF SHOOTING.

	Americans.	British.
200 yards	331	340
500 yards	369	378
600 yards	343	331
Totals	1,043	1,092

On Friday, Sept. 15, the second day of the match, the wind had

shifted to the opposite quarter, and instead of the rear fishtail of the first day, blew a gale of fifteen or twenty miles an hour from the northwest 10 to 11 o'clock; my fair, with dark masses of clouds flitting across the sky, producing sudden changes of light, one of the most perplexing of the many changes which riflemen have to encounter, the wind gradually slackening at the last range.

In bringing this report to a close, I can only add that, so far as your honorable body is concerned, it secured a match with the British Volunteers was your only object, then you have been successful; but if the efficiency of the National Guard as against the volunteers of Great Britain was to be the test, then this match is worthless, as the arms used are much too costly, and in some respects unfit, even for rough military usage; they are in every sense longrange smallbores, except in sights. On the side of the British these the guns are made by longrange experts of ten or twenty years' experience. I have tested one of these guns since the match, and they are equally fine. I can pronounce it equal to our fine longrange guns for accuracy.

Had this match been with service guns, and at military distances —say up to 600yds.—the chances of 600yds. would have been most favorable, and such a match would have determined the comparative merits of the guns in practical use in both countries, as well as the skill of each in their use. But the past match has only proved that the British, having, by the expenditure of time and money, produced a long-range gun for a special purpose, have also created a skill which, while our weakness is the result of a total neglect of all of the essentials necessary to a display of superior skill. But such a match of a purely military character could not be arranged, and consequently you had no choice.

It was a match in which the British was to have *carte blanche* as to conditions or no match at all. Under these circumstances, I think it was wise to have the match, and it is our duty to see to it that no exertion is spared to supply our deficiencies both as to guns and the experience to use them at long-range, as it is evident that all future matches will now be determined by skill at short range.

I have thought it unnecessary to report scores in detail, or to remark on individual efforts, for the reason that all such matters having been reported most fully in the daily papers, would seem to render this of no interest. The regret was universal not be properly closed without a hearty recognition of the services of several gentlemen, and also of my adjutant, Chas. F. Robbins. I can only say of him that my intimate acquaintance with the man and my appreciation of his executive ability has been fully sustained by his services in the late match. He has devoted the best of his energies to this task, and has been a most valuable, painstaking and efficient officer.

I wish to tender the thanks of myself and team to Messrs. Rathbone, Bacon and Dudley, for their earnest endeavor to promote the efficiency of the team. Their services, which were very exhausting one, was continued at my request, with a hope to bring something out of it at last, but it proved a hopeless task to attempt to coach a military team, on any plan applicable to former long range contests. Had the wind gauge been allowed they could have made their experience available.

I beg to apologize for this lengthy and somewhat discursive report. I felt it at the dry statistics properly pertaining to a paper of this character would be of little interest to your honorable body or to the public.

JOHN BODINE.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 2, 1882.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR—OCTOBER PROGRAMME.

ELEVENTH and 14th.—The "Qualification" Match of 1882.—Open to members N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A., the former being in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may count scores made as partially qualifying them to shoot for the N. Y. State Marksman's badge, provided that they use the State Remington rifle, 100 and 200yds.; standing at 100, kneeling at 200yds. Five shots at each distance with any military rifle. Entries, fifty cents each. Re-entries permitted at the discretion of the executive officer, but only the highest score to count. To the competitors in each competition making the five highest aggregate scores, sixty per cent. of the entrance money will be equally divided.

11th and 14th.—The "Champion Marksman's Badge" Match of 1882. Open to all members of the N. G. S. N. Y. and N. R. A., the latter, however, not being eligible to win the principal prize. Distances 200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance. Weapon, the Remington rifle, any military model. Position standing at 200yds.; any, with head to the target, at 500yds. Entrance fee, fifty cents each. Re-entries allowed re-entries in each competition at the discretion of the executive officer, but only the highest score to count. Members of the N. G. S. N. Y. in uniform (jacket, cap and belt) may count their scores made in this match as qualifying for N. Y. State "Marksman's badge," provided that, if ordered, they have attended (or do once through the season attend) general practice, and provided they have previously qualified in the "Second Class" (100 and 300yds. See "Qualification" Match).

First Prize.—A gold champion marksman's badge of 1882, offered by Brig. Gen. Alfred C. Barnes, general inspector of rifle practice, S. N. Y. The badge to become the property of the competitor who, at the close of the season of 1882, shall have won it the greatest number of times. In case of a tie, the highest aggregate score of all the competitions participated in up to that time to decide. Winners of former champion marksman's badges to be handicapped five points at each competition. Ten other prizes (silver medals) presented by the N. R. A. to the ten highest competitors as a mark of merit. The same man can only win one medal during the season.

11th, 14th, and 21st.—"Army and Navy Journal Revolver" Match.—Open to members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard or Militia. Weapon, any Army or Navy revolver with trigger pull of 3lbs. or over. Regular service ammunition to be used. Revolver to be brought unloaded to the firing point. Three entries allowed on each day that match is shot; six shots at each entry. Entrance fee, $2. Re-entries, $1. Three guns at short notice, would be can also

much earnest work this fall and winter, and I have no doubt arrive at a fair proficiency before sailing next year; but I repeat again that it mainly depends on our being able to procure the guns; and of the two alternatives, that of procure the guns or asking them to defer the match for a year, I must say I much prefer the last, but half the *eclat* of winning would be lost if we had to go to them for guns. I earnestly hope that neither will be necessary, but it would not be well to ignore that it may become inevitable.

If the match must be shot next year, then our duty is plain. Shut out all speculations as to chances and by hard work go in to win. If we spare no effort, then if defeated again, it will bring no disgrace, but only intensify our determination.

In any event, it is absolutely necessary to proceed at once to appoint a committee for procurement of guns, another for the procurement of necessary funds; and if the appointment of the officers of the coming team was made at once it would ensure promptness and despatch in many matters of importance, as there is an absolute necessity that much experimental work should be done at once in order to be able to decide on the arm to be used.

If this is left to the factories, I fear that we shall be in the same shape next year as in this, and I hope we shall not have a recurrence of this experience.

THE TRAP.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 9.—Enclosed find scores of the sixth shoot for the badge of the Narragansett Gun Club, held on their grounds, Oct. 5, 1882. The trap threw low and swift, and as there was a poor light, the scores were much below the general average.

W G Crandall	00011	11011	11111	01011—14	
G W Cary	11110	01111	01010	11111—14	
W H Waterman	01110	10011	11111	11110—14	
J B Valentine	10011	01111	10100	11010—13	
E W Tinker	10011	11110	10110	11100—13	
G T Anthony	00110	00101	00101	01001—8	
G J Crandall	00010	10101	10001	01110—8	
C F Tillinghast	10000	00100	00101	01001—7	
L Bennett	01010	01000	01001	10000—6	
G T Crandall	00010	00011	10000	11000—6	
H L Palmer	01000	00101	01100	00000—5	
J C Dyer	00000	00000	00100	00000—1	

Ties on 14, 5 balls each.

W G Crandall	11101—3	G W Cary	11110—4
W H Waterman	100w		

C. W. Cary wins badge for first time. The club have had donated

a fine silver cup to be shot for at fifteen clay pigeons winner to hold it three successive shoots to become his personal property. The first shoot took place two days after the badge shoot. The following was the result.

J B Valentine	10111 11111	11111—14
W G Crandall	01110 11111	11101—13
Geo T Anthony	10110 01111	11111—12
Geo W Carey	01011 11101	11111—12
E Pratt	11011 01111	00111—11
F H Baker	11111 01011	11010—11
C F Baldwin	11111 01011	01110—11
E W Thiker	10101 01001	11111—10
G J Crandall	10111 11001	11000— 9
G T Crandall	10111 01000	01110— 8
L Bennett	11011 11001	00100— 8
H L Palmer	00001 10100	10101— 6
J C Dyer	00000 00010	W. — 1

J. B. Valentine wins the cup for the first time. J. B. V.

LONG ISLAND.—Foster's Meadows, Oct. 2.—Pigeons, 28yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Long Island Club rules:

Jose	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1	1—12
Opermann	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	0—12
Schwalenberg	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	0—11
Stocky	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1	0—10
Stein	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	0—10
Habersbach	1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0	1 0 0—9
Weiler	0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1	1 1 0—9
Stadler	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0	1 0 0—8
Haar	0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1	1 1 1—8
Schmidt	0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1	0 0 0—5
Bergmann	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0	0 0 0—2

Ties on 12 won by Jose; on 10 by Stern, on 8, Stadler.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 4, 1882.—Andy Meadus shot a match at glass balls to-day for $100, he to break 85 balls out of 100, 50 to be thrown singly in any direction, and 50 double balls. The following are the scores. 50 single balls, Mole's traps, 21yds. rise:

Meadus .....1111111111111111111011111011111111111111110110—46

Double balls, 18yds. rise:

Meadus .....1101110111111111111101111111101111111101111110—46

Before leaving the grounds the following match was made for $100, to be shot in four weeks from to-day: Andy Meadus agrees to break 185 glass balls out of 200. 100 single balls thrown at five angles, and 100 double, traps ten yards apart. The distance at single balls 21yds., and doubles 18yds. It is safe to predict that Meadus will win, because he is certainly a wonderful shot.

If you want a fine gun buy a Scott Hammerless of Wm. Read & Sons, Boston.—*Adv.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE WOLF ROCK IN THE ORION WITH AN AMATEUR CRU.

It affords us great pleasure to publish the following cruise in the British Channel as an example of yachting at sea, which cannot fail to be of great interest to the growing fraternity of cruisers in this country who have learnt to discover something deeper in the sport than drifting in smooth water. It is from the pen of R. T. McMullen, of Greenhithe, England, well known to our readers and throughout the yachting world as the author of such welcome little volumes as "Orion," "Down Channel," "Cruise in the Procyon," and others. The log is as follows:

"Not caring to fit out the Orion (nineteen tons) and do precisely as I had done so many times before, I sounded two young friends, Horace Bethune and William Todd, the owners of little sailing craft and used to roughing it, to ascertain if they were willing to accompany me on a short cruise down Channel as sailors before the mast, without any professional assistance whatever. As they jumped at the proposal and cuttingly approved my plans. I forthwith set to work and fitted out the vessel, with the assistance of my ship-keeper, a supernumerated coastguard, and two boys from the training ship Arethusa. Beyond this, for heavy lifts, hauling out of dock, etc., I had extra help from the same source, as my friends were not able to join until we were prepared for sea.

Although my intentions were not avowed until the volunteer crew turned up, which left me free to go forward or to retreat if from any sufficient cause I desired it, having undertaken the work I determined to persevere with it to the end, and succeed, after having everything prepared for the reception at the time appointed.

It was understood that all close harbors, such as Ramsgate, Dover, and the like, would be avoided as much as possible during the five or six weeks allotted to the cruise, and that stoppages for needful rest and recreation would be passed at such anchorages as were used by pilot cutters now, and were used by the revenue cutters of former days.

Water and fuel, and all but perishable stores sufficient for the entire cruise, were taken on board at Greenhithe. Thus, with ample supply of tinned meats and bread, hard and soft, there was no fear of failing short of wholesome food if compelled to keep off the land longer than there was reason to anticipate.

July 7.—We sailed from Greenhithe, Kent, with a strong wind from the southward, and were compelled to anchor in the Lower Hope, in consequence of a plate-glass side light in the boob-hatch being accidentally smashed off Gravesend. As the means of repairing such accidents have always been intended in the Orion's stores, we turned glaziers for the nonce, and, after coming to an anchor for the night, repaired the damage.

July 8.—Under way at 7 A. M. with one reef down, wind S. W., and run to the North Foreland; and, after a smart turn to windward, anchored off Deal at 4 P. M. with rather dull barometer, 30.05.

July 9, Sunday.—Spent a pleasant day at anchor. Weather strong and squally with rather much swell.

July 10.—Wind hard and squally from S. W., and very cold. Had a heavy beat to windward round the North Foreland to Dover, during which the jib outhaul was carried away, necessitating a run before the sea for repairs; also a heavy sea was shipped, which, consequent upon the terrific lurch, caused some damage to the crockery and glass below. Being anxious to receive and post letters at Dover, we anchored in the bay for the night, and rode to a large scope of chain and the "cable buffer." Weather cloudy and strong; sea very rough; barometer 29.5.

July 11.—Turned down to Dymchurch (Dungeness Road), and again anchored for the night with a large scope of chain and the cable buffer. Weather rainy and strong with much swell.

July 12.—Got under way late in the day; but, the wind falling and flying round to all parts of the compass, with the appearance of a storm, anchored again in a good berth off Lydd. Weather dark and cloudy, with a cross swell from S. W. and from east.

July 13.—Wind W. S. W., fresh and fine, but with falling barometer. Five miles south of Dungeness, carried away inner iron block of starboard bowsprit shroud. Repaired from stores and proceeded.

July 14.—After a rough and very tight turning to windward on the south coast, we desired to anchor in Selsea road (about four miles south of Bognor), in the hope of being able to procure a good breakfast; but, the wind being violent and the sea too heavy, thrashed on to Hayde, J. of W., and anchored there at 4 P. M. We remained inside the island for six days, chiefly in Lymington River, to have handsome and tired from handling so much wet canvas and ropes that were rendered harsh and untractable by frequent saturation.

July 20.—Sailed from Lymington River at 11:30 A. M., bound to Cherbourg (Normandy); wind W. S. W., and fresh and fine, with strong flood tide we stood over toward Yarmouth, passing through a fleet of weather-bound vessels; and, being desirous to give my young friends a good view of that picturesque little town, I stood on close-hauled too near the shore before putting the Orion about, and, where actually in stays, took the soft mud just above the pier. With the assistance of three men from a schooner at anchor close by, and my own kedge and hawser, we got off in less than an hour, and proceeded to beat down against a neat sea to the Needles, which we cleared at 2:30 P. M., and headed S. S. W. for Cherbourg, with the patent log overboard. I suppose there is not a yachtsman or a sailor of experience living who cannot perceive the very trumpery nature of this little manœuvre, which those who close shave the land in inland waters for the mere amusement of the thing every day and think of no more account than intentionally taking the ground for the many purposes that small craft habitually do. Yet, for some reason difficult to fathom, seeing that the vessel is under 20 tons register, is exclusively my own private property, and was manœuvred, I have received a request to attend at the office of the Receiver of Wreck, and fill up a form which would be applicable to the stranding of the steamship Mosel at the Lizard Point. While engaged in hauling off, a boat from Yarmouth, with three men in it, came alongside and wanted to board. That I peremptorily forbade, for reasons that everyone will understand. Then the coastguard boat, with an officer in charge, arrived, and the latter I cordially received, being in reality no stranger. But when he exhibited a portentous great scroll with much printing on it, which I was too busy to examine, and wanted me to fill in a mass of particulars, such as would be applicable to the above mentioned stranding at the Lizard, I told him that he could see exactly how the matter stood, and that, as the yacht was mine and uninsured, I must decline to sign anything I did not understand; in fact, that it was absurd, and that taking notice of such silly little mishaps, of daily occurrence, would destroy all confidence in the correctness of the official returns. Had I been insured the case would have been different; but even then, as the utmost I had to complain of was the chafing of a Manilla hawser, it would have been ridiculous. I have been insured only four times, and never made a claim—once on a voyage to Ireland, twice on voyages to Scotland, and last year, chiefly in consequence of the enormous increase of steam traffic, on a general cruise in the channel. I offered to insure upon this cruise also, and for the same reason, but, owing to my announced determination to sail with an amateur crew, was refused. Thus the premium was saved, and I became responsible only to myself.

July 21, 5 A. M.—When by account twenty miles from the Normandy coast, we noticed a strong scent from the hayfields. Wind S. W., light and fine. 8:30, Barfleur and Cape Levi lighthouses were respectively eleven miles distant by cross bearings, when the wind fell calm, and we were drifted eastward to the meridian of the former. During the afternoon, with a strong breeze from S W., which severely tried the bowsprit, we beat into Cherbourg by the eastern entrance, and, having anchored off the town at 5:30, hastened to furl the canvas before a heavy downpour set in for the night.

July 23.—Went on a slipway in the outer harbor and cleaned the copper. For this job I hired men by agreement, who so scamped the work that the following morning we completed it ourselves, and at high water returned to our previous anchorage in the roads.

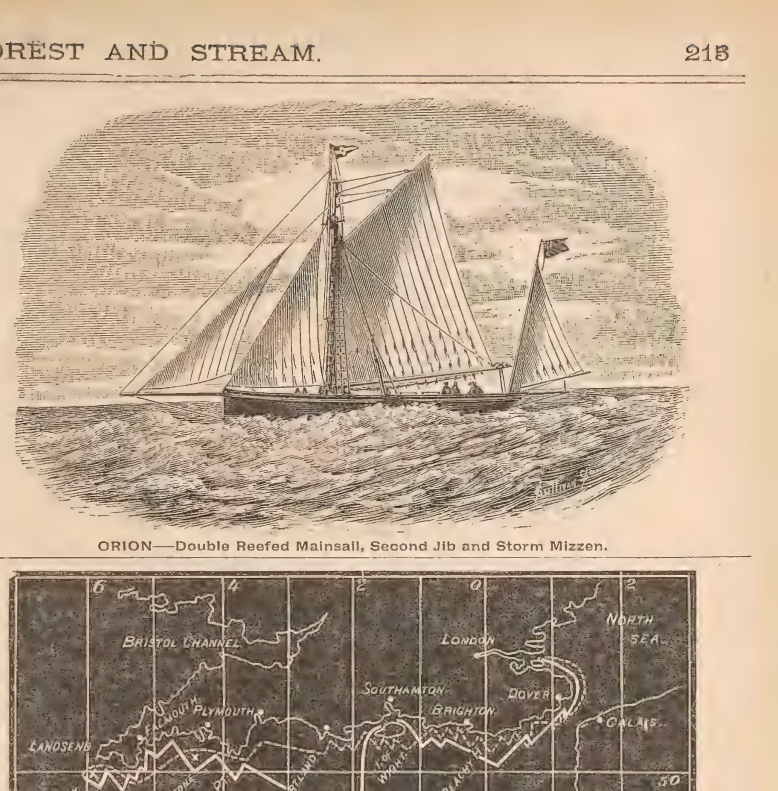
July 28.—Wind S. W., light and fine. With a large spread of canvas we sailed for the Cornish coast, and for a long while had just cause to apprehend being drifted into the Race of Alderney, or the Swinge, for which the pretty scenery the calm clear atmosphere enabled us to enjoy offered very inadequate compensation. But, a fresh breeze, springing up, with a long swell from the S. W., we got clear away, and at 2 P. M., by cross bearings of the western point of Alderney and the Casquets, were thirty-two miles W. N. W. of Cherbourg. Until 10:30 the night was superb and moonlight, when a dense fog came on, which, with a short interval about midnight, continued until 2:30 P. M. of the following day. The fog was so wetting, that halyards, tacks, and sheets had to be eased during the night.

July 29, 6:30 P. M.—The wind having headed us off the course, with a strong adverse tide, we bore up for the Start Point, and anchored north of the lighthouse at eight. The sails being heavy with moisture, and having been hard set for turning to windward, took us an hour and a half to stow -I mean to furl in a manner that anyone might see and criticise. From the severity of the tackling, the boltropes of the jib and topsail "crackled" like burning firewood while being forced into the bags—a sure indication that more than ordinary energy would be required to get the "bunt tyer" on the mainsail when its turn arrived, and that those who had no spare fingernails to turn back would be a step in advance of those who had. It asked how many hands a yacht of a given tonnage should carry, I should reply by another question—what is the weight and quality of her canvas? For it is in reefing, handling, and furling canvas of high quality, more than in anchor work, that deficiency of manual power becomes conspicuous. The canvas of an 18-ton schooner, beside which I was lying in Dover harbor when on a single-handed cruise in the Procyon, 7-ton lugger, was quite flimsy compared to the lugger's mainsail of No. 5 double; while the latter, which has often punished my hands, is light in comparison with the lower sails of the Orion, whose mainsail and foresail are of No. 3, and working jibs of No. 3 double—a substance of canvas that for my work has important advantages, which I would not sacrifice to any other consideration whatever. These details are necessary to account for the time and labor expended in their manipulation, often hinted at in my cruises without being clearly explained. Night calm and moonlight.

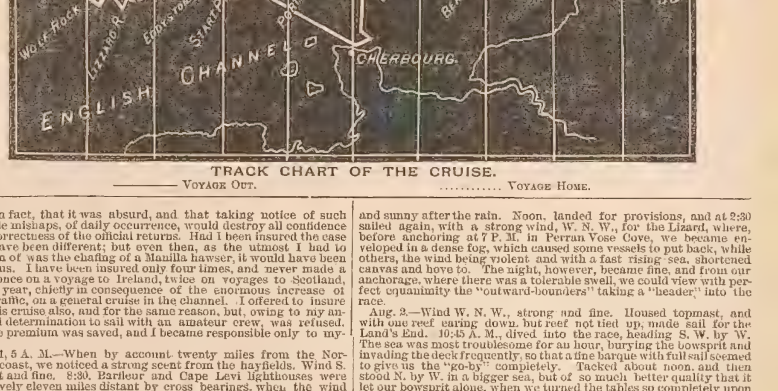
July 30, Sunday.—Had a glorious day at anchor. Dried sails, and landed at the lighthouse for a stroll. Wind west, fresh and fine. Night extremely grand.

July 31.—Under way 7:30 with a light air E., and hove to with foresail to windward. During breakfast drove round the Start Point at a safe distance. 9:30, wind west, a nice breeze; set large topsail and commenced turning to windward. Views of the coast charming, and unsurpassable in Great Britain. Eight miles west of the Start spoke a torpedo boat, with seven hands, under canvas for Brazil, which, by master's request, I reported at Falmouth. Although the sun was shining when the wind freshened, the air, as on previous days, became so exceedingly chilly as to require thick clothing. 3:45 P. M. passed south of the Eddystone to view the new lighthouse. Sea choppy. 8 P. M., tacked off Looe, Cornwall; wind N. W. by W., fresh. During the night passed close to several fishing boats, some without lights, their position being announced to us by the sea gulls that were uttering their cries incessantly around them.

Aug. 1.—2 A. M., weather thick and rainy. Hove to in Veryan Bay, south of the Dodman Head, to get supper and wait for daylight to enter Falmouth. 6 A. M., anchored off the town; morning fine and sunny after the rain. Noon. landed for provisions, and at 2:30 sailed again, with a strong wind, W. N. W., for the Lizard, where, before anchoring at 7 P. M. in Perran Vose Cove, we became enveloped in a dense fog, which caused some vessels to put back, while others, the wind being violent and with a fast rising sea, shortened canvas and hove to. The night, however, became fine, and from our anchorage, where there was a tolerable swell, we could view with perfect equanimity the "outward-bounders" taking a "header" into the race.



ORION—Double Reefed Mainsail, Second Jib and Storm Mizzen.



TRACK CHART OF THE CRUISE.

Voyage Out. ..... Voyage Home.

Aug. 2.—Wind W. N. W., strong and fine. Housed topmast, and with one reef during down, but reef not tied up, made sail for the Land's End. 10:45 A. M., dived into the race, heading S. W. by W. The sea was most troublesome for an hour, burying the bowsprit and invading the deck frequently, so that a fine barque with full sail seemed to give us the "go-by" completely. Tacked about noon, and then stood N. by W. in a bigger sea, but of so much better quality that it let our bowsprit alone, when we turned the tables so completely upon our late antagonist that her identity was lost amidst a fleet to leeward. It was fine sailing, the weather at that time being beautifully clear, though cold enough for October. 3 P. M. passed to windward of the Runnel Stone buoy—carrying a bell with numerous clappers, which strike without reference to time or harmony—the rock itself being occasionally visible in the trough of the sea. The Longships and the land beyond were also very plain when we tacked and stood off for the Wolf Rock Lighthouse, round which we sailed, but at a respectful distance, on account of the race of tide and heavy sea. The voices of its occupants, who appeared in the gallery and at the windows, first on one side and then on the other, and with whom we exchanged frequent salutations, were drowned by the noise of the elements. To windward of the lighthouse we pitched into some tide rollers that would have played sad havoc with the head-gear had it not been very powerful. In the first of these tremendous "scends," one of the weather runner-plates was carried away, and there was evidence afterwards that everything that could move throughout the vessel was more or less displaced. 4:30 P. M., waived adieu, and commenced the run back to the Lizard, against tide, and dead before the wind and sea—the most objectionable point of sailing in a fore-and-aft rigged vessel. 6 P. M., the sky became overcast, and, in spite of a high barometer, the weather set in so wet and miserably cold that at 8:45 we were exceedingly glad to bring up at the anchorage we had left in the morning. Exceptionally tired and hungry, the terrible job we had with the saturated canvas and hawsers, happily followed by a good dinner off hot loin of mutton and potatoes at 11 P. M., are incidents that never pass entirely out of recollection. Upon an occasion like this the general clear-up is undoubtedly rather trying; but in open anchorage, where there is no certainty that at any hour you will not be called upon hastily to make sail and stand out to sea, whatever work before might by lazy people be left to the morrow, on deck order must be thorough and complete. Anchorage at sea night after night, especially upon an iron-bound coast, is fraught with nothing but danger where these conditions are not recognized and strictly observed. The Lizard coast is very interesting and enjoyable in fine weather; but in clouds and darkness, when there is reason to be anxious, its beauty vanishes in a moment.

Aug. 3.—Dried sails, etc. Crew landed for a ramble to Kynance Cove and other interesting spots, while I found abundant occupation on board. Wind N. N. E., a moderate breeze. Night fine and clear, with a gentle swell from the eastward.

Aug. 4.—Wind fresh from N. N. E. After the usual wash down, in which all hands participated, and which was only once omitted owing to the rough sea rendering it impracticable, we sailed at 8:30, and shortly afterward hove to with foresail to windward, heading slowly on the course while getting breakfast and attending to such duties below as, if attended to in the order of daily custom, would have deferred the time of sailing for two hours, and have lost us eight miles. But for the low temperature, the day was most delightful. All the headlands and bays of this much-indented coast were clearly distinguishable in the distance, and the sea, in color a compromise between a dark sapphire and a dark emerald, was sparkling and clear as crystal. 1:30 P. M., passed north of the Eddystone in a strong breeze, the foam in our wake looking as white as freshly fallen snow. 8:15, after a magnificent sunset, which charmed us with its effect upon the rugged shore, the wind having almost died away, we huffed up into Lanacombe Bay, near the Start Point, and anchored for the night in seven fathoms low water; a spot which, if possible, was more charming than any anchorage that preceded. Night moonlight, starlight, calm and clear, with an agreeable scent of cornfields off the land. Anyone unaccustomed to anchorages in the immediate vicinity of high land can hardly fail to be alarmed at its apparent nearness after dark, when the sense of perspective, by which distance is estimated by daylight, no longer exists. Thus, the darker the night, the more complete is the illusion of the cliffs and the hills behind them being merged into one lofty perpendicular, which overshadows the vessel by its black reflection in the sea, advancing almost to her side, and

seems to leave not a fathom of space to swing, much less to get under way, without finding oneself ashore. Readers may not understand our enthusiasm in regard to these dry-and-night views that so constantly engage our attention and challenge our admiration. They will perhaps think we might address ourselves to duller details; but it is in reality our chiefest and almost sole recreation on deck in fine weather, without which a voluntary cruise at sea would seem far too tame as an amusement to compensate for the actual labor, expense and constant watchfulness it entails. Followed as a pastime, it is not unlike the pleasure human nature has invariably found in successfully gathering roses off thorns; for, however amiable the sea may appear to us in its quiet moments, or, even better, when contemplating its grandeur from the land, it is, after all, a mighty hard if not a rough playmate; and even steam, the yachtsman's craze of the day, will never render it anything else.

Aug. 5.—Sailed from Lunaconobe Bay at 3:30 with a nice breeze, S., S. W., and when round the Start Point landed the foresail to windward, and allowed the Orion to sail across Harbridge, where we anchored in the Range, and rowed up to the town in the boat for letters and provisions. Later returned to the Start, and anchored about a mile north of the lighthouse, in five fathoms low water. The weather looking cloudy and threatening; we got our coir with a large scope and the cable buried. At night the sky cleared and became magnificently fine. Generally the boat is turned in at night, ready for sea; but occasionally, as in this instance, when determined to ride if possible a stop is passed over her, and, with one pair of oars, the rowers, kept handy for various uses, the strain is relieved from the davits and thrown upon the standing part of the runner. My davits are abaft the main rigging, for greater convenience in handling the boat, which can never carry in the davits under way.

Aug. 6, Sunday.—The first really hot summer day of the cruise. From morning till night, ahead and ashore. It was a day of unalloyed enjoyment—such as, in my opinion, concurred in by my mates, would be impossible in harbor. Provisions, also, required, to be got from my table at sea, though unfortunately ranking with perishable stores, was replenished with a grand collection of wild flowers, in which ferns, honeysuckle and ox-eye daisies were most conspicuous.

Aug. 7.—Sailed at 8:30; wind light, weather fine and warm. 3 P. M., four miles E. S. E. of Torquay, under large canvas, lay a course for Portland; wind S. W., veering gradually to N. W. 6:30, hove to for an hour, with both headsails aback and mainsheet pinned in, to keep her from traveling off the course and to preserve the gravy for its proper use during dinner. Night fine; moonlight in early morning.

Aug. 8.—3 A. M., Portland Bill N. E. by N.; tacked in a shifting head wind, and later weathered the Shambles Lightship. 6:30 hove to off Lulworth, found it impossible to get into the bay, and kept up to St. Alban's Head. 6 P. M., anchored in Alum Bay, I. of W.; wind S. W., fresh and fine. While lying here we observed the unfortunate steamship Mosel, which stranded next day at the Lizard.

Aug. 9.—Under way at 4:30; wind E., fresh and fine. Passed out at the Needles and beat up outside of the island, standing inshore when there was any place of special interest to observe, such as Black Gang, St. Catherine's and Ventnor. 6 P. M., made the Looe Channel when the tide turned. 9 P. M., wind W. N. W., light; anchored off Selsea in four fathoms low water.

Aug. 10.—Wind E. N. E., a moderate breeze and miserably cold. 6 A. M., under way; 8, hove to off Boguor. 6 P. M., anchored for the night off Brighton, and landed to post letters and procure supplies.

Aug. 11.—Wind E. by N. to E. N. E., fresh and fine. 4 A. M., got under way, and, chiefly in regard to the pleasant agricultural and homely views on shore, had a magnificent turn to windward past Newhaven and Seaford, and round the grand cliffs of Beachy Head against the tide. Thence we encountered a truly cold wind every sense, accompanied by a short sea, averaging twenty-one to the minute, which greatly impeded our progress. (On the Cornish and Irish coasts I have met them averaging five and even four to the minute, which may properly be described as "a head sea"). 3:45, tacked off Eastbourne, and, after rounding the Royal Sovereign shoals, stood in toward Hastings, where the sea was too rough to anchor as desired; so we continued under way, and at 9 P. M. hove to off Fairlight, with the foresail to windward, which allowed one hand to turn in comfortably below. Night fine and starlight, a heavy dew and very cold.

Aug. 12. Wind E., fresh and fine. 8:30, passed Dungeness. 1 P. M., anchored off Dover, and landed for letters. 5:30, the weather looking too stormy for Dover Roads, we sailed again, and beat against the tide round the Foreland and the South Foreland, and anchor for the night off Upper Deal. We had partaken of an excellent hot dinner below in turn, between 3:30 and 10 P. M., when the wind suddenly left us hopelessly becalmed and drifting at the southern entrance of the Gull Stream. At this time the weather, although all round, with frequent flashes of lightning and thunder rumbling in the distance. Being very anxious about a group of bright lights, one of them the three triangular lights of a Trinity wreck steamer, I ordered the anchor to be cleared, and that especial attention should be directed to the cable, so that it might be ready to run out in an emergency should arise. This precaution was fortunate, for, notwithstanding a light air sprang up, which held out a promise of escape, it soon became evident that the spring tide, which runs with great force in that direction, was bringing us down upon the sands into danger. Apart from this alarming complication, if an anchorage in Dover Bay were deemed unadvisable on account of the threatening appearance of the weather, certainly this was a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire." 2:30, when the flood made and the tide upon some obstruction was plainly audible, and evidently very near, we let go the anchor, "all standing," and did not attempt to check her until the thirty-fathoms shackle passed out of the hawse pipe, and when paid out a few more extra shackles. Then, according to the lights, the horizon was so dark that, even with the binoculars, we could not distinguish a vestige of anything beside, so had to wait for daylight to ascertain how the case really stood. While stowing the canvas, several steamers bore down upon us with their three lights, and then shaved away for the Goodwin Lightship. Later on our mate descended from aloft, after unlacing the topsail, he remarked that the light immediately astern of us had an unusual appearance, and that he could not help thinking it must be on the mast of a sunken ship. As we could not easily weigh with a good scope of chain, and it was useless to sit up speculating upon those matters, we turned in at 4:30, and soon forgot all about it.

Aug. 13, Sunday.—At five o'clock, feeling more anxious about the weather than anything else, and the wind, now nor'-west, diminished, that our near neighbor was the mast of a large ship with five wire shrouds on a side, and rattlings entire, which accounted for the great rush of water we heard overnight; that the Trinity steamer was about two cables east of the wreck, and that there was lashable smacks, with a diving apparatus on board, were also attendance. An ominous swell from the south, with a squall rising in that quarter, and thunder rumbling in the southwest, warned me that no time should be lost in extricating ourselves from so awkward a position. Though the Orion was veering down, or away from the wreck, at a fast hour, we were still within the influence of its eddy; so that while the chain was being hove in she swung towards it again and again, until she became wind-rode with a strong breeze from the southward, and had the cable short under the bow. This was the anchor watch, the headsails and mizen having been previously prepared for hoisting and the anchor hove short, the latter was broken out of the ground by a violent gust of wind, which also cast the yacht's head to the eastward, and threatened to drift her broadside on with a good scope of chain, and it was useless to sit up speculating upon those matters, we turned in at 1:30, and soon forgot all about it.

Aug. 13, Sunday.—At five o'clock, feeling more anxious about the weather than anything else, and the wind, now nor'-west, diminished, that our near neighbor was the mast of a large ship with five wire shrouds on a side, and rattlings entire, which accounted for the great rush of water we heard overnight; that the Trinity steamer was about two cables east of the wreck, and that there lashable smacks, with a diving apparatus on board, were also attendance. An ominous swell from the south, with a squall rising in that quarter, and thunder rumbling in the southwest, warned me that no time should be lost in extricating ourselves from so awkward a position. Though the Orion was veering down, or away from the wreck, at a fast hour, we were still within the influence of its eddy; so that while the chain was being hove in she swung towards it again and again, until she became wind-rode with a strong breeze from the southward, and had the cable short under the bow. This was the anchor watch, the headsails and mizen having been previously prepared for hoisting and the anchor hove short, the latter was broken out of the ground by a violent gust of wind, which also cast the yacht's head to the eastward, and threatened to drift her broadside on with a good scope of chain, and it was useless to sit up speculating upon those matters, we turned in at 1:30, and soon forgot all about it.

Aug. 14.—With all plain sail set, and a fine breeze, sailed from the Gore Channel at 6:30 A. M., and arrived at Greenhithe 12:30. Wind S. W., a moderate breeze to strong. The Orion was docked same tide—the first night in harbor since quitting Cherbourg on the 28th of July—and by the evening of the 16th she was stripped.

To save misapprehension on the part of three parties, perhaps you will allow me to make a few observations more. That I did not distrust the spirited qualities of my friends is proved by the fact that when insurance on current terms for first-class yachts was only in one quarter declined on their account, I assumed the risk without further inquiry, or in the slightest degree modifying my plans. Besides the vessel and gear, which alone would have been covered by the insurance, there were among my personal effects many things I should have been much grieved to lose, including a very powerful microscope with lenses by well-known names. Thus the expenses, of course, and the entire risk, together with every responsibility for success or failure, were mine. But if everything had been theirs, they could not have shown more consideration for their own than they did for mine, nor have worked more assiduously and anxiously to guard against failure. That the experiment succeeded beyond my highest expectations was due to the fact that my crew proved to be as manly as they were gentlemanly; and that, in spite of the hard work, they, as well as I, can look back with nothing but pleasant recollections to the adventure, is due to their appreciation of the magnificent scenery that our coast presents to those who know where to find it, and the happy medium between inferior nearly constant employment at anchor the time was chiefly spent in little excursions to the shore, where weeds, birds, rocks and caverns, etc., abounded. Upon one rock we visited in the boat the birds were so tame that they suffered us to lie quietly alongside and remark their peculiarities—even a ludicrous little farce, amounting to a bloodless quarrel, being carried in our presence. Our sketchers and caricaturists would have been delighted with this.

Surprise has been expressed by those who know nothing of the labor required to keep a yacht in a complete state of efficiency and cleanliness that we found no time to read the newspapers. I will explain this by a practical illustration, instancing the cruise of the previous year, which happened to be nearly over the same course. The two seamen employed on that occasion, who were good average specimens and of good repute in their town, complained to my shipkeeper that they were "driven like slaves." Well, here are the statistics for last year, and for this, to which I will only add that of my cruise round Great Britain in 1881, though upwards of twenty others, not less instructive, could be furnished if required.

The cruise complained of lasted seventy-two days, and the geographical mileage was 830, or an average of 11.5 per diem. The nights at sea were 44, and were four, nights anchored at sea twelve, and nights in harbor fifty-six.

Upon this occasion (1882) with my two young amateurs, who were light weights of the respective ages of 20 and 23, the cruise lasted thirty-eight days, and the aggregate mileage was 1,000, or an average of 26.8. The nights at sea under way were five, nights anchored at sea nine-teen, and nights in harbor fourteen.

In 1883 the cruise lasted ninety-eight days, and the geographical mileage was 2,640, or an average of 26.9. The nights at sea under way and at anchor were sixty-four, and nights in harbor eighty-four, of which thirty were passed in the more or less exposed anchorages of the Firth of Clyde.

If I gave more assistance to the amateurs than to the professionals, nobody would the difference between trained and untrained hands be taken into consideration, but that more was accomplished in half the time. All the same, there never was an occasion that could have given rise to the absurd complaint, when the men were tired and I was not, or when their hours were long and mine were not longer, living, in addition to my share of the active seamanship, to conduct a difficult navigation which I have never ventured to leave to chance. Moreover, if I were not habituated to take my full share of the heavy work, it would be impossible for me to cook, which I assure you I have managed it alone? The difference lies simply in the estimate of work by a volunteer and by a paid hand.

In domestic matters, except the cooking—in which it is a recognized axiom that a difference of opinion spoils the broth—each one managed for himself, as he would at home.

On this cruise, which may not inappropriately be described as "fun in earnest," I had an advantage in the society of educated men instead, as not unfrequently met with in my experience, of men who could neither read nor write, but who, as a rule, I have found infinitely more impracticable than those who can. In saying this, I am not unmindful that there is no rule without exceptions—and perhaps distinguished exceptions too!"

SAN FRANCISCO Y. C.

UNDER the auspices of this club the recent public "mosquito race" proved a great success. There were twenty starters in all, divided into six classes, for Whitehall boats, plungers or cat-boats, fishermen, sloops and yawls. The race was sailed Sept. 23, over a course from a line fixed between Mission Rock and Long Bridge to a stakeboat moored midway between Mission street wharf and Yerba Buena Island, thence around stakeboat in mid-channel to leeward of Mission Rock, and then to starting line. Mr. Gutte's schooner Chispa and Vice-Com. McDonough's schooner Aggie were kindly tendered as stakeboats for the use of the regatta committee, and they were moderate—just the day for the small fry. There was great rivalry among the Whitehalls, and also among the Italian fishermen in their peculiar and seaworthy craft. These boats are somewhat on the whaleboat principle, with the addition of the well-known Block Island boats of this coast. They are flush decked, though, being used in the off-shore fisheries on the Pacific outside the Golden Gate. Most of them retain the high-peaked and picturesque lateen sail of the Mediterranean, some of them wear tarred canvas, and display the Italian flag, and, after coming in first, planked down some glittering "eagles" as a challenge to any one wishing to try him again. The Italian fishermen are considered expert sailormen, and their boats are often met with a long distance out at sea, making comfortable weather of it under circumstances which bother much larger trading vessels. A steam tug took the judges over the course, and a number of steamers had full loads of excursionists aboard, while crowds turned out along shore to witness the racing, which is said to have excited much interest and enthusiasm among the people. As there was also much instruction to be gained from the sailing, as such a variety of boats have seldom been brought together.

The revenue cutter Lousa sent her long boat with six hands and the Pilot Rowing Club entered a new-rigged gig, the latter pulling the latter coming near capsizing. The Lake Merritt sloop Shadow with her low freeboard could not carry on and gave up. The sharpie Daisy did fairly well at running, but, as might have been expected, she was of no account to windward. The judges say that, contrary to expectation, she showed no speed compared to the yachts. Young Frank Stone, son of Wm. Stone, the builder, went around in the flat bottom plunger Squibob, and landed third prize. The Lark, winner in second class, is the work of the amateur builder, a musician. Cora, in same class, was sailed by four youngsters, all under twelve years of age. The race was in every way successful, and proved so popular that we look for an increased fleet of small yachts in the harbor. It would be well if some of our clubs on the Atlantic seaboard exerted themselves in behalf of idle races open to fishermen and working boats. All the New York Whitehall boats were beaten by craft of local build, the Sennett being the handiwork of Dan O'Connell, of the North Beach. We append the summary:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS (Whitehalls).	ft. in.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Lark	13 3	1 48 19	1 27 23
Cpt. O'Connor	16	1 46 57	1 27 57
Squibbob	20	1 53 30	1 38 30
Cora	16	3 24 25	2 05 25
Chiquita	20	2 32 00	2 17 00
Idaho	17 6	2 55 10	2 37 10
Triton	15 6	withdrawn.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Carrie	24	1 23 25	1 12 25
Fleeting	24 11½	1 23 45	1 13 00
Blackbird	22 9	1 37 25	1 15 20
Saddie	20 6	1 26 15	1 22 45
Emilie Ethel	23 4	1 32 27	1 27 42
Skipper	21 6	1 57 30	1 44 30
Rebel	17 6	2 30 50	2 10 20
Shadow	22 6	withdrawn.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fawn	28 3	1 23 45	1 19 00
Vim	27 6	1 33 22	1 24 52
Daisy	27 8	1 43 55	1 35 40
FIFTH CLASS.			
Thetis	33 6	2 07 40	2 06 10
Flirt	33 6	2 09 53	2 07 33
SIXTH CLASS (FISHERMEN).			
Shamrock	24 3	1 29 30	1 18 45
Three Brothers	32 3	1 26 25	1 21 40
Lizzie Williams	32 0	1 34 25	1 32 25
Bottle Meyer	33 3	1 34 20	1 32 35
FOR THE FLAG.			
Thetis (1)	33 6	1 09 25	1 07 55
Flirt (2)	33 0	1 13 12	1 11 42

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. C.—The closing matches of the season were sailed Saturday, Sept. 30, in a fine easterly breeze. Course, from Lumber Yard to Dartmouth Ferry buoy, thence to Fort Clarence flag boat, thence to Point Pleasant buoy, back to Dartmouth buoy and pass between Lumber Yard and George's Island to the starting line. Daphne's owner unfortunately met with an accident, Marquita did not show up, and the cutter Velenar was short-handed, so all three forfeited entrance fee. Both races were for that reason merged into one, giving two prizes, the Vice-Commodore's Cup, and the squadron prize, Phantom and Miranda sailing for both, and Oi-Kaze for the squadron prize only, the cup being the gift of her owner.

First Class, Phantom prize, 16 tons, Vice-Com. W. A. Chauncey; sloop Phanton, 4 tons, F. Stairs, and sloop Miranda, 3 tons, R. I. Wills. All got away at 2:20 to a single gun under lower sail only. The cutter took the lead and won easily, with Phantom second throughout the race. Oi Kaze bore away around Fort Clarence mark at 2:56:45; Phantom at 3:0:10, and Miranda at 3:3:40, the latter making an extra board to weather. Checked sheets took them around Point Pleasant buoy in the same order, and the finish was made by the cutter at 3:47:30; Phantom, 3:56:39, and Miranda, 4:03:25. Oi-Kaze took squadron prize by 4m., after applying allowance for tonnage, the cup going to Phantom by 7m. 55s., the latter being also the winner of the Rear-Commodore's Cup in a previous race. The latter then finished winning flags for the season, Oi-Kaze showing three for five starts, two firsts and one second. Phantom showing five for as many starts, two firsts, two seconds, and a third; Miranda new one for three starts, a second, and cutter Velenar four for the same number of starts, three being firsts, and one a second. Some private matches are on the prospect, Velenar having challenged Miranda, Miranda challenged Miranda with Mariquita as a probable third, and Lily will likely want a separate match with the cutter as well. Others are in prospect, but will probably have to lie over till next season.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—After several postponements on account of bad weather the club on Wednesday last sailed regatta Saturday last. Unfortunately there was too little wind for the sailing match, though the paddlers found the water as they wanted it. The sailing race was open to seniors and juniors. Course, from club house on Staten Island around Robbins Reef buoy and home, about two and a half miles. A. C. A. rules were in force. Entries open, one prize. The start was made at 3:43 in light airs from southwest. This gave a beam wind both ways, but at the mark the wind died away and left the racers nearly becalmed, the Wraith, Mr. Wm. Whitlock, being the only canoe to finish under the limit of three hours, in 6m., reaching Time, 1h. 28s. The fleet included the Cricket, Mr. Green; the Lorna Doon, Mr. Oudin; the Theresa, Mr. Van Rensselaer. Second class, the Snoilo, Mr. Hoffman; and Foam, Mr. Collins. Also in first class, the Jack, C. B. Walk; Tramp, Mr. Ould, and Peak, C. D. Ondin. Regatta won in seniors in 6m. 3s., course nearly a mile; Coquette, second. Wraith won in juniors. Fifth race was open to tandems, same course. Vaux and Schuyler in the Lark led from the start, winning by two lengths in 5m. 28s., beating the Coquette. At the close Mr. Van Rensselaer gave an exhibition of tricks and difficult accomplishments in his canoe, showing wonderful command of balance and agility.

LONG CANOE CRUISE.—Capt. S. D. Kendall, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Dr. C. A. Neide, of Schuylerville, N. Y., left Lake George on the 9th inst., and went through the locks at Glen's Falls, thence down to Whitehall, and then followed the Northern Canal to Troy, then via Erie Canal as far as Belle Isle, where they were stopped by a break. They made a portage to Onondaga Lake, and then down the Seneca and Oswego rivers to Oswego, from there they followed the lake coast to Little Sodus; here the equinoctial was encountered, and they remained three days. The weather not improving they took the train to Weedsport and thence to Buffalo. Mr. Kendall's wife was joined him here, and will accompany him on the rest of the voyage. They will leave to-morrow for Olean, where they will strike the Allegany River, thence they go to Pittsburgh, then via Ohio River to Cincinnati, where they will be the guests of the Canoe Club at that place for about a week. Judge Longworth, of the Supreme Court, is commodore of the club, and they are great friends. They will then continue down that stream to Cairo, and thence down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, then carry to Lake Ponchartrain, then via Gulf coast to Florida, around the Capes to Lake Worth, near Palm Beach, where they will meet Commodore Bishop, of the Lake George Canoe Club, who has his winter residence here. Commodore Bishop has attained wide celebrity for his famous voyage in his paper canoe. Messrs. Kendall and Neide will return to New York early in April. The coast some time during next August.—*Buffalo Sunday Times, Oct. 1.*

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The fall match was sailed Sept. 27. Eleven started out of twenty-five entries. The wind blew ugly from southeast during early part of the race, and many were disabled. Course ten miles to the Light House and return. Mystery's rigging gave way, and at steering gear went to pieces. Joe Jefferson, Jr., and Marshall Florer had a sail over, and took the cup in class G. Happy Thought won silver pitcher in class C, and Stranger a marine glass in class D, subject to protest as to her rating as a cabin or open sloop. Waybosset, Jr., was the recent winner of the first prize in class, and Happy Thought a pennant for best corrected time. Judges, W. J. Mills, A. W. Minor and C. H. Hall.

EAST RIVER Y. C.—Owing to refusal of the Conway to take prize in class B on protest, against Elsie May for not having member on board during race, the prize was awarded to the latter, and race to re-sail Sunday last. Course from Bedloe's Island through Narrows, around buoy in lower bay and return. Only the Conway, 20ft. 4in., James Conway, and the Alice, 27ft. 4in., Thomas White, started at 9:45 A. M. from southwest wind. Alice won the race, no time being taken, the sloop T. S. Gage, Mr. Sullivan, Pavonia Y. C., acting as judges' boat for the day.

VELENAR–MIRANDA.—A match between these two yachts of the N. S. Y. S. was sailed in Halifax harbor Oct. 4, crew limited to two hands, over the three-ton course of the club. Velenar was not in good trim, her sails not bent, and her bottom, after a season in Dartmouth Ferry buoy, Miranda winning handsomely in moderate breeze from north and a smooth water.

BEDOUIN.—Mr. Archibald Rogers's new cutter is sailing well and proves a grand seaboat. Her iron-work is giving some trouble. During some of the recent heavy weather she has come home all on her own self. It is noped she will appear in the proposed Seawanhaka races, though she can hardly be in good fighting trim by that time.

BOUND SOUTH.—Sloop Gulnare, Hudson River Y. C., will sail in a week or ten days for the gulf coast of Florida, where her owner, Dr. J. H. Rathbone, has a winter residence at Palm plantation. If there are other yachts bound south soon, the Gulnare would like company. There is good hunting on the inside route.

SEAWANHAKA Y. C.—The proposed races have been fixed for the following dates: Tuesday, Oct. 24, New York Y. C. course; Thursday, Oct. 26, twenty miles to windward and back outside the club's third race, course and date to be decided by the sailing committee.

SWEEPSTAKES.—Entries for the Columbia Y. C. sweepstakes close to-day. Open to yachts 27 to 28ft. long, over Columbia Y. C. triangular course. Entrance $25 each. They should be made to Mr. Owen Welsh, Columbia Y. C. house, foot Eighty-sixth street, North River.

THE POCAHONTAS.—The *Sun* has interviewed some of the owners of this sloop, who report that she was fully paid for, and that a regular contract existed between them and the builder, in spite of the latter's denial in a recent letter published in this journal.

ANNASOO.—Disgusted with the apathy of the New York Y. C. in bringing about a change to fair terms in the America Cup challenge conditions, Mr. Hedderwick has concluded to sell his famous forty and give up the idea of paying us a visit.

RANGER.—Mr. S. L. Blood has sold this schooner, 68ft. 7in. over all, to Mr. John A. Norris, of New York. She is now receiving an overhauling at Truman's yard, South Brooklyn, and will probably cruise to the southward this winter.

PACIFIC Y. C.—Mr. Hyde Bowie, schooner Nellie, has refused to accept second prize in the match of the Pacific Y. C. sailed Sept. 9, claiming the race void owing to the starting gun not being heard on board several yachts.

VAYU.—This sloop, owned by Mr. Fowler, of St. Johns, has been got off the rocks off Gerrish Island, after stripping and cutting away mast. She has been towed into Portsmouth, N. H., for the winter.

SINGLE-HANDER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has under way plans for a single-hander, 16ft. water-line, 6ft. beam, 2ft. draft, with 900 lbs. on keel, and 1,000 lbs. inside ballast, and 1,000 lbs. outside ballast.

WASHINGTON VILLAGE Y. C.—A new club house, to cost $1,000, is now being erected for this club. The house is being built on a scow, which may be moved as found convenient.

DO CUTTERS ROLL?—From the *Herald:* All this time before the wind the cutter Orion sailed as steady as a rock, while it was fearful to behold the violent rolling of the schooners.

VAYU.—This is the name of Mr. Fowler's new cutter, 39ft. on deck, now well advanced. She has an iron keel of six and a half tons, and will be launched in a few days for trial.

RESIGNED.—We learn that Mr. A. Cary Smith, so long measurer of the New York Y. C. has resigned his office owing to pressure of his business as yacht designer.

DIED.—The report comes from San Francisco that Daniel Cook, owner of the schooner Ethel Wave, is dead.

MONTAUK.—A letter from Mr. Prague in reference to Montauk's spars was received too late for this issue.

See Shelton's monthly issue to sportsmen in another column.—*Adv.*



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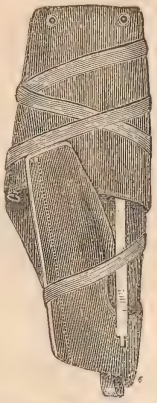
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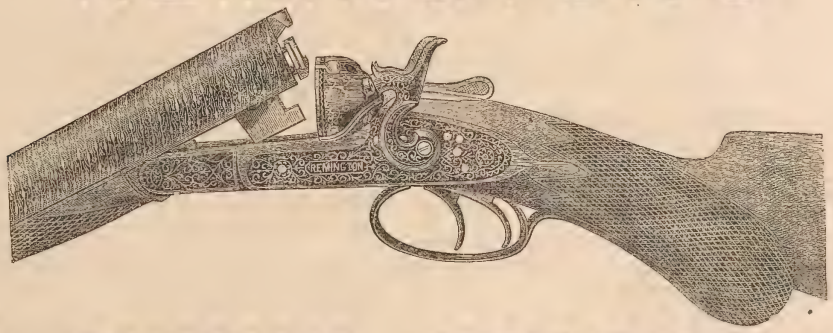
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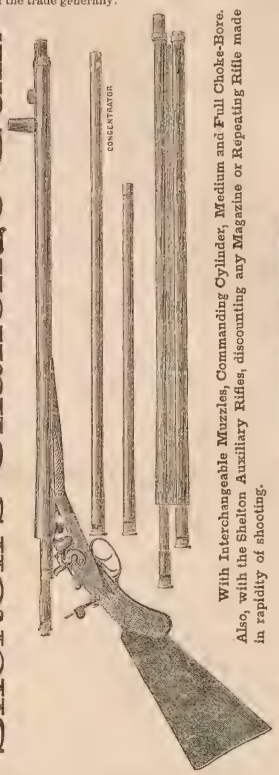
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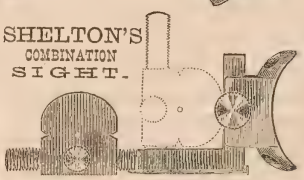
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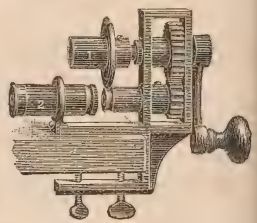
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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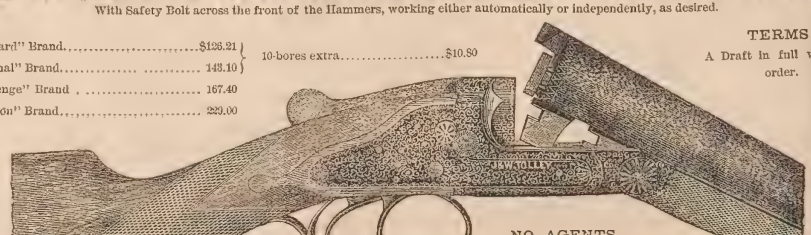
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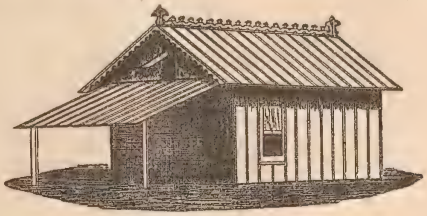
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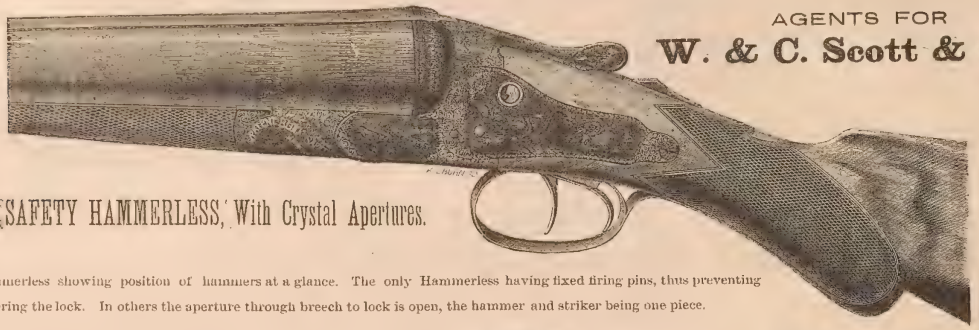
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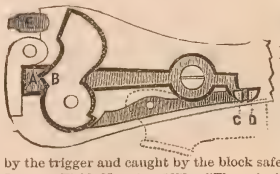
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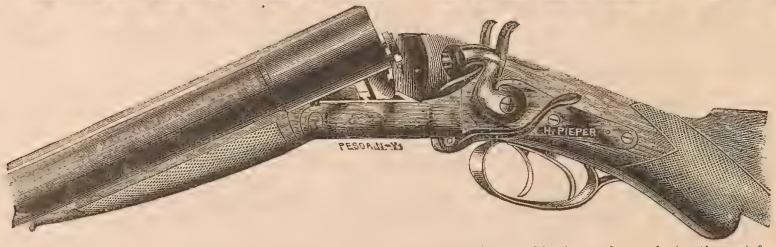
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The reinfore breech and joint lump are one solid piece of case-hardened iron, fine twist barrel, case-hardened mountings, rebounding locks, oiled walnut stock and fore end. These guns are made by C. S. Shattuck, Hatfield, Mass., and are choke-bored by the "Shattuck Process," which gives the most remarkable results.

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Seven live geese, raised on Long Island from wild geese. Have been used as decoys and shot over. Sold only on account of owner not being able to use them. Address D., 118 John st., New York City. oct5,1t

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LADY LAVERACK, lemon belton, won third prize New York Bench Show; whelped June 19, 1879, by champion Thunder ex Peeress. This bitch is a good one, pure Laverack, and was broken by E. S. Wanmaker.

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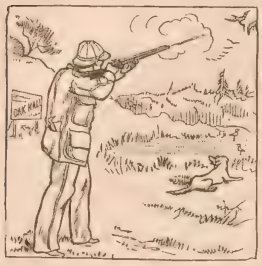
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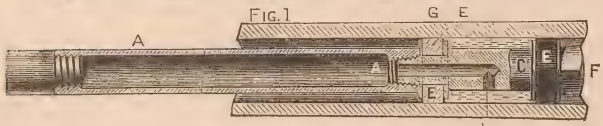
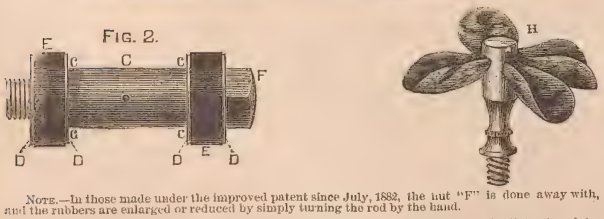


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel





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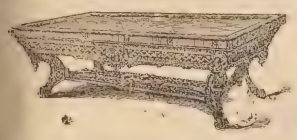
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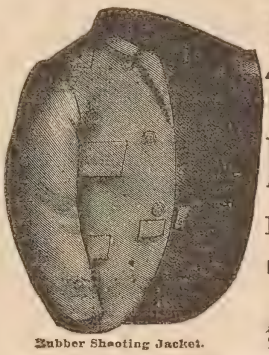
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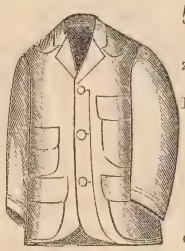
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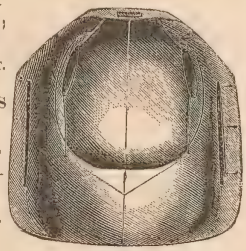
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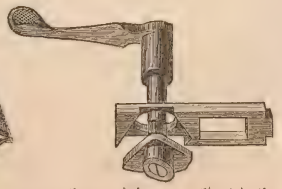
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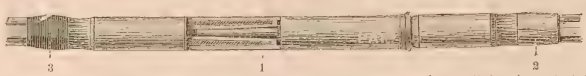
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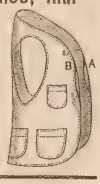
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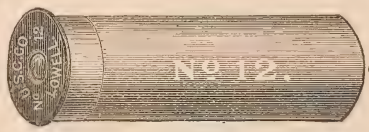
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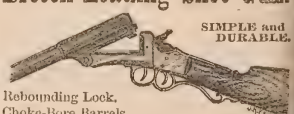
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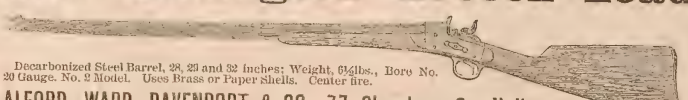
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FIG. 1



FIG. 2

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably be interested in the paper.*

THE ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

THE tournament will be in progress at Harlem Mere, in Central Park (weather permitting), this morning, after this issue of FOREST AND STREAM is in the mails. We anticipate one of the most interesting contests that has yet taken place in the annals of angling, and believe that this will be the beginning of a series of tournaments which will attract much attention to the elegant art of fly-casting and serve as an educator of our youthful Waltons, some of whom, for want of proper teaching, are falling into the heretical notion that bait-fishing, or even the use of nets, is as good as the fly, so long as by such means fish may be captured, a result that they erroneously consider to be the end of angling.

The arrangements for a successful tournament are most complete. The judges in the different classes have been selected with care, and a different set of them are assigned to each separate contest. Score-books have been printed which contain the rules, the prize-lists, and also ruled blanks for keeping the score in each contest, giving the name of the contestant, length and weight of rod, distance cast, and the points awarded him in the contests for delicacy and accuracy, as well as the number of his award.

One feature, new to angling tournaments, which may need some explanation, is the different "scales of points," made for the different contests in fly-casting. This is the result of different opinions held by individual members of the committee, on the value of these points. Some of the members, the majority in fact, were for making all the contests on one plan, in which the distance cast was the only thing to be taken into account. A few contended that a fly-caster should cast delicately and accurately in order to achieve the best results, and therefore these points should have weight in the decisions. The majority, not wishing to carry their point by simple reason of being a majority, agreed to make one contest for distance alone, and to give different values to the delicate and accurate points in the others. Hence the light rod contests and class A have the following scale of points: Length, the distance cast; delicacy and accuracy, 25 each; thus: If a man cast 65 feet and is awarded 20 in delicacy and only 10 in accuracy, his score is 65+20+10=95. In class B the scale is: Distance, actual cast; delicacy and accuracy, 10 each; here if a man cast as above his score would be, distance, 65; delicacy, 8; accuracy, 5; equaling 78. In class C the distance alone counts. While admitting that delicacy and accuracy are most important points in angling, we must confess that we were with the majority against considering them in an angling contest, and will give our reasons.

There are many other things which go to make a successful angler beside casting a long line and casting it delicately and accurately. These are selection of flies, knowledge of the habits of fish, caution and a hundred things which cannot be taken into account in a tournament. As for the point of accuracy, we hold it of little or no value in actual fishing. A cast within four feet of a rise will be seen by a trout as well as if placed in the center of the ring which he made, for it by no means follows that he is lying under that point when the next cast is made. As for the point of delicacy, our views, which, as we have said, are held by the majority of the Committee, some of whom are familiar with fly-casting tournaments, are that it should have no place in a contest. After this assertion, which seems radical to those who have not devoted time to the consideration of angling tournaments, it may be well to give the reasons for this opinion also.

In all contests in fly-casting the main interest centers in length of cast. The spectators are interested in it, and those who are not present inquire on this point only. A fly-caster's record is one of distance alone, and it is a point upon which there can be no two opinions, as there easily may be upon the comparative "delicacy" of two casts. It is the record that the winner will be most proud of, and the one that will go farthest in the estimation of other anglers reading of the tournament. The delicacy of his casts, on the contrary, cannot be recorded; this is like the art of the actor, only apparent to those present, and but to a portion even of these. We believe that a man cannot make a long cast and splash his flies down heavily on the water; the force is lost when the flies fall, and they must, therefore, necessarily fall delicately. Besides, a man who is enough master of his rod to make it cast seventy feet, has sufficient knowledge of it to cast sixty feet with delicacy. It is true that when a man casts seventy feet with a single-handed rod that his line touches the water before the flies do, but it is in that part of the water that he has fished before and has exhausted. When an angler begins near shore or at the edge of a spring hole, and takes all the front possible at a twenty or thirty foot cast, he then begins to get out more line, and pays no attention to the spots where he has cast before. He reaches out, out, out, and in some cases the man who can cast the furthest makes the best creel.

The Committee of Arrangements have had a platform six feet and a half square built out thirty feet into the lake, and a walk four feet wide leading to it. This platform was originally intended to be two feet above the water, but the bass-casters, some of whom cast by sweeping the rod under, wished it to be three feet high, and it was made so. This arrangement gives a choice of casting in three directions, along the shore to the right or left, and out into the lake, as the direction of the wind may make it advisable. The Superintendent of the Park, Mr. Jones, has kindly offered to send over seats for ladies, members of the press, and elderly gentlemen.

A few more prizes have been offered and placed in the prize list. Mr. F. D. Divine, Utica, has given a rod, which is put in Class C, single-handed fly-casting. Mr. G. M. Skinner, Clayton, N. Y., has given a dozen assorted spoon baits and a photo of a forty-pound maskinonge, which goes in the salmon contest. Mr. F. J. Kaldenberg has offered an elegant meerschaum and amber cigar-holder, with carved trout upon it, which has gone to the class in light bass-casting. An additional contest has been arranged for actual members of the press, in which the entrance is complimentary. The first prize is "The American Angler's Book," by Thad. Norris; second prize, a McKinnon pen (these prizes go to the two contestants who cast the longest lines); third prize, bunch of twenty-five cigars, to go to the handsomest caster; fourth prize, a pipe of meerschaum, to go to the ugliest caster; fifth prize, a string of fish, which the list says is "beyond price," and is to go to the poorest caster.

At the present contest there will be a better gathering of anglers than has heretofore been collected in America, and from this meeting will come suggestions which will be of great value to future ones. The present tournament is the first of an annual series which FOREST AND STREAM has begun, assisted by some of the most prominent members of the brotherhood of anglers, and the interest which it has awakened has surprised the originators of the enterprise, for it was conceived outside this office, and while the department editor of this paper, who naturally would have been consulted in the matter, was in the Adirondacks, and first knew of it on his return. To the wisdom of the excellent committee of arrangements is due the success which promises to attend the first Anglers' Tournament ever held in America, which was really what it was intended to be, and not a mere side show or after thought to other contests.

RUFFED GROUSE.

WE are assured by many of our correspondents, and also by many friends with whom we have conversed, that the ruffed grouse is not entirely exterminated, and that the prospect is bright for a fair amount of sport the present season for the lovers of this "king of game birds." Our information is not from isolated or limited sections, but covers a wide area of the country inhabited by them, and almost uniformly gives us welcome news of full broods, of well-grown birds, and in many instances we were assured that they are quite plenty, much more so than they have been for the past few years. We have given much space to the question of the cause for the scarcity of the grouse, and so far as words are concerned, it has been very ably discussed by our many correspondents, but none of them, to our mind, have explained the true cause of their disappearance. "Byrne" very plausibly advances a new idea in our issue of Aug. 24, and attributes their scarcity to the chicken cholera, introduced to this country by foreign fowls. That his theory is true or false, we may never know, as in matters of this kind it is almost impossible to obtain facts that are incontrovertible.

We have carefully and persistently studied the habits of these royal birds for nearly forty years, and with extreme sorrow have noted their gradual decrease. We have several times within this period observed that, following a season when they had been unusually plenty, we have found their haunts comparatively deserted, and that they would then gradually increase until in a few years they would again be plenty, and perhaps remain so for a year or two, and then again unaccountably disappear. When we first noticed this, we were loath to believe that our beautiful friends had winged their last flight, but, with vague ideas of a migration to more favored retreats, where, perhaps, an ample supply of their favorite food could be found, we trustingly awaited their return. But as the seasons rolled by and we failed to find more than the natural increase of the birds which had remained, and learned that in widely separated districts in every direction the same lamentable state of affairs existed, we were sorrowingly forced to admit that our conclusions were wrong, and that, unless in the happy hunting grounds, never again should we "through woodland wild or tangled copse" behold the flashing forms of the glorious birds we loved so well. It is with increasing sorrow that we have seen each recurring period of scarcity more disastrous than the preceding, and each season of comparative abundance less plentiful than before, and we greatly fear that the time is not far distant when these noble birds will become extinct.

That the pursuit of them with dog and gun, in proper season, would ever exterminate them, we cannot believe. We have seen too many of their successful tricks, and witnessed too many of their triumphant escapes from the best of dogs and the best of guns to believe anything of the kind. There are also in nearly all localities frequented by them, many places where, owing to the inaccessible nature of their chosen retreats, they are practically secure from the most daring hunter, and in most sections these places will always preserve a stock amply sufficient to furnish the next season's supply, to say nothing of the many survivors who craftily escape the hunter's wiles, even upon the most favoring grounds. With snaring the case is entirely different; and the man who thoroughly understands their habits, in a short time will entirely exterminate them from any locality. So long as this practice was confined to the country boys, who rarely succeeded in capturing enough to seriously diminish their numbers, no one could find any fault; but when the market hunter, with a consummate skill, born of his needs and opportunities, commenced his merciless war of extermination against the helpless innocents, it was high time that all lovers of these beautiful birds should band together for their protection; and it is a stigma upon the name of the many sportsmen's game protective associations throughout the land that this pernicious practice is still allowed.

True, some of the States have a law upon their statute

books prohibiting this practice, but it is a dead letter, as there is generally a loophole which allows the owner of land to snare in proper season, upon his own grounds, and often this privilege is delegated by the easy-going landowner to the very ones that the law intended to proscribe.

We are well aware that animals and birds of prey form no inconsiderable factor in solving the question of the destruction of our game birds, but that they are responsible for a tithe of the sum total, we do not believe.

The attacks of the partridge-fly—*Olfersia americana*— in some seasons are very destructive; but it is only occasionally that this pest makes its appearance in numbers sufficient to do great damage.

Notwithstanding the formidable array of obstacles in the pathway of *Bonasa umbellus*, we greatly rejoice that his brave heart and cool head so often enable him to outwit his many enemies, and that he still lives the pride of the forest. It is well that it is so, and that during these glorious October days many an overworked brain and many a weary heart will gain renewed vigor and happiness while rambling over the forest-crowned hills and through the beautiful valleys where our gallant bird delights to dwell.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

AS the time approaches for the holding of the Eastern Field Trials, the indications that the meeting will prove a great success are daily multiplying. The Derby, from all that we can learn, will be the most interesting event of the kind that we have ever seen. A large number of the entries are sure to start, and the friendly contest for the honors of victory will be gallantly fought, and well worth going a long way to see. Many of the crack field dogs, from all parts of the country, are already located in the South, and hard at work preparing for the Trials.

The All-Aged Stake, judging from the number of applications for entry blanks, will also prove an eminent success, and we shall undoubtedly be called upon to chronicle some of the best work that has ever been seen at a public trial. There appears to be considerable enthusiasm among the members of the association with regard to the Members' Stake. As we have often urged, this should be the most important event of the meeting, at least to the members of the association, and everyone who can possibly attend should enter and run his dog. There is nothing more conducive to the success of such an association than the hearty and active co-operation of its individual members in support of the objects for which it was formed. We hope to see a large number of starters in this stake, and trust that every member who has a good dog will come forward and conclusively show that he deems the honors of victory worth striving for.

The following is a complete list of the judges: Col. James Gordon, Pontotoc, Miss.; Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.; Mr. Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., and Mr. John M. Kinney, Staunton, Va. All of them are practical sportsmen of many years experience, and are eminently qualified to fill the position. The running will, as has been customary at previous meetings of the club, be held under three judges. Should, however, the starters prove as numerous as is expected, another set of judges will be appointed for one of the other stakes, and both can then be run at the same time.

The trials will commence promptly on Friday morning, Nov. 17, with the Members' Stake, and the All-Aged will upon conclusion of this at once follow. The entries close Nov. 1.

The Seaboard Air Line Railroad will transport dogs to and from the Eastern Field Trials free upon presentation of pass from the Secretary, Mr. W. A. Coster.

THE ENDURANCE OF CARP.—Many are the stories of the hardihood of the carp and its powers of retaining life under adverse circumstances. We add the following: About two weeks ago a man who was driving along a country road about eight miles from Newburg, on the Hudson River, saw something flopping in a mud-puddle, not over three feet in circumference, by the road-side. He stopped and picked it out of the water and found it to be a strange fish, which he threw into the bottom of the wagon and drove leisurely to Newburg. On arriving at his destination he saw that the fish still lived, and he placed it in water and called in all the local fishermen to decide what manner of fish the stranger might be. The fishermen united in expressing themselves to the effect that they hoped to be blessed if they knew what to call it, and some one suggested that it be sent to Mr. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, for identification. When Mr. Blackford received it in a small bait kettle he pronounced it to be a fine specimen of the leather-backed carp. On examining his books he found that last November Mr. Lewis Beach, member of Congress, had received from Prof. Baird a number of small carp, which had been distributed to persons owning ponds in the neighborhood of the place where this one was found. This fish must have been carried out of some preserve by the late flood, and found a resting place in the puddle by the road-side at the subsidence of the waters. Mr. Blackford at once placed the carp, which weighed three pounds, in one of his aquaria in Fulton Market, where it is now disporting itself in the happiest way. From a weight of certainly not more than two ounces in last November—in ten months—this carp has grown two pounds fourteen ounces.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"NUTMEGGERS" ON THE OTTAWA.

SECOND PAPER.

OUR home camp is now (Sept. 27) located on Lake Travere, Pittewawa River, Ontario, thirty miles back from the Ottawa River. Could you but fly over this section of country as the crow flies from little Mattawaska to the Ottawa, it would be a mystery of mysteries to you how we ever got here; but the little tell-tale blisters adorning each toe and heel unravels the whole thing. But never mind the blisters, we are here snug as can be in an old lumberman's log cabin, thirty miles from the last settler. Our cabin is already adorned with strings of black duck, wood duck, teal, partridge, and black bass, awaiting our all-increasing, all-devouring appetites.

By the way, speaking of black bass, you never saw such sport as we have with them. All the trouble is, we haven't any hooks and lines strong enough to hold them. With our lines doubled, we are able to land some beauties. We caught one day before yesterday fully three feet long, but could not land him, and had to let him break away, taking with him one of our largest trolling spoons. Since that little circumstance we take the precaution to station a man in the stern of the boat with a rifle, and he puts a ball through the big ones before an attempt is made to land them. We captured one very successfully in that way this morning. They always come out of water and take a look at our crew just before reaching the boat. They seem displeased at the appearance of some member of the party, and always go below with a fright, taking line and everything with them. We think the trouble lies with Dorsey. He has not been shaved since his departure for the Nutmeg State, and he certainly does look somewhat startling. We think of making a forced shave on him some night, or else not allow him in the fishing boat.

We have just taken our dinner of black bass, duck, partridge, cranberry and blueberry sauce, baked beans, biscuit and tea, all prepared with our little folding tin oven, bean kettle, pail, and frying pan. Cooking utensils are not plenty, but we venture to assert that no dinner at Delmonico's was ever taken with a better relish. The amount of food we eat is wonderful, and not one of the party feel any ill effects from it. We believe that the worst case of dyspepsia can be cured or permanently benefited by the judicious intermingling of the necessary hardships, deprivations, pleasures and labors of a camp located in a healthy wilderness like this. A person situated as we are to-day, one thousand miles from home and friends and thirty miles from the nearest settler, must feel that he is to rely principally upon his own exertions, and that he must hunt and fish or starve. Most subjects will at least try the former first, though I could name an occasional one who would almost cheerfully choose the latter were he obliged to decide between the two. I am not preaching to that kind of a man. He is past help. The only thing left for him to do is to marry rich and die young; but the active, go-ahead man, who, by reason of dyspepsia and its attendant ills, has lost his usual energy and ambition, and is almost incapacitated for business and comfort—I believe this to be just the place for him. I believe it will do what medicine and years of care and restrictive diet will not do. There are hardships connected with it which, when they are past, are invariably looked back to with pleasure. A man feels a certain pride in knowing that he has been placed entirely upon his own resources, and that he had the strength and the will to overcome and conquer. I believe in going back so far from civilization that only its absolute necessities can be carried. Make the comforts as you go along. Too many seek to regain health and lost energies at fashionable watering places, where every luxury can be supplied and every whim gratified. Look at the Canadian lumberman, he never had a sick day in his life, and he owns a stomach that will digest an iron wedge if you only sandwich it between two slices of fat pork.

I know from experience that a slice of plain bread, without butter, meat or sauce of any kind, tastes better in the woods than a broiled spring chicken at the best hotel in New York city. My theory is that it is not entirely the woods that brings this excellent appetite, but the hardships and exertion of getting into the woods, establishing your camp, with no stock of cooked provisions ahead, and not knowing where the next meal is to come from. Body and mind are both brought to a point where, if you have been reared in luxury and indulgence, they were perhaps never brought before. By the time you have got your camp prepared, bunks boughed down, etc., you are getting hungry. You cannot step in to the Astor House restaurant and order a lunch, and you have nothing but plain bread and butter in the cabin. You feel a little above that, so you shoulder your rifle and go out, expecting to knock over a deer or bear in a few minutes; but you don't find them, and come back empty handed. You must have something, and so start out again. After tramping around five or six hours, not finding so much as a crow, you are ready to lie down and die, but you finally come into camp with a chip squirrel and a partridge. By this time you are so hungry and faint you can hardly wait to have them dressed. When cooked they are eaten with such a relish as your fine dinners for the last six months have not been, and so is every meal after that while in camp. I don't believe a dyspeptic would be benefited in camp were he to drive in with his horse and carriage each day. But place him twenty-five miles back, where fish and game abound, with but one day's rations ahead, and he will certainly eat, laugh and grow fat. But "Hold on, hold on," I think I hear two or three individuals remark, "what kind of a side show is this? We thought you were reporting for the party at Travere Lake, and we are not ready to buy our tickets for a course of lectures yet." True, true, but we are all apt to wander from the text. I have known a minister to preach a sermon on the subject of love, and before he was through half, the congregation were mad enough to kick him out of doors.

At this writing Miner is over on the north bank of the Pittewawa following up the trail of a moose. Rerdell is at the Little Mattawaska looking for deer, Brady and Dorsey dressing fish and duck, keeping camp and preparing supper. By the way, I see that I have unceremoniously jumped from our camp at old Patsy Hanrahan's, or Ferguson Lake (which I described last week), to our present camp, leaving out the connecting link, so I hasten to weld it in while the fire is hot. You will remember that our party were just starting out on a still hunt for deer. You will also remember that I was under Brady's coat-collar, and unluckily Brady hung his coat on the ground in front of the cabin as he started out, but the whole party came back two hours later with long faces and no deer. Brady and Dorsey brought a string of partridge and duck. Miner shot at a fine buck but lost him; Rerdell ditto. They claim to have started several others, but I was not there myself and I am not going to believe any fish and bear stories on this trip except what comes within the focus of my own vision. The evening was principally spent in listening to the quaint, funny and original sayings of Patsy, a relation of his life experience, etc. He felt in a hilarious mood, and we had a first-class evening's entertainment with an appreciative and attentive audience. There being a large number of wolves about the mountain this fall, we found that they had ruined our sport, by driving all the deer to the eastern shore of the lake, where we dare not put out our dog for fear of losing him, and the underbrush is so close that we cannot still-hunt with any success.

We heard wolves racing a deer around the mountain in the night. There is something exhilarating and exciting in listening to the baying of hounds on trail of a deer, but when wolves take the place of hounds the result makes it seem terrible. Patsy says that a large pack of them came yelling down the mountain the night before, and just as the poor deer was entering the lake and probable safety they caught him, and in an instant almost the howling, yelling pack had torn him in shreds. We put out the dog on the west side next morning but found no deer. The lake not being a great fish lake, we decided to tarry no longer. "Ah," says Patsy, "I knew that wud be the nixt thing if ye didn't bring in a deer the first pop. Ye Americans must sniff the dinner a bilin' afore ye have yer brekfas' down. Ah, byes, if I only had poor Bosey here, ye wudn't be talkin' about 'away up the Ottawa' and thim places. Ye wudn't be afther lavin' ould Patsy so soon. I'd put ye in a deer afore ye could burn that stump of a segaar in yer teeth, but it's no use; poor Bosey's gone, he's gone; coome now, ye two gintlemen that hunted wid him last year, an' I'll let ye see his grave, an' maybe the other two wudn't dislike to take a luk at it. Ah, the bloody porcupines (an' I'd like to know what they were made for, anyhow; faith, an' I think 'twas a mistake,) that dhrove his villinous quills where they worked into Bosey's vitals. I'd like to be pluckin' the eyes of him wid that fork this minnit." We had now walked to a newly-made grave which Patsy reverently uncovered by removing a board. "Ye must excuse me, gintlemen, but it makes me feel bad in spite of me. In the many years I've lived in that ould cabin, me an' me ould woman hev brot up a family of ten childer, an' we niver had a death amongst us, an' I don't know how to bear one, an' still I used to kick an' thrash the devil out o' that dog whin he was wid me, but I take ivery blamed kick back to mesilf now."

To cut matters short, we left Patsy's cabin and hospitality that afternoon, drove to Renfrew and ticketed up the road, traveled nearly all night, and Friday noon brought us to Bissett's Creek on the Ottawa River. Some half a dozen settlers have established homes here. We stayed over night, expecting to find a team in the morning to take our flour, canoe and heavy luggage, and a guide to guide us back to the cabin we are now in at Travere Lake. We failed to get either; so we took two days' rations and our sleeping bags and rifles and started. Thirty miles seemed like a long tramp through the woods and swamps, and we expected to make a two days' journey of it; but we found an old lumberman's portage road which was quite passable most of the way. At noon and 5 P. M. we stopped, built a fire and made tea. No one voted to make a halt for the night, so we trudged along, and at 7:30 we hove in sight of Travere Lake. Here was a dilemma; our camp was on the opposite shore and our birch canoe thirty miles back; but a few rods down the shore of the lake we found a little tent belonging to some lumbermen, who are just establishing a camp a few miles farther on up the Little Mattawaska. We raised it, and soon had a rousing camp fire and a steaming supper.

We were tired and footsore, I assure you, but we slept nevertheless until daylight. Sunday morning was ushered in by Miner rousing us to hear a pack of wolves on a slope of the mountain to the left. Just then Brady discovered a deer swimming up the lake toward our camp. I wish you could have witnessed the rapidity with which our men sprang from their bunks, formed in line and prepared for action. Guns were unlimbered, cartridges driven home, and before a raw recruit could have drawn on one stocking, Brady and Dorsey went charging down through the brush and fallen timber, with underclothing and rifles in position, colors flying and one breeches leg at half mast. Miner and Rerdell, hatless, coatless and shoeless, made a gallant stand in the deep mud on the right flank of the enemy. 'Twas just at dawn,

> "When cannons boomed from shore to shore,
> And small arms made a rattle.
> Since war began I'm sure no man
> E'er saw so strange a battle."

Well, after all, the deer turned out to be an otter, and that wasn't the worst turn out, either, for it turned out that we lost him, but you must remember that it was Sunday morning. When we made the charge we supposed that we actually needed him, but we found that we could get along without him until Monday, and so let him go, or at any rate he went. We knocked over partridge enough for a good Sunday dinner, and took a Sunday afternoon stroll and viewed the country about us. We found bear tracks very plenty all about us, and occasionally a moose track, but no deer (we had been told that we would find none on this side of the Pittewawa). We find black duck nearly as large as geese in great numbers all around the lake.

I doubt whether I shall be able to get this letter out this week, but I shall try. This is just the season when lumber camps are being established away up the river, and we are liable to meet lumbermen going up or down the river. If going down I may be able to send mail out. Two batteaux loads of men went up yesterday, all soaked through and through. They had been three days reaching Travere Lake and had four or five days' boating ahead of them before they would reach their camp. The Pittewawa is very rapid, and in many places the men have to jump into the water up to their waists or shoulders, shoving the boat ahead of them or roping it over the rapids. All their luggage, consisting of trunks, cooking utensils, and sometimes barrels of pork and flour, must be carried around. Portages on the Pittewawa vary from ten rods to half a mile. A Canadian lumberman will take a barrel of pork on his back, with what they call a "tump line" across his forehead, and carry it through the brush and over the rocks of a quarter-mile portage without a grunt. This operation must be repeated again and again until batteau (which of itself weighs about 1,200 pounds) and luggage is all over. The next quarter-mile perhaps

must be journeyed over by the men wading waist-deep in the cold water; they do not pretend to keep dry. All they eat is bread and fat pork. Such is life to a Canadian lumberman. Their everyday life, each fall and spring, reminds one of the sad record of Lieutenant De Long's retreat over the ice floes from the lost steamer Jeannette. B. G. A.

BELOW QUEBEC.

FIFTH PAPER.

WITH the advent of the summer the heavy fogs which prevail in early spring on the Gulf of St. Lawrence yield to the warming rays of the sun, and retreat towards the Bay of Fundy, which has an evil reputation on that account. July and August are here generally marked by a prolonged spell of as fine weather as ever blessed the shores of happier climes, and the present season has been exceptionally favorable.

Our run back to Gaspé in the Canadienne was in the midst of these Arctic doldrums and not marked by any accidents, which are common enough in late fall. Upon our arrival we had the pleasure of again meeting with that genuine sportsman, J. U. Gregory, Esq., of the Marine Department of Quebec, whose graphic sketches of Labrador and late journey to Florida, rank among the most interesting contributions to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. His stay at Gaspé was unfortunately limited and he left again next day in the government steamer Druid, to make collections of various materials pertaining to the fishing industries for the forthcoming international fishery exhibition at London. Neither was it our own luck to take a long rest, and my baggage is not landed but merely transferred to the next one, a schooner, which is just on the point of leaving for Anticosti Island.

As my time is getting very short, I can only count upon making a passing visit, and an exploration will be out of the question. To accomplish such the traveler will do well to engage all of his needed help and boat at Gaspé, as Anticosti is now a deserted wilderness, where nobody can be hired and nothing can be purchased. Baggage and men can, however, be easily shipped by any of the vessels trading or calling there, among which is the mail schoner Kate, which lands her mails by contract twice each month at the Southwest Point, her first stopping place. The blue outlines of that headland are in full sight of Ship Head, the northern cape of Gaspé Bay, and a fast sailer can easily make her trip from land to land in half a day. Although I have in former years called at Anticosti several times, I have, beyond its shores, seen really but little of it, since beyond these a dense belt of scrubby spruce forms an almost impenetrable barrier to the interior, which but few, if any, of the settlers on Anticosti have ever explored. The only authentic knowledge we now possess concerning the rocks along the coast and their natural products we owe to the exploration of Richardson, the Government Geologist, who made a geological survey of it about twenty years ago, which has been published in the government reports. His work has been so well done that the future explorer is not likely to add much; but the sportsman is sure to find here still, for many years to come, an excellent field for his avocations, particularly on account of the great numbers of seatrout which frequent nearly all of the rivers of the island. During spring and fall the shores are also alive with thousands of migratory birds, including wild geese, numerous seaducks, curlew, plover, etc., which for a few weeks afford good sport.

Among the larger land animals, the black bear is still more common here than elsewhere along the whole range of the coast line of the Dominion, and a chance shot at Bruin is by no means the least attractive item of the prospects of the sportsman. And yet there is hardly any place which bears a more evil reputation than Anticosti Island. It is a vast graveyard, and hundreds of ill-fated toilers of the sea have lost their lives here, by slowly freezing and starving to death even after they actually landed upon this frozen waste.

How many have perished here miserably is manifest from the large number of gray, weather-beaten boards along the beach, upon which I saw in roughly cut letters the date of the disaster and the names of the unfortunate victims who, far from their native home, found an untimely grave upon these bleak shores. But a better day is dawning, and the possibilities for repetition of these fearful occurrences are steadily lessening. No longer can weeks or months roll by as of yore before relief is quickly on hand, and the tidings of any ship's crew in distress now fly on the wings of lightning to where human help can hasten to the rescue.

This great improvement is accomplished by means of a submarine cable, which was completed several years ago, and now unites Anticosti with the telegraphic line along the mainland. The news of any wreck can thereby be known at Quebec almost as soon as a ship has struck the reef, and life and property are less exposed to destruction. This cable is also largely employed in the service of the Weather Bureau of the Dominion, since Anticosti by its oceanic position forms an important station for meteorological observations, and even the seal fishermen of New Foundland are benefited by it, as they can obtain telegraphic information concerning the arrival of seals in early spring, when all communication by vessels is blocked on account of the ice, which drifts in great masses in March through the Straits of Belle Isle into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The management of the telegraphic reports is committed to the keepers of the lighthouses, who have been duly instructed and charged with the additional duty of operators. There are now, I believe, four of these lighthouses on the southern shores of Anticosti, along which is the main channel for vessels bound in and out of the Gulf. As they are but a short distance from each other, nothing can happen along this shore which is not quickly known and reported. The cable itself terminates at the Southwest Point lighthouse, which has been made the central station.

The whole island is at present owned by a stock company, which has purchased this so far rather unprofitable piece of real estate from the Government of the Dominion. In order to improve affairs, a number of colonists were induced to settle here through the representations of what is known as the Anticosti Colonization Company, but the anticipations of either parties have not been realized. It was thought that the great abundance of fish on the coast, along with the productive soil, which was reported to cover the island, would insure success of the project, and several hundred people, chiefly from New Foundland, landed here and formed settlements at English Bay and Fox River, at the eastern and western extremities. The complete failure of their venture is due to the same causes which are at the bottom of many other enterprises, where means from the beginning are inadequate to the undertaking, and where the colonists themselves are also too shiftless to make good their footing. The newcomers were not agriculturists but fishermen, and indifferent ones withal, who depended entirely upon fish, which sometimes failed to put in an appearance. For several years past they have been in destitute circumstances and threatened by starvation, as they had neglected to raise for their subsistence even such vegetables as potatoes, cabbages, and turnips, which flourish excellently in the rich soil of the island, and realize never failing good crops.

But two months of poor fishing are hardly sufficient to provide for the remaining part of the year, and there were thus continual sufferings and consequent appeals for government relief, which looms up to most of the settlers along these shores as the last but never-failing sheet anchor. The government, however, seems to have grown weary of sowing without ever reaping, and has taken steps at last to mend matters by a wholesale removal of these unprofitable colonists. I learn that in October the last remnant of the population of Anticosti is to be transferred to Quebec and beyond, where they may get along without the aid of public charity. The settlements of English and Fox Bay will thus soon cease to exist save by name, and empty houses only will attest the existence of their former tenants.

Anticosti Island viewed from seaward appears like an enormous sleeping whale, covered with a dark green skin of low spruce trees. It is nearly surrounded by shallow fringing reefs, and has no harbors where vessels can lay safely in any gale, excepting Gamache Bay, named after old Peter Gamache, who was for a long time the only settler on Anticosti. Its formation is of limestone, which overlies a thick stratum of soft gray shale. There are no primitive rocks on or below its surface, excepting many boulders of various sizes which are scattered along the beach. It has a coast length of near 300 miles, and averages thirty-five miles in its widest part. Since Anticosti is surrounded by water, the temperature of its summers and winters is not marked by the same extremes which characterize the climate of Quebec, where in midwinter the thermometer often falls to 30 deg. below zero. Here it rises scarcely above 73 deg. in July, and seldom records less than zero in January. Fogs are frequent in spring and early summer, but lessen with the advent of fall. September is counted to be the finest month. Oats, barley, rye, potatoes, cabbage, turnips and clover grow and mature here as well as anywhere, and thrifty husbandmen could realize abundant crops, as the soil in itself is rich and warm, being composed of weathered limerock covered by a layer of several inches in thickness of rotten mold.

Even domestic animals can be acclimated, and at Ellis Bay cows winter without difficulty, where they are fed upon the excellent hay which is harvested there in great quantities by Capt. Sutter, a hardy and intelligent settler from the Orkney Islands. It is curious, however, that at Southwest Point again, which is only sixty miles east of Ellis Bay, cattle rarely survive the winter. Experiments have not yet been made with other domesticated animals, such as sheep, goats, etc., probably on account of want of pasture and the abundance of bears. The climate seems well suited to chickens, geese, dogs, cats and mice; the Norway rat, however, has never obtained a permanent footing, although it has been carried there time and again through the accidental intervention of vessels. Of the sea animals the seal is one of the most important. They arrive here often by thousands in early spring upon the drift ice, and are hunted with best success along the east end of the island. But few are seen further west. The walrus at no remote date also frequented these shores, as evidenced by its tusks, which are found occasionally along the beach or in the little bogs near it. Among other land animals of consequence to the trapper are the various species of foxes, including the black cross, silver gray and white one, mink, marten, otter, the furs of which command a high price on account of their special excellence. The Canada goose, eider duck, dusky duck and many seafowl breed on the inland ponds and along the cliffs. Although they are heavily decimated by the incessant raids made upon them, their ranks are always recruited again from the coming and going flocks of migratory birds, which breed somewhere north. I say here, purposely, somewhere, as there are good reasons to believe that the still unexplored interior of the Labrador peninsula is now one of their principal breeding grounds after they have been driven away from their ancient haunts further south.

The lighthouse-keeper at Heath Point, which forms the eastern cape of Anticosti, tells me that during October immense swarms of migratory water-fowl collect for a few days near the lighthouse, in the shallow ponds, where food is abundantly obtained from the succulent shoots of freshwater plants, and I would recommend this spot, which I visited at the wrong time of the year, to any one as the best upon the island for late fall shooting.

A large chapter could be written upon the fresh and salt water fish about and on Anticosti Island, as it lies in the center of the great fish pond of the gulf, and has long borne a high reputation by the sea trout alone, which ascend its rivers in enormous quantities. Mr. Henderson, an English sportsman, who fished last year on the Jupiter River, told me that he was unable to take any more salmon after the sea trout reached its pools. They would rise to the fly by the dozen, and frustrate all competition by sheer force of numbers. He affirmed that he could count three separate tiers of them, one above the other, and over six hundred pounds were taken by him in one single day. Their average weight is then from three to four pounds. Neither have I any doubts concerning the veracity of these statements, extraordinary as they seem, as I have since loaded down a strong man with as many trout as he could carry in less than one hour of fishing, on a stream hardly half the size of the Jupiter. It may be mentioned here that this river is the only one which is leased, and a special permit from its lessee is needed to enjoy its privileges.

The first point we touch on this present occasion is Ellis Bay, where we call for a few hours. Capt. Sutter, to whom we have adverted, owns here a farm which he profitably works with the aid of another man. There are several substantial looking buildings about the grounds, including the comfortable and clean looking dwelling house of the captain, who has lived here over thirty years and has successfully demonstrated the possibility to eke out a comfortable existence while other settlers have been almost starving. Near his house is the grave of redoubtable old Gamache, who in appearance is said to have resembled a pirate rather than a peaceable settler, as he never was known to be about without a formidable crusty old looking set of arms. He is dead and gone to his long last rest, but the bay on which he lived for so many years such an adventurous life will always be remembered by his name. Capt. Sutter has some fine cattle on his farm, on which he has also introduced a great novelty in shape of a patent reaper and mower. I saw here as fine a field of tall red clover as we might encounter in the most productive part of our Middle States. Notwithstanding the absence of the honey bee, which is asserted to be an indispensable agent in the fertilization of the clover, it blossoms here profusely and produces well matured seed. I leave it to others to solve this problem, as there is not a single honey bee upon the whole island of Anticosti, and although the flowers of the clover field in question diffused their powerful aroma for a long distance, but few insects, save some moths, were attracted by it. L.

IN THE VIRGINIA LOWLANDS.

SECOND PAPER.

ONCE upon a time, as the story-books have it, there dwelt on this place, which is in Sussex county, on the banks of the river that bears their name, a powerful tribe of Indians called the Nottoways. In the low grounds, a short distance from the house, was their town, as is evinced by the numerous remains of their weapons and household wares. The other day George Bloro, when plowing on the site, felt the coulter of the plow strike something hard, and upon unearthing it he found a stone vessel about the size of a soup tureen—say, about sixteen inches long by twelve wide. It was a species of granite, dark in color and perfectly symmetrical in its form. It probably belonged to a chief, and must have been a valuable article. Any one who examines it is lost in wonder at the immense labor it must have cost to have hollowed it out, when the implements used were stone itself.

Imagination can run riot over this curious and artistic piece of workmanship. It must have been either conquered by force of arms from the Powhatans or Delawares, who lived in the higher regions of Virginia, for this section for a hundred miles around is entirely destitute of rock, stone or pebble—or, perchance, it was a gift to some mighty warlike sachem by a warrior from the Blue Ridge or Alleghanies, who loved and bought his daughter, the star-eyed fawn of the Nottoway, with ponies and other rich gifts, this stone vessel among them.

Indian arrow-heads are found by the hundred. As I said before, there is no stone in this region, and the problem is, where did they get the flint?

Another marvel that we cannot fathom is how they could kill the deer that furnished their bowstrings, cords, thongs, leather, etc., with such rude weapons as they used. That they did it we know; but how?

I send by this mail a half a dozen arrow-heads found in the village. They were turned up by the plow.

To have gotten close enough to have killed a buck with such arrows as they used would have brought the deer within twenty feet of them, and then they must have had time to fit their arrows to the bow and pull.

I suppose they must have caught the fawns and domesticated them, for, surely, with their impotent and rude weapons, any animal could take care of himself against a rough cedar bow, a lopsided arrow, and a stone tomahawk.

There lived near here, not many years ago, a young fellow whose whole soul panteth after the deer, as a young hart panteth after the running brook. It was his recreation, his delight and his business, and being withal in independent circumstances, he followed the chase as Nimrod did before him, at all times and in all weathers. He was physically a splendid specimen of manhood, being six feet three in his stockings, as straight as an arrow, with square shoulders, and strength and agility that savored of the prize ring.

The chase was for a long time his goddess at whose shrine he worshipped, but fate played him one of her tricks when she led him in the presence of a woman, "*Dieu vous garde.*" A beautiful city belle, with eyes like stars, as fair as the Shunamite, as sweet a flower as ever man tried to gather. She was staying with a friend a few miles away, in a great stately place on the Nottoway River.

Henceforth the chase palled upon him, and Miss Phyllis was the queen and empress of his soul, and transferring his allegiance from Diana he threw himself with all the ardor of his nature in the worship of Venus. But woman, according to that old chronicler Sir Pepys, unites all the sweetness of the dove, with the wisdom of the serpent and cunning of the fox, and in vain did our Philip pursue her. She lured him on with bright smiles, and then with her feminine wiles she snared him beyond hopes of release. Again, and yet again he courted her, only to receive a declination with thanks.

He grew desperate, sullen, morose and mad by turns, even the sound of the hunting horn and the baying of the hounds lost all of its melody to him, and he moved about not caring for anything.

One day he and his younger brother went swimming in the river, the latter carrying his gun along. While they were disporting in the water the lover saw a solitary hound running up and down the banks of the stream. He turned to his brother with the remark:

"Willie, I wouldn't be surprised if there isn't a deer somewhere about here. Jack Marshall's pack are running now, and that dog is on the trail. You had better get your gun ready."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a big six-pronged buck with a hide as yellow as a buttercup jumped from the covert into the stream.

It needed no cry of warning to send the younger plunging in frantic haste to the bank where his gun rested against a tree. In the meantime the buck was in the middle of the current gallantly swimming down, with the solitary dog keeping on the bank making the welkin ring with his bark.

The younger brother, seizing his gun, emptied both barrels into the deer's head, which was the only part above water. The loads struck fair, but a buck's head is almost as hard as a stone, and even though the distance from the shooter to the animal was not over twenty yards, the shot did not kill but only stunned him, the body sank and Philip, seeing this, hastily slipped on his pants, and jumped into the water to secure, as he thought, the carcass. As the head came above the surface he seized it and towed it to the sand bar, and then halloed to his brother to go to the house and get a knife so as to cut the animal's throat and bleed him. Jumping on a horse the younger put out at full speed clad in the costume of a Comanche Indian, only he had no breech clout around his waist nor plumes in his hair. He galloped like mad through brush and through brake until he reached the garden patch, about a half a mile, and then shouted to a servant to bring him a knife. Receiving it he put back as fast as he could.

Before his return a great change had taken place, the buck having recovered from the shock; and rendered savage from pain turned on his pursuer and tried to drive his prongs in

him, but Philip seizing his horns prevented this, and twisting the deer's neck around and tried to break it. Backward and forward over the sand bar they tugged, toiled and struggled in mortal combat. Just at this time, the whole pack of hounds reached the bank in full cry and without a moment's hesitation plunged in. The buck seeing this doubled himself up like a cat, and giving a mighty bound shook himself free from the hunter and rushed to the water, and swam for his life down the river, with the dogs and his pursuer close behind, while Willie kept even pace on the bank yelling with all his might, with a whole tribe of house and darkeys' dogs, all barking and yelping, added their noise to raise the volume of sound that swelled upward in one infernal uproar.

Now as fate or chance willed it, the noise reached every ear in farmer Brown's family where Miss Phyllis was staying, and the whole crowd divining there was a hot chase, pushed down the river to witness it, Miss Phyllis accompanying them. They took their position on a sand bank and waited for the denouement.

The Nottoway River is probably the most crooked in the world; being as full of turns and elbows as a Virginia snake fence, and a sudden angle hid everything from sight. The first one to put in an appearance was Willie who, scratched with briers, barefooted, bareheaded and unclad, rushed in suddenly, screaming like a fiend and waving a hunting knife wildly in the air. The ladies shrieked and covered their faces with their hands, and the younger brother turning a back summersault vanished in a flash in the dark recesses of the forest, where he remained mute, with all of his passion for the chase suddenly quenched. What he thought Heaven knows, for he stole silently home and never went deer hunting again.

The eldest was made of sterner stuff; as the deer struck the sand bank and saw the crowd collected there he turned suddenly at bay; one sweep of his powerful horns cleared the pack of hounds, and then he rushed on his human foe, who awaited him unarmed and undaunted. A confused melee followed, with man, buck-deer and dogs all intermingled. A second time the deer shook himself free. One dog crawled away with broken ribs, two were lamed, while Philip had a long but shallow gash on his neck, cut either by the antlers or by the forefoot of the buck, by which he could not tell, but the blood spurted from the wound and covered his body with the unsanguined flow.

The last round was fought right in the presence of the ladies. Under any other circumstance Philip would, like his brother, have beaten an instantaneous retreat, but his blood was up now and all the devil in him aroused. Again the combatants closed, and this time Phil got the buck fairly by the horns, and then ensued a fine struggle of muscle against muscle, of human strength against brute strength, as was ever witnessed in the old Colliseum in its palmiest days. And the ladies forgot to scream or shriek as they witnessed in breathless silence the gladiator form with swelling sinews brought out in full play, and the eye flashing with the excitement of battle. Even the dogs stood back. The contest was long, but never for a moment doubtful, for the buck could not use his horns. Twist, jump and spring as he may, the iron hands held their hold, until at last in his frantic struggles one of his antlers was torn off, and he sank panting and dying at the feet of his victor

Miss Phyllis watched this combat with kindling cheek and gleaming eye. She came from a nation of warriors and her blood must have thrilled at the sight of her discarded lover with a torso, though red with the ensanguined stream, yet combined the Hercules with the Apollo. What her thoughts were who can tell—and, by the way, who can attempt to follow the thoughts, the caprices, the sudden changes in any woman's heart? I only know that Philip, emboldened by her gracious manner, proposed to her one sweet summer night. He was accepted, and she, the irresistible Phyllis, a veritable dear, became a captive in a full and sweet surrender. CHASSEUR.

Natural History.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

COMPILED FROM THE NOTES OF MR. O. WIDMANN BY W. W. COOKE.

PART II.—CONCLUDED.

(27) *Vireosylvia olivacea*—Red-Eyed Vireo.—S. S. common; 4, 26 F., a few; 5, 2, gradually more noisy.

(19) *Vireosylvia gilva*—Warbling Vireo.—S.S. common; 4,17, F., one male in full song (this may have been here for some time); 4, 18, three males, at stands, in song; 4, 22, has at once become N. N.; 5, 2, begins to build.

(22) *Lanivireo flavifrons*—Yellow-Throated Vireo.—S. S. common; 4, 20, F., one male at old stand; 5, 2, N. N. at stands.

(29) *Lanivireo solitarius*—Solitary Vireo.—F. V.; 4, 28, F., one seen; 5, 10, two seen, which were also the last.

(23) *Vireo noveboracensis*—White-Eyed Vireo.—S. S. common; 4, 21, F., one male in full song; 4, 22, more numerous; 4, 24, ranks fill up, females arrived, males are noisy; 5, 2, noisy at stands.

(27) *Vireo belli*—Bell's Vireo.—S. S. common; 4, 26, F., and few; 5, 2, increasing but slowly.

(—) *Lanius ludovicianus*—Loggerhead Shrike.—R. common; 3, 15, carrying building materials.

(—) *Ampelis cedrorum*—Cedar Bird. R. seldom seen; one flock 4, 29.

(9) *Progne subis*—Purple Martin.—S. S. common; 3, 16, F., three birds seen; 3, 18, three more seen at other places. These martins are S. S., visiting their boxes at once on arriving. 4, 2, have become somewhat more numerous; 4, 3, singing; 4, 6, carrying straw to box; 4, 9, old birds seem to be all back now, but they do not yet build in earnest; 4, 22, more numerous and noisy; 5, 2, old birds in full numbers, birds of last year yet to come; 5, 4, birds of last year arrived to-day, and caused great commotion among old pairs; they are as noisy and jubilant as possible.

(17) *Hirundo erythrogastra*—Barn Swallow.—S. S. common; 4, 7, F.; 4, 9 to 16, a few met with; 4, 21, more numerous.

(9) *Tachycineta bicolor*—White-Bellied Swallow.—S. S. 3, 16, F., a party of ten seen hunting over a lake. These are transient individuals. 5, 2, in migratory flocks yesterday and to-day.

(16) *Stelgidopteryx serripennis*—Rough-Winged Swallow.—S. S.-local. 4, 6. F., six at old stands; 5, 2, first swallow which has eggs.

(25) *Cotile riparia*—Bank Swallow.—S. S. local. 4, 24, F., small flock; 5, 2, not in full numbers, in cool days not about holes.

(23) *Pyranga rubra*—Scarlet Tanager.—S. S., abundant. 4, 21, F., one male, silent; 4, 26, males only, but more numerous; 5, 2, heard and seen rarely. Dense foliage this season makes it difficult to find them.

(32) *Pyranga æstiva*—Summer Red Bird.—S. S. abundant. 5, 2, F.

(—) *Carpodacus purpureus*—Purple Finch.—W. S. abundant (except during winter '79-'80). Seen all the time from 2, 6 to 3, 6; 3, 19, same numbers, but the males are getting rich purple on head, neck and rump; 4, 2, still very numerous, generally on elms, sometimes singing beautifully; 4, 3, to 9, same, males getting purple all over. Their song is often heard, but they keep almost as quiet as in March. 4, 19, party of seven females; 4, 20, two in wood; 4, 29, L.

(—) *Astragalinus tristis*—Thistle Bird.—R., common. A small party met with, 3, 3; 4, 2, seen in small companies, often with the purple finches on same trees, but not seen or heard much; they keep pretty quiet, comparatively. 4, 3, singing; 4, 5, more numerous and noisy, quite yellow; 4, 7, N. N.; 4, 9, they range now among our most conspicuous and noisy birds, in full summer dress; 4, 18, to-day the noisiest and most conspicuous birds; 4, 21, two large flocks too noisy; 4, 22, another large flock; very numerous now; 4, 24, extremely numerous; 4, 26, decreased; 5, 1, a flock on ground; 5, 4, a flock of at least a hundred along River des pères.

(14) *Passerculus sandwichensis savanna*—Savannah Sparrow.—T. V. 4, 4, F.; again 4, 5, both at old stands, where I find them every year. They do not breed there, but transient birds seem to like the place; 4, 9 to 16, has remained at stands; 4, 22, increase; 4, 27, more conspicuous and singing; 5, 2, still with us at same places, N. N.; 5, 4, on fences along roadside singing; 5, 8, considerable decrease; bulk left, and L., 5, 10.

(9) *Poæcetes gramineus*—Bay-Winged Bunting.—S. S. a bird which is never numerous in this vicinity, met with twice across the river; in Illinois 3, 16 and 4, 1.

(29) *Coturniculus passerinus*—Yellow-Winged Sparrow.—S. S. 4, 28, F.; 5, 4, migrating party in a meadow.

(12) *Chondestes grammicus*—Lark Finch.—S. S., common; 3, 28 F.; 4, 2, not numerous yet; 4, 20, four pairs, somewhat more numerous and noisy; 4, 21, has considerably increased and is now seen in pairs at old stands; 5, 2, N. N. at stands.

(24) *Zonotrichia leucophrys*—White-Crowned Sparrow.—W. S. but mostly T. V.; 4, 22, F.; 4, 27, more conspicuous and singing; 5, 2, approaching height of season, heard and seen often; 5, 4, decided increase, heard everywhere along roads, borders of woods, etc., height of season; 5, 5, bulk left last night, migrating individuals to-day; 5, 14, still present, but not numerous; small flocks until 5, 17, L.

(—) *Zonotrichia albicollis*—White-Throated Sparrow.—W. S. but mostly T. V. Has become much more numerous since 3, 1. Only small parties or single individuals were seen in February, but now flocks of 12 to 18 of all grades of coloration are met with, and their song is often heard; 3, 19, same; 3, 20, large flocks; 4, 2 to 9, same numbers at same stations, *i. e.*, places to which they return regularly every year, and where they will stay till May. They do not now keep exclusively on the ground, but are often found high up in trees feeding. They are not conspicuous, keeping quiet and singing but little. 4, 17, still plentiful at old places; 4, 22, flocks have increased to double their former size, and more highly-colored males among them; 4, 24, extremely numerous; 4, 26, decreased by the large flocks leaving; 5, 2, small flocks, all birds of the last year, are left; comparatively few, but still very numerous at certain stands, which are the same as in March and April; 5, 4, still numerous, but no increase; 5, 5, migrating individuals; 5, 8, considerable decrease; 5, 14, still present, but not numerous; 5, 17, L.

Spizella montana—Tree Sparrow.—W. S., common; 3, 6, still here; 3, 19, have left.

(8) *Spizella domestica*—Chipping Sparrow.—S. S., almost R.; 3, 15, F., one singing; 3, 18, two singing; 3, 20, numerous, more than a dozen males singing; 4, 2, full numbered, but no migrating flocks met with; 4, 6, first set of eggs; 4, 9, one of our most industrious songsters.

Spizella pallida—Clay Sparrow.—T. V., once met with; 4, 29, 1881.

(2) *Spizella pusilla*—Field Sparrow.—S. S., almost R.; 2, 25, F.; 3, 1, first song; after 3, 3, more numerous and song heard at many old stands; 3, 11, migrating flock; 3, 19, increasing; 3, 20, full numbers and full song; 4, 2, several migrating flocks; 4, 9, one of our most industrious songsters; 5, 2, N. N. on eggs.

Junco hyemalis—Snow Bird.—W. S. common; after 3, 1, they no longer kept silent on ground, but mount trees and sing all day; 3, 19, same; 3, 20, large flocks; 4, 2, more numerous, flocks of two to four dozens met with since 3, 28; 4, 3, suddenly almost all have left us; 4, 5 to 9, are scarce, but a few can always be met with, partly on ground partly up in trees, feeding there in company with peabody bird, purple finch, yellow rump, ruby crown, thistle bird, etc.; such trees sometimes swarm with a dozen different species; 4, 16, a few birds with a migrating flock of flickers and robins; 4, 19, one; 4, 20, saw two among flock of fifty thistle birds in woods; 5, 29, one!!

(3) *Melospiza fasciata*—Song Sparrow.—T. V., common; 3, 1, F., singing; 3, 7, very numerous and conspicuous; 3, 19 to 4, 2, same; 4, 3, beginning to leave; 4, 4, L.

(5) *Melospiza palustris*—Swamp Sparrows.—T. V., 3, 3, two seen among song sparrows; 3, 16, very numerous; 4, 2 to 5, 4, same numbers, but bulk left soon after; 5, 11, L.

(22) *Melospiza lincolnii*—Lincoln's Sparrow.—T. V., 4, 20, F., three seen; 5, 2, height of season; bulk left 5, 4 and 5; 5, 8, still more decrease; single birds to 5, 23, L.

(6) *Passerella iliaca*—Fox Sparrow.—T. V., almost W. S.; 3, 4, F., singing; 3, 7, everywhere among compound flocks of the *Fringillidæ*, but not more than three or four at a time; 3, 20, only a few seen; 4, 3, nearly all have left us quite suddenly; 4, 4, L.

(2) *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*—Towhee Bunting.—2, 25, F., one male; 3, 2, first song and first female; 3, 7, generally heard at old stands; 3, 19, full numbered, but no migrating flocks; all S. S.; 4, 2, S. S., all present and flocks of a dozen; 4, 6, males fighting like roosters; 5, 2, N. N., on eggs.

(—) *Cardinalis virginianus*—Cardinal Grosbeak.—R. common, heard on every warm day, but very noisy, 3, 3; 5, 3, N. N. male and female often heard.

(23) *Zamelodia ludoviciana*—Rose-Breasted Grosbeak.—S. S. common; 4, 21, F., one male in full song; 4, 22, male and female seen often, heard song; 4, 26, very noisy and conspicuous, females have arrived; 5, 2, N. N., excited and conspicuous.

(25) *Passerina cyanea*—Indigo Bird.—S. S. common; 4, 24, F., small flock of males; 4, 25, still scarce and not yet in song; 4, 26, males only, but more numerous; 4, 27, males seen singly and heard to sing, but no females; 5, 2, males and females in separate flocks, not excited yet, but song often heard, males numerous, females few; 5, 4, males everywhere, females in flocks; 5, 6, N. N. excited.

(26) *Spiza americana*—Black-Throated Bunting.—S. S. common; 4, 25, F., the vanguard; 4, 27, males seen singly and heard singing, but no females; 5, 2, males not in full numbers, singing, but often seen flying in search of something, much like cowbirds; 5, 4, N. N. and one of the most conspicuous birds.

(32) *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*—Bobolink.—T. V. not abundant and rapid transit; 5, 2, F., van only; 5, 4, males, singing on wing; 5, 5, large flock of singing bobolinks go north at 6 A. M.; 5, 11, seen; 5, 18, L.

(5) *Molothrus ater*—Cowbird.—S. S. common; 3, 3, a few observed; 3, 19, still scarce; 4, 2, hardly numerous; 4, 3, suddenly N. N.; 4, 8, females numerous, now conspicuous; three generally seen in hot pursuit; 5, 2, everywhere male and female.

(—) *Xanthocephalus icterocephalus*—Yellow-Headed Blackbird.—S. S. not common; seen 5, 11.

(1) *Agelæus phœniceus*—Red-Winged Blackbird.—S. S. small flocks seen going north as early as 2, 20, also a few at old haunts before 3, 2, but great arrival and large flocks going north at sunrise 3, 3, also in evening 3, 3, and morning and evening 3, 4; 4, 2, great numbers present, but few females; 4, 17, males and females in separate flocks; 4, 18, the noisiest and most conspicuous birds to-day; 4, 26, females still increase in numbers; 5, 2, mating and noisy.

(—) *Sturnella magna*—Meadow Lark.—R. common. 3, 7, very noisy and conspicuous during warm days; 5, 2, regularly heard at stands.

(24) *Icterus spurius*—Orchard Oriole. S. S. common; 4, 22, F., old males have arrived and are heard singing; 4, 26, still quiet, old males only; 4, 27, females arrived and males jubilant; 5, 2, not excited, singing, but not in full numbers; 5, 4, begins to be N. N.

(24) *Icterus galbula*—Baltimore Oriole.—4, 22, F.; old males only, singing; 4, 26, very conspicuous and noisy, females arrived; 5, 2, excited and mating.

(—) *Scolecophagus ferrugineus*—Rusty Grackle.—W. S. before 3, 15, flocks; 4, 2, small numbers everywhere, from then gradually decreasing; 4, 16, scarce.

(1) *Quiscalus purpureus æneus*—Bronzed Grackle.—S. S. the first flocks passed north 2, 20, and a few were at old stands before 3, 2, but the large flocks in countless numbers passed north the morning and evening of 3, 3 and 4; the S. S. now go in pairs, noisy and conspicuous; 4, 9, mating but still going to the common sleeping place on Arsenal Island; 5, 2, mating and noisy, have almost ceased using the island as a night resort since yesterday, a few only go to-day; 5, 4, new flocks, seen to-night, go to island.

(—) *Corvus frugivorus*—Crow.—R. most numerous in winter, when about fifty thousand spend the night on Arsenal Island, opposite the southern part of this city. 3, 7, have decreased very much in numbers; 3, 15, carrying building materials; 3, 19, mostly gone; 4, 2, not one per cent. left to spend the night on the island.

(—) *Cyanocitta cristata*.—R., 3, 7, not yet very noisy; 3, 19, same; 5, 2, flock of thirty go north at 6 A. M. followed by smaller flocks.

(—) *Eremophila alpestris*—Shore Lark.—R., abundant. 3, 7, very noisy and conspicuous during warm days; 5, 2, regularly heard at stands.

(20) *Tyrannus carolinensis*.—King Bird.—S. S. common; 4, 18, F., one male; 4, 21, two more birds, a male and a female; 4, 22, begins to be conspicuous, both male and female; 4, 24, more numerous; 4, 26, N. N., 5, 1, migrating flock.

(23) *Myiarchus crinitus*—Great Crested Flycatcher.—S. S. common; 4, 21, F., one, silent; 4, 24, more numerous; 4, 26, N. N.; 5, 2, conspicuous.

(5) *Sayornis fuscus*—Phœbe.—S. S. common; 3, 3, F., two males; 3, 6, first female; 3, 15, carrying building materials; 3, 19, full force, but no migrating flocks, all S. S.; 4, 14, first set of fresh eggs; 5, 2, feed young in nest.

(41) *Contopus borealis*—Olive-Sided Flycatcher.—T. V.; 5, 24 and 25, seen.

(30) *Contopus virens*—Wood Pewee.—S. S. common; 4, 29, F.; 5, 2, not numerous yet; 5, 4, pretty often heard to-day.

(36) *Empidonax flaviventris*—Yellow-Bellied Flycatcher.—T. V.; 5, 10, seen.

(28) *Empidonax acadicus*—Acadian Flycatcher.—S. S., abundant in forest; 4, 27, F., silent at old stands; 5, 2, not yet in full numbers.

(34) *Empidonax pusillus traillii*—Traill's Flycatcher.—S. S. common; 5,4, F., seen and heard at old stands.

(33) *Empidonax minimus*—Least Flycatcher. —T. V., not common; 5, 3, F., two or three migrating; again 5, 5; from 5, 11, to 28 seen every day; 5, 29, L.

(33) *Trochilus colubris*—Ruby-Throated Humming Bird.—S. S. common; 5, 3, F., one male.

(18) *Chætura pelasgica*—Chimney Swift.—S. S. common; 4, 14, F., one; 4, 18, five at one time, chasing; 4, 19, becoming more numerous; 4, 20, flocks go north in evening; 4, 22, air full of them even during rain; 4, 24, by dozens in air, especially in evening.

(—) *Caprimulgus vociferus*—Whippoorwill.—S. S. very common. No record for 1882.

(35) *Chordeiles popetue*—Night Hawk.—S. S. common; 5, 5, F., at 6 P. M.; 5, 8, more go north this evening.

(—) *Picus pubescens*—Downy Woodpecker.—R.

(—) *Picus villosus*—Hairy Woodpecker.—R.

(13) *Sphyrapicus varius*—Yellow-Bellied Woodpecker.—T. V. 3, 29, F., again 3, 31 and 4, 5; 4, 9, same birds at same places; 5, 4, females migrating.

(24) *Centurus carolinus*—Red-Bellied Woodpecker.—S. S. almost R., this year very late; 4, 22, F., one male; 5, 4, females migrating.

(—) *Hylotomus pileatus*—Pileated Woodpecker.—R., one seen 2, 6.

(11) *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*—Red-Headed Woodpecker.—S. S. but very irregular; in '77-'78 many were seen all winter; 3, 20, F., two at old stands; 4, 2, only three seen so far; 4, 9, still scarce; 4, 22, this bird so scarce before is today met with at every step singly and in small parties. Many are seen on wing flying to and fro; 4, 26, N. N.

(4) *Colaptes auratus*—Golden-Winged Woodpecker.—R.; but mostly S. S., generally moving with the robins; 3, 2, F., 3, 4 and 6, more numerous among robins; 3, 19, seen everywhere; 4, 2, N. N., mating, also in migrating flocks; 4, 9, belongs at present to our most noisy birds; 4, 15 and 22, migrating flocks seen.

(10) *Ceryle alcyon*—Kingfisher.—S. S. 3, 18, F., one male.

(34) *Coccyzus americanus*—Yellow-Billed Cuckoo.—S. S. 5, 4, F., heard often.

(—) *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*—Black-Billed Cuckoo.—S. S. no record for 1882. 4, 24, F., 1880 and 5, 6, F., 1881.

THE MASSASAUGA'S BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 5 I read with intense interest an able article by "Nessmuk," entitled "The Massasauga's Bite." May I, who am of the laity, be allowed a few lines to give my theory, not necessarily as opposed to "Nessmuk," but what I have observed in quite lengthy travels in different countries. It is this: The bite of a venomous serpent is fatal only when the larger veins are struck where the circulation is large and rapid—in all other cases, one as a rule recovers.

It will be noticed in "Nessmuk's" article that two of the three who died were bitten, the one in an artery in the neck, the other in the wrist, where all the veins are gathered into a small focus; of the third who died he does not state where the bite was, but only that the victim was bitten twice. All others recovered. In support of my theory, I would state that it is a well-established fact that the hogs in our Western States destroy and devour rattlesnakes; it has also been observed that the hog presents that part of his neck that is near the shoulder to the attack and lunge of the reptile, it being commonly supposed that the bristles on that part of the hog's body prevent the snake from being able to bite into the skin; and while thus entangled the hog seizes his enemy below the head and crushes him.

This generally accepted belief of the attack and defense is substantially true; but it is also true that the hog is quite often bitten on the very part that he presents to the snake, and which nature has covered with a large accumulation of fat, and which has for that reason a languid circulation. The hog, struck on this part of the body, seems to feel little effect from the bite, the sebaceous follicles seeming to neutralize the poison; whereas, if he be struck in a vein, he dies, as human beings die under like circumstances.

The remedies noted by "Nessmuk" seem admirable, and the practical common-sense advice given is invaluable to travelers and sportsmen. The fact, nevertheless, remains that if a person is struck in a vein by a poisonous snake, he will, in my opinion, die. It is simply a question of where the bite is that decides the question of life and death, it being always supposed that proper remedies are applied and that the bite is inflicted by a virile, venomous snake.

FUSIL.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 10, 1882.

AN AUDACIOUS GOSHAWK (*Astur atricapillus*).—On the morning of Oct. 3, 1882, I saw a red poll warbler in an unusually dark plumage, and, wishing to procure it for a specimen, went to my office and loaded a small .22-cal rifle with a light charge of dust shot. On leaving the building I heard a hen cry out in distress from behind a pile of stones in the bushes near by. Guided by the sound I soon reached the spot, and found a goshawk perched upon an old hen, not more than ten feet distant. Aiming at his breast, I fired, but with no other effect, apparently, than of arousing his indignation and wrath, for he immediately arose and dove at my head with great fury. I struck him on the wing with the barrel of the rifle, and loosened one of his tail feathers, but did not succeed in knocking him down as I anticipated. Meanwhile the hen was making off. Perceiving her, and determined not to lose his dinner, the bold hawk left me and gave chase to her. She rushed into the bushes, which were so thick that the hawk could not fly between them. Not to be baffled by this move, he closed his wings and followed her upon the ground, in a succession of long and rapid hops, and quickly overtook her and pounced upon her back. The hen was a large and strong one, and, carrying the hawk, for nearly a hundred feet before tumbling over. I soon reached the scene and struck at the hawk with the empty gun. He dodged the blow by dropping on his back, and then flew up into a tree overhead, but was gone before I could get a cartridge. The poor hen was so frightened that she hid under a catnip plant near the door of my office, and remained there till driven away, five hours later.—C. HART MERRIAM, M. D. (Locust Grove, New York).

CAPTURE OF A SHARK.—Framingham, Mass., Oct. 15.—On the 12th inst., being at Clark's Island, Plymouth, Mass., I witnessed the capture of a large shark, of the species called by the fishermen mackerel shark (*Lamna punctata* Mitchell). The fish was first seen at some distance from shore, as the observer was about entering the island harbor in a small boat, and as the tide was nearly out, he concluded to make an attempt to drive him on shore. Strange to say, the shark seemed "agreeable," and allowed himself to be guided in the required direction by occasional taps with an eel spear, and would sometimes seem to desire to take refuge under the boat, nearly capsizing it, but never making much effort to gain deep water. Attracted by the fracas several more boats came to assist, and finally penned him up in water so shoal he could not go under. The shark then began to realize his position, and dashed continually back and forth, making the water fly furiously. Half an hour of this, headed off in every direction, exhausted him sufficiently to allow of a rope being passed over his tail, and he was soon dragged on shore and despatched. His length was about seven and a half feet, and his weight (estimated) little short of 400 pounds. (The body of this species is immensely thick compared with its length.) The fishermen proposed to cut him up for lobster bait. Nothing whatever was found in the stomach, and from his sluggishness, when first overhauled, it seems likely he was "under the weather" in some way. The specimen of this variety from which Storer (Report on Mass. Fishes, 1839) drew up his description, was taken not far from this same place. None of the fishermen I talked with had ever seen a shark of this size in the neighborhood before. —F. C. BROWNE.

THE AMERICAN TAXIDERMISTS.—At a meeting of the Society of American Taxidermists, recently held in Washington, it was determined that the third annual exhibition should be held at Armory Hall, in Central Park, New York, and that it should open Dec. 4 and close Dec. 16. A board of exhibition commissioners was elected, consisting of the following gentlemen: Jacob H. Studer, President; Prof. G. Brown Goode, Vice-President; Dr. Joseph B. Holder, Secretary; Andrew Carnegie, Treasurer; Prof. A. S. Bickmore, Robert Colgate, James C. Beard, Dr. Wendell Prime and Prof. Henry A. Ward. The exhibition will presumably be one of great interest.

MASSACHUSETTS BIRD NOTES.—The few summer birds that remain here now are the brown thrush (*Harporhynchus rufus*), catbird (*Mimus carolinensis*), towhee bunting (*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*), purple grackle (*Quiscalus purpureus*), rusty grackle (*Scolecophagus ferrugineus*), bluebird (*Sialia sialis*), cherry-bird (*Ampelis cedrorum*), song sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata*), chipping sparrow (*Spizella domestica*), and numerous warblers. The birds that remain here all winter are red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), crow (*Corvus americanus*), bluejay (*Cyanura cristata*), golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*), robin (*Turdus migratorius*), black-capped chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*), hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*), goldfinch (*Astragalinus tristis*), ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), and quail (*Ortyx virginianus*).—JOHN C. CAHOON.

THE WESTERN SHRIKE IN NEW ENGLAND.—Taunton, Mass., October 9, 1882.—While out with my gun September 12 I had the good fortune to shoot a white-rumped loggerhead shrike (*Lanius ludovicianus excubitoroides*). It was sitting on a telegraph wire, and as I approached it flew down and alighted on a small apple-tree, when I shot it. Its crop contained small bones and bugs. This is, so far, the second one that has ever been taken in New England.—J. C. CAHOON.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

DO QUAIL HAVE A SECOND BROOD?

NOT long since a writer in the FOREST AND STREAM took the position that quail (we call them partridge,) do not have, at any time, a second brood. If I understand him, he meant his language to impart that they nest but once during the year. Of course it is difficult for any one to prove to the contrary, and it would be equally difficult to prove that all the female birds lay at all. Inasmuch as these birds are not domesticated, no one has authority to make any assertion as to the question, and all are obliged to draw conclusions from such facts as are known.

Now we all know that in this latitude the nesting season is the month of May and early June, for during this season the nests are often found when the small grain is reaped. It often occurs, too, that in some cases the nests have no eggs in them, and in others that they have evidently been destroyed by "varmints" before hatching. It may be safely assumed, I think, that all the females, following a law of nature, deposit their eggs during the time indicated in this paragraph, and unless disturbed, incubate and hatch out a brood. All do not hatch on the same day, or during the same week or month even, for if they did all the young would be fully grown at the same time. We know that such is not the case. All sportsmen who have gone into the field on the 15th of October, have seen that nearly one-half of the coveys started are not fully grown, and occasionally one is found which cannot even fly.

On the 23d day of October, 1880, Tecee and I went to "the Gulf" in Chatham, on a bird hunt, expecting to meet some friends from Washington City, who had promised to join us, but were prevented from doing so by a railroad accident and the state of the weather. We hunted some low lands on Deep River on the morning after our arrival, and all the birds we found were fully grown. In the afternoon we chose a different locality, and shortly after leaving the house our dog, Mark, gave signs of a "taint in the air," and soon came to a dead halt. We approached, walked on, but no birds flew. He kept his position, and upon order sprang forward, and nothing rising, he looked the very personification of meanness, as he saw running in the grass near his nose several little birds not larger than wrens. These must have hatched during the month. It is certain that the eggs were not laid in May or June, and it is equally certain that they must have been early in September, when some of the young birds were so far advanced as to need no maternal guidance or aid. The hen may have raised one brood and then started another, or she may have lost the first one. It is hardly probable she did not get "in season" until late in August. From the facts given, and others within my knowledge, I think I am warranted in concluding that if birds do not raise a second brood (I think they sometimes do) they will lay the second time, if the first nest is destroyed. Chickens raise more than one brood, and the cases are rare when all grown hens do not commence laying in early spring. If not allowed to "set," and plenty of food is given or obtained, hens will commence laying again after the lapse of a few weeks. Why may it not be so with quail? It is but reasonable to suppose it should be so.

In some parts of this State the prospect for good sport with "Bob White" is excellent. Those of us who are given to an indulgence in it, are looking forward somewhat pleasantly to the time when we can visit our friends who live on the Pee Dee near Stanback's and Dumas's Ferry, and make the fields resonant with the sharp reports of our light breech-loaders, while Martin, Bickett and Tecee are striving for the belt. We hope to have plenty of dogs which have breath and speed and staunchness, albeit they occasionally break shot and engage in a lively but bootless race to catch an old cock as he whirrs off for a place of safety. If we had some of the blue bloods, trained to absolute obedience, we could, doubtless, bag more birds; but we manage always to get a fair share of them, and the hard walking gives us such appetites that we enjoy the game, whether fried or broiled, and put on no wry faces, even if the coffee is rather weak, or is wanting in the fragrance of Mocha or that indescribable article called in trade "Old Government Java."

I hope to be able to let you hear from me occasionally. After the election is over and my voice ceases to sound in behalf of what I regard the interests of the country—for I sometimes take the "stump"—I may sharpen my pen and scribble a little for the amusement of that portion of my fellow citizens who, in the field and around the camp fire, lay aside all "cares of State," and acknowledge the brotherhood of all men who are fond of the "rod and gun, the forest and stream." There all strife in regard to taxation, constitutional limitations, currency, commerce, "a free ballot and a fair count" (whatever that means) is hushed, and the "shot-gun policy" prevails. If any quarrel does spring up, it originates in a failure upon the part of some too eager sportsman to acknowledge a "fair count" of game which he has bagged, and the number of misses scored against him. The only "commerce" regarded is that which pertains to shot and shell and their accompaniments, and the only "currency" the smoking interests, which pass into the mouth and soon get below "par." As to "constitutional limitations," Cooley's treatise is unknown, and the capacity for a long tramp is used as an agreeable substitute. WELLS.

GOSSIP ABOUT QUAIL.

"JUNIATA" has no particular text to discourse upon, and no peculiar subject to investigate, but FOREST AND STREAM is so much like the other good book, that texts are too numerous to stick to one, and each one is so suggestive of others, that it is impossible to withstand the temptation to gossip, and since you have, like Oliver, boldly "asked for more," I prefer to overlook the implied "treacle and sulphur" in the compliment, and so send some notes prepared in June.

Now, as Mr. "Chas. A. Peake" says in answer to "J. E. S.," "I profess to know a quail when I see it." I am not one of the later broods myself, as I was a lover of the quail in my youth, have grown fonder of them as age comes on apace, and so have for many years made some careful watching over them and their habits. I have never been convinced that two broods are raised in one season, but that very late hatched ones are found unfit to shoot November 1, has been my experience every season. The hatching of early and late birds is discussed in June note before mentioned. But before getting so far, I would like to answer the correspondent who asked why pairs of prairie chickens were abundant before and during hatching time, then seemed to disappear for a time, reappearing with their young well feathered. Speaking to your "Sancho Panza," who is the worthy descendant of noble sires, who loved the horses well but their hounds better, and is something of a scientist, he explained the philosophy of my statement of fact, that the old hen and chickens gave out no scent and it was a mere accident if found. Thus "in old birds while nesting and brooding the secretions are very inactive and give out little scent. The glands of the feet give out the greater scent, and are not developed in young ones until nearly mature. In mammals the milk secretion absorbs the scent," and so does and fawn are protected from otherwise inevitable destruction while helpless. I have been surprised to see dogs with fine noses unable to locate the quite young scattered quail, when broods were occasionally found: so it is, I presume, with chickens.

I have not noticed any remarks upon the occasional southern migration of our own quail. In 1858 or '59, while residing in the coal region for some weeks, I drove frequently through an unoccupied valley, well wooded, and upon every trip would see droves of 20 to 200 quail, evidently moving southward, and while at my desk observed small and large crowds fly from a hilltop across the same valley to the foot of the mountain opposite. The hilltop and sides had been denuded of timber by mine operators, and of brush by the goats of operatives, otherwise the birds would foot it, as they do further up among the timber. The migratory attempts to fly across the Susquehanna below Harrisburg result in frequent failures to reach the south shore. During the winter of 1866–67 our quail were entirely destroyed, and none except some wandering "bachelors," in spring time, I suppose in search of mates, were seen or heard until 1874. In November of that year, while hunting rabbits, I found three bevies upon my farm, when there were none during summer and fall—eighteen, twenty and twenty-five to thirty in the several lots. I may have had as joyful surprises in my life, but none more so, as I had two old Bizmark pups, aged 8½ months, and there was my opportunity. For knowing they were migrating birds and would not remain, I soon had the puppies among them, and then I had another enjoyment—to see them stiffen out and back, and behave as Biz's progeny should do, and do in any case where they have seen a show of training. But, without a pedigree and no money to be made out of the strain, kennelmen and professional trainers very wisely never handled, bred and selected the best, generation after generation. Like many another good strain, it will soon be among "The Dogs I Have Had." The one Laverack I have, with the "blood of all Howards" in his veins, did not show, up wind, the least interest in a bevy of full-fledged quail which old Blanche was pointing down wind; yet he is a typical beauty—black and white and ticked, but a great disappointment; an accident of an otherwise well-regulated family. But dogs are not the subject. After shooting the two first birds which rose, and comparing them with two or three shot afterward, I was satisfied that I had the parent birds. The idea struck me that, the leaders gone, the migration would be stopped. So I went in search of another bevy, and got the old birds and two young ones. I had to go some distance for the third and largest lot, and found it at dusk, and then missed with both barrels. Next day could not, and never did find it again, but the two first bevies remained, and were fed through the winter. I found other birds and did the same. I have always tried to drop the first birds which rise in coveys, and general y find them to be the parent birds. When successful it localizes the young ones, as I find that very early hatchings, which I could find in August and September, disappear almost the opening of the season, the late ones never. The spring of 1881 was an exceptional one for breeding; abundance in July, August and September, and scarcity in the shooting season. The winter of '80 and '81 was very destructive to quail, but as soon as spring opened, by a compensation of nature, I presume, the survivors nested, and by the second week of June the young birds were numerous and able to fly. We had no rain after that time until late fall. In August the birds were strong and appeared full grown. But brooks, ponds and rivulets were waterless, no weeds had grown, there was no grass in the fields, thickets of blackberry and brush had lost their leaves, or retained only a few shriveled ones, there was no shelter or water. The hawks were as fierce as usual, the quail left, and by October 15 very few were found, and these were too young to be shot.

June 20 to July 4 is the usual time for quail to hatch out, but in 1881 I failed to learn of a single nest of eggs being found in haying or grain harvest. Young birds were plenty. During other years the mowing machines have revealed the destroyed nests. The winter of '79 and '80 was open. Breeding birds were plenty, and no doubt fat, but there were no young birds until July, and several nests were found in harvest and some were deserted. In 1880 the mower uncovered six nests in my fields—120 eggs. The effort to restore cover, and bring back the nesting birds, failed. Since then I have a standing reward to the mowers if they raise the cutter bars, save the grass and shelter the nest when they see a bird rise. No half dollar has been claimed, because no nests were found, or else they were destroyed. JUNIATA.

THOMPSONTOS, Pa., Oct. 9, 1882.

"Boss" is the name adopted by Upthegrove & McLellan, of Valparaiso, Ind., for one style of their celebrated Shooting Suits. By persistent advertising and good work their suits have become national in reputation and have many friends in all parts of this continent.—*Adv.*

SPORT IN NEW MEXICO.

FIRST PAPER.

RATHER more than a year ago I sent you a few notes upon trout-fishing in New Mexico, that you honored with a place in your columns, and I believe you afterwards expressed a wish that I would contribute a second edition. Per force of circumstances I have been obliged to postpone writing, for the very simple reason that I had nothing to write about, as I have already told you sport is not to be had in the immediate vicinity of Santa Fe, and having business to attend to, my journeys in pursuit thereof are limited. However I will give you the best I have.

I suppose most of your readers remember from their ancient mythology a gentleman of the name of Tantalus, who, having excited the ire of the gods, was doomed to suffer everlasting thirst, although a good long drink was placed under his very nose, but as soon as he stretched forth his hand to refresh himself, the cooling beverage (a purely temperance drink) receded just beyond his reach. This was what might be called carrying prohibition a little too far. Well, this poor thirsty soul's doom seems to form the model after which that of the average sportsman is moulded. But seriously, on a moment's reflection, one cannot help being struck with the similarity on a reduced scale. An experience like the following may better convey my meaning: Quoth Jones, "If you want good trout-fishing go to the West; you can't go wrong." Robinson accordingly packs up his traps and starts say for Kansas; arrived in Kansas, makes inquiries. "Oh, you ought to go to New Mexico if you want good fishing." Accordingly Robinson arrives in this Territory, say in the northern part; he is then told he should go further south; then he goes too near Old Mexico, but at last lands in Santa Fe. On inquiry he is told, "Oh, yes, plenty of good fishing on the Pecos twenty miles from here." Arrives on Pecos, is then told the best fishing is ten miles above this place. On reaching the spot at last, he finds he has spent all the time at his disposal, and so is obliged to pack up his traps again and go back East without having wet a line. This is only a slight exaggerated fancy picture of the woes of a sportsman in search of fun, and I have no doubt many of your readers have met with similar luck. This seeming destiny of the followers of either rod or gun has so frequently been impressed upon me that I can scarcely refrain alluding to it.

The southern part of the Territory (N. B., I am in the north) affords good quail shooting, but around Santa Fe they are very few and far between, like plums in a school-boy's pudding. There certainly is a large number of prairie doves that afford good fun, for their flight is very swift and often remarkably snipe-like and erratic. During my occasional rambles I have taken care to note the spots where quail have been seen, so as to try for them after September 1. On the opening of this season, therefore, I induced a friend to accompany me in search of them with intent to kill, as by putting pieces together I felt pretty confident of going to the right spot. On the way out, about twelve miles from town, we espied a covey running across the road just in front of the mules, so we alighted at once, slipped cartridges into our guns, and went as fast as we could straight up a small hill by the side of the road, round which the birds had disappeared. The running powers of the California quail are second only to that of a man ahead of a bear. Just as we reached the summit on one side they had been equally as expeditious on the other, consequently we met, and up they all went on our left, and I got in both barrels and picked up a brace. My friend was standing in such a position that he could not get in a shot. We followed them up, but could find no further trace. We next beat some marsh ground for duck and snipe, but without success, and then went to my pet ground, and soon found two coveys, but the young ones being scarcely large enough to shoot, we spared them for future sport, and turned our attention to doves and rabbits. Our bag consisted of seven quail, four rabbits, and about fifteen doves. Nothing very big, but not bad for this section.

Last June I was invited to make one of a party to go on to the Pecos, and went. A good ambulance with four mules was to convey us to the scene of operations about forty miles off. For about the first twenty miles the road is very tedious, nothing but piñon-covered plain and heaps of dust, but on nearing the celebrated Apache Cañon that has been the source of so much trouble and expense to the A. T. and S. F. Railroad, we found ourselves in a decidedly more picturesque neighborhood. A few miles further on we pass the spot where the Apache Cañon fight took place during the civil war, and the house where the noted desperado, Ike Stockton, "ran" a dance hall, and subsequently stood off a sheriff's posse. But that grand old man Time, and four strong mules, will do wonders, when working in harmony, so at last we reached our destination. Before reaching the ranch where we proposed stopping for the night, and about one mile from it, I alighted from the conveyance with one of my companions to try for a few fish for supper, I wielding the rod, he the net. Time 4:30 P. M. Quickly putting my tackle together, and mounting a cast with red hackle, yellow cowdung and a black gnat with peacock herl body, I was soon at work. The fish rose well and by the time I reached the rendezvous, at 6 o'clock, I had taken just two dozen, mostly small fish, a very good evening's work considering I fished from the bank.

An excellent supper consisting of wild turkey, fresh trout, with usual ranch et ceteras of milk, butter and eggs, was done ample justice to. During the course of the meal one gentleman, after devouring at the least computation ten of the fish, remarked on being pressed to take another (the last), that he never ate trout, because "they disagree with me."

Next the inevitable pipe followed and all hands settled down to swapping fish lies. Why is it that fishing and tall lying are usually supposed to be inseparable? I noticed a short time time ago in a Western paper the remark that it was strange, St. Peter being a noted fisherman, could not stand Ananias stretching the point a little about the church collections.

Now we are on the subject of fish yarns, I cannot refrain from giving you a specimen from Ireland. When fishing in Connemara, in the west of Ireland, some few years ago, I came upon as fine a specimen of a cold-blooded fish liar as the world ever produced—a certain first-prize taker at any international piscatorial exhibition. He was a typical Irish peasant, and river-keeper to the lord of the manor, but withal an excellent fisherman. One evening he imparted the following in such a serious manner, that to throw any doubt upon his veracity would give great offence:

"I had received orders from the master," he said in his rich brogue, "to kill a salmon for the house, and had tried for a long time without moving a fish, when on throwing my tail fly onto the opposite bank to draw it gently into the water to try and coax up a fish in that way, a 12-pounder took my drop fly with a rush, but I was terrified to see my tail fly fast on the bank. I was not long left in doubt, however, as to the cause of its remaining there, for I found I had securely hooked a fine lively hare and salmon at one throw. First one and then the other would prove the stronger, the hare trying to make off across country, and the salmon naturally making for the deepest pools. The fight, a ter lasting for about a quarter of an hour, during which all I had to do was to give line, the combatants had removed the battlefield from a rather steep bank, to a shallow, pebbly ford a little below. I saw the salmon turn up exhausted and the hare go straight away, dragging the fish with him out onto dry land. I then landed the hare, after a short struggle, and went on my way rejoicing." There! How's that?

The following morning I, being the only fisherman of the party, set off betimes and fished about two miles of beautiful water, and on returning in the evening found my bag to consist of five dozen trout, averaging one-quarter pound. I had returned a large number of small ones during the day, but was not fortunate enough to get on terms with a big one, in fact, large fish in the upper waters are not numerous.

The next day we determined to move down stream some ten or twelve miles. The weather during the night had undergone a marked change, the river had risen considerably and the wind was cold, so I had some misgivings of my success. The banks were very much overhung with bushes, so the only way to fish was to wade down the middle of the stream, which I did. All my best endeavors met with but little success, as after whipping for about two hours, and trying all the flies I could think of, my creel was as empty as the day I bought it, and worse, it was getting late, viz., four o'clock. However, knowing fish to be in a stream, I am not easily discouraged at failure at the first attempt, and so persevered, trying the deeps, shallows and ripples in turn, hoping to find where the trout were feeding. At last, after a most unexciting time, I was cheered by seeing a fish dash at my tail fly, as it passed him on a swift stretch of water, but he missed it. It was evidently a good fish, I saw enough of him for that, so I cast again and nailed him. He gave me a good fight in the swift water, but after a few minutes' play I had the net under him; weight one-half pound. With the next throw I was fast to another, and landing him, found him the exact counterpart of No. 1. I then took several smaller ones of about one-quarter pound each, after which some slow fishing ensued. On working my way through some bushes to get to the river again, I found myself in front of a fine deep hole of a trouty appearance. I soon took several nice trout, but one old fellow, out of pure cussedness or will, kept rising in a tantalizing manner every now and then right in the middle of a submerged bush. In vain I tried to coax him out of it, but he knew too much for that, so at last, as it was getting dark, I risked a throw right over him. He took it without the least hesitation, and by tightening the line on striking, he came clear of the bush by some piece of good luck. Of course he tried to make back for the bush to break my tackle, but on giving him the butt he rushed up stream, then down, then across, as only an agitated trout can do. In the end, though, he had to succumb; his weight was one and one-half pounds. I then had to reel up and go home. My basket consisted of seventeen fish of a very good size. This, considering the unfavorable start and inclement weather, was satisfactory sport.

The next evening saw me back in Santa Fe after having had a most enjoyable trip. WESTWARD HO.

GAME IN THE ROCKIES.

THIS is essentially a big game country—a vast country peopled with noble game. During the first two or three years in the life of a new mining camp the rifle and six-shooter reign supreme; then, gradually, the shotgun comes upon the field. This region has hardly yet emerged from the domination of the rifle, and to the lover of this stern weapon this is a paradise. Bear, elk, deer, mountain lion (American cougar), and wolverine are abundant. I may say that among my many acquaintances among veteran mountaineers I rarely meet one who has lost any bear—hence they rarely hunt him, although, of course, many are being killed. There are several varieties, including the genuine grizzly, the cinnamon, bald-face, silver-tip, and black—all save the latter exceedingly pugnacious, always ready for a fight, and standing up marvelously under a rain of lead, even a heart-shot seldom bringing him immediately down. In hunting them many men are annually killed.

Bear may now be found in any direction, and even in the immediate vicinity of town, and they are frequently met on the trails, but their favorite haunts are in the berry patches and along the margin of the salmon streams. Elk and deer, during the warm months, mostly ascend higher up among the lofty peaks of the Saw Tooth Range, but as this mountain chain is now glittering white under a blanket of freshly fallen snow, they are journeying down, and an ordinary fallen snow, they are journeying down, and an ordinary hunter can get deer without difficulty in any of the side cañons a mile or more from town. In fact, there is no novelty in killing them; it is reduced to a simple matter of meat. Elk, which have not the dread of snow that deer feel, have not yet come down in so great numbers, although a few days since I saw a band of about thirty come majestically over a low divide directly upon me. I waited until they were close up and then turned my six-shooter loose, simply to see them plunge away. Not having any use for the carcass, I did not try to kill. Wolverine and mountain lion are plenty, but more shy and more seldom seen.

Trout fishing is superb in the Wood River and its tributaries—in truth, the same may be said of all the Rocky Mountain streams. Coming in from Little Smoky a few nights since, my pony bolted, and his trembling and labored breathing told me of his intense excitement. I struck him with spurs, and he cautiously advanced along the trail, where, at length, directly in the trail, through the dark, I made out a huge black form slowly advancing from me and not more than six to ten yards on my front. I again struck my pony on the flanks, and reined him off upon the side hill abreast of the brute and as near as possible. Reassuring the horse by words, I halted and rapidly emptied a Colt, D. A., calibre .45, six, at the black mass, which immediately plunged into a clump of willows a few yards away, from whence I could plainly hear the snapping of the bear's jaws, and being a good snap shot with a pistol, I have no doubt that his chops were bloody. It is almost needless to add, I did not dismount or look further. JOHN H. BURNS.

HAILEY (Wood River), Idaho, Sept. 20.

CAMP COOKERY.

PART II.

IN my last I endeavored to describe how to cook game, fish and vegetables at the camp fire, without any cooking utensils whatever, and I can assure the reader that a very little experience will enable him to prepare a savory meal with no other help than the natural products and growth of the forests.

Of course the mode described in my first letter requires a good big bed of coals and time, both of which are quite a disadvantage to the hungry sportsman, who pulls into a pleasant camp ground hungry and tired, and who has not only his fire to build and his camp to arrange before darkness sets in, but fuel may be scarce, and he must content himself with a small fire, or else a cold lunch is inevitable. Particularly is this the case when hunting on the plains, where a few dried buffalo chips are often all the fuel available for cooking or camp fire.

By the following plan—which, by the way, is a favorite one with me, on account of time saved—you may prepare an excellent meal, with very little fuel and at comparatively short notice, as well as without the aid of any utensils, save something to make your coffee in.

On going into camp, start your fire the first thing and regulate the size of it by the fuel at command, for a small fire, which soon burns down to coals, will help you to your supper sooner than a big one, the latter being rather a disadvantage than otherwise, save as a means to warm by. While your fire burns and crackles, and lights up the deepening shadows of the forest, stir around and get supper as quick as you can, beginning by cleaning your trout or other fish, slicing thin a nice piece of salt pork for each fish, and husk your corn, cutting off about an inch of the silk end and the stalk end close up to the kernels. Now cut a half dozen birch sticks about three feet long and from one-half to an inch in diameter and forked at the small end. Sharpen both points of the forks long and sharp; take a trout and lay a piece of salt pork just along the inside where you slit it open, and run both tines of the forked stick clear through the pork and fish, letting a tine go through between the ribs, close to the backbone and on opposite sides of the same. I am thus explicit about the manner of sticking, because it is highly exasperating to a hungry man, just as the fish and savory, nicely browned pork is about to be withdrawn from the fire and eaten, to have it take a tumble into the coals and ashes by the tender, cooked meat giving way. This may be avoided by carefully sticking it on the birch fork in the manner described.

When the fish are on the rods, lay down on the very edge of the coals a good stone or log, so that the birch toasting-forks, being laid across it, the fish may rest from six to ten inches above the coals. Stick the other end in the ground or under a stone or log lying back of the first one, but be sure it's secure before you leave it to roast. Place all your fish in this manner, and while the pork fat hisses and splutters and runs down the sides, and out through the gills, the trout curls and twists about as if the heat almost brought back some of its former graceful turns and motions. While they are browning nicely, you cut as many more sticks as you have ears of corn to cook, but not forked ones this time, but straight, and sharpened to a long taper point. Take your knife and ream out a hole in the end of the cob about the size of the thickest part of your sharp stick, and placing the butt end on the ground between your feet, push the ears home solid on the stick, and place them across a stone or log over the fire as you did the fish. Having got the things cooking, get your water on to boil for the coffee, but don't put any coffee in it until later on, as described in my former letter. You can now watch the things over the fire, and turn them over, or taking them off for a moment, rake up some more coals under where they hang, being careful not to put fresh fuel near the food, or it will smoke or perhaps set it on fire. It is better to turn them several times before any part is sufficiently done, as they cook more easily and brown more nicely.

If your fire has been small, and you think it will need more coals to finish with, throw on some fresh fuel on the lee side of your fire, and as it turns to coals rake them over under your fish so as to avoid smoke and flame, both of which are ruinous in cooking. I have cooked trout in this way over a few little pieces of dried cedar with only a few minute's time, and thought I never ate a more delicious morsel, so hot and toothsome, crisp and brown, it was. The taste still lingers on my tongue at the recollection of it, and I can recall no better way to cook a trout, to be eaten instantly, than this. If instead of fish you have ducks or other game, you may have a *filet de canard* by cutting them in strips and impaling with the piece of pork in the same way. If your fish are too large to cook whole in this way, you may split them down the back and cook in manner already described, or take one large one, get a clean slab and make half a dozen hardwood pins or nails about an inch long, making the points sharp, and have good sized heads on them. Now, cut three or four narrow strips of salt pork, lay them crosswise the fish, which has been scored across and split almost through lengthwise from the inside, and nail the pork strips and fish to the slab; then place two stones at the edge of the fire and lay the slab across so that your fish will come over a nice bed of live coals. While your supper is cooking you may make such arrangements of your camp as you can, and at the meantime not neglect the viands over the fire. A few roast potatoes and your coffee, with the hot morsels of nicely browned trout, will, with an appetite whetted by a day's sport, afford you a supper that the gods might enjoy. Then, too, friend Doctor, comes the happy thought that there are no dishes to wash or pots to clean before you may light your pipe or cigar and throw yourself on your blanket and enjoy that rare siesta which comes only after such a meal

Another way I have is to take a tin cup and plate, with some ground coffee, crackers or bread and a little salt in your bag. This, with a good hunk of salt pork, is all that is needed for several days away from a regular camp, and can be all carried in an army haversack, either on foot or thrown in the bottom of your canoe. When hungry, or when comes on, a small fire and a few moments' time will give you a good meal, provided you have caught some trout or other fish not too large for the pan. Fry a piece of salt pork on your tin plate, and when nearly done lay in your fish, which has been cleaned, scored and rolled in a few crumbs of the bread or crackers. Turn and brown them nicely, make your coffee in your tin cup, and a good enough supper for anybody is ready in a few moments. When through, scour off your tin plate in the white sand of the shore, rinse out your cup, and you have done all your dish washing, and are ready for the next meal, which may be miles away.

Of course it is jolly enough to go with a party and to have a cook, with all the utensils, and establish a regular camp, either with tent or log cabin, especially if a long stay is desired. I enjoy it myself occasionally, but, in this way, one cannot roam as free as a bird from lake to lake, across portages, penetrating into the wildest and most romantic of nature's scenes, as I love to do, camping when night's shadows begin to fall; here to-night, and miles away, perhaps, the next. To me this is the way to enjoy the grandeur and majesty of nature, and

> "To one who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms,
> She speaks a various language,"

which is companion, friend, instructor to the lover of the grand and beautiful.

And now, friend Doctor, if my few suggestions and experience shall enable you to prepare at some future time a repast that shall be both pleasing to your palate and acceptable to your digestive organs, I shall feel amply rewarded by the thought that I have added one atom of comfort to a "brother of the angle," and intensified the pleasures of the FOREST AND STREAM. CAPT. "DORSAL FIN."

OUR JERSEY LETTER.

FOR the first time in my life I am able to appreciate the feelings of Dr. Tanner when he seated himself at the table to end his long fast. I have just opened a package which I find contains forty back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, of which I am now to take my fill. Circumstances beyond my control have deprived me of my weekly rations for these long months, and a forty weeks' fast gives me an appetite like a—well, like a man, for mentally as well as physically I hold with Byron:

> "Man is a carnivorous production,
> And must have meals, * * * *
> He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
> But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey."

And that word "woodcocks" suggests that I must attend to business before pleasure, and that this huge bundle of the best sporting paper in the world was sent to remind me that you wanted to know about game and the game laws in New Jersey. First, then, to keep you and your friends out of the clutches of the game-constable, let me give you an abstract of the latest revision of our legislative enactments upon the subject. None but a Jerseyman could ever flush the exact truth out of the cover of words in which our legislators conceal it, but I vouch for the following, giving simply the open seasons and penalties:

Ruffed grouse—Nov. 1 to Dec. 30, inclusive, $15.00.
Quail—Nov. 1 to Dec. 30, inclusive, $15.00.
Rabbit—Nov. 1 to Dec. 30, inclusive, $15.00.
Woodcock—July 2 to July 31, inclusive, and Oct. 1 to Dec. 15, inclusive, $15.00.
Plover—Aug. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, $10.00.
Reed birds—Aug. 26 to Nov. 30, inclusive, $5.00.
Rail birds—Sept. 1 to Nov. 30, inclusive, $5.00.
Wood ducks—Sept. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, $5.00.
Squirrels—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, inclusive, $5.00.
Marsh hen—Aug. 26 to Nov. 30, inclusive, $5.00.
Deer—No shooting until Nov. 1, 1884, then and afterward only in November, $50.00.

Now as to the wisdom of these laws, please don't ask me. Why woodcock should be killed on July 3 and not on July 1, or why rabbits should be lawful on Dec. 30 and not on Dec. 31, are mysteries the solution of which is known only to the O'Farrels, O'Rourkes, Von Steinheims and Von Bockbeers whom Jersey City, Hoboken and Newark send to fill our legislative halls. Their total ignorance of the English language and the game question may explain the blunders, but the above is what the lawyers say the law means when translated into our native tongue.

As to the game here and in prospect. There were no woodcock in July worth speaking of, and of course none have come back yet. A good frost and a cold storm may bring them, and fortunately their breeding grounds are wet enough for them, for once. Down Jersey they have had a brief season and a short harvest in rail and reed birds, and along the salt bottoms of Ocean and Atlantic counties quite an unusual flight of English snipe is reported. By the way, another thing past finding out is the striking of this bird from the game list, and the withdrawal of all protection from it. But so it is, and the *wilsonii* are lawful prey for the pot-hunter the year round.

Squirrels, gray, are in season and in plenty, but the entire failure of the nut and acorn crop in Middle Jersey has sent the bush tails to the ground, and makes a search for them as near fruitless as possible. But a day in the woods just now is not a day wasted, though the game bag may be brought home empty. The forests and fields have tired of waiting for Jack Frost to come and act as milliner and dressmaker and have gone to work in true economy to make over their summer robes for autumn wear, no machine and stencil work of the storm and frost this fall producing a melancholy monotony of "naked woods and meadows brown and sere," but nature's very prettiest and brightest work, all hand painted, no two alike, and we see the copious summer showers and the golden sunshine which have made the year phenomenal, embroidering with deepest tints their—

> "Mellow richness on the clustered trees,
> And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
> Pouring new glory on the autumn woods."

The thoughtful hunter is reminded that whether the frost shall come or not, we, like the leaves, shall fall on time, and that a beautiful close can only come to a well spent life.

But about the game. Mother Bob White sings her cradle song from every thicket, and baby cottontails scamper along every wood path in the twilight. The number of quail killed here last fall was minimum, and the number of flocks this fall promises better shooting than we have had for years. Everybody is buying a hound, for the prospect for rabbit shooting, too, is the best, even the big freshets having done but little damage. But, see here, I must dive into that package now, so good-by. A.

OCTOBER 16.

MONTANA BIG GAME.—Privates advices from northwestern Montana report large game abundant on the slope of the Rocky Mountains this year. The white hunters, half-breeds and Sioux have fairly run the buffalo out of the Milk River country, and early in September they were coming up through the Bear's Paw Mountains toward the Sweet Grass Hills by thousands. The head of the herd was then within a day's ride of the Marias River. Deer and antelope are abundant. Sharptail grouse are very plenty.

HOUNDING vs. STILL HUNTING.

HAVING read the articles by "G. R. B.," "Cap Lock," "Forty-Four" and others on Hounding vs. Still Hunting, I wish to state my views in regard to the matter. I do not agree with "Forty-Four" in regard to the use of dogs. I think he is mistaken in thinking that dogs or hounds drive away the deer, and in the case that he refers to, the deer had probably changed their ground owing to the approaching storm, which took place on the next day. Deer, when driven by hounds, do return to the same ground again (if not killed), and I have known of their returning the same night. I consider hunting with hounds or a hound (for I do not believe in using a pack) the best way to hunt deer, that is, the best way for the deer; hunting with other dogs or half breeds the next best, and still hunting the worst for the deer and the best way for the hunter to obtain venison and exterminate the game. A deer does not care very much for a good hound—that is, a good, steady barking, medium running dog—only just enough to keep out of his way; but in case a cur or half breed is used, dogs which are usually poor barkers or fast runners, or both, it may then be quite another matter. A deer is very much afraid of a still-running dog, because he does not know where it is, or how near to him it may be, and therefore he keeps on running until he has put an immense distance between himself and the supposed danger.

It is very much the same with still hunting; the deer are frightened away by the continued following of a danger of which they have no warning until it is upon them. Of course, if the deer is killed at first sight, there is no more following, neither is there any more deer, only more venison. "Cap Lock" only starts a deer twice, and then takes a new track. Why? Because the chances are so much better to come up with and kill a new deer. The other is pretty well frightened already, and if overtaken a third time, if not killed, may leave the country altogether. I know of one forest in this vicinity in which the deer have been nearly exterminated by still hunting. There is another section of country here where hounds have been used principally, and deer there are still quite plenty. Deer take to water ahead of the hound, and half to three-quarters of the time that is the end of the hunt, and the deer lives, not to fight again, but to be hunted again another day. I do not agree with "Forty-Four" in saying that three-quarters of the deer killed before hounds are killed by strangers, but I will allow that only one-quarter are killed by the parties whose hounds start the game, and also that another quarter are killed by members of strange parties, but I maintain that fully one-half of all deer started by hounds escape the hunter altogether. In regard to their being killed when driven to water, we have now a law in this State (Massachusetts) forbidding it. Quantities of deer have formerly been slaughtered in that way. I am not at all acquainted with the kind of dogs referred to by "Forty-Four" as hounds that remain wherever they happen to be when the hunt is over, and then have to be hunted up by their owner. I never have been troubled in that way. My hounds—and I have owned quite a number—have always returned when the hunt is over, generally coming to me in the woods, but always returning home before morning.

To me the hound's voice is very musical, and I have often stopped to listen and enjoy the music of their voices when there was no possible chance of their coming in my direction with any game; but perhaps the voices of the breed of hounds that don't come home may not be as musical, or it is barely possible that "Forty-Four" has not a musical ear. He certainly has not for the music of the hounds. Of course it must be aggravating to a still-hunter to hear a hound in full cry running through a piece of forest and driving away a deer (perhaps to safety) which, had it not been for the hound, he might have crept in upon an hour or so later, and killed. That is just what the matter is, that and the fact that you cannot kill more than half as many deer with a hound as you can if you are a good still-hunter. I consider killing one thing and hunting another. If a man goes into the woods principally to kill, why still-hunting deer is just the thing for him, or, as "Cap Lock" does, he might even practice on his sheep; but if he wishes to have a good hunt, I don't see how he can have it without his dog, and if he starts any game, whether it is killed or not, he has had his hunt just the same. But as regards hunting sheep—well, I never tried it, and besides we don't keep that kind of a dog.

I am very happy to say that I agree with both "Forty-Four" and "Cap Lock" on one point, and that is the use of the rifle. I have both rifle and shotgun, and would gladly use the former on deer, but cannot do so in this section, as it is against hunters' law, for the reason that owing to the great number of hunters in the woods during the deer season, and the much greater range of the rifle, and the liability of a rifle ball to be turned from its course by a limb or any obstacle, it is considered too dangerous to human life to use one. But I cannot see after all why there is any more sport in the act, or why it is any more manly, or why it requires any more skill, to drop a standing deer in his tracks with a rifle ball than it does to bring one down on the full run before a hound with buckshot. Do the still-hunting riflemen refuse many standing shots? We do not get them, as we seldom see deer standing within eighteen or twenty rods, which is too far for buckshot to go with any chance of hitting a target of that size.

One thing more in regard to hounds driving off all the deer. It does not drive out other deer when a deer is driven by dogs through a section of forest. Only the deer that find themselves followed by a dog run out, the others remaining, and I have seen different deer driven repeatedly from the same ground or section during the day.

Why, deer will allow a good hound—one that barks while working up a track—to work all about in their vicinity upon their track, and even pass around them, coming quite near, and not get up out of their bed until convinced that the dog is coming straight for them, and then they will circle once or twice before running off. BUCK SHOT.

I notice that much has been written in reference to running deer with hounds, and thanks to your kindness, I have heretofore been allowed space in your columns to express my opinion somewhat on the subject. I had prepared my last and rather lengthy argument against hounding deer when I chanced to notice in your issue of September 14 a solution of the whole matter, contained in a short communication by "Cap Lock," wherein he so nearly drove the nail which I was aiming at, that I concluded to burn my manuscript and heartily endorse every word in his communication.

The effect or result of hounding deer is evident and conclusive without argument. But conflicting opinions will ever remain as to the sport. That which is sport for one may not be so considered by another. Now we know that every man has a perfect right to express his opinions, and it is right that he should. My opinion is decidedly against hounding deer. I have hunted deer more or less for the last fifty years, but have never even fired a charge of buckshot at one. I will stop hunting when I become too superannuated to shoot deer with a single ball. If I had a fat steer, I would as soon put on a pack of hounds, run him three or four hours, and shoot him down with buckshot as I would a deer. I should suppose that it would add to the flavor of the beef about as it does to the venison, and the sport would be all the same, of course. ANTLER.

PINEY FALL, Tenn.

DEER-FLOATING IN MINNESOTA.

IT was years ago. I had not as yet used the "new-fangled idea" in shape of a gun, "which breaks in a moment and is mended in half the time," but I had used the breech-loading rifle, and liked it far better than the old style.

The time set for the "enterprise" was on a quiet night, in the dark of the moon and away deep in the wilderness, where the deer were reported to visit a small lake in order to crop the pond lilies and floating moss, and drive that well-known terror, the deer fly, away, where they might bathe in the cool waters and be safe from harm of any kind.

A young friend of mine, whose name was Charley P., planned the whole affair, and said he would "paddle me up alongside a real wild deer" if I could kill it. After the sun had cast his golden rays over hill and dale, and the last lingering ray was gone, a cheery "hello!" caused me to lay aside my paper and look up, thereby catching the figure of my friend.

"Are you ready?" said he, and on my replying in the affirmative, he started off at a rapid pace for the lake, your humble servant bringing up the rear. I carried a small 7½-lbs. Allen muzzle-loading, double-barrel shotgun of about 16-gauge, loaded with six buckshot in each barrel. Charley carried the "jack" and boat fixtures, and accompanied by his old "deer dog" we jogged along. At last the bank of the lake was reached, and what should I find for a boat but an old "dug-out," made by an Indian who had lived here but a year or two before, but had now gone to live at Leech Lake, Cass county, leaving his canoe behind.

I took a careful look at the old trunk and concluded it would be a mercy if we all three boarded her, that we did not get a good ducking before the night was over, and go home with fisherman's luck—a wet jacket. At last all was in readiness, the lamp in the "headlight" lighted, the dog stowed just in front of the paddler, and with a grand serenade of ten thousand gnats and mosquitoes we launched our frail bark on the bosom of the stilly lake. I say stilly, for not a sound broke the stillness; not a gust of wind stirred the leaves which hung in silent mourning; a mid-night darkness had settled o'er all. Were you ever there? If so, you know my feelings and participate in the grandest of all sporting excitements. I sat down in the bow, my gun being at full cock, and the light shining on its rib making it as light as day. The boat "tottles" and quivers with the load and seems decidedly "cranky," but my friend is a good, steady hand at the paddle, and I sit perfectly "easy" and squarely in the center. We are now fairly out. The glaring reflector throws a bright light all along the shore, making objects as plain as day. The noiseless paddle is doing its work, and the dog lies crouched, quivering in his narrow berth; the canoe glides along on the glassy water like Macgregor's, and—

> They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
> And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!

The occasional splash of some large fish, or the plaintive note of some wild bird frightened by the fitful glare of the jack lights; the stillness almost like the grave; the hundreds of weird looking objects—Indians, deer, bear, and even ghosts—the phosphorescent light of some decaying old tree in which I pictured a wild deer glaring at me, and my gun is quickly raised, but lowered again; the scraping of a rush on the bottom of the canoe causes me to start convulsively and grasp my trusty weapon; my heart beats violently and I am unable to quet it; I think everything. Am I nervous? We round a point and head the boat for a little bay. The stillness is fearful, oppressive. I look down into the clear lake and watch the monster fishes lying so still and near, and yet so far.

A snort ahead! Now the stamping of feet in the water is heard. I strain my eyes and feel the lock of my gun, but I see nothing. The canoe glides closer to the stamping feet, and I make out an object that looks very much like Hamlet's ghost, only this has four legs, and its eyes like balls of fire glare straight into my face, but he sees me not! The canoe is within twenty yards, and Charley swings the stern to the left, in order to take the recoil lengthwise, and I raise the weapon to my face. The light gleams along its bright barrels and I place the tip sight on the deer, just behind its shoulder. The boat comes to a halt, my nervousness leaves me; I press the trigger. A blinding flash and a thundering report ring out on the still night air and echoes from hill to hill and back again. The dog whines and is told to "go!"; he is overboard in an instant and is on the bank. A joyful bark announces "game!" We paddle quickly to shore and take the light and go up the bank, and there he lies in all his glory. Man has conquered; inquisitiveness has ruined him. A nice yearling and some of the finest jerked venison you ever tasted repaid us for our trouble. As I write my mind goes back and it seems as though I could taste that same venison, and in fact feel as I felt that memorable night, deer-floating. DELL.

VELOCITIES OF PISTOL BALL AND SOUND.—Light House, Saybrook Point, Conn., Oct. 6.—A boating party had encamped for the night on the shore, say a quarter of a mile from the light house. In the morning they were amusing themselves by practicing with a pistol. During the time they were shooting (it being low tide) I went into the water on the flats near the light house to take up a basket of oysters from a bed I had planted there, carrying with me a very heavy and thickly-woven willow basket. As I was bending down, picking up the oysters from the water with one hand, the basket hanging on the other arm, I heard a report of the pistol, then the "ping" or singing of the ball (and the thought flashed through my mind, "That ball is going a long distance"), then the "spat" of the ball into the basket close beside my ear, the force of it so far spent that it did not go through the basket, but remained sticking in the side of it. Thus it will be seen that I heard the report of the pistol, the "ping" of the ball, and had time to think before the ball reached me. The ball is conical, half an inch long, and five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.—RICHARD E INGHAM.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.

AFTER my regal repast of bass, I got into the phaeton with my friend Marsh Pinkard, and away we drove across the suspension bridge to the White's Creek pike, and on it to the charming country lane which leads down to the creek proper. I wish I had words to express the lovely and elevating influences the beautiful scenery produced upon me. The fat sleek, cattle and horses grazing upon emerald clad pastures, or resting leisurely under the shade of majestic oaks and sycamores, fields of golden-hued corn, adorned with their rich orange-colored fruit (the pumpkin), birds singing, Bob White calling, doves flying, and the domestic *gallopavo* flitting around in the undergrowth, trees alive with chattering squirrels, each and every one vieing for the supremacy of cheerfulness and contentment. The country church bells were summoning the devout to their holy walks to worship and return thanks to Him who gave us all this world's goods besides the grand assurances for the hereafter. Dear little children, on ponies, in char-a-bancs, and on foot, dressed in their gayest Sunday attire, were skipping gayly along, inspired by, if unaware of, their delightful surroundings.

Soon we reached the creek, and after crossing the first ford came into a more densely wooded portion of our drive, and where game began to be more abundant. Among the bluffs which at intervals occur along the meandering creek, innumerable foxes have their holes, and once started, the adjacent country offers the finest opportunities for rare sport anywhere to be found. The cornfields swarm with doves, fieldlarks, and occasionally wild turkeys. Squirrels by the hundreds congregate in the vicinity of the same places to feast on the bountiful corn harvest, while rabbits and quail are scared up from every thicket of briar patch met with. Possums are numerous, but they are scarcely worthy the name of game, and are seldom seen in the daytime.

Col. Akers says that he owned a dog not long ago which had the novel way of running his tail down into a possum's hole, and when the animal caught hold of it he would pull him out. This is a new departure in possum hunting, which I will not swear to, unless I see in the FOREST AND STREAM a similar experience from other game contributors to its columns.

On our way home we passed the house in which the notorious Frank James lived for two years. Now that he is in custody there are many who lived in the neighborhood of where he lived who have vivid recollections of him, Jesse James, and Dick Little. He was clever enough, however, to escape detection, and now laughs at the apparent stupidity of the citizens and the utter worthlessness of the detectives who were after him. J. D. H.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME.—Notwithstanding the early part of the rail shooting season proved poor, take it all in all a number of birds have been killed. We have had no extraordinary run of big scores at any of the grounds, but since the flight of birds came on, which was later than last year, good steady shooting has been had, and I doubt if any one will complain if he counts the number of rail he has boated during the season. The overflowed meadows on the Delaware and Schuylkill still afford attraction for the plover. In some places the corn is under water. There have been more blue-winged teal shot on the Delaware this summer than for many years. Snipe are now being shot on our marshes, but there is so much open and uncovered feeding ground for them that they are wild and will not allow approach. Reports reach me that quail will be very plentiful this season in the Cumberland valley, Pa. Especially in the county of Franklin, near McConnellsburg, I am told they are numerous. Wild turkeys likewise have bred well during the past summer in the same section, but on the more elevated portions, and two or three large droves have already been seen at the foot of McConnellsburg Mountain. A young Mr. Stinger, of the last mentioned place, is the most successful turkey hunter of this section, last year seldom going out without killing one or more, and on one occasion four. No doubt he would be pleased to show any sportsman who has proper credentials where the wild turkeys live, for he is not a professional. I am told just now the ruffed grouse fairly throng the lower hillsides there, attracted thither by the wild grapes which are now ripe. The early appearance of snowy or Arctic owls in upper Pennsylvania, where three or four have lately been killed, would indicate we are to have a severe winter this year. It may be best not to attach too much importance to their coming to us so soon this season, when last year but few, if any, were shot; but I am always inclined to argue that the appearance of a more than usual quantity of ice-loving birds and fowl would indicate intense cold weather on the approach in the far north. When brant appear, be on the lookout for the black-breasted variety among the flocks, then, indeed, we shall have biting frost and closed water courses. An early migration from the north of all the goose and duck tribe would also point that way, but I am no prophet. I hope for an open winter for the quails' sake.—HOMO (Philadelphia, Oct. 14).

THE FLESH OF THE MUD-HEN.—Chicago, Oct. 13, '82.—It seems that several of your correspondents have been carrying on a wordy war against the defenceless mud-hen. I therefore feel myself obliged to come to the front and defend this bird. "B. H. P." especially berates them, saying that they are worthless for the table. I know many people who prefer them to ducks as being sweeter and entirely destitute of the oily taste of ducks. I have eaten them myself, and although I do not think them quite as good as ducks, still they are first-rate when rightly prepared. I never before heard of anyone getting sick from eating mud-hen. Another correspondent claims that they are not gamy. I see little difference between approaching them and doing the same with ducks. One is as hard as the other. I never got nearer than sixty yards to a flock. It is also very handy to always have them to shoot during the middle of the day while waiting for ducks. If what "B. H. P." and others say is true, the mud-hen here is different from others.—BLUE WING.

QUAIL SHOOTING WANTED.—Kingston, Ontario, Oct. 10.—Will any of your correspondents kindly imform me through the medium of your journal, where self and friend could get some really good quail shooting in November? It would be necessary that we should be able to engage the services of a native sportsman with one or a brace of good dogs, as neither of us own setters or pointers broken to quail. The man to show us the ground and hunt his dogs. Please state what such a man and his dogs could be hired for per diem, and give full directions by what route to get to the place, and where we could be boarded and for how much, while there.—QUAIL.

COOT SHOOTING IN NEW ENGLAND.—New York, Oct 12.—In the last number of FOREST AND STREAM "M. H. Able" asks if the "coots" which the Eastern gunners work so hard to get are the same as the mud-hens of the Western States. One day's shooting in line would convince our friend that he was not shooting mud hens, but that big, sturdy seaducks, that were worthy of his lead, were carrying off ounces of his No. 4s, just for ballast. The ducks which are called coots along the coast consist of three or four species. The male surfducks are called skunkhead coots, and their wives and children gray coots. The velvet scoter is known as the white-winged coot, and the American scoter is the butter-billed coot. The eiders, also, are dragged into the "genus coot." In no sort of shooting do hunters ever get aroused to so high a pitch of excitement as while gunning for these same seaducks. The birds are always abundant and are constantly on the move from one feeding-ground to another. The fresh ocean breezes key the hunters up to the last degree of manly vigor, and as the light boats ride the long swells as gracefully as a swallow floats through the air, the boom and roar of the surf among the rocks on the shore inspires the gunners with the freedom of the sea itself. The boats are swinging on their long anchor-lines twenty rods apart; the ducks are flying swiftly through between the boats, and every moment the heavy ten-bores are ringing out loud and clear, and the puffs of thick smoke are borne rapidly away on the breeze. Here a whitewing, the leader of the flock, stung with the No. 4s, halts and falters and plunges headlong into the waves; there a skunkhead, proud in his speed, wilts suddenly high in the air—down, down, down he comes, and the spray flies in every direction as he surges heavily into the water, while a few feathers float back on the breeze. Men are shouting, ten-bores booming; wings are whistling, feathers flying; coots are splashing, bounding, diving—while the rush and the roar of the breakers in the rocks keep time to the riding of the boats.—MARK WEST. [Additional local names for "coots" along the New England shore are—for the velvet duck, "bell tong" coot, and for the black scoter "copper-nose." We quite agree with what our correspondent says—coot shooting in line is most exhilarating and exciting sport.]

GAME PROTECTION IN MICHIGAN.—East Saginaw, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have excellent reports of the work of our Game Warden, C. W. Higby, as you doubtless remember. The State Association hired him to act as missionary to the heathens that regard no law relative to our game, and in the past three weeks he has organized sixteen game protective clubs, and prosecuted two different parties for having red-coated deer hides in their possession. In one of these prosecutions the defendants were convicted and in default of payment of fine were locked up. We have no sympathy for them, as they were killing the deer merely for their hides. We are confident that the proper way to enforce the game laws is to educate the people to their usefulness and the forming of clubs in the small villages of the State is rapidly doing this. Mr. Higby says, and his labors prove it, that he can form three to five clubs a week in the northern part of the State. All we now lack is money to keep the men in the field. Game is fairly plentiful this autumn, deer plenty, ruffed grouse are reported scarce in this section. The few birds shot seem to be old cocks. But quail—our colin—are in millions everywhere, the fields and stubbles are alive with them, and the shortening of the season from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, will help keep them plentiful. —WM. B. MERSHON, Secretary Michigan Sportsmen's Association.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Plymouth, Oct. 14.—The change of weather the past week caused a great flight of coots along our shore. On the 12th and 13th, although the sea was very rough, many boats were in line at Brant Rock and Manomet Point, just north and south of Plymouth, and obtained from ten to twenty-five per boat. I notice the inquiry of your correspondent at Sandusky as to the identity of the coot of the seaboard with the coot of inland waters. I would say for his benefit that his coot or mud-hen, *Fulica americana*, is the only coot proper, the so-called coots of the coast comprising three species of sea ducks, the velvet (*Melanetta velvetinus*), the surf (*Pelionetta perspicillata*), and the scoter (*Œdemia americana*), called by gunners respectively whitewing, skunkhead and coppernose coots.—F. C. BROWNE.

SQUIRRELS IN ILLINOIS.—Charleston, Oct., 1882.—Hunting has been very poor here during the last four weeks, on account of the dry and hot weather. John Cartright has made the largest bags that I have heard of lately: On the 24th ult., twelve squirrels; 29th, nine squirels, and on the 6th inst. nine squirrels. Cartright says that the squirrels are fifty per cent. less than last year, quail twenty-five per cent. less.—FOX SQUIRREL.

SOUTHERN GROUSE.—Our correspondent "Wells" tells us that one of the grouse killed on a recent hunt, described in previous issue, weighed one and three-quarter pounds; a young one weighed one pound. An examination of the craw showed that they were feeding upon what are called gooseberries.

NEW YORK.—Hammondville, Oct. 14.—Ruffed grouse are more plenty in this section than for some years, and one may secure a fair bag without very hard work.—M. H. T.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A New York man, desiring to commit suicide, shot at himself four times without hitting. He will probably be given a position on the American Rifle Team in the next international shooting match.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I am spending $500 in a sporting outfit, and am buying all my things of the FOREST AND STREAM advertisers." So writes an Indiana correspondent, under date of Sept. 18. This only shows that it pays to advertise in the right place, and that the FOREST AND STREAM is that place.

THE RAZOR-BACK HOG.—To the traveler through Texas one of the strangest and most peculiar features of landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text-book on the science of geometry. The country razor-back prowls around in the woods and lives on acorns, pecannuts, and roots; when he can spare time, he climbs under his owner's fence and assists in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and, when his duty to the owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn in and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see his crop spoil for want of attention. Crossing the razor-back with blue-blooded stock makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railroad train. He then becomes an imported Berkshire or Poland-china hog, and if he does not knock the train off the track, the railroad company pays for him at the rate of $1 a pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privilege of shoveling the remains off the track. The ham of the razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not quite so fat as a pine knot.—*Exchange.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Blue-backed trout, *Salvelinus oquassa.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, 2 species.
War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bream, Sunfish, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga anitis*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

An ingenious Spaniard says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself with the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish, concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable. I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.—*Izaak Walton.*

THE FISHERMAN'S WISH.

I KNOW 'tis no use wishing,
But if I had my wish,
I would not be a-fishing,
But I would be a fish.

For when you think you've caught her,
And all but touch her nose,
A splutter in the water,
A plunge and off she goes

To live at "rack and manger"
Upon the deep sea-ground,
Without the slightest danger,
Or dread of being drowned.

Whereas, some poor old sinner
Like me, who leaves the shore,
And strives to get a dinner
From ocean's finny store,

Suppose he simply doubles
Across the bows; oh, dear!
He splutters and he bubbles,
He feels so jolly queer!

He gasps, and clings, and clutches
At nothing in the dark,
And everything he touches
He's sure must be a shark!

Before, in my opinion,
They blessed such chaps as me
And put to our dominion
The fishes of the sea.

Forseeing what we wanted,
And where our mission fails,
They really should have granted
A set of fins and scales.

So that we could have followed
Our silly subject things,
And caught, and killed, and swallowed
Them up like *real* kings. RED FISHERMAN.

GALVESTON, Texas.

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.

ON the 15th of August I started with my family for Maine, arriving in Mt. Vernon on the 16th. I spent the next few days fishing, boating, riding and in forests and fields, and gained in health daily. On the 28th my companion of last year, Simon, with his private team, started for the ponds. The weather was favorable. The scenery was not less beautiful because we had seen it before. We had a gay chat and Simon cracked his best jokes. We spent the first night at a farmer's in Kingsfield. At noon next day we arrived at the Smith Farm. I need not say we were hungry. Old Mount Bigelow, Saddleback, Abraham, Kennebago and others in sight seemed to give us a heartier welcome through the clear air than ever before. We put our horse in the stable, then partook of a hearty dinner; after which our tackle and guns were placed on the two-horse buckboard wagon, and driver Rackliff started with us for Tim Pond. The law still protected the ruffed grouse; and as I was not yet very strong, I rode nearly the whole distance, and from the condition of the road and the careful reining of the driver, it was a refreshing ride of nearly three hours to the new cabin of peeled spruce logs that Edgar had prepared for us. We sought to entice trout that evening, but had not great success. After tea we had a merry hour or two with old friends from several States. Next day was hot, not a cloud or ripple, and all was right for large strings, and large strings we all caught.

Friday the driver started quite early with us for Seven Ponds. When we had gone a mile or two up went a flock of partridges and we knocked down seven. Further on we found more grouse; some we got and some we missed. Soon after one o'clock we reached our cabin, put in order for us by Supt. Lambert. Here was our good home for one week. We had trouting to our heart's content, principally on Big Island and L. ponds. During the time we visited Rocky Pond and viewed the dam and other work by beavers. One day we took the trail from Big Island to Little Norwest Pond, then a short trail to Big Norwest Pond. Arriving on its shore we were met by Mr. Haines, of the firm of

Haines & Crosby. He took us to their cabin and entertained us liberally for the night. I did not take my tackle, but Mr. Crosby kindly caught us a fine string. We shot partridges in the vicinity; and so time sped quickly as we fished, hunted and rambled and feasted on the view of water and mountains till a week had fled, and we reluctantly started on our return. Various excursions are executed by the robust sportsman to Beaver Pond, Alder Stream Pond, etc. The trouting has been all we could wish, though much of the weather has been warm, bright and calm. Guides and drivers told us there were many broods of grouse to be seen early in July, but when September came but a moderate number could be found. If "chicken cholera" took them, as your correspondent suggests, why did we not see the feathers of the dead?

During the season a large number of guests have visited these resorts. Many, like myself, for the double purpose of sport and regaining health. More grateful persons I never saw than those who came in part to be cured of hay fever. They all soon found relief and wished the world to know it.

The largest number who registered at the Seven Ponds in one week was forty-five, at Tim Pond fifty-six. Several were there for the fourth, fifth, and sixth time. C. W. Smith, Esq., of Worcester, was there, taking with him fourteen friends as his guests. Senator Hoar was in the party. They spent much time sight-seeing and ascending Mount Bigelow, and I, on my return, imitated their bold example. In five weeks from the time I reached Maine I was not more weary than others of my age. The 15th of September we were back to Mt. Vernon. I was seven pounds heavier and so much stronger I could tramp in the woods all day and eat three or more square meals. Others gained as much. Some invalid sportsmen have the right idea.

During the year much labor and money has been expended on boats, roads and cabins. Smith is to continue the good work during autumn and spring. Another class of sportsmen are there now with their rifles for deer, caribou and moose. I had good sport at Mt. Vernon. It is a pretty country village, with numerous ponds in and around it. I caught pickerel, white perch and black bass from them in fair numbers. The village has a hotel. Now I am home again and ready for hard work, as I have not been for more than a year. J. W. T.

New Britain, Oct. 10, 1882.

LIGHT OR HEAVY RODS.

In a recent article in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. W. C. Prime writes of light and heavy rods, and from his article we extract the following: The question, which is constantly put is, "What should be the weight of a fly rod?" This is a fruitful subject of discussion, and much has been written on it. The controversy has been between "light rods" and "heavy rods." I frankly confess I cannot take either side of the dispute, because I do not know at what weight the distinction begins, and therefore do not know exactly the difference between a light and a heavy rod. Since the middle of May last I think there have not been more than two or perhaps three days (Sundays always excepted) on which I have not taken more or less fish with the fly, sometimes casting only a half hour of the day, sometimes spending the whole day on the water. I have used during this time various rods, according to circumstances, weighing all along from five ounces up to twelve. I suppose the arbitrary distinction between light and heavy comes somewhere along in the list of six or seven rods which I have used, and which I ordinarily use.

For the angler who goes a fishing once a year for a week or two, and does not wish but one rod, I fancy the best advice is to buy and use a seven or eight ounce rod. But if he have opportunity, let him try lighter and heavier, and then adopt and use just what suits him best. It is absurd to be dogmatic in such matters. You can catch minnows with bean poles if you know how, and you can kill five-pound trout with a five-ounce rod if you know how.

Lovers of very light rods love them very much. There is great satisfaction in using them, and, in skillful hands, they will do heavy work. The theory of angling is that the rod is only a stiffening of the line, up to the hand, enabling you to manage it; and the reel is a means both of bringing the fish in and of allowing the line to run free and prevent a sudden strain of the fish on the hook. The same gentle pressure may be applied with a heavy as with a light rod, if the reel is properly used. The bend of the rod is the application of a spring which keeps the line "taut" and holds the hook in its place gently without such force as to tear it out.

Light rods will not stand steady and constant angling from day to day. If one expects to take large and strong fish on each successive day of fishing, he needs either a fairly heavy working rod, or two or three light rods. This is specially true in wet weather. Three days' fishing and taking black bass, in rain, will ruin a six or seven ounce rod, unless it be carefully straightened by hanging it from the tip with a weight on the butt or in some other way, and allowed to dry while the fibre recovers position.

In brief, the proper weight for a rod depends on what you want to do with it. A few days ago I was casting for trout where it was necessary to get out an occasional cast against the wind. I was using a five-ounce Norris rod, and it worked delightfully till the wind became so strong that it became useless in my hands. Perhaps a better angler could have put his flydown accurately against the gale with that rod. I could not, and so I went ashore and got a seven and a half-ounce rod, wherewith I could and did accomplish what was desired.

For a new beginner it is advisable to purchase a rod weighing eight or nine ounces, and let him learn to cast with it. He will be sure to smash it. That cannot be avoided. Therefore, it is a waste of money to start him with an expensive rod. One who has learned to cast with a nine-ounce will easily use a five or six ounce afterwards, while on the contrary, persons accustomed to very light rods, find difficulty and fatigue in using heavier ones. It seems to me that every one who goes a fishing frequently, or from year to year in various waters, should have two rods, one not over seven ounces, and one not less than nine in weight.

There is no mistake about the great delight of using a very light rod in some weather. Of a still day, on a lake, with light rod, light line, gossamer leader and the smallest gnats, one may enjoy sunshine, air and skillfull angling to his heart's content. But if one be fishing a rapid river, and has struck a two-pound trout in the rush of the stream with a five or six ounce rod, he will, if he loves his little rod, wish he had left it at home that morning.

For steady use no one need think of buying a cheap rod. With rods as with guns, you may, by buying four or five cheap ones, hit on one which is good and lasting. But if you wish a useful, trustworthy article, go to a first-class maker and pay a first-class price. Some men object to paying a lawyer, a doctor, a mechanic, an engineer, or any one, a high price for his reputation. This is nonsense. The sensible man knows that the reputation entitles the high charge, and guarantees the purchaser or employer. I count eleven trout and bass rods in my rod case or hanging in the cabin. These have cost variously from $25 to $65 each, and the higher priced rods have done ten times the work of the cheaper. I believe that the ordinary cost of a first-class trout rod, by a maker of reputation, now-a-days is from $25 to $40, according to quality, extra pieces and finish.

CAMPS ON THE WAY.

II.—AT THE PICTURED ROCKS.

"But in vain, for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape."—*Longfellow.*

On our return to Peshtigo, the voice of business called George home, while Ed., Oscar and I kept on our journey. For many a season I had thought of a visit to the upper peninsula of the Badger State, and now I had in my pocket a ticket calling for one "first-class passage" over the "D., M. & M. Railroad," which, opened to the traveling public not yet a twelvemonth, ran from Marquette on Lake Superior to St. Ignace at the Straits, a distance of 120 miles, passing through the region of all others I most desired to see.

At Marquette we stopped over a couple of days to let the boys see the sights, to get supplies, and see the railroad officials and get stop-over privileges. The sights were seen, I suppose, the supplies bought, I know, and after an interview with Mr. Thomas McKeown, Gen. Superintendent, and Mr. Frank Milligan, Gen. Passenger Agent, our tickets were indorsed in such a manner as to allow us to stop off wherever we desired. These railroad officials not only responded to our wishes in this particular, but they gave us valuable information concerning the country we were to pass through, and I was afterwards led to think that the friendship and kindnesses received at the hands of others after that was in some measure due to their good words.

On the 3d of August we left Marquette for Munising station, forty-two miles distant. An Train was one of the places at which we had intended stopping, but a further inquiry had led us to believe that while that place would give good deer hunting on the Au Train Lake a short distance from the station, and also splendid bass fishing, yet for trout we would have a tramp through the woods of an uncertain distance; and so as we were not caring for deer or bass just then, we concluded to pass the place by.

The Detroit, Mackinaw and Marquette Railroad runs through a region that was peculiarly interesting to me. Leaving Marquette the track hugs the Marquette Bay shore for several miles, when it takes a straight cut for the lake at Au Train, and thence on to Munising Station, which is four miles from Munising Bay, the site of old Munising, which is the place where we were to embark for a sail to the Pictured Rocks. For ten or fifteen miles after leaving the blue waters of Marquette Bay, a series of narrow and parallel ridges, from thirty to forty feet in width, with alternating depressions between of a like width, resembling ancient and dry canals, was a conspicuous feature of the landscape. As our train sped eastward these ridges and canals became wider, the one higher and the other deeper; and although ancient pine trees were growing here and there amid the thickets of jack pines, thus testifying in some degree to the great length of time since the ridges have been cast up, still it was evident that at some period more or less remote the lake had done this work. The curious feature of the matter was the symmetrical system of canals and ridges left by what must have been the great lake's subsidence or a grand continental upheaval, or both.

After going beyond the canals and ridges the road enters a densely wooded region, and in some places a peculiarly stony one. At one point in particular the earth was strewn with broken and unworn stones, from the size of a campkettle to a tent, and so thickly strewn were they as to suggest an Almighty hand sowing them broadcast. What great cataclysm rent the "everlasting hills" asunder and hurled the stony fragments broadcast over this part of the earth man may not know, but it cannot be otherwise than that the concentrated powers of nature have at some time in the past burst forth and sown the plain with a hail of broken rock.

Amid these stones, and over and even on them, was growing a forest of large and small trees, and to an inhabitant of the alluvial lands of the Mississippi Valley it was curious indeed to see how the trees had sprouted from the thick, damp, mossy covering of rocks, and as they had grown in size had sent their roots outward and downward and were now firmly planted in the earth below.

At Munising Station we had to await the return of a teamster from old Munising, who set out for that place immediately on our arrival, and we did not reach the latter shore until about half-past three o'clock. Old Munising was once the seat of flourishing iron furnaces, but the work has long been suspended, and the few inhabitants of the place look to the fisheries principally for their support. Fifteen or twenty houses, all of which still belong to the iron company, built at random without reference to the North Star, but generally facing the winding road, house the good people who make up that town. A quarter of a mile or perhaps more from the village of the white people is another Munising, the Munising of a band of Ojibwa or Chippewa Indians, and the village contains about fifteen wretched bark-covered cabins, which house about seventy redskins. I took a stroll on my return trip through this village; and while their cabins to an outsider appeared to be altogether insufficient to afford a comfortable shelter to the inmates, yet the most distinctively Indian aspect of the place was the undisturbed condition of the smaller timber and underbrush that grew in the town. There were no streets, no alleys, nothing but winding footpaths leading through the brush from cabin to cabin; and while every villager could hear every other villager's dog bark or rooster crow, not one could stand in his own doorway and see another's house. The village was in ambush.

In the wagon that carried us over rode Mr. W. J. Palmer, a genial North Carolinian who has wandered up to these high latitudes and is doing service as some sort of general agent or chief clerk of a lumber company, with his headquarters in old Munising. Mr. P. at once entered into the spirit of our little enterprise, and, characteristic of him, not only gave us valuable information, but set about planning ways and means to help us on our journey. In accordance with a suggestion of his, we determined to take a boat at once and sail down to Miner's Creek, six miles east of Munising, then dismiss our boatman and await the arrival of Mr. P. himself, who, with a party of friends, would make the tour of the Rocks the following week.

While at Marquette we had heard a great deal about the dangers attending the navigation of Lake Superior in the vicinity of the Pictured Rocks, and quite a number of persons had advised us to go in a boat sailed by an Indian, for the reason that Indian sailors were far less reckless than their white brethren, and accidents consequently less apt to happen to them. An accident had happened to a sailing party a Sunday or two before we reached Marquette, in which a Detroit young man had been drowned, and with that calamity fresh in our minds we felt doubly anxious as to the character of our captain; and so, when Mr. Palmer suggested Captain Jim Kish-ka-tog, who was the owner of a good boat, as a proper person to carry us to Miner's Creek, we gladly accepted his suggestion, notwithstanding he threw out certain hints indicating on his part a total lack of confidence in Indians in general.

In due time Captain Kish-ka-tog was found, when Mr. Palmer told him we wanted to go to Miner's Creek, and asked him if he could take us. Jim, who was of short make and rather "bench-legged," was looking meditatively at an adjacent hilltop during the Captain's discourse, and without lowering his eyes he drawled out in answer to his question, in a tone decidedly African, "Ya'a-a-s," in which he sounded the *a* as in hate.

"Well, how much will you charge them?" asked Mr. P.

"Four dollar," in the same soft voice, and the eyes still fastened upon the hilltop.

"Why, Jim, that's too much, isn't it?"

"No-o-o!"

Then Mr. P.'s look of surprise gave way to one of disgust, while Ed., who never failed to keep a prudent lookout at the purse-string, fairly snorted his dissent from the opinion of his red brother.

Mr. Palmer had told us before we met the navigator that two dollars a day for man and boat was the price commonly paid by strangers, and, with this knowledge at hand, I gave the rascal to understand that I wanted a private chat with him, and so we stepped to one side. "See here," said I, "there are but three of us and we have a light load, and we want you to take us to Miner's Creek, which will not take you, at the outside, over half a day, and we will pay you a day's wages—two dollars—if you will take us."

"Ya-a-a-s," said the soft voice, while the eyes were once more fixed on the crest of the neighboring hill.

"Well, you'll take us to-night for that, will you?"

"Ya-a-a-s."

"Well, go and get your boat at once," and away he went. And I wonder yet whether he would not have gone the same, had I said one dollar instead of two.

In a short time Jim rowed up to the dock, and after we had bought a three-pound whitefish, nicely cleaned, for ten cents, we went aboard the craft and gave the stern to the town.

The time consumed rowing down the creek was nearly four hours, for the wind was contrary, but there was much to occupy our attention on the way. A mile below the village quite a cluster of old and dilapidated houses stood upon the lake shore, and we learned that there was a mineral spring there, and that once upon a time a man with "speculation in his eye" had thought to found and build up a summer resort here, and to that end had built these houses. But guests did not come, and his enterprise fell through. A party of ladies and gentlemen from Chicago had taken possession and pitched their tents in the lawn about the old houses, and were having a merry time of it.

A mile or so further on we passed the Indian graveyard, on a sandy ridge near the water's edge, and from our places could see the little white flags waving at the newly made graves. Jim would not or could not explain the meaning of the flags, which is evidently a survival of savagery. Longfellow alludes to this Chippewa custom in the lines;

"Flags on graves and great war captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven."

After rounding Sand Point, which was half way to our destination, the white cliffs—the outlines so to speak of that wonderful range of sandstone—the Pictured Rocks came in to view. Stretched along the shore as far down as the inequalities of the shore line would admit of us seeing, rose from out the water the rocky wall of Potsdam sandstone. At our request the boat was rowed in close to the wall, and a good view was thus afforded us. The first of the series of charming and oftentimes startling views was a huge buttressed wall, that rose sheer from the water's edge about eighty feet high, and which at a distance challenged the belief that it was the remains of a Cyclopean structure of a long past age. Succeeding this came a long line of rocky wall, the top of which was covered by a growth of orchard-shaped trees, which at irregular intervals sent trailing down the wall side long vine-like branches; and at a distance of half a mile away the illusion was perfect that there stood a part of a great wall, to attest the site of a great city that has long since fallen and disappeared from the earth. This city-wall like structure extends a mile or more, and is succeeded by a series of cliffs rising perpendicular a hundred feet above the water. In these cliffs, niches, recesses and narrow shelves often appear at varying heights, where grasses, flowers, and even shrubs find root, hold and live. At their bases at unequal depths through the clear, blueish colored water, may be seen huge blocks of sandstone, which have fallen from above and lie in confused heaps on the bottom of the lake. Along the water line great holes, caverns, grottoes, and arched ways, have been cut in the walls by the ever restless waters, and when a "sea is on," the deep boom of the waves as they beat into the cavernous depths sound like Old Ocean's roar. The next and last object of interest before reaching Miner's Creek, is Castle Rock, a sharp headland a hundred feet high, which has been rounded, cut and carved until at the proper distance it presents a striking resemblance to a mediæval castle with its towers, bastions and battlements.

At Miner's Creek there is a gap in the "rock-ribbed hills," where the land drops down to an altitude of twenty or thirty feet above the lake's level. This gap is triangular in its general outline, each of its three sides being a little more than a mile in length. Along the lake side extends as pretty a beach of white sand as one ever saw. On the west side

Miner's Creek meanders, backed by a cliff, rugged and impassable in some places and easily scaled in others. The remaining side is bounded by a rock wall of great height and which cannot be climbed by deer except in the gorges worn by tiny streams of water. At the angle furthest from the lake and where Miner's Creek comes in, the two ranges of hills are prolonged inland from one and a half to two miles, and lying in the valley between is a lake a half mile or more long and nearly as wide, and at the angle where the two ranges meet, Miner's Creek makes a leap over the cliff, and falls about sixty feet. The lowland comprised in the triangle, and also in the prolongation of the two hill ranges inland, was once a part of the lake. The evidences are indubitable that at some period in the past the moss-covered cliffs that bound this lowland, were cut and carved into their present shapes and outlines, when the waters of Lake Superior had a level of not less than fifty feet higher than the level now, and perhaps a hundred. We made our camp not far from the lake shore and where the sounding of the waves could ever be heard. The triangular tract of land I have described was made up of white sand, which had quite an uneven surface and once had borne a fair growth of merchantable pine, which however, had been lumbered off, but it was still covered with jack pine, thickly in some places and thinly in others.

As soon as we were landed Captain Jim left us for his home. I had been told that there was splendid trout fishing in the pool at the foot of the falls, but no one had thought it necessary to tell me how to reach the falls, and now, when I asked Jim, he said there was a trail leading to the place. The liar! What a time I did have finding the falls! I set out early the next morning, and, taking the trail, I followed it till it ended in the creek a mile or more from camp, and, though I listened for the sound of falling water, no other sound came to me but that of the waves of the great lake dashing against the sandstone cliffs. After a search in vain for a trail leading up the stream, I undertook to make my way up through the brush, but after a half-hour's effort trying to force a way through a cedar swamp I changed my mind, and concluded to cross over and go down stream in search of the falls. No one had told me more than that there were falls, and for aught I knew a mate to the one a couple of hundred yards from the mouth might be at no great distance above. Wading, scrambling through brush, and crawling through cedar thickets, another hour or so failed to bring to light any falls, and so I left the creek and ascended to the plain, thinking to return. But as I came to the trail, as good luck would have it, some white men and two Indians were passing, and while I was very much surprised at the apparition, I have no doubt they were still more so, for now I come to think of it I must have cut quite a comical figure after my adventures in the brush thickets during the morning. After an exchange of civilities the stereotyped inquiry came, "What luck?" Whereupon I not only said none, but told them of my unsuccessful search for the fall, and the upshot of the matter was they were on their way to the place I could not find, and to my offer to accompany them they assented. Their Indians, after a short search, found a boat into which the three gentlemen, who were Chicagoans, and myself entered, and by dint of a good deal of paddling by all, and some wading and pulling and pushing by myself, we finally made our way up the creek and out into the lake, and running through that we came to the inlet, where we left the boat, and one of the gentlemen, who carried a gun, and the other two and myself, went on up stream afoot in search of that fall.

While forcing our way up the creek, I got out several times to help the boat over shallow places, and one of these times I handed the rod I carried that day, a plain Oconomowoc mounted with a No. 3 Kentucky reel, to one of the gentlemen to hold, and noticing the reel for the first time, and, no doubt, struck with my unkempt appearance as I emerged from the brush a short hour before, he was lead to say to his companion in a tone not intended for my ear, but nevertheless loud enough to receive it all the same, "Why, he has a Kentucky reel!" And no doubt he queried within himself, "How in this world did that gray-muzzled, pot-bellied old duffer ever come by that reel anyhow?"

Well, we found the fall, and a beautiful one it was, with a round deep pool at the base of the cliff, and being a little piqued at what I imagined to be the insinuation when the reel was looked at and which I altogether justified, I nevertheless "took in the situation" at the pool, got the course of the sun and selected my position accordingly and began fishing at the same time my companions did. At any other time I should have deferred fishing until the beauties of the fall were taken in, but this day I fished, and for forty minutes the sport was excellent. I took seventeen trout during the time, some of which ran up to fourteen ounces, and though I didn't count the fish my comrades got, I thought I was getting as many as both. And when in our return I inquired the number they had taken and was answered, "I have not counted, but I think both of us have about half as many as you," I could not help but think, "How are you, old pot-belly!" Ah! but the heart of man is desperately wicked. Those gentlemen kindly let me be of their party and thus helped me to that which I had not been able to help myself, and when my outlandish appearance excited their curiosity, and justly so, as I was ready to own. I was, nevertheless, enough piqued to be glad when they said I had twice as many fish as they two. But I have repented me.

D. D. BANTA.

COLORADO TROUT STREAMS.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 4, 1882.

I have just come back from a hasty, eight-day run to Middle Park. Took my wife and a niece along. Latter had never seen mountains within speaking distance before, and to say that there was one young lady wild with delight is putting it very mild. It was worth the journey alone to witness her enjoyment. But aside from that we had such grand, glorious days, and beautiful nights; such delicious, bracing, crisp air; and the great slopes were so beautiful in gorgeous autumn dress, that the trip was a perpetual delight. And then I had two fragments of days trouting, the first, except one day, in four years.

The first was part of an afternoon with Barney Day, a typical frontiersman at whose cabin we were guests, and the place Grand River where it courses through his meadow in the western edge of the Park. He had wading boots, but I had not, so he mounted me on Blucher, his fishing bronco, and I made my first cast from horseback. We caught only ten trout, but they weighed fourteen pounds, the largest three and a half, taken by Barney; then two of two pounds each; the others about a pound a piece. No small ones were to be seen and the visible large ones were not numerous. Water clear as the air and cold as just melted ice. My horse stood like a rock in any kind of water and at any depth I saw fit to put him.

The next day we fished up the river, as I had to move homeward, both on horseback, and Barney with his four-year-old boy behind him. We got only six fish, but they were beauties of about two pounds each. We wasted a good deal of time trying to take some three or four pounders out of a deep swirling pool, but they viewed all our tricks and devices with disdain, and only one of the smallest came out to my rod. They would not take a fly of any kind. Little fall grasshoppers were the best lure, and helgramite next—the latter found under rocks at the edge of the water.

Two days later we went to Grand Lake expecting to have a day's sport there, but daylight brought a driving snow storm, and as all prospect for out-door enjoyment was thereby cut off, and a sense of duty was constantly calling me home, we very reluctantly started in that direction. They were still having good success on the lake with flies—black gnat and hackles—and the fish were larger than those caught in the summer. A Mr. Roe, of your city, was devoting his days to the sport and doing grandly. Three days after our return we received from him (supposedly) by express a box of beauties packed in grass, indicating that as soon as the storm was over the fish took hold with new vim—a common rule in the autumn.

Elk, deer, etc., are abundant in the park, and beyond. Hunters say more so than years ago when the Indians roamed over the country. B.

IN FLORIDA WITH DR. HENSHALL.

I AM in transit back to my old home in Texas, on my way from Florida, where I left Dr. Henshall and the rest of the party. Have stopped here a few days to rest, and therefore will only write a few rambling lines, as I am rambling myself, and just off the Rambler, Capt. Strobhar's schooner. It is unnecessary that I go into detail regarding my sojourn in Florida, so far as the St. Johns and Indian rivers are concerned, as that has been so amply done by others gone before me.

Doctor Henshall, his wife, and myself, with the Captain, went on board of our boat at Titusville, and went down Indian River and cruised around that country nearly a month, and returned, and still none of the party we had waited for had come except Mr. Mayor and wife, and he was obliged to return, which left us to fill our party as best we could. We then succeeded in getting Messrs. Norton and Ward, of Bristol, Conn., to go with us. This made our party up to four, besides the Captain, who is a whole team himself, and we then concluded to go on and make the best of it. After having made satisfactory arrangements with Captain Strobhar, and laid in stores of provisions, we set sail again down Indian River Sound, stopping in all the most important fresh-water streams that flow into the sound from the west side, and the various inlets, creeks, or "cuts," coves, bays, etc., on the east, or ocean, side, where we fished, hunted, and enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content. Besides our ample stores, we had all the tropical fruits we wanted, without cost—the finest oranges, bananas, lemons, limes, pineapples, etc., yam potatoes, tomatoes, fish and oysters "until you couldn't rest."

I went to that country to angle for black bass, and to be with Dr. Henshall of black bass fame, and to obtain of him such information or what there was in the bass that I had not yet learned, and I believe that I fully succeeded in the whole thing. For I found the Doctor, and found the black bass in any desired abundance and size, and as black as bass could be. My reasons for not going the whole trip were that I only had about three months to spare, and two months were already gone, and knowing it would take three or four months more to complete the cruise, I gave up the trip in despair, a circumstance that pained me more than anything that ever befel me. On my return I stopped a few weeks in Clarke county, Ala., to rest and shoot turkeys, but there I had the fortune to slip off a log as I was crossing a creek, and falling with my left breast across the log, broke three of my ribs just over the heart. It was some time before I could regain the action of the thorax so as to breathe, but I went on, determined to get my "gobbler," and did so, but the injury soon became too sore and painful to do much hunting, and hence I only killed nine, though fine ones, and I remained in that country until I came here to rest awhile. I am better now, but still unable to hang over a table and write long at a time.

Now for the black bass of Florida and my little rod. There is no use in telling you where to find the bass in Florida, only that you go there and fish for them in any of the fresh-water streams and lakes that you find. If you go to Indian River and ask for bass they will tell you, "Oh, yes, thousands of them—some forty to fifty pounds," etc., when there is not a bass in Indian River. And there is where so many of your readers are confused by the reports of "bass" in Florida weighing twenty-five to forty pounds. What they call "bass" in Indian River is the redfish or channel bass, well known everywhere, and is a salt-water fish, whereas the black bass (*Micropterus salmoides* or *Micropterus* "dolly mule," is strictly a fresh-water fish, and should never be confounded with so common and degraded a fish as the redfish. The natives there call the black bass "trout" (when they don't see the Doctor standing around in hearing); but I believe they will come to it after a century or two. When we wanted redfish, crevaille, sheepshead, sailors' choice, snappers, sargeant fish, sharks, crabs, oysters and other disreputable fish, we repaired to the east or ocean side of Indian River, and fished the inlets at flood or slack tide, when we would take them in "world without end."

Just get you a lot of "fiddlers," anchor or tie your dingey over or near a deep place, and drop them a line, that's all. They will attend to the rest. I cut the foot-stalk of a palmetto, trim off the sharp edges, and use for a rod, hitch on a strong cotton or any kind of line, hook, sinker and crab, fiddler, throw in and pull, or hold and let them pull. Sometimes one sort will bite, then another, until your flexors are worn out. When your boat gets too full, stop and throw them out and start afresh, until you sicken and quit. We always threw back all except what we wanted to eat as soon as taken off the hook. I would not allow such fish the pleasure of tugging at my nice bass rod, for I only had one, and no scrub fish could ever strain its joints with my consent. The others seemed to enjoy the salt-water fishing, but I didn't, and I always disliked it when it came our turn to go over to the ocean side of the river, but when we were to go to the Sebastian, Elbon Creek, Turkey Creek, Santa Lucie, etc., then I was in my own pickle.

When once up one of those streams, there I wanted to remain always. Never want to leave. The tall cabbage palm, bending its mop-like head in the breeze; the wide-spreading live oak, with limbs draped in clustering vines and the eternal air plant; the tall and small bronze and Venetian ferns in countless variety from two to fifteen feet high, wound and bound in vestures of every shade and hue of tropical shrubs, vines and weeds, all tangled and warped in endless and chaotic confusion; then the dark, clear, amber water, flowing, like oil, by you, as you row along up the silent stream where painful stillness reigns, seldom broken, save by the rustle of the tall rushes on either hand, as a monster saurian, having heard you, comes gliding through them to the river; or some big bass makes the amber fluid boil near you as he "goes for" an innocent shiner or a luckless bream; or by the piercing scream of the bald eagle as he sails by, hunting some poor, industrious osprey to rob him of his earnings. Now look down as you glide along and see the lily-pads, the few fallen cabbage logs, with their beautiful fringe of rich, glossy and emerald mosses and curlvines and eel grass—beautiful, fairy home of the fishes, where lurk the festive bass and fickle bream, who dream away their lazy lives in freedom, plenty and undisturbed repose—undisturbed save when perchance the villainous troll or quivering spoon invades their realms and attracts them from their lovely abodes, and hurls them into the upper world, and perhaps into the fry-pan.

As Ward and I were trolling up one of these streams one afternoon, the scenery became too imposing. I drew in my line and spinner, and told Ward to put down the oars and let us give our eyes a feast. He agreed, and we stopped. To look up and around was simply grand, romantic, enchanting—then to look down through the clear water and see the great bass, from two to seven pounds, within three feet of the boat, scarcely moving when you prod them with an oar; then the countless number of copper-nose and blue bream, sunfish, *et id omne genus*. I tell you the sight fairly made our eyes hang out on our cheeks. Had it not been that my heart beat more rapidly from the lively interest I was taking, together with "Ward's" talking to me, I would have thought myself in dreamland or the "happy hunting grounds," and this spot my paradise.

As it was now near sundown, I took the oars and told Ward to troll and I would row back to camp. I asked him what he thought of the scenery. He said: "It is beyond the language of man to describe," etc. I then took the oars, turned the boat, and struck down the stream at a lively rate.

Had not gone fifty yards, when we ran over a school of enormous bass. I told Ward, as quickly as I could, to drop his spoon over, which he did, and as the quivering lure passed over them, with not over six feet of line out, a seven-pound bass was struck and soon landed in the boat. I kept rapidly on down to camp. Ward took many more fine ones, but threw them all back, not even taking time to weigh them, only saving what we could eat. I did not chance to go up that stream again. It came on to rain that night, and the stream got on a "big spree," and we left as soon as the storm was over; but I want to visit that place once more, that's all. I will not tell everybody where it is, unless they ask me or go with me there; but that is nothing, one place there is as good as another, and "better too," with one exception. There is a certain bend, in a certain creek that had no name, but from the success I had there I dubbed it "Jordan's Creek;" and as that circumstance will close this tale, you will be patient and hear it.

It was on February 8 last. All the rest of the party had gone to hunt deer in the piney woods. I was very anxious to see how big a bass I could take, and to try the strength and efficacy of my little eight-ounce rod. The Doctor had given me a bran new braided silk line, that he said no bass could break "if properly handled." I thought by this time I could do the handling, as I had got about all the lessons out of the Doctor that were in him, and to put all his sense and mine too into one head without bursting it, was a feat few could accomplish. I had all the time been using medium size minnows or small perch, and could take all the bass I wanted up to five pounds, but the Captain kept telling me to use the half-grown bream and even the grown ones if I wanted to catch the big bass, so I concluded to act upon his plan once. I went up "Jordan's Creek" some two miles, and came to a beautiful bend in it, and a nice place to cast from. The water near the banks on either side was fringed with huge bonnets or lily-pads, and the water was 15 to 20 feet deep and about 75 feet wide—an enchanting spot—a spot fit for an angler to die in.

Having tied my little Stranahan canvas boat to a snag on the shady side of the stream just below a line of bonnets, I took my minnow hook and some venison for bait, and soon had a dozen half-grown bream in the bucket. Next rigged my little delicate ash and lancewood rod, reeled on my new blue silk line, a small ringed sinker, then a good sprout hook on double gut. I then clipped off the dorsal spines of a bream, three inches wide, running the hook in the mouth and out at the nostril, and dropped the bait overboard while I reel up for a cast, but on reeling up I found that a huge bass had taken the bream the moment it went over, and was tugging at the line. I let him have line as he desired until there was no reason in it, then by a good solid wrist movement hooked the "boy." Oh, "you bet," he was a "daisy." I had left my landing net in camp, and hence had greater delay in getting these monsters in, but as I got them tuckered well, I would reel them in and take them by the under lip and lift them in the boat. If any one could have been near and beheld me working these fellows, it would have been worth all the "Barnum shows" on earth. It took a half hour to the fish. I had taken seven, six of them black bass and one dogfish or "grindle," and I was giving out. I was nearly dead. I began about two o'clock P. M. I had not moved, nor did I have to wait three minutes for a new bite after landing one, before the next began to "recite."

The second fish I failed to hook, although I yanked him several times as hard as I could, yet he would get up within two feet of the top and swim across the river in front of me, and "chaw" on my perch, with one eye on me, the other on the sun, to see what I was trying to do with him. I would jerk and he chaw, until at last he felt the steel a little, when he arose leisurely to the top as I cast hook, bait and all from his mouth, and with supreme disgust swam away. "Dog-on-you sir," I said, "I'll put on something that will fix you big-mouthed fellows," and I put on a No. 7 "barbless" hook and fixed on a perch, same as before, after which I never failed to hook one or land him when hooked. When I had taken seven in all I was broken down. My poor little rod was worried to death. My flexors and extensors were nearly done, the sun was getting low down the sky, my last live minnow was gone. I had a few dead and stiff ones left. Thought I would make one more cast and then quit. I took one large perch or bream, over half grown, dead and

stiff. I hooked him on without trimming, and made a cast some sixty feet down stream, and as the bait sank I reeled slowly in. Not long ere I felt, with emphasis, the familiar "tug," and placed my thumb on the coil to feel his weight. Found him to be a "rouser."

I began to reel him in slowly to get him near me before hooking him, as I was afraid to hook him with fifty feet of line out, when seventy-five was all I had on. I succeeded in getting him within fifteen feet of me when he began to pass me and swim slowly up stream, pulling heavily on the line. I watched his every movement with the vigilance of a hawk, and let him have line stingily until some forty feet off, when he arose to within a foot of the surface and swam along, across me, the sun shining on his great pied sides revealed the form of the largest bass I thought I ever saw, and he "chawing" my poor dead bream villainously. I now watched him closely, his huge mouth on the bream and turn to swim slowly from me. I knew now was my time, and with a twist of the wrist I struck him with all the force that I thought the slender "lancewood" would bear. I felt that the steel had gone fairly home in the left corner of his capacious jaw. His first tactics were to turn and swim slowly back toward the deepest water and stop. I feared this to be ominous; I pulled on him to start him again, when, for the first time, he discovered anything wrong, and now he began to attend to business with energy and enthusiasm. His rushes now were long, strong and furious. Sometimes at the bottom, then out of the water, shaking his head like a mad bull. He would now swim into the sunny places as though to show off his proportions, then stand on end and shake his head; but the little "barbless" held him fast. He now made for a cluster of bonnets and an old brush top. "That won't do." I nearly cried. I thought rod, line and fish, all were gone. I pressed the coil until my thumb blistered. I took both hands to the little rod, which had now assumed shape of the figure 6, and just as I thought all was gone and my biggest bass lost that I had gone near 2,000 miles to catch, I felt him stop! I then slipped my hand to the crank, and, as tenderly as possible, I began to recover some of the line. I soon had him turned head toward me, and having taken in half of the line, he made for the bottom and under the boat. I plunged an oar down ahead of him and turned him toward the middle of the stream. I now found that his strength, as well as my own, was fast failing, and in a few minutes more I had my thumb in his mouth and laid him in the boat beside his companions. I took out my pocket scales and applied them. They drew eight and a half pounds, but that did not satisfy him; so I just called it nine and let it go. I was now completely played out, and returned to camp to show my catch to the others.

In going down Inlet Ward in the dingey. He said that he had had the same kind of luck, and while talking to him I saw him land a six-pounder. We then returned to camp. The Doctor and all were pleased with my luck. The following are their respective weights, in the order of taking, and they were black bass—*Micropterus dolimieu* (Henshall)—and not redfish. I weighed them all but the biggest one, which I could not weigh, but called it 9 straight. Here is the order in which they were taken—7, 6, 5½, 5, 5, 7, 9 lbs. After this fight was over, I looked at the little rod with affectionate admiration. It is the "coming bass rod," and if it can be improved, I can't see how. My reel is perfection itself: My boat is a cloth boat. I would want no better. We caught thousands; but that evening's catch, the whole thing considered, was the best I ever experienced. I could write you a bushel of these yarns, and all be true; but I will not encroach further upon your space. C. L. JORDAN.

PELAHATCHIE, Miss.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Nashville, Oct. 10.—At every Sunday market there is a sale of river fish at the wharf, and sometimes the display is remarkably good. Yesterday morning I strolled down there just as day was dawning, and found at least one hundred colored men, women and children already assembled, besides a few of the Caucasian race. The fishermen, to the number of a dozen, had their fish in cars and were selling them as fast as they could deliver them. The system of "guess weights" was used, and in consequence the buyer had to pay for the seller's "guess," which invariably went one way. This mode of dealing out the brain food caused it to bring not less than fifteen cents per pound, and not a mill too much, for handsomer specimens of drum, perch, bass, channel cat, and buffalo were never taken from any stream. The reflection of the early sun upon their beautiful scaly sides brought out as dazzling colors as would a crystal prism, and of their freshness and health the wriggling bodies of the unsuspecting and innocent creatures gave ample assurance. One of the fishermen, recognizing me in the crowd, presented me with a three-pound bass, which my good old cook, Aunt Harriet, broiled equal to one of Soyer's best efforts, and sent in smoking hot by faithful little Sallie. Perhaps some disbeliever in the ichthyophagist diet may question the deliciousness of the morsel, but no one else. I have eaten of almost every variety of food fish known in Europe and America, and if there is any one of them much better than an American black bass, fresh, and properly broiled, and dressed with a sprig of parsley, salt, pepper and rich Jersey butter, then I do not remember it.—J. D. H.

POSITION OF THE REEL.—I was interested in the description of his first fishing with a light rod and reel, by Mr. C. L. Jordan, in your paper of Oct. 5. As a new convert to this style of fishing he is quite enthusiastic, and there is no danger of his going back to his old ways "fo 'mancipation," as he expresses it. The reel behind the hand bothered him though, and he changed it after the line burned his fingers. He says, "I don't see the sense of a reel behind the hand, or where the idea ever came from." It did not occur to him that this was another thing for him to learn, and that the burning of his fingers was due to improper handling. For his benefit I will say that this position for the reel is the result of the observation of anglers for a long time, that a reel in front of the hand adds to the apparent weight of the rod, and one behind the hand tends to balance it. If Mr. Jordan will restore his reel to the old place and learn to use it there, he will never go back to the obsolete custom of placing it in front. That was another custom "fo 'mancipation."—FLORIDIAN.

PRACTICAL PROTECTION OF TROUT.—A Maine paper says that through the efforts of Fish Commissioner Stanley and the Oquossoc Angling Association, men are now hired to guard certain points where the trout gather in large numbers on the spawning beds. From these places, unless guarded, trout might be slaughtered in large numbers by unprincipled fishermen.

FISHING IN NEW YORK BAY.—Bergen Point, N. J., Oct. 13.—I read the statement of my old friend G. H. Wild in regard to the fishing here, and I can state that the striped bass are quite plentiful as yet. Last week a large number were caught, and my friend Dr. Payn, who is fond of the sport, was very successful. A large string of fine fish repaid him for a few hours' fishing—one weighing six pounds. Besides the fishing, ducks are sought after, and our sportsmen are enjoying themselves on the Newark Bay and salt meadows.—NEELLIK.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A MINISTER of the gospel, an excellent shot, admirer of a fast trotter, lover of a good dog, and unreservedly appreciative of a good joke, tells the following good one on himself, in a vastly more humorous style than any of his admirers have ever repeated it.

Promise of better pay induced him to take charge of a new flock in strange pastures. It was not long after his establishment before his sporting proclivities cropped out. Belonging to the fold was a wealthy, intelligent and highly-accomplished farmer, who could comprehend the consistency of genuine sportsmanship with gentility and even Christianity, and the pastor cheerfully accepted an invitation to share a day's shooting over a well-broken brace of pointers.

As they proceeded to the fields the host courteously inquired of his guest what should be the agreement as to their shooting. Always ready to run a joke on a friend, and imagining himself able to wipe the farmer's eye at will, the opportunity appeared too good to be passed unimproved; so the parson suggested a miss-and-out run, and that each should mark and carry game for the other. "Nuff ced."

As a matter of course the guest was expected to "wade in" when the first bevy was found. Bang! bang! on the rise, but not a feather to the parson's second barrel. The farmer gathered and pocketed the single bird, and with a matter-of-course air which "cast no shadows of coming events before," proceeded to take his turn.

The performances of the dogs were as harmonious as the machinery of a perfect b. i., the cover unexceptionable, and the farmer proceeded to grass every shot so beautifully that the shepherd soon discovered that there was little of the eye-wiping lesson to be taught that lamb, and that his best behavior would be necessary to escape carrying a lion's share of the game. Bevy after bevy was found, and every shot was such an easy one that the hunt was becoming a little monotonous and tiresome to the preacher at lunch-time; but "hope sprang eternal," and there was still a supposed chance for redemption. "Alas! the uncertainty of human calculations," etc., even though the calculator be one of the elect.

As the sun crept closer and closer to his western couch, hope that a bird could be flushed which wanted to escape that preacher's pockets grew fainter and fainter, till it flickered out when that exasperating lamb began adding hares to his shepherd's load with a nonchalant assurance that at the close of a day's sport "I generally shoot a few rabbits, to be fed to the dogs." Early in the day he entered the fields in an exuberance of delight which bubbled over in anticipation of the jolly laugh at supper, when he should have demonstrated to an unsuspecting rustic the capabilities of a good shotgun in expert hands. At sunset he trudged wearily under a cartload of game, thoroughly crushed in spirit and pride, maintaining a cheerful air, though, as an old mud-sill happily expressed it, "completely 'kuored' of sucking eggs."

Never a hint of the joke was dropped by the farmer; but, when reaction followed, it was "too good to keep," and when told on himself he was met on every hand with the gratifying (?) assurance, "I could have told you that would be your fate." J. T. B.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, Ky., 1882.

In conversation with an old Northwoodsman lately, the writer was amused by the following true story of a green darkey sailor's ingenuity to escape rebuke and punishment for his poor management of the helm during part of a night on the Upper Mississippi in a river boat.

The captain of the craft had ordered the darkey, named Sam, to take close notice of a particular bright star, and to steer his course by that star until he received other orders; then he went below.

Sam assented, and for awhile all went well, but soon sleep overcame his eyelids, and he slept the sleep of the just, never letting go his hold on the helm. Some irregularity in the movements of the craft attracting the notice of the captain, he started to come on deck again, but Sam heard him, and at once taking in the situation at a glance of his now wide-awake eyes, he yelled down the companionway, "Say, boss, come up yere an' pick out anoder star for dis child, we is done gone past de first one right smart, sure."

SAWBONES.

Answers to Correspondents.

SUBSCRIBER, New York.—We do not know of a purely bred Scotch terrier for sale.

H. D.—Your plan might work, and if it did, would be terribly killing. We should think.

J. G. W., Coxsackie, N. Y.—Manton's "Taxidermy Without a Teacher" will probably answer your purpose. Price, 50 cents.

G. H. B., Watertown, N. Y.—The second volume of the N. A. K. C. Stud Book is not published yet. We cannot say when it will be.

LONGBR, Castleton, Vt.—1. Does this volume include the sum and substance of "The Modern Breech-Loader," by the same author, or not? 2. Is there any one standard work which deals thoroughly with camping out, cooking, etc.? Ans. 1. Yes, practically. 2. "Wrinkles; or, Hints to Sportsmen and Travelers upon Dress, Equipment, Armament, and Camp Life," price $2.40; or "How to Camp Out," price $1; also, "Camp Cookery," price 50 cents—may be what you want.

F. B., New York.—1. My gun, a new eighty dollar 12-gauge Parker, right barrel modified, left full choke, leads at the breech and muzzle after firing forty or fifty times, what is the cause of it? 2. Please give a receipt for taking the lead out of barrel. 3. Will mercurial ointment take it out? 4. Please give your method for cleaning inside of gun barrel after a day's shooting. 5. What would be the proper charge of powder and shot for trap shooting, etc? 6. Give directions for loading paper and brass shells. 7. My gun gives a pattern of 204 pellets with right and 256 with left barrel, one and one-eighth ounces standard shot being used; distance, 40 yds.; target 24in. Is the pattern good? 8. What is the best shot to use, chilled or soft? Ans. 1. This is a common complaint about choke-bore guns, although powder residuum is perhaps as often to blame as lead. 2. Use scratch brush and oil. 3. Yes. 4. Use benzine or alcohol with flannel rags, then dry and oil slightly. Look after the gun twice a week for two weeks and if it begins to rust attend to it. Then you can put away. 5 and 6. You don't give weight of gun. 7. You don't give size of shot. 8. Chilled shot is highly thought of by many, but by some is thought to wear out the choke very fast.

Fisheulture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PROCEEDINGS ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE SWORDFISH.

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE CAPTURE OF THE SWORDFISH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"THE following table gives the number of fishermen, and boats engaged in the swordfish fishery on the Sicilian and Calabrian coasts:

1. *The harpoon fishery.*

	Calabria.	Sicily.
Large boats (or feluche)	6	52
Small boats (dontri)	26	52
Small boats (barche)	...	52
Fishermen	275	364

2. *The gillnet fishery.*

Boats of three tons burden	80-90	50
Fishermen	650	400

"The fishery is extremely productive. On the coasts of Sicily a gang of fishermen frequently capture fifty fish, each weighing from 100 to 200 kilograms, in a single day, and on the Calabrian coast 20 fish.

"The following table shows the average annual catch in Sicily and Calabria:

1. *The harpoon fishery.*

	Kilograms.
On the Calabrian coast	60,000
On the Sicilian coast	40,000

2. *The gillnet fishery.*

On the Calabrian coast	25,000
On the Sicilian coast	15,000

"The products of the fishery are consumed principally in Sicily and on the mainland of Italy. A portion, however, is preserved in salt or oil, and sometimes exported. The flesh of the swordfish is excellent when fresh, and is not so liable to become soft when canned as that of the tunny or horse-mackerel. It therefore always commands a high price.

"It has been claimed that, in order to prevent a decline in the fishery, hook-fishing should be prohibited from the middle of January to the first of April, and that a fine should be imposed on those who capture the young fish. It has been suggested, also, that no nets should be allowed to be set in the Straits of Messina within 300 meters from the shore.

"The result of the experiments in artificial hatching of swordfish in certain inclosures and marshes in the vicinity of Il Faro appears to be somewhat uncertain; but, at all events, they may open the way for more practical and successful operations in the future."

RECORD OF A GLOUCESTER SCHOONER FOR THE SEASON OF 1878.

As an example of the manner in which a season of swordfishing is passed, and of the yield of a very successful period of work, a record is here given of the trips of the schooner Northern Eagle, of Gloucester, Capt. George H. Martin.

TRIPS OF NORTHERN EAGLE, CAPT. GEORGE H. MARTIN.

No. of trips.	Date of start.	Length of trip. Days.	No. of fish taken.	Where sold.	Price. Cents.
1	June 7	10	16 (9,000 lbs.)	Boston	3
2	June 19	7	22 (6,600 lbs.)	do	4½
3	June 30	14	12 (3,700 lbs.)	Newport	2½
4	July 13	11	20 (5,800 lbs.)	Boston	3
5	July 27	18	37 (9,000 lbs.)	do	5
6	August 15	15	28 (6,500 lbs.)	do	3
7	Sept. 1	16	16 (5,600 lbs.)	do	(2)
8	Sept. 20	14	14 (4,500 lbs.)	do	(3)
			163 (46,700 lbs.)		

RESULTS OF TRIPS BY OTHER VESSELS.

Capt. Benjamin Ashby went swordfishing in the schooner N. H. Dudley two successive years, in 1877 and 1880. In July and August, 1880, he took 108 fish; the next year 88.

The schooner Yankee Bird, of New Bedford, boarded in Provincetown Harbor, August, 1879, had already that season taken 60 fish.

Mr. Earll reached Portland in the progress of the fishery census investigation, July 29, 1880. On this day, he writes, 35 to 40 fish were brought in, and on the 1st of August 200 more were landed, 60 by one vessel.

STATISTICS OF CAPTURE.

It is at present only possible to give estimated statistics of capture, though a year hence, when the returns of the fishery census, at present in progress, shall have been tabulated, much more accurate figures will be attainable. Putting the number of vessels regularly employed in swordfishing at forty, estimating their annual catch at eighty fish each, which is only half the quantity taken by the Northern Eagle, as shown in the preceding paragraph, the aggregate number of fish taken would be 3,200.

Competent authorities estimate that each vessel in the mackerel fleet captures and brings in an average quantity of eight barrels of pickled fish, or perhaps eight fish each. The number of vessels in the mackerel fleet is at least four hundred. Allowing four fish to each, there is an aggregate of 1,600 fish. Estimating one for each vessel in the halibut fleet yearly, we add fifty more in the aggregate.

Mr. Earll judged that in 1878, as for several years previous, 2,000 swordfish had been brought into Portland, Me. Allowing 1,000 of these to the regular swordfishermen and the mackerel vessels, we have a remainder of 1,000 taken by the occasional fishermen of Portland already spoken of, and to be added to the aggregate, which now amounts to 5,850.

Add 150 more for the coasters, seabass fishermen, and pound-tending vessels of southern Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and the sum is 6,000.

The average weight of a swordfish dressed is estimated by several persons, Captain Ashby, Mr. Earll, Mr. Thompson, and others, to be 300 pounds, and that this is not far from the truth may be seen by referring back to the records of the Northern Eagle. If the average weight is assumed to be 250 pounds, the aggregate weight of a year's catch of swordfish amounts to 1,500,000 pounds, valued at $45,000, the average price being estimated at three cents per pound.

To estimate the number of men employed is almost impossible, since the season continues only four months, and many are employed for a much shorter period. The crews of the forty vessels number from 160 to 200; the number of men employed for shorter periods it seems scarcely necessary to estimate.

In 1874 the annual catch for the United States was estimated by Mr. E. G. Blackford at 2,000 fish, weighing 1,000,000 pounds.

SWORDFISH AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

"The small swordfish is very good meat," remarked Josselyn, in writing of the fishes of New England in the seventeenth century. Since Josselyn probably never saw a young swordfish, unless at some time he had visited the Mediterranean, it is fair to suppose that his information was derived from some Italian writer.

It is, however, a fact that the flesh of the swordfish, though somewhat oily, is a very acceptable article of food. Its texture is coarse; the thick, fleshy, muscular layers cause it to resemble that of the halibut in consistency. Its flavor is by many considered fine, and is not unlike that of the bluefish. Its color is gray. The meat of the young fish is highly prized on the Mediterranean, and is said to be perfectly white, com-

pact, and of delicate flavor.(42) Swordfish are usually cut up into steaks, thick slices across the body, and may be broiled or boiled.

Considerable quantities of swordfish are annually salted in barrels in Portland, Gloucester, Boston, New Bedford, and New London. Swordfish pickled in brine is in considerable demand in certain sections of the country, and particularly in the Lower Connecticut Valley, where a barrel may be found in almost every grocery store. By many persons it is considered much more palatable than salted mackerel.

MARKETS.

Mr. Thompson remarks: "Previous to 1862 the market for fresh fish was limited to New Bedford, Fall River, Providence, and the adjoining towns, and a large proportion of the fish then taken was salted and shipped to the West Indies and the Southern States. This was especially the case with those taken about Noman's Land and Martha's Vineyard. Now nearly all are consumed fresh, and the average price is somewhat higher than formerly."

The Gloucester *Telegraph* of September, 1850, contained the following item, which shows that swordfish were eaten in Boston at least thirty years ago, and highly esteemed:

"A swordfish weighing about 250 pounds was caught near our cape on Tuesday. It was taken to Boston and retailed out from Quincy Market, by Messrs. Covill, at 12½ cents per pound. The sword, measuring from the to eye the tip, is 37 inches in length."(43)

Mr. John H. Thompson writes: "At present the great bulk of the catch is sold fresh. Most of the fish are brought to this port, and a few are carried to New London. Until within a *very* few years nearly all were disposed of in this vicinity. About 1864 a few were sent to Boston on trial, and the consumption of swordfish in that vicinity has since rapidly increased. Still, the principal market for swordfish and tuna may be said to lie between New London and the eastern end of Massachusetts. Providence, R. I., consumes a large quantity."

Mr. Earll writes: "About 2,000 swordfish, averaging in weight 300 pounds dressed, have been landed yearly in Portland for several years. Most of them are sent to Boston fresh, and the remainder are cut up and salted here."

Mr. Eugene G. Blackford informs me that the swordfish are not much esteemed in New York market, and that in 1874 not more than 3,000 pounds in the aggregate were consumed.

PRICES.

Regarding the price of fresh fish at New Bedford, Mr. Thomson remarks: "When the fish arrives here it is eagerly sought at 20 cents a pound, retail. In 1873, within forty-eight hours of the arrival of the first one, fifty-two were brought in, bringing the general retail price down to 8 and 10 cents. At this price, clear of bone, they are usually retailed throughout the season. The wholesale price is about 12 cents for the first catch, falling rapidly to 2 or 3 cents. This is for 'clean fish,' without head, tail, and viscera. Fish from George's Bank are sometimes brought here from Boston. They then retail at 15 and 20 cents."

According to the record of the Northern Eagle, the price in June, 1878, ranged from 2 to 4½ cents, in July from 3 to 5 cents, and in August from 2½ to 5.

In July, 1879, Mr. Earll found the price in Portland, Me., 4 cents, but the arrival of 200 fish on August 1 brought the price down to 1½ cents. He estimates the average wholesale price at 2 cents.

In New London, according to Captain Ashby, the price has varied within his recollection from 3 to 8 cents, the latter high price being paid in 1877.

According to Captain Martin, the price of salt swordfish in Gloucester is always about the same as that of No. 3 mackerel. In July, 1878, there being no mackerel in the market, they were valued at $7 a barrel.

42. The flesh, which is much esteemed by the better classes at Palermo, is dressed in almost as many modes as that of the tunny and fetches a higher price. During our sojourn there it was as two to one. The fiber is invitingly white, and the round segments look, as they lie in rows along a table, so many fillets of veal. Four to six feit is the usual run of those taken off the Trinerian coast and displayed in the fish markets of Sicily.—*Badham.*

43. A swordfish weighing over 700 pounds was one of the sensations at Faneuil Hall Market last week.—*Gloucester Telegraph, August* 13, 1850.

ENDURANCE OF CARP.

SINCE our editorial note on this subject was in type the following letter to Fish Commissioner Blackford was received. It relates to the same fish, and we publish it as part of the same singular story:

MIDDLE HOPE, N. Y., Oct. 12.

Mr. Eugene G. Blackford:

Thinking some additional facts in regard to the carp sent you last week by Mr. Hurr, of Newburg, would be interesting, I have taken the liberty of writing. The pond situated at Creek Hill Cemetery was emptied in February, 1881, by the giving way of the dam, and remained dry until the following June, when I re-built the dam and allowed it to fill. It is fed by springs and is not connected with any other pond or body of water. I have mentioned these facts to show you that there was no possibility of there being any fish in the pond at the time it was stocked with carp, or that they could have got in since. On the 5th of November last I received a can of carp from Commissioner Baird. There were twenty-seven of them, the largest not more than two inches long. They were placed in the pond and not seen again until June 1st, when, as near as I could judge of their size by looking at them in the water, they were about four inches long. During the recent freshet the bank of the pond gave way and let out all the water, so, of course, we lost our fish. The one sent you was picked up about ten rods below the break in our pond, and no doubt came from there. Yesterday one of my men caught another of about the same size of yours. There are two more of about the same size in a small pool below the pond, that can be easily caught and will be put back in the pond as soon as the bank is repaired.

WM. B. WESTERVELT.

CARP IN TENNESSEE.—Nashville, October 12, '82.—Col. Goodsell has just finished a carp pond at his farm, ten miles from this city, and intends stocking it with that variety of fish. It cover over one-half acre, and varies in depth from three to ten feet. At one end of the pond he has left a large space of marsh, in which grows luxuriantly a species of wild rice, and where, he thinks, by flooding it, the fish will go to spawn. If the plants growing there should prove to be suited to the carp's food, a discovery will be made which will be worth millions to this country. The supply of water in this pond comes from two or three springs which were uncovered during the process of building; the temperature of it is not too low, and doubtless the fish will thrive in it. The same gentleman has two other ponds supplied with water from a very cold spring, in which he has placed a large number of native game fish. He says they have grown enormously within the last few months. The other day a bass weighing full a pound jumped into a canoe that was floating on the pond, which he says was in splendid condition. Young Mr. Gray told me yesterday a most fabulous story of the growth of some carp which he placed in a pond one year ago. One of these, weighing a pound when placed in his pond, has grown to be a monster, and he thinks he would weigh not less than ten pounds, while the smaller ones have reached from twelve to fourteen inches in length and would average two pounds apiece. He has let them regularly since he got them, and as the last winter was exceedingly mild, I believe his statement not exaggerated. Captain Frank W. Green has been the most successful grower about here, his ten original pair having multiplied until he has now thousands of them for sale. His pond is very small, but he is untiring in his care of the fish, feeds them regularly, and now his reward has been won. The majority of the fry shipped to this State by the U. S. Fish Commission have been lost through negligence and want of common sense treatment.—J. D. H.

DEATH OF CARL LINDENBERG.—It is with regret that we read in the *Fischerei Zeitung* that Mr. Carl Lindenberg, of Berlin, is dead. Mr. Lindenberg was one of those few large-hearted dealers in fish who take an active interest in fish-culture, and the fine display at Berlin was increased by his liberal exhibit of live fish in aquaria, which obtained the second prize of honor given by the Emperor. He labored hard, until he finally obtained the removal of obsolete restrictions on internal commerce, and Germany was allowed to obtain good sea fish at cheap rates. He was but thirty-nine years old, and his loss will be severely felt.

CARP IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent writes us that Mr. S. G. Worth, Superintendent of Fisheries of North Carolina, has nearly finished a set of carp ponds near Raleigh for increasing the supply to the builders of fish ponds in North Carolina. The verdict from all sources regarding the carp is unanimous in its favor, both as regards rapid growth and flavor.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

ROVINGS BY HAL HUNTER.

WHAT is nicer than an October morning for a ride through the country! Nothing, we thought, as we started from East Orange for a twenty-mile drive to Morris Plains. "Fox Farm," as it is familiarly known to New Jersey sportsmen, was our destination, with the pleasure ahead of seeing the canine favorites, and a run with our own that were summering at the farm. We sped along, enjoying the morning air and beautiful country, until we came to Milburn, where we rested our team and "took in" a very substantial morning meal. Three-quarters of an hour spent, but both horse and man were fresher, and along we go while it is cool. Chatham is passed; Madison next, and at this pretty little place the good people are astir. It is a good road from Madison to Morristown, and we quickly find ourselves among the beautiful residences of this handsomest of suburban townships. Slower through here, please, that we may enjoy the lawns and homes of many sporting gentlemen. Dogs are everywhere to be seen, prominent among which are the little silky terrier. Truly this may be called "the land of Skyes," for they abound, and they are all nice ones, too. Setters also are very plentiful. Pointers we saw but few of. The setters bespeak their family at once, and one notices the Raymond and Merford strains are the choice with gentlemen who keep them for work. We are nearing Morris Plains. The great asylum, with its new coat of paint, forms a grand background for the plains; and there, just down the track a bit, we see the cottage of Fox Farm, the property of Charles H. Raymond. It contains about seventy acres of good land, and is provided with an unusually large amount of outbuildings. It has been Mr. R.'s kennels farm for many years. It is now leased by Mr. J. Trego, who runs it for a boarding kennel, dairy for his little herd of Alderneys, and his home. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. P.'s cleanliness in the care of his kennel, of his judgment in cases of sickness, nor of his liberality to his dogs. His belief seems to be that his dogs do as well in good flesh as in a half-starved condition, and with the aid of mush and Alderney milk he carries out his idea to a nicety. The barns are admirably adapted for his kennel, and well filled, each dog having an abundance of room, many occupying box stalls. They are all liberated once a day and given the freedom of field and wood.

But to the dogs. First we find in the public stud the old thoroughbred Brough (Pride of the Border-Fairy), who though at present out of condition, has the blood nevertheless. Brough is of the first litter whelped after Mr. Raymond imported the grand old brace, and is of the somewhat questioned color, the liver and white; but from what we learn of him his color does not handicap him in hunting any, as he is every inch a field dog. He should make a grand cross on either Laverack or native bitches, especially of a light build.

Next we are shown the old favorite and brother to Brough, Guy Mannering. Guy is all right in color for the friends on the no liver side of the question. He is looking well and healthy, and will, we trust, last for many a day yet. He is still good in the field, but of course has lost the fire and dash of his youth. He enjoys the best that Fox Farm affords, as does his kennel companion and brother, Rhoderick Dhu, who is looking better, if anything, than Guy. We had the pleasure of Rhod's company for a stroll, and to see the old dog go in his quiet Laverack way is a pleasure indeed. Mr. P. tells us he is a superior dog on partridge, and the old fellow took us in the mountain to two places where the birds had been. Rhod. and Guy are in the private stud, and have proven themselves to be two good ones. Their puppies are very uniform in size and style. They are all field dogs, though we would like a little more speed than many of the youngsters possess. We would not fancy either for heavy bitches or those of a slow turn, except for the blood, which no one can deny is worth seeking after even at the expense of a little speed. Rhod. is the lighter and the one for the heavy class, while Guy is a grand old dog for light wiry bitches. It seems a pity they are not brought more to the front as stud dogs before it is too late. With Brough, Guy and Rhod, Fox Farm has a grand showing of the Laverack blood. Mr. Panot won't hear anyone say that the Lavericks lack "bottom," but acknowledges that—as our idea, and always has been—the crossing of the Laverack blood into the native bitches make the more nearly perfect dog.

We are next shown the well-known orange and white dog Max Harkaway. Max, if we remember right, is a son of Quimby's Nellie; his sire is Guy Mannering, one of the Jersey favorites. Max we thought to be looking better than when we saw him last, and he seemed very happy in a large box stall by himself. We were told he improved every year at his work, and he impresses one as being a gentleman's dog.

We next noticed Mr. Bebee's Cona, a black and white by Rhod, or Guy, out of Mina, the bitch Mr. Bebee lost. Cona is a fine size, but of too curly a coat to suit our eye. He has not been broken and is consequently untried, but his sisters, Pope's Loui and Bebee's Blue Belle, are said by Mr. P. to be good ones in the field. It is a pity to have Cona left untried. He is in the prime of health and condition.

We next noticed the young native dog Doud, the property of E. A. Spooner, of New York, by champion Jersey Duke ex field trial winner Daisey. He is a good looker and will be handled this season. His breeding entitles him to field ability.

We are next shown the coming star dog of the farm, Mr. Raymond's youngster Punch, by Brandy, a son of Pride of the Border, ex the famous little bitch Lemonade. Brandy and Lemonade mixed in this style cannot help making Punch. Punch is said to be the best stayer for a five months old puppy Fox Farm has ever produced, and points nicely also. He is orange and white, and although not quite right in the joints, is fast, through Mr. Panot's attention, getting over it. He reminds us of his mother. There is also a pointer, liver and white, whose name and pedigree we do not recall.

We are next to notice the bitches. First we notice the Laverack bitch Magnet, who is boarding at the farm. She has trouble with her eyes and shows her age, but will still make a brood bitch. She is, we think, the property of Mr. Westcott, of Philadelphia, and was bred by Mr. Laverack, being by Bailey's Victory out of Blue Daisy, and is about six or seven years old; but there are still hopes of getting a litter from her, which is greatly to be desired.

Cecile we are shown next. She is a sister of the famous Paul, who died so suddenly, and if anything of his kind should be highly prized. The brother was by Morford's Don out of Fairy. The blood is of the winning kind. Here we have the native and Laverack cross again, and had Paul lived, he would have shown what the cross will make for our dogs. Cecile is a nice bitch, one that pleases the eye, attracting attention at once. She is the property of Mr. Raymond.

Next comes the grandly-bred one, Floy, also Mr. Raymond's. She is by Lincoln out of Fairy, and should make a grand brood bitch. We remember her at our first visit to Robbins Island. She did not do herself credit there, but we were informed could do so with ease. She is an orange and white, of fine size, possibly a little heavy, if anything. We would fancy a cross for her with Mr. Goodsell's Phantagnet.

Next we call upon Blue Belle, Mr. Bebee's little winner. She is a sister to Cona, before mentioned, and Loui. She and Loui have been kennel companions until lately, when Mr. Pope took Loui and her brother, by Thunder, home for a while. Blue Belle is a very pretty bitch, indeed, fine disposition and easy to handle, and wants only work to be a star field performer.

Next we find Girl, a sprightly bitch and granddaughter of old Pride. She is of the disputed color, but looks to be speedy, and possibly a little headstrong.

There are two young things to be handled this fall. First, and probably one of the best young bitches of the present season is the black, white and tan native setter bitch Duchess Diamond, the property of Mr. Fred. H. Wetmore, of Orange, N. J. She is a sister to the young dog Doud, being by champion Jersey Duke out of Spooner's Daisy. She is a very nice little bitch, and will be broken for a gentleman's hunter. She is very fast and level, fine nose and very pleasant in minding. We shall expect to hear from her again. Both Mr. Panot and Mr. W. think well of the Duchess.

Then we find a nice little bitch, the property of Mr. Raymond. She is called Miss Cynthia Waters. She is by Rhod out of Whirlwind. Her dam we saw once at Fox Farm, and she was a fast one. Cyn, as she is called, promises well, but we think will lack dash, though it is difficult to say as yet. She is a handsome little thing, especially her head. We think she favors her sire in build.

Next we look at Mr. Spooner's orange and white bitch Zoe, by Morford's Dou out of Mercilliot's Pet and litter sister to the late champion Grace. She is a fine, large bitch, a true and natural hunter, and for the age and flesh that are on her she possesses a power of speed. She has been summering at Fox Farm and was looking finely. She has been bred twice in succession to Warwick, but both litters were lost. She will now be bred to a Laverack of her own color.

Lastly we are shown the famous little bitch Lemonade, the property of Mr. Raymond and dam of many good ones. She is looking and feeling finely, and will receive her share of attention this fall. She is an orange and white, of good size, and a great pet with her owner. Lemonade's puppies should be much sought after by sportsmen, for she is never bred but to raise hunters. After the dogs were looked over we took Zoe, Duchess, Cyn, Doud, and old Rhod invited himself, and were off for a tramp to the top of Whatnong. It was a lovely day in the woods, and the dogs enjoyed it with us. Going up we met Mr. Raymond and a friend with Lemonade, Cecile, Floy and Punch, and after a few words of greeting pushed on. The orange and white are the color for the field, as we realized as Mr. R., friend and quartette left us. On down the hill, on to the top, where we enjoyed a view of the Passaic valley, then home to a sumptuous dinner, such as only Mrs. Panot can serve to hungry trampers. One more look on the dogs all round, we jump into our buggy, and with a promise to come soon again start on our lovely drive home, sorry that a day of so complete rest should end so soon.

HAL HUNTER.

DENVER BENCH SHOW.

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 7, 1882.

The first annual bench show under the auspices of the Colorado Industrial Association, took place at Denver on the 5th and 6th inst. The different classes called forth many blooded animals from all parts of the State, and a goodly number where represented, and compared very creditably with the Eastern show in point of quality of dogs.

Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon the manager, Mr. Meek, for his untiring interest to make this the first annual bench show a success, and, judging from the comments of visitors upon the management of the kennels and classification of dogs, it was certain to make him feel amply repaid for his ardent labors.

The kennels, fifty in number, where constructed in the open air, in the form of an "L." They were large, clean, and as neat as could be in point of architecture, and nothing was left undone for the comfort and convenience of the dogs exhibited, and in conclusion it can safely be said it was a success, and every lover of the brute creation was satisfied with its success and the judging of the different classes. Following is a list of the awards:

Class 1.—Miss Van Vleet, best Newfoundland, $5.00.
Class 2.—Stuart Taylor, best English mastiff, $5.00.
Class 3.—Mr. Hackney, best greyhound, $5.00.
Class 4.—J. Winfield, best greyhound bitch, $5.00.
Class 5.—Wm. Dingle, best Llewellyn, $5.00.
Class 6.—C. B. Wolff, best Gordon bitch, $5.00.
Class 7.—C. W. Feickert, best red Irish bitch, $2.00.
Class 8.—Clifton Bell, best French poodle, silver necklace.
Class 9.—Mrs. Rogers, best French poodle bitch, silver necklace.
Class 10.—Ed. McClintock, best Scotch terrier, $5.00.
Class 11.—Mrs. Wm. Evans, best Maltese terrier, $2.00.
Class 12.—J. Martin, best bulldog, $5.00.
Class 13.—Stuart Taylor, best bull bitch, $5.00.
Class 14.—Mrs. D. M. Pomeroy, best English pug, silver necklace.
Class 15.—Mrs. D. M. Pomeroy, best Scotch terrier, $2.00.
Class 16.—Ed. McCarthy, Jr., best Mexican, fancy bracelet.

C. W. F.

PHILADELPHIA BENCH SHOW.—There is some talk among the sportsmen of Philadelphia of holding a bench show in that city some time next winter or spring. We trust that more than talk will come of it, as Philadelphia has demonstrated that she can have a first-class show, and we cannot have too many of these.



MR. EDWARD ODELL'S LIVER AND WHITE TICKED POINTER DOG "BOW."

BOW.

OUR illustration this week is of the liver and white ticked pointer dog Bow, owned by Mr. Edward Odell, of New Orleans, La. Bow was whelped Sept., 1874. He was bred by Mr. S. Price, Bow, North Devon, Eng., and is by Price's champion Bang out of Davey's Luna. He was brought to this country early in 1878 by Mr. T. H. Scott, of Kilvington, Thirsk, Eng., who exhibited him at the bench show held in St. Louis soon after his arrival, where he won third, although in very bad form and afflicted with surfeit contracted on shipboard. He was purchased by the St. Louis Kennel Club, who brought him out in grand form at the New York show a few weeks later, when he won first and the special prize for the best pointer in the show. The following is a list of his winnings in England: In 1877, second Agricultural Hall, first Exeter, second Tavistock, and third at Bristol. He has won in this country on the bench: Third St. Louis, 1878; first and special for the best pointer, also, with Sleaford, the special for the best brace at New York, 1878; champion prize at St. Paul, 1879; first and special for the best pointer at Detroit, 1879; champion prize and special for the best pointer, also, with Faust, the special for the best brace at Boston, 1879. His field trial winnings are: Divided second with Nellie in the all-aged stakes, and, with Faust, winning third in the brace stakes at the National American Kennel Club's field trials at Patoka, Ill., 1879. Bow is a very good-looking animal, powerfully built, with plenty of bone and muscle. He is a capital field dog, possessed of a good nose, and has lots of hunting sense; he is also quite fast and very stylish on game. As a stock dog he has proved a success, many of his descendants turning out grandly, both on the bench and in the field. Although eight years old, he looks scarcely more than half that, and appears to be good for several years to come. The cut is from a photograph, and is a very good likeness.

THE HAUNTING HOUNDS.

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."
—*Midsummer Nights' Dream.*

YES! The haunting hounds. They do, and will ever, haunt me, like the sweet dreams of youth—now so far away in the past—like the sweets and lollipops of life, dissolving on the palate of experience, and leaving their essence with memory to hold, in sanctuary, for us to retreat to when the cares, the ills and disappointments of life press upon too surely. It is blissful to be haunted with pleasant memories, and one such I shall dwell upon, "by your leave, sweet sirs!" It being apropos to the season and in accord with the "scarlet," I will make no apology, and "hark! forward!"

The westering sun was casting long shadows when I was set down in the very purlieu of a huntsman's paradise—the kennel of a breeder of beagle hounds. It was the goal of a long day's wearisome journey by rail, and a fond lover, posting to the welcome of his sweetheart, could not have felt more impatience than I to be within hail of the music of the hounds. In vain, for a time, did my host, the breeder, invite me within doors—dust, weariness, and every carnal need had been forgotten at the sight and sound of the well-ordered kennels, and I begged to "run riot" and glance at all ere I accepted the hospitality of within doors and its refreshment.

What is more beautiful, than a well-bred dog? possibly a "lovely woman," yet the chances are the steadfast faith that enhances the beauty of the dog may be lacking in her, and beauty without faith is as a flower without scent. Well, here I was in canine "clover," with so much to see and admire, and felt that I actually stood "at gaze," beset on every hand with "champion" dogs, beautiful brood bitches, and playful puppies. There was Lucy's litter of ten whelps, so evenly marked, so well developed and so sportive that they beggar description and defy comparison. To see them in their gambols was like looking through a kaleidoscope, every moment wrought a change in combination of color or feature.

Then a stride or two away was Music's comfortable litter of five, splendid specimens of English basket beagles they were, too! This breed was the favorite one of "Good Queen Bess," and her kennels were celebrated for specimens of diminutive size, and for peculiarly musical voices. Music, I trow, must have some of their blood in her—her size and tongue both warrant the assertion, for a more fertile bitch and a more musical it were hard to find. One of her puppies was of peculiar beauty, as to markings and points, and like the best and loveliest of earthly things the first to die has gone the way of all the living—a sacred and blessed memory to the writer. Peace to him and to all like him forevermore.

Look yonder! There are seven puppies of noble Ringwood's "get," and with them a pair so perfectly alike each other, that they ought (and will) always to "hunt in couples." High-crowned, broad-chested, beautifully marked and mottled, they do credit to their sire and their dam as well. On the bench and in the field they will yet make their "mark," if life and promise fail not.

It were vain to enumerate the various excellencies of the nearly three score of puppies that I then and there beheld. The gravity of Ringwood, Gold, King and Flute, full of "blue blood" and celebrated the world over, showed itself in amusing contrast with the playful abandonment of their progeny, and the tender care of the brood bitches for their fatty whelps made a picture I shall never forget, and which I love to recall. As I think, in these after days, of those now scattered puppies, and of the pride of their new masters in their possession, I wonder what possibilities their lives may develop. In the still watches of the night I seem to hear the music of their tongues as, on those memorable nights, I did hear the "tuneable" cry of the old hounds in that far-away kennel of my friend.

Again I fancy myself there, in that beautiful country, now made more glorious by the gorgeous hues of autumn, and, in fancy, I see the well drawn pack strain in the leashes ere the word be given to "find" the swift-footed hare as it leaves its "form" and rustles through the fallen leaves. My face flushes, my heart quickly beats, and my books vanish away, as I seem to follow their "lead" and listen to the music of their cry—the incomparable music of stanch beagles in the field. Our voices are harsh in comparison, but we shout cheer on cheer, and as oft as we do so—

"The hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

O. W. R.

FOOD FOR PUPPIES.

YOUR correspondent, "O. W. R.," is sufficiently explicit as to the manner in which he fed his puppy, to enable me to point out just where, in my opinion, he took a wrong course. He started with a fixed belief that his puppy was "a very delicate piece of handiwork," and this inevitably led him to too great an anxiety concerning the health of the puppy, as well as to a constant watchfulness to discern the slightest irregularity. This is bad, for the reason that such an owner is quick to notice the slightest symptoms of anything outside of the regular habits of his puppy, is quick to magnify the consequences of the symptoms, and is driven, by his anxiety to do something for his pet, to resort to dosing, and dosing pretty surely means death.

"O. W. R." fed his six-weeks-old puppy on "boiled cow's milk, on broth, on puddings (corn and oatmeal)" etc. The effect of boiled cow's milk upon the bowels is well known, and is directly opposite what I consider a beneficial habit in the puppy. Do not boil the milk, or even heat it beyond a point sufficient to take off the chill. Omit the broth entirely, if by the word a meat broth is meant. Cook corn and oatmeal mush thoroughly, boil, mash and mix into the mush a few potatoes. Stir mush and milk well together. If this is not done the puppy will form a habit of drinking the milk and ignoring the mush.

Give the puppy daily all the thick sour milk he will eat. This last I consider very important. Do not stuff him with mush and then offer him the sour milk, but mix the two, or better still, give him the thick milk alone before his regular breakfast. Worms will appear long enough for the longest Latin name that scientific minds can invent, but there is no occasion to worry, and above all things do not give any drugs.

There will be days when the puppy will eat little, or perhaps decline to eat at all. Man is said to be the only animal which does not know enough to refrain from eating when sick, ever the hog being his superior in that respect. At such times, do not tempt the puppy with meat. Let him alone; he will come back to his mush when he ought to eat anything. My opinion is against the feeding of meat to puppies.

Beagles are not particularly hard to rear.

But all that I have said, and much more, every bit of which is law and gospel, has been laid before your readers in the article of "Shadow" on "Rearing Puppies," and is told over to them week after week in your "Answers to Correspondents."

How a man can read the article referred to, and the answers which from time to time appear to questions upon this very subject in your columns, and then have any doubts as to the proper way in which to let his puppy grow up, passes my comprehension.

To "O. W. R." or anybody else asking the questions which he asks I would say, read the article on "Rearing Puppies" above referred to, and fighting a little shy of that portion which speaks of occasional meals of boiled meat, sufficiently so to make them very occasional, follow the rest of the letter, I have practically demonstrated the truth of its every assertion.

NAT. HOWE.

BLACK GREYHOUNDS.—Mr. H. W. Huntington, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has purchased of Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, of Chicago, his celebrated pair of greyhounds, Doubleshot and Dorothée. These, with the black bitch Clio, also owned by Mr. Huntington, make a leash that we do not believe can be surpassed in this country. Mr. Huntington informs us that his kennel will in future be known as "The Master McGrath Kennels.' Doubleshot is a grandson of this celebrated dog, and the only one of the blood in this country, and judging from what we have heard of his performances in the field, he reflects no discredit upon his illustrious ancestor. We understand that Mr. Huntington gave a long price for these dogs, and we trust that he will have full opportunity to indulge in his favorite sport of coursing. In this connection we would suggest that lovers of this sport form a Coursing Club, and procure from the West a supply of jack rabbits and stock the eastern end of Long Island. This plan, if feasible, would afford an unlimited amount of healthful recreation for the lovers of this old-time sport.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.—There will be a bench show at Ottawa, Canada, probably in March next, although the time has not been definitely decided. It is the intention of the management to give a model show, and they will offer about $4,000 in prizes. No effort will be spared to make it the event of the year.

TO COCKER BREEDERS.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Oct. 10, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since you published my series of articles on "The Dog," and especially my strictures on the lamentable condition of the cocker spaniel, I have been addressed personally by thirteen different parties, all of whom are breeders and lovers of the cocker spaniel, asking me to establish or organize a new cocker club. In answer to these persons, who have expressed their dissatisfaction with the present status of the A. C. S. Association, and who are readers and patrons of the FOREST AND STREAM, I will state that steps have been taken to issue a circular to all cocker breeders and lovers of this little dog in his purity, in the United States and the Canadas, for the purpose of getting together all or as many of such who are willing to lay aside all selfish considerations and unite to form a cocker organization for the preservation and elevation of the old-time cocker spaniel.

Whatever interest centers to-day in the welfare of the cocker, originates from what we know and have read of the many good qualities of the old type of this valuable and faithful companion of the sportsman.

If any one will take the trouble to investigate from books, steel engravings and paintings by the best artists of the times, what constituted the old type of cocker, he will be abundantly satisfied that such type of cocker is quite a different dog from those attempted to be brought to the front now by selfish and interested partisans. I do not include all the members of the A. C. S. A., or even perhaps a majority of such members, but I refer to certain leaders and selfish propagandists, who have, rather by force than persuasion, given bent and direction to the errors surrounding it, which if continued will injure and eventually destroy all that is good in the old-time cocker.

An organization is called for which shall give to this little, active friend of the sportsman that which rightfully belongs to him uncontaminated by baser matter, and I as the uncompromising friend of the true cocker have been called upon by these thirteen lovers and breeders of this dog to take such steps as will insure his defense and protection from all false friends or enemies in disguise.

In accepting this task I wish to say most explicitly that I will act in all things for the best interests of the cocker spaniel, and will do my utmost to restore him to his primitive quality and usefulness, having no friends to reward or enemies to punish.

As soon as the circular is prepared for publication I will send it for distribution to all friends of the cocker both in the United States and the Canadas, and shall expect from them such assistance and co-operation as their letters to me abundantly promise.

I regret that absence from my home during the past three months has delayed on my part a more prompt and willing response to those who desire justice to be done to the beautiful and intelligent little cocker.

E. C. FRANKLIN.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.—Memphis, Oct. 12, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The field trials of the N. A. Kennel Club, at Grand Junction, Tenn., commencing December 4, no doubt will have the largest number of entries in both stakes of any previous trials either in America or Europe. Many of the very best dogs of the country are already coming South to go in training for these trials. The club has secured about twice as much ground as they had last year, had it liberally planted with buckwheat, peas and sorghum, especially to feed the birds with. All who were there last year know that there were plenty of birds left for another trial without any being hatched. They have been rigidly protected, have hatched and raised well, and will be ample for all purposes, and both stakes can be run entirely through if we have good weather before the end of the week. I know of several new contestants who will make their debut this year, and if the veterans don't keep both eyes wide open, some of these "green ones" will get first money.—D. BRYSON, Secretary N. A. K. C.

BLUE BORDER.—Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, of New York, has purchased of Mr. John E. Long, of Detroit, Mich., the blue belton English setter dog Bolus, to take the place of Prince Taxis, who died last June. Bolus is a great-grandson of Pride of the Border, and Mr. Ryan has very appropriately, both as regards color and breeding, changed his name to Blue Border. He is a magnificent animal, and will, when fully developed, be heard from again.

EASTERN FIELD TRIAL ENTRY BLANKS.—Those in want of entry blanks for the Members' or All-Aged stakes of the Eastern Field Trials, also the rules and regulations, can procure them at this office, or by addressing the secretary, Mr. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.

OFF FOR THE SOUTH.—Mr. Wm. Tallman, of Worcester, Mass., passed through this city yesterday with a string of nineteen dogs on his way to Rock Hill, S. C., where he will locate and prepare his dogs for the trials.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Juno III. By Mr. Samuel Clark, Kennebunk, Me., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 26, 1882, by Guy II. (Grouse—Juno) out of Juno II. (Knock—Diana).

Silent Partner. By Dr. A. M. McCollom, New York, for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1882, by Tally Ho (Snapshot—Elf) out of his Gertrude (Snapshot—Elf).

Bachelor. By Miss Carrie E. Taft, Bedham, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped May 7, 1882, by Jack (Elcho—Meg) out of Jill (Elcho—Meg).

Biff. By Mr. C. N. Daly, Bergen Point, N. J., for black setter bitch, whelped July 3, 1882 (Chance—Topsy).

Belgrade. By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., for black spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1882, by Success (Bachelor—Salus) out of Bonfanti (Ned—Daisy).

Belmont. By Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore, Md., for black spaniel dog, whelped July 30, 1882, by Success (Bachelor—Salus) out of Rhea II. (Bub—Jenny).

Rolt. By Mr. C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 13, 1882, by his imported Rex out of Mr. S. A. Coleman's Flora (Tom—Chloe).

Lorie. By Dr. M. H. Turner, Hammondsville, N. Y., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 17, 1882, by Ned (Sensation—Queen) out of Pan (Prince—Flirt).

Victor. By Mr. Frank C. Phillips, Milford, Mass., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 11, 1882, by Colonel Stubbs (Captain—Flirt) out of Fly (Snipe—Princess).

Clip. By Mr. Frank C. Phillips, Milford, Mass., for orange and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 12, 1882, by Colonel Stubbs (Captain—Flirt) out of Pet (Grip—Flirt).

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bolus to Blue Border. By Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, New York, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 7, 1881, by Blue Dick (Blue Dash—Jolly May) out of Belmore (Lord Downe's Duke—Belle).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Judy—Count Bendigo. Mr. T. Donoghue's (La Salle, Ill.) imported Irish water-spaniel bitch Judy (Drake—Duck) to his Count Bendigo (Bob—Bridget), Aug. 21.

Lark—Tweed II. Mr. Geo. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) tawny

red Scotch collie bitch Lark (Rex—Jennie Nettles) to Mr. Thos. H. Terry's champion Tweed II., Oct. 10.

Rose.—Mr. J. F. C. Lucas's (St. Louis, Mo.) imported liver and white pointer bitch —— to Mr. Edward Odell's champion Bow, Sept. 20.

Brighton—Rolla. Mr. E. H. Smart's (Bainbridge, Ga.) blue belton English setter bitch Gretchen (Mac Leod of Dare—Brenda) to the Limestone Kennel's Rolla (Lofty—Maud Muller), Aug. 19.

Jessie—Tweed II. Mr. Wm. R. Hill's black and white collie bitch Jessie to Mr. Thos. H. Terry's champion Tweed II., Aug. 18.

Maggie—Tweed II. Mr. Chamberlain's black, tan and white collie bitch Maggie (Neil—Jess) to Mr. Thos. H. Terry's champion Tweed II., Sept. 10.

Minnie—Tweed II. Mr. C. Flemming, Jr.'s collie bitch Minnie to Mr. Thos. H. Terry's champion Tweed II., Oct. 5.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Little Pet. Mr. E. F. Mercilliot's (New York) imported pug bitch Little Pet, Oct. 9, five (three dogs) by his imported Rex.

Fanny. Mr. E. F. Mercilliot's (New York) imported pug bitch Fanny, Sept. 30, four by his imported Rex.

Lucy. Mr. R. T. Wanderwart's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) liver and white pointer bitch Luck (Lock of Eden Hall—Ready Money), Oct. 2, four (two dogs) by his Don (Bang—Peg).

Daisy Starlight. Mr. H. W. Durgin's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Daisy Starlight, Oct. 8, nine (eight dogs) by Dashing Dan (Lofty—Maud Muller).

Grace. Mr. A. W. Pearsall's red Irish setter bitch Grace (Hill—Donna), Sept. 10, five (two dogs) by Scout (Plunket—Carrie).

Norah O'More. The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Norah O'More (Berkley—Tilley), Sept. 24, eleven by their champion Rory O'More.

Quail III. The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Quail III. (Red Gauntlet—Quail II.), Oct. 9, ten by their champion Rory O'More.

Daisy. Mr. W. J. Percival's (Palo, Mich.) beagle bitch Daisy (Rattler—Baker's Fan), Sept. 30, two (one dog) by his Dandy (Rattler—Sill).

Trinket. Mr. Wm. Tallman's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Trinket (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.), Oct. 11, four (two dogs) by Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna); one dog and two bitches since dead

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Darkness. Black, with white on breast, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 2, 1880 (Wildair—Little Buttercup), by Mr. M. P. McKoon, Franklin, N. Y., to Mr. W. S. Thomas, Birmingham, Conn.

Little Maudie. Liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 23, 1881 (Brag—Feather), by the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. H. H. Groves, Scotland, Mass.

Brag. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 1880 (Wildair—Little Buttercup), by the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Club, Claremont, mont, N. H., to Mr. G. W. Schenk, Burlington, Ia.

Black Prince. Black spaniel dog, whelped July, 1881 (champion Benedict—Madcap), by the Hornell Spaniel Club, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, Whitestone, L. I.

Bounce. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 12, 1881 (Leader—Fan), by Mr. A. C. Krueger, Jr., Wrightsville, Pa., to Mr. Chas. A. Fales, Central Falls, R. I.

Jerry—Snowflake whelps. Pointers, whelped July 11, 1882, by Mr. Wr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., a bitch to Mr. Frank Willard of the same place; a dog to Mr. Wm. Bishop, Shiloh, Mich.; a dog and bitch to Mr. C. B. Macken, Wellsville, N. Y.

Doubleshot. Black and white greyhound dog, 34yrs. old (Riot Act—Sunflower), by Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., to Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Selma. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 7, 1881, by Blue Dick (Blue Dash—Jolly May) out of Belmore (Lord Downe's Duke—Belle, E. K. C. S. B. 5,052), by Mr. John E. Long, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, New York.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Success—Bonfanti whelps. Solid liver spaniel dogs, whelped Aug. 8, 1882, by Mr. J. H. Woodlow, Bellaire, Mich.; one to Mr. Harry Devries and one to Mr. Henry Bach, Jr., both of the same city.

Lorie. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 17, 1882 (Ned—Fan), by Mr. Chas. H. Foote, Crown Point, N. Y., to Dr. M. H. Turner, Hammondville, N. Y.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rex—Fanny whelps. Four pug puppies, whelped Sept. 30, 1882, owned by Mr. E. F. Mercilliot, New York.

"In the lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," nor can the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co. fail to suit the wishes of writers in the great variety that they provide of their steel pens.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

MATCH DEDUCTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading your "Why and Wherefore," on the defeat of the American Team, and having some ideas of my own in regard to the match; also, being somewhat expert with the rifle, I venture to advance a few ideas differing somewhat on certain points from those already expressed in regard to the rifle. There is no question in my mind that, if the rifles with which the team were armed were held on the bullseye at 200yds., the result would be bullseyes or close 8s. But just look at the magpies and outers and misses on the American side at this range. This thing at once struck me as the work of the guns themselves or of bad ammunition—consequently the men were at fault. Also, remember that this is the range in which the captain of the team stated to the reporters, he could not assist or help them to any improvement. Could the American Team have cleaned their guns after each shot, there is no question but that the scores would have been closer, and the result, possibly, have been different. Conceding this, we assume that the rifles were perfectly constructed and their capabilities for fine shooting perfect. You strike the keynote, how ever, when you say: "But the twelve were definitely selected only a few days before the match." One reason why the men shot less accurately than before the selection of the team was from the fact that it had been impressed upon them over and over again that they must deliver everything at the match, and my opinion is that in some respects the American Team was actually "coached" to defeat, and if the scores made do not imply this, I am no judge of what the scores do indicate.

In conversation with one of the English team, I remarked, "Why is it that you had no one to coach your men on the strength of the wind in the match?" He replied, "My mate and I have shot together so often that we know for a left wind he takes just ten inches more than I do for a zero day; so I ask him what he feels for the left wind, he takes two feet ten inches for the same; that is all we want to know. One man watches the flags while the other shoots; that is all the coaching we require, and you fellows utterly befog and break up a man who attempts to shoot or the opinion of any one not actually engaged in the contest."

I see you make no mention of the "gain twist" in the rifling with which each Metford barrel is cut. There may or may not be an advantage in this, and if so, the question may be, should the gunmakers, but to look at the steady work made by this English team it would seem to imply the former. It actually is a serious thing to American rifles to shoot seven shots without cleaning. I believe, also, that the British marksmen used a powder of which the combustion was a great deal quicker, and from that fact it developed almost its entire force inside the rifle barrel, giving less chance for a decomposition of the gas and consequent dropping of the sediment to the bottom side of the grooves in the barrel. I venture to predict that ere with the next year is laid by in the magazine, if the ammunition was properly fitted and tested, a vast improvement in the scores of the marksmen, and it may be that even totals of such a high character as would win the match could be shown. SMALLBORE.

OCTOBER 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read much that has been written in explanation and in criticism of the late International rifle match, but nowhere, so far as I have seen, have the glaring absurdities of some of the conditions governing that match been fully shown up. These contests were to be a test of both rifleman and rifle. If both countries were satisfied with the service weapon which each had adopted, increased skill in the use of the arms being the only object sought, then the match should have been fought with the service rifle and cartridge adopted by each country, and no variations in any particular should have been allowed. If improvement in the shooting qualities of military arms was also to be desired, then the utmost liberty in bore, cartridge and sights compatible with the requirements of military service should have been permitted. The rules adopted are absurd in either case. Cartridges and sights are permitted which are totally unfit for military service. Imagine a soldier in skirmish line with a detachable vernier and paper-covered rear sight, pencil and eraser in hand, and with cartridges the exposed grooves of the bullets of which are filled with a soft and danby wax. All these unmilitary things are permitted while a practical lateral moving rearsight is prohibited. When the English permitted the slide of the rear sight to be turned upside down and lines to be cut on it for different ranges, I fully conceded the whole question. If any sort of a wind gauge was to be permitted, then the one most practical and best adapted to the requirement of military service should certainly not have been ruled out.

The form of sights proposed by Sir H. Halford, a cut of which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM some weeks ago, might have proved a decided improvement over present forms; certainly there was no reason for pronouncing against their use, as they are calculated to withstand the rough usage of actual service. If a better form can be found and has adopted them, if inferior we could have let them alone and thereby have gained a point in our favor. Between the simplicity of both N. R. As. rifles is little to choose and I fear little to be hoped for in the way of improvement unless something can be done to reform one of their respective cuts. If it is permitted to improve rifles and ammunition, why not sights as well. Much has been said of the necessity of team practice and mutual aid, but how can the American team system under which American riflemen train so much be made available when the sights are such that no fellow can tell just where they are aimed. With any military rifles in use to-day I believe the American team system would prove but a delusion and snare to any team attempting to shoot upon that plan. Improve the form and set the rear sight as near the eye as possible and something might be gained by such a system. PEABODY MARTINA.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ALBANY, N.Y.—The fifth annual fall meeting at the Rensselaerwyck range drew a good company of spectators and contestants on Thursday morning last. Besides the local riflemen there were present representatives from Adams, Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass., Hudson, Cossackie, Catskill and Troy. The day was all that could be wished for by the riflemen. The air was cool and bracing, a gentle breeze was blowing, while the sky was overcast with gray clouds during the whole of the day. The meadow had lost none of its bright green, and the wooded hills around the range were gorgeous in their many hues of autumn foliage. The riflemen seemed to feel all the influences that surrounded them, and spent a pleasant day before the butts. The arrangements were all perfect, and at nine o'clock, precisely, the flags were lowered, and an instant afterward the first shot of the fall meeting was fired and the bullet sped on its way and made a white spot on the freshly painted black bullseye. From that time, with the exception of the noon hour, the reports of the rifles at the various points were heard almost incessantly. The first match was the Directors' match, at 200yds., open only to the directors of the association. There were seven entries in this match and it was won by Charles H. Gaus as follows:

Chas H Gaus, Bal S	....4544535—31	Wm E Fitch, Bal S	....4554414—30
Wm T Miles, Hep S	....4544451—30	Wm J Reinick, Bal S	....5435544—30
Leonard Geiger, R S	....5414544—30	Samuel L Ward, Bal S	....4545165—29

At 11 o'clock the short range 200yds. military match was called. There were seventeen entries in this match, and the scores were very good, the eight highest men having thirty points and over.

James I Miles, S M	....5454455—32	Wm J Reinick, R M	....4444554—30
Chas H Gaus, S M	....5545455—32	Charles Keller, R M	....4444554—30
R B Spelman, Jr, S M	....4445455—31	Wm E Fitch, Bal S	....4554554—30
Andrew Donner, R M	....4544554—31	C Edw'd Wendell, S M	....4434444—27
Wm T Miles, S M	....4545454—31	A G Judson, Spg M	....4543245—27

At 2 o'clock the short range team match was called. The targets had been freshly painted for this match, and considerable interest was manifested. Two local teams entered and the Adams (Mass.) Rifle Club had sent over a team to make it interesting and win first place if they could. There was not much choice in teams, as they were all composed of first-class men, and a close contest was looked for, and the spectators were not disappointed. The Adams team shot evenly and well, winning the first place, with two points to spare, as follows:

Adams Rifle Club.

H K Cooley, May S	.5	5	5	5	4	4	5—33
A B Crandall, Bal S	.4	4	5	5	4	5	5—32
R A Whipple, Bal S	.4	4	4	4	4	4	5—29
R B Dean, Bal S	.4	4	4	5	4	5	4—30—125

Company D, Tenth Battalion, N. G. S. N. Y.

W E Fitch, Bal S	.5	4	4	5	5	5	5—33
C H Gaus, Bal S	.5	4	4	5	4	5	5—32
J I Miles, Bal S	.4	8	5	4	5	4	5—30
J G Newbury, R C	.4	4	4	4	4	4	4—28—123

Third Division Rifle Association.

B R Spelman, Jr, Bal S	.5	4	5	5	5	4	5—33
W T Miles, Hep S	.4	5	5	5	5	4	4—32
L Geiger, R S	.5	4	4	4	4	5	4—30
R J Williams, Bal S	.5	3	4	4	4	4	3—27 122

During intermission between the completed matches, a large number of scores were made in the short and mid-range continuous matches, both of which were continued until the close of the meeting. An examination of the score cards and pool tickets show that 1,250 shots were fired during the day, and not a disputed shot came up for decision, showing that the marking was first class.

The second day of the meeting at Rensselaerwyck was well attended. Six matches were shot and completed. The Third Division match was shot in the morning, and the Tenth Battalion team won, with a good score. The Sixteenth Separate Company, of Catskill, with a only competitor of that corps, they did very well, but showed considerable nervousness, as it was the first competition they had shot in. They had the material for a first-class team, and with more practice in competitions will overcome the nervousness and prove a formidable team. The scores in all the matches were good, the skill and nerve of the riflemen holding up to the last. Everything during the meeting has been conducted fairly, and the competitors speak in the highest terms of the arrangements. The details of the second day matches are given below:

Mid-Range Match—600yds.

J I Miles, Hep C	.4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—49
L Geiger, R S	.5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—49
Peter Smith, R C	.1	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—48
W T Miles, S C	.5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5—48
J G Newbury, R C	.4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4—46
C Edw'd Wendell	.4	5	5	3	5	4	5	5	5	5—46
C H Gaus, Bal S	.5	4	5	5	4	2	5	5	5	5—45
M Murphy, Bal S	.5	2	5	5	4	5	3	5	4	4—43

Record Match—200yds.

Wm E Fitch	.11	11	9	12	10	10	12	10	11	10—106
Wm T Miles	.9	11	8	12	11	12	10	11	11	11—106
Chas H Gaus	.11	7	12	11	8	11	10	12	12	11—106
J I Miles	.9	9	11	11	9	12	9	10	10	11—101
R B Spelman, Jr	.8	10	12	9	11	8	10	12	9	10—99
L Geiger	.11	11	12	8	11	7	8	9	10	8—95
A Donner	.12	9	5	11	9	11	8	7	7	8—87
M Murphy	.9	10	9	12	9	5	9	10	5	10—88

Short-Range Continuous Match—200yds.

B R Spelman	4555555555—49	C E Wendell	*1433544544—43
Wm E Fitch	5455555555—49	S Phillips	*1543455554—43
Charles H Gaus	5455555555—49	Fred Gombel	*1444445444—42
R A Whipple	5555455555—49	J H Wood	5444445544—41
J I Miles	5545554555—49	P Sequeira	*1544444544—41
J G Newbury	5455554555—48	Wm D Taylor	5344144444—40
A B Crandell	5445554555—47	J J Zimmerman	3445434445—40
Charles Keller	*1545543455—47	H Vedder	*1433445535—40
Wm T Miles	4455445455—45	G D Boughton	*1454434445—40
L Cooley	4545454445—45	C E Ruth	4334454445—39
L Geiger	4455454551—45	C E Bloodgood	*1433533445—39
W T Reinick	4545555555—45	Peter Smith	4444414454—38
Andrew Donner	*1544455545—45	W J Powers	4444444454—38
H Batchelder	*1555545454—45	W Ward	4434413344—37
S B Ward	4444554545—44	A Munson	*1443443344—37
R B Dean	4544455444—43	P Muldoon	3433334444—36
W E Milbank	4514455443—43	E A Chase	*1434345333—35

*Allowance to military rifle.

Mid-Range Military Match—500 Yards.

H Batchelder	5455555555—49	A Donner	5442445535—41
C Keller	5455555555—49	J Smith	4253414454—40
Wm T Miles	5455545555—48	J G Zimmerman	3534434544—39
J H Wood	5555555545—49	R B Spelman, Jr	5453255453—39
C E Wendell	4454545455—44	C E Bloodgood	3343455553—38
Wm E Fitch	3544544545—43	C A Spencer	3311443345—37
S C Phillips	5445543553—42	J L Babcock	4434445441—37
J I Miles	4544554444—41	W J Reinick	5323445254—37
G D Boughton	4344534545—41	E A Chase	3233323434—35

Third Division N. G. S. N. Y. Match—300 and 500yds.

Tenth Battalion Team—Albany.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
W T Miles	45451—22	55544—23	J I Miles	55414—22	34534—19—41
Keller	55443—21	45533—22—43	Reinick	43435—20	32414—16—36
Fitch	43455—21	44553—21—42	Babcock	31423—17	33533—18—35
Batchelder	4444—19	54544—23—41	Donner	45234—21	33234—14—35
Total					348

Sixteenth Separate Company—Catskill.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Tolley	35454—22	45034—19—38	Spencer	43443—18	03244—14—32
Boughton	35433—18	44343—18—36	Bloodgood	44233—16	22244—14—30
Hunter	34444—19	23244—17—36	Soper	33324—16	32140—13—29
Philip	45454—22	05234—11—33	Smith	44344—17	30002—9—19
Total					253

Short Range Team Match—300 Yards.

Co. D, Tenth Battalion (Team.) Co. C, Sixteenth Separate Company (Catskill) Team.

J. N. Morse, Jr	10 10 10 9 10 9 11 10 9 10—98		
Steelman Clark	12 11 6 8 11 9 12 7 12 7—97		
C. A. Allen	9 6 9 11 8 9 9 10 9 11—92		
A. L. Rice	8 10 8 9 11 11 10 12 10 10—87		
Creedmoor Target.			
J. W. Murphy	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 5 5—45		
J. Norman	5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4—44		
Steelman Clark	5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4—43		
A. L. Rice	4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—42		
G. H. Perkins	3 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 5—42		
Frank Wesson	4 5 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—41		
A. Curtis	5 4 4 4 3 5 4 4 4 4—41		
Ring Target.—Gardner' Rest.			
Steelman Clark	11 10 12 10 11 11 11 10 12 10—108		
Dr. Arnold	9 7 10 10 10 9 9 9 8 11—92		
J. W. Murphy	8 6 8 11 9 10 4 8 12 7—83		

The Wolverine Sportsmen's Club, at its meeting in the evening, decided that, instead of the annual hunt and bird supper, they would meet at their grounds and have a glass ball and pigeon shoot. The losing side are to pay for the dinner, to be had near their range. The Marlboro and Westborough Clubs are to be invited, and a right good time is expected.

GARDNER, Mass., Oct. 10.—At the last meeting at Hackmatack range, the conditions were 200yds. off-hand, with inch ring and Creedmoor target combined. The score tells the story:

	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
G F Ellsworth	94	47	94	47—188 94
F H Knowlton	90	47	89	46—179 93
A Mathews	88	46	89	46—177 92
I N Dodge	90	45	90	45—170 90
I P Newton	89	46	78	48—163 90
S B Hildrith	82	44	72	44—154 88
B Williams	76	44	70	46—146 87
C Merrill	71	44	70	44—144 88
W G Loveland	63	38	72	44—134 82

MICHIGAN STATE TEAM.—The members of the Michigan Rifle Team recently visiting Creedmoor were delighted in good shape, well satisfied that they were as good marksmen as any of the prize winners, though they were unfortunate in many respects. The report at home on the doings of the team at Creedmoor is interesting, as showing the odds against which the men struggled, and how near they came to overcoming them all. The report says:

"Judge Webster, as captain of the team, was of course required to coach each individual member, and no one deeming it necessary to coach him he stepped to a firing point, and through a mistake in relation which the one coaching him would have to deliver, stepped to the 200yd. target, scoring 0. Even with these unfortunate odds against him, by scoring five bullseyes and four fours, he made 41 out of a possible 50.

In the Hilton Trophy match, in which some wonderful individual shooting was done, Michigan was in all fairness the winner, a fact generally conceded by those who were present during the contest. The Pennsylvania team closed with a score of 986, the Michigan boys being credited with 984, but 984 plow very unjustly, the latter were given a second place will appear from several facts, in support of which any amount of reliable testimony can be adduced. It is customary for each contestant to have what is called a warming shot before firing at the target for the purpose of warming the barrel and giving it an equal temperature throughout. This is generally taken by firing a cartridge into the ground, but one of the Pennsylvania men took his position at the firing point, deliberately aimed at the target and fired three shots. It at once was noticed that this was his warming shot, and the scorer, being notably prejudiced in behalf of that team, acted in accordance with this claim, and at the next shot the contestant made three, which was scored instead of the 0, to which he was alone entitled. Again one of their shots struck the ground so that all the witnesses saw the dirt fly, but the ball ricochetted and struck the target, scoring a three where 0 should really have been scored. Again, one of the Michigan team scored a 3, plainly denting the target, but the scorer declared a miss, and it was so recorded. Had a correct judgment been rendered in any one of these instances, Michigan would have secured the trophy, and even had then been time to enter a protest there is no question that Michigan, not Pennsylvania, would have been the winner. As it was, the international contest had crowded everything else over, both the Inter-State and Hilton trophy matches had to be shot that day, it was absolutely necessary that the Michigan men should get away that evening, so that the time and expense of staying over could not be incurred.

The shooting of Judge Webster in the Hilton trophy match is said by old riflemen men at Creedmoor to be the best ever made with a military rifle, either in this country or England, and a review of it bears out the statement. He made it recorded 49 bullseyes, one 4 and 33 out of a possible 35; at 500yds. he made seven straight bullseyes, all possible; at 600yds. he made four bullseyes and three fours, 32 out a possible 35, making a total in the match of 100 out of a possible 105; certainly a remarkable score, especially when it is remembered that he had the whole team, and no wonder he took time to determine the elevation for the balance, the light, the wind and all other influences having to be considered. His judgment proved equal to the emergency, however, and he "got on to" the bullseye right from the start.

Even with all the advantages taken by the Pennsylvania team and allowed by the scorer, Michigan would have been the winner had Root, of Kalamazoo, done anything like the shooting expected of him. At 600yds. the score made by Root was but 80 out of a possible 35, and just when the boys were jubilant in the anticipation of winning, their dependance went all to pieces. Root was put last because of his supposed nerve and coolness, but he wasn't the man for the emergency. Had he even equaled his record here would have been a tie and a good chance of winning, but he strung out the ciphers and lost the trophy.

Some of our men are wanted in the national team, and whether they go to Creedmoor or not we feel sure that in the next international contest Michigan will not only win, but see that she is not left after doing the best shooting."

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 7.—The annual fall day of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association was observed on the grounds of the Malden Gun Club at Wellington to-day. The attendance was fully equal to any similar days, and the interest was somewhat increased over the last meet. There were eleven events, the winners of which are subjoined: In the first event, at trap No. 1, H. W. Eager of Marlboro, G. J. Rugg of Worcester and D. J. Howe of Westboro worked first prize, W. E. Perry of Worcester and C. A. Sampson of Ayer the third, and H. H. Francis of Randolph the fourth. The second event at the same trap showed W. S. Perry and F. T. Noble as first prize winners, while J. Clark of Lynn took second, followed by T. Howard of Stoughton and T. Reading of Marlboro as third and fourth prize winners. The third event was a two-man team match. H. W. Eager of Marlboro and G. B. Clark of Westboro were the winners of the first prize; T. T. Beaubry and G. J. Rugg were second; A. Perry, W. E. Perry, Noble of Malden and D. J. Howe and J. B. Valentine divided third honors, and A. Keating and G. H. Wurn fourth. The fourth event was taken by W. S. Perry first, T. Howard and J. B. Valentine second, H. W. Eager and J. Clark third, and E. T. Smith and F. Loring fourth. The fifth event was at five pair of doubles, and W. S. Perry and L. H. Parker of Ayer led off with first prize, while J. B. Valentine, T. Howard and F. T. Noble followed with second, third and fourth. The sixth event was also very contested, the first prize being secured by E. T. Smith, of Worcester, and W. H. Sheldon of Providence, G. B. Clark, of Westboro, and J. S. Sawyer, of Cambridge, walking away with second, C. Wilbur, of Brockton, and J. B. Valentine, of Providence, dividing third, and W. S. Perry taking fourth. The seventh event was a three-man team match, twelve teams contesting, the winners being Messrs. Sheldon, Valentine and Crandall, of the Narragan-

setts. Eager, Clark and Berry, of the Marlboros, Fielding Smith and Clark, of the Maidens, and Francis Wilbur and Howard, of the Randolphs, won in the order named. In the eighth event, first prize was won and divided by T. Howard and J. B. Valentine, second by S. D. Green, of Providence, and T. J. Beaudry, third by A. H. Jones, and fourth by Messrs. W. H. Allen and G. H. Leach, of Brockton. In the ninth event, J. B. Valentine was number one, while Messrs. Boyd and Sheldon fixed second position, Noble and Fielding divided third prize and L. J. Carson secured the remainder. At the close of the regular matches two consolation matches were shot off as follows: No. 1.—T. J. Beaudry and L. J. Carson divided first, J. M. Bean and L. Cook second, and A. C. Adams third prizes. No. 2.—E. W. Law, J. H. Whitman and W. Henry secured the prizes in the order named.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 13.—A pleasant party of gentlemen, members of the Raymond Club, met the Flies clubhouse at Wellington to-day, and had a most delightful shoot. The day was not as fine a one as could be wished, and a place beside the stove was quite desirable after shooting a few birds. Mr. D. Kirkwood, secretary of the club, has just perfected a new glass-ball trap, which was used for the first time, and which threw the ball very swiftly about fifty-five or forty yards. The following are the scores made at twenty birds, fifteen yards:

D Kirkwood	15 A Dafferin	14
J F Witherell	12 F O Bennett	11
J S Sawyer	12 S J Philbrick	11
S J Brown	12 T Ellman	10

In the glass ball match—ten balls, eighteen yards—the following scores were made:

D Chambers	8 J S Sawyer
J F Witherell	7 S Smallwood
O F Belcher	7

A tournament will be held by the club on Wednesday next, opening at 9 o'clock, the conditions of which are:

Three single seven birds' sweeps, entry $1, and three single seven birds' sweeps, entry 50 cents, from trap No. 1; six single seven-ball sweeps, entry 50 cents, and continuous 25 cents' sweep shooting from trap No. 1, using double-ball match from trap No. 3, entry $1. Prizes in all matches, 40, 25, 20 and 15 per cent. of entries. The gun match will also be open to members of any clubs. The prizes in this match are as follows: First, breech-loader, top-snap, value, $85; second, telescope, value, $18; third, square leather gun case, $12; fourth, Peshand & Wentworth sporting pistol, value $10.50; fifth, 30 U. M. C. best shells and 100 wads, value, $8; sixth, leather bound shooting coat, value, $6.50; seventh, one 25-pound keg powder, $6.50; eighth, two bags shot, $4.50. Entries, 50 cents to members of the Fly Rod and Gun Club; entry $1 to others. Conditions of shooting posted in the club house. The new ball trap will be used, which throws a low, quick ball.

This will be one of the greatest shotgun contests held since the passage of the law prohibiting the killing of pigeons, and a large number of entries has already been received from the leading old-time trap shooters.

NEW YORK GUN CLUB.—The following matches will be shot at the club grounds, Bergen Point, on dates given:

October 14, at 3 o'clock P. M.—Second match for the October Prize. Should a second tie result, the third match should be absent from this match, the executive committee shall have power to postpone the shooting off, provided that the absentee can give good reasons for his absence.

October 21, at 2 P. M.—Second match for the 1882 Autumn Cup.

October 28, at 2 o'clock P. M.—Cup, or money, $75. Seven birds; handicap rise. Entry $3. Re-entries allowed as far as time will admit up to 4 o'clock, but only one score to be allowed in shooting ties. Ties at one bird; 20 per cent. of entries to second.

November 4, at 2 o'clock P. M.—Third competition for the 1882 Autumn Cup.

November 11, at 2 o'clock P. M.—The November Prize, value $50. Same conditions as the October Prize.

November 18, at 3 o'clock P. M.—Fourth competition for the 1882 Autumn Cup.

November 22 and 23.—The 1882 Autumn Meeting. Programmes will be issued in due time.

November 25, at 2 o'clock P. M.—Second competition for the November Prize.

Thanksgiving Day, at 11 o'clock.—Prize, value $50, or money. Teams of four each; no man to shoot on more than one team; seven birds each; 30yds. rise. Entry $10 each team. Ties at one bird per man. Competitors to be drawn by lot.

December 3, at 2 o'clock P. M.—Fifth competition for the 1882 Autumn Cup.

December 9, at 2 o'clock P. M.—The December Prize, value $50. Same conditions as for the October Cup.

December 16, at 2 o'clock P. M.—Sixth competition for the 1882 Autumn Cup.

December 23, at 2 o'clock P. M.—Second competition for the December Prize.

December 30, at 12 o'clock M.—The "Old Year" Trophy, a china punchbowl, with glasses; value $100. Seven birds. Entrance $3; handicap rise. Re-entries allowed so far as time will admit up to 4 o'clock P. M., but only one score to be allowed in shooting ties. Ties at one bird; $20 per cent. of entries to second. It is hoped that this may be made the occasion of a general reunion of the club members. Lunch will be provided at the clubhouse at 1 o'clock.

In all the above matches entries will be received up to 4 o'clock P. M. on each day.

WALNUT HILL FALL MEETING.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association will hold its fall meeting at Walnut Hill Oct. 20 and 21. The following is the programme of the matches:

All conners' re-entry match—200 yards; decimal target; rounds 7; three scores to win; entries unlimited; entry fee, 50 cents to run through; entrance fee, 50 cents to second. It is hoped that this may be made the occasion of a general reunion of the club members. Lunch will be provided at the clubhouse at 1 o'clock.

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Limited re-entry match—200 yards; Creedmoor target; open to all except persons who have made full match scores of seven shots, or upward. Other conditions same as No. 1.

Visitors' match—200 yards; Creedmoor target; open to all, except members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association and non-members who have made full match scores of seven shots or upward. Other conditions same as No. 1.

Single score decimal match—Open to all; decimal target; rounds, 10; one entry only; entry fee, $1. prizes as in match No. 1; to be shot Friday.

Single score Creedmoor match—Open to same competitors as No. 2. Creedmoor target; other conditions same as No. 4.

Repetition of No. 4 on Saturday.

Repetition of No. 5 on Saturday.

There should be a big rallying of Creedmoor men at this meeting. They will be sure of a cordial greeting from the Walnut Hill shooters and probably a good defeat.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—There was no record kept of the shooting at Walnut Hill range to-day, as the weather was so stormy that no regular strings were shot.

A NEW RIFLE.—The Winchester Repeating Arms Company are now making a .32 calibre repeating rifle, built on the same plan as their model of 1873. It is considerably lighter than the model of 1873, and is especially designed for small game at short range. The length of barrel is twenty-four inches. The cartridge is center fire and contains twenty grains of powder and one hundred and fifteen of lead. One of these rifles is now being used in Conlin's gallery, and good scores have been made with it.

THE TRAP.

ALGONQUIN VS. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—The return match between these clubs at glass balls took place at the grounds of the latter club at Manton, N. J., on the 30th inst., and again resulted in a victory for the Jersey City Heights. The match was ten men a side, twenty balls each, thrown from a rotary trap. Owing, somewhat, to a high wind, but more, perhaps, to its being the first trial of the Algonquins at a rotary trap, small scores were made, some of their best shooters failing to "catch on" or get the hang of the "uncertain thing." When about half the score was shot out the spring broke and the clay pigeon trap was substituted for the remainder of the match, and this seemed to bother the Indians full as much, as also some of the rebuilds of powder and one hundred and fifteen of lead. One of these rifles is now being used in Conlin's gallery, and good scores have been made with it.

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THE TRAP.

ALGONQUIN VS. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—The return match between these clubs at glass balls took place at the grounds of the latter club at Manton, N. J., on the 30th inst., and again resulted in a victory for the Jersey City Heights. The match was ten men a side, twenty balls each, thrown from a rotary trap. Owing, somewhat, to a high wind, but more, perhaps, to its being the first trial of the Algonquins at a rotary trap, small scores were made, some of their best shooters failing to "catch on" or get the hang of the "uncertain thing." When about half the score was shot out the spring broke and the clay pigeon trap was substituted for the remainder of the match, and this seemed to bother the Indians full as much, as also some of the rebuilds of powder and one hundred and fifteen of lead. One of these rifles is now being used in Conlin's gallery, and good scores have been made with it.

The return match between the Midway Gun Club and the Jersey City Heights will take place at Mattawan, on the grounds of the former club on the 25th inst., 25 men each club, 7 pigeons each man, Mattawan (or Burlingham rules, nearly) to govern. Trains leave Pennsylvania Railroad, Jersey City, 9 A. M. and 12 M. Match to commence at 11 sharp, in order to get through in time. From the reputation of the two clubs and the closeness of the last match, an exciting contest is expected. We understand the Midways have blood in their eye, and will do their level best. As the secretary of the Midways says in his reply, "We want a good time, and may the best men win." "We hope, and hoping, believe."—JACOBSTAFF.

ROCKFORD (ILL.) GUN CLUB, Oct. 3, 1882.—Clay pigeons, thrown by hand, 18yds. rise.

Felch	01100	11101	00100	10010—	9
Ellison	00011	01111	11001	00010—	10
Thurston	10110	00111	01011	00111—	12
Justus	01001	10111	00101	10111—	12
Hutchins	10110	11010	11000	11111—	13
Babcock	01101	11111	11111	01110—	16
Sears	11011	10110	11111	11110—	16
Baker	11111	11111	11011	01101—	17
Atkinson	11111	11111	11011	11111—	19

The large sales of W. & C. Scott & Sons' $35 gun are unprecedented. Send for circular to Wm. Read & Son, Boston, Mass.—*Adv.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

MONTAUK'S SPARS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest your argument in last week's issue, proving that the schooner Montauk to be a narrow vessel. The same argument, if applied to case of Maggie and Vixen, would prove the larger vessel. It also proves conclusively, as I have always affirmed, that the Elsworth vessels are of less cubical contents in proportion to their dimensions than all others, notwithstanding arguments by interested "scientific" yacht designers. Regarding rig of Montauk, the spars were placed in that vessel by her designer in a common sense and practical manner, no attention being paid to so-called scientific notions or English ideas. The science involved in placing mainmast well forward to obtain large area of mainsail (an idea copied originally by the English from Capt Robert Fish), is in my opinion the veriest humbug. The fact of mainmast being well forward necessitates foremast being placed near forefoot or foresail is lost. Consequently, if foremast near forefoot cases a schooner in a seaway, or makes her more westerly according to your scientific theory, I want none of it. Mr. Philip Elsworth, who undoubtedly stands at the head of yacht designers in this country, by reason of his unvarying success, in his new design of schooner for Mr. L. A. Fish, N. Y. C., has placed spars still further aft than in Montauk; it is needless to say that speed is expected in this vessel. As to your bug-bear and reputed wind-jammer, the English schooner Miranda, "distance lends enchantment to the view." Were she to make her appearance in these waters, in my opinion she would be distanced like the Maggie by one of our good second rate top sail scheming vessels.

JOHN G. PRAGUE.

[Whether mainmast be placed well forward or the foresail made large, the underlying idea is in both cases the same, the object being to make a double-headed rig approach as near as possible that of the sloop or cutter. In Elsworth's plan the foresail is considered the principal driving sail, and the mainsail is reduced accordingly. Foresail and headsail may be regarded as the rig of a sloop, with the mainsail added to be of secondary importance. Carried out to its full, this plan ends in the yawl or ketch, in which the foresail has practically grown and the mainsail of the schooner shrunk, until the rig has become essentially a cutter. The other plan—that of stepping mainmast well forward—seeks pretty much the same object, though in a different way. The foresail is reduced until it becomes a baby stay, and the schooner's mainsail takes the place of the sloop's mainsail as nearly as practicable, as in Seabelle and Miranda. Experience in the British fleet has very conclusively proved the advantage of such a rig over the old fashion of stepping the spars in a schooner. The Elsworth plan, on the other hand, is still something of an open question. In the Montauk's case the test has not been crucial enough to draw inferences. She has met nothing of her tonnage really first or even second class. Of the two methods to consider the weight of the spars better disposed after the English style, which, by the way, was not copied from Bob Fish, but originated in Scotch waters long before Capt. Fish's name had ever been heard of in foreign countries.]

THE FABLES ABOUT THE GLEAM.

THE last number of the *London Field* to hand, lays Mr. F. Gower, the American schooner cutboat fiend, over the editorial knee and administers to that romancing person such a castigation that he will not be necessary for him to apply for admission to yacht matches abroad next year. We have seen fit to deal in plain words with the imposition practised upon the American public through the foolish correspondence in the newspapers of a professional liar, who, it appears, was almost a tissue of fabrication from first to last. We have nothing to do here with Mr. Gower personally. Our object in exposing his highly colored bombast in the Providence *Press* and Providence *Star* last week was a plain purpose in view and that is never to yield to that section of the public whose interests we represent. Untruthful fables concerning the doings of any boat only serve to becloud the horizon and obscure the true light experience should throw upon the question of model and rig. Mr. Gower did his best to create false impressions at home, and we have stripped his wild flights of fancy of their influence by holding them up in these columns for just what they were worth. That Mr. Gower should find it possible to palm off a web of fergiversation and such clumsy misrepresentations upon the Providence *Press* and the *Spirit of the Times*, and Providence *Press*, is perhaps not to be wondered at. Those journals lay no claim to being technically informed upon yachting affairs. But it remains to be seen whether they are sufficiently under Mr. Gower's control to prevent the retraction or correction due to the public. We take the quotation below from the *London Field* we dismiss Mr. Gower's case as too petty and unsavory for further consideration in these columns. The *Field* says:

In the letter there is the following statement: "Mr. Prescott Westcar, a gentleman greatly interested in boating, had ordered a boat to be built on the Gleam's lines, as nearly as they could be ascertained, excepting only that he would not adopt the centerboard." We are in a position to assert that there is not a word of truth in this statement. Mr. Prescott Westcar never intended, as the *Times*, in per haps not to be wondered at. Those journals lay no claim to being technically informed upon yachting affairs. But it remains to be seen whether they are sufficiently under Mr. Gower's control to prevent the retraction or correction due to the public. We take the quotation below from the *London Field* we dismiss Mr. Gower's case as too petty and unsavory for further consideration in these columns. The *Field* says:

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The best answer to this astounding piece of perversion about the pilot and turning the wrong buoy is to quote what was actually said in the *Field* report of the match:

"The Mocking Bird had a reaching but not hanging to windward quite like Gleam, fetched the buoy without another board, and gybed over all right and got out splanacker. The Gleam had to make another hitch on starboard tack, and stood too far; in running back to gybe she missed the buoy altogether, losing two or three minutes, and not rounding the buoy at all. . . . The Mocking Bird won by 12min. 35sec."

We may state that the Gleam made the "short hitch" referred to, not because she could not weather the buoy as the Mocking Bird had done (she weathered the buoy all right), but because she could not be gybed without some risk, and was stayed to starboard tack instead. While doing this she was carried away so far by the tide that she would now have had to gybe to port tack to pass the buoy in the right way (it had to be left on starboard hand), and not doing this, she left the buoy on the wrong hand, that is, not rounding it at all. We understood at the time that Mr. Gower thought his pilot, Jim Lepe, mistook the Lepe buoy for some other buoy; but such a story is about as ridiculous as saying a city policeman mistook St. Paul's Cathedral for some other church. All we can say in reference to this extraordinary piece of misrepresentation is, that it is the custom of Englishmen to take a beating good-temperedly, say as little about it as may be of explanation as possible, and make no attempts to belittle the prowess of a successful adversary. Most of the English yacht clubs have a rule which excludes centerboard boats from competition. It would serve no good purpose to now discuss the disputed ability or continuing this rule; but, at least, it is not likely to be abolished at the dictation of the owner of a Hudson Island catboat; and it is unlikely that any one will care about making a match at all with such boats if their owners cannot take a beating in a better spirit than the owner of Gleam has.

THE AMERICA CUP.

WE have not only duly pointed out why the present conditions of the Challenge Cup are unfair and unsportsmanlike, but we have from time to time quoted foreign journals in support of our dedare for a modification. The hesitation of the New York Y. C. has induced the owner of a forty-ton cutter we had expected to see beaten to sell his vessel. A famous schooner is now awaiting action on the part of the club. Are we to lose this chance for an international match, too? There is not a yachting journal which does not agree with us on the necessity of revising the conditions which by any ordinary common sense would require to be exactly equal to both sides. The New York Y. C. not long ago found certain conditions in the deed of gift as it stood uncongenial to its views. No time was lost to change the cup and bringing Mr. Ogden Goelet to doctor, the deed "to carry out the intentions of the original donors more thoroughly." Now the intention of the original donors was to promote, not to prevent, international matches. We have shown by quotations from the *London Field*, *Bell's Life*, *Yachting Gazette* and by the action of foreign yacht owners, that the deed in its present shape deters them from recognizing the cup as an international trophy. The circulars issued to yacht clubs abroad by the secretary of the N. Y. Y. C. have not even received the dignity of recognition. We know they were received with open arms, at least one instance. We have published correspondence from well-known yachtsmen abroad in which exception was taken to certain unfair stipulations.

We honestly believe that in face of all this the New York Y. C. will long refuse to take action in accord with the feelings of fair dealing by which we know the club to be actuated. Granting for the moment that the deed as it is may really be claimed tolerably fair after a good deal of straining and voluminous explanation, it would certainly be far more creditable to the club and to America's yachting generally that the stipulations of the challenge should be placed beyond even the semblance of partiality so that the present suspicions attaching to the trust could have no grounds for existing. The New York Y. C. did not hesitate to have the conditions of its very popular medal, it did not even stop at ostracising clubs its equal and even superior in some respects, when its own convenience was at stake. Why then should the club any longer refuse to give five minutes of its time to considering certain changes to make its rule of the yachting world, without in the least sacrificing the holders' rights. Such action would be far better evidence of the club's desire "to carry out the intentions of the original donors" than the past efforts to relieve itself of duties knowingly assumed when the trust was accepted. The club is well aware that foreign yachts will not and cannot be expected to challenge as the conditions now stand. Yet the club professes to be anxious and ready to meet any visitor from abroad. There is no consistency in its acts and professions. We trust the time will find the conditions of challenge for the America Cup put into shape equitable to both sides, so that another season may not pass by without a trial between our yachts and others from abroad. To that end our efforts will continue to be directed.

DON QUIXOTE ABROAD.

AS we had supposed, the buncombe which Mr. F. Gower, owner of the catboat Gleam, caused to be published in the Providence *Star* and *Press*, turns out to be to a great extent devoid of truth. When Mr. Gower returns to England next season he will probably find all the laurels he looked to himself cast at his feet. He may be unable to appreciate the cause, but others will not find it difficult to assign a proper enough reason. We quote from the London *Yachting Gazette*:

"A very extraordinary letter appears in the Providence *Star* about the American cutter-rigged boat Gleam. The whole matter is too utterly absurd to treat seriously; we, however, give prominence to a letter on the subject from a correspondent."

To the Editor of the Yachting Gazette:

SIR—I have before me the Providence *Sunday Star* of Sept. 3, and find that about two and a half columns of its space have been devoted to a Rhode Island boat Gleam. I certainly was astonished to read such sensational headings as "Rhode Island's Famous Catboat Creates a Panic in England," "A Résumé of Her Splendid Record in the British Waters," but was taken more aback in regard to some of the grossly and unfounded statements set forth. Without doubt Mr. Gower had a substantial grievance in respect to the collapse of a match proposed in the columns of a contemporary by "Feard." This gentleman, I believe, wished to pose as a representative yachtsman—without the slightest substantial claim so to do—and the only credit he had an opportunity to borrow to meet the Gleam was an itchen ferry boat (ten years old, leaky, and rough outside, while *perhaps*, too, the sinews of war were wanting. The Belle Lurette and Weasel business is purely Utopian, while it is worse than folly to think that centerboard racing is a fashion in England. I am quite certain that Mr. Westcar had no idea of matching his boat against the Gleam when he gave the order to build, and the midship section of the two boats is, I know, as unlike as well can be. Mr. Gower gave a prize at Cowes for self-glorification, and had a miscellaneous fleet opposed; and I believe the weather was very light and fluky, yet perhaps a better racing day than on the opening of the Southampton Regatta. I believe there were a number of boats that beat the Gleam all to pieces on Southampton water, and perhaps a few replies may be elicited by the publication of this piece of buncombe in the *Star* from those who were there. Yours, etc.,

HAMBLE (Southampton), Sept. 20, 1882. S. R. C.

THE AMERICA CUP CLAUSE.

ONLY a lunatic would think of competing.—*London Saturday Review.*

No English yacht owner would be soft enough to challenge.—*London Field.*

The conditions are 100 to 1 in favor of the American.—*Bell's Life.*

Indignation was felt at their absurdly one-sided character.—*Saturday Review.*

FOREST AND STREAM has hit the right nail on the head.—*Yachting Gazette.*

And so on throughout the yachting and sporting press. Enough, we should suppose, to influence even the New York Y. C. to the instant return of the obnoxious deed of trust to Mr. Schuyler with the intimation that as he has been kind enough to alter the conditions to suit the easy-going convenience of the club at the outset, and old and reputable Canadian organizations, a few more changes rescuing the cup from a laughing stock abroad and investing it with a truly international character would be equally acceptable to the present trustees. As a close corporation the New York Y. C. may brave adverse public opinion till doomsday if it so chooses. As trustees of a cup offered to all countries (bar one most likely to prove a troublesome adversary, and therefore black-listed) the wisdom of standing sponsor to a challenge described inferentially as a piece of lunacy by the *Saturday Review*, and practically as one very generally, especially if the nature of the challenge conditions reflects upon all American yachtsmen instead of only upon those directly responsible for their promulgation.

NEW CRUISER.—Mr. Eaton's little cutter, building by W. P. Stephens, at West Brighton, S. I., is advancing well. She is now planked up, and though but 21ft. on load line, shows the room of a hotel inside. There will be standing room in the cabin, a forecastle and closets between bulkheads. Stephens has made a very fair job of the boats, as her model was laid down full size on the mould loft floor and faired up with great care. In point of build, the cutter is an example. She is framed lightly, with steamed timbers and a sawed timber every third frame. Copper-fastened throughout, all nails clinched on inside. She will probably be rigged as a yawl for single-hand cruising. This type of boat, deep and of fair beam, flush deck and metal keel, is fast finding favor among the sailor element.

CLUB SIGNALS FOR CANOES.—An excellent plan has been adopted by the New York Canoe Club. In place of the usual distinguishing burgee, a colored device is displayed near the peak of the sail. This club has chosen a red ball or disk, about 6in. diameter, stitched to the sail, making a distinguishing mark easily caught by the eye and remembered. Other clubs are likely to follow with blue disks, crosses, etc. The N. Y. C. C. is about to close a very active season, during which many members and canoes have been added,

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

THERE is a peculiar charm in the indefinable feeling of undivided responsibility to which the single hand cruiser becomes a willing slave as he roams over the high seas in his wee barkie, free from care, far from the harassing annoyances of this world's artificial life, his own master, in close relations with a boon companion, his ever ready, trusty little ship. Though friends be left behind in dusty cities, he finds a fresh and congenial substitute in the intimate acquaintance of his boat, for soon he learns to invest his floating home with a personality, causing the boats character to appeal to his appreciation as though being endowed with actual life. He discovers the brave, sturdy qualities his ship may possess and approvingly recounts them over and over to himself. He finds she is not perfect and seeks to correct her weaknesses and caprices. He handles her tenderly and with care. She becomes the apple of his eye. There are no "guests" forever asking to be put ashore, wanting to catch an impossible train or boat, nuisances who no sooner board the yacht than their selfish thoughts are concentrated upon the best method of fetching up where they came from. There are no croakers, no nervous lubbers chafing at a few hours' calm, fretting about getting somewhere in the least possible time, as though the yacht were a tiresome prison and the sea and its ever changing attractions tasteless for heroes of the barroom, billiard cue, or for dandy knights of the carpet. There are no side shows under way, no cards down below, no boisterous skylarking under the lee of the mainsail, no store clothes to mar the ideal of amateur life at sea, nothing to interfere with the devotion to the cause and the realization of the dream fancy has perhaps depicted to the longing tar through dreary months of waiting. His ship, his world—the rest of the world his convenience.

There is no better school for the sailor than the tiny single hander. Not only does it introduce the amateur to all sorts of work he would escape in larger vessels, and many a practical lesson which might never be learnt but for the demands of cruising alone, but life in these small yachts develops in man or lad an innate love for blue water, a spirit of restless adventure, a longing for "going foreign," which distinguishes the real sailor from the sham article, best described as the "excursionist." The quarters may be cramped, but the very necessity of making small room go far affords as an offset great pleasure in seeking by cunning devices and economical planning to circumvent limited space. Serving up three meals a day in courses is certainly impossible, but what may be missing in seductive variety an honest appetite derived from sea air and hard work will more than make good. It is an old and true saying that appetite is the best sauce, and many a time have we had occasion to verify this adage. Perched up on the weather quarter, peering into the darkness for a landfall after a heavy day's bouting with the sea, the inner man ready to chew rope or old shoes in satisfaction of a twelve hours' fast, how grateful then even such a modest, commonplace article as a biscuit or even forecastle hardtack, spiced with a lump of cheese, washed down with a hasty pull at the flask. Not for the finest feast a Delmonico factory or an epicure's larder affords would we exchange the grateful sensations of such a moment, supreme with satisfaction, unknown to aught but those who have earned their appetite by serious toil. And then when the mark you have laid your course for all day at last looms through the dark, wet night, and the successful close of your work and care for the day is announced by the racing of the chain through the hawsepipe, and the final clink as the turns fall about the bits for a full due—such welcome music from the rattling links sends a thrill of victory to the heart of the weary mariner, to which the trumpeting of a brass band ashore is perfectly insipid. And the cosy feeling of snugness as you find your pet riding quietly under a lee after the rude buffeting of the day, as you push back the slide, light the pretty little cabin lamp below, and start the kettle sizzing for a feast at leisure upon the best your ample, well-selected stores afford, topping off with the soothing pipe, all that makes up a combination of bliss unapproached, much less equaled, by anything else we have ever experienced in the pursuit of enjoyment.

The mind plans and the body executes. You set yourself a task, and in its accomplishment above all difficulties lies your reward. It is play, yet it is work. It is pastime, yet it is a school of instruction. It is theory and practice in the same instant. It is recreation but also health. It may at times seem like coarse, vulgar work, downright labor, yet its influences are broadening and refining. It may strike the casual observer as a waste of time. Those who have tried it know better. Even from the sordid standpoint of the money grubber, the time is capital well invested with heavy interest in vigor, boldness, circumspection and the habit of looking before you leap.

The single hand cruiser has his annoyances, his disappointments without doubt, but the endless opportunities for solid, rational enjoyment, study, observation, experiment, and the unlimited range for self improvement in body and mental capacity, coupled with a dash of romance and the spice of adventure, so far outweigh adverse considerations, that we need not hesitate in counseling the beginner, no matter what his wealth, to start in at the bottom of the ladder, to ship as skipper, crew and cook aboard the right kind of single-hand yacht to become a yacht sailor and more than a mere yacht owner. We publish herewith plans for a small cruiser designed by W. P. Stephens, of West Brighton, Statan Island, and next week will produce the sail plan, and enter into detailed consideration of form and rig most suitable for the purpose intended. The illustrations will readily explain themselves. The yacht is 14ft. load line, 17ft. on deck 5ft. beam, 3ft. 3in. draft, 2ft. 2in. least freeboard, displacement, approximate, 1½ tons, iron on keel 750lbs., iron inside, 850lbs., area of plain sail 250 sq. ft., length of cabin 6ft. 6in., depth 3ft. 10in.

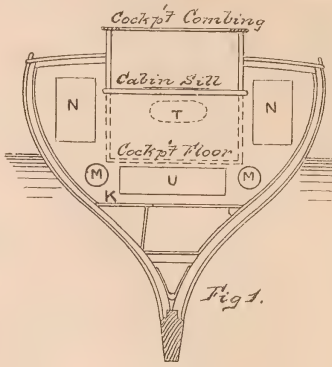


Fig 1.

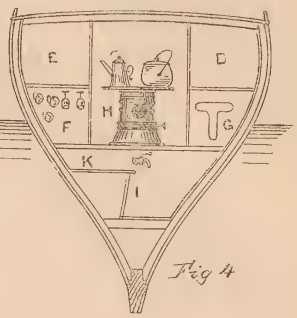


Fig 4

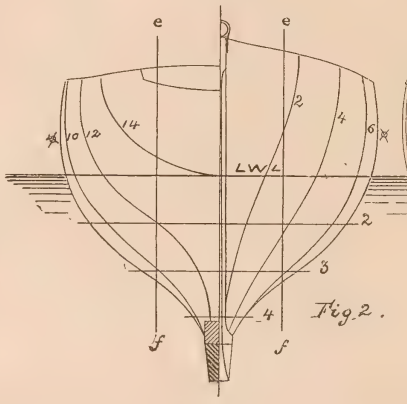


Fig 2.

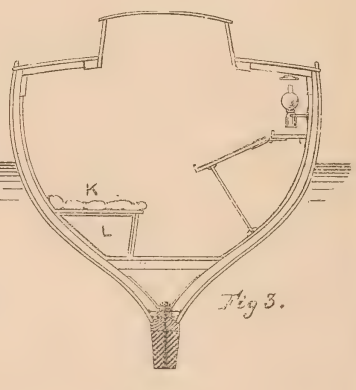


Fig 3.

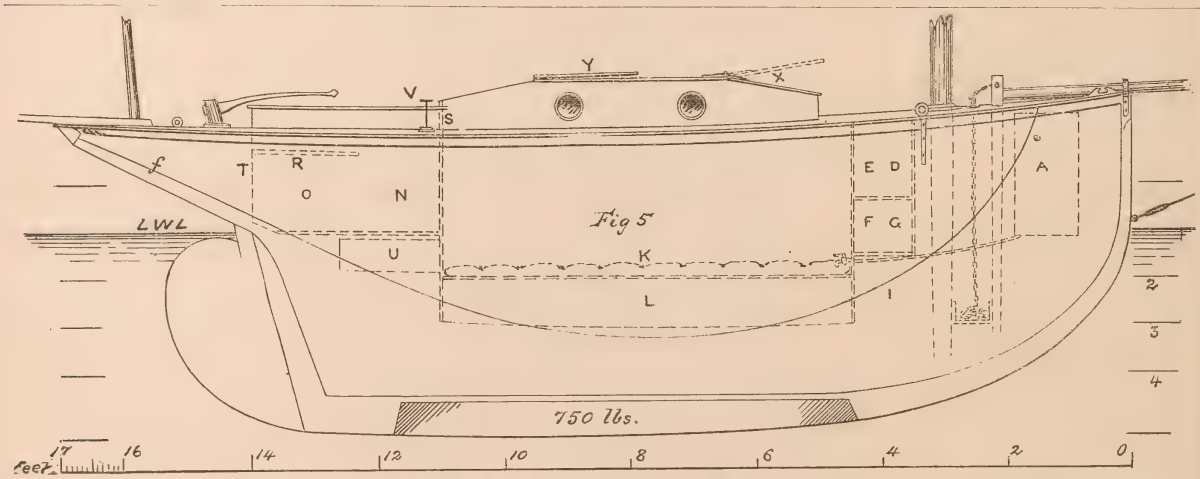
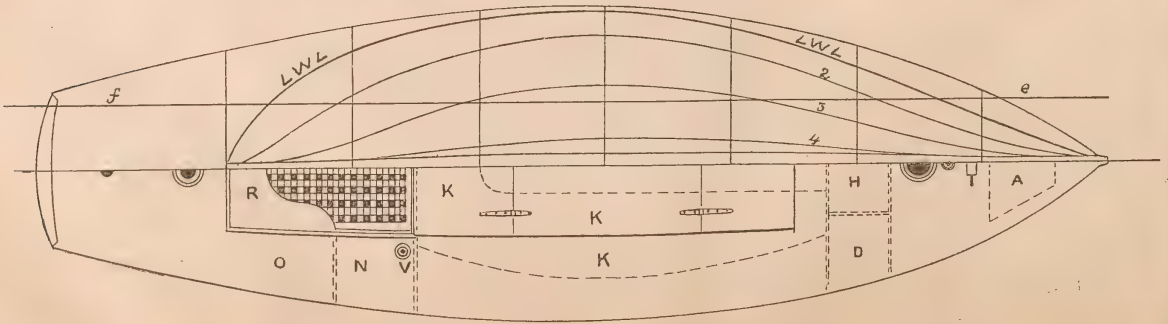


Fig 5

SINGLE HAND CRUISER Designed by W. P. STEPHENS.



LONG LAKERS AND FEATHERWEIGHT CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 28 appears an article signed "Gus Syphert," in which I am pretty sharply taken to task on the question of boats and canoes, etc.

The first count is that I compare, very unfavorably, the "Long Lakers" with the Rushton canoes.

Second—I offer to paddle a ten-pound Rushton canoe over a twenty-mile route (most of it unknown to me) for a wager.

Third—It is admitted this is not a challenge, but is "a good deal to brag and bluster about Rushton's canoes, and what 'Nessmuk' thinks he can do in one of them. It is also intended as a fling at our Adirondack boats of the Long Lake model."

Fourth—G. Syphert gets off his base badly. "He knows 'J. R., Jr.,' very well. Has known him for years * * * * * knows that he makes no pretensions as a boatman; is physically unfit to row for any distance, etc." That is the sum of it. And then Gus thinks it ought not be unless to stop in and take his place, because for the last thirteen years he has handled the Long Lake boats and ought to know what they can be made to do, etc. Then, having lost his head altogether, he proposes to race over the course beforenamed, I in a ten or twelve-pound eight-foot Rushton canoe, he in a sixty-pound Long Lake double-ender * * * * and beat me through by forty-eight hours to the Forge House. He gets enthusiastic. "He will make a match with any other man, not a professional, for a six days' race, he in a Long Laker, but built at Booneville, the other man in a canoe built by Rushton." He wants it understood he is not a professional, as he understands it, that is, a man who makes it his business to row for money. "But the whole drift of 'Nessmuk's' communication is so loudly in praise of certain canoes as being the *sine qua ultra* of a boat to sit in that one is inclined to think the Adirondack boat a flat-bottomed scow."

Ah, Gus! you never wrote that. You may have lent your signature; but you know better. To begin at the beginning.

First—I do not and never did compare the light cedar canoe with the Long Lake rowboat. Such a canoe would be of no more value to a North Woods guide than a bread-tray. And a 50 or 70 lb. Long Laker would be as useless to me as a stone-boat. You might as sensibly compare a Penny Bridge catboat to a seagoing yacht. Each has its uses; each is good in its place. There is simply no comparison in question.

Second—My offer to paddle a long cruise, for a wager, was neither aimed at "J. R., Jr.," nor "Gus Syphert;" but it was made for the benefit of many friends and critics who predicted disaster when I first went to the North Woods for a cruise in the 18-lb. "Nessmuk" took "extra hazardous" policies on my life, and repeated it when I went again in the 16-lb. Nipper. The Nipper was, and is, probably, the lightest cedar canoe ever made and used as a single cruiser, of her dimensions—but not fast. Each of these canoes had a carrying capacity beyond my expectations, and I planned a still lighter one, to weigh about 10 lbs., and of only 34-inch beam, with 8 ft. length. Such a canoe is, of course, experimental. I have my own doubts about her staying qualities. She would be limber as a handbox, and might double up like a gum overshoe. Rushton says, in answer to an order for such a canoe: "I can make it as light as you please; but I will not warrant it for an hour. It may go to pieces like an eggshell." Other first-class builders say the same in effect.

My boating and canoeing friends are more than sceptical. They want to know when I propose to start. They are ready to insure me in the extra-hazardous list, etc. And it was to steady their nerves that I made the offer of a wager, which still holds good—not for a race, but for a long, leisurely cruise, in a lighter and more fragile canoe than any man has ever built or paddled. Such a canoe—if she could carry the canoeist and live, which is by no means certain—would be necessarily slow. She would go, under easy paddle, about three miles an hour. Any attempt to hurry her would result in her wallowing and "snaking." She would be no racer; but she might be a very pleasant companion for an amateur cruise through a region like the Adirondacks. A working guide-boat is one thing; an amateur canoe is a different affair altogether.

"J. R., Jr." stubbed his toe against a little canoe at Third Lake, turned it up, and read the name on it, "Nessmuk." He at once proceeded to lecture, advise and instruct me on going in a boat where I could stretch my legs, sit at ease, etc., etc. As I had over fifty years' experience in ships, brigs, schooners, sloops, sail boats, row boats, dug-outs and canoes behind me; and as I had paddled the canoe against which he stubbed his toe 550 miles in the summer of 1880 without serious mishap, I felt it right to put up my hands in self-defense. Hence my article of August 10th, which drew forth the grandiloquent challenge of G. S.

As to the propositions distinctly noted above, "Gus Syphert" is not fool enough to accept either, although they are all the propositions I have made. He cannot afford to spend "a month or more" on a leisurely cruise for the chance where five days' work would be from six to eight miles per day, and over a course that has nothing new to him. Nor is he likely to lay a wager against "what Nessmuk thinks he can do in a light canoe." His so-called challenge is idle; it is naive; it is ridiculous and one-sided.

He knows—no man better—that, other things being equal, a narrow 16ft. boat has all the advantage over a little eggshell of 8 or 10ft. in length, and that oars can and ought to beat the single-bladed paddle four to three, while the single blade beats the double blade just about as badly—the double blade being the slowest, as also the most pleasant mode of oaring the water.

He knows the route perfectly which he proposes to go over, while a stranger would be certain to get fogged every day on the intricate and often dim and drowned out channels, outlets, inlets, carries and landings.

This point alone would make it a dead sure thing for G. S., though his opponent might be able to outrow or outpaddle him five to four. And yet, with thrilling gallantry, he offers on these conditions, a six-days' race to "Nessmuk or any other man."

Gus, I think you recollect me well. I believe you were at the Forge House one fine morning in July, '80, when I stripped for a race from the boat house to "Bullhead Rock," about 200 rods. My opponent, with his single blade, took a narrow Long Laker, double-ender, I paddled a 10-foot 18-pound canoe. You will bear me witness that, although beaten from the start, I paddled through like a man and took my defeat cheerfully. The single blade beat me nearly forty rods, and you could have beaten the single blade as bad, or worse, with oars. At the canoe regatta, Lake George, in the summer of '80, there was a Kanuck guide who, with the single blade, could beat any double blade on the lake four to three, and oars could beat him nearly as much. In view of such facts it is putting it mildly to say that your challenge savors a little of bombast. You are a muscular, skilled oarsman and guide. You may not be a professional, but you are accounted a crack oarsman in Brown's Tract. You so account yourself, and a boat race is nothing new to you.

If you are spoiling for a race you can well afford to challenge for it on equal terms. As boat against boat, oars against oars, canoe against canoe, paddle against paddle, and over a neutral course equally well-known to both contestants.

In such a race the Long-Laker out to be well to the front. She is the fastest model of an inland working boat I have seen, and I found that the Northwoods guides were disposed to make speed a *sine qua non* in a boat. They ought to know what they want. I always gave her the credit of being speedy, but think her cranky and tiresome to ride in. I never compared her to a scow. She is probably the best guide boat ever adopted by the Adirondack guides. But she would be better were her siding of white cedar instead of pine, and if her ribs were of light, elastic red elm, placed one and one-half inch apart, instead of spruce knees far enough apart to allow a clumsy boat keel between, by which the sides is likely to be shivered.

She is a lapstreak, clinker-built cedar boat. The Long Lake builders told me their boats were lapstreak. So they are, but they are not clinkers. When the lap is worked off to a smooth skin, the boat is much weakened. To test this fairly, take a strip three-sixteenths cedar or pine, 6in. wide and 10ft. long. Balance it on the center, and try its strength by carefully bending to a given point. Now lap it lengthwise, lap it an inch, and fasten precisely as in boat building. Test it as before, and you have gained 20 to 25 per cent. in strength. Now work the projecting edges of the lap down to a smooth skin of uniform thickness, and test the strength once more. You will find it weaker than at the first trial.

One Long Lake builder told me that the projecting edges of the clinker streak resisted the water and slowed the boat. The theory is correct, but practically untrue, however. There may be a difference of a minute in a mile. I can wait a minute. I go to the blessed woods to rest and recreate—not to race or run. I have a sensible letter from "J. R., Jr." He says:

"But, really, I must give in beat when you talk of getting me to row you or any other man over the course you name. In fact, I am no good at that business. I have got to the time of life when it is a great deal nicer to let some one else do the rowing, and physically I am not able for it," etc.

He seems to infer that there is some element of racing in my proposition. A minute's reflection will set that inference aside. I proposed to meet him between Paul Smith's and the Forge House, for a cruise around by the Tupper's, Beaver, Twitchell Lake, etc., the cruise to cover a month or more. As he would go in on the eastern and I on the western side of the woods, I could not expect him to come beyond Kellogg's, on Long Lake—perhaps Mother Johnson's would be about fair; but we will say Kellogg's. This would give a cruise of less than 200 miles, with thirty-one days or more in which to do it. Does that look like racing? About six miles daily. I should say he might do it yet—say, next summer. Kerry, of Raquette Lake, can make him a boat, with a light pair of oars, to weigh about 35 lbs.; other builders of Long-Lakers can do the same.

Rushton can make him a cedar boat still lighter, seated for one. He will find it pleasant, going over such a route independently, paddling his own canoe, stopping when, where and how he pleases; laying off, maybe, for days together in some delightful nook, taking no note of time, and letting the hours go and come unnoted.

Once for all, I do not discount or decry the Long-Lakers, the builders thereof, or the Northern wilderness. The boats are speedy and good for the uses to which they are put. So long as speed is the prime factor in a guide boat they are not likely to be superseded. But they can, and probably will, be improved. The builders are, so far as I have known them, manly, hard-working, skilled mechanics. Some of them are guides, and good ones. And the Adirondack region is the best I have ever found for a summer cruise by boat or canoe. It is also very healthy, but will necessarily become less so if dams and drowned lands are allowed to increase. I have said this before. But it is the first duty of one who writes for the public to speak the truth as he sees it, also to give both sides of every question, though he pinches his own corns thereby.

Such writers as Murray and the author of "Camp Lore" have done some bad work for the North Woods. The gentleman who is writing "Adirondack Survey Notes" does infinitely better. He may not induce an army to go there for pleasure and come out disgusted, and forever after go somewhere else, but you can tie to what he says. As for myself, I expect to go there again in a very light canoe, of about twelve pounds. I trust to be in better condition physically than on my last cruise. I do not go to fish, hunt, or race. I can find as good fishing and hunting nearer home, and about three knots an hour is as fast as I care to go through this world. Nor for health. It is just as healthy on the high lands hereabout. I go because I have an unquenchable fondness for cruising over strange waters in a wilderness land, in a light canoe, and alone. I well love to fish and hunt a little, just enough to save needs, but the chief requirements are a love of nature, canoeing, and the free forest life, and in my routings I trust, next summer, to meet "G. S.," "J. R., Jr.," and many others, of whom I retain most pleasant remembrance. NESSMUK.

WELLSBORO, Pa., Oct. 3.

THE CUP WON BY THE AMERICA.—That there has been considerable improvement of late may be proved in the most absolute manner, not by attempting to compare old and new yachts, or by pooling the *data* of necessarily friendly and partial, of English nautical critics, but by reference to the action of our only rivals in yacht building. The Americans are fond of vaunting the superiority of their vessels to ours; but what Americans say need not always be taken seriously by any means, perhaps is sometimes hardly meant to be taken seriously. What Americans do, on the other hand, always deserves attention; and what has been done with regard to the America cup shows how well convinced Americans are that our yachts have now become decidedly superior to theirs. It has been made a challenge cup, not to be removed from New York, and such conditions are laid down for matches to be sailed for it as must deter any English yacht owner, not a lunatic, from thinking of competing. When these conditions appeared, some little time ago, a slight indignation may have been felt by yachtsmen at their absurdly one-sided character; but, as a matter of fact, they are the best possible compliment that Americans can pay to Englishmen. They show that, in the opinion of those best able to judge, America cannot produce seagoing vessels to race on even terms against ours; and that the type of our best racing yachts, also double, in part, to the Atlantic, is decidedly superior to the American type. It must be remembered that the conditions under which a famous English yacht sailed in her races with the American craft have been the subject of much severe comment in the United States, and it was to be expected, therefore, that the American Club would, if they thought it safe, issue even conditions. They have not done so, thereby admitting the superiority of our present racing yachts to theirs; and, as the type of our vessels has been considerably changed of late, it seems abundantly clear that there has been improvement. No reason, however, exists for supposing that final perfection has been reached, or that no further improvement is possible. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that, in the course of time, even better vessels than those which sailed this year will be planned by the highly skilled men who now devote their attention to yacht building.—*Saturday Review.*

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—The combined paddling and sailing race took place Saturday, Oct. 7, over a triangular course of one and a half miles, twice over, first round under paddle, second under sail. The start was off the yacht club house. Five canoes came to the line, the commodore in Boreas, Mr. Kerr in Mabel, Mr. Coleman in Elma, Mr. Mason in Fairy, and Mr. Nicholson in Sadie N. Breeze fresh and water lumpy. Sadie N. carried away her mast, and the substitute rig, hastily obtained, discounted her chances materially. Mr. Coleman took the lead under paddle, but lost to Mr. Nicholson by mistaking the turning mark. When sail was made on the second round the commodore made up, took the lead and won with plenty to spare, taking club challenge cup and a camp bed presented as a prize by Mr. J. H. Mason.

CRUISE OF THE ORION.—The cruise of the 19-ton yawl Orion from Thames to Wolf Rock and home, published in our last issue, has been read with great interest. The log brings out in strong relief the manly character of the sport as pursued in Great Britain, and the effeminate substitute of Sound drifting we are told in some quarters to consider all that Americans ought to aspire to. We have, however, greater faith in the future of the sport, and know that cruising of the real sort, involving outside work, is appreciated by a very numerous class here quite as much as in England, and that as fast as the leisure is at our disposal, cruising at sea will be indulged in by preference. It is to paddle drifting what the oil painting is to the chromo, or what the contents of the founder are to the label. Even now a dozen yachts go to sea where a few years ago but one ventured along the coast. The wretched qualities of our butterly models and fittings were a damper upon ardor for the ocean, but the defects and deficiencies of the old fleet are rapidly being supercseded by abler and more trustworthy craft, and with safe vessels a wider range of possible enjoyment opens to the more venturesome, which they are not proving slow to turn to account. One day's experience at sea, one day's log outside, is worth a week's dawdling in narrow waters. Mr. R. T. McMullen, the author of the Orion's cruise, in endorsing the course this journal has taken looking to the encouragement of safer yachtsmen, has kindly offered to answer any demands which may be made upon his ripe experience as a yachtsman of the seagoing stripe.

SAFE SAIL AND ROW BOATS.—We have received a handsome set of photos from F. Joiner, boat builder, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., showing his latest models for a combination row and sail boat which cannot sink and shall show good qualities under sail with reasonable speed under oars. Joiner's ideas seems to secure an excellent combination, for his boat will evidently not crab to leeward under canvas nor can she be a hard puller under ash breeze if form counts for anything.

A CUTTER CLUB.—We hear that probably three small single-hand yachts will be built by Stephens this winter, on lines similar to those published this week, and that a new 3-tonner is also in prospect. It has also been proposed to organize a special club in the interest of small yachts of this class. The model of the lines published can be seen at Mr. Stephens' shops, West Brighton, S. I., and is certain to be found very taking in type and appearance.

MIRANDA.—There is a faint hope, should the New York Y. C. take action to redeem themselves from the charge of seeking to prevent international races and offer fair terms to challengers for the America Cup, that we may find the Miranda, schooner, making her number in our waters next year. She started in 29 races this season, won 14 firsts and 11 rig prizes, the value of which foots up $7,300.

NEW SCHOONER.—Work will be commenced by Poillons, of Brooklyn, on a new schooner for Mr. Latham A. Fish, of the Agnes, A. Y. C. The new vessel is to be a cross between Comet and Montauk in type, we hear. Over all, 91ft. 6in.; water line, 81ft. 6in.; beam 23ft.; hold, 8ft.; draft, without board, 6ft. 2in. Joiner work and fittings from designs by Mr. John G. Prague.

NEW CRUISER.—The tendency to narrow boats for cruising receives another illustration in the cruising cutter now building by A. Hayna & Son, Southampton, from designs by Dixon Kemp. Length on load line, 61ft.; beam, 12ft 6in.; draught, 10ft. 6in.; displacement, 60 tons; lead on keel, 12 tons. Named Beluga.

DAUNTLESS.—Time of passage to Cowes by Mr. Colt's schooner was 14 days, 6 hours. She is already pretty well known in English waters as a fast down-wind flyer, though to windward a score of British schooners could weather on her without trouble.

SANTA CECILIA.—This British steamer, hired for a season's cruising, by Mr. Chas. G. Franklyn, of this city, has returned to English waters after four months' cruising along the Eastern coast and St. Lawrence Bay. She arrrived at Cowes September 27.

WRECKED.—In running home from a fishing trip last Sunday, the sloop Carrie Taylor, of Jersey City, ran ashore on Sandy Hook spit and soon broke up in the surf, the crew of six barely escaping by making for the beach through the undertow.

HAULING OUT.—Wait for an easterly blow and high water; beach at top notch and haul clear of all danger, shore up well, strip and protect the hull from the weather. For detailed directions see FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. 17.

NEW YACHT.—Poillons are building at their yard a new yacht for Mr. Morris Ketchum, Jr., to be cutter rigged. In model she will be like the Elephant, but with the counter run out 18in. Elsworth furnished the block.

VALLIANT.—This 5-ton cutter has returned to her old moorings, off West Brighton, S. I., after a whole season's extensive cruising in the Chesapeake and about the coast as far down as Charleston and Savannah.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

FOREST AND STREAM, New York city. This splendid standard publication on all matters pertaining to sporting matters, has become so popular, and succeeded to so much patronage, that it has been obliged to largely increase its size and capacity to furnish its readers what it considers valuable and serviceable. The paper is handsomely printed, filled with interesting matter and indicates by its fresh, live appearance that it is edited with special intelligence and singular ability. We heartily commend it to sportsmen who are fond of adventure in field and flood. The prosperity of our old friend, FOREST AND STREAM, *nee* ROD AND GUN, is a matter of special pleasure to us, and the *Planters' Journal* wishes the charming paper a splendid and successful career.—*Planters' Journal, Vicksburg, Miss.*

London gamins have discovered a new mode of amusement. They attach fire-crackers to the legs of pigeons, and ignite them as they let the birds go.

"Oyster betting" is becoming fashionable in French seaports. The company repairs on a bright morning to the oyster-bed, where the creatures are opening themselves to the sun. Each chooses his oyster and puts a napoleon between the shells, and the fortunate gambler whose oyster first closes upon the coin nets the whole pool. —*Evening Post.*

THE VISIONARY ROBIN.—A happy robin was one day chanting a requiem over the deceased summer in the forest. Having finished, he said; "And now I'll away to the balmy land, where all the year the magnolias are in bloom, and humming-birds, where—" In response to the bang of a gun in a small boy's hand, the robin concluded not to go south, and two days after it was sold for a quail on a railroad lunch-counter for a dollar. Moral—Don't sing too loud until you are out of the woods.—*R. K. M., in Puck.*

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For Sale.—Four or five islands containing upwards of four hundred and fifty acres, situated in what is called the Back Bay of Currituck Sound, all within three hundred yards of the main island, having over five miles water front, with boats and decoys, also one portable house suitable for six or eight persons, with mattresses, cooking utensils and stove, cutlery and crockery, where there is plenty of swan, geese, canvas backs, red heads, sprig tails, ball pates and widgeons, black and all other kinds of fresh water ducks. It is the best snipe ground in the vicinity. I have started over two hundred in two hours within a half mile of my house on the main island the first of December; they are there all winter, and ducks from October to April. The best sporting ground in the United States; a grand place for a club or a hotel. Price $2,000 cash. I will be at the Mansion House, Norfolk, Va., on Monday, the 20th day of November next, and show parties the grounds at Currituck Sound. If not disposed of at that time it will be sold to the highest bidder. For further particulars address A. ARKERSON, No. 12 Park st., Cambridgeport, Mass.

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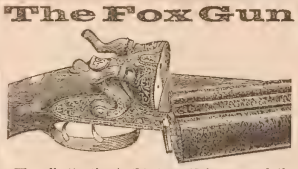


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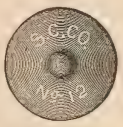
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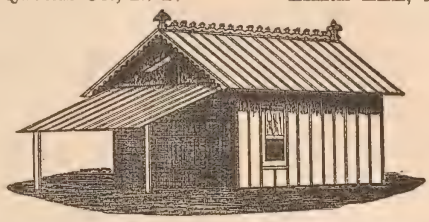
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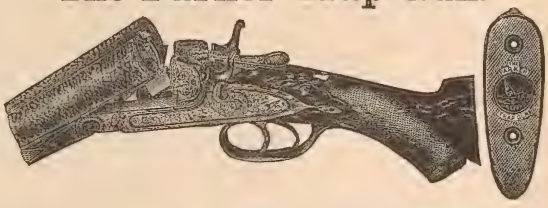
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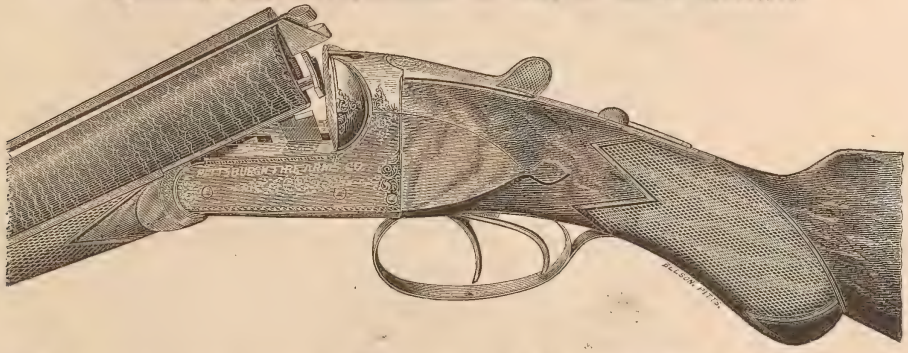
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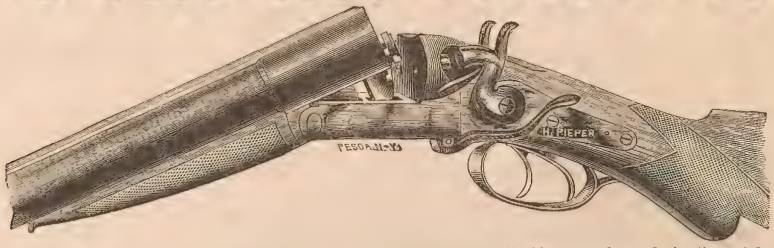
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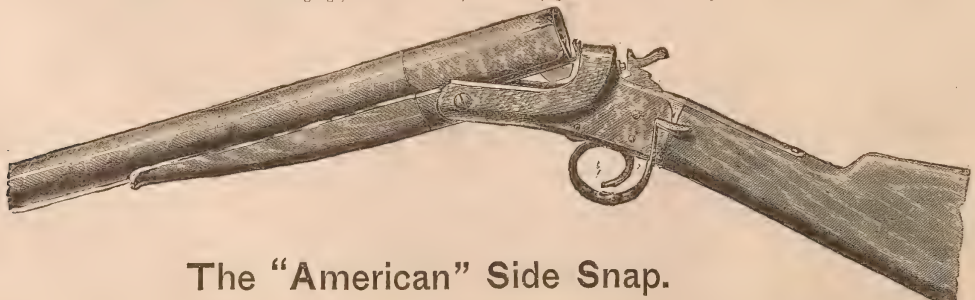
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 414.]

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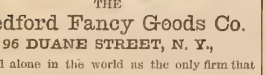
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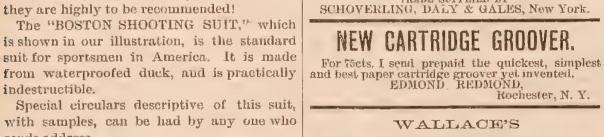
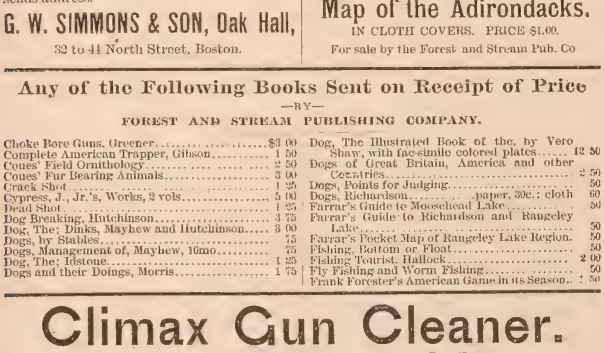


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



NOTE.—In those made under the improved patent since July, 1882, the nut "F" is done away with, and the rubbers are enlarged or reduced by simply turning the rod by the hand.

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1st. It is made in three joints, like a common cleaning rod, and therefore is portable.

2d. Its perfect adaptability to its work in cleaning a gun that has been shot once, or one that has been used all day.

3d. The ease with which it can be adjusted to fit the barrels, loose or tight.

4th. The price, which is no more than that of a common cleaning rod.

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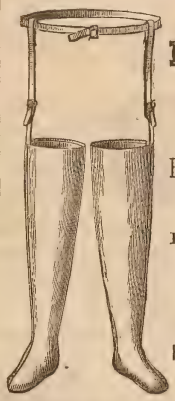
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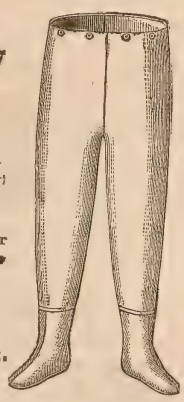
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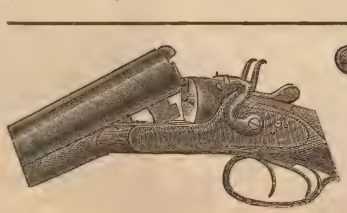
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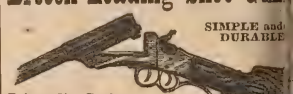
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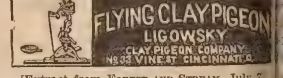


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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably be interested in the paper.*

THE ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

THE tournament has passed into the history of angling contests as the best one ever seen. It exceeded the expectations of its most sanguine friends in the wide-spread interest taken in it by the brotherhood of the angle, and it culminated in the formation of a society, which will be a national one, and an account of which we give elsewhere. The tournament can be improved upon in many respects. We have learned some things which will be remembered and will be of use another year. Among these was the fact that the contests for delicacy and accuracy need not take place from the platform and delay the next contest, an idea that did not occur to any one until the second day; and another thing which will grow into a serious evil if not checked, is the jealously of rival makers of rods, some of whom regard these contests as merely places to test rival rods instead of the merits of men.

In future the tournaments will be put on still higher ground if the proposition of the National Rod and Reel Association, to buy most of their prizes and to discourage special classes, is carried out, and there seems to be every assurance that it will be fulfilled. The Association may consider it well to accept a limited number of prizes, if freely offered, but the practice of soliciting them is not a good one, in the case of an association which can avoid it.

One thing needs to be accomplished. Some lake in Central Park should be set apart for the people to practice fly-casting on, and the new organization can obtain this privilege. There are many gentlemen who have expressed a desire to use the park for this purpose, and the only objection is that a hook might encounter a lady's dress when the line was recovered, or a boy be hooked in the ear, as happened when Mr. Ramsbottom was casting. This objection could be overcome by the erection of a permanent stand of handsome design out in the lake, where several persons might practice at the same time. On such a stand a new rod could be tried and selected, a matter that involves some difficulty to the city dweller at present.

Among the surprises at the tournament, and there were several, none was greater than to see the slightly-built Mr. Hawes lift eighty-two feet of line with a rod weighing only four and a half ounces, and recover it until it stood at an angle of thirty degrees behind him, without its ever falling to the water in the back cast, and this was done with a most charming rhythm. That alone was worth going miles to see, and was a lesson to many an angler of twice the age of Mr. Hawes. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the finest handling of a rod that we have ever seen, and we thought that we had beheld all that could be done by the masters of the art. To our mind there was not much delicate casting done, although others differed from our standard. We would not call a cast a delicate one where the line touched the water before the flies fell. We have seen casts made in which the line made an upward curve and the flies were the first to break the surface of the water, but in speaking of this to some good anglers, we find that they do not seem to attach the importance to it that we do.

The casting in the champion class was also a surprise where so many men beat the record, and here we must say that the old records of the New York State Sportsman's Association are not strictly reliable, some of them being acknowledged to be distances guessed at. The casting of Mr. Leonard, who threw ninety feet with a recovered line, and only fell a foot short of Mr. Prichard's rolling cast, was also astonishing, for no one supposed that all previous records were to be beaten, or that Mr. Leonard would out-cast Mr. Hawes on the third day. Those who missed seeing the tournament can form little idea of the interest and enthusiasm which these contests awakened, an interest that bids fair to be kept up for years to come and to grow until fly-casting will be considered part of the education of every boy who evinces a fondness for the rod which cheers but never castigates.

CHANGING THE CONDITIONS.

THE committee in whose care the conduct of the international match has been committed, so far as the American interests are concerned, have been casting about to find an easy road to victory. They have opened their campaign by begging some changes in the match conditions, and certainly the proposed amendments are in the right direction, only it is a trifle unfortunate that instead of coming in their place when the conditions of the original match were under discussion early in the year, they should come up now as privileges begged for by the beaten team. The conditions of the match were absurd from the start, and were so made because the marksmen at Wimbledon had gained great skill in the use of that nondescript arm known as the M. B. L. on the English programmes. These military breech-loaders were in small degree military, but in this year, 1882, they were antiquated. The clumsy front sight was insisted upon simply because it had been found on the earlier military rifles, and the stiff, ungainly hind sight was likewise retained because the English riflemen felt sure that no set of marksmen could get as much out of the contrivance as they could. It is ridiculous to permit a soldier to arrange his rear sight for elevation and prevent him fixing it at the same time for windage. The old plan of pushing off the sight bar by a sort of rule of thumb is imperfection itself, but every rifleman now knows that, unless the allowance for wind is made at the same time, the shooting becomes the wildest sort of chance. The arrangements for governing wind allowance on a military rifle have been so simplified by American ingenuity that it will not do for the objection to be urged that the arm is made too complex. Good marksmanship is not a matter to be picked up in an hour's time. There must be brains in the shooter if he is to do the work demanded by our present rifle matches, and the soldier of to-day must use his head fully as much as his strong right arm.

Though the British Council may object to any changes of conditions now that the double match arranged last winter is but half finished, and insist upon the second part of the contest under the same rules agreed upon for the first, there can be no dispute as to the propriety of the recognition of modern rifle-shooting such as the changes in sights imply.

Touching the third point urged about allowing the National Guard of the United States to be packed for the match, this is a clear, unmistakable confession of weakness on the part of the Americans, and may be more. It may mean that a nice little club of gentlemen, who have thus far thought it not worth their while to act as citizen soldiers, will add their names to some company roster, or be added as ornamental members to some staff, and then, when the conditions of selection appear next spring, these same gentlemen will be the members of the team ready for a jaunt abroad. Of course they will necessarily be good shooters, and there is plenty of work in the programme as laid out above. The proposed change will, we doubt not, add strength to the coming American team, and we do not know that any such pretty little scheme as the foregoing is on foot; still the confession of weakness should be enough to throw out this condition. The National Guard of the United States can furnish a good representative team, and that is what is needed. Let the rank and file of the Guard be carefully looked over without any preconceived determination that the team must be made up from this or that organization, and then when the men are chosen let them be made into a compact working team with real, honest coaching, not a few statuesque "motions to satisfy the public," and there will be no reason to fear the result of an encounter with the British shots. Such a course will be honest and fair to the working bona fide members of the National Guard. It will reflect American fair play and not the politician's trickiness to get around a reasonable restriction. A year in the National Guard is not a severe rule, but a perfectly just one, and we do not believe that the committee fairly represents our Guardsmen when they give the impression that a dozen shots equal to the task of meeting the Englishmen cannot be secured from the men now on the rolls in almost every State of the Union.

The proposal to go to English armories to purchase rifles to place in the hands of the American team fitly follows the proposition to pack the Guard to get a team. We can name a dozen private gunsmiths fully equal to the task of duplicating the English rifles and improving on them, while the committee must be very much out in their reasoning if they think that our great American armories, whose work is seen in every army of the world to-day, are not able to furnish a weapon which will fill the conditions which the British have laid upon us in this unmilitary "military match."

COLLIES.

IN the Kennel department will be found an interesting report of the sheep dog trials of the Northwestern Counties Association, England, with a full description of the work of the dogs. We would suggest to the lover of the collie in this country that an association be formed under the name of the American Collie Club, for the purpose of holding trials and improving the breed of this intelligent and useful animal. Not least among the benefits resulting from the work of such an association would be the wide-spread knowledge gained by the public as to the virtues and intelligence of their favorites, and this would win for them their rightful place—now usurped by the worthless cur—in the heart and by the fireside of the farmer.

It is perhaps needless to say that FOREST AND STREAM will willingly lend its aid for the furtherance of the objects of such an association, believing that much of good may be accomplished by bringing more prominently to public notice the many good qualities of the gallant collie.

Mr. Hugh Dalziel, in his "British Dogs," says: "There is no dog that excels the collie in good looks, high intelligence, and unswerveable loyalty to his master; and to these qualities does he owe his high position as a general favorite with the public, while his many practical excellencies render him indispensable to the shepherd." Idstone, in his admirable work on the dog, says of him: "To my mind he is one of the most perfect animals extant." Stonehenge also speaks very highly of their intelligence. "Only those," he says, "who have seen one or more of the public sheep dog trials, or have privately seen these animals at their usual work, can realize the amount of intelligence displayed by them."

Innumerable anecdotes of their wonderful sagacity and intelligence have from time to time appeared in print, and, although many of these tales are almost incredible, we have invariably found that none were so ready to avow their belief in their truthfulness as those who know the collie best. As the assistant of the shepherd and herder he stands without a rival. As the servant of the farmer, a protector of his property, and a companion for his children, he is the peer of any of his kind. As a retriever for the sportsman we believe him to be singularly well adapted. As the pet of the parlor, his great beauty and affectionate disposition, combined with his almost human intelligence, eminently qualify him for the place. In the British Islands the collie has long been an especial favorite among nearly all classes, and we are pleased to notice that within the past few years he has rapidly gained in public favor in this country. We trust that the day is not far distant that will see him installed in his proper place among the first of canine favorites throughout the land.

THE PAPERS ON "Bird Migration in the Mississippi Valley," the last of which appeared in last week's issue, have proved of great interest to ornithologists. The observations of Mr. Widmann have been conducted with great care, and the intelligent way in which these notes have been made and collected reflects great credit on the two gentlemen by whom the paper was prepared. It is to be regretted that the list includes only the *Passeres*, for we should have been glad to see a similar series of observations carried out for all our birds. It is to be hoped that the plan adopted by Mr. Widmann, or something similar to it, may be adopted by other collectors, and that through such efforts an intelligent comprehension of the phenomena of migration may ere long be had. It is discouraging to think of the vast amount of energy that is wasted by the ill-directed and unintelligent, though sincere and earnest, efforts of observers in all fields of science. The present observations are far in advance of most of those made by collectors, and we are glad to know that they are to be continued. We are glad to learn that Mr. Cooke purposes next season to conduct a similar series of observations. He desires that any and all persons residing in the valley of the Mississippi who are willing to keep notes of the movements and doings of birds, communicate with him at once by postal card. His address at present is Jefferson, Wisconsin. We have now in hand another series of notes on the same subject from the pen of Mr. Cooke, which we shall shortly lay before our readers.

WOODCOCK are now making their appearance in New England.

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

FRIDAY last being Varnishing day at the Academy, the press was allowed a private view from 2 until 5 o'clock, after the contributors had put the final touches to their works.

We are not able to ascertain exactly why this special autumn exhibition of paintings is held, but it seems probable that the rejection of so many works of merit last year, on account of want of space, had a good deal to do with this fall showing. The idea, we believe, is to have an exhibition, in the autumn, of work done by the artists during the summer, so that the regular spring exhibition will simply be of fall and winter work.

The present display of pictures shows that the artists have been busy during the summer, and that they have done a great deal of work, much of which is very creditable.

There are several works that are quite remarkable, the most impressive of which, we think, is "Planting Rape in Normandy." This occupies the place of honor on the large south wall. The picture represents a number of men and women working on a hillside, the men ploughing, the women bending over and planting the seed. The whole effect of this picture is remarkable. The figures are very strongly painted, the atmosphere is very fine, and the light on the horses gives a very realistic appearance to the whole. To the left of this is a picture of two children blowing bubbles, by Doop, which we think is much below his ordinary work.

On the north wall is a very ambitious picture by James Powell Hey—"The Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene at the Tomb of Our Saviour." This picture comes very near to being a masterpiece. No. 380 is a pretty picture of "Deer in the Adirondacks," by A. F. Tait. No. 371 is "Maternal Solicitude," also by Tait. This picture is very good, with the exception of the St. Bernard dog, which is very badly drawn. No. 330, "Among the Weeds," by J. G. Buren, is a picture of a very pretty girl, admirably painted. No. 327, "Clearing Up," by De Haas, is a very vigorous seascape. "Disappointment" (382), by Charles Sprague Pierce, represents a woman in the last century. The texture of the silk and lace is extremely well brought out. "An Accident" (344), by M. J. Shaw, shows a serving maid who has just broken a vase. The interior is excellent, and the expression of fear and regret on the face of the girl is admirable. Wordsworth Thompson's "The Belated Travelers" (333) represents two wayfarers in the costume of the Revolution, stopping at a queer old country tavern. The leader of the party is being met by the inn keeper, who wears a white peruke, and on the narrow verandah are seated two or three trappers, who regard the travelers with an air of suspicion. The figures are extremely life-like and the whole picture remarkably well painted. "The Fox Family" (333) is by I. Sellmayer. This picture represents a vixen surrounded by four or five cubs near their hole in a wood. The fur is extremely realistic, and the expression on the face of one of the little ones, whose attention is attracted to a squirrel on the limb above him, is very life-like and amusing. The only criticism to be made on the picture is the drawing of the hind leg of one of the cubs, which is faulty. "Preparing for a Shave" (390), by E. L. Henry, is a small canvas, wonderfully painted, after the style of Meissonier. "Widowhood" (401), by Constant Meyer, is a fine subject, but is not well treated, the figure being poorly drawn. "The Duet" (397), by J. G. Brown, represents an old man instructing a boy on a violin. The subject is well treated in the artist's usual happy style. "A Future Poet" (346), by Douglas Volk, represents the young aspirant in a hay loft with a pile of books and some flowers on a box before him. On his face is a very peculiar expression, which is conjectured to be the outward and visible sign of the true poetic fire which smolders in his breast. "On the Thames, near Gravesend, England," (337) is a canvas treated in Arthur Quartley's best manner. "My Old Hunting Ground," by A. F. Tait, represents a scene in the Adirondacks. The artist and a companion, seated in a canoe, are aiming from behind some rocks at deer on the opposite side of the pond. The atmospheric effect is very good, the figures are lifelike, and we expect every moment to hear the report of the gun. Portrait of the late William B. Astor (after death) (247) is a very carefully painted miniature by Carl L. Brandt. "Grandmother" (223), by P. T. Ryder, is a capital picture of an old woman sitting by a stove. "All's Well that Ends Well" (366) represents a frog sitting on the edge of an overturned bucket, about to spring at a grasshopper impaled upon a fish-hook. The picture, although unpretentious, is very true to nature as well as amusing. "The Milkmaid" (183), by Leon Moran, is a young girl wandering through the fields. The figure is very well drawn, and the effect is very pleasing. "The Studio" (193), by Percy Moran, represents his brother Leon painting the last named picture in his studio. The drawing is very good, but the whole effect is cold. On the west wall of the North Gallery hangs Blashfield's "Modern Rebecca"—an Arabian woman in a street handing a horseman a cup of water. The peculiar light effects of the hot Eastern atmosphere are remarkably well shown, the horses are very well painted, and the figure of the black one which the rider is leading shows the pure Arabian blood. "Dar's no Place like Home" (179), by Alfred Kapps, is a scene in a Southern cabin. Supper is just over, and the old aunty is about to clear off the table, while her husband has just taken down his banjo to have a little music after the hard day's work. The whole effect of the picture is very warm and pleasing to the eye. "Sunset on Lake Conway" (176), by Georgine Campbell, is a charming picture; the twilight atmosphere is exceedingly well rendered. "Ophelia" (132), by Clarence Boyd, is an attempt at a very difficult subject, and a failure. An "English Roadside Scene" (157), by G. J. F. Cropsey, is a fine subject, but the effect of the picture is marred by the coloring, which is very untrue to nature.

In the corridor, "Mexican Cattlemen" (117), by William Hahn, shows us two vaqueros treated in a very lifelike way. The cattle are excellently painted, and the atmospheric effects extremely good. "Smoked Bloater" (93), by Milne Ramsey, is capitally painted; one could almost imagine the real fish to be hanging before him. Mr. N. N.'s team, "Harry and Sheila" (91), by Carl J. Becker, shows us a neat little team of trotters. "In the Rye Field" (57), by Carl Otto, is a fine example of the Munich school; the sunlight glinting through the standing rye produces a very charming effect. "Begging at the Monastery" (14), by C. Milender, is another example of the Munich school. The figures are all capitally painted, but the beggars, with the exception of the old man who is at the door, all seem very cheerful.

We have noted only a few of the more striking pictures among many excellent works. We think, on the whole, that it is a good idea to inaugurate this autumn exhibition, and certainly the number of good works here represented ought to be very gratifying to those who have promoted it. Of course the standard of work is not up to that of the spring exhibitions, but still we hope that the results will be sufficiently encouraging to induce the management to make the fall exhibition a permanent thing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"NUTMEGGERS" ON THE OTTAWA.

THIRD PAPER.

MONDAY, the 25th, we left our tent on the north shore, and crossed the lake to our present camp, in a boat very kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Geo. H. Rochester, who is just establishing a lumber camp a few miles beyond us. Our camp is a very comfortable one for these cool nights, being a log-cabin 20x30, with good tight troughed timber roof, with smoke hole in center, and fireplace underneath, 6ft.x8. The internal arrangement of our new home, so far as convenience is concerned, is admirable, and calculated to delight the heart of any young housekeeper. The cellar, kitchen, dining-room, pantry, library, parlor and all the sleeping rooms are on the first floor, all of uniform size, 20x30. An open fire in every room, and every room so closely connected that the creaking and slamming of doors is an utter impossibility. Our first duty upon arriving was to arrange and bough down our bunks, chink up the cabin, start a fire, build table and seats, arrange our china closet, make customary remarks about previous tenants, etc., etc. Our party use sleeping bags, and are very favorably impressed with their superiority over blankets. They are especially valuable to "kickers" in a cold night. Ours are made seven feet long by two feet six inches wide, with six pounds of batting quilted in between the cotton lining and flannel covering. Duties about camp are performed alternately by the different members of the party. Each considers himself a first-class cook, though Miner, by reason of his longer experience in camp life, is called upon to get up all the swell dinners. Arrangements were made to have a team follow us with canoe and supplies, but, unluckily, the road was too much for the wagon, and it broke down twenty miles back, and supplies came through without the canoe, so we are obliged to use the boat which is a little "togy" for fast traveling.

On Tuesday our party came near being financially and physically wrecked. A little spark full of incendiary intentions found a resting place in the soft cotton of Brady's sleeping bag, made a total wreck of it, and set fire to the cabin. Luckily it was extinguished before the remaining bedding, provisions, or the "safe deposit vaults" were reached. Now the loss of a sleeping bag does not seem upon the face of it to be such a heavy financial embarassment, but that a person of Brady's constitution and nerve ought to bear up under it, but he seemed to take the matter quite to heart, and somewhat resented jocular remarks and queries about which corner he proposed to stand up and sleep in for the next week or two, and carried about quite a suicidal expression until bedtime, when Dorsey proposed to share his bag with him. Now a two-foot-six bag is a very comfortable fit for one man, but it required considerable outside pressure to force in a second one; nevertheless the feat was accomplished, not without remonstrances and murmurings from the occupants, but they soon found that there was no room for argument, and scarcely room for alternate respiration, and the right of secession without the aid of outside powers was in this case, as in that little attempt of 1861, demonstrated to be a failure. The "union" being a necessity, it was effected and preserved on succeeding nights until a relief party brought blankets from the distant lumber camp.

On Thursday, Miner, while on a tour of exploration, discovered a little crystal spring-water lake, teeming with speckled trout, and Rerdell discovered his little mink trap closed and teeming with what the Indians call "seecawk," and we all discovered six million cubic feet of atmosphere about camp seemingly just as teeming with "seecawk" as the trap was. Brady walked cautiously down to the trap and fired two rifle balls in quick succession through the "seecawk's" head and "ran for dear life." It was a long time before any of the party dared attempt to extricate him (not Brady but the seecawk) from the trap, although he seemed, to use an expression, "dead as a door nail." They are smaller than the black bear but larger than we care to handle in large numbers, and they are a wicked creature to meet face to face. The same animals roam the forests of New England to a certain extent, and are much feared and avoided by the bon ton. The natives spell him there s-k-u-n-k. This is shorter and we think just as correct.

Mink are plenty about here. Rerdell trapped a fine one Wednesday night. They march boldly into camp and steal our partridges and fish, but we prefer to let them steal to their hearts' content, rather than trap any more "seecawk." We were advised that unless our dog was accustomed to the habits of moose, we would certainly lose him—so, as he was quite a valuable dog, we left him at Pembroke, expecting to find Indian guides with dogs. Failing in this, we find ourselves in rather a bad predicament for capturing large game. Moose, bear, and deer are all about us in great numbers, as evidenced by the numerous tracks, but on account of the thick growth of underbrush and dense foliage we are unable to still-hunt with any degree of success.

A house on the shore of this lake, having a few good guides with dogs, would convert this locality into a sportsman's paradise almost.

The lake abounds with black bass and salmon trout, and the Little Mattawaska, which empties into it about one mile from our camp, is full of speckled trout of large size, as are some of the small lakes or ponds just over the ridge back of camp. Every marshy cove and small lake has its complement of black duck. The woods furnish ruffed grouse, so tame that we could almost sprinkle salt on their tails and knock them off the trees with a stick. When out watching for deer, and not wishing to fire a gun, we tried chasing the grouse around with sticks, but having neglected to bring the salt, we, of course, did not get them. Blueberries of excellent flavor grow all about the lake in enormous quantities. This, of course, brings bears about here at this season of the year in great numbers. Had we brought traps, we would have had no difficulty in capturing some.

We discovered a cranberry swamp only a short distance from camp. Cranberries we have always found to be a very valuable acquisition to camp life, and we always make calculations when taking in our supply of sugar, for sweetening a cranberry swamp, partridge with cranberry-sauce being a dish which, like a popular drama, will bear repeating and draw a full house every time, with frequent and hearty encore.

Fishing about here, as we said before, is excellent, incomparable. We are told that a little Frenchman from some of the lower settlements came up here last fall, caught and salted fourteen barrels of speckled trout and black bass. The distance from a settlement and the difficulty in getting teams through, of course, is a serious drawback to this location for parties who contemplate camping with ladies; but for gentlemen who are not particularly out of health, we think it all the better for being entirely isolated from civilization. We would not come again, and we would not advise others to, without an Indian guide, with dogs and bear traps. It is somewhat aggravating to feel and know that you are in the midst of as good a game country for bear, moose and deer, as the continent of North America affords, and still lack the two articles necessary to capture them. Four weeks later in the season, still hunting could be successfully carried on here without dogs; but then the weather is too severe for pleasure parties, and none but the practical hunter and trapper would think of camping. Speaking of still hunting, we are told that one hunter, Haskins by name, who is known all over Ontario as the champion deer-slayer, shot seventy-four deer last winter in this section inside of ten days. This seems like a cruel, cruel slaughter, as it certainly was, but to those who have visited this great northern wilderness, extending on the north to Hudson Bay and beyond, and to the Pacific coast on the West, the idea of exterminating the game even by such fearful slaughters as quoted above seems utterly impossible for ages to come.

Canada has within the past three years thrown off her lethargic sleep, and awakened to a realizing sense of the magnitude of her dominions, and to the importance and advantage of railroad enterprise. More miles of railroad are under construction to-day than would have been embraced in the fond imaginative dream of a Canadian Gould or Vanderbilt five years ago. Since the confederation or union of the Provinces, the Dominion of Canada embraces more territory than the whole of the United States, and yet her four millions of population are almost wholly settled on a strip of land say 100 miles in width along her southern boundary, thus leaving the great north and west an unbroken wilderness, dotted here and there by an occasional squatter, settler or trapper. Of course the marks of the lumberman are visible, for go where you will on the earth, you are pretty sure to find that the lumberman has been there before you. Should Canada take a start, which she is now making a mighty effort to do, and increase her population by immigration equal to the United States, which is a highly extravagant supposition, the game of Canada will still have this great northern wilderness to gradually withdraw to, the whole northern part being of too sterile a character for settlers to encroach upon. The Canada Pacific road (of which we will speak more fully hereafter) will, when complete, open up and bring into market a great territory in Canada's southwest—a large proportion of it very excellent land. We saw newly cleared land along the Canada Pacific, bearing oats equal to the best cultivated and most fertile lands of New England. But to return to camp. I will pass rapidly over the remainder of our stay at Travere Lake, one day's sport being about a repetition of another. One day Brady came near having a little private interview with a bear. He was watching for deer in a tamarac swamp, when a bear approached within about twenty-five feet of him, but he was nearly hid from view by the thick underbrush. The bear's smelling apparatus served him a good turn, and a loud snort and immedi

ate stampede on his part, and an uprising of the "back hair" on the part of Brady, was the only result of the encounter.

Our leisure hours were spent principally in fishing, shooting black duck, partridge, etc., and in little voyages of exploration up and down the river. And a great deal of pleasure was experienced each evening as we gathered around our cheerful camp fire, and compared notes or related to each other the encounters, discoveries, and successful feats of the day. What mirth and enjoyment, jokes, anecdotes and comparisons; what solid comfort and perfect relaxation from business cares and perplexities a rousing camp fire will bring forth. And then, while in this happy state, as thoughts of dear ones at home creep in, how tenderly kind acts and words are cherished, and how lightly the bitter ones are passed over. A man cannot spend many evenings in the wilderness in company with a party of moral social friends about a glowing camp fire, and still hate his "mother-in-law." And then as conversation wanes and the fire flickers, each retires to his bunk with naught but pleasant recollections, and the waves on the beach sing his lullaby. How the re-operative powers of sound refreshing sleep seem to build up and strengthen a man until he can almost feel the hardening and growth of additional flesh and muscle. And then, in the morning, what keen appetites await the breakfast signal, and how the plainest of food disappears, is relished, and perfectly digested. If perfect peace of mind and contentment could be put up and sold by the dose, I believe it would soon run out the sale of pepsine.

I will not dwell upon the breaking up of camp or the long march to the settlement, but will immediately transfer the scene to the village of Mattawa, a mushroom village, evidently built somewhat after the style of the Irishman's axe handles, which he had split out by lightning in a thunder shower. It is situated at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa rivers, about 400 miles above Montreal. A trading post or fort, as it is called, of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, is located here for the purpose of trading and exchanging goods with the Indians for furs and skins. Here, on Tuesday, October 4, the advance guard of our party, consisting of Rerdell and Dorsey, might have been seen negotiating with a big Indian (Jawbone by name) to guide and assist in paddling us up the river about seventy-five miles to Lake Temichtemuug. Brady and Miner were to join the party on Wednesday, when arrangements were to be completed for an early start Thurday morning, but at this time they were down the river about thirty-five miles at Bissetts Creek. Speaking of Bissetts Creek, reminds me that a settler on the northern shore of the river killed two large moose while we were there, and we had a chance to test the quality of some broiling pieces. B. G. A.

OTTAWA RIVER DISTRICT, Ontario, Oct. 3.

BELOW QUEBEC.

SIXTH PAPER.

IT is sixty miles from Gamache Bay, or Ellis Bay, as it is oftener called, to the Southwest Point lighthouse, which has for many long years not only served as a guiding beacon to many a ship, when dark fogs shroud land and water, but also as a haven of rest and Christian charity to scores of unfortunate nearly starved and frozen sailors, whom the merciless waves have more than once wrecked within sight of it. Mr. Pope, the keeper of the lighthouse, is perhaps better and more generally known than any other person along the whole coast line, as he has resided here for near a generation and has raised a large and promising family, which, in point of intelligence and culture, is in truth phenomenal. But not only is the distressed mariner sure of a kindly welcome, but the straggling naturalist, sportsman and tourist are alike cared for. The government geologist, Mr. Richardson, expresses in his report his obligations to Mr. Pope for much valuable information, which, at least on this island, could not have been well obtained from any other source, as Mr. Pope himself is by no means a novice in geological science and is familiar with the position and contents of the rocks on his island. There are many features about his model home which admirably illustrate what a home education may accomplish if backed by the proper solicitude on the part of the parents about the improvement of their children.

Three of his daughters are full grown, and have, beyond an occasional visit to their nearest neighbors, or asphyxiated Gaspé, never been a mile from the barren rock upon which their round house is perched. Yet they are in all respects as refined and cultivated as any young ladies who have had all the advantages our best educational systems can bestow. Their only instruction has been by means of a governess, who for a short term of four years taught to them only the elements of writing, reading and arithmetic. And yet there stands a piano, which is not allowed to crumble away unheard; a bookcase, containing a small but carefully selected library, and indicating by the titles of the works the tastes and bent of their minds. The table is fairly littered with the better sort of current literature, while a telegraphic instrument clicks upon another, all disposed in the little concave room, which serves for the threefold purpose of study, sitting-room and post-office. The oldest daughter is not only a valued contributor to several of our magazines, through some of her graphic sketches concerning the natural resources, vegetation and mode of life on the islands; but her services are also highly valued by the central weather office at Toronto, to which she telegraphs daily the details connected with the changes of the weather upon this exposed cape. By her careful attention and complete mastery of the principles as well as the manipulation of the telegraph, she has been advanced to the post of chief official of the Anticosti telegraphic section, as no one else here is competent to correct any disturbances which may interrupt communication. How to evolve all of these various practical accomplishments out of the wilderness behind and the waste of waters beyond is a conundrum the solution of which concerns those psychologists who base their views of mental superiority upon the theory of transmitted intelligence. The precept and guidance of a refined and intelligent mother may perhaps have been of more substantial service to her daughters, growing up in this desert like female Caspar Hausers, than the most rigid and systematic school training could have wrought.

There are almost as many instructive novelties about the premises of the lighthouse as inside of it to interest the casual visitor. Two large and beautiful jet black Newfoundland dogs are the guardians and team of the family, while a tame, though still very mischievous, young raven keeps the feathered occupants of the neighboring poultry yard in perpetual alarm. This bird seems to be possessed of almost human cunning; knows every inmate of the house, never loses an opportunity to pilfer anything which suits its fancy, whenever any of the windows of the room are open for a moment, and is a careful hoarder of his ill-gotten plunder, whether eatable or ornamental. The boat landing place is a long rifle shot from the tower, but the moment I landed, this bird of ill omen was promptly on hand, inspecting like a vigilant custom house officer every item of my variously assorted baggage and appropriating expeditiously for its personal use, among the rest, my fresh eggs, which had been the objects of my special solicitude.

If nothing else had claimed the time at my disposal, I could have contented myself for weeks, instead of days, at the lighthouse. The roar of the surf breaking into milky sheets of foaming water against its rocky base sounds like sweet music in the cozy room of its upper story, from which we can survey complacently the wild play of the great rolling white-crested breakers, as they vainly hurl themselves in their maddened fury against the frowning, stubborn cliffs. But there are only a few more days to spare, and the time is rapidly drawing near when the vessel I expect from Gaspé will call to take me off, and beyond all of these interesting sights.

A visit to the Jupiter had formed above all a most important part of my original programme, and to carry it out, a man and boat were engaged at the lighthouse to row me up to the mouth of this river, which is about eight miles to the westward of the Southwest Point. But my preparations were inadequate, as two men with a good canoe are needed to ascend it, and I stood therefore on the shores of the Jupiter, making cast after cast without even getting a single rise. It almost seems incredible to come from such a long distance to the best trout stream on this coast, and to leave it again without hooking a solitary fish. They had migrated up stream to its pools, where they assemble in dense packs to spawn. Here I could have caught hundreds of them with the shreds of my shirt, as a substitute for flies, as has been done by the natives on more than one occasion. The mouth of the river is, however, an excellent collecting field for fossils, which abound in the loose debris at the foot of the cliffs on the east side. There was also a great number of black guillemots breeding among the rocks, and the red-throated divers were exceedingly abundant. The white-bellied swallow is just now, Aug. 20, preparing to migrate, and collect each morning in great flocks near my camp, which fronts the river shore. These species, along with an occasional wild goose, constitute just now the greater number of the birds to be seen. A little later the aspect will change, when the migratory swarms will arrive to rest here a few days before they venture to resume their southern journey.

It requires fortunately but little time to choose a site for a camp and leave it again when game and fish becomes scarce, and as neither were abundant we made a quick shift for our next projected point, a small river about twenty miles east of the Jupiter, where we had been assured of fair prospects in the line of fishing.

The sea is as smooth as glass and we arrive in a few hours at the mouth of Riviere du Berg, as this creek, which is not laid down on the map, is called by the natives. The spot looks promising and wild enough to suit any one's fancy, though, perhaps, not that of the luckless captain whose ship lies stranded on the reef within a few miles from my tent. The wreck is a large black steamer which ran ashore here last November, and though exposed all this long time to the fury of the wintry gales, has defied all assaults of the hungry sea, which has been unable to dislodge this adventitious rock of iron. She lies here still as upright as when she stranded on that unfortunate November night, and, whatever damage her bottom has suffered, no effects of it are visible above the water-line. There is at present a wrecking crew from Halifax on board of her under the superintendence of Mr. Howell, an experienced and competent engineer, and busy men are swarming about her sides and decks like a lot of wasps when some damage is inflicted upon their nest which calls out the whole force to repair it; only that the nest is magnified into the great iron leviathan which had to come such a long way from across the sea to rest in this rough bed from the fatigues of her journey. Her name is the Lartington, of London, and the contractors who have undertaken to get her off, are sanguine of success, although a stiff southwester may blast their hopes in a single night and upset their calculations. I am indirectly in a round-about way indebted to her for several days of splendid fishing, as I probably would have never thought of any such thing as Riviere du Berg if this steamer had not stranded near its mouth to become *pro tem* an objective point for vessels coming and going, among the rest the schooner upon which I depend to get off the island, and which in virtue of her contract must call here with supplies at least twice a month.

This creek for once fairly swarmed with trout when I arrived, but they unfortunately disappeared again in a few days for parts unknown to my great regret, no less than that of the wrecking crew, who found our large messes of fat sea trout sent to them, an agreeable change from their rough bill of fare. To retrieve my bad luck I determined to follow up the fish to the nearest pool, which I learned was about eight miles up the river, as in this way I could also obtain a glimpse of the interior, which is utterly inaccessible, unless the explorer avails himself of the water courses, which are the natural highways cut out by the force of their swiftly running waters. The scenery of Anticosti along the sea shore is monotonous in the extreme, as the island appears like a long, gently rounded-off mass of land, covered with a uniform growth of low spruce trees, but only a few miles inland matters change surprisingly quick. In place of an impenetrable growth of stunted scrub which I had expected to bar our progress, I found my surroundings of an entirely different nature, after I had advanced a mile or more inland by following the bed of the river.

In the place of anticipated low matted pine scrub there are stern rocky walls rising up vertically to nearly double the height of those forming the famous gorge of the Niagara, and greatly surpassing them by their wild, romantic aspect. At every turn of the river, of which there are many, high rounded off buttresses vary with the uniform walls, reminding us by their aspect of the pictures which portray the castellated towers of the far West. And at the lowest depth of the gorge runs the ice cold swift stream, bordered here and there by white gravel beaches, which are just now glowing with a variegated carpet of delicately fringed asters, blue and white lobelias, golden rods, pitcher plants, false aronica and lady slippers, all raising their tender blossoms to light, and gallantly maintaining the struggle for the existence against the crushing agencies of a cold, uncharitable climate, in which the glimpses of sunshine are few and far between.

I had started upon this present excursion on a frugal breakfast of a salt mackerel and a few hard biscuits, as the larder was running low, but the senses were too occupied with the pleasing novelty of the continually shifting panorama to heed the silent protest of the stomach, which has no susceptibility for any other poetry save that of nutrition. As long, however, as the trout pool was still in the distance, the cravings were unsatisfied, as its prospective charms, graphically described to me by an adventurous engineer of the Lartington, were after all my final goal. But it was long past noon before the sight of a bald eagle, soaring high over the wooded cliffs, indicated the proximity of this crowded fish pond. In the course of many years it has been my good fortune to visit no few streams, where I have filled my creel in a little while, and satisfied all pardonable cravings for a big string, but then I had to work hard for it under even the best circumstances, while here dense packs of great hungry sea trout were so closely massed together in a small basin, that the time needed to unhook them was in excess of that it took to catch them. The very first cast with three flies tied to the leader promptly yielded three large trout, the management of which was relegated to my attendant, who, though he had lived on the island several years, had never yet thought it worth while to explore the pool of this stream. In order to ease his work, two of the flies were promptly cut off, and yet the remaining one, a Jock Scot tied to a double leader, never allowed him a moment of rest, as it no sooner touched the water than there was a run for it by a dozen or more of hungry fish. Never have we enjoyed one single hour of fishing as much as on this present occasion, as we left the spot in the very height of the sport. The pool itself, along with the surroundings, constituted a picture of surprising natural beauty. Fancy dark-gray vertical cliffs, surrounding it like a lofty rocky amphitheatre, the center of which, instead of the arena, was occupied by deep emerald water, so still that it seemed to be frozen. The bottom of the pool was one solid dark mass of great sea trout, which probably had never been disturbed.

Here also occurred what all along I both wished and dreaded, to wit, the hooking of a salmon, which caused no small trouble to secure it, as my rod hardly weighed six ounces, and gaff and landing net were wanting. I had noticed six or eight fair-sized salmon while making a general inspection of the thick, black mass of sea trout on the bottom of the pool, but although one or another of them now and again made a dash to compete with the swarms of the trout for the fatal feathery prize, they failed in their efforts, and quietly sank down again into the depths of their crystal home.

At last there was a great splash, followed quickly by large, widening circles, and the next moment the singing of my little reel admonished me to pay close attention and cunning if I had any hope to see my big prize safely landed. Three times it made most desperate efforts to free itself from its feathery moustache by flinging itself bodily out of the water to a height of over six feet, but for once nothing yielded, and the little braided line could not have stood better the strain if it had been made of steel wire. I have heard of many instances where the salmon angler spent hours before the fish was sufficiently exhausted to be netted; but in this present case hardly a quarter of an hour passed when I succeeded in coaxing this salmon into shallow water. No sooner was this accomplished than my Frenchman, who had already watched with intense interest the progress of the game, pounced upon it like a hawk upon the turtle dove, and, clutching it with a vise-like grip, threw it high on the beach beyond all reach of possible escape.

He solved for me at least, thereby, the conundrum so often proposed, and yet so difficult to answer, what constitutes happiness. My own feelings came, for the time being, as near its realization as is possible in this troublesome world, and nothing was lacking to it when the silvery prize flounderd upon the dry gravel. It was the first salmon in my own experience which ever rose to a fly not designed for him. He was a small one after all, of only about sixteen pounds' weight, but compensated for this defect by gallantly maintaining to the last his fight against misfortune. He filled my cup of happiness, and also to overflowing the coarse sack, which had been taken along as the next handy substitute for a fish basket, and into this he was squeezed, amid a hecatomb of stiffened trout. The latter were here of extraordinary beauty, of deep golden brown color with the brightest of scarlet specks. Their belly was red and on each side of it a broad dusky band extended from the gills to the ventral fins. They were, without exception, the most handsome sea trout I saw anywhere, and their rose-colored flesh equaled, in point of firmness and flavor, that of the salmon. Neither was a pound of it wasted, as the crew of the Lartington utilized every eatable scrap. But the labor of carrying on our backs such a great load of them along the rough, rock-strewn bed of the stream was no child's play, and taxed to the utmost the endurance of my powerfully-built man. Before the sun disappeared behind the cliffs flanking the deep gorge, which was already darkening before the advancing shadows of the night, I capped my good luck by bagging two fine ptarmigans, which are rare at Anticosti, and were the first and last I saw there.

The arrival of the long expected schooner raised at last, the very next morning after my salmon adventure, the involuntary blockade which had so long detained me, somewhat against my will, on this island, and relieved me of all anxiety I had entertained on account of her long absence, as she was overdue.

I have endeavored in these hasty sketches upon the aspects of nature along the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to dwell chiefly upon those only which are the most striking to the visitor and are peculiar to these parts. I have also purposely avoided entering into the discussion of any details connected with the fisheries, the only industry along this coast, as time and space were lacking to do it full justice. The condition of the people engaged in it demands a more careful attention on part of the Dominion government than it has thus far seen fit to bestow, unless it prefers to continue to respond gratuitously to their calls for aid and relief, which could be permanently and more efficiently afforded by equitable adjustment of the relations between them and their employers, who have monopolized their services and hold them in a state of bondage not better than that of the Russian serf.

Much more remains to be said concerning the details of outfit which is needed to make a trip to the lower Gulf as pleasant as circumstances admit, but the individual views of sportsmen differ so widely on the questions that all suggestions are gratuitous, since the majority will follow their own bent, dictated to by the experiences of more comprehensive nature than my own have been. I can only mention what has been of best service in my own case and let the reader take the benefit. As far as arms are concerned I found a light breech

loading rifle of .38-calibre the best tool as it comes; time and again into requisiton where seals are abundant. There is during summer but little feathered game on the gulf and double-barreled shotguns are therefore an almost needless encumbrance. I have therefore always used a single barrel breech-loader, as many of them are excellent shooting guns and carry shot as far as can be reasonably expected. It is advisable to take along a couple of pounds of good powder and a corresponding quantity of fine shot, as both are unobtainable below Quebec. If it be desirable to make collections it is also necessary to add some tools and preservatives for skinning and preparing of the specimens. Rubber goods of all description including blankets, boots, bags, are indispensable, as the weather is not always fine, and rainy days are not uncommon. The outfit for fishing itself can hardly be too comprehensive. It is easily carried and will last moreover for several years. For large-sized trout, salmon flies are preferable, notably the Jock Scot, silver doctor and golden pheasant.

Provisions of all kinds are best secured at Montreal or St. Johns, where they are of good quality and variety. The tourist can best reach the lower St. Lawrence by going by way of St. Johns, N. B., and thence by the Intercolonial road to Campbellton. Here a steamer runs to Gaspé twice each month, and connects with a mail schooner which runs to several points along the north shore. If the Quebec route is chosen, there are two lines of communication open. The first is by the Intercolonial Railroad as far as Campbellton, and beyond by the same transportation as above mentioned; the second is by the coasting steamer Otter, which makes semi-monthly trips from Quebec to many good points along the shores of the Gulf, wherever there is freight and passengers to land or take on board. Mingan is the terminus of her journey.

All help, canoes and rough camping outfit can be got at Gaspé, and should be secured at that point, as there is a wilderness beyond it. All streams of the north shore, where there is any good salmon fishing, are now leased, and special permits from the lessees are needed if any one desires to indulge in this kind of sport. Trout, however, may be taken without any permit as far as the tide runs. The smaller trout streams are free to all comers, and some of them, like those in Anticosti, yield better sport than the majority of the large rivers. The highest benefits of a journey to the lower St. Lawrence accrues, however, from its pure and invigorating air, the effects of which, in case of all digestive derangements, are unsurpassed. No other stretch of coast line in summer time equals it in this respect, and the day is not far distant when the great surging crowd of the languid, spoilt devotees of fashion will invade these still primitive and romantic solitudes, and reduce them to the level of the many faded, insipid seaside resorts which form an almost unbroken net from Virginia to Maine. L.

SPORT IN NEW MEXICO.

SECOND PAPER.

IN a former letter I gave you in short my views on the relative efficiency of large *vs.* small flies for trout fishing in streams. I can now offer you additional evidence in corroboration of those statements. A gentleman who has fished the trout streams of the West for upwards of twenty years, and so is no novice at the sport, only repeated the warnings I had had from so many other fishermen in this country, viz., your flies are too small. However, I induced him to try some of them, which he did, and pronounced his sport to be improved at least fifty per cent., not only in numbers, but also in the true sport of landing heavy fish on delicate tackle. I tied him a dozen or so of flies, with which he has caught about 600 trout, saying that he has never equaled the take in any previous season. For my tail flies I use number 11 Limerick hooks on the finest trout gut obtainable, and the drop flies on number 13, or even smaller. My theory of fishing is that by suiting the strength of your tackle to the size of trout you expect to catch, as good sport may be had with half-pounders as with two or three pounders. How often has my heart been brought nearly into my mouth by the first rush of a lusty pounder on a number 13 hook; and the care and caution used to bring him to net has worked me up to a pitch of excitement unequaled in any sport. How differently we regard the same fish on a large hook, coarse, strong salmon gut, and a two-handed rod. Instead of admiring his proportions and pluck after a long tussle, he is yanked out by mere strength, and ignominiously counted among the small ones. Sport in its true meaning is the more enjoyable the more difficult it is to be successful, and the more the skill and knowledge of its seeker are called into requisition.

The Santa River, so called from courtesy, is really nothing but a small creek, that loses itself entirely in the sand just below the city. I had heard, though, that a few small fish were to be had in the upper waters, so I determined to test the accuracy of the assertion. So, one fine afternoon, I set out, with a companion, to try my luck; but I found the stream almost unfishable on account of the scarcity of water and extreme brightness thereof. By selecting the smallest flies and finest gut I managed to land about one dozen, two or three scaling one-half pound, much to my astonishment. The Santa Fe Waterworks Company have erected a dam on this creek, which, with a little judicious stocking, would prove a glorious place for supplying the whole river with trout, and would afford excellent sport in time to come. By getting power to preserve the stream for a few years and strictly enforcing the existing laws as to illegal fishing, many a pleasant evening might be spent near Santa Fe, without having to go so far for a bit of fishing.

I now come to my last expedition, thus far, this season—destination again the Pecos River; purpose, capture of trout and hunting the wily deer, or eventually fighting off a bear. For as we had lost no bears, we concluded not to hunt them. Traveling this time over the same road in a buckboard, myself and co-angler left Santa Fe about 1 P. M., and reached the old town of Pecos at nightfall, where, having secured good quarters, we put up for the night, but hurried on, the first thing in the morning, to reach our first point of attack on the trout. Five miles of even rough hilly road are soon traversed with strong mules and a buckboard, so at about nine we had made camp and were busily engaged in preparations for wading the stream. The first thing to be done was to soften up the wading-boots—so, filling them with stones, they were placed in the river to soak; next, the rods were put together and casts of flies attached, and those also placed so as to get a good soaking (*i. e.*, the line, and not the rod); then pants discarded for knickerbockers and stockings. By this time the boots are soft enough to get into, so they are put on, and then away we start, ready for any fish that may turn up.

It seems strange that the wind should have such an influence upon the success of fishermen, but that it is so cannot be denied; and that this fact was observed years ago is shown by the following verses, long known among the people of England. They run something like this:

"When the wind is in the north
No fisherman will rally forth.

When the wind is in the east
It blows no good to man or beast.

When the wind is in the west
Fishing then is at its best.

But when the wind is in the south
It blows the bait into the fish's mouth."

Simply denoting that a warm wind is good and a cold one bad for fishing. On the particular morning in question the wind was cold for the time of year, and no flies on the water, a bad omen. And after fishing carefully and steadily for some time without so much as getting a rise, I was beginning to think of the advisability of devoting that day to hunting, when walking along the bank near a long still pool I heard a splash, and on looking round saw the tell-tale rings on the otherwise placid surface of the water, denoting that something had disturbed it, but whether it was a fish or no I could not tell; so I sat on the bank, a watcher, and soon saw two or three little fellows, rising without any apparent object close to the water's edge in the neighborhood of where I first heard the splash. Fully making up my mind that these were not the ones that had attracted my attention, I began carelessly casting over them for amusement, but keeping my eye firmly fixed on an old log lying across the stream a short way below, where I expected my old friend to hang out, and sure enough, after about ten minutes waiting I saw the unmistakable signs of a good fish feeding, and right against the logs as I suspected, for the best fish invariably look out the most inaccessible places to live in. My first cast right bang up against the tree "fetched" him, for up he came and lazily sucked in my tail fly, when I struck sharply, led him up stream gently, and slipped the net under him before he knew whether he had a hornet or hook in his mouth. He weighed three-quarters of a pound honest. He did not make much of a fight, but I kept well out of sight and handled him so as not to scare him. I then caught about half a dozen, foul looking some, they came so short. By one o'clock I had only caught twelve, and only one good fish. During the afternoon and evening I supplemented this with another dozen, besides a few small ones I returned. My companion had caught one dozen as his day's work, which, considering it was his first attempt, I call a remarkable good take, throwing the state of the weather and water into account.

The next morning broke with a more promising aspect in spite of a light frost, as the sun was shining brightly, and the river had fallen considerably during the night. So after a good breakfast of trout we buckled on our armor once more, with the intent to fish up stream toward the ranch I stopped at on my last visit, some six miles above our present camp, and let the buckboard pick us up on the road and take us the remaining portion of the journey. Sport was indifferent until two P. M., when I happened to spy some light-colored flies that the trout seemed to be taking. On hunting through my book I found some green gnats that I had tried just a few days before starting, and soon caught a nice lot of fish, but very small, so I returned nearly all of them, feeling confident of filling my basket with good ones yet. But I was doomed to disappointment. For some reason or other the large fish remained anchored at the bottom, and in leaving off I found myself with the insignificant total of three dozen, very few touching the half pound mark on my spring balance. Thus only began my troubles, for through some misunderstanding the buckboard failed to put in an appearance, so there was nothing left but to set off to tramp five miles to the ranch. If any of your readers have tramped five good square miles in the dark over a very rough road, in places even dangerous, in the dark, with wet shoes and legs, after standing in the water for upwards of nine hours, they will remember it; so there is no need to say how pleased I was to see a hospitable light in the ranch window, being assured of a hearty welcome. I was not long in getting rid of my wet things and a good substantial supper, and showed equal expedition in climbing between the sheets.

I will give you the dressing of my pattern of green gnat, as I found it a good one to kill and not difficult to tie. Hook number 13, body green silk, finished with a few turns of white hackle tinged with black near the hook. A couple of hairs from a mallard's wing feather would be an improvement on the above as a tail.

While seated at breakfast on the following morning the missing buckboard with companion arrived. It seemed it got dark before a start could be made, and the road is not a good one to travel over at night, so he concluded to stay where he was for the night.

We were soon busy discussing the programme for the day, and at length decided to start off on a hunt and explore the upper waters of the Pecos. Having no pack animals we determined to make the best of a camp out without blankets, only carrying some provisions with us in our fishing creels. After about an hour's walk we came to a spot where the river forks, so taking the left-hand branch and striking out onto the mountain side, we soon fell in with a well-worn trail, generally supposed to be the old Apache route to Taos. We continued on the trail for about five miles through the most beautiful timber pasture and picturesque scenery without, however, seeing anything to shoot at. About noon we discovered a small log hut that we found to be occupied by two young fellows who had located a ranch. They evidently showed good judgment in their selection of the quality and quantity of the grass, if abundance of timber and water counts for anything. We were most kindly received, as is invariably the case out West, and were given all the information as to the best locality for game, etc. We therefore concluded to stay there the night and hunt round the ranch in the evening. We visited several licks and walked carefully over a good many mountain sides, but saw only one deer, that got out of the way before a shot could be got in. There were plenty of fresh tracks round, but we were not fortunate enough in coming upon the deer.

In the evening, in the course of our chat after supper, our host mentioned a singular circumstance that I think deserves noticing. Being one day in search of some cattle that had strayed away he came upon the remains of a "mountain lion" and bear lying side by side. There was no mistaking the identity, as portions of the skin was still sticking to the skeletons. He brought away the claws with him as a proof. His theory is that they must have killed each other. If this is so it is remarkable and interesting as showing the extraordinary power and strength a mountain lion must possess to be able to cope with a full-grown bear on even terms. Bears and lions are by no means uncommon in this section.

In the morning we concluded to hunt back to our old quarters and resume fishing, as in order to successfully hunt deer a better knowledge of the country is essential than we were possessed of. On the road we again came across a deer, but in this instance also we were unable to get a shot, for although he was but a few feet from us at starting, the underbrush was so thick that we could not afterward catch a glimpse of him.

On arriving at the ranch we found a letter necessitating our presence in Santa Fe the next evening, so we determined to set to work and catch a good basket of fish to take into town with us. I used my same cast of flies, viz., red hackle, green gnat and black gnat; time, 1 P. M. In the first swim below the house, I caught four fish in about as many minutes, only keeping two, however. They rose fast and well, so in the first hour I had taken eight and returned about twelve small ones. I was then standing above my knees in water at the head of a shallow dam, when my "pard" came up. I immediately invited him to enter the water by my side and fish down together. By the time we reached the end of the dam, we had taken upward of two dozen fish out of it by four o'clock. The next two hours were occupied in fishing the next mile of river, and when we reeled up, our united take amounted to upward of six dozen, not counting the numerous small ones returned. The next evening saw us back in Santa Fe, nothing having occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip.

I am quite startled at the length of my letter, but the pleasure of re-killing game or fish is so great, that one runs on without the slightest thought of the pain caused thereby to other people. In conclusion, I may say that if anyone wishes good trout fishing he can have it here—such as I have described—but if shooting, he should seek some more favored spot. WESTWARD HO!

Natural History.

CHARACTER OF OUR NATIVE SNAKES.

THERE has been so much interesting discussion in recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, upon our native snakes, that a statement of what is fact and what is fiction in regard to them may not be amiss, and may be of use in estimating the credibility of the snake stories which will doubtless appear in the future as they have in the past. Perhaps none of the common animals of our woods and fields is more imperfectly known, and at the same time more persecuted and misrepresented than the snake. There are many interesting features in the natural history of serpents, but the general dislike felt toward them is a great obstacle in the way of arriving at a knowledge of their habits. People either come down on them with a heavy heel, or shun them altogether, supposing all snakes to be more or less dangerous. There is little excuse for this, as all the serpents of northeastern United States, with but two exceptions, are perfectly harmless. The two venomous species—the rattlesnake and the copperhead—have movable poison fangs in the upper jaw, instead of the ordinary solid teeth of the harmless snakes, which have both jaws fully toothed.

It is surprising with what credulity the most absurd snake stories are received. This is due to ignorance of their habits. Viewed with the practical eye of the interested observer, they are very ordinary animals after all. Many persons are familiar with stories of milk snakes (that milk cows), and of hoop snakes (that with tail in mouth, progress hoop fashion) and other "old wives' fables," equally absurd. Such yarns, when weighed, are always found wanting. They are fabricated by persons whose love of the marvellous preponderates over their regard for that quality which, the poet says, when crushed to earth, will rise again.

The power of fascination which has been ascribed to serpents is a fallacy which has given way before the inquiry of the naturalist. Many accounts of this power as accorded to these animals have been recorded, but are always traceable to other causes; for instance, the frantic actions of the distressed mother bird, when the insidious reptile is too near the nestlings, have doubtless often been the grounds of charging the serpent with mesmerism. There are actual accounts of fluttering birds finally being seized by snakes, but they had been previously bitten, and the poison was merely doing its work. Toads are sometimes seen to crawl in a half stupefied manner before snakes. Their confusion is due to natural terror rather than the mesmerism in the eyes of the snake. There is, indeed, a paralyzation from fear, which is of itself sufficient to explain instances of this kind.

The popular belief that snakes swallow their young is now believed to be supported by the facts. This is not a literal swallowing on the part of the parent, however. The young when surprised merely seek a temporary refuge in the gullet of the mother, from which they emerge when the danger is past. This singular habit is recorded of several species of our snakes, and is probably common to all.

Serpents live solely upon animal food, which is swallowed intact. They frequently succeed in swallowing animals of greater diameter than their own necks. This process is accomplished by the aid of recurved teeth and expansive jaws, the bones of the mouth being united by elastic ligaments. The teeth of snakes are not formed for crushing or tearing, but are rather a series of small hooks, which prevent the escape of prey which has once been seized. The reptile advances the teeth of one portion of its loosely constructed jaws, and having secured a firm hold hitches the others forward and thus gradually works himself over his victim. The process really resembles this as much as swallowing. As the Westerner says in regard to his dram, "He gets himself outside of it." The writer once teased a water snake to make it disgorge its dinner, the presence of which was very apparent from its distended stomach. The lump was finally thrown out in the shape of a frog, which gave signs of life. It soon recovered itself and hopped off to the water, apparently not much the worse for being swallowed alive. Frogs and toads, owing to their passiveness, are not much injured by the swallowing process, and sometimes pass into the snake before the breath is out of their bodies.

The rattlesnake and copperhead are now almost banished from the cultivated portions of the country. The former is neither an active nor aggressive animal, and if not mo-

lested or cut off from escape, glides under cover and gives the right of way. I once killed a large rattlesnake which my companion, who preceded me along a mountain path, had unwittingly stepped over, the snake making no movement whatever. Persons coming upon them suddenly are not infrequently bitten by them, but their habit is to give timely warning of their presence by rattling angrily.

The use of the rattle is a mooted point in natural history. It is said to be simply nature's warning against a dangerous animal, the "snake-in-the-grass" cry that the wise will heed. *"Frigidus, O pueri fugite hinc latet anguis in herba."* Virgil says. Certain it is that men and beasts instinctively sheer off when this alarm is sounded. One very probable use of the rattles is to call the sexes together. Some naturalists explain it all according to the theory of natural selection. The rattles are added at irregular intervals, and are frequently lost. They can afford no index to a snake's age. The copperhead is a much more vicious serpent, and strikes whenever its retreats are invaded.

The real use of the fangs to all venomous serpents is that of procuring food, not defense. Snakes of this class are, as a rule, sluggish, having none of the agility of the non-venomous species. Without this means of obtaining food, they would be but ill adapted to the struggle for existence. These fangs lie flat, when not in use, but are provided with erectile muscles which throw them forward when the serpent becomes excited. The contraction of the poison glands, which lie beneath the fangs, forces the venom through the canal of the latter into the wound. Let no one think that by depriving it of its weapons, the deadly serpent may be converted into a harmless pet. Behind them lie tiny germinal fangs which soon replace the lost ones, and the dormant faculty of destruction springs into new life.

The food of our native snakes consists of mice, frogs, lizards, young rabbits and young birds, the smaller species sometimes feeding on beetles and other insects. The water snakes are excellent swimmers and fishers. The serpent, in common with other reptiles of temperate regions, hibernates in the winter. Its skin is shed at intervals, depending on the condition of the animal. In casting, the old skin breaks first on the head, and is peeled backward until entirely thrown off. When found thus, it is, of course, inside out.

Really we have nothing to fear from creatures as helpless as the common non-venomous snakes. So far as danger of venom is concerned, they can all be handled with impunity. The writer has been bitten repeatedly by water snakes and garter snakes, with less inconvenience resulting than from the scratch of a kitten.

The indiscriminate slaughter of snakes is a practice which should be discouraged, for many of the inoccuous species are useful destroyers of vermin.

"For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give."

C. H. TOWNSEND.

COTTONMOUTH and WATER MOCCASIN

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 24, in reply to a question from a Georgia correspondent, you say "the water moccasin and the cottonmouth, we think, are the same snake, as we have found both names applied to the *Ancistrodon piscivorus* in the South." I do not agree with you that these snakes are the same. In my boyhood days I was very well acquainted with the water moccasin in North Carolina, where he was a very common denizen of the creeks and branches. There were two kinds there, both, if I recollect aright, marked exactly alike, except that one was long, slim and tapering to a fine point, while the other was more heavily built and inclined to be stumpy at the caudal extremity. This latter was a venomous rascal, and the former was harmless except as to frogs and minnows. Now the cottonmouth, which I never saw in North Carolina, and don't believe exists there, is a very different snake. He is a rusty, blackish, dirty looking fellow, very much of the color of swamp muck. He has some markings, but these cannot be perceived without close inspection. His habits also are quite different from those of his North Carolina cousins. The latter lives almost entirely in running water, while the cottonmouth avoids that sort of water. He prefers, and according to my observation, sticks exclusively to pools or ponds, and the dirtier and more stinking these are, the more are they to his liking. Though I have seen hundreds of them in Texas, I have never yet seen one in running water. You will find them about the little stagnant, grassy pools along the water courses, but never in the water courses themselves. Moreover, the water moccasin is nearly all the time in water; he is strictly a water snake; while the cottonmouth is rarely seen in the water, but always very close to it. If you attack the water moccasin on land, he speeds to the water as quick as he can; if you attack the cottonmouth in water, he gets to the land as quick as he can. Though always about water he is not really a water snake.

The water moccasins, both the venomous and the harmless, are lively, active snakes, and seem to be imbued with a good deal of intelligence. The cottonmouth is a sluggish, slow-moving villain, and seems to be an infernal fool, to boot. He does not regard a man with any more respect than he does a beast, and stands in no awe of harm whatever. When he sees you approaching he will hardly put himself to the trouble of coiling up as other venomous snakes do, to give you a warm reception, but usually lifts his head high up, his body stretched out at length, and opens his mouth at you just as wide as ever he can pop it. He will stay in this position, with head erect and mouth popped wide open, a long time. When you begin to stone him, he will strike venomously at every stone that comes. He will stand square in his tracks and take all that you can give him. You cannot make him yield an inch; he will die right there. I do not lay this to the credit of his natural bravery, but rather to his thick-headed, dense, impenetrable stupidity. He is so great a dunce that he does not know what you are doing when you are killing him, and does not seem to care a row of pins for it either. Of all helpless, irredeemable fools, I think he can "take the cake." He gets the name cottonmouth from his singular habit of popping his mouth open at you, and keeping it open, whenever you approach him. His mouth, also, when held open, is quite white as compared with the rest of his body, so that some one said that it looks as if it had been lined with lint cotton. He is certainly a very different snake from the North Carolina water moccasin. I question if they have any relationship with one another. We also have in Texas the poisonous water moccasin of that State, but he is somewhat darker than the North Carolinian. We also have a harmless water moccasin here, but he does not at all look like his N. C. cousin, if they be cousins. N. A. T.

EL PASO, Texas.

"BYRNE" ON THE MUD-HEN.

THIS very pretty, cleanly, nicely behaved, tame, confiding, greatly and very wrongly abused, little water fowl, is not near so bad as some would make him. The bird known everywhere West as "mud-hen" is properly the coot, *Fulica americana*, of the subfamily *Gallinulæ*, of the family *Rallidæ*, while the mud-hen proper is the clapper rail, *Rallus virginianus*. This entire family of birds are edible, some of them the most delicious of birds. The coot or miscalled mud-hen, *poule d'eau* (water-hen) of the Louisiana creoles, and generally of the extreme South, is perhaps the least palatable of the whole family. The flesh of the old birds is very coarse and dark, but without any bad flavor, while that of the young birds, nicely broiled, will pass muster anywhere, and has done so thousands of times, when the partakers of it were served with it as teal duck. These are facts, and give a true test of the edibility of anything. This bird, (mud-hen) if you will have it so, is so far as I have observed, entirely a vegetable feeder, feeding principally on fresh water algæ, mosses, weeds, and other aquatic plants and reeds. In proof that it is quite strictly a vegetable feeder, is the fact that it is furnished with a very large and very muscular gizzard. I have opened and examined a large number of their gizzards and have never found any animal matter in them at all, except an empty snail shell in one. Many assert that they feed ravenously on fish. I do not believe this, and give the facts as I have found them, and feel confident that those who have, as they supposed, seen the coot eating fish, were mistaken, and mistook for it the "pied-billed grebe," "dabchick," "dipper," "diedapper," "water witch," (*Podilymbus podiceps* Less.) a somewhat similar looking, smaller bird, generally numerous in the same waters with the coot. It is also known by the euphonious title of "hell-diver" on the Illinois River, Ill.

This little bird is a ravenous eater of small fish, and is I think as edible as most of the ducks if properly prepared. What birds are not if young and in good condition? Byrne would say none except those that feed exclusively on carrion, and I will not except young, fat, tender hawks, owls, and herons (*Ardeidæ*). But I might be willing to except after trial the *Steganopodes*, the pelicans, cormorants, et cetra, for these may be young, but are never fat. With them, wind, simple air, takes the entire place of fat in other birds. I could give a good many curious and interesting facts about persons partaking of many different birds not generally used as food with great relish, and pronouncing them "very good," "delicious," when they supposed they were eating some bird well-known as a fine game bird. BYRNE.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Arkansas Co., Ark., Sept. 30.

THE BREEDING OF QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference to quail breeding a second time I have this to offer: I was shooting in Jackson county, Iowa, about two weeks ago, and while drawing a field my two dogs pointed; a friend and myself advanced and flushed one bird, which I killed. Upon the report of the gun another rose, which I covered, and was about to shoot, when my friend cried, "Halt!" and I dropped the gun. I inquired the cause, and he showed me, running among the rag-weeds, a full covey of young quail, so young, indeed, that they could not fly. In the same field another covey was found which were not quarter grown. About a half mile from same place another covey was flushed, which appeared to be made up of two hatchings, as some were fully as large as the old ones, while others were not over half grown. These coveys were all found on the same day, Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1882. I do not know whether these young birds were the first or second hatching, but I do know that I saw them on the day mentioned and that they were bona fide "Bob Whites." OCTO.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Oct. 17.

"J. E. S." is right, quail often rear a second brood, and the peculiarity in regard to it is, that after the eggs are laid, the male bird sits on the nest and hatches the brood alone. Your correspondent, "James Wright," has already been informed through your columns, that I had eight eggs hatched out of ten. All the birds are strong and lively, and full feathered out except the heads, they are far more gentle than young chickens, and fight with each other for the possession of the flies that my little five year old girl feeds them from her hand. Mr. Wright's manner of feeding is good, but let him also add a peck of sweepings from the hay mow occasionally, for in it are nearly all the small seed that quail feed on, and beside it furnishes them with the amusement that they like—scratching. I also feed ants' eggs for dessert, but they are imported dry ones and not so good. I don't think there is the least doubt about the ability of anyone to raise quail in confinement, plenty of room, air, variety of food, and above all, perfect cleanliness, being the requirements. I am unable to make out where "Wright" hatched his birds, indoors or out, as he speaks of "brush." Would like to know where he got his old birds and how he arranged the place of the confinement. My birds still occupy my conservatory to the exclusion of my plants, and while I hesitate what to do, I fear that some day Jack Frost will decide the matter in favor of the quail. WILLIS.

WINFIELD, N. J.

BREEDING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—The reply a few weeks since through the FOREST AND STREAM to my inquiry about breeding quail in confinement, gave me but little encouragement to try any such experiment, as I had in contemplation in that direction. I had about concluded to abandon any such project, when fortunately a few days afterward, I accidentally overheard a conversation between a gentleman from Williamsburg and one or two others, in which he detailed the successful hatching of two settings of quail eggs under two small bantam hens, one producing eight quails, and the other six. The one with eight was kept in quite a large coop where she could get up on a roost, and the result was a loss of all the brood but one, which was put with the hen which had six, which was kept in a smaller coop without a roost. These latter were at the time of the conversation six weeks old and getting along nicely. The information thus obtained, with the subsequent articles in the FOREST AND STREAM on the same subject, gave me fresh courage, and I at once set about building accommodations for two pair of quail, and have just completed them. And all I now lack to begin my experiment is the quail. I should very much like to get those that have been bred in confinement if possible, as I think they would be much more easily domesticated. The Williamsburg gentleman, above referred to, also related quite an interesting experience where the quail herself was engaged in hatching. During the process of incubation, having missed the female quail for several days, he began an investigation and found her lying dead beside the nest and the male bird performing her duties. This he continued to do until the eggs were hatched and one quail produced. Having asked the gentleman whether he had given FOREST AND STREAM what I have detailed, and receiving a negative reply, I thought I would do it for him, believing that it would be of interest to its readers. I would like to get the address of Mr. Willis, whose article on the above subject from some other paper was published in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago.—R. P. W.

HOUSE WREN A NEST ROBBER.—Le Roy, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1882.—In one of your late issues a correspondent asks if any one has observed the house wren robbing the nests of other birds. My observations show that he is rather inclined that way. For several years the bird houses in my garden were appropriated first by the bluebirds, who built their nests and laid their eggs in peace. At about this stage the wrens arrived from the South, and after some sharp battles, drove off the bluebirds, carried away their eggs and broke up their nests, building their own in the bird houses. Perhaps this proves nothing, as they undoubtedly wished the houses for their own use; but in addition they removed the eggs from the nests of one or two pairs of chipping sparrows, and, if I am not mistaken, took one or two robins' eggs. These eggs they carried off into the fields back of the house and dropped, their only apparent motive being the destruction of the eggs or the driving away of the other birds. It was very amusing to place the cat on the tree with the wrens' nest and see the wrens attack her.—F. M. C.

IS IT SOMETHING LOCAL?—Long Island City, N. Y., Sept. 22.—I would like you to explain the reason of the northward flight of swallows during the month of August and the early part of September. During the past few years I have noticed that, during those months, large flocks of swallows came from the south every evening, all flying directly northward. Some evenings there are thousands of them, and they keep coming up until it is quite dark. I have never seen them flying southward in such numbers, and cannot account for the reason of their northward flight.—SWALLOW.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

IT IS OCTOBER!

WHEN frosty nights succeed the sunny days,
And hunters range the gleaming forests over,
And round the mountains hangs a purple haze,
It is October.

When anglers lay their rods and baskets by,
Pack leaders, reels and flies with faces sober,
And lock them up, with many a wistful sigh,
It is October.

When partridges steal softly from the woods
At eve, to seek their food amid the clover,
And in the sunny glades the woodcock broods,
It is October.

When timid does put on their coats of blue,
And antlered bucks forsake the thicket cover,
To roam, with listening ears, the forests through,
It is October.

When forests burn in crimson, gold and dun,
And hounds with mellow throats track woodlands over,
When round the lakes is heard the booming gun,
It is October. PENOBSCOT.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

ON the 10th and 11th of this month, many migratory birds began to move southward during the murky and easterly weather that occurred on those dates. The flights have been gradual and continued ever since. Your correspondent has distinctly heard the notes of the rail bird as it passed over head during the night, and there is no doubt that on the dates I have mentioned, a portion of the rail left our marshes, although some may remain until we have cooler weather, which will in all probability follow the present foggy season. At Barnegat, N. J., and all along the New Jersey coast, duck shooting has opened, and ducks are reported as having appeared there in fair numbers, though not in such great quantities as would be seen if the weather was colder. All the varieties are tame now and stool readily, as the young among them do not yet know the deceptive decoy as well as they will in November. Brant have not shown themselves either in Tuckerton or Barnegat bays, and are not expected till next month. From all accounts, quail will be fairly plentiful in Pennsylvania this fall. Running birds have been seen this month in many of our small towns. At Brighton, N. J., one covey was observed on the move within the town limits last week. Years ago when quail were more numerous than now, it was very common to have shooting at running coveys, or at running coveys that were pushed until they would lie to the dogs on the borders of Philadelphia (the season opened earlier then); and within at least twelve years your correspondent has had quite good sport for an hour or two, when he found it rather difficult to steer clear of the houses in shooting. Woodcock are beginning to drop in throughout our near counties from the north. The flight will be gradual, and has not been large. We need a little cool weather before they will be well on the move. Our rivermen expect a renewed visit of the snow-geese, or white brant, to our bay this fall. For the past three or four years these fowl have appeared every spring and autumn in the same section below Bombay Hook. Very few have been killed, and yet they are superior to the Canada goose, or brant, on the table. The burned meadows on the bay shore seems to attract them, and every year their work can be plainly seen where the grass has been pulled up by the roots. The rail shooting this year at Port Penn (Sim Lord's) seems to have come all in a bunch. During the early part of the season few birds were killed, but during the storm tide of September tremendous scores were made. It takes plenty of water to get on the high grounds in this section, but it pays to wait for it. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21.

Although the demand for W. & C. Scott & Son's guns is enormous, Wm. Read & Son, of Boston, are prepared to fill all orders.—*Adv.*

BEHAVIOR OF RUFFED GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days since while strolling through a swale at the edge of second growth timber, I stopped beside a soft maple tree with offshoots growing at the base in a bushy manner. At the moment I stopped walking a ruffed grouse arose from the other side of the bush, distant not over eight feet from me and probably about six, and flew straight away. A second later another arose, and another and another, until eight had so arisen and quickly placed a safe distance between themselves and an imaginary foe.

So sudden and noisy and confusing was it all, that, had I been possessed of a gun, I believe I should have neglected to use it. There was even a thumping set up inside me, and I felt dazed, as though I had suddenly dropped down beside a threshing machine. Why did these birds allow so near approach? If I had not stopped walking would they have allowed me to pass entirely by them? It seems that a mental calculation must have been made as to the probabilities of danger, and a conclusion reached that the visitor was not bent upon mischief, and that no notice need be taken of him other than to watch closely as a measure of prudence. The other alternative is that the partridge is a fool and does not know when it is in danger, or what its own mind may be. There is perhaps intermediate ground for this explanation, that the partridge's instinct leads it to hide always and to take to wing only as a last and sole resort, believing that the greatest danger lies in taking to wing.

However, the pretty and tempting sight, as they flew across an open space to shelter beyond, led me to a determination to procure a gun and return as soon as possible and seek to secure some of them. Some ten days passed before an afternoon placed itself at my service, and I then sought the same spot, causing the first bird to arise very near the original locality and at a distance of some fifty feet from me. I approached the place whence she had flown, a tangled clump, very cautiously, and got within some five paces of same. I then paused, doing my best to detect a bird before it should leave on that exceedingly rapid and loudly beating wing that so illustrates the inexperienced marksman. The swale grew high and was intermingled with flowering and seed-bearing plants and shrubs, as well as bushes, so that my effort was fruitless. Summoning great determination to do immediate slaughter, I advanced one or two paces, when whir succeeded whir, the clattering of wings upon the twigs and leaves being answered by a double roar from the battery, and all excitement, I peered about through the blue smoke that so calmly floated in the still air, in the vain effort to detect wounded or dead victims. There were none. The engagement had ceased, and absolute quiet reigned upon the field of action. The partridges —seven of the original eight—had sought all points of the compass, and the question presented itself, What next was to be done?

Now, I had always understood from various hunters of the town, wise or otherwise, and had supposed it to be true, that a bevy of such birds, being flushed and scattered from a given place, would return to the same locality and re-assemble as a family again. As these were evidently of the same brood and had held to this locality for ten days to my knowledge, it seemed to me very reasonable that the rule, if true, should now operate to my great advantage and the better enable me to keep a rash promise made of wild partridges for a Sunday dinner. It will be seen right here that I was a veritable "pot-hunter," and for which I cannot now stop to apologize. I was after partridges "to eat," of course. I had the alternative of seeking them among the grass and bushes, thereby securing more "wing shots" and firing again into a blank and gameless void, or quietly awaiting the prospective return, and "taking them off" as they came in on tell-tale wing and all unconscious of my presence. The more thought given this plan the more it grew in favor. It seemed like a strategic move in military affairs. The enemy were to be surprised—the greatest of all desired results.

I took my station, located beneath a screening bush, at 2:30 P. M., making a note of the time that I might observe how long each bird was in returning. An hour passed, as I thought probable would be the case, and no birds. The day was a pleasant one and I felt quite content. Another hour and the momentary expectation of inflying partridge caused me to be prepared, hammers at cock and gun in ready position, ears open and eyes peering in every direction. After still further time I grew tired of my conveniences for comfort and bethought me of rolling in a piece of log that lay near for a more convenient seat. While so doing I might, if I would, have heard a whir of wings but a short distance to my left, but I would not listen or pay it attention. I had covered that particular spot with my eyes and a large left ear more attentively than any other locality about me, as it was more open and exposed, and it could not be that a partridge had flown in there and escaped my knowledge. I therefore discharged all evidence on the subject and sat me on my newly arranged seat in renewed expectancy.

It began ere long to grow darkish, and their coming could not be delayed much longer, as, of course, all such fowl go "to roost" early. I knew that fact, and had thought, allowing for extremes of timidity and shyness, that darkness at least, or the approach of it, would bring to my net the coveted plunder without chance of failure. I was now somewhat discommoded by the arrival of mosquitoes in large numbers, but the interest in the hunt could not now be allowed to flag, and I took favorable and observant positions, and dealt with the mosquitoes as quietly and gently as possible. My wrath now at the indulgence of those blood-thirsty pests, allowing them to get in bites quite frequently before giving them any attention, and then quietly shooing them off instead of bringing a trip hammer blow down upon them, knows no appeasing, and will wreak itself with dire effect another time.

The dark shades continued to settle about me, and no birds flew in or flew up to perches in the low timber around; there was silence everywhere and silence only, with the exception of the voices of a pair of red squirrels that repeated to each other a peeping call from nearly opposite directions.

Anxiety came creeping over me; the pot-pie dinner was resting upon a very boastful and unreliable man's promises; the plan that was "best laid" was fast failing, and was likely to lose an advocate and supporter forever.

Four hours had I remained as a statue, or a soldier on guard, in cramped positions and amid other discomforts, and had seen no sign. But in the next half hour preceding absolute darkness, a light, a great light, came to me like a flash, and I felt creeping through my veins or tingling through my nervous system, the peculiar sensation that comes to all raw youths when sold, and when realizing that he, particularly he himself, is an egregious—fellow. Another red squirrel had chimed in his peep with the ones mentioned, and as they thickened and came from all about me, I knew they could no longer remain squirrels, and that they were, well, I think it needless to say just what. It was an out of the way place for squirrels anyway, and almost anyone else than the fellow that was there would have known and appreciated the fact long before.

There seemed to be peepers fifty, thirty, twenty feet from me, and selecting the nearest, who seemed also to have a companion I sought in the almost total darkness to creep up to them and make out their outline in the grass and weeds, and so secure a last chance. But I could not see although I could hear them so distinctly and with a final determination to take a "wing shot" again, I boldly advanced upon them to cause them to arise and take flight, when lo, no more would they arise. A charge here and there in desperate eagerness failed to accomplish the desired purpose, and quite filled with disgust at the incomprehensible behavior of some animals, and partly, also, because I could no longer see where my gun might be pointing, provided I wanted to point it, I left the field and hied me home.

Now, instead of going by the aerial route, for which they are so well adapted and equipped, will a partridge "go afoot" preferably, and sneak along through the grass like a barnyard fowl? Instead of going to roost in accordance with supposed instinct, will they pass the whole night hidden in the weeds and skulking about? It seemeth to me so. Still, I do not assume to say that I know much of anything of the ways of partridge. A friend has claimed that they are incalculable and unknowable, and I am disposed to allow that affirmation to stand. Possibly a person may run directly anent them, so as to raise them with his foot, and then again he may not, and the ways otherwise will be too numerous to mention. J. QUAY.

[They will go afoot, and your friend is right.]

WILD RICE IN ENGLAND.

So many questions are asked by our correspondents about the culture of the wild rice, and so much interest is expressed in the subject, that we take great pleasure in laying before our readers a letter from a gentleman, who is conducting experiments in South Wales with a view to acclimatizing this valuable plant in Great Britain. The letter is addressed to Mr. Charles Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ontario, whose interest in the introduction of this plant to waters where it is not indigenous is very great. A vast number of essays have been made to grow the *Zizania aquatica* in lakes, rivers and ponds all over the country, and while some of these attempts have failed, many have been crowned with success. There is no question as to the value of the plant as a food for fowl, and no doubt about its growing anywhere in our Middle and Western States where the soil is right, and the seed is properly sown.

The letter from England is as follows:

BULCHBYCHAN, LLANGBYTHEN, N. S. O., SOUTH WALES.

My Dear Sir—I fancy you must have been rather surprised at my long silence about the success of the wild rice, but the fact is, all our experiments last year, 1881, were a failure; I gave it to several friends, but none seeded excepting in one instance, two or three very small weak seeds being the result. The seeds you kindly sent me by post last fall, and the bushel subsequently sent, I again divided. The first seed sent by post, began to sprout in February, in the house, and I sowed some of it in small tubs which I placed out of doors, and some in pans in the house. The later sent, or at least what I kept myself of it, I sowed thickly in a pond, but it has not done any good. That put out of doors, in tubs, has much of it blossomed, but there does not appear to be any chance of seed forming. Either it is too cold, or the winds we have had have blown the flowers off. I am glad to say, with what I have in the house, in a cool room, I am succeeding quite beyond my expectations. Some of the plants have grown quite five feet high, and, to my intense delight, two or three days ago I discovered that seeds were forming on several of them in quite an unexpected way. I looked for the seed at the lower part of the truss of flowers, whereas, I find they all form at the point. I expect to gather from fifty to one hundred seeds. They fall most quickly, I find, and I have been obliged to put something under to catch them. In one of the ponds in which I sowed a lot of seed, both last year and this, there is no sign of anything, and I much fear the rats and water-hens have taken the seed. The former are terrible nuisances, and if by any chance they can get at the pans and tubs they will go right under water for it. I sowed some of the seeds you sent me in the spring of 1881, in another pond, but none came up, so I did not put any there this year; however, to my astonishment, about six weeks ago I noticed five or six plants showing above the water and looking well and healthy. Alas! in one week's time they were all nipped off either by rats or water-hens. I was down at the pond this afternoon, and there are now about twenty plants up, but I fear it is much too late for them to do any good; in fact, never were two summers more against the experiments—wet, cold and stormy, and scarcely any sun. A friend to whom I gave some in Berkshire succeeded very little better with the first seed I gave him than myself, his gardener getting only two or three weak seeds. I again sent him some of the last seeds, and when I paid him a visit on the 13th of July his gardener had a number of strong and healthy plants growing in a pot in a well-sheltered pond, and one or two were then showing for flower. I have not heard the result, but am in great hopes to have a satisfactory account in a day or two. I must say I am now (as we get a little more acquainted with the habits of the plant) very sanguine as to acclimatizing it with your kind assistance. Am determined to persevere. I think one mistake I have made in the pond is the sowing it in deep water, and so there is not sufficient heat to make it vegetate early enough. Now, if you would kindly send me, as you did before, every fall a little seed by post, I will not leave a stone unturned in the way of experiments. The seed comes really cheaper that way, and I suppose from being a shorter time on the road no doubt vegetates sooner. I fear I am rather late for this year's seed, but hope not, and look forward anxiously for some, as perhaps next summer may be a hot one. Of course I will pay all postage.

I beg to remain, yours faithfully,

JOHN PUGH VAUGHAN PRYSE.

GAME SEIZURE.—We learn that Mr. Wm. P. Dodge, one of the game protectors of the State of New York, recently seized two boxes containing fifty-four ruffed grouse (N. Y. "partridge") near Camden. The birds had been snared, and were consigned to two dealers in New York city. Mr. Dodge has been quite active in the performance of his duties. A short time ago he had three men arrested in Herkimer county, one for shooting woodcock before the season opened, another for killing deer last February, and a third for killing deer in July. There is need of more such men who will do their duty fearlessly and make the poaching rascals afraid to follow their nefarious business.

"HUNTERS' LUCK."

Now, westlin winds and slaughtering guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather,"

SANG Burns, but one-half of this, Virginia's—land of lovely autumns—most beautiful season, has past and no "westlin wind" nor impatient frost have been felt. He who paints the autumn landscape has mixed his colors from the rays of the spring's sun in the colorless water-filled arteries of the trees and flowers, and his pictures are more evanescent than those traced by human hand. Yet the latter has never found the Divine art of making the picture grow even more lovely as it fades and disappears.

What a grand specimen of these pictures, by nature's artist, a friend and myself beheld the other evening! The foliage, untouched by winds or frost, still clung in full profusion on the forest trees. We sat upon horseback on the summit of one of our highest mountains, which we had ascended on our way to the wild valley that lay below for a "deer drive." The sun was swinging low westward, leaving the spurs of the surrounding mountains bright golden-tipped, set in sombre background of the gorges' shadows beneath. Way yonder east on the gradually rising, but towering heights, was the untouched, verdant balsam forest, the deer's delightful home, up through which, here and there, grew high the oak and maple, with their inimitable habiliments, in front the kingly black pine looking down from its eternal throne of rocks in majesty over its myriads of fantastically uniformed, diminutive subjects. The "Laurel fork," whose lazy, clear waters, in shrinking modesty, were almost hid by the variegated foliage of the beech, the hemlock and the laurel twining lovingly over its banks. See yonder in the west that water mirror which has the sun's angle in our faces, and but for which it would be far beyond sight!

It is not to be wondered at that the Indian, whose birth and home was amid these places, should be famous for his wild and thrilling "whoop." It is the stirring response to wild nature.

"Graeme," said my comrade, with a comical twist in his saddle, "we are growing too romantic to have a real deer out of these fancy woods to-morrow, they are too much creatures of imagination now to leave scent; big hunts make a flunk often."

"Very good, what if we don't. Does not this pay you for your ride? or are you after scalps and venison?"

"What do you speak to me in this way for?" said he, "I'm no more of a savage than you, but it would keep the boys from poking fun at us if we could take some venison and a pair of deer horns back with us."

"It's the truth, Will," said I, "when we are high up and expect much, we seem oftenest to be disappointed, but I imagine this has nothing to do with luck, it is simply because we fall lower from high hopes than when we are careless and expect less."

We spent the night, or part of it, by invitation, with our old farmer friend, who had three sons dwelling round him in the mountains, and long before the break of day we were aroused by the horn of one of the boys, which brought forth two like lusty responses from the 'doubles" of the mountain high up, accompanied by the far off voices of the 'pack." As the sun crept thro' one of the lowest gaps the stands were filled.

This is the least attractive part of the hunt. Perfect quiet must be kept, and a sharp lookout. A seat must be made of some old, rough wooden chunk laid at the foot of a tree, and then your seat has no springy back. Still this has its charms. Solitude brings reaction; and the undefinable yet pleasant poetic gloom of autumn steals over you. Thoughts, acts, and images shoot with lightning speed through your mind. As the spirits are light, these thoughts are of boyhood and youth—the tinkling ripplets of the stream suggest the melody of some old song, still echoing in Aileen's enchanting voice—itself, in turn, the prolific source of a thousand bright fancies. Again, we think of manly faces, manly forms, friendships of bygone days; then a quick review of some injury; finally, as you weary, you grow in thoughts to mature manhood. The day is then lengthening; you experience a little sense of hunger—time the deer was coming, and every sound is transformed into the imagined baying of the hounds—you half drowse, and at the raven's distant weird croak you seize the gun. Now, a little disgusted, you feel that you would not dislike to have dinner—the rustic seat grows hard; your horse stamps and grows restless; some herdsman away in the distance is calling his cattle or sheep in the range right on the run. Finally, you despair, and just then (for I was not exempt from these fancies) I heard the hounds in full tilt, and every ridge gave back the echo of their cager cry. I seized my gun, and the click of the locks demonstrated how confident I was of a shot; but this was the day of "hunter's luck." The deer ran as none had been known to run, and, swift as the wind, it flew across the valley, over the mountain, where to follow on horseback was impossible, and all was gone. Footmen follow with aim only to reclaim the hounds, and weary, disappointed, and a trifle "blue," I mount my horse and start for home with our equally disappointed host.

Why does this trifle annoy us? Why reflect that a day has been lost from the stern demands of business life? It has passed and nothing done. Suppose a client has been to the office on important business? What if we are thought to be in a trifling business by the sturdy farmer we pass? We must have a decent respect for his solid opinion. I should be at home to-morrow. We reach our lodging and there enjoy a palatable supper.

A change came over the spirit of my dreams. "Well, Graeme," said my cheerful host, "you lost a shot at that deer, my boy tells me, by that noisy fellow calling his cattle. We'll get one to-morrow, my word for it. The day will be splendid." My spirits were perfectly restored, and the pleasures of hope, the hunter's friend, turned my philosophy into these thoughts: "I have worked incessantly for a long year; the days of this hunt will never be charged 'Lost;' 'tis all in a lifetime; I am harming no one, am only losing the days, and the way I'll work when I return will more than compensate for them. Then think of the splendid run to-morrow, how my horse will dash after deer and hounds; think of how the deer will run to points of land and water he has never seen, but which I have learned he will make for; unbroken sleep and sport the next day beyond anticipation, and the prophecy of 'mine host' fulfilled." GRAEME.

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA, Oct. 16.

Any person sending their address to H. R. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

CALIFORNIA NOTES.

WE hear a great deal now about game and shooting, and the signs are plentiful that the present fall will be one of great abundance as to deer and birds. Some snows in the mountains have driven down the deer toward the foot-hills, and many have been seen and a number killed. A dairyman residing in Squaw Valley, near Truckee, killed seven deer near there one day last week.

The Sutter *Farmer* reports that E. M. Thomas, E. D. Rickets and Wm. Thomas returned from a hunt in the Coast Range last Saturday. They killed thirteen deer and two small brown bears.

I give some other extracts, bearing on the abundance of deer, from the local papers, just to bear out my statement that they are plenty. Thus the Calaveras *Chronicle* says:

"Ed. Zumwalt, of this place, saw six deer Thursday morning last while out hunting about a mile from town. The late storm probably drove the animals down from the mountains."

And the Nevada *Transcript* has the following:

"Deer are beginning to come down from the upper country in search of warmer regions to spend the winter in. Several have been killed recently in Pleasant Valley, a few miles east of this city. August Rapp got two there the other afternoon."

Much more to the same purpose might be quoted.

The State Sportsmen's Association have recently appeared as prosecutors in two trials of one F. D. Ross for killing a spotted fawn in Marin county, such killing being by the statute illegal at any time. The jury in both trials disagreed, but it is said that the cases will be brought up again, and a strong effort made by the prosecution to secure a verdict. However, the offender has been punished, though not by the law, for the California Gun Club, to which he belonged, passed upon the case, found him guilty and expelled him. Of course action such as this is far more effective than any decision of the courts could be, for the disgrace of such an expulsion cannot fail to touch a man more deeply than any fine that might be imposed would. The action of the California Gun Club cannot be too highly praised, and shows that sportsmen on this coast are thoroughly in earnest in their attempts to protect the game. A San Francisco paper voices the universal sentiment among sportsmen when it says:

"The club is deserving of all praise for this action. It will have a wholesome effect all over the country, as showing our gentlemen poachers that, though they may escape legal punishment of their offenses, there is still a moral responsibility, among their peers, to be faced which they cannot escape. It is chiefly in this way that our sporting clubs are going to be beneficial in future. Let the example be followed throughout the State, and the gentleman poacher will soon cease to exist. The sentiment created by such action in our clubs, from which there is no escape and no appeal, is worth a score of legal tribunals, governed by technicalities, influenced by personal considerations, and deaf to the claims of justice."

It is too early yet to say much about the quail and duck shooting, though in Nevada, up among the mountains, the latter is good. Reports of slaughter from Battle Mountain, Nev., come to us here, and it is said that a party of four at the sink of the Humboldt killed 652 ducks in thirty hours. I hope that the story is not true, but I fear it is. Will write again later. NON.

SACRAMENTO, Oct. 15.

HOUNDING vs. STILL HUNTING.

WHILE this important subject is being discussed through the columns of your paper, I beg leave to add my own experience and observations of nearly forty years. I was born and reared in a little settlement in the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. It being a good locality for deer, they were very plenty. They would come into the fields of grain, and seemed inclined to huddle about the clearings rather than be frightened away by the settlers.

Before I was allowed to shoulder a rifle, in tending my traps set for mink, around the borders of the woods, I would find many tracks of deer in the fresh snows of November, and would often follow them a short distance, and see them stand, looking at me as if they knew I had no gun. O! how I longed to arrive at that age when I should be pronounced old enough to handle the rifle. That age at length arrived, and since that time I have not missed hunting more or less during the month of November. Although I, in common with other good hunters who lived in the place, hunted most of the time during November and December, as the law then allowed, and a great many deer were killed within four miles of the settlement, and six or more hunters were constantly on the ground, yet deer did not seem to diminish or leave the neighborhood. They were often plentier at the close of the season than in the early fall, for they would come down from the high lands to winter. The law was against hounding deer, and the settlers, especially the hunting portion, took good care to have the law faithfully executed in some way.

By and by, people became too indolent to travel the deer's native haunts, and try to match their skill against the cunning wiles of the wary game. They began to think that they must hunt in a more sportsman-like (!) way, that is, to sit in a boat on some lake or pond, and let the hounds drive the frightened deer into the water, to which nature has taught him to flee to avoid his canine enemy, and when in the water, being deprived of all means of escape, he is attacked by the sportsman (!) in his boat, and often shot in the head while the guide holds him by the tail. At all events the shooter has him as effectually as if in a trap; he can murder him in any way he pleases.

But I have digressed.

Finally one of those sportsmen moved into the place, and with five or six hounds hunted constantly until the 15th of November, and the consequence was that when there came a good tracking snow, no deer's tracks were to be found within three miles of the clearings, and when once started they would seldom stop until they went into water. I have always found the deer plenty about this place just in proportion to the amount they had been hunted with dogs. I know that hounding deer will cause them to leave their grounds. They have an instinctive fear of the canine species. Who, with any knowledge of the habits of deer, will say that a pack of wolves coming into their range, will not cause them to quickly vacate their accustomed feeding grounds for other quarters not infested with their most dreaded enemy. And it is the same when their grounds are infested with dogs. I firmly believe that still hunting does not drive deer from their accustomed haunts. They seem to have no intuition that their speed and endurance is much greater than man's. They will seldom take to water, unless previously driven by dogs, or lead far away, but play about from hill to hill, depending on their quick ear, keen eye, and sensitive nose for safety. And I know from experience that these protectors are very effectual.

I have often, on a poor hunting day, followed the same deer from morning till night, and never have found myself at night more than two miles from where I started him.

I well remember two instances. One was an old buck, making an enormous track, and I determined to make a desperate effort to secure him. I started early in the morning. There was only about an inch of snow covering the ground and the leaves were frozen so that it was very noisy under foot. I started him many times during the day, following him through swamps with the water and snow both a foot deep, but his ears and eyes were too much for me. I did not even get a glimpse of his receding tail until about sundown, when he crossed a creek, waded down it a short distance, and went out on the opposite bank and began feeding. This was my last chance, and I advanced slowly and with the greatest caution. I had not gone far on the track when a loud snort and the heavy crash of his bounds told me that he had become aware of my presence. I quickly jumped upon a log by me and saw a little hill about a hundred yards away, which I knew he would have to go over. In an instant he was at the top and halted a moment to look back. He was so covered with trees and bushes that I could see only a small spot the size of one's hand. In an instant I brought my rifle on to this spot and pulled the trigger, and the dark spot quickly vanished. I went to where the deer stood and was delighted to find hair on the snow which had been cut off by the bullet. I followed him a short distance and found him stretched upon the ground, one of the most noble specimens of its kind I ever saw. O, the thrill of pleasure and satisfaction I then experienced. An all day's tramp, wading through the snow with moccasins, wet and cold feet, were all forgotten. I felt more than rewarded as I viewed his noble form and wide spreading antlers, which I cut off and preserved, and shall be happy to show them to any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who may favor me with a call.

Another instance: I followed a young buck all day, and just at night got a shot and killed him within one hundred yards of where I had started him in the morning. I fully endorse the opinion of "Cap Lock" and "Forty-four," and agree with "D. R. B." that if the hound is used at all the hunter should watch on the runway and catch the deer on the jump. But do not, for Heaven's sake, murder him in the water. Why, I would as soon set a steel trap for a deer and then knock him in the head when he is struggling for his liberty. I do not see much difference between the two.

LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y., Oct. 16. MUSSIT.

OVER THE RANGE.—Wilmington, Del., Oct. 13.—Your issue of the 12th inst, containing a communication from "R. T.," of Del Norte, Col., has to me peculiar interest. I should much like to make the acquaintance of "R. T.," and from him learn more of the present Del Norte, and particularly of a 6ft. 2in. auctioneer, whom I formerly called Uncle Frank. He called several times daily at our camp on the north or east side of the Rio Grande, by which means we became quite well acquainted. Perhaps "R. T." can place him, when I say his language was not always fit for ears polite, but was expressive withal. The communication alluded to brings forcibly to my mind an experience, covering, among others, his section in 1874. Being then in Denver, Col., and desiring an extended hunting and fishing trip, we outfitted April 14, and started to Baker's Park. We crossed the Sangro de Christo range over the Moscow pass, into St. Louis Valley, thence west of Old Baldy, left Fort Garland to our left, and eventually arrived at Loma and Del Norte. For a side issue several of us started north and visited the "city" of Sagwache. From Del Norte we went up the Rio Grande twenty-seven miles to Wagon Wheel Gap, catching a few trout and killing a few sandhill cranes. "R. T." says there are hot springs at Wagon Wheel Gap. I can corroborate that, as I tried the pool where it was dammed for bathing, and got out with alacrity. After remaining at the Gap for a few days, we pushed on to Antelope Park, killing on the way some geese, grouse and ptarmigan. Here we were compelled to leave our wagons and pack for Baker's Park. Without egotism I can say I have been in every State, and with one or two exceptions, every Territory in this United States, have thoroughly tried the roads of the John Brown Tract and South Woods, and I think I know something about bad roads, and I am willing to be placed on record, that the worst road I ever did see is over the Cunningham Pass, over the main range. By referring to my diary, I find some twenty-seven of us built a bridge over the Rio Grande before reaching Antelope Park. While at work on the bridge, our most successful hunting afternoon netted us one goose and seven grouse, with two ptarmigan. With me on this trip were some excellent sportsmen, notably Bill Crandall of Detroit, John Gunther of Dayton, Tom Walker of Prince Edwards Island, and Jonathan Paxon of I never knew where, all good campers out and caterers. I should like to meet them again. I trust to live sufficiently long to again try a hunt in Colorado and Montana, and to kill sufficient only for necessity.—M. U. SKRAT.

HOW THEY DO IT IN IDAHO.—In the Wood River (Idaho) *Times* of September 21, appears an account of the killing of a black bear by a mother and daughter which well exemplifies the courage and self-reliance of the women of the mountains. It is as follows: "Last week Mrs. Marston, during the absence of her husband, was doing the week's family washing in the back kitchen of their home, near Galena, when she heard a great noise among the pigs in the yard. Opening the door she saw a large black bear trying to walk off with one of the pigs. The other pigs had climbed out of the pen and scattered in every direction, and two large dogs that had been out on several bear-hunts stood at a safe distance, perfectly cowed. Mrs. Marston rushed for the boiler of scalding water, which she emptied upon the head of the bear while it was trying to retain hold upon the pig. Her daughter attacked the bear with an ax and the two dogs came to their support. Mrs. Marston does not know how it occurred, but in five minutes the bear was dead, with a dozen deep gashes from the ax in its head and shoulders, its hide nearly peeled off by the scalding water, both of its eyes scalded and closed, and the dogs hanging to it. That night the old man was asked if he would have pork chop or bear steak, and couldn't make it out until the affair was described. He now says he will match his wife and daughter against all as bear-killers."

DUCKS AT MANAHAWKEN BAY.—New York, Oct. 21, 1882.—On the 16th inst. a double-reef breeze from the northeast brought the ducks down Manahawken Bay in numerous flocks, and having secured a good point on the lee side of Thoroughfare Island, we prepared to give them a fitting reception. We had enjoyed a good night's rest, and eaten a good breakfast on board the Ark, which was moored in a neighboring creek to be used as our home during the week, and we felt confident of giving a good account of ourselves should the ducks come within range of our ten-bores. Had the wind been more easterly, it would have suited us better, but after all, when we had to stop shooting on account of the high tide early in the afternoon, we had bagged over thirty good fat ducks, besides loons, cormorants, and coots. The coming season, or rather the present one, promises to be very good, as plenty of birds are on the wing, passing up and down the bay (trading, the local gunners call it) to the feeding grounds. Black ducks, especially, are very numerous and stool well. The recent very high tides have overflowed the meadows, forming numerous ponds, which are much frequented by the ducks. Plover, yellowlegs, and snipe are also abundant, and we secured a fair share. Only two flocks of geese were seen during our stay, but more will be coming as the season advances. The winds and tides are an important factor in duck-shooting in Manahawken Bay, as in other places, and thrice happy is the man who finds both favorable one day out of three, but that one day of good shooting will fully satisfy any sportsman, and a fair shot is pretty sure to secure enough game to supply his own table and that of many of his friends. Frank Oliphant and Dell Crammer have one of the best ducking outfits in the bay, and the proximity of their floating home ycleped the Ark, to the ducking grounds, is a great advantage. On the main land, quail and rabbits are very plenty, so good shooting will be in order after November 1.—J. E. M. L.

GAME PROTECTION IN WYOMING.—The circular printed below explains itself. It is in keeping with other good work in the same direction in this young but growing Territory, and we trust that some material results may follow the many promises that have been made about the protection of game in Wyoming. We believe that such results will follow. The circular is as follows:

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Oct. 3, 1882.

Dear Sir—An association has been formed and incorporated under the name of the Wyoming Game Protective Association, whose object is the protection of wild game throughout our Territory by enforcing our laws affecting the same. You are earnestly invited to aid us by lending your name to the roll of members. An early answer is requested. Respectfully,

M. C. BARKWELL, Secretary and Treasurer.

P. O. Cheyenne, Wyo.

J. H. Lord, Thomas Sturgis, M. C. Barkwell, Moreton Frewen, Harry Oelrichs, Board of Trustees.

EXTRACT FROM THE BY-LAWS: Every candidate for membership must be proposed and seconded by two members of the association, which application must be forwarded to the Secretary at least ten days before any meeting of the Board of Trustees, and must be accompanied by the entrance fee and first year's dues. The entrance fee to this association shall be $5; and the annual dues $5; payable in advance.

NEW YORK.—Fire Island, L. I., Oct. 19.—Several flocks of geese passed here Oct. 1, and also four brant. There are a great many coots in the bay. Mallards are coming on I hear. They are very seldom seen here. I saw yesterday (18th inst.) some black ducks and also a number of broadbills, the first I have noticed this season. Sheldrakes have been here since Sept. 10. Prospects are good for plenty of duck shooting in the bay this fall. At Bay Shore, L. I., the nearest station to the bay, good accommodation can be had, and men can be hired with boats and decoys.—B.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 23.—Squirrels, black and gray, have been very plentiful here this fall. Thousands have been killed within a few miles of the city, but nearly all have now migrated or been killed. Ruffed grouse are very scarce. Several fine specimens of the snowy owl have been shot, and that is said to foretell a cold winter. My brother shot a crane whose wings spread seven feet eight inches, and my son, eleven years old, shot a hawk or buzzard that weighed nine and a quarter pounds. Silver and Conesus lakes are said to be alive with ducks.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

DAKOTA.—Crow Creek Agency, Oct. 19.—Ducks, geese, and cranes are very plenty at Red Lake. Mallards, redhead, a few canvas-backs, and a number of other varieties, are there in abundance. I have had some splendid shooting there, though at present the birds are a little wild, as most of the ducks living there were bred on the lake. There is a new flight coming in soon, and if any of the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM wish to get some good shooting, let them take the Iowa and Dakota Division of the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. to Chamberlain, D. T. From there it is only six miles to Red Lake. There is a good hotel at Chamberlain and plenty of livery teams at the stables. I think I can guarantee good shooting to any person that can shoot. I find that my canoe works to a charm. The center of the lake is filled with large weeds and it makes a good blind. There are two or three large points that put out into the lake, and there is good shore shooting from them. Every morning and evening there is a large flight of geese, brant, and cranes out of the lake to the neighboring corn and grain fields.—LOWER BRULE.

CAMP COOKERY.—A reader of FOREST AND STREAM asks for information on plain cooking without the usual store furniture. Fish and birds require a covering to keep the coals from charring them; paper around the fish will do, to be dipped in water, then placed in coals. Clay may be used for the birds; these may be baked with feathers on and undrawn, if so desired, the feathers coming off with the clay. Clay may be found under gravel on lake shores, also under muck in swamps. Corn is roasted in the husk. Corn cake is simply meal, water and salt placed one inch thick on an iron plate before the fire at angle of 45 deg., turned as it browns, then wrapped in wet cloth when hot and laid by for a couple of hours to soften by the steam. Miner's bread is composed of flour, water and salt, wrapped around a stick, turned as it browns until all done. Hawker's advice for tough birds, such as gulls, fishy ducks, and all birds, if time will not permit the natural ripening, is burying in earth ten to twenty hours.—H. H. D. (Canandaigua, N. Y.)

"Boss" is the name adopted by Upthegrove & McLellan, of Valparaiso, Ind., for one style of their celebrated Shooting Suits. By persistent advertising and good work their suits have become national in reputation and have many friends in all parts of this continent.—*Adv.*

ILLINOIS.—Charleston, Oct. 18.—About 11 A. M., 13th inst., William Jeffries, John Mitchell, Richard Curd and Walter Kennedy started out for an afternoon's shooting. They were eight miles northeast of here, on the prairie. It was nearly clear all the afternoon, and the wind was blowing a gale from the northwest. When the hunters returned home at night they counted out seventeen prairie chickens, eight quail and eight blue-wing teal. That was a large bag for this locality, considering the scarcity of game.—FOX SQUIRREL.

CONNECTICUT.—New Haven, Oct. 19.—Quail and ruffed grouse are said to be quite plenty over toward Clinton and Westbrook. One of the passengers on the Shore Line road brings twenty-five or thirty birds to this city every morning. Mr. Frank E. Long shot quite a number of English snipe in the vicinity of the South Cove, Essex, on Saturday last. Ducks are still abundant off Branford, and there will be a line Saturday, Oct. 21. Coots are still plenty, and the old squaws may soon be expected.

OLD BREECH LOADING RIFLE.—A recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* gives an account of a curious rifle used in Ferguson's (British) corps during the revolutionary war. The inventor did some good shooting in the presence of the King, fired six shots in the space of one minute, "poured water into the pan and muzzle of the piece so as to wet the powder, and then in the space of half a minute fired her as well as ever without removing the ball."

NOVA SCOTIA.—New Glasgow, N. S., Oct. 16.—Moose are very scarce this year; several parties have been out, but only one cow has been killed so far. Bears are plentiful. Can you tell us what kind of dogs are used in the States for bear hunting? There are some caribou out on the barrens, but are seldom hunted. Plover have come and gone. Ducks are here, and brant and geese coming.—J. H. C.

NEW JERSEY.—Weehawken, Oct. 21.—The shooting has been better on the Hackensack meadows during the past few weeks than for years. A well known sportsman recently killed and bagged in one day sixty-one ducks, mainly blue-winged teal. The rail shooting has been very fair.

MISSISSIPPI.—Sardis, Oct. 16.—Birds and squirrels quite plentiful hereabouts, with a good sprinkle of deer and bear in the Mississippi River bottom. Fishing (with net) is anything but good. I worked hard for some of the finny fellows last week, but nary a bite did I get.—DAVY.

GEORGIA.—Macon, Oct. 16.—Our supply of quail is very fine, and from all reports they are much more plentiful than last year. Turkeys are plentiful in some sections, and we are now having a few ducks on our market.—I. H. J.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Rock Hill,—Quail are very abundant here, and a little later the shooting will be fine.—B.

ROPER, FLORIDA, can hear of some No. 12 Roper shells by writing to this office.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE conversation had somehow drifted to the dogs, and after the small dogs had had their day, the large ones were given a show and each one who had ever seen a sizeable dog trotted him out, and displayed his gigantic proportions to the utter confusion of all who had preceded him. After the figures had risen from a good size to rather an extravagant height, and a huge fellow of nearly two hundred pounds had been produced, utterly silencing all competition, Cud was asked how heavy a dog he had ever seen. This, of course, put him upon his metal, and as there was much at stake, he assumed an air appropriate to the importance of the occasion, and clearing his throat he remarked that he had once seen a very large dog, in fact a perfect monster, but that it was so long ago that he had forgotten his exact avoirdupois, but that his owner, in response to an inquiry, once sent his weight in a letter, and the postage was over seven dollars.

A country editor from Nova Scotia was lately doing the States and was much struck with the "cheek" of the inhabitants. One day on the train, near Boston, an American came into the car, looked around, and seeing a vacant seat by our friend stepped up and, finding it not engaged, seated himself. "Here now," thought our editor, "is another of them confounded inquisitive Yankees; however, I'll fix him." Barely had the American touched the seat before he began:

"What is your name?"

"S——," replied the Nova Scotian, telling the truth.

"Where are you from?" continued the Yankee.

"Stoke-on-Trent, in England," lied the Bluenose.

"What are you doing out here?"

"Shooting. I am now on my way down to Nova Scotia moose hunting, and then go to Cape Breton for duck shooting."

"What make of a gun do you use?" went on the inquisitive one with new interest.

Now, our editorial friend had never fired a gun in his life, but he had heard some of the gun club boys learnedly discussing the different makers. "Any way," he thought, "not likely this sucker would know a gun from a horse-pistol," so, with the air of a professional, he returned:

"I am using a hammerless Parker at present, one of our best London makers."

"Indeed," said the Yankee with an innocent smile, "choke or modified?"

"I generally use her full choked, but she screws up or down to any gauge."

After a few seconds' silence the Bluenose continued:

"These hammerless guns are so handy there is no trouble cocking them. Whenever you shove in the ramrod back go the hammers and she is ready for action. What, you are not going, are you?"

"Yes," said the American, rising, "this is my station; I hope you will have a pleasant trip, though the hotels in the Provinces won't add much to it. I am glad I have met you. By your accent I would take you for an American. Good-bye, and good luck to you. My card; oh, yes! I am Mr. Parker, of the gun works, Meriden.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.

Lake trout, *Cristivomer namaycush.*
Siscowet, *Cristivomer siscowet.*
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Blue-backed trout, *Salvelinus aquasso.*
Land-locked salmon, var. *sebago.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y., pickerel), *Esox lucius.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethrum.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluvintilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, 2 species.
War-mouth, *Chænobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus.*
Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrus nebulosus.*
Spanish mackerel, *Cybium maculatum.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Lafayette, *Liostomus obliquus.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*
Weakfish or squetague, *Cynoscyon regalis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Scup or porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops.*
Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
Sea bass, *Centropristes atrarius.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

What the long-roll is to the soldier the reel-click is to the angler. It is the call to battle and stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. * * * The moment, however, the fish feels the sting of the hook he shoots off with a rush, causing, by his rapid movement, that whiz and whir-r which, to the angler, is the most thrilling music that ever falls upon his ear. The deliberate click, click, which succeeds the strike is the measured prelude to the grand chorus which follows when the astonished fish enters upon his mad career. * * * There is but one sound in nature, animate or inanimate, which at all resembles the whir of a reel in full play—the rattling trill of a kingfisher when on the wing. It is a singular coincidence that the music of the best angler known to ornithology finds its most perfect counterpart in that which man finds indispensable to *his* successful pursuit of a pastime that constitutes *its* life-long vocation. They are in great numbers on the Cascapedia, and more than once my reel and this feathered angler have joined in a duet, to my great amusement and delight. They were in as perfect accord as if brought into concert pitch by the hand of the same master.—*George Dawson, "Pleasures of Angling."*

THE ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

THE First Annual FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament opened at Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city, on Thursday, the 19th, at 11 A. M. The place selected was on the eastern side of the Mere, on Fifth avenue, near 110th street. Here there was a large open space, with graveled walk, next the water, and a substantial platform had been built thirty feet out into the water, giving an opportunity to cast in three directions, according to the wind. This platform was originally intended to be two feet above the water, but by request of the bass casters, some of whom cast with the point of the rod below the feet, or "underhanded," it was placed at an elevation of three feet. The day opened in a lowery, clouded manner, but there were many persons present, and a few ladies graced the scene. Mr. Jones, Superintendent of the Park, had kindly provided seats for 200 persons, who could have a fine view of the casting. From the south to the north side of the lake, close to the east shore, a line was stretched, to which buoys were attached five feet apart, each alternate one in order from the stand being marked with the number of feet distant from the platform. In a boat outside the line the judges and referee were paddled about when the contests were going on, enabling them to keep abreast of each cast and thus correctly estimate its length. When the turn came for casting for accuracy and delicacy, which followed the casting for distance, a single buoy of six inches diameter, anchored forty feet to the south of the stand, was made the object of aim.

This buoy was nicely made and presented by Mr. B. F. Nichols, and it was so evenly balanced that only a ring showed above the surface. The first thing on the programme was the light rod contest, which had been proposed by makers of light rods to show what they could do. The result was a surprise, as no one thought that over sixty-five feet would be cast with them. Mr. Hawes, a workman in Mr. Leonard's rod factory, cast eighty-two feet with a four and a half ounce rod. He is a pupil of Mr. H. L. Leonard, who did not cast at all in the tournament, on account of illness. The latter is probably the handsomest fly caster in America with either single-handed or salmon rod. The retrieving of Mr. Hawes elicited warm commendation. On his back cast the flies were up in the air at an angle of thirty degrees. The following are the scores:

LIGHT ROD CONTESTS.

Judges: James Benkard, Prof. A. M. Mayer; G. W. Van Siclen, referee.

Class A.—Open to all. To be cast for with rods of 5¼ ounces in weight or less, made with ferules and reel bands, and of two or more pieces; rods to be not longer than ten nor shorter than nine feet; six to nine feet leaders with two flies.

Scale of Points—Distance, actual cast; accuracy and delicacy, twenty-five each.

Winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their awards.

1. A split bamboo "Catskill" rod, reel and line, given by Wm. Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York $50 00
2. Members South Side Sportsman's Club, cash 25 00
3. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM 4 00

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Ozs.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total Points.
H. W. Hawes	10 0	4½	82	12	20	114
R. C. Leonard	9 11½	5¼	73	20	20	113
Reuben Wood	9 6	5¼	70	17	15	102
George S. Hier	10	4½	4½	67	15	15	97
H. Prichard	9	7½	5¼	67	9	20	96
E. S. Osgood	9	6	5¼	58	10	18	86
James Annin, Jr.	10	4¼	4¼	64	9	10	88

CLASS B.—To be cast with full mounted rods of two or more pieces, with metal reel bands, weighing not more than four and one-half ounces; leaders to be six to nine feet, with two flies. Judges and scale of points as above.

1. Members' South Side Sportsman's Club, cash $25 00
2. William Mitchell, rod maker, 26 Vandam street, New York, offers a three-piece fly rod, duplicate joint and three tips, four and a quarter ounces weight, or similar rod with metal reel plate one ounce heavier, if winner prefers, value 30 00
3. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM 4 00

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Ozs.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total Points.
H. W. Hawes	10	4½	78	10	24	112
G. S. Hier	10	4½	66	20	18	104
James Annin, Jr.	10	4¼	60	14	20	94
T. B. Mills	10	4½	60	8	16	84

Mr. Annin cast very prettily but failed in distance.

B. F. NICHOLS' CONTEST.

(Single-Handed Fly Rods.)

Judges: James Geddes, Dr. A. Ferber, Francis Endicott, referee.

Scale of Points.—Distance, delicacy and accuracy, thirty-three each. Open to all. Each contestant to use the same rod, reel and line, which will be furnished. (Rod 10ft. long and weighing 6¼oz.) Each competitor will be allowed three minutes practice with the rod before casting. The scale of points in this class will be distance, accuracy and delicacy, thirty-three each. The line must be retrieved after each cast. Two flies to be used on leader. The casts for accuracy shall be at a distance of forty feet. Accuracy and delicacy shall be judged perfect when the stretcher-fly strikes in the float at every cast (after reaching it) without splashing and before the body of the line strikes the water. All the prizes are donated by B. F. Nichols, manufacturer, 153 Milk street, Boston, and all in grooved wood cases.

1. Split bamboo salmon rod, 16½ft., 27½oz., with two tips, German silver mountings, ($12.00). Also one split bamboo trout rod, 10ft., 7½oz., German silver mountings, value $20.00. Total $32 00
2. Split bamboo trout rod, 11ft., 8½oz., German silver mountings, two tips; $20.00. Also one similar rod, 10ft., 7½oz., $20.00 ..... 40 00
3. Split bamboo fly rod, 11ft., 9½oz., two tips, German silver mountings 20 00

	Distance cast.	Allowance for cast.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total points.
H. W. Hawes	71	32	30	28	99
Reuben Wood	67	28	30	31	88
Ira Wood	64	23	30	30	83
James Annin, Jr.	62	22	30	30	82
R. C. Leonard	74	33	28	20	81
Geo. S. Hier	60	32	25	33	80
W. Holberton	56	20	33	25	78
Dr. M. E. Elmendorf	55	19	25	28	72

Here again Mr. Hawes was a winner with a cast of only 71 feet against the 67 by the veteran champion, Reuben Wood. Both these gentlemen, it will be seen by the terms of the contest, were using a rod they had never seen before. Ira Wood followed with 64 feet and James Annin led such casters as W. Holberton, Geo. S. Hier and Dr. Elmendorf. Mr R. C. Leonard made the longest cast, 74 feet, but failed in delicacy and accuracy. By the time this contest was called the rain began to fall heavily and rubber coats and umbrellas were out in great numbers. Still many not provided with these articles stayed, and even some ladies remained on the seats until the close of this contest, which ended the sport for the day.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20.

This day opened fair with the wind from the northeast, and the buoy lines were shifted to the south. Baffling winds were in order all day. Still good casting was done, and previous records beaten. The committee were asked to bar out the winners of yesterday from the amateur contest, but did not see their way to do it under the rules. This kept out many gentlemen who felt that they could not compete with professional rod-makers like Hawes, R. C. Leonard and Culhane. The error was in the rules, which were strictly adhered to, and as the men named had never cast before in public the result was unforeseen. The first contest to-day was—

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING.—CLASS A.

Judges, James Benkard, Barnet Phillips. W. Holberton, referee.

Scale of points as in light-rod contests. Open to those who have never cast in any tournament or who have no public record of casting sixty feet, with rods of seven ounces or over. The winner to have choice of the following prizes and the other contestants to choose from the remainder in their respective orders of merit:

1. FOREST AND STREAM offers a solid hammered coin silver gold-lined flower, fruit or punch bowl, value $125 00
2. Members of the South Side Sportsman's Club offer cash 50 00
3. James Ramsbottom, Baldwin's, L. I., a split-bamboo fly rod with reel, reel case, and water-proof silk line 35 00
4. Wakeman Holberton, 65 Fulton street, card of copy of Standard Trout Flies, colored by hand, in frame 10 00
5. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM 4 00

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Ozs.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total Points
W. H. Hawes	11 6	5¼	81	25	25	131
M. Culhane	11 6	10½	74	24	20	118
R. C. Leonard	11 6	10	85	12	20	117
J. Ramsbottom	11 0	8	63	23	23	109
M. E. Elmendorf	11 6	7½	56	22	22	100
Ed. Eggart	10 4	8	60	20	18	98
H. P. Wells	10 2	8	50	15	18	83

STRIPED BASS CASTING.

(New York Bay Style.)

Judges: Charles H. Murray, Francis Endicott. Barnet Phillips, Referee.

Casts to be made with one-ounce sinkers, in a lane twenty feet wide, and each contestant to have five casts. His casts within the lane only to count. The distances to be added together and divided by five; the result to constitute his score.

1. "Remington" sewing-machine, with four drawers, hemmer, etc., complete, presented by Martin B. Brown, New York $55 00
2. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM 4 00
3. "Paddle and Portage," by Thomas Sedgwick Steele, Hartford, Conn., from the author 1 50

	1st cast.	2d cast.	3d cast.	4th cast.	5th cast.	Average.
John E. Williamson	80	..	..	88	33 2-5	
Edward vom Hofe	15	35	..	..	..	16

The casting here was poor. Mr. Williamson has a record at the Coney Island tournament of 168 feet 6 inches.

STRIPED BASS CASTING.

(Sea-Coast Style.)

Judges: William A. Woodhull, S. M. Blatchford, James L. Valiotton, referee.

Open to all. To be cast with 2½ ounce sinkers. Winners to have choice of prizes, in the order of their awards. Lane and score as in light bass-casting.

1. Split bamboo "Newport" bass rod, with agate tip and rubber handle, donated by Fred Malleson, 134 First street, Brooklyn $10 00
2. "The American Anglers' Book," by Thad Norris, presented by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia 5 50
3. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM 4 00

4. "Canoe and Camera," by Thomas Sedgwick Steele, Hartford, Conn., from the author 1 50
5. Meerschaum and amber cigar holder (carved brook trout), in case, donated by F. J. Kaldenberg, 125 Fulton street, New York 15 00

	Length of Rod.	Score of Casts, Feet.					To-	Aver-
	Ft. In.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	tal.	age.
J. A. Roosevelt...	7 0	135	161	—	189	188	636	127 1-5
J. E. Williamson..	7 6	—	—	169	165	161	495	99
W. Murray	8 6	103	—	—	—	132	235	47
G. Landuan.....	7 6	55	—	75	—	55	189	37 4-5
J. McGinnis.....	7 6	—	81	—	55	—	188	37 3-5
C. H. Murray ...	8 6	—	135	—	—	—	135	27
M. Culhane.....	7 6	—	40	—	—	—	40	8

Many good casts outside the lines were made but the rule of casting in a lane, to secure accuracy, was new and bothered the contestants. Mr. Roosevelt's casting was much admired for his coolness, as well as his record.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING.—CLASS B.

Judges: Francis Endicott, Henry F. Crosby; Jas. Geddes, referee.

Scale of Points.—Distance, actual cast; accuracy and delicacy ten each.

Open to all who have never won a first prize at this or any other similar contest. The winners to have choice of the follo wing prizes in the order of their awards:

1. "Game Fishes of the United States," plates by S. A. Kilbourn, and text by G. Brown Goode, presented by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York $50 00
2. Split bamboo fly rod, presented by Mr. Fred Malleson, 186 First street, Brooklyn, N. Y..... 25 00
3. One portable "Stranahan" canvas boat, seat and oars complete, presented by Frank Holmes, Chagrin Falls, O.... .... 20 00
4. Copy of "Fysshe and Fishing," by Dame Juliana Berners (American edition)..... 1 50
5. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, ... 1 00

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Ozs.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total Points
R. C. Leonard.....	11 6	10	85	9	8	102
T. B. Mills.....	11 6	10	77	9	7	93
M. Culhane.....	11 6	10	70	9	8	87
H. Halberton.....	11 0	9	60	10	8	78
Ed. Eggert.....	10 4½	8	57	8	7	72
C. A. Bryan.....	10 4	8	55	8	7	70

SALMON CASTING.

Judges: C. F. Fearing, James Benkard; L. W. Winchester, referee.

Scale of Points.—As in single-han ded fly-casting, Class B. Open to all. Winners may choose prizes.

1. A finely finished, German silver mounted, hexagonal split bamboo salmon rod, presented by Conroy & Bissott, 65 Fulton street, New York $50 00
2. One dozen patent fluted spoon baits (assorted sizes), with large photo. of 40lb. muskallonge, presented by G. M. Skinner, Clayton, N. Y..... 10 00
3. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00

	Length of Rod. Ft.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total Points.
R. W. Hawes.....	20	116	7	9	132
Reuben Wood.....	18	105	10	9	124
H. Prichard.....	17	107	7	9	123
J. Ramsbottom.....	18	91	8	6	105

In this class the casting did not at all come up to the standard in either of the points of distance, delicacy or accuracy.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

The day was fine with varying winds from off shore to behind the casters, who faced the south. The only remaining contest was the

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING—CLASS C. (CHAMPION CLASS.)

Judges: Francis Endicott, W. C. Harris. Fred. Mather, referee.

Scale of Points—Distance alone to count. Open to all. Winners to have choice of prizes.

1. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, cash..... $25 00
2. A Bethabara fly-rod, presented by Fred. D. Divine, 70 State street, Utica, N. Y 10 00
3. Revolver, .32-calibre, presented by Messrs. J. P. Lovell & Sons, Boston, Mass..... 10 00
4. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00
5. "Book of the Black Bass," by Dr. J. A. Henshall, presented by Robert Clarke & Co., publishers, Cincinnati, O..... 3 00

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Ozs.	Longest Cast in feet.
H. Prichard	10 4½	8	91
R. C. Leonard.....	11 6	8¾	90
H. W. Hawes	11 6	8½	85
T. B. Mills.....	11 6	8¾	79
M. Culhane	11 6	10½	76

Mr. Prichard, of the Washington Gun Club of Brooklyn, here made his remarkable cast of ninety-one feet in his peculiar rolling throw. This has been variously called a "water cast," an "underhanded cast," and a "hoop-snake cast." The line lies on the water at perhaps sixty feet, and by reel'ng off more line it is sent out with a rolling motion until the flies leap out beyond. There are various opinions on the merits of this mode, which is new here, but is said to be used in England. Some contend that it is impossible to take a fish in this manner on account of the commotion in the water near the caster. The other contestants retrieved their lines and cast in the usual manner, and made many good casts. Only once did Mr. Prichard go beyond eighty-five feet, but as this contest was for distance alone he was awarded the first prize.

PROF. J. L. BARFOOT.—In our list of Fish Commissioners we noted the fact no appointment had been made in Utah in the place of Prof. L. Barfoot in April last. The London *Gardeners' Monthly and Horticulturist*, referring to the death of Prof. Barfoot of the Museum of Natural History, Salt Lake City, says: "He was born at Warwick Castle, England, in 1816, a lineal decendant of Robert Bruce, and at the time of his death heir to the earldom of Crawford. He embraced Mormonism in London in 1836, and in 1865 immigrated to Salt Lake City, where he resided until he died." Upward of half a dozen persons imagine themselves to be Earl of Crawford, but the House of Lords has decided whom it will recognize under that title. A Mormon peer would have had all the charm of novelty at Westminster, where as yet there is not even a Jew.

BIG BLACK BASS.—On the 18th a black bass was caught on the St. Clair flats, Michigan, by Mr. B. B. Barney, which weighed seven and three-quarter pounds. Judge E. D. Potter, of Ohio, the well-known fishculturist, saw it and pronounced it a small-mouth. The fish is now alive and is for sale. Here is a chance for some one who has a large aquarium to obtain a monster. Should this fish die it should be sent to the Smithsonian Institution that its figure may be preserved in plaster.

CAMPS ON THE WAY.

III.—STILL AT THE PICTURED ROCKS.

"Southward sailed the seagulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,
Till at Dronthelm haven landed
Olaf and his crew again."
—*Longfellow.*

WE landed at Miner's Creek on the evening of the 3d of August, and intended leaving on the 7th, but a storm setting in from the north, we were unable to get away until the 11th. During that time ample opportunity was afforded to acquaint ourselves with our surroundings, and there was not an hour's time that hung heavily over us.

Almost daily we visited the lake and the falls, now that the way was known and a boat was at hand to enable us to do so. Had Miner's Creek Falls been favorably located, long ere this the place would have been celebrated by the historian, the poet, and the painter; but, outside of any line of travel, and hard to reach even by the trained woodsman, the icy waters of the creek pour in fleecy whiteness over the rim of the ancient lake shore in the heart of the "continuous woods," where no sound is heard save its "own dashings."

The sand-stone cliffs that wall in the bit of lowland which in some remote period of the past formed a little bay to the great lake, and which was described in some degree in the last one of these papers, meet in an acute angle at the place of the cataract, and although the creek has cut a deep channel forty or fifty feet below the hilltops in the rocks above, yet the walls at the side of the falls rise all of eighty feet above the debris, and the leap of the water is all of fifty feet. My companions thought it not less than sixty. One peculiarity of this fall is that the rim where the water pours over is crescent-shaped with the bow outward. This rim is a continuation of a huge columnated buttress that enlarges midway the descent down to its broad base. The falling water striking the rock below the point where its enlargement begins, breaks into a snow white foam, and, running down the swelling column in sudsy streams into the broad pool below, presents a picture of unparalleled beauty. A thin veil of mist ever rises, vanishing amid the leafy branches of the hemlocks and maples that crown the walls above, while against the left bank of the pool and quite a way up the hill of debris that rises back of it a strong current of air sets in from the descending stream which perpetually blows thitherward a cloud of frosty mist which nourishes the rankest growth of moss I ever saw. This air current and its cloud of mist have no dependence upon the currents of air that play in the tree tops above the cliffs, for every day that I was there I found it fiercely blowing as at my first visit, no matter from what quarter the winds above were coming. The pool at the foot of the fall was wide and deep, and it was there that I caught seventeen handsome trout on my first visit.

With the green trees all around, with the rocky walls and moss-covered hillsides, with the pouring, leaping, foaming water, with the mist cloud and the frost cloud, and above all, the everlasting solitude, which here seems to be personified, the Miner's Creek Falls are more to be admired than the Minnehaha. All that is needed to make the great traveling public think so is to start the fashion.

Another waterfall he who traverses Miner's Lake never fails to hear; but in its noise it proclaims that it is at best a feble straam, and the voyager will be apt to pass it by. One evening, while fishing in the lake, our boat had floated well over to the east side, when on looking up there stood a two-pronged buck gazing at us with a curiosity peculiar tol that animal. Ed. reached me the rifle, and I at once fired, when my too curiously inclined friend fell as "flat as a flounder." But before I had time to indulge in that little gratulatory boasting which is sometimes indulged in on such occasions, he sprang to his feet and sped off in the bushes. Of course we rowed a shore, beyond drops of blood here and there on the leaves, nothing more was ever seen of the little buck.

At the spot where he was standing, a small stream entered the lake, and it flowed over such a white, sandy bottom, and its waters were so cool, that I determined to follow it back to its fall over the old lake shore. It was too late that day, but the next Oscar and I made the trip, and although we found it a difficult one to make by reason of the brush, the swamps and the logs, we were, nevertheless, amply repaid for our trouble. The stream is a mere brook, but it has a fall of about sixty feet, and the surroundings are such as to give to the fall a distinction peculiar to itself. As one approaches the place, the perpendicular walls of rock rising on either hand to a height of not less than one hundred feet, with immense blocks of stone lying at their bases, claim attention. As the valley, through which the little stream below the fall narrows, it is finally well choked up by these broken blocks, and one does not see the cascade for rocks and trees, until he has fairly climbed the former and looked over. The scene then brought to view is wild and picturesque. Imagine a great dome one hundred feet in diameter, with a roof sixty feet from the floor in the center, descending on all sides to the walls, and the floor ascending on all sides to the walls; now, cut this dome in two halves from top to bottom, and one of them will represent the scene of this cascade. It was all of fifty feet from the little pool that received the falling stream, back to the walls which upheld the great roof of rock, capped with soil and trees; and an amphitheater was thus formed of grand proportions. Standing between the wall and the pool and looking upward, the stream, as it pours over the rocky edge, appears to come from a hole in the sky.

At the foot of the debris which makes the rising floor of the amphitheater a spring of cool water bubbles up, and along the outer line of the opening grew beds, thick with the greenest and most feathery ferns I ever saw. Standing back of the fall, under the vaulted roof, and looking out toward the evening sun, the stream of water sparkling and flashing in the sunlight as it broke into ten thousand drops in mid air, the waving ferns at my feet, the two lines of high rock wall running off in a widening angle, and the rampant trees growing among the huge rocks in the valley between, the scene presented was wild and romantic in the extreme. As I stood there on that August afternoon and looked out, and saw all these things and more too, and as my companions and I talked of the wildness and beauty, and solitude of the scene, we wondered whether the place had ever been visited before. In the dust and sand that has accumulated all over the floor of the amphitheater not a print of a foot, human or beast, was to be seen, and as the tracks we made were deep and plain, and beyond the reach of rain, it seemed to us that many a year would come and go ere our footprints would be obliterated, and so we reasoned that the men who row up the lake for the trout that are to be had at the large falls, never visit this little gem, and perhaps we are the first of white men to stand face to face with it. But after we had gathered a handful of ferns each and taken our last look and clambered over the rocks that lay near the entrance and gone down into the great thickets that spring up out of the moist valley, I found where someone, years before, had chopped off a log, and, though I could not guess the motive that led to the chopping, I nevertheless knew from the print of the ax that it had not been done by an Indian. One skilled in the use of an ax had done the work, and that man, whoever he was, had at least seen the little falls, or which, if I had my way, would become known as Fern Falls.

On the western side of the lake could be heard from out the thick woods and far up the hillside the gurgle and rush of water over a rocky bed; and one day, being curious to see where the fountain came from, I climbed the hill to its very top, and on a level with the highest of the pictured rocks, a large spring of icy cold, clear and sweet water burst forth and went leaping and bounding down the steep hillside, to find, after a short race rest, in the bosom of the great lake, which stood at a level two hundred feet at least below the rent which brought the spring to light and air. And as we slaked our thirst at the fountain, and rolled stones down the hillside, we questioned one another as to where that larger fountain could be, which sent this water up to this high level; but no answer was given.

Miner's Lake (and I call it that for want of a better name) is but little over a half mile long, and somewhat less in width. Around the outer edges the waters are shallow and lily pads and coarse grasses grow in luxuriance. In the central parts it appears to be deep. Countless pike swim in these waters. As one enters the lake where the water is somewhat shallow, it is quite common to see the pike lying amidst the thickets formed by the lilies and grasses, watching for such unwary yellow perch as may happen to be cruising by, or for such thoughtless frogs as trust themselves too far from home. The trout supply falling short by reason of adverse weather, we were driven to fish for pike for the pot, and Oscar and I, in half an hour, one evening, with a spoon made at Grand Rapids and which persistently refused to revolve, hooked nine within thirty minutes, six of which we landed. These, with great uniformity, ran 24 and 25 inches in length, and were in good condition.

Below the falls and down to the lake is trout fishing, and from the outlet down to the mouth of the creek trout are also to be found. The stream both above and below the lake is bordered with brush and trees, and logs and brush often formed a net work above the creek. Fishing in Miner's Creek was laborious work whether above or below the lake, but it was nevertheless delightful, for the trout were wary and gamy. They were much lighter colored than their Thunder River congeners, and it required more patience and skill to take them. My associates found them so difficult to catch that the trout fishing was left to me altogether while at that place, and I must say that I seldom took over fifteen or twenty at a fishing, but those fifteen or twenty, running from six ounces to fifteen (one a full pound) gave me so much to do, that I shall always remember among my most valued fishing experiences the trout of Miner's Creek. And there was a fair game supply accessible. Whortleberries fairly covered the ground, and pigeons and grouse came down from the hills to eat them, and the boys got many a bird for the pot. Foxes abounded in great numbers, but we paid no attention to them. Deer also were abundant, and while we did not hunt for them particularly, inasmuch as the "fifteenth" had not yet come, nevertheless we always carried guns with us and would have been "mighty glad" to have knocked over a good one. I got a shot in that way but without a fatal result, as heretofore stated.

Finally a storm set in from the north which lasted three days, and then trout fishing ceased. The little lake, hemmed in as it was by high hills covered by tall trees, was not affected by the wind which blew with so much violence outside, and so one night I determined to try my hand fireaunting. I had never had any success in that way, but as our larder was running somewhat low and we did not know how long we might be wind-bound, I determined to have a deer if fortune favored, and so, when night came, I set forth alone, and at about ten o'clock I entered the lake and began my weary round. For two hours I paddled slowly and silently around the shores, listening to the "voices of the night," and once hearing the unmistakable stamp of a deer, which was soon followed by a snort and the sound of running through brush.

At about midnight a black cloud like the segment of a great circular plane appeared in the northern sky, and lest there might be a coming storm I at once left the lonesome lake and headed for home. But I had not gone far when a glance at the ominous cloud told me it was not a cloud after all, for the stars shone through it with mid-summer luster. Just then a ray of light like a knife blade shot up from the eastern end of the circle and I knew it was the aurora borealis. Following this ray a fan-like cluster of long ones appeared at the western end, after which the entire rim of the great plane became luminous with yellow light. Gradually this faded away, when long lance-like opaline rays trembled far up toward the zenith, after which they turned to a rose hue, and then trembling faded away. The phenomenon was beautiful in the extreme, and it was a late hour before I withdrew and went to bed. While looking at the shifting, trembling lines of light shooting zenithward I could not help but think of that line of Bryant's, in the "Ages" I believe, when he speaks of one—

"Who unwinds the eternal dances of the sky."

Of the date of August 7, I find this entry in my journal: "Cloudy this morning when we got up. Pretty soon a breeze came on from the north, and it not only blew the smoke into our eyes, but into our victuals. And although the little spurt of rain is over, and the wind has lessened, and the sun is casting a sickly light through a rift in the clouds, old Superior is casting up mire and dirt with considerable vim. How I do wish a big blow would come on from the north, provided it did not last more than an hour or so—just long enough to send the great waves thumping and thundering on our beach and against the great rocks on either hand of us."

Well, I had my wish, but without the proviso. The storm came, but it was no one hour's affair—for three or four days the wind blew a gale from the north, and the great lake foamed like a sea, and I saw the waves beat against the rocks and heard the hollow boom as they flung themselves into the holes and caverns already carved out of the yielding sandstone. And the storm brought another set of campers to our little haven, a schoolmaster and four college boys,

who were driven in, and found a camping ground at the further end of the beach from us. As soon as we discovered their presence I made a visit to them, and the *entente cordiale* was established, visits were interchanged, and the habits of civilized life were at once established in this place by our borrowing their lantern and loaning them one of our frying-pans.

The storm having abated, Mr. Palmer and his party, on their way to Beaver Lake, stopped long enough to tell us that the Indian engaged to come for us, had at the last moment gone a hunting and so we had no boatmen. Our neighbors at the other end of the beach pulled up stakes and left, sailing farther down the shore, and for a time the outlook to us was rather discouraging. But at the last moment a party of young men from Marquette who were in Mr. P.'s company concluded, to stop over night at our place to try for a deer on the lake, and a noble young fellow proposed to take his boat and carry two of us back to Munising in search of a boatman, which he did, and Captain Jim Kish-ka-tog was in due time found and once more had us in charge.

It was with feelings of regret that we left our camp at Miner's Creek, but so soon as before a good breeze we began to sail along the base of the rocks eastward of our old camp, all thought of the past faded away. It is six miles from Miner's Creek to Mosquito Inlet, and between the two points the beauty and grandeur of the pictured rocks culminates. No written description can convey any adequate idea of the view they present. Nor will a view at any considerable distance give one a knowledge of what they are. As I saw the steamers passing at two or three miles distance, while at our camp on the creek, I could imagine the sight-seers after peering at the far away rocks turning aside in disgust and declaring that another idol was broken. Of these rocks it cannot be said.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

and hence I conclude them to be worthy of great praise. To be seen at their best, one must sail along close to their base. The Pictured Rocks are made up of a loose, fraile sandstone, which in some places is regularly stratified and lies in thick beds and at others it is laminated, the layers being from a half to an inch in thickness. Between the strata and often between the laminated plates, is a strip of a hard or chesty like rock, which enables them to withstand more weathering than they otherwise would. Sometimes the lines of lamination are parallel with the lake's surface and at others they lie at varying angles, thus showing, I suppose, that at some time past the rocks have been subjected to great pressure; or that there has been a gradual elevation. It is the color of the rock which gives the name of Pictured Rocks. In some places it is a reddish or burnt color, caused I suppose by an oxide of iron, in others it is a soft, creamy white, again it is a very dark brown, shading off into a black; then it wears a bluish tinge; next comes a yellow; and so on. It is the combinations of all the colors which these rocks show, that makes them worthy of being called the Pictud Rocks.

At the Grand Portal the boldest and most beautiful view is presented. Here the cliffs rise two hundred feet high, and into their sides the waters and floating ice have worn caverns into which small steamers could float and turn. One was a dome-like cavern two hundred feet in diameter, with a ceiling one hundred feet high. And then think of a perpendicular wall of rock an eighth of a mile long and two hundred feet high, as true as if made with plummet and rule, covered with trees! On the summit of this wall and of the other great cliffs and walls hereabout, and in the clefts and holes below the summits, innumerable gulls have their nests and are ever circling and screaming high in air. It is here where the wicked Pan-puk-keewis in "Hiawatha"

> "* * climbed the rocky headlands,
> Looking o'er the Gitchee Gumee
> Perched himself upon that summit.
> * * * * * *
> Stretched upon his back he lay there;
> Far below him plashed the waters,
> Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;
> Far above him swam the heavens,
> Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
> Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled
> Hiawatha's mountain chickens."

And although the rascal killed them by "tens and twenties," he seems to have left them in plenty, for we saw them flying in and out and round and round by scores.

It was well on toward noon of Friday that we landed at the mouth of Beaver Creek, four miles east of Mosquito Inlet. On a high shore in the edge of a thick woods we pitched our tent and sought at once for Beaver Lake, less than half a mile back from our camp ground. The bottom of this lake is a white sand, and its waters, which were very clear, abound in pike and bass, the latter of which display remarkably gamy qualities. At this camp, at which Mr. Palmer and his party were also established, we hunted and fished, but beyond eight grouse which Ed. shot on Saturday, scarcely moving from his tracks, we met with no specially good luck. I did not try Beaver Creek for trout, but Charley Tomett, a wandering Switzer who has taken up his abode in the Upper Peninsula, and who had come down with Mr. P.'s party, assured me that there were many trout in the creek, but hard to get at on account of logs and brush.

Saturday the wind blew fiercely in shore, and the waves ran high all day and far into the night. Sunday morning, however, there was a calm, and we determined to sail back to Munising if possible. The night before a party had been made up to "shine a deer" on the lake, and of that party was a Louisville clergyman, a most intelligent man, with whom I spent an hour or two fishing quite pleasantly. He had never bagged a deer, and was quite anxious to get "just one," and so it was arranged that he should shoot. It was a late hour ere the party returned, so late that the next morning when the good doctor gave us a circumstantial account of how he shot and killed his first deer, and how the boat came straightway home afterwards, Ed. and Oscar both maintained (in the good doctor's absence, of course) that they had looked at their respective time pieces when the party came in, and that it was all of two o'clock in the morning, and that therefore, these two young scapegraces reasoned, the preacher shot a deer on Sunday. Of course I did not believe the boys, and if the doctor sees this, I want him to know that I have never ceased to maintain that his was a Saturday night's deer, for he gave us a quarter of it before we left, and, of course, I ought to know!

Sunday morning we bid good-bye to our Beaver Lake friends and set sail for Munising. We were about sixteen miles from the place, and for ten miles or more we had a delightful sail. Kish-ka-tog kept his boat close in to the foot of the rocks, and we enjoyed to the utmost the splendid views that were presented, not infrequently riding into the caverns and under the arched ways in the rocks, and once going ashore, where we climbed to the summit of the "chapel" and explored its dry grottoes and dark recesses.

When about six miles from our destination the wind shifted and we were driven to the oars, when, "tell it not in Gath," but Jim refused to touch a paddle because it was Sunday. The Switzer had taken passage with us, and at this turn in our affairs he took hold, and so we were able to man four oars in spite of the pious Indian, and by sundown, in an exceedingly bad humor, we landed in Munising in time to escape a drenching rain. D. D. BANTA.

FRANKLIN, Ind.

SUNDAY IN CAMP.

WE had spent our vacation in a pleasant and agreeable manner, trout and grayling fishing. We had tramped many miles to and fro, and spent days in the dense forest beside the creeks and streams after trout, returning every night to camp. We had strengthened every muscle and toned up a bundle of nerves that threatened at one time an attack of physical prostration, and had grown brown as berries under the August sun. Saturday night found us in camp, the fish cleaned and prepared for Sunday morning, and we half dozing as the candle lightened up the darkness surrounding our tent. Nine o'clock saw us in bed, but our sleepiness passed away, and we spent an hour perusing "The Adirondacks," sent to us just before leaving home by a gentleman whose name is well known in the angling world. At last we dropped into a dreamy sleep, from which we were aroused by the sharp elbow of our better half digging into our ribs and the half sleepy, "Come, H., put out that light." To hear was to obey, and we slept the peaceful sleep of innocence.

Pat-pit-pat, pat-pat-pat, then a shower of something, and the voice of our youngster piped up, "Say, pap, it rains," and we were wide awake. The little clock on our tent pole pointed to 7:45, and we had thus slept ten hours. Such a luxury we had not enjoyed for a year. Blessed sleep, what a power to rejuvenate and build up the overtaxed and wearied body. Nowhere in the big city could we thus remain in such perfect quiet and enjoy such rest.

It was but a moment's work to dress and plunge into a large bowl of cold water to remove the traces of sleep from our eyes and to prepare for breakfast. But what a morning! A fog thick enough to cut with a knife—such an one as we had never seen up in Michigan in all our fishing trips. The tall maples were fairly soaking with the dampness. The rustle of the leaves deluged you and wetted to the skin, but the sun was struggling to get through the fog, and puffs of light breeze came up once in a while. A silence and calmness betokening a Sabbath of rest brooded over everything. Though on almost the highest point of land in this section of the peninsula, yet this infant city was "a sleepy hollow," as truly so as ever Old Rip ever found in the mountains of his long sleep. Breakfast was a deliberate affair. Late numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM lay around the tent, and while partaking of the delicious fish, I read the experience of Old Knots in the Kingfisher's Camp and other interesting articles from this journal. No hurry to-day; no fishing, no hunting. The rods were in their slings, hanging in the rear of the tent, and we intended spending Sunday as the angler should who loves to contemplate the beauties of all things around him. He finds something to adore and reverence in the moss-covered wood path; the delicate fronds of different species of ferns; the soft-tinted hues of the few forest flowers attract him; while all around rear up the lofty maples and giant hemlocks, the rustling and rippling of whose leaves seem to strike new chords in nature's grand symphony, and all join in a grand hymn of praise.

Breakfast over, we take the hammock and stretch it to the trees in the forest. The sun is well up in the sky, and is shining in his strength, gathering to himself the heavy fogs of the early morning. Ah! glorious above all days, this last Sunday in August, seemingly the best Sunday in a damp summer. Taking with us a book we are soon stretched in blissful content, and gently swinging in the hammock, are absorbed in the interesting pages. Snatches of sacred music come from the tent as the good wife makes some changes in her apparel, and comes out with another hammock that is soon filled with her somewhat stately form. What a feeling of content comes over the senses as we thus let this lovely day pass away in a quiet rest.

Soon we are aroused with, "Say pa, if you will go to the spring for some water I will make some lemonade!" Taking the bucket, I am soon beside the cold, clear waters, quaffing them again and again. It is astonishing how much water one drinks when beside these Michigan streams. We sit on the log a moment and there comes stealing through the woods the sound of a well-known sacred song. In an instant we catch the words:

> "Had I a thousand hearts to give,
> Lord, they should all be Thine."

What a solace, what comfort woman finds in a devout, earnest religious trust.

Memory crowds back to another scene, when deep affliction fell on this same family, and this same voice, now ringing through these woodland cloisters, was dumb in her sorrow, and stood faltering and suppliant, seeing no ray of hope in the gloom. But a sublime faith triumphed, and to-day, while sitting beside this spring, the voice comes strong and clear in that much-loved hymn—

> "Oh! that beautiful home in my visions and dreams,
> Its bright jasper walls I can see,
> Till I fancy but dimly a veil intervenes
> Between that fair city and me."

The sorrow had passed away; joy came in the morning; but "where the treasure is there is the heart also." The anticipation of spending Sabbaths more glorious than these with the loved little one, voices these songs and turns them into hymns of praise.

No cloistered temples or hallowed fane—no Norman arches in grand old cathedrals, have rung out tones from a fine old organ, the Gregorian chants, with a whit more feeling of sublime worship than have these groves of springing maples rustled their leaves in accompanying music to these songs of loftiest cheer. And so our Sunday passes in quiet contemplation or in simple song.

Since we came here fishing a new cabinet organ came to the neighborhood, and while at supper on Sunday evening, a polite and cordial invitation came to our tent for us to spend the evening at the house and give them some music.

We found a copy of Gospel Hymns in the house, and sitting down we spent two very pleasant hours with the family, and soon had all of them singing these simple yet touching melodies. Turning to an old and well remembered tune, "Manoah," we sang the verses forming the doxology, and with the thanks of these friends for the evening spent so pleasantly, we went to our tent and to rest. Not a fear, not a regret, no headache to remind us of a Sunday's spree, but a peaceful, calm, quiet Sunday in camp.

The next day Camp Leonard was broken up. The twelve year old boy hauled down his stars and stripes and put them away for another year, he says, but whether they float another summer in New Mexico up in the mountain ranges, or East in Canadian provinces, or in the Rockies, or shall again spread to the breeze up near the grayling streams of Northern Michigan, we shall always remember our pleasant Sundays in camp at Summit City. NORMAN.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

AT the close of the FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament, on Friday, the 20th inst., the members of the Committee of Arrangements and a few gentlemen who had signified a wish to be present met at dinner at the Windsor Hotel. After dinner the chairman of the committee formally stated, what all knew before, that there was a rapidly growing sentiment among the anglers who had visited the tournament, and many whose business prevented their being there, that an association should be formed to continue the good work so happily inaugurated by FOREST AND STREAM. The opinion of all was that an annual meeting should be held, and that much good outside work could be done toward educating the youthful anglers now coming on the stage, not only in properly casting the fly, but also in observing, and aiding in the formation of laws to increase and preserve our best fishes.

Mr. E. G. Blackford expressed himself as heartily in favor of an association to encourage fishing with the rod and reel, and it occurred to him that it might be well to consider whether "The National Rod and Reel Association" would not be a good name for it. Mr. Geddes thought it a good one—it left out protection of fish from the title, and it was much better to do things than to imply a promise in the name of the society that the protection of fish was the main object, and then do but little toward it. Mr. Mather approved the name and moved its acceptance, and the young society was christened.

The next move was naturally toward a permanent organization, and Mr. Francis Endicott, President of the Richmond County (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association, was unanimously elected president. Mr. S. M. Blatchford, of the Squibnocket Club, was then asked to draft an announcement of the objects sought to be accomplished by the organization, and offered the following:

The objects of the Rod and Reel Association of the United States shall be—

First—The preservation of game fish by every possible means for those whose delight it is to take them by rod and reel.

Secondly—The holding of an annual Tournament to cultivate and compare excellence in the use of rod and reel.

Thirdly—The cultivation of that fraternal feeling which always exists among the lovers of our gentle sport.

Mr. L. W. Winchester, President of the Restigouche Salmon Club, was then chosen Treasurer and Mr. Fred Mather Secretary; the initiation fee and annual dues were fixed at $3.00. Messrs. Endicott, Blackford and Mather were appointed to draft a constitution and bye-laws to be submitted for approval at the next meeting, which will be at the call of the President, and with a vote of thanks to the proprietor of the Windsor for the use of the parlor, the meeting adjourned.

Since that meeting the enthusiasm among anglers is perfectly astonishing, and they are all asking why this association was never thought of before. Many of the first men in the land have written to the members of the committee to know how soon they can join. The low fee will bring in a thousand members before the new year, and the proposition of Mr. Geddes, that instead of asking for prizes the association should buy them, will be perfectly practicable. All agree that the status of amateur and professional fly-casters should be strictly defined, and classes made for each, so that it will be impossible for a man to enter in the first class and sweep all through unless he should be one who only handles the rod for sport and not in the way of business.

We predict the most glorious future for the new association which has been born of the first Anglers' Tournament ever held on this continent, which was conducted without objectionable surroundings, and which brought together a class of men who never before assembled at such a contest. The membership will include prominent men from most all States in the Union, and bids fair to be come a power for good in the land and one which it will be a pleasure for anglers to join.

RANGELEY TROUT AND SALMON.

I HAVE just returned from Rangeley Lakes, where I have been engaged since October 1, in taking eggs of the Rangeley trout for the purpose of hatching and restocking the waters. The fishing during September was very poor, and many anglers thought, with good reason, that the fishing was about played out. The cause was probably owing to the warm season. After October 1 the fish began to come into the streams and outlets, and were very plenty.

I give you items from my diary of my catch in Rangeley streams, not taking into account any of less than two pounds, of which we took quite a large number; also, the score of Kennebago stream, where, as the fish run smaller, I give you the whole number:

Oct. 1.—3 females, one of 7, one of 6, and one of 2½ pounds.

Oct. 1.—3 males, one of 7, one of 6, and one of 4 pounds.

Oct. 2.—6 females, one of 7, one of 6, two of 4, and two of 3 pounds.

Oct. 2.—4 males, one of 7, one of 6, one of 5, and one of 4 pounds.

Oct. 4.—Went up Kennebago stream to spawning ground. Caught with fly, in two hours, 60 fish, from one to 5½ pounds each; found but few ripe fish; they took the fly readily, the spawning females as well as the rest; four-fifths of them were males. So few of them were ripe that I did not try to catch more.

Oct. 4.—4 males, one of 9, one of 5, and two of 4 pounds.

Oct. 4.—9 females, one of 7½, one of 6, one of 5 and six of 4 pounds.

Oct. 5.—Went up Kennebago; stopped over night.

Oct. 6.—Caught, yesterday and to-day, 125 trout, average

2½ pounds each. Largest, three of 7, two of 6 and fifteen of 4 pounds each. They were mostly males. I found but few ripe fish.

Oct. 7.—14 females, one of 8½, one of 7½, two of 7, three of 4, five of 3, and two of 2½ pounds each.

Oct. 7.—3 males, one of 8½, one of 8 and one of 5 pounds.

Oct. 8.—12 females, one of 8½, one of 8, two of 6, four of 4 and four of 3 pounds each.

Oct. 9.—Went up Kennebago stream; stopped over night.

Oct. 10.—Caught 200 trout, average 2½ pounds each. Largest number males. Came back to Rangeley in afternoon. Caught 4 females first, average 4 pounds.

Oct. 11.—2 females, one of 3 and one of 4 pounds. One salmon, 6 pounds, turned back in stream unharmed.

Oct. 12.—7 females, one of 8, two of 7, two of 5 and two of 4. 1 male, 2½ pounds. Filled boxes with eggs to-day, with exception of those reserved for landlocked salmon.

I am very happy to say that the salmon put in an appearance in the Rangeley stream this fall in considerable numbers, and for the first time. Some of them were very large. I saw five of them in a pool which I estimated would run from four to ten pounds each. Over forty were taken last June in the Rangeley Lake alone, of from two and a half to four and half pounds each. They have also been taken in the lakes below. For the short time that has elapsed since they were introduced and the small number of eggs, the success has been remarkable.

The first young fry were planted there in 1874, 2,000; '75, 5,000; '76, 3,000; '77, 18,000; from these plants the fish that have been taken sprang. The fish of which I give you the weights are the true book trout (*Salmo fontinalis*). The size is not remarkable for those waters. Three-quarters of the fish which I took in the Rangeley streams were females. Why it was so I cannot tell, unless the males, coming in earlier than the females, as they always do, were caught by the angler at the bar and outlet. The last fish that came into the stream were females with hardly an exception.

The expense of the work is paid by contributing sportsmen, and is obtained by subscription books, which are kept open at the different hotels and club houses for that purpose. Ample funds were raised this year to take the eggs, pay a man for taking care of them through the winter, and also to erect another and larger hatching house for another season. Had the house been finished this year I could have filled it easily with eggs. I have no doubt that the fishing at Rangeley can be brought up to where it was in the palmiest days by following up the work now begun. The appearance of the salmon confirm it. I predict that in a few years the salmon fish ng at Rangeley will be the best ever known in Maine, and her big salmon will be as famous as her trout. And here I wish to thank every person who contributed to the Rangeley hatching fund, and may they all live lo land a ten-pounder from the fry that will be introduced there next spring. HENRY O. STANLEY, Com'r of Fisheries.

DIXFIELD, Me., Oct. 15.

BLACK BASS.—I saw in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 5 that a gentleman wanted to get black bass to take to Europe. I would refer him to Mr. Maurice Decker, of Lake Hopatcong, N. J., Mr. Decker's address is Wood Port, Morris Co., N. J. He is a veteran fisherman, and the bass are plenty and he can get him all he would want of every kind.—E. C.

The New Haven *Register* says: Burr Keeler, of Ridgefield, Conn., who claims to be the oldest "piscator" in the State, caught a 3½ pound bass in Umpawaug Lake the other day. Mr. Burr's taste for angling began when he was a boy—more than 70 years ago.

Will fish hook a fish hook?—*Earl Marble.* Will fish tackle fish tackle?—*Chicago World.*

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

A MEETING of the State Commissioners of Fisheries was held at the office of Commissioner R. B. Roosevelt, No. 70 Chambers street, Mr. Roosevelt occupying the chair. Commissioners Eugene G. Blackford and R. U. Sherman were present. A resolution was passed to the effect that hereafter no fish or spawn should be sold from the State hatchery without the consent of two of the commissioners. The State Superintendent of Fisheries was granted a leave of absence in order that he might visit Florida during the winter. Mr. Roosevelt said that little was known of the habits of striped bass and bluefish after they had left Northern waters, and thought something of practical value could be learned as regards their spawning places. He also said that the superintendent could be spared without loss to the State fish interests in the winter season. Commissioner Blackford said he did not think there was any basis for believing that fish found in Northern waters in summer were the same as those found off the Florida coast in winter, but he was in favor of the superintendent studying the habits of the Southern fish, and asked that a report of his investigations be presented to the commission.

A discussion took place as to the hatchery at Cold Spring, Long Island, which was begun last year, but not finished. Mr. Blackford said that for the past four years he had made an effort to have a hatchery established on Long Island, and he thought, as $3,000 had been appropriated for the work, it should be completed. He thought the State Superintendent had shown a want of inclination toward finishing it. He was in favor of there establishing salt-water fish preserves. Interest, he continued, had of late been taken in starting codfisheries on the Long Island coast. Already large numbers of cod were taken for the New York market in the fall and early winter months on the south coast from Coney Island to the point. Over twenty-five fishermen were engaged in taking them, besides many private boats. The Commissioners could get codfish with very little expense, and they would increase very rapidly. He also said that codfish were growing scarce rapidly along the New England coast. He thought the spawn of the Spanish mackerel could be obtained and the work of hatching carried on with success in the Long Island preserves. There had been expended in fixing up an old building for a hatchery at Cold Spring $178, and a few hatching troughs had been prepared. This is all that had been done.

Commissioner Sherman was in favor of continuing the work at Cold Spring, but thought that it should go on in a moderate manner. He considered it an experiment as yet. The time was soon coming, he said, when the spawn of striped bass would be obtained in quantity, and this fish would become one of the most important in the markets, as it will live in both salt and fresh water. He thought special attention should be given to it. The spawn could be taken from the Potomac and other Southern waters. In his opinion, the hatchery, in time, would be of the greatest importance in raising striped bass. The fresh water ponds could be utilized for brook trout and land-locked salmon. The Commissioners then decided to complete the work, and Mr. Sherman offered the following resolution, which was carried:

Resolved, That Mr. Blackford be appointed a sub-committee to complete the hatchery on Long Island, and to hatch such fish spawn as he may obtain from the State hatchery or United States Commission, and to build such salt water ponds as he may think advisable for the hatching of salt water fish. That the expenditures for such purposes be limited to $1,000 until the further order of the board, and the resolution on this subject heretofore adopted be modified to that extent.

It was also decided by the board that special appropriations should be asked of the Legislature, $1,000 to be expended in the rebuilding of the old hatchery house at Caledonia, and $3,000 to be devoted to the work at Cold Spring. Commissioner Sherman said that either Mr. Folger or Mr. Cleveland, if elected to the Governorship, would be favorable to fishery appropriations. He also called attention to the fact that no shad spawn had been placed in the Hudson River for two years, as whatever appropriation was made had come too late for the work. In the Caledonia hatchery, he said, the salmon trout were doing remarkably well. Over 800,000 spawn had been taken from them, and they were growing very large. This was a matter of special interest, because soon the supply of spawn from Canada would be withdrawn, and the superintendent would have to depend upon his own fish. Commissioner Blackford said he had received a hundred applications for carp and they would be distributed by the United States Commission next week. The interest in their culture, he said, was increasing rapidly. After authorizing the secretary to communicate with the United States Commission as to State exhibits of fish at the London exhibition to be held in 1883, the board adjourned.

A NEW HATCHER.

WE give below a cut and description of the McDonald hatcher as described in his specification, etc., in the United States Patent office.

Marshall McDonald, of Washington, District of Columbia, assignor to himself and Stephen C. Brown, of same place.

METHOD OF AND APPARATUS FOR HATCHING FISH.

Specification forming part of Letters Patent No. 263,933, dated Sept. 5, 1882. Application filed June 12, 1882. (No model.)

To all whom it may concern:

Be it known that I, Marshall McDonald, of Washington city, District of Columbia, have invented a new and improved Method of and Apparatus for Hatching Fish; and I do hereby declare that the following is a full, clear, and exact description of the same, reference being had to the accompaning drawings, forming part of this specification, in which—

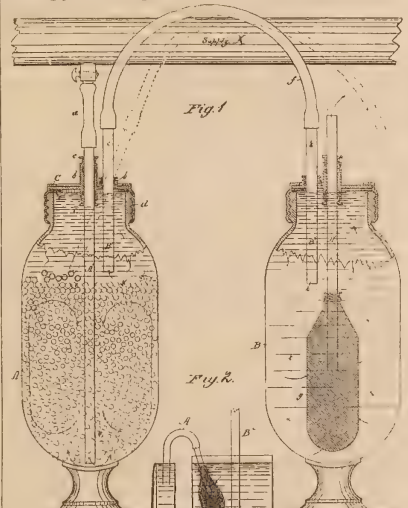


Figure 1 is a side elevation, partly in section, of my improved hatching jar and collector as connected for use. Fig. 2 is a side elevation of a modification of the collector.

The object of my invention is to provide a method of and apparatus for hatching fish, automatically agitating the eggs, eliminating the small fry as soon as hatched, and separating the bad eggs and old shells, and thereby avoiding the contamination of the sound ones.

To these ends my invention consists in the improved method of separating the bad eggs, and also the small fry when hatched, from the eggs remaining in the jar, which consists in agitating the eggs by a forced circulation of water in a closed chamber which is entirely filled with water, and taking off the discharge water from said jar, and with it the bad eggs, (or small fry, as the case may be,) at a point central with respect to the body of the chamber, in contradistinction to taking off the bad eggs at the surface by overflow from an open jar.

In the drawings, X represents a supply-pipe containing water under pressure and of a temperature between 50 deg. and 80 deg.

A is the hatching-jar and B the receiver or collector, which together constitute a complete automatic apparatus, but of which there may be a multiple series, according to the requirements of production. Both the hatching jar and the collector have two glass tubes, A' B' and A^2 B^2. Of these tubes, A' of the hatching jar connects by a rubber tube, *a*, with the water supply, and extends to nearly the bottom of the jar, being held firmly in a tubular sleeve, *b*, of the cover C of the jar, so as to maintain the central position of the tube in said jar. This tube A' may, however, be adjusted vertically in its sleeve to bring its lower end closer to or farther from the bottom of the jar. The reason for this is as follows: The central position of the tube causes the inflow of water to spread symmetrically over the bottom of the jar and cause uniform agitation and circulation of the eggs, as shown by the long arrows. By adjusting the tube down close to the bottom of the jar the stream of water is somewhat retarded or diverted in flow, but increased in vigor of circulation, causing it to be spread out in a thin active sheet, which produces an active circulation and agitation of the eggs in the direction shown by the long arrows. By raising the tube the flow is increased; but the water, instead of being spread by immediate contact with the bottom of the jar, is diffused through the capacity of the jar, making a less active circulation and agitation of eggs. By these very simple and practical adjustments, it will be seen, I am enabled to definitely regulate and control the agitation of eggs and flow of water according to the necessities of the case. This tube A' is rendered water-tight in the sleeve *b* by small stuffing-boxes *c c* at the top and bottom, which by frictional contact hold the tube A to its adjustments against the pressure of the water. The other tube, B', of the hatching jar is the outlet tube for the water, the small fry and the bad eggs, when it is required to remove the latter. This tube is arranged in a short sleeve, *b'*, in the cover of the jar, which is also provided with a stuffing box to render it tight, but which permits this tube to be deflected, as shown in dotted lines, for the purpose hereinafter described. In constructing the sleeve *b'* so as to permit this deflection of the tube, said sleeve and also the removable thimble of the stuffing-box are made of a larger diameter than the tube B', and the packing in the stuffing-box is in the nature of a round rubber ring confined between the said thimble and sleeve, and large enough to act as a fulcrum for the tube B' when it is to be deflected.

The cover to the jar A is held down upon the jar by means of a screw ring, *d*, upon a gum gasket, *e*, so as to form a perfectly tight closed jar. The receiving jar B is provided with a similar tight cover, and has similar tube connections for its tubes A^2 B^2, one of which tubes, B^2, is connected to the tube B' of jar A by a rubber pipe, *f*, and the other of which A^2 is the discharge-pipe, and opens into any suitable receiver for the waste water. Over the lower end of the discharge-tube A^2 is a large filtering-bag, g, distended over a cage, the object of which is to secure a discharge from this closed jar commensurate with the inflow without creating a violent suction through the filter, which would injure the young and delicate fish.

The jars are preferably of glass, so as to permit the operation to be inspected without opening the jar or affecting the flow of water. They are also preferably of a cylindrical shape, with rounded or oval internal ends. In practice I ey are filled about three-fourths full of eggs that have been impregnated or vitalized with the milt of the male, and the tubes are then adjusted to about the position shown. The constant flow of water under pressure into and out of the closed jar now gives the required movement to the eggs, and when the fish is freed from its shell it very soon is caught in the current of water passing up tube B, and is thereby transferred to the collector or receiver B, where it remains, while the water passes out through the strainer g. As the eggs are agitated by the current in A the bad eggs and the shells, by reason of their less specific gravity, accumulate from time to time on the top of the strata of sound eggs, which bad eggs, by reason of their opacity, I have represented by a few heavy circles at the top. Now, to get rid of them the tube *f* is disconnected from B^2 and tube B^2 is deflected till its end is in their vicinity, as shown in dotted lines, when the induction of water draws off these eggs, which are thrown away. After the jar has been purged of these eggs, pipe *f* is again connected to B^2 and the fish are allowed to pass over automatically again.

The fishculturist in practice has to deal with two classes of eggs; first, those which have a greater specific gravity than the medium in which they are deposited, and which therefore descend to and remain at the bottom, unless kept in suspension by the motion of the water. The second class of eggs are specifically lighter than the water in which they are deposited, and tend to the surface, and remain there unless disturbed by the agitation of the water by winds or waves, when they are diffused through and held in suspension in the surface stratum. These eggs all belong to salt-water species of fish—such as the cod or mackerel—are very delicate in structure, drift with the current, and up to the present time no methods or apparatus of hatching have been devised that could handle them on a large scale. Indeed, it is only in the last three years that the attention of the Fish Commission has been directed to the expediency and necessity of resorting to artificial methods in order to maintain the supply of these fish.

Fishculturists have heretofore been chiefly interested in the artificial propagation of species that spawn in fresh water, all of which have heavy eggs, and the methods and apparatus have been devised solely with reference to this class of eggs. My automatic fish-hatching jar proposes to handle both classes of eggs, with a precision and perfection of results not attainable by any existing apparatus. In the case of heavy eggs—such as the shad and the white fish—for which the jar, as illustrated in the drawings, is arranged, the central tube serves as a supply tube, introducing a current of water to the bottom of the vessel under pressure. This buoys up and filters through the mass of eggs that fills three-fourths of the entire interior capacity of the jar, communicating to the whole a slow boiling motion, and enveloping each egg in a film of fresh water constantly renewed. The dead eggs, being a little lighter than the live ones, by degrees work to the surface and under the outlet-tube, which by being set at a proper distance, determined by experience, will in the course of twenty-four hours remove every dead egg, leaving only a compact mass of clean, live eggs when the period of hatching approaches. The importance of this is appreciated when we consider that a single dead egg will develop fungus which may involve in its meshes and destroy many other healthy live eggs during the period of incubation. When the hatching begins a connection is established with the collector, to which the young fish as they break the shell and swim up in the water, are transferred by the current of water, and in which they are collected and retained without injury until ready for shipping.

The advantages of the apparatus are as follows:

First, the almost complete automatic performance; reducing attendance, and therefore the cost of production, to a minimum.

Second, the complete separation of the dead eggs from the living and the perfect circulation of water secure the hatching of every healthy impregnated egg, and necessarily yields a much larger percentage of production than any apparatus now in use.

Third, the collector enables us to collect in convenient condition for shipping and retain without injury all the fish that are hatched.

Fourth, the getting rid of the dead decomposing eggs and largely of the shells leaves the young fry clean and in the best condition for shipping—a cleanliness and therefore safety in transportation not possible to secure with existing apparatus without a degree of assiduous and careful attention which adds vastly to the work of the hatching room.

Fifth, the use of close vessels for hatchers and collectors worked full of water under a head enables me to use the apparatus aboard cars or on vessels—a result not attainable with existing apparatus, and which vastly increases the possibilities of fishculture.

In hatching buoyant eggs the direction of current is reversed, the water entering at the top and passing out at the bottom—in other words, the direction of the current is reversed, while in other respects the manipulation is the same.

As shown in the drawings, each hatching-jar is connected with a separate collecting-jar, which is also closed. I may, however, as a modification of my invention, have a common collector for a number of hatching-jars and for laboratory use where the jars are stationary or not in transit. This common collector may be an open jar or aquarium, as shown in Fig. 2, in which B^2 is one of the tubes from the hatching-jars, and A^2 a siphon discharge-pipe with filter for carrying off the waste water, which siphon has its outer end closed by a body of water in another vessel.

I am aware of the patents to Chase, August 16, 1881, and Wilmot, July 18, 1876, and I do not claim anything shown therein.

My invention is distinctive with respect to processes described in the foregoing, and especially the Wilmot process, in that he uses an open vessel and separates the bad eggs, which are of less specific gravity, by overflow from an open vessel. I take advantage of the same principle of separating

the bad from the good eggs through their different specific gravities. My process is, however, distinct in the following respects: The forced circulation in a closed vessel, and discharging the water from the vessel at a point more or less central to said chamber or below the surface of the water enable me to secure the following important results: First, I am enabled to effect the separation at any point in the jar without change in the water circulation, and thus can treat a very small quantity of eggs in the jar as well as if the jar were filled nearly to the top, as is necessary in Wilmot's invention; secondly, I avoid all slopping over of the water in the jar and I avoid waste of eggs, thus permitting my process to be conducted on cars during transportation; thirdly, by taking off the discharging water in the forced circulation at a point more or less central to the jar, I avoid the spattering of the water and consequent loss of small fry from fish eggs in the fall from an overflowing vessel; and fourthly, this mode of carrying off the water draws the eggs and small fry into its current with a gentle but positive suction whose influence is distributed throughout the jar, while a surface overflow has no effect in eliminating the bad eggs until they get upon the immediate surface.

Having thus described my invention, what I claim as new is—

1. The improved process of automatically separating the bad eggs and small fry from fish eggs during incubation, which consists in agitating them in a closed chamber filled full of water by means of a forced circulation of the same, and drawing off the discharge water along with the bad eggs or small fry at a point below the surface of the water, or more or less central with respect to the jar, as described.

2. A fish-hatching jar composed of closed glass vessel A, a detachable cover, and the inlet and outlet tubes A' B', one being adjustable in vertical direction and the other being detachable, as shown and described.

3. A collector for the small fry, consisting of a jar or vessel having an inlet-tube and an outlet-tube, with an enlarged or cage filter on its inner end immersed in said jar or vessel, as and for the purpose described.

4. The combination of the closed hatching-jar A, having tubes A' B' for a forced circulation, and the collector B, having connecting-tubes B' and f, and a discharge-tube, A', with a cage filter, as shown and described.

The above specification of my invention signed by me in the presence of two subscribing witnesses.

MARSHALL McDONALD.

Witnesses—EDW. W. BYRN. CHAS. A. PETTIT.

BLACK BASS FOR ENGLAND.—Mr. W. T. Silk, the English fisheulturist, who came to this country three weeks ago to procure black bass for the stocking of the preserves of the Marquis of Exeter, sailed on Saturday the 21st, on the steamer Baltic, after successfully accomplishing the object of his visit. Before leaving he said: "I have succeeded in securing 700 black bass from Greenwood Lake to carry back with me to stock White Water Lake, belonging to the Marquis of Exeter, and the various reservoirs around London. The fish all come from Greenwood Lake. As at this season of the year they resort to deep water it was impossible to net them, so I had to resort to hook and line, with which almost all of the fish were caught. In seize they range from two inches in length up to two pounds in weight, and I have secured a lot of minnows to feed the large fish with on their passage across. They will occupy the four tanks which I brought with me, and you will soon hear that the black bass is as plentiful in England as our sparrows are now with you."

Answers to Correspondents.

W. S. M., Gloucester C. H., Vt.—Write to the Essex County Hunt, box 187, Montclair, N. J.

D. W. C., Boston, Mass.—Pollux is by Dash III. out of Hardy's Diana. See FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 24 for full description.

E. S. J., N. Y.—Can you name me a place within one or two hours of New York where there is good rabbit, quail, or partridge shooting, and which would not be overran by hunters? Ans. We know of no place that fulfils these conditions.

S. R. H., New York.—Can you inform me of a good shooting ground for rabbits within three or four hours' ride of New York city? Ans. We are informed that there is worth rabbit shooting near Lakeville, near Sayville, L. I. Take Long Island R. R. Your note was overlooked.

J. D. B., New York.—Can I shoot ducks at Barnegat and Forked River only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, or does the three-day law cover Mosquito Cove only. Also if there is any quail shooting there? Ans. Covers Mosquito Cove only. No quail shooting to speak of.

J. L. Z., N. Y.—Will you please inform me what kind of shooting there is at the end of next month in the Hackensack meadows near Carlstadt or Secaucus. Ans. If the weather remains warm ducks may be found on the Hackensack River and adjoining meadows. Also snipe, if the weather keeps open. But no man but one who knows the ground thoroughly will find the shooting satisfactory, as there are more shooters than birds, as a rule. Near Carlstadt, quail and woodcock may also be found.

J. D. J., Long Prairie, Minn.—Please give me a name for the bird to which the enclosed head and bill belongs. I shot this about eight miles north of here yesterday. It weighed about eight or nine pounds, looked something like a goose, neck ash color, like head, back and wings dark brown or black, breast ash color, belly white with dark blotches or large spots on it, belly white, legs yellow. Was all alone when I shot it. Ans. The bird is the white-fronted goose (*Anser al bifrons*), sometimes, but incorrectly, called prairie brant.

BITTER ROOT BILL, Missoula, W. T.—1. I am about to order a 12-gauge, 9lb., 32in. barrel, with pistol grip, 3in. shell, double barrel B. L. gun for duck and goose shooting. What do you think of it? Would it be suitable? 2. How do ——— rank as gunmakers? 3. Is it not rather a strange thing for snipe to winter in this climate? I have seen them frequently in January when there was two feet of snow. 4. Would 5 drams powder, 1¼oz. shot, be a suitable load for above mentioned gun? Ans. 1. We would prefer 10lb., 30in. barrels. 2. High. 3. Snipe will often remain by warm, open springs all through the winter. 4. The charge would be too heavy. You must experiment with the gun. Begin with 3 drams of powder and an ounce of shot, and target the gun until you get satisfactory results. If you want to shoot heavy charges you had better get a heavy gun, perhaps a No. 10.

A. E. B., Washington, D. C.—Please publish field trials and bench show winnings of Warwick, Belle and Kirby. Also if Warwick and Belle were considered in any way fine in the field. What do you think a bitch (blue belton) is worth by Warwick and Belle? She has a fine head, body and legs in every respect. Anc. Warwick won he. at St. Louis in 1878, he. in impromptu class and second in native class at Baltimore 1878, vhc. at Philadelphia 1879, and vhc. at New York 1881. His field trial winnings are: Divided second with Grouse Dale in the Pennsylvania State Trials. All-Aged Stake, at Grand Junction 1881. Belle has won he. four times on the bench, viz., Baltimore 1877, St. Louis 1878, Baltimore 1878 in both the imported and native class. Kirby won c. in the champion class at Baltimore 1878. Neither she nor Belle has any record. Both are said to be capital fielders. It would be impossible to say what the bitch from Warwick and Belle is worth.

DAVY, Sardis, Miss.—I attended Mr. W. W. Cole's circus, menagerie, etc., at Memphis, Tenn., last week, and I saw a gentleman claiming to be A. H. Bogardus, the renowned shot of America, and I believe he claims the championship of the world. With him were his two sons, the older of whom performed very good shooting with rifle at a stationary target at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and the Captain's little son, aged about eight or ten years, also did some fine shooting with his little popgun rifle. The Captain himself did not do as well as I expected. Shooting at six single balls he broke all of them, but when it came to shooting at double balls, the renowned gentleman missed his second double, making his bow and retiring after the second double. Now, what I want to know is, was the gentleman the true and original Capt. A. H. Bogardus, or some one sailing under false colors? What has become of Dr. Carver? Ans. The individual whom you saw was probably the Simon pure Capt. Bogardus. He is traveling with a circus somewhere in the Southwest. Carver has just reached this country from Europe, and is soon, we believe to return.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

RAB.

A LITTLE mound in the garden,
Aside from the box-bordered walk,
Tells in such language as flowers
And only flowers can talk—
(No need of other inscription,
No need of memorial slab,)
Tells that, all still and silent,
Underneath lies our little Rab.

And yet in fancy I see him,
Alert, overflowing with life,
Now racing across the grass-plot
With the children in playful strife;
Then, with head drooping saucily sideways,
On his haunches, with heaving breast,
Awaiting the further onset,
While the children stop to rest.

Rab, with his coat so silky,
Seal brown set off by white,
With his long, soft ears, and his questioning eyes,
Aglow with an inner light;
Shall we see him no more forever,
Will he come no more at our call,
He, the delight of the household,
The merriest, maddest of all?

Ah, Rab! we will miss you sadly,
As we look at the spot where your name,
Wrought of the ash's red berries,
Glows as if written in flame.
And the flowers will bloom and wither,
For many and many a day,
On the little grave where the children
Have tenderly laid you away. R. S. CHILTON.

[Rab was a favorite pet, a cocker spaniel. His owner, the writer of these touching lines, was for many years the private secretary of Daniel Webster.—Ed.]

FIELD TRIAL NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the time for the annual field trials of N. A. K. Club draws nearer it may be of interest to some of your readers to know who are preparing for it and what dogs they have, therefore I send you a list of those near here.

E. J. Wallace, Bartlett, Tenn., has Gath for the Derby and Startle for the All-Aged Stakes, both Llewellin setters.

Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., has Clipper and Stanton, both Gladstone—Frost, which will probably be the youngest starters in the Derby.

Major J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., has Bragg and Gazelle, both by Prince, and said to be promising. He may also run Maud W., and if he does she will be a dangerous competitor.

W. A. Ellison, Atoka, Tenn., has Nellie E. for the Derby, and Lit, Nellie E., and probably Donno J. for the All-Aged Stakes.

Geo. W. Winford, Germantown, Tenn., thinks he has the Derby winner in Pride of Memphis (Wm. Bowle's), but Dr. A. F. McKinney, Forest Hill, Tenn., intends to fight him to the "last ditch" for first money with his Kate B. (Count Noble—Peep O'Day), and then try the old ones for the honors in the All-Aged Stakes.

H. M. Short, Middleton, Tenn., has quite a string, several already known to the public. He will have three or four in each stake, and if there is anything in numbers he ought to be about the last ordered out of the race. Pink B., Carrie J., Milwaukee, Richard III. and Dash will contend for the Derby honors, and the two first probably for the All-Aged Stakes, backed up by Frank H., Victor, Don, Peep O'Day and Sue.

J. M. Arent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., has one or two for each stake. J. E. Mask, of the same place, has one good one for the All-Aged Stakes. With the exception of Mr. Short all the above-named live near here. I know of quite a number of persons from the North, East and West who will be near Grand Junction soon with their dogs; of these I will write another time.

Birds at Grand Junction will be ample for a large entry, and if the trials are not a success it will not be for want of birds. No one will be allowed to shoot there, and those who desire to stop near there will be furnished with information regarding good places by writing to me.

D. BRYSON, Secretary N. A. K. C.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

THE ESSEX COUNTY HUNT.

THE meet of the Essex County Hunt, last Saturday, was at Montclair, N. J., at 3:30 P. M. About twenty ladies and gentlemen participated, the affair being one of the most enjoyable in the annals of the hunt. The drag was laid in a northerly direction, over a rather stiff country, which was very cleverly traversed by all without mishap. The "bagman" was dumped about four miles from the start, and when the pack struck the scent they at once opened with a burst of melody that caused each rider to more firmly grasp the reins, as their impatient steeds plunged madly forward in the most exciting chase. After making the circuit of a house, Reynard broke away across the open into full view, and at his best speed made straight for Little Falls, with the pack in full cry, straining every nerve to make his closer acquaintance. Gaining the towpath of the canal, he followed it a short distance, but finding that this was altogether too slow for him, he artfully doubled and sought safety by plunging into the river and crossing to an island; but he little knew the temper of his foes, for the eager hounds, with flying leaps from the bank, were soon breasting the rapid current. Reaching the island, no delay was made to shake the water from their dripping coats, but, with a grand chorus of "heavenly music," they raced their victim round and round the island, finally running into him in the open, in full view of the admiring crowd who had gathered upon the bank. Mr. Howard, the huntsman, waded across and brought back the mutilated remains, which were distributed as follows: The brush to Mr George Hacker, the mask to Master Wilmerdeen, and the pads to Mr. McCready, Master Harry Page, and Mr. Bull. ESSEX.

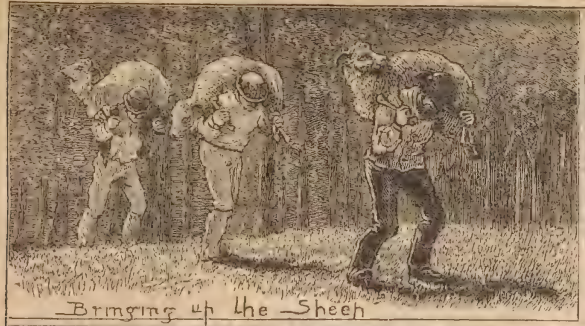
NORTHWESTERN COUNTIES SHEEP DOG TRIALS.

President—Mr. H. C. Howard. Secretary—Mr. C. D. Mare. Judges—For the best worker, Mr. J. Howell, and Mr. John Rigg; for the best looking, Mr. W. A. G. James and Mr. W. D. Inman.

ON Thursday, Sept. 28, the annual collie trials in connection with this association were held in a portion of Greystoke Park, near Penrith. The weather proved, on the whole, unusually favorable, there, in early morning rain threatened and a piercing wind blew. As noon approached the sun shown out brightly, and all minor surroundings became favorable. There was a large and fashionable attendance upon the ground, doubtless the most numerous since the inauguration of these trials. The prizes offered are valuable—£12 first and £5 second in the champion class; £7, £4, and a third prize of £2 in the open All-Aged stake; £5, £3 and £1 in the local one; with an extra stake of £5 and £2, and a special cup value £5 for the handsomest dog on the field, which had worked to the satisfaction of the judges. With such good money prizes as these, it is no wonder the entries numbered forty; almost more than can be satisfactorily gotten through in one day, especially where, as in the present instance, the course was a difficult one. Unfortunately, the competition is confined to a district—an extensive one, certainly—including Cumberland, Westmorland, Lancashire, and a portion of Yorkshire. But with such manifest advantages as this association possesses, we should like to see at least one valuable stake open to general competition. Possibly another year arrangements for this may be made. Capt. Best, of Llangollen, hon. secretary to the Welsh Trials Association, was upon the ground, and, we believe, was well pleased with his visit north, which was solely undertaken to have some conversation with the committee as to future improvements in and extension of such trials generally. The result of the interview may induce the Welsh shepherds to visit the north of England another year.

The arrangements for the trials appeared to be very complete, though there is one little thing against them—the difficulty of access to the places where they are usually held. On the present occasion we were at Greystoke Park, some three miles from Blencowe Station. Part of the distance was taken in a wagonette or other conveyance, the remainder, of about a mile, through the park on foot. In returning, on the conclusion of the trials, there was quite a scarcity of conveyances; and many of the visitors, after standing about the field the whole day, did not quite relish the three-mile walk to the railway. Had the weather been wet, this would have proved a great inconvenience; as it was fine, and the moon about full, those of the less active stamp were compelled to be satisfied with their grumble, while the remainder, perhaps, enjoyed the walk. In other respects Greystoke Park is admirably adapted for competitions of this kind. The different stakes were capitally formulated, though some of the interested ones complained of the abolition of the puppy stake, which in previous years proved one of the most interesting events; but there was always some dissatisfaction expressed as to the stated ages of the dogs, and perhaps the executive acted wisely in striking out a stake which there were grounds for believing might lead to disagreement. And it would be sure to do this unless some rule for the registration of puppies at their birth could be made. Although we are all so honest, still there are some human beings who are unrightfully suspicious and no one can correctly tell from observation to a month or two the age of any dog which has lived, say, ten months on this earth. The sheep used on this occasion were pure Herdwicks and capital specimens of the breed. They answered their purpose well, and were quite wild enough for anything; moreover, they were the most uniform and even lot of sheep we ever saw at any meeting—*i. e.*, they afforded fewer, what may be called, lucky trials than usual. One of the drawbacks to such contests as we are writing about is a certain amount of good fortune which may be obtained by one dog an easier trio of sheep to drive than another. However, with these Herdwicks the element luck was reduced to a minimum. The spectators were arranged upon the side of a hill, at the foot of which was a gully studded with trees. On the other side of the latter lay the course, semi-circular in shape, the boundaries defined by eight flags, outside which the sheep were to be driven. Toward the end of the course in front of the last flag a lot of hurdles were erected, extending from the wall to some distance up the field. In these hurdles or railings was a gap about two yards wide, and through it the sheep had to go, while some eighty or a hundred yards further on stood the pen in which the flock had to be "housed." The opening to this pen was but two feet wide, and with great difficulty only could the sheep be driven therein. At the commencement, the shepherd worked his dog from the foot of the hill where stood the spectators, the ravine and the trees being between the man and his collie. However, the wind was blowing in a contrary direction, and the dog could not hear orders, so after a couple of trials from that point had proven unsatisfactory, the shepherd was located about the center of the course, over the ravine, some four hundred yards from where the sheep were liberated. The course was undulating, as much so, that at times the collie would be quite out of sight of his worker. This made a difficulty. And again at the fifth flag there was a considerable decline or hollow, which had an attraction for the sheep, as leading directly to a corner in the field where some time or other might have stood a sheep fold. That point proved most fatal to the ultimate success of some of the competitors, especially as the remainder of the flags round which the little packs were driven lay to the left hand side of this tempting and easy declivity. After the trials which went for nought, as we have stated, the proceedings commenced with the Local Stakes, open to any places within ten miles of Greystoke. Ben was directed to his sheep, which he viewed soon after leaving their pen; he went round them on the high ground, bringing them the wrong side of the first flag, and also of the second one. Here he could not manage to work at all, and, after trying for considerable time, was called up. Toss, a white and black smoothish-coated dog, was a little time before he found his sheep; when he did so, he went up to them a bit roughly, and brought them inside the flags. About the center of the course one of the sheep bolted right down the field, and the dog, not being able to get the three together again, was called up. Meg, a pretty little black and white bitch, was worked by a shepherd of considerable character. The sheep were duly found and nicely driven for some distance, when the dog managed to get to the rear of them; they took back to where they had been released from, and were never afterwards recovered, so Meg was called up. Fan, directly she was let go, began to bark and was with difficulty sent round her sheep, which took up the hill, away from the course. Here they were soon lost, and poor Fan came back without success. The Southwaite dog, the last in the stake, had little to do to go in and win, but he actually worked worse than any which had preceded him. He took a fair course to his sheep, but all the persuasion of the shepherd could not make him go round them, so, as he showed no pretensions to excellence, he was called up. The judges very properly refused to award any prizes in this class, as no merit had been shown by any of the competitors. There was not a murmur at this decision, though there was grumbling at the time occupied in giving each animal in this stake a full trial.

All-Aged Stake (open to the district of the association). Mite went quickly to her sheep, but unfortunately got on the wrong side, which caused them to go right over the hill, when the bitch came back to her owner. She was, however, sent for them a long way back, and succeeded in getting well behind her sheep, and now showed some knowledge of driving, but, finally, going once more on the wrong side, the sheep went back to the pen and Mite was recalled. This was a long and tedious trial. Nell, a little black bitch, with white frill,











SCENES AT SHEEP DOG TRIALS.

went quickly along to her sheep, and got very well to the right side of them. She then, keeping at a nice distance, drove them quietly outside the first flag, then on the right side of some others till past the judges. Here, coming down the hill, the sheep were kept well together, but brought inside the next lot of flags. The hurdles were passed on the high side, but very cleverly the bitch took them back, through the gap, and so on to the pen. Here the sheep were very stupid, but, although Nell would not "lie down," the trio were penned safely in fifteen minutes. Young Mat was next released, and went quickly to the far side of his sheep on the low ground, driving them very quickly well outside all the flags to past the judges. Here, as usual, the sheep would come inside the boundary, and then ran down the hill to the wall side, and there huddled up in the corner formed of the junction of the railings with the wall. Mat was now sent over the latter and so succeeded in getting behind the sheep. One of them turned stupid and faced the dog, but Mat, sailing good naturedly, just backed. The sheep would not stir until, with a deal of persuasion, they began backing up hill, facing the dog, but gradually approaching the opening, through which they had to be driven. Now Mat showed some of the best form we ever saw at a trial, barking and bounding toward his flock, which steadily continued their course of backing. They actually went so to the opening, but even here they stuck for a time, and when persuaded through went pretty cheerfully to the pen, where, after some little work, they were safely ensconced. Time, nineteen and a half minutes.

Puck, another black and white bitch, got the sheep well enough round the first flag, then inside the next ones; but she took them back the right course for a time; then they made over the hill, and when next Puck appeared she had lost two of her sheep. The early work of this bitch was good. Mat is a little hard-haired dog, to look at almost as much a terrier as a sheep dog, but he is a variety we have seen do unusually well. He worked carefully a wild lot of sheep, driving at a nice distance behind them, rather slowly though. The early flags were taken on the outside, but at the fatal place past the judges, the sheep became almost unmanageable, and half way down the hill the dog appeared quite at a loss. Here much time was occupied. Ultimately most of the flags were rounded, but the sheep were not taken through the opening in the hurdles, neither were they penned. John, a grey colored dog, rather of the stamp of the last, found his sheep, but instead of taking them round the flags brought them to the judges, or nearly to them. When steadied and sent away again, they were taken inside the flags, and, being driven somewhat roughly the dog was called up. Next came the yellow and white dog Rob, not a bad looking collie by any means, and perhaps entered for the beauty prize. Certainly he was no worker, for although he undoubtedly saw his sheep he would not go past them, and appeared to us to put his nose to the ground as though in quest of a hare or rabbit; of course he was no use. Lady, a brown and white bitch, went well to her sheep, and when behind them waited patiently for orders. On the word being given she, keeping a respectful distance, drove her flock along and outside four or five flags. When down the hill the sheep turned and went back a bit but were ultimately made to return on the outside of the flags; at the lowmost flags Lady could do nothing, and failed to make further progress, although half the course was worked in very good form. Topsy, a little brown bitch showed considerable sense; too much, perhaps, for instead of driving the sheep as directed, just brought them straight to her worker. Belle made a capital commencement, losing no time in getting round her sheep, which she drove quickly some distance outside four flags, then inside the fifth, but outside the remainder, taking a capital course to the hurdles, the sheep not being allowed to get too low, and so into the corner. Then the gap was safely passed and to the pen. Here the sheep were unusually troublesome; at first one entered, then came out again, then a couple were within the hurdles, but only for a second or two. Finally, after showing capital work here as in driving, the sheep were penned in sixteen and a half minutes. Mr. Bracken's nameless animal (the committee should not allow entries so to be made), a black and tan in color, went quickly to his sheep and drove them round a couple of the flags. Then the flock would have its own way, bolted up the hill, but was after some little delay brought back, and so on outside three other flags; again the sheep broke away and were to be brought back, a feat safely accomplished. The remaining flags were rounded, and so to the hurdles. Missing the gap the first time of trying, at the second attempt they were driven through, then to the pen. Here the sheep were "housed" quickly. Whole time, twenty-two and a half minutes. Beauty, a good-looking, smooth-coated black and tan bitch, showed great pace, and at the outset considerable docility in going round her sheep on the low side and driving them outside four flags. At the fifth, the sheep broke away as usual, but in due course were brought back, then missing the lower flags, were taken through the openings in the hurdles to the pen. Here some capital work was done, and the feat accomplished in fifteen minutes. Although this bitch worked well and secured quickly, she did not show any particular work. Meg, next in turn, had worked previously in the local class and done badly. She now showed considerably improved form. Finding her sheep she, in answer to the voice of her shepherd, drove them quietly and patiently outside the early flags, crossed the difficult descent without scattering her sheep, and properly around all the flags but the lower one. The gap was safely passed, and so on to the pen. Now the shepherd caused considerable amusement by doffing his coat, which he held in his left hand, and, spreading out, used it to prevent the sheep bolting in that direction. Meg worked very patiently and sagaciously, crouching and creeping as the word was given. A troublesome lot of sheep were in the end driven into the inclosure in seventeen minutes, over five of which were occupied in penning. The awards of the judges were: Mr. J. S. Pattinson's Nell, first; Mr. Moscrop's Belle, second; Mr. J. Aikrigg's Young Mat, third; J. Bracken's nameless, reserve.

Champion Stakes, for previous winners of a first prize of £4, or upwards.—In this class the judges did not allow so much time in the commencement of the work, and any dog that began badly was at once ordered up. Fan, a red bitch, saw and went around her sheep very quickly, (using the first flag on the outside. At the second the sheep went away from their would-be guardians, and, becoming squandered, the first champion bitch was called up. Jack likewise commenced well, though his sheep came on the low side of the second flag, but he cleverly took them back again. Jack now did a little barking, and then got his trio under good command, driving them very nicely round all the flags, but he had occupied too much time in doing this as he approached the hurdles, so the flag went up against him. Bess, an active black and tan bitch, knew where the sheep were, and galloped well round them, and at a great pace hurried them along the outside of the earlier flags, taking a course rather too near the top of the hill. At the third flag the sheep had a notion of trying the lower ground, and came inside the boundary. Then they were driven the right course until the lower flags were reached, and this part of the course was omitted. Next the flock was taken through the opening in the hurdles and to the pen. Here the bitch proved herself an adept at this sort of work, and after considerable trouble, the task was *un fait accompli* in sixteen minutes. She missed going outside three of the eight flags. Mat took a very circuitous course to reach his sheep, but when they hove in sight were "surrounded" in correct fashion. So they were driven past the first flag then inside the next ones; and, perhaps thinking they had done wrong, the sheep went off boldly, and Mat, not being able to get on friendly terms with them again, was put out of court. Rob, a big, strong, brown-brindled dog, came with a great reputation, which he sustained quite as well as he was able to do under the circumstances. Reaching, then getting on the right side of the sheep, he drove them faultlessly round to the fourth flag, which they took on the inside, next properly outside the others all but the lower one, which most other competitors had omitted. In running down the hill, Harding, who was working his dog, fell; but the animal took no notice of the accident to his master, but, all on duty, drove his sheep through the gap in the hurdles and to the pen. All this work had been done quickly, occupying but eight minutes. Now came the most troublesome portion of the business, for the sheep were not safely penned until twelve minutes more had elapsed—twenty minutes in all. It was the stupidity of the sheep, and not any lack of skill in either dog or shepherd which caused so much time to be lost here. Rap, a brown and white dog, seven years old, met his sheep as they emerged from the pen with their heads in the right direction. Going around them they were driven outside the first two flags, but inside the next one; then down the hill over the proper course, rounding the boundary correctly and in good form. The hurdles, too, were quickly negotiated, and even at the pen the sheep gave little trouble, for they were got inside in eight minutes from the commencement. Very quick time, which the judges must have considered in a measure due to the easiest lot of sheep which had been let loose that day. Rake was a little slow in getting to the sheep, but when there went carefully by them and drove with patience and skill round the earlier flags; then the sheep showed an inclination to go over the hill, and on being turned reached right down to where the judges stood. Here they (the sheep) became separated, and the dog was called up. Fly, a repeated winner, although she was unsuccessful at the Alexandra Palace trials, had now a turn. She is a tan and black bitch, inclined to be smooth-coated, nice-looking, and a "good one to boot." She was very care-

ful and a little slow in going to the sheep; when behind them she waited patiently for orders, and subsequently drove steadily and soberly, going neither too fast nor too slow. Passing the middle of the course the sheep went rather on the high ground, but were still kept well in hand. After bringing them back the sheep came just on the inner circle of two flags, but the others were rounded all right. Reaching the hurdles the sheep ran by their side and round the upper end of them, but were driven back and down through the gap therein, and then safely to the pen. Here but two minutes were occupied in housing a fairly wild and uneasy lot of sheep. Time, thirteen minutes in all. Mr. R. Huck's Fly worked very sagaciously, and her sheep were sufficiently wild to enable her to show many good qualities. She was awarded first prize, second going to Mr. Udale's Rap, while Mr. Harding's Rob had the reserve number.

The last stake on the card drew fourteen entries, and, as it was purely a local one, being confined to the district included in the Kendal, Kirby, Lonsdale, and eastwards of Westmorland. The course was somewhat shortened and made much easier. The lower flags were removed, and the competitors were not required to bring the sheep through the opening in the hurdles. Moreover, they were each restricted to seven minutes in which to perform their allotted task. The prizes, five guineas and two guineas respectively, were given by Mr. B. H. Wakefield. The first animal called out was Meg, belonging to Mr. Irving, Forest Hall, and which had been worked in two previous stakes. Now she went away well to her sheep, driving them round the flags all right, and the now easy course was soon gone over and the pen reached. Here more than the allotted time was spent before they were housed, and Mr. Martindale's Watch was let go before that feat was accomplished. This dog drove well, though slowly, and, not penning at all, was out of the hunt. Mat, belonging to Mr. A. Krigg, only contrived to send the sheep round the first flag in the time allowed, so he was called up. Mr. Huck's Rap worked his sheep well until approaching the spot where the judges were stationed. Here the trio rushed down the hill, and before they could be got well together again the stipulated time had gone. Mr. T. J. Wilson's Jan, a nice looking black and tan bitch, went a long way round her sheep, and slowly drove them outside the flags toward the centre of the course. Then the sheep bolted, but Mr. Wilson, who worked his own dog, though the flag was against him, got his flock to the pen. Here considerable amusement was caused by his vain and long-continued efforts to pen, which resulted in the loss of one of the sheep. In the meantime Nell (Mr. Pattinson's—the same that won the open stakes—was at work, and sent her sheep along capitally, the usual flags being rounded on the proper side. Then in coming down the hill the sheep were unruly, and disturbing a rabbit, which Nell speadily killed, reached wildly away. Before they could be gathered again the time had flown, so Mr. T. Udall's Lady was tried. She quickly found her sheep, and, taking the right course, prevented them breaking away, so the pen was reached in good time. Here, for a wonder, the little flock was not unruly, and almost immediately entered the inclosure. Mr. Martindale's Mite showed capital form, and until she lost her sheep at the pen, looked like winning or coming second. Peace, Mr. Garlick's, Kirby Lonsdale, a very handsome black and tan dog, has a capital idea of driving; but, although he took the sheep outside the whole of the flags, failed to pen them within the time. The prizes were thus awarded: First, Mr. Udall's Lady; second, Mr. Irving's Meg; reserve number, Mr. Garlick's Peace.

When the last trial was run the sun had set, and a chilly air prevailed, so no time was lost in mustering the competitors, in order that Lady Bective's cup for the handsomest collie on the ground should be awarded. Only three dogs competed which had worked satisfactorily. There was, as the saying is, "but one in it;" and Peace, the dog which had run last, was awarded the coveted honor. Then Lord Bective and Mr. Longrigg read out the list of awards, at the same time distributing the prize cards. Hearty cheers followed for Mr. H. C. Howard, who had so generously set a portion of his park at the disposal of the committee, and to the local and general management of the trials.

As a genuine test of the working merrits of collies, these trials proved the most satisfactory we ever attended. This was undoubtedly because the judges in making their awards did not abide altogether by the time test. It was not the dog which actually penned in the quickest time, irrespective of the form he showed, which attained the premier position. Actual work was the test, so long as it was performed within fairly reasonably limits. We have at times advocated this course, and are pleased that now, when adopted, it proved so satisfactory. The awards of the judges throughout were made without a mistake, and even the unsuccessful competitors, did not grumble. That a considerable amount of luck is required to win one of the stakes, there is proof enough in the varied performances of some of the animals which competed more than once. Very much depends upon the nature of the sheep; but when the judges are not hampered by having to award the prize to that dog which performs his work in the quickest time, the amount of luck required is considerbly reduced, and therefore actual merit more likely to obtain its due recognition.—*London Field.*

FOX HUNTING IN GEORGIA.—Macon, Ga., Oct. 16, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read "J. D. H's" article on fox hunting in Tennessee, and enjoyed his "bout" very much. I sent you an extract some months ago from our daily paper here, giving you some idea of Manuel Hunt's pack of hounds. Capt. Ham Ridley, who lives in an adjoining county, has by far the finest and most celebrated hounds in Middle Georgia. He has bred a cross between an Irish dog and Maryland hounds, and for speed and staying qualities they are hard to beat. During the last season he caught between forty and fifty foxes, mostly red, and rarely ever runs a gray over ten minutes, and a red thirty to sixty minutes, according to the starts. This pack caught five successive gray foxes, and did not run either of them over five minutes after jumping. Capt. Ridley has invited me to visit him soon and as I hope to do so, will report success.—I. H. J.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—The Associated Railways of Virginia and the Carolinas have issued instructions to their agents to transport free over their lines all dogs for the trials when accompanied by an attendant. Those who wish to avail themselves of this privilege should address Mr. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y., who will furnish necessary papers. The Bellevue Hotel, High Point, Mr. J. L. Waldrop, proprietor, will be headquarters during the trials. We have received several letters from the vicinity of High Point, and all agree that birds are plenty. The entries for the Members' and All-Aged Stakes are coming in freely, and the indications are that they will be nearly, if not quite, double those of any previous year. All who intend running their dogs should bear in mind that the entries close next Wednesday, November 1.

HARRY MALCOLM.—It gives us great pleasure to notice that Harry Malcolm, who is well known to our readers, has been appointed agent, at Baltimore, of the Star Union line. We congratulate Mr. Malcolm upon his promotion, and trust that his new duties will not prevent our readers from occasionally perusing articles from his able pen.

COURSING.—The match between the celebrated greyhounds Snowflight and Waterford, which was to have taken place at Newmarket, Eng., on Oct. 14, did not come off, Waterford having paid forfeit.

ST. BERNARD CLUB BENCH SHOW.—We have received the prize list of the St. Bernard Club's (English) Bench Show, to be held on November 1, 2 and 3. There are twenty-two classes, with over $900 in cash prizes. There will also undoubtedly be a large and valuable list of specials offered by the gentlemen who are interested in this noble breed of dogs. The Rev. J Cumming Macdona will act as judge. We wish the club all success in its laudable efforts to maintain the purity and improve the quality of this magnificent animal.

A PACK OF BEAGLES.—Port Henry, N. Y., Oct. 17.—Game birds here in the north are very scarce, but foxes and rabbits plenty. So after the advice given in FOREST AND STREAM, that considerable sport could be had after the beagles, I consulted your advertising columns and made a strike for some, succeeding finally in getting a little pack of ten together, and with them I have had (in the words of the small boy) "more fun than a circus," and want to thank you for the suggestion.—W. C. W.

SCENES AT SHEEP DOG TRIALS.—We give our readers this week a capital illustration of some of the scenes witnessed at collie trials. The cut is reproduced for us from the London *Graphic* by the Rockwood Photo Engraving Co., 15 City Hall Square, and is an excellent piece of work.

LARRY AND GUSSIE.—Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, of Peekskill, N. Y., has sold his brace of red Irish setters, Larry and Gussie, to Dr. J. W. S. Arnold, of New York. Both are capital fielders, and we congratulate the Doctor upon the possession of so good a pair of animals.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Sir Launcelot. By Mr. Wm. Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa., for mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1882, by Taurus II. (E. K. C. S. B. 9,339) out of his recently imported Dhuad II.

Rory B. By Mr. Albert Wylly, Savannah, Ga., for red Irish setter dog, whelped March, 1881, by champion Rory O'More out of Norah O'More.

Leda. By Dr. E. C. Frankin, Ann Arbor, Mich., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 6, 1882, by imported Montague (Baron—Queen) out of his imported Leda.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Jester—Onward. Mr. W. C. Witherbee's (Port Henry, N. Y.) black, white and tan beagle bitch Jester (Frank—Venus) to his Onward (Frank—Blue Belle), Oct. 12.

Fire Fly—Onward. Mr. W. C. Witherbee's (Port Henry, N. Y.) black, white and tan beagle bitch Fire Fly (Frank—Venus) to his Onward (Frank—Blue Belle), Oct. 15.

Mary Druid—Dashing Berwyn. Mr. J. A. Rockwood's (West Medford, Mass.) black, white and tan English setter bitch May Druid (Druid—Nillson) to Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear), Sept. 21.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Judy. Mr. Wm. R. Hill's (Albany, N. Y.) imported Dandie Dinmont bitch Judy, Oct. 14, four (two dogs), by imported Waltz.

Nellie. Mr. Wm. R. Hill's (Albany, N. Y.) imported collie bitch Nellie, Oct. 16, six (all bitches) by Mr. Thos. H. Terry's champion Tweed II.

Wasp. Mr. Wm. R. Hill's (Albany, N. Y.) fox terrier bitch Wasp, Oct. 18, eight (five dogs) by imported Peirgrine Pickle.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bang—Jean whelps. Pointers, whelped July 10, 1882, by Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Ia., a liver and white dog to Mr. E. B. Downing, Wilmington, Del.; a liver and white dog and bitch to Mr. A. A. Roos, Lyons, Ia.; two lemon and white dogs to Mr. W. B. Stafford, Elmore, Minn.; a lemon and white dog to Mr. W. P. McCreary, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; a lemon and white dog to Dr. H. Brewbridge, Natrona, Pa.; a lemon and white dog to Mr. Ed. Aiken, Atalissa, Ia.

Dorothée. Black greyhound bitch, whelped Sept 15, 1879 (Roi du Combat—Sefatica), by Mr. L. C. F. Lotz, Chicago, Ill., to Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Druid—Gessie whelps. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1881, by Druid out of Gessie (Dash III.—Modjeska), by Mr. J. A. Rockwood, West Medford, Mass., to Mr. A. A. Whittemore of same place.

Jean. Lemon and white pointer bitch (Glenmark—Girl), by Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Ia., to Mr. John J. Ohrt, Burlington, Ia.

Lady Bang. Lemon and white pointer bitch (Bang—Jean), by Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Ia., to Mr. W. P. Stone, Atalissa, Ia.

Rip. Chesapeake Bay bitch (Gowrie—Fan), by Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Ia., to Mr. E. S. Payson, Boston, Mass.

Bruce. Tawny red Scotch collie, whelped September, 1881, by champion Tweed II. out of Elsie, by Mr. Robert Mackey, Youngstown, O., to Mr. Thos. H. Terry, New York.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bang—Jean whelps. Pointer bitches, whelped July 10, 1882, by Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Ia., one (liver and white) to Mr. W. B. Stafford, Elmore, Ia., one (lemon and white) to Dr. H. Daly, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bertie Jardin. Orange and white setter bitch, whelped July 12, 1881 (Leicester—Crook), by Major G. R. Watkins, U. S. N., Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. Geo. T. Leach, New York.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

SUBSCRIBER, Bay City, Mich.—See answer to B. D. this week.

W. J. H., Hartford, Conn.—We should judge from your description that your dog has mange. Wash the sores with dilute sulphurous acid.

E. A. D., Melrose, Mass.—You do not give a description of symptoms sufficient for us to form an opinion of the case. Write again giving full particulars and we will prescribe.

G. M., Savannah.—1. Dinks, Mayhew and Hutchinson on the dog, treats of their diseases and management. Price $3. We can send it. Consult instruction at head of Kennel Notes.

B. D., Annapolis, Md.—For canker in the ear use of bromo chloralhm and laudanum equal parts, diluted with six times their bulk of water. Fill the ear and gently knead the base for a short time and repeat in 24 hours. Two or three applications should effect a cure, unless of long standing.

J. H. F., Gloversville, N. Y.—Your dog undoubtedly had an epileptic fit. The dose of salt was wrong. Do not give him exercise after eating, until his food is digested. You do not state his age, but if young he may outgrow it. We would advise two grains of bromide of potassium in a pill twice a day for two or three weeks.

L. VAN D., Littleton.—To kill the lice on your dog, tie up in a piece of muslin two ounces of quassia wood chips and suspend them for two hours in a pail of water, occasionally stirring it. Use this to wash the dog, with plenty of soap, rinsing off with clear water. For the lump on his throat, with a small brush paint it with tincture of iodine; repeat in a day or two.

C. T. R., Ausable Forks, N. Y.—My cocker spaniel puppy, 10 months old, has decayed teeth, the ends of nearly all of them slightly decayed and of a yellowish color. In teaching him tricks I have fed him a great many baker's cookies as a reward. These contain some sweetening, but I did not think enough to damage his teeth. Can you give me the reason for this decay and suggest a remedy? Ans. It is very probable that the cookies are the cause of the trouble. Take one grain of chloride of zinc to one ounce of water. Apply with a stiff tooth brush twice a day.

F., Foxburg, Pa.—1. Will you advise me what remedy to apply to a setter dog whose eyes appear to be rising, or more properly the skin covering is falling over the eyeball, leaving in lower part of eye a fleshy part exposed. It has been growing worse and worse for a long time, until now very little of the eye proper appears. 2. I have a setter bitch in season that I have had to keep shut up between two and three weeks. Is it not longer than usual, and is there any remedy? Ans. 1. Bathe frequently with warm water to which a little vinegar and laudanum have been added. We fear that this case is of so long standing that an operation will have to be performed, and would advise you to consult your family physician. 2. This is not an unusual length of time. We know of nothing to shorten the length of the season, except perhaps a low diet with an occasional small dose of salts or other cooling medicine.

Persons wanting beautiful large watch dogs are referred to advertisement of Charles F. Kelly.—*Ade.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

ONE VIEW ON THE MATCH REPORT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After a careful reading of Col. Bodine's report in your last issue I find it so different from what would naturally be expected from the result of the whole match, that I am constrained to say a few words about it, and having been on the grounds prior to, and at the time of the match, also having had some experience in rifle shooting, I can speak from actual knowledge.

It appears that the Colonel's ideas in regard to the selection of a team have undergone a radical change. As heretofore our teams have been selected by actual competitions at Creedmoor, and invariable success has attended such selections. His statement that "the made of selections of teams by competition has only one advantage in matches of an international character" is open to question, but whatever that advantage is it has been with us. If the Colonel wishes to import the British idea of appointing places on the team, I predict a miserable failure, from the fact that there are not perhaps one-tenth of the number of prominent shots in this country that there are in Great Britain that would be eligible for a place on the team from which to make the appointment. The idea is not American at all; for a body of men who compose a team, if they wish to foster the *esprit de corps* and have harmony among its members, twill be found necessary that they should have the appointing power as to their own officers. The Colonel's idea of a team would imply that he wanted a machine made to his order and fitted up with automatons, with certain motions and methods decided upon beforehand by himself.

But it must be remembered in this connection that a team of riflemen are composed of flesh and blood and are unreliable in a certain measure, and need more careful management and nursing than any machine with patent keeping, knowing and genius manufactured, and it would seem to require a captain with a genial and happy manner, one that can stoop to the position and take an interest in each individual member of the team, and not one to stand on a dignified pedestal with starched collar and shirt bosom.

Is the Colonel sure also he made no mistake in attempting to enforce his own make of ammunition on the team? How could he expect them to accept his advice in this regard when he had never shot the guns over the ranges, and never experimented with each identical gun to know whether it would give a better result with his ammunition than with that of the man who was shooting the rifle each day.

When we find that the men were compelled to use Colonel Bodine's ammunition, perhaps it will explain some of the misses and outers and the marks made by members of the team on the boards, rags, etc.

Colonel Bodine, in speaking of the experiments made at the factory with the ammunition as furnished with the rifles, uses some very strong language. It would be interesting if we could have access to the records wherein the members of the American team had practiced with his own lubricants and bullets and ammunition; to have proof that his methods are much better than those employed at the factory.

"Guns grossly unworized in basie," etc., etc., we find with the Remington gun there were extensive experiments at the factory, and the ammunition adapted to it to such a degree that very fine shooting was the invariable result when used according to directions.

Colonel Bodine, finding himself whipped at the 200yds. range by the English team, it would seem from his report, desires to enfore the adoption of what is known or called the "picture position" for off-hand shooting at range. It is only necessary for any rifleman to take his rifle and hold "with the left arm fully extended" to reject the Colonel's short practice of splitting and trembling the extended and strained muscles, which precludes the possibility of holding with that positive firmness and solidity which can be done with the elbow drawn close in against the side or body, and still command the 200yds. range. The position of the National team at 200yds. is nearly the whole length of the barrel.

Colonel Bodine says: "In the prone position the hand should grasp the barrel in front of the action."

Now, as the forward part of the stock does not extend in the rear of the action, it would seem that his advice in this direction is superfluous.

He says: "Nor do I think that coaching the military team with the present sight can be done with any marked success;" he only went through the motions "to satisfy the public and prevent strictures from the press."

The remarks of Colonel Bodine as to the effectiveness of the English guns, and his comparison of our guns with theirs, are quite to the point. How can our makers get out a gun that will be perfect in all the necessary requirements without the advice and experience of men that may be sent to go out and make use of the whole subject in the open air and at the extreme long ranges?

The results of experiments conducted with rifles and ammunition at 200yds. range are not a criterion or sure test for accuracy at 1,000yds.

As to the allowance on guns. If the match, as the Colonel says had been up to 600yds., and the N. R. A. could have arranged the conditions as favorably for the N. Y. State National Guard rifle as they arranged it for the regulation musket at Creedmoor at the fall meeting, they could have allowed points enough in favor of that weapon, undoubtedly, to have won the match.

Had the National Rifle Association encouraged the style of shooting to which this team was confined as much as they have fostered the shooting of the .45-cal. Remington at Creedmoor, the result would certainly have been as predicted by Colonel Bodine.

It is true that the English riflemen came here with fixed ammunition; they were not bothered in any way in reloading, as our men were; still the fact remains that no factory in this country has ever produced ammunition that will shoot with accuracy, even in the long-range match rifle, which is cleaned out after each shot. Each rifle has peculiarities of its own; it must be arranged for in its ammunition. We surely hit the point well taken on the ammunition as being defective, seeing it was all Bodine's. The British service has adopted a certain style of ammunition, and the manufacturers have adopted the rifle to shoot that ammunition; hence the reason for their fine shooting of this prepared ammunition is quite apparent.

Any rifleman who should get a series of bad shots from ammunition that was made by any one but himself, would at once blame the ammunition as the reason of his bad shooting, thus losing confidence

in the whole stock of ammunition, and losing interest also in the match.

The Colonel lays great stress on his desire to be able to thoroughly discipline the members. Let me ask, does this kind of work make bullseyes? Far from it; each member has a friend in his brother-shooters, and in some cases the chords of friendship are too strong to be severed in the peremptory manner indicated by the late captain. Let the captain and adjutant of the team treat each member as their equal, and approach each member in a reasonable and sensible way. Neither should he have power to disqualify a member for the mere expression of an opinion that there was "too much wind to-day to make a full score," or words to that effect. NAT G.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE MATCH OF 1882.—The Special Committee of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association charged with the management for American riflemen of the match of 1883, met on Tuesday last and decided on asking some important concessions from the British board. Colonel Bodine said that the conditions of the match of 1882 had been dictated entirely by the visiting team, and that in place of holding to them an effort should be made for better terms for the Americans. The points asked were the use of the wind guage, the use of a barley-corn sight, thin at the bore, in place of the present form, and finally a rule which should permit of men on the team who joined the National Guard after last Sept. than January next. A letter making these requests was ordered to be sent by the secretary. It was also proposed to purchase a dozen English rifles to be placed in the hands of the coming American team.

LUTZOW RIFLE CLUB.—New York, Oct. 15, 1882.—The first annual prize shoot of the Lutzow Rifle Club was contested for at Steinbrenner's, Guttenberry, N. J. Conditions: 10 shots per man, ring targets; possible 250; distance, 200yds. B. Zettler 215, V. Steinbach 232, Chas. Weegmann 196, Capt. L. Zucker 185, A. Ringler 176, H. Berger 175, H. Backmann 170, F. Meier 161, G. Berigus 154, L. Zitzmann 148, H. Ulmer 145, F. Wiedeler 139, H. Hauser 124, J. Hartmann 116, C. Gunther 112.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The match between the Lutzow Club of New York, and the Celluloid Club of Newark, N. J., has been decided in favor of the Lutzow team. This is the third match. It was won once by the Celluloid team and twice by the Lutzow team. The conditions were as follows: Creedmoor target, 10 shots per man; possible 50; ten men on a side. Lutzow team, Capt. Zucker, 441; Celluloid team, Capt. McVoy, 437.

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—The riflemen have been busy at Walnut Hill range during the past two days with the matches of the fall meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The weather conditions on both days were favorable, and a good attendance was shown. The shooting was entirely at 200yds., but at various targets. The scores stood:

Decimal Match.

Conditions—Rounds, 7; 3 scores to win; entries unlimited; to run through both days. Prizes—Trophies, 12 in number of the total value of 70 per cent. of the entire entry fees.

G F Ellsworth	62	63	61—186	A Duffer	58 57 58—173
E Richardson	56	61	59—176	J Williams	58 57 56—171
H G Bailey	60	61	61—182	J N Frye	53 55 53—160
G M Jewell	61	68	59—178	A W Moore	53 53 51—157
C A Hinds	59	59	59—177	A W Arnold	51 54 51—156
E J Cram	59	57	60—176	J Baxter	52 51 51—154

Limited Re-entry Match.

Creedmoor target; open to all except persons who have made full match scores of seven shots or upward.

C A Hinds	33	31	35—102	F Wallace	31 32 32—95
A Mathes	34	34	34—102	H Fisher	30 32 32—94
J B Follows	33	34	35—100	F W Moore	31 32 31—94
A Duffer	33	33	33— 99	R Davis	31 30 31—92
D P Holden	32	33	32— 98	C C Foster	31 30 31—92
J N Frye	32	33	32— 97	J Burleigh	30 31 29—90

Visitors' Match.

Creedmoor target; open to all, except members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association and non-members who have made full match scores of seven shots or upward.

A J Gracie	32	32	33—97	S C Noyes	31 31 31—93
A W Webb	32	33	32—97	J E Irving	31 31 31—93
C A Hinds	32	33	31—96	J G Smith	33 31 30—89
F Wallace	31	32	33—96	V L Lecke	28 30 29—87
A Keach	32	33	31—95	T Weiss	27 30 29—86
H Sprague	32	30	31—93	N L Coon	27 25 30—82

Single Score Decimal Match.

Open to all; decimal target; rounds, 10; one entry each.

H G Bixby	10	10	8	10	8	9	9	6	10	8—83
F F Haworth	9	10	6	10	10	7	9	10	6	4—81
N W Arnold	6	9	6	7	6	10	8	9	5	8—74
L A Farrar	9	10	6	9	4	2	6	5	8	6—60

Single Score Creedmoor Match.

J N Frye	5	6	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5—45
D P Holden	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—43

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 20.—The fall series of matches, under the auspices of the Worcester Rifle Association, were continued today. The attendance was good. The wind was light from 12 o'clock by the dial. The front of the targets were somewhat obscured by the settling of the rifle smoke. The following are the scores, made off-hand, distance 200 yards:

Massachusetts Target.

M Gregory	9	11	11	11	10	10	12	10	11	9	—104
C A Allen	12	10	10	9	9	11	10	10	10	12	—104
G H Cutting	12	9	10	11	9	9	9	10	12	10	—101
Stedman Clark	10	10	11	7	12	11	10	9	10	8	—98
A L Rice	6	11	10	10	11	9	9	8	10	11	—95
H T Farrar	8	11	8	12	7	9	10	11	7	7	—90
A Williams	9	11	9	8	8	9	7	9	7	12	—89

Creedmoor Target.

M Gregory	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	5—44
F Henry	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5—43
F Wesson	4	3	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	5—43
S B Winchester	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5—42
A P Cutting	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4—42
G H Cutting	4	5	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	4—41

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 14.—The sixth contest for the Hill trophy took place this afternoon, and was won by the Continental Guards for the third time, and the cup becomes their property. There was a very annoying wind at about 1 o'clock, which bothered the marksmen considerably. The Washington Artillery team improved very much, but they failed to reach the Continentals. Dudley Selman was to the front yesterday, leading the score by one point. It is gratifying to see this fine rifleman once more interesting himself in these contests, and it is certain that in a short time he will regain his magnificent shooting qualities and take his position in the front rank of riflemen. Owing to the irregular attendance of the Louisiana Field team, their shooting is a little off, but this will not be for long. The Continental team deserves credit for their achievements with the rifle, and they will be congratulated on their splendid victory. The score was as follows:

Continental Guards—Team No. 1.

	300yds.				500yds.				
J K Knight	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	5	4—32—57
Geo Howe	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	5	5—33—58
L Gerrets, Jr	4	5	4	3	3	2	3	2	4—30—56
M D Shuppert	3	4	4	4	3	3	4	5	3—33—55
Hy Franklin	3	4	4	3	4	4	2	5	3—32—52—275
Louisiana Field Artillery.									
Deregegey	4	4	3	4	3	3	3	5	5—34—61
Weiss	4	4	4	3	3	3	2	3	4—28—56
Montgomery	4	2	4	3	2	2	2	3	4—26—45
Fortier	5	3	4	4	4	4	2	3	4—28—42
Salleau	3	4	3	3	4	3	4	2	4—30—16—256—240
Washington Artillery.									
	200yds.				500yds.				
Dudley Selph	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—39—62
Wm Axas	3	2	4	4	4	3	4	4	4—32—54
M Manion	0	4	4	4	2	4	4	4	2—27—49
H M Bradford	4	4	2	4	4	4	2	5	3—32—47
G W Charlton	4	4	4	3	2	4	3	3	4—30—62	

Continental Team—No. 2.

	500yds.								
Thos McQuithey	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—36
Capt Perry	4	3	3	4	2	4	5	5	3—33
G Hudson	3	2	4	2	3	3	4	4	2—30
"Doolittle"	2	3	5	0	0	4	0	5	3—22
Jonquelle	2	0	0	4	3	2	3	4	0—18

—27—235—241—476

It is said that a friend of rifle shooting intends to offer a very handsome prize for competition among the different teams. The shoot for the Hepburn rifle will probably be an individual shoot instead of a team contest.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Club will hold its annual fall meeting at its range, October 30 and 31, for which they offer the following programme:

Continuous match—Open to all comers. Any rifle within the rules. Conditions—1. Number of shots to score 7; 2. The aggregate of three best scores made during the tournament to count for a prize; 3. Entrance fee, $1; entries unlimited. The list of prizes is as follows: $50, $35, $12, $8, $7, $6, $5, $5, $5, $5, $4, $4, $3, $3, $2, $1.

Bullseye target (Massachusetts)—Ten tickets for $1; bullseyes, 12's only to count, to be paid 25 cents; $5 will be paid for the most bullseyes made during the tournament, and $2 for the second best.

Team match (Massachusetts target)—At 2:30 P. M. on the first day of the tournament; open to teams of five men from any rifle association; score, 7 shots; entrance fee, $5. Prizes: First, 50 per cent. of entrance money; second, 35 per cent. of entrance money.

TROY, N. Y., Oct. 17.—At the regular monthly practice of Trojan Rifle Club to-day, the following scores were made: R. Bovee 168, Geo. Pollock 178, Geo. W. Gemmill 180, Frank Ritchie 168, A. P. Wight 130, I. S. Nickerson 188, W. D. Taylor 161, Chas. Babcock 165.

THE TRAP.

ALGONQUINS vs. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.—A friendly match at glass balls between the above clubs was shot on Thursday, October 19, at the spacious grounds of the latter club at Inwood-on-the-Hudson. The match was eight men each club, twenty-five balls each, thrown from a rotary trap, and resulted in a victory for the Algonquins. The match was gamely contested throughout in the midst of a heavy rain, and some fine scores were made. It was a matter of regret with all present that, owing to the drenching rain, the match ended with the sixteenth ball, as otherwise the afternoon's sport promised to be one of rare pleasure to all. A brief cessation of the rain at the close of the day gave opportunity for a lively "sweepstake," in which all hands joined. Adjournment to the Washington Heights headquarters—Sand's Hotel—was next ordered, and here a surprise awaited the Algonquins in the form of a bounteous collation all in readiness. To have heard the yelp of delight sent up by a certain chief of the Algonquin tribe, as he cast his hungry eye on the tempting viands was simply soul stirring, and roused the dormant enthusiasm of his "braves" for vigorous onslaught. Delighted appreciation gleamed from every face as the feast began, and the smacking of hungry palates and general jubilee an aged "Sachem" was heard to murmur "Long live the fountain head." "So say we all of us," whooped every "brave," thus

"The feast went on, and the flow of soul
Did all hearts warm; and gladness beamed
From every eye."

That other as pleasant reunions are somewhere in the near future, and that long life and prosperity may always attend the Washington Heights Gun Club is the wish of every true-hearted Algonquin.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 19.—Narragansett Gun Club, seventh contest for club medal, 20 balls per man, 21yds. rise:

W G Crandall	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18
W H Sheldon	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	—18
S D Greene, Jr	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	—16
E Pratt	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—17
C H Perkins, Jr	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	—13
J B Valentine	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	—13
E W Tinker	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	—10
L Bennett	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	—9
O A Eagles	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—7
G W Cary	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	withdrew												— 5
C F Baldwin	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	— 4
G J Crandall	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	withdrew												— 4

Ties on 18, 3 balls: W. H. Sheldon 1, G. Crandall 0.

The following is the second contest for the solid silver cup, clay pigeons:

J B Valentine	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—15	W H Sheldon	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—12
G J Crandall	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—14	W Cary	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	—11
C H Perkins, Jr	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	—14	D F Baldwin	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	—11
S D Green, Jr	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—13	O H Baker	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	—10
W G Crandall	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—13	E Pratt	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	—	9
E W Tinker	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	—13	L Bennett	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	—	5

J. B. Valentine wins the cup for the second time. Cup to be won three successive times to become personal property. For a time gold locket donated by one of the members for second prize in this shoot, G. J. Crandall and C. H. Perkins, Jr., having tied on 14, shot off at three clay pigeons each, scoring: G. J. Crandall 2, C. H. Perkins, Jr., 1.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Oct. 12.—The Fifteenth and final competition for the silver cup given by the Fall River Gun Club took place this afternoon, and was won by W. H. Sheldon, by the following scores:

	Balls.	Clay pigeons.
Sheldon	11110 01111	1 111 11111—17
"Jackson"	11101 10111	11101 11011—16
Valentine	11111 11111	11011 11111—17
Hall	11111 00101	10011 10111—15
Negus	01011 00011	00011 11100—14

The number of times won by the various members, and the winning scores are as follows:

Sheldon, 5 times, 18, 18, 17, 17, 17; Valentine, 3 times, 17,19, 17; Ruffinton, 3 times, 19, 18, 17; Hall, twice, 17, 18; "Jackson" once, 18; Crandall, once, 20.

The match for club badge resulted as follows; 20 glass balls, 18yds. rise, Hudson trap:

"Jackson"	11111	01111	11111	10111—18
Hall	11111	11011	11111	01011—17
Valentine	11011	11111	11010	11100—16
Negus	11111	11100	11111	01001—15
Sheldon	11111	11111	withdrawn.	

FIRST GERMAN GUN CLUB OF NEW YORK.—New Dorp, S. I. Sept. 20, 1882.—The regular quarterly shooting of the above-named club took place on Sept. 20, 1882, at New Dorp, S. I. The score was as follows, 21yds. rise:

H Otten	1011111111—9	J Glaecum	1111111111—10
H Otten	1110101110—7	J Klein	0111101000— 5
F Jenner	1111101001—7	C Brown	1111111110— 9
L Maisch	1111110111—9	F Bockelmann	0010111110— 6
H Zahn	1101111110—8	F Oppermann	1110111111— 9
Dr Hudson	1111010010—5		

The first prize, a gold medal, was won by Glaecum with 10 out of 10, and the following score was made for the second prize, consisting of $15:

Klein	101—2	Brown	111—3
Maisch	010—1	Oppermann	111—3

Oppermann and Brown being tied they shot off with 3 birds each with the following result:

Brown	011—2	Oppermann	011—2

The ownership of the second prize not being determined yet, it was at last determined by the score below:

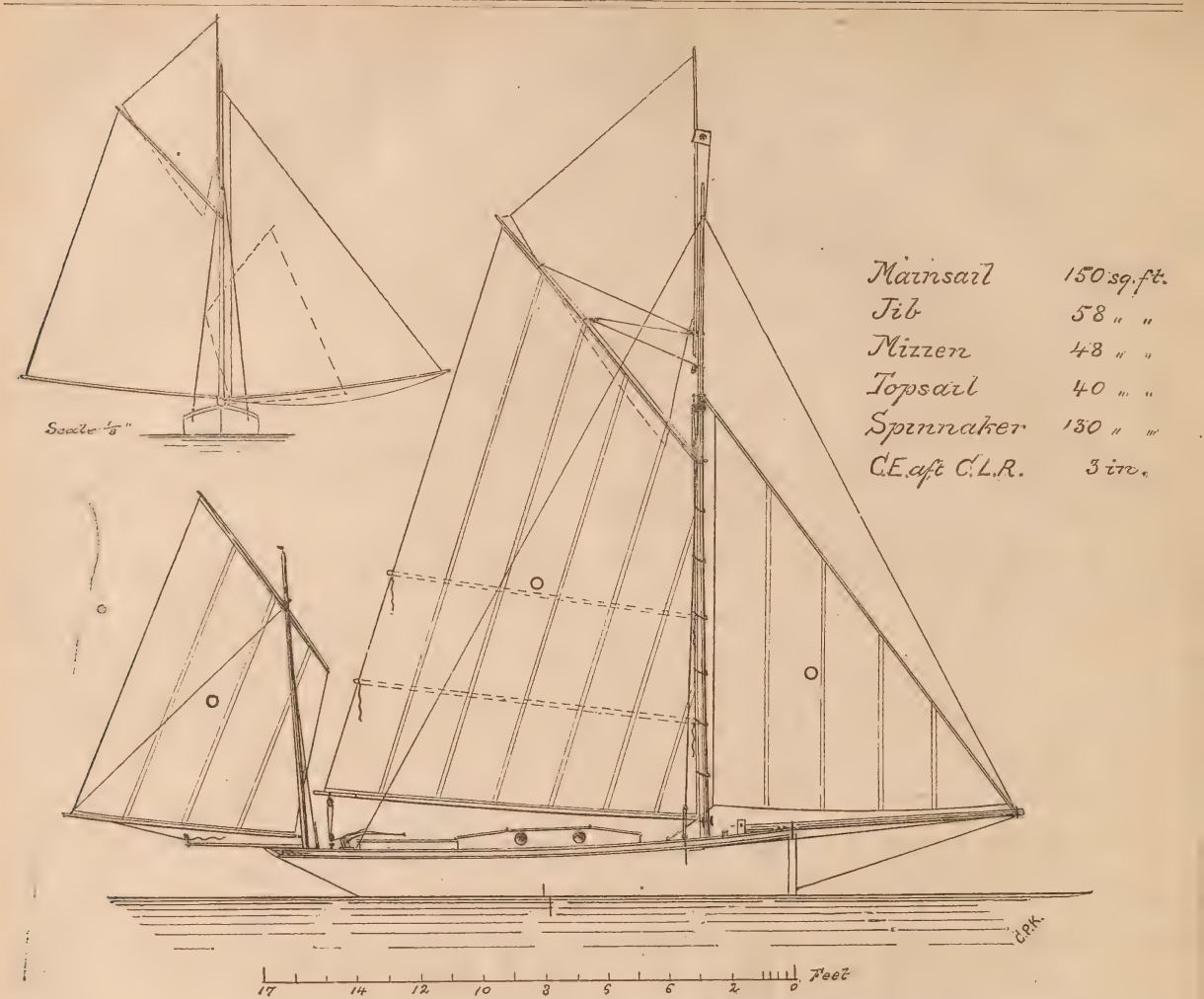
C Brown	11—2	F Oppermann	10—0

Mr. L. Maisch shot at 25yds.—F. P.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 16—Andy Meaders shot a match at glass balls to-day for $100 a side, he wagering to break 185 out of 200, 100 single balls thrown at angles and 100 double balls. The following is the score:

Double Balls.

11 10 11 11 10 10 11 00 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11



SAIL PLAN FOR SINGLE HAND CRUISER. (See Last Issue).

agitation will ever be opened again in favor of L × B × D. So far as present opinion goes on the subject, there is a growing feeling that a rating ought to be based on either sail power or sail spread, and the objection to such a rating at present consists of the bare statement that these things ought not to be rated; but it is just as easy to say that length or breadth ought not to be rated. There is not the smallest doubt that the one aim of the designer to put the largest quantity of lead outside a yacht has grown to be an evil; and it is useless to attempt to modify the evil by urging that it may be possible to build a satisfactory vessel which has only a moderate quantity of lead outside, in the face of the absolute certainty that one with the whole of her lead outside, other things being equal, will be the most satisfactory vessel for racing, and beat the other as often as they meet."

The above, taken from the London *Field*, is of interest as indicating the growing preference abroad for narrow cruisers as well as racers. We have, however, quoted the article quite as much as proof of the best sort, because unintentional, of the soundness of measurement by bulk, which we have insisted upon as the only logical basis of competition. In trying to draw a rational comparison between the performance, speed, accommodation, etc., of two yachts, the writer in the *Field*, for the moment left free from artificial restraint imposed by existing racing rules, falls back by intuition upon *bulk* as the basis for his conclusions. We have italicised the passage referred to in the quotation from the *Field*. We find the writer aiming to give an impartial verdict upon the qualities of the two yachts of different form. While conceding in the first part of his essay the broad fact that a large boat has an advantage over a small one in her behavior which may not be due to form, but to size, the writer finds himself obliged to narrow down his comparison to two boats of different type, but of like bulks, *regardless of differences in dimensions*. This he does in the following words:

"It will be necessary to show the advantages of length and depth, taking a bulk standard." That is to say, for conclusions having real meaning—for conclusions the correctness of which extraneous, irrelevant or conceded advantages of mere size of itself, shall not mar so as to mislead, the *Field* deems it right that no notice should be taken of any differences in shape, though the two shapes should equal each other in bulk. In fact, in the comparison the difference in shape is really on trial, not any difference in size. Both subjects in the contest are permitted to assume what shape they wish, and therefore such dimensions as may be necessary, but one must not out-top the other in bulk or size, as that would at once render the comparison unfair to the smaller one, the form of the larger boat getting credit for what is really only due to excess in bigness.

No person will question the soundness of the *Field's* logic in this case. The whole question in point is too plain and simple to admit of dispute. It is this: "Which *form* will give the best results?" It is not "which size, large or small, is best." Everyone knows the answer to the latter query. The *Field* is seeking a solution of the first. Manifestly a truthful end can only be obtained by barring what is due to size, or what amounts to the same thing, by starting the comparison on equal bulks, but of varying form. That is just what the *Field* concedes in the words "it is necessary to take a bulk standard."

On our part we now take up this admission of our contemporary as the text of a further argument. We will carry out the thing to the end as applied to sailing races. The *Field* wants to reach truthful answers between two different forms as to their speed, seaworthiness, efficiency, etc., and starts on a basis of bulk.

Now, sailing matches are instituted for *exactly the same purpose*. We do not race yachts to learn what we already know, that in winds strong enough to develop qualities, size has an innate advantage. The object is to test the *forms* of the boats, devoid of the interference or the prejudicial favors due to difference in size or bulk. The object being the same, we are justified in utilizing all the logic and influence of the *Field's* article, as so much solid proof of the most natural kind, coming from one of the best and most generally recognized authorities on subjects of this sort.

For an unbiased, honest expression upon the value of form, the *Field* acknowledges "bulk" to offer the only logical beginning when free from the artificial conventionalities of existing measurement rules.

As we seek precisely the same answer in racing two vessels, it follows that the same kind of conclusions are only to be drawn from the same kind of a basis, and Mr. Dixon Kemp, to whom we believe the article quoted is to be attributed, concedes unreservedly the equity of bulk measurement.

As to the advisability of applying that system in practice it is another chapter of the subject which need not here be opened. The first thing to be done in any reform is to clear the principles involved from misapprehension that they may be comprehended by the public. Then it will be time enough to enter upon the practical aspects of the question and the best methods of securing simplicity without vitiating equity.

For the present we congratulate ourselves upon having such excellent authority as Mr. Kemp falling back upon bulk in his search for an equitable basis of comparison.

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

[CONTINUED.]

IN yachts adapted to a special purpose certain predominating considerations govern the design, and to them all others must be considered subordinate. In judging of a design or in fixing upon a selection, these chief objectives must be kept in view. In the plans published last week certain peculiarities were aimed at in connection with the general requirements expected of all varieties of boats. The single hand yacht is to be in main a floating home. She is to be a small edition in most respects of a large yacht, so that the same sort of sport and concomitant benefits may be enjoyed, though on a smaller scale and at a tithe of the expense. Such boats must be cheap, small, in fact as small as it is possible to make them answer the intended purpose. They must be safe, absolutely so, not only probably so. They must be under easy control, possess permanent accommodations, be fit to face bad weather and as able as their limited size permits. In these æsthetic days they must be handsome and smart looking, too, with a finish attractive to the eye.

The size is regulated to a great extent, perhaps altogether, by the tapeline dimensions of the proposed occupant and the mark at which he brings down the scale;—for a heavy weight a large boat, for a light weight a smaller one; but in each individual case the smallest suitable to the person. The underlying idea with the lonely voyager is to get the most out of the least boat. It is always possible that he may be able to sail a much larger yacht; but that is just what he does not want, for that means more expense to start with—more for keep, more work, and more draft, to say nothing of the ever-present insidious temptation "to take a friend along." Now, nothing can be more heretical and schismatic to the true orthodox and respectable faith of the single-hander than the division of the pleasures of his cruise with some barbarian of another school, not in full sympathy and a devout follower of the same creed. The greatest independence, the gratification of self, and accountability to no one, constitute the main attractions of a cruise all alone. To divide with an intruder is to become a passenger and a slave to the inclinations of others—adfictions impregnated with bitter gall if, in addition, the "friend" chews up your smooth, white decks with hobnail boots, innocently shipped for the occasion, spills grease about the boat, litters up the cockpit, and rams the yawl's head against your beauty's glistening side till she has the appearance of suffering from small-pox, keeping your teeth on edge in expectation of the next piece of savagery to which the boat is to become a victim.

When the single-hander wants a friend and companion, the only satisfactory method is to take him along in a boat of his own, and thus obtain gregarious conviviality in squadron and not in one confined cabin. Moreover he has a right to expect as much, for if the friend be really a lover of yachting and not an "excursionist" imbued with a passing impulse, the bane of true yachtsmen, the friend can so easily acquire his own little boat that, it is nothing less than imposing upon good nature to break in upon the single-hander's charmed circle where only berthing for one has been contemplated. At all events this is the interpretation the devotee of sailing alone puts upon the sport as he follows it. For all that no one, not even the most inveterate admirer of small boat sailing, will deny the pleasures of cruising in larger craft with company aboard, but they say men differ in their tastes, and yachtsmen are human. "Give unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's," and give to the single-hander his solitary seclusion aboard his own ship or he is not quite happy. His boat must be for him and he for his boat. Nothing less than that will do. Those unwilling to subscribe to his doctrine have no business building a single-hander, but should go in for tonnage enough to lug along Tom, Dick, and Harry, and build of cast iron to meet the inroads from a promiscuous horde, with nob nails, store clothes, fastidious appetites and particular trains to catch. Perhaps sailing alone is a little selfish, but that makes it all the more enticing this side of the millenium

The plans published last week are for the smallest practicable size we should commend. They will serve for larger boats just as well by altering the scale. The three best sizes on those lines we judge to be 14, 16 and 18ft. load line. Beyond 18ft. we would not venture if long and distant voyaging is be followed. The smallest boat for lads and young men say not over 125lbs. weight, the medium size for skippers running up to 140 or 150lbs., and the 18ft. length for heavy weights or for those willing to stand the first cost, do the work entailed, and put up with the greater draft. The cost of building, hull, spars, lower sails, joiner work, gear, pump, anchor, chain, tanks, etc., as shown in the cuts will run, say $350, $400 and $450, the prices varying, of course, with material and finish.

Fitting out will cost something more, as much or as little as you choose. Spare anchor and ¼in whale line, collapsable dinger or light 6ft. punt, marlin spike, a few ordinary tools, rope yarn, watch-tackle, life belt, anchor light, side lights, a cabin lamp, fog horn, cooking stove and belongings, as well as what you wish in crockery and linen, a blanket, canvas bucket, clock, barometer, binoculars, compass, lead and line, charts and parallel ruler, a funnel to fill the tank, canvas shoes, old clothes, oilskins, scrubbing gear, ensign and burgee, these, with a few minor articles experience will suggest, make up a very complete inventory. They may be procured one by one after going into commission, and though all contribute to the interests of a cruise in detail, many may be dispensed with as not absolutely necessary. In sails a spinaker will be found a great aid in long runs, and if made of light drilling ought to stow very compact. A topsail is of less importance.

The spare anchor should weigh about 25 lbs., have plenty of spread to the flukes and long shank, and may be stowed below, to be broken out only when riding to a sea or likely to drive ashore, the whale line being bent to the ring by passing two turns around the ring, then taking two half-hitches around the standing part and seizing off the end. The dingey or punt is a very necessary adjunct to a voyage. Perhaps the best plan is to build something after the Berthon pattern, but lighter and smaller than anything in the market. These boats may be described as follows: The keel, stem and post form a central back-bone. At the head of post and stem is a hinge similar to that of a buggy top, adapted to taking the ends of rail or gunwale battens, and a pair spaced between the rail and keel. This fore and aft frame corresponding to the shape of the rind of half a watermelon at the cuts when sliced up, falls together upon the keel for stowage, assuming the form of an elongated U, having the length of the boat, 6ft., with the ends turned up the height of stem and post, about 2ft. In this condition the frame is a bundle only 5in. thick and 1in. wide. It can be stowed on deck close alongside the hatch, the ends of the boat reaching around the ends of the hatch, out of the way and no obstruction at all. The canvas covering should of course be stripped and stowed apart in one of the cockpit lockers. To launch, break out the frame, partially spread it, pull the canvas over, then finish spreading, looping the canvas to small buttons inside the gunwale strip. The whole is kept in shape by a thwartship rib, which is stepped into a metal socket in the keel by means of a small pin, then slewed square across, the fore and aft strips fitting into jogs or steps cut in the rib on purpose.

The thwart is next shipped in wake of the rib, and with oars and rowlocks at hand the boat is dumped overboard well clear of the ship's side and made fast astern. The canvas should be 10oz. duck, though even 8oz. will do, properly prepared by some reliable water-proofing process. A dingey of this kind is extremely buoyant, sightly and very serviceable, though care must be taken in beaching to avoid sharp-edged stones. We much prefer such a tender to anything in the punt line. Another contrivance is a light oak frame, flat bottom, with scow ends and square sides, which collapse upon the bottom, making a package two or three inches thick and as long and broad as the scow, which may be lashed on top of the yacht's cabin or hatch. Ordinary yawls or punts cannot be taken over the rail and must be towed in all weather, a great drag and hard jerk on a small yacht in a seaway, besides the danger of their coming on board of their own account and raising smash with the quarters. We suggest the "bolsa" as worth experimenting with, being capable of serving as a tender and the best life boat for an emergency. It consists of two long rubber cylinders inflated by a small hand bellows and kept apart, catamaran fashion, by light braces and hoops supporting a number of slats between the hulls for footing. They can be stowed in very small space and will stand rough usage; cannot capsize or fill, and are right side up either way, being much like the life rafts found on ocean steamers in principle. Some additional arrangement to keep the feet and a load dry can easily be devised.

For tools, the amateur must follow his own bent, and what he cannot himself accomplish, must be left to the regular boat carpenter. A few attempts will master the more common tools, and every good sailor should become familiar with all kinds of odd jobbing about his boat. Glass, jack-knife, coarse and fine sand-paper are required for scraping and smoothing up spars; cotton and putty for caulking and stopping as deck seams open; a small hatchet is always a useful article; broad chisel, wood rasp, ironfile, small hammer, small and large gimlet, screw driver, assorted lot of nails and screws, brass eyes, some annealed copper wire, bit of leather and canvas and spare sisterhooks, thimbles, kleet or two and an extra block with swabs, spare line, sail twine and wax for seizing rope ends, a tarpaulin to work on, large and small marlin spikes with good points, a small pot of slush and a ball of marlin, and you have quite a complete assortment ready for any work you are likely to be called upon to execute. A cigar box or two and a few brackets will accommodate them. Black paint and varnish in a pound tin should be taken along so that when very thinly applied with an oiled rag the luster of the yacht's sides may be preserved in that high state of gloss which is one of the many characteristics of the well kept vessel. Pummice stone for the decks is an excellent article in conjunction with elbow grease for gaining them in man-of-war whiteness.

Of life belts one or two should always be on board. Circular rubber belts kept inflated are handy as cushions in the cockpit, in the yawl boat, or as pillows below. For style they should receive a light coat of blue paint and varnish with the yacht's name, tonnage and port in gold leaf letters, her burgee being depicted in the center. This is very much *en regle* in yachting high life. A very good idea has recently been put in practice by a Brooklyn maker, consisting of a neat fitting vest with a thin lining of buoyant material, so padded as not to interfere with the free working of the arms or body, and not in the least clumsy. The amateur tar who cannot swim ought not to exist, but as long as he does, such a garment will give him and his friends a feeling of confidence at all times agreeable, but the same garment is to be highly recommended to all, in view of the liability to being knocked or jumped overboard in very small craft, which are necessarily quick in their motions. The greatest danger, however, is when clad in heavy oil skins, and a lining to the coat or jacket about the chest would remove all danger in the quite possible event of falling overboard. Life preservers are proverbially out of reach when most wanted, but a precautionary appliance as described would prevent even the most careless from coming to grief.

Concerning lights, the single-hander should adopt special devices to secure his peaceful slumbers at anchor and comfort down below. For riding light eschew all cheap tin solder substitutes and invest at once in a first-class pattern of brass, with the casing riveted or stamped from single pieces to obviate melting and falling apart. The wire preventers should be rove through holes at top and bottom, and the horizontal binder should be twisted about the others or fastened in some way without recourse to soddering. The lens, or globe, should be of extra stout glass, and ample means supplied for the escape of heat and smoke without any fear of extinguishing the light by up and down drafts. Whale oil is out of question in these days, kerosene has a bad odor and is not over reliable. The best fluid to burn is genuine "mineral sperm," obtained from the Downer Oil Company, corner of Burling slip and Pearl street, New York. This oil is the cleanest to use, is practically non-explosive, and has displaced all others on first-class steamship lines, with the approval of the government and insurance companies. It cannot be bought at country stores, which is rather a recommendation than otherwise. In cost it is only a trifle higher than the astral oil of domestic economy. See to it that there is a thumb screw to the burner for raising the wick, or the bottom has to be removed and the wick pricked up with a knife, during which operation the light is invariably blown out at the expense of time, matches and strong English.

Special burners are required for this wick, but they can be had at any navigation store. All burners in the yacht should take the same wick and like oil for simplicity's sake. Keep the oil in a regular astral can and stow in a cockpit locker. Keep all lights in the same place and do all the filling and trimming outside the cabin. Much objection is raised against the use of mineral oils, on account of their strong odor, but, in our experience, without good reason. We have known the contents of a gallon can spilled over the cabin cushions and collected in the bilge, whence it was pumped, for several days; but the odor was trifling, and no discomfort ensued in close quarters —7ft. long and 6ft. wide, with less than 5ft. depth. In the same cabin three meals a day were cooked over a kerosene "hot-blast" stove, without objectionable accompaniments. With "mineral sperm," we believe, the accommodations of the smallest yacht can be kept perfectly sweet without trouble. For cabin lamp, Porter's Sons, in Pearl street, near Fulton, furnish a neat little article, known in the trade as "stateroom" lamp, which costs but a trifle and is neat and emits a clear, strong light. A bell should be hung over the glass chimney, or the heat will dry up the wood above.

Side lights are not very effective when hung with the small spread a little yacht affords, but it is rather comforting to know they are in place with the chance of their being seen by an approaching stranger you may have failed to observe yourself. A brass pair can be procured for $5, and tin side lights for half that sum. It is economy to invest in brass and lenses if the lights are to be useful in fact, and as the single-hand voyager cannot have a forecastle lookout, and may himself be tired or blinded with the flying dust, he should not cut things too fine on vital points in the outfit. Save a few dollars in some other direction, but see to it that your working appliances are really fit for work, and not only for play or to lull you into a false sense of security. Powerful lights, reliable lights, may be the means of obviating an unwelcome crisis sensible seamen do not care to take. The same applies to the fog horn. Penny whistles are below standard; procure the U. S. regulation article, price $6, and make yourself heard on the high seas.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACTEA.—This Boston schooner, Mr. David Sears and friends, reached the French coast the latter part of September, after having visited the Channel ports. She was at Bordeaux and left about Oct. 1 for the Portugese coast preparatory to an extensive cruise in the Mediterranean.

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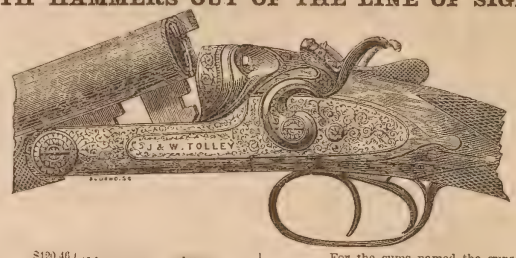
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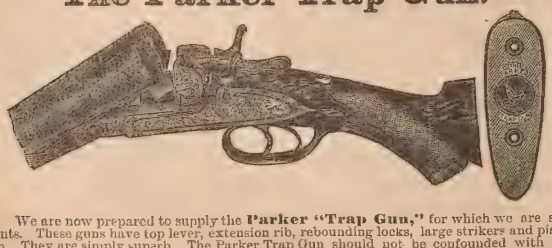
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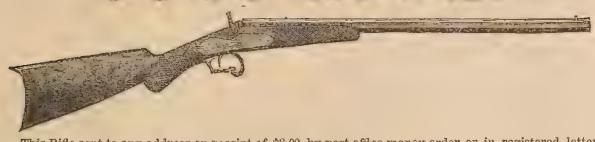
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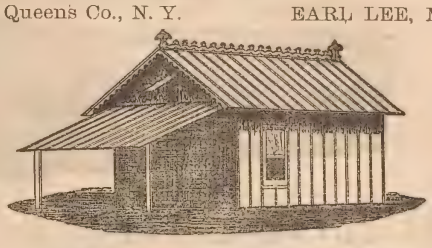
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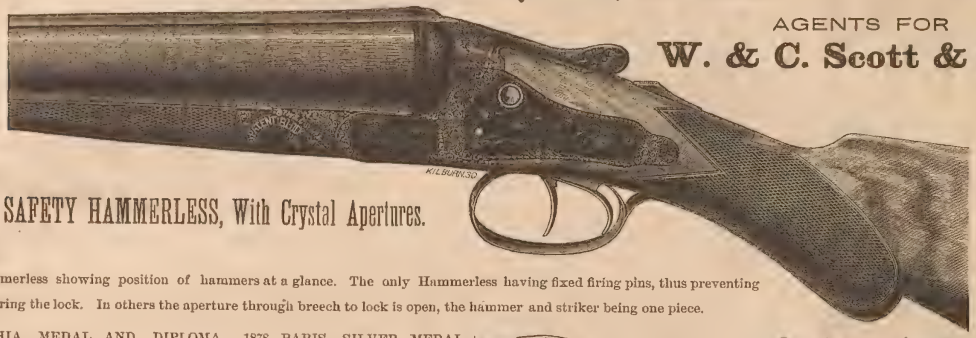
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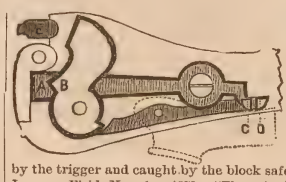
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No. 42, **Scott Action,** Damascus barrels, bar rebounding locks, pistol grip, patent fore and extension rib.....10 and 12 g. $80 00
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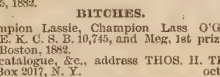
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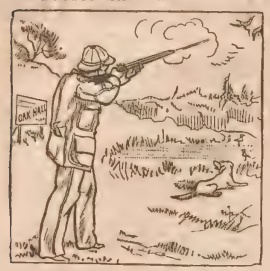
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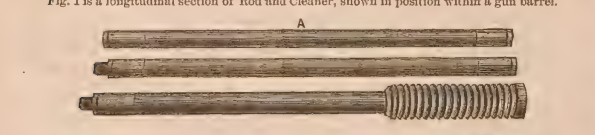
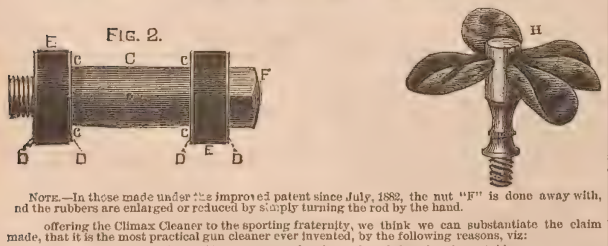


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



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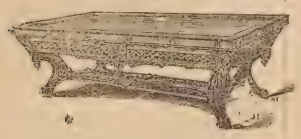
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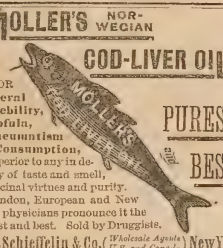
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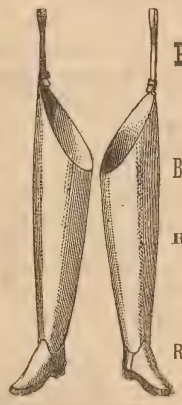
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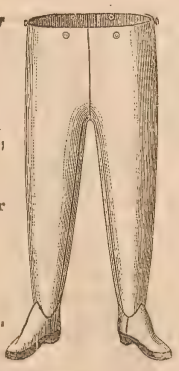
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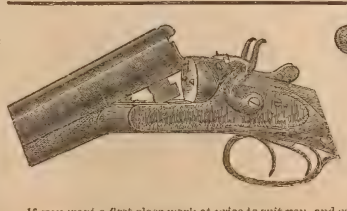
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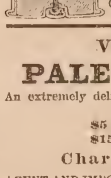
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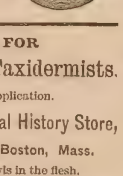
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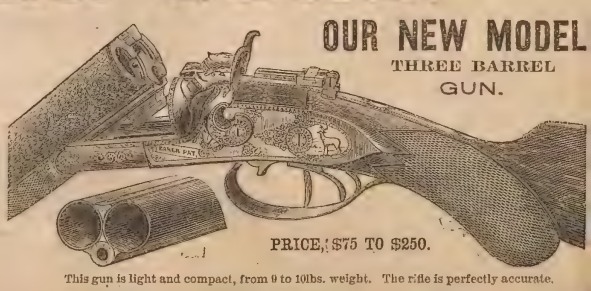
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OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably be interested in the paper.*

NOVEMBER SHOOTING.

NOVEMBER'S conventional and proverbial "frosty mornings" are golden days in the sportsman's calendar, but there is little of this distinctive character about the opening of the month in the year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-two. The weather of the past few weeks has been exceptional in its mildness, and the newly ushered in November is not frosty but muggy. The advent of November marks few changes in the sportsman's calendar. The open game seasons in the great majority of instances remain unaltered; most of them began in September or October, and few will close before mid-winter or early spring. Among the few important changes to be noted are the openings, on the first day of the month, of the quail seasons in the District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, New York and Michigan. A large number of very young broods have been observed in various parts of the country during the past few weeks. This was naturally to have been expected, when the effect of the unusual warm weather which has prevailed is taken into consideration. Many of those sportsmen who contend against the theory that quail ever rear a second brood, will doubtless, this season, have an opportunity to add to their fund of ornithological lore.

The weather has also materially affected the woodcock shooting. The migration has been delayed, and the birds have remained scattered on their feeding grounds in the inaccessible swamps, in the mountain tops, and in other accustomed fall haunts. There has been no "cold snap" to start them on their southern journey. When the frost does come a large flight may be expected, and those gunners who may be so fortunate as to be in the line of this flight will be sure to have some rare sport. The migration will be a rapid one. The birds will not linger on the way, as is their custom when they start earlier in the season.

It is a favorite belief with many woodcock shooters that the autumnal migration is dependent upon the moon's phases. The birds, they claim, fly south "on the full of the moon." It would be difficult to reconcile the correctness of this theory with the facts of the last month, for we then had the full moon, but not the usual flight. Possibly the truth of the matter is this: that the birds, flying by night, move when the nights are cold and clear, and such conditions are most apt to occur, it has been claimed, when the moon is full.

Ruffed grouse shooting opened in New Jersey on the first of the month, and the season in Delaware will begin on the 15th. The deer season in Massachusetts and Minnesota opened on the first, and on the same date it closed in California; it will close in Wyoming on the 15th and in Ohio on the 20th. The wildfowl season opened on the first in Maryland and West Virginia. Grouse shooting in Colorado closed on the first, and in Wyoming the same season will close on the 15th.

A MATTER OF OPINION.

THE discussion as to the excellence of the flesh of the mud-hen, or coot, which seems to be agitating some of our correspondents, appears to us quite profitless. On a matter of this kind only opinions are to be had, and what may suit the palate of one individual, perhaps appears to another very unpleasant. There is no standard, as to what is or is not good to eat, and while grasshopper bread appears to the Pah Ute a choice delicacy, it does not appear probable that it will ever win its way to public favor along the Atlantic seaboard. Like one or two of our correspondents, we have seen mud-hens served as teal in the West, and accepted by the eaters as genuine, and it may perhaps be questioned whether most people could tell the difference between the two. It has been our fortune to eat coots in most of the States and Territories between the Atlantic and Pacific, and we confess that we have always relished them, and regarded them as quite equal in excellence to most species of our ducks. They are very near relatives of the rail, certainly among the most delicious of our feathered game, and their food consists chiefly of the tender shoots of grasses and water plants, together with the seeds of the latter. In autumn, along the Atlantic coast, they feed to a great extent, and in company with rail and many species of ducks, on the seeds of the wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*). There does not, therefore, appear to be any inherent reason why the flesh of this bird should have a disagreeable taste, or should be, as has been suggested by one correspondent, dangerous for human food; nor do we believe that under ordinary circumstances it is so.

As our correspondent, "Byrne," remarked in a recent issue, there is another bird—in fact there are two or three of them—the small grebes, sometimes called divers, which, especially when at rest on the water, closely resemble, to a superficial observer, the coot, having the same partially webbed toes, and being similar in general shape. These grebes are extremely fishy in taste, and are by universal consent condemned as utterly worthless for human food. They are so tough that along the New England shore it is said that if you are going to cook one, you should place in the body an iron wedge, then cook until you can run a fork into the wedge. When this can be done your bird is ready for the table. It is not unlikely that in some of the cases reported by our correspondents, these grebes may have been eaten under the impression that they were coots. This is perhaps overmuch on a subject of no very great importance, but it seems only fair that the much-abused mud-hen should have a word said in its favor. The explanation of the term coot, which, in New England, is improperly applied to the black sea ducks of the genus *Œdemia*, has been given in these columns many times, both editorially and by a number of our contributors. This mixing up of two utterly different birds under a common name is only another example of the lamentable confusion which is constantly arising from the use of local names among men who shoot and fish. It has taken a long time to drive out of use the terms partridge and pheasant, and to substitute for them in different sections of the country the name ruffed grouse, and even now the work is only half done. Still the partial success which has attended these efforts should stimulate us to others in the same direction.

DEATH OF DR. HOWELL.—Doctor Benjamin C. Howell, one of the Fish Commissioners of New Jersey, at his residence, at Gloucester, N. J., October 10. Dr. Howell was in the seventy-fourth year of his age and has been active in the cause of fishculture for many years. He was a cultured gentleman, esteemed by all who knew him, and his loss will be felt by a large circle as well as by his co-laborers in fishculture. Dr. Howell was the owner of the great shad fishery at Howell's Cove, which has been in the possession of his family since the establishment of the fishery in the early settlement of the country. Notices of the enormous seine in use there have several times appeared in our columns.

EXPRESS RIFLES AND EXPRESS BALLS.

A COMMUNICATION from a Montana hunter which we give below shows very clearly that the writer misconceives the object of the express bullet, and as this is only one of a number of cases in which we have heard the same or similar objections made to this form of projectile, it may be worth while to allude more fully to the subject. The object looked for from the use of the express ball we conceive to be shock and not penetration. It is believed that the deadly effect of a ball which is, to all intents and purposes, explosive when it strikes a bone, is much greater than that of a solid ball which merely pierces or breaks. And it is self-evident that a ball which is so made that it will fly to pieces or flatten out on meeting with a resisting substance cannot give penetration. For this very reason we have heard old hunters condemn the use of the express ball on dangerous game, asserting that they want something that will penetrate as deeply as possible. Our own experience with express balls has been somewhat limited. We have witnessed their effects on the Creedmoor range, of course, but have never used them to any great extent in our hunting. During the past summer, however, while in the Rocky Mountains, we tried them on antelope, and found them deadly, but not more so than a solid ball equally well aimed. A buck antelope struck in the shoulder or just behind it with an express ball rarely ran more than fifty yards, but we could not see that death or disabling ensued more quickly with one than the other. More definite results might have been attained had we purposely wounded the game in places where a shot is not so speedily fatal, but that would have been so cruel that it was not to be thought of.

On the other hand it must be remembered that the express balls are, after years of trial, regarded by hunters in India and Africa as a most fatal style of projectile. Their use in this country is comparatively of recent date, and although quite a good deal has been written on the subject, the practical experimenting has been confined to the hands of a very few individuals. "An Old Hunter" may rest assured, however, that the fact that he does not obtain penetration with express balls is not at all remarkable, but is just exactly what was to be expected.

The letter referred to is as follows:

BOZEMAN, Montana Ter., Oct. 7, 1882.

When express rifles came in vogue, it was claimed by the manufacturers that they far excelled the common breech-loaders in regard to killing power. Some manufacturers, like the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, are manufacturing now express rifles, .50 cal. I ordered one of these from the factory, and gave it a good trial on large game. The rifle itself is very good, and a very accurate shooter, but as far as the killing power of the express bullet is concerned, I don't see in what respects it is any better or as good as a solid ball. The cartridge as manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company contains ninty-five grains of powder and three hundred grains of lead. At common hunting distances (from fifty to one hundred and fifty yards) the bullet flies to pieces, at longer distances the ball only flattens out. For instance, I recently shot at a black-tailed deer at twenty-five yards, the bullet struck about the center of the shoulder blade and went into fragments, which were distributed through the whole shoulder (this shot killed the deer.) Shot at four elk from 150 to 250 yards, the bullets didn't fly to pieces, but merely flattened out, and gave very poor penetration; as soon as a bullet struck a bone, it stopped after breaking the bone or part of it, where a solid bullet would have passed clear through. One elk had five express bullets in him, and lived over a day, when I finished him and examined his wounds and found that all the bullets were flattened out, and didn't penetrate far enough. I shot at an elk at forty yards distance, the bullet broke the shoulder blade, and the fragments did not pass any further and failed to kill the elk; another shot killed him. On my last hunt I used a Winchester Repeating rifle .44 calibre, model '66, forty grains powder and two hundred grains lead, and a Winchester Express, .50 calibre, ninety-five grains powder and three hundred grains lead. The Winchester .44 calibre gives the best penetration, as I killed two antelopes at one shot with it, the bullet passing clear through them, while with an Express I never shot clear through a deer or an antelope or an elk yet, although I killed a good many with it. I, for my part, prefer a solid ball for large game. Penetration is everything, especially where a hunter has to take all kinds of shots to secure game. The Winchester express bullet gives very poor penetration, and for that reason the gun don't find many admirers among hunters in this part of the country. I am trying to shoot solid bullets out of my express rifle now, and hope to secure large game with less shooting.

Some hunters use Sharps rifles. .40, .44 and .45 calibre, with express charges and express bullets, but they generally use more powder (115 to 120 grains) and a longer bullet than the Winchester express, and report good results. Most hunters, however, use solid balls in preference to the express balls.

The large game is decreasing fast in Montana and Wyoming. Where about four or five years ago I saw from two hundred to three hundred elk in a single band, I found now not more than from twelve to fifteen elk in a band, and other game in proportion. Eastern Nimrods should be aware of this, and those desiring to kill large game should not wait too long to take a trip to America's best hunting grounds.

AN OLD HUNTER.

THE SPORTSMAN.

BY A. WOOD COCKE, F. S.

THE overgrown featherless bird called by our scientists by as many names as there are of them—"the sporting man" —*Oiseau sans plume. Homo bombarda, H. sclopeto, H. mortifer*, etc., etc., but commonly known as the sportsman, is, though a constant resident in most parts of the civilized world, partly migratory. He is oftenest seen in the latter part of summer and throughout the autumn and early winter, and also when snipe and wild ducks abound—during the first half of spring. Whenever is found anything which he calls "game," whether biped or quadruped, there he is sure to be in the seasons named. To all such he is exceedingly destructive, especially when accompanied by his four-footed companion—the dog—who plays the part to him of the pilot-fish to the shark, and leads him to his prey. Our family is the special object of his pursuit in the last half of summer and in the fall, though strange as it may seem, in spring and early summer, he would no more think of harming one of us than one of his own offspring. He practices the same strange forbearance toward almost all those birds and beasts which he entitles game, except our cousins, the snipe, and all the waterfowl. If it were not for this, it would seem that he spares us and the others which he so favors during the breeding season, not from any real love for us, but for his own selfish ends, as his congener, the farming man, does his flocks, herds, and poultry. But if this be the reason, why is it that he does not likewise with the snipe, ducks and geese, whose breeding season is also the spring? Truly he is a strange fowl, exhibiting in some ways the utmost foresight and ingenuity, in others the traits directly opposite. Against the hawks, owls, and foxes he bears the greatest animosity, begrudging them the least portion of game, though they destroy not a tithe of the number that he takes.

If deprived of all weapons but those with which nature has supplied him, he would be almost harmless, for he cannot fly, and his legs, though ridiculously long, cannot impart to his awkward body a degree of speed which is anything but contemptible to the meanest of us feathered ones. Nor has he the talons of the hawk nor the fangs of the fox, nor the fox's cunning and stealth.

But a certain engine which he carries makes him extremely dangerous when he has become expert in the use of it. It is a tube, or oftener nowadays, a double tube, of iron, which at his will ejects a volume of fire and smoke and pellets of lead, which pierce feathers and flesh more easily than our bills do the softest mold. Those individuals, and they are many, who have become proficient in the use of this, are terribly destructive, and by all means to be avoided by our kind.

The sportsman measures from four and one-half feet to upward of six feet in length, and the extent of his pinionless wings, which terminate in five fleshy claws, is usually the same as his length. The head, when exposed by the removal of its false covering, is so various as not to be easily described, is clothed with hair on the crown, the color varying in individuals—in some it is flaxen, in others a fiery red, brown of various shades, and black, and in old specimens grizzly and white. The eyes differ in color almost as much as the hair. The hinder and lower part of the cheeks and the chin are covered with a coarser hair, which appears to be shed at will, in color nearly like that of the crown. The forehead and upper part of the cheeks are naked and, with the beak, vary from exposure to the weather and quantity and quality of internal irrigation, from light flesh-color to brown and scarlet. In very bibulous specimens the beak is extremely brilliant, seeming to glow as with fire held within it. The whole body, wings, and upper part of the legs are covered with a fibrous texture, removable at pleasure, usually of a russet or dead-leaf color. The lower part of the legs and the feet are encased in dull black skin, which he frequently coats with grease, probably the more easily to make his way through the sedges and brush.

His female differs from him so entirely in appearance and habits that she would hardly be thought by the ordinary observer to belong to the same species. She is seldom seen by any of us, and but little would be known of her had not some facts been obtained by a distinguished member of our family who passed some months of captivity in the home of a pair of these enormous birds.

Her head, at times decorated with the gaudiest plumage, is always covered on its upper part with a luxuriant growth of hair, as various in color as the male's, but longer, finer and softer. Her whole face is naked and that and the beak are of a soft flesh color. She has invisible legs, and her delicate feet are encased in a finer covering than those of her make. The colors of the body and its wide elongation toward the feet are so various that it is impossible to describe them. She rarely exhibits towards the lesser birds and beasts anything of the predatory nature and cruelty of the male, but him she attacks at times with her terrible tongue in the most merciless manner, especially on the occasions of his going out to prey upon our kind. It is a comfort to know that he lives in more abject fear of her than any of us do of him, and that she makes his life and that of his dog more miserable than he does our own. Such is the even-handed justice of Nature, yet she is as inconsistent as he, for notwithstanding her opposition to his "sport" as he calls it, she exults as much in his success as he does himself, and feeds with quite as much zest on the little birds which he brings home.

Altogether the genus, whose numbers seem to be rapidly and alarmingly increasing, is one well worth the study of the speculative Cocke, but always, be it remembered, at a safe distance, say one hundred yards.

H. kidyloveii was once thought to be identical with the above, but is now generally regarded as a distinct species When he has passed through the moult which brings him to his nearest resemblance to *H. sclopeto*, he bears an exaggerated likeness to his congener.

His dress is more elegant and brighter in color, and bulges with a multitude of pouches filled more with food and flasks than game, and he has a boastful bearing, but is far less dangerous to other birds than to himself and companions, for his leaden pellets seem to go in any direction but the one he wishes them to, and he sometimes blows his own head or hand off. His dog is not at all under his control, but ranges far and wide in advance of him, giving the objects of his master's pursuit what would be most ample and timely warning if it was at all needed.

With a specimen of *H. kidyloveii* a cock, or grouse, or quail may have rare sport, leading him by short flights through the worst bogs and thickets. Let him but get a glimpse of you flying on before him and directly comes the thunder of the gun, as the deadly engine is named, and the whistling of the lead to the right, or left, or overhead, shortly followed by a volley of curses directed by turns against yourself, the dog, the gun, and the bushes almost as loud and quite as dangerous as the discharge of the iron tube.

If you have the presence of mind to fly not too far, it is very amusing to watch this sportsman searching the ground for a feather, the further to assure himself that he has, as he says, "certainly hit this time," and then to fly up almost from under his feet, and, casting a backward glance, behold his surprise and chagrin. But for the sport he affords us he would be interesting only in his being supremely ridiculous.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A LEAF FROM A VAGABOND'S DIARY.

"BEAUTIFUL! beautiful! and beyond that, beautiful!" the immortal Humboldt is said to have exclaimed, when for the first time he gazed upon the tropical beauty of Central America, and I, a humble admirer of that great hero, echoed his sentiments again and again, and, reclining on a bed of wild oats, I drank in the glories of my queen of mountain streams. Rising twenty miles to the northward, on the storm-swept sides of McWilson, pouring over innumerable ledges, foaming, tearing thro' rocky cañons, creeping dreamily thro' sunlit valleys,

> "With here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a grayling,"

until it joins fifteen miles below, its sister, the Rio Dolores. This, my Minnehaha, runs a hundred feet below me, sparkling in the rays of the setting run. Before me, across the valley, rises an amphitheatre of foliage, green willow, golden aspen, brown spruce, relieved here and there by bold masses of gray rock. Above, an almost cloudless blue sky; a hawk so motionless that it might be a fixture. The little park, or open glade, in which I am resting, is waist deep in grass and wild oats, surrounded on three sides by oak scrub. Before me, the ground slopes, spruce clad, to the valley.

Can one wonder the Indian was loath to leave this hunter's paradise? Put yourself in his place, and what would you do? I ask myself. The answer comes in an involuntary grip on the stock of my rifle. Yes, my red brother, I am not ashamed to own I can feel for you for are we not both vagabonds? I know the delights of those deep, frothy pools, from which we have both enticed the shining trout. To me also is known the mysteries of those green swamps, where the beaver swarm at night. My knife, with yours, has drank the blood of many a noble buck. Have we not both lain in wait for the lordly elk? Those towering rocks have echoed our shouts of pride, as the grim she bear gave her death shiver. And when nobler game was scarce, have we not both brought the brown grouse whirling to the earth? Alas! brother mine, the days of these glories are numbered. The axe is already at the root of the tree. The hum of threshing machine and saw will arise from the valley below. The pale-faced tenderfoot is already killing deer in July and using giant powder in our favorite pools. Verily, brother mine, 'tis time you and I, and the other vagabonds, were seeking happier hunting grounds in the land of the Great Father.

Ah! a shot away to my right! My reverie is broken; I spring to my feet and start down toward camp. Half a dozen steps and I am crouching in the grass, for I hear that unmistakable thud—thud—thud—a deer coming at full jump and straight toward me. One moment and then—there she is—a barren doe by her size and condition. As I rise to my feet she swerves, hesitates one second—one fatal second—and then, as my shot rings out, with a magnificent bound, she disappears in the brush. Alas for her! that bound, grand as it was, has a tell-tale tremor in it; the tail is clutched convulsively, my shot has told. Carefully picking up the trail, I follow it down hill, through oak scrub and groves of aspen; tree, brush and ground, red with life blood. Across an open glade, where the tracks are closer together; down into the rocky gulch, up the opposite bank with staggering gait; see, she stumbled there! I shall find her soon. Ah, here she is, prostrate between two rocks. Knife in hand, I stoop for the *coup de grace*. Slowly the comely head turns toward me, the large black eyes, swimming in moisture, look me full in the face with a glance of dying wonder. Gently I turn away the reproachful eyes, while I drive the steel to the hilt. "What a spooney," I think I hear some desperado, with his hair parted in the middle, exclaim. My bad friend, I can't help it, you see; I am a vagabond, and, consequently, romantic. For nearly a decade my life has been passed on the frontier. I have hunted, and been hunted by, many kinds of game, biped and quadruped, but—"can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" Romantic I shall remain, and a pair of dark eyes swimming in tears, whether they are in a woman's head or a deer's, will always excite my sympathy.

Ah! that reminds me of one pair of eyes I shall never forget. It was years ago, back on the plains, we raided a nest of horse thieves one night. There were three men and two women in the dug-out, when we burst in the door. There was a short, sharp struggle, a woman's scream, and suddenly I found a pair of arms around my neck, a face, fur too beautiful to be in such a nest, devouring me like one fascinated; her large black eyes wild with terror, her bosom palpitating with short, quick breaths, pressed so close to me that the child she was nursing was held up between us. The trembling lips could hardly frame the prayer I was powerless to grant: "Oh spare them, spare them." And then, when the men, closely guarded, were led from the room, and that beautiful form sank to the ground, I would have given several years of my life not to have been there.

But there, I can't stop talking any longer, my doe is hung up and dressed. The valley is already in gloom. The sky has faded from blue to gray, here and there twinkles a silvery star, a few fleecy clouds in the west are still tinged with the glories of the dying day, the sound of the ax comes faintly from the direction of the camp, the small birds are chirping their last good night, a belated woodpecker speeds by on swift wing. *Tap! tap!* comes from a dead spruce; yes, my friend, it is too late to be lingering along this way, sweet as the woods are at dusk, fragrant with resinous spruce and balsam and aromatic weeds.

Ten minutes' tramp through waist-deep grass brings me within view of camp, and shows me once more that scene, dear to the heart of every true brother of the rod and gun, to every member of the great fraternity of vagabonds. The bright fire, the white tent under the giant pines, the carcases of fat deer, the figures of men and dogs, and the piles of "impedimenta" scattered around the fire in picturesque confusion, the background of green willow gently waving in the night winds.

> "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,"

says a good old song; but dearer to me is the flickering camp fire, the frying pan, and the coffee pot. As I walk into the firelight, the dogs open on me full-mouthed, until they quickly recognize a friend; and I am just in time, for that prince of good fellows, Joseph Meredith, has just lifted the lid of the bake-oven and permitted a whiff of the most delicious fragrance to escape from the chowder of trout and onions—worthy dish to set before a king. A king, did I say? "Take away that bauble"—a hungry hunter, I meant—and six hungry hunters were soon seated before a bill of fare New York itself need not be ashamed of—loin of venison and baked potatoes; trout chowder; fried venison, with chili colorado; hot biscuit; tea and coffee. Add to the above "hungry sauce," and the bill is complete. Hunger is a good sauce, taken in small doses. I have taken it in somewhat large doses, so much so that a rattlesnake stew was declared excellent, a prairie owl not to be despised; but I was finally choked off with a crow, although offered under the name of "blackbird."

But the best of appetites won't last forever. Supper is over, plates and cups, knives and forks washed and laid aside, beds made down, boots pulled off, pipes lit—and now comes that one hour between supper and sleep—hour sacred to yarns, to fish stories, and other truths. What scenes and incidents—"moving accidents by field and flood"—that hour recalls; back through ten years of stormy life—parched with thirst on a waterless divide, snowbound above timber line, treed by a wounded bear, all night waist-deep in a swamp, with twenty red devils waiting for daylight and your scalp; a wild night "off the banks," with a broken propeller; a moonlight ride through the lime groves of Santa Barbara; north, south, east, and west—yes, and back to the brooks of dear old Kent, where we caught our first trout; and the rolling downs of Surrey, where we grassed our first bird. Heigho!—happy days, when "gold, and Greek, and love were all unknown to us." But the yarns are over, pipes are out—one by one heads disappear under the blankets. Overhead the full moon sails glorious, in the midst of myriad stars. From behind the willows comes the silvery tinkle of the streams, singing a song of peace and quietness, and bearing away on its pure bosom the restless brain of the vagabond to the care of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

A. B. B.

DOLORES COUNTY, Colorado.

RAMBLES THROUGH NEWFOUNDLAND.

PART V

BEFORE returning to the capital from the regions described in my last paper, I induced a local sportsman acquainted with the coast to accompany me down to the bottom of Placentia Bay, where I intended spending the remainder of March. In Newfoundland it is not unusual to find March the most boisterous month in the year, and of all the twelve it is the most dangerous for coast shipping; for at this time there appear around the coast vast bodies of ice, formed during the winter in the Arctic regions, and carried down into the bays by the prevailing southern currents. Down at the bottom of Placentia Bay is a small isthmus about three miles wide, separating the waters of the latter bay from those of Trinity Bay upon the opposite side, and along this isthmus is the great thoroughfare of the deer passing from the peninsula of Avalon to the northern regions of the island and back again. The extremities of both the bays touching upon the isthmus is almost a silent wilderness, but those who visit there never fail to see large herds of deer passing up and down by steady marches. Sometimes parties from other settlements in the island, I had learned, had fitted out during the winter, come to the isthmus, and as the herds were passing up and down, slaughtered them in great number, burying the carcases in the snow till navigation opened to take them to the island of St. Pierre or to St. John's.

Crossing, therefore, over from the shore of St. Mary's to that of Placentia Bay, our course lay down along the edge of the bay, past the settlements where the fishermen live. Here was civilization in its primitive state. Now we met a large settlement nestling in some large sea nook between the hills, again a small cluster of cottages, and often passed some solitary house built down by the front of the open sea.

One afternoon in the midst of a storm, when blinding snow-drifts blew outward from the bleak country, my guide asked me to turn from the rough mountain path by which we were journeying along, down to Angel's Cove, a romantic chasm down between the cliffs, at the edge of the bay. He told me many curious stories of this lonely place, for like nearly all the inhabitants I met there he could neither read nor write, believed in ghosts and unseen interfering powers. Twenty years before he told me that Angel's Cove was known by a different name; that then it was called Devil's Cove, and that the fisherman sailing past its black rocks in the gloaming shuddered and crossed himself, for lights moved across the strand and flickered among the rocks, while wild rushing sounds were heard up among the green woods that skirted the turbulent torrent that poured its waters down from the mountain.

And to prove the malignancy of the spirits of this lonely place he told me that less than twenty years before the owner of the only cottage in the cove left, with his wife and two children, for the nearest settlement, where the priest had come, as was his custom once in the year, to say mass, hear the people's confessions, and give them the sacraments, for the purpose of "doing their Easter duty" and having the children christened. The husband, turning from the mountain path on the way to shoot some mountain partridge which here are found in swarms, was delayed an hour or two, but on returning to the wooded path where he had agreed to join his wife, found her black in the face, and dead, and the two

babes, by some unknown hand, strangled by her side. These deaths were attributed to the evil spirits of Devil's Cove, and however much they may have been guilty, the main fact of the death of the mother and the babes while the father was absent upon the hills, I subsequently learned was correct; but I incline to the belief that the babes were frozen to death after the mother had fallen a prey to the fatigue of the journey, for she carried the two children slung upon her back in the fashion of the Indian women of this continent. It was also a fact that the Irish priest who visited these regions once a year, with bell, book and candle, came down to the cove after the occurrence, exorcised the evil spirits, and changed the name from Devil's to Angel's Cove. But though he read as the candle burnt, the belief was as strong as ever at the time of my visit that the evil spirits inhabited the wood, and I know that to this time few of the inhabitants would venture to cross the bridge alone in the noon-day.

In this dismal yet romantic region there is not a road to be seen, and the traveler goes by the narrow path which leads across the plains, down the hills and across the valleys. Through each cove runs a brook, and in the spring and autumn these are so swollen by the rains as to bed angerous to ford. Yet some of them are to this day without bridges, and many a poor traveler trying to cross them has been borne away by the angry flood down to the sea and drowned. Neither will you find for a score of miles along such a coast as this a schoolmaster or a schoolmistress, but the people are plunged in ignorance and superstition.

In crossing the bridge of which I have spoken, my guide, as he looked nervously over his shoulder into the dark woods, for it was drawing late, told me the story. I wondered little, for the river in rushing through the rocky walls gave forth a noise like the sound of many demons, and the hurricane, sweeping in gusts over the hills, sang dismally and weirdly through the trees. Then he led me down by a steep path through the firs and spruces out to where I saw the water, and partly sheltered by the trees a house appeared, the only one in the cove, or for miles on either hand. The people received us with the most genuine hospitality, and surrendered to us the very best the house afforded. It is so all around the coast. I care not who the stranger may be, on his entry into a house the kettle is at once put on, and if it be in the winter season he is made to go behind the stove and shift his shoes and stockings. As long as he chooses to stay he is made welcome, and I have never known of a case where money has been accepted as a recompense. The place is so dismal and so lonely that the poor creatures are delighted at the sight of a strange face, and if the traveler can tell harrowing stories during the evening by the hearth, and has news of wars being fought or threatened revolutions, he is surrounded, eager eyes and mouths drinking in all he has to tell.

They pressed us to remain a week, but we consented only to stay two or three days at the furthest, and this not till we had been promised some good shooting down around the rocks.

During the evening a violent storm, accompanied with a blinding snow-drift, blew off the land, moving the huge body of ice, which had come into the bay, before it. The house shuddered to the storm, and the breakers roared dismally up and down the coast. As I sat by the flushed stove talking to the head of the family, an old man beaten with the hard storms of nearly seventy winters, I was overcome with melancholy as he told me how hard he felt it to be shut up in this desolate place all his life. He was too infirm then to visit his neighbors living in the other coves, but still he thought of the time when he was a boy driving a lime cart, at dawning, into Dublin. He made verses, too, after his own rude fashion, and after the rest had retired—for he would not say them before them, as they "laughed" at him, he said—he repeated them to me. They were singularly apt, recited as the storm howled.

And after I had commended these rude verses, I shook the dear old man's hand and retired, sinking below my shoulders in the feathers which are taken from the sea birds.

At the dawn I was awakened by one of the sons, for there were three, who asked me if I would like to go and get a shot at some ducks. I was delighted, sprang out of bed, and dressed. The dawn had now just begun to break, and the morning was bitter cold. Piloted by my guide, I fumbled my way down among the black rocks that skirted the water. It was "low tide" he told me, and we could take shelter for fully an hour before the tide came in again, behind any of them. Sometimes in clambering over these rocks I would slide upon the slippery ooze, and before I had gone far I am sure I must have had a score of bruises upon my body. Then my guide, who before had skipped along the rocks nimbly as a goat, slackened his pace, and asked me to excuse him, that he had forgotten that "in the cities there is not this kind of traveling." But we eventually reached the "stages" or the buildings where in summer himself and his brothers landed, split and salted their cod; and here we waited till it became bright enough to see around us. He kept his eyes fixed upon a land-locked basin in from the stages, and after he had gazed there for some time said, "Swiles."

Now, by the word swiles I knew he meant seals, and that there must be some in the basin; but before I had long to reason, he whispered "Load for swiles," which I did, not using cartridge, but ramming home nearly six fingers, part of which was a heavy dose of seal shot. Then we crept around by the shelter of the rocks, till we got within gunshot; when looking through the crevices we saw five or six round black heads bobbing up and down without making any splash or commotion. They were swimming leisurely over to the very rock where we were, and I was trembling with impatience to fire. But my companion grasped my arm and whispered, "Let 'em come, and bunch up." So under this restraint I lay watching the black heads drawing nearer and nearer. Now they would sink from sight, and I would feel vexed, and say, "Are they not gone?" but not a word could I get out of Davy. He simply kept a firm clutch upon my arm.

"Now," he said in my ear, "get ready and wait till I take aim." Then I saw the whole bunch of heads together and also saw Davy's gun go up. Quick as lightning mine went up too, and I fired right into the bunch. Davy's gun had gone off simultaneously with mine. Three heads with some body attached lay floating motionless as the result of our shots; the rest had disappeared and we did not get a sight of them again. The dogs jumped out and half pushed, half towed the game ashore, which proved to be three fine animals. My companion informed me that these came off the ice floe "very likely," and were different from the seals found in the bay. I was of a different opinion, and am still, regarding them as the *Phocalitorea* or shore seal, and not the *Ph. greenlandica* or harp seal, which the hunters find upon the ice floe during the spring. Leaving our seals to be attended to afterwards we crossed the point to look for a flock of "gambirds." A good deal of tramping among the slippery rocks showed us a pair extremely shy of the land, but eventually coming near enough. We took one a-piece, which our dogs fetched, though their going out was now risky, as a strong in-breeze had sprung up and the sea was heavy. On the way back to the house from the rocks for breakfast I saw the other brothers engaged with the horse and a sort of cart upon the strand. During the winter, whenever the wind blows off the land, immense quantities of kelp orsea weed are cast upon the beach by the undertow. Among this kelp is found the dulce which you see for sale in the little grocery stores, glistening with the sea salt. But the Newfoundlanders save none of the dulce. I saw these two brothers now with manure forks loading the kelp into a crate, or "kish" as they call it, and then drawing this up beyond the reach of the tide, where it was thrown into a huge pile. They told me they needed three or four hundred loads of this, that after being piled it rotted, and that they invariably used it to manure their potato and vegetable fields and their meadows. The manure it makes is very strong, and I subsequently ascertained that it impoverishes grass fields where it is used a few years in succession, leaving nothing behind it but a growth of moss.

Then the breeze grew into half a gale, raising a heavy sea upon the land, and sweeping the banks of kelp away. As the storm increased Davy told me they were going out upon the cliff to watch a vessel which had been caught in the ice for many days, and had been drifted with the currents in the bay and out again, working nearer the shore each day. If the wind continued to blow in as it now did they said she would be driven against the rocks and wrecked. I went with them, we taking our guns and the dogs up through the woods. Sheltered by the hills, it was not very cold, and we found several coveys of both willow grouse and ptarmigan sunning themselves in sheltered spots. The dogs showed us each covey, but they were "wild"—in the local language—and would not allow us near enough for ground shooting. I did not mind this so much, but strange, none of my companions would dream of firing on the wing, and regarded me as a marvel when I, every now and again, knocked down a bird or two out of the flock. I think I could not have shot less than a dozen, though for all the others they had but one, which one of them shot sitting upon a bank of snow.

When we got out of the woods we were confronted by a fierce gale, whose cold pierced one to the very heart. I find this is the case generally in Newfoundland. In a strong breeze upon the coast, when the mercury is not down to zero, I have found the cold more piercing than I have ever felt it in Canada, with the mercury ten degrees below zero and a strong breeze blowing. This is owing, I should suppose, to the larger quantity of moisture in the air adjacent to the sea. But, in the face of the breeze, we made our way out over the bleak marshes and headlands three or four miles, and from the "Naked Man," a bold, bald peak, overlooking the bay, we saw the vessel, a brigantine, not more than half a mile off the land, and being driven toward the rocks through the loose ice rapidly.

Meanwhile the tide was setting strongly northward, that is running into the bay, and though the vessel was three or four miles further from the coast than the point at which we stood, the cavemen concluded she would strike near about the point on the top of which we were standing. I shuddered, as I saw the vessel borne along toward the grinding rocks, for the fate of the luckless crew, but my companions were of the opinion that the crew was not in the ship; that if they were they would hoist sail and try to keep out from the shore. And then they told me that shipwreck and drowning was not a rare sight to them; that the winter before two vessels had been wrecked upon the point stretching out before us; that of one of these crews every man was drowned, the crew of the other, excepting one man, escaping. Were there a crew in the ship now drifting onwards, they told me there was little chance of their safety; and now their anxiety was that she would strike in such a position that some of the cargo might be saved. But the vessel dragged along, and, to disappoint the expectations of all, cleared the point and swung inward where the wind could not press her so closely toward the land, and where the capes did not run out so far. Tired of our watching and benumbed with cold we returned to the cove, and in the evening started around the wild cliffs for the next settlement, Patrick's Cove. We found the inhabitants of this settlement eager with expectation of the striking of the prize; but still she skimmed along by the cliffs and jutting rocks past this settlement too, and onward in the bay.

As I was bound in the shore to the bottom of the bay I followed the party in. About midnight, between Patrick's and Ship's coves, we lay behind the rocks, I shivering and my dogs whining; for the wind had increased in violence, and was now pressing the vessel sheer in upon the land. In the clear moonlight when the storm clouds passed we could see the ship plainly, and to our astonishment she now showed some of her smaller canvas. When last we had seen her she floated along evidently without anybody on board, for her poles were bare. We crept out on the rocks, the tide being out, as she was pushed in, and though there was much heavy ice in patches along the shore, the waves roared against the rocks, and threw their foam high up the cliffs.

The vessel was now distinctly in our view, and was being rapidly swept toward the ledge. But only for a minute, for a towering wave arose, caught the luckless vessel and swept her as it would a bubble of its own making, against a sharp edge of one of the reefs. How it came about, and with such suddenness, I fail to understand; but simultaneously with the crash against the rocks her spars snapped off like stems of glass, and she parted amidships. Then a number of white objects ran out of the broken part into the boiling sea; like unto a flock of sheep running out of a pen; and in another minute only the debris of the proud vessel could I see. The fishermen had, meanwhile, run out upon the rocks as far as possible, in the hope of being able to assist those on board, while I was obliged to feel my way along, for the rocks were oozy, and deep pools of land-locked sea lay on every hand. How my heart was wrung as I heard a wild cry come over the noise of the storm when the ship struck, and how anxiously did I look among the white waves, amid the pieces of the ship, for a boat bearing the hapless crew. But the fishermen told me no boat could live in that sea; that were she made of iron she would be pounded into jelly. The fishermen had coils of rope with them, as is their wont when out "wrecking," and it would terrify the heart of one unaccustomed to see the seas into which they will plunge, one end of the line fastened around their waist, the other in the hands of those on shore.

And now their preparation and their bravery came into needful use, for among the floating pieces two forms were seen struggling, though the waves beat over their heads, but they were being carried around the point instead of driving into the nooks. And though it was most piercing cold, and in the face of death itself, one of the fishermen fastened the line about him and plunged down into the roaring waves. I saw a heavy sea come toward him, but putting his hands together he dived through it, and it passed harmlessly on. In the space of a minute he had reached the piece of plank upon which the two seamen were, and when he had got his arms upon it, those on shore drew it with its freight of life safely through the boiling waters to the land. The two sailors whom he rescued were benumbed and apparently lifeless, and it was with difficulty that the arms of one of them could be got from round the plank. The other soon recovered, and a good drink of brandy from my flask brought his activities fully back. The other must have swallowed much water, we thought, for he appeared stupified; but after he had been rolled and disgorged fully a quart of sea water he showed returning consciousness. The brandy, too, helped him, after whith we hastened back over the rocks with the two rescued men to the nearest cottage, about two miles distant. He who plunged into the surf, my guide and myself, with the two sailors, returned only, leaving behind us the rest, who with boat hooks and other contrivances were saving a number of valuable articles from the wreck as they were driven against the rocks. From the sailors we learnt that the vessel had been laden with flour, leather, butter, tallow, etc., and from this intelligence I knew that what seemed like sheep running through the broken part of the ship was the flour. About four days previous the whole crew had deserted the ship and struck out upon the ice for the land, but the party had become separated, seven in one division and three in another. The latter on nearing the land found no hope of getting ashore, and after wandering up and down for two days returned to the ship. Two of these, as I have shown, were saved, the other was beaten to death among the wreckage. The other party, I subsequently learnt, arrived at Placentia, after two of the number had succumbed to hunger and cold, lying down and dying upon the ice.

That night, or rather morning, when we reached the Ship's Cove, a blinding snowstorm was piping out the valley, and I was so weary that I fell asleep before I was well settled in a rude but comfortable arm chair before a roaring fire in the open hearth. A hot meal of fried venison and rich home-cake was served us soon, and then we retired, I sleeping till midday. When I arose I found that several feet of snow had fallen, and was told I could travel no further without "rackets," the racket being a very clumsy snowshoe which the fishermen make themselves. I set out, having purchased an old pair of these shoes, and with my guide made my way around by the slate cliffs, now through clumps of evergreen forest, now down deep gorges, again over bleak heights, or across an angry torrent, at the risk of being carried away by its turbulent flood. I will not recount the incidents of that weary way through bitter winds, and often blinding snowdrifts, the desolate places where we found fishermen dwelling, and the privations and often the sufferings to which the inhabitants are doomed.

The previous season's codfishery had been a failure, and the inhabitants at many points were reduced to sore distress. We had heard of many families who for numbers of weeks had not had anything to eat but herring, being beyond the reach of the assistance the government sometimes renders in the way of meal and molasses. In nearly all the settlements we traveled through we saw here and there a piece of "Indian meal road," a name given to roads made for meal and molasses furnished by the government to the hungry. In one little cove, where we stayed over for a day to shoot ducks, we found every family except one reduced to the utmost want. A few barrels of Indian meal and molasses had been hauled from the next settlement on dogs, and the magistrate from the latter place was busy with a gallon measure doling out the "relief" in small quantities to the hungry claimants.

During the morning I had shot a dozen or fifteen large sea divers, and these with a well-filled bag of rock ptarmigan which I had shot along the way, I offered to the magistrate to distribute to the suffering creatures. So poor were they that they had not even powder and shot to kill the ducks so numerous around their homes. The magistrate then informed me that he believed the worst was past. The ice which had come into the bay was "northern" or "heavy ice," as distinguished from the bay ice, and it, from reports heard, was laden with a large body of seals. That evening before I left those miserable people I saw them with exultation push out their punts, armed with gaffs, bound for the floe in search of the seals. The relief from this quarter would be two-fold. The flippers would serve as food, and as soon as the traders near by heard that the people had seal pelts to sell they would be industrious in bringing provisions thither. I should have remained here for a few days, as the shooting was excellent, and to join in the seal catching expeditions, but that the poverty of the place forbade it, and I was also assured by the magistrate that I would have all the sport I needed in this way further down the bay.

A trader in a small covered boat, in which were two others and himself, who had been out the coast for provisions for the people further down, invited me to take passage with him as far as Piper's Hole. This saved some days' weary tramping, though the bay was rough, and the spray flew incessantly over our craft, encasing her completely in ice. A day's run brought us down to the bay's bottom, near Piper's Hole, a picturesque little settlement nestling among stern hills green in their dress of fir the season round. At several points sea arms run inland, and as dwellers are rare along their shores, sea birds flock to the quiet retreat they afford in thousands during the entire season. They build their nests and bring out their broods along the shingly beaches during the summer, and when the winter storms prevail they fish in quiet in the still waters for herring, and the many kinds of shellfish clinging to the rocks.

We put up at a homely inn, yet a large establishment for such a place, and one of the proprietors agreed to spend a week with me fishing and shooting through the sea arms described, and then to accompany myself and my guide to the choicest camping ground to await the deer herds as they crossed the isthmus separating Avalon from the rest of the island. This it will be remembered was my objective point on starting.

The next morning on rising I wondered at the prepara-

tions being made about me. Groups of men were here and there carrying sails, masts, oars, etc., to a number of small boats lying on the beach, and some were busy preparing gaffs, that is an instrument with a s out wooden handle and an iron spike, etc., at the end. Others carried guns down to their boats. The women and children had turned out too, and were assisting the male inhabitants, all their faces beaming with extreme joyfulness.

As I wondered at this commotion, my landlord informed me that our proposed expeditions were "up" for the present, that the ice had pushed in the bay and was covered with "swiles," and that all hands were turning out to kill some. He kindly offered me a place in the boat with himself and his brother. It must not be thought that what I am now to describe is the regular seal fishery for which Newfoundland is famous. The regular fishery is carried on by steamers and large vessels out in the ocean, to the north of the island, in wide-extending floes, but frequently a portion of this large seal-bearing floe becomes detached and drifts into the bays, bearing its seal freight along. Such a detached body had now come into the Placentia Bay.

Though a strong breeze now blew landward we launched without danger out through the surf, for the ice body on the outside afforded a shelter. I carried my gun, which was capable of throwing heavy shot, and my companions provided me with a gaff. We also took some provisions, blankets, hauling ropes, flag poles and other things needful. And then with loud cheering some of the little boats hoisted sail, and we soon followed suit, beating out to the edge of the ice floe.

On reaching the ice it was the aim of each boat to get as far into the body of the floe as possible; and we entered through a wide seam that led on to three or four lakes, extending nearly a mile out into the thick jam. When we came to a heavy "pan" barring us from another lake, we used our joint strength in pulling the boat upon the same and running it across. In the outside of these "ice-ponds" we found a swarm of elder duck, and among these I plied my shot. They left the lake in the most pelpless fashion, some of them flying shoreward, others simply becoming stupefied, and perching a short distance out upon the ice. After they had left the pond I pursued them upon the ice, thinking they would rise and fly, but they actually allowed me to go up and strike them with my gun. This of course was not sport, so I had no heart for it; but everywhere around me I saw a seal hunter with his gaff, dealing a blow to one of the helpless birds. "We never waste shot on these fellers," they had told me when I began firing at them in the lake; "We'll get 'em wid the gaff bumby." I protested that the gaff was a barbarous way; but my companion truthfully observed that I killed them for the sport, they killed them to eat.

Some of the crew had now pushed out a mile beyond upon the ice, and looking with my glass I could see a number of dark objects moving slowly about the field. Some of these were in groups on a large pan, others were scattered about singly; and I saw two or three others far larger than any of the rest, each of these alone. I informed my hosts of what I saw, and after a good deal of fixing, leveling, studying and sweeping, I succeeded in getting one of them also to see these things through the glass. We had no doubt that they were seals, and taking our flag-pole, two gaffs and my gun, we set out to where we saw them. We now could see some of the other crews busy at work striking, then "skulping" upon the spot.

The ice was heavy, so that you might bring an elephant, bearing a garrisoned tower, all over the bay. Yet, sometimes a heavy swell would heave under, pass along with a sound as if some giant, powerful beyond limit, were breathing. Then the great mass would crack, crack, and sometimes a wide seam, ten feet across, would open, closing again as the swell went past. Sometimes the unwary seal-hunter traveling heedlessly upon the ocean ice, when the "undertow" is heavy, may step from one edge of the opening rent towards the other, just as the breach is opening, miss his step and fall in. Then before he can get out of the water the rent will sometimes close and crush him—crush him as it sometimes crushes the strongest ships getting into a like rent.

We found our way out slow enough, as huge mounds of ice, resembling hills, had been formed by the floe grinding outside against the cliffs, and sometimes you came upon a deep green hole, where, getting down, the chance of getting up again was slight indeed. I had the ordinary heavy winter boots on, but the rest had "skin boots," that is, the seal skin untanned made into a sort of moccasin with a leg coming up to the knee. With these the fisherman would pass over the most "glassy" places without slipping, while I made my way slongonly with the greatest difficulty. For the first time my dogs found themselves upon an ocean ice-pack, and whined and seemed timorous, and instead of questing over the field as they would upon the land, followed at my heels timorously. An hour's tramp through the piercing wind, which, however, by the exercise of rapid walking upon the rough ice, brought us in the midst of the seals, where we found two other crews busily at work.

VACATION.

THERE is a great diversity of opinion in regard to the subject of vacation as to when is the best and most enjoyable season for those who have two weeks at their disposal and who are obliged by force of circumstances to take it all at once. With those who follow the crowd to the fashionable hotels and "flit, as it were," from Saratoga to the seaside, wear their best clothes, and come back at the expiration of their two weeks, having had an "immense and chawming time," being obliged nevertheless thereafter to economize on cigars and lunch to strike an average, we have nothing to do. But to those who have a genuine affection for FOREST AND STREAM, with a fortnight's relaxation of business cares each year, we would say, wait until the latter part of September or the first of October. If your general health is good you can work through the hot weather in July, August and middle of September without much discomfort, and when weary and exhausted after a scorching day, you may board any one of the numerous boats, and after a trip down the bay, return to the city refreshed. There are so many pleasant afternoon and evening excursions at the command of the New Yorker during the summer months, that life in the city during hot weather is not the burden it used to be. Leaving in July or August, the chances are that on reaching your destination, you will find the weather there nearly as warm as that you have left, and be compelled to keep shady during the middle of the day, for exposure to the sun is just as uncomfortable and dangerous in the country as it is anywhere else So you fret and fume and perspire your time away until you return to find the thermometer still among the nineties. I find that I can work through the hot weather better than idle through it; you do not feel it so much if your mind is employed. September is drawing towards its close, the days vary, now hot, now cool, awakening the migrating instinct. A clear, cool, bright day arrives, a promise what autumn has in store, it is a positive pleasure to breathe the air, and you long for the woods, another scorcher and they are forgotten—so it continues until, the equinoctial past, you find a light blanket a necessity if you wish to sleep comfortably. Now you begin to realize that there is a something in the bracing air that tells you the time has arrived.

The hotels (if you must go to a hotel) are not crowded, as the thin-blooded guests have left ere this, and you find forest and stream and lake in perfection. You may leave at sunrise, tramp until sunset, and enjoy every breath you draw. You may float on the clear water, catch pickerel or perch, or lazily loll and enjoy the enchanting and ever changing views. A sharp October frost sets the woods in a blaze of glory. Faint at first, it gradually brightens until the culmination surpasses your powers of description. Your hounds will find deer on the mountains, and the clear, thin air will throb with their resounding bay. The partridge is waiting for you, and the squirrels are at work cutting off the chestnut burrs, and making the woods alive with their chatter. This is the time for a vacation. After two weeks of such life (and how quickly they pass) you return, improved in body and mind, with no more hot weather to steal your required appetite away, or plague you with sleepless nights. DICK.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24, 1882.

Natural History.

THE PINE GROSBEAK.

Pinicola enucleator, Vieill.

BY DR. ELLIOTT COUES.

THE earliest account of the pine bullfinch to which I can refer the reader who may be anxious to start even with the history of the bird is that given by the great naturalist Edwards, who figured it on two plates, in his famous "Natural History of Birds," 1751. The species is said, however, to be included in the Fauna Suecica of the illustrious Swede, published at Stockholm in 1746, and again in 1761. These



two quotations are the basis of "*Loxia enucleator* L.," 1758, and in the twelfth edition of the Systema Naturæ, 1766, reference is made to a paper in the Transactions of the Swedish Academy, 1757, p. 139.

Very shortly afterward, in 1760, Brisson published an original and independent description of the same bird, under the name of the "Gros-bec de Canada"—"*habitant in Canada*," he says, "*unde missæ sunt ad D. Aubry, qui D. de Reaumur dono dedit.*" Thus the American bird came in for notice almost as soon as the European. Brisson gave a recognizable figure of the male, as well as one of his usual elaborate descriptions of both sexes. He called it in Latin *Coccothraustes canadensis*—a name revived in later times for use by those who attempted or made believe distinguish the American from the European bird.

Another early synonym is found in the *Dar-bec* of the Count de Buffon—a term which became the usual French book-name of the bird, as pine grosbeak or pine bullfinch did the English one. Among the more prominent later synonyms may be noted *Loxia flamingo* of Sparrmann, *Pinicola rubra* of Vieillot, and *Loxia psittacea* of Pallas. As will be seen from a glance at any full list of synonyms, various other names have been imposed; but they arise either from the assignment of the species to different genera, or from unsuccessful attempts to subdivide it into two or more, Brehm having no fewer than *five* of these nominations, none of which are worth serious attention. No points in the synonymatic history of the species appear to require discussion, as the list of names is perfectly plain, although quite extensive.

Though it is not my intention to treat the pine bullfinch at any length in its character of an Old World bird, a few words respecting its general distribution in Europe and Asia will not be entirely out of place. What I have to say is mainly derived from Dresser's elaborate article upon this subject. "This," as he says, "one of the most strikingly beautiful of the Arctic birds, inhabits the high northern portions of both the Old and New World, only migrating southward when driven down by the rigors of the Arctic winter. It has occurred in Great Britain, but must be looked on as one of the rarest of the stragglers that occasionally visit our shores." The British authors are nearly unanimous in attesting its extreme rarity in the United Kingdom; but various authentic instances of its occurrence there, among some open to grave doubt, are recorded by Harting and Dresser. It is common in Scandinavia, breeding in the high north and wandering southward in winter. According to Degland and Gerbe, it is a rare and casual visitor in France, several authentic instances of its occurrence in that country being recorded, though Dresser finds none from Spain or Portugal, and only doubtful ones from Italy. It is said never to straggle so far south as the Black Sea. To the eastward it extends across the continent of Asia, and has been found as far south as the Amoor country. In the Himalayas it is said to be replaced by the *Pinicola subhemachalana*.

So little has been learned of the nidification of the bird in America, that for this portion of my narrative I turn also to the work just mentioned, glad to transcribe so reliable and interesting an account:

"The mode of nidification of this bird was unknown until discovered in 1855 by the late Mr. Wolley; and the particulars were first published by Mr. Hewitson in the following year (Eggs of Brit. Birds, 2d ed. i., p. 210,* pl. liii.*). Quoting Mr. Wolley, Mr. Hewitson says: 'As the days grew longer I eagerly listened to the beautiful clear music of the bird in more than one locality; and one snowy morning I saw a hen watching me so very unconcernedly from a tree, that I climbed up to try to catch her in my hand. It was not till I nearly touched her that she flew off, as though she thought I was carrying the joke too far, but in a way that convinced me she had no nest. I had made arrangements for working another part of the country; but I left a trusty Lap in strict charge to visit a spot in Finland where I had ascertained that in previous years the bird had bred. On my return to that neighborhood at the end of summer, I watched day after day for the arrival of my faithful Lap. The nights were already becoming dark, when one evening I saw the well-known figure in a boat approaching our strand. I had scarcely shouted welcome before his wallet was in my hand and my English friends and myself were in triumphal procession to the house. First made its appearance a grim wolf's head; then came forth some reindeer gaddties; next there was extracted the unknown nest, then a skinned pine grosbeak; and at last were carefully unwrapped from a little case the wished-for eggs, and there they lay in all their fresh-discovered beauty before us. At midsummer a nest was found with four fully fledged young about a hundred yards from the spot where the former nest had been. It is now in the British Museum. Externally it is made of remarkably open work of twigs and roots, generally in very long pieces. In the center of the platform there is an inner bedding of barkless fibrous roots, with a little of the hair-like lichen which grows so abundantly on the trees in the Lapland forests.'

"I am indebted to Prof. Newton for the loan of a copy of the late Mr. Wolley's notes on the breeding of this species, from which I extract the following description of the first nest obtained by him: 'The nest was found by Piety, the trustworthy Lap, in company with Mikel Sadlio. It was on the evening of the Second Helutnai (*i. e.*, 27th of May) that they went to Kotta Mello, a little above Yli-Kyrö, on the same side of the river. The place was a little kind of deil where there were groups of small spruces. Piety first saw the bird fly up from the ground with some sticks or nest-lining in its mouth. It remained quite quiet and still, and they were some time before they found the nest, apparently completed, but still without eggs, and placed about two fathoms from the ground in a young spruce three fathoms high. The branches near the nest, which was not quite touching the bole, were thin, short and open. Several days afterwards the nest contained one egg, at the next visit there were two, and several days later there were four. The nest and eggs were now taken, and it was found that the eggs were slightly sat upon. But first the old bird was snared, horse-hair nooses being fixed into the bole of the tree so as to stand out over the nest. . . . The Sadio lad says that he saw at least ten old nests thereabouts, and Piety says that he has also seen nests in similar situations, but never anywhere else; *i. e.*, there is always some favorite corner where they are placed year after year. At midsummer the lad found another nest, about a hundred yards off, containing four young birds scarcely ready to fly. He took it, and it is now in my possession. The nest which contained the eggs was pulled to pieces by the children in his house at Sadio. The one before me is made externally of an extremely light network of thin trailing twigs laced into each other. One of these twigs completely encircles the nest and goes half way round it again, appearing to be about twenty-eight inches in length. This network of twigs is suddenly changed into a compact bedding of fine bare roots mixed with a few spigs of hair-lichens, which form together almost a separate nest inside the outer network."

According to Mr. Wolley's notes, further cited by Mr. Dresser, the nests are nearly always made in spruce trees about twelve feet from the ground. Others than that just described differed in being lined with fine grasses and tree-hair; one was made entirely of fine trailing branches or runners, chiefly of *Linnæa borealis*. The usual number of eggs appears to be four. Several clutches described by Dresser, all from Muonioniska "are pale blue, with the faintest greenish tinge, rather darker in shade than those of the common bullfinch, and are spotted and blotched with faint purplish underlying shell-markings and dark brown surface-spots. In size they average about $1\frac{1}{16}$ by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch."

The nest and eggs of the pine bullfinch in America seem to have been first noted by the same author, to whom my readers are so much indebted already. The nest was in a tree and contained six eggs. It was discovered at Musquash, New Brunswick, July 6, 1863, by Mr. Dresser's brother Arthur, who saw both the parents, and described them so particularly that no doubt remains respecting their identification. They resembled those from Lapland, but were a little smaller, measuring only $\frac{29}{32}$ by $\frac{11}{16}$ inch; the markings less and the spots duller. According to Dr. Brewer, no positively identified eggs of this bird from America were known to exist in collections in 1874; but a nest found at Calais, Maine, by Mr. Boardman, was identified with little doubt, though the parent was not seen. This was placed in an alder bush in a wet meadow, about four feet from the ground, and contained two eggs "not distinguishable from those of the European *enucleator*." It is somewhat a matter of surprise that the investigations conducted by several naturalists of late years in Alaska have not produced the desired specimens, as the bird is very common in that country, where it undoubtedly breeds.

It has fallen within my own experience to find pine grosbeaks at home for the summer, and catch a glimpse of their bearing during the most interesting period of their lives. This happened to me many years ago, when I paid a flying visit to Labrador. I saw birds of this kind on several occasions; once I happened upon a pair which I was sure had a nest near by, because they acted so demurely. They were in a little thicket that grew in a sheltered place where the wind did not blow strong enough to disconcert the insects in the least, and so, though I plunged in several times, each time I beat a quicker retreat, vanquished and disheartened; it was simply impossible to search for a nest in that maelstrom of mosquitoes. So, after watching the pair at my leisure from a vantage ground where the wind blew fresh, I secured them both with my gun, and was glad to leave the spot. The birds displayed no fear at all, nor did they even seem disconcerted by my staring; very likely, neither of them had

ever seen a creature of the kind before; certainly they had not learned how "mighty unsartin" a white man is, or they would have left before I did. As I watched them the mother bird often spoke a single word to her mate in a low, soft, reassuring tone, which reminded me of the note of the fox sparrow; and again the pair chirrupped comfortably to each other, as if they had had their doubts of me, but were entirely reassured. It was a pity to kill them, after all this; but indeed I needed all the specimens I could get during that unlucky cruise, to make any sort of a show for my time and money. Nor were these two the only birds of the kind that I destroyed the same summer. I found them at various points along the coast; so that the country must be a regular summer resort for large numbers, which find in the thick patches of fir, pine and juniper a congenial home.

It was rather late in the season when my slight acquaintance with these grosbeaks began and ended, so that I never heard their song. At least I judged they had passed the tuneful season for that year, though they are said to sing during nearly the whole summer. Thus Audubon pictures the scene of their musical triumphs, and pays a heartfelt tribute to the power to please their strains possess. "The pine grosbeak is a charming songster," he says: "Well do I remember how delighted I felt, while lying on the moss-clad rocks of Newfoundland, near St. George's Bay, I listened to its continuous lay, so late as the middle of August, particularly about sunset. I was reminded of the pleasure I had formerly enjoyed on the banks of the clear Mohawk, under nearly similar circumstances, when lending the attentive ear to the mellow notes of another grosbeak. But, reader, at Newfoundland I was still farther removed from my beloved family; the scenery was thrice wilder and more magnificent. The stupendous dark granite rocks, fronting to the north, as if bidding defiance to the wintry tempests, brought a chilliness to my heart, as I thought of the hardships endured by those intrepid travellers who, for the advancement of science, had braved the horrors of a polar winter. The glowing tints of the western sky, and the brightening stars twinkling over the waters of the great Gulf, rivetted me to the spot, and the longer I gazed, the more I wished to remain; but darkness was suddenly produced by the advance of a mass of damp fog, the bird ceased its song, and all around seemed transformed into chaos. Silently I groped my way to the beach, and soon reached the Ripley."

As a piece of pure "buncombe," this passage from the great author will compare favorably with anything in his work; I should not be ashamed of it myself, if I had to "write up" the song of a bird I had forgotten all about, or perhaps never heard. His experience with dry fogs being doubtless extensive, it was well to state that the mist in which he groped, after he had unfastened the rivets of color, was damp. The same article, however, continues with a contribution from his friend Thomas McCulloch, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, which I transcribe as giving the best picture I have found drawn of the pine grosbeak as a captive.

"Last winter the snow was exceedingly deep, and the storms so frequent and violent that many birds must have perished in consequence of the scarcity of food. The pine grosbeaks being driven from the woods, collected about the barns in great numbers, and even in the streets of Pictou they frequently alighted in search of food. A pair of these birds, which had been recently taken, were brought me by a friend, but they were in such a poor emaciated condition, that I almost despaired of being able to preserve them alive. Being anxious, however, to note for you the changes of their plumage, I determined to make the attempt, but notwithstanding all my care, they died a few days after they came into my possession. Shortly after, I received a male in splendid plumage, but so emaciated that he seemed little else than a mass of feathers. By more cautious feeding, however, he soon regained his flesh, and became so tame as to eat from my hand without the least appearance of fear. To reconcile him gradually to confinement, he was permitted to fly about my bedroom, and upon rising in the morning the first thing I did was to give him a small quantity of seed; but three mornings in succession I happened to lie rather later than usual, and each morning I was aroused by the bird fluttering upon my shoulder and calling for his usual allowance. The third morning I allowed him to flutter about me for some time before showing any symptom of being awake, but he no sooner observed that his object was effected than he returned to the window and waited patiently till I arose. As the spring approached he used to whistle occasionally in the morning, and his notes, like those of his relative, the rose-breasted grosbeak, were exceedingly rich and full. About the time, however, when the species began to remove to the north, his former familiarity entirely disappeared. During the day he never rested a moment, but continued to run from one side of the window to the other seeking a way of escape, and frequently during the night, when the moonlight would fall upon the window, I was awakened by him dashing against the glass. The desire of liberty seemed at last to absorb every other feeling, and during four days I could not detect the least diminution in the quantity of his food, while at the same time he filled the house with a pitious, wailing cry which no person could hear without feeling for the poor captive. Unable to resist his appeals I gave him his release, but when this was attained he seemed very careless of availing himself of it. Having perched upon the top of a tree in front of the house he arranged his feathers and looked about him for a short time. He then alighted by the door, and I was at last obliged to drive him away, lest some accident should befall him."

Various writers speak of a curious disease to which pine grosbeaks are subject, supposed by some to be occasioned by continual perching on the resinous boughs of coniferous trees. It consists in hard irregular excrescences which form upon the tarsi and toes. Mr. McCulloch adds to the account already quoted, the following observations on this score: "Irregularly shaped whitish masses are formed upon the legs and feet; to the eye these lumps appear not unlike pieces of lime; but when broken, the interior presents a congeries of minute cells, as regularly and beautifully formed as those of a honeycomb. Sometimes, though rarely, I have seen the whole of the legs and feet covered with this substance, and when the crust was broken, the bone was bare, and the sinews seemed almost altogether to have lost the power of moving the feet. An acquaintance of mine kept one of these birds during the summer months. It became quite tame, but at last it lost the power of its legs and died." A lady who seems to have had some experience with caged pine grosbeaks also informed Audubon that they were liable to cramps, and died of sores about the eyes and base of the upper mandible. Several males she had in confinement were fond of bathing, used to sing during the night, fed on all sorts of berries and other fruits in summer, and on seeds of various kind in winter. In a state of nature, this food seems to be much more varied than some have supposed, consisting of buds, fruits and seeds of almost any kind. They also take gravel into the gizzard to facilitate the triturations of the harder substances they eat, and often descend to the ground to pick it up. They move either on the ground or in trees, by hopping with both feet together, in the usual passerine fashion. Under all ordinary circumstances, even when not breeding, their tameness is a remarkable trait; they scarcely seem to think of danger from any source, and sometimes even fly in its face. They are less decidedly gregarious than many others of the Loxians; still, many pairs may resort to the same tract to breed, and during their winter wanderings they are usually observed in each other's company, often also associating with crossbills, redpoll linnets and other boreal Fringillines.

These beautiful grosbeaks, as may be surmised from what has preceded, are distributed in summer throughout the wooded districts of British, and what used to be Russian, America, where they lead quiet and secluded lives in the recesses of unbounded coniferous forests. From such favored *penetralia*, where they are scarcely molested during the period of the season of reproduction, many of the birds are inclined to move southward in the fall, while others are content to endure the rigors of a boreal winter as far north at least as Hudson Bay. The extent of their wanderings in the United States becomes a matter of the same interest that attaches to the nomadic lives of the Bohemian waxwings, crossbills, redpolls, snow-buntings and the like, all of which scour our country in restless flocks during the off season of the year, searching for their precarious means of subsistence. We have no accounts of the summer residence of pine grosbeaks in the United States east of the Mississippi; excepting in Northern New England and New York, and the region of the great lakes, all along which stretches of the pine woods which the birds love invite them to a congenial summer home. But, doubtless, when we know more than we do now of the whole bird life of our great mountain ranges in the West, we shall find the pine grosbeaks all along them at certain elevations, as alpine but no longer boreal denizens of the higher reaches of pine-clad mountains. We already know of their breeding as far south as the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, as they doubtless also do in the Sierras Nevadas of California.

We have a number of records of the irregular appearance of the bird on the eastern side of the continent, as far south as Philadelphia and Washington, which seems to be about the limit of migration. Drs. Coues and Prentiss speak of it as "an exceedingly rare and probably only accidental visitant in severe winters," in the District of Columbia. The parallel of 39 deg. north, may be given as roughly indicating an extreme of its range, unless in the most exceptional instances. In Pennsylvania, according to Mr. Gentry, the pine grosbeak only occasionally occurs during the winter, reaching such latitude about the beginning of December, and inhabiting dense pine woods, which it forsakes in the spring to leave traces of its presence in the damage done to the buds of fruit trees before it takes its leave. The same author, noted for the attention he has paid to the food of our birds, presents a winter bill of fare which includes a variety of insects, besides the seeds of pines, firs, birches and junipers, to which is added in the spring the buds of maples, the tender young cones of pines, and a new set of bugs. In Southern New England, writes Mr. Merriam, the pine grosbeak is an irregular winter visitant in Connecticut, though Messrs. Coe and Sage, of Portland, Conn., informed the writer that the bird was to be found there every winter, from the latter part of November to the middle of March. Further north than this, it is scarcely necessary to trace the bird's history in winter; for it directly becomes a regular winter visitant, if not resident, though its movements still depend more or less upon the vicissitudes of the weather. One of the records, however, may be here transcribed, as showing in what multitudes these rovers sometimes make their appearance.

"In the winter of 1835, and for several following seasons," writes Dr. Brewer, "these birds were exceeding abundant in the vicinity of Boston, [Mass.]. They appeared early in December, and remained until quite late in March, feeding chiefly on the berries of the red cedar, [*Juniperus virginianus*]. They were so unsuspecting and familiar that it was often possible to capture them alive in butterfly nets, and to knock them down with poles. Large numbers were destroyed and brought to market, and many were taken alive and caged. They were tame, but unhappy in confinement, uttering mournful cries as the warm weather approached. In the winter of 1869-70 they again made their appearance in extraordinary numbers, in a few localities on the sea coast of Massachusetts, where they did considerable damage to the fruit buds of the apples and pear."

The Ohioan and Illinoisan authorities concur in accrediting the pine grosbeaks to their respective States, but only in the usual character of winter visitants, and in the northerly parts alone. It may be remembered that Dr. Cabanis records from Illinois a specimen upon which the name *Pinicola canadensis* was originally based. It is quoted in Professor Snow's list as a rare winter visitant in Kansas, as far south as Leavenworth. Turning westward now, we directly find that the greater part of the country is ill adapted to the requirements of this bird, and that consequently it is confined to mountainous regions, where its much-loved conifers flourish.

I can present no record as a voucher for its appearance even casually in New Mexico or Arizona, but it is common, and it breeds, in more elevated regions environing the basin of the Colorado River. The bird finds its most southerly extension, and likewise the most southerly breeding range, in the Rocky Mountains. I lately had the pleasure of first publishing some notes, furnished by Mr. T. M. Trippe, which substantiate these statements, although the latest formal biography of the American bird makes no allusion to the important information furnished through my valued correspondent. Mr. Trippe's observations, made at Idaho Springs, in Colorado, are to the following effect: The pine grosbeak is irregularly distributed in that part of the mountains, where it was observed throughout the summer and fall months in the woods near timber line. It does not descend much below such elevation, not having been seen under 9,500 feet, even in the depth of winter, though stragglers probably reach even the foothills. Its food is chiefly the seeds of the pine, birch and alder, but the birds occasionally descend to the ground to pick up other kinds, and probably insects as well. It has a very pleasing song, clear, sweet and flowing, like that of the purple finch. "I cannot say at what season it breeds, but am inclined to think that it must be very early, as young birds are fully feathered and have left their parents in June, before the snow has disappeared from the woods."

Mr. Nelson has given us the record of the occurrence of pine grosbeaks in abundance in June and July at Fort Bridger, Utah. For California, our principal authority, as would be supposed, is Dr. J. G. Cooper. According to this writer, "this beautiful bird is not uncommon near the summits of the Sierra Nevada, lat. 39 deg., in September, and doubtless breed there, as I obtained two fine specimens in the young plumage. . . . They were feeding on spruce seeds when I first saw them, and still lingered about, after two had been shot, as if waiting for their comrades. Soon descending to some shrubby alders to eat their seeds, then to the ground, where they hopped about for some time, uttering a low chirping note, and allowing us to go within a few feet of them." In a later communication, made to the California Academy of Sciences, Dr. Cooper thus alludes again to the same birds: "A specimen which I shot in August, 1870, near the summit of the Pacific Railroad pass, over the Sierra Nevada, was of a fine *orange-red* color, but beginning to moult. This plumage, which is not described by Baird, is stated by Nuttall to be the most adult condition of the species, the *carmine-red* characterizing younger birds. It may, however, be a fading change, like the yellow seen in caged birds of some other red species." I may add that Dr. Cooper's surmise is undoubtedly correct. In any event the carmine-red is certainly the normal perfect plumage, other shades of red indicating decay, decline, fading of the plumage, or other ill condition.

THE BREEDING OF QUAIL.

In reading the issue of October 12 of your valuable journal, I was impressed with the controversy about the quail breeding twice a year. This fact is so universally acknowledged by sportsmen as well as ornithologists, that "J. E. S.," could have left the truthfulness of this statement for their endorsement. The surprise is that a doubting Thomas should hail from the Old North State, the natural home of the quail, and a place eminently fitted for observation of the habits of this wonderful little game bird. Years ago, while at Chappel Hill, I often enjoyed a day's sport among them, and my memory now carries me back to the many shots I made into coveys composed of two different broods. But to disabuse any one who may entertain a different opinion, I will mention two notable incidents which came under my observation this season. On the prairie part of my farm, I was having some millet mowed, when the driver called to me, "Here is a covey of birds and I believe I have killed the hen." In making an examination the cock bird only could be found. This brood, in charge of the old cock, was seen for several days during the hauling of the hay. Several weeks elapsed before I went to this field again, and I then saw two old birds, a cock and a hen, with two different sized broods in the same covey. In the timber part of the tract, where I had a new ground containing ten acres of land, one of my hands found a hen bird sitting on twenty-two eggs just under the end of a log in the same row he was plowing. The quail flew off the nest and the mule struck the bird with her fore foot. The boy told me of this circumstance, and after waiting a day or so and fearing that the bird might be injured, I went with the boy to the nest, but the bird had hatched. In looking after this brood I found them in charge of the old cock, and I concluded that the hen bird was killed. Two or three weeks later I came across the old cock with his brood, and with them an old hen with a younger set all in the same covey. LOWNDES.

CLAY CITY, Miss., Oct. 19, 1882.

There is no doubt but that the quail hatch and raise a second brood in favorable seasons, as stated by "J. E. S.," of Iowa. During the past few weeks quite a number of broods have been seen in this locality that were hardly able to fly, and others but half grown, while all the broods that were hatched in the early part of the season are now full grown and strong of wing. A few days ago two gentlemen were walking through a woods pasture, and when passing a clump of small bushes and woods a female quail flew out and acted as though she had a brood of young in the cover; the men parted the brush and looked in, when they saw a nest full of eggs, upon which the quail had been sitting. Many of these second broods contain from twenty to thirty young birds. R. E. STEPHENS.

NEWPORT, Ind., Oct. 23, 1882.

THE WHITE BUFFALO.—Upper Marias River, Montana, Oct. 12, '82.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I fear your correspondent, "H. S.," who has an article in your issue of Aug. 31, on "White Buffalo," has been misinformed as to the manner in which the Indians regard the albino buffalo. Among the several tribes of the Blackfoot nation, the Gros Ventres, Crows and Sioux, the tanned robes of white buffalo have always been regarded as the most valuable present that could be given to the sun during the ceremony of the medicine lodge. The Blackfoot nation at least has always killed the white buffalo whenever the opportunity occurred, and many legends are extant of the wonderful speed of these albinos. If "H. S." will take the trouble to question some of the old men of the Crow tribe he will find that his statement is decidedly erroneous. Many legends of the Blackfeet, which I believe to be at least several centuries old, speak of the white buffalo. So long ago as that there were few, or any, cattle on this side of the Mississippi, so I can hardly believe that the white buffalo is not an albino. Please let "Pistol Grip," of Butte, understand that I did not write of killing a poor doe antelope and a few ducks in a day as a boast. I intended it to be understood that I think it better to kill game for home use out of season than to slaughter and waste hundreds of ducks and other game just because they are in season and a person has a right to shoot them. I do not need to cross way over to Butte, Mr. Pistol Grip, to find game. At present the buffalo (plenty of them) are not thirty miles away, and on the headwaters of this creek, some fifty or sixty miles distant, we have as much mountain game as you do. Come over and I will take you buffalo hunting. AP-PE-KUN-NY.

NOTICE.—James Purdey & Sons, of 287 and 289 (late 314½) Oxford street, London, gun manufacturers by special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and the most noted shots of Europe, give notice that on January 1st, 1883, they will move to the new and large manufactory they are now building, and that after that date their address will be Audley House, South Audley street, London. They take this opportunity to inform American sportsmen that they have patented a new rebounding hammerless gun, which, after the most careful practical trials and severe tests, they confidently recommend as by far the best and only perfect hammerless gun made. Its advantages are strength, simplicity, safety and freedom from misfires. James Purdey & Sons will only make one quality of guns for the United States, viz.: the best. Guns take about five months to make, and can be ordered direct from the makers, or through the agencies of Schuyler & Duane, 159 Broadway, New York, and Joseph C. Grubb & Co., 712 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa. Messrs. Purdey & Sons are prepared to sell the right or grant a license (subject to certain conditions) for the sole manufacture of this gun in the United States.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

THE MOOSE CALLERS.

WITH springy gait and hopeful breast,
Two men and a boy start for the west;
With gun in hand and pack on back,
And flour and pork stowed in a sack:
To call up moose at break of day
From silent barrens far away.
With coaxing notes and lovesick tones,
Thrills the bull to his marrow bones.

In leaky tent and dripping dress,
Two men sit with a boy, and bless
The rain that falls, the wind that blows,
And try to dry their soaking clothes.
The fire fizzles and will not burn,
In vain they squirm and twist and turn,
Trying to dodge the smoke that flies
With blinding fury in their eyes.

With bated breath at break of morn,
Two men and a boy, with a horn,
Call for a moose, gallant and gay,
"Come to me, darling, come, I pray."
For maiden moose, though shy and coy,
Always woo first, *too-roy-too-roy*.
"Come and see what a loving cow
Is making this infernal row."

With haggard mien and downcast eye,
Two men and a boy sadly fry
The salted pork and batter raised
By "Royal" powder, so much praised.
Slim fare have they for knife and fork,
Their cake is dough, their venison, pork—
The bull a courting never came,
Suspecting no doubt "their little game."

With footsore tread and fallen crest,
Two men and a boy came from the west,
Their flour is spent, their pork all fried,
To call a moose their best they tried;
With birchen horn they called *too roy*,
"O, come, my dear, do come, my boy."
"Not for Joseph," he said, and fled,
"Not with that sort of cow I wed."

GUNNING FOR GROUSE.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

THE days have come when the modern Nimrod cannot be kept in town. His eyes fall upon his gun in its chamois case, stretched royally between the antlers of its first and noblest victim, and the conviction bursts upon him that he ought to go afield. Upon careful reflection and balancing of *pros* and *cons*, he makes up his mind that, as he has but a few days to spare, he will go grouse shooting. He is not in condition to undergo the hardships and fatigues of another deer hunt, and it is getting too cold to camp in the mountains. What he needs, and what he therefore desires, is a judicious admixture of civilized comfort and invigorating field sport. Grouse shooting is just the thing. It may be enjoyed within easy reach of the amenities of life. It does not demand undue exposure or over exertion. And, above all, it is sport that tries the quality of a man's physical energy. There is something fine about it, it is a gentleman's sport. Almost any coarse-grained sort of a fellow can paddle out to a deer struggling in the water, with the dog clinging to its haunches, and pour a couple of barrels of murderous buckshot into the poor animal's head; but to stand alert, alive, behind a staunch setter, and arrest the swift mottled cock, as he springs like an arrow from his covert—this is something which requires a finer organization. It is very seldom that your deliberate deer-slayer is a good shot upon the wing. He can snip off the head of a "pa'tridge" with his rifle at twenty rods, perhaps, but he is willing to acknowledge that the mysteries of aerial shooting pass his ken.

Grouse shooting is essentially an aristocratic sport. It exists, in its ideal perfection, in England, but we have it in its practical perfection here in America. There has grown to be too much artificiality about the sport in England. The grouse themselves are fairly bred to the gun there. They are too tame. They have lost the magnificent gaminess of the natural bird. But here we combine the fair, manly, almost chivalric method of the English sportsman with the best natural condition of the game. Consequently there can be no finer sport in the world than gunning for grouse, in the fall of the year, on our highlands and mountains. The autumn season itself is delightful. To merely be afield with one's dog and gun in so bracing an atmosphere, under so superb a sky, in the midst of such glorious scenery as our autumn hills and valleys afford, is enough to fill the heart of the true Nimrod—who, by necessity, must be also a lover of nature—with the purest enjoyment. Add to this the romance of the sport which he is pursuing, its almost intoxicating exhilaration, the satisfaction which grows with a growing bag, and ceases with a full one; the pleasure of feeling the "insidious approaches" of a mighty appetite; the sense of gaining muscular vigor and activity with each step—and who can wonder at the sportsman's true love for gun and dog, and his delight when the keen autumn air tells him that the leaves are falling and that the covers are in prime condition for his purpose?

Let us, then, take the season at its height, and away to some quite mountain hamlet in New England—wherever you choose—provided it be not too plentcously infested with the mighty local "hunter" and his dog of anonymous origin. Let us suppose that we are safely domiciled, with Nimrod and his setter, at a neat village inn among the New Hampshire hills. What an immense relief it is to sally out on the porch—"verandy" in the *patois* of mine host—without a care or a single demand upon one's time, and tilt back against the wall, and smoke an after supper cigar with the best of friends. What an invigoration, to drink in the mountain air, and sniff, on the damp o.or-gathering wings of the breeze that comes after the stars, the bewitching savor of pine coverts and banks of decaying fern, favorite hiding places of the wary grouse! Dreams too pleasant to be fixed in memory visit the couch of the expectant sportsman, as he retires for the night, and yet, when the trusty landlord comes at 5 o'clock to wake us up, Nimrod is loading shells, and that gentle personality which includes the reader, and shall be designated irrespectively as "we" and "I" are engaged with equal diligence in oiling and putting into shape his beloved breech-loader.

"Breakfast is ready, when you are!" cries mine host, a jovial and familiar and withal a good fellow, with a heart too big to run in the little flagreed moulds of conventional formality. All men are "boys" to him, and he does not resent being thought the most youthful of them all. We follow him down to the pleasant little dining room; with its well polished windows just brightened by the morning sun, and enjoy a foretaste of the delights to come in the shape of some delicious bits of broiled grouse. While we are eating, our host gives us an account of the slaughter of the innocents.

"Yesterday" (quoth he) "Ham Ma'sh come up from the lower road with that dark curly span'l of his'n (you'll probably want to borrer it before you git done) and his old army musket, all in a stew to git me to hitch up and go along with him to Bryan's Holler, where he had heern there was a big flock of young pa'tridge. I wan't p'ticlarly driven yesterday, so I hitched up and took my old double-barreled muzzle loader, and we drove down to the Holler. It wan't five minutes before that little span'l of his'n had the hull flock—I should think there was as many as twenty of 'em— up in a clump of pines on the side of the ravine. Me and Ham crep' up with our guns all ready to shoot, and pretty quick we seen the pa'tridges in the trees, lookin' down at the dog, and turnin' their heads this way and that, you know, like a turkey lookin' for a grasshopper. Ham's old musket belched out, and down tumbled one of 'em, an old cock, drummin' with his wings in the leaves so't you could ha' heard it half a mile off. 'Take the lower ones first,' says Ham, with the stopper of his powder horn in his mouth, 'and we'll get 'em all.' I brought down two with my two barrels, and by that time Ham was ready to fire again, and he fetched another. The dog kept a barkin' all the time, and the pa'tridges on the upper limbs never stirred a peg, but just kept bobbin' their heads and peckin' around to see where the others had gone to. In less than fifteen minutes we had twelve of 'em scattered over the ground, and might have got more if we'd be'n a mind to. But twelve was enough for once, so we left the rest for another time, and come away. But if that ain't pretty tall shootin' now I'd like to know what is!"

We exchanged horrified glances with Nimrod, but said nothing. The broiled grouse, however, did not taste quite so delicious after we knew how it was obtained. We fed the dogs sparingly, smoked our cigars on the porch, and then went up stairs for our guns and trappings. How glad Don and Rob were to see us accoutred for the field. How they raced together up and down the road, neck and neck, their eyes glistening and every muscle a-thrill with life. But a stern "To heel" brought them submissively in, for they knew, as well as we, that they must not waste their strength in fool'sh play when a day's work was before them. Through the keen, bracing air of the early morning we tramped along the hillside with our dogs, greeting the habitant with a cheery "Good morning," and his wife and daughter with a gallant doff of our double-visored caps. I doubt not we—or our habiliments—made quite a sensation in that section. The people came out by families to see us go by, and the awful admiration and deference with which our occasional calls for a drink of water were received would have satisfied the advance couriers of a circus.

We had gone about three miles when we came to a crossing of the roads. The old guide post, after half a century's hesitation, had finally decided with such emphasis to lean toward the west that it had fallen down the bank upon its face, and there it lay in peaceful slumber like a drunken rambler with his two arms spread abroad.

A native urchin was sitting under the shade of a big oak tree by the wayside, engaged in the enviable and profitable employment of picking bramble prickles from his bare feet. Him, in default of a guide-board, we consulted as to the going of the ways.

"Where does this road lead to, bub?"

"I dunno." (Mouth and eyes wide open—a clear case of fascination.)

"Well, can you tell us where this one goes?"

"I dunno."

"Where do you live anyway?"

"I dun—"

His stupidity was past comprehension. We chose the westward road, superstitiously following the crazy preference of the fallen guide-board, and presently were led to thank our stars for so doing. The road led us into the depth of a grand old wood. On either hand branched out the logging roads, which led far back up the mountains on either side of the valley. These roads were fringed on either side with tangles of bush, and brake, and fern, glorious coverts for the game of which we were in search. Nor was it long before our busy setters, Rob and Don, began to show signs of birds.

We were creeping stealthily along one of these tangled woodways, side by side, with our guns cocked and fingers on the trigger. Suddenly Don's tail, which had been vibrating eagerly from side to side, stiffened, and he came to a dead halt by the side of the road, his body curved into the shape of a half moon, with head and forequarters turned toward the coverts. "Birds!" said Nimrod in a tremulous whisper. Bob, who had been ranging wide, just then came in sight, quartering for the covert, but he too stopped before he reached it, and fell into the same statuesque attitude on the opposite side. It was a pretty picture indeed, to see the two noble dogs frozen into attitudes of the most intense excitement and warning, their fore paws slightly raised, their tails stiffened out in a line with their backs, their eyes glistening and fixed, their jaws slightly wrinkled and dripping with saliva. And we, in our russet trappings, each with our left foot advanced and gun hanging balanced and slightly raised, crouching forward, ready to let loose the batteries of flame and death at the first signal, must have made no unfitting accompaniment to the picture. Every moment we expected to hear the wild whir of wings announcing the flight of the hidden birds; but, having been so long unmolested, they were inclined to keep their covert, even under the very noses of the dogs, till a sharp, "Hie on!" from Nimrod sent Don creeping into the brakes, and then, with a bewildering rush and thunder of wings the covey rose, not simultaneously, but rapidly one after another, so that there was a continuous beating and drumming of wings, startling our nerves and bewildering our aim. As the first birds rose, our guns came quickly to our shoulders, and we fired almost simultaneously. Nimrod's bird turned over and over in the air, and came down with a dull thud on the edge of the heath; mine swerved quickly, and let fall a little puff of feathers, that told it was hit, but not severely. Just then the third grouse rose, and with a quick snap shot, almost before it had reached the level of my aim, I mowed it down, and it fell among the ferns, beating a wild reveille in its death struggles. Startled and confused, the birds now rose from every part of the covert. Nimrod's second barrel was as destructive as his first, but, in the nervous haste of reloading, I lost self-possession for the moment, and my two next shots were wild. All this while the dogs were lying on "charge," just where they had stood when the birds rose. Their staunchness was a silent reproof to my own excitement, and a glance at my faithful setter restored my command of nerve, so that the next bird, and the last that rose, fell to my gun.

It was not a bad beginning of the day's sport, and as Don and Rob retrieved our birds we loaded them and ourselves with congratulations and compliments. As we proceeded the road kept getting narrower and narrower, and the bushes encroached upon it more and more, until we found it inconvenient to walk abreast. Nimrod accordingly proposed that we should separate, each taking a dog, and meet again at the expiration of two hours in the main road. I accordingly took Don, and making my way back to the road, chose another of the wood-ways to be my own line of operations, while Nimrod and Rob continued to follow the one we had first entered. I had not gone far before I heard the sharp crack of Nimrod's gun out to the left, followed by a faint halloo to "look out," which I obeyed none too soon, throwing myself into the position of ready just as a swift gray form came whizzing down one of the glades on my left, and rose up sharply as it saw me to pass over the tops of the trees and avoid my aim. But the maneuver was executed a little too late. I was on the *qui vive*, and the instant the bird mounted I covered it with the muzzle of my gun and fired. It is well known to sportsmen that an "oncoming" shot is the most difficult of all; judge, then, of my surprise and gratification when the swift-moving grouse "towered" for an instant with a spasmodic quiver of its wings, and then fall like a lump of lead almost into the jaws of bewildered Don, who had never "had any experience in that line of shooting before;" as the whimsical surprise in his brown eye informed me as distinctly as though he had been able to speak. "I've got it," I yelled with stentorian excitement to Nimrod. He might have heard me though he were a mile away. "All right," came the distant reply, and then the silence of the woods closed in about us again like the waters of a lake displaced for a moment by the thrust of a child's finger. What a solemn and impressive thing is the silence of the woods! There is the silence of the broad fields, of the lonely mountain peak, of the pathless waters, of the deserted house, but there is a spell in the silence of the forest that is grander and deeper and more heart-searching than them all. Where the vision is hemmed in and the sense of isolation and self-presence predominates, a man's personality stands out before his inward eye with a largeness and vividness that is startling. The little human relationships which, like atoms of ether, go to make an atmosphere between the soul and God, are all dissipated, and the being, the selfhood, stands exposed to the direct influences which come to it from the higher life, from the very presence of God in, and around, and above the soul.

But while I am pointing a moral, Don is pointing a bird. Quick as a flash the spiritual side of nature goes under, and the animal side comes up. There is but one intent and purpose in my mind at the present moment, and that is to bag the cowering game. "Hie on, Don!" The bird flushes, flies straight for a few paces, but, just at the same instant that my finger presses the trigger, swerves sharply aside, and escapes the leaden hail. I watch the swift gray form, as it skims with outstretched wings down the glade, and suddenly, to my delight, see it sink gracefully down into a bit of thick covert, just on the limit of vision. "Aha!" said I to Don, "we shall have a chance to try prince grouse again at his little game." Hastily sliping in a fresh shell, and warning Don to work "steady," I made my way as swiftly and silently as possible in the direction of the covert. As I drew near the edge of it, and grasped my gun more firmly, and strung up my nerves to the highest tension of readiness, I heard a tantalizing "cluck! cluck!" and the pattering of quick little steps in the dead leaves. Don, who had come duly to a point at the first intimation of game, now crawled uneasily forward, with his belly trailing the ground, as if anxious to keep within scent of the bird. I knew that such a maneuver would unsteady him, and so hastened forward myself, determined if the bird would not flush, to shoot it as it ran. I got a glimpse of it through the twigs and foliage as it scurried away, and, depending rather upon sense than sight, fired at the place where I conjectured it was, and was well pleased to hear it beating the ground with its wings, sure sign that it had received a mortal wound. Don plunged into the covert and brought it forth in triumph. It was a heavy cock, and added materially to the weight of my game bag, as I consigned it to the already plethoric net. Suddenly I noticed that the gloom of the forest had deepened; that there was a strange hush and intense brooding stillness in the air; and as I stood still to listen and marvel at the change, I heard, of a sudden, a distant muttering sound, which satisfied my curiosity in an instant, and set me to retracing my steps toward the main road at a lively pace. I had scarcely reached it when Nimrod came striding into sight further down. When he saw me he came swinging up the road, bowed forward with the weight of his game bag like a man carrying a pack.

"We have got to leg it!" he remarked, laconically, as he swept into line with me, caught my stride, and led the homeward way by half a length in advance. I shall never forget that sturdy race with the storm. There was not a house in sight anywhere, or shelter of any kind, and we had the usual antipathy of the well-equipped sportsman to getting ourselves and our guns wet. We were determined to reach the first house if it was a possible thing. Back of us, as we craned around our necks occasionally to look, we saw the great lazily moving banks of inky clouds, with their fleecy edges and vans, mounting up the sky. Away to the southwest was a veil of parallel strands, like a great spider's web, stretched from Heaven to earth; and we knew that it was the swaying curtain of the rain. Out of it came a fresh, damp breeze, that freshened every moment, and warned us that the couriers of the shower were close at hand. We could hear them tramping away off over the valley, and the sound urged us to even greater speed. Presently the dusky landscape began to flash into vivid pictures here and there, as the forked index of the lightning pointed hither and thither. A few large drops were falling. "Well, we might as well get under a tree, I suppose," said Nimrod, in a tone of dolorous resignation. But just then we rounded a bend in the road, and saw, on our left, a rude log barn in a clearing. It was well nigh overgrown with a tangle of bushes and wild grass, and had easily escaped our notice when

going in the opposite direction. But now we made for it right gladly, and had just time to pry open the little door and squeeze in against a solid mass of hay, when with a rush and a roar the unreasonable thunderstorm broke upon us. In our cosy nest we were safe and dry, and we exulted at the roaring of the wind in the trees, and the crashing of thunder, and the mighty undertone of the rain. For full twenty minutes the storm raged, with intervals of comparative quiet, when it gathered strength for a fresh onslaught; but by and by the thunderclaps rolled farther and farther away, the wind subsided, and the rain fell more and more gently, till at length it stopped as suddenly as a child stops crying, and the sun burst through the dripping tree tops like a smile through tear-wet lashes. We gathered up our guns and game, pushed ourselves out of our nests in the hay, and picked our way carefully along the narrow path to the road again. Then, with the invigoration of the clarified air and a keen appetite, we set out on a swinging lope for the tavern, and presently were toasting our damp shins at a good hickory fire, and relating our adventures to a wide-mouthed audience. "Wal, them dogs of yourn be good for something," said Ham Marsh, carressing his "span'l"—"but I'd ruther hev mine."

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN FLORIDA.

"THE Invalid" was in St. Augustine, Fla., enjoying with his wife and friend, the *dolce far niente* of that quaint and pretty old town. His first and only shooting excursion there took place shortly after his arrival, and on his return he described it in these words:

Our guide was the Jack of all trades of the entire county. His name was Fredericks, and the populace called him "Rex" for short. While strolling any day through the narrow streets you would see him perched in mid-air, hanging on by his upper lasses, painting a sign for an aerial fancied shopkeeper. Again he would be tearing on a young colt beyond the city walls, breaking the restive three year old. Then you would meet him rushing into one of the old coquina walled houses to choke a dose of physic down the throat of some poor sufferer. His favorite prescription was a delightful and bracing mixture which he compounded from his stock of paints and oils. Many a tough old "manhawkin" and Florida "cracker" had he pulled through with that same "tonic."

Well, one bright lovely morning, just at the dawn of day, Rex appeared at the hotel door in a "jumper," as he called it. It proved to be a two-wheeled abomination, and it was well named, for it would jump everlastingly. The only way you saved your tongue and teeth from entire destruction and loss while riding in it, was to ram the one half way down your throat and close the others so tightly together that your entire mouth felt like a vise, and you quite experienced all the horrors of lockjaw. A fair looking setter belonging to "the old veteran"—as the newspapers delight to call him—Carroll Livingston, was coiled up in the cart.

My friend Page and I, accoutred as we were with long boots and guns and traps, plunged into the vile vehicle and dashed off. Of course, as in all such cases with me, my good wife had filled the cart with all sorts of bundles and bags She crammed in the medicine chest and a big lunch basket and some enticing looking bottles, and wraps, waterproofs, rugs, an umbrella, and great Scott! a camp chair, which I suppose she thought I would recline on and gayly shoot the birds as they confidingly soared to their fate in a constant street about thirty yards off. Ah, the faithful tender *spouse mia!* What good and careful watch she keeps over my racked lungs, and how anxious will she be till I greet her again at dusk.

Packed full as we were, and with only one seat holding two in the cart, big Page had to find a bed of thorns among the traps behind. Every jolt of the wheels would send his heels up in the air, he would make a dash with his hands for the back of our seat, when down would come his heels again with a "devil's tattoo," enough to smash the floor boards in twain. Thus we rode through the streets of old Augustine, and out of the city gates into the magnolia groves beyond at the gray dawn of day. The mocking-birds were warbling their clear, pure notes as we bumped along, and the air was thick and drowsy with the scent of orange blossoms. We went on through the magnolias, a grand old grove, with the trees arching overhead so that the blue sky above was almost shut out. The heavy dew drops sparkled and glistened on the leaves, and a cool breeze was swaying the limbs to and fro, shedding the drops to the ground, so that we seemed to be passing through a shower of silvery light. Beyond again, in the open, we came to the savannah, an immense low swamp, where we expected to find that glorious bird for sport, the English snipe, and have our blood stirred at the sound of his "scape, scape," as he winged his quick flight.

Just at the border of the "mash" I saw a big wing glisten in the grass, about sixty yards off, and, hoping for big game, I cunningly and selfishly said to Rex, in an off-hand way, "Pull up here and I'll just put my gun together, as we may put up something." I jumped out, stuck in a couple of cartridges, and crept along the edge of the sedge. The dog hung back and did not seem to care to do her work. I stole forward, and judging I was about the right distance from where I had seen the wing flutter, I threw a lump of clay ahead, and rose up all ready to catch the bird on the wing. My blood was up and I was eager for the fray. At once there rose an immense black object that appeared to fill up the whole sky as I sighted. Slowly and awkwardly the creature took flight, and I had all I could do to prevent myself from blazing into it.

Great shrieks of disgusting laughter assailed my ears, and slowly and sadly, "halting with reluctant feet," I turned back to meet the jibes and ridicule of those two vulgar and heartless ruffians. "Why didn't you pot him?" shrieked Page; and "You're a prize buzzard stalker!" yelled Rex. Alas, too true. I had advanced with deadly intent and with a beating, hopeful heart, using all my sporting skill to bag "the scavenger of the South." Great Scott! will I ever hear the last of that buzzard?

We went on and hunted the savannah and got about two dozen birds. The sun had climbed high in the clear sky by this time, and as our throats were parched and we were as hungry as only hunters can be, we made for the cart. As we went we skirted a rising ground covered with scrub palmettoes at the edge of some woods. Fan suddenly drew up stiff and among the low scrubs, and Page said to me, "Invalid, you go on and take that point. You've been missing all morning, see now if you can't kill this time." (Page is really a good fellow, take him all round, but he is one of the many who preface in a sort of hang-dog manner some of their speeches by saying, "I'm a plain, outspoken person, you know—"and then immediately blurt out something which hurts your feelings in the cruelest way.) I advanced quietly, admiring the good bitch the while as she stood like a rock, with her body rigid and her head drawn a little to one side. Just as I reached her she suddenly made a big spring, gave two quick frightened yelps and "lit out" on a bee line for the woods as hard as she could tear, and was soon lost to sight. A peculiar pungent and aromatic odor floated in the air, and I looked at Rex dumbfounded with surprise. Not a bird got up. Rex turned off one side with very quick steps and quickly remarked, "We had better make tracks; it's a moccasin!" Cheerful intelligence truly, for the moccasin is a deadly poisonous snake, so Page and I left, looking like a pair of full checked "high-steppers" as we lifted our feet full high over the palmettoes, with a pleasant feeling crawling in cold shivers up our legs, and playing along our back bones that every moment we would be struck with the venom of the reptile. Ugh!

Rex told us later that the dogs often point these snakes, their odor being very like a quail's. The brute had evidently struck at Fan who must have been out of range, but the very life was frightened out of her.

We reached the cart, which was drawn up in a cool shady spot near some water, and I immediately went to the stream and pulled one of the bottles out, which had been put there to cool, and took several long and deep draughts from it.

"Look here, Invalid," called Page, "how many of those 'swallows' make a summer?"

"When the 'swallows' homeward fly," Rex added.

"I'm taking an antidote for a snake bite," sai l I.

"But you weren't struck."

"Well, I might have been, and it will cure the fright anyway."

"You'll see snakes—plenty of them; heap snakes, too—if you don't take your long throat away from that bottle."

"He will drown himself inside with it, anyway," said Rex.

We sat down in the cool nook, and spread our feast over the grass. Rex dealt out the fluids, and Page handed us a big pile of sandwiches. They were mighty tough chewing I thought, and Rex, who could bolt anything, seemed in difficulty, too. We managed to grind up two each, and slow, laborious work it was. I looked at Page, who had kept so quiet I fancied he might have noiselessly suffocated over one of them. He seemed all right, however, and was munching away with composure and satisfaction.

"You fellows are always grumbling—never satisfied. Why can't you be contented and take things, even tough sandwiches, as they come?" he said. I noticed a sly twinkle in his off eye, and I knew something was up. Just then a bit of white meat dropped from the sandwich in his hand. It fell to the ground, and, by the great horn spoon, it was—chicken! Yes, young, tender, and juicy chicken! My wife, with her own hands, had made a few big sandwiches of "spring broilers" for me. I had forgotten all about them, and had been breaking my teeth and dislocating my jaws on the black, tough, leathery abominations of the hotel's making, while Page was regaling himself on what should have been my dainty, toothsome ones. The brute had finished all but one, and I crammed that whole, into his mouth, while he was shaking with laughter at my rage; but I had the slight satisfaction of seeing him almost choke as he spluttered and shook. He grew red in the face, but he could not stop laughing, and finally, when he got the whole thing anchored down into his rapacious and capacious stomach, he took such a long pull out of one of the bottles that it made us lonely watching him, as the spirit gurgled with an enticing wash down his throat.

The setter wandered back to us just then looking thoroughly ashamed of herself, with her "flag" drawn down at more than half-mast. We gave her a few biscuits, washed her feet in the stream, and, recruited and refreshed, we put the flea-bitten, home-bred mare to the cart and started off for "pastures new" with high hopes to pursue the sport.

Fan ranged at her "own sweet will," and as we reached the center of a large, dry, open space, while quartering the ground swiftly, drew up to a fine point. We flushed a bevy of about twenty quail, and by each of us taking the birds in our line at the first flight and "marking down," we got seventeen of them. The bitch worked finely here, though she would "break shot." She was very fast, with a keen, true scent, and staunch and firm on a point, so it was half the sport to me to watch her work.

We soon started homeward, as it was getting late, and I had promised the good wife to house my "iron constitution" before dark. As we neared the town after a long drive, with "a heavy sea on" in the "jumper," Rex, pointing to a bit of water ahead, told Page to alight, as there was always a duck or more to be found there. Page went on, and as he neared the pond threw up his hand as a signal that he sighted game. Stooping well down, cautiously and slowly he stole on, almost on all fours. The grass, about three feet high along the margin of the water, hid him from the doomed birds. On he crept, and we held our breaths now, for he was within range, and well we knew his deadly aim. Suddenly he arose, brought his gun as quick as lightning to his shoulder, gave one quick glance along the rib, and took a snap shot at—what? By George! at a little clump of native oyster shells! He let drive into the mud and shells, and for one instant the heavens were full of dirt, bits of hardened lime and smoke, while the din of the report rang on the air!

He turned with a sad face and retraced his steps to the cart—and we exploded. I yelled and shouted myself hoarse at him, for the buzzard and chicken sandwiches incidents were now avenged. Rex gave out mighty war whoops, Fan barked unceasingly, even the mare took sides with us and neighed responsively. Page said never a word, but he will regret all the rest of his life mistaking a dark dirty mess of Florida oyster shells for black ducks.

We feasted that night on the spoils of the hunt, and we poured libations deep and strong to the day, but there was one at the banquet who bore a sad air and a meek mien. A deep gloom was in his eyes, and melancholy marked him for her own, and it was neither Rex nor I. J. S. H.

NEW YORK.—Medina, Orleans Co., Oct. 25.—Wild geese have appeared in quite large numbers on the shores of Lake Ontario, feeding on stubble and wheat fields, but I have not heard of any being killed. Ducks are not reported plenty. Plover have been scarce this fall, but a friend reports killing twenty-five one day when he was drilling in wheat. Black and gray squirrel hunting has been good. I have good authority for reporting strings of ten to twenty, and one especially large bag of thirty, but the writer must say he has not had so good luck. Woodcock and partridge shooting has not been, on the whole, first class—at least, that is the experience of—SAL NITER.

THE NEW JERSEY NON-RESIDENT LAWS

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have paid some attention to the New Jersey game laws affecting non-residents of that State, and have arrived at conclusions respecting them which I beg leave to submit. I have no personal interest in the questions involved, but being a lawyer, I have found them interesting in their legal and constitutional aspects My conclusions are as follows:

1. The acts in question do not authorize any society to exact a license fee exceeding the annual dues of resident members for the privilege of shooting in New Jersey. The provision in the charter of the West Jersey Society is, in effect, that non-residents of the State shooting in certain counties must comply with the by-laws of this society Now, what sort of by-laws are meant? I think, obviously, by-laws intended to protect game, and restraining the members equally with non-residents. The idea of the Legislature seems to have been that such regulations as the members saw fit to impose upon themselves for the good of game, should apply equally to all non-residents shooting in the counties affected. Such regulations might, for example, be made, forbidding the shooting of prairie chickens or exotic game, such as migratory quail or English pheasants during a term of years; or forbidding spring snipe shooting; or limiting the number of game birds or animals to be killed by a man in a day. To by-laws of this general nature non-residents were required to conform. But there was not to be one law for the member and another for the non-resident although the State would enforce the law against the latter and not against the former. No discrimination between members and non-residents is permitted to the society, either by express terms or by implication. If the society can make the privilege of shooting more burdensome to the non-resident than to the member, it can practically exclude the former entirely. No such power is given to it.

2. What has been said of the West Jersey Society applies equally to all societies organized under the general law, which has, nevertheless, some curious features of its own. No society organized under it has any special or peculiar field of operations assigned to it. The New Jersey Society claims "protection" over the whole State, and there is nothing in the statute which forbids or conflicts with such a claim. Nor is there any limit to the number of societies that may be organized. From this it would follow that any non-resident desiring to shoot in New Jersey must comply with the by-laws of all the game protective societies "organized or to be organized." A few men in Cape May county may, it is supposed, get up a society and fine a non-resident $50 for shooting a partridge in Sussex without joining their society. Moreover, no provision is made in the statute for giving the non-resident notice as to how many or what by-laws he must obey. He may be required to conform to any number of them, no matter how onerous, inconsistent or absurd they may be, and no matter if he ever heard, or might have heard, of them. Can the Legislature have intended any such thing? Can such an act have any force or validity?

3. The root of the matter is that this sort of legislation is all unconstitutional. The courts have repeatedly held, and it is well settled, that the legislative power of the State, vested by the Constitution in the Legislature, cannot be delegated by it to any other body. Thus in Barto vs. Himrod, 8 N. Y. Reports p. 483, it was decided that an act, which, by its terms, was to become a law only after its approval by a majority vote of the people of the State, was unconstitutional and void, whether approved or not by popular vote. Decisions to a like effect have been made, and are the recognized law, in New Jersey. To my mind it is too plain for argument that the legislation now under consideration is a mere bald attempt to delegate legislative power, but with certain gross and extraordinary features of unconstitutionality. For the power is attempted to be given, not to the people of the State, nor of any part thereof, nor to any local authorities, but to certain undefined and irresponsible societies, not representing the people in any sense, and not subject to any direct supervision or control. The courts of New Jersey cannot hold such legislation constitutional without swallowing alive several of their previous decisions.

4. But an adequate discussion of these points is hardly to be expected in the Welsh case. It is stated that the New Jersey Society has assumed the defense of that case and has intrusted it to their own counsel. That he will defend the case in a way which, if successful, will knock the bottom out of the whole system of levying tribute on non-residents, is not very probable. The court may possibly go beyond the argument of counsel, and, on its own motion, decide the constitutional and other questions involved. But this, also, is unlikely, because the judges generally have enough to do in deciding the questions argued by counsel, without digging any other questions out of the cases that come before them. There is some danger that the court, by assuming and passing without question the constitutionality of the legislation under consideration, may unconsciously create a quasi precedent in its favor. The ultimate settlement of the matter is, however, in my judgment, as certain as the decision of a legal question, involving the application of old principles to new circumstances, can ever be. Perhaps an action for assault and battery or false imprisonment, brought by some one who has been arrested and fined, or imprisoned, would raise the question in as neat a way as any. Such an action might probably be brought in an United States Court, though I do not think there would be any advantage in choosing that forum. PICKET.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over the file of back numbers alluded to in my last, I see that you have been favored with pros and cons of the game protective society question, with especial reference to the West Jersey Society and their recent activities. Perhaps you are tired of the subject, and perhaps you have room for a little more light on it from another standpoint. To-day I have with me a friend, a gentleman who loves to shoot, and who has for fifteen years lived at Glassboro, in the very center of the West Jersey jurisdiction. Let me give you his opinion on the "local society." He says:

"The W. J. G. P. S. may be a good institution, but if so it has been sadly misrepresented and entirely misunderstood. With us it is looked upon as organized and managed solely for the gentlemen sportsmen (?) of Philadelphia whom we denominate pot-hunters. Among our farmers we have many who shoot for the love of shooting, who protect, or would protect, the game, and who are in no sense illiberal in their views. And yet I do not know of one such farmer with whom the society is not an object of dislike

and disgust. If the society has spent thousands of dollars in supplying game birds, we have not heard of them in our section. If they have made any effort toward enforcing the law against trapping birds or shooting out of season it has not been in our section. On the contrary, it hinders the enforcement of the law by pretending to do what it does not do, and what others would do were it not for the pretensions of the society.

"To-day the woods of Gloucester county are full of bird traps and 'snoods,' and around Glassboro a regular fusilade of guns and the continued yelping of hounds tells how the rabbits are suffering. The farmers say that the law is directly against them, and in favor of those who make a business of shooting. To the Philadelphian who shoots every month of the year the fee of five dollars is nothing. To the market hunter who makes this his calling and sells his game the fee is a mere bagatelle. But the farmer, who feeds and protects the game, feels it an imposition that he cannot invite his relative or friend from across the river for a day's shooting on his own land, without the payment of this unjust tax, or running the risk of having his friends arrested. In another way, indirectly, the society works against instead of for game protection. Many land holders would forbid and prevent promiscuous shooting by enforcing the trespass act and claiming their rights. But with a society 'license' in his pocket the pot-hunter waxes bold and impudent. He defiantly waves his paper under the nose of the farmer, and insists upon his right to shoot anywhere in the five counties. Of course it is mere brag, or else he has been imposed upon by those who sold him the privilege, but he gains his point if, as in many cases, the farmer gets tired of being cursed and threatened and gives up his game to destruction.

"Again, we consider the charter of this society, if not unconstitutional, at least opposed to the best and most thoroughly established principles of legislation. It is local option in its most dangerous form. The law makes certain acts upon the part of certain persons criminal and punishable, provided the said persons have not complied with the by-laws of the society. Now, the society is composed of just whoever pays the membership fee, most of them, of course, non-residents of the State, and so far as the State is concerned, perfectly irresponsible. This body of irresponsible persons then has the power of enacting a criminal code, subjecting persons to imprisonment and fine. No, sir, down in West Jersey we do not consider the W. J. G. P. A. a West Jersey, or even a New Jersey, institution; we do not think it a benefit of the State, the citizens, the game, nor anything else but the 'sports' and market hunters across the river."

Now, my friend may be right or wrong in his own opinions, but I know he speaks for the section he comes from, and it may be of interest to your readers to know that the odious "non-resident" clause is not in favor with a large class of Jerseymen. Game protection we need, but we do not get it by any law or charter now on our statute books. A.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY, N. J., Oct. 27, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As there have appeared in your paper not long since some articles in reference to the manner in which the West Jersey Game Protective Society has been conducted and the manner in which the funds of the society have been spent, we, the majority of the committee appointed to investigate the books of the secretary, assistant secretary, and treasurer, do make the following report:

That we have vouched said accounts and find them to be correct in every particular.

The following is an itemized account of the financial transactions of the society:

Balance on hand September 21, 1881		$ 251 26
Total amount received from September 21, 1881, to September 21, 1882		1,618 00
Total		$1,869 26
Amount expended, salary of Secretary and Assistant	$280 00	
" salary of detective officer	630 00	
" printing	112 65	
" stationery	9 24	
" distributing birds	106 05	
" Committee on Laws	47 25	
" extra policing	148 00	
		$1,333 38
Balance on hand September 21, 1882		$535 88

We regret that Mr. Charles Dougherty, our fellow-committeeman, through absence from the city, was not able to respond to the notifications of meetings held.

Very respectfully,

GEO. EMLEN,
CHAS. A. BRAGG.

OCTOBER 25, 1882.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

BUT few Philadelphia sportsmen have gone out for quail in our State as yet, preferring to wait until November 1, when the opening season begins in the neighboring States of New Jersey and Delaware. The State law of Delaware, requiring non-residents to pay a license for shooting, seems to work well. There is no complaint on the part of outsiders, who willingly pay the yearly fee, recognizing it as a State law, while the farmers of Delaware, whose lands had been so long overrun by the chicken shooting and fence-breaking hordes from the city of Philadelphia, now feel a diminution of visiting "gunners," and are more apt to allow the privilege of shooting over their grounds to those that come, especially if they ask permission. Woodcock are being killed in goodly numbers throughout Pennsylvania, the flight having come on since the cool change of weather took place. During a late trip to Connecticut your correspondent learned that quail were comparatively abundant this season all through the State. Everywhere from our own Pennsylvania the same story reaches us, and we all hope for an open winter, that the birds may gain.

While at Middletown, Conn., Dr. Morgan, of that place, showed me his new pointer Zip, a dog weighing perhaps sixty-five pounds, and a perfect Spanish one to look at. It is seldom we now see a pointer which holds so firmly in appearance to the Spanish blood from which it sprung on one side or the other, as Dr. Morgan's. Here we can notice the cleft nostrils, short muzzle and round head of the Castilian animal, while the body is a perfect representation of the old cuts of this breed, so little met with nowadays.

While at New London, Conn., I had a few hours' amusement fishing for small mackerel in the Thames River, near its mouth. The fish were small, weighing a quarter of a pound, but the river is full of them, and the autumn run is now on. With a light rod and tackle and any white bait that will attract the attention of the fish (a piece of rag kept in motion will do), hundreds may be taken. Such schools make their appearance every year about this time in the Thames River, and disappear about Nov. 1 or a little later.

The present fresh weather has moved more wild fowl to our New Jersey bays. A few brant have arrived. There is quite a flock now using the flats in Tuckerton Bay, opposite Packertown and West Creek, but they are out of harm's way, unless a battery or sink box could be put there, and this is not in order in these waters

Snipe are so little sought for in our immediate neighborhood at this time of the year, owing to the fact that the season for upland game is open, I have heard of none being killed, but could almost warrant a good day if some of the grounds bordering the New Jersey creeks were visited, especially now that many of the banks have been down and excellent feeding places have been created by the overflow of water.

Battery or sink box shooting begins next week at the Susquehanna, Bush and Gunpowder rivers. Redheads and blackheads are already feeding on the flats in numbers, but few canvas-backs have come on. Scores will be large at first, but it does not take long to educate the fowl, and they soon know the difference between a flock of stools and a bunch of their own kin, and then it takes more powder.

HOMO.

OUR NEW JERSEY LETTER.

YOUR printer's mistake in making my last say "breeding" instead of "feeding" ground may have impressed the whole subject of woodcock shooting on my mind and sent me out to investigate. If so I thank the printer for a half holiday, a long tramp, some good sport and an excellent dinner.

In this section (about ten miles south of New Brunswick, in Middlesex county) we get our fall woodcock shooting in the "timber swamp," the low-lying parts of what was once heavy timber. Twenty or thirty years ago the valuable trees were sent to market, but here and there the "snags" or gum trees stand, "like sentinels" of course, while underneath the sprouts and saplings, the alders and rosebushes, the catbriars and swamp grasses, struggle for an existence and against the progress of the invader. We ride out through the wood-carter's roads to the most distant point and hunt toward home. Our dog is Milo. He is so old that he cannot hear the loudest command nor the shrillest whistle. He would pay no attention if he could. He has followed this business in the swamps longer than you have, sir, and he wants none of your instruction. Remember that to-day you are not taking the dog with you, but you are going with the dog.

Now we are in the swamp; yonder is a group of two or three old "snags," beneath them you see the green leaves of a pin-oak or two, and the tops of some alders. Below all this there winds a little run, a little path of water filled with green moss, and that, says our guide, is a likely spot. Milo knows it, and the tinkle of his bell bids you adieu as he disappears under the briars. You may see him again in five minutes or you may not. You take the old roads and rabbit paths and try to keep within sound of that bell. When it stops you will stop. You can force your way toward the point where you last heard it and there, as staunch as steel, you will find the old dog, and there you will find a bird. But if you cannot get through the thicket, or if you consider your position favorable for a shot, stand still a minute or two, and a tinkle of the bell and a whir of wings brings your gun to the shoulder and the pin-oak leaves and feathers on the air tell the result. Stand still, Milo will bring your bird. Now in he goes again and on you go—*whir*—there comes another down the open. You could have hit him with your hat, but you wheel, shoot and miss him with your gun. That is not strange, for the leaves still hang on the trees, and at this time of year their color is trying to the eyes. Do you say that Milo "flushes" his birds? That is exactly it, and that is his business about half the time. He is as true as truth in the open field or when without his bell, but when that is on his neck he knows his duty is to put up the bird if you do not come when he stops. Yesterday he went into a cat swamp, impenetrable to us, found a bird, and flushed it four successive times, bringing it at last within our range. Now please do not say that this is contrary to all rules of shooting and training. Remember if it is wrong we cannot tell the dog so, for he is deaf; and if it is wrong it is successful, for Milo has brought more woodcock to his master's hand than any dog now living in New Jersey, to the best of our knowledge and belief. That is enough about woodcock for this time; I want to say something else.

Speaking about rabbits. One day this summer the sexton of a church down in Monmouth county, asked me to take a walk in the old graveyard. He showed me right in the slope of one of the sodded mounds which cover the graves, a round hole, about the size of a quart bowl. In this cavity were five young rabbits, the smallest I ever saw. The kittens were blind, not larger than the common mouse, and do you know that when I saw them cuddled so cozily in their strangely selected bed, I wished that another Burns might see these "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous" beasts, and draw the proper lesson from this new union of the "cradle and the grave." Postponing the poetical and taking up the practical, I am glad to say the little beasts were not hurt by the uncovering of their nursery nor frightened away by the handling of curious visitors; but before this letter is printed will no doubt know what "open season" means.

And in that same connection one of my neighbors has been training a young hound this fall. He caught a half grown rabbit and kept it in a barrel. Every leisure day he would tie the rabbit's hind legs together and let it go, then put the pup on the track. Of course he had no trouble in securing his drag when school was out. That was all right, but I have another neighbor whose old hound does not need training. Skip got wind of this rabbit in the barrel business and upset the concern. Since then the pup has had a vacation.

While we are on this black bass subject, I notice that some of the folks in New England are down on this game fish, because they say, when put in a pond it cleans out all other fish and then clears out down stream. A few years ago Commissioner Anderson sent some young bass, which were used for stocking the pond at Milford, in Mercer county. I have never heard of any of these fish being taken at Milford, but this summer several two-pounders have been caught in the pond at Hightstown, which is on the same stream and two miles below. A.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY, N. J., October 27, 1882.

WADS BOILED IN TALLOW.—Mercersburg, Pa., Oct. 23.—If "F. B.," New York, will boil his wads in tallow he can shoot all day and his gun will not lead, nor powder crust, and a single wipe after shooting will show a bright barrel. —S. D.

HOUNDING vs. STILL HUNTING.

JACKSON, Mich., Oct. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The northern part of our State, as you well know, is stocked with an abundant supply of deer, enough to satisfy an unlimited number of "true sportsmen" with a month's good hunting for years to come. But we find that the market hunter is rapidly accomplishing his work, and we, the members of the game protective societies and the business men of the State, who enjoy a little sport with the gun occasionally, have racked our brains for the best means for remedying the evil. We studied the matter carefully and finally, after some trouble, had a law passed prohibiting the shipping of them out of the State.

This last act was not passed from any selfish motive. We are glad to welcome sportsmen from other States to our hunting ground. It was simply an act of self-preservation, and the doing of it was arrived at only after incontrovertible facts and figures proved it a necessity. In the first place, where a great hue and cry was raised against the hounds, by the market hunters, we looked into the matter. Figures came pouring in that made things look as though an edict must be passed against the poor brutes. Some one, generally a market hunter, would say, "Such a party of hunters left the woods last week with thirty-five deer;" another, and you could make up your mind that he was hunting for the filthy lucre there was in it, would speak of "another party of those infernal hound hunters that went down on the train last night with twenty deer," etc. Now the truth about the matter would be this: the party that went down with thirty-five deer was probably composed of seven or eight or more persons, and they had been in the woods about three weeks, which meant about two deer a week for each man in an outfit of very successful hound hunters, and, furthermore, these same hound hunters were business men and farmers from the southern part of the State, industrious citizens who pay heavy taxes for the support of the State. Who wants to deprive them of a little sport every fall when they haven't the time or opportunity to learn to still hunt the deer successfully, and who has a better right to hunt as he pleases, so long as he does it in season and in a manner that will not exterminate the game?

On the other hand, how does the market hunter work it? Does he hunt with hounds? Oh, no, he wouldn't do such a thing, he wouldn't do anything so unsportsmanlike, he would rather sneak around where the deer congregate in the morning, and see if he couldn't get two in range of each other so as to save ammunition. But really, without joking, a market hunter considers it very poor work indeed, if he does not average one deer a day, not for a week or two, but right through the whole season, and I can give names, if necessary, where one man, in several different cases, has killed over 160 deer in the open season of ninety days.

Now let no one think I am opposed to still hunting, I prefer it myself, for I am still young and strong and can follow a pair of antlers as far as anybody, but for pity's sake don't try to bar out those who are not so fortunate, from this most exciting sport. There are several old gentlemen in this city, my father among the rest, who wouldn't sleep well all winter if they couldn't kill a deer or two every fall, and even "Antler" may see the time when his limbs are stiff and his eyes dim, when he will welcome the faithful hound and will find the buckshot and ten-bore good enough for him. A. W. M.

THE NUTMEGGERS' DEER SHOOTING.—Montreal, Quebec, Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am surprised that you, who take such high ground in favor of the preservation of game and the strict observance of all laws having that end in view, should publish an account of the doings of a party of law-breakers, even though the adventures of these heroes may be, and doubtless are, purely imaginary; the fact of your doing so, even though no offense against the game laws has actually been committed (except in the author's mind), cannot but have a demoralizing effect. The case I now refer to is that of "B. G. A." in his papers in yours of 12th and 19th inst., styled "Nutmeggers on the Ottawa." This writer professes to have been engaged, with his party, hunting deer in Ontario during the close season in that province (Dec. 15 to Oct. 1.) I contend that it is a grave offense to describe the unsportsmanlike act of hunting game during the close season. The practice of writing accounts of feats performed in direct and open violation of the law is becoming quite too common, and should be frowned down by all good citizens and sportsmen. Quite recently a prominent member of the Sherbrooke Game Protective Club published in a local paper a graphic description of his exploits killing moose in the Lake Megantic District during the close season, greatly to the disgust of all true sportsmen who saw the article. Last year a book was published here, entitled "Three Months Among the Moose, by a Military Chaplain," describing the author's exploits slaughtering moose, the most noble game in our forests, during the close season. All these writers, if they are guilty of the breaches of the law they profess to have committed, should at least have the decency to abstain from publicly proclaiming their crimes. I trust you will call attention to this matter in the columns of your widely circulated and highly influential journal.—H.

"SWIVELLER" VISITS OLD SCENES.—Phila., Oct. 27.—I have just had a call from a valued correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, whose articles I had often read with pleasure, but on whose face I had not before looked—"Dick Swiveller" (W. L. C.), formerly of New York and Philadelphia, but lately of South Carolina. For many years—ever since his connection with the U. S. Ordnance Department in 1861–5—Mr. C. has applied himself to the study of guns with an enthusiasm not often seen, and it now creates little surprise to learn, as I have just done, that he is about to form a connection with one of the most influential gun establishments in the North. This will be good news to his friends and will increase many-fold his already very large circle of acquaintances, as he has that keen sense and magnificent grip on business affairs that will enable him to command success in any establishment. May he prosper greatly and return to our next bi-centennial.—W. M. H.

MUSKOKA.—Toronto, Ont., Oct. 26.—Messrs. McKee and Beatty, of Pittsburgh, the latter the art correspondent of the N. Y. *Graphic;* Dr. Elliott, of New York and Mr. J. Mathews, of Toronto, are camped on Trading Lake, Muskoka. During the past week they have "bagged" ten deer, one bear, and numbers of duck and partridge. They report the sport and weather all that could be desired. Two of the party have made annual trips to this section for some time.

LOWELL (MASS.) SPORTSMEN.—The country surrounding Lowell was in the early history of the town, considered good hunting ground, and in spite of the work-a-day life peculiar to a manufacturing city there were not wanting men fully appreciating the opportunity presented. Some of the older sportsmen of to-day recall the name of Governor Buttrick, Nathaniel and William Jones, Jefferson Nickless, Jake Lakin, James Calef, Isaiah Leighton, Abijah Cutter, William N. Owen, David Ockington and a host of others, whose adventures were wont to be discussed around the winter fire, and are still the subject of entertaining anecdote. Many of them have passed on to the "happy hunting ground," but others still remain and even now take an active interest in the exploits of others. There are probably in the neighborhood of 300 men in Lowell who might dislike to have the word "Sportsman" follow their names in the directory, but who nevertheless enjoy an outing for a day or more, taking rod or gun, with a gusto which would entitle them to the term. As a rule they are men actively engaged in business, to whom occasional outdoor recreation is a necessity, and which sends them back to their exacting duties better prepared for the wear and tear of business life. They are men engaged in trade, in manufacturing and various professional callings. Some of them prefer the contemplative pastime of angling, some the more active and exhilarating sport of securing feathered or furred trophies with the rifle or shotgun, while others are equally at home in either occupation. However brusque these men may at times appear when harassed with business, they all have a genial side which becomes apparent the moment they start on a vacation excursion. The writer has in mind a man of whom it has been said in homely phrase—"You can't touch him with a ten-foot pole," who is the veriest boy when he gets away with his rod or gun, and he is sure to bear home with his game a modicum of his boyishness. There is an organization bearing the euphonious title of the "Wild Goose Club," composed partly, at least, of Lowell gentlemen, who own a tract of land in the vicinity of the Rangeley lakes, who annually visit those waters in quest of fish and game. Faint murmurings of the good times had at that encampment come from that distant locality, but as they go for the express purpose of unbending no one ever dared accuse them of going on a "bender." The majority of Lowell sportsmen, however, do not find it necessary or convenient to go so far for sport and the smaller game, though the exact locality of their hunting ground is something not necessary to make public. Years ago—twenty or more—the Nimrods of the day would go over into Dracut and return with a bag well filled with woodcock. Now one can have the same opportunity to hunt provided the owner of the land does not interfer, but the chances for securing game are greatly diminished; and the same is true of most kinds of game, though for some reason foxes are more plentiful than they were ten or fifteen years ago. Still good marksmen and those acquainted with the habits of game are rewarded with a fair allowance of game on their incursions. The more successful of the hunters are specialists, who not only study the habits and learn the haunts of certain species of birds or animals, but have dogs trained for hunting that game exclusively. One member of the gun club rarely shoots anything but rabbits, and has two beagle dogs with a sharp scent for the game. Another has a preference for woodcock or partridge, and he has a pointer which thoroughly understands his master's preference. Others still have hounds and ignore everything but foxes, though neither would probably refuse an occasional shot at anything which might challenge it. It is believed that the magnanimity of the true sportsman pervades every Lowell gunner. If a fox gains his hole in a fair run not one of them but would scorn to dig him out. They would not take a fish unless with a hook, nor resort to deceptive tricks to entrap game. With most of the Lowell sportsmen an annual trip to the seashore in the autumn is something rarely omitted. Here they find plover and other marsh birds, waterfowl, etc.—*Lowell Daily Courier.*

INDIANA.—Fairland, Oct. 24, '82.—Our quail season opened on the 15th inst., and many sportsmen, I am told, have availed themselves of the open season to have a bout with the birds. But most of them have been disappointed, I imagine, the birds being, for the most part, entirely too small to shoot. Out of three full broods I myself put up in the last few days, three were entirely too small, two of them only chirpers, no larger than a full-grown *Passer domesticus*, while the third covey may be full-grown by the first week in November. Not a solitary quail have I seen since the open season—except in charge of young chicks—large enough to afford sport to a real sportsman. What a commentary is this on the wisdom of our last Legislature; or rather the influence that caused them to change the open season from Nov. 1 to Oct. 15. A much wiser course, in my opinion, would have been to prohibit the shooting of quail for at least two seasons, to give our favorite little game bird a chance to recover from the late hard winters. The last winter was very mild, and a great gain was made, I think; but it will require several mild winters and a general observance of the game laws to make the shooting as good as it was in the autumn of '77. Hares and squirrels are reported abundant, the former, in fact, a nuisance on many farms.—C. W. W.

GALVESTON NOTES.—Galveston, Tex., Oct. 25.—With our first norther wildfowl have arrived in great numbers. The honk of the wild goose is now a familiar sound. Already the sportsmen revel in their anticipated sport. The market hunters are at work. One of our largest dealers has received one consignment of four hundred pairs, while the lesser lights are quite busy disposing of large numbers. With the exception of the canvas-back and redhead I have seen all of the duck family that make our bay their home during the winter. These will abound in another month.—NEMO.

NEW YORK.—Wayne County, Oct. 28.—The quail season has opened with more birds than I ever saw. It is no unusual thing, with a brace of good dogs, to find as many as two hundred birds a day. The summer having been wet we have a very rank growth of weeds and grass, which makes the walking very fatiguing. The shooting will not be good before the first of December. We have had but one light frost.—SNAP SHOT.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Monticello, N. Y., Oct. 26.—Rabbits and squirrels very plenty, with a fair number of ruffed grouse and woodcock. Good rabbit hounds and bird dogs with guides can be had at reasonable rates. To sportsmen enclosing stamp I will give any desired information.—CHAS. F. KENT.

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, Oct. 25.—The prospect for sport is fair, although June rains have somewhat diminished the number of quail. Was out, for first time this season, one afternoon last week, and bagged nine, shooting over a puppy. No frost as yet to kill the weeds, and the weather being hot and dry, renders it difficult for the dogs to find the birds. Beech, oak, and hickory mast unusually plentiful, and the prospect for ducks and geese seems good, although, owing to the warm weather, few wildfowl have come in yet. Deer and turkeys are reported in larger numbers than usual within easy distance of the town. Wild pigeons have begun to come in small flocks.—WILL.

NEW YORK.—Bay Shore, L. I., Oct. 25.—Broadbill and coots still continue to come in the bay in large numbers, and the prospects for shooting were never better. There are a good many widgeon in the bay toward Layville and Patchogue, but I have seen none here yet.—B.

VIRGINIA QUAIL.—Amelia C. H., Va., Oct. 19, 1882.—Our season for quail opened on the 15th. The majority of birds not even half grown as yet. Sport will be first-class later, say by Nov. 10.—F.

"THE STILL HUNTER," by T. S. Van Dyke, is in course of publication with Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York, and will be out on or before Dec. 1.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*	Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.	White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*	Rock bass, *Amblopliles*, 2 species.
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius.*	War-mouth, *Chænobrytlus gulosus.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*	Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*	"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*	Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*	Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

* * * Not that a true angler ever passes the line which takes him into the land of ailment and decrepitude. It is the glory of the art that its disciples never grow old. The muscles may relax and the beloved rod become a burden, but the fire of enthusiasm kindled in youth is never extinguished.—*George Dawson, "Pleasures of Angling."*

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

FIFTH PAPER.

"Gentle stranger," have you seen
An angler pass this way—
A blue-eyed lad, of graceful mien,
Attired in drab array?
A creel upon his back he bore,
His boots gemm'd o'er with dew;
And on his head a cap he wore,—
He had a rod quite new."

OF how many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM might the above be the description when they first essayed to ply the "gentle art"

Buoyant with health and hope, untrammeled with the cares of life, and rejoicing, like bird and bee, in the fragrant air of a spring morning—forty and more years ago we had a spring; then it was not a warm, a mirky transitional period only, but a very enjoyable and evident fact! We, you and I, "gentle stranger," were wont to go afield like the "blue-eyed lad" of the quaint old song. It is sweet to recall those days, to look back upon them from the stormy, thorny pathway of maturer years and to marvel at the zest and innocent pleasure which walked, hand in hand, with us through leafy lane and daisy-dappled meadow. The frosts of years cannot nip and sear these memories, and the dreams that came to us, as we quietly angled, are dear to us still, although alas! very few of them have been realized.

Once upon a time—it seems like yesterday, although it was very many moons agone—I planned a "fishing day," and till it had dawned and ended, my anticipation run riot and every hour was counted.

In one of my rambles I had found a brook in which I had surely seen a few trout of respectable size and, with due respect to the game laws, had waited only for the "close season" to end ere I tried to bring them to creel. In those days I had not learned the awful dullness of waiting, nor the full meaning of Milton's line, "They also serve who only stood and wait," which the passing years have taught me. If ever a fisherman's outfit was overlooked and in perfect order, my own was then and, like the arms of a vidette, everything was in readiness for the very moment when I should start for the untried water. In these prosy days it seems strange that so much enthusiasm can be beaten and squeezed out of one as the time flies and the "crow's-feet," trace one's visage! I would not have believed it then—I have to, now, however! Nathless, almost within reach, I keep my rods, my creel, my lines and fly book, as of yore, and if they are used less frequently they are suggestive, and often lead me a long way into the past, through green fields and by "still waters." There is nothing lost and much gained in keeping one's favorite rod, gun, dog collar, or riding whip, here and there, pendant from the book shelves, over the fire place, or in a cosy corner! Don't agree with me "gentle stranger?"

The day at length came, and proved auspicious as to weather, and off I started for the "beck." I had to cross a river, full of ignoble fish, and having done this, to walk a long way through field and wood to the "deeps," where I had seen the trout dart at my erst-while incautious approach. Ah, how my heart bounded and my spirit leaped within me as I caught the gleam of water running through the secluded meadow. I halted and nervously arranged my tackle, and by the time my "leader" was fully ready for a "cast," I was on the very tip-toe of excitement. Cautiously, quietly, I made my virgin cast, and soon my fly—an old-fashioned palmer-hackle of the smallest size—falls like a leaf on the water, and floats like a leaf down its mimic tide. I waited and grew anxious lest the beating of my heart should alarm the fish, it seemed to throb so hard and so loud. Not a rise as yet. I walked slowly down stream for a little, seeing nothing but my tempting fly, oblivious to all save my quest. Ah, how many flies have I watched since then on the less quiet stream of Time—*cui bono?*

At length the Fates were kind to my youthful zeal and hopes, and a "rise" convinced me that the stream was not desolate as to fish—a rise and to my fly. I struck, not, I trow, as would have the competitors at the late tournament in Central Park, but, *mirabile dictu!* I hooked the fish, which seemed to me a heavy, as it proved to be a lusty, one. I tried to practice the theory of fly-fishing that I had been so long reading and thinking about. In some degree I did, I doubt not, but I smile at this far-off day, as I think of my anxiety and efforts to land the fish. Eventually I did successfully do so, instantly broke his neck—"always kill your fish as soon as caught"—and in my delight kissed the pretty lifeless little trout lying so like a jewel in my trembling hand. My scales gave its weight as half a pound, and I reverently wrapped the trophy in leaves and laid him in my creel, which began to feel heavy. Again I cast, hoping to get, at any rate, a mate to make up a brace, although I longed to show my fish to the loving sceptics at home, and was chafing to taunt them with "I knew there were trout there."

Another rise, but I was too nervous and lost the fish. Again I deftly (at least I thought so) throw the fly and resolve to be calmer. I think of Holton's words to his beloved scholar and try to imagine him by my side, when I was startled by a mad rush at my fly which disappeared! I struck and felt life at the end of my leader—it seemed a "heavy weight" and evidently bound for a "steeple chase" right across country. The plunges of that fish were, to me, past all conception, and I gave up hope of landing him more than once! My "good luck"—which has since oftimes deserted me—more than my skill "came to the fore" and saved the playful fellow for me, and I had the coveted brace of well conditioned trout. The last was a trifle less heavy than the other, but in better flesh and stronger. I tied another fly and cast in a larger pool, but my effort was not rewarded. Retracing my way to the first casting place I met with better success, and two brace and a half soon reposed beside the first notable brace in my creel.

"At length he grew hungry"—and so did I. I was quite satisfied, too, with my catch, and so wended my way homeward in a mood which all anglers will recall, whose memories of youth are not wholly drugged and forgotten. To such I will not try to tell how proudly I bore my trophies home. Imagination and retrospection may do it far better than my poor pen. In conclusion, however, I must add that after this first taste of fly-fishing—

* * * * "to cast a fly-line well
Became my chiefest wish;
I strove each sportsman to excel
And cheat the nimble fish.
Now trout and grayling I might kill,
It gloomy was the day,
And salmon also at my will
Became an easier prey.

"Now flies and palmers I would dress,
Aquatic insects, too,
And all their various seasons guess—
Their uses well I knew.
So now, the perfect angler,
With rod, and line, and hook,
I sheen each noisy wrangler
To fish the murmuring brook."

Without the assurance expressed in this last verse I must confess I still love to "fish the murmuring brook," though that first brook of blessed memory is far away and never more may be fished by me. O. W. R.

CAMPS ON THE WAY.

IV—TROUTING ON THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE MANISTIQUE.

"On pass the hours: the camp fire bright
Steeps the near leaves in bronzing light,
And shifting, plays o'er the figures laid
In the generous glow, on the grassy shade.
—*Frontenac.*

THE morning after our return from the Pictured Rocks, we made the earliest start possible for Munising Station, but the earliest there would have been wretchedly late at any other place. In the first place that pious friend, Captain Jim, was a cause of detention. The night before, after dumping our camp stuff on the beach, he had unceremoniously seized the oars, Sunday as it was, and rowed away without his wages, rather than assist us with our stuff up a steep bank. When the morning came, it came without the Captain, and we had half a mind to "save the money for him" ourselves. Oscar and I, however, swallowing our indignation, made the tour of the wigwams and at last found the particular one that housed the Captain, who was at the moment lounging around his mother's cooking stove. We did not pay the navigator just then, but told him that if he wanted his money he had better come to our camp for it, and then we threaded the trails that led through the thick brush and out of this village of Chippewas back to our own lodge.

In the next place, the fact of our being short of supplies, was a source of delay. Munising boasts but one store, and the proprietor thereof has a way of not opening his store of a morning until he is "completely and altogether" ready—no matter what may be the hurry of a customer; and that particular morning the store was not opened as soon as we would have had it.

However, we felt no ill will toward the tardy merchant, for the longer we hung around the store door waiting for the clicking of his rusty lock, the longer we had Captain Jim hanging around, waiting for his "two dollars per day, Sundays included."

At last our supplies were bought and Jim was paid off, and Frenchy had our chests and boxes piled upon his little wagon, and our toes were turned toward the railroad. Oscar drove the cob a roundabout way, while Frenchy and I took a short cut over the hill, with Ed. following in the distance, and we met the little team on the high ground above the little old town. Our cartman was a good Indian later, and I must confess that it did me good to hear his maledictions on the whole tribe; for Jim, who was esteemed as one of the best of all the Munising Indians, had so persistently shirked all labor during the days we had him in

our employ, and at the last moment, under a pious pretense, had refused outright to spell with us in rowing against a stiff head wind, that all our sympathy for the red race had melted into thin air. But the talk was not altogether of the Indians. Frenchy rambled on at a great rate, and, among other things, told me how he had found in his wagon a pocketbook which a passenger had dropped, and that it contained $100 in money and a $50 check. "I had a telegram sent as soon as I found it," said he, "and the answer was for me to take out five dollars and send the book on by the next train." And for want of something better to say, for I was not much interested in the pocketbook story, I said:

"And you sent it to him, did you?"

"O yes, yes; a hundred dollar do no good. I always send little sum. But if it be five thousand dollar, or three thousand—yes, if it be two thousand, I put it in my pocket and say nothing. And when the man come and ask me, I say 'No, no; I just haul people, I don' look!'" And he laughed a loud laugh at what he evidently considered his own amazing cuteness, while I felt for my pocketbook, which had railroad tickets in it sufficient to carry me home and about ten dollars in money, and I knew that it was safe.

In due time we boarded the train, and a run of six miles brought us to "Perry's Camp No. 1," where we stopped off and set up our tent in the edge of a potato field. Mr. Brisset, the accommodating agent at Munising Station, wrote me a letter of introduction to "the gentleman who had the camp in charge," and as he handed it to me, he said that he had "written it in French and given the translation in English, for he did not know which the gentleman could read." No sooner did I see "the gentleman" than I knew Mr. Brisset had mistaken his man, for old Mike McCorrow was Irish from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He got the letter, however, and as he treated us right royally all the time we were with him, I give the agent all the credit.

Perry's Camp No. 1 is built on level land bearing a heavy growth of timber, much of which is, or has been, white pine of immense size. I measured a great many stumps that were five feet two inches in diameter.

After we had cleared away the brush and pitched our tent, I asked Mike (who was so busy entertaining a trio of women who had stopped off the train that morning to inspect the condition of the camps prior to their occupancy by a gang of lumbermen in a few days, that he could not visit us) whether there were any trout in the neighborhood.

"Plenty of them, if you can get them to b-o-i-t-e," said he; and then he gave minute directions how to find a creek three-quarters of a mile distant, and left me to find my way as I best could.

I went the same afternoon to the stream, which I found to be small and sluggish and running through a natural meadow; and rigging up a cast, I essayed in vain for a rise. Disappointed, I returned to camp, where I met Mike, who expressed great surprise at my failure. He said he "knew they were hard to get to b-o-i-t-e by one who didn't understand them, but he had never known one to fail altogether before." And then he examined my rod, which he condemned, and next he gave a contemptuous look at my flies, which he said were "useless," and then he overhauled my assortment of Limerick and Sproat hooks and found fault with them. "This," said he, "is all the tackle I have," and he exhibited the broken-off end of a mountain-ash pole, around which he had wound a short, heavy cotton line, to which was tied a side bent Carlisle hook, No. 3-0, and above that, a large flattened bullet had been rolled around the line.

The next two days were cloudy, drizzly and cold, and as the Indians had said the deer were "starving south," I watched the crossing places along the railroad for a chance shot. None of the white hunters agreed with the red that the deer were then traveling, but all said that when such was the case the railroad was a first-class hunting ground, inasmuch as the deer never failed to play and feed up and down the track for some time before crossing. I failed to get a shot, but I learned from their tracks that one never failed to walk up or down the side of the road from one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile before crossing, and from the further fact that by far the greater number of tracks came in from the north and crossed to the south, I was induced to believe that the Indians were right and the white men wrong as to the time when the deer began their southern march.

Between the D. M. and M. road and Lake Superior is a vast and densely timbered region, which I was told supported countless numbers of deer, and which will for a long time to come afford a good range for the deer hunter.

Old Mike had made a "salt lick" not far from where we were encamped, and had constructed a very ingenious comfortable blind within thirty yards of it, and the second morning, by his permission, I went to it at an early hour with my shotgun to watch for deer. By an oversight I was without suitable buckshot on the trip, but the charges of B shot which I had with me I thought heavy enough to kill at a distance of thirty yards. Daylight came that morning without the sound of a deer having been heard, but no sooner was it broad light than I saw a "big buck" approaching furtively in the distance. He came within sixty yards, or perhaps less, and lifting his horns high in the air looked steadily toward the salted spot for some time, when he took a few steps and again elevating his nose stood broadside to me, while I sat as still as a post, wishing he would come closer and anathematizing myself for not having brought my Ballard along. Had some one come along just then and kicked me out of the blind I would have gone to my tent without a word of complaint. As it was I sneaked in and did not mention what I had seen for hours.

I think that buck had something to do with my return to the rod, for that afternoon I went with old Mike to the creek. I have seen some odd fishermen in my time, and I think Crazy Jake, who fished for bullheads at the outlet of St. Helen's Lake in the Southern Michigan Peninsula, was the oddest of them all. He could jerk a pibbling cut with more desperation and swear rawer oaths the meanwhile, than any one I ever did see. Next to Crazy Jake comes old Mike. Mike fished with a short stout line tied to a stiff newly cut pole, and when he got a "b-o-i-t-e" he jerked as if he expected to snake out a panther. Occasionally his unlucky trout would let go of the hook after leaving the water, and in such cases it flew through the air like a stone from a boy's sling. Once or twice he whacked his fish with such violence against a sapling as to disembowel it. But he was more judicious in his swearing than Crazy Jake. It was the trout that were too smart to get hooked that he leveled his maledictions at, and not the ones he caught. The stream we were fishing in and which was a tributary of the Manistique, was a small one, and at our fishing ground it ran through an old beaver meadow, and was fringed at intervals with "black alders." In no place was the water over four feet in depth, and seldom was it over two. In the holes at these depths, trout could be seen literally by the hundreds (and I write this advisedly) ranging from fingerlings to ten inches in length; and at such places as there were mud bottoms, the mud was riddled with the prints made by the young trout in hiding themselves therein.

The first thing old Mike did after he had rigged up his barbarous pole was to prance around in the water above the holes and muddy the stream. Then he cast in and the trout bit greedily. After catching a few he cut off the ventral fin of a six-inch trout and fished with that, not forgetting to keep the waters muddy the meanwhile. My cast was a single fly, but I soon saw that a fly was worse than useless, sure enough, in that kind of fishing, and so I put on a split shot and a fin bait and "waded in." I think we fished an hour, possibly an hour and a half, when we ceased muddying the waters and went home, old Mike with thirty-six trout and I with thirty-three. And that was the last time old Mike and I fished together.

Very soon after we had set up our tent at Perry's Camp, the Switzer who had sailed with us the day we left the Pictured Rocks and had camped and broken bread with us at Munising, passed down the road and stopped at Jeromeville, the first station, which was a mile below. Charley was a kind soul, and no doubt gave us a good name, for the evening of the same day he went down, Ed. Stevens, with whom he put up in Jeromeville for a day or two, came to our camp and advised us to go down to his place and stop, which we did, and much to the bettering of our condition. There we found a good camp ground and good water, and we were within a stone's throw of the stream in which old Mike and I had fished.

The mouth of the Manistique River, which discharges into Lake Michigan, lies south of our camp about thirty miles, and the general course of the main branch of that river upward is to the northeast. Its numerous tributaries rise in the belt of high land that bounds the southern shore of Lake Superior from Grand Island to the great sand hills, forty miles to the eastward, and these tributaries, after gathering the waters that well up from the springs in that high land, flow southeasterly and at right angles to the main stream, down a gentle slope mainly parallel to, and at varying distances from each other. At Munising Station the railroad track going east enters the region drained by the Manistique, and making a long curve to the southeast, which carries it six miles further east and to Perry's Camp No. 1, it then runs on a section line apparently as straight as it could be run by engineers and be built by skilled workmen, a distance of thirty-six miles, which carries it beyond the Manistique and its tributaries and into a region drained by the Taquamenou. Within the limits of that thirty-six miles the railroad crosses twelve streams, little and big, belonging to the Manistique system, and of these I know that three contain brook trout, and I have the authority of old Mike, who was a laborer on the road, and says he speaks from personal knowledge, that three others also of the number likewise contain these beautiful fish.

Jeromeville contained one house—the station-house, which was set on the north side of the track and within six feet of it, and was occupied by Edward Stevens and family, consisting of his wife and two little girls, with whom boarded Joe and Jim, his comrades of the section gang. Out of the green woods on the south side of the road we hacked a place in which we set up our tent, and materially added to the population of the place as long as we remained.

One trout stream, as already stated, was at our tent door. This was a small stream which after a run of about twelve miles was swallowed up by a larger one. This larger one was crossed by the railroad a little over two miles east of our camp, and less than a half mile east of that another was crossed, and these two, after a run of about twenty miles to the southeast at varying distances from a half to two miles from each other, united and formed what is termed, on the elaborate Map of the Northern Peninsula, published by the Detroit, Mackinaw and Marquette Railroad Company, the "N. Branch." I fished in these streams near the railroad crossing and found plenty of trout, and of good size. Both streams are too deep to wade, and both are badly obstructed by brush and down trees, and the trout are consequently hard to get at; but when I did get one I nearly always got a good one. I took no fingerlings, but found them running from a quarter of a pound up to fourteen ounces by actual weight. Every day that I visited these streams I found it necessary to coax a good deal, but after I left for home Oscar and Ed. caught fifteen "big ones," out of one hole inside of thirty minutes one afternoon, which was certainly good enough. Now, these two streams run for twenty miles southward before they unite, and I know of no reason why they should not abound in trout all the way down to their junction, and for that matter, down to the main stream, which is twelve or fifteen miles further.

On Saturday afternoon of the 19th of August, I thought to take my last fish, and to that end set out to that part of the stream on which we were camped, where old Mike and I had caught sixty-nine in less than two hours a few days before. I began fishing below the point to which he said the fishing grounds extended, and by the time I reached that point I had fifteen handsome fish. Looking up stream, I saw at a distance of about forty rods, a deer feeding in the meadow, and dropping my fishing tackle, I took up my rifle, which I had brought along, and availing myself of a clump of brush and a favorable wind, advanced to within eighty yards, when I got a fair but quick shot, and my deer, after a run of fifty yards, fell dead in the edge of the brush, shot through the heart.

The circumstance brought great joy and much self-gratulation to the shooter, and put an end to further fishing on that day, and also delayed his start for home until the following Tuesday, for the venison had to be jerked, which took some time. Sunday, Mr. Gunton, who was connected with the lumbering interest at Perry's Camp (for the camp hands had come), called at our tent, and in a conversation with him, he said that a tramp two and a half miles southward would take us to the northwest branch of the Manistique, the best stream of all for trout.

Monday morning, notwithstanding the drizzling condition of the weather, Oscar and I set out for that best stream, and a smoothly cut logging road carried us a mile on the way. A quarter of a mile through a heavy growth of timber brought us to a tamarac swamp. It was three-quarters through this, but, fortunately, the water was nowhere over shoe top deep, and there was no bad bottom. Then we entered a cedar swamp a quarter of a mile in width, through which we floundered, after which we struck a narrow ridge, bearing pine timber of first-rate quality, and passing over that, we entered a beaver meadow, through which ran the northwest branch.

We saw a great many thick patches of what is termed in that northern region "black alders," but certainly nowhere did the black alders grow so thickly or tall as along the northwest branch. No one can imagine how difficult it is to crawl through these alders with rod and line who has never tried it. They grow to the very margin of the stream, and frequently overhang it so as to effectually prevent the casting of a fly. But, notwithstanding the black alders, we found the fishing superb. We took thirty-one, twenty-one to my hook and ten to Oscar's, inside of eighty rods of stream, and I do not think there was one that would have weighed less than six ounces, and at least ten of the entire number would have weighed thirteen and fourteen. (In the stomach of one of the largest we found, when dressing it, a full grown mole undigested.) One place, by way of experiment, I managed to work a fly through the bushes and into the water, and I counted eight rises to that fly in succession, but by reason of the brush I was unable to hook the rascals, and they took care not to hook themselves. Mr. Gunton told me that I would find a better disposition on the part of the fish on that stream to take the fly than in any of the others, and so I did. The day was cloudy and drizzly, conditions favorable to the trout biting, and it may have been that had we gone to the streams on the railroad that day we would have met with the same degree of luck. Ed. and Oscar, as stated above, did take fifteen in half an hour in one of those creeks, but it was with bait. Be this as it may, trout can be had in the tributaries of the Manistique by any one who has the patience to crawl through the brush for them, and in numbers that ought to satisfy any reasonable fisherman.

But while I say this, I beg leave to add that the half-pound fellow that struck my hook the day Grandpap Farrington and I went fishing away up in the White Mountains, had more vim and spirit than any trout I caught in Thunder River, Miner's Creek, or any of the Manistique tributaries. And I wish to further say that I did not find any fishing that afforded anything like the sport that fishing for grayling did in the Au Sable or Big Creek, in the years when grayling fishing was in its prime. But these streams were clear of brush, and the fly fisherman had an open field, which makes all the difference in the world.

And yet I never regretted the fulfilment of my time more than I did on this trip. My explorations in the Manistique region had been confined to the near vicinity of the railroad, and as I glanced at the map, I was impressed with the belief that to the southeast, at an accessible distance, was a region abounding in princely fish. It would be difficult to get into that region, no doubt, but then a determined couple could get into it, and all the more enjoyable would be the sport when once in there. Either of the two streams in which I fished lying east of our camp and the northwest branch lying to the south, were large enough to carry a boat, but the drifts and other obstructions would make boating a labor altogether too great. Other means of conveyance would have to be resorted to, but such means could be had and these promising waters reached.

Then again down the railroad toward the straits, a distance of about forty miles, the Tequamenon takes its rise and, flowing eastward and then northeastward, finally discharges into the Tequamenon Bay. Hallock, in his "Gazetteer," gives that as a trout stream, but says it is difficult to ascend. And in a comparatively late number of FOREST AND STREAM I think I saw the statement repeated of the Tequamenon being a trout stream. But Mr. McKeown, the general manager of the new railroad, told me that he had sailed the upper half of that river and there were no trout to be found in its waters; but muscalonge of large size abounded—muscalonge weighing twenty-five pounds. His report was afterwards confirmed by a surveyor, whom I met on the train as I was on my way here, as to both trout and muscalonge, and he showed me an awkward hand that had at some former time got into the mouth of one of these last-named and savage fish and had been scratched and grooved to such an extent as to leave marks that would last a lifetime.

The time had now come when, the dog days being over, it was to be expected that clients would be getting restless, if ever, and so I had to go home. Our camp life, taken as a whole, had been very pleasant. Excepting two or three nights on Thunder River, insects had given us no trouble whatever. In the long run the weather had been favorable. The gale on Lake Superior had brought us no discomfort, except that of delay, and a terrific thunderstorm one night, while we were camped at Perry's, kept us awake the matter of a couple of hours and no more.

For the last time we noted the long twilight that characterizes that high latitude, and which never ceased to be a wonder to us; and for the last time we sat around the camp fire, and watched the flames as they waved and curled above the burning wood. And as we talked over the events of the five weeks since we had left home, a feeling of regret came over us, that the time for our separation had come. The boys had made the journey for the sake of health, and so beneficial had the rough life been to them that they had resolved upon a longer stay in the woods. Somehow, I was loth to leave them, but after I had given them a great deal of good advice, and bidden them good-bye the next morning, I reflected that after all their education in the mysteries of camp life was by this time fairly good; that they had been taught to set a tent, to bake a slap-jack, to broil a fish, to tie a hook, to mend a rod and to catch a trout. And so I set my face steadfastly homeward, and was glad when I got there. And now, having written in brief over the scenes of that journey, I go in memory back to the tributaries of the Manistique, and in imagination I look down the long and winding "branches" about which so little seems to be known, and I resolve that another year, life being spared, will find me not only invading the solitude of the mighty woods, through which they run, and fairly rioting in the capture of some of the trout with which I believe their waters to be filled, but, also, sailing down the tranquil Tequamenon in pursuit of the savage muscalonge that swim beneath its floods.

D. D. BANTA.

FRANKLIN, Ind., Oct. 24, 1882.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN VIRGINIA.—Leesburg, Va., Oct. 23.—Last Saturday Judge Murray, Major Murray and myself caught, on Goose Creek, twenty-five bass weighing 23¼ pounds; two largest 3¼ and 2½ pounds. One with artificial minnow; rest with live minnow. Could have caught more but bait gave out. Several catches of twenty or more have been made on the same creek.—W.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE GEORGE.

THE New York State laws retain the distinction between the two species of black bass, now, we are glad to say, almost obsolete. They call the small-mouth the "black bass," and the big-mouth the "Oswego" bass. A short time ago a man was arrested for taking black bass from Lake George and set up the defence that they were "Oswego" bass. That expert angler, Mr. A. N. Cheny, of Glen's Falls, being appealed to to settle the subject, wrote as follows:

There is perhaps no fish inhabiting the waters of the United States that has been inflicted with such a multitude of names, both common and scientific, as the black bass. Where scientist were at variance, it is not strange that the layman should also become mixed upon this same subject, so that to-day, singular as it may appear, the black bass is spoken of in various portions of the country as perch, chub, trout, black perch, marsh bass, river bass, Oswego bass, black bass, green bass, white bass, spotted bass, slough bass, etc., etc. A few years ago the Smithsonian Institute, speaking through Prof. Gill, straightened this vexed question in a measure, by saying of the black bass: "There are but two varieties, the small-mouthed black bass, and the large-mouthed black bass." The former perhaps, most generally called the "true black bass," and latter the "Oswego bas."

Prof. Gill's letter was written for and to the scientific world, so that it remained for Dr. James A. Henshall of Kentucky to treat the black bass not only scientifically, but from the standpoint of an experienced angler, he having fished nearly all sections of the United States for this favorite fish, in a volume entitled "The Book of the Black Bass." This work is the result of years of patient research and thorough investigation in the North, South and West, the particular habitat of our dusky friend. Dr. Henshall is now the recognized authority upon the fish of which he treats, as he has sifted and pruned the writings of dead and gone naturalists, and has had the assistance of the best known living ones, and such aid as could be rendered by the Smithsonian Institute, the fountain head of the U. S. Fish Commission and the highest court in matters ichthyological.

For years I struggled to get the bass question clear in my own mind; anglers differed, writers differed and the fish differed, so that I was one of the many who were groping in the dark, when I thought I was comparatively in the light. You ask what kind of bass are found in Lake George, and I answer, backed by the authority I have quoted, small-mouthed black bass, and these alone. The large-mouth, sometimes called Oswego bass, is not to be found in Lake George, Schroon Lake, Effner Lake, Long Pond, the Hudson or Sacandaga Rivers, if I can judge from the examination of hundreds of specimens, and the examination was made with this object in view. The bass in the Hudson and Sacandaga rivers came originally from Effner Lake, in Saratoga county. The Schroon Lake bass came from the same source. Lake George always contained bass, or, at least, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Glen Lake was stocked with bass from Lake George.

The great difference found in the bass in the waters named is in the coloration; there is no structural difference. It is so well known that food, bottom and water affect the color of fish, that a moment's thought will account for this marked difference in external colorations. Sould anyone, however, doubt, let him take two bass alive and put them in a fish car, and in a short time they will become of the same hue. Although our authorities upon fish nomenclature do not now recognize such a fish as the Oswego bass, this title was used to designate the large-mouthed bass, so that it was a misnomer to have applied it, at any time, to the bass in Lake George. They have been too long known by a name that did not belong to them, and it is time they assumed their ancient name—black bass, small-mouthed variety—and let "Oswego," as applied to bass, be relegated into the "nowhere."

CANOEING ON THE MATAPEDIA.

"ALL aboard," and the voice of Conductor Kane came in muffled sounds through the dense fog that enveloped the station and surroundings of River du Loup at 6 P. M. of September 9 with a drizzling rain, not at all a pleasant prospect for the Doctor and I, who were bound for the Matapedia River to have a few days' fishing.

"Fine weather by morning," says the Doctor in reply to my question, "how long was this kind of washing going to last," and the Doctor's words proved pretty near the truth.

Doctor Armstrong and self had with us all the necessary river so well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, camp and other fixings for a week's fishing on that delightful Casopascal 3:15 A. M., and we soon had our baggage on the platform of that station. Here we were to take canoe, and as we had a few hours to wait the arrival of our birchen bark, we retired into the station and were soon wrapped in our blankets and slumber. 5:30 A. M. saw our canoe putting in its appearance round the bend of the river in charge of Blais, and soon our traps were snugly stowed away. The Doctor takes the paddle and I the pole, and with a wave of his hand and *bon voyage* from Blais we were in the current, moving down stream rapidly.

This was my first attempt at canoeing, and I began to have some misgivings as to the safety of this mode of transport when I saw the rapids that we were rapidly approaching. The river was very high with the recent rains, and blind rocks were now and then introducing themselves to our craft, some of which I thought would rip the bottom off her.

"Steady," roars the Doc., "and mind your pole," and with the speed of an express train we shot in among the white-capped waves, whizzing past boulders, drenched with water, and we were through the first rapids.

Came to anchor and commenced fishing, but with poor success; hoisted our anchor and proceeded. We are now coming to the Devil's Elbow, but the name of this was worse than its appearance. We shot through nicely. Tried fishing again; same success. Proceeded to Metallic Brook; here we had good luck. After a spell, up anchor and away.

The current now loses its usual strength, and we can handle the paddle. Leisurely we move along, taking in the beauties of the banks that have now donned their autumnal colors. What a panorama! Nature is lavish here with her coloring, tint upon tint of the brightest hues so thoroughly shown to advantage by the dark green pines, and—I heard the Doctor shout, "Mind the pole!" Now tossed to one side of the rapid, now the other, just going to climb over a huge rock, but miraculously missing it, we whizz along, every wave seeming to swamp us; but our little craft shoots into a calm little nook, whose surface is only disturbed by the ripple of our canoe. We have run the Hellsgate of the Matapedia, or as it is better known, the Assametqughan Falls, the most dangerous of the many on that river, and more especially as it was then swollen high with heavy rains. We, however, lost our double-barreled gun running this last rapid; when the canoe struck a blind rock and gave a cant around, the gun, which was lying with its muzzle projecting over the thwarts, dropped out. The Doctor says it's not lost, as we know where it is.

Previous to this we shot a number of sheldrake, which are very destructive to salmon fry, and we brought home some specimens with us, but now we get no more.

Commenced fishing, which was very indifferent. Evening drawing to close we started for McKinnon's Brook. We soon came in view of the quiet little brook and had our canoe ashore, put up our tent, and supper in a very short time, accompanied by black flies. They just came into the tent by the cubic foot and stayed there, they came to spend the evening. What a blistering we got; we smoked them out after a while, and ourselves, too.

Tried fishing by torch light, but no use.

Our camp fire attracted the attention of two fishermen who were lingering over their last pool for the evening, and they came up to see us. We were delighted to meet them—R. Bowes and J. A. Talbot—two well known characters on this river; they spent quite a while chatting and deploring the heighth of the river. After smiling all round they left us with their guide, F. Lepage, who was somewhat surprised at us running the river in its present state.

We were aroused from our slumbers at 5 A. M. by the whistling of a passing train. Soon had our rods ready, but the morning was cold and foggy, and we did not have much success. We returned to camp and had our breakfast.

The fog now begins to lift and the mountains come into view; old Sol puts in his appearance and soon the surroundings are changed, every leaf glistening in the morning sun, the cry of the kingfisher heralding the advance of morning.

On the way again, fishing every pool until we came to Mill Stream Bridge, anchored under it and caught a first-class lot of fish; nothing over two pounds, and an occasional grilse; proceeded to Mill Stream Station and camped; weather cold, but half a dozen blankets kept us pretty snug.

Next morning forwarded our fish to various points where they were expected, in all forty-seven pounds, and started on our last day's canoeing, and with better fishing as we proceeded; soon came to Matapedia without any mishap, and as this was the last of our water route we transferred our canoe and camp fixings to the west-bound train, and with them thirty-two pounds of speckled beauties to M. W. Crean. River du Loup, for distribution among our friends in that vicinity, our first lot having been sent to St. Johns, N. B. The Doctor and I part here; good bye, Doc, and the train takes me west satisfied. C. H.

QUEBEC, October 24, 1882.

THE ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of your pleasing and instructive journal I was much interested in an article on the anglers' tournament; it was graphic and honest. I think that to such notices, just as much as to good casting, will depend the future success of our annual tournaments. Fair play is very essential to excite honorable emulation in every kind of contest, but it is especially required in developing the nicest skill of the "gentle art." Thus feeling, I think it my duty to correct a slight inaccuracy which occurs in your account of the contest. You say I only once threw my flies over eighty-five feet. The fact is I cast ninety feet just before I made the ninety-one.

The accounts published in some of the papers intimate that I could not throw overhand. That is a mistake. I think I can cast overhand just as well as any other way, but I prefer my method, firstly, because I can cast with less than half the labor, and do more fishing in a half a mile than I could do in three miles by the overhand throw; secondly, because I can make a greater reach with more accuracy than by the overhand method; thirdly, because I would not consider my flies and leaders either ornamental or useful to the trees along a wooded stream. Some of these gentlemen also think that by my method I would frighten all the fish. Ah, that would be very bad indeed. And to think that in forty-five years' experience I should not have suspected that my method was frightening the poor little fishes. Perhaps that was the reason why I have received so many invitations to join fishing parties. They knew I would frighten the fish, and then they would the more easily catch them. As you know if one should get frightened (say while crossing Broadway) by one horse he will be almost sure to run under the feet of another, so my friends wanted me along to frighten the fishes from my own line so that they would rush upon their's, filling their baskets rapidly. Now, after the publication of this exposé, I shall expect invitations to all the private ponds, that I may serve to make the success of my friends complete.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1882. H. PRICHARD.

LARGE BASS IN THE DELAWARE.—Belvedere, N. J., Oct. 20.—On the 31st day of August, fishing at the foot of Foul Rift, on the Delaware River, I took with a small jointed rod and line a black bass weighing six pounds eleven ounces; length, twenty-three inches; circumference, fifteen and a half inches; width, six and a half inches. The fish was out of water nine hours before being weighed. This is said to be the largest bass ever taken with rod and line in the Delaware. Bass, I believe, weighing seven and seven and a quarter pounds have been taken in some of the ponds and lakes of this State, but not in the Delaware. During the first week in August I took four bass, weighing seventeen pounds, from the same river. Bass fishing in the Delaware has not been good in this section, although some good strings have been made. The writer has taken about 160 since the 1st of July, many of them weighing from one pound to five and a half pounds.—I. H.

DEATH OF COLONEL HOYT.—Col. Thomas J. Hoyt, of this city, died at the Victoria Hotel, Oct. 24 last. He was a gentleman of large liberality, fine physique, of the highest integrity, superior business attainments, and exceedingly genial in his social relations. His death is greatly deplored by a host of his friends, and by none more so than by his brethren of the rod and reel, who have met him for very many years in the Adirondacks, at Bartlett's. "There only remains to us the recollection of his pleasant ways and joyous companionship." His family and immediate associates have our deepest sympathy.—R. N.

LEESBURG, Va., Oct. 28, 1882.—Dr. Elzey, Rev. Dr. Davis, Mr. Hickman, and the Murrays caught thirty bass one day this week on Goose Creek.—T. W.

Fishculture.

ESCAPED CARP.—Some weeks ago, while driving along the banks of White's Creek, my attention was attracted to a large shoal of fish in one of the many deep pools into which the stream resolves itself during the fall months. I was satisfied they were neither bass nor perch, and naturally asked what they were. No one seemed to know, though the query gave rise to an investigation, which resulted in determining them genuine German carp. Once this fact was assured, I had but to think a few moments to find a reason for their being there, which was, during the heavy floods with which the Cumberland River was visited last winter, a number of carp ponds were inundated, and the little fellows, and no few large ones, made their escape, and being, no doubt, bewildered by the vastness of their new quarters, and chased by game fish, sought refuge in their present home, a tributary of the main stream. Thousands of these doubtless perished and were destroyed, though the ones which succeeded in reaching the upper waters of the creek were saved, and from them sprang the immense quantities now seen there. For years White's Creek has been depopulated of its finny denizens, save the unaccounted for myriads of minnows, hence there was no enemy to molest them during procuration and hatching. As carp do not take the hook readily, and seining, trapping, and like modes of fishing have been stopped, the question arises in my mind whether the increase of these fish will not be sufficient to stock the entire waters of the State contiguous to the Cumberland River. Everything seems to favor such a result, as there are hundreds of small streams emptying into it which, like White's Creek, become a series of pools or holes during the summer and fall, and where the spawning, hatching and first growth can be finished before the young fry are exposed to any serious danger. If such be the case, the apparent calamity of the carp's escape may prove of endless value to the community at large. When the newly appointed fish commissioner for Middle Tennessee reads the above in the FOREST AND STREAM, if he will call upon me, or send me a permit to seine the creek, I will take the trouble of verifying what I have heard and believe, by going out to the place and catching some of the suspected fish. The question is of too much interest to pass unestablished, and I hope in a short while to be empowered to get at the facts, or what would be still more in accordance with the subject's importance, the commissioner should seine the creek himself and make a formal report of his findings.—J. D. H. (Nashville, Oct. 22).

THE GOURAMI IN INDIA.—It is announced in the Bombay *Gazette* that a fish association in the Madras Presidency has just accomplished the task of transporting some gouramis from Madras. One hundred of the fry were despatched in earthenware and tin vessels, and completed the journey without any apparent damage, having been kept cool and fed upon the larvæ of mosquitoes and other insects. Very shortly after their arrival at Bombay they were taken to the banks of the Vehar reservoir, where they are intended to become the progenitors of a numerous race. This large piece of water has now been in existence as a lake for a round eighteen years, and it is regarded by the learned in pisciculture as an admirable home for the gourami, as there is no reason to believe that it contains pike or other creatures endowed with predatory habits. On the other hand, the new fish are expected to prove of benefit to the reservoir by clarifying the water in which they are to live and multiply. The experiment, if successful, may lead to a great extension of pisciculture throughout the Presidency and the whole peninsula.

FISHCULTURE IN ENGLAND.—We learn that a movement is on foot to form an association in England similar, perhaps, to our own Fishcultural Association, or to the Fischerei Verein in Germany. The men who have taken hold of it are Mr. W. O. Chambers, a gentleman long known for his interest in the subject, and Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*. A public meeting will soon be called, and if the fishculturists take hold of it with a will, there is no reason why the government should not be induced to do something in a practical way to supply the people with fish food. We hope and believe that the formation of this association in England is the beginning of a great work which will end in making fishculture a national institution in England, as it should have been years ago.

QUINNAT SALMON IN GERMANY.—We learn through the *Fischerei Zeitung* that Mr. Schuster, proprietor of the celebrated fish farm at Freiburg, in Baden, has received the large silver medal of the Société d'Acclimatation of Paris, for his success in keeping and growing the *Oncorhynchus quinnat* in confinement until the fourth year, and until the development of their spawn. Mr. Schuster is one of the most enthusiastic and successful of German fishculturists.

CARPCULTURE IN MISSOURI.—Mr. George Eckardt has been employed by the Missouri Fish Commission to construct carp ponds near St. Louis. They will be after the model of his father's famous ponds in Germany, where young Mr. Eckardt has spent many years in carpculture on a large scale.

Answers to Correspondents.

NEW ROCHELLE.—Your fish is the "ling," and is not uncommon on the coast.

F. Z., Boston.—Go to Chiltonville, just below Plymouth, for quail, grouse and ducks.

J. P., West Tisbury.—To what cross do the black spaniels owe their color? Ans. Black is a legitimate color, as much so as liver.

T., Frederick City, Md.—The average pattern for both guns, under conditions mentioned, is 200 pellets; some of them go as high as 240.

A. A. M.—Will a thoroughbred setter bitch, eleven months old, not even yard broken, pay for handling if properly trained? Ans. It depends upon the natural ability of the dog. Many prefer to leave their training until they are mature.

PEBBLY DOG, N. H.—1. Can you tell me of any books on the insects and bugs of New England or New Hampshire? 2. If you can, where to be purchased, and at what price. Ans. 1. "Packard's Guide to the Study of Insects" will be of use to you. 2. We can furnish it; price $3.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.—1. Which is the most used in the manufacture of split bamboo rods, the white or colored cane? 2. What cement is used in cementing the strips together? 3. How is fish glue prepared for use? 4. Give dimensions of ferules for three-piece, 18ft. long, salmon rod? 5. What number of the FOREST AND STREAM was the description of the Oconowoc bass rod published? Ans. 1. Malacca cane is used and it always has the marks of ornamental burning on it. 2. Common white bone glue, the varnish keeps it perfect, although each manufacturer has his own preparation which he keeps secret. 3. Fish glue is prepared by boiling fish skins; it is done near the large sea fisheries, especially at Gloucester, Mass. 4. They vary in decimals, find a rod that suits you and get ferules of that size. 5. In issue of February 11, 1875, and a further notice in April 11, 1878.

We call attention to the notice of the new "Atlantic House," at Oak Hill, Florida, published in this issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. This house supplies a great deficiency heretofore existing in Florida, viz.: a place where tourists can enjoy all the advantages of a really first-class hotel, in a section of country where game and fish remain comparatively intact. The proprietor has spared no pains, particularly in the matter of good beds and excellent *cuisine*, to afford his guests a comfortable home.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

THE MUSIC OF THE HOUNDS.

Heavens! what melodious strains!
How beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony."
—*Somerville's "Chase."*

THE maple leaves are blushing,
And the oak a marvel is;
The withered leaves are crushing
'Neath the hare's fleet foot, I wis.
The yellow of the birchen tree
Reflects the westering sun,
And the squirrel, in the hickory,
Seems full of food and fun.

The sumac flaunts its pennon,
Where the golden-rod hath died,
And the aster's eye is bent on
The gentian's purple pride;
The scream of the jay, like clarion,
Rings boldly on the air,
Like a fierce, freebooting baron,
Raiding the monks at prayer.

Now is the time, if ever,
For the wood-land-ways to sound
With the music of the clever
And keen-scented beagle hound.
The jay hath shrieked defiance,
The hare hath left his "form"—
E'en the young may learn reliance
When the scent of "puss" lies "warm."

O, what tumult 'mid the bracken,
O, what music in the air,
See them quarter and then slacken,
And, in full cry, follow fair.
Like a knot of jewels rampant,
See the pack, through copse and plain,
Over gem-like leaves triumphant,
Bearing to the coup-de-main.

O, what music meets the ear,
When the beagle giveth tongue;
Silver trumpet not more clear,
Sweeter never beauty sung.
Hark! all nature seems to listen,
And the leaflets hush their fall,
As their lithe forms, chasing, glisten,
As their voices, echoing, call.

Oct. 17, 1882. O. W. R.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the time for the annual field trials of the E. F. T. C. draws near it may be of interest to some of your readers to know something of the prospects for birds down in this country.

I am situated in Halifax county, Va., some seventy-five miles from High Point, close to the Richmond & Danville Railroad, just one hundred miles below the former place. In regard to the birds, I find a great many broods entirely too small to shoot or to work young dogs on, some that cannot fly at all, a great many more than in any former year since my shooting in Virginia. The weather is, and has been, very warm, about like August, since my coming South, and I have had but little it weather to work dogs, and I suppose my brother sportsmen have found it the same. I have with me some promising youngsters if I ever have weather so they can work to advantage.

As I came through Richmond I had some talk with Mr. Stokes and Mr. Taylor, one of our judges of the R. I. Trials of 1881. They are at present having some of their young ones put into good shape to compete in the field trials at High Point this fall. They expect to show what Virginia has in the dog line, and I expect some of our boys had better bring some good ones or they will be apt to go home without having the winners of the Derby, as they know how to make good field dogs down here. I have had some talk with parties that are acquainted with the grounds at High Point, on which the field trials are to be held, and they say there always has been a great quantity of birds there, and they think there will be no doubt but what there is a great many there this year. There is quite a heavy undergrowth this year, and it makes it a hard task for dogs to find the birds. But I think it a much better idea than having the trials held on Robin's Island, for it shows the finding qualities of the dogs to have open grounds to work over.

I hope we may have a large turnout from the sportsmen of the West, and have some of those fine dogs we read so much about take part, as they have never come to the front with many of them yet in the Eastern Field Trials.

I think the club makes a mistake in having their entry close on November 1 in the All-Aged Stakes.

We have been having some very heavy rains, which will be an advantage, if it would come cold, but this morning is like a beautiful spring morning with a very hot sun. I shall be on hand at High Point to see what I have in my lot that can hold their own among the cracks of the country.

E. I. MARTIN.

JUDGES FOR THE N. A. K. C. FIELD TRIALS.—Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 27, 1882.—The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges of N. A. K. Club Field Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn., commencing with the Free For All Stake, Monday, Dec. 4, 1882: Dr. Rawlings Young, Corinth, Miss.; Mr. B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. W. H. Key, Florence, Ala.—D. BRYSON.

"Boss" is the name adopted by Upthegrove & McLellan, of Valparaiso, Ind., for one style of their celebrated Shooting Suits. By persistent advertising and good work their suits have become national in reputation and have many friends in all parts of this continent.—*Adv.*

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

THE following entries for the Eastern Field Trials have been received. The list includes only those received up to Monday night. We shall undoubtedly be able to publish the remainder next week.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

1. BESSIE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter bitch, 3½ years (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle).
2. BUCKALLEW. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (Druid-Heller's Ruby).
3. DIANA II. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.—Black and white English setter bitch, 3 years (Dash III.-Diana).
4. COUNTESS. George T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter bitch, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess).
5. BROCK. George T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter dog, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess).
6. PEG. Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.—Blue belton English setter bitch, 8 years (Leicester-Dart).
7. MARCHIONESS PEG. Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch (Druid-Peg).
8. BIGLY FLINT. J. Herrin Crossman.—Liver and white English setter dog, 4 years (Rob Roy-Jessie).

ALL-AGED STAKE.

1. POLLUX. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter dog, 2½ years (Dash III.-Hardy's Diana).
2. BESSIE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter bitch, 3½ years (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle).
3. LALLA ROOKH. Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, 11 months (Sensation's Son-White's Grace).
4. MAIDA. Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black and white English setter bitch, 5 years (Dick-Clio).
5. PRINCE HAL. Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (St. Elmo-Maida).
6. DIANA II. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.—Black and white English setter bitch, 3 years (Dash III.-Diana).
7. BROCK. Geo. T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter bitch, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess).
8. COUNTESS. Geo. T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter bitch, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess).
9. DOC B. Robert Betty, New York.—Lemon and white English setter dog Jersey Duke-Topsy).
10. BUCKALLEW. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (Druid-Heller's Ruby).
11. BRAVO. Geo. N. Appold, Baltimore, Md.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 2½ years (Bragg-Kate).
12. BESSIE. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter bitch, 2½ years (Dash III.-Countess II.)
13. SHADOW. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2½ years (Lincoln-Daisy Dean).
14. DON PEDRO. Henry F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 2½ years (Ranger II.-White's Daisy).
15. ELCHO III. Adolph Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Elcho-Rose).
16. GLADSOME. J. W. Foster, Leesburg, Va.—Blue belton English setter dog, 19 months (Gladstone-Leila).
17. MONARCH. H. E. Hamilton, New York.—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, 4 years (Ranger-Queen).
18. SENSATION, JR. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 22 months (Sensation-Daisy).
19. LORNA. Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.—Red Irish setter bitch, 4½ years (Elcho-Rose).

GUN-SHY DOGS.

ADVICE upon a delicate subject like this comes with better grace from those who have seen some experience, and have also made a study of the varying dispositions of dogs. In any pack of hounds this variety may be observed in all its numerous shades. Every huntsman worth his salt knows the temper of every hound in a pack of sixty couples, just as every good shepherd knows the habits of every ewe in his now very valuable breeding flock. The habits and dispositions of all our domestic animals are as surely hereditary as are their constitutions and symmetrical proportions.

Some hounds will resent the whip, or the threat of it, and will fight it out with the whipper-in, even to the last extremity; others will fly for their lives, construing the punishment into an undeserved and cruel outrage, and taking the matter to heart so seriously as to carry their drooping stern throughout all the day, and possibly longer. Do we not constantly see these counterparts in mankind? One feels mortally offended and injured at a hint, an allusion, a *double entendre;* while another, with a skin like a rhinoceros, will then and there forgive everything if the ill-bred conversationalist will but pass the bottle.

Pointers are just as variable in temperament, and in their degree of boldness (or the want of it), as foxhounds or other highly-bred animals. Nature is constitutionally nervous. He was born so. Probably the whole litter were more or less so, but they will vary much. Knowing one of the parents to be rather nervous, the breeder should coax or call all the puppies out of the kennel, and then cause alarm by stamping the foot, shouting, or firing a gun. Those puppies that scamper back to kennel with the greatest stampede of alarm will make the most nervous dogs in the field; while those that run last or least, or stop soonest, gazing cross-eyed with an inquisitive, penetrating stare, will make the boldest and best dogs of that particular litter.

Nervousness in a pointer is not an unmixed evil. It leads to caution and carefulness, and many other good things. He always drops shot. He scorns to run a hare. He never puts birds up, except, perhaps, when quite unavoidable by reason of a down-wind approach. Even then, though he is not in fault, his sense of shame is as plainly shown and keenly felt as that of a gentleman who spills a glass of claret on the best dress of a duchess. The bold and daring dog is inclined to rush into all the above excesses of exuberance from which the timid dog is free, and the principal part of the education of the resolute dog is the adoption toward him of a stern, determined, restraining manner, which must be black enough to check the rashness of running in and such other deeds of too much dash.

Such are the bold dogs whom a certain class of sportsmen contemptuously dishonor by excuse by saying, "Yes, he used to drop shot, but I have not taken the trouble to keep him to it;" or he will say, "Well, I have been out lately without a retriever, so it is as well that he can help me to catch a wounded hare, ay, old fellow?" The dog is quite beyond the control of such a man, of whom there are many. He is too fast for partridge shooting, but could be managed with the help of the hard work of the moors.

Having shown the difference in the manners of pointers, I am now in a position to treat with the management of the gun-shy dog. Everything must be endearment and love, and at present never let him see nor hear a gun. Sins of commission, as committed by the daring dog, are met by severity; while sins of omission, as committed by the nervous, are met by encouragement and coaxing.

He is not the dog to do wrong, but you must not chide him if he does. I should love to see him rush into the house with dirty feet, and dash out with a leg of mutton in his mouth. That is the form of the bold dog. When the timid dog does it, pull out your 6½lb. twelve-bore. He won't wink his eye when you fire. The bold dog, if underfed, would become a daylight thief. I have known one to charge through a first-floor window with his booty, and come to grief with a crash on landing in a cucumber frame. The nervous dog would die of starvation rather than take a mutton chop from the hand of the severe-mannered blusterer or the ungracious rowdy. He'll never sniff round the house for swag. He behaves more like the over-polite bore who, standing like a soldier to salute, persistently repeats uncalled-for apologies for his presence.

Make the gun-shy dog your every-day companion. Let him accompany you in walking, riding and driving. He will soon get into the dog-cart himself when you are going for a drive. Let the children play with him, he could not be provoked to harm them. Have him indoors, that is the place to teach a dog obedience and manners, and give him nerve. Of course he must learn the sport in the field, but when he has nerve, and understands your conversation, he is educated. His field prowess is an instinct—an inherited habit—aided by a highly sensitive organization. He requires no breaking. If at first introduction to the house he appears shy, do not notice him. Even let him remain timidly crouching under the sideboard of the next room awhile, if he is very full of fear. Your kindness will bring him courage, and the day will come when you will exult to see him put his feet on your shoulders. When the shooting season comes round, the bold dog must run after the dog-cart, but the nervous dog should ride part of the way. Use no collar and chain as you shoulder your gun to take the field. Do you think he will run away from the man who is all the world to him? Never, never!

He has a strong objection to your gun, but his objection to leaving you is not ready stronger. To him your endearing companionship is an overpowering habit of life that could not so lightly be given up. He is attached to you as firmly as by an iron girder. He may be frightened when you shoot, and may run back five yards; but if he ever leaves you I shall not think much of your diplomacy. He does not now think himself a Cain, with "every man's hand against him." When he ran away from an ignorant stranger, there was no motive in staying. Now the motive is all powerful, and though he will not yet join in the sport, he will crouch at your heel. Go alone, mind, or half his thoughts will be on the stranger. You would thus lose half your influence. Do not ask him to range; do not notice him at all. Even endearment intensifies his fear, as it would that of a child who had cut his finger and was frightened at the blood. Do not throw a dead bird toward him, he may think you are "'eaving 'arf a brick at 'im," but leave a bird on the ground and walk in such direction as will bring him across it. Instinct now asserts her all-powerful sway. He knows that is his natural game, and his rejoicing is unbounded. Before the day is out he will back the other dog and take an interest in the fall of the birds. Never ask him to range, he will slide off stealthily himself. Your work is done; your victory complete. You now have one of the best pointers in England.—*Farmer Extensive in Stock Keeper.*

MEMORY IN DOGS.

IN an article upon this subject in the *Kennel Gazette*, "Perplexity" writes as follows:

"Many years ago I had two bull-terriers relegated to my care by a friend, and, as I had them for six months constantly with me, and used them to hunt for all sorts of vermin, I had every opportunity to judge of their qualities. They were both bred from fighting stock, one the son of a battle winner of note, but they were very good-tempered, the best of the two, as it turned out in a subsequent fight between them, being stupidly so, as he would let other and smaller dogs take liberties with him. The most marked deficiency that I perceived in them both, however, was want of memory, and the case with which they could lose themselves. One walked to the post with me one afternoon on a road he had been twenty times before, and I returned after the evening had closed in, when it was getting somewhat dark. An hour or two after I had been home I missed the dog, and the thought struck me that he had never come back, although I recollected that I had seen him half a mile from my house, and that he crossed the road, in company with a terrier, to a corn stack, through a gateway. Accordingly I walked to this point, and there I found him shivering in the cold. He had not had the sense to find his way home. I had several opportunities of the same sort to convince me that both this dog and his companion had such short memories as to be totally incapable of finding their way over the shortest distances. I have remarked something similar to this in greyhounds, and I have certainly seen more stray greyhounds about, temporarily lost by their owners, than almost any dog I can call to mind. Retrievers, though notable for their sagacity, are not unfrequently lost, and setters and spaniels, although so full of intelligence, are not, according to my experience, the best judges of distances and places, so as to make them remarkable for an eye to country.

"I am inclined to believe that the breeds more capable than others to find their way from point to point are those that are the most remarkable in hunting a foot scent, and I place two breeds infinitely before all others for that particular quality, namely, foxhounds and fox-terriers. Collies have very retentive memories and extraordinary sense, but they would not take a line of country with so much certainty or quickness as a foxhound. It may be called a quality to exceed memory, and to be something akin to the power possessed by the carrier pigeon, but it is a remarkable development in a foxhound to find his way to his kennel from immense distances. The well-known fact of hounds purchased at Tattersall's and sent by water to Scotland finding their way to the south again in an extraordinary short space of time can hardly be accounted for, as it was something beyond memory, but those who have been accustomed to hounds will always assert that it is next to impossible to lose them in any country over which they have ever traveled before. I can bear in mind a pack of foxhounds being sold, and they came by road a three days' journey, at twenty-five miles a day. About a fortnight after they had arrived at their new home a bitch slipped away while at exercise in the afternoon, and a letter received from the late owner showed that she had reached her old kennel during the same night, as she was at the gate at six the next morning. This showed memory, as, considering the time in which she covered the seventy-five miles, she would not have hesitated at all in finding her way over the road she had traveled a fortnight before.

"Fox-terriers—and I have noticed it more among wire-haired ones—are extraordinary in their capacity to find their way over long distances, and I believe it would be impossible to lose one over any road it had traveled before. There are signs, however, that there is as much method about them as memory, and to these I will allude in the journeys I am about to place place are extraordinary. I know of one case where a fox-terrier was tied up so that she should not follow her master and mistress, as they were leaving home for a few days. They left in a carriage with a pair of horses and first of all drove 10 miles to a farm of theirs, where the horses were fed, and after a stay of an hour the next proceeding was to call on a friend living about three miles from the farm, and when they drove 18 miles to the house they were visiting. Four hours later they had left the bitch yet loose, and was nowhere to be found, and during the afternoon she turned up at the farm, hunted about the passages of the house and through the rooms, ran into the stable, and then went straight away to the house of the friend, where she went through the same process of hunting before getting on the road for the eighteen miles, which she covered in such good time as to complete her journey almost as soon as the carriage conveying her friends. Now, the commencement of this performance was possibly prompted by memory, as she had more than once followed the carriage to the farm, but her course to the friend's house, and then over the 18 miles must be accounted to her nose and hunting properties, as she had never been on the road before.

"Another case of a fox-terrier bitch was one that had been brought from a long distance to a country house, and shortly after she arrived she had puppies. She was with these whelps for about six weeks, and then she was given away to a person

living at a distance, as the crow flies about ten miles, but it was near the mouth of an estuary, and the most get-at-able way was by a steamboat down the estuary. In this way the bitch was sent with a collar and chain on, and her new owner came off in a rowing boat to meet her. Somehow or other she got out during the night, as the next morning she was back to her puppies. The way this little bitch got back no one knows, as, unless she swam across the estuary, which was about a mile, she would have had to have gone eight or ten miles to the head of the estuary, and then a detour of three miles to get back to her destination. I have remarked that pointers will find their way back to their homes better than setters, and I have known some of the former very clever in their memories of a road once traversed; moreover, I have noticed that when a pointer has been ranging wide, and lost sight of his owner for a minute, he has seemed to throw his head out something like a pigeon before taking line for home, and but for a timely whistle he would have gone straight off in the right direction. Some people will say all this is not memory, but what is it, I ask? Will some lover of the dog explain?"

This is a very interesting subject, and one that nearly all writers upon canine matters have given much attention, but we have never seen in any article upon the subject a satisfactory explanation of this wonderful power. No one who has witnessed the display of this remarkable gift, but will agree that its workings far outrank the scope of memory. Nor can we for an instant believe that the sense of sight plays an important part in accomplishing the result attained. We once received a setter dog, less than one year old, from a place thirty miles distant. He came by rail, arriving at the depot about nine o'clock on a very dark and rainy evening. He was then taken in a carriage and completely covered with the blankets and driven seven miles to our home. He was fed and chained in the kitchen and left for the night. At a few minutes past midnight he made so much noise that we got up and coaxed and petted him awhile until he became quiet and again left him. Nothing more was heard from him during the night, but this was easily accounted for in the morning, as he was missing, having slipped his collar and left through a window. After searching for him an hour or two without success, we went to the nearest office and telegraphed his owner, and were greatly surprised to receive from him a reply stating that the dog was there. We afterward learned that he arrived at his home between five and six o'clock in the morning, fresh as a daisy. He must have traveled at least thirty miles in the darkness in, at the most, about five hours time. This dog had never been a mile away from his home before, and it has ever since been the deepest mystery to us how he found the way. We may never fathom the secret of the wonderful and mysterious power that guided his footsteps, nor understand the nature of the subtle sense that shaped his course, but with "Perplexity" would very much like to have some one explain.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

MURDERED because he would not sell for more than $250! Such, we read, was the fate of poor Prince Royal, a Laverack setter, owned and offered at a public sale by R. F. Llewellin. "What an inhuman wretch!" was the indignant remark of a friend, a lover of dogs, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, in which opinion I most heartily joined. I never heard of any atrocity committed upon our dumb pets among people calling themselves civilized which has so stirred my blood; and the more we look into the matter, the more abominable does it appear. This person, moving in good society, professing to be a gentleman, and having ample means, interests himself to such an extent in dogs as to aspire to have his name attached to a breed of setters.

He finds himself at last with a surplus, and decides to offer some of them at public sale, on which he places large reserve prices. Two hundred and fifty dollars is bid by several different gentlemen for a single animal, but the amount not satisfying Mr. Llewellin, he orders the poor, unoffending dog and his mate to be killed. That the dog was a prime good one, and in full health and strength, is amply proved by the high price offered at the sale. Then, why should the poor fellow—"man's most faithful friend"—be consigned to such an early and ignominious death? Simply to show Mr. Llewellin's lofty scorn of such a trifle as $250. He seems to have had no friends to whom he might have made a present of poor Prince. Well, the fewer friends such a man has the better it shows for humanity.

We have all of us often heard of many vulgar and disgusting displays of wealth, particularly by the *nouveaux riches*, but who ever heard of such a heartless as well as most sickening display as this? When I think of old canine pets, many of which we all of us keep many years after their usefulness is past, simply for the affection we have for them, it seems almost impossible that there should be any human being so miserably destitute of a heart as this R. F. Llewellin has shown himself to be. What a pity that the strong arm of the law could not reach such a case as this! I notice in some of the papers a great deal of discussion about the breed of setters bearing his name. What this I have nothing to; but, as a faithful friend of a good dog, I feel I am but voicing the sentiments of many when I say I wish to record my protest against such wanton cruelty, and to stamp as infamous the person who committed it. G.

DANVILLE, P. Q., Canada, Oct. 25, 1882.

TENNESSEE FOX HUNTING.—I met Col. Johnson this morning, and from him learned that last night he had the most beautiful fox chase he ever took part in in his life. His dogs were in splendid trim, and as soon as they reached Mrs. Ellis's farm, a fox was started, and for two hours the hounds run him as never dogs run a fox before. The wily fellow had not an instant to lose, but occasionally a briar patch or a thicket would check the pace for a few minutes, then he would have to take the open, through woods and grass, and once he took to a cornfield, and as the pack came toward him, driving the fox at lightning speed, their music was like the singing of millions of birds. Once he tried to evade his pursuers by taking to the top of a stone wall, though Nick and Sandy were equal to the strategic move, and never left the trail a second. So hotly did they chase the fox, that he passed close to where the Colonel was seated on his horse. After all their magnificent work, the dogs were doomed to lose the game, as he made one desperate spurt, jumped a five-barred gate, and instantly took a hole. I do wish for the sake of the lovers of fox hunting that I could convey to them the earnest sportsmanlike manner in which the enthusiastic Colonel narrated the above, and they would enjoy it all the more.—J. D. H.

A CARD TO HANDLERS, FROM E. F. T. CLUB.—The resolution passed by the Eastern F. T. Club, debarring any owner, or handler, from competing and forfeiting all entrance moneys, stakes, etc., who work or shoot with dogs within a radius of eight miles of High Point, on the grounds selected and posted by the club, on which the Trials will be run, is aimed at none, but intended as a common good for all, free from any animus, being solely passed to act as a warning, and to prevent owners or handlers, going down, from shooting off the birds or taking any undue advantage before coming in actual competition in the Trials, whether intentional or premeditated.—W. A. COSTER, Treas. and Sec.

MARCUS.—Mr. Thos. H. Terry, of New York, has purchased of Mr. A. S. Apgar the champion collie dog Marcus. Mr. Terry has now the best collection of collies in this country, and is making arrangements to establish an extensive kennel on Long Island for the breeding of these useful animals.

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW BOYCOTTED.—SIR: Some months ago there was a discussion in your columns on the action of the Kennel Club in boycotting independent dog shows, and it was then stated that the Kennel Club had no intention of boycotting the Birmingham show. I wish now to call the attention of your readers to the fact that the Birmingham show is to be henceforth excluded from the Kennel Club Stud Book, and it has been determined not to admit into volume ten of the Kennel Club Stud Book, to be published at the end of this year, a record of the prizes won by dogs at Birmingham. This may be a startling announcement, but, incredible as it may appear, it is true, and it is information that should be communicated at once to all intending exhibitors at the forthcoming Birmingham show, for no record will be published, except in the newspapers, of the prizes gained by the dogs so exhibited. The Kennel Club Stud Book purports to be a complete record of dog shows, but it appears from the circular sent out with the form of entry for dogs to be entered in the Kennel Club Stud Book, volume ten, that Birmingham, the oldest, and, as many think, the premier dog show in the United Kingdom, is intentionally left out of the list of shows whose prize winners are to be entered free of charge. No doubt many exhibitors will comfort themselves with the assurance that they will be able to have the information inserted in the forthcoming book on payment, but an application to the secretary will dispel this illusion. Everybody concluded, from the correspondence in your columns in the summer, that the Kennel Club were afraid to attack such a powerful and well-established institution as the National Dog Show at Birmingham; but what they dared not openly do then, they are now doing secretly, by refusing to insert a record of the Birmingham prize winners in the forthcomming vol. 10 of their Stud Book. They have not had the candor to advertise this fact openly in your columns and the advertisement of vol. 9, published in your last week's issue, may lead people to believe that, as Birmingham was included in the 1881 Stud Book, it is to be included in that of 1882. The contrary is, however, the case, and the fact cannot be too widely known. Before the establishment of the Kennel Club Stud Book, the sporting newspapers were accepted as the records of important shows; but since the Stud Book has come to be regarded by dog breeders as the authoritative record of important shows, the omission from it of Birmingham will seriously damage the reputation and prestige of the National Dog Show, diminish its commercial value of its prizes, and curtail the number of entries. I do not, however, suppose that the Birmingham committee will sit down quietly under "threatened annihilation," but it will be necessary for them to take steps to meet this action of the Kennel Club, a recently established private body, who, while professedly acting for the interests of the public, are really advancing their own ends to the serious loss of the public, and attempting to ruin the best dog show in the country.—*Beta in London Field.*

GARRYOWEN AND VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.—At a meeting of the English Kennel Club Committee, held on Tuesday, Oct. 3, as reported in the *Kennel Gazette*, Mr. Giltrap brought before the committee the action of Mr. Hilliard in entering his dog, Viscount Palmerston, in open classes in Belfast and Portadown shows contrary to the rules of those shows, and also the conduct of Mr. Hilliard in reiterating in the press statements respecting the color of the nose of Mr. Giltrap's setter Garryowen, after the decision of two veterinary surgeons, and requested that the Kennel Club would deal with the matter under Rule 9, Part 1, Code. The committee requested Mr. Hilliard to furnish them with an explanation of the charge. A committee meeting was held on Saturday, October 7. Present—The Rev. W. J. Mellor, the Rev. G. Lovell, Mr. P. C. Reid, and Captain Lindoe. A letter was read from Mr. Hilliard in answer to a request from the committee for an explanation of the charges brought against him by Mr. Giltrap. The committee considered that Mr. Hilliard was guilty of culpable negligence in breaking both the regulations of Belfast and Portadown shows and Rule 14 of the Kennel Club Code, and they recommended him to be more cautious in making entries for future shows. With respect to the matter of the color of the nose of Garryowen, the committee considered that the nose had not been tampered with, and that the conduct of Mr. Hilliard in writing to the press in the absence of any positive evidence, and in the face of the decision of two veterinary surgeons, not only deserved the greatest censure, but brought him very near to the penalties of Rule 9. They further suggest that Mr. Hilliard should, as an honorable man, return to the Belfast Committee, for the benefit of the second prize winner, the money wrongfully awarded to Mr. Hilliard's Viscount Palmerston.

WHISTLING DOGS vs. DOVES.—Uncle James was a veteran fancier and kept a large lot of tykes, in fact, anything in the fancy line of pets, if they were very rare, Uncle James would buy, even at long prices. A mutual friend met a party who had recently returned from Japan with various kinds of curios; among the lot were a pair of whistling doves. The owner was sent to Uncle James to make a sale. The party was one of the sort that talk thick, and Uncle James was a wee bit hard o' hearing. "I was sent to ask you if you wanted to buy a pair of whistling doves?" "Whistling *dogs!*" replied the veteran; "I've owned and seen all kinds, but that beats my time. Where did they come from?" "Japan, sir." "No, I don't want them; the ones I have make noise enough by barking and yelping, and if I had a pair of *whistlers* they would drive me into the lunatic asylum."—LORETTO.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Sex.
3. Age, or
4. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
5. Name and residence of owner, 6. Name and residence of owner, breeder or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Fur, Fin and Feather. By Dr. H. G. Pillard, New York, for liver and white cocker spaniel dog and two bitches, whelped Oct. 4, 1882, by Sinnard (Snip—Juliette) out of Mr. Wm. Lloyd's Flora.

Beauty. By Mr. A. Butt, Ogdensburg, N. Y., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 12, 1882, by Col. Stubbs (Captain —Flirt) out of Pet (Grip—Flirt).

Psyche. By Dr. L. C. Franklin, Ann Arbor, Mich., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 6, 1882, by imported Montague (Baron—Queen) out of his imported Leda.

Daphne. By Mr. Wm. H. Moller, New York, for black, white and tan beagle bitch puppy by Mr. H. W. Hunt's Capcon out of Midget.

Max. By Mr. W. H. R. Du Bois, Westfield, N. J., for white fox-terrier dog, whelped Oct. 17, 1882 (Prince—Venus).

Royal Charlie. By Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., for black, white and tan cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1882, by Bonnie Charlie out of Bonnie Kate.

Royal Flora. By Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., for black, white and tan cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1882, by Bonnie Caarlie out of Bonnie Kate.

King Rufus. By Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., for black spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1882, by Toronto Beau out of Negress II.

Maggie Lauder. By Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., for sable collie bitch by Rex out of Jeannie Nettles.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Becky—Dash III. Mr. John Hunter's (New York) black and white setter bitch Becky to Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III., Oct. 14.

——*—Napoleon.* Mr. C. Ormsby's pug bitch —— to Mr. A. W. Lucy's (New York) Napoleon (Tou Sharpless—Pippin), Oct. 26.

Julia—Boxe. Dr. J. S. Jones's (Jackson, La.) orange and white pointer bitch Julia to champion Bow, Oct. 23.

Bunny—Bow. Mr. N. W. Ware's (West Point, Miss.) liver and white pointer bitch Waddell's Fanny to champion Bow, Oct. 26.

Keswick—Boxe. Mr. J. B. C. Lucas's (St. Louis, Mo.) imported liver and white pointer bitch Keswick (Faust—Faith) to champion Bow, Sept. 29.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Beauty. Mr. W. J. Rushforth's (Yonker's, N. Y.) liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Beauty (imported Racer—Walker's Daisy), Oct. 20, six (two dogs), by Prime's Joe (imported Ned—Bates's Jenny); one dog and two bitches since dead.

Queen. Mr. J. C. Waller's (Tangipahoa, La.) orange and white pointer bitch Queen, Oct. 12, four, by Mr. Edward Otell's champion Bow.

Florence. Mr. Winchester Johnson's (Boston, Mass.) liver cocker spaniel bitch Florence (Snip—Cute), Oct. 5, seven (four dogs), by Mr. J. P. Barnard's imported black cocker spaniel Phil (Beau—Kittie); all black, with white on chest and feet.

Venus. Mr. W. H. R. Du Bois's (Westfield, N. J.) imported fox-terrier bitch Venus, Oct. 17, three (two dogs), by Mr. J. W. Fleck's Prince.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Blush. Liver and white ticked cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1881 (Col. Stubbs—Fanny Fern), by Mr. E. L. Hitt, Delhi, N. Y., to Mr. George Thompson, Idlewild, N. Y.

Lofty. Liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 7, 1879 (Snipe—Flora), by C. B. Cumings & Son, South Acworth, N. H., to Mr. J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Marcus. Black and white imported collie dog, whelped Nov., 1876 (E. K. C. S. B. 7,526), by Mr. A. S. Apgar, New York, to Mr. Thos. H. Terry of same city.

Boone—Reno whelps. Liver and white pointers, whelped May 3, 1882, by Mr. Geo. E. Poyncer, Dayton, Ia., a dog to Mr. H. F. Young, Boston, Mass., Mr. C. B. Squire, Troy, N. Y., and Mr. W. S. Butler, Weston, Mo.; a bitch to Mr. W. P. Stone, Atalissa, Ia., Mr. W. B. Sketch, Jackson, Miss., and Mr. Lowell S. Miner, St. Louis, Mich.

Montague—Leda whelps.—Black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped July 8, 1882, by Dr. E. C. Franklin, Ann Arbor, Mich., one to Mr. F. S. Hines, Indianapolis, Ind., and one to Mrs. A. F. Martin, Denver, Col.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bonnie Charlie—Bonnie Kate whelps. A pair of black, white and tan cocker spaniels, whelped Sept. 11, 1882, by Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., to Mr. J. McMillan of the same place.

Toronto Beau—Negress II, whelp. Solid liver spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1882, by Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., to Mr. A. A. Francis, Rochester, N. Y.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Snipe. Liver pointer dog, 9yrs. old, owned by Mr. Jos. Bampfield, Niagara Falls, Ont.; run over by cars.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

D. A. W., Boston, Mass.—I have a fine bred setter dog, 14 months old, that I have lately purchased that is gun-shy. Is there anything I can do to overcome this fright? Ans. Read "Training vs. Breaking."

G. E. A., Cleveland, O.—1. Please inform me how to kill fleas on a setter pup, 2 months old, and the method used in training to drop to shot and wing. Ans. 1. See answer to L. Van D. last week. Read "Training vs. Breaking" for instruction in training dog.

G. A. H., Chester Depot, Vt.—1. I have a black Laverack setter bitch, 3½ years old. Would there be any objection to having her lined with a white and liver colored setter? 2. Please name some book, and the price of it, that would give me necessary information in regard to management and rearing puppies. Ans. 1. No, if you have no objection to the color.* 2. "The Management and Diseases of the Dog," by Woodroffe Hill. Price $2. We can furnish it.

R. W. T.—For the past 4 or 5 weeks my pointer, now about 2 years old, has been discharging considerable matter from his eyes and occasionally seems a little weak in the small of the back, otherwise he seems to be perfectly well, and eats all he can get. Can you tell me what ails him and how I shall treat the disease? Ans. If the eyes are inflamed dust into them twice a week some powdered calomel. To snap it off a camel's hair brush is an easy way of applying it. Use twice daily the following eye wash: Borax, 10 grains; rose water, 2 ounces. Keep the eyes free from matter. For the weakness in the back a pill containing 1 grain of nux vomica given after his dinner would be of service.

Persons wanting beautiful large watch dogs are referred to advertisement of Charles F. Kelly.—*Adv.*

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RAPIDITY SHOOTING.

ONE of the most interesting matches of the past season at Creedmoor was that for the gold medal presented by Mr. Pierre Lorillard. It was intended to develop the art of rapid and accurate shooting, and from the scores shown it has brought out some very remarkable results. The conditions were very simple. It was made open to all comers, 200yds., any rifle with open sights, magazine guns to be used as single loaders. Competitors to take to the firing point not exceeding twenty cartridges. Entries, 50 cents each; re-entries allowed to the extent that time will permit. At sound of the bugle each competitor opens fire at his own target, and continues loading and firing until the bugle again sounds (sixty seconds after first signal). A deduction of 5 points will be imposed for each shot fired before the first signal; 2d, for each shot fired after the second signal; 3d, for each shot signaled on his target in excess of twenty. Triggers tested at the firing point.

The need of just such a gun as would naturally win in such a match is one of the recognized demands of modern army work. The real worth of a breech-loader increases in proportion as it can be loaded and fired with readiness. If the breech mechanism is so complicated, or the motions of loading so many and intricate that time is lost in getting a charge into a weapon, it loses much of its value and approaches nearer the old muzzle-loader. To rush to the other extreme, and make the work of the rifle entirely that of a repeater, employing the magazine at all times, is not desirable. The best weapon is one which is capable of use as a single-loader, either with or without the filled magazine, and which can by the simplest method be turned into a repeater. Such an arm appears to have been found in the successful weapon of the late Rapidity Match.

The Hotchkiss magazine rifle, once in the match, swept everything before it, and has given us some very satisfactory data by which to judge of the doings of other weapons under similar conditions. It has made a record for this minute firing, and shown what can be done, a score of 93 in a possible 100 means a quality of shooting which will make any national guardsman the recipient of the marksman's medal, and when this is done under the stress of the most rapid firing, it shows the more strongly how well adapted the arm is to this oftentimes most valuable style of shooting. Having a bronze shell, when the cartridge is merely dropped into it, and the one simple motion of bringing up the breech-lever closes the action, and cocks the piece ready for firing. There is no concession of a visible hammer to that notion of amateur soldiers and marksmen that the hammer is a matter of safety, whereas, in fact, all the risks are available, and show that a properly made hammerless rifle is far more reliable and safe than one of the old style weapons.

The match has only served to warrant the excellent opinion held of the Hotchkiss Magazine rifle by qualified judges in the army service. The Hotchkiss is not a new weapon for the use of the regular army made a few years ago, the Hotchkiss was the only one chosen, and in the recent decision of the Magazine Gun Board, the Hotchkiss again appears, and will be issued for use in comparison with other rifles into the hands of the most actively engaged troops on the frontier. These same weapons were eligible in the Rapidity Match, but none of them held place with the Hotchkiss. The scores of the competitors below show what was accomplished under match conditions, but the weapon has been fired as much as thirty-two times in a minute as a single-loader. Judged by all the requisites which the best military opinion of to-day fix for a soldier's weapon, this rifle holds its own with the best and leads the line. It has crowded out many former favorites, and bids fair to become the standard weapon of

the United States Army which is to-day the best provided army in the world. The scores of the Rapidity Match stood:

Date.	Name.	Rifle.	No. shots Fired.	Score.
July 8—Brevet Capt. S. A. Day,				
	1st Lieut. 5th Art.	Springfield	10	31
	Gen. G. W. Wingate	"	"	28
	"	"	"	26
	Fred Alder	Remington	"	26
	C. V. Weir	Springfield	"	32
	W. F. Higgins	Remington	"	21
	G. W. Munson	"	"	15
July 24—R. T. Hare		Hotchkiss	10	53
	M. W. Bull	"	17	49
	Capt. S. A. Day, U.S.A. Lee	"	17	47
	T. J. Dolan	Sharp	13	46
	Fred. Alder	Remington, Keene	12	35
	Capt. J. C. Mallery	Springfield	11	29
	F. W. Leavitt	Stevens	9	25
	J. S. Shepherd	Peabody Martini	9	23
	E. E. Lewis	Bullard	"	10
Aug. 2	Lieut. Geo. E. Albee	Hotchkiss	10	50
	M. W. Bull	"	18	48
	R. T. Hare	"	19	47
	Capt. S. A. Day, U.S.A. Lee	"	17	41
	T. J. Dolan	Sharp	13	40
	Capt. J. C. Mallery	Hotchkiss	"	27
Aug. 9—R. T. Hare		"	17	54
	Capt. S. A. Day, U.S.A. Lee	"	18	52
	Lieut. Geo. E. Albee	Hotchkiss	17	40
	M. W. Bull	"	17	15
	T. J. Dolan	"	12	31
Sep. 27—Lieut. Geo. E. Albee		"	20	68
	M. W. Bull	"	18	47
	Capt. S. A. Day, U.S.A. Lee	"	18	43
	T. J. Dolan	Remington, Keene	12	31
Oct. 18—Lieut. Geo. E. Albee		Hotchkiss	19	60
	John Smith	Sharp Borchard	12	22
	W. R. Horton	Hotchkiss	10	15

RANGE AND GALLERY.

AN INFANT PRODIGY.—Boston, Oct. 20, 1882.—Mr. John A. Lowell, the well-known art dealer of this city, has been spending the past eight months in European travel and visiting the studios of the Old World. Mr. Lowell being a true sportsman, found time to visit many of the gun clubs and shooting grounds of England, and in a recent letter to your correspondent, describes his visit to one of the numerous sportsmen's resorts near London as follows: "Yesterday being Saturday, I visited with a gentleman the South London Shooting and Cricket Grounds, where I saw hundreds of cricketers—I should say at least five hundred—and quite the majority of them had proper uniforms on, and the sight was very inspiring, and I longed to get a bat and have a good old-fashioned game. The proprietor of these private grounds at Norbiton is named Brown; everybody calls him "Governor," he is seventy years of age, and he is still on of the best shots in England, and the whole family, from the Governor down to the prodigy, Charlie Brown, his grandson, are a race of shooters. I was treated to a special exhibition of shooting both by the Governor and this little boy. He is not much more than a baby yet, less than eight years of age, and yet his shooting is beyond description almost. Fancy a little boy before you, very slight and slim even for an eight year older, and then fancy what sort of a gun he must use. With double and single barrel gun or rifle he is just as expert. The gun weighs about four pounds, 28-bore, uses a dram and a half of powder and three-eighths of an ounce of shot. And you think that little powder and so few shot he breaks glass balls with the best men of the day. He rarely missed balls thrown at him or from him, and not one yesterday that was thrown bounding along the lawn as you would throw a baseball; he was seen to smash it. His greatest feat was at the aquarium here, when he was shooting an engagement. He broke eighty-nine out of ninety-one glass balls one evening, I think the last day of the engagement. It is an old trick of many of the famous shots to hit pennies thrown into the air with either the rifle or shot gun. But to see such a little midget accomplish all these was truly wonderful. The Governor performed the feat of shooting pennies, and in fact, anything you may throw up, with a Snider military gun, which shoots a cartridge larger than our Springfield musket. Truly, he is a remarkable man. I would like to try my hand at shooting at a glass ball hanging by a string on an iron target with the Snider musket, sighted for 1000yds., and I found I hadn't lost all I knew, for after getting the range I broke ten in succession, not so very bad, but nothing compared with the work of the Browns."

MUNCHAUSEN AT PRACTICE.—Middlefield, N.Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have of late been practicing some with the revolver, but very little time to devote to shooting. I use a No. 38 seven shot Smith & Wesson. As a specimen for you to judge by, I give the result of the best day's work I can recollect. My first attempt was at a nine-inch circle thrown in the air by a companion at a distance of twenty-five feet. Out of seven consecutive shots I struck the circle five times. The next distance was 100 ft. at a six-inch circle; five consecutive shots fired all struck inside the circle. A two-ounce vial was then suspended by a string two feet long, and set swinging across the range, ten paces distant, and broken with the seventh shot. A common teacup was placed on the target stand at ten paces (30 feet) at the back of the shooter, and a mirror held before him. The cup was broken with the first shot by holding the weapon over the shoulder. At fifteen paces I will split an ash knife blade and a tack driven with four shots. Of course the shooting was all done without a rest. I write the above to you for the purpose of ascertaining if this is any more than average shooting, or is it as good as the shooting ordinarily done by amateurs.—AMERICUS.

BOSTON, Oct. 28.—The riflemen who assembled at Walnut Hill range to-day were favored with excellent weather for shooting. In the forenoon the wind indicated 9 o'clock, but in the afternoon it shifted to 6 o'clock. Some brilliant scores were made during the day. Appended are the best records:

Creedmoor Match.

O M Jewell	4555555554—48	R Read	3145514445—42
J S Bennett	5545555454—47	C Weston (mil.)	4345554454—41
G H Wentworth	5545545145—42	J Arthur	4145545445—40
A Johnson	5444454455—44	F L Weis	3334442454—35
J A Carter	5544414555—44	F K Thomas	5142455333—35
R S James	4545544145—44	H A White (mil.)	3453203410—28
W G Howe	4545435541—44	J Dunn (mil.)	4436233540—30
J A Cobb	5444454145—43	A F Hally (mil.)	2330233540—25

Sharpshooters' Match.

J N Frye	7 10 9 8 8 7 9 9 10 6—83		
N F James	5 7 8 6 10 8 9 10 9 7—79		
E A Borell	8 7 5 6 10 8 4 7 10 8—73		
B A Eaton	7 7 8 8 7 7 6 6 5 7—68		

Decimal Match.

C M Jewell	10 9 6 8 10 8 6 9 10 10—86		
G H Wentworth	10 9 8 8 10 8 6 9 10 8—86		
A C Adams	7 7 9 8 9 8 7 9 10 10—81		
W H Hopkins	8 8 10 7 8 8 10 8 6 10—83		
J N Frye	8 8 8 10 10 9 6 10 6 8—83		
J Merrill	10 10 7 5 9 6 6 9 10 10—82		

Rest Match.

J B Fellows	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10—99		
F J Clapp	10 9 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 9—97		
C A Hudson	10 10 9 10 9 9 10 10 9 10—96		
Salem Wilder	9 10 8 9 10 9 10 10 10 9—94		
William Souther	10 10 9 7 9 9 10 10 10 10—91		
C H Best	10 9 9 9 10 10 10 10 8 8—93		
W Coup	7 7 10 9 9 9 9 7 10 8—85		
H M Dowling (mil)	0 0 0 3 0 3 2 0 3 0—11		
H J Pinkham (mil)	0 3 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 0—7		

MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA RIFLE ASSOCIATIONS.—The annual shoot of this body took place on the Framingham ranges, Friday, the 27th, and was well attended. The early portion of the day was a fair one for shooting, with a good light and the wind quite strong but moderately steady at one o'clock. Later the light improved, but the wind became very puffy and vacillating and occasioned considerable trouble, notwithstanding which the scores were remarkable for military rifles. Col. J. P. Kingsbury, of the Governor's staff, was executive officer, with Col. W. A. Barnicoft, Fifth Regiment, as assistant, and Col. A. C. Wellington, First Regiment, and Capt. F. N. Brown, First Brigade, performed the duties of the statistical department. The rules for the meeting were simple, providing for the off-hand shooting with the Springfield rifle, no wiping and no sighting shots. The prizes offered were as follows: For company teams—First prize, a silver cup, valued at $300, presented by the Providence Tool Company in 1875, to become the property of the company whose team shall make the highest score each year in three annual competitions. This prize has been won as follows: In 1875, by Company C, First Regiment (now C, Fifth Regiment) Infantry; in 1876, by Company A, First Corps of Cadets; in 1877 by Company A, Fifth Regiment Infantry; in 1878, by Company D, First Corps Cadets; in 1879, by Company A, Sixth Regiment Infantry; in 1880, by Company D, First Regiment Infantry; in 1881, by Company A, Sixth Regiment Infantry. The list of competitions included a company team match, an officers' match and a limited men's match. The scores ran as follows, ten shots per man being fired on the team matches, and five shots on the individual contests.

Co. A, Second Cadets	185
Co. G, Second Infantry	181
Co. D, First Infantry	178
Co. A, Sixth Infantry	170
Co. F, Sixth Infantry	169
Co. E, First Infantry	169
Co. D, Fifth Infantry	160
Co. F, First Infantry	156
Co. B, Fifth Infantry	154
Co. G, Sixth Infantry	147
Co. C, First Infantry	126
Co. B, First Infantry	120
Co. K, Sixth Infantry	105
Co. D, Ninth Infantry	15

Officers' Match.

Capt J B Osborn, First Brigade	4	5	4	5	5	—23
Maj A C Hodges, First Infantry	4	5	4	4	5	—22
Capt F N Brown, First Brigade	5	3	4	4	5	—22
Capt Rockwell, D, First Infantry	5	4	5	4	4	—22
Maj Parsons, Sixth Infantry	4	4	4	4	5	—21
Maj F B Mahew, First Infantry	4	4	4	5	4	—21
Capt C J Fove, H, Eighth Infantry	5	3	4	4	5	—21
Lieut Beaudry, F, Sixth Infantry	5	3	4	5	4	—21
Lieut W W Kellett, First Infantry	4	4	5	5	3	—21
Capt F W Reynolds, First Brigade	4	3	4	4	5	—20

Enlisted Men's Match.

F R Bull, Second Infantry	4	5	5	5	5	—24
M W Bull, G, Second Infantry	4	4	5	5	5	—23
R Howard, A, Sixth Infantry	4	4	5	5	5	—23
G E Worthen, G, Sixth Infantry	4	5	4	5	5	—23
W G Ashley, First Infantry	5	5	5	4	4	—23
J B Dudley, D, First Cadets	4	4	4	5	5	—22
C E Parker, D, First Cadets	4	5	4	4	5	—22
S S Bumstead, G, Second Infantry	4	5	4	4	5	—22
H K Blair, D, First Infantry	4	4	5	5	4	—22
H H Sumpman, D, Fifth Infantry	4	4	5	4	5	—22
A Edgerly, G, Sixth Infantry	5	4	5	5	3	—22
P H M Brooks, G, Second Infantry	4	4	4	4	5	—21
C Lindsay, A, Sixth Infantry	4	4	4	4	5	—21
E B Dudley, B, Second Cadets	4	4	5	5	4	—21
C L Smith, K, First Infantry	4	4	5	4	4	—21
F E Danscreau, F, Sixth Infantry	4	4	5	4	4	—21
D Ogilvie, A, Sixth Infantry	4	4	5	4	4	—21
A D Gammaraja, B, Second Infantry	5	4	4	4	4	—21
T B Wilson, G, Second Infantry	5	3	4	4	5	—21
A S K Clark, B, Fifth Infantry	4	3	5	5	4	—21
W Irving, F, First Infantry	3	4	5	5	4	—21
C C Wemyss, D, First Infantry	5	5	4	3	4	—21

ALBANY, Oct. 19.—The matches at Rensselaerwyck to-day attracted all the off-hand shooters. The weather was all that could have been desired, and the marksmen were in good spirits. The first match was the third competition in the Sharpshooters' Match, which was shot on a Massachusetts target, at 200yds. The competition was won by C. H. Dennison. Scores were made as follows:

C H Dennison	*3	3	11	2	11	8	4	12	10	10—116
Charles H Gaus		10	12	10	11	9	10	11	12	10—107
James I Miles		10	11	12	7	8	11	10	11	10—100
B C Andrews		12	10	8	10	12	8	10	11	7 —97
L Geiger		6	10	10	11	9	9	8	12	12 10 —97

* Handicap.

Allowance.

At the conclusion of the Sharpshooters' Match, the eighth competition in the Maynard Match was called. Messrs. Geiger, Miles, and Fitch, double winners, were present, determined to carry off the prize and end the competition; but as the double winners were handicapped two points, there was a chance for some of the others to get a lucky score. The opening shots were good, and there was a prospect for a close match. Miles caught a couple of inners early in his score. Henry and Geiger caught outers, and in the seventh shot Geiger got credit for a miss on account of the bullet slipping down the barrel from the cartridge case and ruining his gun-barrel. Capt. Fitch only dropped out of the center ring, and closed with 45, winning the match and closing out the competition. Scores were made as follows:

Maynard Match—500yds. Off-hand.

Wm E Fitch	5	5	5	4	3	5	5	4	5	—45 *2—43
C H Gaus	4	4	5	3	2	5	5	4	5	—42
James I Miles	5	3	3	5	4	4	1	5	5	4—32—*2—40
B C Andrews	4	5	3	3	5	5	4	4	2	4—39
Leonard Geiger	5	2	5	2	5	4	4	0	3	4—35—*3—33

* Handicap.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—There is much interest felt in shooting matters here, especially in connection with some very live rifle organizations. At the recent meeting of the Louisiana Military Rifle Association there was talk of many matches.

Capt. Fortier, who originated the idea of an international match between American and French teams, to be contested at the next celebration of the French fete of the 14th of July, said that he had done all he could to make it a success. He had consulted Viscount Paul d'Abzac, the French Consul General, and Mr. J. Gentile, the president of the French Committee of Thirty, who are both enthusiastic over the matter. Upon Capt. Fortier's suggestion it was agreed that Gen. Glynn, as major general of the militia, should be requested to address a letter to the French government upon the subject, and that the Governor, as commander-in-chief of the State, should forward the communication with his endorsement.

Major Arms presented the following communication:

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Oct. 10, 1882.

Wm. Arms, New Orleans, La.—Dear Sir—As, no doubt, there will be a great many visitors from Michigan to your city at next Mardi Gras, and probably the Kalamazoo Light Guards will participate in the festivities, accordingly I write this to see if a rifle match between a Michigan military team of six, eight or ten men, with a team of Louisiana marksmen could be arranged feasible at that time. We have a long winter coming on and our opportunities for practice will be very limited, besides in shooting over the snow the air is so rarified as to require very high elevations. However, if this proposition suits, will try and get up a team, as the idea meets with much favor. We are armed with the "Sharps-Borchard" like yourselves, so the match would be the men, not the guns. Hoping to hear from you, I remain yours, very respectfully, B. O. BUSH.

Upon motion of Mr. Gentile the communication was received, and Major Arms constituted a committee of one to answer it, stating that the Kalamazoo team can have a match.

Dr. W. E. Schuppert presented the following:

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 20, 1882.

To the Louisiana Military Association.—Gentlemen—As the Hill trophy has been disposed of, and as my interest in the perfection of rifle shooting among our military is increased by the almost certainty of some of our marksmen being able to win a place on the American team next year if practice is continued, I have the honor to offer a handsome private silver military cup—to be shot for by your teams under your own rules, commencing the contest on Sunday, the 22d inst., or as soon after as your honorable body decides upon.

JOHN C. MEYER.

The offer was accepted, and upon motion of Mr. Fontaine it was agreed to immediately form teams and commence the shoot for the Meyer trophy. Captain Pierce promised a team of eight men from the Continentals, and Mr. Kerr and Capt. Fort er teams of the same number from the Washington Artillery and Louisiana Field Artillery respectively.

There will be a match every alternate Sunday, commencing the 29th Oct., both the Meyer cup and the Hepburn gun being shot for on the same Sundays, and the intervening Sundays reserved for practice; the scores by the men in the team shooting are to be counted in the individual match. The gun, provided the range is made known before the shooting commences. The Meyer cup is to be shot for at 200 and 500yds., 10 shots at each range. The Hepburn gun to be shot for, 10 shots at 200yds. only, individual shooting, and no preliminary practices. Each trophy to be won three times before being claimed by the winner.

It was also agreed that previous practice is to be limited to three shots at 500yds., and any one wanting more will be charged 25 cents a shot. Shooting at 200yds. must be believer shooting or 5 cents a shot. The entrance fee to the Hepburn gun shoot will be 50 cents extra for each competition, one score each Sunday and no re-entrance.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 27.—The army rifle contest at Fort Leavenworth closed to-day, the Atlantic division taking the first medal. The medals were presented to the winners to-day by Gen. Sherman, on the parade ground, before all the troops in the garrison.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The matches of the Columbia Rifle Association, shot over their range at Benning's the past season, have been well contested and have developed first-class skill at all the distances. The most popular of all the matches was the Season Military match, 200yds., off-hand, ordinary service rifle, 7 shots, a special prize for the highest aggregate of ten scores. The camp field glass donated by Mr. J. H. Steward, of London, Eng., captain to the association, has been awarded to Mr. W. L. Cash. The following are the five highest scores for this prize:

W L Cash	33	33	33	32	32	32	32	32	32	32—325
J S Miller	33	31	32	32	32	31	31	31	31	31—315
P J Lauritzen	33	32	32	31	31	31	31	31	31	30—313
W B Johnstone	33	32	31	41	31	31	31	35	30	30—310
J M Pollard	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	30—309

THE TRAP.

MIDWAY vs. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

THE return match between these clubs took place, as advertised, at the grounds of the former club, Midwood, N. J., on the 25th ult., and proved, as was expected, a very interesting and exciting affair. It resulted, as the accompanying score will show, in a victory for the Midways. But in neither score is there much occasion for boasting—118 and 115 out of 175 killed is not very extra shooting; but they were not only good birds, but a strong wind directed from the score across the traps tended materially to reduce the tally, as in several instances hard-hit birds were carried away, to drop dead just out of bounds. The J. C. H. labored under great disadvantage. Upon the opening of the match Captain Heritage was much chagrined to discover that ten of his best and most reliable shots on the team had failed to put in an appearance, and he was obliged to fill up with what material he had, several of these members never having shot in a match before and but a few times at pigeons at all. It is to be regretted that some members of the J. C. H., and good shots at home, have the interest of the club so little at heart that they are unwilling to spend a day or a dollar when they could do both without detriment to their business or families. Some of the absent ones, we know, were unavoidably detained by business.

Well, the boys had a good time, were handsomely entertained by the Midways, were fairly worsted; but they do not despair. There will be one more match, and that at J. C. H. hops to be able to tell a different story. The following is the score—25 men each club, 7 birds each, 25 yards rise, both barrels:

Midway.		J. C. Heights.	
Hyer	1111011—6	Heritage, Jr	1111111—7
Applegate	0111011—5	Townsend	1111110—6
Dunlap	1101001—4	Demarest	1100011—4
Lawberson, J	1110011—5	Palmer	1011011—5
Van Doscicle	1111111—7—27	Outwater	1111111—7—29
Disbrow	1011010—4	Toffey, J	0100002—3
Irvins	0111111—6	Wheeler	1111010—5
Vandeveer	1011100—4	Berkery	1110001—4
Otto	1101110—5	Payne, H	1111100—5
Riddle	1101011—5—24	Kerrington	0011111—5—21
Davis	1011111—6	Cannon	0111111—6
Gerin	0111011—5	Lewis	0000001—1
Johnson	1003111—4	Payne, W	1111101—6
Curtis	0011010—3	Feldhouse	0111101—5
Buckin	1110101—5—23	Baker	1000001—3—21
Wilms	1100100—3	Bird	0101101—4
Bedle	0011110—4	Newbold, H	0111100—4
Thomson	1111001—5	Lamb, J	0001110—3
Everet	1001011—4	Middeberger	1100100—3
Conover	1111101—6—21	Wood	1101001—4—17
Lawbrson, S	0001100—2	Burdell	1101111—6
Gillis	1111111—7	Collins	0111010—5
Terhune	1110111—6	Von Lengerke Jr	1010111—5
Campbell	0011011—4	Hedden	1111111—7
White	0101110—4—23	Heritagea Al	0111010—4—27
Total	118		115

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 27.—In place of the annual hunt followed by a bird supper, the Sportsman's Club met yesterday at their range, when sides were chosen and the contest was a glass ball shoot as well as clay pigeons. At noon a dinner was served near the range. In the afternoon there was miscellaneous shooting. The result was the total numbers of the two sides, the first-named time, each side fired and worn out. The record of the shooting to decide which side should pay for the dinner was as follows:

	Balls.	Clay pigeons.
W S Perry	1110011111—10	1111111—8—18
E T Smith	0111011111—8	1111111—7—15
L G White	1011111111—11	1101111—7—18
O S Taft	0110011010—7	0100001—3—10
C C Houghton	1100011110—8	1101101—6—14
D C Wheeler	1111111111—10	0111110—5—15
G McAleer	1010011110—8	1111101—7—15
A F Hatch	0011010100—5	1101011—5—10
Total winning side		—113
G J Rugg	1100110110— 7	1111111—8—15
M D Gilman	0001011010— 5	1011111—7—12
C B Holden	1101111111— 11	1101111—7—18
L R Hudson	1000110111— 7	1000100—3—10
A Goodell	0011111111— 9	1101111—7—13
G R Hamblin	0101011100— 5	0101111—6—11
Stedman Clark	0101001110— 6	1000111—5—11
H T Farrar	0010111010— 6	0100010—3— 9
Total losing side		—101

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 28.—At the regular shoot of the Malden Gun Club, at Wellington, this afternoon, the first event was the shooting off for the championship badge by the contestant who was not present at the shoot of last week, which resulted in his capturing it by a score of 19 out of a possible 20, and A. H. Jones takes the badge. The other events were taken as follows:

First event, 5 clay pigeons—J. Hopkins and F. Loring divided first, H. Bean second and D. H. Moore third.

Second event, 5 birds—D. H. Moore first, J. Hopkins and A. W. Adams divided second, and A. F. Jones third.

Third event, 5 birds—F. Loring and D. H. Moore divided first, A. W. Adams and H. Dean divided second, and J. Hopkins third.

Fourth event, at balls, was taken by Messrs. F. Loring, D. H. Moore and H. Dean, in order.

Fifth event, at balls—Messrs. Moore and Hopkins divided first, Loring second and Dean third.

Sixth event, five balls—J. Hopkins first. F. Loring second, and Messrs. Dean and Moore divided third.

Seventh event, novelty was won by Hopkins first, Moore second, and Dean third.

FOREST CITY GUN CLUB.—ROCKFORD, Ill., Oct. 25, 1882.—Glass balls, rotary trap, 18yds. rise.

Ellison	11101 01011 00010 11010 10111 11011—14
Gregory	10000 11000 11101 11100 01011 11001—13
C Hollenbeck	11011 11111 11111 11110 11111 11111—23
Thurston	11101 11101 11011 11110 11001 11011—23
E Hollenback	00110 01001 11111 11110 11101 01110—20
Taylor	11110 10101 11111 11111 11111 10111—26

FOREST CITY GUN CLUB,—Rockford, Ills., Oct. 27.—Glass balls, 18yds. rise, trap throwing the balls very swift:

Mellenraud	11011 11011 01001 11111 11011 11110—25
Hollenbeck	11110 11010 11110 00101 11110 10100—19
Gregory	01010 01001 10101 01101 00011 01011—12
Thurston	11110 00101 00111 10110 00001 11111—18
Taylor	11101 11111 10111 01111 11110 10101—24

YOUNG BOGARDUS.—Selma, Ala., Oct. 18.—Eugene Bogardus, son of Capt. W. H. Bogardus, champion shot of the world, who, with his father, has been traveling with Adam Forepaugh's show for two years, giving exhibitions of fancy shooting during the past summer, fell off the rear car of the circus train soon after leaving Talladega, on Wednesday morning, and sustained terrible injuries, which will probably result in the death of the little lad in a few days. The accident occurred at 12 o'clock, and, once being known, the train was quickly stopped and backed a mile to where the unfortunate young man lay in a miserable condition. The train reached here at four o'clock this morning, and immediately on its arrival medical aid was secured and young Bogardus removed to the St. James Hotel, where his wounds were attended to as well as his weak and critical state would permit. From all accounts and circumstances it seems that he, with a companion, was standing on the steps of the car when a sudden lurch caused him to lose his hold and he precipitated to the ground. His injuries are all on the right side of his head, no other portion of his body having received even a scratch. Both jawbones are broken in several places, every tooth is out, his nose is broken in, and his eye is fearfully bruised and swollen. He is suffering from concussion of the brain, and up to a late hour last night had not once regained consciousness. The physicians pronounce his case hopeless.

Brown's Bronchial Troches, as a remedy for Coughs and Throat Troubles: "Great service in subduing Hoarseness."—*Rev. Daniel Wise, New York.* "Greatly relieve any uneasiness in the throat."—*S. S. Curry, Teacher of Oratory in Boston University.* "Indispensable to me, having used them through all my ministerial life."—*Rev. C. S. Vedder, Charleston, S. C.*—*Adv.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

A RUN AT SEA IN THE YAWL WHITE CAP, 50 TONS.

AT the outset of our two weeks' cruise, it was planned to get as much variety and novelty as possible out of it, and a straight run across Cape Cod Bay to Mt. Desert Rock from Salem Bay seemed a fitting opening of the voyage. On this course, the first land we sight after leaving Cape Ann is Monhegan Island, off Penobscot Bay, which we leave from fifteen to twenty miles to the southward, being about one hundred and five nautical miles from the Cape, and the next, Matinicus Rock Lights, some twenty miles further to the eastward, which are the only marks sighted until we reach Mt. Desert Rock, some twenty miles south of Mt. Desert Island, in the open ocean, and about one hundred and eighty-five miles from our point of departure. We had bent our cruising mizzen made of as heavy canvas as the mainsail and foresail, and conclude to carry the mizzen topmast, because, though having a total length of twenty-three feet, it is made of hollow seamless steel tubing, and weighs but sixty-five pounds. It may be remarked by the way that it is of about three times the strength of any wooden topmast of double the diameter, and also of greater elasticity. My friend Col. F. S. Hesseltine, of Boston, had been experimenting in amateur photography, and having a large camera, arranged to photograph the yawl. In shipping the last of our party on board, and preparing for this we occupied the morning of August 12 until about ten o'clock. At last the moorings were dropped, the jib and foresail run up, and we stood back and forth past the shore, until the Colonel signaled that he had completed his task.

We then turned our prow to the eastward, with a favoring breeze, and were off for the voyage. Our watches marked half past ten. With a moderate breeze we passed Baker's Island, Augustus and Eastern Point in succession, under all sail, and reached Cape Ann lights at a quarter past 12 M. Here I gave the course for Mt. Desert Rock to Mr. Kennison, the sailing master, and we headed to the eastward and left the land behind.

There is a pleasure in putting out into the open sea with a staunch and well appointed craft, that no shore sailing can ever supply. We feel that we cannot dash into some sheltering haven at the first brush of sea and wind we meet. We feel that every spar and shroud, and bolt, and rope and sail must hold against any possible strain or contingency. And that pleasure pervaded our company this day to the utmost as we began to drop Cape Ann below the horizon. The sky was quite overcast, and there was a peculiar chop to the sea under the moderate breeze, which our experience of Boston Bay led us means a tossing up between ending in storm or fair weather. All seems uncertain, and in that vague sense of expectation and the preparation required in anticipation of a change in the surrounding conditions of the voyage lies the romantic charm and the attractive excitement of cruising at sea. Aboard the White Cap no prospect of a change for the worse gave us no cause for fear. If such a well found, well built yacht as ours was not capable of braving the dangers of the deep no more could be asked of wood and iron fashioned by skilled and experienced hands. Well we knew that for her the iron work was planned under close supervision, and no charge of lack of strength could hold against it. With rigging ample for its duty, and sails for the worst of weather, with storm trysail of the stoutest canvas in the sail room below for serious emergencies, we feel prepared to cross old ocean himself without trepidation.

Perhaps a word concerning the crew is not out of place. We carry only two hands, a sailing master and a steward. The crew would have been far too small for the yacht while she was rigged as a schooner, but I find them all required while sailing as a yawl. The economy of the latter rig lies in the facility of handling the mainsail for all purposes, stowing, reefing or shortening sail, the whole sail being hoisted and all the time you wish at your command while the yacht keeps along on her course under headsail and mizzen.

Our course had been taken from the chart as N. E. by E. ¾ E., with Cape Ann as the point of departure. Our speed was nine knots through the water with the wind on the starboard quarter. At this rate we should see the flash of Monhegan light low down on the southwest horizon at midnight, the evening approaches. Every hand was to toll off the watches. Mr. Kennison took one seaman in his and I the second for the other watch. My watch at night fell from twelve until four A. M., which was to my liking, as I enjoy this nocturnal duty better than any other. All the afternoon we sped along finely with a gradually freshening breeze and rising sea. The clouds lowered in the sky with the sun struggling to break through occasionally without much success. First the jibtopsail came in, followed soon by the jib, the wind hauling further aft after so as to barely fill the foresail. The sea gave the yacht a heavy roll, checked only by the gafftopsail.

At last, about five P. M., it began to whistle ominously through the rigging, and the topsail was clewed down and stowed. This had no sooner been done than she began to scupper on either tack, while still driving along with undiminished speed. The sea now presented an imposing appearance. The rollers curled up after us in great seething masses, until we could see the green light through beneath their caps of sooty foam. Each moment we looked as though one would overwhelming our little vessel with an avalanche of waters over the stern. At every roll the foresail slats all the wind out of it, and threashes across the deck to windward with irresistible force. Steering was then no longer boy's play, and Mr. Kennison and myself relieved each other every half hour. We did not wish to run directly before the wind, for that would carry us too far to the northward, and we cannot allow her to broach too, because the great seas behind would sweep our decks. Fortunately forus we have the yawl rig to favor us. Had the White Cap been a sloop or a cutter, no power or quickness at the wheel could have held her on her course and kept her from broaching to. Even as a schooner it would have been quite a difficult task unless the mainsail were lowered. But our rig, as we long ago learned, enabled us to carry a weather helm, and prevent the yacht's broaching to by skill and quickness at the wheel.

The action of the yacht pleased us very much. On top of the heavy rollers a smart cross chop was running, caused by the tide over the Fishing Rips we were crossing. As the yacht rushed downward into a hollow of each great sea it looked as though she were going to scoop water over the rail forward; instead, however, she rose to the sea as quick as a duck and as dry as possible. Supper was set out as usual, and all but two of our party were proof against the ludicrous—to others—efforts to "keep up the appearances." The roll was sufficient to require dishes to be held from sliding first to windward and then to leeward, in spite of all table racks.

After supper it looked more threatening. Heavy black clouds had rolled up from the westward until the whole sky was dark. We gave up the last hope of a fine night, and housed the mainstopmast. It eased her rolling wonderfully, and no one can doubt the value of housing topmasts after such an experience as ours. One-half the roll of the vessel was prevented by taking the weight of the topmast off her.

As darkness settled down upon the sea, we concluded we were in for an ugly night. A haze obscured the horizon all around. Lightning flashed at intervals away in the northwest. Nothing but white foam could be seen over the sea, and we discussed the advisability of taking in our mainsail. Finally we concluded that we could easily do that at any time, and so preferred to hold on as long as possible.

There is something weird and uncanny in the aspect of sea and sky on such a night as this. A strange light, coming from no one quite knows where, enables us to see objects indistinctly. The gloomy, dark and threatening cloud overhead looks more black and threatening by several times. Every pursuing roller seems to rear its white crest higher and advance with an increased rush. The whistling of the wind through the rigging grows louder and piped at times into a vicious shriek. The lights of distant vessels appeared and disappeared in a strange, phantom-like way, and often their courses could not be made out with certainty.

At one bell (one o'clock, during Mr. Kennison's watch to enjoy the exhilarating experience. About midnight we commenced to keep a sharp lookout for Monkegan Light, but it was hazy and we could see nothing. The sky then lighted up a little, and the wind and sea dropped, but it was still a pretty rough night. About half-past two we suddenly saw the flash of Monkegan, bearing N. N. W., way down on the horizon, the haze having lifted for a few moments. I timed the flash by my watch and made certain of the identity. The satisfaction this afforded can only be understood by a navigator accustomed to reserving the high seas. We verified by the bearing our dead reckoning, that we had run 108 nautical miles in the twelve hours, and that we were not two miles out of our course. We knew there was no danger from rocks or shoals, and that the twin lights of Matinicus would soon be discerned ahead. I now relieved Mr. Kennison and took charge of the deck.

In about an hour, with the sea and wind moderating all the time, I discovered a trail of light to the northward, through the haze, which the night-glass resolved into Matinicus, just where we expected to pick it up. We passed it slowly, and the first faint light of dawn began to spread over sky and sea. Suddenly the wind freshened, and without warning two seas, coming apparently from considerably more abeam than the others, struck us on the starboard after quarter, and deluged the decks with water and foam. Meeting the yacht with the wheel, she held steady on her course, and I is put a good lookout for more seas of the same sort, but none came. I have speculated often, and in vain, on the cause of only two such waves, seemingly half as large again as all others around them. As daylight gained in the east we were once more dashing along at nine knots for Mt. Desert Rock, and by half-past four o'clock were abreast, but prevented by the haze from seeing it. I called Mr. Kennison for his watch, and turned in, only to be roused out at half-past six A.M., to pilot the yacht into Lunt's Harbor, a snug haven on the north side of Long Island, at the entrance to Blue Hill Bay and Southwest Harbor, through a fog that obscured every thing but the immediate shores of the island.



WHITE CAP, YAWL, 50 TONS, MR. DAVID HALL RICE, SALEM BAY Y. C.

At seven A. M. we dropped anchor, having run a little over 190 miles since noon the day before. After breakfast, the fog having lifted, we hove up, and in about an hour found ourselves in Southwest Harbor among a fleet of fishermen, who had run in to avoid the bad weather outside, and were waiting for it to moderate before venturing out. After this and other successful trials of my new rig I have determined to adopt it permanently, and believe that it is superior for average speed, comfort and handiness to any other in use. Some slight modifications in details may receive attention, but I am satisfied that the yawl is pre-eminently the cruiser's rig. It is needless to add that we were all charmed with our little sea boat, and that in the future the White Cap hopes to do up sea cruising more extensively.

DAVID HALL RICE.
BOSTON, MASS.

FOUR FOR THE CUTTERS, TWO FOR THE SLOOPS.

THIS season has certainly been the most important in the annals of American yachting. It has witnessed the rise of the cutter from obscurity to the pinnacle of success, and in the extraordinary performance of the Bedouin, in the recent Seawanhaka races, a definite and bright future for cutters in these waters has been quite assured.

It is quite true, that out of three matches, the prize went twice to the opposing sloop Gracie, and, *prima facie*, our reasoning may not seem to be correct. It is the business of a critic, however, to reach his conclusions by more than a mere scanning of the finish. That, as all well know, may be influenced by a variety of extraneous causes having no relation to the merits of the yachts themselves. Accidents, slants, improper management, tides, etc., may snatch in an unfortunate moment well deserved laurels from one, and bestow them upon a subject entitled thereto in law, but not upon actual merit. We propose, therefore, to examine conscientiously the import of the three races held under the auspices of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., an organization which, it is almost needless to say, has assumed first rank in New York waters, so far as enterprise and intelligent management are concerned, and in the solicitude the club has always exhibited for the furtherance of the meritorious side of the sport.

The races, of course, resolved themselves into a battle of type, the contest between sloop and cutter having assumed dimensions overshadowing all other issues. So powerful has the influence of the cutter in the community become at the present day, that it is difficult to realize that the whole question of type in its modern aspect is only three years old, and that on the side of the cutter the contest has been waged by a single journal, pitted against all hands, with such marked success, that a move which, at its outset, was ridiculed as a crazy chimera of FOREST AND STREAM, has, at this day, assumed proportions of deep international interest, and set going crowds of scribes, to some of whom this fight of FOREST AND STREAM has been a godsend as the means of obtaining a livelihood. It has come to this. The poor, despised cutter, kicked and cuffed by the press, laughed at by the verdants whose claims to yachting experience were of the meanest description, the cutter, we were told, any American sloop could sail round as though at anchor, the cutter which "was all wrong" in hull and rig, at this early day has developed into the pivotal point of yachting interests on this continent. That pivot has swung in her favor in the recent races with such unquestioned force that henceforth the cutter requires no leading strings, no more coddling on the part of FOREST AND STREAM, the progenitor of the type in America. Hereafter the cutter's case can rest on her merits, for those merits have now been proven sufficient to insure her popularity in these waters and among men who, a few years ago, thought anyone taking her part seriously demented. On the influence of Bedouin's brilliant performance we propose to say more upon another occasion. We will now turn to the races.

To estimate the performance of Gracie vs. Bedouin, one very important fact should not be lost sight of. Without that in mind a comparison would be without value. It is this. On the one side we have a sloop, picked out for her speed by the process of natural selection from a larger fleet of similar vessels. Further, this sloop, the Gracie, has had years of time and thousands, even tens of thousands of dollars spent upon her in bringing her by a system of gradual tentative approaches to her present high state of perfection. She is one out of hundreds, an exception to the rule. On the other hand, by what sort of a cutter has she been opposed in the Bedouin? By the best vessel out of a fleet? By a vessel upon which large sums have been spent in processes of refinement? By a vessel in the very best state of preparation? By a vessel tooled by a crew and shaken down in their berths, and steered by an old hand in these waters? Not a bit of it; nothing of the kind. The Gracie was opposed by a hap-hazard random cutter, a boat which, for aught any one knows, may be a slow ship in a fleet of her own breed, a new and untried production, without a dollar spent for improvements, her best time still unknown, her gear stiff and raw, her sails half stretched, her crew new to one another, her skipper an amateur hand taking probably his first trick at the helm aboard a large cutter in a match, the American contingent green as grass at cutter rig and fittings—that is the kind of a cutter which met and conquered the crack sloop of America.

Quite true it is at some claim one or at most two other sloops in America the least tridle better than the Gracie under some circumstances, but this is by no means admitted, as a glance over the records in other journals will show, and if Gracie must really yield the palm to others, it is by very narrow margin, as likely to go in her favor as against her, and the rank of being our second best cannot be denied upon any pretences. To beat the second sloop in America, with all in the latter's favor, and to beat her with an untried cutter and raw crew, is glory enough for the day, and settles once for all the superior speed of the genuine cutter. Given equal chances, and the representative of new ideas would thrash a Gracie hand over fist, three matches out of four. This is the import of the recent Seawanhaka races, for in every one of the three matches Bedouin would have scored by several minutes but for extraneous causes, which gave her opponent what she cannot take by intrinsic merit of sailing. The wind, the sea, the course, one and all could not have been made to order by Gracie herself to suit the sloop any better. There was a lop the first day, quite hollow on the bay, but it blew only a topsail breeze for Bedouin, and the sea would not have prevented ten-tonners from making excellent weather. Smooth-water tars have described this day as rough and stormy because ugly looking overhead, and old Prob, at Washington lost his reckoning and had warning signals hoisted, when there was nothing to give warning of. The weather was moderate. That is the proper description. If it was not the best for sloops, it certainly was no better for cutters. If it was too much for Gracie's topsail at times, it was not too much for the Bedouin, and the sloop shortened sail for the very good reason that beam cannot carry on as long as lead, in spite of the existing prejudices of verdants to the contrary. For carrying sail lead won the day in so marked a manner in these races that we trust the last has been heard about the value of beam on that score.

The second and third day, however, both wind and sea were the most favorable the shoal drafts could have picked in a season. They were like the mild balmy days in the first week in July, fair, with a pretty little breeze blowing off shore, days which must have sent a glow of hopeful expectation to the butterfly yachts in the fleet after their round defeat at the real business of their first meet. All three days there was a vast amount of reaching, of sliding down wind and little honest work at turning. Now on a reach Gracie is incomparably the best ever loaded with a single stick in our waters, and we confess, high as our expectations ran, the way in which Bedouin managed to hold fleet Gracie down wind appeared to us most astonishing. In their present trim, Gracie gave evidence of being about 2 in. or 250 in. faster on a 20 mile slide than her opponent with due advantage of tricing up her board. But what Bedouin's best trim shall have been got and she is smarter with her sails, even this difference may disappear. As it is, the raw cutter proved herself able to hold Gracie down wind better than any other sloop in America, enough for the beginning of a career of success, an enviable record in the future. But the cutter exhibited incontestible superiority in all the windward work there was. The very first day's race stamped her as the most weatherly yacht of her class in America and she sustained that reputation in the subsequent trials though the prize went to the sloop through a slant the second fight, and through bad handling in the third.

In rounding the lightship during the first of the matches Gracie steered wide as a snap in the steering-box caught the skipper's ear, and before venturing to bring his vessel by the wind it was necessary to ascertain what damage had been done. This proved immaterial, one of the arms of the gear having cracked, and if the damage got no more serious, nothing would interfere with putting the sloop through to the finish at her best. Nothing further happened, and the accident had no other influence upon the result than letting the cutter take the lead by a neat squeeze around the outer mark. No sooner had both hauled on the wind than Bedouin commenced to show Gracie a clean pair of heels in to the Hook, the sloop finding more wind than she wanted in spite of her beam and clewing down topsail and lowering outer jib in consequence. From the Hook in to the Spit it was a beam wind nearly, and from the Spit home a nose-ender. At last Bedouin found the game she wanted, and turned away from the sloop in a manner to call forth the admiration of the spectators aboard the committee steamer. At this business the cutter soaked out from the sloop no less than 10m., though the distance was scarce eight miles, winning as she liked and proving the fallacy of hoping to equal her to windward in a breeze with a yacht of the old school persuasion, no matter how good her reputation.

The second day's race, 30 miles to leeward and return in a smooth sea and moderate breeze, was much a repetition, so far as it developed the qualities of the yachts. Down wind to the leeward mark Gracie outran the cutter between 2 and 3 minutes, though Bedouin was steered rather wild and went clear to the southward of her course by mistake. But for this the run down would have been near an even thing. No sooner had they tufted around and got sheets flat than the cutter soaked up on the sloop in such style that as they crossed on opposite tacks it was for some time a question of doubt as to who would weather, when, Bedouin being on the port tack, she was obliged to give way to the other. On this one leg the cutter had regained the 3m. 40s. lost in the run out. Surely this was astonishing. But Bedouin was evidently not being sailed for all she was worth. Her professional skipper was at the stick but now was sailed a rap full. For all this it looked as though she would be an

easy winner and dispose of her adversary by 6 or 7 minutes, when in an unlucky moment, the wind being uncertain, the cutter went off to the southward, leaving Gracie to tack into the Long Island shore. The sloop found a jolly good streak and went along with her lee rigging smoking, while the cutter was hauling for more of the heavily out to sea, and so it came to pass that by sheer good luck Gracie landed the prize which at one time appeared to be within the other's grasp, an apt illustration of the old saying, "There is many a slip," etc.

Skirted saw them once again in light weather and smooth sea. The course was triangular with very little bearing. The first angle was reached by Bedouin in the lead, though she started fifth boat, 2m. 27s. later than Gracie. This entire amount she made up in the few short and long legs necessary, for the third time giving evidence that she could twist and turn from Gracie like the nervous play. In then a stretch on the wind with Bedouin doing best until she attempted to set a jib topsail. The hands on the bowsprit bungled, and allowing the bunt of the sail to get away from them while snapping on the hooks, made a wretched back sail of it for a long time, allowing Gracie to slip by to windward like a steamboat and fetch the second angle, marked by the lightship, with a lead of 3m. and 6s. This was bad business, but the fault of the green American hands and head of the cutter, as it was the fault of the third mate, in spots at which the cutter held her own, doing vastly better running than any other sloop in America by comparison with the Gracie. Then the second round commenced. This was much a repetition of the first, the sloop coming home in 6m. 8s. less time than the cutter, and handing the purse by 2m. 3s. after allowances applied.

Summing up, we stand stand face to these facts. Those who judge superficially by the award of the prizes will assume Grace a small trifle the better boat under the circumstances. Those who take all things into due consideration will arrive at the palpable conclusion without the least compunction. For our part we have no hesitation in proclaiming our belief that the cutter Bedouin has proven herself the fastest single-sticker in America, blow high or blow low, and we are prepared to answer for this opinion by her record next season.

This broad fact has, at all events, been settled. Practically the cutter has demonstrated herself, even under the most adverse surroundings, as explained in the foregoing, equal in speed to the best of our sloops. The sum total between them is nominal, at most. This ends the great battle of type, for with equal speed conceded in our own weather and waters, the cutter will be granted a place in the fleet, since no informed persons have ever questioned her superiority to the sloop on the counts of greater safety, handiness, range, and accommodation. With the introduction of large displacement, lead ballast and first-class build and equipment, the supposed greater first cost of the cutter disappears. Her excess in draft has been proven in practice much of a bugbear, for though the choice of raising the board is an undoubted advantage to the sloop in exceptional cases, the latter, in her normal condition, with at least half her board down, draws more water than the cutter, to say nothing of the rapid displacement of the board by the keel altogether now going on even among sloops.

In regard to the lessons to be drawn by yacht builders from Bedouin's performance we will have more to say some other time. In the smaller class the sloop Fanita was badly outsailed on the first day, and is likely to fall lower and lower next season, and in the other two races Oriva, a cutter of second rank in speed among cutters, disposed of her upon each occasion, though by small margins only. This is, however, a radical victory, remembering that Fanita is the smartest sloop of her size ever produced in America. Fanita's rig was most palpably inferior to the double headsail and low hoist of the cutter's, and it is not likely many more yachts will be spared after the ancient dogmas that sloop represents. She was the "wettest" boat in the fleet, and spite of all her fame and beam dove into it up a her shoulders and picked up green water by the hogshead which deluged her fore and aft. Little remains to be said of the actual racing after the foregoing explanations.

First Race, Oct. 24.—Course from the Narrows around Buoy No. 10 on Southwest Spit, then out around lightship and return same course, finishing at Buoy 15, off West Bank. Sailing Committee, Messrs. Louis F. Bayard, Francis O. De Luze, Walter L. Suydam, Alex. H. Stevens and S. Nelson White, aboard the steamer Bartram. Wind fresh N. N. E., backing to N. by E., and moderating toward latter part of race. Tide strong ebb, moderate sea, with chop on Sandy Hook Bar.

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Spit.	Lightship.	Spir.	Elapsed.	Cor.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Gracie, sloop, Flint & Earle, 67.05 tons					3 53 48	3 53 48
Bedouin, cutter, Arch. Rogers, 65 tons					3 37 09	3 36 26
	Start.	Spit.	Lightship.	Spir.	Elapsed.	Finish.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Gracie	10 32 13	11 12 38	12 50 18	1 05 50	2 33 01	3 26 01
Bedouin	10 23 08	11 13 45	12 01 30	1 01 45	2 12 17	

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Cor.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Oriva, cutter, C. S. Lee, 28.48 tons	4 07 15	4 07 15
Valkyr, cutter, A. J. Cassatt, 22.81 tons	4 08 29	4 04 06
Fanita, sloop, Geo. J. Gould, 23.00 tons	4 20 37	4 11 20
	Start.	Spit.	Lightship.	Spir.	Finish.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Oriva	10 33 03	11 18 15	12 13 22	1 19 45	4018
Valkyr	10 33 12	11 18 11	12 13 10	1 22 50	4141
Fanita	10 31 08	11 15 55	12 12 29	1 21 10	2 51 45

Second Race, Oct. 26.—Course, 33 miles to leeward and return, outside Sandy Hook. Start from Buoy 5. Sea smooth, wind light, tide ebb. Committee as above. Wind vacillating during latter half of race, westerly all day.

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Gracie	10 51 54	12 46 00	3 54 53	4 59 59	4 59 59
Bedouin	10 53 05	12 50 35	4 05 05	5 12 00	5 10 08

SECOND CLASS.

Oriva	10 53 54	12 51 37	4 14 45	5 22 00	5 22 00
Valkyr	10 55 03	12 57 23	4 36 10	5 41 10	5 36 25
Fanita	10 55 00	12 54 45	4 22 01	5 27 01	5 22 15

Third Race, Oct. 28.—Course triangular, sail twice over, start from Buoy 5 of Sandy Hook to Whistling Buoy, E. ½ S., 3¾m.; thence around lightship, S. E. ½ S., 3¾m., and return to the Hook Buoy, N. W. by W. ½ W., Tm.; total distance, 23m. Wind light to moderate E.N.E.; tide first of ebb; sea smooth. Committee as before.

FIRST CLASS—FIRST ROUND.

	Start.	Buoy.	Lightship.	Home.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Gracie	10 45 54	11 29 40	11 53 28	12 47 28
Bedouin	10 48 13	11 29 35	11 56 34	12 50 33

SECOND ROUND.

Gracie	12 47 23	1 28 00	2 04 20	3 06 19
Bedouin	12 50 38	1 32 15	2 11 50	3 12 15

The elapsed time of Gracie is 4:20:23, of Bedouin 4:24:03. Corrected time of Gracie 4:20:23, and of Bedouin 4:22:40.

SECOND CLASS—FIRST ROUND.

	Start.	Buoy.	Lightship.	Home.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Oriva	10 46 34	11 30 50	11 57 36	12 55 55
Valkyr	10 46 34	11 34 15	12 03 50	——
Fanita	10 47 24	11 33 00	11 59 17	1 00 48

SECOND ROUND.

Oriva	12 58 25	1 43 00	2 20 55	3 26 19
Fanita	1 00 48	1 45 30	2 22 27	3 29 14

Elapsed time of Oriva 4:39:45, of Fanita 4:41:50. Corrected time of Oriva 4:33:45, of Fanita 4:40:00. Valkyr did not finish, but withdrew, her sails being old and baggy and no club topsail aboard. She was not in condition to race in light weather. The summary of races won foots up four for the cutters and two for the sloops. The cutter Valkyr has a small centerboard lift, long with a drop of 8ft., the board going through the lead keel.

NEW CUTTER'S TO BE BUILT.—Lawley & Son of South Boston, report a lively demand for deep drafts, mostly of moderate tonnage. They will have their hands full all winter building cutters, besides a large amount of other work. A vast fleet of keel yachts from 10 to 40 tons was turned out in the East last year, but this winter we look for still livelier times. In fact many builders will have to turn work away from their doors through sheer incapacity to keep pace with the demand. With the popularization of safe and able cutters, yachting in America appears to have opened a fresh chapter with redoubled vigor.

HALF AND HALF.—Poillons have launched the new cutter-rigged yacht for Mr. Morris Ketchum, Jr. In hull she is a duplicate of the centerboard sloop Elephant, with a longer counter. In rig a thoroughbred. Load line, 33ft. 6in.; extreme beam across deck, 11ft.; depth, 8ft.; draft, 12ft.; ballast, 8 tons inside lead. Likely to be fast in smooth water and moderate winds, but not in a sea or fresh breeze, judging by Fanita's recent races.

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

[CONTINUED.]

RIDING lights may be made more trustworthy by introducing an ordinary lamp chimney inside the globe, thereby obviating the chance of blowing out; but care must be taken to regulate the draft suitably, or the chimney may quickly turn black with soot from the flame. A watch tackle consisting of a regular luff purchase, having two double blocks, is often handy on board for heavy heaving, such as breaking out the anchor, for a masthead purchase, for stretching new lines and for a preventer shroud or stay. Iron blocks take up least room and are less liable than any to trouble than wooden shells. The iron blocks generally should have flat cheeks rather than open frame work, as the latter are apt to foul with the gear. In selecting them have especial regard to the hook, which should be stout and larger at the bend than elsewhere, to prevent straightening under the weak spot in most small blocks. Also prefer as large a center pin as can be found. These pins should be looked after occasionally, for if soft, they wear away quickly, and breakage is certain to occur when least expected. Be careful to help reeve the ropes, as hooks used about the rigging suffer from the same complaint, nearly all the makes tapering rapidly from eye to end on account of each pair being split from one piece of round bar iron and "upsetting" the eye. Sister-hooks are a great saving of blows, requiring more labor than manufacturers are willing to bestow upon such work. Sister-hooks ought never to be used on any part of the standing rigging, nor where heavy strains are applied, but large solid hooks should be chosen, as they will help themselves to prevent accidents. Hooks are always better than either the foregoing. Their pins should be turned home with a marlin spike through the hole in the head as hard as possible, and, if necessary, a lock pin driven through the projecting screw end, or else keep an eye on them to detect unscrewing before it is too late and the shackle pin drops out.

The cooking gear is much a matter of personal fancy. Those who are very fastidious in their alimentary tastes or experienced and quick at concocting savory dishes may indulge in a regular oil stove, with frying pan, kettle, coffee pot and all. The latter apparatus may, with such provisions, provide a regular restaurant menu, with soups, entrees and courses according to his heart's desire. The stove should be of cast iron, not of sheet iron or tin, and it must also have completely enclosed sides. The stove article has only a perforated disk for the top of the reservoir, but will not serve at sea, owing to the danger of the oil slopping over. A small valve in a raised seat or neck in the closed bottom permits any gases generated while frying pan, kettle, or pot is being heated to escape harmlessly no danger from that source. There is in the market a "hot blast" iron stove of suitable kind which can be obtained for $3.50, and two or three dollars more will purchase all the necessary fittings. Enameled ware is, of course, handy, but one of the latter will very rapidly. Fresh provisions and meats from shore can be mastered with the above appliance, and it is only a question of inclination and knowledge with the cook how extensive a meal he chooses to prepare. Beefsteak, chops, bacon, ham, fish, oysters or clams, potatoes may be fried or boiled, and stewed, while pickles and relish help the appetite amazingly. And to his surprise he will soon discover himself quite equal to supplying his actual wants from the stove.

Under any circumstances our experience in small yachts has been the less fuss, made over the preparation of a meal the better. Almost every port you put into boasts of reasonable hotel accommodations, and an occasional raid ashore for standard forage will assist in making plain grub aboard for a day or two at a time go a long ways toward keeping it satisfying and wholesome. Be moderate in small boats, to limit our ambition in the culinary line to a small alcohol stove of sufficient power and the production of hot water. With canned goods, prepared "chips," and relishes in the way of sardines, pickles, potted delicacies, fruit and bread from ashore, only the water is necessary to give life to a spread of kindly variety, and far in advance of what is at the command of the great mass of humanity ashore. It takes but a few minutes to prepare such a repast; there are no greasy pots or pans to scour, no exasperating interval of twenty minutes between the table and the cozy, crowded cabin air, and fewer chances of mishaps as the climax of Bridget's art is approached. Moreover, there are no dishes to break out, wash and stow, for with a combination tool, containing knife, fork and spoon, the original of the pocket-piece, the edibles are attacked direct without demanding the intermediate transfer to the multitudinous devices of an intricate civilization ashore. Hot water is raised, a portion poured off into the coffee-pot; soup, having a substantial meat basis is warmed up, or eggs boiled, cold meat sliced up with the pocket-knife, bread broken out of the box as you have need, some warm vegetables added as a second course, and the feast rounded off with relishes, dessert and fruit as required.

The lamp is put out, empty tins tossed overboard, the combination tool passed into the pocket and finis—a jolly square meal at the least expense in time and trouble, and a pipe smoked to the stem while your cooking stove enthusiast has barely got his mixtures prepared preparatory to complicating matters, with his cranky stove with pots, pans and fragile crockery all causing anxiety and an ardent wish for a half dozen pair of hands at every roll to a steamer's swell, and every time the little bark takes a header into the swell tumbling in. If plates and dishes are desirable which cannot be altogether dispensed with, we should recommend those made of compressed wood pulp or veneer. They cost less than a cent a piece, and can be thrown into the sea after the meal, thereby saving the annoyance of washing up dishes at a cost no greater than the breakage to be expected among a supply of c ins. A mug or two and rubber drinking vessel take the place of tumblers and glasses. In his grub as in his ship the chief problem the single-hand tar must grapple with is how to get the most out of the least, and think his task can be solved most readily by recourse to the alcohol lamp.

Some patent affairs have been devised from time to time to supplant the alcohol stove, but never with much success. McGregor in his memorable single hand voyage down the British Channel and across to Boulogne, tells us of a "petroleum lamp," in which the flame bursts forth with great vigor for a while and then subsides, but the efforts made by members of the New York Canoe Club to reach satisfactory results with the contrivance have one and all miserably failed. The lamp is a bad one, much crockery ware is smashed, cannot be relied upon for definite effect, its burst of flame is short-lived, erratic and not under control, always going off at the wrong moment.

A few words of caution will not come amiss while upon this subject. The lamp should be strong and of brass; a special place to hold it while in operation must be provided, and the tins containing food should be the smallest procurable, to avoid any waste. All articles should be of the very best brands and procured only from grocers above suspicion, even if their prices seem high. Before heating, punch or cut an opening in the top of the can, or an explosion may plaster your cabin with bean soup in a disagreeable fashion, and scald the doctor besides. A can-opener is as essential to the single-hand cruiser as a corkscrew to the longshore sporting character. For relishes and side dishes pick out articles which will keep for a few days without spoiling. Laxatives, such as syrup, prunes, apple-sauce, and fruit, should be freely partaken of, especially when starting out. The natural tendency is to preserve empty cans in the locker for some future use. That use seldom turns up, and the ship soon becomes a trap full of rattling bottles and obstructions. Toss everything overboard you have no definite purpose for at once. In mid weather preparing the meal should be done in the cockpit. A table is provided in the cuddy as a table. Never deposit anything on the deck outside, and never leave anything standing up which is liable to fall over and spill.

Ice is a necessary item in the supply, and for its accommodation a refrigerator locker can easily be fitted. The locker should be lined with zinc and a piece of flannel or blanket used to enclose the ice. In this way a small five to ten pound lump will keep an astonishing length of time. The drawer hauls out into the cabin for convenience, but may be pushed back under the cockpit when not in use, or the top of the cockpit while underway.

With a little method, we have found it quite possible to live in this style at less than fifty cents a day or four dollars a week, oil, wick and tobacco included. Another dollar covers newspapers, paint, etc., for the yacht, and writing materials, and the sixth dollar keeps you in seagoing togs. Show us the summer resort, the boarding house or hash factory where equally good living can be obtained at such nominal cost, with salt breezes, ozone-laden, cool nights, sound sleep, a vigorous appetite, hardy muscle and brawn, a liver without bile, clear conscience, and where peace with all the world reigns serene and Paradise, we opine, would have to take a back seat.

There is a word to be said about such a common article as water. Fill up the tank whenever opportunity offers. Do not wait till the well runs dry, or you may be left in the lurch some day in a broiling sun, with "water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink," unless that good luck which seldom deserts the lone tar afloat should unearth from below a long forgotten Bass or its plebian substitute in lager.

For berthing have a cushion made stuffed with deer's hair or artificial material which will not rot. Cover the cushion, not with reps or carpet, but with blue or brown leather made for such purpose, much like that to be found on carriage seats. Such covering soaks no water, nor does it mildew or become musty. In a small boat things will get damp occasionally, and leather cushions can be dried with a swab or towel in an instant. If filled with deer's hair they possess great buoyancy and may serve as life preservers. The blanket should be of good quality so that it will not part with its fuzz or wool. A nickel-plate Ansonia clock is a useful and ornamental article, and if you choose to follow the weather, a circular aneroid barometer may be procured to match at a cost of $6. The hand lead need not weigh over five or six pounds, with six to ten fathoms of cotton line attached. The simplest way of marking is to turn an overhand knot in the line for each fathom up to five, then begin on the second series of knots. Cheese is ought to be handy to most places of the ground likely to be gone over, and detail harbor charts, at least for all ports difficult to enter. The rest may be navigated by a government book known as "Sailing Directions," or by extracts therefrom published by private enterprise to be had from navigation stores in New York and Boston. Take notice of the variations of the compass marked on the charts, and when the bearings of a prominent object can be taken therefrom compare with the bearings by your own compass. It is not likely we will ever be in any of the yacht ports unless the ballast should exercise some influence upon the needle. The difference found is denominated "deviation," and when steering a course correction or allowance must be made if the error of the needle is of practical moment.

On this subject the amateur had best consult an elementary work on navigation. We can recommend the book of H. W. Rosser, to be had for a dollar or two from Van Nostrand, 37 Murray street, N. Y., or from Little & Brown, Washington street, Boston. Also note the line within which the soundings are to be taken in feet. Buy only the very latest editions corrected by the Hydrographic Office in Washington to date. For the Sound and Eastern coast, an excellent volume has been published by the government containing charts and explicit sailing directions, which can be purchased for $4.

A roll of charts is notoriously rebellious and evinces a dislike for inspection, the sheets curling up in obstreperous fashion. The single-hand sailor has seldom more than one hand to spare at a time, and to facilitate the examination of charts the following method will be found very advisable. Cut the large charts up into lengths of say two feet and insert them in a tight frame covered with glass. In this shape the chart is protected from the weather and can be set up on the floor of the locker right to hand for inspection, but when laying off on a cruise take a small paint brush and with blue water color trace a line about an eighth of an inch wide around the shoals, rocks and fathom curve, so that the eye may take in the lay of the bottom and danger at a general inspection. The usual lights and buoys may be brought into prominence by red and umber in the same way. With the frame before you, it needs only a hand lantern held close to the glass at night to give your inquiry an answer which could not otherwise be got at without leaving the helm and burying down below. The hand or deck lantern should have a canvas cover to shade the light from the eyes and only to be lifted as wanted.

A really serviceable compass is rather an expensive item in the outfit. A poor or unreliable compass is worse than none at all, and in small craft the ordinary box compass is the best, but only if nothing in America but the customary "boat compass," which serves the purpose very well, however. They can be had of T. S. & J. D. Negus, Water street, near Burling slip. Some arrangement in the way of screw sockets should be adopted so that the case may be secured in a dead fore and aft line in the cockpit. It matters not if the binnacle be placed one side of the midship line of the yacht, so that a line through the center of the card and the "rubber's point" marked inside on the metal case be truly parallel to the keel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONCERNING YAWLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After having given the yawl rig a thorough trial on my yacht of fifty tons, I have arrived at the following:

I find that the yacht will sail closer to the wind than any schooner can, especially in a sea, and that she carries her mizzenmast as well as any other spar. For sailing in ordinary weather a 16ft. gaff on the mizzenmast is used. The Bermuda mizzen does not set as well as one with a gaff, by the wind, and it requires a longer spar, which is a disadvantage to be of the same area. The mizzen is not only held in place by two shrouds on a side, but is held forward by a vertical stay attached to a 1½in. eyebolt, 8in. forward of foot of mast, going down through everything. This stay is like the forward one of a catboat's mast, and as the mizzenmast is not cut with a 6in. curve or sweep forward, the stay has a powerful hold on it. I also have a forward preventer and an after one for mizzenmast, the latter hauling out to end of bumpkin.

By these means I am able to secure the mizzenmast more firmly than any other spar, and have it carry all the sail I can crowd on. It is 38ft. from deck. For light summer weather an arrangement with topmast to mizzen will give a yawl more sail than can be got on a cutter. As a seaboat she is incomparably superior to the latter in ease of handling sails, being also superior to a schooner as a seaboat because the absence of the foremast renders her more buoyant forward as well as handier canvas.

CRUISER.

A. C. A. CANOES AT LAKE GEORGE, 1882.

THE following is from a series of letters published in the Toronto *Mail*, by Mr. Robert Tyson, of the Toronto Canoe Club;

I will endeavor to give some idea of the various classes of canoes at the meeting of the association, mentioning number, description and rig, what types are most in favor, etc. I will try hard not to be too wearisomely statistical in doing this.

THE SHADOW MODEL.

First in order comes the well-known and well-tried Shadow, of which there were at least twelve or fourteen representatives, in wood. Five or six of these are from New York, all lapstreak. I will take the New York Dot as a typical boat. She is 14ft. 4in. long, 30in. beam, sits low in the water, "canoe fashion," and perhaps 26in. at the gunwale. The decking and open cockpit are of the usual dimensions. She carries no centerboard, but has a rockered keel, either two or four inches at its greatest depth. Her racing rig is two balance lugsails, the mainsail set with the mast at the mizzen about twenty feet. For cruising she would carry a total area of probably sixty feet in all. Her lines are designed primarily for sailing, but with a view also to easy paddling. Mr. James Everson, of Williamsburg, New York state, is the Dot's builder, and he owns the only built original Shadow for its designer, Mr. Alden, and the Dot was his second one. Mr. Whitlock's Wrath is the only Shadow I know of which carries a centerboard.

Then there are four or five Racine Shadows, all of 28in. beam. The method of construction of the Racine Company has been often described. Some of the owners of these Shadows tell me that they would rather have them from two to four inches more beam, so as to be better for sailing, or two inches less, so as to make better paddlers. They are too much of a compromise between a sailing and a paddling canoe.

THE PRINCESS.

The Princess model, designed by Commodore Longworth, should next be mentioned as a tried and successful sailing rival to the Shadow. Of this model there are two in Cincinnati men, and one or two with other canoeists. The Princess has a flatter and longer floor than the Shadow, with the widest part a little forward of midships. Her lines are somewhat fuller. She has more sheer, and is generally shaped with a view to good sailing powers, while not so much so as to prevent the free use of the paddle. Her dimensions are: Length, 14ft.; beam, 31in. just above the water line, and 30in. on deck; 10in. deep at bow, 13½in. at stern, and 11in. to crown of deck at midships—all outside measurements. The cockpit is 28in. wide forward, and 16 aft. The "dagger" centerboard used by the Cincinnati Canoe Club is very simple, and has some good points. The trunk and centerboard are curved. The curve is downward from forward to aft, so that when the board is down the part of it in the water is well aft of the trunk, enabling the trunk to be placed further forward than it otherwise would be. The curved board is lifted out and in like an ordinary straight "slip-keel." It is not convenient to work a very heavy board by this arrangement, and the board will lift clear up if it strikes an obstacle. One or two of the New York canoes are fitted with this centerboard. I don't know who originated it.

MR. TREDWEN'S "PEARL."

The largest of the sailing canoes are those of the Pearl type, which this year was represented for the first time at an A. C. A. meeting. There were three—Mr. Wm. Whitlock's Ripple, from New York, fifteen feet long by thirty-one inches beam; and Boreas and Isabel, of Toronto, each fourteen feet long by thirty-three inches beam. The Pearls are the only canoes that carry "sailing flaps," which are con-

trivances to enable the skipper to get well out to windward while sitting low down. Their centerboards and tackle are very complete and efficient. They have been very successful as racers in England and in local club races on this continent. In New York recently Mr. Oulin's new Pearl, the Tramp, won the challenge cup of the New York Canoe Club from the hitherto invincible Dot, manned by Comodore Vaux, one of the most expert and daring sailors in the A. C. A. The owners of the Toronto Pearls find them most comfortable cruisers, and splendid boats to windward. Like some other sailing canoes, they can comfortably carry passengers besides the skipper, so that he can take out his wife or sweetheart for a sail when he wants to—and she also. The only builders in North America who have turned out Pearls are W. P. Stephens, of New York; John Clindining, Toronto; and H. Aykroyd, Toronto.

THE NAUTILUS.

The old Nautilus model, distinguished by its great sheer and good all-round qualities, was well represented. Five or six were present, including the famous paper canoe Maria Theresa, 16ft. by 28in., in which Mr. H. Bishop paddled and rowed from Troy, N. Y., along the Atlantic coast to Florida—one of the longest and most adventurous canoe voyages on record, the story of which is most pleasantly told in "The Voyage of the Paper Canoe." Mr. Bishop scandalized some of the orthodox canoeists by using oars on this long trip, but he has now returned to his first love, and uses only the paddle. I had the pleasure of seeing the sailboat Mayeta, which he used from Quebec to Troy, in the first part of the voyage, and also the "smeakbox," in which Mr. Bishop traveled from Pittsburgh down the Ohio and Mississippi and along the Gulf of Mexico to Florida. It is a queer-looking, beamy craft, 11ft. beam by only 12ft. long. Mr. Bishop is a delightable traveling geographer, and has a collection of 800 charts and maps in an upper room of his pretty house on the shore of Lake George.

All the Nautilus canoes at the meet were of the older type. Mr. Baden Powell's more recent sailing models, with heavy centerboard, were not represented.

A NEW ENGLAND CANOE.

Captain Kendall, a tall, stalwart New Englander from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, had a canoe on the island which deserves notice as an efficient sailing cruiser of a light and simple type. He built her himself. She is smooth outside and weighs 96 pounds. Dimensions, 14ft. long, 31t. beam, 9in. deep at gunwale amidships, 12in. at crown of deck amidships, 15in. deep forward, 13in. aft, cockpit 22in. wide. He carries no ballast nor centerboard, depends on beam for stability under sail, uses leeboards, has a simple balance lug mainsail of 47ft. area, with 20ft. sprit mizzen, and, alas! uses oars instead of paddle. The canoe is much like two or three that have been built by Harry Hodson, of Toronto, but is larger and has not so much flare from the bilge as Mr. Hodson's. Her dimensions bar her from the A. C. A. races.

Next come the lighter canoes, designed primarily for paddling. A noteworthy feature is the introduction since last year of a new model,

THE "STELLA MARIS,"

by Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., which has become so popular that at least half a dozen canoes of this model were at the meeting, and I heard of others which were not present. This little "star of the sea" well deserves her popularity. She is designed especially for paddling, but is fitted with two small lateen sails, and can sail well on occasion. She is very fast under paddle, and is a remarkably handsome little craft. Her dimensions are:—Length, 14ft.; beam, 26in.; depth from gunwale to garboard streak amidships, 8¾in.; curve of deck (numbers), 3in.; keel, 1¾in.; depth at bow, with keel, 16in.; depth at stern, 14¾in. She is fitted with a locking-up arrangement by which the cockpit can be completely covered with hatches, and securely fastened, thus protecting the canoeist's stores from pilferers if he has to leave his canoe in a strange place. The Stella Maris is well suited for cruising on rivers and small lakes, and will stand a great deal of rough weather for such a little craft. The first canoe of this type was built especially for the Rev. C. E. Woodman, of New York.

Canoeists generally owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Rushton for the practical way in which he has worked up and developed several of the most useful and popular types of canoes, especially when, as he says, "there is very little money in it." There is so much fitting and special work about decked canoes that they are not nearly so profitable to build as the open rowboats.

THE ROB ROYS.

Perhaps no canoe is so well known by name as the "Rob Roy," immortalized by J. Macgregor, of transatlantic fame, and there is a large tendency in the popular mind to consider all decked canoes as "Rob Roys." What the name really means is a light canoe built almost entirely for paddling, with very little sheer. Approximate dimensions, 13 or 14ft. long, 26in. beam, and 8 or 9in. deep. W. P. Stephens, of New York, has built some excellent Rob Roys for New York canoeists, and Mr. Rushton makes a boat of this type well known to canoeists as "The American Traveling Canoe." The Racine Company's "St. Paul" is another variety of the Rob Roy type. From fourteen to sixteen or more Rob Roys were at Lorna island, including four St. Pauls.

OTHER TYPES OF CANOES.

Canoes built of canvas, stretched over wooden ribs and battens, are a cheap and serviceable craft, and they were well represented at the meet by ten or a dozen specimens of various builds, from shadow to Rob Roy.

Finally, there is the open Peterboro' canoe, so familiar to the Canadian eye; four or five of these were present.

In addition to the foregoing, there were probably a score at least of canoes varying from the foregoing types, or which I had not an opportunity of classifying. The total will thus be 75 or 80 A. C. A. canoes gathered at the island camp, and this agrees with Secretary Nelde's estimate.

Cartridge Groover, 75cts., E. Redmond, Rochester, N. Y.—*Adv.*

WHAT PUTTY CAN DO.—A gentleman who built a schooner last spring was pestered with a plethora of critics, each of whom knew just how the schoonor should have been built, and felt himself at liberty to air his views. The owner got a pailful of putty and kept it in the mould-loft. Every time one of those wiseacres of the so-called "practical" kind came along with valuable suggestions he was at once referred to the putty, told to help himself, and give shape to his ideas and show them to the company present. Thereupon critics became very scarce indeed.

AMERICA CUP.—Now that Bedouin's sailing has shown our present sloops unable to hold the America Cup against an Al cutter like Aumasoma, it becomes all the more important to offer even terms to foreigners for that trophy or accept their charge of intentional sharp practice, and allow the cup to remain, as at present, a butt of broad ridicule among foreign yachtsmen. A correspondent writing from Liverpool says the cup is a regular laughing-stock on the Mersey.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—At the last meeting resolutions were passed appointing a committee to report upon the desirability of procuring headquarters and anchorage in near-by waters. The club has long been in need of a house, and it has been something of a wonder that action had not been taken long ago.

STEERED BY HER OWNER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your account of Tuesday's race of the S. Y. C. you state that the Bedouin was sailed throughout by her sailing-master, Captain Petrick. This needs correction, in justice to her owner, Mr. Rogers, a true Corinthian, who had charge of the helm all day, and never let go the stick till the home mark was passed.—SEAWANHAKA.

BIG ONES.—The extraordinary success of the noble cutter Bedouin has induced others to cross the Rubicon. Two big ships like her will be built in New York this winter and a 15 or 20 ton clipper in Boston. Others remain to be heard from. It would not surprise us to see more than a score of fine ships of the cutter persuasion laid down for an early launch in spring.

NOT A HORSE MARINE.—Skipper Baker, of the Gracie, was accused by a horse marine, reporting for the *World*, of lowering his jib and then easing main-sheet to keep that sloop on her course in the recent Seawanhaka matches. We are asked to say that Baker is not such an idiot, and did nothing of the kind. The yarn seems to be a pure fabrication.

REAL YACHTING.—The 15-ton cutter Sonata started July 2 from Brightlingsea, sailed to Inverness in five days, through Caledonia Canal, then down the west coast of Great Britain, and to home port in thirty days—distance 1,402 miles, and not a penny paid for pilotage. Sonata is 38ft. load line, 10.4ft. beam, and 6.3ft. draft.

LIVONIA.—This schooner known to both European and American waters while the property of Mr. Ashbury, was sold at auction recently to satisfy a mortgage of the present owner. Few bidders were at the sale and the fine schooner was knocked down for $15,000 to a well-known British yachtsman.

SAFE SAILING BOATS.—We are requested to state that F. Joiner, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., will send photos of his specialties described in these columns by mail upon receipt of $1.

DAUNTLESS.—Mr. Colt's schooner recently left Bordeaux, France, for a cruise in the Mediterranean. All on board reported well and enjoying the sea cruising amazingly.

CHROMOS NO LONGER WANTED.—A prominent yard in the East writes us that the present demand is entirely for keels, with all or nearly all ballast outside.

FISHCULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

WE make the following extracts from the Dundee *Advertiser* of Oct. 6. No doubt, the Fishery described is a large and a fine one, but we doubt the statement that it is the finest in the world. Our cousins of the British Islands do not seem to be up in all the modern appliances of fishculture, and those familiar with the subject will be apt to regard hatching on glass grilles as a little behind the age, as well as the gravel on which the eggs are afterward placed. The article says:

Howietoun Fishery, the property of Sir James Ramsay Gibson Maitland, is situated about four miles south from Stirling. The ponds have been laid out on ground beside the burn of Sauchie, from which the water supply is obtained. Their construction was begun in 1874, and the idea of their formation was first suggested in 1873 in course of a difference about some trout originating between Sir James Maitland and the Mr. Frank Buckland.

Fishculture, under the fostering care of Sir James Maitland, has made wonderful progress within the last ten years, and nothing proves this more conclusively than a contrast of the old-fashioned hatching grounds and processes at Stormontfield with the improved methods adopted at Howietoun. Hatching the ova in wooden boxes was the plan pursued at Stormontfield, but hatching on tubular glass grilles is an immense improvement on this system, and at this moment the new and spacious hatching houses at Howietown are capable of incubating, and do incubate, from eight to ten million ova per annum. The proprietor is now in a position to stock all the rivers in Scotland successfully and with certainty, because what is done at Howietoun is done to a large extent by nature, and no better pattern than nature gives has yet been discovered or ever will be.

The new system is much more expensive than the old, but it is much more satisfactory, and the opinion of Sir James is that if the fisheries of Scotland are to be improved, the work must be done on a commercial scale. This is the object he has had in view in spending many thousands of pounds at Howietoun, and if he can prove that his work is likely to become a commercial success, as everything at present promises it will be, he will have accomplished a great deal for Scotland. His transactions are already on a scale of great magnitude, and the demand for young trout is taxing the supply. To give an idea of the size of the fishery at Howietoun, it may be noted that the enclosed grounds are eleven acres in extent; that three horses a week are killed to provide food for the trout, and this in addition to large quantities of clams imported from Newhaven.

Approaching the Fishery from the main road, the first places to which the visitor is taken are the hatching houses. Great expense has been lavished on these. They are supplied with water gathered from springs in the neighborhood. The stonework of the largest house, which has cost over £3,000, is strong sloping and substantial, and the floors are of asphalte. In this house there are 180 tanks, each 7 feet 6 inches long, and each capable of containing twenty thousand ova. During the year as many as from eight to ten million of trout ova, weighing one ton, are incubated here. All eggs are eyed on glass grilles, experience having shown, as we have elsewhere stated, that the strongest embryos and the healthiest fry are obtained by this method. So soon as the embryo is sufficiently formed the practice is too lay the ova down in gravel reeds contiguous to small streams falling into the rivers or lochs to be stocked. A sall unimpregnated eggs are removed before being despatched from the Fishery, no loss occurs from byssus, and all the expense and trouble of artificial hatching are avoided.

After inspecting the hatching houses the visitor returns to the main road, and a short distance down crosses the Sanchie Burn, which at this point is tapped, and feeds the ponds with the water necessary for breeding purposes. Here the inspection of the ponds proper begins, and the first thing that strikes the visitor is a little water-wheel, which, by an ingenious arrangement, keeps constantly in motion a series of levers, attached to the outer ends of which are perforated boxes containing prepared food for the young fry. The motion imparted to the boxes shakes out the food, and it is curious to watch the thousands of tiny fishes swarming about and devouring the food as it is shaken from the moving boxes.

Our space forbids quoting more than the following on the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, the article further says: The first of the ponds contains thousands of fry of our Lochleven trout, and a handful taken out with a net shows them to be in prime condition—fat, plump, and healthy, and stronger looking and more lively than their companions in the next pond, the young of the American brook trout, which, however, are fine fish, and promise to become a specialty of Howietoun. The Fontinalis, also known as charr, come from New Hampshire. Anglers will be sorry to learn that they are not good risers, as they generally feed at the bottom on the water flea (*Daphnia pulex*).

Their general introduction into this country was at one time regarded as very improbable owing to the expense of transit; but at Howietoun they have been carefully reared, until now any number of ova, fry, and young fish can be supplied from the parent stock. They are specially adapted for reservoirs, where animalculæ have to be cleared out, and it was humorously suggested by one of our party that instead of spending thousands of pounds in filtering operations at Monikie and Crombie, the Dundee Water Commissioners should spend a few pounds in stocking the ponds at these places with Fontinalis, thereby obviating the necessity of having a filter at all.

When the meat is thrown in among these youngsters the peculiarity of their "rising" is at once observable. They come from the bottom straight up with a rush, as if they were arrows shot from a bow, seize the bait, and descend again with lightning-like rapidity. In angling for the Fontinalis with fly there would be no necessity for the angler to strike. The fish, if it was in a taking mood, would hook itself, and all the angler would have to do would be to cast the lure within seizing distance. They come up to feed, but not with nearly the same rush and avidity as the Loch Leveners. Several were taken out with the net, and a brief examination before their return to the water showed that they were of fine shape, and beautifully colored and spotted. One peculiarity is their teeth, which are small, and of mesh-like formation, something like the mouth of the whale.

Something every sportsman should have is one of the dogskin leather jackets advertised by Wm. Read & Sons, Boston, Mass. See advertisement in another column.—*Adv.*

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Capacity of reel in yards								
Polished brass, crank handle, with stop	.65	.70	.75	.85	.90	—	—	—
" " balance " no "	—	.75	—	.90	1.00	1.15	—	—
" " crank " with click	.90	.95	1.00	1.10	1.20	—	—	—
" hard rubber, crank handle, with click	—	—	—	2.25	2.50	2.75	—	—
" " " (Abbey pattern)	—	—	—	8.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00
" " " " second quality, with click	—	—	—	4.00	4.50	5.00	—	—
Polished brass, crank handle, with drag	Multiplying.	1.30	1.40	1.50	1.60	1.80	—	—
" " balance " "	"	1.70	1.80	1.90	2.00	2.25	2.50	—
" " " " extra quality, (if with drag an extra charge)	"	2.25	—	2.40	2.60	2.75	3.25	4.00
Polished G. silver, balance handle, extra quality, (if with drag an extra charge)	"	4.50	—	5.00	5.75	6.50	7.25	9.00
Polished hard rubber, balance handle, extra quality, (the celebrated Imbrie pattern)	"	—	—	—	—	11.00	12.00	14.00

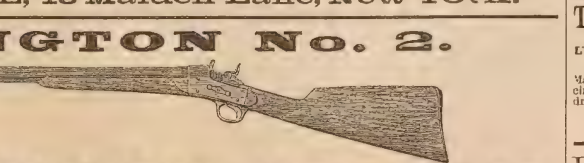
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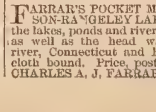
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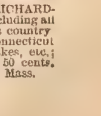
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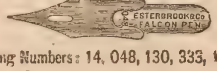
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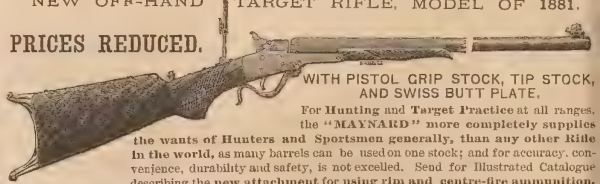
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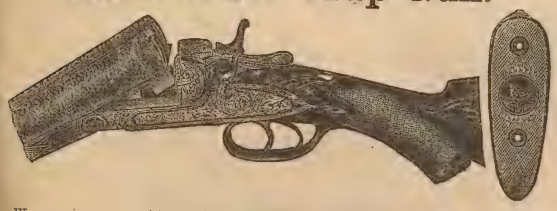
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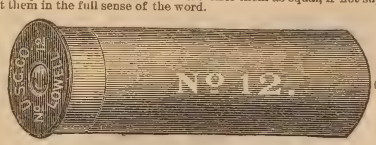
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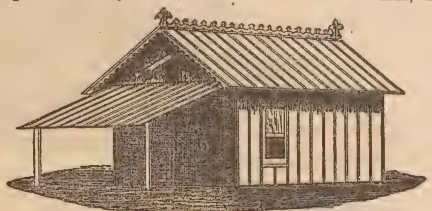
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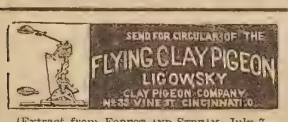
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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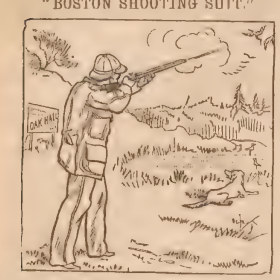
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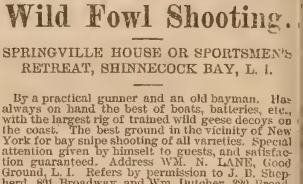
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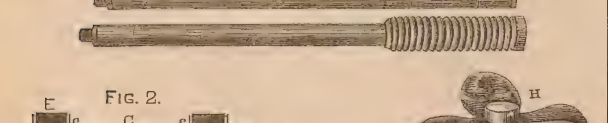
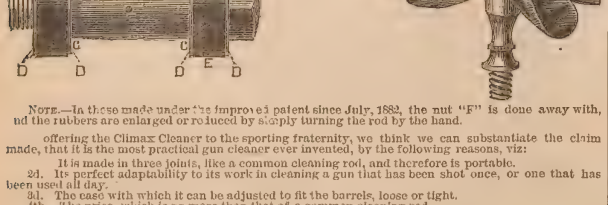


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



NOTE.—In these made under the improved patent since July, 1882, the nut "F" is done away with, and the rubbers are enlarged or reduced by simply turning the rod by the hand.

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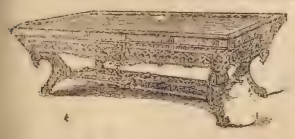
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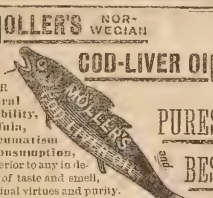
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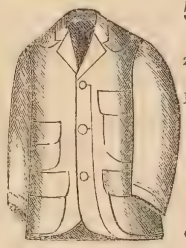
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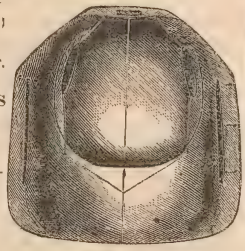


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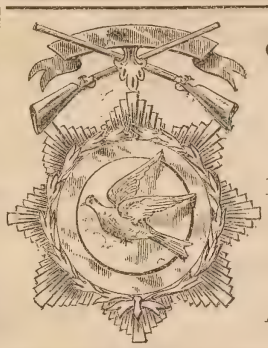
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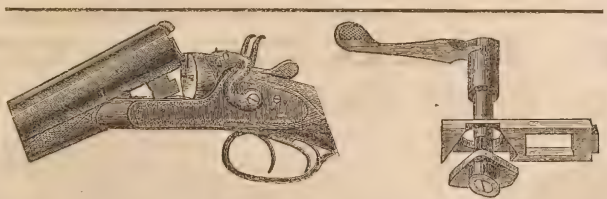
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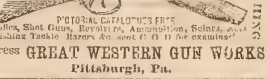
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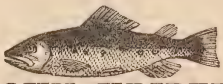
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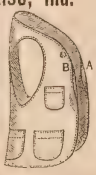
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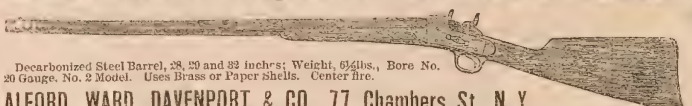
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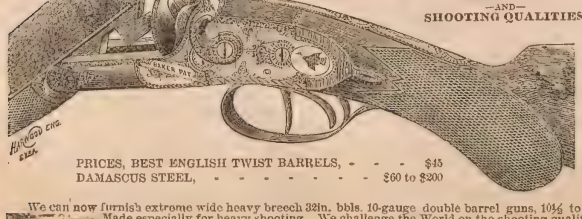
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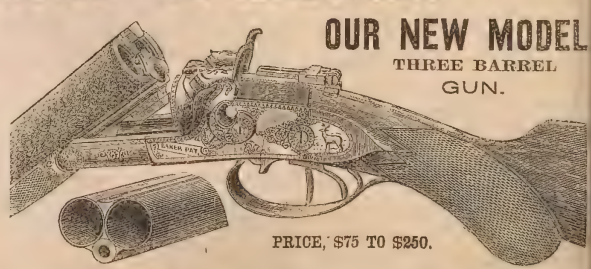


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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably be interested in the paper.*

RIFLE PRACTICE IN 1882.

WITH the many matches to be shot on Thanksgiving Day the rifle shooting and target practice season of 1882 will practically close. It has been a comparatively active season, and the year ends with a much more general knowledge on the subject. It has not been a year of uninterrupted successes, and it will be remembered as the time when an American international team suffered its first defeat before the butts. That defeat, in all its bearings, has been thoroughly discussed in these columns, and, so far as possible, the blame has been placed where it rightly belonged. That there was a blunder somewhere was evident in the lamentably weak showing made by the home team. It was an ignoble defeat; but it has a value in showing us how one-sided our practice has been, and wherein we are as deficient in shooting knowledge as we were a decade ago. If American prestige on the range is to be sustained, it must be by all-round marksmanship. The work of riflemen abroad must be studied, imitated and improved upon. The match showed us, in the strongest way, that our rifle-makers had neglected entirely to inform themselves of what was doing in Great Britain in the making up of long-range military rifles. The American team was put in the match with weapons which must have raised a quiet laugh of contempt on the part of the Britishers, and meantime those members of the National Guard who gave their effort as competitors found themselves handicapped by this failure of the so-called managers of the match.

Apart from this lapse, a glance over the work of the scores of ranges is a satisfactory one. Hundreds of marksmen have found in the effort of the shooting match a most enjoyable out-door sport. This view of target practice has not been as general as it should be, and it is a fact worthy of note that when a man has once tasted the pleasures of keen competition before the butts—has found that every personal effort toward a better physical condition has yielded a result in more bullseyes—he rarely gives up shooting entirely. Business may crowd out the chance of much practice—time may not be spared; but with a few personal scores well memorized, the ex-marksman is always ready to compare later work with his own, and rejoice as he sees the difficulties of shooting overcome and work nearer and nearer perfection accomplished. The purely amateur character of rifle practice has been well sustained during the year. This is as it should be. While there is rivalry, keen competition, and an uncertainty of result, there is not that element of chance which invites the poolbox and the betting gentleman. Prizes, with the discrimination they afford, may be necessary to bring out the best effort in range shooting, and this is now a pretty generally acknowledged fact: but, fortunately, the spirit of gain stops there. It is to the credit of American rifle shooting that the record is the great thing aimed at, and that it is the rarest thing in the world to hear any discussion of what such and such a winning place may bring in spoils. How best to make a good score is more thought of than what such a score will bring in cash or kind.

The season has shown in a shooting way both the strength and weakness of the National Guard of the country. Where a rational, not overdone, system of rifle practice has been put in force, it has yielded good fruit in a general spread of the ability to handle a rifle. Without martinets in charge, it is possible to get a vast deal of real work out of these volunteer bodies, but pushed ever so little beyond a certain point and a spirit of opposition is roused which renders the whole system a failure. This is particularly true of the rifle-shooting part of a militia man's duty. He may be coaxed to do a great deal of work at a conveniently located and properly conducted range, but a system of harsh orders forcing the men to present themselves before the butts at inconvenient times results in a little wild shooting, a disregard of any instruction and an entire loss of that healthy co-operation and desire for good work, which alone can bring out the best results before the target.

The records show, too, that a great majority of the States have as yet no National Guard, or if any organization does exist, it is a non-shooting one; and therefore a non useful one, for a soldier who cannot shoot is a useless anomaly. It is not desirable that the National Guard, which was intended to be truly national, should become unduly developed in various sections. The military spirit should be kept alive in every part of the country and a general knowledge of arms is one of the best guarantees of a continued peace. Not until a general organization throughout the country of a well-armed militia shall permit the stirring up of a spirit of rivalry, will the best results in marksmanship be secured. Then it will come without any harsh orders, or rather in spite of them. Sectional pride of the most healthy sort may then be appealed to, and for the mere honor of winning many will enter the lists, give time and effort to their preparatory drill and practice and create a fund of experience from which arm makers and arm users may draw freely.

In the regular army the past year has witnessed the bringing together of the best marksmen of the various divisions, and the spirit of emulation and rivalry has worked out most excellent results. The army of to-day, viewed from a shooter's standpoint, is completely transformed from the army of a dozen years ago. Civilians have taught the military men how to shoot, and a proper regard to the fitness of things and popular sentiment on the matter have impelled officers and men on until now it is doubtful whether for the ranges covered by the weapons in their hands, our regulars are not the equals in ability to shoot of any army in the world. Upon the whole, then, the year 1882 has been a healthy one in a shooting sense. We have had a salutary knock down; have learned that there are points in rifle shooting where we are weak; have held our own in those styles of shooting which we have cultivated, and generally by the extension of rifle shooting have opened the way for more general and better work in the future.

ELECTION DAY was improved by the duck shooters, who made the most of the holiday, and came home at night more or less well pleased with the count. The day was a fair one as far as its weather conditions went, but the fowl were shy. Those who went out Monday found better shooting. That day is usually regarded as a favorable one for duck-shooting, since the birds not having been disturbed on the Sabbath, do not fly so wild.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—Look not upon the fly when it is delicately cast upon the water. Such is the rule of practice of a New York business man, who refrained from attending the angler's tournament because he feared an acute attack of the "angling fever," something which his business interests he thought would not allow.

NEW JERSEY'S NEW COMMISSIONER.—Gov. Ludlow, of New Jersey, has appointed Richard S. Jenkins, Esq., of Camden, to succeed the late Dr. B. P. Howell, as member of the Board of Commissioners of Fisheries of that State. This is an exceptionally good appointment, and cannot fail to give satisfaction both in and out of the State. Mr. Jenkins is Prosecutor of the Pleas of Camden county, and has been for many years a leader of the county bar, and though he has not heretofore given especial attention to the fishing interests of the State, he is well known as a gentleman of culture and scientific attainments, and he will not fail to heartily co-operate with his colleagues, Messrs. Anderson and Morford, in furthering the very important fishing interests of New Jersey. Our only objections to Mr. Jenkins as Fish Commissioner are that he adheres to the damnable heresy that a boiled shad is better than a planked shad, and that he is half inclined to believe that a weakfish can be properly cooked in the sun on the lid of a champagne basket! When his associates have cured him of these wretched heresies, he will prove a valuable acquisition to the army of quiet, unselfish but persistent men who are devoting themselves to the culture, propagation and protection of fish, and whose work will be appreciated and enjoyed for many years after they have passed away.

A TRAMP FOR PLEASURE AND STUDY.—The third annual "Summer Tramp," under the personal direction of Prof. David S. Jordan, of the Indiana University, will leave New York about the tenth of June next. It will be largely composed of students of the University, and the party will be limited to thirty, about one-half of which will be ladies. They will go through Scotland, Norway, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France, and back by way of England, reaching home early in September. The trip will not be expensive, and will afford a fine chance for those who like to see those countries at their leisure to join the party and do some of the most interesting parts of the old world on foot. Information can be obtained from Prof. Jordan at the University at Bloomington, Indiana.

A "GAME" DOG.—Punning is said to be a form of mental disease. The latest victim of the punster's insanity is the owner of a magnificent setter dog. The other day he was out shooting with his punning friend; and dilating upon the merits of a valued dog, he insisted that there was no gamier animal in the world—"He's game, every inch of him." Whereupon the friend, remarking that he was after "game," blazed away, and lodged the greater part of a charge of No. 10's in the dog's hide. The dog did not wait to be put into the game bag, but disappeared in the direction of home; and at last accounts the sportsman and the horrible punster were locked in a death struggle in the snow.

INCONGRUITIES.—There is no written confession of faith, nor stringent rules of conduct to which a man must subscribe before he may be admitted to the fraternity of those who delight in rod and gun and the wonderful out-of-door world to which they lead. It follows that there are numerous and amusing incongruities in the commonly accepted tenets of the sportsman's creed. He who scorns to shoot a quail on the ground does not hesitate to pick off the grouse from the limb where it has "treed;" while another, who holds up his hands and turns up his eyes in righteous horror at the grouse-treer's practices, does not scruple to blaze away into a flock of wildfowl at rest on the water.

FOX HUNTING is no new thing in this vicinity, but having been recently revived as a popular pastime at some of the fashionable summer resorts, the sport is attracting public attention. There has been a great deal of more or less nonsensical correspondence in the daily papers about the alleged cruelty of the practice. An exception to this intemperate style of writing appeared the other day in the *Herald*, and it is altogether so sensible that we have transferred it to our columns.

AS SHOWN by the entries published in our Kennel columns, there is promise of a very large meeting at the Eastern Field Trials meeting in North Carolina next week. The quality of the dogs entered is such as should insure a fine exhibition of running. Reports are to the effect that birds are abundant on the grounds, and that it is to be hoped that there may be no annoying lack of game when the dogs are down

The Sportsman Tourist.

"NUTMEGGERS" ON THE OTTAWA.

FOURTH PAPER.

MINER and Brady came up from Bissett's Creek, and joined the rest of our party at the settlement or village of Mattawa, Wednesday afternoon, October 4. We took our baggage to the hotel, were assigned rooms and took dinner. After so long a sojourn in a log cabin we hardly knew how to appear at a hotel dinner table, but we soon discovered that it was a very plain log hotel, and that the dinner was plainer still, being composed of bread, hash and tea. This was a little plainer than our last luxurious dinners in camp had prepared us for, but the fifty or sixty lumbermen who sat down with us seemed to think it all right, so we joined in, concluding that "while in Rome we had better do as Romans do."

After this sumptuous repast, we went out to view the town. The village of Mattawa must be seen, stayed in, dined in and slept in to be appreciated. No description can do it justice. It is the roughest and most rocky place for a village to grow that the most active mind can picture; we should as soon think of planting choice flower seeds in a keg of nails, as of starting and expecting to see a village thrive here. But here it is for all that, and a tremendously busy place too, with three or four hundred lumbermen arriving and departing daily at this season of the year. Stores, hotels and liquor shops transact the business of the place, and there are some very smart, active business men in it. The streets are perfectly impassable, except in a narrow roadbed where the rocks and stones have been moved to one side. In some portions of the village plank walks have been built; no attempt was made to prepare the ground, but the walks are laid over and above the rocks and depressions in the ground's surface.

Pigs, dogs, geese and drunken Indians roam the streets with all their native freedom and privileges.

Mattawa being at the junction of the Mattawa and Ontario rivers, the only settlement in this section, and the present terminus of the Canada Pacific road (though construction trains are now run nearly out to Lake Nippissing), it naturally becomes the general headquarters for lumbermen, and they arrive in hundreds every day at this season of the year. They stop over night at the hotels, leaving the following morning in canoes for the lumber camps located away up the Ottawa and its tributaries. This being the last chance to spend money until they come down the river in the spring, they use it freely until the last penny is gone, and then get trusted if they can. The Mattawa merchants do a large trade with them in clothing, moccasins, tobacco, etc. It is surprising to find such immense stocks of goods away back here in the wilderness as some of the stores carry. Until the advent of the railroad this year all goods have had to be canoed up the river, at great trouble and expense.

Mattawa must be a perfect paradise to some people, for they need never feel it necessary to dodge around a corner to avoid meeting the sheriff or tax collector. The place is not incorporated as a town, borough, village or anything else. It is merely a gathering of settlers and Indians; consequently there are no taxes, no town officers, no laws, no one to attend to affairs concerning the public, no one to see that roads and bridges are kept passable, and every man is at liberty to say and do what he pleases. We shall never again hear a man boasting of the "freedom and liberty" of the United States without wishing to suggest that he include the village of Mattawa.

I said that the lumbermen "put up" at the hotels over night, but they never think of undressing or going to bed. The whole lower floor of our hotel was given up to them. Blankets were spread down, and the men stretched out in rows, side by side, thirty or forty in a room. As we passed through to our rooms that night we had to walk over their prostrate forms. A good share of them were hooting and yelling; some swearing in French, some in mixed French, Indian and English, and some in pure United States; some kneeling in prayer, others chanting and "counting their beads," others clinking and throwing boots and bottles about the room. The confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel happened somewhat previous to our time, but after spending one night at a Mattawa hotel, we can realize and pretty thoroughly understand about what kind of a hubbub they had at the "Old Tower."

We visted the Hudson Bay fort or trading post (located on a point of land on the north shore of the Mattawa River), where we made the acquaintance of Mr. Rankin, the general superintendent of all the forts in Ontario and Ottawa River district. Mr. Rankin's whole life since his boyhood days has been spent among the Indians at the different posts throughout Ontario and the great Northwest. He is a gentleman of culture and refinement, notwithstanding his long severance from civilization. He very courteously showed us all about the premises, pointing out many valuable and interesting relics and curiosities. We noticed one pair of moose horns with twenty-three points, five feet spread, and weighing over seventy-five pounds.

It was also our good fortune to meet, further down the river, Mr. Cotter, the superintendent of all the trading posts about Hudson Bay, and the north. He is a Scotchman by birth, and twenty-seven years ago, while in his "teens," he came over from London, in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels. The first four years he was stationed at a post in the northern part of the bay among the Esquimaux. The last twenty-three years he has been stationed at Moose Factory (the name of the trading post at the mouth of the Moose River, in the lower part of the bay.) When we met him he was just making a visit to Montreal on business for the company. Four Indians took him in a canoe from Moose Factory up the Abbitibee River to the height of land dividing Hudson's Bay Factory from Ontario, here a half mile carry took them across into the Ottawa. A rapid run of four days down the Ottawa brought him to Mattawa. We held a long and interesting conversation with him, during which we learned many valuable facts about the country, the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, and other subjects of interest. I was so interested in his conversation and intelligent statements about the Hudson's Bay Company that I am tempted to give a brief history of the company and its workings, as obtained from Mr. Cotter, Mr. Rankin, and others whom it was our good fortune to meet.

It may appear somewhat statistical for these columns, but I give it with the hope that it may serve to refresh the memory of those who are well informed, and that it may be of interest and lead to further study by those who have never given the subject any attention or thought. It is the oldest and richest corporation in the world, but the field of its operations is so far removed from civilization, that comparatively little is known or thought about it by the masses. The minute details are the interesting part of this subject, but of course these columns will not admit of giving them, but should it ever be your good fortune to meet Mr. Cotter, or Mr. Rankin, I can assure you of a long, interesting and instructive conversation, which cannot help but awaken a desire to sometime visit and see for one's own self the active field of operations.

The company was organized and chartered in 1671, under the reign of King Charles II., Prince Rupert holding a controlling interest in the company. It being known at this time that the country about Hudson's Bay was rich in fur-bearing animals, Prince Rupert, by reason of his connection with the king, was able to obtain a pretty strong charter, giving the company the exclusive and only right for two hundred years, to all the land then or to be discovered, within the entrance of Hudson's Bay. They went in, established posts, and opened up trade with the Esquimaux and Indians. Their efforts were very successful and immensely profitable. They kept gradually establishing new posts further inland, and through the great northwest territory, until they claimed, and held by their charter, all the land whose waters drained towards and into Hudson's Bay. This whole territory was then known as Rupert's Land. The expense of keeping up these trading posts, so far north of civilization, has always been enormous, but the receipts of furs and skins has been so large as to fully warrant all outlays, and undoubtedly it stands to-day by far the richest company in the known world, as it is the oldest.

London has always been their headquarters. I was unable to learn the original or present capital stock of the company. The par value of its shares is £17, and they are now selling at 38. It would be next to impossible to obtain anything like a correct estimate of the actual wealth of the company to-day. At the time of the confederation or union of the provinces, the Dominion government bought out the charter and rights of the Hudson Bay Company for the sum of fifteen hundred thousand dollars, the company reserving ten acres about every one of their trading posts, certain specified plots here and there, and one-twentieth of all the land remaining throughout the whole North. The most valuable land about the city of Winnipeg was held by the company. A vessel is annually sent out from London loaded with provisions, guns, ammunition, traps, and all kinds of supplies and materials for trading with the Indians. She enters the bay sometime during June or July, the only month in the year when the ice will admit of a vessel passing through. She brings the only mail received during the summer months. After unloading her cargo she returns to London loaded with furs and skins. Only two other mails are received during the year. These are carried up the Ottawa River and down on the other side by Indians on snow shoes. A second vessel is sent around to Van Couver's Island, where all furs from the different trading posts in British Columbia and the whole Pacific slope are gathered and shipped by this vessel direct to London.

Furs for all stations in the Ottawa River district and the lower provinces are forwarded to Montreal for shipment. After the stock is all received at the warehouses in London, the furs are sorted, baled, and numbered according to quality, species, and grade. The whole stock is then disposed of at an auction sale, this sale being attended by all the large fur dealers of the world.

The Jews from Leipsic figure largely and buy in enormous quantities. The sale usually lasts about three days, and is of such magnitude that the price of furs for the coming year throughout the world is governed by it. Mr. Cotter says that in all his twenty-seven years' experience, he has never had any serious trouble with the Indians, although he rather prefers the Esquimaux to deal with.

All Indians about the Ottawa River district where we have visited are Algonquins, but about Hudson's Bay they are called the Swampy Crees. When a young Indian starts in the hunting and trapping business, the company always trusts him with an outfit of gun, amunition, traps, and all necessary accoutrements. The guns furnished are of English make; smooth bore, carrying a large ball, and calculated more especially for use at short range.

The hunting trips taken by the Indians usually last from two to three months, when they return to the station from which they procured their outfit and dispose of their furs upon the best terms they can make. The company, having the entire monopoly, I suspect that the poor Indian must be content with pretty small prices, and must accept pretty high prices for the goods he receives in exchange. After the bargain is made, the first business of course is to pay up for the outfit, after which they receive the balance due them in goods, or else a credit from which to draw their future supplies, no ready money being required to do business at Hudson's Bay. The Indian who has made a successful hunt and a good bargain, can draw provisions enough and clothing enough so as to be able to spend a season of luxurious indolence. The lazy or unsuccessful ones must keep on hunting, or fall back upon their rich relations, for luxuries beyond fish, moose and bear meat, or walrus blubber, or if he happens to have no rich relations at a convenient distance, his wife doubtless cuts down expenses by pressing over and retrimming her last year's hat and buying unreserved seats at the opera. Oh, yes, there are lots of ways in which the faithful and devoted wife of a poor Indian can reduce expenses and keep up outside appearances with the neighbors, and allow her dear husband to stride about the wigwam with majestic indolence and a full stomach.

The company have always been very strict to see that every promise made an Indian is honorably, faithfully and certainly fulfilled, in consequence of which, although they at times establish and allow insignificant prices for their furs, the Indians are their firm friends, and never cause trouble or serious disturbance. Thus pointing out to the United States government that the red man is human, after all, and possesses but the white man's sensibilities, feelings and resentments, and that broken promises and solemn treaties means bloodshed and a standing army of Indian fighters, while a strict fulfillment and a little exercise of the golden rule, under similar circumstances, means "Peace on earth, good will towards men," quite as much in the Indian wigwam as in the white man's sanctury.

Mr. Cotter says that he believes large game and fur-bearing animals to be just as plenty at the present time through the northern part of Ontario as about Hudson's Bay. A great many furs are brought in to the company's station at Mattawa, and the stores about the village are getting in the way of buying them of the Indians. The proprietor of one little store told me that he took in over seven hundred beaver skins last winter. But to return to our party at Mattawa. The Indian (Jawbone by name) whom we were about engaging as guide being indisposed, Dorsey and Rendell took a canoe and paddled up the river about three miles, to an Indian cabin, where they engaged Jawbone's brother Alexion to start up the river with us early the next morning. In honor of the engagement he went immediately down to the village and got beastly drunk.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon in looking about the place, watching the departure of canoes up the river, etc. The last thing we heard upon retiring, was, that our "noble red man" had been pitched out of a store into the street, where he lay as inanimate as a bag of meal, but he presented himself to us next morning somewhat improved, yet we dare not risk him, so we employed another Indian (Joe), but we finally concluded to take Alexion along also, as he had the reputation of being a good guide, as soon as we could get him out of the reach of liquor.

Upon computing the days necessary to make the proposed trip up the river, it was found that two of our party had business at home, which would require their attention before the return trip could be made, so with feelings of regret that the old adage "business before pleasure," could not be reversed, they bade good bye to the comrades, and started homeward, intending to spend a few days in visiting places of intererest on the line, but it is my purpose in this letter to follow only the fortunes of the party up the river. A supply of flour and necessary provisions having been procured, a start was made in two canoes at 9:30.

Those who have never taken a canoe voyage with a drunken Indian as propeller and pilot cannot thoroughly appreciate our situation, and had we not been taught by former experience something about handling a canoe, this would have been a risky voyage. As it was we proceeded until noon without serious mishap, and by this time Alex had worked off the effects of whisky, until he seemed more like himself again.

After dinner we worked through and around a succession of falls and rapids about a mile in length. At the upper falls we found a fleet of lumbermen's boats and canoes anchored to the rocks. The men were busily unloading and portaging around. One batteaux was manned by sixteen men, and, the captain said, had on board ten tons of pork, flour and provisions. All this, of course, had to be carried around. The boat was then hauled over the falls by ropes. Above here we found smooth sailing for quite a distance, but another obstacle, worse than falls and rapids, here presented itself. Our Indians had in some way procured whisky of the lumbermen we passed, and were rapidly becoming intoxicated again. We were completely disgusted with them and would have been glad to have sold out all our "right and title" to them for a half pint of peanuts. We held a consultation, at which it was decided that we must give up our trip to Lake Temichtemung, as the river was too large, rocky and dangerous to attempt going up with drunken guides, and we knew it would be impossible to keep them sober, as we should be liable to meet lumbermen and other Indians all the way up, so we decided to strike into a small river a few miles beyond and go to Menwin Lake. We had heard much about its fine trout fishing, excellent hunting, and grand and picturesque scenery. We managed to get most of our supplies into one canoe and both Indians into the other. We then told them we proposed to "paddle our own canoe for Menwin Lake," and we should politely advise and urge them to "go to thunder," "the bottom of the river," or "anywhere else they saw fit" (such language, perhaps, is not necessary, and may seem out of place in these columns, but at the time it was made use of it seemed quite necessary and just as appropriate as a prayer at a funeral). In the mean time we informed them where they could find us if they survived this "drunk" and became sober enough to paddle on after us.

A few miles beyond we overtook a Norwegian lumberman with a drunken Indian in his canoe. The Indian would not keep still and kept upsetting the boat. They were in shallow water, so that there was no danger; but the lumberman became fearfully excited, and threatened to shoot him. At the next upset he drew his revolver and would have carried out his threat had it not been prevented by two other lumbermen. We paddled on until, just at night, we came in sight of the mouth of the river we were to go up (the river has no name as we could learn). The waters of this river fall into the Ottawa over a precipice about one hundred feet in height. The northern or eastern bank of the Ottawa from the Mattawa up is very precipitous.

A short distance above the falls a Canadian Frenchman has built a log house and small sawmill. Neither the Frenchman, his wife, nor the six men working for him could speak a word of English, nor we a word of French; but while they were trying to make out what we wanted, we drank a pan of milk which happened to be conveniently near. We stopped over night with them. The evening's entertainment consisted of pantomimes acted in three different languages. The acting was very fine and brought applause, but the audience were too stupid to understand all of it. We started again early in the morning, after hiring our landlord to haul us across a mile and a half carry, where we put into the river and went on again. At 9:30 we were surprised (I came near telling a falsehood by saying pleased) to see our two "noble red men" put in an appearance. Instead of being full of whisky now, they were full of penitence, so we received them back like "prodigal sons." We passed through two or three small lakes. Upon the shores of one of them Joe pointed out where he killed and dressed off three large moose only a short time before.

Upon halting for dinner we found that we had left on the lower carry a bag containing flour, butter and crackers, but after taking an inventory of what remained, we concluded not to go back for it, but to push on for Menwin Lake, and send the Indians back next day. The river above here is very rapid, and for a long distance the Indians waded along shore and drawed the canoes. After about three hours more of carrying, paddling and wading, we arrived at the foot of Menwin Lake. It is very beautiful, and totally unlike any lake we ever saw before. It takes upon itself the form of a devil fish, with narrow points of land running far out into the lake, and narrow arms of the lake extending far in among the dark recesses of the mountains. The shores rise abruptly, and, in some places, dark, towering cliffs, hundreds of feet above, almost overhang the water. The scenery that unfolds itself to view, as we pass point after point, is grand in the extreme. We never saw anything equal to it, and we were so wrapped in wonder that it was a long time before we discovered that our lazy Indians had taken advantage of the situation, and were moving the canoes along at only a snail's pace. The shadows on the water and a glance up-

ward told us that we must hasten, or dark night would overtake us before we could reach the camp our Indians said we would find near the upper end of the lake.

B. G. A.

OTTAWA RIVER, Ontario, Oct. 6, 1882.

BITS OF FLORIDA EXPERIENCE.

THIRD PAPER.

DEER hunting is growing poorer each year in Florida, as must naturally ensue where there is no game law. There has never been a game law there with the exception of one year, and then the natives made such complaint that it prevented them from providing themselves with fresh meat, that the Solon at Tallahassee made haste to repeal it, so it was said. I don't think the observation of the law has harmed the feelings of any native or caused any scarcity of venison in the cabin. I suppose it is true that the cow boys of the more southern counties rely greatly on venison for fresh meat, and the observation of the law might have compelled them to consume more salt pork and fish, but that would not have been great hardship. If the statute makers thought it was they might have excepted two or three counties down in the tag end of the State, where nothing grows excepting wild cattle, game and cow boys.

Deer and turkeys are shot in almost any month of the year, the former certainly are every month, and the latter would be if they could be found during nesting season, but then they retire into impassable swamps. Dogs will find deer at any time. Turkeys are of not so much importance to the native. I know of one hunter in Orange county who is in the woods four-fifths of the time. He hunts with dogs and kills more deer than any other man in the county. He is not such a wonderful shot, and wounds more than he kills, but being out all the time, and knowing all about the deer, he kills great numbers. He spoils the hunting for any one else. Such as he are ruining the sport in Florida. I saw him coming in from a two days' trip last winter with four deer. He said he got seventeen shots. He and all natives believe implicitly in the moon business, that deer and fish feed four times in twenty-four hours, viz., "moon up, moon down, and south moon above and below," as they express it. Deer in that State are considerably smaller than at the North, as are quail and gray squirrels. The rutting season begins in November. I have found bucks so tired after their all night's run that they had dropped down in the open pine woods within five minutes' walk of my house.

In September the black-jack acorns are ripe and begin to fall from the trees. Then the deer leave the hamaks at night and resort to the pine woods, in which, singly or in greater numbers, black-jacks are found, and wander all night in search for acorns, returning at daybreak to the deeper solitudes of the hamaks. At such times, in the dark of the moon, I had sport fire hunting. Some years elapsed after I went to that State before I learned to enjoy it. I knew of neighbors going out with fire-pan and "light-wood" knots and tramping half the night through; but I could see no sport in it. I didn't fan y carrying a gun, fire-pan, hatchet, and light'd knots, wandering around in the darkness and stumbling over logs and running the risk of stirring up some rattler. But, in some way, my attention was called to the Boudren lamp, and I procured one. The only way I could use it was on my shoulder. I put three pieces of wood together in form of a windlass handle, the longest arm down my left breast and passing through a loop in a leather belt, the next longest arm resting on my shoulder, and a short upright supporting, in a socket, the lamp; a small strap passing over the long arm, right shoulder, and under left arm, kept the apparatus in position. By turning the face of the lamp to the left of front a certain distance, it shone just where I aimed when my gun came up. I well remember the first night I used the lamp. I had never shot a deer by firelight, though I had been out with those who had, and had been told how it was done. I took the lamp, adjusted it on my shoulder, and jokingly told my wife I was going for venison. I was nearer right than I dreamed, for in three-quarters of an hour I had a fine doe on the kitchen porch. I found her feeding, and walking up until I "parted" her eyes, I drove eight buckshot out of the load of twelve through her chest at about forty yards. She was dead when I reached her. I shot a Parker, 12-32-8½, the finest shooter of all sizes of shot I ever handled, and which would put eight out of twelve buckshot into a two-foot square at fifty yards every load with either barrel. If American guns were only as thoroughly tested at the factory as English, what a fine thing it would be; but until they are, American makers cannot hope to compete with reliable English in dealing with sportsmen who value their lives. All guns should have such stamps as would be a guaranty of safety to the purchaser.

After I had indulged some time in fire hunting, I grew to be very fond of it. There was something fascinating in roaming the silent woods with only trees and stars for company. I enjoyed the pleasant voices of the night, excepting when on divers times a pair of huge owls opened their unearthly racket above my head very unexpectedly. It was not the common "Hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-a-h," but a series of demoniac and blood-curdling laughs and cat calls which caused chills to chase up and down my back, and my hair to rise for a brief season.

One night, when the wind was right, I had perched myself in a leaning black oak near a bay from which deer nightly emerged, coming from the flat woods beyond out on to the pine hills. The moon was nearly full. A light breeze came from the flat woods. The sky was perfectly clear, and the night was just comfortable. I had sat there watching for deer, straining my ears for the slightest sound, for two hours. I heard foxes bark, the odoriferous perfume of a skunk permeated the chambers of my nostrils, the ubiquitous mosquito heeded not the oil and carbolic acid with which I had anointed me the frogs croaked in the bay, and a 'possum wandered past in search for supper.

As the dew fell and the shadows from the pines lengthened, an owl, with stealthy flight, came and perched on a pine above and in front of me. Another took position on a tree to my left. I could see the one in front turning his head and endeavoring to make out what there was in the oak that never had been there before. He stepped along on the limb, reached down as far as he could, cocked his head this way and that, but he couldn't make it out. Then he asked his partner what his opinion was, and he got it straight. She abused me in the most shameless manner. She scolded and cat-called, and hooted and gave vent to her feelings most abominably. Then she flew over to her old man and they gave me a duett in some key, fortissimo, and when they had exhausted their repertoire, which took some time, and scared all the deer out of the neighborhood, they flew off some distance and da-capoed. I descended and repaired to my welcome couch sans deer.

There were a few old bucks in the neighborhood that had been fire-hunted until they knew all about it. You might catch the gleam of their eyes once and then they bade you good night with a succession of snorts that were ludicrous and tantalizing. Occasionally they would stop after a few bounds and give you their eyes, but if you followed they stopped no more.

I went out one night, taking my woolen and rubber blankets, for the deer varied their hours for leaving the hamak, and I thought I would camp with them one night, taking a round at intervals. I deposited my blankets at the foot of a leaning oak, whose branches protected from the dew, and hunted until half past eleven o'clock. Not a shine. I laid down, put out my lamp, covered myself and was soon asleep. During my sleep I turned over, and was awakened by a loud snort; I was wide awake enough instantly, but the blanket was over my head, the lamp out and the night pitch dark. I knew I could not get a shot at the old buck, so I laid quietly. Soon I moved a little; snort, snort, snort again, with a bound or two. I could see the old fellow as plainly as though it had been daylight, standing there gazing with mingled fear, consternation and curiosity at that bundle on the ground. I threw off the blanket suddenly, and sat up. If ever a deer was astonished, I suspect it was that one, and the way he blew his trumpet and left there was funny enough.

Suppose we take a fire hunt some night and learn something of it by experience. We will wait until the moon rises; about eleven o'clock, as that gives the deer time to feed along through the flat woods and get out on the pine hills by nine. At eight we get out the gun, lamp and cartridges and get ready. I discarded the Boudren lamp and got a Ferguson, which is much lighter, weighing but a pound, and burning a mixture of kerosene and lard oil, which is far better than pure kerosene, which is liable to go out if one stumbles.

We don our rig, put shells in our vest pockets, where we can handle them quickly, see that our knife is sharp, that our match box is well filled, and leaving the house, pass through the orange grove, and thence into the woods. It is a calm, star-lit night; there is just a breath of air from the east, so we make quite a detour to get to the proper place to hunt up wind.

As we go we must choose some object to aim at until we get the lamp in position to shine just where we want it when the gun comes up. We keep our course by the north star or Pleiades, and passing through a piece of open pine woods reach a bay which we skirt until a road is crossed, when we turn square east and pay strict attention to business. Deer feed here and it is about time they were somewhere around. As we walk slowly along avoiding making a noise and keeping the light turning from side to side so as to cover as great space as possible. Suddenly a covey of quail spring from under our very feet and whir away into the darknes . Our hearts go pit-a-pat for a moment and a chilly sensation pervades us, so totally unexpectedly does it happen. The air is damp and chill from the flat woods and bays, and laden with the odor of the fragrant deer tongue. A steamer puffs on the distant St. Johns and some belated travelers chatting pass on a neighboring road. A couple of sparks on the ground at a little distance attract attention and you walk up to find a 'possum sitting gazing curiously at the light, grinning with wide open mouth. He is knocked on the head with a light-wood knot and left, probably to crawl off in a few moments. An occasional bird frightened from its retreat on the ground flutters aimlessly away upward. Or it may be that a 'coon out foraging sees the light on the border of a bay and paces away with a squealing whine that is laughable.

But, hold! There are eyes near the ground. Don't you see? There, under that oak. There are more and more. Can it be deer? Of course not, for you observe the eyes shine white and are too far apart. You see also the horns, don't you? They are cows, lying down, and at our approach rise, gaze wonderingly and hasten away. A cow's horns can generally be seen as soon as the eyes.

We come now to a scrub where I have frequently found deer.

Look sharp now as we pass a thicket of turkey oak.

There! Didn't I seem a gleam yonder as of a live coal, a single spark?

No! I was mistaken; the imagination sometimes plays pranks at such times. But, yes! I do see it. It's a deer. Yonder! Look! Now it moves a few steps as if suspicious. Now it is stationary again. It resembles a single live coal glowing amid the darkness, and is about a hundred yards distant.

Your gun is cocked at once, and keeping your light steadily fixed on that coal, you walk stealthily, steadily, straight toward it. Twenty paces are covered. The coal elongates into a bar of light. A few more paces and the bar divides, and two coals appear close together. At from forty to fifty paces the coals are just far enough apart to cover a deer's eyes. There stands the deer with glowing orbs gazing straight at you, and there is not a second to lose, for he will be off in a moment; but don't be hasty. Draw your gun swiftly but firmly to your shoulder, cover the eyes, drop a little so as to see the eyes plainly, and pull.

The report reverberates through the woods; the smoke hangs in a cloud, and you listen with all your ears, slipping a fresh cartridge in. No sound. The light is turned a moment to see if eyes can be found in the vicinity, and then you walk up to where the deer stood. What is that light object yonder? Can it be; it is, as sure as guns, a deer. There he lies, a fine buck stretched out, with his head thrown back and eyes glazed already.

Do you feel a bit proud, and do you wonder what the folks will say in the morning when you suggest that broiled venison would be about the thing?

Sometimes the deer is wounded, and goes off on two legs and two stumps, as did a buck I shot one morning just before day-break. But I got between him and the hamak, and waiting until light I went back, jumped him from his cover in the edge of a pond and grassed him.

I have shot them and had them go away without sign, when I was sure I struck them, and next morning find them not far away dead. Occasionally on a long stroll a person gets lost, but that is no hardship where the weather is not severe and light wood is plentiful. It rather adds to the sport to camp impromptu in the midst of game. S.

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

FROM OBSERVATIONS COLLATED BY W. W. COOKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following notes on the birds of the Mississippi Valley were sent me by different observers in answer to a letter asking them to send a list of winter residents and date of first arrival of migrants last spring. These notes are from twelve stations, all in the Mississippi Valley. As many more promised to contribute, but after sending a little found they could not spare the time necessary and stopped, while the notes of one more observer, Mr. Widmann, have already been published in FOREST AND STREAM.

It was not expected that much would be done the first year; in fact, the number of notes received is greater than I looked for. Still the work has not been without value, and I think each observer is better prepared by this summer's work to give a fuller record next spring.

I did not commence the work early enough last spring. The birds were already on the move before the records were commenced. I should like to have next year's work commenced now, and trace the birds into their winter quarters, keep watch of them while there, and note the first signs of migration next spring. In this work a great deal can be done by one person, as will be seen by Mr. Widmann's notes, which I consider the perfection of "spring notes." How much more could be accomplished, and how much more valuable the records would be, if we could have, all over this great Valley of the Interior, a half hundred or more ornithologists continually watching the movements of our birds.

I should like to hear by postal from anyone in the Mississippi valley who is willing to aid in the work this winter and next spring. Even if they have not time to be on the lookout for the rarer birds, yet all can note the movements of our common birds, the study of whose doings will serve as a foundation for more intelligent study of the other species.

In tabulating the notes, I have given each station a number, as follows: Station No. 1. (1) is at Fayetteville, Ark., and the observer Prof. F. L. Harvey; (2) is Kansas City, Mo., Geo. E. Stillwell; (3) is Manhattan, Kan., C. P. Blachly; (4) is Luter, Morgan co., Ill., Dr. S. Griffin; (5) is Petersburg, Ill., E. H. Hamilton; (6) is Carthage, Ill., W. S. Baker; (7) is Vesta, Neb., H. A. Kline; (8) is Grinnell, Ia., L. Jones; (9) is Ames, Ia., Prof. F. E. L. Beal; (10) is Racine, Wis., Dr. P. R. Hoy; (11) is Minneapolis, Minn., J. Roberts; (12) is White Earth, Becker co., Minn., W. W. Cooke. The following abbreviations have been used: R., resident; W. R., winter resident; W. S., winter sojourner; N. N., numerous and noisy. Where a date alone is given it means the first time the bird was observed at that station; thus wood thrush (2) 3, 13, means that Mr. Stillwell saw the wood thrush for the first time March 13.

Hoping that this our attempt to enlarge our knowledge of the interesting subject of migration will find favor in the eyes of brother ornithologists, I remain yours respectfully,

W. W. COOKE.

JEFFERSON, Wis., Oct. 15, 1882.

Hylocichla mustelina—Wood Thrush.—(3) 3, 18; (3) 5, 1; (9) 5, 18; (11) 4, 7; (12) 5, 21.

Hylocichla fuscescens—Wilson's Thrush.—(12) 5, 20.

Hylocichla alicia—Gray-Cheeked Thrush.—(12) 5, 19.

Hylocichla ustulata swainsoni—Olive-Backed Thrush.—(12) 5, 19.

Hylocichla unalascæ pallasi—Hermit Thrush.—(4) 5, 14; (12) 5, 21.

Merula migratoria—Robin.—(1) W. R. in open winters; (2) 3, 1; (3) R., 2, 28, more plentiful and singing cheerfully; (4) 2, 1-6, nesting 4, 23; nearly full feathered 5, 7; (5) 2, 20; (6) 3, 10; (7) 3, 18, becoming plentiful; (8) 3, 1; (9) 3, 16, a few nearly every winter; (10) 2, 13; (11) 4, 1, building 5, 9; (12) 4, 2, eggs 5, 22.

Mimus polyglottus—Mocking Bird.—(3) 2, 28, nesting 5, 4; (4) 4, 27.

Galeoscoptis carolinensis—Catbird.—(2) 4, 26; (3) 5, 4, nesting; (4) 4, 27; (6) 4, 25; (9) 5, 6; (12) 5, 11, eggs 6, 10.

Harporhynchus rufus—Brown Thrasher.—(1) 3, 17; (2) 3, 13; (3) 4, 7; (4) 3, 27, nearly full feathered 5, 7; (5) 3, 28; (6) 4, 4; (9) 4, 19; (10) 4, 19; (11) 4, 16; (12) 4, 16, eggs 5, 22.

Sialia sialis—Bluebird.—(1) W. R.; (2) W. R., flocks from the South 3, 25; (3) R., by 2, 28 has become more plentiful and singing cheerfully; 3, 3, common and preparing to pair; (4) 2, 1-6, nearly full feathered 5, 7; (5) 2, 20; (6) 3, 22; (7) 3, 18, becoming plentiful; (8) 3, 1; (9) 3, 9, a few; (10) 2, 14; (11) 3, 31, building 5, 1; (12 5, 13.

Sialia mexicana—Californian Bluebird.—(3) 5, 4, nesting.

Polioptila cærulea—Bluegray Gnatcatcher.—(2) 4, 31; (3) 4, 12; (6) 4, 7.

Regulus calendula—Ruby-Crowned Kinglet.—(3) 4, 19; (4) 3, 21, N. N. 4, 13; (11) 4, 3; (12) 5, 5, 1881.

Regulus satrapa—Golden-Crowned Kinglet.—(9) 4, 29.

Lophophanus bicolor—Tufted Titmouse.—(3) 3, 16, saw a pair; (4) W. R.

Parus atricapillus—Black-Capped Chickadee.—Resident at all stations; (3) young 5.

Parus hudsonicus—Hudsonian Chickadee.—(10) W. R. rare.

Sitta carolinensis—White-Bellied Nuthatch.—Resident at all stations; (9) nearly gone 4, 20.

Sitta canadensis—Red-Bellied Nuthatch.—(4) W. R.; (11) R., not common in winter; (12) have never seen the bird in winter, but have good authority for saying that a few remain.

Certhia familiaris rufa—Brown Creeper.—(2) W. R.; (3) seen 3, 15; (4) 4, 13; W. R. nearly gone 4, 20; (11) remains in mild winters 4, 1, 1881; (12) 4, 20, 1881.

Thryothorus ludovicianus—Carolina Wren.—(3) 5, 26.

Troglodytes aedon—House Wren.—(2) 3, 25; (3) 4, 17; (4) 4, 15; (8) 4, 30; (9) 5, 4; (12) 5, 11.

Troglodytes aedon parkmanni—Western House Wren.—(2) 3, 25.

Anorthura troglodytes hyemalis—Winter Wren.—(4) 3, 31; (12) 5, 11.

Telmatodytes palustris—Long-Billed Marsh Wren.—(3) 5, 26; (12) 5, 14.

Anthus ludovicianus—American Titlark.—(3) 3, 3; (4) 3, 19;

Acocorys Sprague—Sprague's Titlark.—(2) 3, 20.

Mniotilta varia—Black and White Creeper.—(3) 4, 21; (6) 4, 24; (9) 5, 21; (11) 5, 11; (12) 5, 3, 1881.

Protonotaria citrea—Prothonotary Warbler.—(3) 5, 5, nest 5, eggs 6, 9.

Helminthophaga ruficapilla—Nashville Warbler.—(12) 5, 28.

Helminthophaga peregrina—Tennessee Warbler.—(12) 5, 22.

Helminthophaga celata—Orange-Crowned Warbler.—(3) 4, 27, abundant 5. 1; (12) 5, 14.

Dendroica æstiva—Summer Yellow Bird.—(3) 4, 22; (9) 5, 5; (11) 5, 9; (12) 5, 14; N. N., 5, 17, eggs 6. 9.

Setophaga ruticilla—Redstark.—(3) 4, 27; (9) 5, 10; (11) 5, 11; (12) 5, 23; N. N. 5, 27.

Dendroica cærulescens—Black-Throated Blue Warbler.—12) 5, 16, 1881.

Dendroica coronata—Yellow-Rump Warbler.—(3) 4, 17; (6) 4, 26 to 5, 3; (11) 4, 4; (12) 4, 17.

Dendroica blackburniæ—Blackburnian Warbler.—(11) 5, 8; (12) 5, 24.

Dendroica striata—Black-Poll Warbler.—(11) 5, 8; (12) 5, 24.

Dendroica pennsylvanica—Chestnut-Sided Warbler.—(6) 4, 26 to 5, 3; (11) 5, 11; 5, 24.

Dendroica maculosa—Black and Yellow Warbler.—(12) 5, 9, 1881.

Dendroica palmarum—Red-Poll Warbler.—(6) 4, 26 to 5, 2; (11) 5, 4; (12) 5, 3.

Siurus auricapillus—Golden-Crowned Thrush.—(11) 5, 6; (12) 5, 18.

Siurus motacilla—Large-Billed Water Thrush.—(3) 4, 21, again 4, 24.

Siurus nævius—Small-Billed Water Thrush.—(12) 5, 20.

Oporornis formosa—Kentucky Warbler.—(3) 5, 4.

Geothlypis trichas—Maryland Yellow Throat.—(3) 5, 1; (12) 5, 23.

Icteria virens—Yellow-Breasted Chat.—(3) nesting 5, 22, full 5, 3; (4) 5, 17.

Myiodioctes pusillus—Black-Capped Yellow Warbler.—(11) 5, 7; (12) 5, 14.

Vireosylvia olivacea—Red-Eyed Vireo.—(12) 5, 24.

Vireosylvia gilva—Warbling Vireo.—(3) 4, 27.

Lanivireo flavifrons—Yellow-Throated Vireo.—(3) 5, 4; (12) 5, 30.

Vireo noveboracensis—White-Eyed Vireo.—(3) 5, 6; (12) 5, 24.

Vireo belli—Bell's Vireo.—(3) 5, 2.

Lanius borealis—Great Northern Shrike.—(1) W. R. scarce; (3) W. S.; (9) W. R.; (10) W. R.; (11) found in mild winters, 4, 2; (12) W. R. in thick wooded swamps. First seen on prairie, 4, 21.

Lanius ludovicianus—Logger-Headed Shrike.—(2) W. R.; (6) 3, 26, N. N. 4, 4.

Ampelis garrulus—Northern Waxwing.—(3) W. S.; (4) W. S. rather rare; (9) The Bohemian visits this locality in abundance about once in five or six years. The last time in '79-80; (10) W. R. abundant; (11) W. R.; (12) W. R. seen 2, 14.

Ampelis cedrorum—Cedar Waxwing.—(2) W. R., collected in flocks and moved north Feb. 21-24; (3) 5, 26; (4) W. R., flocks came the first week in February; (9) W. R., one flock '80-81 on authority of a taxidermist of Boone; (11) 2, 7; (12) 5, 24.

Progne subis—Purple Martin.—(1) 3, 4; (2) 3, 6; (3) 3, 17; 4) 3, 9, N. N., 3, 15; (5) 3, 30; (6) 4, 2; (9) 4, 3; (10) 4, 26; (12) 4, 19.

Petrochelidon lunifrons—Cliff Swallow.—(3) nesting 5, 26; (9) 4, 20; (12) 4, 26.

Hirundo erythrogastra—Barn Swallow (4) 4, 20; (10) 4, 17; (12) have not seen one during three years residence.

Tachycineta bicolor—White-Bellied Swallow.—(3) 5, 6; (4) 5, 5; (11) 4, 29.

Cotile riparia—Bank Swallow.—(2) 3, 24; (9) 5, 20; (12) 4, 26.

Stelgidopteryx serripennis—Rough-Winged Swallow.—(11) 5, 7.

Pyranga rubra—Scarlet Tanager.—(2) 4, 10; (3) 5, 5; (4) 4, 24; (12) 5, 21, 1881 almost rare.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

PINE GROSBEAKS IN CONFINEMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The extremely interesting biography of the pine grosbeak (*Platycola enucleator*) which appears in your issue of Nov. 2, calls to mind a delightful article on this species in captivity, which you published, I think, during the winter of 1880. My file of FOREST AND STREAM is incomplete, so that I cannot give the exact date. Can you not republish that sketch and thus confer a favor on an ORNITHOLOGIST.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov 4., 1882.

The sketch alluded to was published in our issue of March 18, 1880, and was as follows:

Yesterday I saw three of these beautiful birds industriously picking up their dinner in a patch of weeds. They were quite tame, and I drove within twenty feet of them, and paused quite a while to observe and admire them, as they are old friends of mine. Four years ago they were quite plenty in this vicinity, and a large flock of them came regularly every morning to feast upon some frozen apples that hung on a tree within ten feet of my window. They were very tame, and sang so sweetly that I determined to capture some of them if possible. Fixing a slipnoose upon the end of a fishpole I succeeded in roping in a pair of them; the male was a young one, and the female I judged to be two or three years old. There was an old male in the flock, gorgeous with his beautiful scarlet plumage, that I tried very hard to capture; but he was too wary for me. I got the noose over his head several times, but he would twist out of it with scarcely an effort, and never move from his perch nor cease his cheerful song. He always appeared glad to see me, and to be quite interested in my experiments; he would nod and wink at me in the most knowing manner in the world, but, in spite of my best efforts, he preserved his liberty, and after a few days I saw him no more.

The pair that I had captured I placed in a large breeding cage that was about three feet square. They did not appear to be at all alarmed, but took kindly to their new home and at once commenced eating, and in less than an hour they were twittering and singing, happy and contented. For many weeks they appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and became so tame that when I let them out in the room they would fearlessly alight upon my head or shoulder and feed from my hand. I never saw such beautiful feathered pets; they kept almost a constant song from an early dawn until every one in the house had retired for the night. Their song was not loud, but very sweet and musical.

We were all very happy in their companionship until, alas! one fatal day, inspired by my evil genius, I brought home a newly made kingbird's nest and carefully placed it in one corner of their cage, and all of us gathered around to see what they would do. The male did not pay much attention to it, but after a cursory glance settled down on his perch and resumed his song. The female from the first appeared to be very much interested; her eyes glistened, and her head kept bobbing and turning, and as soon as the nest was in place she hopped up and perched upon its edge and critically examined every portion of it. She appeared very much pleased, and with a low expressive chirp alighted upon the perch, and with many knowing nods and smirks and pretty little ruffling of her feathers, she sidled up to her companion, all the while talking and crooning in her most silvery accents, and throwing her wing over him lovingly nestled close to his side, and in dulcet tones, with drooping head was sweetly murmuring the "old, old story," when he—the heartless brute—awkwardly backed out from her loving embrace, and nonchalantly walking over to the feed dish commenced eating. With a plaintive chirp she followed him up and ardently pressed her suit, but when she approached him he would retreat, and after several trials with no better result, he took refuge in one corner behind the bath dish. Then, with a despairing glance at the loved nest overhead, with each particular feather standing on end, and with a harsh, discordant croak that plainly said r-r-r-evenge, she went for him tooth and nail, and whacked and banged him round until, fearing for his life, I interfered and made her desist. No sooner did I take my hand from the cage than this incarnate fury pitched into him again, and I was obliged to separate them.

After a week of solitary confinement, during which neither of them uttered a single note of song, I returned him to the cage with her. No sooner had I shut the door than, with dilated eyes and open mouth, this virago went for him again and knocked him clear across the cage. I picked up a little stick and struck her two or three times and made her leave him. He had been very meek and forbearing up to this time, not making the least show of resistance; but no sooner did he see the effect of my punishment upon her than he boldly asserted his manhood and bravely sailed in and gave her a thrashing that completely subdued her.

There was no quarreling after this. She sulked and moped in her corner, refusing food and drink, and a few days after we found her dead, a victim of blighted affection. After she was gone a change came over the male; he uttered no sound save a mournful chirp, and appeared to miss his companion sadly. He gradually pined away, and in less than two weeks we "laid him gently by her side." I do not propose to adorn my simple tale with a moral, but cannot forbear expressing the hope, dear reader, that neither your end nor mine may be like this. SHADOW.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 15.

BREEDING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Boiling Springs, Pa., Nov. 3.—I have read the articles in your paper in regard to breeding quail in confinement, and I would like to tell you what we are doing in this part of the world toward it. Mr. Jacob Spath had a cock and two hen birds confined in a room about ten feet square, and raised from twenty-four eggs four birds that are now as tame as chickens. He believes that the reason he did not raise more was that both hens occupied the same nest and were often fighting each other. He fed them nothing but screenings. Next year he intends to raise them on a larger scale; he is going to raise their nests off of the ground, as in confinement the birds fly up. I think this will demonstrate that quail can be bred in confinement.—ED. STAYMAN.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

A MOOSE MONOLOGUE.

AS I take great pleasure in reading hunting and fishing excursions in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the old proverb is that example is better than precept, I now put in my paddle, since it is not fair to sit in the bow and shoot all the time (no genuine practical hunter use oars).

About ten years ago I was lumbering in the forest of Nova Scotia in company with John Harlow and Wm. H. Mayo on Bear River, which empties into Digby Basin, on the opposite side of Bay of Fundy from St. Johns, N. B. Bear River village is about four miles up the river. They have a custom house there, also a custom house officer, with a head clerk, and a clerk's devil, or, as they call him, "tide waiter." The principal business of these three for a week after I arrived with my canvas canoe was to find out what the duty on that craft would be. But finally, after sending to Col. Veats, in Digby, some ten miles away, they came to the conclusion it would only be two dollars and fifty cents, as I had lived there as a neighbor five years.

The height of my ambition had always been a moose hunt in September. The method of calling moose is as follows: Find an open, dry bog back in the forest some fifteen miles from any settlers. Make a horn of birch bark similar to an old-fashion tin dinner horn, and then just at dark sit down in the middle of the bog (it wants two hunters to be successful), then take your bark horn and imitate the noise made by a cow moose, and if there is a moose within hearing of the horn he will come out on the bog. The first full moon in September is the best and only time in the year to hunt with the horn. By listening to the advice of John Harlow I missed two falls, by being too late. There was always "some business to do this week; but next week we will go," was his cry. I had determined not to be late on this occasion, so I said, "John, are you ready to go moose hunting with me next Monday."

"No, Hi, I cannot go Monday, but if you will wait until Wednesday I will go then. I have some work to do on Copland's house; shall get it done by Wednesday."

"Now, John Harlow, that was just the way last year, and you know how we tramped around in them wet bogs with cloudy sky; wind blowed all night, and we did not get any moose meat. You cannot play that on me this year. If you can't go Monday, I will try Obediah Parker."

"How are you, Obediah, what are you doing down under this old sawmill? Hallo, Thomas Sparr, you here, too? I suppose you are learning the millwright's trade with Obediah? I say, I am going after a moose Monday, and Harlow cannot go, and I want one of you to go."

"Well, Hiram, we both want to go, but Franklin Rice would not let us leave this mill all tore to pieces; anyhow, if the water should rise in the river it would take the dam away, so we cannot go."

"Tom Sparr, do you know where John Iles is? I am going to try him; I guess he will go."

"Hiram, if I could not get anybody but Iles, I would stay at home."

"I want you to understand I am going Monday if I live and have to go alone, and without any gun, axe or knife; yes, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Iles; how is it, are you troubled with the moose fever this fall?"

"Wal, yes; I should like to call up another moose about like the one Jim Morehouse and I got last fall."

"Mr. Iles, I come over to see if you would go with me next Monday. I am going back to the old moose ground by the way of Uncle Joe Clark's."

"Where is Harlow that he don't go?"

"Oh, he cannot go until Wednesday, and I told him I would not put it off one day longer."

"Wal, Mr. Mayo, I can't go Monday, but I will go Tuesday. Old Uncle Billy Harris wanted me to go with him next week. He says if he could kill one more moose, he would be satisfied; you know old 'Squire Billy Harris, he is about seventy."

"Yes, I know him, but I never went with a crowd and got any game yet; so I will go home and take my choreboy, Bill, about fifteen years old, to carry the axe, and we will go on our own hook. Yes, sir."

"Mary, I have been the rounds, trying to get somebody to go moose hunting with me Monday, and everybody is busy; so I am going to take little Bill Iles to carry an axe, and go alone. Bill, where is my light axe? I want you to go over to Harden Chute's store and get me one and a half pounds of powder and a box of waterproof caps, while I take old Sweepstakes apart and clean her. Come, come; if I am going to paddle this canoe, just part your hair on the other side or keep that tobacco on the other side of your mouth, because it steers hard when you are over on one side; so keep still, and we shall find game a little further up the stream. Patience is everything, especially when you get into a place that is so lonesome it makes you think it was the last place ever made on earth; then is the time an old hunter keeps his eyes and ears open for large game.

"Bill, Bill! Hullo, Bill! Come, it is daylight. Get up and put on the teakettle. I want to get out to Joe Clark's by seven o'clock, and we have got to pack a week's grub, a hunk of pork, four loaves of bread, a little tea tied up in a red flannel bag, corned beef, salt tied up in a rag, brown sugar in a tomato can, mustard-box full of butter, blacking-box full of angle-worms, frying-pan, a three-quart pail, belt and sheath knife, two tin dippers, two army blankets, one axe and gun. "And we started up the river on foot by Frank-Rice's Mill to the road that leads to Clark's. This was Bill's first moose hunt, and we felt gay that morning, especially Bill. We passed Clark's about eight o'clock in the morning. Uncle Joe came out and says: "Good morning. I suppose you are going for a moose?" and Bill spoke up and said that was the calculation, which made Uncle Joe laugh outright, and then wished us good luck and a big moose. Then we took the Maitland road, which is an old road that was cut by the Government years ago to Maitland, a back settlement of the south shore of Nova Scotia. We followed this road until we struck the west branch of the South Stillwater, then followed up the stream to three small lakes, which we found when surveying and named Faith, Hope and Charity, for the greatest of these is Charity.

We found an open meadow near the stream where the high water had killed the growth and everything was dry stubs, limbs and dry underbrush. I told Bill I guessed we would call here to-night; so we went in onto the high land, built a fire, made tea, toasted some bread on a long stick and ate supper. Bill said that was as good a supper as he wanted. I comprehended his talk thoroughly, because I had been in the woods before. It will give a person an appetite to travel in the woods all day, like a goat, and they will eat anything. "Now, Bill, while I am making a moose horn, you gather some dry wood, for we must go out on the bog in about an hour, and when we come back in the morning we shall want breakfast without much work. I guess it is going to be a good night for calling; the wind is going down with the sun, and there will be a heavy frost to-night. Bill, you fill that pail full of water to carry out on the bog, while I cut a little spruce tree to stick up for us to sit under, so when the moose comes, he will see the bush and will not see us. Come, it is time we was out there; you take the two blankets and water, I will take the axe, and rifle, and horn. Now, Bill, I want you to keep under them blankets and not make one mite of noise if a moose comes. Now, I will try the horn: *Wough! wough! w-o-u-g-h.* Eight o'clock and not a sound from any quarter; I will try again: *Wough! wough! wough!* No moose here, Bill.

"I guess we are not far enough back in the forest. Newell's Bog is a good place. There! did you hear that, what was it? It was a dry limb cracked, there it is again; it is a young moose; he is shy; he will not come out in sight. I can always tell those young fellows. He will keep within hearing all night. Now, I will try the horn again: *Wough! wough! wough! wough!* There, there is one coming.

"*Hoo! hoo! hoo-ah!* That is an owl; they are the biggest nuisance I know of when a fellow is calling moose. We might as well get under the blankets as to try any more; that devilish owl will keep up his noise as long as we use the horn. *Hoo! hoo! hoo-ah!* There he is again; I am going to take a nap. Good night, Bill, if a bear takes you in the night while I am asleep, you sing out."

"You bet I will; say, is there bears around here?"

"Yes, any amount of them, John Iles and I killed an old buster not five miles from here."

"Do you suppose they will come after us to-night?"

"Oh, shut up your hash-trap, I was almost asleep then; you go to sleep, I will look out for all the bears, as long as I have old Sweepstakes by my side.

"It is ten o'clock; I must have a nap. Come Bill, turn out and let us go in on the high land and get breakfast. I have been up more than an hour cruising around the head of the bog looking for game. I found that moose track that broke the dry limbs last night. He was about a three-year-old. After we get through breakfast and the sun takes the dew off the grass we will go over to the head of the east branch, called the Mississippi. I know of a big meadow there and we will take things easy, catch some trout, and get all ready for fun to-night. Bill, where is that blacking box of angle worms; I am going to try for some trout. Oh what a big one, did you see that? Give me another worm. There, that is some, lad, he is as much as fourteen inches long. How many of them can you get away with at one meal, Bill?"

"About three, I guess."

"All right, here is another one. I suppose some of them Boston fellows with their split bamboo $30 fish pole would laugh at us catching trout with an alder pole six feet long with worms for bait. But I tell you, Bill, them city chaps are splendid fishermen while they are tipped back in their chairs smoking a segar in the club house. If they can get any more fins, feathers or fur, especially if the fur is moose fur, they have got to stop on a bog all night, and don't you forget it. How many trout have we got?"

"I have dressed seven and there are four more."

"All right, and here comes another one. Bill, build a fire right here, and we will have a frying pan of them speckled beauties for dinner. I wish I could holler loud enough to make my brother Hod hear, I would tell him I was eating trout. He lives in Lynn, Mass. He is an awful lad with a fish pole. I have known him to wade all day and fish and not get a bite, go home all tuckered out and dream of big pickerel, and pull out the next day, gritty as a chaw of tobacco rolled in the sand, for another wade around the same lake. My pluck don't hang on under such circumstances. Come, Bill, there is two more for you to eat and you are done. All right, pack them up; we shall find use for them. I like cold trout. Now we will go over to the meadow. It is most four o'clock. By the time we get tea it will be time to call. I guess we will have better luck than we did last night.

"Come, Bill, hurry up and get that tin pail full of water and I will cut a bush; now, step in my track. Here is a good place; I will stick the bush in this knoll. The wind is all died down, and it is one of the nights made on purpose for calling moose. Now, Bill, if you hear anything don't sing out loud the way you did last night. *Wough! wough! wough!* Now listen: *Hoo! hoo! hoohoooh!* There is another devilish owl. They say everything is made for the best; I should like to know what they are good for. I tried to eat one once with little Jim Muse, when we were over on Tusket River exploring, and he was a little the toughest eating I ever experienced. Wal, here is a try again. This horn does not exactly suit me: *Wough! wough! wough!* Now listen: *Hoo! hoo! hoohoohaa!* I will kill every owl I see after this. No moose to-night, Bill. There is a little air drawing to the west, and that is bad; a moose goes to leeward if he had to travel forty miles and swim across the Atlantic Ocean. I have had that game played on me more than once. I guess we will go into the woods on that spruce knoll and build up a fire and have a regular old-fashioned smoke. I guess we will go over to the Northeast Stillwater to morrow night. I am going to sleep and not get up to-morrow morning until the sun has taken all the dew off the grass."

"Come, Mr. Mayo, ain't you going to get up? Breakfast is ready." My gracious, it is seven o'clock; I don't wonder I slept sound, it is the first nap I have had since I left Bear River Bridge, with both eyes shut. Bill, what have you got for breakfast?

"Pilot bread, tea, trout, butter, sugar, candles and soap."

"I shouldn't think by the looks of your face you had soap for breakfast."

"I haven't been to breakfast yet."

"I thought you had, Bill; I saw you chewing something."

"That was tobacco."

"You do beat the devil; a boy fifteen years old and your hash-trap full of tobacco before breakfast. Well, Bill, I am going where there is moose tracks before I settle down to call another night. We will go back to the Mississippi and follow the Maitland road east, then strike for the old burnt land. I can see the Stillwater."

"Are you going to catch some more trout?"

"I guess not; we shall not want any heavier load to carry. "Just look here, Bill. Who has been along here in the grass? I will bet it is John Iles and old 'Squire Billy Harris. Iles told me old Mr. Harris wanted him to go with him. It looks as though six or eight men had gone up the meadow. I am getting all wet with the dew on the bushes and grass. I guess we had better stop here and wait about an hour until the sun dries the grass. Hark! hark! What is that noise? Listen. It sounds like some one getting into a boat with oars. I will bet it is old man Harris and his crew that made the tracks we saw up the meadow. Let us go down to that little cove and look across to the landing place and see who it can be. Now, Bill, step in my tracks and we will go easy. Just look. There is Iles, old man Harris, Bill Henshaw, and five or six more. Just wait a minute until I untie my moose horn from my belt, and I will make Iles think there is a moose out here sure. *Bugh! bugh! bugh!* Just look. Iles has grabbed his gun and is getting out of the boat. *Bugh! bugh! bugh!* He has taken off his shoes and is making motions to the rest of his crew to keep still and not get out of the boat. See him creep along on the rocks snug down to the water. I guess it won't do to let him come any further; he might shoot one of us; so I will sing out at him. "Don't you shoot this way, you old seed you. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I thought you was an old moose hunter, John. I did not suppose a green-horn like me could fool an old moose caller. Hullo, boys. How do you do, Mr. Harris? Where are you all going?"

"We are bound home. We was up to the head of this long meadow last night, but did not get anything."

"What are you going home for? I think to-night will be a good night."

"Oh, wal, old Mr. Harris wants to go, so we must go to please him."

"John, suppose you stop with Bill and me, and let them take the boat and go."

"Now, Mr. Mayo, I want to tell you what a time we had last night. We went to the upper end of that meadow and all sat down under a big hackmatack tree and I commenced calling but got no answer, and the rest began to get their blankets over them, and I took my gun and climbed up most to the top, and I could see all over the meadow, and I had not set there more than fifteen minutes before I saw a moose come out of the woods away up on the right-hand side of the meadow, and he was coming right straight for us (now don't you know if you had been with me we would got that moose) and then I heard old man Harris commence to snore in his sleep, and then I dropped one of my shoes down to signal them to stop their noise, and it struck old man Harris right on his nose, and he yelled out as loud as he could bawl, and away went the moose. And then I got down, and the old man's nose bled like a butcher."

"I guess it was not a very high tree."

"Oh, yes, I was up as much as thirty feet."

"Now, Iles, I always thought you would lie, and now I know you will. Any man that would tell me that one of those shoes could fall thirty feet and strike a man on the nose when he was flat on his back and not have his head broke, is a little too thin entirely."

"Wal, you can believe it or not, it is a fact."

"Iles, I am bound to have a moose before I leave these woods."

"We can get one just as well as not if we only think so and mean business."

"So I say, and I should like to go over to that big bog where Morehouse and I got that big moose."

"Now, don't you know, I believe we can go up to the upper end of the meadow where I saw that moose last night and call him back."

"It it no use to try that moose, he is more than ten miles off before this time, but we might get another one."

"Mayo, let us try it anyway."

"All right."

"Now, don't you know, Mr. Mayo, if you had been with me we might have got that moose just as well as not."

"It is going to be a nice night to call, not a cloud in the sky and the wind is all dying out. Now, Iles, you do the calling to-night, and if you get an answer just call me, and I will get old Sweepstakes out and down his house. Iles, I don't have any faith in this place."

"Now, don't you know I am going to have an answer the first time I try this horn."

"Here, here, Bill! put out that match, you must not smoke while we are out here on the bog."

"Why not?"

"Because a moose would smell it four miles to windward and forty to leeward."

"Mayo, Mayo, come wake up."

"Is there a moose coming?"

"No, I think we had better go into that burnt land and build a fire, Bill's most froze."

"I have had quite a nap, it is almost two o'clock, you see all around that side is burnt and a thick hedge of green alder skirts the meadow. We can go just behind those alders, and if we hear anything on the meadow we can creep through the alders and not be seen. Oh, this is a nice place to build a fire; plenty of old burnt wood to start a fire with. What is that noise? Just look. John is sound asleep and snoring. Bill, roll him over five or six times and make him stop that noise. Wal, wal, I declare Bill is gone to sleep too. I guess they watched for the moose all night. Probably he thought he would shoot the moose while I was asleep, but I am rather inclined to think Sweepstakes would speak if a moose should come out on the bog.

The sun is just coming up in sight; it is a splendid morning. If they will sleep now without snoring, I will sit here by this little fire and listen for game. There is something very fascinating in the grand old forest, especially when you know there is large game in the vicinity, and you have old Sweepstakes by your side. There, I hear some kind of a noise on the meadow and peak through the alders. What in the world is that? there is something in the brook coming down this way. I cannot see the animal, but whatever it is, it is catching hold of the bushes, and slapping them down into the water. It must be a bear wading down the brook, driving the trout down where the water is very shallow, so he can catch them. I will run out and sit in the tall grass, and when he gets close to me I will let old Sweepstakes speak to him. Now, Mr. Bruin, come on; I am all ready to receive you with a hearty welcome. Here he comes around the turn in the brook; down goes that alder bush slap into the water on this side; down goes them hardhocks on the other side. What a splashing noise this still morning. O, my, it is not a bear but two otters driving the fish down this way. What scooting and scampering. I have got to fire at them on the jump; so here she goes. Both otters went to the bottom, and I could see them scooting under water faster than I could get through the tall grass and brush up the brook, the way they came.

"Say, Mayo, what did you fire at?"

"I heard the greatest splashing in the brook up the meadow you ever heard, and thought it was a bear, but it was two otters."

"Why didn't you kill them?"

"O my, they was on the jump so I could not get a bead on them. That is the first time I ever saw otters on a spree like that. They were bound for a fish dinner, if there were any in the brook."

"I declare Iles and Bill are asleep again. All right as long as they don't snore. I wish I could get another crack at them otters. There, I hear something in the water down by that old lower dam. I will creep down there. I will bet it is another otter. I see him now; it is a muskrat. I can draw a fine bead on you."

"What, did you fire at another otter?"

"No, it was a muskrat, Bill, bring me one of them long burnt poles from that burnt land, so I can fish him out. Now, William, you get a kettle of water and make some tea, and we will have breakfast."

"Mayo, that is a nice muskrat skin. What are you going to do with the hindquarters of that muskrat?"

"I am going to eat it.

"What, eat a rat?

"Yes, sir; a muskrat is just as nice as can be. After I roast this you taste it and see."

"No, sir; you don't get any of that stuff down my neck."

"Iles, this is nice eating. There, I have ate both them hind-quarters, except that piece here; try that, Bill."

"No, I thank you."

"Here, just taste it, you don't know how good it is."

"No, sir, it would make me throw up my breakfast."

"You are as dainty a set of hunters as ever I got acquainted with; cannot eat a nice piece of muskrat, well cooked, with butter, salt and pepper on it. I wish you had been with my chum and me in Wisconsin. We lived three days on porcupine without anything with it; not a mite of salt nor a dish to cook it in. I guess if you could have had a piece of this rat then you would have eaten it without finding fault."

"Mayo, how is it? I hear you and Bill met a moose last fall most out to Clark's."

"Don't mention it. That did almost kill me, Bill. I was going home from Mack and Welsh Camp. When I started I thought I would take George Mayo's little shotgun, thinking I should not see any game, only partridge. When we got about a mile from Clark's I saw some large animal coming into the road about twenty rods ahead of us; I thought first it was a horse. Bill was in his shirt sleeves and had on a red shirt. I stopped, and Bill came behind me, and says: 'What is that in the road?'

"I said, 'That is a five-year-old moose. Bill, get right behind me, and look over my shoulder, and don't move one mite, nor wink, nor breathe, but stand just as still as a stump,' and I commenced saying: 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! if I had only taken the rifle! Oh, dear! Bill, have you got a bullet?' 'No.' 'Oh, dear! have you got a small knife that I can get into this gun? Oh, dear! I wish I had an iron ramrod. Oh, dear! I wish I could see a stone that would go into this. Oh, dear! see him coming right up to us—he is not more than ten rods from us. Don't be frightened, Bill. Keep still! keep still! Oh, dear! If I had only taken the rifle. Oh, dear! if I had some coarse shot! There! he sees us. Just look. I never had such a nice chance to kill a moose in my life. Oh, dear, oh! There he goes off on the walk. Just look. I could shoot him a dozen times with the rifle.' I tell you what it is, Iles, that hurt me bad. I don't believe I shall ever get over that, if I live to be a hundred years old. I never want to get catched in that situation again. I should rather ask a woman to be my wife and have her say, 'No,' right out loud. Yes, sir—upon my word and honor, I would. How far is it over there? About three miles. It is only nine o'clock. Let us go over there and get all ready before dark. You might as well throw this horn away; mine is the best one, and we only want one. This is a hard place to travel in, Iles. Can't we get there without going through this skunk-spruce bog?"

"No, this is the nearest way to go there."

"Oh thunder, Iles, if you hadn't held onto that limb as you did it would have killed me. It switched back and took me right across the eyes. Here is a brook; suppose we stop here and get dinner?"

"All right, I will get dinner to-day if you two will wait upon me.

"Yes we will."

"Bill, you get some wood and start a fire, Iles, you get out that three-quart pail, rinse it out and fill it full of clean water."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Me, I am going to get dinner. What have you got there, Iles?"

"It is white loaf sugar Now, don't you know, Mr. Mayo, that is just the best stuff to carry in the woods with you and eat when you are traveling to keep you from being faint and hungry?"

"What have you got in that other bag?"

"That is brown sugar."

"Wal, Iles, you are a brick with a gilt edge; two kinds of sugar, two kinds of cake, butter and doughnuts out here in the woods. I don't wonder you weigh 250 pounds, especially if you do not work any better for other folks than you did for me when I took the leather for a pair of boots to your shop, and it took you six weeks to make one pair. Oh, yes, that is all right, I forgot that was a part of a cobbler's trade.

"Come, it won't do for us to lay here and smoke too long, for we might not hit that bog, and have to hunt for it, so let us be moving. After about two hour's travel we came to a large bog; it was dry and we would sink into the moss about six inches.

"Iles, let's go over to that large rock where those trees are, a regular island in the middle of the bog."

"All right."

"Now, Iles, you call, as you have got nothing but an old shotgun, and if a moose shows himself in this bog, down comes his house."

"Mayo, how much does that old rifle, or Sweepstakes, as you call it, weigh?"

"It weighs just fifteen pounds. Come, Iles, get that moose-horn out and sound the joyful noise, because there is to be a moose jubilee here to-night. The sun is set, and not a cloud in the sky."

"All right, Mayo, here she goes. I am going to call and get an answer the first time. Now don't you know it is just such a night as it was when Jim Morehouse and I killed that big moose? Now don't you know that is just the same old shotgun that I shot him with?"

"Don't call too loud the first time, Iles. *Wough! wough! wough!* Now listen. Oh, Bill, stop that coughing."

"I could not help it; I got a piece of tobacco down my throat."

"Here, stick your head under that blanket there."

"Mayo, how long has it been since I called?"

"Just twenty minutes; try it again: *Wough! wough! w-o-u-g-h! wough-wough!* It is no use, Iles, we should get answer before this."

"Listen; I heard something."

"Yes; there, did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"Bugh! bugh! bugh! Yes, sir, that is the old fellow himself; he is way over on that hardwood ridge at the other side of this bog. There, he has stopped to listen. Hold on, Iles, don't call yet; wait twenty minutes sure; now, try him again, Iles, and call loud, just as though there was not a moose within forty miles of us: *Wough! wough! w-o-u-g-h! wough! wough!* There, listen, he is knocking down an old dry tree. Here it fall. Holy Moses what a noise! There he is coming on again. Hear his horns strike the trees. Iles, just look at Bill, he trembles worse that the woodchuck when old Dime had him by the back of the neck. You need not be frightened Bill, old Sweepstakes will stop him. My soul, what a noise! I should think the whole woods was coming down. He is coming like a war horse. There he is; what a pair of horns! my, what a buster he is! Keep down Bill, and keep still as long as he is coming straight for us. Iles, isn't he a beauty; those shanks belong to me, Iles."

"Now, don't you know that is counting your chickens before they are hatched?"

"So, Iles, just as soon as I fire you stand right up and let him have it. He never will get off the bog after I fire; but the safest way is just as good as any. There, he is near enough, and I am going to let Sweepstakes speak to him." Bang!

"I don't see him, Mayo, where has he gone?"

"There he is, don't you see him, Iles, out there to the left about ten rods; he has turned tail to us and stands still. Bang! there he is yet, standing there; load soon as you can; hurry up there, he is down; you need not hurry any more, he is our meat, sure. Here, Bill, keep away from that moose, or you will get knocked over."

"Why, isn't he dead?"

"We don't know that yet; I guess I will cut his throat and the blood out of him. Iles, that moose knocks the spots off of that one you and Morehouse killed, don't it? Now, don't you know it?"

"Just about the same, only this one's horns spread a little wider."

"Now, boys, let's go on to that knoll right there and build up a big fire, and roast that moose's shin bones and suck the marrow out. It is the first thing old moose hunters do after the moose is dressed. Come, turn out, it is all daylight; we will try a moosesteak and then pack up our duds for home.

Only think, Ike, we have got fifteen miles to lug them horns through the brush. I would not do it for them, Ike, you may have them if you will carry them out."

"All right, I'll take them. Bill, we will take the muffle or nose, and what steak we can carry and start."

We got to Conrad Milliner's at seven o'clock in the evening, and hired Bill Henshaw to take his horse and haul us five miles home to Bear River Bridge, and little Bill Ike got enough moose hunting to last him a whole year. John Ike carried the horns about half way out and sold them to Mr. Mack in a logging camp for a barrel of flour, and that was the last moose ever shot by HIRAM P. MAYO.

SPORT ON THE "ARKANSAW" PRAIRIES.

MY companion is a disabled Confederate soldier, but curiously a staunch "black Republican," though not a "Yank." He went into the confederate army when a mere boy of sixteen, fought bravely, was shot through the right arm near the shoulder, which has always been a little tender but of good use to him. John has bagged many "bah" and buck in the Mississippi swamps, but now his good right arm is "in a sling," but he makes a valuable companion for a lazy man's hunt on the prairie.

With my team and ambulance we started for the prairie only a half a mile away. The weather for the past week has been all that one could ask, perhaps a shade too warm in the early afternoon, but clear and bright, with cool, brace ing nights. A fine rain a week ago, placed water in a few of the more permanent little ponds on the prairie, and brought down from the north a small flight of mallards, green wing teal, wood ducks, bitterns, jack snipe and golden plover. (John is from Louisiana and calls these last papahottes.) The morning is bright, the air cool, and from horses up to setter pup we all feel that this world was not made in vain.

The grass on these prairies this fall is a thick mat about two feet high, with the seed stems of the grasses five to six feet high. In this grass a dog is nearly useless, for you can't see him from the wagon but a short distance, therefore chickens and quails are hard to find, so we keep our dog near at hand. The surface of these prairies is very smooth, and one can drive pleasantly anywhere.

We wanted ducks; we were tired of chickens, squirrels and quail, so we drove to the first little pond. When within a hundred yards of it I told John to hold the dog and drive the team on one side of it, and I would slip up to the other side and try for a shot. I sneaked up through the grass, rose up, and saw six fine mallards on the further side of the water, too far, I thought, for an effective shot, but I pulled the trigger very hard and banged away. They all rose, but one soon weakened and tumbled in the grass. We both marked her down carefully, but she had flown about twenty rods, and as one spot on the prairie is very like another, we had a tedious time finding her—my pup don't like ducks unless they are cooked. This was one of the heaviest mallard hens I ever saw, and as fat as butter. We next flushed a large covey of quail. They flew into the brush, where I missed four shots straight—after shooting awhile in the open I miss in the brush, and *vice versa*.

We drove to another little pond and pursued the same tactics. The grass is so high about these ponds that we could not see if there was any game in them when standing on the wagon seat, if a few rods away. I walked right in until I could see the water, where I saw eight mallards feeding as unconcernedly as if there was not a deadly pot-hunter within a mile of them. I waited until two drakes came into line and fired, and then wilted another as they arose. Then got into the wagon, drove into the water, and picked them up. This is just too too awfully nice for duck shooting.

These little ponds all have firm bottoms and little or no mud. One can drive his team through them as well as anywhere else, therefore shoot and retrieve his ducks from the wagon all day without getting in mud or water. The three last ducks were all drakes (as Pat would say), two young ones and an old one also very fat. These little prairie ponds are all full to repletion with "tadpoles" or "polywogs" (the young of toads), and young crayfish, with their margins covered with weeds and grass loaded down with seeds, a perfect paradise for ducks, in which they fatten in two or three days.

John had marked down the remnant of the last bunch of ducks in a "puddle" or pond a half a mile away. We started for them, and tried them the same as before, but they flushed from the noise of the wagon, and again I was forced to strain my gun by an extra long shot, but I drew about four feet ahead of the leading drake and tangled him all up, and down he came.

I have the notion that I can kill a duck as far with my old rickety, cheap, nine-pound Bonehill twelve-bore as any ten or twelve of decent weight, but I am not one of those blarsted fools who say that they can kill a duck every time 75 to 85 yards. One may sometimes kill them as far as that, but it is really cruel to pepper away at ducks beyond a reasonable limit; 40 yards with No. 6 shot in the fall of the year, for river or "shoal water ducks" is, I think, the limit of a reasonable distance. One should shoot to kill, and not to wound, and lose the meat. Luckily for the ducks the tyro shooting at passing ducks at long range aims directly at the ducks or other birds, and the shot passes harmlessly clean behind them, while the experienced ducker would hit but probably only wound. I will illustrate. The evening of this same day as I and John were driving in from the prairie we saw a bunch of five teal settle in a pond; we wanted just one more duck for the Major, so we started for them on the same plan described, thinking that these might be mallards in the pond. There was but little cover on the side that John drove the team on, and they flushed wild from the wagon, as they crossed in front of me a long long way off. I fired in the way of experiment. I held about eight feet ahead and five feet over the leading duck and killed the hindmost and lower duck dead in the air. John was astonished, so was I, so were two passing teamsters. John declares it was fully 100 yards, I would know how far it was if I had measured it.

The duck was hit with two shot, one through the head, the other in the body, both fatal. If I had shot at those ducks I would have missed them, and that reminds me: All the reporters of the field trials on chickens this fall, except one, used this expression: "The bird was flushed and shot *at* by Jones, and missed." Now if Jones had shot *at* the bird he would surely have hit it (?) The exceptional man wrote: "Jones fired and missed." And I have been missing the line of my hunt. Well, we got ducks enough except the one for the Major, and such juicy, fat young mallards (we gave all the tough old drakes to our neighbors). During the day I "shot *at*" but missed several jack snipe (Wilson's snipe). They were the strong old cocks of the first flight, with a line of flight very like a corkscrew.

We had a heavy rain last night, which gave us a heavy flight of ducks and more water. There is "protracted meeting" in town, the chickens are "all cat up," fresh meat must be had for the preachers, and John and I are detailed to furnish it, so we must be off in the early morning. How we make the ducks, chickens and snipe suffer I will relate in another chapter. BYRNE.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Ark., Oct. 29.

ONTARIO DEER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With interest and pleasure I read the protest of "H." in last number of FOREST AND STREAM against "Nutmeggers" huntingin Ontario previous to October 1, interest such as the victim takes in the hangman's adjustment of the knot, and with pleasure that an opportunity is offered to rise and explain; but in order to explain I must confess breaking the laws in another instance, which led our party astray this time. One year ago I visited this section in company with a party of ladies and gentlemen. We were then on a pleasure, and not on a hunting tour, but we gentlemen of the party concluded to step off at Renfrew for a three days' hunt, leaving our wives at the hotel. This was about September 23d. Our landlord and our guide both informed us that the law was off September 15. They seemed to be very positive about it, so we made no further inquiries. We had our hunt and brought a deer back to the hotel and dressed him off before a number of townspeople. We were unconscious of having committed an unlawful act, and no one enlightened us. This is not because we had heard the adage, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," for I believe in game-laws as strongly as "H." does.

We were only two days earlier this year, supposing the laws to be the same, in fact our guide said they were. We now find that we transgressed in both instances, but the people about that section seem to understand that the law is off the 15th.

Of course law does not recognize ignorance as a shield for crime. (And I consider it a crime to break a sporting law as much as any other.) "H." has rendered a just verdict, but I have no doubt he will generously send in a recommendation for mercy before sentence is pronounced.

In this connection I will say that in my judgment the Northern Ontario laws deprive the sportsman tourist of a great deal of pleasure and do not protect the deer, merely reserving them all for the wholesale slaughter made by the practical hunter when cold weather arrives.

October 1 is too late in the season for a party to enter the Ontario woods for pleasure. The law should give pleasure parties the right to kill deer sufficient for camp use commencing with September 15, and in the far north September 1 would not be too early. The only time when deer can be successfully hunted is after the falling of the leaves and through the cold weather, when none but the regular hunter thinks of visiting the woods. The law as laid down to-day practically says to all of us who seek health and recreation during the beautiful and unequalled September days: "Gentlemen, you seem out of health, and we welcome you to the pure, invigorating air of these mountains and forests; breathe it without stint and enjoy it to your heart's content, but you must bring your own provisions. We have plenty of deer, but they are all engaged, and we are pledged to reserve them for our hunters. The slaughter will commence with the advent of cold weather. If you must have venison, we advise you to go home and buy it later by the car load at five cents per pound. It will be infinitely cheaper for you than to beat about the bush at this season of the year. Were it not reserved you would find it like looking for a needle in a hay-mow to discover a deer in this dense foliage."

The law fixes no limit to the slaughter and shipment of deer throughout the season when the poor deer are almost as much at the mercy of an experienced hunter as sheep in a slaughter pen. I know of hunters who kill their twenty-five and thirty deer a week. It seems like sending a man to jail for stealing one hat on Monday and to Congress for stealing 500 on Wednesday. B. G. A.

CONNECTICUT, Nov. 6 1882.

SHOOTING OVER COCKERS.

A DAY WITH ANGLO-SAXON.

RECENTLY I was favored with a letter from a sportsman (?) living in one of your Eastern cities, asking if I could supply him with a "pure bred or pure blood cocker spaniel, trained to hunt ruffed grouse or other game birds, and by yelping causing them to light on trees, holding them there and thereby enabling them to be shot." I replied that none of my dogs were so highly educated as that, and he would have to look elsewhere than my kennel to fill that order.

A dear old friend of mine, John W. Kelly, of Woodstock, Ont., undertook to train one or two young cockers for me, and I have just returned from a visit to his cosy home, having been invited to come and see what progress the youngsters were making. He is an old Devonshire man, and I am doing him the scantest justice in saying that a keener, more thorough-going and experienced all-round sportsmanever handled a 12-bore.

It was a picture to see him leaving the kennels in the morning, with his team of lovely cockers frantic with joy at the sight of the gun, and dressed in his old shooting togs that had seen many a day's hard service. He might have stepped out of one of the plates in that rare old work "Daniel's Rural Sports." How carefully he saw that the cockers were comfortably deposited in the wagon behind us, and how well they knew the treat in store for them.

We had a pleasant drive of nine or ten miles behind a pair of spanking ponies before we could arrive at any place worth trying for game, but old Anglo-Saxon knew every foot of country surrounding, having shot over it every season for twenty-five years. The great progress of farming and drainage has naturally thinned out the game.

"We might get a pheasant or two here," says Kelly, pointing to a likely looking clump of bush near a side or concession road. "Tommy, you hold on to Jet and Judy, and we will take old Tip and see if we can't start something. Tip 'll find it if there's anything there. Now, then, Tip! Tip!! Come to heel, sir! Steady," for Tip is now in a too eager frame of mind for proper business. "He will have the wire edge worn off before lunch. You hold along that ridge to the fence by the pines and keep a sharp lookout." Presently Tip's musical voice begins to whimper, and in a few moments he bursts out into full tongue. Whirr!! "Mark!" Bang! Bang! Tommy has his hands full trying to hold Jet and Judy and look after his ponies, too, as the young ones are fairly mad to hear the fun going on and not have a hand in. He who has not experienced the electric thrill that speeds through his nerves as the noble grouse whirrs through the October woods, while with flashing eyes and muscles braced he throws his breech-loader to his shoulder, and rapid as thought follows their swiftly disappearing wings for an instant ere he pulls the trigger, to be gladdened by the sight of the flying feathers and the long, slanting tumble of his victim, has yet to experience a sensation worth all the nostrums and elixirs civilization has invented for re-invigorating jaded humanity. But to shoot the regal grouse out of a tree! Faugh!

"How many did you get?" cried Tommy, as we returned after an unsuccessful search for the two that got away scatheless. "Only one, but he's a daisy." "I wish you would take Jet and Judy. I can't keep them in the wagon, and they will strangle themselves trying to get after you." "They'll get plenty to do by and by."

We drove about a mile further along a beautiful country road, through a landscape decidedly English in character, with the additional beauties of the gorgeous coloring of the hard wood foliage that is never seen in the old land, and which the hand of Birket Foster could so well depict, to some likely cover for woodcock.

All the cockers were now thrown off, and I set myself to watch with interest how Kelly had succeeded in training the young ones. And it was marvelous to see how thoroughly he controlled them even in their exuberant eagerness, with the "wire edge" on. They were never allowed to range out of gunshot, and it was a pretty and sportsmanlike sight to see them work to hand, the busiest little creatures in the world for the time being, their feathering tails carried low and beating about 500 strokes a minute. They put up two or three cock and we had a lively time bagging them. On the edge of the wood we scattered a bevy of quail, and had some delightful sport till lunch time picking them up singly. A great regret of Kelly's is that, so far, Jet hunts perfectly mute. "Man, if she'd only give tongue I wouldn't take $200 for her." To me her silence was an additional attraction, for I can't bear a noisy babbling spaniel. A little whimper to let you know the scent is hot is all I want.

By this time both dogs and men needed water badly, and we struck for lunch, having divided which with the dear little dogs, we, without delay, resumed our pleasant labor. "You get round to that corner by the fence. They'll fly like bullets for the big wood. Look sharp." I was invariably stationed just at the right corner for sport, and Kelly and the dogs drove all the game my way. Not having much practice, I missed many birds that I ought to have bagged, and wanted to change places with him sometimes, but as long as he was round the dogs would not work for me. Ere sundown of a most charming day, the cockers had done an honest day's work, and I felt proud of their achievements. "With a little more experience, and I'll give them every chance for the next month, you can take your dogs anywhere, and shoot any kind of game over them."

"Halloo, Jet! ware chase!" Jet was making legs after a hare as we plodded back in the gray dusk She obediently, though just a little reluctantly, came to heel and I petted my favorite all the way home, combing the beastly cockle burrs out of her beautiful silky ears.

"She's guid as she's bonnie." SIMCOE.

TORONTO, Canada, Oct. 26.

DEER HUNT ON THE YELLOW MEDICINE

THE Yellow Medicine is a creek that runs into the Missouri just above what is called the great bend of the Missouri. We started on Monday, the 26th of January, a party of five, with a sled and pair of horses with three led horses in tow, a box of hard bread, a side of bacon, coffee and sugar, a large pan of baked beans, the necessary blankets and buffalo robes, and an Indian tepee for shelter First and foremost of the party was Mr. D. W. Spaulding, clerk of the district and county courts of Lyman county, D. T., the most expert deer hunter of the Territory; then came Mr. Herbert, host of the hotel at Brule City; Mr. William R. Ervin, the famous rifle shot of the Missouri; David Forbes, a man who can forge a piece of iron equal to the next, and lastly your humble servant.

We started early in the morning, with the thermometer at 15 deg. below zero, which might seem rather cold weather for a sportsman to start out in for a sporting tour and a drive of fifty-five miles on the Missouri River. We drove a few miles on the ice and found the sleighing a perfect failure, as the snow was covered with sand, blown off the innumerable sand bars. After dragging the sled over five or six miles of sand, we at last found sleighing that we could ride, and we pushed along at a good gait; but when we arrived at Beaver Creek, about eight miles from the Yellow Medicine, where we were to leave the ice and go over the bluffs, we concluded to camp for the night at a wood-choppers' camp, as our horses were very tired. We got privilege to cook our rations and make our coffee in the log house. We took our tepee and spread it across some poles resting on the edge of the hay-stack, spread our blankets and buffalo robes on some hay and so made our camp.

The next morning we rose at daybreak, got a breakfast of fried bacon, hard bread and coffee, and started for the bluffs. A bitter cold morning it was, the wind blowing in one's teeth a young blizzard. I suppose the people of the coast would have little idea what it is to get up a gumbo bluff of the Missouri River. Imagine climbing up the roof of Trinity church with a pair of horses and sleigh, and have that roof from 100 to 200 feet in height, and you might form some idea of it. After getting on top we had a ride of about six miles to the plateau.

I will tell you something of our manner of dressing to stand the extreme cold of this country. I have a sealskin cap with ear-pads, then I have a buffalo coat with a huge beaver collar and cuffs; on my nether extremities I have beaver leggins, finished up with beaver moccasins, and outside of them I wear Arctic overshoes. With that rig I have ridden twenty-five miles with the thermometer thirty-five degrees below zero. We descended the cliffs into the Yellow Medicine bottom, and found an icehouse or root cellar in the old military camp at the old Red Cloud agency. The building was dug into the side of a hill, and was made of hewn logs, and covered. It was quite large enough to take in our horses and ourselves, and made a fine camp for a party of hunters in the winter.

We did not start out to hunt that day as it was too cold, but next morning we started on horseback for a day's hunt. After riding about four miles up the creek, we separated company and I rode my horse into the timber, and hitched him, and took a left hand fork of the creek for my ground.

After walking about a mile up the creek I found plenty of traces of deer where they had trod down the snow, and laid down, and soon I struck a fresh trail of three, and followed them through ravines and over gumbo bluffs, till I was tired out, but I did not come up with them. I came back down the creek, and returned to camp without seeing deer. The rest of the party came in, and with the exception of Spaulding and Stout, none of us had seen deer. They had started a band of four, but did not get a shot—a poor show for venison. We prepared our supper, lit our pipes, laid beside of our camp fire and told hunting stories till bed time, and then turned in. Early in the morning we started out. I had by this time made up my mind that deer hunting in this country was rather different from deer hunting of Louisiana and Maine. I had had the idea up to this time, that the deer were hunted in the timber, whereas they are found in the dry time in the ravines among the hills in the grass. This time I kept company with Mr. Stout. After we got a few miles up the creek, we again parted company, and Mr. Stout and myself went still further up the creek. I never saw so many signs of deer in my life. At one place in particular, where there was a depression in the bottom about fifty feet across, the snow was completely trampled down, and in the center was a small place, where they had a lick. We passed over places in the grass and brush where it looked as though a drove of horses had passed over the ground.

At last we struck a trail of eight deer, and followed them to the hills, when Mr. Stout took off his overcoat and strapped it to his saddle. I asked him if he was going to walk, and to my surprise he said no, he was going to ride and follow them. I had had a little experience of a deer trail the day before, and the idea of a horse following such a trail was a surprise to me. However, I followed suit, and we took our lariat ropes in our hands, and started up a gumbo hill with a pitch steeper than one to one; and when you take into consideration that these hills are cut with innumerable gullies from one to twenty feet deep, with perpendicular sides, and from one to fifty feet wide, you will see that riding a horse across such a country is not easy. I don't think there are any other animals except deer, mountain sheep or Indian ponies that could perform such a feat. I do not think there is a horse in the world that has the endurance of an Indian pony. These little animals are turned out on the prairie to shift for themselves. A barn they never see. The only feed that they get beside the prairie grass is the inside bark of the cottonwood tree, and, strange to say, they will grow fat on that. On such feed and treatment the pony can be ridden miles and miles, day after day, and go through places that a man would look twice at before he would venture. I passed around the sides of gumbo knobs where the snow crust was hard, and the only way to prevent slipping down from fifty to one hundred feet was by sticking my heels into the crust, and yet my pony went with perfect ease.

We went back into the hills about a mile, and as we were riding along a divide, Mr. Stout happened to turn his head, and, across the ravine on the opposite side of the next divide he saw one band of eight deer (whitetails) on the jump. He called my attention to this, and, I must say, I never saw a finer sight than those eight deer on the dead run. They were out of range of our .44 Winchesters, so we started on the trail. We followed them more than ten miles before we came up with them again, but they were up and away before we could get near enough to them. We were just rising up out of a gully in a ravine about fifteen feet deep that we were riding up to get a place to get out of, and they discovered us, and away they went again, so, as it was near night, we started for camp. Shortly after we were riding on top of a divide we saw Spaulding and Forbes, both without any deer. I thought again that our show for venison for supper was no better than the night before. We caught up to them at the sleigh, which we had taken up about four miles in the morning. Here we found a note from Ervin, that he had killed a white-tailed buck. My heart felt good (as the Indians say) at the news. Then Forbes said that Spaulding had killed four deer—one buck and three does—and left them in the prairie.

We drove into camp, and led our ponies, and that night we made a quarter of venison look "sick," and the bacon was at a discount, I can tell you. The next morning our other quarter went the way of the first, and we started with the sleigh after Spaulding's deer. Mr. Ervin was obliged to return home that day (Friday), and I let him have my pony. He left us on top of the hills on the prairie, and we went to the scene of the previous day's work, and there laid the carcases of the four deer. From where Mr. Spaulding stood to where the deer started from was about 75 yards; he shot the four deer, and the furthest one away from where they started was less than 100 yards, and he ran 15 or 20 yards before he fell. Besides the four deer that he killed, he shot a doe, and she rolled down the hill, and then got up, when he gave her another shot. She again rolled down the hill on the other side, and he, thinking her dead, paid attention only to the buck, and shot him, so that he shot and killed four deer, and put two shot through a fifth one. He stopped to take entrails out of the four, supposing that the fifth was in the other ravine, and to his surprise she had got away down the creek, and he lost the trail among other tracks.

While we were viewing the ground and Mr. Spaulding was showing me the ground and the way he shot them, Mr. Ervin came back and told me that he had killed two more bucks, and wanted us to go and see where they were as he wanted to keep on his way home. I got on my pony, and he kept on with me on foot. We went about three-quarters of a mile, and I saw across the ravine where we were two fine large white tail bucks. I got off my pony to take up the trail of the rest of the band, when Mr. Stout came riding up. He had just started a band and got two shots at them, and missed both. I left them and took up the trail and followed it till nearly night on foot, but did not come up with the deer, but found where they had laid down once. Late in the afternoon I found where some one had taken up my trail with a horse, and a more disgusted man you never saw than was myself at that time.

After following them all day over hill and dale, through ravines, snow crust, and snow drifts, and often through snow to my waist, to think that some one else had taken my trail. I turned around like a whipped cur and started for camp, twelve miles away. Soon after starting my knee gave out, and I would walk a short distance, then sit down and rest in the snow. I traveled till after dark, and if ever man looked for gumbo, I was that man. At last I found gumbo, and a plenty of it. I had taken to a ravine by this time, and it was so cut up with gullies that I had to take to the bottom of the main gully. I traveled for two miles or more where the water had cut through the gumbo in some places twenty feet deep, the sides of which were as perpendicular as the sides of a house.

At last I struck a creek, and thinking that I had struck the main one I looked at my compass for the direction of camp, but soon found out that it was not right. I was completely worn out by this time, and I found a nice pile of drift wood and concluded to stay there the rest of the night. I had used up my matches that were good, the rest having got wet with snow. I am too old an hunter to be stopped by such a small thing as that. I took off my vest, took out the lining, and placed it between two of the logs, and after firing two or three shots into it I succeeded in blowing it into a flame, and soon had a good roaring fire going. I stayed beside the fire until daylight, when I found that I was about three miles from camp. I got up and started for the place. I dragged along at a slow rate, and when I fell in sight I found the sleigh gone.

I went in and found a coffee-pot sitting there full of coffee, some hard bread, venison, matches and a cup. The fire was not out. I kicked the embers together, set on the coffee-pot, and pretty soon in stalked Mr. Spaulding, who had been out since daylight looking for me. I drank three cups of coffee, ate two hard bread, got on Spaulding's pony, he walking up the creek to where the sleigh was. After getting there we hitched up the horses and started by the way of the hills for home, which we reached just after dark. So ended our week's hunt. I think if I ever should start again on such a hunt I should keep my horse. I think, on the whole, that we had quite a successful hunt, seeing that neither of us had hunted the creek before, and the country was new to us.

LOWER BRULÉ.

A TRIP THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA.

HENRY and myself felt that we must make a new departure. We had hunted and shot so much over Virginia during the last ten years, that we wanted change of scene. We had shot squirrels in the Southwest, turkeys in the Alleghanies, partridges in the valley, old hares and robins in the Piedmont, sora and rail in the lowlands, blackbirds and reed birds on the James, shufflers and mallard on the Potomac, deer in the pinelands, canvas-back and redhead on the Chesapeake, brant, black duck, snipe and curlew off the Virginia Capes, wild pigeons in the mast forest of Bald Mountains, pheasants in the highlands, woodcock on the Rappahannock bottoms; we had killed bullbats, red-headed woodpeckers, and field larks in every county in the Old Dominion, and dropped our discharged shells in almost every precinct.

It was time to think of cruising in new seas, and then again the scarcity of game in our own State is alarming to the true sportsman. The interest taken in the full enforcement of the laws for the protection and preservation of game has died entirely out, from the fact that there is no law to enforce. The last Legislature, having run mad on politics and the election of State officers, had no time, they said, for any such trifles. So pot-hunters and scrub-shooters have played the old scratch with all kind of fur and feather, and where to shoot this fall and winter has become a serious problem.

It is no use to go to Cobb's Island for brandt and duck shooting. It is a thing of the past, and, to be candid, the cause and effect can briefly be told. The time was when royal sport could be had over the decoys, and a half a hundred brandt and black duck was a common bag for one tide, but good duck shooting, I fear, is forever gone at the Cobb's. It is now a famous oyster and clam station, and there are hundreds of men and scores of sloops and schooners that make the island their rendezvous; and every man of them has guns, and desiring to vary their menu with fresh meat, they kill the ducks in every conceivable way, and, of course, illegally. Their easiest and most practiced method is to shoot the ducks in the night time, and this unquestionably drives them off from their feeding grounds, never to return. Every year it grows worse, until these vandal clam-pickers and "oyster-snipes" have destroyed the finest shooting on the Atlantic coast.

I have been regularly to Cobb's Island for three winters, and with the most unsatisfactory results. I have frequently had to wait a whole week before I could go out shooting, for time, tide and sunshine have all to harmonize—if either of the three is wanting, it is no use setting the decoys. Then the weary waiting on the bleak island, that is but a barren sand bank in the winter time, with nothing to read, nothing to talk about, nothing to do but to meditate upon the sins of a misspent life; it is fearfully demoralizing, and one gets in the habit of a house dog, and yawns and sleeps in fitful slumber day and night.

Then every time you go out hunting, the guide charges you three dollars and takes half of your ducks. I have enough of duck shooting there—it simply don't pay—and after losing two or three weeks, and getting a few brant that cost me between five and ten dollars apiece, I have come to the conclusion to try my luck elsewhere. I hate to bid adieu to Cobb's Island, but in all truth it is time, money and temper utterly wasted; it is sad, but yet a frozen fact.

Hearing that there was fine shooting in Western North Carolina, a party of us determined to make a trip there, chiefly to shoot quail. But what point should we aim for? Neither Henry, Ned or myself had ever been in the State before, or rather, they had not, and my experience of North Carolina was a short visit, it is true, but so crowded with incident, that it will be a vivid memory as long as life lasts. It happened thus:

The scene was at Appomattox Court House; the time, a gloomy April morning in the sping of '65. Lee had sent in his flag of truce, and the news flew from lip to lip that the army of Northern Virginia was about to surrender. Surrender? A laugh of scorn and derision came from many who deemed our battalions invincible, whether combatted singly by overwhelming numbers, unlimited resources, starvation and wounds and death, or opposed by all. Surrender the grand old army of Northern Virginia, that incomparable body of infantry, as Swinton called them? It was as false as hell. Yet the whispers grew louder, and cheeks that never blanched before death, grew white to the lips now, and soon the news grew into a certainty. Many individual cavalrymen determined to break out of the surround and strike for Johnston's army in North Carolina. Sixteen in one squad charged through the line, and twelve, horsemen and steeds, went down; four escaped more or less wounded, and two horses gave out, and left but two cavalrymen, Jack R. and myself as reinforcements. We were both young boys, in a strange country, without a ration, both with flesh wounds, and riding the sorriest specters of horses ever seen.

"If we can cheat the buzzards," said Jack, driving his spur between the ribs of his skeleton steed, "we will make the trip, sure."

We reached Johnston after a few days' steady riding, and the General told us to go back to Virginia, give ourselves up, and return to our homes. We turned on the back track and aimed for Tarboro, a beautiful little town in North Carolina, nestling cosily on the banks of the Roanoke River. When within a few miles of the place, what a sight met our eyes! A whole division wagon train that had left Petersburg before the evacuation, filled and jammed with supplies, had tried in vain to reach Lee, and finding him environed by Sheridan's troopers, turned the caravan's head toward Johnston, and had traversed a good deal of the way, when they learned that the bottom had fallen out of the whole thing. Nor was this all. Two six-gun batteries and a regiment of infantry guarded the train. The guns were brand new and had never been fired. They were beautiful rifle pieces, fresh from the English foundries, that had run the blockade by way of Nassau. The caissons were bright and clean as new paint could make them, and the guns gleamed like gold.

A sad council of war by old comrades, that had come together by chance, was held in the recesses of the North Carolina piny woods. There was no officer higher than the Major, a young Virginian named Slaughter, who commanded the provision train.

The discussion was brief, for there was only one side to be argued. Lee had surrendered; Johnston was about to lay down his arms; Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor had an army in Louisiana, nearly a thousand miles away, so all chance of reaching him was futile; President Davis and his Cabinet were fugitives, and the Confederate government dissolved; there was but one course to follow, and that was for every man to disperse to his home.

A few hot-blooded, scatter-brained soldiers urged that a guerilla warfare should be inaugurated; but such a proposition was voted down by all the veterans present, who knew what a guerilla warfare really meant.

No time was lost. The meeting broke up, each man selected a mule or a horse, and mounting, rode away in twos and threes. Old comrades looked with lingering glances into each other's eyes, and their hands met in firm, warm, cordial pressure for the last time, and turning their faces—

"Some toward the setting sun have gone,
And some to the setting moon"—

they disappeared in the tortuous road, never to meet again in this world. In an hour the scene so full of a bustling life was almost deserted. There in the road stood the twelve guns with the appurtenances all complete and the chests filled with ammunition. They were the property of any who chose to claim them. Any enterprising farmer who chose had only to jump on a mule and bear away with him to his country home the finest rifled guns in the world, and he could celebrate the Fourth of July, Christmas, or his mother-in-law's birthday, or his tin wedding, as he minded to, in fine style. And then what splendid adornments to his grounds would be twelve brass and steel cannons encircling his mansion, and pointing their grim muzzles to every point of the compass. Ah me! I have often wished I had yanked two of those guns away quietly; nobody would have missed them and they would have been like Mrs. Toodles's door-plate, a handy thing to have about the house.

But more than that; there in the pine woods was a train of wagons a mile long, and over a couple of hundred mules, left, like the guns, for somebody to help themselves. Owing to a false report the officers thought that Sheridan's cavalry were but a few miles off, but the half a dozen scouts who remained all day by the wagons found out that there was was not a blue coat within twenty miles.

A few of us built our fires and remained over night with the train, looting the wagons and drinking some blockade whisky, the meanest I ever swallowed. The next morning we debated whether we should spike the guns and burn the wagons, but as the country people began to arrive we told them to help themselves, and then loading one of the field pieces under direction of an old artilleryman who had been transferred to the cavalry, we touched her off. The sound echoed and re-echoed through the vast pine forest and then died away in the far distance. Mounting our horses we struck for Virginia.

I claim that our small body of a half a dozen scouts were the final executors of the effects of the Confederacy, and we fired the last gun and last salute of the war.

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At the St. Claire, in Richmond, we met Mr. Mercer Slaughter, the genial ticket agent of the Danville Railroad. We confided our intention of seeking some hunting ground in North Carolina, for the reason that sportsmen were overcrowding the Old Dominion.

"Why don't you go to Western North Carolina?" he asked. "I hear that partridges abound out that section. Take a ticket to Gastonia, about two hundred and fifty miles from here, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and you will strike the finest game preserves in the country."

"All right," we said, "and we will start to-morrow night."

The train leaves the depot at 11:35 P. M. and reaches Danville, Va., at seven the next morning. We got a splendid breakfast here at the depot, such a rare thing in this section that the event ought to be chronicled, for during the space of ten days we never ate another palatable meal at a public house, and how we lived and suffered and fed on cold victuals and greasy food will be told further on. North Carolinians don't seem to know how to keep a hotel, or if they do, they take particular pains to hide that accomplishment from strangers.

After an all day travel through an inexpressibly dreary looking country we arrived at Gastonia, a little village in its infancy and dirt, in Lincoln county. We got out and looked around, and the scene appeard so uninviting that Henry positively refused to stop.

"I'll die of the blues if I remain here" he said. "I feel them creeping over me now."

Upon inquiry we found that twenty-one miles away was a town of some eight hundred inhabitants, called Lincolnton, which we could reach by a narrow-guage railroad that left late in the evening. Transferring our traps, we were soon bumping along at the lively rate of twenty miles an hour and just after dusk reached the depot.

An ancient Jersey wagon drawn by a steed that had been young once in the memory of man, was to be our conveyance. Piling on our traps, we started for town, a mile distant, a darkey going in front and lighting the way with a lantern. The old horse fell down eleven times between the depot and the hotel by actual count. Arriving at Lincolnton hotel, the only hostelry in the place, we got some cold bread and

bones for supper, and retired to rest, and in the agonies of indigestion dreamed that a darkey had caught us in a hollow tree and we were changed into a 'possum and the son of Africa was heaping rocks upon us.

The next morning we looked around us and strolled up and down the streets and alleys. Lincolnton is an antique village of the old Dutch type, and reminds one of the mouldy, mildewed cathedral towns that tourists stumble across sometimes in England. It stretches out a mile or more on each side of the road. Each house is a distinctive mark in itself, and its individuality is marked. Wide spreading trees at irregular intervals border each sidewalk and furnish grateful shade when the Lincolntonian smokes and dozes the sleepy, languid, sensuous hours of the day away. After dinner everything and everybody slumbers. The burghers tilt back their cane-bottom chairs, and, resting against the gnarled trunks, sink into dreamland, their pipes, dropped from nerveless hands, lie smoking or charring on the sward beneath. The house dogs lie at length in the sunshine, their fore paws covering their face to keep away the buzzing blue-bottle flies. The village cows in the land of Nod chew their cud in contented silence. The very town hogs, lying in their wallows, are sound asleep and in swinish forgetfulness dream. The very crows, winging their way over the village, seem to breathe the slumbrous air and would drop on the limbs of the nearest sycamore tree and rest content until the low sun warned them it was time to go to roost.

"Oh, if I only had a farm here," sighed Ned.

"You wouldn't live in such a spot six weeks unless you had a client to pick or a jury to spout to," responded Henry impatiently.

Then we all took drinks and waited and rested for an hour.

"Come along, gentlemen," responded Charley Cobb, "we will never get any birds if we remain here."

We moved on, and passing through a small field the dogs scattered, and suddenly the unusual sight was presented of three separate dogs standing at a separate point in full sight of each other. A hurried consultation ensued, and dispositions were made to attack. Fearing that the dogs might not stand staunch if they heard the guns, we determined to strike them, as Napoleon did the Russians at Borodino—all at once. Ned took one flock, Reid the second, and Charley Cobb and myself the third. With guns on the cock we advanced like skirmishers feeling for the enemy's position. The dogs stood each fast, but trembling with suppressed excitement. Just as Charley and myself closed in on them there came the noise of two tremendous reports that sounded like the firing of mortars. Then the two barrels of Reid's guns went off and our flock rose. Charley killed his brace of birds handsomely. I missed the first bird and got the other. Marking the covey where they lit, we turned to rejoin our friends. Reid was close by with one bird. We could not see Ned until close up to him, and then found him sitting on the ground, with his gun beside him, rubbing his shoulder.

"What is the matter, Ned?" we cried in a breath.

"Nothing, except this cursed gun brought in a cross action and filed a cross bill. I have enough of it. I don't want to shoot a gun that knocks the breath out of my body every time I pull the trigger."

"It isn't the gun's fault," we said, "it is the large load you put in it. Reduce the charge and an infant could shoot it."

We loaded up and for the space of an hour the sound of rapid firing was heard on every side. The coverts and the fields were full of birds, and the dogs were standing all the time. It was hot work, though, with the sun burning up the earth. The mercury was somewhere up in the hundreds. Two of the dogs, being setters, were completely played out, and stretched themselves in a branch near by, and panted and gasped as if their breath was near gone. We counted our game. Charley had eighteen, we came next with twelve, Henry had eight, Ned had a handful of feathers that he claimed to have knocked out of his bird, and had crippled a hare that had somehow gotten away.

We went into camp until evening brought a cooler atmosphere. Selecting a shady spot in a grove of trees we stretched ourselves on the green sward, and lighting our cigars enjoyed the burning of that weed that Raleigh describes as good for "ye mind as ye body."

For several hours we loitered in this charming spot. Afar off the clear outlines of the mountains marked the various chains that zig-zagged through the State, and a small creek rippled near, making a rhythmatic murmur that lulled one's senses to a perfect repose.

Ned grew poetical. "It was such a spot as this that Tennyson must have composed his 'Brook.' It would stir the soul of a savage. Yes, here is the spot."

"I'm done with town after this," he continued. "I will buy a small place and build my cot and live amid beautiful nature, and leave the world and its cities, with all of its snares and pitfalls, behind me."

"A sort of 'Vicar of Wakefield,' eh, Ned?" we put it.

"No," he responded, "not exactly that, but I mean to lead the life of a Virginia farmer. How happy it must be to have your cows, churn your own butter, raise your own mutton, have your own horses, plant your grain, raise your fruits and vegetables. Oh, it's the happiest life in the world!"

Henry Reid grunted, or rather he gave a disdainful sniff. "Oh, that's very pretty in theory," he said, "but I have tried it. I know; I have been there. The cows dry up, you have to buy your own butter half of the time, your sheep are bound to die of the scab or some such disease, the horses are always ailing and generally kick the bucket, your grain is ruined by the drought, the bugs destroy the young vegetables, and the cabbirds eat up all the fruit, and you have a never-ending fight against all creation. Farming! Not any in mine, if you please."

"That's because you did not take naturally to an agriculturist's life," responded Ned. "I do. I admire the profession that numbered among its votaries a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison. No, the man who don't love the country is without a soul; he is fit for stratagems, treasons and spoils."

"Well, old man, answered Henry, "have your own way about it, but come on, the rest are ready."

The dogs as well as their masters, refreshed by their hour's rest, sprung to their work with a vim, and in a few minutes we were all scattered in the woods and brush.

Suddenly we heard Ned's voice in excited tones cry, "Come here, boys, come here!" We hurried to the spot.

"There," said Ned, pointing to a brush of briars in the bottom of a dry ditch, "there is the strangest animal I ever saw."

"What was it like?" we inquired.

"It was as large as a dog almost and about the color of one. He jumped down there before I could shoot, and he is in there now, you bet."

"It must be a 'coon," said Charley, "or a 'possum." I hazarded, "or a groundhog," cried Henry, who said as he got to the bottom of the chasm, "I'll find out in a minute." We bent over the brink eagerly and watched him as he threw away the pine brush. All at once the animal, with a snarl, jumped aside, and in a second gave us a dose of his quality.

Oh, my countrymen! Evil was the day and cursed the hour when we stirred up that P. C. Shades of the ancient city of Cologne, with its seventy-nine distinct stenches! what a fetid odor. All bad smells that entered our nose since boyhood, concentrated and condensed into one foul funk, could not match in a stinking offensiveness the scent of that foul *Mustela putorius*. The first sensation is one of deadly nausea, followed by a blindness and dizziness that lasts for some minutes. Then comes an utter, abhorrent disgust of everything, everybody, with the whole globe thrown in.

Every one of us caught it, and we all struck, by instinct, for an open field, where the smell could have free space to diffuse, and not be cramped or smothered by the bushes or woods.

After a half hour spent in profanity, there was another council of war. This time there was mutiny in the ranks, and each one wanted to do a different thing. Henry desired to kill himself, but was persuaded not; Charley wanted to strip and lie in the creek all night; Ned longed to blow his brains out, while the darkey, who was the only one untouched, stood a hundred yards off, with his nose in his hand, and hallooed to us to take off our garments and bury them under the water, and wait until he returned from the village with a full supply of clothes, both inner and outer, for us.

His advice was sound—in fact, it was the only thing we could do. The darkey went off like a shot, and we proceeded to follow instruction. Down in the deepest pools we buried our apparel, by placing rocks on them, only taking from the pockets our watches and money, which were affected strongly by the all-powerful perfume.

There we stood, a quartette of miserable-looking wretches—an antique group without the Greek pose.

Henry Reid would have his joke. Ned's figure caught his eye, crouched at the foot of a gigantic tree.

"I say, Ned," he commenced, "how sweet, fair and fresh is the country."

"Curse the country!" growled that individual.

"How Arcadianly delicate," went on Henry. "See the brawling streamlet that dances so brightly; it hides our clothes, 'tis true, but then it sparkles like a diamond."

"Confound the river!" snapped Ned.

Then an utter silence fell upon the crowd, and not until the boy appeared did we utter a word. We donned our raiment, and, upon the advice of Charley, placed our watches and money from the old suits in keeping of the darkey. Yet even with this precaution there was a certain indefinite sickly smell in the air that seemed to cling to our persons.

Just as we were about to start for the village Ned inquired how long the clothes would have to soak before the smell was out.

"About six months," was the reply.

"Great Scott!" he moaned. "I borrowed that suit from Frank Brackett, and it cost sixty dollars if it cost a cent, and I will have to pay for it. I'm done for!"

"Never mind, Ned," we said, consolingly; "you will have better luck next time."

"Next time will never come for this individual," he said, savagely; "I am going to leave to-morrow."

"What!" said Henry, "leave this beautiful Arcadian country that you were in love with?"

"I never want to see the country again," he replied.

"What! give up your dream of a farmer's life?"

"I would rather crack rocks on an avenue in the city than farm the finest freehold in the State."

"Surely, Mr. Burke," spoke up Charley Cobb, "you are not going to give up the fine shooting for such an accident?"

"You may designate it as an accident," he replied, "but I call it a fearful calamity. Beside, I have not had any fine shooting. My shoulder is black and blue, the skin is worn off my heel, and I am so lame I cannot walk; and those confounded birds fly so fast that before I can get aim at them they are out of sight. Then, again, I have no desire to meet another infernal cat."

"These are very rare in this section," said Charley Cobb. "It is the first I have seen for several years around here, and I am hunting over these grounds all of the time."

"It would be just my luck to stir up one on every hunt," answered the lawyer. "No, I have had enough, with plenty left over. I am going home to-morrow, and I never want to lay my eyes on the country again as long as I live."

We marched sadly back to town, and at the nearest drug store Ned bought a bottle of cologne with which he drenched himself, and thus overcame by one odor the scent of another. The next day he returned home, accompanied by Reid, who was summoned back to his bank by a telegram.

A few days' hunt around Lincolnton in company with Charley Cobb convinced me of the great abundance of partridges (quail) in Western North Carolina. The birds abound, and in such quantities as I never saw in Virginia. There are but few sportsmen in the whole section, and the quail have nothing to prevent their multiplying. A noticeable fact this season is the scarcity of hawks. I did not see but one the whole time I was shooting. Now what I call a profusion of game is this: The coveys are numerous and rarely counting under fifty birds, and they can be found on every hand. To give an instance, Mr. N. F. Cobb, Charley's brother, who is an enthusiastic and accomplished sportsman, tells me that he often finds as many as twenty coveys in one day's hunt. Speaking by the card, from my own observation, I found more game in Western North Carolina than I ever did in the most favored localities of Virginia. From Charlotte, North Carolina, clear to the great French Broad, is a region that will give the most exacting huntsman a perfect satisfaction. Those desiring information may write to Charles Cobb, Lincolnton, N. C., who will cheerfully give them all necessary points.

There is one serious drawback to sportsmen going to North Carolina on the Virginia Midland and Richmond & Danville route, and that is the enormous charge for carrying dogs. The Chesapeake and Ohio road makes no charge on dogs.

To parties visiting North Carolina I would advise them to go from Washington to Richmond by the Alexandria and Fredericksburg Railroad, then to North Carolina by any route that is the cheapest, thus avoiding the heavy tax that the Virginia Midland lays upon the dogs. The Richmond and Danville is the shortest and quickest route.

I cannot conscientiously advise any brother sportsmen to go to the only hotel in Lincolnton, unless, indeed, he has the dyspepsia and cannot eat, or has a stomach like an ostrich and can fill up on slop and wittles. There are several private families in and around the town where tourists and sportsmen can get board at a moderate price, and Mr. Cobb can, I presume, engage quarters for them.

Well, I have had my say, and like Captain Jack Bunsby, "what I says I stands to." I can only repeat, if you want splendid partridge shooting on real game preserves, where nine coveys out of ten have never been shot at, go to Western North Carolina, take your own dogs and ammunition and liquids; get in with the people, avoid hotels as you would a leper house, obtain board at some private house where there is a cheerful host, pretty daughters and accommodating son to show the bearings, and you will have as much sport during the months of November and December as your ardent soul could wish.

I have written a long letter, but like Gratanio, I can exclaim, "Beshrew my soul, but what I tellist is the truth."

CHASSEUR.

VIRGINIA, October, 1882.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE quail shooting season opened in Delaware and New Jersey Nov. 1, and many of our sportsmen of the Quaker City are away at the present writing. Birds are plentiful in both Maryland and Delaware, but in some localities I hear there are a number of small birds "in the large coveys." This would indicate a second hatching, which has very likely been the case during the past breeding season, as it was an exceptionably good one.

The deer in New Jersey have been protected by law for the past two or three years, and no shooting of them has been allowed, consequently they have increased in considerable measure. Mr. Geo. Vannato, of Barnegat, N. J., who is one of the most persistent deer hunters of his State, tells me in the section where he has been in the habit of hunting before the passage of the prohibitory law the deer have become very numerous. He bewails the having to wait another year before he can go into "the drive" again, as it is not until November, 1883, that the open season begins.

Brant and geese are now appearing in greater numbers on the New Jersey coast, and good shooting will be had when favorable winds prevail. Just now the brant are having a quiet time and pleasant weather, with no blustery winds to keep them on the move.

Duck shooting has been good in the Barnegat and Tuckerton bays, which takes in the waters from Barnegat to Little Egg Harbor inlets. Your correspondent has not heard of the result of opening day at Havre de Grace, Gunpowder and Bush rivers, but from the reports that reached Philadelphia of the number of blackheads and redheads that have already taken up their quarters on their noted feeding grounds, the fun must have been great. Canvasbacks have not arrived there to any great extent, the weather having been too pleasant.

My Massachusetts friend, who gave me information regarding the deer on Cape Cod, also tells me that at Wood's Holl, opposite Martha's Vineyard, there are now great bodies of brant. Would not this show that there remain yet many fowl to come southward and stop in our bays as autumn and winter progresses?

Ruffed grouse in the Lehigh Valley, Pa., region have not came down from the high tablelands yet. There is plenty of feed still on these elevated grounds, and it will not be until cooler weather that they will be found at the foot of the hills. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Harwich, Oct. 28.—Have been down on the Cape here for a short time, and although I have not made any large bags of birds, I have had some fine sport. One morning this week I shot, with a light single-barrel breech-loading shotgun, eight snipe on a small meadow near here, and the next morning two. Have shot quite a number of quail and ruffed grouse and a few stray black duck. Quail are quite plentiful, and some very good bags have been made. Many black ducks have been shot in the ponds. The largest number killed with one barrel was nine. A number of coots and sheldrakes have been shot the past week, but not so many as would have been had it not been for the rough weather. Blue-wing teal have been taken in small bunches, but not as many as usual. A few winter yellow-legs are on the marshes yet. The number of yellow-legs and woodducks taken here for the past two months has been very small compared with that of other seasons. Since writing the above, your correspondent has been told of two persons that shot, in Brewster, one day this week, forty-four quail.—CHESTER.

A SIDE HUNT.—Clinton, Mass., Oct. 28.—The Clinton Sportsman's Club held their first annual field day on Thursday. G. W. Goss and G. A. Sampson as captains, each chose an equal number of men and started in pursuit of game. The side that scored the smallest number of points to furnish a game supper for the club at the Clinton House last night. They were allowed to start at midnight Wednesday and meet at the Clinton House hall at 9 A. M., Friday, with the game. They all met as per agreement with an amount of game that was creditable to the club. It fell to Goss's side to furnish the supper, as they were beaten by five points, he scoring 1,595 to 1,600 for Sampson. Each side started in twos and threes, and some went singly. The supper was served at the Clinton House at 9 o'clock last evening. Game counted as follows: 'Coon, 73; gray rabbit, 25; duck, 25; partridge, 25; owl, 15; crow, 15; quail, 15; woodcock, 15; gray squirrel, 15; red squirrel, 5; blue jay, 5. The game and vermin killed were: 2 'coons, 3 owls, 1 duck, 8 crows, 27 ruffed grouse, 4 woodcock, 21 quail, 23 blue jays, 8 rabbits, 74 gray squirrels, 79 red squirrels.

NEW YORK.—Oswego, October 30.—Four members of the Ontario Shooting and Fishing Club, N. A. Wright, O. S. Osterlout, P. O. Wright and C. A. Tanner, have just returned from a two days' trip to the club's preserve, at Little Sandy. They report wild celery growing in abundance, and fine ducks in large flocks, and I have no reason to disbelieve them, for they are all sportsmen of the highest order. One very convincing argument is that they brought home with them 83 fine plump stall fed beauties, such as redheads, bluebills and butter-balls. There have been but very few woodcock, snipe and ruffed grouse killed in this county this season.—VETERAN.

MICHIGAN.—Fife Lake, Nov. 7.—Deer are quite plenty in this vicinity; over fifty have been killed this fall, within ten miles of town. The largest buck ever killed in this vicinity was shot within one mile of town, weighing 268 pounds dressed. He had six prongs on his horns; he was a noble buck. The controversy in your columns in regard to the custom of hounding vs. still hunting is interesting to read, but I don't think will make many converts on either side. I give you an example of hounding. Two weeks ago a party went from here a few miles out, taking four dogs. Deer were plenty when they went, and had been all fall. These parties were gone ten days and got seven, six does and one buck. Last week they tried it again, and came back, with one small fawn and one dog, reporting no deer to be found. I saw a "moss-back" from that section of the country, who said that two of the dogs that he knew of stopped, *sudden-like* and were there yet; and I don't know as I blame him for stopping them. I received a letter from Game Warden Higby, just before the law expired, telling me he would be here. I had written to him in regard to coming. I had two sure cases of violation of game law, knew where the birds were, but he did not appear. One of the cases is particularly aggravated, namely that of J. A. Clark. He has hunted and fished here for seven years, in and out of season, last year killing seven before the law expired, and this year three. He is "well fixed" for this world's goods, but prefers to hunt or fish for the market. He sold venison openly on our streets the last week in September. A slight flurry of snow fell here November 2. Plenty of partridge, but no ducks; song birds all gone.—W. E. M.

SOME GUN BARRELS CONTAIN STEEL.—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 29.—To my great regret, I find that my friend "Dick Swiveller" thinks that there is "no such thing" as "Damascus steel" and "laminated steel," as steel is "utterly unfit for shotgun barrels, as not combining lightness with strength;" "highly dangerous to use in any climate," etc.; "the fine iron and the mild steel," when forged, gives us, in the resulting "tubes," iron. "The laminated steel figure in barrels cannot be as safe as Damascus; * * * like the latter, the steel is reduced to fine iron," etc. Now, these statements are incorrect. I wish no discussion with my esteemed friend. The subject of "steel" and its manifold conditions is grand and limitless. But let me say: Possibly about one-half of the metal in a pair of first-class "laminated steel" or "Damascus steel" barrels is steel. We may call the whole "gun iron" very properly; but the proportion of steel which went in comes out steel—very mild steel, of course, but not "iron," by a long shot. Steel as used (in its various forms) in the finest weapons, big and little, which the world can show, does combine "lightness with strength." It rules the world. Barrels of the material known as "laminated steel" are not "fine iron," but, *e. g.*, half iron and half steel. They are quite as safe as "Damascus."—W. MCK. HEATH.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.—Allegheny, Oct. 29.—A heavy frost made its appearance here last Tuesday, bringing with it flocks of ducks to the water outside of the city limits, and several bags of no mean proportion have been made by hunters. The farmers in the rural districts, a few miles from the city, complain that the hawks and owls are present this year in large quantities and are causing fearful destruction to game. Bass fishing in Chartier's Creek is splendid this year. I was paddling in its waters in a Rob Roy canoe, some time since, and the bass almost jumped into the boat. Rabbits are present this season in legions, and will serve admirably to resort to in case one fails to secure other game. A number of loyal sportsmen, who have been "putting in their time" at Kankakee during the last few days, claim that game there is very plenty, and they substantiated their claim by dealing out ducks with a lavish hand. Clay pigeon matches are becoming quite frequent, and the fragments of red clay on Herr's Island and the Exposition grounds prove, without a doubt, that Pittsburgh and Allegheny possess sportsmen who need not be ashamed of themselves.—C. A. R.

SECOND BROODS OF QUAIL.—Fort Apache, Arizona, Oct. 26.—The articles in your issues of Sept. 14 and Oct. 12, "on second breeding of quail," induces me to write of some of my own experience in Indian Territory and the State of Texas. Let me first state I have been a devoted lover of "Bob White" for many years, have watched his habits closely, and many times have known a pair to raise two bevies in one season. Twice in the Territory, that is, two consecutive seasons, I watched two nests in the first, and one during the second season. In both cases—I should say the three cases—there was a second brood by the same pair of quail. Five years' experience there convinced me that in almost every, if not every, case the mother bird lays a second nest of eggs. In Texas it is well known that two broods are hatched each season, and some think three are, often. My experience in Texas was very extensive, in the north, southwestern and western parts. I always had fine dogs, both pointers and setters, and "Bob White" has for years been my favorite game, and many of them have fallen to my gun.—G. W. S.

SQUIRREL RIFLE.—Allegheny, Pa.—One of your correspondents, some time ago, inquired for information in regard to a rifle that would be suitable for hunting in general, and for shooting gray squirrels in particular. I have been experimenting with a .22 caliber first, and then with a .32 caliber, both Remington rifles, and I find that I prefer the .32 caliber far above the .22, for although the .22 c. will pick a squirrel from a tree in a very neat manner, the .32 c. will do the same with better execution, make a cleaner shot, and as it carries a larger ball and more powder, its force is a certain per cent. greater and its trajectory correspondingly less in an equal ratio, though while this change takes place there seems to be apparently no perceptible difference in the mutilation of the game, while at the same time you have a rifle that will kill much larger game, if need be, at longer range.—C. A. R.

OHIO.—Delta, October 30.—Ruffed grouse are very scarce in this section. Have been out several times and failed to find any except a few old birds. Cannot account for it unless it was the cold, wet weather we had last spring. Quail are quite plentiful, and we expect some glorious sport in a few days, as soon as weather gets a little cooler.—H. H. Q.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Berwick, October 30.—Game is on the increase here. Grouse are more plenty than for the last four seasons past. Quail are quite plenty all over, where there has not been any for several years. Rabbit, plenty, and I look for sport after November 1.—SUBSCRIBER.

CONNECTICUT.—Plymouth, Nov. 6.—Game has been and is now quite plenty around here this fall. There are gray squirrels, rabbits, foxes and 'coons. Quail have been more numerous than for a number of years, but partridge and woodcock are not very plenty; the latter were quite plenty in the early part of the summer, but after the law was off I could not find one there or any where else. Ducks are very plenty on Litchfield Pond. Men that have lived near the pond for years say they never have seen so many in all the time they have lived there as they have seen this year. We have had quite good sport killing gray squirrels; some days we got fifteen and never less than ten, and one day we shot an albino squirrel. He was all white with the exception of a light gray streak down the back about one inch wide, just back of the head, which narrowed down to a point at the root of the tail; he had pink eyes.—F. C. B.

MIDLAND PARK, N. J., Nov. 3.—Rabbits plentiful. Got into several large bevies of quail and brought some to gun.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

ONE hot day in June we were catching haddock in Anoplis Basin about a mile off the Digby, Nova Scotia, shore. Chet, after taking a turn of his line around his hand, had lain down in the bottom of the boat with his hat over his face as a protection from the noon-day heat of the sun, and was fast asleep. George had hooked a big skate and by a good deal of give and take managed to get him alongside without waking Chet. We pulled in Chet's line and fastening his hook firmly through the skate's tail, then let him go. Quickly laying down and feigning sleep we waited developments. We had not long to wait, when Mr. Skate ran the line out and it brought up on Chet's hand over the gunwale, the trouble began. He first sung out "Let go," and began kicking some imaginary enemy, but when he got belt upright with his eyes fairly open and realized the situation, he let out line with a "Jerusalem crickets! Great Cæsar! I've got him this time! Get up here, boys, I've got a hundred pound halibut hooked. Heavens, how he pulls. Why don't you fellows keep awake and tend to your fishing, you sleepy lubbers? See what I get by keeping wide awake and on the watch. When I go fishing I fish, I don't spend half my time snoring. Come, wake up and give a hand here."

After a long fight, Chet thought his fish was about tuckered and nearly to the surface, he yelled "Stand by with the gaff, boys; clear away between the main and forward seats; put both gaffs into him, steady, now, and we will show the natives at Bear River the biggest halibut ever caught in" ——. Chet had run on thus far in his excitement when the skate hove in sight tail foremost. I had commenced the second stanza of the Comanche war whoop and George was rolling in the bottom of the boat, when Chet, with the very devil boiling from his eyes, dropped his line and darted for the boathook; but divining his intentions, I was too quick for him, and forcing him back over the decking forward, George and I held him until the fight melted out of his eyes and he owned up sold.

Ever after if we wanted Chet to come down we only had to say, "Chet, let's put both gaffs into him." H. L. M.

Did any of you around the "Camp Fire" ever see white woodcock? Oh, yes, I have. I saw a pair of very fine ones once, perfectly white, and this is how it occurred. Phil. L., as genial soul as ever lived, years ago had charge of the messengers in the office of the old American Express before the big fire. Phil. was a bachelor, fond of horses, dogs and birds, particularly the latter. Canary birds from the Black Forest of Germany, mocking birds and redbirds from the sunny South, none but the purest and rarest specimens, were allowed to occupy the beautiful cages that graced his bachelor quarters. Occasionally some cage, carefully wrapped up and marked with the mysterious "D. H. a. c. P. L." would be found among the out-bound "run" of some messenger and consigned to some far-away agent, to be returned in due time labeled "Keep from cold," "Please feed and water." These came to be known among the boys as "Phil.'s pets" and were always well cared for, so that when one arrived Phil. generally had quite a crowd of lookers on about the office when the wrappings were carefully removed from the latest and rarest specimen, while all passed judgment upon size, plumage, color and markings, and probable musical or other good qualities.

One day one of the boys on the Dubuque night run asked Phil. how he would like a pair of white woodcock, adding that the agent out at Blanktown had a pair of beautiful ones that he thought he could secure for him if Phil. would like them to add to his collection, and would supply a cage. Phil. was delighted, but almost doubted the truthfulness of James, because in all his experience in the woods he had never heard of such a rarity, though he had heard of white deer, and even white quail and white blackbirds, but pure white woodcock, and two of them! That settled it. When the run went out that evening there was a good cage bearing the mysterious ciphers "D. H. a. c. P. L.," and tagged for the agent at Blanktown. When it came back, a day or so after, the usual curious crowd of messengers and office clerks gathered about while Phil. carefully untied the strings which held the paper with which the cage was wrapped to protect the birds from the cold, and there, curled up in a warm nest of soft moss, lay, sure enough, a pair of real whitewood cocks!—beer faucets. The roar that followed the discovery is often echoed to this day whenever some of the old hands have retold the story. But don't you tell who sent you this. DORSAL FIN.

We were sitting around the fire just before turning in, and relating experiences, telling stories, etc., when Chant, one of the party, said, "One of the greatest stories I ever heard was told me by a hunter I was talking with one day. An old man wanted his son to become a crack shot, and got a rifle for him. But the boy was afraid to shoot it, so the old man got him an air rifle that carried about a B shot. The boy practiced on shooting frogs, but could never kill any. One day he saw an old frog sitting on a log, and he took fair aim and fired. The frog slightly turned his head, but no more. The boy shot several times with the same results. Finally he caught the frog with red flannel and a hook and found all the shot inside of him. Come to find out, the frog saw the shot coming, thought they were flies, and swallowed them all." OSIOLIO.

Any one having furs for sale would do well to write to Ramsey Macnaughton, 3 Howard street, N. Y. See advertisement.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, 2 species.
War-mouth, *Chænobrytlus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nicromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it, and this seems to be maintained by the learned Pet. Du. Moulin, who, in his discourse on the fulfilling of prophecies, observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets he then carried them either to the deserts or the seashore, that having so separated them from amidst the ess of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

IZAAK WALTON.

CARP AND TENCH—ON THE TABLE.

AH, those were jolly days of old,
When feudal earl and baron bold,
And princely guest of high degree,
Vassal and serf and henchman free,
Assembled at the chieftain's call
To banquet in baronial hall.
The toesin sound from battlement
O'er hill and dale and wood was sent,
The banner'd turret called to arms,
The castle bell rang out alarms,
That all should gather at the board
Ere they should brandish spear and sword.

The liveried servitors would place
The boar-head slaughter'd in the chase,
Set venison-haunch on silver plate,
Bring great sirloin in pomp of state,
Bear flagons of the frothy ale,
Bring creamy mead-bowls to regale,
Bring blood-red juices of the vine,
The ripe, the old, the rosy wine;
But chief of all, on mighty dish,
Was plac'd the carp, the prince of fish

Right well did dainty churchmen know
To rear fat beeves, rare fruits to grow,
To breed in convent moat and trench
The bulky carp, the luscious tench,
To fill their ponds with pike and dace,
And all the wealth of finny race.
At matin hour, at vesper chime,
And at the mid-day feasting time,
How pleasant at the festive board,
Where capons smok'd and wine was pour'd
The brown-baked dish of carp to share,
The epicure's delicious fare.

Good trenchermen, I ween, were they,
Ready to gormandize or pray,
To patter prayer, or tell the bead,
Or riot in luxurious feed.
A stalwart race, those monks of old
Of wondrous bulk, of mighty mold.

When sumptuous board was duly spread,
The portly abbot at its head,
Boasting for guest the mitred priest,
Or learned prelate at the feast,
Would grandly bid, in accents sharp
The serving-men bring in the carp.

Ah, hooded monk and cowled friar,
Carousing by the blazing fire,
And feeding on all viands rare,
A delicate, delicious fare,
Draining the cup of brimming ale,
Your thirsty palates to regale,
How grand your state in priestly stall,
In peasant's hut or noble's hall!
Ah, little of such joys remain
For you, in England's modern reign!

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

THE FISH OF CENTRAL LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since reading in your issue (of Aug. 3d, I think) of the loads of "herrings" which could be dipped up in pails, baskets, etc., at the head of Central Lake, I have wondered if "Kingfisher" would put in an appearance on the tenth of November, prepared with a dipper, and desirous of laying in his winter's stock of American sardines. I should have thought little of the matter, had not the writer expressed a desire that the multitudinous migration of these fish should be explained by scientific men.

The facts are that the thing is overstated. I heard that old herring story years ago, but my observation has failed to confirm it. I have known the place for some years, and it has not been possible within my knowledge for anyone to dip up these fish without some carefully contrived appliances, and even then no one has been able to take them in large numbers, though I have seen several persons try it, I think about half a barrel was the largest quantity taken by anyone within my knowledge.

The migration of these fish is analogous to that of the "bluebacks" in the Rangeley Lakes in Maine, at least they moved up the streams about this time of year when I was there, in 1857, and the same thing takes place with a similar fish in Squam Lake, N. H., and probably in most of the other northern lakes of any size.

The want of time has prevented me from attempting to

identify these fish. I can probably send you specimens if desired. What our friend "Kingfisher" will see if he is here on or about the tenth of November, will be a scattering shoal of fish moving up stream, and he must always remember that it is but seldom that anyone is found in the rural districts, (or for that matter, in cities) whose methods of observation are sufficiently accurate to be trusted by scientific men, even setting aside a very general propensity to exaggerate, when speaking of the doings or habits of fish and game.

I have no doubt that these "herrings" are common to all the lakes of the Intermediate Chain, as well as Torch Lake, and probably also Grand Traverse Bay, but it has happened that they were more likely to be observed at this point than any other. X.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Oct. 27, 1882.

BASS FISHING IN FLORIDA.

ON several occasions I have referred to bass fishing in Florida, and shall allude to it again for the benefit of those who are disposed to indulge in the capture of large and gamy fish. The bass referred to is the *Sclenops velliatus*, known as the redfish in the Southwest, channel bass of Florida, and red drum on the Jersey coast. They are good biters, full of pluck, and worthy of the notice of those who wish to engage in the capture of a fish characterized by strength, pluck and persistent fight; like many other game fish there is no sulking. My memory may fail me, but my impression is, that for strength and a "long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether," they about equal my old friends, the striped bass of the North. One advantage attending the channel bass fishing at the points to which I shall refer, is that they are all large, are plentiful, and ever ready to appropriate a piece of mullet or the half of a hard-back crab. Chumming and shedder crabs are not necessary.

I prepared a full supply of tackle for the capture of bass and tarpon, and was supplied with a heavy bass rod and a nine-foot, heavy bethabara wood rod. I had my basket packed, and was ready to start, when I indulged in an attack of dengue, or breakbone fever, and, as a consequence, lost the best fishing during the first three weeks of September.

On Wednesday, September 27, I proceeded to Mayport, and found a strong northeast gale blowing, causing very high tide, and a tidal current of four miles per hour, preventing the use of rod and reel, and I was forced to use a hand-line. On Thursday I anchored near Mile Point, and soon landed eleven bass, averaging thirty pounds. They were biting freely, and the last one hooked weighed forty pounds. Between his struggles to escape and the rapidity of the current, the anchor separated, and I was forced to cease fishing for the day. While fishing for bass I hooked a tarpon about six feet in length. He indulged in a few frantic rushes, and in a jump cleared the water six or seven feet, and when he struck his native element, the snood, consisting of a 72-thread, cable laid cotton line, had been cut by his scissor jaws. Soon after I hooked one of about the same size, and in bringing him to gaff, the hook tore out, and enjoyed the privilege of seeing him depart.

On Friday morning I could only secure five small mullet for bait, but proceeded to my usual fishing point. I had in my basket a rig for tarpon, consisting of three short and three long links of piano wire. To each short link I had soldered three 3.0 Virginia hooks. My boatman solicited the privilege of "trying for a tarpon." On a board I had wound 700 feet of line for the purpose of playing the racers. He baited the hooks with the half of a large sea trout, and with a large float allowed the bait to drift thirty yards astern. I instructed him to unwind the line and have it nicely coiled on the bottom of the boat ready for the first rush, if he secured a bite. He neglected to carry out my instructions; a tarpon seized the bait and the ball opened. The boatman braced himself and held on to the board; and the fish snubbed and jumped, and between the two they parted a new 72-thread cotton cable laid line. The hooks "No 6750. 3.0 file point extra strong Virginia hooks," supplied me by Shipley & Son, of Philadelphia, and the piano wire snood stood the test. I used my five mullets, captured five bass averaging 23 lbs., and departed for home. The smallest of the sixteen fish weighed 19lbs., and I may remark that it was the smallest one I have thus far captured at Mayport. I referred to the No. 6750, 3.0 hook and I have no hesitation in stating that they are the best tempered and strongest hook I have ever used, and are worthy of the notice of those who indulge in the capture of large fish.

Our bass fishing lasts about two months, but is best from the 1st to the 20th of September. If our Northern fishermen would visit the locality referred to, they would be surfeited with sport. In the surf at Pelican Island they can hook larger fish than at Mile Point, and at the mouth of Pablo Creek small bass, ranging from five to fifteen pounds. At the jetties, on the last of the ebb, slack water, and young flood, by using shrimp for bait, fishermen can capture, with rod and reel, from fifty to one hundred sheepshead, ranging from one-half to two pounds.

From New York, by New York and Savannah steamers and S. F. & W. Railway, this city can be reached in about forty-four hours. Excursion ticket, $43.50; fare from Jacksonville to Mayport and return, $1.50; board at Burroughs' Hotel, from $10 to $12 per week; boatman and boat, $2 to $2.50 per day—aggregate expense of a three weeks' outing, less than $100. If the parties were disposed to be economical, board could be obtained at a private house for $5 or $6 per week; boat hire, 50 cents per day; fishermen could catch their own crabs, purchase mullets for 15 cents per string, and shrimp at 10 cents per quart, for bait. The cost for the trip, if persons paddled their own canoe, would be less than $70.

At Mayport and Pilot Town there is a daily mail, and at the latter a telegraph station; steamboat daily to this city; health of the locality excellent; bathing superior on the beach; nights cool; heat of the day not oppressive; insect pests but seldom annoying; and last though not least the fishing is excellent. If fishermen were not disposed to indulge in the services of a fisherman, they could hire one named McMullen for a day, and ask him to take them to the shell bank near Mile Pond, and to the one opposite the old light house. While anchored the piscators could take bearings on the shore and at any time find the "drops."

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 31. AL FRESCO.

LARGE VIRGINIA BASS.—Leesburg, Va., Nov. 1.—The bass fishing here is extraordinary. I've just seen a bass caught by Mr. Thomas Edwards, weighing six pounds and two ounces, twenty-two inches long, and sixteen inches in girth. The measurements are mine, and the fish was weighed by Dr. Edwards. Strings of twenty-five, thirty, thirty-four, thirty-six, etc., have been brought in by different parties this week, one string of twenty-three estimated to weigh seventy pounds. I don't want to get into any difficulty, but sign my name in full.—THOMAS WILLIAMSON.

LAKE ONTARIO BASS FISHING.—Medina, Orleans County, N. Y., Nov. 3.—Quite a mine of wealth and pleasure has been discovered the past summer, in Lake Ontario, ten miles north of this place. There is a sand bar located about three quarters of a mile out in the lake, on which the water is six or eight feet deep. Someone conceived the idea of going out there to fish for bass. Happy thought. It proved to be a success, and many fish have been caught. Lately they have been taking mostly maskinonge. Several large pickerel have also been caught by trolling. A party went down from here a short time ago, and brought home over 100 pounds of fish, others have been when the lake was rough and had poor luck. It would not be surprising if there are other bars along on the lake that might be developed into good fishing grounds next season.—SAL NITER.

FLORIDA BASS.—Lawtey, Florida, Oct. 25.—The statements I make can be verified by writing to the parties whose addresses are given in connection with this letter, who are the men that caught the fish in question. Col. V. J. Shipman and Walter Todd, of this place, and I. Shipman were fishing in the Grass Lakes, distant some thirty miles. These lakes are perhaps as well stocked with fish as any waters in Florida. The Colonel hired a man with his boat to take him out alone, with the idea of making the biggest catch. He caught a good many bass weighing from three to six pounds, and finally an eight-pounder. That was enough for the Colonel. They pulled ashore, when, fish in hand, he marched up to camp. But his father, I. Shipman, had caught a bass that weighed twelve pounds, and other parties there caught some equally as heavy.—KNICK.

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE annual report of the New York Fish Commission for 1881 is just before us. It opens with a sketch of fishculture by the secretary of the board, General Sherman, and goes on with a sketch of the State hatchery at Caledonia, with which our readers are familiar. Concerning that prolific trout stream on which the hatchery is located, the report says:

Six miles above the point where Caledonia Creek enters the Allen stream the water in midsummer often wholly disappears from its rocky bed. It is supposed it falls into the caverns in the rock, and after an underground passage of several miles reappears in the springs which are the apparent source of Caledonia Creek, and traversing that stream to its mouth, are restored to Allen's Creek. The water in its underground passage is kept at a low temperature and receives an additional impregnation of lime, with which it is found always largely charged. The theory of the underground passage is strengthened by the fact that when the water is lowest at the point where it disappears, the springs at the head of Caledonia Creek discharge with nearly the same freedom as in seasons of wet.

The Caledonia purchase includes about six acres of land and water, and is quite sufficient in extent for all the necessary purposes of the commission. The water immediately above the hatchery now has a slight fall, or rapid, to which an additional elevation is given by a timber dam. This gives through the artificial ponds and through the hatchery buildings a discharge copious and free. During the last year it was found necessary to rebuild the artificial ponds, the timber lining of the old ones having become much decayed, and some changes in form and size being desirable. The work was done mostly by the regular employes of the hatchery at times when interior work was not necessary. The whole cost of materials and labor was about eight hundred dollars.

The commissioners have made some comparisons in the weight of different kinds of fish raised in the State hatchery, which they record as a matter of interest. At three years old, the largest salmon trout attains a weight of one pound eight ounces. Brook trout of the same age weigh one-half pound. California trout, one pound. Hybrids from the male brook trout and the female salmon trout, one pound. No doubt in wild waters the weight would be much greater.

"The commissioners are inclined to doubt, from the facts brought out in their correspondence, whether much benefit has resulted from attempting to stock small streams in populous neighborhoods, even though they may have been formerly good trout waters. This class of streams may have been suitable fifty years ago, when the population was sparse and the existence of large forests at the head prevented the rapid evaporation which now occurs in consequence of the destruction of the live timber. The changes consequent to the clearing up of the new country have not only greatly decreased the volume of the spring streams, but have changed the temperature of the waters, so that they are no longer capable of sustaining fish like the trout kind, that must have pure cold water or they languish and die. The same changes have diminished the supply of the animal food which is necessary to their healthy development.

The commissioners have noticed that the best results of stocking have occurred where the waters, whether of lakes or running streams, have been of greatest extent. This is proved in the case of Otsego, Cayuga, Canandaigua and Hemlock lakes, and the waters of the Fulton chain in the northern wilderness. Nowhere has the deposit of trout fry been attended with such marked success as in the waters in and bordering that great forest. These possess all the elements necessary to the perfect development of fish life. In these extensive bodies, fed from pure and never failing springs, and supplied with all the forms of animal life best adapted for fish food, the growth of the trout proceeds with thrice the rapidity of the same species in the smaller waters of the settled country, and all the processes of nature in connection with their development and increase proceed in a corresponding ratio.

In regard to the stocking of Bisby Lake, in the Adirondacks, the following is taken from the report of the Bisby Club:

"In the summer of 1879 a large consignment of the fry of the land-locked salmon from the State hatching house at Caledonia, en route to Bisby Park, had reached as far as the head of Woodhull Lake, where our trail commences. The day was one of the hottest of the summer: the fish had been nearly twenty-four hours on the journey; the stock of ice with which they had been refreshed on the way had given out and no more could be procured. Night came on; a mile and a quarter overland remained of the journey and the fish were dying by hundreds. No springs were near, and the water of the lake at the shore was of too high a temperature to revive or save them; so, as a last resort, they were conveyed to deep water and committed to their native element. No more was thought about them; the probabilities being that all had perished. But shortly after the disappearance of the ice last spring several fish were caught near the shores of a species unknown to the resident fishermen. A specimen was brought to Bisby Lodge, where it was at once identified as a true land-locked salmon. It had all the markings of the *Salmo salar*, or salt-water salmon, and weighed nearly a pound. They showed themselves again in the fall; this time in the Woodhull stream below the lake, to which they had found egress through the open gates at the dam. They had probably been on their semi-annual run and were striving to return to the lake when caught just at the mouth of the gates. Several attempts have been made to plant the land-locked salmon in the waters of this State, but this is the first that has shown promise of success. It establishes beyond question the fact that the waters of our Northern wilderness are congenial to this fish."

In the winter of 1882 the club had reports of the taking of a number of these fish through the ice on Woodhull. Specimens, each eighteen inches in length, were sent to one of the commissioners. Two, fresh caught and preserved on ice, were forwarded to Mr. E. G. Blackford's annual exhibition held in Fulton market. They are thus spoken of in a letter from the secretary of the club, Mr. H. H. Thompson, to one of the commissioners:

"As soon as Mr. Blackford got sight of me he hastened to say that a box had been delivered that morning with a card he could hardly make out but he thought he could show me some fish from Bisby. And sure enough there were spread on a silver dish two of the handsomest fish I ever saw, and which attracted a great deal of attention. For outline, coloring, and plump firmness of flesh there was nothing in his exhibition to rival them. There was a four-year specimen of the same species from Caledonia, but it was nowhere in comparison, being pot-bellied and light on the under side. Ours were clad in dark, glistening steel from head to tail; top of head as black as ink, and a touch of beautiful bronze on the cheeks. Blackford had never seen such handsome land-locked salmon. I don't know what other lakes might produce, but Woodhull takes the palm up to this time. The food must suit them, and the color of the water and soil puts on a dress that is perfectly lovely."

These are the fish that were thrown into the broad lake to save their lives, if possible. It is worthy of consideration whether the mode of deposit had not something to do with the success of the enforced plant. The young of the trout family are usually deposited in small, still tributary waters in order that they may find suitable food and shelter and be exempt from the accidents to which they would be liable in larger waters. These seem to have found all the requisite food in the open water of the lake, and it is quite probable that they had exemption there from predatory enemies that might have been encountered in the streams.

There are other lakes in this wilderness that are still better adapted to land-locked salmon than Woodhull; but their success in this water makes it certain that they may be made an incalculable addition to the native supply of these waters.

Concerning the identity of the smelt and the frost fish of the Adirondacks the report corrects an error which originated in our pages by the fact that a true smelt was sent from Vermont to the office of FOREST AND STREAM for identification at the same time that an inquiry came concerning the "frost fish" of the Adirondacks, and the letters were unaccountably mixed, and we answered the man who sent the frost fish that it was a smelt. The fact is, that while both belong to the Salmonidæ, the "frost fish," *Prosopium quadrilaterale*, is a fish that grows to the weight of a pound or more, and is closely related to the white fish of the lakes. Speaking of the frost fish, the report says:

Give any of the old guides or fishermen of the Moose River chain his choice between a trout and a frost fish, and the chances are nine out of ten that he will choose the frost fish. Something of this preference may be due to the fact that the frost fish comes but once a year, while the trout "ye have always with you."

The frost fish take their name from their habit of running from deep water in the frosty months of the autumn to cast their spawn. This is the only season they are never caught or seen by the fishermen. They are taken usually in pens or weirs formed by building a sort of close picket fence across the stream where they run at points a few feet apart. In the lower fence is a gate of the same style of construction. This is opened at night, which is the only time the fish run, and closed as morning approaches. The fish enter in great numbers. They cannot get above the upper wicket, and as it is contrary to their instincts to run down till their spawn is cast, they become securely imprisoned. They are taken out of the pens in scoop nets. Many are slightly salted and kept for winter use by the guides and local fishermen; and whether fresh or salted are a toothsome morsel.

Much of the correspondence of the commission is in relation to the German carp, about which inquiries come daily. Many applications, also, are made for the fish, which the commissioners are unable to supply, as they have no facilities for raising them, and entertain doubts whether it is a good policy for them to cultivate carp for distribution, as the fish are not suited to our native waters.

One of the commissioners, however—Mr. Blackford, who from his relations with the United States Commission and his business connections as a dealer in Fulton market, has opportunities for procuring supplies occasionally for distribution—has given this fish without cost to the State, a dissemination which will probably test its value for the latitude of New York.

Two hundred and thirty carp of the leather species have been received from the United States Commission. An account of the distribution of these will be found in the appendix.

The few kept at the hatchery are in a pond with some other miscellaneous stock. The Caledonia waters are too cold for carp, and in order to give them a fair trial, ponds would need to be constructed quite different from those in use for other fish.

In the matter of fishways, in which the State is very deficient, we note that the commissioners have approved of the style known as the McDonald fishway, which, as they say, has been approved by the best pisciculturists.

Regarding the proposed hatchery at Cold Springs, Long Island, they say:

A committee, consisting of the new commissioner, Mr. Blackford, and Mr. Roosevelt, was appointed to examine the spring streams on Long Island with reference to the selection of the best site. With the assistance of Mr. Fred Mather, a thorough examination was made in the years 1880 and 1881. The report of Mr. Mather was submitted to the full board and the site recommended by him was chosen. Mr. Mather's report will be found in the appendix. This report has been published in our pages.

The site selected is at Cold Spring, on the north side of the island, thirty miles distant from Brooklyn, and having convenient communications by both land and water with other portions of the island. This site has the especial quality of good and abundant water. It is near to the seashore, but sufficiently elevated to be beyond reach of the tides and ocean swells. The land belongs to Mr. John D. Jones, of a family long resident on Long Island and widely known there and in the adjacent great cities. It was formerly occupied for a hatching-house of sufficient size and reasonable convenience.

A liberal lease of this property was given to the State, free of rent, by Mr. Jones, for the period of ten years, for the purpose of the commission, and the commissioners take this appropriate opportunity to tender to Mr. Jones their earnest

acknowledgements for his generous act, and to express to him the hope that through his liberality trout may become as plentiful on Long Island as they were in the days of his boyhood.

In conclusion the commissioners say: It is not the office of the New York Commission to enter upon scientific investigations in embryology and other principles lying at the foundation of animal life. Their allotted work is to raise and distribute fish to stock the depleted waters of the State; and when they report what they have done to this end, their mission as editors is ended.

To the United States Commission are wisely left the great problems in fish science, from the solving of which we are to look for greater light to guide our work. That commission, with its learned head, its corps of eminent scientists, and its liberal government support, is adequate to this work, and will doubtless perform it in a manner which shall not only greatly assist state effort, but do honor to it in the broad field of science.

Tables of the sales of fish in Fulton Market and a list of the fish commissions of the different States complete the report. It is illustrated with badly executed plates of fish which mar an otherwise good report. The only good and valuable plates which this commission ever published were those of Prof. Lintner on the insects of Caledonia Creek, in the report for 1878.

BENJAMIN P. HOWELL.

ON the morning of the 10th of October, Benjamin Paschall Howell, M. D., one of the Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New Jersey, died at his late residence in Woodbury, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Dr. Howell was born November 26, 1808, in Gloucester county, N. J.

His father, Colonel Joshua Ladd Howell, commanded a regiment of Jersey troops during the last war with Great Britain, and died shortly after the declaration of peace. His mother, formerly Anna Blackwood, of Haddonfield, N. J., was a stepdaughter of Col. Joseph Ellis of revolutionary fame.

At an early age Dr. Howell commenced his studies at the academy in Woodbury. Later he studied at Rutgers College, then took up the study of medicine under his eldest brother, Dr. Samuel L. Howell, professor of anatomy at Princeton College, and finally completed his medical training at the University of Pennsylvania in 1831. After which, for a year and during the prevalence of the cholera in the Philadelphia Alms House, he was resident physician in that institution, and as such discharged his duties with great skill and courage.

After practicing his profession for ten years in Philadelphia, he removed to his home in New Jersey, and while continuing to practice, he soon became identified with the fishing interests of the State. Both on the Delaware and in the Legislatures of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, almost single-handed, for many years, he combatted the encroachments of the shad gill-net fishermen, who, although paying no taxes to the State, looked upon its rivers as public domain, and claimed the right to fish in all parts of their waters, at all hours and in all seasons, regardless alike of the law, of the proprietary and riparian rights of those interested in shore fisheries, and of the sanctity of the Sabbath. While the shore fishermen were compelled by law to cease operations between set of sun on Saturdays and twelve o'clock Sunday nights, to stop fishing for shad on the 15th of June, and were subjected to the taxation of their fishing grounds and tackle.

For many years, also, he successfully opposed certain manufacturing combinations in their efforts before the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to obtain the right to construct a dam across the Delaware above Trenton, at the head of tide, well knowing the fishing interests of both States would suffer thereby.

It is, therefore, not going too far to say that mainly to his constant vigilance and the legislative enactments which he fathered, are due the prosperous conditions of the shad-fishing interests of these States.

In 1870 his services to the State were acknowledged in his being appointed the first Commissioner of Fisheries for New Jersey (in company with Dr. Slack, of Bloomsbury,) by Governor Randolph, under the act of that year creating the commission, and he continued to hold his commission uninterruptedly up to the time of his death.

In Dr. Howell the State has lost an efficient and untiring officer, unobtrusive and retiring to a fault, and one whose integrity has never been questioned. An able, accomplished and benevolent physician.

His large circle of friends mourn the loss of a thorough gentleman of the old school—a type fast disappearing—whose courteous bearing was ever noticeable and admired, while his family, whose grief is the greatest, mourn for the head, of which they were justly proud.

RAPID GROWTH OF TROUT IN COLORADO.

DENVER, Colorado, Oct. 29, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I drove down to-day to the State fish hatchery, and there learned some facts which are so astonishing to me that I take the liberty of dropping you a note, in the belief that they may interest some of your readers. The enterprise of artificially hatching trout, to maintain in some measure the stock in our mountain streams, was started about one year ago, under an appropriation of $5,000 from the State Treasury, to last two years. A site was secured eight and a half miles down the Platte from Denver, where some springs break out along the foot of a low bluff bordering the river bottom. The first shipment of 150,000 trout eggs was received from New England Dec. 28, 1881. A second like shipment came two weeks later. Mr. Bogart, who was placed in charge and has so remained ever since, says the hatching was very speedy, and reached ninety-nine and eight-tenths per cent. of the eggs; 250,000 of the fry were distributed in various streams of the State, and the remainder are at the hatchery. There has been scarcely any loss. They occupy a ditch about three hundred feet long and from one to four feet wide, into which a dozen or more springs flow directly, and the outlet of which would probably fill a three-inch pipe. These fish, now from nine to nine and a half months old, are from seven to ten inches long, and there are many among them of half a pound weight each. They are making spawning beds, and will doubtless deposit some eggs this fall. Is not this a rapid growth and speedy maturity for trout? It seems so to me, and Mr. Bogart says he will challenge the world to beat it. He thinks no State ever before made such a success of its first attempt in fisheulture.

It is true these fish have been well cared for and well fed. They suffered for about one month from over-crowding before the distribution was completed, when there were over 150,000 in the space now occupied by the 15,000. I think the latter are too much crowded now. The more open water is literally filled with them, and as a stranger walks along the bank they fairly make it boil. They are fed twice a day on beef liver and lungs chopped up with a hatchet. Mr. Bogart says any of them will eat from his hand. A few thousand of the California rainbow trout were hatched, but they did not prove so satisfactory. Nearly all were distributed to three or four localities, and the largest lot was lost recently in transit. Their growth has not been as rapid as that of the New England trout, and Mr. B. says they are not so good a fish- that we do not want them.

Looked at in a peculiary light, this trout experiment figures about as follows: $5,000 appropriated; ten acres of land secured, with all needed springs and water supply, worth $500; improvements worth $2,000, with capacity for half a million fish at a brood; 15,000 fish on hand that would bring in the Denver market before New Year's Day $3,000; 285,000 fish placed in the streams of the State, and enough money yet on hand for this winter's hatch and to carry the concern along until next June. Pretty good. Or figure it this way: If the entire hatch could have been preserved and cared for as the 15,000 have been, there could have been cleaned up from the investment in one year $60,000. It looks profitable. We have been hearing for two or three months past that troutlings liberated in mountain streams in May and June last were being caught.

There are a few carp in a pond at the hatchery, but they do not grow very rapidly. Mr. Bogart says the water of this country is too good for them; that the trout is as easily raised and infinitely better, and where they will not live the black bass is the next best. He goes East soon for a supply of the latter.

The temperature of the springs at the hatchery is 54 deg. The head of water is three and a half feet. In the ditch where the trout now are the temperature has sometimes gone up to 56 deg. I didn't mean to string out so much. Pardon.

W. N. B.

GREENWOOD LAKE—The Greenwood Lake Association has issued a circular to the lovers of piscatorial spor on Greenwood Lake, which reads as "follows: This favorite fishing locality has very heavy drafts made on it every season, and our desire is that its reputation may not only continue, but be vastly enhanced. The Greenwood Lake Association assumes the responsibility, and will endeavor to preserve the reputation of the Lake for its fine fishing. This can only be done by liberal reinforcements to its scaly army of occupation. A moment's reflection should convince any thoughtful person that the constant warfare waged by the visitors to the lake, is a depleting process which must result in extermination unless guarded against. The association, therefore, desires to supplement the natural increase of the surviving fish by artificial means, thus also adding new and desirable varieties of game and toothsome sorts, and thereby improving this field of pisciorial sport. But this involves expense, and we appeal to you to lend a helping hand, believing you will reap a satisfactory remuneration with rod, line and hook during the succeeding seasons. Eight gentlemen have generously given ten dollars each, for this object, as the beginning of a purse to meet the necessary outlay. Please respond promptly to this (our earnest appeal to your angling generosity), to—P. M. MILLSPAUGH, Treasurer of Fish Fund, 51 Front street, New York."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17. Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 1. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

The following is a complete list of the entries in the Derby, with a full description of each dog and the pedigree, so far as we have been able to obtain them. All were whelped in 1881:

1. BIZZORA. J. S. McIntosh, Pittsburg, Pa.—Red Irish setter bitch, July 8 (Biz-Flora).

2. LORNA DOONE. Spencer M. Nash, New York.—Orange belton English setter bitch, June 4 (Royal-Madge).

3. MOLLIE T. Henry Pape, Hoboken, N. J.—Orange and white English setter bitch, Sept. (Thunder-Loui).

4. COLONEL NOBLE. Chas. Antoine, New York, black, white and tan English setter dog, July 18.—(Count Noble-Nellie).

5. PEBBLE. Prof. H. J. Rice, Brooklyn, New York.—Blue Belton English setter bitch, Sept. 14 (Count Noser-Maple).

6. ISABELLA II. Wm. H. Thayer, Bristol, R. I.—Blue, gray and tan English setter bitch, May 31. (Schuyler-Isabella).

7. ELSA. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 6 (Drake-Countess May).

8. ROY. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—White, with black head, English setter dog, June 9 (Pindee-Flora).

9. SIR JOHN. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter dog, January (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle).

10. DASHING BELLE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—White, liver ticked, English setter bitch, March 23 (Decimal Dash-Bessie).

11. MATE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—White and orange English setter dog, September. (Paris-Fairy Belle).

12. PRINCE ALBERT. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—Lemon and white English setter dog, April 25. (Leicester-Rose).

13. MEG. Charles J. Stewart, Jamaica, N. Y.—Red Irish setter bitch, July. (Chief-Beesey.)

14. FREDERICA. Francis P. Magoun, New York.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 22. (Decimal Dash-Bessie).

15. COUNTESS MAY II. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter bitch, April 12. (Drake-Countess May).

16. PEMBINA. Sidney Dillon Ripley, New York.—Blue belton English setter bitch, April (Pembroke-Royal Gift).

17. CHESTER. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, July 12 (Leicester-Crook).

18. CAPTAIN DORSETT. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Blue belton English setter dog, July 12 (Leicester-Crook).

19. BERTIE JARDEN. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter bitch, July 12 (Leicester-Crook).

20. GARNER. Thomas Stodd, Catasauqua, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, April (Elcho II.-Dell).

21. NANNIE. Thomas Stodd, Catasauqua, Pa.—Red Irish setter bitch, April (Elcho II.-Dell).

22. DUKE. George F. Gildersleve, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black and tan setter dog, July 27 (Glen-Gipsy).

23. PRINCE PEPPIN. Wm. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.—Orange and white English setter dog, August (King Peppin-Livy I.).

24. ST. ELMO IV. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 20 (St. Elmo-Clio).

25. LADIE FAYNE. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Blue belton English setter bitch, August 30 (Emperor Fred-Wanda).

26. MARQUIS DE COEEZE. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, July 6 (Emperor Fred-Lizzie Lee).

27. GREAT PECONIC. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, June 17 (Emperor Fred-Fascination).

28. MAIDA II. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter bitch, August 22 (St. Elmo-Maida.)

29. CARLISLE TRAMP.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Liver and white English setter dog, May 24 (Carlisle Bill-Carlisle Nell).

30. SPENCER. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, July 12 (Leicester-Crook).

31. LEICESTER CROOK.—Dr. Henry F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, July 12 (Leicester-Crook.)

32. DASHING MASCOTTE.—Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, August 6 (Dr. Syntax—Neilson's Rose).

33. DASHING THEO. Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, August 6 (Dr. Syntax—Neilson's Rose).

34. QUEEN PETREL. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, December 25 (Thunder—Petrel).

35. BELTITUS. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Blue belton English setter dog, March 17 (Rock-Meg).

36. CARLISLE STING. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Liver and white English setter dog, May 24 (Carlisle Bill-Carlisle Nell).

37. SALLY. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.—Lemon belton English setter bitch, Sept. 10 (Belton-Blonde).

38. BYRON. Wm. Mahone, Jr., Peterburg, Va.—Red Irish setter dog, Aug. 11 (D'Jonce-Jane).

39. TIPTON. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, April (Don-Clytie).

40. REED WIND'EM. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, May 29 (Count Wind'em-Norna).

41. CANADIAN BEAUTY. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Liver, white and tan English setter bitch, July 3 (Paris-Dawn).

42. SANDY D. Edward A. Spooner, New York.—Orange and white English setter dog, Nov. 23 (Dummy-Nell).

43. BECKY D. Edward A. Spooner, New York.—Orange and white English setter bitch, April 20 (Dummy-Nell).

44. BESSIE II. Richard Pancoast, New York.—English setter bitch, March 22 (Decimal Dash-Bessie).

45. BOB ATEN. H. E. Hamilton, New York.—Black and tan setter dog, March 31 (Glen-May).

46. GLENCHO. Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Caremont, N. H.—Red Irish setter dog, June 1 (Elcho-Norcen).

47. ZIP. Thomas Paton, New York.—Orange and white setter bitch, February.

POINTERS.

48. SENSATION, JR. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Lemon and white dog, February (Sensation-Daisy).

49. ABBESS. H. Clay, Glover, Toms' River, N. J.—Lemon and white bitch, April 27 (Dan-Psyche).

50. BONNER. John G. Hecksher, New York.—Liver and white dog, April 27 (Dan-Psyche).

51. LALLA ROOKH. Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.—Lemon and white bitch, December (Sensation's Son-Grace).

52. TICK. George W. Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Liver and white dog, May (Bob-Dido).

53. CORKER. Westminster Kennel Club, New York.—Lemon and white dog, May 22 (Sensation-Polly).

54. JACK. John B. Marston, New York.—Liver and white dog, September 10 (Joe-Fan).

55. JILL. John B. Marston, New York.—Liver and white bitch, September 10 (Joe-Fan).

56. BERYL. H. Hall, Marlborough, Mass.—Lemon and white bitch, July (Glen-Clair).

57. MIDNIGHT. E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C.—Black dog, June 13 (Chipps-Nettie).

58. DARKNESS. E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C.—Black bitch, June 13 (Chipps-Nettie).

59. WALTZ. E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C.—Lemon and white bitch, May 31 (Bob-Gleam).

60. SEFTON. A. E. Godefroy, Guymard, N. Y.—Liver and white dog, May 12 (Croxteth-Vinnie).

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE following entries for the Eastern Field Trials have been received in addition to those published last week:

MEMBERS' STAKE.

8. BILLY FLINT. J. Herron Crossman, New York.—Liver and white English setter dog, 4 years (Rob Roy-Waddington's Fanny).

9. TICK. George W. Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Liver and white pointer dog, 15 months (Bob-Dido).

10. DASHING ROVER. T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years (Dash II.-Norna).

11. DAN. Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years. (Pedigree unknown).

12. PLANTAGENET. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon belton English setter dog, July 16, 1880 (Dashing Monarch-Petrel).

13. DAISY LAVERACK. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, June 19, 1879 (Thunder-Peeress).

14. DASHING MONARCH. John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, August 25, 1878 (Dash II.-Countess Moll).

15. DOLLY. J. E. I. Grainger, New York.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, age and pedigree unknown.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

20. TOM. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white setter dog, 4 years (Royal Duke-Bessie).

21. TRINKET. T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2 years (Crack-Diana).

22. LONDON. H. Bailey Harrison, Tilsonburg, Ont.—Blue belton English setter dog, 2½ years (Paris-Lill).

23. DON. Elliott Smith, New York.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 3 years (Sensation-Psyche).

24. BAB. Elliott Smith, New York.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 3 years (Rush-Romp).

25. CHIEF. Max Weuzel, Hoboken, N. J.—Red Irish setter dog, 3 years (Berkley-Duck).

26. PLANTAGENET. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon belton English setter dog, 2¼ years (Dashing Monarch-Petrel).

27. DAISY LAVERACK. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, 3½ years (Thunder-Peeress).

28. LACKET. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Sept. 26, 1878 (Rattler-Leda).

29. LINCOLN II. John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.—Lemon and white English setter dog, August 28, 1879 (Lincoln-Petrel).

30. DASHING ROVER. T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years (Dash II.-Norna.)

31. CROXTETH. A. E. Godefroy, Guymard, N. Y.—Liver and white pointer dog, 4½ years (Young Bang-Jane).

32. FOREMAN. Wm. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years (Dashing Monarch-Fairy II.).

33. SMUT II. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I.—Black English setter bitch, 3 years (Trim-Smut).

34. RALEIGH. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Elcho-Rose).

35. LUNA MAY. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—Lemon belton English setter bitch, 3 years (Paris-Pearl).

36. LADY DUFFERIN. John G. Hecksher, New York. Lemon and white pointer bitch, 4½ years (Duke-Pan).

THE MASTIFF "GURTH."

WITH REMARKS ON POINTERS AND SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I have the pleasure of enclosing photograph of my mastiff dog Gurth, winner of first prize in champion class at bench show of Westminster Kennel Club, New York, April, 1882.

The picture does not do him justice, as it fails to convey a true idea of his grand proportions and majestic appearance. His head looks too small. The swelling on the neck is the mark left by a severe blow or kick he received from a horse some months ago, in the side of the head, and which it was necessary to lance, and which will probably never leave him. When I return to New York I hope to secure the skillful pencil of an artist, and have my favorite's portrait handsomely executed.

I am glad you have so courteously expressed a willingness to publish Gurth's picture and dimensions. I am a great lover of all good dogs, sporting and non-sporting, and possess the finest specimens of the several breeds I most fancy, with the exception of the pointer, and for years my efforts to obtain one that pleases my eye (too critical, I fear) have been in vain. My friends say I should have my dogs "made to order!"

Your interesting and instructive paper has contained many pictures of setters and pointers, and, in fact, nearly all breeds of sporting dogs, but I have not as yet found the faithful mastiff, or St. Bernard, or Newfoundland, admitted to your gallery. Perhaps their masters have not knocked for entrance there. And so I make bold to say a word or two in favor of the larger dogs, those true and tried guardians, both of life and property, our intelligent companions in our walks, and who are ornaments to our homes. Why should not they find representation and championship in your columns? Let us cultivate and try to improve these larger breeds, just as useful in their way as the trusty followers of the gun.

I am a staunch advocate of the bench show, and believe, nay, I know, that we owe to the public exhibitions of dogs, and the award of prizes, the vast improvement made in the different breeds in the last twenty years, especially in the larger classes. Why, I remember that at our first bench show in San Francisco, Cal., where I have been living for the past eleven years, two of the judges who served with me on the committee of awards, did not know the difference between St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, or Ulmer dogs (miscalled Siberians) and bloodhounds, and yet one of these two good fellows was considered a grand judge of the canine race, because he owned several mongrels.

There is one mistake I think we do make, however, nowadays with our own setters and pointers. We breed too much for speed in the field and not enough for substance and bone. I quite agree with one of the correspondents in your paper, who said he didn't want quite so much "speed, but more muscle." At the last bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club, in New York, I saw setters and pointers which captured prizes, so ill-shapen in my eyes, that I would not care to own them. Their masters had been apparently satisfied to know that they had "blue" blood in their veins, and felt assured that this was sufficient to warrant their wearing the laurels of victory at a bench show, entirely irrespective of their stability or fitness for the field. It seemed to me they were willing to deteriorate their breed in order to win a few paltry prizes. And these dogs I refer to were not even handsome to critical and exacting eyes. They were too leaded, too sharp-muzzled, too narrow-chested, and not even deep-chested enough. They lacked muscle, and consequently endurance. But they were "beautifully feathered," and had coats, as one lady present expressed it, "as soft and lovely as her satin frock." One noted dog, a winner of first prize in the champion class, was feathered on his forelegs to the extent of seven inches, and on his tail I measured it (eight inches from the root) nine inches, long and very wavy, almost curly, indeed. Straight and silky, I have always been led to believe this feathering on the flag should be, and not too much of it. The ears of several of these so-called "splendid specimens of the setter" told undeniably of spaniel blood somewhere, and yet I saw their owners or keepers in the midst of admiring groups (principally ladies, I must confess) pull out this wavy feathering to show its great length, for their delectation. It did not look sportsmanlike, to say the least, or evince a knowledge of what a setter should be.

But never mind. Silence! silence! Those dogs are said to be Laverackes or Llewellyns, and you must be pleased with them! I went to the bench shows (being also an exhibitor there and prize winner in the non-sporting classes) purposely to purchase a setter and pointer, symmetrical in all points and pleasing to my eye, dogs of grand form and style, dogs whose loins and sterns were equal to their heads. I came away surprised and disappointed, except in one or two instances, and in those the dogs were "not for sale." I am speaking now more particularly of the English (imported) and native English setters. I found the same defects existing at the bench show at the Crystal Palace in London, England, in 1881. At both shows they looked too fragile and too much inbred, and there was only the one conclusion to arrive at, that the breeders had sacrificed too much to get a fashionable strain. Many of the pointers had the same appearance also, but not to the same extent.

Another great fault I found with both English and Irish setters, and most of the pointers, was excessive length of tail, so much so as to give the dog an unstylish and unsymmetrical look, when he was otherwise handsome and up to the standard; and some of these caudal appendages curled over the backs to an unsightly degree, giving to the animals a truly mongrel appearance. Others were crooked, but away to one side, or carried in a limp, limber sort of a way entirely at variance with what we look for in a well-formed setter. Many of the pointers had heads even as narrow across the ears as were those of the setters, while we know that the head of a well-bred and well-made pointer should be wider there than the setter's; and their tails, too, were of excessive length, not tapering toward the point like a wasp's sting, as they should, but in several instances curling at the tip and carried high over the back. One famous dog, winner of many prizes, whose name is a household word, had a tail more like a foxhound's than a pointer's; and in vain I sought for the occipital protuberance that should eloquently "speak for itself." And yet this dog is the fashion!

Where is the remedy for these defects? Can we not approach it nearer by more judicious breeding and crossing, viz.; select a dog with perfect head and shoulders, and cross him with a bitch whose loins and stern are faultless, thus paying less attention to sires simply because they are the fashion.

The picture of the pointer Drake in Stonehenge is my beau-ideal of what a well-made stylish pointer should be, and the picture of Rover in the same book is just what an Irish setter should be to my vision. I cannot say so much for the picture of the English setter Countess there, for as she is represented, she conveys to me the impression of an unstylish bitch, with an ill-shaped muzzle and the ears of a spaniel. Yet Stonehenge tells us she was "the most perfect thing he ever saw!" Perhaps the artist is to blame. While on this subject, have you not noticed how few good and true pictures we find of noted dogs in books already published? I think those in Vero Shaw's "Book on the Dog" the best. For instance, see the picture of Daisy on page 257, "Dogs of Great Britain and America." What an ill-shapen animal, with a neck like a duck and a tail almost as long as the body. And the picture of Colburn's Dash, page 382, same book, with legs like a giraffe and feet like a mountain lion! See again page 80, of Idstone. He speaks of Blanche, the setter there represented, (or rather misrepresented) as worthy to be "the original of a race of setters!" Now in that picture, Blanche looks more like a mongrel Newfoundland than anything else we can compare her to! Let us hope and pray that the next work upon dogs will be free from distortions such as those I have enumerated.

But, pardon me, I am wearying your patience, and must arrest my wandering pen. My excuse for this long and rambling letter must be my enthusiastic love for the dog and my desire to see him "faultily faultless," but not "splendidly well!"

Permit me, before I arrest my pen, to give you the measurements of Gurth (named after the swineherd in "Ivanhoe," you will recollect, who did such deeds of "derring-do"), and to express the hope that others who possess fine specimens of this breed or the St. Bernard will follow my example. I have sought all over Europe and this country for a grand specimen of the mastiff or St. Bernard, one that will correspond with my ideas of size and symmetry; but as noble or majestic a representative as Gurth I have failed to find.

DIMENSIONS, ETC.

Gurth is four years old. He is by Bruno, out of Bona, both imported and both grand specimens of the English mastiff; he weighs to-day 179½ lbs., and is not fat, simply in good, hard condition:

Height at shoulder	close to 34	inches
Height from loins to ground	33⅜	"
Girth of head	28½	"
Girth of neck	28	"
Girth of chest	43	"
Girth of loin	between 34½ and 35	"
Girth of hind legs round stifle joint	23	"
Girth of muzzle in front of eyes	18½	"
Length of head from occiput to tip of nose	13	"
Girth of arm	13	"
Girth of forearm 3 inches below elbow	11	"
Girth of pastern	7	"
Girth of body from shoulders round brisket	46½	"
Length from nose to tip of tail	77¾	"
Length of tail	20½	"

He is an excellent water dog, gentle, affectionate, and brave. Compare his measurements with those of the famous mastiff Wallace, in Vero Shaw's book, and you will be able to form some idea of his vast proportions.

STUART TAYLOR.

CHEYENNE, Wyoming, Oct. 12.



MR. STUART TAYLOR'S MASTIFF DOG "GURTH."

CHOREA.

BY PROF. J. WOODROFFE HILL, F. R. C. V. S.

CHOREA, or St. Vitus' dance, is a purely nervous affection and is the result, generally, of an irritable and impaired condition of the nervous system. It may be general or local. The limbs are frequently first observed affected; ultimately the body, face, and jaws may be involved, the latter exhibiting tetanic symptoms.

SYMPTOMS.

Chorea is denoted by a peculiar snatching or twitching of the part affected. If the brain is involved, the head is in continual spasmodic, tremulous motion, and may best be described as a fac-simile of an aged palsied person. It has been known, in human practice, to arise from sympathy and imitation. I am not aware of any instance in which a dog has so contracted it.

TREATMENT.

With regard to medicinal agents, the one most applicable to this affection is undoubtedly strychnia or nux vomica. I do not recollect a single case of chorea, taken in its early stages, in which I have failed to effect a cure with this drug. Great caution is, however, required in its administration. It should always be given at a stated time and after a meal. This is especially necessary where the doses have been gradually increased, otherwise a fatal result is likely to ensue. I could mention more than one instance in which death has occurred from neglecting this caution. In each the patient had been under a long course of strychnia, and the dose had been increased to more than treble the original quantity; by some mischance the drug was omitted for a day, and when next given it produced convulsions and death. The dose of strychnia, 1-20 to 1-10 of a grain; the nux vomica, from 1 to 2 grains. It is best, however, to commence below either of the minimums mentioned, and after the first three days gradually increase it. It should be given twice daily, in the form of a pill. If there is any difficulty in administering it, the liquor strychnia may be substituted, which contains half a grain to the drachm and may be proportionately divided.

Local remedies in chorea are sometimes beneficial. I have found setons exceedingly valuable. If the convulsive movements are confined to the hind parts, the seton should be inserted across the loins; if general, at the back of the head and loins. Counter-irritation along the spinous also serviceable.

Though in principle the hot bath, from its relaxing tendency, may appear wrong, it is, nevertheless, in chorea, occasionally attended with considerable benefit. It certainly affords relief in those cases where the convulsive movements are excessive, and so far I have found no after evil from its use. The less the patient is disturbed the better. Particular attention should be paid to the bed being dry and the bowels regular, two great essentials in paralytic affections. When abatement of the twitchings with returning strength is observed, a favorable issue may be expected; but the medicine should not be discontinued so long as any nervous affection remains, and it should be gradually, not suddenly, suspended. When the patient is able to walk, a short exercise each day may be given with benefit. The fresh air acts as a tonic, new scenery diverts the mind, and exercise encourages the natural habits and functions of the animal. Tinct. ferri and cod-liver oil is advisable after discontinuing the strychnia, until recovery is complete. The diet throughout must be nourishing and digestible, and forcibly administered if the patient refuses to take it.

Constipation is generally present in chorea, and is best relieved with enemas.

Occasionally rheumatism becomes associated with chorea, and then the heart is frequently complicated. In such case a cure is hopeless, but under judicious treatment and careful nursing the rheumatic and chorea symptoms may be considerably modified, and the animal's life thereby prolonged.

AN EASTERN COURSING CLUB.

UNTIL within a few years coursing has been to us almost an unknown recreation, but now California has taken the initiatory steps, and made this most enjoyable sport both attractive and beneficial. Clubs of gentlemen have been formed throughout the far West, and before many years shall have passed the English greyhound will hold as high a place in the estimation of every true sportsman as either the pointer or setter. It is doubtful which, in all England, has the greatest number of admirers, the turf or the coursing meeting, and a cursory glance at the coursing calendar will surprise even the most enthusiastic at the number of meetings held throughout all England, and the quality and number of dogs run. With Master McGrath at the head of a long list of noted winners, who was held at a price in the thousands of pounds (sterling), we find that $41,700 was paid for Princess Dagmar at Aldridge's auction sale held in December last, and this will give to us some idea of the value placed on noted winners. The vast amount of capital represented by these dogs, proves beyond question their value, and the pleasure of witnessing a meeting far exceeds a running race with horses, where, in the first, we ever see fair play and actual merit, while in the latter we too often feel convinced that the best horse did not win. From the moment the dogs are slipped till the race is won and lost they are absolutely free agents, for the winner must win of himself, and not from coaching and maneuvering, as we too often see displayed in sports commonly known as "gentlemanly trials."

To-day we have nothing approaching a coursing club in the East, while we have all the facilities for forming one. To those who live in this immediate vicinity, I would say that there are ample broad plains in and around New York, New Jersey and Long Island where a meeting could be arranged and run successfully, and I hope the many lovers and owners of greyhounds will not allow their dogs to be idle, but come together in friendly conference, and show they are not lacking either in spirit or enterprise. A glance at the entries at our dog shows will convince them that we have many really good dogs, and every year the number increases, while the quality is vastly improved. The expense attending the rearing and preparing the greyhound for the race is no more nor even so much as that required either for the pointer or setter for a field trial, and to those gentlemen who take their daily drive or ride on the road I would say no better companion could be given than their dog, who, at the same time, would derive material benefit from his run. I sincerely trust that those gentlemen in the East who either own or admire the greyhound will take the matter of forming an Eastern coursing club into consideration, and not let it rest dormant. Coursing is by no means essentially a gentlemanly sport, but one in which the fair sex takes as great and lively an interest in the contest as their gentlemen friends, and at the great meetings in England, from the "Waterloo" down, the number of ladies present bears a favorable contrast to the gentlemen. If some owners would like to have a friendly meet during the present fall, I will guarantee them full compensation for whatever trouble they may be subjected to, and once having demonstrated the fascination of this sport, I am sure they will not be slow in embracing it, and thereby appreciate the great enjoyment which it affords.

Rabbits are plentiful enough here, but if desired, the jack-rabbit of the West could be imported at a very small expense and planted in such localities as are best adapted for breeding, and at the same time suitable for coursing. To the sportsman who has never witnessed a rabbit or hare pursued by our fleet-footed, graceful and agile friends, I would modestly assert that he cannot fully appreciate what enjoyment and excitement is in store for him, and when once fairly initiated into its pleasure will wonder why so fascinating a sport has so long remained thoroughly unknown to us. I have made repeated efforts to bring some few owners together to discuss this subject, but the apathy displayed by them has tended rather to dampen my ardor than to add vim to my efforts. Still feeling confident of final success, I once more appeal to all lovers and owners of the greyhound to turn this subject over in their minds, and if my efforts are fruitful is of good results I shall feel not only satisfied but pleased to know I have added my mite to the great struggle to bring additional pleasure to every admirer of the dog.

H. W. HUNTINGTON.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 3, 1882.

FLORIDA DOG TRANSPORTATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Jack Frost will soon change the face of Nature in the North and West, and many sportsmen will hie to Florida.

With sportsmen the transportation and care of dogs are important considerations, and I resolved upon arranging for the canines. I communicated with the managers of our railroads, and in compliance with my suggestions they have made satisfactory arrangements regarding sporting dogs:

I am authorized to state that "sportsmen's dogs," if accompanied by owners, will be transported from Charleston, S. C., or Savannah, Ga., to Jacksonville, Fla., "at one-fourth passenger rates," and will be cared for by baggage masters. I may also state that conductors and baggage masters on these lines are prohibited from accepting any fee or compensation from any passenger for any service rendered.

I have arranged with the manager of the S. F. & W. Railway to transport "sporting dogs" from Jacksonville to any point on the lines of the company free of charge. Application for permit to be made to Capt. Haines, at office of company, in Astor Building, in this city.

In compliance with my request the general manager of the Jacksonville, Pensacola & Mobile Railway will, upon application to Mr. Ames, general freight and passenger agent, by sportsmen who contemplate visiting Middle Florida during the approaching game season, have their dogs transported free of charge.

I am instructed by Mr. Maxwell, the superintendent of the Transit at Tropical and the Jacksonville & Fernandina railroads, to state that his roads will extend like privileges to sportsmen.

I interviewed the passenger agent of the De Bary line of steamers plying on the St. Johns River, and he authorized me to state that sportsmen's dogs would be transported free of charge on the boats of this line, and I feel assured that a like privilege will be granted on other lines.

The other day Capt. Hendry, of Fort Meyers, informed me that the dredge of the Ochechobee Drainage Company will reach Lake Ochechobee by Nov. 1. The cut from the lake to the head of the Calloosahatchee River will be twenty-two feet wide, and will furnish boat navigation from Kissimme city, on Lake Tohopekaligee, to the Gulf of Mexico. The manager of the South Florida Railway authorized me to state that his company would transport boats not weighing over 500 pounds from Sanford to Kissimmee city for $1 per 100 pounds.

The completion of the railroad to Kissimmee city, and the canal from Ochechobee to the Calloosahatchee River opens up one of the most interesting boat trips in the United States. The climate is all the most exacting can ask, and the fishing, shooting and hunting are A 1. AL FRESCO.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 30, 1882.

THE MASTIFF.

THE mastiff is undoubtedly one of the oldest breeds of dogs extant, and for centuries has been regarded as the especial guardian of his master's property. Of late years this noble animal has been steadily winning his way, both in this country and abroad, in public favor, both as a watch dog and as a companion, and it is by no means a rare occurrence to find him the trusted companion and faithful friend of the "fairest and brightest in the land," as well as the beloved playmate and idolized pet of childhood's happy days.

Mr. Hugh Dalziel, in "British Dogs," says of him: "In general appearance the mastiff is noble and dignified; his strength is shown in his immense bone, large, square and well-knit frame, while the majesty of his carriage, his noble head, and the magnanimous expression of his countenance bespeak consciousness of power governed by a noble and courageous nature." Vero Shaw, in the illustrated "Book of the Dog," describes the mastiff as follows:

"The following detailed description and valuation of the several principal points or characteristics of this breed will be found in accordance with the opinions of the majority, if not all, of the most prominent breeders, exhibitors and owners of mastiffs.

General Appearance, Size and Symmetry.—In this we have to consider the special duties of the mastiff in the present day. He is no longer a savage, kept to bait "the bull, the bear, and the lion," as history (somewhat doubtful in its accuracy as to the last-named animal) informs us he was; nor the mere drudge of the butcher, to keep his wild and doomed cattle in the shambles, and fight for him when required; nor even the mere chained slave—the ban-dog of the country house—whose bay, however welcome to those who approached near home, must have had an awful sameness in it to the poor brute who, night after night, month by month, and year after year, listened to the echoes of his own dismal howl as he bayed the moon, or hoarsely barked warning and defiance to all who approached with predatory aim.

Now, although there are still enough and to spare of the ban-dog sort, who are by their owners called mastiffs, and may no doubt lay claim to possession of a fair portion of mastiff blood, they are impure, and suffer so from the cruelty of close confinement that they lose even the characteristics of the breed, which a kinder and more judicious treatment would develop, both in physical proportion and dignity of manner, and which are essential features of a mastiff of the present day.

The mastiff always has been the special guard of man's person and property, and the qualities demanded to fill that position of trust are: size, to impress with fear; the symmetry of well proportioned parts evidencing a combination of strength and activity; a disposition watchful and keen, but confident in its own strength; dignified and calm, save the warning bark, which fills every echo within its reach with its full tones, so unlike the yelping of the noisy cur.

As he is now also more used as a companion and personal guard than at any time in his history, his general appearance becomes more important, for nothing looks worse than a poor shambling, weak loined, cow-hocked dog. Therefore he must have size to give him a commanding appearance, a well-knit, compact frame, which gives symmetry, and the perfect condition shown in the firm flesh, clean and bright coat, while the superior feeding, grooming, and general care bestowed upon him now adds greatly to his beauty, and all combined make him the useful guard and ornament he is.

The head is, in the mastiff, even more than in most other dogs, a most prominent feature; and a dog with a bad head is at once condemned. The head is decidedly large, even in proportion to the immense carcase, although it does not now present the great contrast to the body to be seen in old prints, modern breeders having improved the dog in body from a gaunt and wolf-like to a square-built, massive animal. The head should be broad across the skull; the brow should be flat and not abrupt; the eyebrows rather prominent; the muzzle should be a medium length, cut off square, broad rather than deep; the lips should be full, but not so hanging as in the bloodhound; and the teeth, which should be white and strong, ought to meet as level as possible. Many good specimens are slightly undershot, which is however a decided blemish. While on this point we may refer to some remarks once made by the Rev. G. F. Hodson, who had judged this breed at the Alexandra Palace. On that occasion, Mr. Hodson, who had most properly turned out of the ring all the cow-hocked and undershot specimens, remarked that he was convinced good mastiffs were to be had without these defects, and he was determined not to be a party to the awarding of prizes to dogs so malformed. Subsequent events have proved the soundness of this decision.

The eye should be a medium size; it is generally a light brown or hazel. A deeply sunken eye is objectionable, and if the haw is shown it creates a suspicion of bloodhound cross.

The ears should be small, smooth, thin and pendent; and if black, as the mask should also be, it adds to the dog's beauty. The neck should be strong, muscular, and of fair length, and having no dewlap on the throat.

The Chest, Back and Loin.—The chest should be deep and moderately wide, but not so much so in proportion as his congener the bulldog, or it is apt to throw the elbows out. The back should be very strong, broad, and with strong muscles running along each side of the spine—those should be especially so connecting the back ribs with the hindquarters. The loin is thereby broadened and strengthened; and this most desirable point is also gained by having the ribs well set back. Some strains show a tendency to a tucked-up flank, which is one of the worst faults a mastiff can possess. Both chest and loins should measure well, the latter not quite a third less than the former, and about equal to the dog's height at shoulder.

Legs and Feet.—Strong and straight legs are an absolute necessity, and it is a point in which many excellent dogs fail. The fore legs are not so often crooked as the hind legs, but many good puppies give way at the ankle, and have to be destroyed. Therefore, the greatest care has to be taken in rearing this breed, and no mastiff should ever be chained if it is desired to exhibit him. Cow-hocks are also common, and a great eyesore, and this state is always accompanied with more or less wasting of the muscles of the hams, which gives a thin, almost wedge-like appearance to the hind quarters. Some judges, we believe several members of the Mastiff Club included, consider dew-claws no disqualification; they are, however, unsightly appendages, which should not be encouraged.

The Contour.—The recognized colors are brindle and fawn, and the latter at present holds the highest place in popular favor. When the fawn is bright, and the mask a decided black, with an entire freedom from white, the effect is very pleasing. Some of the fawns run into red, which is not desirable, and such as are of that color are generally coarse in coat. The brindles are of various shades.

The coat should be fine, short, and even, except along the shoulder, back, and tail, where it is stronger and longer.

The tail should be of great length, strong at the root, and gradually lessening, but not tapered as a pointer's is."

We give this week a likeness of the celebrated mastiff, Gurth, from a sketch by Mr. J. M. Tracy from a photograph. His measurements will be found in the letter of his owner, Mr. Stuart Taylor.

ETHICS OF FOX HUNTING.

[From the New York Herald.]

I AM tempted to trespass upon your space in the interest of fox hunting in the hope that I may be able to put the matter in a more favorable light than it seems to be viewed by some of your correspondents. As the letters which have appeared in the *Herald* in the past few weeks were brought out by the threatened action of the Newport Society for the Protection of Animals, I may begin by saying that I do not defend the manner in which the fox is used at these Newport hunts. On the contrary, I have persistently condemned it to the Hunt Committee, privately, however, for sporting reasons. The hunt here is a drag hunt and the fox is turned down at the end of the drag, with the mistaken idea that it gives a color of real fox hunting to the chase. As to the cruelty of it—the fox runs a few hundred yards and is then instantly killed by the hounds, as a rat is killed by a terrier, a weasel, a hedgehog or a skunk by the farmer's dog, or a rabbit by the fox himself, with neither more nor less pain or cruelty.

If it is maintained that no animal should be killed in this way for mere pleasure we must frown equally upon all shooting and fishing unless the game is absolutely desired for food, which is not even pretended by the great majority of those who shoot or fish for amusement. To those who deny the right of man to kill any animal for his pleasure no argument can be used to justify one kind of hunting, shooting or fishing rather than another; but if it is granted that such killing is permissible at all there is no sport in which, as Mr. King very well put it, so few animals are killed in proportion to the number of sportsmen. In shooting, scores of birds fall to each gun while scores of huntsmen are satisfied with one fox. Taking fox hunting in its regular legitimate form I doubt whether it is cruel to the fox in any way outside of the conditions of life in which he was created. The fox is essentially an animal of prey; his hand is against every one and every one's hand against him. He spends most of the time in which he is not asleep hunting and killing inoffensive rabbits and chickens, and he has been endowed with qualities which make him particularly attractive as an object of the chase. His speed, his extreme cunning, and ingenuity almost akin to reason make him so close a match for all the sportsmanlike means of hunting him that the contest is a fair and exciting one.

I believe that the idea of the fox being in mortal terror while being hunted is an entirely erroneous one. He is obeying the instincts of his nature for the preservation of his life, which he defends by wiles and ingenuity, and finally by fighting if he gets cornered, and is probably no more unhappy or alarmed than is any wild animal constantly on the alert for surrounding dangers. Pursuing or being pursued are the natural conditions of his existence. A young fox that has not had the experience of being hunted is often no doubt much bewildered and falls an easy prey to his pursuers, and that is the case with the young foxes used as a finish to a drag hunt; but an old fox that has been hunted several times is by no means in a state of fear, but is as cool-headed and wary as it is possible to imagine. All fox hunters know that a fox will sometimes run nearly all day, passing numbers of earths that are well known to him, and will take refuge only when he has had as much as he wants. An old fox runs just as fast as the hounds press him and no faster; when he has succeeded in throwing them temporarily off his track by some ingenious stratagem, he sits down upon a high, open place where he can keep his eye about him, rests himself and plans new means of outwitting his industrious but comparatively stupid pursuers, and in the majority of cases finally eludes them entirely. In the fox hunting portions of Pennsylvania, where the sport is carried on in the regular way, some of the packs hunt three days a week, and kill not more than half a dozen foxes in a season, because, the earths being all open, the fox can take refuge when he pleases. In English hunting the hounds kill about one out of three, regularly hunted, since to enable the meets to be held late in the day the earths of a given region are stopped the night before, and of that chance of safety the fox is deprived.

A long acquaintance with fox hunting leads me to believe that the pains and terrors of the fox are much exaggerated by those who know but little of the matter, and that his suffering is in no degree out of proportion to the suffering from fighting and being pursued of any animal in its wild condition. It is the natural state of such animals.

As to the cruelty to horses, which is one of the alleged objections, no man is cruel everywhere; he will drive a horse to death or work him when he is lame or use him for a purpose for which he is not fitted; but there is no more cruelty in riding a horse fitted for the purpose across country than on the road. He takes his chances of accident with the rider. He is not any more liable than he would be from kicks and bites were he turned out in a pasture with a dozen of his fellows, and he is not such a chicken-hearted creature as to mind a few knocks and scratches any more than his master. The rider who forces a tired horse beyond his powers justly runs a great risk himself, for there is no more dangerous fall than that which a used up horse gives his rider by rolling on top of him. As for the danger to the participants, the smooth, quiet life of the present time is the better for the introduction of pursuits which train the mind to chances of danger and accustom persons to face some risk without losing their heads. People who scream and faint when there is an alarm instead of doing something to help themselves and others are common enough to make one wish that everybody could be subjected to some training which would overcome such defects, and all the sports involving dangers which can be more or less avoided by the coolness or knowledge of the individual are good for such training.

The dangers of hunting are, moreover, exaggerated by those unfamiliar with the subject. With 160 packs of hounds hunting in England, followed by thousands of persons, the fatal accidents rarely number one or two a year and the serious injuries are not many—much fewer than those resulting from carriage accidents. The average person who thinks riding across country very dangerous steps without hesitation into the first livery stable carriage or hack, with strange horses, a strange driver and probably old, rotten harness, a thing which, I confess, I do with some misgivings.

There is no sport which educates the eye and the judgment of possibilities as well as cross country riding. Coolness, nerve, decision are all essential, and in a civilized community there are few opportunities for the cultivation of these qualities. One great advantage of hunting over most sports is the absence of the element of competition, which introduces bad feeling, jealousies and dishonesty. There is little or nothing of this in the hunting field. A man goes where he likes, stops at home when he likes, follows the run to the end or leaves it when he is tired, and this freedom adapts it especially to those who want to make part in the sport without the overdoing it. In games such as polo, baseball, cricket or lawn tennis one must play out whole games or matches if they are once entered upon, and keep in a certain training for the purpose, and what is intended for an amusement becomes frequently a tax upon time and strength, which puts it out of the power of many who would like to keep up such games to do so.

There is another important phase of the question which should not be overlooked. Among our social questions there is not one which seems to me of more importance than that of making and keeping country life attractive to the young men who are constantly tempted to the cities because they think the country dull. Encouragement of country sports, among which fox hunting stands pre-eminent, is most desirable in this respect, and to those who have been striving to do what is possible to foster outdoor sports it is most discouraging to find an opposition to them based upon what I cannot help feeling is a misplaced sentimentality. The lives of many foxes is a small consideration to pay for the advantages accruing from a cultivation of country tastes. American travelers never tire of admiring English country life and of lamenting that our society young men and women are the languid denizens of cities instead of ruddy country people, and still forget that it is the sports which they condemn that make possible English country life as they admire it. There has been a healthy reaction in this country lately in favor of outdoor amusements and improved health. It is not not now fashionable for our girls to be afraid of a mouse, to scream when a gun is fired or to indulge in the little frights which used to be considered ladylike and elegant, and the increasing taste for outdoor sports has had much to do with it. Ruddy cheeks, good appetites, the ability to walk, ride and drive are not bad things in a woman or a man, or a flimsy basis to build a successful life upon.

In this connection it may not be out of place to make a comment upon the action of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. No one can appreciate more highly than I do the results of the labors of these societies in such matters as improving the methods of transportation of animals, in establishing watering troughs, and in educating the people to be humane; but there is great danger of going beyond the proper point and becoming arbitrary and oppressive, as in very many cases the societies or their agents have been. To use all means to persuade people to be humane is one thing; to invoke the aid of harsh laws in carrying out what are sometimes fanatical opinions is quite another. While we have been slowly improving in the direction of permitting liberty of action to individuals where it does not interfere with the comfort of others, and abrogating those oppressive blue laws which used to encumber our statute books, we have permitted these societies to assume powers which savor more of the Calvinistic days of Connecticut than of modern freedom. Laws which punish as crimes acts about which there is a wide and honest difference of opinion are always dangerous; they should be passed and executed with great caution, and should be narrowly watched by a people jealous of its liberties. Such laws, made with the best motives, frequently become the handles of fanatics powerful engines of oppression, as have religious laws throughout the history of the world. An example of this danger is the action of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in England, which has so restricted the practice of vivisection as to hamper most seriously the physiological investigations which have so advanced medical science. In this country only the increasing watchfulness of the medical profession has warded off the same unfortunate result.

FAIRMAN ROGERS.

TETANUS IN THE DOG.

WHILE on a visit to Suffolk in August last, I was requested to examine a favorite pointer dog, the owner of which thought he was paralyzed, and expressed a wish to have him destroyed if his recovery was hopeless.

On examining the animal, to my surprise I found him suffering, not from paralysis, but from tetanus. He was lying down on his right side, the two front and the right hind hind legs being straight out and rigid as bars of iron. The muscles of his neck were quite rigid, and his jaws were partially locked, froth issuing from his mouth, and his eyes fixed and staring, pulse, taken at the femoral artery, about 108 and wiry. The left or upper hind leg was drawn close up to the belly, and, on asking if he had injured that leg in any way, I was told that he had been very lame on it for several days, and was supposed to have hurt it when jumping through an iron hurdle.

I examined the limb, and found a swelling at the point of the patella, or stifle-joint, very hot and painful, and the dog moaned feebly on its being touched. On account of the swelling I could not diagnose any fracture or dislocation. I told the owner it was a very bad case, almost hopeless, as tetanus had, in my opinion, arisen from the injury to the bone but expressed a wish to treat it, and he willingly consented. I had the swollen limb well fomented, and encased in flannel bandages kept moist with warm water, to which I added some opii tinct.; and by inserting a small funnel between his teeth, managed to give him a dose consisting of ol. ricini, 1 oz.; tinct. aconite, 5 minims; the same quantity of aconite to be given at noon and night.

I called to see him the next morning, and was surprised to find him sitting up, a more natural expression about his dyes, and evidently recognizing those about him. The swelling on the stifle was not so painful, and the limb a little more flexed. The rigidity of the muscles still continued, but his bowels had acted, and he evidently relished the liquid nourishment in the shape of beef-tea and warm milk, which was forced through his still closed jaws. I gave him tinct. aconite four minims, and left instructions for the dose to be repeated three times daily, and the fomentations to the stifle continued; also enjoining perfect quietude and confinement in a partially darkened room.

Two days after I again called, the dog was evidently much better; he could use his legs, with the exception of his injured one, could lap a little milk, the jaws not being so firmly locked, but the muscles of his neck were still rigid. As the treatment had been efficacious so far, I resolved to continue

it, giving the medicine twice daily instead of thrice. On seeing him two days after, I found the swelling in the stifle nearly subsided, the leg touching the ground, although not much weight was put on it. The rigidity of the muscles was considerably less, the jaws more apart; the dog was able to take a little solid food, and in a fair way towards recovery. I cft a stimulating liniament for the leg, and ordered the medicine to be continued as before. I did not see the dog again, as I had to go back to town, but a week after I heard he was very much better, the lameness nearly gone, though still a little stiff in the neck. I wrote and ordered the medicine to be given once daily, advising a little exercise.

Last week I had the pleasure of hearing the dog had perfectly recovered and was doing good work among the turnips. I believe tetanus is very rare in the dog. I had only previously seen two cases, occurring in fox-hounds from severe bites, both of which had proved fatal. With few exceptions it is invariably fatal in horses and cattle, and I thought the favorable termination of the present case rather uncommon. —*Herbert Cooper in Live Stock Journal.*

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose circular which has been pretty generally sent to the cocker fraternity throughout the United States and Canadas. I have over forty bona fide names of those who have already subscribed for the proposed organization, with many others to hear from. I hope when the association gets well under way, that some compromise will be made with the A. C. S. C. and by uniting our forces we shall be able to take a grand stand in the interest of the "old time cocker" of which an old esteemed cocker breeder thus writes: "I shall be very glad to join a cocker club whose aim is to restore to us the old-fashioned cocker—small in size—a bright, active, merry little worker and in beauty unsurpassed. I think breeders have let the English idea of larger dogs run away with them, and we are now hearing of improved cockers of large size. I will join your club with pleasure, pay my fee and help." Several other letters I have received, all anxious to restore the olden cocker, which is and shall be the true and only aim of the new organization, so far as my influence goes. I cannot but think we shall be able to do good work in the interest of the old time cocker and finally restore him in all his pristine beauty and usefulness to those who have learned to appreciate him for those excellent qualities that attach to him from the past. Will you favor the cause by a publication of the within circular and the above letter, so that all cocker breeders and admirers may know the true intent of our contemplated organization which is even now an assured fact.—E. C. Franklin, "Senex." Following is the circular: "Circular to cocker breeders and admirers in the United States and Canadas—The present unsati-factory status of the cocker spaniel, and the frequent and repeated complaints so often publicly and privately expressed at the discordant standard of the A. C. S. Club, have created in the minds of cocker breeders and admirers general dissatisfaction. Indeed, the true type of the cocker has been so interwoven with other strains of the spaniel, that an entirely different race from the 'old time cocker' has sprung up and this offspring is fast dissipating the qualities and attributes of what was the pure cocker. To restore all that was beautiful and useful in the 'old time cocker,' and to once more crown him with the laurels of his former field and hunting qualities, and not from any personal advantages, a large number of cocker lovers have urged me to perform a duty that I hope to see placed in other more capable hands as soon as the clerical and organizing labors have been fully and fairly finished. Over one hundred names of dissatisfied friends of the cocker have written in no measured terms at what they believe to be an attempt to obliterate the cocker from the spaniel family. While all desire that the purity of the cocker shall be preserved, none reflect in the least upon the friends of the different strains of the spaniel family, who are perfecting the several varieties, hence there can be no disagreement with those who are breeding to a distinct type. Much has been done to elevate the type of the field spaniel in this country and England, and his superior quality to-day attests the careful and skilful attentions of his friends; would that I could say as much of the cocker. The elevation of the true cocker, unmixed with other varieties of the spaniel, and his restoration to his primitive condition, where so much of interest and pleasure surrounded him, is the sole object of those I here represent. As an earnest admirer of this bright, intelligent and active little friend of the sportsman, I solicit your influence for the formation of a club whose sole aim and purpose shall be, laying aside all selfish considerations, to form an organization for the generation and perfection of the olden cocker. The objects of the association having been set forth, I hope you are willing to become a member thereof and prove your admiration and friendship for the cocker by selecting the names of six cocker friends as a committee, to whom shall be intrusted the organization of said association. Please subscribe your name if you approve and forward circular to me with the six names chosen.—E. C. Franklin, 'Senex,' Ann Arbor, Mich."

COCKER SPANIEL IMPORTATION,—By the State line steamer State of Georgia, Dr. Niven has just imported a very important addition to his celebrated kennel of black cocker spaniels, in the shape of two bitches, Lass of Breda, whelped March, 1881, by Brish II. Brush—Lawson's Nellie) out of Nellie, a bitch already imported by Dr. Niven, whose arrival we chronicled at the time. It is enough to say of the lass of Breda that Dr. N. himself selected her and considers her the best specimen of black cocker he has ever seen. She is long and low, with a splendid head and well-feathered ears, and has what so many of our cockers lack, a good long neck, and does not trespass too much on the spaniel for her build. Her weight is twenty-four pounds. The other bitch, Dinah, is by Spring by Beverlee and a daughter of Kelpy Chapel. She is a handsome little bitch, with a good head and ears, rather short of body, but otherwise she is very good and ought to breed well with Dr. N.'s Frank. Her coat is perfect. Her weight is twenty pounds. Lass of Breda is in whelp to Don, recently imported by the Hornell Spaniel Club. There was also on the same vessel a natty little Irish terrier bitch belonging to the Doctor that will no doubt make a valuable brood bitch. Her name is Aileen, bred by Mr. E. Despad. She is by Jock out of Kelpy Chapel Belle, Belle is by Tory brother to champion Sport, out of Gyp, who is own sister to the celebrated champion Banshee, and we shall confidently look for some winners among her progeny.

COMET.—The Dominion Kennel Club of Canada have just imported the celebrated Laverack dog Comet (K. C. S. B., 10,-130) from the kennel of Mr. T. B. Bowers of Liverpool, England. This is the dog which Mr. Llewellin protested as not being a pure Laverack, but was not sustained by the committee of the Kennel Club. Comet is a grandson of Pride of the Border and we congratulate the Canadian breeders upon the acquisition of so valuable an animal. He is a blue belton with evenly marked head and blue ticked all over; his head is nearly perfect, he has good sloping shoulders and a fair chest; he is well ribbed back, and has a fair loin and quarters, with good legs and feet. He had a rough passage and is in wretched condition, but his coat and feather are abundant and we hope to see him in good condition at the coming shows where he will prove a great attraction, as he has been very successful on the bench in England.

FLEETFOOT KENNEL.—Mr. Chas. E. Hitt of Delhi, N. Y., informs us that he has established at that place a kennel for the breeding of cocker spaniels, which will be known as the Fleetfoot Kennel.

NO DOGS ALLOWED ON THE CARS.—It happened the other day on the D. & H. C. Railway. The train had just left Albany, and the conductor was making his first round, when he observed a small white dog, with a bushy tail and bright black eyes, sitting cosily on the seat beside a young lady so handsome that it made his heart roll over like a lopsided pumpkin. But duty is duty, and he remarked, in his most deprecatory manner: "I am very sorry, madam, but it's against the rules to have dogs in the passenger cars." "Oh! my, is that so!" and she turned up two lovely brown eyes at him beseechingly. "What in the world will I do? I can't leave him away; he's a birthday present from my aunt." "By no means, miss. We'll put him in the baggage-car, and he'll be just as happy as a robin in spring." "What, put my nice dog in a baggage car?" "I'm awful sorry, I do assure you, but the rules of this company are as inflexible as the laws of tae Medes and them other fellows, you know. He shall have my overcoat to lie on and the brakeman shall give him grub and water every time he opens his mouth." "I just think it's awful mean, so I do; and I know somebody will steal it, so they will," and she slowed a half notion to cry that nearly broke the conductor's heart, but he was firm, and sang out to the brakeman, who was playing a solo on the stove: "Here, Andy, take this dog over into the baggage car, and tell Dudley to take just the best kind of care of him." The young lady pouted, but the brakeman reached over and picked the dog up as tenderly as though it was a two weeks' old baby, but as he did so a strange expression came over his face, and he said hastily to the conductor: "Here, you just hold him a minute Bill I put this poker away," and he trotted out at the car door and held on to the brake wheel, shaking like a man with the ague. The conductor no sooner had his hands on the dog than he looked around for a hole to fall through. "Wh-wh-why, this is a worsted dog." "Yes, sir," said the little miss, demurely. "Didn't you know that?" "No, I'm most awful sorry to say that I didn't know that;" and he laid the Christmas dog down on the owner's lap and went out on the platform, where he stood half an hour in the cold trying to think of a hymn tune to suit the worst sold man we ever saw on the D. & H. C. Co.'s road.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Biddy O'More. By Dr. J. S. Reed, Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped August, 1881, by champion Rory O'More out of Pearl.

Sheff. By Mr. John A. Hoffar, Washington, D. C., for black and white ticked English setter dog, whelped June, 1881, by Frank (Frank —Sis II.) out of Victoria (Warwick—Belle).

Frick. By Mr. C. B. Macken, Wellsville, N. Y., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 15, 1882, by Jerry (Sensation—Belle) out of Snowflake (Glenmark—Girl).

Neptune By Mr. Frank Holman, Brooklyn, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1882, by Scout (Plunket—Carrie) out of Pearsall's Donna.

Psyche. By Dr. E. C. Franklin, Ann Arbor, Mich., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 6, 1882, by imported Montague (Baron—Queen) out of his imported Leda.

Dyer No. 1. By Mr. W. C. Callender, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and white English setter dog, whelped November, 1881, by Adams's Drake out of Beauty (Carlowitz—Rose).

Nella Bluegrass. By Mr. Sanford R. Crook, Somerville, Mass., for black and white English-setter bitch, 3mos. old, by champion Dash III., out of Blanche.

Bucher. By Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for fallow red dachshund dog puppy by Bergman out of Gretchen.

Caroline, Waldine III., Rosa and Gretchen II. By Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for fallow red dachshund bitch puppies by Bergman out of Gretchen.

Waldmaa, Bruno, Caro, Pinch and Tackel. By Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for one black and tan and four fallow red dachshund dog puppies by Fanst out of Gretchen.

Temptation. By Mr. Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for black and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 25, 1882, by Fogg's Don (Strong's Pete—Slocum's Kate) out of Maud S. (champion Pete, Jr.—Slocum's Kate).

Blackberry. By Mr. Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for black pointer bitch, whelped June 25, 1882, by Fogg's Don (Strong's Pete—Slocum's Kate) out of Maud S. (champion Pete, Jr.—Slocum's Kate).

PRIORITY OF NAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2 that Dr. H. G. Piffard, of New York, claims the name of Feather for cocker spaniel pup. I wish to notify the Doctor that I have a cocker of that name that has won quite a number of prizes at our bench shows, and, to save confusion in the future, would ask the Doctor to claim some other name, and oblige the proprietor of the Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel, Claremont, N. H.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Friskey—Fritz. Capt. John Rowell's (steamship Strathmere) pug bitch Friskey to Mr. A. W. Lucy's (New York) Fritz, Oct. 25.

Belle—Snapshot, Jr. Mr. Edmund Orgill's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) lemon and white pointer bitch Belle (Flake—Lilly) to his Snapshot, Jr. (Snapshot—Ruby) Nov. 4.

Flora—Elcho. Mr. John S. McIntosh's (Pittsburgh, Pa., imported red Irish setter bitch Flora (Pop—Lill II.) to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Oct. 30.

Daisy—Hornet. Mr. T. Donoghue's (La Salle, Ill.) orange and white English setter bitch Daisy (Storm—Bell) to Mr. Frank Kelley's Hornet (Count Noble—Spark), Oct. 31.

Dinna—Dash III. Mr. H. Sumner's (Milton, Mass.) English setter bitch Diana (Leicester—Doll) to Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III.

Belle—Dash III. Mr. L. D. Rumney's (Buffalo, N. Y.) English setter bitch Belle (Carlowitz—True) to Mr. A. M. Tucker's champion Dash III.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Judy. Mr. T. Donoghue's (La Salle, Ill.) imported Irish water-spaniel bitch Judy (Drake—Duck), Oct. 21, nine (four dogs), by his Count Bendigo (Bob—Bridget).

Gretchen. Mr. E. H. Smart's (Bainbridge, Ga.) blue belton setter bitch Gretchen (Mac Leod of Dare—Brenda), Oct. 13, eight (five dogs), by Rolla (Lofty—Maud Muller).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Jerry—Sunnyflake whelp. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped July 13, 1882, by Mr. C. B. Macken, Wellsville, N. Y., to Mr. G. E. Farnum of same place.

Neptune. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1882, by Scout—(Plunket—Carrie) out of Donna (Hill—Donna), of Mr. A. W. Pearsall, Huntington, L. I., to Mr. Frank Holman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Roll—Clairine whelps. English setter dogs, whelped July 5, 1882, by Roll (Dash III.—Countess Ada) out of Clairine (Dash III.—Diana), by Mr. Fred. H. Hoe, Tarrytown, N. Y., two to Mr. Fred. E. Lewis of same place, one to Mr. Wm. B. Brown, New York, and one to Mr. R. M. Hoe, Jr., New York.

Conquest—Nell whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped July 5, 1882, by Mr. Fred. H. Hoe, Tarrytown, N. Y., one liver and white dog and one liver and white bitch to Mr. Robert Hoe, New York, and one liver and white ticked bitch to Mr. A. S. Burlingham, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Belle. Lemon and white pointer bitch, 6yrs. (Flake—Lilly), by Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. L. C. Clark, New York.

Rock. Lemon and white pointer dog, 15mos. (Rush—Swaynes's Nan), by Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. L. C. Clark, New York.

Rush—Nan whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1882, by Mr. Edmund Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. Brewster, Boston, Mass.

Bow—Rosie whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1882, by Mr. C. C. Pelit, Galveston, Texas, to Mr. Eward Odell, New Orleans, La.

Maud S. Black pointer bitch, whelped March 31, 1880 (Alden's champion Pete, Jr.—Slocum's Kate), by Mr. Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass.

Temptation. Black and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 25, 1882 (Don—Maud S.), by Mr. Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to Mr. Wm. B. Collagar of the same place.

Butcher. Fallow red dachshund dog puppy (Bergman—Gretchen), by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. George Popperl, Milwaukee, Wis.

Fanst. Black and tan dachshund dog puppy (Unser-Fritz—Waldine), by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. George Popperl, Milwaukee, Wis.

DOGSKIN LEATHER JACKETS are imported by G. W. Simmons & Son, Oak Hall, who has created a large trade in this class of goods. Read their advertisement in another column and note what they say about prices. Oak Hall can never be approached by competition. When you are ready for your shooting trip call and examine the stock at Oak Hall.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 31.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club's fourth annual tournament at the West Springfield range opened October 30 and closed to-day. The weather was nearly perfect and the attendance very good. The shooting was remarkably fine. L. H. Mayott, Geo. F. Ellsworth, and H. G. Bixby each scored 89 out of a possible 84, beating a1 previous records on the range. The shooting in the Continuous match was at a Massachusetts target, 200 yards offhand, 7 shots to score, 3 highest scores to count for prize. In the bullseye match the first prize, $5, was won by W. Charles, with a score of 37, and the second prize, $2, was taken by H. K. Cooley who scored 36. W. Charles made 10 consecutive bullseyes. The leading scores in the Continuous match stood:

Ellsworth	10 11 12 11 12 12 12	H Bixby	11 12 12 12 11 11 11—89
	12 11 12 10 12 12 10—79		10 12 12 11 10 11 11—77
	12 12 11 10 10 12 11—78		11 11 12 11 10 10 12—77
Total	237	Total	234
W Charles	12 11 11 11 11 11 11—78	A C White	11 12 12 11 12 10 11—79
	10 12 11 11 11 11 11—77		11 12 10 11 11 11 10—76
	10 12 12 10 10 11 12—77		10 12 10 12 11 11 11—76
Total	232	Total	231
O Jewell	11 11 11 12 10 12 11—78	H K Cooley	10 10 12 12 11 10 12—77
	10 11 11 12 11 11 11—77		12 9 10 12 12 12 11—77
	12 11 11 12 9 11 10—76		12 9 12 10 9 12 11—75
Total	231	Total	229
Bunstead	11 10 11 12 12 10 12—78	Mayott	11 11 11 11 12 12 12—80
	11 11 11 11 12 10 10—76		11 10 12 10 11 10 9—73
	10 12 12 9 12 10 9—74		11 11 12 11 10 9 9—73
Total	228	Total	226
O B Hull	11 12 11 10 11 10 12—77	J D Marks	11 11 12 8 11 12 11—76
	11 11 10 12 9 11 12—75		12 10 11 10 11 10 10—74
	11 11 10 12 12 9 9—73		11 10 11 10 10 11 10—73
Total	226	Total	223
Whipple	10 10 11 10 10 12 12—75	Wilson	10 12 11 12 12 11 6—74
	11 9 12 12 10 10 9—73		10 10 11 10 10 12 10—73
	11 11 10 10 9 10 10—71		11 10 11 11 7 10 12—72
Total	219	Total	219
Crandall	12 9 11 10 12 10 10—74	Van Black	12 9 11 11 9 11 11—74
	8 9 11 11 12 10 11—72		9 11 9 11 12 10 9—71
	12 9 9 10 10 12 10—71		10 10 7 8 9 12 9—65
Total	217	Total	210
R B Deane	12 8 9 10 10 12 9—70	Williams	11 10 10 8 11 8 11—69
	8 11 12 7 11 11 10—70		11 9 11 9 8 10 10—68
	9 8 11 12 10 11 11—69		8 8 9 9 9 11 11—65
Total	209	Total	202
E C Talbot			10 9 12 11 9 11 10—72
			12 9 6 9 10 9 10—65
			12 9 9 7 6 7 12—62
Total			199

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 3.—At the weekly meet at the rifle range yesterday the attendance was good; there was a bright sun with the wind at 9 o'clock. The score which follows tells the story.

Creedmoor Target.

John Norman	3535554554—36	T Henry	5554445431—43
Johnson	4464534453—43	J W Murphy	4434444554—42
A L Rice	3554454453—43	C Dusenbury	4444444444—40
S Clark	4455454444—43		

Massachusetts Target.

A C Adams	10	10	11	12	12	10	12	9	10	—106
J N Morse	11	9	10	11	12	8	11	12	9	—103
C A Allen	9	9	11	12	11	10	10	7	12	—101
C Dusenbury	12	11	7	10	11	8	8	10	12	—99
J W Murphy	10	12	7	12	9	6	9	8	11	8—92

Ring Target Rest.

S Clark	12	11	10	11	10	10	10	12	9	11—106

The Sportsman's Club have their annual bird shoot next week, to be followed by their annual supper. The captains of the rival sides are William S. Perry and Allen B. Houghton. Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, a member of the club, who has recently returned from an extended hunt in the far West, has placed at the disposal of the club a portion of the game he brought with him.

The Worcester Rifle Association have elected the following officers: H. T. Farrar, President; John N. Morse, Jr., Vice-President; Stedman Clark, Secretary and Treasurer. The officers, with Dr. W. A. Knight, are the Executive Committee.

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 1.—At the last meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Huckmatuck Range, seven of the members made the following record, the distance being 200 yards, off hand, using the inch flag and Creedmoor target combined:

	R.	C.	Totals.
G. F. Ellsworth	97	92	46	184	93
Chester Hinds	85	45	93	46	178	91
A. Mathews	90	45	93	44	175	90
E. H. Knowlton	77	45	89	47	168	92
W. C. Hosmer	94	46	75	45	166	91
S. B. Hildreth	76	44	83	45	159	89
A. Thorpe	79	45	79	44	158	89

BOSTON, Nov. 4.—A goodly number of gentlemen gathered at Walnut Hill this afternoon to participate in the regular match. The noticeable feature of the day was the absence of the captains of the rival sides Mr. Richardson in the Victory match. The following are the best scores made:

Creedmoor Match.

J S Bennett	4455554553—43	A Cobb	4454454554—43
O M Jewell	4555545554—47	C Weston (mil.)	4444454543—42
A Duffer	4555554554—47	C B Edwards	4455543453—42
J Merrill	4454555543—46	C A Jackson	4444444454—41
J Bagshaw	4454455554—45	H Austin	4444444454—41
A Johnson	5554445534—44	W C Coup	4454444444—41
E Burleigh	5444444554—43	F W Fowle (mil)	5454534444—39
W Fisher	4455454445—43		

Decimal Match.

A C Adams	7	9	10	9	10	10	8	6	10	9—88
O M Jewell	7	9	9	10	9	7	10	10	5	8—84
W C Coup	10	8	10	9	7	10	8	8	8	6—84
A A Carr	10	8	9	8	9	8	9	10	6	6—83
A Duffer	5	7	7	5	8	8	10	7	8	6—71
J N Frye	9	6	5	10	7	9	7	4	7	6—70
F J Nye	8	8	6	8	10	7	5	5	8	6—71

Rest Match.

A Duffer	10	10	10	9	9	10	8	9	10	—95
C B Edwards	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	7	9	10—94
E C Barr	10	9	10	9	10	9	9	8	10	8—92

Victory Match.

E F Richardson	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—50
H L Lee	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5—47
A Hill	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5—48
L S Eaton	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	5—46

ROXBURY CITY GUARD, Boston.—The annual fall rifle matches of the Roxbury City Guard, Company D, 1st Infantry, took place at the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, Nov. 3. As is usual with all the rifle meets of this company, there was a very large attendance of company members, both active and honorary, as well as friends. For shooting purposes the day could hardly have been bettered, the wind blowing very gently, while the light was satisfactory. Seven matches were shot. The conditions of each and the leading scores made are appended:

Match No. 1.

Two hundred yards; rounds five; open to all members; first prize, silver medal, and other prizes.

Private Bennett	33444—19	Capt. Hersey	44150—17
Capt. Rockwell	42354—19	Private Coes	34243—16
Private Brownell	45453—19	Private Andrews	33342—15
Private Lithgow	33443—18	Private Loker	43222—15
Corp. Penrose	44424—18	Surg. Emery	34450—15
Corp. Libbey	43224—17		

Match No. 2.

Two hundred yards; rounds five; open to all members who score less than 16 in match No. 1; first prize, silver medal, and other prizes.

Private Loker	33444—18	Sergt. Orme	33333—16
Private Jenkins	31442—17	Private Andrews	53312—16
Private Walker	44432—17		

Match No. 3.

Two hundred yards; rounds five; open to all members who score less than 18 in match No. 2; four prize.

Private Caswell	45443—20	Private Scott	43234—17
Corp. Shepard	44334—18	Private Paine	43223—17

Match No. 4.

Distances, 200 and 500yds. Rounds, 5, at each distance. Open to all members who score 16 or more in match No. 1. First prize, medal, and other prizes.

	200yds.				500yds.				
Captain Rockwell	3	5	4	5	4—21	2	2	3	2	3—11—32
Private Bennett	4	4	3	4	3—17	0	2	3	3	4—12—29
Private Libby	4	5	3	2	3—17	3	3	0	0	3—11—28
Private Brownell	4	4	3	4	5—19	4	3	0	0	0—7—26
Private Coes	4	2	0	3	5—14	0	0	0	3	4—7—21
Private Penrose	4	5	3	4	3—19	2	0	0	0	0—2—21

Match No. 5.

Two hundred yards; rounds, 5. Open to all fine and honorary members and invited guests.

Lieut Kellet	51454—20	Privat Lithgow	34354—19
Capt Foye	44444—20	Capt Max	44334—18
Col Willington	41435—20	Private Barrett	43345—17
Capt Gueth	34451—20		

Match No. 6.

Five hundred yards. Shirmisher's match. Open to all members. Rounds, 7—4 in advance and 3 in retreat. Thirty seconds allowed for each shot. Rifle, Springfield. Any position. Competitors will provide their own ammunition for re-entries. First prize, medal and other prizes.

	Advance.					Retreat.				
Private Bennett	2	5	5	5		5	5	3	—28	
Capt Rockwell	4	2	3	4		3	4	0	—27	
Private Brownell	3	0	5	5		3	4	3	—23	
Corp Shepard	0	3	0	4		5	2	0	—14	
Private Libby	0	0	0	2		1	0	2	—8	

Match No. 7.

Two hundred yards. Ro unds, 7. Open to all members. Competitors will provide their own ammunition for re-entries. Several prizes.

Capt Rockwell	5454534—30	Capt Max	4245474—28
Lieut Gardner	4444454—29	Private Loker	4414434—27
Private Bennett	4444444—28	Private Penrose	3444435—25
Private Brownell	4344445—28		

ALBANY, Oct. 3.—The match at Rensselaerwyck, yesterday afternoon, was at the extreme short-range distance. Such a match only has charms for the experts, and those who usually shoot at the short distances stand aloof and look on with feelings very much akin to looking at drawing numbers in a lottery. Still the men who do shoot at 30yds. always try to make good scores. Yesterday afternoon, though the weather was cold and the wind strong from the five-o'clock quarter, the competitors entered into the match with spirit, and it was evident that the adverse conditions were being successfully combatted. The match was a fine shot one with the best three scores made to count. It was quite exciting to watch the varying fortunes of the riflemen, for at the end of each string one and then another would be at the head. However, the first place went to James I. Miles, with 70 out of the possible 75. The scores were as follows:

Short-Range Match—200 yds.

James I Miles, May S.	4 5 4 5 5—23 4 4 5 5 5—23 | 70 5 4 5 5 5—24	
Wm E Filch, Bal S.	4 4 5 5 5—23 4 4 5 5 5—23 | 69 5 4 5 5 5—24	
R R Spellman Jr, Bal S.	4 4 5 4 5—22 5 5 4 4 5—23 | 67 5 4 4 5 5—23	
Chas. H Guss, May S.	4 4 5 4 4—21 4 5 4 4 5—22 | 65 4 5 4 4 5—22	
L Geiger, R S.	4 5 4 4 3—20 4 4 5 4 3—20 | 60	

HUNTINGTON, L. I., Oct. 27.—Rifle match on Bay View range, between two amateur shots. Conditions: Fifty-five shots, off-hand, 200yds. Wind blowing very heavy across the range. Riflemen using two and one-half to three points wind:

Wm MacBrien	4 3 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—41 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5 5—48 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 4—44 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4—42 4 5 5 4 4 3 4 4 4 4—41	—20—236
Will Wildwood	5 5 4 4 4 3 4 3 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 4—42 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 3 4—43 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5—43 3 4 5 5 5 4 3 4 3 3 5—41 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 4—42 5 4 4 3 5	—21—232

—WILLIAM THURSTON.

NEWARK, N. J.—The associated rifle clubs will hold a meeting at the headquarters of the Plymouth Rifle Club, 191 Market street this evening. Arrangements will be perfected for the first tournament on the 26th inst.

THE TRAP.

LYNN, Mass., Oct. 31.—There were not many members present at the practice shoot of the Lynn Central Club. A large part of the regular shooters are away in the woods and down on the Cape, and the attendance at present is small. Next Tuesday being election day the regular shoot will not take place. There will be a shoot Tuesday, November 14, and it is hoped there will be enough members present to make it interesting. There will be a good programme out for Thanksgiving, which will give plenty of amusement. The following scores were the result of the last shoot at clay pigeons: Webster, 16; Morrill, 16; Colcord, 15; Fuller, 15; Carleton, 12.

FOREST CITY GUN CLUB, Rockford, Ill., Nov. 2, 1882.—Rotary trap, 18yds. rise.

Hollenbeck	11110 11111 10001 01111—18	
Ellison	11100 11101 01011 11011—18	
Thurston	10010 11011 01110 11111—18	
Felch	10101 01100 11111 11110—18	
Taylor	01111 01110 01100 11111—16	
Medlar	11001 11010 01111 11110—14	

A gale of wind carried most of the balls 40 or 50yds. T.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Andy Meaders won his match with F. Maskey, in which he was to break 185 glass balls out of 200, 100 single the other double balls, the following are the scores: One hundred single balls, thrown at five angles from a Mole trap, 21yds. rise, were broken without a miss. The double balls were thrown from two Mole traps, 18yds. rise. He scored 91: total 191.—J. D. H.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 3.—Few shooters practiced at the Raymond grounds, Wellington, to-day, the twenty-bird sweep being the only one competed. Mr. J. L. Sawyer and E. C. Bernard took the honors in the order mentioned. A great tournament, when valuable prizes will be shot for, will occur Thanksgiving Day.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 30, 1882.—A match between the Winsted and Bridgeport Gun Clubs was shot at the Trotting Park, Oct. 25, each man to shoot at twenty-five clay pigeons, 15 yards rise. The day was fine, with a high northwest wind. The scores in the match were as follows:

Winsted Club.

J K Camp	11011 01111 01111 11101 10011—19	
A W Adams	01100 11011 00111 11101 11110—18	
G W Benedict	11110 11111 11111 10111 11101—22	
V A Blakeslee	01110 10111 10010 00111 01111—16	
J F Peck	10111 11001 00001 10101 11101—15	
D C Peck	10011 11011 11110 11111 11110—20	
J Furguson	11111 10101 01111 01100 11111—19	
H L Roberts	01111 01001 10011 00110 10000—13	
J A Smith	01101 00101 00100 10111 10011—13	
A E Moore	11011 11100 11110 01000 00100—13	
A Roberts	01110 10100 11111 11110 00111—17	
Total		165

Bridgeport Club.

A D Laws	11111 11111 10101 10111 11111—23	
H Nichols	01111 11111 10111 10001 11111—20	
D E Smith	01111 11111 10101 11110 10101—19	
G Kerr	11010 11011 00100 11101 11011—17	
E A Longden	11011 10111 10011 11011 01010—17	
W Jennings	01011 11111 11101 11101 11101—20	
J White	11101 01111 11111 10101 10110—19	
C Beers	01111 11111 11111 10110 10111—21	
J Gardner	11111 11001 01011 11011 11111—20	
G Simmons	01010 11101 11011 10101 11011—17	
G Link	01111 11000 01011 01111 01101—16	
Total		208

After the regular match was shot a sweepstakes for three prizes was contested. First prize, set of reloading and cleaning tools; second prize, silver cup; third prize, re-and-de-capper and crimp r.

Each man shot at 7 clay pigeons, at 20 yards. The following are the scores:

A. D. Laws 7, A. W. Adams 5, Geo. Simmons 7, J. H. Camp 7, E. A. Longden 5, V. A. Blakeslee 7, Chas. Beers w, J. Ferguson 5, Geo. Kerr 4, J. A. Smith 4, Chas. Graether 3, John White 5, G. W. Benedict 7, R. Hubbard 4, D. C. Peck 4, D. E. Smith 4, J. F. Peck 4, Geo. Link 0, H. L. Roberts 3, Ed. Rowe 7, A. E. Moore 5, A. Roberts 6, Wm. Jennings 7, H. Nichols 7, D. Scott 6.

In shooting off the ties each man went back five yards and shot at five pigeons; if they tied again to go back three yards and shoot at three pigeons, then if tied to shoot miss and out. Wm. Jennings won first, A. Roberts second, John White third. SPORT.

Cartridge Groover, 75cts., E. Redmond, Rochester, N. Y.—*Adv.*

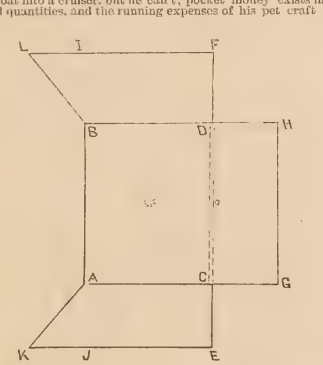
Yachting and Canoeing.

AN IMPROVISED CABIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed with great pleasure your endeavors in the direction of small cruisers, and while I may not agree with you in details, still I am so thoroughly with you on the main issue, that I am desirous of contributing my mite toward the furtherance of so laudable an object. My friend Mr. Stephens has, I see, designed a "single-hander," which I do not doubt will prove a fund of enjoyment to some fortunate chap, but we are not all of us able to discard old boats, though they may be obsolete in style, and build new and improved ones, and to such unfortunates I propose to address a few remarks.

There may be somewhere a couple of boys, or a single solitary boy possessed of a sixteen or seventeen foot boat, who, filled with the desire of emulating Magregor or Robinson Crusoe, would dare the dangers of the vasty deep, could he but afford to metamorphose his open boat into a cruiser, but he can't; pocket money exists in only limited quantities, and the running expenses of his pet craft eat up



the greater part of that. Nobody seems to have much regard for that boy. I will take him under my protection; I was that kind of a boy myself once, and I've a fellow-feeling for him, besides I think that kind of a boy generally manages to get as near a hundred cents on the dollar in the way of fun, as is given to us mortals to get, and he deserves encouragement.

I will suppose my young friend to be possessed of an open boat about sixteen feet long, and six wide (more or less) with a cockpit about nine feet long and five wide. The shape is immaterial, but the combing is, I hope, high. This craft in smooth water is perhaps all that can be desired, but for going straight ahead through anything and everything, and for sleeping in at night she is susceptible of improvement.

In the first place, I will take it for granted that the rig, whatever it may be has been tried and found satisfactory, and so spare the tyro a lecture on my beloved yawl rig.

The nine-foot cockpit is considerably larger than is demanded by the exigencies of "small boat cruising," and we will curtail its dimensions, and at the same time improve the weatherly qualities of our craft by constructing two hatches, which together shall be five feet long. These must be as light as possible, yet strong enough to permit one to set or stand on them; one-quarter inch cedar with one inch by seven-eighths inch oak cariines will about fill the bill. Around the inside of the washboard close to the top edge an oak batten half an inch thick must be fastened, notched to receive the ends of the carlines so that the weight will come on them and not on the outside planks of the hatches. The forward hatch should be lashed in place so that a sea will not be able to wash it away, the after one will probably not need it. The joint between the two hatches should be closed by a batten tacked to the after edge of the forward hatch. The after edge of the after hatch should have a combing an inch or so high to prevent the water from washing aft and dripping into the sleeping apartments, and should also have three or four round-head brass screws projecting a little from it, and two of the same in the edges on the side.

So much for the carpenter; now for the sailmaker. The nondescript figure accompanying this dissertation is the plan from which he must work, and he must construct of pretty stout canvas a "cabin," whose dimensions shall be as follows: for a 9x5 cockpit. From A to B, 5ft. (the width of the cockpit); C to D the same; A to C and B to D 4ft.; C to E, C to G, D to H, D to F, B to I, and A to J, all 2ft.; E to K and F to L, 5ft. 9in.; on the edge A B work eyelets to correspond with screws in afterhatch, and do the same on edges B I and A K. At C D tack in a piece of hickory 5ft. long, 2in. wide and half an inch thick, put it in "flat ways," that is, as it would float if in the water, in the middle put a stout brass screw-eye. To the button on the edge L B & K to afterhatch, fasten a line to the screw-eye in C D, and haul it out to boom it a sloop, to driver mast if a yawl; the points A and G, F and H will fall together, and should come just to the deck. Now, with a stick, prop up the afterhatch until the sides of the "house" set smooth, slacking or tautening the afterline as may be necessary, until it is all square and even, then cut two oak or hickory supports, to be secured at one end to the inside of the washboard, just long enough to reach to the hatch, when it is tipped up; these when not in use will lie down alongside the washboard and be out of sight and out of the way.

At the point where I have placed a * put a loop or ring; when it rains pass a line from this ring to the boom above and haul taut, your roof will have "pitch" enough to shed rain perfectly.

To set the "house," prop up the hatch first, button on the canvas, and then go on deck, and haul out your afterline and the thing is done. Except in stormy weather the corners D G and F H will not require fastening, and one corner will probably be tried up most of the time for ventilation

In a house just such as I have described, I have lived for days with a friend and my dog, eating, sleeping, cooking, smoking, reading, etc., smiling at the rain, water and cold proof in our snug, blustering nights, and "striking" the whole thing, folding it up, rolling it around its stick and putting it under blankets for five minutes, and thus converting my little seventeen-foot Petrel into a regular cruiser. In fair weather the afterhatch may lie on the other, giving more room, and airing things below, but both hatches should be covered with light canvas or drilling, and thoroughly painted, the canvas coming well down all around to prevent water from dashing in at crevices, and an extra wide flap should cover the bottom and joint between the two hatches. We used a small kerosene store, but it was not perfectly satisfactory, and though they have been greatly improved since that time, I feel sure there must be some better substitute. If one is used it should be enclosed in a neat box with a hinged cover and top, which will preserve the stove from damage and capsize. WILL BROOKS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

SHARPIES AT SEA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We, your readers, take it for granted that you wish to do justice to all, no matter in what direction your personal sympathies may lead.

In your issue of Oct. 5 you name "details of a 36ft. sharpie" as follows: Over all, 36ft. 1in.; beam, 6ft. 3in. on bottom, 7ft. on top, etc.

I would ask if it be any wonder that yachtsmen and others sometimes question the stability of these boats when a man of science commits himself to the publication of such dimensions?

You give the 36ft. sharpie a side flare of but 9in. for both sides when there should be, say, 15in. for each side, and you name a beam of 7ft. when it should be 9ft.

In FOREST AND STREAM, of Oct. 26, you speak sarcastically of a certain Frenchman who has been bold enough to cross the Channel in a 36ft. sharpie (her length was about 40ft.), and add that "as no rough weather was encountered, so the experience, though nominally at sea, is without any special lesson." You are quite correct in this statement. I have seen many a day on the English Channel when a canoe could easily cross.

About the middle of last August my two little boys and myself took a New Jersey "lift" down to Cape Cod in a 40ft. sharpie. Her draft of water is 18in. She has a centerboard 15ft. in length. Her rig is the "Roslyn yawl," and although we found plenty of rough water "at sea," away outside Montauk, Block Island and the Vineyard, I can say absolutely that in the course of a pretty long yachting experience I never yet have seen any boat perform better in heavy weather outside than did this 40ft. sharpie. On that rough day when the papers told of disaster and wreck off Long Island and New Jersey we made our run from Block Island to Plymouth, Mass., with half a gale blowing from a shroud. We made a direct course, and, what is very remarkable, something the desperately deep gentleman will scoff at, is that during this run—some fifty or sixty miles—we let our tiller swing perfectly free, never once touching it, but putting the boat entirely by the trim of her sail. Is there no lesson as to handiness in this? Is there a cutter yacht afloat that could do the same thing? If you know of any man who so thinks I hereby offer to sail him, and his cutter, a match, twenty miles at sea, with no rudder or steering gear of any kind on her boat.

In a short time two Nonpareil sharpies are to start for Florida. One of them, at least, sails the outside course. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I.

[The dimensions we gave were those of a sharpie in actual use for several years.]

BEDOUIN'S BEAUTY.

NOT a critic or reporter, nor even an ultra nationalist or devotee of antiquity, whose views have been recorded, but freely acknowledges the superior style, beauty and shipshape appearance of the cutter compared to the sloop. This concession has been forced through the gradual wearing away of prejudice in favor of the fruit. A few years ago the cutter was held up as ugly and unguinly in hull and rig. Time works wonders, and as these sturdy ships grow upon us, still further familiarity will remove the last vestiges of unfounded prejudice yet remaining against their grand accommodations and perfect adaptability to our waters. Bedouin's light weather victories in store for us next season will give the good cause of honest boats a big lift, though practically the case has already been settled in her favor by events still so fresh in yachting history.

BEDOUIN TO WINDWARD.

IN the main the *Herald*'s report of the three memorable matches was fair in spirit, though naturally colored by prejudices even honest persons may be excused from displaying under circumstances so trying to national pride and long-treasured faith. Concerning Bedouin's breeze-splitting propensities, we quote from the *Herald* as follows: "The cutter was by this time a quarter of a mile to windward, and all hands knew that the Gracie could do nothing with her. . . . . The Bedouin stood well to the westward on the starboard tack, beating Gracie like breaking sticks. . . . . She had gone out to windward in a manner that was astounding to the friends of the sloop, and the race was practically over. . . . . By two o'clock Bedouin had the Gracie a mile and a half away on her lee quarter. . . . . The Bedouin's performance places her among those at the top of the list."

BEDOUIN'S ACCOMMODATIONS.

ANYBODY can make bilid assertions. One can assert the cutter has most room and her cabins are cool. The other can denounce her as confined and sweltering. We make no assertions here, but are content to rely upon every person's own judgment. Let him inspect the sloop Gracie on deck and below, then let him go and do likewise aboard the cutter Bedouin. Next summer let them hang up thermometers in both vessels. We court such an investigation, for knowing both styles and certain that truth will prevail, we fear not the conclusions sure to be reached.

WHO SAILED BEDOUIN.

IN the first of the recent Seawanhaka matches the Bedouin was steered by her owner throughout. In the second and third races Skipper Petrick was at the stick. The second race was lost after Bedouin had the prize well in hand by following the counsel of her pilot, who advised going off shore for a two-knot current and wind, neither of which were found. The third race was lost after Bedouin had roundly beaten Gracie through the lubberly contingent of native hands. With Petrick at the helm there was no one to look after the raw material.

BEDOUIN IN LIGHT BREEZES.

FROM the trials of this cutter in scrub brushes with sloops down the bay, in light winds, notably with the Fanny, we judge the cutter to be a marvel. Under such conditions, with her short rig, she ran through Fanny's lee and weathered on her in such a way which was truly a caution. But she will be heard from at this game next summer.

BEDOUIN ONLY A CRUISER.

WE have it upon the best authority that Bedouin was contracted for and designed for a cruising yacht and that her spars were cut down ten feet from proper racing dimensions. In spite of the light weather this cruising cutter outsailed one of the fastest racing contrivances in America.

NEW SLOOP.—New ideas have not got as far as South Brooklyn yet. Gorman & Wallin are building a sloop for Mr. Chester of Staten Island. Water line 32ft., over all 35ft., beam 13ft. 3 in., depth 4 ft. 3in. These are very antique proportions.

CAROLINE.—Schooner Caroline, recently ashore on the Eastern coast, is not to confounded with the well-known Caroline of the Eastern Yacht Club.

LAID OVER.—Continuation of article on single hand yachts will appear next week.

VAYU.

NOW that it is gradually percolating the whole sailing and yacht building community that depth and displacement are not in themselves a hindrance to speed, but that speed depends upon form and area of skin, the principal and really the only ground upon which the construction of wide, flat and dangerous boats might be excused has been removed altogether. With the evidence of recent races in support of a clearer understanding of the problem of successful design, we look for a rapid increase in the fleet of safe, able boats having draft and displacement enough to make them something more than toys. With their introduction will follow, of course, more extended cruising, leading to greater experience, assisting in the conversion of the raw material into sailors and adding materially to the benefits, physical and mental, to be derived from following up the sport. In short, the habilitation of the cutter in the American yacht fleet is a great stride ahead in raising a sport from purposeless juvenile play to the dignity of a manly pastime, in the pursuit of which student and athlete may find honor, food for thought and reflection, as well as the opportunity to develop character and the stamina of manhood of the highest order.

In the East where the working yachtsman has thrived to a far greater extent than about New York, it is not surprising to find a preference for boats of the cutter style manifesting itself in a general move for more depth and displacement and the substitution of the keel for the centerboard. In part this may be accounted for by the proximity of the denizens of higher latitudes to the sea, but much of their love for deep water yachting springs from a hardier mind which seeks satisfaction in adventures accompanied with daring and dash, from which more sensual and luxurious people naturally shrink. But the inclinations of yachtsmen in the East are founded upon something more tangible as well, for they have witnessed many competitive trials between deep vessels and skimming dishes, and of late the former have been perfected to such a degree that often they snatched the laurels from their less worthy but fleet adversaries.

Probably the most marked exhibition of the speed deep boats and the cutter rig are capable of last season, was the triple victory won by the cutters Kelpie, Mavis, and Beetle, in the Beverley open matches, sailed August 26, in which these three headed their class—in fact, a fair, square race, beating handsomely keel and centerboard sloops of great local reputation. These boats range about 30ft. loadline, with one-third of that for beam, and represent a very handy size for a couple of quarter-deck amateurs and one hand before the mast. As cruisers their sturdy qualities, large accommodations, and the ample room afforded by a flush deck, were certain to recommend them to yachtsmen in the East. But it was long supposed that such boats could never lay pretensions to speed, and as all Americans love a race now and then, the prospects of the cutter did not seem overbright. A few trials, however, drove away all doubts, and to-day cutters bid fair to come in for a large share of public patronage.

The boats we have mentioned belong to the category known as "Itchen boats," from the place of their origin. They are beamy cutters, and it was quite natural that cutters with some beam should appeal most readily to the tastes of a community accustomed to great beam from boyhood up. The construction of Itchen boats is a long way in advance of the regulation sloop, since they prove in their moderation that beam does not include all the virtues, but that depth, draft and displacement play their share in making roomy, fast and able boats. We are glad to learn from yacht builders in the East that a large demand for more such boats has sprung up and next season promises to see flush-decked cutters so common in Eastern waters as to excite no further comment. Whether British experience will be followed and beam decreased gradually, as actual trial demonstrates the gain in snug rigs and the greater reliability for all round work the narrow cutters possess, is a matter which remains to be seen, and depends very much upon the pressure exercised by measurement rules enforced.

If yachtsmen were perfectly free to extend in all three directions as they liked, paying only for the size they made use of, length might be received with more favor, but if a tax is put in that direction and size allowed to go free in some other, the process of development will of course be slow, and we may have to look to the cruisers, not influenced in their choice by any rule, for the cue to the best model in the future. But that great beam is much of a delusion for any purpose the Boston cutters have already proven. It would be hard to find a thirty-foot sloop in Boston with the room on deck or below Kelpie and her kind can boast of, and it would certainly be quite impossible to discover any New York centerboard sloop with much more than half the stowage room, though necessitating larger sails to drive them. For all that is contained in the hackneyed expression "comfortable boat," no man would hesitate between an Itchen cutter with her depth, high side and as much beam as there is use for, and a shoal, dangerous New York trap, with her stilling and cramped cabin confined to the short length of her house, and the extravagant rig, which is a necessary evil to make a beamy boat go.

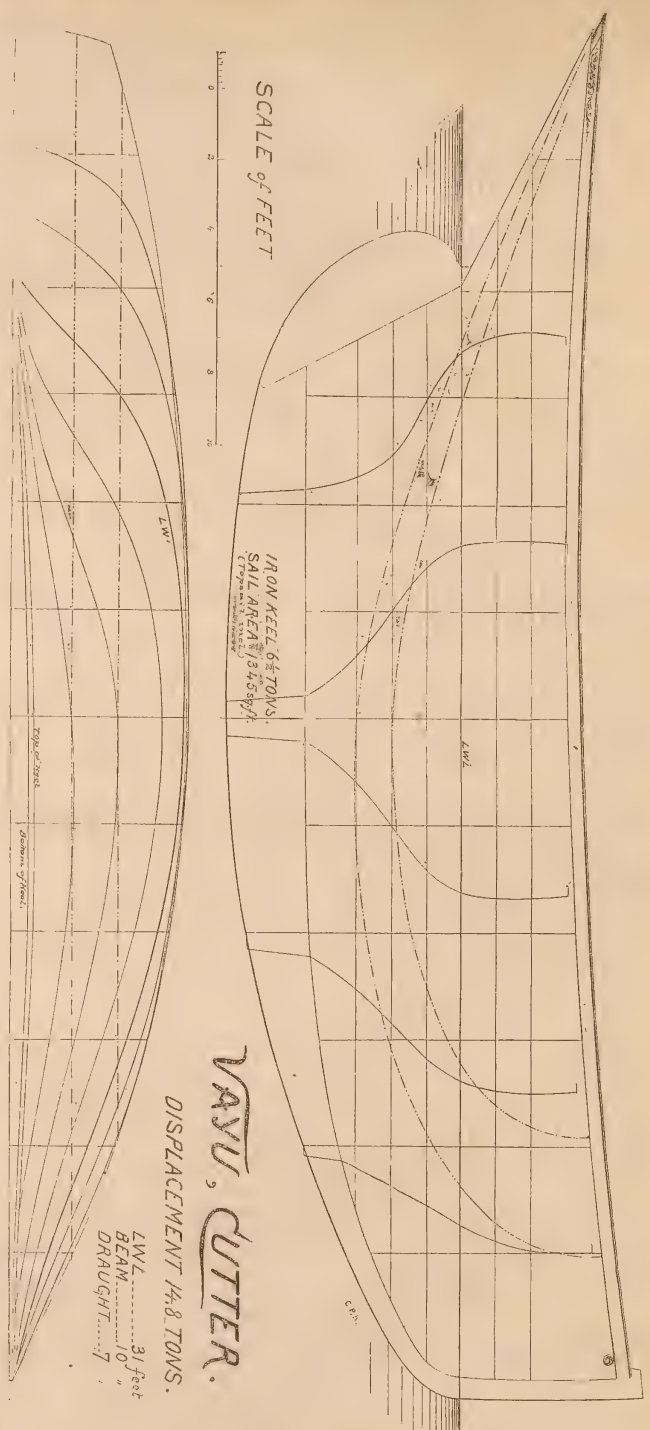
As an example of the tendencies in the East we produce this week the lines of the latest addition to the seagoing fleet in the shape of the new cutter Vayu, recently launched and found to give great satisfaction upon trial. This yacht was constructed for Rear Commodore Charles A. Welsh, Boston Y. C., formerly of the Valhalla sloop, by the well known City Point builders, Geo. Lawley & Son, who likewise furnished the model, we believe. While resembling the Itchen boats in general, the new craft has features of her own rather an improvement upon her prototype across the pond. The sheer plan shows her to be bold in conception and in the round up forward and raking post a commendable departure from old school lore. Her topsides show none of the homely flare or lip of the sloop which so retards headway in rough water, while the sharp lines forward with the tolerably fine run are certain to assist ease and dryness and close windedness in a sea.

The overhang adds much to jaunty appearance and deck room abaft the mainsheet. It is one of those luxuries seldom to be found in our fleet, owing to the imperative necessity of docking under the silly length rules of the day. It is within bounds to say that no benefit to speed is derived from the last four feet of this overhang, yet the mean length and one-third overhang crudities still in vogue in many clubs would tax those last four feet as equal to a lump in the body a couple of feet in length. Had Mr. Welsh intended racing under such absurd rules he could not have indulged in the beauty or utility the long overhang offers, but would have felt obliged to saw his boat off short and ugly after the Elsworth fashion. Luckily no measurement tyros blighted the good looks of Vayu in this respect, and the Lawleys were able to display themselves without hindrance in a cutter's nobby fantail. The iron keel, though no longer anything new in the East, is a pattern for many in New York, for Vayu is thereby made uncapsizable, able in a sea and minus the nuisance of a centerboard casing just where it is not wanted, and under most circumstances will draw less water by several feet than if built with a fin.

The Vayu is 31ft. on loadline, 39ft. over all, 10ft. extreme beam, 6ft. 9in. depth of hold, and 7ft. draught of water. Her keel is so much rockered that should she ground a change in trim will float her free. Least height of freeboard is 2ft. 11in. to covering board. Displacement 14.8 tons, of which 8½ tons is represented by ballast, 6½ tons thereof being in the shape of an iron shoe on the bottom of a broad keel, the remaining 2 tons stowing inside for the purpose of trimming. She is very strongly built in Lawley's best style. The keel is of well seasoned white oak, 16in. wide on top and 14in. on the bottom, the iron shoe below having also a slight taper downward and fore and aft. Frames spaced 14in. between centers, every third station being shown in the accompanying plans. They are double, with exception of seven in the ends, 2in. sided and 4in. moulded at keel, tapering to 2½in. at head, of white oak. Plank, 1½in. Michigan yellow pine, 4in. wide, the topsides being worked in one length fore and aft. Oak beam shelf, 4x4in., the clamps being in a single length and through-riveted to the frames. Decks of white pine 1½x1¾in wide.

The accommodations are extremely liberal. The deck is of course flush, no house or cockpit interfering with free passage. There is a skylight over the saloon amidships and a mahogany companion over the main hatch, also a small hatch to forecastle and large bullseye to after cabin. The forecastle is 12ft. long, with standing height; main saloon, 8ft. 6in. long, with 6ft. head room, bulkheaded off at both ends with sliding doors of neat panel frame. The stateroom aft is very cosy, having a double berth on starboard side and handsome bureau and lockers with mirrors on port hand, also improved provisions for washing and a w. c. a. 12-ft. forecastle and a stateroom with double berths and conveniences on port hand line reared much like a fairy tale to the average sloop owner about New York, accustomed as he is to a little kennel forward, into which he would hardly ask his crew to double up, and a main cabin with 4½ or 5ft. headroom split up into four sections by the centerboard. Though he has 12ft. beam or more, he gets only half the accommodations it has found in a cutter 2ft. less beam. Vayu carries 1,345 sq.ft. in lower sails and topsail. Mast, 30ft. above deck, 8½in. diameter at partners; housing topmast 18ft., long gaff, 21ft.; boom, 31ft. 6in.; gaff, 23ft. 6in.; hoist of mainsail, 29ft.

It is to yachts like Vayu we look for popularizing the arts of sailing and navigating. Economical in build and possessed of safety, they likewise comprise all that yachts of large tonnage can boast of, and are capable of taking care of themselves at all times, affording a thorough participation in all the attractions of the sport at a fraction of the cost spent upon large vessels, which add only to expense, care, and cumbrous inutility, without offering more good to their owners except for distant voyages.



QUITE THE CONTRARY.

AFTER the excellent beginning the *Herald* made at understanding the cutter's good points, Gracie's bull luck in taking the prizes in second and third race rather discomfited our estimable contemporary, and it quickly sought to straddle the fence again in the following mildly put summary: "It is conceded on all hands that the advocates of the cutter type of boats are not as fully satisfied as they would like to be of their superiority over the beamy and lighter draught American sloop." We will endeavor to infuse more confidence in a journal seeking the truth to the best of its abilities. Given the crack sloop of the country in her own weather, with years of time and tens of thousands spent upon her in bringing her up to perfection, put her in charge of a skipper and crew accustomed to these waters; given also a random, untried cutter, possibly quite a slow vessel of her style, let her be rough and raw, ballast hove in any fashion, her trim unknown, her hold full of cruising rubbish; put aboard a crew perfectly green and strange to one another, a foreign skipper not familiar with our waters, an amateur at the stick one day, and cap the climax by cutting down her racing spars ten feet. Let these two sail three matches, the sloop being beaten, as the *Herald* has aptly described it, "like breaking sticks," let the cruising cutter repeat this three times in succession, and pray what influence can it have upon reasonable persons that the sloop by sheer force of luck and fluke most patent landed the purse upon two occasions? And, pray, if a cutter picked hap-hazard, without regard to her rating among other cutters, and sailing under short rig and the disadvantages enumerated above, can beat one of the crack sloops of the country, why should the *Herald* suppose the "advocates of the cutter type" in the least disconcerted?

We regard the recent races as a perfect revelation to the old school, represented in our sloops, and are quite content, even highly pleased, with the result, and willing to stake our reputation upon the future, which we predict will place the cruiser Bedouin at the head of the fleet, the fastest single sticker in American waters. That is what we concede, and not an iota short of that. Let the *Herald* watch coming events.

WHAT WE CONDEMN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There may be a great deal in science, but I think you are not right in condemning practical experience as you do.

A READER.

[We do not condemn practical experience nor practical men, and never have done so. What we do condemn is the fraudulent assumption of men styling themselves "practical," with their claims resting upon nothing else than sublime impudence and a whole lot of dogmatic quackery built upon abysmal ignorance. We denounce as fraudulent the claim to "practical experience" when the test of facts shows it to be palpable charlatanry. We denounce the very prevalent impression among certain classes that ignorance of underlying principles and "practical" knowledge are one and the same thing. The complacency with which the unsophisticated are roped in with the current stuff about light displacement, light draft and beam for speed and other good qualities in yachts, we will continue to denounce as the arrant humbug it is. Recent events have shown up

the hollowness of the pretensions of a class to a "practical" understanding of the very simplest rudiments of the subject they swaggeringly profess to be masters of. Our correspondent had better read with attention the article "What Bedouin Teaches," and answer himself whether we are not justified in holding up to scorn as an imposition the bare-faced clap-trap palmed off upon the public so long as "practical experience" in the modeling of our shoal-bodied fleet. We have great regard for science or theory. We have still more for genuine "practical experience," but all do we put down as humbug when combination of the two. For the empty claim to practical experience where none really exists we have the contempt properly bestowed upon any swindle.]

STRAIGHTENED OUT.

WE lay no great store upon the criticism of technical subjects by men not fit for the task by special training, as unprofessional people reason only *a posteriori*, after the accomplishment of certain facts, and not *a priori*, by induction. But the *Herald* has generally exhibited a spirit in honest and fair-minded reviewing of yachting matters, that we will undertake to set it right concerning the recent Seawanhaka races. In a summary of those events which appeared in the *Herald* last Monday, certain very important information does not appear to have been in its possession, or its conclusions would have been more decidedly in favor of the cutter. In the main we find no fault with the review, but there are certain half-digested passages, likely to create wrong impressions, in the article, and these we will now take up for correction.

The *Herald* says: "The Gracie did very well with the big cutter Bedouin, and it is likely that in breaking tacks the former won the race. What Captain Rogers meant by letting the Gracie get away from him is one of those things that cannot be satisfactorily answered."

This is the secret of the second race. Bedouin had given the best evidences of being the winning boat, but an error of judgment lost her the race. That certainly is no proof against the speed of the cutter. The first match she won out and out, on the merits of the boats, as the effect of the tacking to Gracie's steering gear had been greatly overrated and used to explain away her defeat without good grounds. We quote again from the *Herald:*

"The last race was over a course from buoy No. 5, thence to the Whistling buoy, Gedney's Channel, thence to Sandy Hook lightship and back, going over the course twice. It was a cutter course, the wind being ahead to Whistling buoy, and on the first round, after leaving the buoy, the lightship could just be fetched. The sea was so short and the tide ebb, giving the yachts that kind of water which would show to most disadvantage the weak points of the wide boats. It did make them bob a good deal, but not enough to cause them to dig the sea up with their bowsprits, as the cutters did. Truth compels the remark that, though the cutters held on well, they were very wet, and the water line on the jib and forestaysail must have been four feet up from the bowsprit. On the first beat off the cutters gained a little. In the windward work on the second round the Gracie had the Bedouin out, and the Fanita gained a trifle on the Oriva. Before this time the Valkyr had given up, as being evident that she was not in her usual form. It was subsequently ascertained that Valkyr's centerboard was so badly bent it could not be hauled up. Some time before the races the Valkyr touched on the rocks and bent the board. Repairs were made but the strain was such that kind of work

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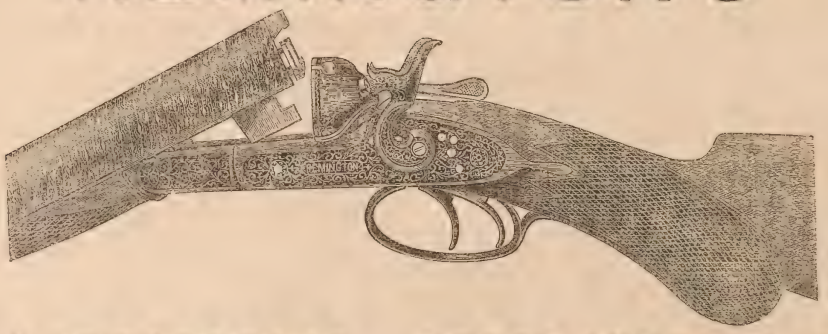
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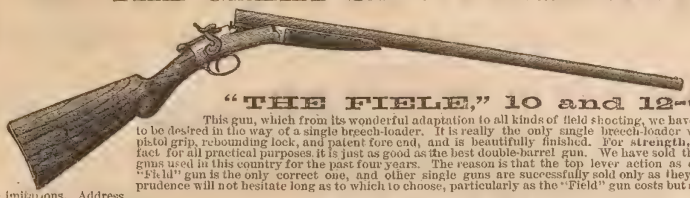
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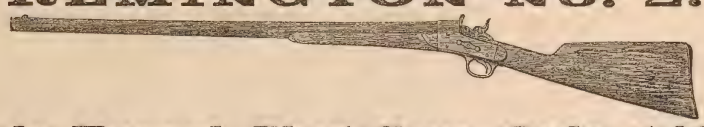
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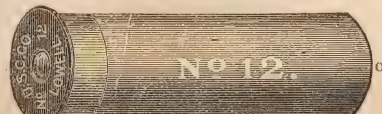
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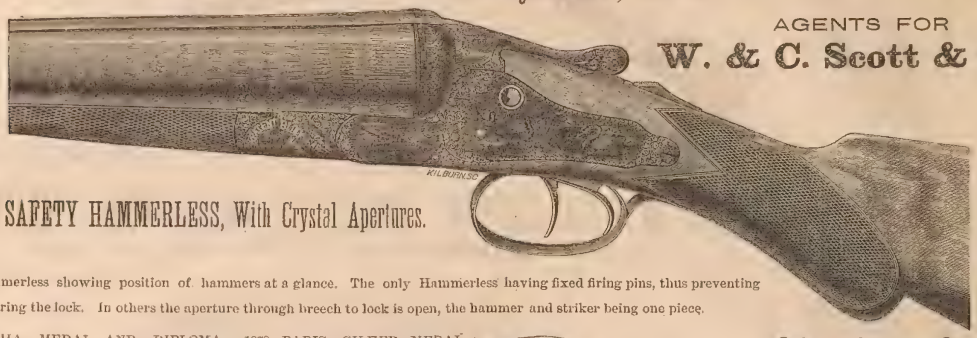
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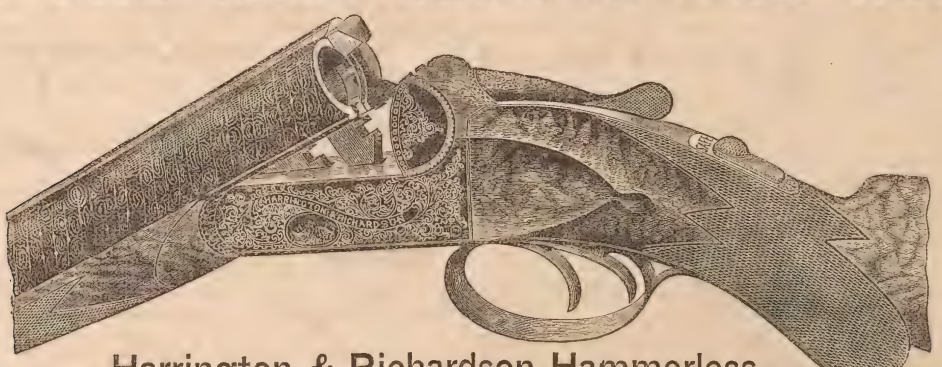
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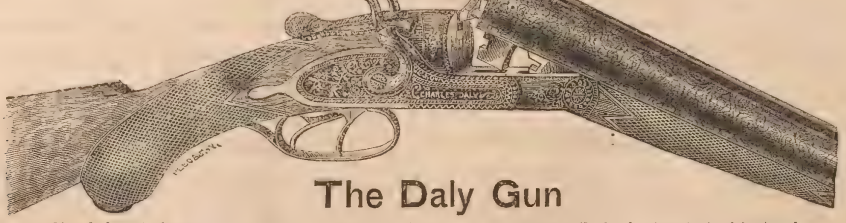
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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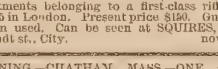
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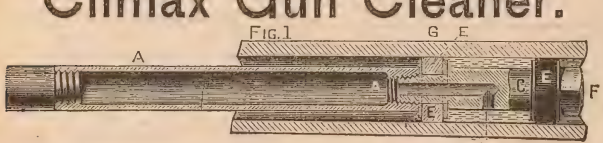
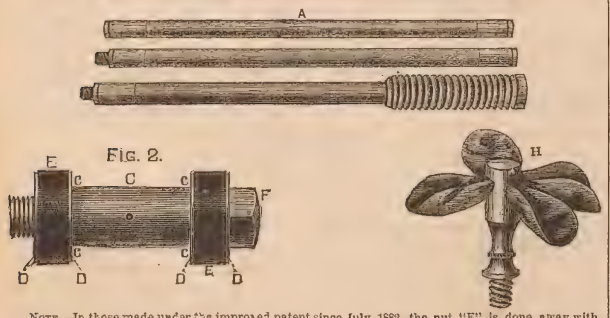


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



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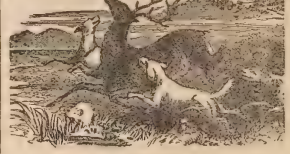
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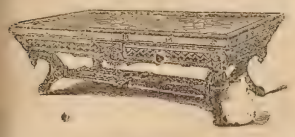
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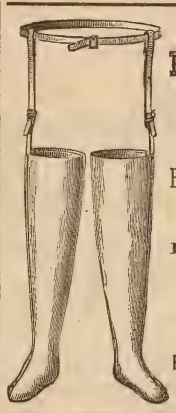
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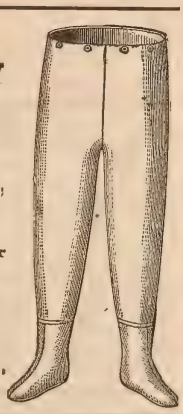
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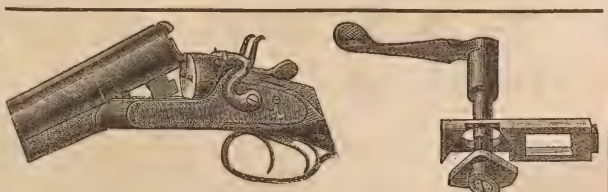
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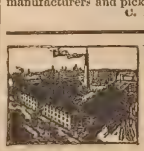
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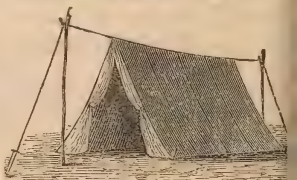
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THE CHANGE OF CONDITIONS.

UNOFFICIAL advices from Great Britain bring the news that the Council of the National Rifle Associon have acted upon the requests sent from the Directors of our own Rifle Association, and that two out of the three points asked for have been granted. These concessions permit the American team to be made up of members of the National Guard who may become such before the first of January next. It is also agreed to permit the use in the match of wind gauges on the rifles similar to those in use on many of the weapons now in the hands of the guardsmen here, but on the other hand the cablegram informs us that the request for a modified form of the front sight, tapering it up in finer proportions than the comparatively clumsy fore sight now in use, has been denied.

We are not informed upon what grounds these conclusions were reached by the British Association, and it is of comparatively small moment. Another week will bring the official notification of what modifications are to be made in the conditions of the match of 1883, and American marksmen may know precisely how to practice and what restrictions they will be placed under when they go abroad to meet the Wimbledon champions on their own common. The match of the last season did not reflect as fully as it should, in its conditions, the present state of military rifle shooting. It was admirable as an exhibition of what may be done at extreme ranges with a nominal military rifle, but while this rifle showed marked departures from a weapon which could fairly be called fit for general use in the hands of troops, yet in other particulars it contained very antiquated points. Two of these were indicated in the application made by the American directors for a modification of the conditions. For some time past a readily controlled wind gauge has been a fixture on the best models of American military rifles. It has been shown to be a practical device. It answers its purpose in the hands of properly trained troops, and with it the National Guardsmen, of this State at least, have been able to get better work out of a confessedly inferior arm. It was no new-fangled contrivance, then, which was asked for by the American competitors, but one which only an oversight left out of the original conditions, it properly should have found its place in a match which was supposed to represent the best and latest endeavors in military rifle practice. Equally with this was the modification of the fore sight to make it better adapted to its object as a point of sight. It is nonsense to suppose that the present form of fore sight is by any means as well adapted for catching a quick and ready sight as the new form permitted by the military authorities here, and which, by its merits, must come generally into use.

So far, then, the change in the conditions is in the right direction. The rifles do not cease to be really military rifles, but they are made much more effectual, as the records of the matches will show. It is to be regretted that the British Association did not see its way clear to an entire change of the conditions of the match as proposed by the American Board, still as far as they go the changes ought to make the American team much stronger for the match of 1883. It was the general complaint that the home team was much weaker in the last match, because of the lack of their accustomed wind gauge. There may have been some truth in this. It certainly had the effect of making the men lose confidence in their own work, and with wind gauges it would have been possible to have shown how wretchedly bad were the rifles under the ammunition used. With wind gauges it will at once become possible to keep records and establish a team system, and Col. Bodine may now make his coaching a real help to the men and not have it, as he has confessed it was in their late defeat, merely a set of motions intended to mislead the public and keep down the very proper protests which would have come from the press. While it may be to a certain extent true that military shooting is a matter of personal endeavor, yet with tried weapons, shooting known charges, it will be entirely possible for a team to establish a system of mutual help, which in a match will be worth many points in the aggregate. They can surely keep the story of what each rifle will do under certain conditions of wind, light, moisture, etc., and very soon it will become possible to arrive at some general conclusions. We confess that we despair of seeing a renewal of the series of American victories before the butts until the American team system is re-established in reality and not as a farce. With the number of men in Great Britain who give so much time to local, county and general rifle meetings as to become in a measure semi-professionals, there will always be a body of marksmen strong in an individual contest, and such their team matches really are. Accustomed to shoot against each other, and always striving for their personal advancement, there has been no cultivation of purely team shooting. Here it is yet possible to get squads of men who, under proper leadership, pull together, and other conditions of rifles, position, etc., being equal, they must win.

Touching the concession of later additions to the National Guard taking places on the team, it was a pure confession of inferiority on the part of the American managers. It was an insult to the National Guard as a whole, and if the Guard is to be crammed to make up a team, there is a scandal brewing which even a victory will not wipe out.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE Eastern Field Trials, which commence to-morrow at High Point, N. C., bid fair to prove the most important and interesting trials that have yet been held in this country. The meeting commences with the Members' Stake for which there are fifteen entries, and we shall look for a very interesting contest. All of the dogs entered are good ones, and the winner may be well proud of his victory. We are greatly pleased to see the members of the association take the interest they do in the object for which the club was formed. As we have repeatedly stated, the Members' Stake should be made the most important event of the meeting, and we have no doubt that the interest manifested this year, and the prominence which this stake holds may give an impetus to the matter which will soon accomplish the desired result. The Derby closed with the goodly number of sixty entries, and, judging from what we hear of the performances of the dogs, and the well-known earnestness and enthusiasm of their owners, there will be a larger proportion of starters than has ever been seen in any similar event, and we feel well assured that it will prove to be the most interesting and well contested trial of youngsters that has yet taken place. Forty-seven of the number are setters, and among them are representatives of a large proportion of the best blood in the world. Many of them are doing grand work, and the hearts of their owners are filled with high hope of anticipated victory. The pointers number only thirteen. Although this is an ominous number their owners are confident that the merit of their favorites will secure for them immunity from the decrees of fate. The All Aged Stakes has the unprecedented number of thirty-six entries. A glance at the list gives assurance that the struggle for supremacy will be hotly contested, and worth going a long distance to see. Those who are so fortunate as to be there, will undoubtedly witness better work than has yet been seen at any trial in this country. Birds are reported unusually plenty, and they have been strictly protected on the grounds set apart for the trials. Our only fear is that, owing to the mild weather, the weeds are too rank, and will prove a serious obstacle to the successful running of the trials. With so many starters it will be all important that the conditions for rapid work should be favorable, in order that the trials may not be prolonged beyond proper limits. We trust that our fears may prove unfounded, and that we may have one or two heavy frosts in that vicinity before the trials commence.

HOW TO LIBERATE QUAIL.—From the number of inquiries received by us for live quail we judge that the efforts to restore depleted game grounds will be prosecuted with vigor. We give a hint about putting out the birds. It is the plan pursued by the Westfield, New Jersey, Game Society, and has worked well. The birds are put into cardboard boxes, a pair in each box, and taken at night to the designated place. Here the boxes are put down on the ground in the dark, being open at one end. Some food is spread about them and they are left. The birds remain quietly in the boxes all night. In the morning they come out, there is nothing to frighten them, and they begin to feed. At night they come back to the boxes for shelter. In this way they become accustomed to the locality and remain there. The plan is worth trying.

DOGS AND INSANITY.—In the course of the examination of an alleged lunatic in this city last week, one fact advanced as evidence of unsound mind was that he had paid fifty dollars for a dog. Now, provided the dog was a tolerably good one, there was nothing irrational about this; it should rather be accepted as an evidence of the buyer's sanity. If he can show that in addition to the dog he bought a fine gun and a set of fishing tackle, and used them, he may have no fear of incarceration in a lunatic asylum. If some of the hard-working business men of the day would invest a little money in such outfits, and devote some of their time to field sports, they would cheat the insane asylums out of much revenue. *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body.

SOUTHERN SHOOTING GROUNDS.—The season is approaching when scores of Northern sportsmen will be seeking shooting grounds at the South; and we are in constant receipt of inquiries as to the most desirable localities. The frequent changes which a given district may undergo with respect to its game supply renders the latest and fullest information on these points of the utmost importance. We shall be much pleased to have such particulars sent to us for publication. It should be remembered that the more specific the details of localities, routes, accommodations, etc., the more useful such advice will be.

A GOSPEL OF RELAXATION.—At a complimentary dinner in this city last week Herbert Spencer took occasion to speak of the push and drive which had impressed him as characteristic of life in this country. He urged the necessity of accepting a new ideal of the proper conduct of life, in which relaxation and leisure should have their merited importance. While we Americans are not wont to pay much attention to the idle criticisms of ourselves and our ways, which are offered by the average visitor from abroad, we cannot afford to be indifferent to the observations of so profound a thinker as Herbert Spencer. His gospel of relaxation is well worthy of our heed.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY. It was doubtless on that principle that a crippled Arkansas gunner, the other day, fired into a mass of ducks, bringing down fifty, of which fifteen were recovered and thirty-five cripples allowed to escape. If there is any consolation to be found in such maiming we sincerely trust that our Arkansas friend may have had the full benefit of it. When satiated with the sport of duck-crippling he might emigrate to India, where he would win distinction as a Thug.

A DEER COUNTRY.—Maj. H. W. Merrill, who has just returned home from an extended Western tour, reports the deer very plenty in Schoolcraft and Mackinac counties in the upper Peninsula of Michigan, on the line of the new Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette Railroad. This country is a natural game preserve, and will probably furnish excellent still-hunting for many years to come.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

XII.—MEACHAM LAKE.

BEFORE the echoes of the Angling Tournament had begun to vibrate with sufficient vigor to bring in letters upon the subject, the rattle of elevated railroads and the thunder of the trucks and wagons was left behind, and with a ticket in my pocket for Malone, Franklin county, N. Y., the best point from which to strike into the northern part of the Adirondacks, I started for the woods again. Pictures of Arctic cold, deep snows, snow shoes, and an almost Siberian winter were drawn by parting friends, but there was, on the other side, a chance to find the "frostfish" spawning; and so with heavy clothing the high temperature of the railway car was endured, knowing that the time of suffering would be short. Near Albany the foliage was bright, and visions of Adirondack lakes framed in red, scarlet and old-gold came up as the car wheels clicked in unison with the rhythm of that charming little waltz song, "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," which ran on for miles until it became too dark too see whether the leaves were turning or not. Supper at Plattsburg and a change of cars at Rouse's Point for a Western bound train, were the only breaks until Malone was reached, near midnight. In the morning a look from the window showed that the leaves had not only turned, but fallen, in this northern portion of the State, and that the lakes would be trimmed with brown and dark green, instead of the gorgeous colors mentioned, proving that the last of October found the trees prepared to send under bare poles through the gales of winter.

A team from Malone over a good road reached Meacham Lake, a distance of twenty-five miles, in a little less than four hours and stopped at the cosy hotel of Mr. A. R. Fuller. The lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the wilderness and Fuller's buildings are the only ones upon it. They are mostly new and are finished inside with linden or basswood, and are the perfection of neatness. All the room he has is engaged by the same persons for certain dates for seasons to come, and it is seldom that he can accommodate others. This makes it a most select place, and as there is no bar and no liquor sold it is naturally a quiet one. The lake is some two and a half miles long by half as wide, and the fishing and shooting is second to none, the laws being strictly observed here. Brook and lake trout are artifically propagated by Mr. Fuller at his own expense, and turned out in great numbers not only for the benefit of his guests but also for the good of those who may fish in the waters, only part of which are under his control. The last report of the New York Fish Commission contains the following note from Mr. James Geddes, of Syracuse, to the board: "During my rambles this summer in he woods, I for the first time visited Meacham Lake, where I found, much to my surprise, a fish-hatchery managed at the sole expense of Mr. A. R. Fuller, who keeps a small hotel at this lake. For several years Mr. Fuller has hatched and placed in Meacham, which are public waters, several hundred thousands of young fish—brook trout, lake trout, and a cross of the two, many of which I took with the fly. Now what I wish to say is this: Why should not the fish commissioners foster and assist in such undertakings to encourage others in the woods to go and do likewise? A few hundred dollars of the vast sum annually appropriated would, in my opinion, do a vast amount of good."

Mr. Fuller's hatching boxes are simple ones, placed in a ravine and merely covered with boards, without a house, although he contemplates building one for his own comfort. They are now full of eggs, and I saw some of the finest brook trout I ever beheld, which were being confined until ripe, when their eggs will be taken and the fish then released in the lake. I accompanied the proprietor to Clear Pond, a half mile from Meacham, and saw him take a dozen trout from the spawning beds, none of which would weigh less than three pounds. Brook trout of five pounds weight have many times been taken from these waters, and there is no doubt of the fact that they produce larger trout than any in the Adirondacks or elsewhere in the State. I saw a female hybrid taken from the beds which would weigh nearly five pounds. Its colors were those of its father, the lake trout, but its shape and habits were those of the brook trout. The fish was taken off to the hatching boxes, and I did not have the chance to examine the vomer to see which parent it resembled in the character of this bone which separates the genus *Cristivomer* from that of *Salvelinus*.

Clear Pond has no visible inlet nor outlet, and the trout spawn near the shores among the sediment, which they sweep away until they come to gravel, a foot below; but it is doubtful if any hatch here, as a few weeks later the sediment covers the beds again. It did not contain many trout until Mr. Fuller stocked it a few years ago, but there must be plenty of food here or they would never grow to such a great size. The "frostfish" abounds here, and is called "whitefish"; and this reminds me that "shad" was on the bill of fare for supper at Plattsburg, and proved to be the whitefish, *Coregonus*, of Lake Champlain. The species of catfish called "bullhead," "bullpout," etc., *A. catus*, is found here in great numbers also, as are sunfish and several small cyprinoids. In Meacham eels are quite plentiful and suckers abound. The latter play upon the surface at this time of the year, and can be shot very easily.

Many deer are killed about here, and a hunt is arranged every day now by some New York gentlemen, whose success is varying, like all hunts; but about this I will write again. The survey party is still below at Raquette, and will not be here before December, if then, and so we are widely separated. Mr. Colvin has been here in former years and left his monuments to mark his primary, and perhaps other, triangulations which afford us such a perfect knowledge of this mountainous region.

A friend has sent a note saying that as the "Adirondacks of Murray" have been done in these sketches, it might be well to give a view of them through other spectacles. I thought that I had been doing this, but will sit down and think it over, and if the snow keeps off and the spectacles don't get broken, perhaps it may be done. It is just glorious here now; better than in summer, with its insect torments. But city people are all on the homestretch as soon as September comes, and so miss the best time of the year to be in the woods for everything except trout. F. M.

ITALIAN FISH FIENDS.—The Italian laborers employed in the construction of the new railroad on the west shore of the Hudson River, are making fearful havoc among the fish in the vicinity of their camps. They have been carrying on their destructive practices for many months, and it is now about time for them to stop, or to be stopped by the officials of the railroad. Owing to the gross carelessness of those in charge of the work of blasting, these Italians are allowed to help themselves to dynamite cartridges, with which, every Sunday, they repair to the trout streams and bass lakes and murder the fish by scores and hundreds. These Italians know no better; but the railroad people ought to; and they are the responsible parties.

"AL FRESCO."—We had a pleasant call last Saturday from "Al Fresco," our well-known Florida correspondent, who was on a flying trip to these latitudes. He reported the usual rosy aspect of Florida things in general and fishing in particular. Indian River Inlet is the place to go. The fish are very plenty, so plenty in fact, that it was hinted a three-tined pitchfork might not be an altogether useless implement.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MENDON MERE.

THE mountain slopes to the level plain
In dark green mantle of cypress leaves
The grain is garnered in bounteous sheaves;
The latter summer has come again.

Ripe fruit is hanging from orchard trees
In globes of crimson, or gold and red.
The tiger-lily, with drooping head,
Resigns her soul to the robber bees.

Sad autumn flowers, in blue and gold,
Are flecking the fading river banks,
And strange wild vines in their tangled ranks,
Wave in the breeze as they did of old.

I watch by the river, as long ago
I watched by the waters of Mendon Mere.
What sights and sounds do I see and hear,
As the river goes by with endless flow?

A long succession of mountain spurs,
Roundly abutting upon the stream,
An eagle drifting, with savage scream,
Above the ridges of pines and firs.

A fish hawk guarding the glassy pools.
A pert kingfisher with grating cry,
A heron lazily flapping by,
And trout and minnows in swarming schools.

And now, as of old, the woods are rife
With mystic murmur of sylvan sounds,
For over the hill are eager hounds,
And a red deer running to win his life.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Ah, little I reck of hounds or deer,
Or care for a shot at buck or doe.
My hair is gray and my pulse is slow—
Alas for the days of Mendon Mere.

NESSMUK.

ANGLING IN GERMAN WATERS.

THE ordinary incidents of a trouting trip, especially those connected directly with the catching of the fish, are so very similar all the world over, that in attempting to keep my promise and give you an account of my experiences on the streams in this vicinity, I meet at the outset an obstacle which to me seems formidable, and this obstacle is the difficulty I shall have in trying to avoid more or less repetition of the old, old story, with which all readers of sporting literature must be very familiar, and many of them, as I am, most heartily tired, so tired that the most skillfully worked and thrilling descriptions of the vagaries of the "speckled beauty," his "rushes" and "sulks" and demands upon the power, strength and skill of rod and angler, fail utterly to draw. Is it satiety, advancing age, or the knowledge gained by having myself been one of the actors in such little dramas, with free access to "behind the scenes" that has thus killed my sensations?

Perhaps the second reason is the strongest, for I find that many other golden illusions have faded; for example, I no longer strive to let "The rays of the morning sun, as they give the first kiss," etc., "find me," etc., "by the banks of purling brooks." With Fred Mather, I believe that there is a good deal more fun in a morning nap, and the general average of the day's pleasure is best maintained by the increase of luck with which the approach of sunset is generally accompanied, while with morning fishing, as noon approaches, the slacking up of sport causes increasing fatigue to make itself more manifest.

After "mature deliberation" as to the ways and means I should employ in the endeavor to keep my promise, I have resolved to steer as widely as possible from the breakers among which I have already drifted, and confine myself as closely as I could to a channel, which, whether a good one or not, should have, at least, the merit of novelty, and to base my letter upon the points in which a trout fishing trip in Germany differs from one in our own country—that blessed country to which the thoughts of the wandering tourist so longingly revert, when seated at the table d'hôte and filling up on its mysterious combinations, the memory of oysters, raw and steamed, real roast turkey, and uncooked celery, present themselves so strongly and so vividly that the slight remaining desire for the never ending *filet* and *potage* or *consumé* is reduced to very slight dimensions. Please excuse this apostrophy, which, even if patriotic, is, I confess, somewhat irrelevant. I'll return to my subject, trusting that in so doing I may succeed in interesting two classes at least of your readers, those who have and those who have not gone through the same experience; the first by reviving in their minds some pleasant reminiscences, and giving confirmation to some of the yarns they have spun; to those of class second with whom they have, to use an expression common to sailors, "swapped lies" and to the second by imparting some new facts. All of the rest of your readers are very welcome to skip the columns devoted to this letter.

During this month I have passed several very pleasant afternoons trout fishing, and while I have neither caught any extraordinary numbers nor any very large fish, I have had lots of fun, and learned a great deal about how other people do it.

The brooks that I have fished have had to me one great novelty, for although here and there a bit of cultivated pine woods, through which they passed, has, to a slight extent, recalled similar bits in our own wilderness, yet the general course has been through cultivated fields and vineyards, with the agricultural peasants busily engaged in their ordinary pursuits, through thickly settled hamlets and villages, from which groups gathered and followed me along the stream, manifesting great interest in my success and wonder at my mode of fishing, for to them the little rod, fine line and cast of flies were novelties, and that trout could really be thus taken a revelation. Grave men in blue blouses, each with a porcelain pipe in full blast, deserted the allurements of the *gasthirthschaften* (inns), where they were wont to doze comfortably over immense mugs of beer. Stolid, solid and bareheaded women, whose short skirts revealed immense connecting links with the heavy wooden sabots which encased their feet, ceased their toil with hoes, and plows, and wheelbarrows and solemnly joined the procession, which was further increased by crowds of small boys in clogs, little girls in ditto, each bearing in her arms a child sometimes nearly as large as herself; a soldier or two and a priest, for no group in Europe is complete without representatives of both professions, came also, and with my "guard" and his assistant as my personal staff I was by no means a "lone fisherman."

It would have been a very pleasant afternoon's stroll, if for no other purpose than to enjoy the scenery and delightful mountain air, which, after months of confinement to the conventionalities of cities, was most refreshing. No painting, among the many I have tired myself staring at in the various galleries of Europe, conveyed to me more real pleasure than the ever changing panorama of the brooks, now winding through pine forests dense in shadow, then out in the sunlight through meadows and fields carpeted with acres of brilliant poppies and larkspur, with daisies and clover to remind one of home, then through quaint German hamlets and under stone bridges, the high arches and extent of which indicated that the "purling brook" could and did sometimes become a river whose force was to be respected.

The path down the stream was smooth as a country footpath, and not a snag or alder, mosquito or black fly to detract from the pleasure.

But there was another purpose, and on each occasion I caught all I wished of good-sized trout. No number so great on any day as to cause the sport to pall, nor so few that disappointment took the place of pleasure, just the happy medium which served to keep up a gentle excitement. Not a "hole" yielded more than a couple of fish, but it was very seldom that any place which "ought to hold a trout" failed to come up to my expectations. The fish were of a very satisfactory average size, ranging from four ounces to fourteen, and I could not perceive that they were at all inferior in game to the trout of our own mountains.

The first step toward a fishing trip here as elsewhere is to find out where to go, and the second how to get there. Then comes here the third, which is the most difficult of all, for it is to get the necessary invitation or permission to make use of the knowledge; for in Germany every bucketful of fresh water, every inch of stream, and every living creature of any value in it, is private property. Each stream has, according to its length, a greater or less number of owners. When in its course it runs through landed estates, it is the property of the landlord, the portions running through villages are generally owned by them, and become a source of revenue either by being leased annually to the highest bidder, or by tax upon such anglers as obtain from the Burgomaster a license to fish there. The fishings, or sections, are generally of six kilos each (a kilo is three-fifths of a mile) and the rental varies from twenty to a hundred marks per annum (equal to from four to twenty dollars).

The owner or lessee of a section generally employs (and I believe he is compelled by law so to do) a "guard" or keeper, whose duty is to prevent poaching, keep the stream in order, and to accompany fishermen to see that all fish which are less than twenty centimetres (eight inches) in length are returned to the brook. It is customary for these guards, who like most every one else in Germany wear a regulation uniform, to act also as assistants to a fisherman, carry and clean the fish, disentangle caught hooks, and make himself useful generally. The laws require that each kilo shall be re-stocked every spring with one hundred young trout, which can be procured at either of several breeding establishments, of which I have visited two, and "some day" will tell you of them, one at Heidelberg and one at Baden-Baden. The keeper's work is not a sinecure, for the high price of the *bach forellen* in the market makes a great temptation to poachers. His home is generally close to his field of duty, and as his revenue depends greatly upon the fees he receives from fishing tourists, it becomes his interest to do all in his power to put such patrons in good humor by keeping up the stock.

Hombourg-les-Bains is a most charming summer resort; it is situated upon a spur of the Taunus Mountains, and from this circumstance derives one of its many names. Homburg-von-der-Höhe, or "on the hill," perhaps the most useful

name of all of them; for a letter so directed from elsewhere, runs less risk of going to some other of the several Ham- and Hom- burgs and bourgs than by any of the others. Nature has done a great deal for the place, in the way of healthy and picturesque location, with pine forests bounding the horizon in several directions; a cool, bracing climate, and an assortment of health-restoring springs ample enough to meet all demands. Art and business enterprise has completed Nature's unfinished work, and the medicinal waters made palatable by the surroundings. Broad and well-shaded promenades, beautiful gardens, artistic rock work, grottoes and fountains, palm gardens and swan ponds, with in all directions pleasant wood paths leading off to cosy retreats amid the pines, form some of the attractions, which every morning from seven to nine amuse the immense throng of people who are ill, and people who think they are, and people whom the doctors assure that they are, and who gather at the springs or *brunnen* to indulge in the regulation draughts; and the springs are so varied in their medicinal qualities, that they meet all emergencies. At the Elisenbrunnen the fat man drinks himself lean; and three hundred yards away at the Stahlbrunnen or steel spring, "rich" in iron, the debilitated and lean man seeks strength and fat. That word "rich" I quote is one in such common use by the doctors, that it has grown into the vernacular, and one day, when after heavy rains I was doubtful as to the condition of an angling stream I wished to visit, the German guard whom I consulted told me, "Don't go to morrow, the brook will be too 'rich' in mud;" and this man's stock of English was very limited.

Up and down the long promenade the crowd marches, all busily engaged in digesting; for the rules are: On an empty stomach sip very slowly the amount prescribed, from three to six ounces, then fifteen minutes promenade, then another five minutes of sipping, and so on for an hour or more, and all of the time a fine band is giving us choice selections of the most fashionable music.

By 9 A. M. the springs are deserted, the crowd has melted away and its integers, in wrappers and slippers, are attacking the matutinal coffee and eggs to meet again at 3 P. M., in the beautiful grounds of the Kurgarten, to listen again to sweet music, to stroll again up and down, and circle as listlessly as did the white whale at the Aquarium, to drink *eau-sucre* and enjoy each other's costumes. And in the evening the same thing over again, diversified by perhaps a re-union or dance in the splendidly fitted up halls, whose origin is due to the gambling business, of which this was once a center, and to which theoretically only the payers of the Kur-tax are admitted, thus assuring a tolerably select party, but practically open to every one, for no one is called upon to show his or her *kurticket* or *abonnement*, and this is well known to the couriers, and valets, and "*femmes*" of Frankfort, but forty minutes away, and practically the re-union is very much mixed. But I am again off the track. [For further particulars see Baedeker.]

Ten miles north of the city the Weilbach (Weil Brook), which is by far the best stocked stream to which I had access, winds its way through the valley of the name, and, like every thing and body in Germany, does a great deal of work, its particular duty being to irrigate the vineyards and farms, and to turn the funny old-fashioned wheels of many mills in the villages through which it flows. Among these fortunately there are no saw mills, the natural enemy of trout streams. Its source is near the Heldtberg, and after thirty miles it discharges into the Cahn, a tributary of the Rhine.

Two sections of this stream are leased by the proprietor of the Royal Victoria Hotel, who in them finds a source both of pleasure and profit, as well as a means of affording pleasure to his guests. Two other sections are owned by the villages of Dorfweil and Schmitten, and these four I fished.

On my arrival at Hombourg I naturally drifted into acquaintance with the piscatorially inclined sojourners, and one day, comparing tackle with some of them, it was unanimously carried that my little split bamboo, or as the English termed it "glued rod," would come into good play in settling a question—the question being, would or would not the Taunus trout appreciate the allurements of the fly. A correspondent of the London *Field* had in its columns asserted most dogmatically that they would not, and had endeavored to prove by most illogical reasoning that German trout cared only for a diet of worms. Against this we had the positive evidence of a young English gentleman, that in the Weilbach he had caught quite a number with the fly, but there were doubting Thomases, of whom, however, I was not one, for in five minutes' conversation I knew that he knew how, and had done it, and moreover, he gave me a well-used cast of three tiny gnats with which he had done it, and I owe to their use and the advice he gave me much of my subsequent success. The doubters had tried flies and failed utterly. This, or rather the failing part, I could readily believe, for the rods and gear shown me were most eminently adapted for cunner fishing. One murderous contrivance in particular attracted my attention, it was nothing more nor less than a small gang of five hooks on gut, the lower hook being triple; I think it was called "Clark's fackle." A two inch trout could hardly rush by this contrivance, and when baited with several worms, woven in and out, in a fashion I'm glad to say I didn't learn, it was sure death to anything that came near it.

Another arrangement was a phantom minnow, which was attached to a short, strong line, it to a long, strong pole, and it firmly grasped by a lusty young English parson, who otherwise proved to be a very jolly companion. [Note.—The "otherwise" is intended to connect with the method of fishing and not with the profession.] His kit did most excellent service. One day when the brook was high and "rich in mud," and with a current like a mill race, my flies skipped harmlessly over the muddy surface, until at last I fitted out a regular Adirondack cast of a red hackle, scarlet ibis, and split ibis, the latter, I believe, invented by Perry, who has a camp on Third Lake, Fulton Chain, at least so he told me when he sold it to me, all large hooks, and with these I made up somewhat, securing in two hours about a dozen fair sized fish—four to twelve ounces—during which period the worms of our companion drowned themselves in disgust at their non-success, while the Parson was kept fairly busy, and yanked out twice as many fish as the other two of the party collectively. Fishing for breakfast, with no reserve stock, at the spring high water and rain, I should vote the spinning minnow a success, but for sport there was more in ten minutes with my light rod than in as many hours with his heavy one.

My first trip was on a bright sunny day, and I enjoyed the companionship of a very jolly Irish gentleman, brother of Col. Nolan, member of Parliament, who, being a great pedestrian, had, on foot, roamed over much of the route, and was so well up in the legendary lore of the country that he beguiled the time with bits of the same, as we passed by old ruined castles and villas of Roman and Rhenish origin, and the two hours' drive seemed very short; but that a trout stream lay at the further end of the route, I could have willingly prolonged it to twice the time.

The road ran straight north, cutting a line through the dense pine forests, until it crossed the summit, then wound down into the beautiful Weil Valley, through fields and farms, on all of which a force of women and children were laboring, and many of those we met or overtook on the road were laden like so many beasts of burthen. Like the Africans, in Germany the woman of the middle and lower classes is the laborer of the family, and like the African woman she "totes" her bundles; and I should fancy that to a person seeing it for the first time, the loads they carry would produce astonishment, but they don't seem to mind it.

Europeans generally, and I think the Teutons particularly, are very economical people, and among the things which we waste and they save is *power*. To call a man an "idle dog" here could hardly be considered as using insulting language, for except among the upper classes of canines there seems to be no such animal here. Big dogs and little dogs all work, and they, with the women and cows, perform a large portion of the hauling, which in other countries is done by horses. On the road we encountered some very curious combination teams, such as two cows, a woman and a cow, two dogs, one dog and a woman, all dragging farm produce; very seldom was there a man in the party, and when there was one, his load consisted of a big pipe and perhaps a dinner basket. Not once did I see a man give a particle of assistance to the team.

Our turnout presented a striking contrast, a handsome drag, two gaily caparisoned horses, a driver in gorgeous livery—that of the hotel—and in the rear, with folded arms, sat, arrayed in a costume somewhat Tyrolean, viz., short green coat with staghorn buttons, a hunting horn, bell-crowned hat, gun—old fashioned pin fire—resting across breast, and held by a strap, thigh boots, and holding a dachshund in leash, a functionary whom in my verdancy I felt sure was a *chasseur*, and I wondered whether it was the custom to go shooting and fishing at the same time, and what we were to shoot. Subsequent developments destroyed all illusions.

Taking it altogether, our entire outfit was decidedly the most stunning one that I ever had an opportunity to participate in en route to a trout stream. Remembrances of legs, lumber wagons and buckboards flitted through my mind, and I wondered what would Dan Rudes or Hiram think, to see me coming in to Pisceo Lake in such a stunning style. As Nolan pithily remarked, as we took possession of the affair, "I say, old boy, this is very swell;" and when the next day I paid my share of the accrued bill, I was by its magnitude, if aught else were lacking, fully satisfied as to the grandeur of the preceding day.

At 3 P. M. we reached the stream at the head of the section we were to fish; and as Nolan had been there before, he very courteously gave me the selection, and I elected to start there and fish down, he driving to the foot of the fishing to fish up, the brook's course being nearly parallel with, and in proximity to, a well-traveled high road. The *chasseur* stayed with me, and, after divesting himself of the hunting symbols of gun, dog and hat, substituted therefor a fish basket, measuring-stick and felt hat, also a box of worms and small bottle of a foul-smelling liquid, with which I was to anoint the worms, which he felt very confident I would be compelled to resort to eventually.

My first cast, three little gnats, brought me a very pretty trout, and I don't remember reading in your columns a description by any "true sportsman" of incidents attendant upon the capture of a trout at all resembling those which were then experienced by me. I didn't play that fish, nor did he me; the whole affair might have occupied four seconds. I don't believe it did though; but on that assumption I'll divide it up: second 1, cast; 2, strike by trout; 3, ditto by me; 4, trout in hand. If ever a trout was hurried up by a tyro more than this one by me, I haven't read of it. Highly unsportsmanlike I confess, but remember it was my first for two years, and I had been so discouraged, or rather had heard so many discouraging stories in regard to my prospects with flies, that I was probably about as surprised when the trout struck as he was when I did. When in my hand there did occur an incident. My metamorphosed *chasseur* politely advanced and saved me the trouble of unhooking him. I wasted the "thank you" though, for I had misunderstood his motions. Gravely placing the fish and his measuring rod side by side, he solemnly pointed to a space of about a quarter inch, between the end of the tail and a broad red mark on his stick, sternly ejaculated "*Klein*" (little), and gently deposited him in the brook. Then I began to realize what he was there for. Accustomed to our legal standard of six inches, I was at first rather chagrined at the loss of a seven and three-quarter inch fish, for the brook didn't look as though it would be very apt to improve on him; but after a half hour's brisk work, during which several fish over nine inches in length, and one a three-quarter pounder (I weighed him with a spring balance, and he actually went eleven and one-half ounces) had been taken, I became quite contented to have the little ones put back, and can't help wishing that our own home standard was the same.

About midway of the stream I met Nolan working up and found that up to that time (about 5 P. M.), my flies had badly beaten his worms. We passed each other, and when the fishing was over (7 P. M.), I found that he had gained on me considerably, for very singularly—at least so it seemed to me—as the day waned, the trout became much less eager for the fly, and more so for the worm, and, by the way, this happening on another occasion, I record it as a possible peculiarity of German trout. Our score for the four hours' fishing was, total, 73, of which 47 were above 8 inches in length, and kept. Of these 47 the flies took 29, the worms 18; the largest caught by worms 13oz.; by flies 11¼oz.; total weight of the 47 about 10 pounds.

My other trips were more or less repetitions of this my first, except that this was the most successful, the Weilbach being the best brook, and the day the most suitable. On all the fly beat the worm.

I made other trips to other brooks owned by the villages of Dorfweil and Schmitten, obtaining permit from the burgomaster, who collected from me on my finish a tax of one mark (24 cents) each for every fish I retained.

The trout in every way resemble our own cultivated brook trout, and were quite as gamy. I do not think that they were as well flavored, although the salmon of the Rhine are, to my taste, far superior to those of our Western coast.

PISECO.

HOMBOURG-LES-BAINS, Prussia, Aug. 28, 1882.

RAMBLES THROUGH NEWFOUNDLAND.

PART SIX.

As far as the eye could see the floe seemed acrawl; and upon a number of cakes or "pans" was seen a cluster of half a dozen sunning themselves and sucking the ice. These separated and tried to waddle off on the hunter coming near, but before they got far fell from a blow of the heavy "gaff." The hunter strides up to the seal, deals it a blow upon the head, then draws his knife, opens the blubber of the animal down the abdomen and at the back, and in an incredibly short space of time strips it of its deep coating of fat. To the fat or blubber are left attached the skin and flippers, the carcase being left upon the ice. After the hunter kills and "skulps" a number in this manner he draws the "pelts" together upon a pan, and rears above the pile a little flag bearing his name. After he has killed enough for a day's hauling, he strings four or five pelts to a rope, which rope he puts over his shoulder, and trudges off to land, or to his boat, as the case may be. I was glad to lend a hand killing, and learnt fairly, too, how to take off the pelts; but when it came to the hauling rope, I preferred being "excused." After I had killed and taken the blubber off five or six, I extended my rambles out the ice, for I saw with my glass that there were some larger than others.

The greater body of seals upon the ice I ascertained were harps—*Phoca grænlandica*—though I came upon a patch of what is known as the square flipper—*Ph. barbata*. The larger ones which I had noticed, and of which I saw four or five, were "doghoods" or the hooded seal—*Stemmatopus cristatus*. Now, the doghood is the terror of all greenhorns upon the ice, and many a veteran hunter will give the monster a wide berth. I had not heard about its vicious temper, so I readily started off, when one of my companions remarked that if I "could kill you" it would be something worth doing.

So I strode boldly off, too full of my enterprise to hear the quiet titter which followed me. As I approached the animal he saw me, and rousing himself began to waddle off. I approached within about twenty paces, when I paused to survey him before I fired. He was as large nearly as an ox, and carried about his head a large hood, which he seemed to have the power of raising and throwing back or of drawing completely over his head. The nearer I approached, I had observed, the more did the hood close down, and now cocking my gun to begin the action, I found it impossible to get an exposed part of his head. I fired, however, bang into the hood, a heavy charge of seal shot, but I found it had as much effect as if I had fired a charge of peas. I gave him another charge at fifteen paces distant, and this time in the loins, but neither did this affect the monster; so I continued to fire till I had put six shots into him. Not even this seemed to have any effect; on the contrary, it only seemed to kindle the ire of the unwieldly brute, for turning suddenly he faced me, drawing himself up in the order of battle. I then gave him another dose of shot in the teeth, but it was lost in the hood, when I concluded that I had to capture him in some other fashion.

So I laid my gun upon the ice, and seized my gaff, striding out for the assault; but that was pr[illegible]dy's state of feeling too; for he advanced at a f[illegible] toward me. I stood, scared at the monster's a[illegible] could not summon courage to assault him; but [illegible]y was he it occured to me that I might assault him[illegible] behind, which I did; but I might have pounded till the day of judgment and yet not have harmed him. In trying to strike him upon the head I ventured somewhat too far, and before I recognized my folly I was disarmed, Hoody holding my gaff in his mouth.

Then I reloaded my gun and fired four more rounds into him, but still the brute held fast to my gaff, and I was obliged to retrace my steps, utterly at a loss how to account for having left it behind. I found no young seals anywhere upon the floe, though many of the females were large with young, and would evidently whelp in a few days. On my return I came to a small lake, and found that it was swarming with seals, which frightened by the hunters had gone in there. Not less than fifty round blackheads might be seen at once popping above the water, and again sinking below it.

I found four or five of the fishermen at a rendezvous, where there were several piles of pelts ready to start with another "tow" for the edge of the ice. They had killed all the seals within a pretty wide area, and remarked that they would "not last many days." Then one of them saw me without my gaff, and asked where it was. I told him I lost it in a hole coming in, and that I had a narrow escape from being drowned. "From being eaten, perhaps, you mean," he said with a wicked leer; and I found they all knew I was telling a lie. And then they began quizzing me in their own uncouth way, asking me how I liked "killin' doghoods," and how long he stood me "tantalizin of him." Then they told me that "a doghood baint no fool;" and that "he knowed a greenhorn." I bore the chaffing as sweetly as I was able, and then tied two pelts to a rope and started away with the rest for the boat, which we had left on the edge of the ice. When we reached it with our tows the full number of pelts aboard was thirty-two. Each pelt was worth on the average £1 or $4, so that it will be seen a valuable day's work had already been done. Some young lads who had come out in some of the other boats had prepared dinner by boiling the kettles on the ice, and frying a number of seals' flippers on large pans brought out for the purpose, and though, from the carelessness in preparation, there was a strong flavor of seal oil on the meat, I never remember having made a more delightful meal.

With the towing of another load each of pelts from the slaughter ground the day's programme was ended, as all the seals within near range had been killed. I apprised the party of our boat of the lake I had seen, which gave them great delight, and after dinner was ended we repaired thither with our three guns. Then taking up our shelter behind some ice pinnacles we opened fire on every head as it appeared. My companions had flint muskets, and these sometimes "burnt prime" or "hung fire," and where they did go promptly off in three cases out of four the seal went down at the flash in the pan and escaped. Even with my gun I missed a number of shots, the head dipping at the flash. This was especially the case when either myself or the gun was seen before firing.

The mongrel dogs worked admirably, pouncing upon every seal we killed and dragging him to the edge of the ice, when one of the men stood ready with a boat-hook and pulled the carcase up, lifting out the dog as well. I could not say how many seals we killed in the lake, but we landed between twenty and thirty, took off the pelts, piled and flagged them. These it was the intention to let stand during the night, and taking the remaining loads from the first

rendezvous we stopped for our boat, and thence for the shore.

That night the full moon made it almost as light as day upon the ice, and as the wind had shifted and began to pipe faintly out from the land, it would soon drive the ice off toward the other side of the bay, so my hosts put their boat out after the moon had risen and sailed to the edge of the ice, and hauled their pelts by the side of the lake, nearly three miles distant, on board. They returned about the dawn, rowing shoreward in the teeth of the strong off-wind now blowing, surprising their neighbors with about $120 worth of seals further than the handsome catch landed the day before. The breeze after this grew into a gale and pushed the ice out the bay, so that the one day mentioned was the extent of the "spurt," and for many a family living along the shores this day brought a richer recompense than a summer's toiling for cod and herring. Fancy, as is the case in a majority of instances, one skiff upon which a large family, and sometimes two, depends for support, taking in the season but forty quintals of codfish!—the quintal with the oil fetching on the average about £1. It may be thought that this, with the seal catch, is considerable, but five and six seasons may pass and a seal not visit the bay. The visitation is indeed the rare exception instead of the rule.

The next day my host said to me: "Now, then, I shall give you a week fishing or shooting, whichever you will, around the arms and nooks, and after that I will take you to the deer shooting grounds." So the next morning the three of us set out in a small boat before a shoving breeze down to an arm which ran in from the bottom of the bay several miles. By the time we reached our stopping place it was snowing fast, and the wind brought gusts of snow-drifts from the hills down hissing in the seething waters, and in the offing a couple of little boats were at anchor also. All along this reach we saw small boats out hauling their nets;

I was told that in this way did the seven or eight families who lived along the shores of the arm spend their winter; that they could not catch cod enough in summer to support them, and had to brave the storms and the cold of winter wretchedly clad. I now saw a boat looking in the distance like a piece of ice from the spray beating continually over and freezing upon her. We ran up to her and found an old man and his son, a lad of about thirteen, on board. "Fish is scarce, I suppose," said I. "They baint plenty, sir," the old man said, looking in the bottom of the boat, where half a dozen cod lay as the result of the day's fishing. The boy was, like his father, poorly clad, and stood doubled up and shivering as he "sawed" his limbs. They beat their arms around their bodies continually to keep themselves warm, and again turned to their lines, now hauling them in and fresh baiting, then casting out again, and every half hour or so, I was told, "hauling up," shifting their ground, and anchoring in a new spot. A trader lived among the rocks and bought the cod as it was caught, allowing about six shillings per hundred weight for it green. About twenty-five such fish as we had seen in the boat would make a hundred weight.

Close by the shore, as we ran along, our little sails reefed to keep us from being upset by the squalls which pitched down upon us from the cliffs and hills, we came upon two or three punts hauling herring nets. We luffed up beside one of these and found two men on board, also miserably clad, and bearing the look of suffering and privation. This had been their second time out to the net during the day, and from this haul they had got about a fourth of a barrel. The herring were getting poor then, as the spring advanced, I was informed, and the trader had refused to take any more. So that they were catching these now while it lasted to eat; and the skipper of our boat told me that these wretched fish, with the government meal, was all the poor sufferers along here had to eat; and that some of them, before the government relief came, had been living on the herring alone.

We landed at the trader's rooms, and found a couple of skiffs there, their owners having just taken their few fish to the scales and got them weighed. They received, I observed, neither cash nor foods for their fish, as they had during the stormy days that they could not get out, run accounts. They brought the heads and sounds of the fish home to eat. Then we met the trader, a short, little hide-bound man, with red whiskers and comfortable in a heavy pilot cloth reefer, a seal skincap and knee boots. He told us that times were very bad down in these parts, but promised to make us as comfortable as he could. He kept the tavern, the boarding house and the store of the region. There was none other within a dozen miles.

On our way up I saw a man going by driving a pair of dogs, which were drawing a load of wood cut among the hills, to his little cottage down by the rocks. I learned that there was no horse in these parts, save that owned by the trader. The dogs hauled patiently along, the man assisting them with a hauling rope over his shoulder. "I have seen the blood come through the canvas jumpers of some of these poor devils," said the trader to me, "after a long and heavy haul. But they are so used to this hardship that they do not mind it now." It reminded me of the Irishman getting used to his hanging.

The trader was one of the few shots and sportsmen of the neighborhood; and he informed me that few of the people about here had guns to shoot the game so abundant in the sea before their doors, or a short distance inland; and that most of those who had muskets had no powder and shot. He expected a party of two or three others in a few days, when he was going out to have "the last whack at the deer for the winter." "This is my place," he said, pointing to the cosy little house standing in the middle of a grove of evergreens. Standing out from the house was a little store, in which were a number of carcases of deer, and skins purchased from the owners of guns and traps. The provisions, clothing, etc., he informed me, he kept down by the stages where the fishermen landed, so he need not have any "trucking up here." His wife, a little woman with healthful looking cheeks, bright, good-natured eyes and a cherry voice bade us welcome to what the house had, "such as it is," apologizing for a score of little things which we did not notice. Her house was at once cosy and tidy, and the fine large stove with flushed cheeks offered a grateful change from the biting March wind, and the blinding drifts. We had venison and sugar-cured ham, and some delicious cod-fish, a meal that might delight a king. In the winter the grain of the cod seems to get short and brittle; and the fish is fatter and richer, very much, than in the summer.

"My daughter," said our hostess after dinner, with a look of modest pride, and I did not think it strange. For myself—

> "I wondered how so fair a flower
> Could grow and flourish there."

The girl was not alone handsome as an opening rose bud, but accomplished and modest as well; and while the storm whistled that evening, she played to me very prettily some touching and beautiful pieces on the harmonium and chatted on books and places; showed me her drawing books with rude, yet here and there sweet, sketches of the wild hills and the woods, and the turbulent sea sentinelled by the grim rocks. She read and spoke French fluently, and I learned she had spent two years at school in St. Pierre. She hoped, and so did her mother, that her father would some day remove to Placentia or to St. John's, but it seemed to me that the love of gain was stronger with the trader than sympathy for the aspirations of his daughter. He educated her, but in this he only did her an unkindness. Better he had left her as she was; for she would not then be yearning for a life, pictured in her education, which she could never have among these lonely rocks.

The trader then proposed that we should take the morning for duck up the arm beyond where any cottages were, and that in the afternoon we might take a run out among the hills for willow grouse. So accordingly an hour before dawn we put out in our boat, four in number, and into the arm about five miles, hauling up our boat and taking shelter behind it. The dawning broke out clearly by the time we were prepared, and the trader predicted a successful morning's shooting. Peering with my glass through the growing light I saw several flocks of ducks swimming shoreward, and we could hear them singing as they came. It was bitter cold, and I was incessantly engaged beating my feet and hands; and every movement I made the others informed me would be likely to alarm the ducks. Scores of birds were now in among the little nooks, and the tide being low they had excellent fishing in the shallow water. When they went down I could see them gouging their bills against the rocks to disengage the shellfish clinging thereto. I was anxious to fire at once, but the trader kept on saying, "Bide a bit, wait till more come." After several flocks had swam in they began diving irregularly, and we now waited and waited till we could get forty or fifty in a bunch. Slaughter, not sport, is the aim of the coast dwellers. When they go out it is for meat, not for sport. Just as we had made up our minds that we might as well fire now as to wait longer, the birds suddenly took an alarm, put their necks erect and swam off from the land, some rising and beating the water into foam. We were at a loss to account for this, and I reproached the trader for not allowing us to fire before.

We turned to the bank overlooking the nooks, and what was our surprise to see a herd of five deer passing along, and one, a fine stag, looking down upon the rocks. Quick as lightning I had my shot charge out and bullets in; then, raising my gun, I fired first one barrel and then the other into the buck. It was pretty work, I must confess, and had come so suddenly that I was cruptured out of my senses. The animal gave a bound and fell prone down the bank stone dead. He had been only about forty yards distant, and had received my two bullets. Indeed, he had even got a dose of seal shot in the face from the trader's gun simultaneously with my last barrel. The rest of the herd flew at a mad pace through the firs and spruces, and our mongrel water-dogs set off in pursuit, barking in most ill-bred fashion.

We disembarked and quartered our buck, which was a fine fellow, and fat, and placed the quarters and the head, which had a majestic pair of antlers, into our boat, and pushed off. At my request, they moved down the shore to get some wing shooting at the divers and sea pigeons. The trader informed me that it was not uncommon to find herds of deer along the banks here; that he had seen them scores of times before; that this was a temporary rendezvous for them in passing, there being good shelter and feeding among the hills. Besides this, no human being lived here and seldom resorted here, save now and again to shoot at the flocks as they passed up and down.

We had not sailed very far—and I pulled an oar to keep up animal heat—when we saw several flocks of birds on the wing. They flew shyly of us, however, and in the space of an hour's paddling I got but two or three shots. As we moved into the bottom of the reach I noticed that the sea-pigeon became more numerous, as also several varieties of gull. The place was aswarm with herring, and these latter birds were having a perfect carnival, dipping incessantly and dragging up the wriggling fishes out of the water. We let the boat remain stationary here, and I began a fusilade against the gulls. Before we began to pick them up there was a white patch round about us of their corpses. About sixteen lay there, and the trader picked them all up, for he said, "the poor devils"—the fishermen—"would be glad to get them."

I had also shot a couple of pairs of the pigeons—pretty little birds with yellow legs. This is the black guillemot—*Uria grylle*—and it weighs about two pounds. It is the easiest of the birds upon the coast to "work upon," though it is very quick, and often dives at the flash. The fishermen with their flint muskets swear dismally sometimes, as shot after shot reveals nothing but the heels of the pigeon disappearing down into the green sea. Frequently this series of calamity is attributed to some one having "stepped over" the musket of the unlucky sportsman. The very day of which I am writing, in my haste in the racks, I stepped over the gun of one of the party as it lay down, when I was requested to step back again, which I did. They told me solemnly: "You never kill anything out of a gun that anyone has stepped over." There is another miraculous feature in connection with these muskets which is also worthy of notice. I remember a few days before I reached the trader, having been out shooting grouse, when one of my companions, after knocking down two birds standing on a hummock, ran up to me saying: "Look at that; do you see the blood in the pan?" I really did see blood there, and he assured me that was "a sign of rali good look altogether." He said the blood comes mysteriously on the pan; that it does not get there from the birds. Several others likewise showed me the same occurrence, but being a skeptic I came away unbelieving in a mysterious agency.

Along the shore in the bottom of the reach were scores of pigeons, and while two of our party rowed quietly along, myself and the other took up our place in the bow. There were generally two or three birds in a cluster, I taking that on the right with my first barrel, and the one nearest with my second. My companion blazed blankly always at the left bird out of his bell-muzzle musket. I think he killed only one; and after each melancholy bang out of the huge piece, and the bank of suffocating smoke—the result of his coarse and vile powder—had blown a little away, I could hear him curse in his sad way. The powder was most vile that the man fired. It bestunk the air and bestenched his gun, and half of the loathsome stuff seemed to cling down in the muzzle and about the pan. The musketeer himself was as black as a powder monkey; and the funniest sight that a man could look upon was to see him and to hear him after his gun had "burnt prime." This "shc" would do every other shot or so—fiz-z-z you could hear, and then a dismal oath; and sometimes you would see him pull upon a pair of pigeons, see the pan go off, fizz-z-z, and about four seconds after see the main charge go off. It seemed to take that powder as long sometimes to ignite as if it were powdered anthracite coal. It was amusing after each flash in the pan, too, to see him how he kept the gun to his eye; and he justified this practice by telling me, "You can nuvver tell when she will go off."

I lent the poor fellow my gun as we neared a pair of birds pushing lazily ahead of our boat, and he presented, fired and missed. The shot fell half way between the boat and the birds. "She's too soft on the trigger," he said; for he had been used to pulling about fifteen pounds pressure on the dreadful musket. He tried again and was successful; and then with a satisfied twinkle in his eye took up his own direful piece again. I did all my firing at the birds after he had desisted, as they rose, and I need not tell the sportsman what a "dead thing" a bird flying straight away from you is when within easy range. I believe I missed but two or three shots out of about twenty-five. We returned early in the afternoon to the cozy cottage of the trader as few sportsmen on this continent might return after a few hour's shooting, with a fine buck, a few divers, between twenty and thirty pigeons and two huge bundles of gulls.

This being sufficient sport and luck for one day, we deferred our proposed afternoon ramble on "rackets" for ptarmigan and willow grouse, and instead proposed that we should set out in the morning on our deer expedition, as the trader and the others concluded that the "passing season" was at its highest now, else the few straylings would not have been seen down at the water's edge. So the trader decided not to wait for the others who were to join him, and I thought it better to go with the trader than to put myself under the guidance of my late host out the bay. An elaborate preparation was made by the good housewife and her pretty daughter. They packed bacon and sweet cakes, and biscuits and cheese, and butter in the general kit, and warm home-knit socks, and a pair of heavy blankets, while the trader himself did not forget some of his best St. Peter's schnapps, indispensable in these parts in the outdoor biting cold. With the morrow's dawn, each one comfortably loaded, we were prepared to set out for a tilt in the silentest part of the neighborhood, about a mile from the deer's thoroughfare. This had been built some years before by the trader, and had been repaired about a fortnight before my arrival by two fishermen for the trader, preparatory to the shooting season.

And though a gloomy wind blew out of the east, and bore a hissing snow upon its wings, we set out. The east wind is an object of peculiar awe to some of the fishermen, and it is no wonder. Of all the winds that come out of Heaven it is the most dismal. When it begins to sing its weird song upon the hills, and blow chillingly down upon the waters, the fishes flee from the shores and take refuge in the deep sea till the blast is over. No fisherman will put out his boat for cod when the wind is "easterly." There goes a tradition, too, that on the day Christ was crucified the wind blew from the east, that ever since when it comes from that quarter it presages stormy things. Experts in insanity tell us that seventy-five per cent. of suicides happen when the wind comes from the east, and we know that Lord Beaconsfield battled nobly with death till the east wind began to whistle, and then his soul took wings upon the weird blast. And as we went through the woods in the gloomy morning I noticed that the tops of the larch trees, called juniper by my companions, all inclined to the East. I remarked the fact, and was informed that it was so all over the island, and of some thousands of these trees, *Larix americana*, which I saw, there were not a dozen which did not distinctly incline their heads to the East. And then the fishermen told me that when the hunter gets astray in the woods, if it be foggy and he cannot see the sun, he invariably follows the indications of these trees. The reason of this bending I do not know, though it seems probable that it is in some way caused by the sun's influence on the tree in the early morning. I learned, too, that some of the Micmac Indians, found upon the island after Cabot's discovery, worshipped the sun, and regarded the larch as an intelligent tree, saying it paid homage to their God, the rising sun. This is the same tree called tamarack and hackmatack respectively, through Canada. Larch is too short and convenient a name to give it.

Though our way lay through the wood, which grew closely—nor was there any path—the storm howled through the trees, and suffocating gusts of snow drift came down. In the midst of the wood the trader laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, as he pointed to a large birch, "Do the trees where you come from bear fruit like that?" and looking, I saw squat upon its limbs seventeen willow grouse, looking perfectly stupid with their squatty attitudes and ruffled feathers. Then the trader "prepared," and the other two unslung their muskets. Then began the most murderous onslaught the sportsman can conceive of. I urged that we put the flock up, but they told me, "Nonsense, man, if you keep quiet we'll get 'em all." Then I agreed, and knocked one down with each barrel, the trader knocking two down with his long muzzle. One of the muskets got off, and did a single murder, but the other had got wet about the pan, and "she hung fire and be d—d to her" in the phrase of her owner. I had never seen anything like this before. The birds sat upon the tree as if nothing were going on, dropping off one by one. When the tree was about cleaned off, only three birds remaining, the poor fellow with the unodorous powder and the villainous musket had got ready, after having chipped his flint with the back of his jacknife, presented, and with a most laborious effort got his piece off. He fired seven fingers every time, the explosion making a melancholy sound of wondrous magnitude. The bird rose from the limb with its under works knocked completely away. Splinters from the birch limb, too, flew in the woods. As this bird dragged itself away to die, the remaining two seemed suddenly to awaken, and took flight, but I altered the arrangements of one of them before it had disappeared in the trees.

We buried all the birds save four in the snow, sticking two or three saplings in the snowbank beside them. As we considered it probable that we might kill a good many more before reaching our rendezvous, one of the party blazed the trees as we went along, that the game might be found on our return.

We came up with several other flocks on the way, some on the ground and some on the trees; but as the wind grew colder, as always happens, they became wilder, and we got

in only about a dozen birds additional. On the fork of a large dead tree, called a "rampike" by my companions, we saw a huge snowy owl. The bird is called in Newfoundland the "white owl." It is the *Nyctea nivea*. It had upon the limb, in its claws, a grouse, which it had begun to rend, when I gave it one of my barrels. Strange to say, the great stupid thing did not fall, though I knew I must have riddled it; but, rising, it flew with its prey in its claws, lighting upon a bank of snow. I ran up to within twenty paces, and gave it another charge, which did not kill the bird, however, but only prevented its flight.

"You might fire at one of these fellows for a week," said my companions, "and not kill him." When we went up we found the snow stained with blood and the owl clinging still to its prey, and when one of us approached it with our hand it would open and snap its beak that you might hear the noise made a gunshot away. It was only with great difficulty I took the grouse out of the bird's claws, and then I beat the head of the huge thing against a tree, as I wanted to get its skin. But I could not kill it this way and was obliged to tie a piece of small cord with all my strength around its neck. It then suffocated in about five minutes.

We had to cross several morasses and tracts covered with heath in summer, and over these the wind whistled, biting fiercely, and the drifts blew blindingly. The trader led the way through the fearful storm and the rest blindly followed. It was with a feeling next to rapture that I entered a dense patch of forest where the pines and the firs grew tall and afforded shelter, and in its very midst we stopped by the side of a cozy looking tilt. J. E. COLLINS.

TORONTO, Canada.

AMERICAN HIGH-PRESSURE.

[From an after-dinner speech, by Herbert Spencer.]

It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages. I do not mean to say that they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of the population, even in long-settled regions, there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Especially out in the West, men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light," which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which my assertion is true. You know that the primitive man lacks power of application. Spurred by hunger, by danger, by revenge, he can exert himself energetically for a time; but his energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the aptitude for persistent industry, until among us, and still more among you, work has become with many a passion. This contrast of nature has another aspect. The savage thinks only of present satisfactions, and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Contrariwise, the American, eagerly pursuing a future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good.

What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counter change—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men, and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health.

I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet whom you have lately had to mourn, Emerson, says, in his essay on the gentleman, that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to the man, to the father, to the citizen. We hear a great deal about "the vile body," and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the law of health. But nature quietly surpasses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Beyond these immediate mischiefs there are remoter mischiefs. Exclusive devotion to work has the result that amusements cease to please; and, when relaxation becomes imperative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. The remark current in England that, when the American travels, his aim is to do the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the shortest time, I find current here also. It is recognized that the satisfaction of getting on devours nearly all other satisfactions. When recently at Niagara, which gave us a whole week's pleasure, I learned from the landlord of the hotel that most Americans come one day and go away the next. Old Froissart, who said of the English of his day that "they take their pleasures sadly after their fashion," would doubtless, if he lived now, say of the Americans that they take their pleasures hurriedly after their fashion. In large measure with us, and still more with you, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment; and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities. So that, beyond the serious physical mischief caused by overwork, there is the further mischief that it destroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life.

Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in children, and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties care of the body is imperative, not only out of regard for personal welfare, but also out of regard for decendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate, which he ought to pass on uninjured, if not improved, to those who follow; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life. Once more, there is the injury to fellow citizens, taking the shape of undue disregard of competitors. I hear that a great trader among you deliberately endeavored to crush out every one whose business competed with his own; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for all others engaged in it, and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, besides the egoistic motive, there are two altruistic motives which should deter from this excess in work.

The truth is, there needs a revised ideal of life. Look back through the past, or look abroad through the present, and we find that the ideal of life is variable, and depends on social conditions. Every one knows that to be a successful warrior was the highest aim among all ancient peoples of note, as it is still among many barbarous peoples. When we remember that in the Norseman's heaven the time was to be passed in daily battles, with magical healing of wounds, we see how deeply rooted may become the conception that fighting is man's proper business, and that industry is fit only for slaves and people of low degree. That is to say, when the chronic struggles of races necessitate perpetual wars, there is evolved an ideal of life adapted to the requirements. We have changed all that in modern civilized societies, especially in England and still more in America. With the decline of militant activity, and the growth of industrial activity, the occupations once disgraceful have become honorable. The duty to work has taken the place of the duty to fight; and in the one case, as in the other, the ideal of life has become so well established that scarcely any dream of questioning it. Practical business has been substituted for war as the purpose of existence.

Is this modern idea to survive throughout the future? I think not. While all other things undergo continuous change, it is impossible that ideals should remain fixed. The ancient ideal was appropriate to the ages of conquest by man over man, and spread of the strongest races. The modern ideal is appropriate to ages in which conquest of the earth and subjection of the powers of nature to human use is the predominant need. But hereafter, when both these ends have in the main been achieved, the ideal formed will probably differ considerably from the present one. May we not foresee the nature of the difference? I think we may. Some twenty years ago a good friend of mine and a good friend of yours, too, though you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrew's an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the Lord Rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote. There ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt at the time that I should have liked to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct, under all circumstances, as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely, and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary. The apostle of culture as it is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation.

We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when, making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction, he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly seen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated; that industry, too, bodily or mental, is but a means, and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion of that complete living it subserves, as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter, when this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this, there is the reason for the process of evolution throughout the organic world at large brings an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed in fulfilling material needs, and points to a still larger surplus for humanity of the future. And there are other reasons, which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of the "gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

This is a very unconventional after-dinner speech. Especially it will be thought strange that in returning thanks I should deliver something very much like a homily. But I have thought I could not better convey my thanks than by the expression of a sympathy which issues in a fear. If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population—if there results an undermining of the physique, not only in adults, but also in the young, who, as I learn from the daily journals, are also being injured by overwork—if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them; then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation. To my anxiety on this account you must please ascribe the unusual character of my remarks.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.—V.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM AN EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

* * * I have hunted over twenty years of my life as a profession, in the wilds of Northern Maine. I hunted alone and camped alone many years; have followed hunting lines sixty-five miles long with traps all the way, which took all the week days—I did not hunt Sundays—through the season. I have killed seventy-three black bears, between fifty and sixty moose and several hundred Canada lynx, beside caribou, red deer, otter, fishes, fox, mink, martin and other game. I trapped forty-nine lynx in one season.

I have caught tons of brook trout, both summer and winter, from nine pounds down. I am familiar with all the northern counties of Maine bordering on the Canada line. The mountains, brooks, rivers and ponds are well-known to me. I have sold much value of living and dead animals and specimens of natural history to Professor Agassiz for the Cambridge Museum.

AN ANNIVERSARY.—November 11,—By the way, this is a sort of anniversary day with me. Just twenty-five years ago to-day I shot a glossy, short-legged black bear, the meat of which weighed five hundred pounds. And always on the tenth of November I take an extra nip, and go back ("in my mind's eye, Horatio") to that bark camp on the rattling, rushing Second Fork. Ah, *culpa mea!* Do we grow old, as it were? When shall I see such another?—NESSMUK.

Natural History.

A RUFFED GROUSE SKETCH.

WHAT A NATURALIST SAW.

SAM and I had been hunting ruffed grouse every day for a week, and Sunday had finally brought us to a halt to rest for the week ahead. It was a glorious Sabbath in a little quaint village in Wagner county, Pa. We sat on the stone slab at the kitchen door of the old farm house, and smoked our pipes in contentment, watching the yellow leaves as they lazily zig-zagged down to the ground from the limbs of the half bare maples, and the antiopa butterflies slowly flitting from one decayed apple to another under the trees in the orchard close by. The old blue dove on the eaves of the barn cooed occasionally in a quaint, Sunday way as he basked in the November sunshine, and the hens were half asleep in the holes where they had been dusting themselves an hour before, in front of the barn door. Belle and Carrie were curled up in the grass near us, dreaming of grouse that never flushed wild; and everything was still. The sound of the church bell down in the village seemed far away, and mellowed as though in harmony with the color of the beech and maple woods through which its vibrations reached us.

"Sam!" said I, "Those grouse down by the rock cut will be in the frost grapes this morning, and I'm going down across the lot to see if I can get near them. Don't let the dogs follow me."

The dry leaves, a foot deep, along the fence by the grapevines seemed to rustle louder than they ever did before, as I cautiously climbed over the rails, but no grouse was near to be frightened, and although expecting the sudden dash and whir every moment, I got near to the further side of the little patch of vines without starting a bird, and sitting down in the leaves with my back against a mossy boulder, refilled my pipe and waited. In a few minutes there was a pattering of very light footsteps in the leaves back of me. Nearer and nearer they came, stopping for a second and then proceeding again, coming my way all of the while. Suddenly a surprised "peet" on the right caused me to slowly turn my eyes in that direction, and there, within six feet, was a splendid male grouse, with crest erect and tail half spread, looking curiously at me. I kept stiller than half a mouse, and the old fellow satisfied himself that I was harmless. He came a few steps nearer, clucking all of the while, and mounting a stone, spread his tail to its fullest extent, and with crest and tail erect, with ruff displayed, and with wings drooping to his feet, he turned two or three times around, like a turkey gobbler. Then composing himself again he took another good look and walked around in front.

At that moment another grouse, a younger one, had come around the rock by which I was sitting, and he too went through the same performance, but not in such fine style. Both birds then walked on a way, watching me all of the while, and soon four more grouse came in sight. They walked within three rods, but paid me no attention, and busied themselves picking up fallen frost grapes. Suddenly there was a rush overhead and a grouse alighted in the vines just above me and commenced picking at a bunch of grapes, his smooth plumage with the dark markings on the sides seeming more beautiful than anything I had ever seen. Once in a while he looked down at me over his shoulder, erected his crest and gave an interested "peet, peet," and then went on picking grapes again.

In a short time eleven grouse were in sight, moving about as gracefully as could be, putting their little feet lightly down on the dead leaves, and all engaged in hunting for food. One of them flew up to the one already in the vines, and then nearly all followed, and commenced picking the grapes that hung in scattered clusters.

All of this while I had remained perfectly quiet, but my position was fast becoming uncomfortable. An edge of rock was boring into the middle of my back; another sharp piece had done its level best to penetrate the back of my head, and a jagged stump had worked just as far into my leg as it could possibly get without amputating the leg, and I had to move. The grouse all seemed alarmed at me. They sat straight and motionless among the vines, but none flew. For several minutes they remained in this position, and knowing that I was discovered I arose, expecting to see all dart off at once. This they did not do, however, but started slowly one at a time, and sailed off only a few rods into the woods.

How different the scene the next day, when with fast ranging setters we found them down in the ravine and sent bounding into the ferns, with feathers flying, three or four of the proudest of the flock. MARK WEST.

BREEDING QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A number of communications have appeared in your recent issues on the breeding of quail in confinement which, while containing many valuable suggestions as to their care, have in no case given exact information as to the age to which they were reared. In my experience, out of a considerable number of attempts, only three broods reached the age of from five to six weeks, and of these three, two of our common quail, *Ortyx virginianus*, and one of the valley quail, *Lophortyx californianus*, none survived the period stated, though up to that time all had apparently been in the best condition and had received all attention. In a number of cases, which I have personally investigated, where these birds were said to have been "raised," I have found that they were put out intentionally when a few weeks old, or the boxes were so arranged that the young birds could escape into the fields when they were strong enough to scramble over a low board.

My experience with the ruffed grouse has been much the same as with quail. The difficulty of raising birds belonging to this family is very great, and it would be interesting to know if any of your correspondents have succeeded in carrying them safely to maturity under conditions of domestication. ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several of us were seated about the stove at the hotel at Hayt's Corners, New York, a short time since, talking over the day's quail shooting and the subject of quail in general. Adam Sheridan, the proprietor of the hotel, said that he tried to breed quail in confinement for some time without

success, but finally found the secret of the difficulty. Most of his young quail died within the first ten or twelve days after being hatched, and after losing a great many, he decided to hunt for the cause. No lesions were found that would indicate the reason for their dying, but he found in the crops of the young birds the remains of a few insects, and no other food at all. He then began feeding the little fellows on flies, and found that they ate them with avidity.

The catching of the number of flies necessary became a very serious matter, and as Sheridan noticed that the quail could catch them themselves when they had the opportunity, he placed a beef's head in the coop. The little quail would stand around the head and pick off the flies as fast as they alighted on it, and were so expert at the business that they seldom missed one. In nine or ten days after hatching, the birds would eat other food, but previous to that age no other food was used, and the conclusion was naturally arrived at that the cause of death in early life was starvation, and the supposition was confirmed by the fact that the quail fed with insects at first all did well and grew to be as strong and sturdy as wild birds.

It is a well-known fact that the young of several of the gallinaceous birds depend almost entirely upon insect food, and the secret of the successful raising of quail will no doubt be found to rest on this to a great extent.

MARK WEST.

NEW YORK, November 13.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

FROM OBSERVATIONS COLLATED BY W. W. COOKE.

[Continued from page 284.]

Hesperiphona vespertina—Evening Grosbeak.—(10) W. R. formerly common; (11) W. R., all winter on island, 5, 16 L.; (12) W. R. not common.

Pinicola enucleator—Pine Grosbeak.—(10) W. R. common; (11) W. R.; (12) W. R., usually; '79-'80, abundant, '81-'82 not one.

Carpodacus purpureus—Purple Finch.—(3) 4, 6, seen 4, 7; (11) in mild winters, 4, 3; (12) 4, 19.

Loxia curvirostra americana—American Crossbill.—(11) Sometimes seen in winter in small numbers; (12) W. R., not common.

Loxia leucoptera—White-Winged Crossbill.—(12) W. R., not common.

Ægiothus linaria—Common Redpoll.—(2) W. R., collected into flocks and moved North February 21-24; (4) W. R.; (9) W. R.; (11) W. R.; (12) 4, 12, probably came sooner.

Astragalinus tristis—American Goldfinch.—(3) R.; (4) W. R.; (6) 4, 10; (11) in mild winters; (12) 5, 23.

Chrysomitris pinus—Pine Goldfinch.—(9) 5, 10; (10) W. R.,common; (11) in mild winters; (12) W. R., irregular.

Plectrophanes nivalis—Snow Bunting.—W. S. in severest winters; (10) W. R., abundant; (11) W. R., abundant, began to sing 3, 14; 3, 25, keep up a constant warble; 3, 27 and 28, rapidly leaving; 4, 8, last.

Centrophanes lapponicus—Lapland Longspur.—(3) W. S., rare this winter; (9) W. S. in severest winters; (10) W. R., regularly; (11) W. R.; (12) W. R., not common; seen 3, 18.

Passerculus sandwichensis savanna—Savannah Sparrow.—(3) 3, 31; (7) 3, 18, abundant.

Poœcetes gramineus—Grass Finch.—(3) 4, 19; (4) 3, 24; (11) 4, 20, nest without eggs 4, 29; (12) 5, 4.

Coturniculus passerinus—Yellow-Winged Sparrow.—(2) 3, 10.

Melospiza lincolni—Lincoln's Finch—(3) 4, 24, abundant 5, 1.

Melospiza fasciata—Song Sparrow.—(3) 4, 12; (4) 3, 30; (11) 4, 3; (12) 4, 16; N. N. 4, 17, eggs 6, 4.

Melospiza palustris—Swamp Sparrow.—(12) 4, 13.

Chondestes grammica—Lark Finch.—(3) 4, 1, full set of eggs 5, 25; (4) 4, 30, very abundant; (6) 4, 15; (9) 5, 10; (11) 5, 9; (12) 5, 15.

Zonotrichia querula—Harris's Sparrow.—(3) W. S., abundant 3, 18, still present in great numbers 5, 8, but left soon after; (12) 5, 18.

Zonotrichia leucophrys—White-Crowned Sparrow,—(4) 4, 7; N. N. 4, 30, still present and unusually numerous 5, 3; (9) 5, 9; (12) 5, 14, 1881.

Zonotrichia albicollis—White-Throated Sparrow.—(3) 4, 25; (6) 4, 18; they seem to me to sing: "I have got plenty to eat, but no che-eze;" (9) 4, 29; (11) 4, 26; (12) 4 7.

Spizella montana—Tree Sparrow.—(3) W. S.; (4) W. S., (9) W. S., nearly gone 4, 20; (10) W. S. common; (11) W. S. usually, 4, 1; (12) never stay over winter 3, 25, N. N. 4, 11, 4, 22, nearly all gone.

Spizella domestica—Chipping Sparrow.—(2) 3, 10; (3) nesting 5, 7; (4) 3, 24; (6) 4, 6; (9) 4, 4; (11) 5, 3; (12) 5, 3.

Spizella pusilla—Field Sparrow.—(3) 3, 2; (4) 4, 21; (6) 4, 16; (12) 4, 17.

Junco hyemalis—Black Snowbird.—(2) W. R.; (3) W. S., a flock seen 2, 27; (4) W. R.; (5) W. R.; (6) W. R. common; (8) W. R.; (9) W. R., nearly gone 4, 20; (10) W. R. common; (11) W. R. in mild winters; (12) 2, 2, a single specimen seen, probably it had stayed over winter, 4, 4 flocks, 4 11 N. N., 4, 18 preparing to leave, 4, 22 nearly all gone.

Passerella iliaca—Fox Sparrow.—(3) 3, 17; (4) 2, 1-6; (5) 3, 5; (11) 4, 3; (12) 4, 14.

Pipilo erythrophthalmus—Chewink.—(1) about 2, 5; (2) 3, 16; (3) seen Dec. 15, 1881, and Jan. 5, 1882, by D. E. Lantz, nesting 5, 15; (4) 3, 18; (5) 2, 30; (6) 4, 7; (8) 4, 29; (9) 6, 3; (12) 5, 20

Pipilo maculatus—Arctic Towhee.—(3) 4, 19, abundant 5, 1.

Cardinalis virginianus—Cardinal Grosbeak.—(1) R., common; (2) R.; (3) R., hatching 5, 1; (4, 5, 6) R.

Zamelodia ludoviciana—Rose-Breasted Grosbeak.—(4) 3, 12; (6) 4, 26 to 5, 3; (9) 5, 4; (11) 5, 9; (12) 5, 18.

Zamelodia melanocephala—Black-Headed Grosbeak.—(3) 5, 22.

Guiraca cærulea—Blue Grosbeak.—(3) 5, 26.

Passerina cyanea—Indigo Bunting.—(2) 4, 15; (3) 5, 6; (4) 4, 25; (6) 4, 26 to 5, 3; (9) 5, 10; (12) does not occur.

Dolichonyx oryzivorus—Bobolink.—(3) 5, 6; (4) 5, 4; (12) 5, 17.

Molothrus ater.—Cowbird.—(1) about 2, 5; (2) 3, 17; (4) 3, 10, N. N., 3 29; (6) 4, 4; (9) 5, 4; (12) 5, 6, eggs, 6, 8.

Xanthocephalus icterocephalus—Yellow-Headed Blackbird.—(3) 4, 1, seen by T. V. Lyon; (11) 5, 2; (12) 4, 27.

Agelæus phœniceus—Red-Winged Blackbird. (1) about 2, 5; (2) 3, 17; (3) 3, 1, seen 5, 26 nesting; (5) 2, 26; (6) 3, 26, N. N., 4, 1, young 5, 5; (8) all winter; '81, '82 not usual; (9) W. R., 3, 22; (10) 3, 1; (11) 4, 1; (12) 4, 3, eggs, 6, 1.

Sturnella magna—Meadow Lark.—(1) W. R. in open winters; (2) 3, 17; (3) R., abundant, 3, 31, young 5, 22; (4) 3, 1, 6; (6) W. R.; N. N., 4, 1, song is interpreted; "Laziness will kill you;" (7) are here 3, 7, still arriving 3, 11; (9) 2, 3, 9; (10) 2, 14; (11) 4, 1; (12) 4, 3.

Sturnella neglecta—Western Meadow Lark.—(3) R.

Icterus spurius—Orchard Oriole.—(2) 4, 17; (3) 5, 2; (4) 4, 25; (9) 5, 9; (10) 5, 1; (12) 5, 29, the most northerly record in Minnesota, 5, 30, two more seen.

Icterus galbula.—Baltimore Oriole.—(2) 4, 20; (3) 5, 1; (4) 4, 25; (6) 4, 26 to 5, 3; (9) 5, 9; (10); 5, 3; (11) 5, 9; (12) 5, 4.

Scolecophagus ferrugineus—Rusty Blackbird.—(3) 3, 21; (6) 3, 22; (12) large flocks in fall, none in spring.

Scolecophagus cyanocephalus—Brewer's Blackbird—(12) 4, 8.

Quiscalus purpureus—Purple Grackle.—(2) 3, 24; (3) 3, 21; nesting 5, 15; (6) 3, 22; (9) a few 3, 4; (10) 4, 5; (11) 3, 31 to 4, 1 seen building nest on side of house in elbow of a stove pipe; (12) 4, 15, 4, 27 altogether too N. N., 5, 10 building.

Corvus corax carnivorus—Raven—(12) R. in the pine timber a few miles north.

Corvus frugivorus—Crow.—(1) W. R.,(2) W. R., (3) R., nest 4, 10, young 4, 15; (4) W. R., 4, 13 nest with 6 eggs; (5) W. R., (6) W. R., common, (8) W. R.; (9) W. R.; (11) 3, 18, numerous 4, 1; (12) Dec. 10, '81, Jan, 5, '82, flocks 3, 3, '82, N. N. 4, 5.

Cyanocitta cristata—Blue Jay.—(2) W. R. from the south, 3, 25; (3) R.; (4) W. R., nearly full feathered 5, 7; (6) W. R.; (8) W. R., (9); W. R., (10) R.; (11) R., nest 4, 26; (12) R.

Perisoreus canadensis—Canada Jay.—(10) W. R., not common; (12) R., breeds.

Eremophila alpestris—Shore Lark.—(1) W. R.; (3) W. S., rare this winter, flocks arrived the first week in Feb.; (9) W. R.; (10) W. R., common; (11) in mild winters; 2, 11, F., nest 1 eggs 4, 12; (12) 2, 14 numerous and song somewhat louder 3, 22, 3, 31 first that came have paired, 4, 3 nearly all have passed on.

Tyrannus carolinensis—Kingbird.—(2) 5, 1; (3) 4, 25; (8) 4, 30; (9) 4, 29; (12) 5, 17.

Myiarchus crinitus—Great Crested Flycatcher.—(3) 4, 29; (4) 4, 29; (6) 5, 14; (9) 5, 10.

Sayornis fuscus—Pewee.—(1) 3, 15; (2) 3, 18; (3) 3, 22 and again 3, 24, 3 eggs 4, 21; (4) 3, 19; (5) 3, 22; (8) 3, 1; (9) 3, 29; (10) 3, 28; (11) 4, 9; (12) 4, 19.

Contopus virens—Wood Pewee.—(3) 6, 5, seen; (9) 6, 3.

Empidonax flaviventris—Yellow-bellied Flycatcher.—(2) 4, 26.

Empidonax pusillus traillii—Traill's Flycatcher.—(3) 5, 24; (12) 5, 16.

Empidonax minimus—Least Flycatcher.—(2) 4, 31; (4) 4, 17.

Trochilus colubris—Humming Bird.—(3) 5, 22; (4) 5, 7; (12) 5, 18, eggs 6, 20

Chætura pelasgica—Chimney Swift.—(2) 3, 8; (3) 4, 25; (4) 4, 26; (9) 4, 27; (11) 5, 8; (12) 5, 19.

Caprimulgus vociferus—Whippoorwill.—(3) 4, 27; (4) 4, 26; (8) 4, 30; (10) 4, 27; (12) 5, 25.

Phalænoptilus nuttalli—Poorwill.—(3) 4, 22.

Chordeiles popetue—Nighthawk.—(4) 5, 1; (6) 4, 26 to 5, 2; (9) 5, 27; (11) 5, 4; (12) 5, 12.

Picus villosus—Hairy Woodpecker.—Resident at all stations.

Picus pubescens—Downy Woodpecker.—Resident at all stations; (3) nesting 5, 15.

Picoides arcticus—Black-backed Three-toed Woodpecker.—(10) W. R; (11) W. R., only a straggler; (12) 5, 21, 1881. Breeds.

Sphyrapicus varius—Yellow-Bellied Woodpecker.—(4) 4, 3; (6) 5, 14; (10) 4, 5; (12) 5, 24.

Hylotomus pileatus—Pilcated Woodpecker.—(3) R.; (4) W. R.; (9) W. R.; (11) R.; (12) R.

Centurus carolinus—Red-Bellied Woodpecker.—(3) R.; (4) W. R.; (9) W. R., nearly gone 4, 20.

Melanerpes erythrocephalus—Red-Headed Woodpecker.—(3) 5, 15; (4) W. R. in cold winters; (5) W. R.; (6) W. R.; (9) 5, 9; (11) seen 3, 10, probably wintered in low grounds, again 4, 16; (12) 5, 26.

Colaptes auratus—Yellow-Shafted Flicker.—(1) W. R. in open winters; (2) W. R.; (4) W. R. in cold winters; (5) W. R.; (6) W. R., N. N. 4, 1; (9) W. R.; (10) 3, 27; (11) 4, 2; (12) 4, 7, N. N. 4, 11.

Colaptes auratus mexicanus—Red-Shafted Flicker.—(3) R., seen 3, 24; (9) W. R.

Ceryle alcyon—Kingfisher.—(3) 3, 16; (4) 4, 1; (6) 4, 23; (9) 4, 7; (10) 4, 5; (11) 4, 16; (12) 4, 17.

Coccyzus americanus—Yellow-Billed Cuckoo.—(2) 4, 27; (3) 5, 8; (6) 4, 26–5, 2.

Coccyzus erythrophthalmus—Black-Billed Cuckoo.—(2) 4, 30; (12) 5, 30.

Aluco americanus—Barn Owl.—(4) 4, 21, a beautiful specimen shot about ten miles from here. It is the third specimen taken in these parts in twelve years.

Asio americanus—Long-Eared Owl.—4 and 9) W. R.

Asio accipitrinus—Short-Eared Owl.—(4 and 9) W. R.

Strix nebulosa—Barred Owl.—(2, 3, 5, 8) R.; (4) R., young 5, 3; (10) a few remain in winter.

Nyctale tengmalmi richardsoni—Richardson's Owl.—(10) W. R., rare.

Nyctale acadica—Saw-Whet Owl.—(10) W. R., not common; (11) R., not common.

Scops asio—Screech Owl.—R., at all stations; (3) fledged 5, 22; (10) a few remain in winter; (11) not common; (12) rather common.

Bubo virginianus—Great Horned Owl.—R., at all stations; (4) young 4, 27.

Ulula cinerea—Great Gray Owl.—(10) W. R., not common; (11) W. R., occasionally.

Nyctea scandiaca—Snowy Owl.—(3) W. S. taken Jan. 30, '82; (9) a few remain nearly every winter; (10) W. R., common on prairies; (11) W. R., not common.

Surnia funerea—Hawk Owl.—(10 and 11) W. R., not common.

Ectopistes columbarius—Pigeon Hawk.—(12) 4, 12.

Tinnunculus sparverius—Sparrow-Hawk.—(3) 4, 7; (4) 2, 1-6; (7) 3, 8; (11) 4, 1; (12) 4, 2.

Elanoides forficatus—Swallow-Tailed Kite.—(3) 5, 11; (12) usually a few seen, in '80 all summer, in '82 none seen, in '80 seen at Red Lake, Minn., which becomes, I believe, the most northern record of its observance.

Circus hudsonius—Marsh Hawk.—(3) R.; (12) 4, 2.

Accipiter fuscus—Sharp-Shinned Hawk.—(12) 4, 5.

Buteo borealis—Red-Tailed Hawk.—(3, 4, 5, 8, 9) R.; (4) shot one in nest 3, 18; (10) occasionally stays with us in winter; (11) in mild winters a few sometimes stay; (12) seen for the first time 4, 1, and the next day, during a twenty-mile ride, over two hundred seen.

Buteo lineatus—Harlan's Hawk.—(4) there were several black hawks in this vicinity last winter besides the rough-legged, which is quite common here, and I was fortunate enough to get one. It answers the description of Harlan's as given by Coues, and no other.

Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis—Rough-Legged Hawk.—(4) W. R.; (12) W. R.

Aquila chrysaetus canadensis—Golden Eagle.—(11) probably resident; (12) seen in '81.

Haliæetus leucocephalus—Bald Eagle.—(3) R., seen 2, 27; (7) 3, 4; (10) W. R., not numerous; (11) R.; (12) could anything be more appropriate than the emblem of our country building its nest on the shore of Lake Itasca. Visiting the lake May 19, 1881, I found it nesting high up in the dead top of an enormous pine near the lake; 4, 2, '82, three were seen.

Cathartes aura—Turkey Buzzard.—(1) W. R.; (3) R.; (4) 3, 16; (8) W. R.; (9) 4, 27; (12) 4, 2.

Ectopistes migratoria—Wild Pigeon.—(6) 3, 12; (11) 4, 3; (12) seen 5, 18, but probably not first.

Zenaidura carolinensis—Mourning Dove.—(1) 3, 15; (3) R. nesting 4, 17; (5) 2, 27; (6) 4, 17; (8) 3, 29; (9) 4, 3; (11) 4, 29; (12) 5, 4.

Meleagris gallopavo americana—Wild Turkey.—(3) R.; (6) R.

Canace canadensis—Spruce Partridge.—(10) W. R.; (11) R.; (12) R., not common.

Bonasa umbellus—Ruffed Grouse.—Resident at all stations.

Pediœcetes phasianellus columbianus—Sharp-Tailed Grouse.—(9, 10, 11, 12) R.

Cupidonia cupido—Prairie Hen.—Resident at all stations.

Ortyx virginiana—Quail.—(1 to 10) R.; (11) R. not common; (12) does not occur. The Minnesota Indians have no name for the bird. It came to the southern part of the State after the white man did, and the Indians had left that part of the State and gone north before it arrived.

Ardea herodias—Great Blue Heron.—(3) nesting 5, 31; (4) 3, 28; (12) 4, 14.

Butorides virescens—Green Heron.—(3) 4, 21.

Nycticorax grisea nævia—Squawk.—(3) 6, 1, seen.

Botaurus lentiginosus—American Bittern.—(6) 4, 1; (4) 3, 20; (11) 5, 6; (12) 5, 8.

Ardetta exilis—Least Bittern.—(4) 3, 28; (12) 5, 12, full-fledged young 6, 21.

Charadrius dominicus—Golden Plover.—(4) 3, 29; (10) 5, 10; (12) 5, 3.

Oxyechus vociferus—Killdeer.—(3) 2, 28; (4) 2, 1-6; (6) 4, 13; (7) 3, 7; (8) 3, 18; (9) 3, 17; (10) 3, 3; (12) 4, 3.

Philohela minor—Woodcock.—(1) W. R. in open winters; (10) 4, 16; (12) seen 6, 1, not first; is quite uncommon; not more than three or four seen in a season.

Gallinago media wilsoni—Wilson's Snipe.—(1) W. R. in open winters; (8) 3, 18; (9) 4, 19; (10) 4, 5; (11) 4, 3; (12) 4, 3.

Macrorhampus griseus—Red-Breasted Snipe.—(4) 5, 4; (9) 4, 27.

Actodromas maculata—Jack Snipe.—(4) 3, 26, numerous 4, 20; (9) 5, 3; (12) 5, 22, 1881.

Actodromas minutilla—Least Sandpiper.—(12) 5, 21.

Totanus melanoleucus—Greater Yellow-Legs.—(4) 4, 20; (9) 5, 2; (11) 4, 29; (12) 4, 3.

Totanus flavipes—Lesser Yellow-Legs.—(4) 5, 5; (9) 5, 1.

Rhyacophilus solitarius—Solitary Sandpiper.—(4) 4, 5.

Symphemia semipalmata—Willet.—(6) 3, 23.

Bartramia longicauda—Upland Plover.—(3) 4, 4; (4) 4, 1.

Tryngites rufescens—Buff-Breasted Sandpiper.—(3) 5, 11.

Porzana carolina—Carolina Rail.—(3) 5, 26; (6) 4, 7; (11) 5, 2; (12) 5, 4.

Porzana jamaicensis—Black Rail.—(3) 5, 26.

Fulica americana—Coot.—(4) 3, 25; (12) 5, 3. N. B.—When this species feeds in the fall on the ripe wild rice, it becomes very good eating.

Grus americana—Whooping Crane.—(3) 4, 12; (8) 2, 1 to 6; going south 3, 9.

Grus canadensis—Brown Crane.—(9) 3, 25; (12) 3, 31.

Olor buccinator—Swan.—(3) 3, 18.

Chen hyperborea—Snow Goose.—(3) visits us during the winter; captured one 3, 4, saw flock 3, 24; (7) 3, 8.

Anser albifrons gambeli—White-Fronted Goose.—(3) W. S.

Bernicla canadensis—Wild Goose.—(3) both this and var. *Hutchinsi* stay here during the winter; (9) 2, 5; large flocks came 3, 2; (12) 4, 2.

Bernicla brenta—Brant.—(1) 3, 7; (3) W. S.; (9) 2, 5, large flocks 3, 2.

Anas boscas—Mallard.—(1) W. R. in open winters; (2) W. R.; (12) 4, 2.

Dafila acuta—Pintail.—(2) W. R.

Nettion carolinensis—Green-Winged Teal —(7) very plentiful, 3, 5.

Querquedula discors—Blue-Winged Teal.—(2) a large flock of 500 stayed at a lake near here for three days, June 1-3. (3) 5, 26; (6) 4, 7.

Aix sponsa—Wood Duck.—(9) 3, 20.

Æthyia americana.—Redhead.—(3) 3, 16.

Clangula glaucium americana—Golden Eye.—(10) W. R.; (11) formerly W. R.

Clangula albeola—Buffle Head.—(10) W. R.

Harelda glacialis—Old Wife.—(10) W. R.

Melanetta velvetina—Velvet Scoter.—(10) W. R.; (11) twice seen in winter.

Mergus merganser americanus—Buff-Breasted Merganser.—(10) W. R.

Mergus serrator—Red-Breasted Merganser.—(10) W. R.

Pelecanus erythrorhynchus—Pelican.—(3) 5, 6; a large flock 5, 31; (4) 5, 4; (22) 4, 28.

Phalacrocorax dilophus—Cormorant.—(4) 3, 28.

Larus glaucus—Glaucous Gull.—(10) W. R.

Larus argentatus smithsonianus—Herring Gull.—(10) W. R.

Larus delawarensis—Ring-Billed Gull.—(9) probably seen 3, 28; (12) 4, 3.

Larus franklini—Franklin's Gull.—(4) 4, 21, very rare in these parts; (10) W. R.

Larus philadelphia—Bonaparte's Gull.—(11) 4, 1.

Sterna forsteri—Foster's Gull.—(3) 4, 29; (9) 5, 1.

Hydrochelidon lariformis surinamensis—Black Tern.—(3) 5, 20; (12) 5, 9, N. N. 5, 17, eggs 6, 16.

Podiceps holbolli—Red-Throated Diver.—(10) W. R.

Podilymbus podiceps—Common Diver (4) 3, 26; (10) W. R.; (11) 4, 21; (12) 5, 3.

Colymbus torquatus—Loon.—(6) 4, 23; (11), 4, 21; (12) 4, 27.

EARLY ARRIVAL OF THE PINE GROSBEAK IN NORTHERN NEW YORK.—On Monday morning, Nov. 6, 1882, I saw three pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*) on a tree in front of my office, at Locust Grove, Lewis county, New York. I have never observed them here so early before, although I was told last year that one had been seen Oct. 29. But as none were seen afterward I concluded that the observer was mistaken in the identity of his bird.—G. HART MERRIAM, M. D.

THE DIVINING ROD.—The London *Times* publishes several letters on the working of the divining rod. Mr. T. Sherwood Smith, F. S. S., writing from Bristol, says that some years ago he was carrying on mining operations in Somersetshire and had a workman who professed the power of using the "twig." He tested him and found that the twig certainly turned up sharply between his hands, while in his own it made no sign. On another occasion one of Mr. Smith's men was pointed out as possessed of the power. A number of hats were placed in a row, and under one of them—known only to Mr. Smith and two scientific friends with him—a number of copper coins. The man was called in, and by means of the twig, identified the right hat. The experiment was several times repeated, and in most cases with success. Lieutenant Colonel Charles Cocks, in a letter written from Montreux, says that at Cannes and other places on the Riviera certain Italians constantly travel about the country for the purpose of finding concealed springs to supply houses in course of building. In place of the usual hazel twig in use in Cornwall the Italians use a twig of olive. When water is indicated the loop gives slight jerks upward and eventually slowly becomes upright and turns toward the breast of the person operating. Colonel Cocks gives an instance of the successful employment of the twig, and says that he himself has often tried to trace a drain as a mere matter of curiosity, with invariable success. He has no doubt whatever of its truth. On the other hand Mr. T. K. Taplin, of Milverton, Somersetshire, writing with reference to some successful experiments said to have been made with the twig in a field near Westbury-sub-Mendip, says that the field in question, though generally surface dry, had abundance of water below, and he has little doubt that the spring said to be tapped could have been tapped at any part of the field or even in the adjoining field. The men, no doubt, knew very well that they were practising a joke. The laboring men born and bred in any district, he adds, know well the nature of the land and where water is to be obtained. Capt. D. Bingham, writing from Paris, says that Abbé Paramelle, who died four years ago, possessed the power of finding water, and through it conferred great benefits in various parts of the country. He wrote a book on "The Art of Discovering Springs," in which he describes the merits of the divining rod. The Abbé says the rod turns spontaneously in the hands of certain individuals endowed with a temperament of a nature to produce the effect. The movement is determined by fluids which escape our perception, such as electricity, magnetism, etc. The rod turns indifferently over places where there is not the least thread of water as over those where water is found, and, consequently, it cannot be depended upon.

BITE OF THE "COTTON-MOUTH."—Sardis, Miss., Oct. 31.—In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM under the head of "Cotton-mouths and Water-mocassins," N. A. T. certainly gives a good description of a Tennessee cotton-mouth, both as to habits and abiding place. I can call to mind two instances where dogs were bitten by cotton-mouth snakes. One of the dogs was bitten on the under jaw, and died within two hours or less; the other dog was bitten on the hind leg, and lived about a day and died in spasms. I have seen water-mocassins bite dogs and not affect the dog more than to cause a slight swelling, which always went away in a few hours. My nephew one day took his dog Gyp fishing with him, and in his rambles through the woods from pond to pond, Gyp came upon a very large cotton-mouth, and being quite an expert at shaking the insides out of snakes, he did not hesitate to at once give this cotton-mouth a general shaking up. But I suppose from the size and weight of this old rusty fellow, the dog could not handle him very well. Soon after the fight the dog showed signs of being sick, and as my nephew valued him very highly, because he was a distant relative of the famous guard-dog at Andersonville, S. C., during the war, he hastened home to doctor him, thinking the snake had bitten him. The dog's body was terribly swollen for several days, and he finally got so sick that he could not walk. All the time he was well cared for and nursed. By and by the hair began to come off in a narrow strip, say an inch wide, and reaching from the left side of the throat, across the back of the neck, down across the right shoulder blade nearly to the belly. After the hair came off the flesh then rotted out nearly to the bone, and did not cure up for several months; and when it did get well the new hair was of a reddish color, where, before, it was white. It was always my belief that the snake was so large and heavy that the dog could not raise it clear when shaking, and the result was that one of its fangs must have scratched him from side to side, or *vice versa*. I notice you make me say: "Fishing with net is anything but good," * * * I intended to say: "Fishing with *me* is anything," etc. Don't accuse me of fishing with *net*.—DAVY.

MUD-HENS EAT FISH.—Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 4.—I have read "Byrne's" letter in FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 26 Tastes in the matter of diet are so varied in the human race that when one man asserts the mud-hen is a palatable bird there is no reason to call in question the assertion, especially so far as he is concerned. He may enjoy eating them, others do not. But when he claims that the mud-hen is strictly a vegetable feeder, he shows that he is a shade "off" on this subject. The mud-hen does feed largely on fish, and I think prefers them to any diet it can get. My brother and I have watched them for hours swimming about and among our duck decoys in the lake adjacent to Vicksburg, as we sat concealed in our "blinded" skiff, and have often seen them emerge from a dive with wriggling minnows in their bills, which they gulped down in short order and with apparent gusto. I do not allude to the little "hell-diver." The difference between the two is quite marked, and any intelligent hunter can easily distinguish one from the other at quite a distance away. So far, however, as my own observation extends, the mud-hen is as regular a feeder upon fish, bugs and worms as is the "hell-diver," and I doubt if there is much difference between the two as an article of diet. Having thoroughly tried the mud-hen, I would call for "hell-diver" if compelled to eat one or the other.—BURR H. POLK.

A CORMORANT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Meacham Lake, N. Y., Nov. 9—A cormorant (*Graculus dilophus* Linn., Gray) was killed to-day by Mr. Fred N. Collins, of New York. Neither the guides nor myself ever saw the bird before and no one knew what it was until we looked over DeKay's "Birds of New York," and Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates." Other waterfowl are plenty here at times and Mr. Mather caught a little grebe alive in a small net and will send it to Central Park.—A. R. FULLER.

A COLLECTION OF HORNS DESTROYED.—The studio of Albert Bierstadt, the artist, was destroyed by fire last week. Of his natural history collection Mr. Bierstadt said: "The studio had in it not only some valuable paintings, but, what were to me almost priceless, the collection that I made during ten years in the Rocky Mountains of costumes, carvings, implements and paraphernalia of various tribes of Indians, and many objects of a branch of natural history in which I had deeply interested myself. I had made a study of the wild-horned animals of this country, and had many specimen heads of the deer, wapiti, mountain sheep, and goats, from the time their horns start to grow until they are the most perfect specimens obtainable. For instance, I had fourteen pairs of wapiti heads. In the studio also were a great number of valuable studies and sketches, together with pictures completed and incomplete. Among the curiosities was a book written by Indians, in their language, and illustrated by them. It told of their wars and the personal exploits of many noted braves, and Sitting Bull had written in it a sketch of himself. It was given me by General Sherman, who got it in one of his Indian raids."

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

DUCKS BELOW ZERO.

THE classic Skunk—Chicagua is its more melodious Indian name, but it means just the same thing—the sometimes erratic and uproarious, sometimes calm and gentle, but always crooked Skunk, sweeps in a ragged curve about the town of Newton, in the pleasant State of Iowa. West six miles on the C. R. I. & P. road lies the station of Metz, situated on the river bottoms. South twelve miles on the N. & M. branch is Reasnor, also upon the bottom. Between these two points is a distance of perhaps twelve miles, by the way of the river it is probably thirty. By reason of which dispensation of providence and the railroad companies, the morning of the day before Thanksgiving, in 1881, found a friend and myself at our boat, waiting for it to grow light enough to start. It was very cold, our boat was calked by the fingers of the frost, and could not leak a drop. We shivered under our heavy coats. Far and wide the bottoms were a sheet of ice, for winter had caught old Skunk "out on a high," though the water was now within the banks. Ice being on either shore, and the meager current in the middle looked blue-black and forbidding in the morning light. A cold wind whistled through the trees, and the whole scene was so dismal that it was with feelings almost of foreboding that we stepped aboard and shoved off, heading eastward, where a faint gray streak told of the coming day. Fifteen minutes passed in silence as we sped down the racing current. Then a sharp whiz-z greeted our ears, as a solitary sp ketail crossed from the right. We dropped two empty shells in the bottom of the boat. And the duck went right on; a double miss to begin on. Now an old mallard starts from under the willows, but he comes down dead all over. Two more follow, and meet a like fate. Then they start up by the hundreds, from under the ice, among the willows, from the dry ground. "Shoot! shoot!" my companion cries, and as fast as I can work the top snap I comply. Half our ducks fell on shore, and before we could break through the ledge of ice many of the cripples were lost beyond recovery, sometimes creeping off a hundred feet beneath a sheet of ice, where a man could not follow them.

We now exchanged places, and Virgil took the bow with both guns, it being our agreement that but one should shoot at a time, we not caring to add another to the list of accidents from careless shooting in boats.

As we rounded a bend, I noticed my friend trying to catch a sight on a big mallard which was swimming ahead of him. "Trying to shoot on the water, are you, hey?" said I. "See here—" "No, I am not. He's dived twice. Hold on! Whoa! Back water! Confound him, there he goes again!" and that duck was never seen again. After several such experiences, we concluded to shoot on sight. With few exceptions the single ducks would dive instead of flying. It was most provoking, to get within thirty yards of a fine duck, and then, just as you expect to see him start up to meet an honorable death, see him settle down in the most approved belt-diver style, till his eye just showed above water line, and then dive to shot. These "slinkers," as we called them, were all mallards, though I have seen redheads do the same thing. They were nearly all uninjured, so far as we could see. Sometimes we would see two or three skulling along the edge of the river with their heads down, trying to escape notice till they could hide or dive. The day was very cold, ice formed on our oars so thick that we often had to stop and pound it off, and it struck us that the birds were possibly too numb to fly, or had their wing tips frozen fast. A friend afterward suggested that these were all crippled birds, driven in by the freeze, but some of their actions and their numbers precluded that idea with us, though the shooting had been very heavy that fall. We set it down to natural cussedness. What say our readers?

Meantime, imagine us gliding down the swirling current, between long rows of ice-laden, creaking willows, now running full before the wind, now rounding a bend to meet a row of whitecaps which dashed an icy spray in our faces; now pulling straight away, now veering quickly to escape a sunken log or projecting ice ledge. We scarcely knew our familiar stream in its changed appearance; sometimes we ran through the woods for miles without knowing where we were.

The black and angry clouds, the ice fields, the strange sounds in the woods, and the swiftly moving vistas of the ever changing, restless river, made up an effect which will not soon pass away. It was novel, it was glorious, this boating with the mercury below zero, and the river narrowing slowly. Would I have changed my uneasy seat in this winter panorama to hunt any other game on foot or on horseback, or play any fish beside a summer pool? By no means. Such fascination I have never known.

It was the last day of the season and all the ducks in the country were crowded along that narrow channel; and no one else was there to molest or make afraid.

Whang! went Virgil's gun. "I got that old slinker that time," said he. Sure enough, we could see his red feet paddling against the transparent ice as he vainly tried to dive. We had learned to believe it as honorable to shoot a duck diving as one flying.

At noon we landed, stretched our limbs, and ate our frozen lunch.

We had now nearly as many ducks as we thought it honorable to take. I realized that if we would catch the evening train we must hasten. So cautioning Virgil not to shoot any more, I took the oars, and we flew down stream at a lively rate. Running thus for some time in silence, except an occasional "Port a little! Straight away!" from my companion, I was startled by the double report of his gun, followed by the whistle of a flock of mallards as they passed up stream. Two ducks lay stone dead upon the water. "Thought you weren't going to shoot any more," said I. "Well," said he, a little ashamed, "I couldn't help it; the old gun would come up, and I had to hold her, you know." We changed again before long, and I made a righteous resolve not to shoot another duck, and allowed several to pass unsaluted. Finally an old drake came shooting along up the river. "It would be a sin," thought I, "to kill that duck, for we have a plenty. Shoot him? No. That's not so easy, though. I don't know—I guess—just watch me drop him as he crosses!" Now, is not that an intense moment, when the gun comes just against the shoulder and the duck seems glued to the end of the barrel? Every intervening object is blotted out; you can see nothing but the duck; and he falls to the crack of the gun, as if you had struck him dead with a concentrated eye-glance. But alas! alas! for my principles. I had killed another duck!

We now left both guns unloaded, and one taking his seat in the stern with the paddle, and the other at the oars, we went ahead in grand style, and in due time reached our journey's end. Here we pulled out our boat and locked her to a tree, but happening just then to meet a native with a train, we concluded a hasty bargain by which he was to haul our boat over to the station for the sum of one dollar, the roads being, as he said, powerful bad.

Virgil started ahead with all the ducks he could carry, and I followed with the rest, together with the guns and coats. At the station we were the wonder of all observers, there appearing to be a general desire to see "the two fools who had come all the way from Metz right in the dead of winter." We reached home in good season, having made the round trip in one day. That night we divided up with several families, and the next day some of our game appeared upon tables where possibly ducks were rarely seen.

This hunt, we thought, paid us well, not so much in the game as in that we felt we had surprised nature in a new mood—one which she had gotten up for herself and intended no one else should see. It was audacious in us to tempt her in such a mood; but in the memories of the day our audacity was rewarded. E. HOUGH.

NEWTON, Iowa, October 5, 1882.

NOVA SCOTIA MOOSE HUNTING.

THERE is great rejoicing in the camp of the Rod and Gun Club, for behold, the grand worthy chief of the free and independent order of moose snarers hath fallen, yea, verily old Alex, surnamed "Piper," who twice before had evaded the toils of the game protectors, has at last fallen into a "snare," and as a consequence thereof has been fined by the "Deacon" $25 and costs for setting a snare with intent to entrap the king of all our game animals, the moose. And richly the old boy deserves it, for according to his own count he has caught during his lifetime over eighty moose, and although he has repeatedly been had up before the wardens he has always managed to evade the law and get off scot free until this time, so the boys take great credit to themselves. It was considered one of the impossible things to convict old Alex, and his conviction will strike terror into the hearts of all the other "snarers" of smaller caliber.

Last winter was a hard one on the moose, the heavy snows and crust in February and March rendered them an easy prey to the "dog hunters," and as a consequence over one hundred moose were killed in this and the adjoining county. The price of hides ran high and many moose were killed and left in the woods, nothing being taken out but the hide. The writer, while hunting this fall, came upon three skeletons which had been left in the woods, and it was quite evident that nothing but the hides had been taken. But so well did the poachers lay their plans, and so stealthy were they in their movements that not one conviction followed for "dog hunting" this season. We are determined to stamp this class of hunting out, if within the bounds of possibility, and to that end the game protection society have offered a reward of $20, besides half the fine, for information that will lead to convicting parties hunting with dogs, and passed an amendment making it lawful to destroy dogs found hunting moose.

I have lately returned from my usual fall trip moose hunting, I was out nine days and had a first rate time. I was accompanied by the veteran hunter McQ. On the day appointed McQ. and I drove to Sunny Brae, eighteen miles, then packed our stuff seven miles across the barrens to the forks of Bryden's Brook, on the west branch of the St. Mary's River; there we camped, as we expected to get good fishing as well as hunting. The evening of the next day after we got to camp was favorable for "calling," so we tried that. We did not hunt much during the day, as we did not wish to disturb any game which might be near. About sunset we repaired to our calling place. On the second call we got an answer, and could hear the moose quite plainly, but he was busy in coming up, and although we waited till past ten o'clock he did not put in an appearance; and as the night was cold and we were getting hungry we decided to return to camp. The next day we investigated and found that our moose had come up during the night to within ten feet of where we had called but had got the scent, and was off like the wind. It proved to be a young bull, and they invariably act thus; they are very shy and timid about coming to a call. If they come up boldly and they find an elder brother in possession of the field they are apt to get a sound thrashing from the old one. Next day being Saturday we determined to go to the river and fish, so taking a light fly rod we started for the "Cameron pool," about a mile from camp. Arriving there, I got my tackle in working order and on the first cast hooked two fine sea trout. I found the fish very lively; I continued fishing till lunch time and had landed about three dozen beauties and lost many fine ones for want of a net. After lunch, began fishing again and got several more.

When I began to think about reeling up and making for camp, I turned round to tell Mac, who was smoking quietly on the bank, that I thought it was time to go, when something broke the water, which, as I did not see it, I took by the noise to be a whale, and away went the line through the rings, and the reel keeping time at the rate of forty miles an hour. By this time it dawned upon me that I had hold

of something more than I bargained for, which was no less than a salmon. No landing net nor gaff, a light hair line, and not very much of it, a single-gut leader, and a "salmon." The pool was large and deep, so I determined to do my little best. The fish had broken water two or three times, and I made him out to be of ten or twelve pounds, and a lively one at that. Various were the means that my good friend McQ. suggested as to the best way to land that salmon, shooting him with the rifle, a spear made out of a pointed stick, a landing net improvised out of a hat, in fact, everything that he could think of, none of which appeared to me to meet the requirements of the case, so I determined to fight it out. To make a long story short, after an hour and a quarter of hard work, I reeled him up to the bank, when a tap on the head from McQ. settled the business. It proved to be a fish of about eleven pounds weight. I took him with a red hackle. This was on the 30th of October, and 35 miles from the salt water. The best fishing on this river is in May and June; and I have never known a salmon taken with a rod there later than July 31.

Next day it was raining and blowing a gale, and as we were camped on the open barren we had the full benefit of it, but our tent held up bravely, and beyond a little water that the high wind drove through the light canvas we did not suffer much inconvenience. The day following, as the storm had not blown over, we shifted our camp into the heavy woods, and then we were all right. We now turned our attention to hunting, and by Wednesday at noon had killed a wild cat (lynx) and a splendid big cow moose. In case some of your readers may say, why kill a cow? I "rise to explain." On Wednesday morning early, Mac and I came upon a good 'yard." We knew by the signs that there was a large bull or cow, and a yearling in the "yard." We were doing our level best and were coming in well to where we thought they would most likely be feeding, when all at once we heard a loud snort and a rattle of the bull's horns. This we knew at once was the signal of alarm to his family. How we had started them we were at a loss to conceive, but started they were, sure enough. Our only chance was to run and try and get a shot, as they would have to cross a little bog about one hundred yards to our left. Run we did, and got there just in time to see the bull going out of sight in the alders, and a fine one he was, with splendid antlers. The cow was some distance behind, and as we came up I got a clear sight, and in a second a bullet was through her heart. She proved to be a very large, fat moose, and although I was much put out at losing the bull, I consoled myself with the thought that her meat would be much better eating than the other.

We had scarcely come to where she fell when out walked two men who had been out looking for lumber, and they had come up directly to windward of our "yard," not knowing that the moose were there, and their approach had been the cause of alarm. Words failed to express our feelings, I can assure you, but it could not be helped, and we came to the conclusion that that bull was not intended for us anyway.

We saw one bear, but did not get a shot. They are very plentiful in these parts. Last season I killed three and wounded another, but still-hunting bears is difficult work. If we only had a couple of good dogs trained for bears what glorious sport we would have! GLOBE SIGHT.

NEW GLASGOW, Nov. 6, 1882.

ON THE "AR-KAN-SAW" PRAIRIES.

IN my last I wrote of fine sport after mallard, teal, etc., on the prairie near here. The next morning John and I hitched the team to the ambulance and started for another shoot. The prairies have on the highest parts of them or "ridges" a few small round ponds, from two to five rods across, which seldom go dry. Recent rains had filled these full, the water extending somewhat into the dense grass, five to eight feet high, surrounding them. Into these the hungry ducks on their southern migration dropped by hundreds, I might say by thousands, where they found unlimited food, both vegetable and animal. Our plan for killing them was very simple and effective. John being crippled in his right arm, could not shoot much. We would drive within about twenty rods of a pond, then I would leave the wagon, and while John drove on one side far enough away not to scare the ducks, but to attract their attention, I would approach on the other.

The first pond we drove to was quite a large one and we had seen many bunches of ducks drop into it. I approached it carefully through the grass, when just as I was about near enough for a big "pot shot" I almost stepped on some ducks that were out in the grass feeding; they sprang into the air with a great clatter and squawking. This started the whole lot; with a tremendous noise the whole air above the pond was a quivering mass of ducks; they flew in every direction, some of them nearly in my face; and there I stood first pointing my gun here, and then there, trying to pick out the thickest place; I suppose I pointed the gun in a half dozen different directions. At last I let her go at random and killed only three with the first barrel and two with the other, my gun shooting too close for very effective work of this kind. At the next pond I killed six at the first shot on the water and four as they arose. At the next pond I made the great slaughter of my life at a shot, namely, twelve mallards and a teal on the water and six mallards as they flew up, all killed outright. All that were able to reach the dense grass getting away, and so on until I thought we had all the ducks that we could use or give away, for the weather is still too warm to market any surplus game from here, John insisted that the slaughter should go on. He seemed to think that so long as there was a duck in sight it was our bounden duty to kill it. On counting up we found we had fifty-one fine fat mallards, five teal, a couple of jack snipe, the same of chickens, several quail and a bittern, and were back to town soon after twelve noon.

This kind of "sport" would suit a great many exactly, but I am forced to say that I did not enjoy it with that exquisite pleasure I would twenty-five years ago. As we drove home I felt that I would have had more comfort and sport in neatly stopping a half dozen single teal, or bluebills, as they came whizzing over my decoys, yet I had some very nice wing shots that forenoon. Here, on White River prairie that day, would have been the chance seldom met with for a party of say four, with a few decoys, to have made a bag on mallard ducks such as is seldom heard of, by putting out their decoys in the four principal ponds, and then having a fifth person on a pony to gallop over the prairie, routing the ducks when settling in other places. It would be hard to guess how many could have been killed in that way. Such great masses of ducks are found here feeding on the prairie in autumn after every cold spell north until winter sets in severely; there and then we have both ducks and geese as thick as the most ardent pot-hunter or market-hunter could desire until spring.

John was not satisfied with any of my "pot" shots at ducks. He thought I should have killed more at a shot. That night he dreamed the whole night through about pulling off great scattering guns, heavily loaded with coarse shot, into solid masses of ducks. I shot 6's, which John and others here think too small for partridges, quail and squirrels. By morning he was so "worked up" that he concluded he must "do or die," so he borrowed an old rusty "pot metal" gun, loaded her to his satisfaction, mounted his pony and started for the prairie. He rode around carefully for a long time hunting for a big chance, when riding through the tall grass he heard directly ahead a great chattering and splashing of ducks. He knew of no pond in that direction, but the noise was unmistakable, and showed that there was a great mass of ducks feeding directly ahead, either in the grass or in a pond. He slipped from his pony and cautiously approached. As he neared the pond he became convinced that the great shot of his life was near at hand.

Cautiously and silently he slipped through the grass until he was as near as he wished; he could see the grass shaking and hear the ducks bragging over the fine food not ten feet ahead of him, while the little pond three rods in diameter was a solid mass of mallard ducks. John had both barrels at full cock, and as he straightened up, the ducks all took wing. Holding the gun in his left hand he shut both eyes and pulled both triggers at once. When the smoke cleared away John saw on the water a ⊂-shaped mass of dead ducks reaching nearly from the muzzle of his gun clear across the pond, kicking and splashing, he thought about fifty. Not being very well and not wishing to wet his feet, he mounted his pony and rode to a farm a mile away for a boy to wade in and retrieve them. When he came back they gathered in sixteen mallard ducks, dead, all that were able to reach the grass of course getting away. He is convinced now that if he had shot one barrel and then changed the direction of his gun a little and shot the other he would have killed many more ducks; and also that heavy shot is the right thing for ducks. I am confident that I can more certainly kill a single duck in the fall of the year at a long shot with 6's than I can with heavier shot.

During the last five days the ducks have been growing scarcer and wilder, so that it takes some skill to bring them to bag. This will be the case until old Boreas sends us down another "grist" from the north. We have had no shadow of frost here as yet, this sixth day of November.

Yesterday I missed one of the great opportunities of my life. I and John were on the prairie driving around looking for ducks, chickens, etc.; ducks were very scarce. As we approached a pond I saw standing in it a large white bird, which I supposed was a great white egret, *Ardea egretta*. I cared nothing for killing that bird, for I had shot hundreds of them, but as I had not had a shot for some time, I jumped from the wagon and "sneaked" for him. When about near enough to shoot, a little bunch of mallards jumped up to my left; this was too tempting, so I dropped a couple of them right and left. What was my surprise on looking around to see the great white or whooping crane, *Grus americana*, a bird I had never bagged, go flopping away. Well, I was just a little bit put out, for I would rather have bagged that crane than a hundred mallard ducks.

Right here I wish to add a few words in the way of postscript concerning this region. This is a fine game country for all game that was ever found in the Central South, except buffalo. It gives me great pleasure to answer all inquiries of sportsmen who enclose stamps. The only two direct routes by which to reach here are by boat or rail to Memphis, Tennessee, thence here by White River packet, or from St. Louis by St. L., I. M. & S. R. R. to Newport on White River, thence by White River packets here.

Last winter I thoughtlessly wrote a letter to FOREST AND STREAM giving the great advantages of this prairie region as a very profitable stock country, and a future fruit country, saying that there were thousands and tens of thousands of acres of the finest of growing lands that could be had at the U. S. Government price of one dollar and a quarter an acre, and for very much less, and that the same was open to homesteading and timber claiming, bringing it down to a nominal cost. This brought me hundreds of letters of inquiry. A whole year of observation and experience right here has fully confirmed the opinions formed last winter, and have proven that all I said was true. For not only have we here one of the finest game, stock and fruit regions with as cheap or cheaper lands than can be found elsewhere, but also thousands and tens of thousands of acres of fine, I might say choice, upland cotton lands that may be had equally cheap, and what is better, this past season has proven that the prairies are very healthy for Northern stock men, and the timber—the cotton lands—for the acclimated people of the Southern States. Well, what I was going to say is this, I, "Byrne," am not a land agent, therefore all inquiries about land should be addressed to C. H. Belknap & Co., of this place, who I believe to be honorable men trying to settle up this country. All letters relating to shooting matters, simply directed "Byrne," will reach and be answered by me. BYRNE.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Arkansas County, Ark., Nov. 6.

WITH THE DUCKS.

OUR fall along the southern shore of Ontario has thus far been an exceptionally pleasant one, no heavy storm having visited us. As a natural result the flight this year has been at present writing light. Within the past ten days, however, several fine bags have been made.

The grounds, or more strictly speaking the waters, controlled by the Ontario Hunting and Fishing Association, a party of gentlemen sportsmen resident at Oswego, are located near the eastern end of our lake, and within two hours ride by rail from this city, and a telegram from the keeper will always be answered in person by one or more of the club instanter. Already two parties of two and three guns respectively have visited the ponds, returning with from forty to seventy-five birds for a day's shooting. Our game is highly assorted, with butter-balls, blue and broadbill, redhead, gray and black and occasionally a canvas-back duck, while not infrequently teal are found in fair numbers. Twenty-five miles south from here and accessible by the line of the N. Y. & W. R. R., lies Oneida Lake, at this season affording good sport. The same ducks are to be had there, and a day's time behind a good gun in a well made blind will yield from ten to twenty birds if the weather is favorable. Partridges are scarce, requiring much perseverance to find them; the shooting being far behind that of last year. To offset this general report however, and in proof of the fact that the birds are by no means extinct, I have before me the authenticated record of two hundred birds brought to bag by one gun since September 1st in this county.

Black and gray squirrels have been thick, but hunters have killed many score and their ranks are depleted. The little gray and his cousin (?) the white rabbit may be found near here, the former in large quantities in certain known localities. F. E. H.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1882.

DUCKING AT SPESUTIA NARROWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Homo's" article in your issue of Nov. 2 leads one to believe that box boating is carried on in Bush and Gunpowder rivers. Should a box boat be put out below the mouth of Swan Creek, on the west end of the line, some one would come out of Spesutia Narrows and say, "What yer at here?" I was down in the narrows from Oct. 30, and I send you a few items for that week, ending Nov. 4. There were many redheads on the flats and some blackheads, and very few canvas-backs; fifteen, I think, were all that were killed. Wednesday, the first day, several of the club scows were fined for getting their berths or positions before the hour. This they are perfectly able to do in order to get a good position, but I think it a very poor principle indeed, as it deprives the many who gun to support large families.

The shooting for the first week on the flats and in the Narrows was below the average; boxes did not average 100 per day; whackers about two. Shooting over decoys from shore was poor on account of the calm weather, and flying points did nothing, comparatively speaking. I managed to get about forty head. Those killed on Tuesday and Wednesday had to be eaten on the spot, as the weather was too warm to ship to friends at home. Many theories have been advanced in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM regarding the holding ahead, etc., etc. Now, I have not quite advanced to the age of three score and ten, but I have had enough lessons taken and learned from that great great book, experience, to enable me to say that any one who attempts to hold on to a duck coming down wind at the rate of thirty miles an hour, is going to get left, and the duck will be left to be shot at once more. Friday was a very calm day, and no better day to fully convince one of the different theories.

Shells loaded four drams powder, one ounce 6's. Held on to five coots, killed one. Shot line on water four feet in the rear of the part of the duck that went through the air last. Same load, one coot; he must have had an errand to Washington, D. C., and wanted to get there in 2:40; gun stationary; shot at him as he presented himself in front; that coot is still going.

Now let's see. Single coot comes rocking along, is about to say something, when his wind is cut short. Aimed two feet behind, kept moving the barrels along, and when his broadside was in front of blind, down he went. Shot line on water in line of coot. Any better evidence wanted? I killed some seven or eight in succession in the last way. I don't want to enter into any controversy on this subject. I would not have said this much, but the weather is warm and it would not keep. G. H. W.

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 11

NOTES FROM WORCESTER, MASS.

THE social event of the year with the Worcester Sportsmen's Club is the annual hunt and game dinner which follows on the evening of the following day. This year the club has held two field days and dinners. It happened in this way. At the regular meeting of the club on the first Wednesday in October, the matter of the annual hunt and game dinner came up as usual, and it was voted by a small majority to hold a glass ball shoot instead, and have a grand dinner at Swan's, which is near the club house. Also to invite the Marlboro and Westboro clubs to join us in the festivities. The day was simply perfect and the dinner most excellent, and those who attended had a very pleasant time, but this departure of the club from the old custom was by no means satisfactory to a large number of the members, and therefore the glass ball shoot was not largely attended.

Those members who favored the new departure, on learning of the disappointment that was felt by many of the club, were the first to move for a special meeting to make arrangements for an old-time hunt and dinner. The meeting was held, and it was unanimously voted to have the hunt, and the arrangements were made at once, Wednesday, November 8, being appointed as the day. A more beautiful day could not have been desired. The members were ordered to report with their game before nine o'clock P. M., at the Bay State House, at which house the count would close. The whole affair was conducted practically the same as last year, the same scale of points being used. The captains were Alba Houghton and Wm. S. Perry, and it would have been impossible to have selected two members better qualified to judge of the merits of the different shooters, therefore the sides were very evenly matched, and throwing out the element of luck, it was anybody's race.

The members of the side were divided as follows:

CAPT. HOUGHTON.—Messrs. H. B. Verry, J. A. Noreross, J. T. Boyce, A. H. Hammond, H. W. Eager, A. B. F. Kinney, E. S. Knowles, C. R. B. Claflin, A. P. Cutting, George McAleer, C. F. Darling, L. W. Holman, W. F. Rice, G. A. Cutting, L. R. Hudson, W. L. Shepard, W. H. Cole, C. B. Holden, Stedman Clark, F. A. Hatch, N. S. Johnson, C. S. Peacock, F. Wesson, C. C. Houghton, Henry Colvin, Chas. Hartwell, Dr. H. M. Quimby, Isaac Fisk, J. B. Garland, G. B. Buckingham.

CAPT. PERRY.—Messrs. B. Zaeder, C. B. Pratt, J. T. Taft, E. T. Smith, J. G. Rugg, O. A. Benoit, John Mascroft, A. S. Newcomb, A. F. Hatch, O. L. Taft, D. C. Sumner, I. E. Divoll, J. B. Goodell, Levi Moore, C. A. Allen, Charles Barton, J. E. Browning, Charles Mann, Moses D. Gilman, A. L. Gilman, L. G. White, Charles H. Bowker, W. S. Jourdan, E. E. Fisk, J. M. Drennan, A. W. Joslyn, A. G. Mann, R. R. Shepard, R. R. Haynes.

Game was counted as follows: Partridge 25, woodcock 20, quail 20, English snipe 20, wild duck 50, wild goose 50, hawk 50, owl 50, fox 300, 'coon 100, rabbit 15, gray squirrel 15, mink 100, weasel 50, wild pigeon 20.

The members turned out well, and early in the evening the crowd began to assemble to see the game and witness the count, a goodly number of prominent citizens being present. Promptly at nine o'clock the count was declared closed, and Secretary Clark began to foot up the columns. The long table presented a beautiful sight, the game consisting of partridges, woodcock, quail, rabbits, gray squirrels and one

fox, and the quantity was large, especially so, considering the lateness of the season.

Capt. Houghton was declared the winner of the hunt, his side scoring 1,360 points to 980 for Capt. Perry. The largest individual bag was made by O. A. Benoit, and consisted of six partridges and four woodcock; the next largest, by Capt Alba Houghton, of three partridges and seven woodcock, while the largest number of points was scored by A. P. Cutting, who killed a fox about 10 o'clock in the morning, and three partridges later in the day, scoring 375 points.

The dinner was served at the Bay State House, on Thursday, Nov. 9, and was the finest that the club ever enjoyed. The game dishes of the *menu* were: Roast partridge, larded; roast venison with jelly; roast wild goose, stuffed; roast antelope; potted quail, country style; broiled woodcock on toast; boiled buffalo tongue; ragout of rabbit, French style; stewed squirrel; wild Montana swan, with fine herbs. The antelope, venison, swan, goose and buffalo tongue were contributions from A. B. F. Kinney, who had just returned from his Western hunting trip on the excursion car "Jerome Marble."

The company, about forty in number, assembled in the parlors, and after spending about an hour very pleasantly, discussing the interesting experiences of the previous day, marched to the small dining-hall about 8:30 o'clock. It was a jolly party, and one that could do justice to the tempting repast before them. About 10 o'clock the cloth was removed, the cigars lighted, and chairs turned towards the head of the table, where ex-Mayor Pratt presided as master of ceremonies. Mr. Pratt was in a happy mood, and having just been elected to the State Senate, that fact was made the subject of many pleasant remarks by the speakers. His Honor, Mayor Stoddard, was the first speaker, and his remarks were most excellent. Then followed short speeches or stories by Sheriff Sprague, C. A. Allen, Ed. Titus, President Rugg, H. W. Eager, of Marlboro, ex-Alderman Richardson, A. B. Lovell and others. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly and 12 o'clock arrived all too soon, at which hour the company broke up after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Partridge shooting has been better than for several years and I am satisfied there are two to one as compared to last year. The woodcock flight has been almost a failure, very few birds passing on this line. Quail are more plenty than for many years and some very fine bags have been made. Gray squirrels also are very abundant. The Rifle Association is in a flourishing condition and is just out with a new set of officers as follows: H. T. Furrar, President; Job Moore, Jr., Vice-president; Stedman Clarke, Secretary and Treasurer. Three matches are in progress which will close Jan. 1. They have been making improvements at the range and contemplate an addition of twenty-five feet to the club house. They received, on their last field day, a visit from Mr. Hinman of the M. R. A. and also of the late International team.

K.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

[From a Regular Correspondent.]

BELIEVING that never was the FOREST AND STREAM more thoroughly appreciated as the representative American sportsman's journal, or its columns of meritorious reading more eagerly perused in and about Chicago than at present, your correspondent hastens to fulfill his mission by sending on at once the doings and events of interest in the city and hunting vicinity, and trusts that at no time will news be so stale as to be generally complained of, as in many instances where the reverse is to be expected. If a Chicago sportsman desires finding any live news of this vicinity from journals with a claim upon their attention from being classed as a sportsman's organ, he is disappointed, only how grievously your correspondent can testify. That it has never been thus with the FOREST AND STREAM and never will be, countless readers will cheerfully testify to. No one desires to read the summary of a shoot, of big local importance, in a sporting paper just exactly three weeks after its occurrence.

It is needless to try and tell about game, or whether there is any, to those who have ever shot in this vicinity. The big swamps in Indiana, where the English Lake, Crown Point, Mak-Saw-Ba clubs all hold forth, with their spacious club houses, are known to all Western hunters to be the great waterfowl resorts; while the Kankakee River, in our own State, on which are located the club quarters of the Diana, Cumberland, Sportsmen's, Forester's and other clubs, fairly teem with ducks. The shooting has never been better, and every one that owns a gun is out after mallards, redheads or canvasbacks, while "rails" and mud-hens are shot for diversion. The shooting at the Cumberland Lodge is peculiarly fine, and does not seem to vary day after day. The feeding along the Kankakee is exceptionally good, which accounts for the prolonged presence of the ducks.

Jere. Liston killed seventy-eight mallards one day, and then shot for an hour the next morning and brought in thirty-seven ducks. This was done at the Cumberland. Our two great shots, the Kleinmans, are ensconced in some marsh near Lowell, on the Kankakee, and are having great sport.

A jovial party, consisting of Rol. Organ—who, by the way, has received the deserved appointment of stock agent for the new "Nickel Plate" railway that no one knows what "railway king" has purchased—John Wiggins, L. Petrie, M. Haskel and several others are all at Mak-Saw-Ba, and if the old club house does not ring with merriment nights it will be because the cider is not tart enough to stir Rol. up to his jokes and tricks.

In opposition to this party, John Gillespie, our champion shell loader, and a party comprising Charley Williams, Al. Bell, and a lot more hunters, have been at English Lake all week. They sent word back of great sport with plenty of ducks, and "tackled" Fred Taylor for more loaded shell.

The sportsmen, however, are all anxiously awaiting letters from the noble triumvirate of hunters now shooting wild turkeys, deer, buffaloes, etc., in the land of the Cherokees. They are Messrs. Tydston, Chapin and Gore, and they are now supposed to be in Central Indian Territory, barring bad luck in the way of scalping. They remain away one month, and the FOREST AND STREAM will reach them and report success.

The fishing season is over unless a heavy frost creates appetite enough in the bass to make them bite. Fred Leland, our great oysterer and the best posted Waltonian about here, took a little trip to Turkey Lake, on the B. & O. road in Indiana last week, returning Friday, and was thoroughly out of patience with the luck he had. Only a few black bass, some pickerel and a few rock bass.

CHICAGO, November 6.

HOUNDING vs. STILL-HUNTING.

AS to which are the most proper and destructive modes of hunting deer has of late been freely discussed in the columns of your journal, and as the open season for hounding has just closed, allow me to draw a comparison between the two modes of hunting within a radius of my own observation. One hundred and fifty will not cover the number of deer killed in Beaver River and the lakes and ponds within two miles on either side of the river by driving them into the water with hounds during the open season just closed. Four parties have just returned from a hunt of about a week, which together brought out forty-nine deer. This is only a sample of the way they have been slaughtered.

To my knowledge only one deer has been killed by still hunters, on the same ground, during the past two months. There will doubtless be more deer killed during the remainder of this month, should there be snow on the ground; but unless still hunters are more successful than they have been in previous years, it will not amount to one-tenth the number killed by hounding. Your correspondent from Massachusetts, "Buck-Shot," says "Deer take to the water ahead of the hound, and half to three-quarters of the time that is the end of the hunt, and the deer lives." This is the very reason why so many deer are killed here in the Adirondacks. During the open months, especially October, there is hardly a lake or pond in the Adirondacks that does not have its hunters watching for deer, so that a deer taking to water before the hound is almost sure to be killed; and as there is not a square mile in the whole Adirondack wilderness, except it be in St. Lawrence county, but what deer are driven from it by hounds, the slaughter cannot be otherwise than immense. "Buck-Shot" says, in regard to their being killed when driven to water, "Quantities of deer have formerly been slaughtered in this way," thus admitting that killing deer by driving them to water with dogs to be very destructive.

I do not wish to deprive any one of hunting deer in the way he can best enjoy it. But it has become a serious matter of fact. If we would preserve the deer in the Adirondacks, to make it more attractive to the sportsman and tourist, a law must be enacted and enforced to prevent the killing of deer driven into water by hounds.

The present long open season for hounding deer, while it benefits the sportsman but little, will insure the speedy extermination of the deer by the pot-hunters and market-men.

MURRIT.

ADIRONDACKS, Nov. 6, 1882.

PINNATED GROUSE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

DURING a conversation with a Massachusetts sportsman, who is quite an expert shot as well as an angler, I was asked if I had ever killed a "hethen." I have spelled the word as he pronounced it. Not knowing what he meant, but at the same time having a suspicion that he was referring to the heath hen, as the pinnated grouse was called on Martha's Vineyard, I questioned him further. He described it, and stated he had seen two or three broods last summer. I told him they were "prairie chickens." This astonished him, as he was not aware that the bird ever existed in the locality he referred to. Certainly not one known as the "prairie chicken" or pinnated grouse. I verified his statements by other inquiries, and even heard of four having been killed by one man who knew it was against the law; and he confessed it to me.

Now, are these birds descendants from the old stock known to have inhabited Martha's Vineyard years ago, or have they been bred from birds liberated in this locality of late years? Frank Forester speaks of the pinnated grouse having been plentiful on Martha's Vineyard, and writes of their abounding on Long Island, in Burlington county, N. J., and on the Pocons plains or barrens in Pennsylvania. I know from natives of Manahawken, N. J., that so late as fifteen years ago "grouse," not ruffed ones or pheasants, were killed not far from that place, and a friend living now in the Lehigh Valley, Pa., with whom I frequently shoot—and he holds his gun very straight—told me he had killed "two strange grouse with very short tails, much lighter in color than the pheasant of his hills, and feathered all the way down to the ankles, from a brood of ten or twelve grown birds" a few years since. The locality where they were shot was but a few miles from the "barrens" spoken of by Forester. My friend not being an ornithologist, and never having seen a prairie chicken up to that time, could not identify them, but thought them entirely different from anything he had ever shot. He now thinks they were the pinnated grouse since I have shown so much interest in the matter, and have shown him a specimen of the western bird to examine.

It would certainly be very interesting to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to hear from some one who can give a better account of these birds on Martha's Vineyard, and state if they are from the old stock, or come from western planting. I had almost forgotten to mention that the "hethens" my friend told me he saw were in Tisbury, a county of Martha's Vineyard.

HOMO.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION'S WORK.

THE Michigan State Sportsmen's Association has evidently been doing a good work in its efforts to put a stop to the wanton destruction of game. A year ago its officers sent out a circular letter to all the prominent sportsmen of the State, asking for pecuniary assistance in the enforcement of the dead-letter laws for the protection of game and fish. There was a pretty general response to the request, and officers were employed to arrest and prosecute offenders. Michigan, however, is quite a large tract of land for a few men to patrol, but while it is certain that a vast amount of out-of-season slaughtering has been done, yet the protective officers succeeded in enforcing that section of the law that prohibits the transportation or sale of game out of season, and, with his market closed, the pot-hunter found neither pleasure nor profit in killing, and laid away his old muzzle-loader until he could legally use it.

One thing is certain: Whereas quail, woodcock and grouse used to be common in our restaurants late in the spring, and long before the open season, nothing of the kind has been observable the past season. Pot-hunting for profit, at least, has been stopped. The result is an increase of feathered game throughout this region. I have been out a few times, and find at least two quail where there was but one two years ago. Grouse and woodcock are more numerous, but have not increased so rapidly.

The result of the better enforcement of our game laws, is a well-stocked market, which, by the way, is already sending forward its luxuries to those of the East, especially quail and ducks. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Michigan never runs short of ducks. They are plenty this fall, and in excellent condition. The market is overstocked.

The annual influx of hunters and hounds has not yet commenced, and the bucks and does are yet browsing contentedly in the deep forests of both peninsulas. The frosts of autumn have but barely reached us, and the deer-stalkers and watchers by the run-ways can believe that November has come and that the antlered game is listening for the baying of the hounds.

I should make one exception. Ed Gillman, of this city, and a party of four Ohio friends were on the happy hunting grounds at sunrise on the 1st inst., and have since been sending down from ten to sixteen fine deer per day.

DETROIT, November 11.

TEXAS GAME NOTES.

QUAIL are found here in great quantities, three varieties being found—viz., massena, blue or scaled and Bob White. The massena afford excellent sport, lying well to the dog, having short flight. The blue species offer but poor sport, as they will not lay to a dog, long flights, and are running, one might say, the instant they alight. Bob White gives one the same sport as in the other States.

Turkey have commenced to come into the river bottoms in large flocks.

Deer are to be found on the table lands adjacent to the Pecos and Rio Grande.

Bear are numerous in the canyons, as well as panther and other varmints.

Just across the Rio Grande, the "land of God and liberty," is abundantly supplied with all kinds of game found in this region. It is not altogether safe, however, to venture on that sacred soil with a full hunting equipment without a passport, as there is a possibility of your outfit being captured by the Mexican river guards and confiscated. This happened to a friend not many days ago.

Northeast of this point about twenty miles one can reach Devil's River and have excellent black bass fishing, especially between Pecan Springs and the old military post of Camp Hudson

This is an exceedingly healthy country, at an elevation of sixteen hundred to two thousand feet above tide water, the atmosphere is light and healthful. It is now accessible by rail from El Paso and San Antonio. I have been invited up the Pecos to participate in a panther hunt.

G. W. P.

MOUTH OF PECOS, TEXAS, November, 1882.

A BOY'S PISTOL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The West Chester (Pa.) *Record* tells this pretty story: Week before last, Titus Darlington, carpenter, in tearing down a portion of the farm house of Taylor Hoopes, of West Goshen township, Chester county, in order to enlarge the building, came across a large-sized horse pistol that had been lost for fifty years. In 1832 Taylor Hoopes and his brother Lewis, the latter now deceased, purchased this pistol from a gunsmith in West Chester, named Emanuel Gosher, for $2.50—cheap enough, considering the size and quality of the weapon. Benjamin Hoopes, the father of the boys, who were then about sixteen years of age, did not approve of the lads having so dangerous a plaything—Mr. Hoopes was a wise man—so the boys concluded to keep "Old Diamer," as they named their miniature cannon, as much out of parental eyesight as possible, and they hid it away in the loft of the house over the collar beams between partition and wall. To have it convenient for use, they made a little wagon, in which they placed "Old Diamer," a powder-horn, and a small bag of shot. To the wagon they attached a string, and thus they lowered and pulled up the artillery wagon, gun and ammunition when they wished to use them, or hurry them out of sight of the "old man." But one day the rope broke—whether the old gentleman was "hunting the boys too close" we cannot say—and down to the bottom of the partition went wagon, pistol and all, with a crash that sent sadness to the very bottom of the hearts of Taylor and Lewis. After fishing for hours day in and day out with a pole and a hook, with the hope of catching the wagon and drawing it up, they abandoned the task and gave up their treasures as lost. When the carpenters tore down the building, Taylor Hoopes, who is now on the shady side of life, stood by, thinking of "Old Diamer." Board after board was taken down, and the little ammunition wagon at last came in sight, and in it lay "Old Diamer," the powder and shot, all in the same good condition, with the exception of a little rust on the pistol, as they were the day they so suddenly went from the sight of the boys half a century ago. Mr. Hoopes rubbed the pistol with a little oil, loaded it with the old powder, and, in honor of the occasion, shot it off with a report that made the Goshen hills echo.

GAME ABOUT NEWARK.—The Newark, N. J., *Call*, of Nov. 13 reports: The suburbs of Newark and Elizabeth present a large area of good cover for rabbits, and an occasional bevy of quails finds undisturbed existence in the thick undergrowth during the summer, because their presence is scarcely suspected so near civilization. Such a bunch of birds was found by some rabbit hunters at North Elizabeth on Tuesday, and nine quails fell to their guns. They also got nine rabbits between Frelinghuysen avenue and the edge of the meadows, near Brinton Range, and heard from the natives in the neighborhood that all the rabbits had been cleaned out on the first. Another little bunch of quails were exterminated in East Newark, near the Harrison Nursery, eight in all being killed by two Newarkers, who also got three rabbits. The rabbits were more thoroughly hunted on Tuesday than on the opening day, owing to the damp leaves and ground holding the scent better and enabling the dogs to follow the trail unerringly. A party of four Newark gentlemen visited the Warwick Woodlands early last week, and in two days' tramp through that historic country gathered eighteen grouse, twenty-one quails, twelve woodcock, and a number of rabbits, which they scarcely considered worth counting or carrying. Three other Newarkers went to Roselle on Thursday, and in the limits of that pretty little town killed eight rabbits and several woodcock. The shooting in the beautiful valley below Greenwood Lake has been excellent this fall, and large numbers of quails have fallen, many of them to the guns of sportsmen from this city. They reach this region by rail to Hewitt, and walk over the hills to West Milford. The tramp across country is through splendid grouse cover, and the birds have been found quite numerous this fall. The best of woodcock haunts are encountered in the swales, and frequent patches of buckwheat stubble are met with, each of which is apt to harbor a bevy of quails.

SUCCESSFUL DECOYING.—A correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press*, writing from western Minnesota, says: "Wild geese do not, as a rule, hatch their young here, most of them going further north. They come in large numbers about the 1st of October and remain until the approach of winter. They are very wary, usually keeping on the wing during the day and only descending into the ponds to feed at night. Occasionally they will alight on the stubble of a wheat field in large numbers, but the hunter can rest assured that his approach will be signaled by an old gander long before he is within gunshot of them. I saw one farmer-sportsman who has a sure thing on geese. A year ago last spring he found a wild goose nest on top of a muskrat house, and secured six eggs. These he placed under a hen for incubation. Biddy did her work so well that six goslings were netted from the enterprise, but one of them subsequently came to an untimely end by being stepped on by the farmer, for they are considerably tamer than a house cat, and have to be kicked before they will get out of the way. The remaining five, besides being regularly plucked of a portion of their feathers for feather-bed use, and doing other farm-yard duty, are used for decoys. Their owner has a birch-bark canoe that he procured from Sault Ste. Marie, and, proceeding at nightfall to a large pond near his house, he anchors his geese with a string and an old plow-point, pulls his canoe into the rushes, and is ready for business. His decoys, unused to such treatment, 'honk' lustily, and call down the passing flocks. Soon they are thick upon the water, and a single discharge of his breech-loader secures as many as he desires, for to his credit as a sportsman be it said, he never kills more than he can use upon his table. Cranes, too, are very plentiful, and the young ones are highly prized for table use. The old ones are very tough, and the natives tell of a woman who boiled one for three days, and then threw it into the kennel to a hound. The hound died of starvation. Snipe are quite common, but no one shoots them. In a country where every wheat field is the feeding ground of scores of grouse, and where every slough and pond is the retreat of ducks and geese, snipe are small game.—W."

FLORIDA QUAIL AND DEER.—Lawley, Bradford County, Fla., Nov. 6.—Yesterday three of us started for Highland Station some four miles north. Object—business, quail hunting thrown in. For some reason quail and jack snipe were scarcer than usual, as we have before this, in going over the same ground, bagged between fifty and sixty quail and jack snipe, in February, besides a few woodcock. But we didn't seem to find the birds, although the dogs, Jacko and Bis, grandsons of old Bismark, worked well. The whole bag counted up for two guns was only fourteen quail, half a dozen jack snipe, some half a dozen larks, about as many doves, a hawk and a rabbit, also something else. As we were coming home about sundown Bis ran off from the wagon some twenty rods along a strip of palmettos and bushes; suddenly he dropped as if shot. Of course guns and men tumbled out and legs carried them up to where Bis was waiting to put up the quail, like any other good dog. Three quail we got. The balance of the birds were marked down farther on down the same run. Bis went through the shrub only a few rods wide; coming through from the other side he smelled something that did not wait to be put up. There was a rattle and crash of palmetto leaves and sticks and out jumped a deer, in too much of a hurry to stop and get acquainted, as it was getting late. But the Colonel sent a charge of shot after him. The deer ran some twenty rods, when, with a leap high in air, it stopped and the dog Jacko had it by the throat. How is that for No. 9 shot at thirty yards distance?—KNICK.

MARYLAND.—Hagerstown, Nov. 7.—The quail, usually so plentiful here during the season, have for some unaccountable reason become remarkably scarce this fall, and the few birds shot in our immediate vicinity have been noted for their small size, some of them, even so late as Oct. 19, being but scarcely half grown, thus evidently showing a second or, perhaps, a third brood. Indeed, one gentleman informed me on the 16th that on that date he discovered a nest containing thirteen eggs and flushed the old bird off the nest. Rabbits are very plentiful and a great many are shot. Some of the roughs of the town go out on Sundays, a mile or two, with worthless curs, and armed with clubs and stones, secure a great many, virtually, as the Irishman says, "shooting them with clubs." In the mountains north and west of us wild turkeys and pheasants are abundant. Wild pigeons are also plentiful in the mountains, one party alone bringing thirty-six to town in one day. Opossums and 'coons are also being caught all around us. Last week a party of three of our sportsmen went on a ducking expedition to Big Pool, a point on the Potomac about fifteen miles from here, and report ducks as being very plentiful. Had a fine half day's sport and succeeded in getting twenty-six ducks, including black mallard, wood duck and redheads. Others report good bags in the way of ducking. Occasionally we hear of a fox or two being shot, and only this morning had one brought to me that was shot about four miles from town.—NATAX.

COMMENT UNNECESSARY.—Columbus, O., Nov. 11.—Messrs. George Marshall, Frank Tarbox, Elton Archer and W. W. Olliff, of Cedarville, passed through this city yesterday, returning from a four weeks' hunt at Ogamaw, Michigan. They succeeded in getting fifteen deer, two bears and some small game. They told how Marion Groves, a young man from Pennsylvania, who visited their camp and intended to remain a few days to hunt, was shot through the heart one night and instantly killed. They were all out hunting bears, when they came upon a large dark object near a swamp, which they supposed to be a bear. They fired at the supposed brute, but they were startled and shocked to find they had killed their fellow hunter. His body was carried to camp, and afterward sent to his sorrowing friends. This sad event threw a damper upon their sport, and they returned home as narrated above.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 4, 1882.—Ducks and geese have been slow about coming down this fall. Indeed, so few have, so far, come this way that many have thought it probable they have given this section the "go by" in their flight southward. Very few big bags have been made. Hathaway and Baum were out one day and got fifty-two, all teal. The next day Webster and I were out, staying all night in the country, and after hard tramping got eleven mallards and forty-five teal. Both geese and ducks are fat and sweet as a nut this fall. I have heard of no one who has eaten one with a fishy taste. Last year hardly any of them which came this way were palatable.—B. H. P.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Notwithstanding the continued warm dry weather the sportsmen around Nashville are out almost every day and night, trying to find game. Birds are abundant, but the weeds are so rank, and the fields being, as yet, cumbered with cornstalks, very few have been bagged. Squirrels are plentiful, though to tramp after them all day with the mercury at seventy degrees is more like work than sport. The consequence is that fox and 'possums are the most hunted. The hounds can be heard running every night, and those who have done up the 'possum business report the fun as immense. Clarke Pritchett and a few friends were out this week, and caught one 'coon and two 'possums. The latter were as fat as butter, though by many not considered healthy food, as we have had no killing frost. Bill Hobbs, who is the boss hunter of the *Didelphys virginiana* in this section, captured five on last Saturday night. To-morrow night a grand hunt will take place in which at least twenty couples of dogs will participate. As 'possum-hunting is a funny sport, there will be plenty of incidents to laugh at. I am invited to be a slow mover in the chase, and have partially accepted, which means that I will let the FOREST AND STREAM know what transpired during the eventful hunt.—J. D. H.

"DIDYMUS" COULD NOT FIND THEM.—Nov. 10.—Shooting on Long Island is like hanging in New York—it is nearly "played out." A few days ago I went to the lower end of the Island where quail, a few years ago, were quite "numerous," but after ransacking the region round about for half a day we flushed the meagre remains of a covey only, and I left in disgust and went to a place near Smithtown, where I was told that quail were as thick as when they swooped down on the Israelites in Egypt, but after hunting the country over for nearly two days we flushed only about half a dozen scattered birds, and gave it up. Our ground was formerly one of the best for partridges that I ever hunted over, but I only got three shots, after a very long ramble, two of which I dropped as dead as a salt-herring; but the third was an unadulterated miss. They are so thinned out that even if not another one was killed there would scarcely be enough to raise another family. If sportsmen could only be induced to keep their guns in the cases this season, there might be some show of birds next fall, but of course they will not, and the only way to recruit their ranks will be to pass another restricting law for two or three years.—DIDYMUS.

CONNECTICUT.—New Haven, Nov. 9.—Game prospects in this State, at least in the western part, are very flattering. There are, back from the shore, a good many quail and ruffed grouse which, when the weather becomes colder, will afford fine sport. At present, however, the leaves are still hanging to the trees, and the weather is so warm that tramping over the hills is very hard work. Along the line of the New York & New Haven Railroad the shooting is poor, for the grouse and quail have been all killed off, whether by the myriads of shooters or from some other cause I cannot say, but in the eastern part of the State there are said to be more birds. We had a flight of woodcock last week, but they were not abundant, and small bags were the order of the day. Probably the next severe frost will move the birds on, and then we may have a day or two of good shooting. A very curious fact in regard to quail and ruffed grouse in the Eastern part of this State is the way in which they have decreased along the shore and increased in the interior. I have heard no satisfactory explanation of this fact, but it is ackowledged by most old gunners.—B.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Belvidere, Perquimans Co., Nov. 6.—Quail are seemingly plentiful and full grown; have not seen any "late coveys" this fall. Have been out once only (last Friday afternoon); had a young dog in training, but managed to get ten out of eleven single shots—"Seen in my eye," the eleventh. Expect rare sport this winter, after the birds resort more to stubble; they are now in cover, after scattering peas. Squirrels scarce; some deer and bear.—A. F. R.

DOG-SKIN LEATHER JACKETS are imported by G. W. Simmons & Son, Oak Hall, Boston, who have created a large trade in this class of goods. Read the advertisement in another column and note what they say about prices. Oak Hall can never be approached by competition. When you are ready for your shooting trip send to Oak Hall, Boston.—*Adv.*

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

WE had sat around the fire for some time and the boys were speaking of fish—of very large fish—when George finally said: "Well now, boys, I don't want you to think I'm lying, and I never did believe in telling big yarns, but your speaking of the big pike reminds me of a catfish they caught up near Des Moines last year. You see the river had got very low and this big yellow head climbed out at a low place in the bank and was chasing a two-year-old around the field when they saw him, and as the farmers were afraid of losing their stock they clubbed together and killed him." After an awe-struck silence of some time L. ventured to remark in a low tone: "How big was he, George?" "Well, by the great whale, I'd like to know if you suppose any small fish could tackle a two-year-old steer?"

The subject was changed to snakes, and along about eleven o'clock the stories grew pretty large. Sam had been sitting in silence, his feet propped up, his hat pulled down over his eyes, meditatively pulling away at his pipe. At length he said, without raising his eyes or taking his pipe from his mouth: "Gentlemen, I seem to be the only man here who has had no experience with large snakes. I never killed a large snake in my life. But," said he, mournfully, "I did see something strange one day out in Iowa. We were riding along through the timber on the Boone bottoms, in a big lumber wagon; we had broken our wagon-tongue and put in a green stick in replacing it. Just as we got pretty near through the woods a yellow rattler came gliding through the grass and struck at one of the horses, but missed him and struck the wagon-tongue. We killed the snake and drove on, thinking nothing more of it; but if you will believe me, gentlemen, in less than twenty minutes that wagon-tongue began to swell and in a short time was covered with dark spots. But that was not the worst of it. The swelling spread from the tongue to the running gear, and in a little while the axles were so badly swollen that we had to take off the wheels and apply elm-bark poultices to reduce the swelling."

Not a word was said. Each man took his hat and in silence left the fireside. When we returned Sam was sitting in the same position calmly smoking away. E. HOUGH.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 29.*

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, 2 species.
Warmouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys nigromaculatus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
Black perch, *Morone americana.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Drum, *Fogonias chromis.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 29.

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

I.

Dear solitary groves, where peace does dwell!
How willingly could I forever stay
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
Listening to the harmony of warbling birds,
Tuned with the gentle murmur of the streams.
—*Rochester.*

I HAVE often had to assure my critical and incredulous friends that it is by no means all of fishing to fish. The appreciative angler, who has inherited or acquired the true spirit of the art is not alone happy while plying his vocation, but happy also in the recollection of what has been, and in the anticipation of what is to be. To him memory and hope are equally satisfying—the one luminous with the mellow sunshine of the recent past, and the other all aglow with the assured good cheer of the near future.

Nor is the pleasure derived from a review of the incidents of the last outing wholly or chiefly associated with its material results. "Casting" and "striking" and "killing" belong to the mere mechanism of the art. Its real fascination lies in what one sees and feels: in mountain and valley; in river and lake; in sunshine and shadow; in the exhilarating atmosphere and delectable odors of the virgin forest; in the music of singing birds and in the soothing monotone of running waters; in the hush of the night watches, and in the quiet and repose best found in the "solitary places" where anglers "most do congregate."

It strikes me like the sound of a trumpet to remember my fights with three-pound trout, five-pound bass or thirty-pound salmon, but I find intenser ecstacy when I recall the circumstances and surroundings of these material experiences, the transparent brook, whose ripples were rendered dazzling as molten silver by the sunshine glints which fell upon them through the ever-waving branches of the pine, or birch, or hemlock which over-arched it like a benediction; the pellucid waters of river or lake, whose unruffled surface trembled as fly and leader touched its placid bosom; the deep pool, cast into deeper shadow by the giant boulders near which the lordly salmon rests on his upward journey, and the thousand other "things of beauty" which fill the eye and ravish the senses while watching and waiting, and casting for a "rise."

These are the pictures most distinctly photographed upon the memory of the appreciative angler, and which come up most vividly before him when he looks back upon what has been.

Many pleasures leave a sting behind them. Not so this fascinating pastime. It is as harmless as it is invigorating, and as healthful as it is harmless. There are many things for which I am grateful, but for few things more than for my passion for angling and the reasonable leisure always vouchsafed me to gratify it.

I say "reasonable leisure," because the most of what time I have given to angling has been abstracted from the grinding pressure of a busy life. And the fact has, I am sure, intensified my love for the pastime. As the dawn is most gladly welcomed by the weary watcher who is waiting for the morning, so a holiday brings most pleasure to those who have earned it by hard work or patient service. The "cumberer of the ground," whose only employment is to "kill time" and battle with *ennui*, has no holiday. He can no more appreciate the luxury of "a rest" than can the surfeited gourmand the luxury of an appetite. But with the busy man, held to the tread-mill of active life through eleven of the twelve months of the calendar year, it is not so. His holiday is to him what the open door is to the caged bird, the opportunity coveted by the Psalmist, to "fly away and be at rest," to "wander far off, and remain in the wilderness," (Psalm 55, 6-7). Because most of my holidays have been thus wrenched from the ever whirling wheel of time, they have brought to me more joy than "when oil and wine increaseth." And as my love of angling has grown with my years, so every recurring holiday has been more impatiently longed for and enjoyed. If all my days had been days of idleness, bringing with them neither conscious responsibility nor the pressure of duty, I might have lived as unprofitably and passed through life as wearily as the *ennuied* pet of fortune, whose indolence and incapacity are the only products of his inherited wealth, and, worst of all, I might never have known the delights of that man who finds pleasure in the silent woods and loves to go a-fishing.

In my immediate vicinage there are not a few beside myself who are fond of the angle—quiet men of gentle habit—simple, wise men, as unostentatious as they are merry-hearted, and who carry about with them a clear conscience, a contented mind and the elements of perpetual youth. It is their custom to often "forgather" while waiting for the return of "the time of the singing of the birds," when it will be right to go a-fishing. Among them are men of divers profession—philosophers and educators, merchants and politicians, but not one among them all who would engage in any service, however remunerative or honorable, that would debar him from his annual outing, with rod and reel, for trout or salmon. These meetings are only less delightful than the fascinating pastime which constitutes the exhaustless theme of conversation. Every phase of the art is discussed, but the experiences of each individual during the just closed season is always first in order. Some of these experiences will enter into these familiar "Winter Talks on Summer Pastimes."

G. D.

STRIPED BASS CLUBS.

ON the Atlantic coast the fish known as "striped bass" about New York and eastward, or "rockfish" along the coast of New Jersey and southward, is considered the king of game fishes by its votaries, who do not even except the salmon when claiming royalty for their favorite. The females of this species, *Roccus lineatus*, are said to grow to the weight of one hundred pounds, and specimens of seventy pounds are often seen in the market. We have been unable to learn the extreme weight attained by a male fish, but incline to believe that they never exceed twenty-five pounds. The striped-bass are taken all along the coast, but the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard is the favorite ground. A famous bass-fisher went down on the coast of North Carolina to shoot ducks, and asked about the fishing. "Nothing here but rock and taylor, and only the niggers fish for them," he was told; and not until he left there did he learn that those names were applied to his favorite striped bass and bluefish, which he would rather have fished for than to have shot all the ducks in the country.

Many of the most prominent citizens of New York and other cities are members of the large bass clubs which own property and fish from it in the waters named. The New York *Herald* recently gave an account of them, from which we condense the following:

WEST ISLAND CLUB.

The island from which this famous bassing club takes its name is part of Seconic Point, Newport, R. I., and for twenty years past has enjoyed the reputation of being the headquarters of one of the most conservative sporting organizations in the country. In size the island covers about five acres, but the club also owns East Island, one of the West Island clump, whose fertility adapts it for garden purposes. The club, which is restricted to a membership of thirty gentlemen, is composed of many of our most prominent citizens, among whom are Mr. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., Mr. John O'Brien, Mr. Philo T. Ruggles, the prince of bass fishermen; Mr. William Sellers, of Philadelphia, and of Brooklyn Bridge fame; Mr. Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, Mr. George Peabody Wetmore, Drs. S. Weir Mitchell and William Pepper, of Philadelphia; Mr. Charles J. Osborn, Mr. H. W. Gray, Mr. F. C. Latrobe, of Baltimore, and others of the same standing. The officers are: President, Mr. Charles E. Strong; Treasurer and Secretary, Mr. William R. Foster, Jr.; the executive committee being composed of Messrs. John Whipple, Fred. D. Tappen, Samuel W. Milbank and the president, treasurer and secretary *ex officio*. The par stock value is $1,000 per share, but for years they have commanded a large premium.

This year the fishing has been unprecedentedly poor, for although the season opens on the 15th of June and usually runs at even course until the middle of October, it was not until July 5 that a fish was taken, and no large fish were hooked until August 8, when a seventeen-pound bass was gaffed. The sport then alternated from good to bad. On September 16 a thirty-two pound fish, which turned out to be a "high hook" of the season was captured, and on the 19th the next largest bass, a twenty-nine pounder, in company with several fish of half its weight, was duly recorded. Summing up the season's work the score shows that 293 fish were landed, whose aggregate weight amounted to about 981 pounds. Compared with the showing of the last three years a marked falling off is found.

At West Island there are in all some ten or twelve railed stands, to which the enthusiastic fishermen resort as early in the morning as possible, first having despatched their baiters to "chum" the fish up. The most noted stands are High Rock, the Gully and Horseshoe; they are protected by iron railings, to which the fishermen cling for their lives when a heavy sea is breaking. It is a remarkably interesting sight to see the fishermen, clad in their oiled canvas jackets, making their casts, and after striking the fish concentrating all their skill and strength to bring it to the gaff, while all the time the waves that dash themselves on the rocks at their feet completely envelope them in spray. It is no child's play to handle a large sized bass successfully. It requires both tact and endurance added to an unusually large slice of patience. The fish must be watched as a cat does a mouse; every rush has to be met with quickness, and each attempt to check and turn with a steady wrist. Sometimes the battle between the angler and the fish lasts many minutes, and it is not until the gaffer lifts the dripping beauty on to its bed of seaweed that the victory for the sportsman is won. Angling, like every other true sport, is made up of vague uncertainties, and oftentimes after a long and persistent struggle the fish goes bolting off to join its brethren in freedom, with a farewell flourish of its tail to the tired and crestfallen fisherman on the shore.

In addition to the striped bass in the waters about West Island there are quantities of bluefish, ranging from four to fifteen pounds in weight, which when hooked by good anglers are allowed to cut the hook off sooner than disturb the bass with any attempt to land them. There are also blackfish and occasionally a sea bass.

Owing to the non-appearance of menhaden in Narragansett Bay this year all the bait had to be procured of Eugene G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, who twice a week shipped several barrels of menhaden to the club.

CUTTYHUNK ISLAND.

Cuttyhunk Island is the most westerly of the Elizabeth Islands, with Buzzard's Bay on the north and Martha's Vineyard Sound on the southeast, being fourteen miles from New Bedford, Mass. The island is very fertile, producing corn, oats, rye, hay and all vegetables, besides having fine pasture for cattle and sheep. The club opens annually about the 10th of June and closes about the 10th to the 15th of October. The bass fishing for the last year or two has not been good, the scarcity of the fish being accounted for by disappearance of the menhaden, which is their natural food. On this important subject a member of the club gives the following information. He says: "Some years ago the waters around here were alive with menhaden, but for the last two years we have been unable to obtain them for bait. The 'menhaden steamers,' as they are called, have not left a trace of these fish, and if they are permitted to continue their piratical forays will destroy all the food for food fishes. Pounds, seines, traps, gill and drag nets—in fact, all the devices and inventions of man—are resorted to to capture fish of all kinds, which is very vexatious and annoying to the true sportsman."

Along the seashore at regular intervals, almost in front of the club house, the stands for the bass fishermen project out into the water some 100 to 150 feet. All these places have become famous for sport since the club was inaugurated, in 1870. Bass Rock, a huge round bowlder, is also regarded as one of the best stands on the island. Unlike Pasque Island, Cuttyhunk Club is a stag organization, and fifty is the limit ation of its membership. Its capital of $30,000 is divided up into shares of $100, and the general direction and supervision of the affairs of the club are in the hands of the president, subject to such regulations as the board of directors may from time to time make. Among the members are Messrs. Andrew Dougherty, George N Osgood, George C. Chapin, William McGrorty, William A. Woodhull, William R. Renwick, James Renwick, Thomas Patten, T. J. Havemeyer and William Spence. The officers are: President, Mr. W. R. Renwick; Treasurer, Mr. W. A. Woodhull; and Secretary, Mr. Thomas Patten. This year the island of Cuttyhunk was bought by the club. From the following table, which gives the list of bass taken yearly from 1870 to October 6 of this year, inclusive, it will be seen that there has been a great reduction in the catch of this season and last compared with former years:

RECORD OF BASS TAKEN AT CUTTYHUNK CLUB SINCE ORGANIZATION.

Year.	Number of Bass.	Weight in Pounds.	Largest Bass.
1870	615	4,407¾	47
1871	801	6,312	42
1872	581	4,620½	39
1873	592	3,968	37
1874	500	4,144¾	55
1875	724	6,029⅛	50¼
1876	835	5,862½	51
1877	321	3,311¾	51½
1878	648	5,144¾	51
1879	90	1,134¾	49
1880	403	3,619½	50¼
1881	181	1,781½	44
1882	180	1,795	64

PASQUE ISLAND.

Pasque Island is the third in succession of the Elizabeth group, which he between Buzzard's Bay and Martha's Vineyard Sound, off the coast of Massachusetts. It is nearly square, being about a mile and a half long by a mile and a quarter broad. It indicates clearly and in a most interesting degree its glacial origin, being, in fact, a mass of "moraline" deposits, and its shores filled with huge traveled bowlders of granite, gneiss and conglomerate, varying from one of at least one hundred tons in weight downward. As these proceed down from the shores past ages have covered them with huge rock weed and other submarine grasses, which form a refuge for all the crustacea, eels, etc., which form the tidbits for the bass.

During the summer the waters about the island are usually alive with minute fry of the menhaden, spearing, herring and bluefish, and the natural result is an abundance of all kinds of bottom fish, bluefish and should be of bass. But for some reason not positively known this latter—king of game fish of the sea—has become certainly much scarcer than ever before. It is supposed by the gentlemen of the club that the steamer warfare on the menhaden has been a very positive and active agent in producing this result. Certainly they have succeeded in driving the menhaden from our waters, and simultaneously with their diminution and emigration the bass have also ceased to be plentiful.

The usual season for bass angling on Pasque Island is from June 15-25 to October 1-15, and the catch in good seasons has reached from four to five thousand pounds of bass, which is the only fish a record is kept of. At all times any quantity of bluefish, scaup or porgies, blackfish, seabass, sole or flounders and other sea fishes can be taken.

The club house is a comfortable collection of buildings, and the organization is unique in one respect, all of the members having the privilege of taking their families, and the result is a degree of refinement and delightful association peculiar to it. The "highest hook" since the present organization went into effect still rests with Mr. A. B. Dunlap, who took a sixty-two pound bass in September, 1869. Since then the nearest approach was a sixty and a half pound fish caught by Mr. F. O. Herring in July, 1878. This year, so far, a fish weighing fifty-four pounds is the highest, and unless still exceeded will give the annual prize for the largest fish taken during each season to Mr. C. P. Casielly, of this city.

The club at this time numbers forty-two members, two having died within the year. It embraces in its list many of our first citizens, such as Mr. Solon Humphreys, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, Mr. J. Crosby Brown, Mr. J. L. Vallotton, Mr. A. Foster Higgins, Mr. Frederick Sturges, Mr. Frederick Chauncey, Mr. M. D. Carrington (of Toledo), Mr. H. E. Pellew, Mr. George A. Robbins, Mr. J. F. Scott, Mr. W. H. Phillips and others of similar class and standing. The officers are: Mr. J. L. Vallotton, President; Mr. A. F. Higgins, Treasurer, and Mr. J. D. Barrett, Secretary.

SQUIBNOCKET CLUB.

The house of this well-known bassing club is situated on the southwest point of Martha's Vineyard, and is excelled by none for comfort and good living. The membership is limited to ten gentlemen, each of whom has his own room fitted up according to his taste. For this year the following is the list of officers and members: President, Mr. Chas. H. Murray; Vice-President, Mr. James L. Flint; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John M. Armory; with Messrs. Charles H. Smith, H. C. Ward, R. G. Dun, T. M. Davis, Elihu Root, S. M. Blatchford and W. Murray. The fishing here this season was a great improvement over last year's. As on the other islands the casting is done exclusively from stands, which consist of small railed platforms connected with the beach with a broad walk, all the planking being supported by iron rods of three inches in diameter, which are firmly embedded in holes drilled in the rocks. The platforms are located from shore at distances varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and this season eleven different ones were strung along the two miles of beach leased by the club in localities adapted to all kinds of winds and weather. In connection with the small catch made during the past few years, Mr. S. M. Blatchford said to a *Herald* reporter:

"I feel confident that the menhaden steamers are ruining the fishing. Before they began to cruise up and down our coast enormous schools of menhaden were in the habit of passing between Squibnocket Point and No Man's Land, an island to the southward about five miles away. Now we may watch from morning to night and never see a school. However, the average weight of the fish we have taken during the past few years compares very favorably with that of other clubs, the average of each fish being about ten pounds in weight. This season we used small lobsters, it being impossible to secure menhaden bait. When I went down in June I took five barrels from this city, but the weather being warm most of the fish spoiled. The lobsters, however, answer admirably, and as we have never chummed at Squibnocket we do not miss the menhaden bait as much as the other clubs do." At Squibnocket President Arthur often casts his line, and among the residents there he has the reputation of being an accomplished and skilful angler. The bassing season on these grounds runs from May to the end of October, and the big fish are generally taken early and late.

The official record of the bass taken from June 13 up to October 4 shows that the catch amounted to 1,125 pounds, Mr. W. Murray and Mr. William Mayhew each taking one fish weighing 33 pounds, these being the largest hooks of the season, while Mr. E. Root, on September 22, made the following catch of seven fish: One 14 pounds, one 11 pounds, one 5, one 12, one 33, one 20 and one 8. Total, 92 pounds.

FISHING IN A FOG.—The author of "Life in Normandy" (a rare book now unfortunately) shows how a fog may be a great boon to anglers. He was fishing one day in the river Colum with the May-fly when a thick fog came on after a bright morning, with the fish rising well. With the fog fled the fish and flies. He was about to give up in despair, when he saw an old fellow, whom he knew to be a desperate poacher, watching him. He gave him a drink, when the old fellow said, "I could give you a wrinkle that would make you stay by the river." A half-crown was promised. "The fish are feeding just as fast as ever below, and they don't require to rise to the surface. The May-fly be a coming out of their cases just now as before. When the sun is bright them creturs is up and away in a jiffey; but when the day is dark, one as does come out of his case either crawls up the reeds at the side, or if they does rise up the stream they gets on but slowly, and the fish nabs them afore they reach the surface, as I will soon show you." He thereupon proceeded to collect several flies, which were clustered round the stalks close to the edge of the water. He then arranged the line in this manner: First he took off the flies, and put on their place two small bait hooks, the one about a foot above the other. Then he took two large spit shot out of his own pocket and fastened them on the casting line, three feet above the upper hook. The hooks were baited by running them through the tails of a couple of the May-flies, and all was ready. He proceeded to the head of a weir where the stream was very deep, but there was a rush of water through two or three places where the sluice-boards were drawn. He cast the line across one of these small rapids, let it sink for a minute, and then drew it gently toward him through the rush. No sooner had the line reached the rush than there was a fish hooked. The author adds that he caught more fish by that method on that day than he ever caught before or since in the same river.

THE JURISDICTION OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.—By acts of the Legislatures of New York and Connecticut the waters of Long Island Sound are divided between the two States for the purpose of determining fishing rights and possible questions of jurisdiction. In the United States Court, in a suit brought against the Providence Steamboat Company by a survivor of the Narragansett steamer, a decision has been rendered, which, if sustained, will invalidate that part of the boundry agreement entered into between the two States relating to the division of the Sound. The judge decides that Long Island Sound is a part of the Atlantic Ocean, not a State water, and that its navigation is not governed by the provisions of the Federal act regulating inland waters. Should this decision be maintained neither New York nor Connecticut could exercise proprietary rights in the Sound fisheries.

"SPECKLED BEAUTY."—Elegantly gotten-up angler, coming to a trout pool where freckled boy is fishing with hoop-pole and cotton cord: "Ah! Here is the haunt of the speckled beauty!"

Freckled Boy: "Houp! Guess I'm 's hahnsome 's you be! Nose looks julluk ripe tomarter!"

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.—The Cumberland River is being thoroughly fished at present, from source to mouth, but not by pot-fishers or seiners. The genuine "Waltonians" have come to the front and driven those pests from the charming stream, and now angle the "gallant" jack and gamy bass with tackle as should be used.—J. D. H.

LUMP FISH are eaten by the Ogunquit, York county, Me., fishermen, who fry the fish.

Fisheulture.

GEORGIA FISHCULTURE.

THE following extracts from the report of J. T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia, show the fisheultural work done in that State for the years 1881–'82:

The following is the full text of the Act which contains all the general legislation on the subject of Fish and Fisheries in this State, though local Acts affecting particular streams and counties abound:

AN ACT *to encourage the propagation of Fish in the waters of the State of Georgia, and for the protection of the same.*

SECTION I. Be it enacted, That from and after the passage of this Act, the Commissioner of Agriculture, in addition to his present duties, shall have specially in charge the propagation of migratory fish in the waters of this State, and is hereby authorized to employ a Superintendent of Fisheries, who, under the directions of the Commissioner, shall have charge of the propagation of fish, under the provisions of this Act.

SEC. II. Be it further enacted, That the Commissioner of Agriculture shall proceed at once to secure the artificial propagation in the various rivers of this State of the principal migratory food fish adapted to our waters and climate.

SEC. III. Be it further enacted, That the sum of five hundred dollars is hereby appropriated for the payment of all necessary employes, and for other necessary expenses for carrying out the provisions of this Act, which sum shall be paid out of the annual appropriation heretofore made, under an Act, approved February 28, 1874, for the Department of Agriculture, as a part of the expense of said Department; Provided, nothing contained in this section shall be so construed as to constitute this appropriation as an additional appropriation to said Department; but the same is hereby declared to be a part of said appropriation, and this section is to be so construed as to direct the application of said five hundred dollars of said appropriation to the purpose of the bill.

SEC. IV. Be it further enacted, That from and after the passage of this Act there shall be a "closed time" in all the rivers of Georgia in which shad are caught, of forty-eight hours, commencing at sunrise on Saturday morning of each week, and ending at sunrise on Morning of the next week,

during which "closed time" no shad or other migratory fish shall be caught by nets, wires [weirs], pounds, or any other means whatever, neither shall such nets, wires [weirs], pounds or other apparatus be left set in said rivers during said "closed time." The meshes of nets or other apparatus for catching said fish shall not be less than five inches.

SEC. V. Be it further enacted, That no shad shall be taken by any means whatever, except between the first day of January and the twentieth day of April of each year, except for spawning purposes, to carry out the provisions of this act.

SEC. VI. Be it further enacted, That any person or persons violating the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and on conviction of the same shall be punished as is now provided in section 4,310 of the Code of Georgia, as last revised.

SEC. VII. Repealing clause.

Approved February 29, 1876.

The Act above given contemplated a character and scope of work altogether beyond the possibilities of the sum of only five hundred dollars, which was directed to be devoted to the purposes of the Act. My predecessor, Hon. Thomas P. Janes, in his first annual report, made after the passage of the Act, says:

"The Legislature, at its last session, passed an Act directing that $500 of the annual appropriation to this Department be used to the purpose of propagating fish in our streams. Immediately after the passage of the Act correspondence was opened with Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, and Mr. Seth Green, Superintendent of Fisheries for the State of New York, in regard to supplying some of our rivers; but it was found that the season was too far advanced to make even a beginning, so that the effort was abandoned until this fall. Correspondence was reopened last month, with a view to the artificial propagation of shad in several of our streams, but as yet no satisfactory arrangements have been made.

"My wish was to establish a hatching station in Georgia; and this Mr. Milner, the U. S. Deputy Commissioner, thinks would be the proper plan, but says '$500 is too small an amount to begin with.' He says: 'With the amount you have to use, I see nothing better than to move California salmon now, or shad next summer, from our stations to the rivers you wish to supply;' but says that $500 would only move 60,000 salmon to our streams. I have, therefore, decided to wait until spring, when the United States Commissioner proposes (if Congress makes the necessary appropriation) to hatch shad on the Potomac, and to charge only the cost of removing them, since I am convinced that the small sum at my command can be most profitably devoted to the introduction of the largest possible number of this fish into our streams. While I think the introduction of 60,000 salmon into our mountain streams, at a cost of $500, would eventually prove a good investment for our people, I have not deemed it proper to devote the whole appropriation to that purpose, especially since there is a prospect of accomplishing more good by the introduction of shad at the same cost. Mr. James W. Milner, Deputy U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, who has had large experience in artificial hatching, expresses the opinion that $2,500 is the least amount with which hatching stations could be established with a reasonable hope of success."

In the annual report which I had the honor to submit to you for the year 1880, in referring to the included report of Superintendent Cary, I took occasion to say:

"Your attention is respectfully invited to the foregoing report of Dr. H. H. Cary, Superintendent of Fisheries, and especially to that portion in which he shows the necessity for a reasonable appropriation to carry on this most important work. At no period in the history of this State has the people manifested so much interest in fisheulture. It is a question of vast economic importance to the people of the State, and one well worthy the consideration of the General Assembly. The present annual appropriation is utterly inadequate to accomplish results commensurate with the importance of the interests involved."

These extracts are given in order to show that attention has been repeatedly called to the insufficiency of the sum, not appropriated from the Treasury, but directed, by the Act quoted, to be expended of the annual appropriation for the support of this department. Notwithstanding the inadequacy of the means provided, the Superintendent, under my direction, has been as active and successful as could be reasonably expected of an official working without a salary and with such a small fund for expenses; and quite a number of shad and salmon fry have been released in our streams.

CARP.

Though the Act quoted does not make express allusion to, or provision for, the introduction and encouragement of the culture of other than migratory food-fish, a fairly liberal construction of its language will also include other fish that give promise of being of economical value to our citizens. In accordance with the spirit of the Act, therefore, I have directed the Superintendent to give attention to the introduction of the German carp as a pond fish promising of important results to domestic fisheulture. I beg to refer to his report, herewith submitted, for details of the work and other matter in this connection.

In concluding my remarks under this head it is proper to call your attention to the fact that, so far as I am informed or can ascertain, the provisions of the Act (which have been fully set forth) in regard to "closed time" as contained in sections IV. and V., have been utterly disregarded, not a single instance having come to my knowledge of conformity on the part of persons engaged in shad fishing. Nor have I learned of a single case in which the penal provisions of section VI. have been enforced or attempted. The law is a dead letter so far as these prohibitions and regulations are concerned, and the anomaly is presented of an Act of the Legislature requiring the inauguration of a system of artificial hatching of shad and other migratory fish for restocking our rivers—without an adequate appropriation for the purpose, and at the same time without adequate legislation for the protection of the fish from untimely and excessive use of the various means used to capture them. Our people living along the courses of our large streams, away from the coast, are deprived of their natural right to the benefit of the fish, that would run up the very headwaters of the streams, if they were not decimated before getting fifty miles from the ocean by the artful and complete and unlawful contrivances for capturing shad that are in use near the coast. Not only this, but citizens of distant States send their fishing vessels and tackle to our streams, and ship the "catch" to distant markets, so that our State and people derive no benefit whatever from them. It is like "taking the food out of our mouths." I beg to refer you to the following:

REPORT OF SUPERINTENDENT OF FISHERIES.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
OFFICE STATE BOARD OF FISHERIES,
LA GRANGE, GA., Oct. 10, 1882.

Hon. J. T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture:

I herewith submit my biennial report, embracing the time since my last report, dated Oct. 16, 1880.

While it is to be exceedingly regretted that the limited means at the disposal of the department has prevented the extension of the work to the extent desired, still it is a matter of congratulation that steady progress has been made in the work, and that fisheulture stands higher in public opinion than ever before in this State, and as a means of cheap and abundant food supply is rapidly gaining favor.

GERMAN CARP.—This new fish has more than sustained the reputation acquired up to my last report. Up to that time only about 700 had been introduced into the waters of Georgia, and most of these having been placed in ponds with inadequate drainage, but few opportunities had been afforded to test their growth. The few examinations made, however, showed a growth of about four pounds per year. The fish above named were the hatchings of 1879, the first hatchings east of the Rocky Mountains. The hatchings of the carp ponds at Washington for 1880, had enormously increased. Georgia, through the Department of Agriculture, received and distributed over 3,700, and the members of Congress received and distributed about as many more, making the entire distribution in the State for that year, over 7,400. Many of these fish were very small, not more than one or two inches long, and weighing a fraction of an ounce. A shipment was received from Washington in February, 1881; six of these were sent to a gentleman in Talbot county, and were released in his mill-pond; the last of September one was caught and weighed, and it was found that in seven months it had taken on a growth of five pounds. That this may not be an exceptional case, I will state that other cases of nearly equally rapid growth have been reported to me. Of the hatchings of the carp ponds at Washington of 1881, we failed to get the supply we expected, hence, a large number of applicants were disappointed. The Department of Agriculture received about 1,700, and probably the members of Congress even a larger number than this, which were distributed, as in the previous years, over the State, and so far as reports have been received they have, in every particular, sustained the high estimate placed upon them. It is hoped that a very large distribution will be made the present fall, as a letter from Col. McDonald, in charge of the distributions at Washington, states under date of the 5th instant: "I am directed by Prof. Baird to say to you that he can probably supply all applicants for carp from Georgia."

I have been very desirous of ascertaining the precise time of hatching of the carp eggs in our latitude, as numerous inquiries have been propounded to me on that subject. Dr. Rudolph Hessel, a German fisheulturist, and the Superintendent of the carp ponds at Washington, states in the report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Part 4, 1875—1876, that they hatch in from twelve to sixteen days. I was impressed that they would hatch much sooner here. Mr. Emanuel Heyser, of Madison, Ga., an enthusiastic fisheulturist, a careful observer and reliable gentleman, has given me the benefit of a careful experiment made during the present year, and as I regard this experiment as very important, I beg leave to detail it somewhat fully. On Friday, May 12, 1882, he had three scale carp taken from his pond with hook and line, two females and one male, weighing about three and a half pounds each. On Saturday, May 13, he placed them in the bed of a spring branch, running through the bottom of an old pond that had been dry for about four years, and was overgrown with grasses, rushes and weeds—except the little spring branch in the center. On the following Monday, the 15th, he had the breach in the dam of the old pond closed and the water gradually spread over the surface of the pond. On Wednesday following, May 17, Mr. Heyser noticed the carp were spawning in water and not over six inches deep, and the water was so clear he could readily observe every movement of the fish. On Thursday the 18th, and Friday the 19th, he gathered eggs from where he had seen the carp spawning, deposited on grass, weeds, etc.; some of these eggs were placed in a glass vase and some in a tin bucket, both filled with clear water. The vase he kept in his dwelling house, the bucket he placed on the branch of a tree in open air, six feet from the ground. These remained undisturbed until Tuesday morning, May 23, when he found that in both, in the bucket and vase, the eggs were hatching. On making this discovery he went immediately to the pond from which the eggs were taken and with a basin could dip up large numbers of tiny fish. That they were scale carp he was certain, as he kept watch of them for about a month, when they had attained a length of one and a half inches. As the young fish were hatched in from five to six days there can be no mistake, as there was no water where he gathered the eggs until less than a week before he saw the young fish, and it had just risen sufficiently deep to allow the fish to swim around in spawning. Mr. Heyser having no thermometer, had no means of ascertaining the temperature of the water at the time, but by reference to my register, I find the average temperature of the atmosphere in the shade was on the days named in the experiment 69, 1 degree, but as Madison is about one-half degree north of La Grange, the temperature might be a little lower, and this would approximately indicate the temperature of the water, so that we may assume with the temperature of the water at about 69 degrees, these eggs hatched in from five to six days.

The carp in this latitude usually commence spawning in April. I observed mine this year spawning on the 27th of March.

CALIFORNIA SALMON.—During the fall of last year an offer was received from Prof. Baird of a large quantity of eggs of the California salmon taken from the McCloud River. At first I declined to take them, as we had no means to establish a hatchery, but the South Carolina Commission kindly offered to hatch them gratuitously at the hatchery at Walhalla, in that State. This proposition was gladly accepted, and the result was we were enabled to plant 136,000 salmon fry in the head-waters of the Savannah River. This river was selected and the whole plant made there for several reasons, among which was the belief of its best adaptability of all our streams for fish, and another that all experience has proven that in restocking barren streams large plants are the most profitable, as the depredations are about the same on a small plant as on a large one. Like the shad, the salmon is an anadromous (migratory) fish, and passes up the river to the spawning grounds in the fall months. They have a fine flavor and take on a rapid growth, weighing often from 12 to 20lbs. Should the temperature of the water of our rivers prove suitable, they will be a valuable acquisition. They seem to be of easy propagation and, very recent letter from Mr. Livingstone Stone, in charge of the hatcheries on the Pacific slope, shows that notwithstanding the enormous numbers that are caught for canning and other purposes, they are increasing very rapidly. It, doubtless, will be prudent to wait the result of this planting in the Savannah before making other efforts in this direction.

SHAD.—As stated in my last report, through the aid of the U. S. Commission I was enabled to plant over 1,000,000 of shad fry in the waters of this State, dividing them between the Oconee, Ocmulgee and Chattahoochee rivers. These fish were planted in June, 1880, and should return to their spawning grounds next spring (1883). In the season of 1881 and 1882 more or less shad fry were released in the waters of this State by the U. S. Fish Commission. The fish of these plantings should return in three years, respectively, from each planting.

In all these streams there are obstacles to their return, in the obstructions presented by mill-dams. Fish-ways can be constructed over these dams without injury to the property of the mill proprietors. This subject should receive the careful attention of the Legislature. Our main effort should be for some time directed towards the artificial propagation of the shad, as in early time it was found the natural inhabitant of the waters of the State. And I wish to emphasize the fact that it is only by artificial propagation that barren waters can be restored.

But to secure these desirable results, we must do precisely what New York and other States have done—establish by law a proper "closed time" and have enacted the necessary protective laws.

BROOK TROUT.

The clear, cold streams in many of the upper counties of the State are well adapted to the propagation of the brook trout, and it is very desirable, as soon as our means will permit, to stock these streams. A few experiments have been made by private individuals in introducing the brook trout into these streams, from the opposite side of the Blue Ridge, with quite encouraging results.

It is important to impress upon the Legislature the necessity of a sufficient appropriation to establish hatcheries for the migratory and other food fishes, and to establish carp ponds of sufficient capacity, not only to stock every pond in the State, but to plant them in all the principal streams, as the carp will do remarkably well in our sluggish rivers.

An appropriation of one-third of a cent. *per capita* of the people of Georgia will enable us to make fish the cheapest food in the State, and will take them from the list of luxuries and place them in the reach of all.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. H. CARY, Superintendent.

THE MICHIGAN COMMISSION.—The Fish Commissioners of Michigan have appointed Mr. Oren M. Chase to be their superintendent in place of Mr. J. G. Portman. Mr. Chase is a fisheulturist of a dozen years' experience, and is a very competent man. He has been in the employ of the Michigan Commission for the past eight years, and was previously with the New York Commission. His address is Detroit.

ANENT THE ELECTION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be of interest to recall the fact mentioned on page 324 of your seventeenth volume, *in re* the dog as personal property, that the only Judge of the Court of Appeals who dissented from the conviction of a dog thief was Chas. J. Folger, late candidate for the Governorship of New York State.—CANIS MAJOR-(ITY.)

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. R. Stayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17.—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

N. A. K. C. DERBY ENTRIES.

THE following is a complete list of the entries for the National American Kennel Club Derby, to be run at Grand Junction, Tenn., upon the completion of the All-Aged Stakes, which commence Dec. 4. All were whelped in 1881.

1. KATE B. Dr. A. F. McKinney, Forest Hill, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 18 (Count Noble-Peep O'Day).

2. CARRIE J. Wm. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 18 (Count Noble-Peep O'Day).

3. CHICKASAW. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 18 (Count Noble-Peep O'Day).

4. BLAZE. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Liver and white English setter bitch, July 13 (Count Noble-Spark).

5. NELLIE BEY. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black and white English setter bitch, July 18 (Count Noble-Nellie).

6. COUNT DAD. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black and white English setter dog, July 18 (Count Noble-Nellie).

7. GATH. Crawford & Wallace, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 18 (Count Noble-Peep O'Day).

8. COUNTESS MAGNET. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Liver and white English setter bitch, July 13 (Count Noble-Spark).

9. QUEEN LAVERACK. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 16 (Tory-Meg Merriles).

10. MINNIE LEE. M. F. Rodgers, New Albany, Miss.—Black and white English setter bitch, Sept. 22 (Bismark-Nellie).

11. DASHING ECHO. C. Spahr, Ridgeville, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, 9 months (Elcho-Noreen).

12. ROYAL VICTOR. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.—Lemon belton English setter dog, April 15 (Racket-Kelp).

13. FAN CARLISLE. D. C. Plumb, Niagara, Canada.—Liver and white ticked English setter bitch, May 24 (Bill Carlisle-Nell Carlisle).

14. NELLIE E. W. A. Ellison, Ortoka, Tenn.—Blue belton English setter bitch, June 18 (Bruce-Lit).

15. PINK B. W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn.—Black and white English setter dog, May 13 (Gladstone-Countess Key).

16. PRINCE AL. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—White, with lemon ears, English setter dog, April 26 (Leicester-Dodge's Rose).

17. PRAIRIE WONDER R. B. Morgan, Canton, O.—Lemon and white English setter dog, April 2 (Prairie Joe-Prairie Queen).

18. PEGGY BELTON. Geo. P. Jones, Florence, Ala.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 6 (Belton-Bramble).

19. COUNTESS A. J. M. Arant, Hickory Valley, Tenn.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, Aug. 10 (Dashing Lion-Amada).

20. BESS A. J. M. Arant, Hickory Valley, Tenn.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, Aug. 10 (Dashing Lion-Amada).

21. CADDY. A. Branshaw, Dallas, Texas.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, Aug. 30 (Rake-Phyllis).

22. GLEAM. E. E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 9 (Dash III.-Countess II.).

23. SIOUX. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, July 12 (Dash III.-Rhoebe).

24. COUNTESS MAY II. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 12 (Drake-Countess May).

25. SYBIL. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, Sept. 7 (Rake-Roxie).

26. GREENWICH. L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Canada.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, July 5 (Paris-Dawn).

27. DANBURY NEWS. Herbert Inman, New York.—Red Irish setter dog (Rally-Abbey).

28. BIZORA. J. S. McIntosh, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Red Irish setter bitch, July 8 (Biz-Flora).

29. CLIPPER. Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Nov. 22 (Gladstone-Frost).

30. STANTON. Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter, Nov. 22 (Gladstone-Frost).

31. OLIVER'S DAN. J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind.—Black white and tan English setter dog, Aug. 6 (Rake-Bessie Lee).

32. KRAFT'S RAKE. J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind.—Black white and tan English setter dog, Aug. 6 (Rake-Bessie Lee).

33. COUNTESS MOLLIE. John D. Ladd, Martin, Tenn.—White and lemon English setter bitch, July 13 (Count Noble-Spark).

34. ELSA. E. E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 12 (Drake-Countess May.)

35. AMERICAN DAN. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 12 (Lincoln-Daisy Dean.)

36. COUNT TITCOMB. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.—Liver and white English setter dog, April 12 (Lincoln-Daisy Dean).

37. PRIDE OF FAIRLEW. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.—Liver and white English setter dog, April 13 (Lincoln-Daisy Dean).

38. DAISY LION. T. E. Gordon, Columbia, Tenn.—Liver and white English setter bitch, April 12 (Lincoln-Daisy-Dean).

39. OLD WALT. J. A. Titcomb, Columbia, Tenn.—Lemon and white English setter dog, April 12 (Lincoln-Daisy Dean).

40. CYNTHIA WALKER. Charles H. Raymond, New York.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, June (Guy Mannering-Whirlwind).

41. RIP VAN WINKLE. J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Liver and white English setter dog, July 13 (Count Noble-Spark).

42. POPE. J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Lemon and white English setter dog, July 13 (Count Noble-Spark).

43. STARTLE. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Blue belton English setter dog, July 12 (Leicester-Crook).

44. CHESTER. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, July 12 (Leicester-Crook).

45. FLINT. A. S. Bishop, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Blue belton English setter bitch, August 9 (Thunder-Minerva).

46. REDDY. Samuel Scranton, Providence, R. I.—Liver and white English setter dog, June 27 (Old-Meg).

47. GARNET. Thomas Stodd, Catasauqua, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, April 5 (Elcho II.-Dell).

48. NANNIE. Thomas Stodd, Catasauqua, Pa.—Red Irish setter bitch, April 5 (Elcho II.-Dell).

49. MAY STAR. J. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.—Black and white English setter bitch, Feb. 19 (Count Noble—May Laverack).

50. MILWAUKEE. Dr. A. G. Stark, Milwaukee, Wis.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Aug. 31 (Dashing Herwyn—Dolly Varden).

51. GEM. Alex Jackson, Florence, Ala.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, June 6 (Dave B—Rose).

52. MINNETONKA. W. H. Key, Florence, Ala.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 13 (Gladstone—Countess Key).

53. FRANK D. Ferguson, Milwaukee, Wis.—Black and white ticked English setter dog, June 15 (Carl—Queen).

54. COUNT MAYGO. Wm. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.—White and lemon English setter dog, Sept. (Count Noser—Maple).

55. TRAMP DALE. Wm. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.—White and lemon English setter dog, August (Grouse Dale-Lady Thorne).

56. FENELLA. H. F. Grant, Newport, Isle of Wight, Eng.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 16 (Tory-Meg Merilies).

57. TAM GLEN. H. F. Grant, Newport, Isle of Wight, Eng.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Sept. 7 (Souter Johnny-La Reine).

58. MISS TWILIGHT. L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont.—Black and blue belton English setter bitch, May 30 (Thunder-Twilight).

59. SUSSEX. L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont.—Lemon belton English setter dog, June 30 (Paris-Coomassie).

60. MASE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—White and orange English setter bitch, October (Paris-Fairy Belle).

61. MIGNON. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Blue belton English setter bitch, October (Paris-Fairy Belle).

62. PARIS BELLE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Blue belton and tan English setter bitch, October (Paris-Fairy Belle).

63. VICTOR. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Blue belton English setter dog, June (Ranger II.-Star).

64. PRINCESS LOUISE. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, June 30 (Paris-Coomassie).

65. CANADIAN BEAUTY. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Liver, white and tan English setter bitch, July 1 (Paris-Dawn).

66. TIPTON. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, April (Don-Clytie).

67. ROYAL WIND'EM. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Black and white ticked English setter dog, May 29 (Count Wind'em-Nora).

68. REBEL WIND'EM. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, May 29 (Count Wind'em-Nora).

69. MONARCH WIND'EM. Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.—Black and white English setter dog, July 3 (Count Wind'em-Countess Moll).

70. TRUMP. W. H. Key, Florence, Ala.—Lemon and white English setter dog, May 13 (Gladstone-Countess Key).

71. GAZELLE. J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, Aug. 15 (Druid-Jolly May).

72. UNNAMED. J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.—Black and white English setter dog, June 16 (Druid-Magnolia).

73. DUS BOYNE. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black and white English setter dog, May 11 (Dashing Bondhu-Novel).

74. PRIDE OF MEMPHIS. William Bowles, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Oct. 26 (Victor-Nellie C.).

75. CARLISLE WAG. D. C. Plumb, Niagara, Can.—Liver and white English setter dog, May 24 (Carlisle Bill-Carlisle Nell).

76. RICHARD III.—F. A. Tremaine, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 7 (King Dash-Skip).

77. JOICE. H. W. Fawcett, New Albany, Ind.—Red Irish setter bitch, May 1 (Joe, Jr.-Susie Merriwether).

78. SNIPE. George P. Law, Glencoe, Ill.—Red Irish setter bitch, May 1 (Joe, Jr.-Susie Merriwether).

79. MONTE CHRISTO. W. C. Beringer, Pittsburgh, Pa.—White and black English setter dog, April 17 (Thunder-Bess).

80. ACME. J. Palmer O'Neil, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black and white English setter dog, April 17 (Thunder-Bess).

81. ST. ELMO IV. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 20 (St. Elmo-Clio).

POINTERS.

82. MIDNIGHT. E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C.—Black pointer dog, June 13 (Chipps-Nettie).

83. DARKNESS. E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C.—Black pointer bitch, June 13 (Chipps-Nettie).

84. MODOC. A. J. Early, New Albany, Ind.—Lemon and white pointer dog, April 22 (Sport-Dio).

ROBBIN'S ISLAND CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THESE trials will be run on Robbin's Island Nov. 27, 1882, under the rules of the Robbin's Island Club, A. T. Plummer, Esq., secretary. The judges are Hon. Calvin E. Pratt and H. D. Polhemus, Esq.

ENTRIES FOR THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

W. B. Kendall's black and tan Gordon setter Montague, 3 years (Gypsum-Fan).

A. T. Plummer's black and tan Gordon setter Fred, 3 years (——).

W. B. Dickerman's liver and white English setter Gambol, 4 years (Rob Roy-Nellie).

A. S. Swan's black and tan Gordon setter Brighton, 3 years (Gypsum-Meg).

L. Waterbury's liver and white setter dog St. Ives, 3 years (St. Elmo-Maida).

W. H. Force's black setter Doctor, 3 years (Sid-Fan).

L. H. Bullard's red Irish setter bitch Meg, 4 years (——).

John McClure's liver colored pointer Tasso, 3 years (——).

H. D. Polhemus's black and tan setter Bob, 2 years (——).

D. A. Lindley's red Irish setter Pat, 2½ years (——).

F. E. Taylor's black, white and tan setter Douglas, 18 months (Chancellor-Fan).

N. D. Putnam's red Irish setter dog Berkley II., 2 months (Chief-Gussie).

S. Fleet Speir's black and tan Gordon Romeo, 5 years (Gypsum-Daisy).

S. Fleet Speir's black, white and tan setter Chancellor, 3 years (St. Elmo-Maida).

LOUISIANA FIELD TRIALS.

IN a recent article upon the coming Field Trials of the New Orleans Gun Club the *Times-Democrat* says:

It is a matter of regret that so little interest is taken by sportsmen throughout the State in an enterprise which, if even moderately successful, is bound to be largely beneficial in its results to all interested in field sports. Field trials are of comparative recent occurrence in America, but for years our English cousins have devoted much time and expense toward them. The result of such attention is attested by the fact that nowhere in the world can a setter or pointer dog be found possessing any merit that does not trace his origin to one of the contestants at these trials. Vast sums of money have been spent by the English, Irish and Scotch and Welsh breeders in a generous competition to produce a strain of dogs possessing in the highest degree the two greatest requisites of a hunting dog—scent and endurance. Experience has proven the utility of such experiments, as illustrated in such distinctive breeds as the Laverack, Llwellin, Gordon and Irish setters of to-day.

A love of hunting and field sports seems inherent with us of the South. Every neighborhood boasts its local Nimrod, and in ante bellum days, the Southern planter rivalled the landed gentry of the Old World in his devotion to dogs and the chase. The kennels of Europe and America were taxed to supply his own, and one instance can be recalled where a prominent sportsman, now living, spent five thousand dollars in organizing and carrying on one fox chase that was attended by some visiting sportsmen from Scotland. Such instances of extravagance are well calculated to confirm the impression of a great many non-sportsmen that a love of field sports engenders a spirit of idleness and reckless extravagance. Hunters, like artists, are proverbially easy-going souls, and our friend alluded to above is a veritable "prince of good fellows." An enthusiast of the chase—no game was too large for him, and when the toesin of war sounded amid the woods of beautiful "Lochinvar," he exchanged his hunting suit for an uniform of gray, his hounds for horses, and out of his private purse he armed and equipped a gallant company of cavalry and merrily led them in many a mad charge over field and ditch to the cannon's mouth. Recognizing the fact that the class of dogs now in the hands of our sportsmen are, as a class, of very inferior quality and becoming more worthless with each succeeding generation, the New Orleans Gun Club, at their annual meeting last spring, resolved to give a series of field trials and offer prizes of such value as would tempt owners of fine dogs to bring them from almost any point to contend for them.

The benefit of such a movement to our sportsmen is almost incalculable. At these trials will be gathered the most famous dogs in the land, both of "blue bloods" and "natives." The rules governing such meets are framed in a manner best calculated to allow a dog to win on his own merits. The judges selected on the occasion will be gentlemen of undoubted integrity and ability, and who will be unprejudiced in favor of any breed or class of dogs. Consequently, those sportsmen who attend will have full opportunity of comparing the different breeds, systems of training and management of dogs. Without wishing to offend the *amour propre* of any hunter, the assertion is ventured that after witnessing the performance of such dogs as Peep o' Day, Croxteth, Sensation and others of that class for the first time, he will find that all preconceived ideas of what constitute a perfect dog as illustrated by such exemplars as he had been accustomed to hunt with were sadly at fault. His experience would have been the same had he entered his farm hack against Ten Broeck in a four-mile race.

Louisiana is prolific in resorts for snipe, and such resorts are particularly easy of access to the sportsmen of New Orleans. Consequently nine out of ten sportsmen confine themselves to snipe and duck shooting. Considerable apathy exists among these hunters as to part taken by the New Orleans Gun Club in inaugurating their field trials, from the fact that these trials are held on quails, a class of game they never hunt, and, therefore, they cannot see that any benefit is derived. Such ideas are preposterous from the fact that a dog broken on quails is superior to one broken on snipe, and therefore a superior dog on quails quickly develops his qualities on snipe. Trials are made on quails because, unlike the snipe, they lie to cover and finding them is not attended with the discomforts of hunting snipe. The same requisites necessary to the perfect quail dog, namely speed, endurance and scent are applicable to the snipe dog in a marked degree, as it requires a keener scent to ferret out these little denizens of the marsh land. It is a slander on the pointer and setter to attempt to describe the class of dogs in the hands of our local sportsmen, except in some instances, as representatives of their kind, as well compare the cab horse to "Maud S."

In the interest of true sport an appeal is made to hunters in this and adjoining States to come forward and aid the gentlemen of the New Orleans Gun Club in their endeavors to make their field trials a success. A large attendance of some of the most noted dogs now living, has been promised. Quite a large sum of money is required to carry these trials on, and this expense ought not to fall on the shoulder of some five or six individuals, but be shared by every true sportsman in the South.

MEMORY IN DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over your ever welcome paper to-day, I was struck with an article entitled "Memory in Dogs." This, I think, does not properly describe the wonderful faculty they possess of tracing their way home from long distances. I will give an instance in which I do not see how memory could have assisted the dog in finding his way home:

My father owned a very handsome black setter a good many years ago, that answered to the name of Major. My father and a friend started from our residence, at that time on the Delaware just above Philadelphia, for a shooting trip to New Jersey. They first rowed in a boat up the river some four miles, then up Rancocos Creek about a mile, where they took the cars for Mount Holly, distant from that point about twenty miles. This, at that time, involved a change of cars at Burlington, N. J. From Mount Holly they rode in a stage (the dog riding with them) to Pemberton, about fifteen miles. At Pemberton they were met by their friend, who drove them to his residence at, or near, Hanover Furnace, about twenty miles from Pemberton, "down in the pines," the dog riding all this distance; in fact, he never touched the ground, except in making the different changes of conveyance. After shooting for a few days with his friend at Hanover Furnace, a trip to the shore for ducks was proposed, and as my father thought he would have no use for Major, he left him tied up in his friend's barn. After remaining two or three days at the shore the party returned to Hanover Furnace, where the first news that greeted my father was that his dog had slipped his collar and escaped from the barn and disappeared. As the dog was a very valuable one, and one that my father was very much attached to, he advertised his loss in the Philadelphia papers as soon as he returned home. The advertisement was answered by a farmer living just across the river from our residence. In crossing the river to see this person my father soon found, much to his delight, the lost Major, who, the man that had him stated, was just in the act of entering the water, evidently with the intention of completing his journey by swimming the Delaware, at this point about three-quarters of a mile wide. Now the question is, how, or by what faculty, did this dog find his way home. Remember, he never touched the ground the whole distance except in making the changes of conveyance above referred to. Just imagine yourselves, Messrs. Editors, put in a like fix and debarred from asking a single question, depending solely on your memory or "nose." Do you think you could do it? I very much doubt it. This same dog used to do another thing that amused the family very much. He was accustomed to occupy a large dog house at the corner of the house in common with another setter who answered to the name of Pero. This dog was not quite as amiable, on all occasions, as Maje, and consequently when he first entered their common dwelling would sometimes growl at Maje, and refuse him an entrance. On these occasions Maje, after standing a few moments in front of the house, thinking up the matter I suppose, would trot off behind the house and commence a furious barking, when out would dash Pero to see what all the trouble was about. In the meantime Maje would gallop round the house the other way and rush into the dog house, but when Pero came back after his prospecting tour, Maje, who then had possession, would always return good for evil, making no objection to his occupying his share of their mansion. Doesn't this approach very nearly to reason, or if not, what is the faculty that enables them to do these things? SINKBOAT.

EASTON, Md.

RETRIEVING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read and heard so much about the force system in retrieving that I feel constrained to give you my views. I have taught a great many dogs to retrieve and have adopted a great many different plans to accomplish my object, and I have always found in my experience that my best retrievers were those that I used the least force with, and that they did their work with more apparent pleasure than those that I had been harsh with. I have tried all of the different ways that I ever heard of to learn dogs to retrieve and have generally found where I used the spike collar or twisted their nose, or used other harsh methods, that, although they would retrieve, it took me longer to go and show them where the bird was than it would to get it myself, and that they would never make, what I always like to see, cheerful retrievers, but when nothing but kindness was used I have found that they soon learned to love their work and would search for the dead or wounded bird in a very short time. In shooting snipe I have often found that the dog taught to retrieve by force would drop his bird as soon as he came to water, giving me no end of trouble to break him of it, while the dogs that I have taught without severity have never given me any trouble on this score, but invariably have brought their birds in a manner that afforded me much pleasure. This idea of using force at all times while educating your dog is all wrong and I hope the day is not far distant when twisting the poor animal's nose or spiking him will be entirely done away with. When I commenced handling the blue bloods I was told that it would be impossible to break them without using the spike collar, but as my natives had served me so well when kindly treated, I pursued the same course with the blue bloods and have always found that I had no occasion to use the force system in learning them to retrieve or come to me when called. Of course, in some parts of their education it is necessary to use force, especially when learning them to drop to shot or wing. I think that the rules of the field trials require too much of a dog, as some of them are never used in common field work, and in a close heat the best dog may get beat by failing to drop to shot or wing or failing to back, which he would readily do if his handler was allowed to speak to him. Many men can break a dog so that he will show off well, but only a few know how to prepare one for good practical field work, which after all is the only true test of a dog, and for that matter of a BREAKER.

BIRMINGHAM BOYCOTTED.

SIR—When the Darlington show was attacked last summer through an anonymous threatening letter to its spirited secretary, Mr. Murchison (who certainly has the courage of his convictions, and is one of the ablest of its defenders), honestly ashamed of such an audacious act, pleaded, on behalf of the Kennel Club, that this threat was a hoax. The more thoughtful of your readers, who, with painful anxiety, have watched the working of its committee of late, were not so easily deceived, but felt a strong conviction, although almost ashamed at the audacity of the writer, that it was no hoax, but a deliberately mean and underhand subterfuge to coerce the Darlington committee into compliance with the complete code of the Kennel Club rules. Mr. Sewell, the secretary of the Darlington show, treated the insult with the scorn and contempt it so richly merited. It was then stated, as "Beta" opportunely reminds your readers, "that the Kennel Club had no intention of Boycotting Birmingham." We now find that what the K. C. dared not then openly avow it has since secretly achieved, and the Birmingham Dog Show, the oldest, most respectable, and most prosperous dog show in existence, is Boycotted by gentlemen in private. These gentlemen formed the committee at which it was decided, in the absence of their clear-headed chairman, to launch a thunderbolt at Birmingham just on the eve of closing its entries, as if it hoped to crush it with a blow that would annihilate this great national dog show for ever. Poor Birmingham! it's time for Burnaby and Bright to shake hands, now that she has fallen upon such an evil time that, alas! she should have been Boycotted by the canine potent "committee of four." Mr. Beech and the band of Birmingham men at his back, who have made their dog show truly "national," as well as a financial success, will not, I assume, meekly submit to this dictation from "the committee of four." The old threat is repeated, that, if exhibitors dare send their dogs to Birmingham, these dogs will not be registered in the K. C. S. B.

On behalf of the dog-loving public outside of the K. C., I make one more appeal to you, Sir, who have done so much for dogs, to come to our rescue. In the name of fair play and justice, and as a public right, I ask you again to give the British public a national stud book—call it the "British Stud Book," if you will. You may rely upon the help of our different dog clubs, and the many secretaries of local dog shows in the country, as well as the larger non-exhibiting public, to help you with all their might. The St. Bernard Club has already made an excellent start with its stud book. The first number of the *Kennel Review* (its official organ) was published on the first of this month. The next number, to be published on Nov. 3, will give the first instalment of the new St. Bernard stud book. You can compile all together, and publish a comprehensive and complete stud book, which, with the singularly successful imprimatur of "Stonehenge," ought to carry great weight and command a large circulation.

The catalogue of the St. Bernard show, to be held in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School in Kensington on Wednesday next, is now being arranged by Mr. Arthur Carter, and will be a marvel and a masterpiece in the way of stud books. It is carefully compiled, the pedigree of every dog being seen at a glance, and Mr. Wyndham Carter, the indefatigable and intellectual editor of the *Kennel Review*, has, I believe, offered to publish a complete list of the dogs that have been exhibited at Birmingham since its first show. The *Kennel Chronicle* has published two volumes of pedigrees. All these stud lists, with the addition of those of other clubs, would form an invaluable nucleus for a really useful stud book.

Birmingham need not fear any diminution of entries from the silly attempt of the K. C. to Boycott her show, for it is a well-attested fact that those shows which have been threatened by the K. C. have invariably proved to be successful.

Darlington last summer had more entries and a better show than ever. The St. Bernard Club Show next week has already over two hundred and fifty entries, after many were returned. The last K. C. show at the Crystal Palace had only ninety-two St. Bernards to our total of two hundred and fifty, the grandest show of St. Bernards ever held, not only unprecedented in numbers, but also never equalled for quality, if I am correctly informed. In face of forcible facts like these, I can with difficulty bring myself to think that such good old supporters of Birmingham Dog Show as Messrs. Shirley, Whitehouse, Lort, Col. Startare, and Major Platt, and other members of the K. C., can uphold their "committee of four" in the suicidal course they have entered upon. In common self-respect, they must now elect whether they will stand by Birmingham, or sink with the Kennel Club.

J. CUMMING MACDONA, *in London Field.*

St. Bernard Club, 23, Dover-street, W.

A FOUR-LEGGED WITNESS.—Otto V. Brandesky and a trained Newfoundland dog named Leo appeared on the stage in Concordia Hall last spring. Brandesky sang hunting songs and, with the dog's assistance, went through a hunting pantomime. Last summer he lost the dog. Yesterday a Newfoundland ran up to him on First avenue and kissed his hand. Then they hugged each other. Charles Rees of First street came up and claimed the dog, but Brandesky insisted that it was Leo, and all three went to Essex Market to have the matter settled. Brandesky offered to make his ownership of the dog apparent, and Justice Smith told him to go ahead. Brandesky drew an engraved collar from his pocket and whispered to the dog. The dog sat up and allowed him to put the collar on. "Kiss me," said Brandesky, and the dog sprang up and kissed him. Brandesky, handling his umbrella as a gun, brought it to a shoulder and then took aim with it. The dog crouched as if watching for game. Then he held out the umbrella and the dog jumped over it. He ordered the dog to imitate death, and Leo lay down and became rigid. Brandesky pretended to weep and Leo sprang up and embraced him. Brandesky began to dance and Leo rose on his hind legs and danced also. Brandesky approached the bar as he would the footlights and bowed. Leo also stood up and bowed to the Court. "There is no necessity of further evidence of ownership," said Justice Smith, laughing. "The Court awards the dog to Brandesky."

—*New York Sun.*

ALDERSHOT RETURNS TO ENGLAND.—Mr. J. R. Robinson of Sunderland, England, has repurchased of Mr. E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Laverack setter dog Aldershot. He was sent to him last Thursday on the steamship State of Georgia. Mr. Robinson, who bred Aldershot and sold him to Mr. Herzberg, repurchases him to take the place of his promising young dog Glen Tilt, who died Sept. 23.

DOG SHOW AT NEW BEDFORD.—The Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association will hold a dog show in connection with their forthcoming poultry show at New Bedford, Mass. We hope to be able to give full particulars next week.

POINTERS AT THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—An enthusiastic admirer of the pointer wishes to go on record regarding the Eastern Field Trial Derby with the guess that two or more of his favorites will obtain a place.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notices, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Chester. By Mr. B. J. Smith, New York, for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1882, by Vanderbilt's Don out of Fanny (Buster—Biddy).

Lordman. By Mr. G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 2, 1882, by Beaufort (Bow—Beulah) out of Fannie Turner (Sensation—Queen 11.)

Nellie Black. By Mr. Jas. Farias, Jr., Paterson, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 1, 1882, by William (Strong's Rock—Davis's Fan) out of Ruby II. (Blue Blood—Bingham's Bess).

Gretchen. By Mr. Eugene Powers, Cortland, N. Y., for black, with white spot on chest, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 13, 1882, by Bob III. (Buccleuch—Nell) out of Mignon (Dart—Daisy II.)

Rose Bonheur. By Fleetfoot Kennel, Delhi, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 5, 1882, by Dr. C. H. Franklin's imported Mountjoy (Baron—Queen) out of his imported Lena.

Elcho V. By Mr. F. Windholz, New York, for red Irish setter pup, whelped June 29, 1882, by Elcho out of champion Noreen, both owned by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.

Chester. By Mr. Daniel Smith, New York city, for liver and white puppy, whelped Aug. 27, 1882, by Don (Roger—Biddy) out of Fanny.

Snipe. By Mr. Geo. E. Bassett, Pawtucket, R. I., for white liver-ticked English setter puppy, whelped April 6, 1882, by T. Mickel's Tip (Dash—Fanny) out of owner's Gyp (Carlo—Nellie).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nellie—Bob. Mr. A. Weeks's (Locust Valley, L. I.) Gordon setter bitch Nellie to Mr. A. H. Moore's Bob, Oct. 20.

Queen—Love. Mr. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) pointer bitch Munson's Queen (Pet—Nellie) to his champion Bow, Nov. 5.

Nettie—Tyke. Mr. Wm. R. Hill's (Albany, N. Y.) imported wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Nettie to Mr. J. E. L. Grainger's imported Tyke, Nov. 2.

Fley—Sam Tilden. Mr. J. H. Dalliba's (Cleveland, O.) setter bitch Fley (Rob Roy—Blanche) to Mr. C. M. Munhall's Sam Tilden (Dash—Belle), Oct. 13.

Dilley—Bron. Mr. C. C. Pettit's (Galveston, Texas) white pointer bitch Dilley (Dilley's Ranger—Bird Royal) to Mr. E. Odell's (New Orleans, La.) Bow, Nov. 7.

Flora—Pedro. Mr. G. A. Colman's (Charlestown, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Flora (Chloe) to Mr. H. H. Sawyer's (Charlestown, Mass.) Pedro (Tom—Nellie Horton).

Daisy B.—Don. Mr. G. N. Bockwith's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) liver and white pointer bitch Daisy B. (Biss—Croxteth) to Mr. R. T. Vanderpoort's Don, Nov. 8.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Gem. Mr. George S. Tucker's (Peterborough, N. H.) liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Gem (Snip—Feather), Nov. 4, seven (five dogs), by the Riverside Kennel's imported Beau.

Vic. Mr. J. C. Waller's (Tangipahoa, La.) orange and white pointer bitch Vic, Oct. 12, four (three dogs), by champion Bow.

Dot. Mr. N. Hathaway's (Fall River, Mass.) English setter bitch Opal (Rake—Fanny), Nov. 4, six (two dogs), by Dash III.; all black and white ticked.

Gypsey—Turk. Mr. W. Wade's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) imported mastiff bitch Gypsey, Nov. 5, seven (two dogs), by Mr. W. H. Lee's (Boston Mass.) Turk.

Feather—Beau. The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's Claremont, N. H.) liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Feather, Oct. 1, four (two dogs), by imported Beau (Bob—Nell).

Gracie—Beau. The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Gracie (imported Snip—imported Zuleika), Oct. 29, six (five dogs), by imported Beau (Bob—Nell).

Blackie—Beau. The Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel's imported black spaniel Blackie (Rolf—Belle), Nov. 11, seven (five dogs), by imported Beau (Bob—Nell).

Frost II.—Dime. Mr. C. A. Boxer's (Winnipeg, Man.) lemon and white setter bitch Frost II. (Gladstone—Frost I.), seven, by owner's Dime; all black, white and tan.

Bess—Boy. Mr. P. B. Lyndo's (New Texas, La.) orange and white pointer bitch Bess, Nov. 6, six (one dog), by Edward Odell's Bow.

Fire Fly. Dr. E. Wilson's (Alabama, Clubs) red Irish setter bitch Fire Fly (Rufus—Freund), Nov. 6, seven (five dogs), by Dr. Arnold's Larry; all red.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bob III.—Mignon whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped April 13, 1882, by Mr. Eugene Powers, Cortland, N. Y., a black and white dog to Mr. Earl Thompson, Syracuse, N. Y.; a black dog with white star on breast and a black and white bitch to Mr. G. G. Kelp, Toledo, Ohio, and a black and white dog to Mr. I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn.

Gipsie Queen. Liver and white pointer bitch (Faust—Munson's Queen), by Mr. Edward Knell, Moline, Ill., to Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La.

Mr. W. Wade (Pittsburgh, Pa.) has exchanged with Mr. W. H. Lee his mastiff bitch puppy, imported *in utero*, by Taurus II., 9,333 ex. Dinalo II. for puppy by Turk, 1st Boston, 1882.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Sipio—Kleo whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Sept. 28, 1882, by Mr. Hugh H. Willoughby, Saratoga, N. Y., a black and white dog to Capt. H. McNair, one to Mr. Gage, and a liver bitch to Dr. Hodgman, all of the same place.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions athead of this column.*

Elcho V. Mr. F. Windholz's (New York) red Irish setter Elcho V. (Elcho—Rose), owned by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., May 16, from distemper.

Chester. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped July 12, 1881 (Leicester—Crook), owned by Major G. B. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y., from distemper.

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was first class considering the disagreeable weather in town. Early in the day the fog was quite dense, but at noon it lifted, the sun shone out brightly and the conditions excellent. Not a breath of wind lifted the flags and the sport was fine. Mr. Lee made a clean score in the Victory match, and Mr. Fellows made a fine score of 99 in the Rest match. These were not the only good scores made, as may be seen by the following:

Creedmoor Match.

J S Bennett	5455545455—47	E Burleigh	4554545444—44
O M Jewell	4455555551—47	C Weston (mil)	4444445444—41
J B Fellows	5545455445—46	A J Carter	4544443341—41
B S Jarvis	5555554445—45	C B Edwards	3545454444—40
J A Cobb	5545553434—45	S Wilder	3335444443 37
T F Bennett	5444445545—44	E S Gilmore (mil)	4345234514—34

Victory Match.

H L Lee	5555555555—50	J N Frye	5454555555—47
B A Arnson	5545555555—49	L E Marsh	5545545545—47
L L Hatch	5555555545—49	J C Carter	5545455544—46
B G Harris	5445555555—48	A S Sumner	4555544445—45
H G Bacon	5455554555—48	F Dwight	4554554534—45
J C Barker	5554555545—48	D F Cooper	4544445454—43

Decimal Match.

O M Jewell	8	7	8	7	10	7	10	9	8	7—81
J Merrill	9	10	7	9	4	9	9	7	9	8—81
J M Ogden	8	9	8	7	9	10	4	8	9	7—80
J N Frye	6	9	7	5	7	5	7	6	10	9—74
N T Jenks	8	9	9	5	7	7	5	10	8	8—71
F Dwight	7	10	9	7	6	9	5	2	9	8—67

Rest Match.

J B Fellows	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10—99
S Lewis	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10—97
L S Stott	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	10—97
A J Carter	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	10—97
C A Hudson	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	10—97
H O Andrews	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	9—96
N F Jenks	10	10	9	10	8	10	9	9	10	9—94
C B Edwards	8	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	8	10—93

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1882.—The fine weather, yesterday afternoon, brought out quite a company of marksmen to shoot in the Capt. John Daly match, and the sharp shooters' match. Fifteen competitors entered the Daly match. The wind and light were fine, and good scores were made. The leading scores were as follows:

Capt. John Daly Match—500yds.

Wm E Fitch, Bal. S	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5—49
Wm T Miles, S. C	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—49
James Miles, S. C	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4—48
Chas H Gans, Bal. S	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4—48

Ten competitors entered the sharp shooters' match, and very fair scores were made, the leading ones being as follows:

Sharp Shooters' Match—200yds.

Wm E Fitch, Bal. S	11	10	11	10	8	10	10	11	12	12—105
B B Spelman, Jr., Bal. S	12	9	9	12	10	11	8	12	10	11—104
Chas H Gans, Bal. S	10	11	11	12	10	9	10	9	10	11—103
W T Miles, Hep. S	8	10	12	10	8	10	11	10	11	10—100

THE BROOKLYN AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB held their last match of the season at Myrtle Avenue Park, Brooklyn, on Election day, November 7th. Conditions of match were: Entries unlimited; 200 yards; offhand; Creedmoor targets; seven shots each score; highest aggregate of three scores only to count; ties to divide. The following were the winning scores:

A. H. Anderson	5555554—34	4555555—34	5555555—35—103
G. Joiner	5555455—34	5555555—35	5555545—34—103
C. E. Taynton	5544555—33	5555555—34	5555455—34—101
F. H. Holton	5555545—33	4555545—33	5544555—33— 99
J. S. Case	4555444—32	5555444—33	5444455—33— 98
F. Burns	4455544—31	4545455—32	5545554—33— 96

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 11.—The rifle club went out to Pine Grove Range to-day. The following score tells the story:

Creedmoor.

John Norman	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	5—45
A L Rice	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4—42
Stedman Clark	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—42
J W Murphy	5	4	5	4	3	4	4	3	4	4—40

Massachusetts Match.

J N Morse, Jr	11	11	12	11	9	12	7	11	11	10—105
C Dusenberry	12	8	11	11	12	11	11	9	10	8—103
J W Murphy	11	9	10	10	12	6	12	10	11	9—100
A L Rice	12	10	10	8	11	8	9	11	11	— 97
C A Allen	12	11	10	9	11	9	9	9	11	8— 96

Ring Target Rest Match.

Stedman Clark	11	11	12	10	12	12	12	11	11	12—114

WAKEFIELD, Mass.—The second annual meeting of the Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association will be held at the Wakefield range Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16, 17 and 18. The conditions are 20yds, 7 rounds, open to all, re-entries allowed, 3 scores to count, Creedmoor target, with nearly $30 in prizes.

SYRACUSE SCHUETZEN CLUB.—A number of prominent sportsmen of Syracuse, N. Y., have formed a rifle club which they call the Syracuse Schuetzen Club. They have a fine 200yds. off-hand range down at Onondaga Lake Beach and indulge in a shoot once a week. We shall hope to publish some crack scores from them before long.

NEWARK, N. J.—Gallery shooting is very brisk here, and a dozen new clubs have been organized for the winter series of matches. The Newark Rifle Club, which is a federation of all the clubs, will hold a special meeting on Thursday evening, Nov. 16, at the Plymouth Club rooms, 199 Market street. As this will be the last meeting before the tournament, all clubs must be represented. Clubs not represented will be debarred from shooting in the tournament this fall. There will be seven matches in the tournament. The first, probably, will take place on the Essex range, corner Lush and Bank streets

THE TRAP.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 10.—The fine weather Friday brought out a few members of the Raymond Club to try conclusions at clay birds, some good practice was had for the forthcoming tournament on the 24th. Some of the finest shooters in the State have promised their attendance for the Champion match. The following are the scores:

S Rice	15	J N Waterman	10
W B Witherell	13	L Stewart	9
J R Smith	10	G Longman	8

The programme for the tournament, which begins at 9 o'clock, is as follows:

Three single seven birds' sweeps, entry $1, and three single seven birds' sweeps, entry fifty cents, from trap No. 1.

Three single seven ball sweeps, entry fifty cents, and continuous fifty cents' sweep shooting from trap No. 2.

One five pair double-bird match, from trap No. 3, entry $1, and one double-ball match from trap No. 2. Prizes in all matches, 40, 25, 20 and 15 per cent. of entries.

One two-men-team match, ten birds per man, entry $2 per team. Trap No. 2.

Champion match, fifty birds per man, entry $10. Prizes, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. In addition to this a handsome silver badge will be presented to the winner of the first prize, by the Raymond Club, indicative of the State championship at clay pigeons. To be shot five birds alternately. This match must contain six entries.

YOUNG BOGARDUS has recovered sufficient to be taken to his home in Illinois.

Cartridge Grocer, 75cts., E. Redmond, Rochester, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

COMPARED BY BULK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the review made by you of the last Seawanhaka races you have omitted one point upon which you laid great stress at the time of the Vixen and Maggie races. At that time you claimed that the relative merits of the two boats should be gauged by their size as determined by cubical contents. Now the Bedouin, we are told, has a displacement of 102 tons, equal to 3570 cubic feet. Again her length as officially measured is 70.79ft. and her beam 15.43ft. Multiplying these together we obtain 1092.28sq. ft. According to Dixon Kemp the area of the water line in cutters is about 0.7 of the circumscribing parallelogram. This would give us 765.03 as the area load water line in the Bedouin. Multiplying by .03 of the length of load water line, *i.e.* 2.12 ft., we get 1621.86 c. ft. This leaves out of account any flare in the stem and the counter and is therefore necessarily less than the truth. 1621.86 added to 3570 gives 5191.86 c. ft. as the cubical contents of the Bedouin. The cubical contents of the Gracie are given in the club lists as 4431.20 and the Bedouin would therefore allow the Gracie four minutes time over the club course. Deduct this from the amount in Bedouin's favor on the first day and add it to the amount by which the Gracie beat the Bedouin on the other days when her steering gear was not broken, and you have a very different statement of the case from that made in your last issue. The Valkyr you claim as a full fledged cutter, yet she is but one foot narrower than the Vixen. She is 18 inches longer on the water line and 13 inches deeper to the rabbet of the keel amidships, and she is a centerboard boat besides. The Valkyr's contents are 1875.86. The Orivan's are 3220.37. The Fanita, although shorter than the Valkyr, is broader and has about the same cubical contents. Under this rule the Valkyr beat the Oriva on the first day and the Fanita beat her on the other two occasions. Here then we have five races for the sloops and one only for the cutters, and that gained by an accident, the breaking of the Gracie's steering gear. What the Bedouin really proves is, that a cutter like the Bedouin, although bigger, cannot compete with the Gracie, although it is claimed that the Gracie is not in her best form.

FAIR PLAY.

[Our correspondent's comparison is a fair one, and we take no exception to his reasoning, but see no cause to alter our opinion that Bedouin in racing rig and form is as fast as any sloop in America even on bulk measurement. Valkyr may be claimed a sloop or cutter, being as near half way between the two types as it is possible to make the cross. Oriva would not rank as a fast cutter among racing cutters, and being beaten by the oversparred Fanita proves nothing one way or the other about the speed of cutters.]

CHICAGO YACHTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachting season has ended here, and the Chicago Y. C. has reason to be proud of the success it has achieved this year, and cause to look forward to a very brilliant future. The club is one of the youngest in America, but has made advancing strides in the past season that would satisfy any lover of yacht racing and yacht clubs. A complete organization, with officers thoroughly awake and pushing, caused the good results. The club has secured a fine club house for their quarters, located on the "lake front," with a commanding view of the basin and the lake. A flagstaff enables the club to work one of the most perfect systems of signals yet seen, and add usefulness to its beauty as yachting headquarters. Three of the best schooner yachts on the lakes, one being the famed Countess of Dufferin, and a number of first, second and third-class sloops, with several small schooner yachts, make up a fleet that any of our lake prots envy.

Among the yachts of the fleet, the Countess has stripped and is lying in the river near the entrance in her regular slip. The Idler and Viking are also laid away, both being safe in South Chicago. By the way, the former vessel made a memorable cruise late this fall, and a glimpse at the log is promised your readers very shortly. The cruise lasted for six weeks, and Mr. Fisher with his friends had one of the most enjoyable trips experienced. The yacht touched at Milwaukee, Sheboygan, and other ports on the lake, then crossed about Petoskey, Mackinaw, and into the fish-abounding bays in that vicinity a few days, and allowed some notable efforts in the piscatorial art to be recorded before the white wings were again unfolded for a further cruise down the Huron, Superior, and even Erie lakes was undertaken. These incidents and joys, pleasures and sorrows, and above all, notable experiences in storms and disasters, will be of interest to your many readers about this city. The other yachts are in a semi-comatose state. The club house has been leased to the Chicago Bicycle Club until the opening of next season, though a friendly corner near the fireplace has been tendered the club by the bicyclers.

It is understood here among yachtsmen that some of the Cannucks will bring their speedy vessels to this port next summer and try to wrest our honors from the club. Toronto yachts are the most talked of, and will attract attention here next season. GREAT WEST.

HAS IT COME TO THIS?

THE New York *Times* recently summed up the results of the Seawanhaka races as follows: "it was evident that the best of our sloops are probably as fast as the cutters."

Very good. Perhaps they are at least as fast as an untried cruising cutter of medium speed, sailing under a short rig. But then that is not the question, and never was. The way the *Times* puts it shows well the change come upon us in America. From a positive conviction expressed by experts and old hands that our sloops could sail to windward as well through as at anchor, it now appears that the boot is quite on the other leg, and instead of proving how very slow cutters really are, the *Times* mildly concludes that probably our best sloops are as fast as some haphazard cruising cutter. We had supposed the question of speed was on trial. That seems no longer to be the question, for the issue has turned about completely, until the critics of the day want to know how nearly the sloop can hope to cope with a cutter! Time, and FOREST AND STREAM may be thanked for the witnessing of the issue in the public estimation. We note likewise that our contemporaries have fallen back one ditch, and while no longer venturing an issue in respect to speed, seek to defend their sinking cause by citing the bugbear of "great draft," and the purely imaginary lack of accommodations and "shifting cabins" the cutter is supposed to possess, in direct opposition to the truth. Time and greater knowledge will likewise knock these last supporting pins from under the antiquated school of provincial ideas. The accommodations of the cutter Bedouin are nearly double those of the sloop Gracie, and cooler by five degrees or more in summer, as anyone can convince himself by trusting his own senses, and nine times out of ten the Bedouin draws less water.

CRUISE IN A THREE-TONNER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with great interest your recent articles on single hand yachts which appealed very forcibly to the sympathies of myself and friends, fond of sailing in small yachts, I am induced to send you the log of a recent cruise down the Sound in a three ton cutter. The articles in your journal, evidently written by one perfectly conversant with the delights of sailing in small boats, have come into definite so thoroughly that I will confine myself to a description of the cruise. The cutter Teal is 21ft. on deck, 20ft. load line, 7ft. beam, and draws 3ft. 6in. aft. The topmast houses and the bowsprit reefs, but we carried single jib which was run out to the bowsprit end with a traveller in cutter fashion. The cabin is very commodious for so small a boat, and the numerous visitors who came alongside to the "most complete little yacht they had ever seen," all expressed surprise at the room in the cockpit and below. Two could find very comfortable accommodations for a long cruise in the cabin, and a third might be taken along without much inconvenience. Our outfit was a very complete one, including all of the articles mentioned by you in speaking of single hand yachts, excepting the frame for charts which would have come in very handy at times and saved the charts. The rig worked satisfactorily and in light weather was all that could be desired. But if I were to sail the yacht alone for any length of time, would much prefer the yawl rig which my experience in San Francisco has taught me to regard as the most convenient and safest of any devised. The Teal proved herself a most excellent sea boat and went along dry and easy in a sea I know would have bothered my former 45ft. sloop to such an extent that beating would have been a fruitless and very wet task.

The good behavior of the Teal was due to her moderate beam, good depth and high freeboard, which gives her nearly a plumb side without flare, and so permits the boat to ease into the sea and rise again through her ample buoyancy instead of hitting the sea with a flat bottom. The difference between the action of a wide, flat boat and a deep boat, like our cutter, I can best describe by saying that while the former falls on the sea, the latter settles into it, going along with greater ease and less check to her speed, and also throwing less spray. We cooked all our meals on board, and never went ashore for a night during the whole three weeks' cruise, much preferring our cabin to any country hotel. All night a blanket was needed, and small as the yacht was in dimensions her depth made full amends for the modest tonnage, and the crew of two hands found no reason to complain of want of room at any time. Her draft of 3½ft. we found no hindrance and never gave the matter any attention, though once we got on the mud. We should not have acted differently or gone anywhere else had we drawn only half that amount. As the Teal is a very good type of small boat, neither as narrow and deep as a racing cutter nor as wide and useless as an ordinary catboat, but fast, cheap and very roomy, well suited for cruising and racing, and also a safe boat and able in rough water, I hope to furnish you with her lines and spar plan soon. With a few minor improvements I think the Teal a very useful style of boat for one or two hands, as there is no shifting ballast to handle and no danger of capsizing. A boat like her can be built for the same sum as a 5th and mainsail boat, and offers far greater usefulness in the pursuit of general yachting purposes. The yawl boat question referred to in your recent numbers is something which must be solved for the benefit of owners of small yachts. My yawl was a regular round bottom tender, only 6ft. long, and, of course, rather chunky. She could not conveniently be taken on deck, and towing her in rough water was a bad job, as the log will tell. I think with you that something collapsable like the Berthons will have to be introduced instead.

SATURDAY, August 12, '82.—The Teal, with the relator for captain and cook, G. H. crew, and sometimes passenger, sailed from West Brighton, S. I., at 2:20 P. M., with moderate S. W. wind. The day had been dark and cloudy, and at this time threatened rain. Barometer 30.40. Passed under East River Bridge, 4:15; Hell Gate, at 6 P. M., and came to anchor on eastward side of City Island at 7:30 P. M. A storm could be seen passing around to the N. E., but did not touch us, and the sun set in a beautiful red sky. An hour after the sky was clear, betokening a pleasant day to-morrow. I said we came to anchor. We did not. We ran a line to a buoy of the marine railway, and before we turned in, a second one, and lay to it all night. A steam yacht, large schooner yacht and several smaller ones were in our company, beside a number of smacks. Corn beef hash, potato salad, coffee and pie, constituted our dinner at 8 P. M. Distance made, 35 miles.

SUNDAY, Aug. 13.—Got under way at 5:30 A. M., with light breeze from S. W. Passed Sand's Point 6:30 A. M., and at 7:35 came to anchor off Peacock Point. G. went ashore to see his friends, the Dudgeon's, while I prepared breakfast—scrambled eggs, coffee, etc. We had had coffee and coffee cake from the "Dutchman's" at West Brighton at 5 A. M. In a half hour G. H. returned from shore with a pail full of apples, potatoes and onions. After breakfast, at 9 A. M. we got under way, where H. took, where H. went ashore to reach Lake Rinconkoma. Set topsail. The wind veered to N. W., and strengthened until we took it in on arriving off the harbor, which we did at 1:30. From the Point we laid a course by compass E. S. E., Stony Brook not then in sight, but soon was brought us directly to the harbor. There was considerable sea here and the wind blowing fresh on shore. The channel narrow and no deep water at low tide inside. After cruising around outside a while we gave it up, and determined to run on for Ther to the eastward and make Port Jefferson. Arrived at that harbor at 3:30. Found that also difficult of entrance and strong ebb tide running out between the jetties which mark the channel and heavy rips on eastern wall. Anchored in smooth and deep water outside near the beach, while the skipper went around and probed the bottom with the boathook (in the yawl boat). Sounded all the way up between the jetties and found nearly the whole distance only one to three feet of water for one-third the distance in from each wall, at this stage of the tide, which was nearly low. On arriving at the yacht, the skipper first rove new peak halyards, which had carried away off Stony Brook, and then took the yacht in tow and led her into the harbor with the first of the flood. By this time the wind had died out altogether, but once inside there was a little air and we got up sail and finally, at 7:30, got up to the town and anchored in four fathoms, among a number of yachts and vessels. Distance made, forty-five miles.

MONDAY, Aug. 14.—Did not turn out early. Had breakfast about 8, and left for the yawl and went ashore. Daylight revealed to us a lovely little harbor, completely land-locked, with plenty of deep water close to shore, without the intimation of a swell. Numerous rowboats and sailing boats were out with young people of both sexes, their shouts indicating that they probably city boarders, here for the summer vacation, either on some one of the large schooner yachts or at the hotel on shore. Sunday evening it was as still as a country churchyard, but this morning was noisy with the caulker's hammer on shore, where the wharf and ways of the yard seemed to be busy, and boat building. Two three-masted schooners and one steamer were awaiting their turns at the marine railway, and one yacht about ninety feet long was still clothed entirely in the canvas covering she had worn through last winter. Her owner had probably been short on ruffled sticks, and is taking his vacation on foot like the rest.

We spent two hours on shore laying in fresh supplies and mailing our letters.

Returned aboard at 12 and after lunch, or breakfast dumb chops, fried potatoes, coffee and peach cake from the before-mentioned Dutchman's), at 1:15 got under way with a fair light wind from S. E. taking us out of the harbor. High water, first of the ebb.

There being no more harbors to the eastward on the Long Island shore and knowing from many accounts that Black Rock Harbor was a favorite resort for the yachts from New York, we determined to make it next. The Connecticut shore could not be seen, so we took our course N. N. W. by compass. The wind was light, running around to the eastward after we got into the sea and we did not make Perfield light till 5:30. When within about three miles of it we saw the sloop Æolus, Mr. McMurray, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., pass on to the eastward two miles ahead but could not attract her attention. As we were about entering the harbor, we were pleased to see her entering. She is a fine sea boat (about 45ft. I believe in her size) and we anchored about fifty yards in her wake, off the hotel, in three fathoms of water and with fathoms of chain. After supper H. and I went ashore to the hotel for awhile, which was lively with summer boarders. There was a dance going on in the hall. Then we went on board the Æolus, where we met Mrs. McMurray, her daughter Katie (a promising young debutante at yachting) Miss. Hewitt and four gentlemen guests. They are off on a cruise for four or five weeks. After promising to meet them at New Haven in a week or row, we pulled to our yacht and turned in. Distance twenty-five miles.

On coming aboard at Port Jefferson, I dropped the key to the cabin overboard, which vexed me not a little. Fortunately the hatch had not been fastened. I had brought it and took the nuts off the bolts holding the clamp, enabling us to take it off and open the doors.

TUESDAY, Aug. 15.—Shortly after turning in a disturbing swell rolled in from the Sound, indicating the approach of wind. Soon the wind came from S. W., and it blew very fresh, and the swell tossed us up and down all night, disturbing me with frequent calls on deck to pay out more chain, or some similar duty, while H. slept like a young cub the night through. We were to have started at 5 A. M., but at midnight I thought it would be more likely 6 A. M. Wednesday. Slept most of the time till 7. On arising found the wind had gone down considerably, so we got under way for New Haven immediately, and saying good-bye to the Æolus party who, all except the ladies, were on deck, we glided out of the harbor in smooth water. Once out, ran up the topsail and at last got it to set properly, the first time of the season.

The wind grew lighter and lighter, and at times was almost calm, and the sun boiling hot. Off Bridgeport, and again off Stratford Point, passed through fleets of oyster sloops. Some of them were fast sailers and trim looking craft, and one had evidently been a yacht in her earlier days, low black hull, without sheer and straight stem. We were evidently getting near to the home of the sharpie, as almost every other boat except the oystermen (and even some of them) were of that peculiar rig and build. As we could not be in any more of a hurry than we were for lack of wind, we ran up and hailed the solitary individual who was "cook and crew and captain too," of the first one. He told us she was 35ft. long, did not carry a pound of ballast, drew six inches of water, could stand more weather than the oyster sloops, in fact he was often out with full sail when they had to reduce theirs. His sails and all others are leg of muttons with a horizontal sprit to the clew. Except the pounding, they were good seaboats, so this veteran said. The wind freshened and we hastened on towards New Haven, entering the harbor and dropping our hook between the large schooner yacht Prospero, N. Y. Y. C., and sloop Henrietta, A. Y. C., near the first steamboat dock, at 3:30 P. M., in two fathoms of water with nine feet chain. The wind continued growing stronger, blowing S. W. up the harbor, and by the time we swung to it a heavy swell was rolling in. We could not keep the dingy clear of the yacht until we rigged a boat-boom with the boathook, topsail halyards, and guys fore and aft. We looked as stylish then as any of the big ones. Everything made snug, we packed out our store clothes and prinked up for a stroll ashore. All ready, the skipper jumped into the dingy; a swell took her at the same time under one of the guys, which prevented him from doing the same, threw his whole weight on her side, which capsized her and dumped all the Sunday-go-to-meeting things into the salt water. It was funny to see the skipper scramble aboard and survey his condition. The run ashore was not to be thwarted in that way. The boat was righted, bailed out, and, the skipper having no change of clothes, went on dripping as he was. We took a walk around the town, had supper on State street near Chapel, laid in some stores, and returned to the boat about 7:30. Turned in at 9:30.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 16.—It was raining when we turned out at 7 this A. M., and no chance for the skipper to dry his clothes; so, after breakfast they were hung on two lines in the cabin. By 10 it had cleared off though, and by 12 we were ready for another visit ashore. Prospected the town pretty thoroughly, walked through the classic campus of Yale, had lunch ashore, loaded ourselves up with stores, all we could carry, forty pounds ice, water melon, fruit, fresh bread, pies and groceries. Returned at 3; found a strong breeze from S. W. blowing, and had to handle the dingy very gingerly to keep her from shipping more water than she could comfortably carry with our load. Slipped our good clothes expeditiously and got under way; sailed up the harbor prospecting for fresh water; ran in alongside one of the docks and filled our tank and then worked out. In the latter process ran aground, not knowing the waters; then sent G. out quickly with a line, hauled desperately on it myself from the yacht, and in one of those efforts pulled myself headforemost overboard. I plugged a hole in the black mud on the bottom and came up with my bald head plastered over with it. Scrambled aboard and got the half dozen louts ashore to fry the hauling this time, and she came easily out of the mud. We had intending making a start for New London, but it was then 5:30 and too late, so we found a comfortable berth, had a good supper of beefsteak with onions, Lyonnaise potatoes, sliced tomatoes, huckleberries and coffee, and turned in, with the intention of starting at 4 A. M. next morning. Barometer 30.10. In the evening had a call from two local yachtsmen curious to see the cutter, her presence being remarked by many.

THURSDAY, Aug. 17.—Last night the skipper broke his crystal optic, and that broke up the arrangements for departure temporarily. He had in consequence to go to New York city. Left at 6:30 and returned at 3 same day. Wind blowing fresh from S. W. Following suit of some to be outside, took in a single reef in mainsail and got under way. At that moment a catboat capsized a hundred yards off and her crew of two were floundering in the water. We were hailed to go to the rescue, which we did, but a boat from the Prospero took the job off our hands. No one hurt, but catboats fell below par in our estimation. This was 4:30 P. M. Before we got out of the harbor had to shake out our reef and a half hour after set topsail.

Made Thimble Islands just after sunset, and ran in among them after several fishing steamers and the sloop yacht Phantom, and three or four others. This is a lovely anchorage, high rocky islands topped with trees and surrounded by deep water, a dozen of them, and the channels between them nowhere more than 100 yards wide. Summer hotels crown several of them and the bright dresses of the resorters on the docks, beach and in row boats enlivened the scene. We were sorry we had not fetched in six hours earlier.

After our supper (mullagatawny soup, poached eggs, tomatoes, pie, and coffee) the captain sat on deck to have a smoke while the crew went ashore to inspect the country and principally the inhabitants. The evening was calm and still as death. The voices of the loiterers on shore could be heard from one island to the other. One group sang songs and tempted the skipper to draw forth his flute, with which he made the rocks echo. Turned in at 10.

FRIDAY, Aug. 18.—Got under way at 6:30 and went out the channel to the southward, the passage by which we entered. There is a shorter passage to the eastward, but it was high water and being uncertain of the location of some rocks, we would not risk it. The wind was fresh from north as we ran out, but a few miles eastward it fell light and we set topsail. We have now to set properly and it is a strong pull for us in these winds. Off Niantic Bay the wind drew around to N. W.

Before starting we had only coffee and bread, so at 9 we flowed the sheets, put helm down and let her go easily along on her way, while both of us went below and had breakfast. Passed the mouth of the Connecticut at 12:30. On one bank is a large hotel with numerous beautiful cottages of latest architecture surrounding it. The shore all along is dotted with pretty residences among the trees which run down to the water's edge in many cases. Passed the light vessel off New London harbor at 4 P. M., and at 4:50 anchored off Pequot, among the sloop Julia, three or four large steam yachts and schooners, in five fathoms, close to shore. As we were a mile below the town, and forbade to go ashore, we hauled down our flag and put out our riding light at 5:30 and went ashore. Hauled the dingy on the beach and made fast by the chain to an iron bar in the sea wall. The finest sand I ever saw, I think, was found here, and we afterwards took some aboard for scrubbing purposes. The floats at the pier were crowded with gigs and cutters from the various yachts, and we did not want to intrude on their privileges. From shore our little cutter looked smaller than she ever looked; she was a gnat among bumblebees. We took the stage up to town, called at the post office, and received the cabin door key (after some trouble in explanation) and a telegram from friend K., but no letters from my office. Returned on foot after dark with more fresh provisions in our hands, and found it a much longer walk than we expected. The harbor of the Pequot House looked like a festive occasion, so many riding lights were there out on the water. Walked around the hotel and looked in on children's dancing party and envied the rich old duffers who owned the magnificent yachts off there, smoking on the veranda, and their rich young sons making love to the daughters, all dressed in the highest style of art. Barometer, 30.40.

SATURDAY, Aug. 19.—It was so cold last night we had to double up our blankets. Got under way at 7 A. M., anxious to get out of such unfavorable comparison as we made with the big, brass-mounted fellows around here. Tried to run up to town for ice and oil, but being ebb tide and head wind (N. W.) gave it up as taking too much time, and made for Greenport. Out of the harbor we had a coarse S. W. by W., and set topsail. Off light ship, lay to while we had breakfast. The wind freshened as we approached Plum Gut, and we took in topsail. In the Gut met a violent tide rip all of a half mile wide, and the water boiling and tossing in large waves as if dashing over rocks close to the surface. But inside of the beacon we were in a beautiful bay, and in smooth water and with a good breeze we went skimming along. The schooner Norna passed us here bound for the same destination. Until now we were never so fully impressed with the extent and beauty of the water for small yachts in the vicinity of New York, surpassed by none in the world probably, and this particular bay we thought the most charming we had yet found. We entered the reach on which Greenport is situated at 1 P. M. On the east shore at a place called Dimock Brook we observed a large excursion steamer had just landed a picnic party and we concluded, as it was early in the day, we would join the picnic for an hour. Ran along the shore to find anchorage, but to within 50ft. of shore it was 3 fathoms deep. Finally anchored above the wharf, had lunch and then went to the picnic. The excursion was from Norwich, Conn. Looked on at the dancing and then walked through the grove on the bluff where there is a lovely view, and the sport of the lovers who had progressed as far as a parlor sofa-ride; but out of the crowd saw but one or two good looking persons. At 4 ran over to Greenport and anchored in 4 fathoms, close in. The New York sloop Whileaway, schooner Norna, steamer Lookout, sloops Pirate, Arrow, also Coast Survey schooner Silliman and others around the island steam yachts coming and going every now and then.

Went ashore and spent an hour walking about the town. There is a Long Island appearance about the place and the inhabitants, and the absences of the appearance of business, or enterprise and thrift, which characterizes the towns on the opposite side of the Sound. The main industry here seems to be the menhaden fishery, and at least a dozen steamers have come in this afternoon and are lying at the wharves. Saw the crew unload from one a wet 180 fathoms long, worth about $240, and it was all difficulty that they piled it all on a two-horse wagon. It was to be spread out on a grass field to dry.

Returned aboard, with more ice and more provisions, about dark. Had a visit from a lady, boy and her two daughters, from one of the



other yachts, I think aged about twelve and fifteen, who were invited aboard by the skipper upon hearing them express surprise at the "little boat." They were interested in everything about her and the voyage we had made, were pleasing and genteel in their manners, and their visit was enjoyed. We did not introduce ourselves. Had a late supper, after they left, and laid off and smoked and read the New York morning papers, which we had procured on shore, played the flute afterward on deck a little while, and then turned in.

SUNDAY, Aug. 20.—Being a day of rest, we concluded to remain in port and take it easy. Turned out at 7, but it was 8:30 before we were through breakfast (salt mackerel fried and potatoes fried in egg batter *à la* Greenport, and coffee and sliced tomatoes). Then scrubbed decks and cleaned up generally, and after that laid off under the awning and read what was left unread last night of the *Herald* news, and wrote up the log. Had a chilly last evening and cold at night, but now it was blazing hot. Ice cold lemonade and cake came in acceptably. Finally G. suggested fishing, or it was suggested to him by seeing the fish jump up all around. So he went ashore and procured three crabs. As we had to steal them, the owner being absent, he was too conscientious to steal any more. He had hardly dropped his line overboard before he hauled up a sea bass about eight inches long. That started me up. I caught one and he two more. Then the bait was gone, and he had to go ashore for some more. This time he brought four clams. We soon had nine fish, and concluded we could not put any more to good use, so we stopped. Had lunch, and at 3:30 P. M. got up sail with the intention of running up the bay and trolling for bluefish awhile. We had been told last evening ashore that there was good fishing of the kind in Shelter Island Sound. Wind moderate, N. W., barometer 30.55, highest yet. There was a delightful breeze and beautiful, clear, green water and smooth, and failing to find the location of the fishing grounds, decided to run on to Sag Harbor. With topsail set we went skimming along through waters not so wide as the Thames, and sandy beaches with occasional wooded high lands, about twenty feet high only. Dropped anchor to eastward of the wharf at Sag Harbor at 6:30, shortly before sunset. Snugged up everything on deck and then prepared supper—the nine fish fried and six cans of green corn, coffee, and a good appetite.

We are getting so accustomed to the limited quarters of our little boat that we find all the comforts we want on board of her, so that, although in port all but the three hours out of the twenty-four, neither of us have been ashore.

Before we left Greenport, the schooner Haze, sloop Cute, and several steam yachts came into port and others departed, the Arrow early in the morning. Barometer 30.65. This place (Sag Harbor) is the quietest place (next to Port Jefferson) we have been in yet—except the church bells and the town clock there is not a sound. But few vessels in port, and only one sloop yacht, and she and ourselves showing the only lights in harbor. It is evidently not a favorite resort, the channel being narrow and the waters around shoal. Anchored in two fathoms; moon in first quarter.

MONDAY, Aug. 21.—After breakfast took a leisurely walk ashore and around the town. This is quite a substantial old place, quite large in the size of Greenport and more substantially built. Several large brick buildings, one a flour mill, a watchcase factory and others. One church of modern architecture of stone and a half dozen frame, and several large mansions with extensive grounds. Got 30 gal. under way with the intention of trying the bluefishing in Peconic Bay. Last night, after we turned in, it came on to blow very fresh from the north right into the harbor, and caused quite a swell at our anchorage. Slept uneasily and had to go on deck once and pay out more chain; up to 4 fathoms. In the morning we shifted berth to N. E. and moderated, and at the time we started it was easterly and light; set topsail before weighing anchor. A few miles up the straits at about 9 wind came out from S. W. and fresh; took in topsail. A dozen large fishing sloops were ahead and following us, heading towards Big Peconic Bay, and thinking they were after bluefish, we followed past Little Hog Neck, before we discerned that they were on their way home. Put about for Jessup's Neck, where, we remembered, we had been told were the traps of the Fishers Island fishing sloops with fishing parties trolling, and among the number were recognized by the parties who visited us Saturday evening at Greenport; returned their salutation. Trolled for about an hour without catching anything, or seeing any other party more successful and started sheets for Greenport again. Were attracted by a number of sails at Prospect Point, and running into Deering's Harbor, behind the land were surprised to find about thirty boats, some of them quite large, anchored there. As it was perfectly land-locked and average depth of 3½ fathoms, decided to anchor, and did so. Ran over to Greenport for some pressing articles and then back, and after supper took a walk ashore. Were surprised to find such a pleasant place here. It is quite a town, but a summer town only; inhabited not more than three months in the year; roads well graded with gravel sidewalks and handsome cottages lining them. A large hotel is also on the grounds, with a pavilion down by the water's edge. Here we found handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen rolling ten pins, and the former very beautiful. At the hotel was also a child's party, and we saw the last dance—9 o'clock. One little thing, not more than five years old, was the most graceful dancer in the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CANOE WEIGHING TEN AND ONE-HALF POUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As nearly all your readers are interested in anything pertaining to boating, and as my own name has been mentioned by various correspondents in connection with light-weight canoes, I thought it might be of some interest to a few of them at least to give my own views and experience on the subject, both as an individual and a builder.

I have just completed to the order of your correspondent, "Nessmuk," what I believe to be the smallest and lightest canoe ever made. It is 9ft. long, 2ft. wide, 8in. deep amidship, and 1ft. at the ends, outside measurement. Her keelson, siding, gunwales and very short decks are white cedar. The siding is scant 3-16in. thick. The stem and stern posts are of white ash, and all ribs—27 in number—are red elm. She is copper fastened and finished in oil and varnish, and weighs just 10½ pounds.

Will such a craft float any one? Yes; she has floated me—110 pounds—on a draft of 3in., having 4in. above water, which is necessarily very frail, but I have no doubt "Nessmuk," who is a veteran of light weight, will do what he proposes, viz: make a successful trip through the Adirondacks in her.

Would I advise anyone to buy such a craft? Certainly not. It is too small, too frail for any but a light weight enthusiast, who is willing to incur some risk and sacrifice some points of comfort that he may be able to say he has "done the wilderness in the smallest, lightest craft that ever floated a man." Still it proves the value of that system of construction which makes it possible to build a boat so light.

As an individual I should prefer a canoe 13ft long, 30in. wide, weighing 30 pounds. With that I can carry plenty of duffle, can shoot my 10-bore with 5 drachms of powder all day, take a yearling buck in over the broadside in open water—this requires care and skill, but I have done it—or I can stand up and move about in her and ride a big sea without danger of capsize. She is also large enough for two persons with small outfits each, and three weeks' outfit, and will stand a reasonable amount of racket.

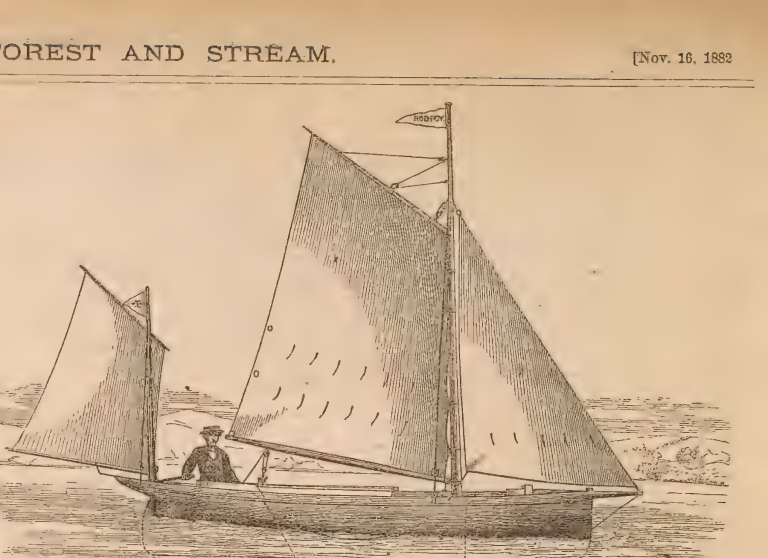
If I had a long distance to go and couldn't have any dinner till I got there, I should take the Long-laker, as I believe her to be the fastest rowboat in the world. The guides stick to her because she pulls easy. They are used to her and to nothing else, not enough. A man can, I suppose, get so that he would call a racing shell steady. The hardest two hours I ever sat in a boat was once upon a time in the bow of a Long-laker, floating for deer. I expected to capsize it if I got a shot, and was very glad when her bow was turned toward camp.

As a builder I have no choice. I please myself best when I please my patrons. He who foots the bills should have his choice—he can with me, to all reasonable latitude. We are building a great variety of small craft, but are always willing to undertake new work, and work out the ideas and plans of others when they are at all practical. The best way for a man to get what he wants is, first, to read FOREST AND STREAM a second time, then write to us and tell us what he wants—and all live builders do—for a catalogue. Don't forget to write plainly your name and post office address. I always find it difficult to mail a catalogue to those who forget to tell me who they are or where they live, and I presume other builders find the same trouble. When you get the catalogues, read them; they are printed for that purpose, and in most cases describe what the advertiser has to sell. Only now and then a man tells you what his neighbor has not got, and he does it under the impression that you will think he has everything else.

If you find in any of the catalogues what you want, order it. Don't be afraid of ordering it a day ahead. A boat is all the better for being built a little time before using it. If you haven't a place to store it, the builder will keep it until called for, only in that case he may want a small advance to insure him against loss if for any reason the boat should be left on his hands. If you do not find in any of the catalogues a description of what you require, write any or all the builders, stating plainly your needs. When you have all desired information, purchase where you please.

J. H. RUSHTON.

CANTON, N. Y.



MR. McGREGOR'S YAWL ROB ROY.

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

[CONTINUED.]

SINCE the commencement of these articles a large amount of correspondence has reached us, and numerous inquiries have been made concerning small yachts from the designer of the lines recently published in this journal. From this and the encouraging indorsement of many we conclude that in the subject of "Single Hand Yachts" a theme of great popular interest has been touched, fully justifying the trouble we have been to in drawing attention to a phase of yachting still almost entirely neglected in America, and really not yet understood even by persons who ought to know better. Small yachts constitute a nursery for amateur seamen, and being within the reach of a thousand where but one can afford or cares to go beyond the sum of five hundred dollars, it is natural that such widespread interest should be taken in what we have written concerning these boats, and we hope the ultimate outcome may be a fleet of able and complete little craft out of which so much pleasure, health and instruction is to be got.

Single hand yachts and decked boats generally of moderate tonnage capable of distant cruising are nothing very new, but in British waters make up a numerous lot in every port around the coast. It is all the more strange, therefore, that their virtues and the possibilities they present should be hardly understood and completely underrated on this side of the Atlantic. Attention has been attracted by catboats and ballast-shifting traps instead, the safe and comfortable homelike little vessel having been so far overlooked that many a person most anxious to follow the sport, but disdaining the scant satisfaction a catboat affords, has considered himself forced to abandon all idea of owning a ship-shape yacht until his worldly fortune had swelled to exceptional dimensions, by which time gray hairs were likely to make their appearance and youthful fire would be found quenched through years of toil and disappointment.

In nearly all the correspondence which has reached us two ideas or doubts seem to be uppermost in the minds of the writers. For one thing they lack confidence in the safety of two and three ton yachts, and for another they question their fitness for anything but nearly sailing and harbor use.

As to safety fears may at once be set at rest. There is little or no connection between safety and size. It is a common enough experience to find a large vessel abandoned during the heaviest of the gale, which has caused her loss, by taking to the small boats, while she often survive the foundering of the ship, though poorly devised, and not half as well supplied to meet the fury of an ocean storm as a well-built and properly-equipped yacht of a few tons burthen, to say nothing of their being overcrowded and in charge of men whose training and experience is of little account in the handling of small boats. Model, strength, outfit, rig, and stowage of weights are the elements of safety, and with these tonnage has nothing to do. There is many a yacht of two or three tons we would sooner be afloat in at sea than some sloops and schooners twenty times that tonnage we might cite. The smaller the yacht the stronger she is, or ought to be, in proportion to the strains she has to manage. She is built of fewer pieces, with fewer butts and scarphs, and of clearer material, and in small work much better fitting and fastening in detail can be had than in a large vessel. Moreover, in a yacht destined for hard service, special precautions to insure strength by ample tying are easily provided in iron floor straps, clinched copper fastening and stiffening with knees of perhaps grub oak. The small yacht, if well built, is of vastly greater strength than the average hooker voyaging up and down the coast year in and year out without harm.

In point of model, it is true enough that the catboats and their kind which constitute the majority of the small fleet in America are sadly deficient and positively dangerous for aught but smooth water sailing. But the dangers to which such contrivances expose their crews must not be accepted as the criterion by which designs of a very different nature are to be judged. With two essential requisites prominent in a design, a small boat can be made perfectly safe in any kind of a sea, however uncomfortable her limited dimensions may make her. These two essentials are low enough ballast to make a capsize a physical impossibility, and buoyancy enough to rise clear of an oncoming crest of a sea. The first is secured by the use of outside ballast, for the obvious reason that its leverage to right increases with the depth of its position. If enough ballast be stowed low enough, the boat may be knocked down by wind or wave time and again only to come back to her normal position as soon as the cause of the incident has passed. It need hardly be added that the boat must be kept free from shipping and retaining water, as that would derange the contemplated arrangement of weight, and might be the cause of a serious catastrophe. To this end yachts intended for work in open water should be decked fore and aft, and what cockpit is needed for convenience should be cut off from commication with the hold of the boat. This presents no difficulties whatever, though failure to entertain some such provision has been the cause of sending more than one craft to the bottom, through the inopportune filling of the hold and the eventual sinking through destroying the spare buoyancy necessary to keep the boat afloat with her ballast and equipment.

In practice a mishap of the kind is prevented by building the cockpit water-tight, and carrying the door sill of the cabin high up, about the level of the deck, with the slide so arranged that a single motion on the part of the crew effectually closes all access to the interior. An excellent plan has been devised by Mr. H. W. Eaton, whose cabin house or skylight in the new cutter now building by Stephens, of Staten Island, is arranged on the plan illustrated in the design for a single-hand yacht recently published in these pages. Entrance to the cabin is effected not by a door as usual in smooth water sloops, but by means of a flap or lid on top of the skylight. This can be closed in an instant, a spring button catching and holding the lid down close and practically water-tight. But if the usual doors are preferred, a little genius will suffice to accomplish much the same end. In this connection it should be remarked that so far as ventilation is concerned, a square foot of hatch overhead is worth as much as half a dozen in a vertical bulkhead, and for comfort in harbor a port forward or a second "lid" lifted an inch or two will supply all the fresh air and draft down below that can be desired. Ample buoyancy to lift out clear of everything, and to give enough "life" to the boat is obtained by high freeboard, forming a goodly above-water body which refuses to be sunk, and lastly upon rising with the same deadmacy a bucket forced down will display. This spare buoyancy is more readily secured in narrow vessels of high sides than in broad boats, which would become top-heavy with the same amount of freeboard. Given then low enough weights to prevent a capsize, and freeboard and tight decks for buoyancy, and the boat, no matter how small, will, like a corked bottle, "bob up serenely," right side up, under the worst circumstances.

Such a boat is primarily indistructible and all other requisites may be considered subordinate to the above. There is, of course, something in the rig, since the yacht is not merely to be safe, but also to be manageable. The rig must first of all be stout, as to spars, wire, rope and fittings and the iron work must be perfectly reliable. Attention to details is all that is necessary, coupled with proper proportions in all cases. It is not all too common spectacle to see an iron rod or a wire stay capable of withstanding a strain of several tons set up to a hook or by a lanyard which would burst upon the application of one quarter the strain. As no part of the rig is stronger than the weakest part, so too stout wire and heavy gear affords no safety against accident if the hooks, shackels, seizins, splices, iron work and its fastenings which go to make up the whole are in the least neglected. Screw eyes and bolts, slim necked hooks, threads liable to strip, spikes which are apt to draw and slovenly weldings are the weak spots to be guarded against in fitting up. Builders are surprisingly negligent in these matters and it behooves owners to have an eye upon the work or get a friend of mechanical attainments to look after the job for them, or they may get left in some trying movement.

As for the rearrangement of sail, no special rule can be laid down to govern all cases. So much depends upon the kind of service the crew proposes to engage in, that fitness for the purpose must be the guide. The following considerations have a bearing upon the decision. A distribution of sail which might offer no trouble to a couple of hands for an occasional short sail in pleasant weather in well known waters, might become altogether impracticable under more exacting circumstances, such as a long day's work, taking the weather as it comes and picking your way in strange latitudes. What may be no more than light exercise for an hour or two becomes unbearable toil if continued day in and day out, and sometimes twenty-four or thirty-six hours on a stretch. The sail plan suitable for smooth water is not fit for rough and tumble in a jump all day, and what may be conducive to speed and handiness under some circumstances will be discovered to be the reverse under others. For small boats the cat rig seems the simplest and easiest to manage. Perhaps it is in smooth water, but in a sea, the weight of the mast in the eyes of the boat is a very serious objection, a strain on the hull, and liable to go by the board for want of proper staying. The long boom is a tripper, the yacht will yaw violently, and steering becomes a hardship requiring too much attention; nor can the rig be honestly said to be the certainty and safety of others. While well suited for an hour's dash about a harbor, the cat rig is not to be thought of in a regular cruiser.

The sloop is a much better arrangement, and for moderate work fairly acceptable, though under trying conditions it fails seriously short of what a handy rig should be. In fair weather all goes well, but when overtaken by a squall—common enough in summer—the boat must be luffed, the mainsail lowered to reef, while the sea knocks you out, the jib flies, and off goes your pay before you are ready. Or the yacht gathers sternway, your helm is then wrong, and you quickly drop the work in hand to get the boat once more under control. If you drive off under jib alone, there may not be sea room enough to do it, or you run to leeward of the intended course, and if in company of a crowd of trading vessels a mess is the most likely end of the ill-started proceeding—trying to reef a sloop underway. Anchoring is a lubber's device—takes time—cannot always be done and involves a good deal of work when it can be done. Heaving to in a sloop is invariably put off till the last moment in consequence, and trouble always imminent. Still, anyone content to take his chances in running for shelter, or make the best of a bad job, will find the sloop a much better way of disposing his sail than the cat rig.

We have been upon long tour runs, with plenty of work in view for the day there is a third distribution of sail in vogue which for handiness and safety is incomparably superior to all others. We refer of course to the "yawl," an illustration of which has been given in the sail draft of the design by Stephens. It can best be described as a sloop with the boom cut off at the rudder head and the canvas thus clipped put into a small sail over the stern, known as a mizzen or a driver, as they have it in San Francisco, where the yawl has become a great favorite. This rig has been fully considered in a series of articles and contributions in a previous volume of this journal. Its advantages are so apparent that a casual glance at the sail draft for the single hander will disclose its economy and adaptability to anyone. The yacht is driven under control with jib and mizzen, so that mainsail may be reefed at leisure, or if stowed altogether leave you under reduced sail equal to hardening down two or three cringles without as much as touching a knittle; again for passing through squalls, the mainsail can be flowed and hauled to and fit will without the need of luffing out. You may box about as a catboat under mainsail only. You are prepared for the worst in an instant; you can reduce speed and enter strange places under jib and mizzen. The sails being small and low easily hoist and trim easily. The jib is smaller than in the sloop owing to the stepping of the mast, and the yacht is not hard on her helm in going large. In harbor the boomkin unships so that nothing projects over the stern to invite carrying away. This rig is pre-eminently to the cruiser's taste and has been given the preference by those who have made a specialty of sailing by themselves as captain, cook and crew, as witness the illustration of McGregor's little Rob Roy in which he made a most interesting voyage from the Thames down channel, up the Seine to Paris in 1867 and return.

We have been induced to consider the safety of small boats at sea in satisfaction of the queries of correspondents. Owners of small yachts, especially if sailing single-handed, though they may like to take a turn in the offing when they have the most serious conditions, are not likely to be found away from the coast without a port in easy reach, unless as an exceptional experiment, for the good reason that sleep must be had and harbor must be made for that purpose. Their interest in the question is but minor in the power and capacity small boats possess for cruising in roughish water, for it takes but a little breeze to knock up a bubble which, though ignored entirely by a large yacht, would be a serious enough obstacle to cruising in a small boat, unless she were capable of performing satisfactorily to some purpose in what to the little shaver is quite a troublesome kick-up. It is within bounds to say that while a vessel of some tonnage may meet a bothersome sea only once in a fortnight, the same weather might prove quite boisterous every day for the little two-tonner, hence the importance we lay upon the necessity for a "seagoing" model, a controllable rig and a complete outfit for the enjoyment of the cruise. Apart, however, from this we must say a great deal of nousense is written by abdicated old relics and failures in life concerning the fearful terrors and dangers of the sea,

With such people an initiating cruise or two in the reeking atmosphere of a forecastle teaches a higher premium upon sensation than upon veracity, and a liberal discount of ninety per cent. upon their nursery yarns will sound somewhere near the truth.

As a fact, following the sea possesses no greater danger or risk than many another walk in life. It is safe to say that a down-town business man crossing crowded, filthy Broadway every day takes larger risks and puts his life in more imminent peril than his brother plowing the briny deep. The great majority of the disasters to shipping arise, not from the fury of the sea or stress of weather, but from reckless disregard of the commonest dictates of prudence. Vessels down to their scuppers, top heavy with deck loads, cranky with shifting cargoes, leaky old tubs, shippers neglecting "the three I's," avarice and false economy, crowd the lists of wrecked and missing through man's own blind stupidity. His sins and omissions are not rightfully charged to the elements, nor should the gammon of old Nancys deter young blood from essaying a field of adventure some old fossils seek to blame for their own dismal failures. The sea has its share of dangers, to be sure, which can only be met with impunity by a cool, experienced head, with the proper tool under foot, but that those dangers are more exacting and frequent in proportion than in other spheres of life, an extended experience afloat has failed to establish in our mind. With this digression though, the owner of the small yacht has little to do, as his voyaging is necessarily limited to creeping from port to port along the coast, varied perhaps with an occasional run from one headland to another or to some outlaying isle at the most.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAKE YACHTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The nipping frosts of the last few nights admonish us that the yachting season will very soon be closed. In fact it has virtually closed here and at the ports on Lake Ontario, the only sailing craft now in commission here being the Gracie, which is always the first to begin and the last to end the work of the season.

The Atalanta arrived a few days ago, having had a long and hard experience in the Erie Canal, and a very rough night on the lake on her way hither from Oswego. She has been laid up for the winter here, and in the spring will be thoroughly overhauled and taken to Toronto, where it is expected a purchaser will be found for her.

The past season was the most successful, in a yachting point of view, that has occurred on the lower lakes for several years past. While the sport has shown a slight decline locally, it has "boomed" briskly in Toronto and Oswego, and the yachts which have done most to make or sustain a reputation, have been the deep-keel cutter Aileen, and the light-draft centerboard sloop Cygnet, which latter carries a double head rig, as does also the Atalanta now. Unfortunately, in all the matches that took place the wind was very light, and, in some instances, changeable as well. Oswego started the ball with a gentle zephyr, Belleville followed with more of the same, and the three days' racing given at Toronto by the Royal Canadian and Toronto yacht clubs were favored with similar unsatisfactory weather.

The handsome Herreshoff steam yacht Nereid, owned by Mr. Jay C. Smith, of Utica, N. Y., with her owner and Judge Sutton, of Utica, aboard, paid a visit to our harbor last week. She was much admired in all respects, but particularly as regards her coil boiler and her light, though powerful, engine.

It is probable that Mr. Wm. Pike (treasurer B. Q. Y. C.) will, during the coming winter, convert his keel sloop Sylvia into a cutter, and replace her present lead and inside ballast of iron with a fountain keel of lead. With such alteration it is quite on the cards that the Sylvia may astonish the natives next year. Yours truly,

PORT TACK.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

A VERY GOOD EXCHANGE.

THE owner of a now famous cutter expressed it to us in this way: Suppose for a moment my cutter is two, three or four minutes slower over a forty mile course than a sloop? What of it, do I not receive in exchange for a loss of a few minutes in a six hours' sail nearly double the accommodation, perfect safety and seagoing ability and cool cabins in exchange? And is this exchange not greatly to my advantage?

The logic of the gentleman we certainly consider sound, but it is not even necessary that the exchange should be made at the trifling sacrifice of two or three minutes in a six hours' sail, for the Bedouin has recently demonstrated that with like opportunities a cutter can be expected to sail quite as fast as a really fast one than the best of our sloops, besides possessing all the advantages enumerated which appeal to the cruiser's comfort and satisfaction.

VAYU.

THE water lines in the half-breadth plan of this cutter, illustrated last week, were taken from the builder's model, and represent molding size. The frames are spaced 12in. between centers, every third one being shown in the plans, and every alternate frame being steam bent instead of sawn.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KEEP A YACHT.—It is said that the owner of a very successful forty-tonner is so disgusted with his yacht's success that he has advertised her for sale. The yacht's original cost, so the story goes, is £2,500. It is difficult to believe that the cost of racing a forty-tonner could be so much, even for winning thirty prizes in one season, as I am told that the new sails, spars, and copper which the yacht had this season would not, or ought not, to have cost more than £500, including the re-casting of lead keel; the wages of crew and extra hands £400, and the prize money £500, including bonuses to sailing master and pilot. This would make a total of £1,400, and this was the exact amount represented by the prizes won; so, from a business point of view, the owner accounts, on my estimate, balanced. As to the odd £1,100, surely the owner must have included his own personal expenses.—*London Truth.*

LOG-LINE.—A correspondent wishes to know why "such an old salt like you" marks a lead-line with overhand knots instead of in the regular sea-going fashion. Because experience in sailing small yachts has taught us to use knots in preference to white and red rags, strips of leather and nothing at all for the "deeps". The knots can be counted by the touch at night and the rags require frequent renewing, while the "deeps" have to be guessed at which is not close enough work in a small yacht. We consider our plan much the more advisable, and more readily understood by casual amateurs using the line.

EXTORTION.—A canoe still seems to most railroads a dangerous article, the transportation of which should be classed with white elephants, savages or diamonds in bulk. A gentleman having bought a Racine Shadow in Buffalo, wished to ship her to Florida for the winter, but the charges proposed were so outrageous in proportion to risk and weight that it took exhausting argument to reduce the demands of the railroads to something half way within reason. We hope some day to see special rates adopted for canoes all over the country. By the way, Mr. T. P. Frank's canoe is the first one in Buffalo. There ought to be a thriving man in that vicinity.

CABLE-BEND.—Another old friend is greatly troubled at our taking two half hitches with the end instead of only one as per regulation hook long for bending a cable to an anchor. Once upon a time, riding to a long scope with ugly breakers astern, we discovered the seizing around the end had chafed away and the single hitch made with the small line in a fair way to dissolve and the boat in danger of leaving her bones on jagged rocks. Since then we prefer to put confidence in two half hitches when bending small lines and advise others to do the same.

ROYAL CANOE CLUB.—This parent organization of canoeing sailed seventeen races last season, the annual regatta having been held at Teddington, July 1, for which $125 and four goblets were offered in prizes, the purses ranging from $10 to $20.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Geo. A. Osgood died Monday last at an advanced age. He was well known as the owner of the schooner Fleetwing and latterly of the steamer Corsair.

OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably be interested in the paper.*

NERVOUS SPORTSMEN.

SOME of the most enthusiastic sportsmen it is our pleasure to know are but second-rate shots. Indeed, their shooting occasionally is execrable, and at the same time they are nevertheless accomplished sportsmen, when not considered exclusively in the light of game-slaughtering machines.

The only reason why these men and hundreds like them are not nearly such good shots as they ought to be, is that they are nervous and excitable when after game.

In noticing this great drawback, "Marksman," in the reprint of his excellent book, has in many of his remarks hit off the state of affairs admirably.

There are many sportsmen who, do what they will, are unable to avoid a painful trepidation, palpitation, or state of nervousness when walking up to the dog at its point; and the same if a bird or covey rises suddenly without being pointed by the dog.

An ungovernable nervousness is a great and almost insurmountable obstacle to a man ever becoming a proficient in shooting. If such a man ever shoots well during the day, it will be at the moment of unconcernedness, or when he is quite indifferent as to the result.

The only remedy that can be suggested is to endeavor to recollect yourself, make coolness a duty, and be less anxious and eager as to the result of your shot. Coolness and decision are difficult qualifications to teach, whether verbally or by writing. They should both be inherent in the sportsman, or he must never hope to expect to become a "dead shot," though when perfectly free from tremor or excitement he may shoot as well as the best shot in the land. Such a man, however, will seldom shoot two days alike. Over-eagerness leads to nervousness and confusion, which not only incur danger, but assuredly discompose the young sportsman, and prevent his killing at the most reasonable distances.

A steady hand and firm but quiet nerve are among the highest and most necessary qualifications of a good shot. If possessed by the sportsman he is certain with perseverance and practice to become a dead shot.

Successful shooting gives ease to the nerves and confidence to the shooter, but the fear of not hitting, and over-anxiety to kill, are the certain precursors to missing.

Nervous men generally find the greatest difficulty in keeping themselves free from excitement when a bird is coming directly towards them or when the dog points and they are certain of a shot.

When a man is tremulous or excited, whether at the noise or suddenness of birds springing from the ground or otherwise, he makes an unsteady and different aim to that which he would make if free from tremor and excitement.

An excitable person cannot shoot well, or at all events only in his calm and calculating moments. They are too hasty in every movement. No matter how near a birds gets up the gun is instantly levelled at it regardless of range, and generally the bird is missed.

Nervous men usually shoot best when by themselves. In presence of strangers they invariably shoot badly, some through the vexation and annoyance of being considered bad shots, of losing the reputation, or of being beaten by inferior sportsmen.

Feelings of envy and disappointment are sure to produce bad shooting. Some men when shooting become envious of their more successful companions; perhaps plodding, unpretending fellows, with cool and steady nerves, who seldom miss a fair shot, and who soon tot up a heavy bag, to the mortification of their envious and disappointed companions. When the nervous sportsman misses at fair range, it is either because his trigger-finger is not quick enough in obeying his aim, or having got the right aim, he does not keep the gun moving as the bird moves long enough to insure the shot striking with certainty.

It is impossible to attach too much importance to the consideration of these matters; the disregard of them is frequently the cause of missing a very fair shot, for if the finger errs in any way, or fails to act in concert with the eye, the bird is inevitably missed. There must be no momentary pause—the flying object is rapidly moving—an imperceptible instant between the moment of true aim and that of drawing the trigger causes a delay in the ignition of the powder, and so the bird passes away unhurt by reason of the shot flying below or behind it.

Nervousness is not a fault, but a failing, or rather a misfortune, particularly in one desirous of becoming a good shot.

If a man is naturally nervous, he seldom or never shoots well, particularly in the company of others; but if, possessing the other essential qualifications, he can get the better of the failing, there is no reason why he should not in the course of time shoot well. Some who have attained high distinction in the art of shooting have been more or less nervous in their early performances; so with cricket, and some other games of skill, nervousness is a great impediment to good play, but as the player warms to the game he improves, because the discomposure abates, and accordingly he plays with skill and precision. So with shooting: if the sportsman, possessing other good qualifications, finds that by practice he can overcome the nervous feeling, he never need despair of becoming a good, or even—"THE DEAD SHOT," *in Land and Water.*

HUNTING EXPENSES IN ENGLAND.—Judging from the recently published lists of hounds, hunting shows no signs of decaying during the season of 1882-3. Some idea of the money spent in hunting may be gathered from the annual table. First on the list come the staghounds, of which there are in England ten packs, containing in the aggregate 245½ couple of hounds, and requiring the services in the field of nineteen professionals. Of English foxhounds there are 144 packs, made up of just upon 5,700 couple of hounds; there are 109 huntsmen and kennel-huntsmen and 275 whippers-in. These packs give 425 meets per week, and allowing that each pack costs as many times £600 as it hunts in a week, we get a total of £255,000 as an approximate amount needed to keep the various establishments going. To this large sum must be added the amount spent by those riding to hounds on the purchase, keep, and shoeing of their horses, and the requisite saddlery. Say that on an average there are not more than 100 men in each hunt who follow the hounds, and that they have but two horses a piece at the low figure of £50 each; that gives 14,100 men with 28,800 horses, and their value is £1,440,000. The keep of these horses amounts to a very large sum, which finds its way into the farmers' and corn dealers' pockets. Then as regards labor. There are at the different kennels stablemen, feeders, second horsemen, and stud grooms, while the followers of the hounds must of course, keep their grooms and helpers. Earth-stoppers and game-keepers have also to be provided for, so that in one way or another hunting causes a vast sum of money to be circulated every year, much of which would, were it not for sport, be spent abroad in more pleasant climates.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TROUBLE IN INDIANA.—An Associated Press dispatch from Chicago, Nov. 14, reports: The Tolleston Club of this city, composed of many influential and wealthy men, owns several thousands of acres of marsh land in Lake county, Indiana. They procured the passage of stringent game laws, and so incurred the enmity of the "pot hunters" in that section. In retaliation, the latter secured the passage of a law making it a misdemeanor to carry out of the State any game shot within its boundaries. A few days ago a couple of poachers have retaliated by causing the arrest of Judge Knickerbocker of the Probate Court of this city and F. A. Howe, President of the club, and they have been bound over for a hearing on a charge of illegally exporting game from the State. A general war between sportsmen and market hunters is looked forward to.

Answers to Correspondents.

DOUBTER, Washington, D. C.—Elcho did not.

A. H. L., Easton, Md.—We know of no gum decoys.

T. M. S., New Bedford, Mass.—We have not received the books.

J. L. Z., New York City.—See notes of New Jersey shooting in another column.

J. M. A., Coos City, Oregon.—Any one of the makers named will give you a good gun for the price named.

H. D., Lindsay, Ont.—The device might answer, provided the reflection of the sunlight on the glass did not by its glitter defeat your plans.

H. E. W., Newark, N. J.—Do you think 9 drams of powder in a gun barrel would exert more than two-thirds the power of 3 drams? Ans. No.

A. W. P., Fort Plain, N. Y.—Your dog probably has chronic bronchitis. Give him three times daily two or three grains of iodide of potassium.

T. C. L., Little Utica, N. Y.—Hounding deer is at all times forbidden in St. Lawrence county. The season for shooting deer will close December 1.

J. R. B., Montrose, Pa.—Wild rice should be sown either in the late fall or the early spring, in the shallow water at edge of lakes; not in the marshy ground around the lake.

C. R. G., Burlington, N. J.—You may purchase quail of Ledbetter, Shelbyville, Tenn. We presume if you order them this fall they will be sent on, and not kept there during the winter.

T. C. L., Little Utica, New York.—We understand the St. Lawrence county (N. Y.) open deer season to be from August 1 to December 1. Hunting deer with dogs is never lawful there.

N., New York.—Please explain the meaning of the terms 80 ton gun, 40-ib. gun, 6-lb. gun, or pounder. Ans. The 80-ton gun is one that weighs eighty tons; the other weights are those of the respective sizes of shot fired.

R. J. S., Worcester, Mass.—Wants the address of a bear hunter in Arkansas who will guide him to good bear hunting in January. Perhaps R. S. will find what he wants at Crockett's Bluff, where "Byrne" will give him some help.

W. H. S., Germantown, Pa.—If your gun scatters too much you may have it re-choked closer. Perhaps you do not load it rightly. Try various charges of powder and shot, and by experiment see if you cannot make it shoot close enough.

A. RUFF GROUSE, Cleveland, O.—Wants "good partridge shooting within twenty or thirty miles of Cleveland, near some railroad. Or if I cannot find such a place, where can I find an abundance of rabbits? My work will permit my being away but a day or two at a time."

TRINIDAD RIFLE CLUB, Trinidad, Col.—It is usual to prescribe the conditions before the match is shot. You may make it "class-shooting," in which case the highest score takes first (or if there are ties on highest these are shot off for first), the next highest takes second (or if ties, they are shot off), the third highest takes third (or if ties, they are shot off), etc. If you do not adopt this rule, then those who tie on the highest score shoot off for first, second, etc.

W. F. W., Boston, Mass.—Please give the pedigree of Waters's Grouse. Ans. Waters's Grouse is by Grouse, out of Romp, Grouse by P. S. Tramp out of Fay's black and tan bitch, name unknown. Romp is by Horace Smith's Grouse (Bruce-Fly) out of Cora II. (Horace Smith's Bruce-Cora), Bruce was by Capt. Sipple's dog, out of the celebrated Ronwell bitch, who was by the Carter dog, and out of Baldersleve's Tip, Cora, imported in utero, by Buff, out of Gen. Sargent's Fanny.

S. D., Hampshire, N. Y.—In the town of Canisteo, Oct. 27, a hunter shot a deer as white as snow, except a little gray about its face and ears; the rest of its body was all as white as snow. It is not very uncommon? The man saved the skin whole except the feet. Can it be mounted by a taxidermist so it will look natural? If so, would it be of much value? Ans. White deer are rare. See some interesting notes on the subject in our issues of May 11 and 25, and June 3 and 15, 1882. A taxidermist could mount the skin. We cannot say what its value would be.

A READER, Philadelphia.—1. Will the use of No. 10 wads, with brass shells, in a No. 12 gun, 8 lbs. weight, 30 inch barrels, choked to throw 312 out of 500 pellets of shot in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards, bulge or otherwise injure the barrels? 2. Are brass shells preferable to paper in regard to shooting qualities? 3. Are 4 drams of powder, 2 pink edge wads, and one ounce of No. 4 shot, with a card wad over, too heavy a charge for such a gun? Ans. 1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Such a charge is not unsafe; but you will probably get better results with less powder. Try it.

WEST INDIES, Havana.—1. Which are the best places for general December shooting in Florida or Texas? 2. Which are the means of convenience to both places from Havana? 3. What game is likely to be found? 4. What guns and ammunitions are best fitted for the purpose? 5. What is the respective temperature in said season in both places? 6. What clothes are required? 7. Are suitable dogs to be found? 8. Any indication as to reliable and experienced parties to apply to for getting guides, boats, teams if required, and all such assistance and information will be greatly appreciated. Ans. 1. Go to the Lake Kissimmee country in Florida, via Florida Southern Railway; or to Wharton county, Texas, where you can find good board at ranches for $2.50 to $3.00 per week, with saddle horse at 50 cents to $1.00 per day. 2. Steamship, railroad, horse, and mule. 3. Deer, turkeys, ducks, geese, snipe and quail. 4. Double barrel shotguns, with an assortment of shot, namely, Nos. 4s to 6s for ducks; 1gs to 2gs for geese and turkeys; buckshot for deer; 7s to 10s for snipe and quail. You might take a rifle for deer. 5. In the Florida region, about 80 degrees. We do not know the Texas temperature. 6. Light and strong shooting suit. See advertisements. 7. If you have a good dog, take it with you; well trained dogs are not numerous there. 8. You will probably have no difficulty in securing all needed assistance, if you announce yourself as a sportsman.

New Publications.

GUENON ON MILCH COWS.—A treatise upon the bovine species in general. Translated from the French by Thos. J. Hand. Illustrated. New York: Orange, Judd & Co., 751 Broadway.

KATE SANBORN'S SUNSHINE CALENDAR.—A handsomely illustrated wall calendar, with a selected bit of poetry for each day in the year. Compiled by Kate Sanborne, and published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, or C. T. Dillingham, New York.

N. W. AYER & SON'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL, 1882, contains a carefully-prepared list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in geographical sections, and by towns in alphabetical order. It gives the population of the United States, and of each State, Territory, county and county seat, the chief cities and towns, and of nearly every place in which a paper is published. Similar information is given concerning the Dominion of Canada. It also contains a carefully-prepared description of every county in the United States, as well as of each State and Territory as a whole, and of each of the Canadian provinces, giving valuable information concerning their mineral deposits, chief agricultural products, principal manufactures, nature of the surface and soil, location, area, etc. On page 8 is given a tabulated statement of newspapers in each of the various sections of the country, giving the number of each issue in each State, Territory and province; also the number of counties and towns in which papers are published, and how many of the towns are county seats. Complete in all its departments, thorough in its details, giving just the information needed and only that—simply arranged, easily referred to, carefully compiled—it is, in fact, a model work of its kind. Price $3. N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, Publishers.

Those Complaining of Sore Throat, Hoarseness, or "taking cold," should use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice.—*adv.*

CYPRUS SPONGE FISHERIES.

THE fishers are Greeks from Sini, Colymnos and Ruad, in the Gulf of Antioch, whence they come all this distance in tiny little boats in which no other mariner would venture even on a pleasure sail. The Government of Cyprus impose a tax of £10 upon each ordinary boat and £50 upon boats carrying a diving apparatus, and as many of the sponge-fishers evade this payment, which the Turks never dreamt of enforcing, the Admiralty keeps a revenue cutter in Cyprus waters during the season, and as I was fortunate enough to be acquainted with the officer commanding her I obtained permission to cruise in her among the boats engaged in this perilous trade. Cyprus sponges are known and appreciated all over the world, but those of superior quality never reach foreign markets, from the great demand for this useful appendage to the toilet among the ladies of the great harems whose constant visits to the Turkish baths bring the sponge into daily requisition.

Only those of the very finest quality are used by the Turkish and Circassian belles, who make the size, shape and quality of their sponges as much a matter of fashion as the Parisian lady does the trimming of her bonnet or the color of her parasol. This quality is known as the "apidi" or pear, and "aspro veloudo" or white velvet, and commands fabulous prices the moment it is brought up, as Constantinople and Cairo merchants are always moving about among the fishers ready to pay almost any price for the much-desired quality. I saw some few specimens of this sort, and must say that it is beautifully fine. In shape it is like a hollow pear, cafe-au-lait colored, soft, elastic and velvety, and some idea may be formed of its value by the fact that a sponge-fisher refused £4 in my presence for a sponge of the size of a newly-born baby's head.

The fishermen are of an almost amphibious nature, and are from their infancy exposed to the hardships and privations of fishers generally, aggravated by the circumstance that the islands they inhabit have not a drop of water save only such as is preserved in large stone reservoirs, and which has to be brought periodically from the other islands or the opposite coast in large flat-bottomed lighters, constructed for this exclusive service, and serving often in the periods of forced idleness as a home for some of the poorest fishers, who thatch them over and secure for themselves a shelter from the prolonged winter rains. The real and best season of the year for sponge-fishing is during the months of July, August, September and October, when the regular sea breezes are to be depended upon, as well as the light wind off the land during the night. While the men and boys are thus engaged the women and very small children are the sole inhabitants of these barren islands, during which time they are often attacked by pirates from the mainland, who, after shamefully ill-treating the women, depart, loading their boats with anything worth carrying away they find in the cottages.

In the golden light of morning it is something really delightful to watch the sponge-fishing fleets, their sails palpably white against the glorious blue horizon, skimming like so many birds of light and beauteous form over the gentle billows, and sailing with the extraordinary velocity for which they are so celebrated and which alone adapts them to the service upon which they are employed. At this time of the year we are blessed with the most delightful weather, and as no boisterous gusts or squalls disturb the water the sponge-fishers can see through it to an almost incredible depth. Several methods are employed by the fishers, one of which is to stretch large drags from one boat to the other and so making a sudden sweep across them, as it were, under the water by sailing across each other's tracks until they consider them sufficiently entangled to admit of the divers following up their occupations. This modus operandi will be prohibited by the government next year, as it exterminates the young sponge, and as the commodity is fast becoming scarce, the contemplated restriction is considered wise by all parties interested, even by the fishers. About one-tenth of the boats are provided with diving-machines, and the quantity of sponge taken by them far exceeds that of the other boats.

The most interesting, however, of all the methods is that of simple diving; and as I have watched several of the parties thus engaged, I will describe it. These little boats contain, as a rule, three men and four boys, and are provided with a few ropes and poles, the latter screwing into one another, and being used in shallow waters. They dive in turns, and when not under water are receiving the sponges brought up or beating and washing them. A hard and dangerous life do these poor divers lead, and one which at any moment exposes them to instant death. Yet they are a robust and cheerful people, always full of mirth and frolic, singing, joking and spinning yarns. The most astonishing thing about them is the wonderful length of time they can remain under water, in which they far surpass the pearl fishers of the Persian Gulf, as although the latter can live for three or three and a half minutes, these Greeks remain under water for four and even five minutes, which to me, watch in hand, appeared as so many hours.

Indeed, I had fully made up my mind that the first boy I was timing had been drowned long ago, and that although my timepiece was ticking the hands had ceased to move. As a rule they avoid these long stretches, but very often the dive is so protracted, owing to falling upon a good field of sponges, that when the poor fellows reach the surface again they are utterly exhausted, and the blood gushes from their mouths, noses, eyes and even ears. Many cases have occurred when they have overrated their powers of endurance and succumbed to the loss of blood and exhaustion, five of such cases having happened during this season, besides seven men and boys having been killed by sharks, which were unknown in the Mediterranean previous to the cutting of the Suez Canal, but are now becoming very plentiful and dangerous.

Some of the divers carry bags for their finds, others tie the sponges in bundles under water, while many simply carry them under their arms. On returning to the surface, they climb into the boat carrying their harvest with them, and as soon as they are seated down go the others who were in the boat, naked and basking in the sun. The sponge when found looks far different from the sponge we know, resembling in appearance dirty, sticky black clay, and unless it is immediately beaten and washed it remains black and valueless. It smells most offensively, so much so that during the whole of the time I was among the fleet of boats I could compare it to nothing but a mass of putrid fish.

The sponge is beaten with heavy wooden bats, water being continuously poured over it, after which it is kept in nets hanging over the side until one of the shore-boats, which are engaged to run between the fleet and the land, comes alongside, when a boy takes it ashore and washes it with fresh water. Sponge is sold by weight, and in order to increase the natural weight the fishers place it in casks containing sand, thus getting a quantity of it in the pores; another method is to dampen it. The merchants, however, know all their tricks, and have means of discovering both the quantity of sand and water contained in the sponges.

Not a few of the fishers evade paying the license, and they are very difficult to catch, as long before the revenue cutter approaches them they set sail and run before the wind, and as their little craft attains an incredible speed the commander does not think it advisable to chase them. We caught one, however, though hiding behind the cape, and found that, besides not having a license, the owner had a heavy stock of gunpowder and tobacco on board, which he evidently intended to smuggle, and as the papers found on him gave the names of his confederates ashore, these gentleman were arrested in the evening and large quantities of smuggled goods were seized in their houses. The captain of the boat we captured is a jolly sort of a tar, and from him I found out that nearly all the sponges we buy are "doctored," especially those nice yellow ones, and that, although the "doctoring" gives them a good appearance, it destroys the sponges.

"When you want to buy a sponge," he said, "see that it is the color of coffee and milk mixed, and not yellow. It must not be trimmed, which can easily be detected by the traces of the scissors. It must be soft, elastic, velvety and very light. Squeeze it till your fingers meet, to find out if it contains any sand or shells, and shake it to see if it emits powder like smoke, which is poisonous and hurts the skin. When you find a sponge with none of these 'doctorings' buy it; it is worth anything they may ask for it." The most important thing, however, I found out from this man, is that when sponges get sticky, or "sick," as he called it, if they are washed well and left to soak in salt water or hard well-water, they become as good as new.—*Correspondence New York World.*

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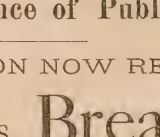
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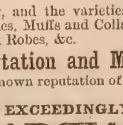
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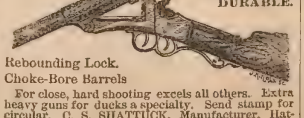
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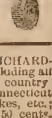
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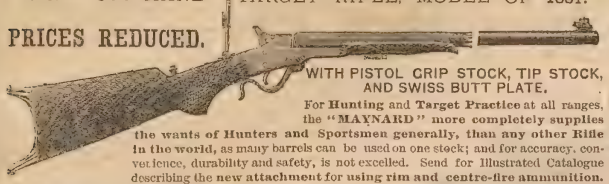
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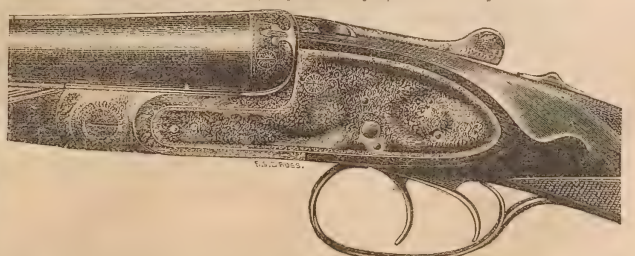
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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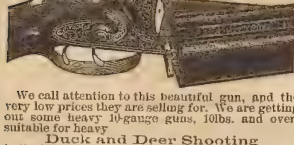
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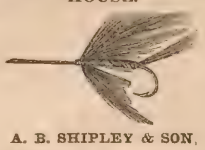
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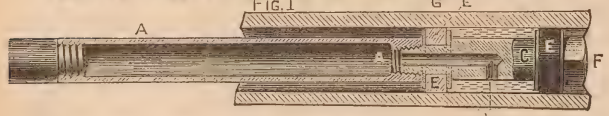
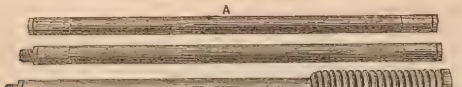
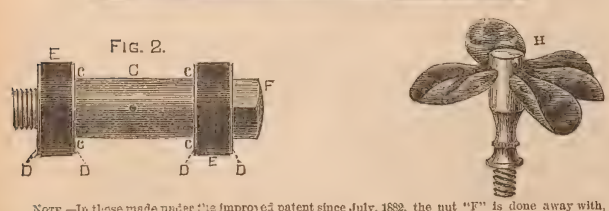


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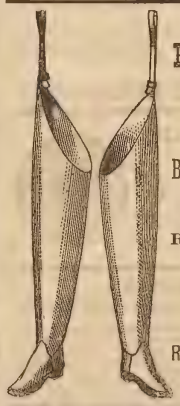
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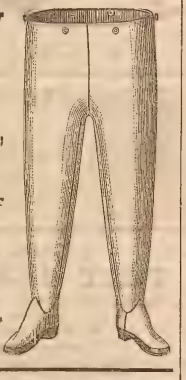
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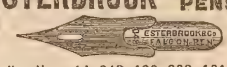
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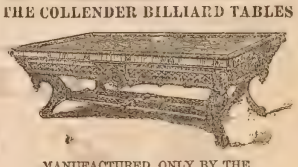
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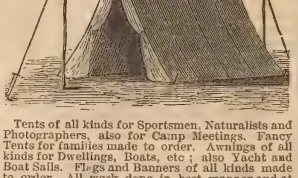
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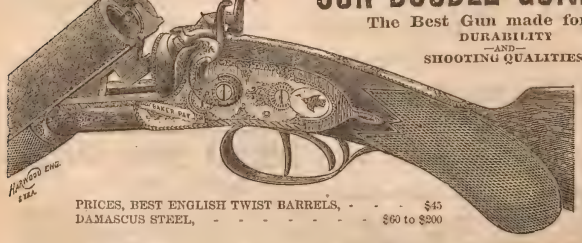
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GAME LAW AMENDMENTS.

IT is almost time for the tinkering to begin. Simultaneously with the assembling of the various State Legislatures will be heard the agitation about the amendment and further improvement of the game laws. A dozen bills, or perhaps twice that number, will be drafted and presented. Some of them will contain excellent provisions, and others will be framed solely in the interest of the pockets of a few selfish individuals. A majority of those who are to vote on the bill know nothing of the subject of which it treats, and are therefore quite incompetent to decide what shall or shall not be done—to sift the corn from the chaff in the heterogeneous mass of bills presented for their consideration. A bill, therefore, will not pass because it appeals to the understanding of the men who vote on it, but because more influence in its favor can be brought to bear on the voters than any other bill can command. Sportsmen make up so large and influential a class of the community that their voice, if properly directed, cannot fail to carry great weight. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that the influence of all sportsmen of the better class should be concentrated so that it may be used to the best advantage and may carry the greatest weight possible. There appear to be two courses from which to choose, that is we may either abstain from all interference with the laws as they now stand, and may labor simply to secure money and machinery to enforce such laws, or we may direct our efforts to the securing of a short, simple and easily understood new bill that will effectually cover the ground. In case the first course should be adopted it seems probable that an appropriation of $15,000 to $20,000 with a considerable force of game wardens might be secured, and if the pay of such public servants were made liberal and politics were not allowed to influence the appointments, we have no doubt that this plan would work more good to the game than all the laws that have ever been passed concerning it.

Last summer we had something to say on this subject, and our remarks then are still more pertinent now. We said that it is—

Natural enough that the movement in favor of game protection should first take shape in the enactment of protective laws, which provided penalties against the killing of game at certain seasons when it was least fit for use. This method of protection, while it was well enough as far as it went, did not go far enough, since in most instances neither machinery nor money were provided for the carrying out of the provisions of the law. In this respect the enactments for protection present a curious anomaly, differing as they do from any other statutes passed by the Legislatures of the various States. The clamor for reasonable and proper laws statesmen are willing to yield to, but it does not appear, except in rare instances, that appropriations of money to enforce such laws have never been either asked for or granted. The fact is that those interested in the subject have fallen into a rut, from which they do not seem able to extricate themselves, and so, at every session of the Legislatures of the different States, we hear of proposed alterations and amendments of the laws, which those who advance them apparently think, will cure all our present evils. * * * * * * * * * *

Now, no one will say that our game laws, as they at present stand in the various sections of our country, are at all what they should be, but if they were properly and sternly enforced, they would do a vast amount of good, instead of, as is now too often the case, accomplishing nothing at all. The laws should be short and simple so that they can be easily understood by all, and so that under their provisions convictions may be easy and there may be no loophole for the escape of the offender. A cumbersome and intricate law, full of exceptions and special provisions, should be by all means avoided. But it is a great mistake, and we wish we could induce everyone to think so, to apply for relief in this way only. Why can we not next year leave the laws as they are, and devote ourselves with all our energy to securing appropriations and the appointment of officers to enforce those that we already have? This expenditure of effort to secure changes in the laws is a waste; it is firing in the air.

The efforts to secure enactments which are perfect is very well, but long before they have been passed the need for them will have ceased, for the game will all have disappeared. We should begin now at the right end, and make provision for the enforcement of such laws as we have, and then, after having inculcated in the public a wholesome respect for, and fear of, the law, it will be time enough to make efforts to improve them. It is a shame and a disgrace that, as is now usually the case, the enforcement of the statutes should be left wholly to private individuals, societies and corporations. And it is not only a shame, but it is the worst possible thing that could happen for the general shooting and fishing public, since, as we have more than once shown, the natural result of such a state of things is to induce wealthy clubs and corporations to secure the most desirable grounds, which are thus of course closed to the public at large. Cases of this kind are constantly being brought to our notice, and the rapidity with which this movement is now going on shows that the appreciation of the existing state of things is widespread. The matter is one which touches so nearly every one who at all depends upon shooting or angling for his amusement and recreation, that it is difficult to account for the apathy that appears to exist among sportsmen in regard to it. We can understand why the club member, who can go in September to his marsh on the lakes and later in the season to the points and uplands of the Southern States for his shooting, should be careless in the matter, but how the man whose occupations only permit him to take an occasional day or two in the country near his home, can view with equanimity the gradual disappearance of game we do not exactly see. Of course this is a matter that interests sportsmen, and them alone. If the prospect is a satisfactory one to them, no doubt it is equally so to the rest of the community, but it certainly seems a pity that the result, which is inevitable unless some earnest action is taken, should come to pass. Things grow worse each year, game is less abundant and harder to find.

In the meantime, we cannot urge too strongly upon those who have already put their hands to the plow, who have actively interested themselves in seeing that the laws are enforced, the necessity of not looking back, of not ceasing from the labor of love which they have undertaken. For the present our hopes rest on them, and each man should do his best. But next fall and winter, when the Legislatures meet, let us all try to do something which will really tell, and no longer fire into the air.

The shrewder and more far-seeing sportsmen are discouraged at the prospect which they behold in a future that is not very distant. The clubs which purchase or lease lands, do so simply because they know that when they absolutely control a region they can absolutely protect it. If only thirty men shoot over a country where there is room for one hundred, it is clear that with anything like moderation in shooting, the thirty will have birds for all time. The best shooting grounds everywhere are being thus secured, and the public grounds are therefore continually becoming more contracted. It certainly appears to be time for the men who do not and are not likely to belong to clubs to do what they can to make the State take some efficient measures for the protection of the game to which every citizen has now a right.

Laws are well enough as far as they go, but by themselves they amount to nothing. Of what avail would the statutes against criminals be, were there no officers to hunt them down and bring them to the bar of justice?

The second course is even more radical than the above, and therefore presents, to our mind, less chances for success. Briefly, it is this: Substitute for the present cumbersome statutes a short, simple law which shall cover the whole ground, with no exceptions for certain counties, certain waters, or certain hotels. Let spring shooting be abolished, jacking, or fire hunting, forbidden, the hunting of deer with dogs carefully restricted, a uniform and short open season adapted to the special demands of each State for quail, ruffed grouse, and woodcock; let penalties be made severe; a clause be embodied in the bill providing for the appointment of wardens who are not to serve in the counties from the pay of such appointed, or in which they reside. Let which they are men be liberal and so that they may do their work well.

To accomplish anything we must have paid game wardens, who shall be trustworthy and efficient, just as we have tax gatherers, just as we have custom house officers, just as we have police officers.

DOG STEALING.—The stealing of valuable dogs for the reward which is almost certain to be offered for them has become a regular industry in this and other large cities. The thieves watch the houses where dogs are owned, and usually find it an easy matter, in the early morning or in the evening when it is having its short run, to pick up the animal. Pet dogs, and the small toys, that can be hidden under a coat or in a pocket, are most likely to be the victims of such raids, but the larger animals do not wholly escape, and many an owner of a fine pointer or setter has paid a large reward to get back his well beloved field companion. The stolen dog is taken to the den of the thief, where it is kept until the notice of its loss, accompanied by the promise of a liberal reward, appears in the papers. It is often the case that no attention is paid to the first offer, and the fond owner, anxious and discouraged, offers another and larger one. He is then approached by one of the accomplices of the thief who gives him the desired information as to where he may find the lost one. Often the same dog may be stolen a number of times, and may thus cost his owner many times his money value. The true way to deal with rascals of this stripe is not to advertise a reward, in other words, to break up the nefarious traffic by making it unprofitable. Besides this it is well to put the lovers of dogs on their guard, so that the thieves may be unable to sell the animals which they have stolen. If this were done always, a short time would suffice to turn the attention of the dog-stealing fraternity from this particular branch of thieving to others more lucrative. We are always glad to help owners who have lost their dogs to recover them, and we will do our part toward making stolen dogs unsaleable by publishing without charge, when they are sent to us, any descriptions of dogs that have been lost. Such notices will serve to put buyers on their guard, and may very likely prevent some of our readers from being victimized.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN IN CANADA.—A party of American gentlemen, among them one of the most distinguished physicians of this city, recently went on a duck shooting excursion to Lake St. Francis, in Canada. Although they took great care to comply with all the provisions of the game law, their presence in Canadian waters had a somewhat remarkable effect upon certain of the residents. Sundry individuals were greatly perturbed in spirit, and the Montreal *Witness* went off at half-cock over the matter. One of the party, which was the innocent cause of all this pother, writes us a letter on the subject in order that Canadian sportsmen may not be misled by the false statements of the journal in question. There is perhaps little need of such explanation, for we know that the intemperate course of the *Witness* does not represent the sportsmen of Canada.

"WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES."—The initials appended to this series of papers (the first of which was published last week) are familiar to most of our readers as those of Mr. George Dawson. There is no man better fitted to write on this favorite topic; and we felicitate our angling readers upon the acquisition of these graceful contributions to the literature of the art.

AN EARLY PRESS DAY.—The FOREST AND STREAM next week will go to press on Tuesday instead of Wednesday as usual. Advertisers are requested to send in their copy as early as possible.

THE TEAM CAPTAINCY.

THE resignation of Col. Bodine from the position of captain of the team of 1883 leaves the way clear for really effectual work in the making up of the American representatives for the battle of July next. We have heretofore spoken very freely of the merits and failings of Col. Bodine. An excellent shot, he has fairly won the title of "Old Reliable." As a member of a team he could always be depended upon for creditable work, and American riflemen and modern rifle practice in this country owe to him a great debt. He was bold enough to accept the captaincy of the team of 1882, at a time when he must have known from an examination of men and weapons that defeat was inevitable. He did what he could with the material at his command, but in executive ability he displayed a woeful deficiency, and in his report upon the match he antagonized the press, the public and the militiamen of the country. He lost the confidence of the very classes to whom he should appeal for support in making up a strong team, and it could only have been intended as a compliment, and not as a real appointment, when the board named him as captain of the coming team.

The question of the best method of selectiong a team captain has always been an open one, and very diverse views are held on this subject. Those who hold that the team captains should be appointed without any special reference to the wishes of the team men point to Great Britain for examples. There the team captain is decided upon and the men join the team under him. Here such a plan is distasteful to the shooting men. It flavors too much of a mild despotism and is not democratic enough to suit our American notions. All the American teams that have met with success in their matches have been under the management chosen by the men, and the suggestion that any other plan was to be substituted acted as a wet blanket upon the enthusiasm which was growing upon the question of the match of 1883. Now, however, when the shooting men come to learn that after all the team men, who may fairly be expected to have their best interests at heart, are to be permitted the choice of a team captain, a new and heartier interest in the matter may be counted upon. Such is the only just, the only American, and what is more important, the only successful method.

THE SPARROWS MUST GO.—The latest Boston institution is an anti-English sparrow society for the repeal of all existing laws protecting that bird, and the adoption of efficient means for his destruction. The ladies of the Hub are the prime movers in this crusade. If they really desire to see the sparrow exterminated, let them demonstrate its edible qualities. The Massachusetts Governor-elect is a great friend of song birds, and will be apt to give gubernatorial sanction to the sparrow slayers.

FISH PICTURES.—At the American Art Gallery, No. 6 East Twenty-third street there are now on exhibition studies of a striped bass and one of a red snapper. These pictures are by the late Mr. S. A. Kilbourne, which is saying all that can be said in their praise. The exhibition is one of artists' studies and is well worth a visit.

FABLES FOR SPORTSMEN.

IX.—THE CAT AND THE PIKE.

A CAT would go a-fishing, but could catch no Fish for fear of wetting his feet. Seeing a Pike in the depths below him, taking with ease and great pleasure all the Dace, Roach and Perch he desired, he called to him, saying, "How is it, Master Pike, that you can take Fish without wetting your feet?"

"Verily, Master Grimalkin," answered the Pike, "it is the easiest thing in the world for me. I have no feet!"

MORAL.

Try Wildfowl shooting in December or watching a Runway in wintry weather, or wading to thy knees in a cold Bog for snipe, or fishing in a pouring rain, or anything which is sport to some, but misery to others, and thou wilt shortly discover whether thou art a Cat or a Pike.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GOOSE HUNT ON THE RIVER PLATTE.

THE River Platte is noted as an excellent shooting ground for wild geese, especially in the fall, as they are migrating southward. At that season of the year it is chiefly a bed of sand, dotted here and there with towheads of various shapes and dimensions, among which the stream cuts its way, in the form of thousands of rivulets, that make myriads of sandbars upon which the geese will gather sometimes by the acre, when undisturbed for any length of time, to loiter away the while between their hours of feeding. Now and then a large island, of many miles square, intervenes, but usually, in such cases, the water of the river, during a low stage, runs chiefly in one channel, leaving the other comparatively dry. These larger islands, for the most part, are very fertile and settled up with farmers. The adjacent country, especially in the middle part of the State, is pretty well under cultivation, and the fields of corn and wheat furnish ample provender for the geese. These leave the river about the dawn of day and go out in quest of food, returning from nine to half-past eleven in the forenoon to drink, take a rest, and chew their cud. The chances of bagging many of them as they go out are not numerous. Occasionally a "single-footer" will come into the decoys for company, and once in a while a small flock, in their investigations, will come near enough to offer a shot at long range, but ordinarily the shooting does not become serious till the return from the fields. The geese go back to the country between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon and return about dark. These habits vary some, according to the state of the weather. If the day is bright and clear, the birds do not stay so long away from the river; on the contrary, if it be dark, with little wind, they loiter about in the fields the larger part of the day, and in rainy weather occasionally do not come back at all. I speak now of the habits of geese that appear upon the Platte.

Last year, on account of a hitch or two, I lost an opportunity to accompany a party of good boys who went up the river on a goose hunt and who had fine sport, but I then made up my mind that that thing wouldn't occur again. I began preparing for it early in March by borrowing two dozen first-class decoys of the Marooner Club at Vicksburg, and bringing them up here with me a day or so later. From the hour of my arrival here till the affair was definitely settled, I was busy "fishing" around for an invitation to be one of the party who knew the grounds and had arrangements for quarters during the hunt. I pledged myself to be faithful in chasing and bringing to bag the wounded geese, and that pledge apparently decided the matter in my favor. Mr. O. F. Foote, an intelligent farmer who lives some sixteen miles north of Juniata, a little town on the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad (in Nebraska) about one hundred miles west of Lincoln, had agreed to write Jack Lanham, of Crete, when the geese were down in sufficient numbers to warrant out coming.

The party, as originally constituted, was composed of the said Jack Lanham, H. D. Hathaway, manager of the State Journal Company; C. L. Baum, of the hardware house of D. & C. L. Baum; Dr. S. F. Rouse, manager of the Whitebreast Coal Company; Mr. Kendall, Land Commissioner of the State and myself, all of Lincoln, except the Crete man, who was boss of the expedition.

On Monday, the 16th of October, Mr. Foote wrote to Jack that the geese were there and ripe, but owing to some delays in the mail this news did not reach us till the following Saturday. Wednesday was set as the day for startiag. In the meantime Kendall got mixed up in politics and could not well extricate himself, so retired from this hunt. His place was filled by Hon. A. G. Adams, of Burlington, Iowa, a young man of wondrous avoirdupois, but an enthusiastic sportsman. This member came down to Lincoln on Monday. The big stories he heard about geese on the Platte so stirred his youthful ardor, there was no holding him. He cavorted about like a young colt in a canebrake. Rouse was not much better. He was up there last year and he knew what was in store for him. I never saw such nervous men. Monday afternoon I dropped into Doc.'s office and found the two busily loading shells, their faces aglow with pleasurable anticipations.

"What's the matter?" says I, "What's your hurry?"

"Oh, we can't wait," replied Doc, "we are going up to-morrow, my young friend here has come on for this hunt, and don't feel like loafing around Lincoln two or three days. I am ready, and so we'll go up to-morrow."

The rest of us, after vainly remonstrating with these wild huntsmen, held a council and expressed our views. One said he hoped it would rain the day after they got there and the shooting would be poor, or that Adams would stick in the quicksands; another thought these men would frighten away every groose within a radius of ten miles, and we all knew they would go up there and go all over Foote's house and select the best room and softest bed in it; but we managed to curb our passions before any one got crippled, and allowed Rouse and Adams to depart in peace on Tuesday with the two dozen decoys we had made for the occasion.

The next day Hathaway, Baum and I took the Denver train at noon, picking up Jack at Crete, and arriving at Hastings near five o'clock; ate the lunchman out of house and home. Here we changed cars, and took the Kearney extension of the B. & M., and after a run of thirty minutes, reached Juniata. Our team was awaiting us at the depot. It was a tip-top pair of horses, driven by George Watkins, and we had a charming moonlight ride over to Foote's, whose house we reached before nine o'clock. As we drove up to the door our two friends came out to greet and welcome us and help us in with our traps. They soon gave us an account of the situation. To start with, the geese were "thin," much "thinner" than they were last year; they were wild; the river was lined with hunters, native and foreign born; the weather had grown warm since Foote wrote, and the geese had mostly taken to parts unknown, the few that remained having learned that death lurked within the numerous blinds that loomed up from the sandbars, and usually gave them a wide berth. Adams and Rouse had killed only twelve geese during the entire day. It was not such news as we had hoped to receive, but it did not discourage us. We resolved to work harder.

Mrs. Foote's beds were clean and soft, the rooms were comfortable and we slept as soundly as hunters usually do under such circumstances. The drawbacks were those of our own creation. Adams and Baum snored outright and lustily, Jack had a kind of exhaust or cut-off to his, Hathaway's was a species of cluck that gave variety to the entertainment. I was the tooth gritter of the party, but that the boys might have a little sleep I put a string in between the teeth of the upper and lower jaw, but I guess that during the night I must have swallowed it, for I was aroused by Doc Rouse yelling at the top of his voice. I looked over that way, and saw Doc sitting up in bed. The full moon was shining in at the window by his bed and revealed a face haggard and careworn.

"What is the matter, Doc? Are you sick?" I queried.

"Sick! the d—l! I wish I was! Just listen at this racket. Who ever heard such a fuss. Was that you crushing corn just now? I could stand the sawing you new hear going on, but when a man goes to smashing every tooth in his head human flesh can't stand it. Even the baby has been aroused down stairs. Gods! listen to the noises around me! I have been lying here two mortal hours suffering agonies of the damned," and with that he raised his voice and in tones louder than a war whoop yelled, "Give us a rest!"

Of course this settled it. Every one of the seven sleepers up stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Foote, and every chick and child down stairs awoke as though an earthquake was tumbling the house upside down. Directly we heard the work of getting breakfast in progress, when all hands tumbled out of bed and got ready. Let us pass over the consumption of Mrs. Foote's food. No human being would credit the story were I to tell it.

Mr. Foote's house is on the southern bank of the Platte. Ordinarily the best shooting is near the house. Rouse and Adams were located just above. After breakfast Hathaway and Lanham built blinds from willows not far away from the house, using a part of the artificial decoys and dead geese from their neighbors' blind, while Baum and I had George take the team and drive us a mile and a half down the river. Here we loaded the wagon with brush, and driving out upon the bar unloaded it, built our blind, put out twenty-four artificial decoys and awaited the flight. Three miles below us was a large party from Falls City, in this State; above the house was another party from Salem, shooting from sink boxes, with single individuals sandwiched in now and then till the river was one unbroken picket line. When the geese, near nine, began to come in from the fields, they seemed to give Baum and me the "go by," and as we heard the thundering up and down the river from the other fellows, we grew restive and unhappy. At last, near noon, five brant passing our way, catching sight of our decoys, came in and we knocked down three of them. The other two circled around awhile and coming back to look after their dead companions, we "lifted" them, thus annihilating the entire flock, and somewhat soothing our feelings. A little later we secured a pair of Canada geese, and from that time until after three o'clock did not get a shot. Hailing George, we had him drive the wagon out to us, when we loaded up our blind and traps and went a mile further down the river, where we rebuilt the blind and put out decoys, having completed this work by four o'clock. From that time till dark we had fair shooting, running our score up to nineteen, seven of which were brant and the only brant he and I killed on this hunt. On returning to the house we found the scores of the others about equal to our own, but nobody enthusiastic. Supper was awaiting us and it did not require two invitations to induce us to sit down to the table. It would have made the heart of a dyspeptic quail for him to see us demolish things. In his eagerness to get in his work, Jack poured the cream, intended for his coffee, into the sugar bowl, and Baum appropriated a two-gallon dish of stewed onions to his own use and began eating from it, when he was brought to consciousness by other members of the party who had a fondness for onions as well as himself. After supper guns were cleaned, and then in the big room, around the fire, the incidents of the day were recounted. There had been many clear misses during the day, but every one was going to do better on the morrow.

Just north of the blind occupied by Baum and myself was a wide channel running around an island about two miles in length, and through which flowed a little stream about fifteen feet wide and three or four inches deep. This seemed to be a favorite resort of the geese, and they would collect there by the hundred. Once during the day Baum waded the river and put them in motion, and later I did the same thing. They left the place reluctantly, but when they got fairly started in their flight up and down the river the music began. After they had passed out of sight we could note their progress by the booming of the guns from the blinds as they flew over them. Having told the boys of this place it was decided that Jack and Adams go down there and try it. Jack was to look after Adams, pilot him across the river and see that he did not go down in the quicksands. The young man feared his avoirdupois, and the quicksands are bad in the Platte. So these two gentlemen went down in the wagon with Baum and myself the second day, carrying down some dead geese for decoys, and crossed the river, where Baum and I built our first blind, Jack carrying over the biggest load. But Jack is wonderful on the carry. That night I was telling the boys of the load I saw him take across the river, when they related what they had seen him do the day before. On going out from his house he and his party found a large blind left by other parties that needed repairs. Billy Foote, the old gentleman's son, hauled out a load of brush with the pony to make repairs, a load so large that the pony stalled upon the sands and some of the party had to go to the rescue. During the day it was decided to move the blind near half a mile down the river, and Jack's partner went off to arrange for it. While he was absent Jack tore down the blind, whipped a stout cord out of his pocket and tied it around it, then deliberately shouldered the unwieldy bundle and marched off with it. Hathaway says—and Hathaway is a truthful man—that when he saw the thing going down the bar he though it was the pony loaded down to the guards on both sides with brush and Billy on top of it.

But Adams and Jack, especially the latter, did not meet with much success in the new territory, and Jack changed again the next day to a position where he had fair shooting, the reverse falling to the fate of Adams, who abandoned his blind, but in crossing the river at night to join Baum and myself in the wagon on our return to the house, fell in with quicksands, got over his depth, and went to the house afoot to keep from freezing, beating us in by half an hour or more. The next day, both Jack and Adams moved back to blinds near the house for the two days remaining to us. George ferrying the dead geese in what we called the dead channel, across the river on horseback and then hauling all from both their blinds up to the house, where they went out upon the bars to do duty again as decoys. Baum and I stuck to our position down the river till the last day but one of the hunt, when at night, after an unsatisfactory day's sport, we tied up our geese in bunches of six, loaded them in the wagon, and hauled them to the house, where they were hung up in the corn crib. On the morning of the last day Baum borrowed some dead geese from other blinds and went into a small one of his own, while I went into the blind with Jack, all near the house. During all this time Hathaway had stuck to his original blind and had set out so many dead geese that his decoy was very attractive and brought in the living ones. One day that cool, quiet, patient hunter brought to bag twenty-eight geese and a few ducks, the latter from flocks that happened to fly his way in passing up and down the river. One day a flock of geese lit in the water near our blinds (we had the third day erected two small ones instead of the one large one) and at the signal by Baum he got in his first barrel as they sat in the water, and I as they arose. Owing to smoke interfering I could not see the flock after the first discharge, but banged away in their direction. When the smoke cleared away we saw two geese "dead as a mackerel" and six wounded ones making off in every direction, two of them striking for the swift current near the opposite shore, where I chased them for nearly half a mile, once getting in water that came within an inch of the top of my wading pants. Baum raced around over the bars and in the shoaler water after the four others. We succeeded in capturing them all, but returned to our blinds nearly exhausted. That same day four geese came into the decoys, and at the signal Baum's gun cracked, and I tumbled my goose. I then drew upon the next one I saw, but just as my finger bent upon the

trigger "bang" went his gun and the goose began to fall, though too late for me to check up. "Clean work," says he, and upon asking him where the other goose had gone, "Got two with my first barrel," he replied.

One day Hathaway got six geese out of one flock, one with each barrel when they first came in, then the same as they came back, and the same when they decoyed for the third time. At this juncture the rest of the flock began to suspect something was wrong and took their departure. Adams was too awfully fat to walk to dinner, and one of the party usually carried it to him. On the last day of the hunt, as we were going back to our blinds from dinner, we saw a big flock of geese set their wings and sail for Adams. We stopped on the bar and watched for the result. The entire flock alighted among his decoys, and while we were all swearing the man had gone to sleep, up went the flock, then two puffs of smoke rolled out of the blind and down came five geese, one of which soon recovered and flew away, the others coming to bag.

There was one day—I will not name it—when our score was nearly a blank. Every man in the country for miles inland seemed to have concluded to go hunting. It was a cool, frosty morning and there was thin ice on the small pools. Baum and I went down to our blind early, but before we reached it a couple of geese sitting near the opposite shore attracted him and he waded over to interview them. As I crossed the little island abreast of our blinds I was confronted by three countrymen in black, with muskets, standing in line on a sandbar as near our decoys as they could get for a narrow channel of water that intervened, while the black hat of a fourth stuck out of Baum's blind as a prominent warning to any goose going that way. As I walked out to where this individual was he remarked, by way of apology, that seeing a good lay out and no one about, he concluded to occupy one of the blinds. He said that some geese has been flying about there, but that none came into the decoys. I told him if he thought a goose green enough to hover around so near where a party of men were on parade with loaded muskets he was very much mistaken. With this remark I began taking up the artificial decoys, the wind having set in so strong as to shake them up too much; besides we had some sixty dead geese set up.

Directly the man holding the fort vacated, and joining his companions they started up the sandbar all abreast. Before they had gotten out of speaking distance three more came in sight, and I had the task of freezing these out by sitting down in my blind and keeping quiet. And thus it was through the entire day. A drove of cattle were driven down to the bank opposite us and herded there. At one time eight men on horseback were charging about among the herd, and separating the younger ones from the rest of the herd. Later, two boys, each having a musket, took a seat on the bank near by to get the benefit of our decoys, not knowing that neither of us would get a shot while they sat there, so we had to persuade them to depart, but they went only two hundred yards down the river and settled themselves again, where they remained till late in the afternoon. Just below us a party sat up a target for pistol and rifle practice, and banged away there for hours. The others of our party had similar experiences. Of course one could not expect a big bag under such circumstances. Baum and I got only six geese all day, three of which he brought as the result of his side issue in the morning. Whether these three geese were picked up dead or wounded, or pilfered from the blind of some absentee, I will never know. That night we loaded our geese into the wagon and hauled them up to the house.

The following day was our last, and we made it count. I occupied the blind with Lanham, and enjoyed that excellent fellow's company as much as I did shooting at geese. His enthusiasm never flagged. When a flock set their wings for our decoys, and he had cautioned me to "keep close," "lie low," etc., he invariably spat vigorously upon his hands before clutching his Scott hammerless for the assault. Directly after dinner George began carrying the dead geese from around the blinds to the house, taking twenty-four on the horse each trip. It was after dark when he got through. Some of these dead geese had served as decoys for five days, being left on the bars night and day. Four were missing from the blind of Baum and myself the morning there was such an outpouring of natives, and those were the only ones we lost during our stay.

Our count was 313 geese, two sandhill cranes and thirty-one ducks. At four o'clock next morning, with Mr. Foote's wagon, with sideboards on, loaded with geese as long as one would lay on, and thirty or more, and our traps in George's wagon, we started for Juniata, which place we reached in time for the eastward bound train. Here Mr. Adams expressed thirty-five geese to his friends in Burlington, and we tagged a few bunches to some of the railroad gentlemen, and at Crete dumped off fifty or sixty for Jack's host of friends, taking the rest on to Lincoln, where they were hauled up-town to the store of D. & C. L. Baum and given away.

The gentlemen connected with the railroad treated us royally, furnishing us with every facility for the transportation of our game and traps, and doing it cheerfully and pleasantly. To the Eastern people who were at the depot when our cargo of geese was unloaded it was a novel sight. Wild geese by the wagon load was something new to them.

If any one wants good, clean sport, that won't wear him out, let him go up on the Platte in the fall, when the geese have come down from the North, and take a bout at them, while he may sit in a soft seat in a comfortable blind. And if he goes by the way of Juniata, let him be sure that George Watkins, the prince of fellows, takes him over to Mr. Foote's, where Mother Foote will treat him as though he were a favorite orphan. BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Nebraska.

FROM MOOSE TO RUPERT'S HOUSE.

I LEFT Moose Factory on the 20th of June, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, in one of the hay boats. Our hay here has to be brought a distance of fifteen miles from the marsh. It is poor in quality and slightly salt from the brackish water which flows over it during high tides. The boat is about thirty feet long and of a shallow draught. I had as a companion a gentleman who was going to take charge of one of the inland posts in connection with Rupert's House. We had only a square sail, which made it impossible to do much without a fair wind, and oars, which at the best was a slow means of progression.

Arrived at Middleboro Island, at the mouth of the river, we camped there, as the tide began to come in and the wind was against us. Our marquees being pitched, we prepared supper, and after a few pipes we turned in. Although we had two tents we used one to sleep in and put our baggage, etc., in the other, as we found it rather solitary work sleeping alone. We did not do much in the way of sleeping, the flies being too numerous, mosquitoes, black flies, etc,. For this reason we were quite ready to start when the guide woke us at 4 A. M. After breakfast we started, and got as far as Ship's Sands, off which the vessel from the old country anchors. The wind being still against us, and the water too rough, here we had to stay the rest of the day, for had we started and the weather become worse we had nowhere to run, for the land being so low and no harbors. In the fall there is very fair goose and duck shooting here. There are gray geese, "whaveys" or Canada geese, both white and the blue. At Rupert's House are found only the blue, and at Albany the white, it being quite an exception to see the two kinds. It is certain that the white mate together, and that the blue also keep together, although at times the white and blue mate, but it is rare. We managed to get a shot at a few ducks, uranicks and stock ducks, but I spent most of the day wandering about looking for plants, of which I only found a few grasses and reeds.

Here and there we came across a pole stuck in the soil with a lot of goose bones and the beak upon the top tied up in a bunch. These are the bones of the first goose an Indian has eaten in the spring, and they are placed here as food for rabbidoes, an imaginary sort of Robin Goodfellow, who has to be propitiated, and also to bring good luck. The skull of the bear and beaver, the feet of deer and the antlers are treated in the same way. The great northern diver or loon is a bird of mystery; its bones are thrown into the water, for the Indians say that in time they come together again and become another loon. Sometimes the bones of the beaver are thrown in also but not always.

When the snow lies deep the geese keep to the rivers, as their food is scarce in the swamps. Occasionally in the fall a goose is found frozen into the ice; one was found last November frozen in by his legs. I noticed here a nest of a grass-tit close up to the side of my tent. The birds did not seem to be frightened in the least of us but would come and take crumbs scattered in front of the tent door. We only saw a few small, three-spined sticklebacks in the small creeks and no other fish at all.

In the evening, having nothing else to do, I gave a small conjuring entertainment to our Indian crew. It was most amusing to watch their faces, as it would be of no use to expect to hear them express surprise, for I cannot say that I ever heard it. The true Indian conjuring consists mainly of ventriloquism and a few very crude tricks. When an Indian conjures he builds himself a tent of seven sticks peeled and set in a ring of about four feet; he then places three hoops of willow round it, which are fastened to the sticks, around this is strained his tentings; he then takes his place in the center with his conjuring drum and drops the tenting—there is no roof to the tent. He then begins his conjuring song and beats his drum. Presently the tent beging to rock backwards and forwards more and more furiously. At last a voice different from the conjuror's is heard talking in the tent, the drum beating the whole time, which is taken as a proof that the movement of the tent is not caused by the conjuror but by the spirit. I had at home spent much time in learning the art of magic and have had much amusement from it here among the natives; and having spare time I have made myself pretty perfect in it. Some of their other tricks are more of the nature of the modern conjuror's illusions, but of course they put it down to supernatural causes.

We turned in and did our best to sleep in spite of the flies. Rose again at 4 A. M. and left the sands and got to within six miles of Netitiche, when the wind turned dead against us, and large quantities of ice being in front of us distant about half a mile, we were obliged to run back again for Ship's Sands, which we reached about 5 P. M. We had hardly camped when a heavy shower of rain came on that lasted for about an hour, and after this was over the flies came out in all their might and nearly devoured us. During the night I heard a bittern booming. We got off again in the morning at about 5 A. M., passed Netitiche at about 10 A. M. and got into Hannah Bay, which was full of ice, but by dint of shoving off the smaller pieces and dodging the larger ones, we got as far as Mistoquamish by 4 P. M. Our goose hunt takes place at Spanish Bay, and as we depend largely on salt goose for winter provisions you may be sure a good hunt is of great interest to us. I cannot say I have yet acquired the taste for salt goose, not that if cooked properly it would be bad, but anyone wishing to see to what a pitch bad cooking can be brought should visit Moose and then he will be satisfied with the dirtiest restaurant in New York or London afterwards. At one time there was a post in the bay called Hannah Bay House; this was about forty years ago. The Indians made a raid on the place and murdered all the inhabitants. One man, an Indian, is still alive who had his brother shot in his arms by the murderers as he was on his way to give the alarm at Moose. An armed force was sent to capture the murderers, which they did, and brought them to Moose, where they were tried and the chief instigators of the crime executed.

In the evening we found ourselves off Gull Islands, where we camped upon the stones—rather a hard bed, but as no brush was to be had, we made the best of it. Soon after landing, we went to look for gull eggs, which are not bad eating if fresh, and are not as strong as a person would think. We managed to get about eighty in ten minutes. While on the look out for nests, which were mostly those of black headed gulls and kittawakes, we came across a bear's track, but he had evidently swam off again. The next day we got to a stony point of land on which an Esquimaux interpreter lies buried under a pile of stones. We camped near this. A very large erratic block of stone about twenty feet long by twelve high and about the same thick, evidently carried there by the ice, lies just behind the grave. The whole of the coast is covered with these blocks, but as a rule they are smaller than this one. During the whole of the day we were among the ice and were unable to get ashore, so we were obliged to do our cooking by a fire lighted on a barrel of sand in the boat.

A thick haze was over everything when we rose the next day. After we started it deepened into a fog as soon as we got among the ice cakes, and with care we managed not to damage the boat. In the middle of the day the fog cleared and we put ashore for dinner on a small stony point. Gulls had built on this point, but some one had been there before us and taken the eggs as the nests were all empty. In the afternoon about five o'clock, we got clear of the ice off Caminerpercashe, and a good breeze springing up, we soon flew past Black Bear Point and reached Rupert's House at about 10 P. M., not at all sorry to have got over the trip, only a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, which we should have done in two days with a good wind and no ice, instead of in six. Rupert's House is a very pretty little post with a background of trees that show up its yellow and white houses with their red roofs to advantage. A few Indian tents were pitched outside the pickets, but the bulk of the Indians were not yet in.

After a very pleasant four days' stay here I started back for Moose, leaving the place about nine o'clock in the morning. On leaving the post, an Indian was started smoking for a fair wind, blowing the smoke in the direction the wind is required to come from, this being according to their ideas a certain way of obtaining it if the smoker is a good conjuror. We reached Black Bear Point in time to have dinner; where I heard a lot of snipe but did not get a shot at them. By about six o'clock in the evening we were off Caminerpercashe where we had to camp. To get ashore we were obliged to wade for at least a mile through mud and water. After about four trips we managed to get all our bedding etc., on the shore and fastening the canoe to a stone—for I left the boat at Rupert's House, and returned in a half-sized canoe with three Indians—we went to work to make the camp. Just as we were going to pitch the tent, we concluded to change the place, as we found that a nest of snakes had been before us. A family of eight were curled up in a knot, rolling about and hissing, not at all a pleasant sight; although they were not poisonous, the idea of having a few in bed was not pleasant. The tent being pitched nearer the shore, I walked about a bit to see if there was anything to shoot. I saw bear and fox tracks, but no game. Two of the Indians followed the bear tracks, but came back saying they could not see the brute. We sat smoking after our supper, when one of the Indians jumped up and said the canoe was off. Sure enough, we could not see it. Presently it swung into sight from behind a stone when off went the Indians' boots and shoes, not to mention pants, and away the three went through the mud, forming quite an instructive spectacle to me as I watched their shirt-tails flowing in the breeze. They got up to it just as it was starting after a slight rest on a small shoal; one of them stayed in her all night, the other two came ashore and dressed and went to bed.

At 3:30 the next day we were off again, and saw the loom of ice in the distance, but not near enough to give us any uneasiness. We breakfasted on a long, stony island near Shaowan, where I saw another garter snake. All these stony islands are formed of water-worn stones of various materials—gneiss, limestone, and a heavy black rock, etc., showing that they have been most likely carried into their position by the ice, on which I have often seen large stones, some as large as flour barrels. We got as far as the Huskies grave during the afternoon, where we had to go to shore and land, as a north wind came up and prevented our going on. After waiting some hours for any sign of a change we pitched the tent and made up our minds to stay till the next day, so taking my gun I went off and shot a few plover and fired several times at a loon, which I did not hit. Unless one has fired at these birds he little knows how quick they are and what a difficult thing it is to kill one. I also saw a bear's track on the sand by the beach. The next morning we were off again among the small islands and shoals on our way to Hannah Bay. At a creek called Washowhow we camped. The walking is very bad here, the land being intersected with small ditches and creeks. It is covered with a coarse grass and a species of equestrina called here goose grass. The reason it gets the name I cannot tell, for all the geese I have examined contain none of the roots in stomach or gizzard, but generally some of the roots of the coarse grass that grows near the swamps.

The place where we camped was very swampy indeed, so much so that even with a good foot and a half of cut grass under me I got quite wet in the night. When we left there was no wind, so we had to paddle, which we did until we got past Netitiche, when the current caused by the tide helped us a little, and we were able to take it a little easier, reaching Ship's Lands by about one o'clock. Here we had dinner and waited for the tide to turn: when it did we went in with it, passing the boat that was down laying the beacons for the schooners. A wind then sprung up, and we came in in grand style, passing the various islands and brought up at the launch by about five o'clock in the evening, having been four days on the return trip, which is not considered bad time for a half-sized canoe with three men. The winter route for the dogs is rather shorter than the canoe route. I was not sorry to get off the trip, although it had been very enjoyable, but the want of company made me glad when it was over. NISTAKESEIK.

MOOSE FACTORY, Hudson's Bay, September, 1882.

Natural History.

CAGED PINE GROSBEAKS.

I REGRET much that I am so frequently a little late, and so seldom report on time. When bears were on the stand I wrote out the "finishing touch" of his, or rather her, history (for a he bear is an arrant coward of no account) but failed to send it on in season, and consequently half its interest was lost. Again, when snakes had a competitive examination, I was behind with my own experiences with a black racer, once a terror in New England, if tradition is reliable. Now there comes up an exhaustive history of the pine, or Arctic grosbeak, the loveliest bird I ever domesticated, and the last, for I have since seen no bird worthy to take his place.

I well remember the first I ever saw. It was north of latitude 45 degrees in Maine, in the winter of '35-6. Coming home to dinner one day, in a blizzard such as is known only in that climate, I could not reach the door on account of snow-drifts. I went back to the wood shed, from which flew out five birds I had never before seen. One dropped a moment in the snow on a roof a few feet from me, and then all disappeared, uttering a soft sweet note to avoid separation in the blinding storm.

Twenty years I looked in vain for that bird whose form, color, and strange habits had been stamped on my brain. At length in mid-winter, in Springfield, Mass., I recognized my birds of the storm. They were feeding on seeds of the ash, and I shot a pair with more satisfaction than I ever felt under similar circumstances. Six years afterwards the birds again appeared in Springfield, a flock of a dozen or so feeding on the berries of the mountain ash, seeds of the black ash, and buds of the Norway spruce. Observing their quiet, unsuspicious habits, I captured with noose and fishing rod five, three males. Placing them in a large cage, I sat down to make their intimate acquaintance. They had

evidently come from a region where men are not known, and consequently were ignorant of human treachery and human invention. It mattered little to them that they were in confinement; like the little redpoll, they would drop together in a clump on the bottom of the cage, uttering, while eating, the softest, sweetest notes of recognition ever uttered by a bird. Then the leader's note would be heard, plain as a human voice, "Come, come, let us go," then like the redpoll, they would all start at the same instant and in the same direction. Reaching the side of the cage, they would cling for a moment to the wires, and then fall back to the perches, sitting for a few minutes silent and dejected, then returning to feed and pick about the cage. This was often repeated the first day, but soon abandoned entirely.

In a few days my birds began to warble a song of soft, notes, louder and more constant. As spring advanced the song resembled somewhat that of the purple finch, but with long, sweeping notes which that bird does not utter. I used to sit hours by the cage, for I never possessed pets I so much loved. They would eat from my hand, pick an apple seed from my lips, interspersing the same sweet music. Not so loud and clear as "wood thrush No. 2." O, dear, I cannot think of that without—well, no matter, I didn't feel so bad on my own account, but neighbor Phelps, of the "Homestead," a man of fine musical taste and culture, found its performance beyond his depth and was moved to criticism, although the point was obscure. Perhaps "Coronation," printed as that was, bottom up, and wrong end to, would be just as difficult.

But to return. My birds delighted to wash, a luxury denied them in their native region. I filled their bathing vessel with snow and water, in which they would wallow till completely drenched, eating snow and ice while so doing. Sitting by the cage one Sunday afternoon, the sun shining brightly, I had placed in it a ball of snow; the birds were sitting on the ball, spreading wings and feathers over it with every token of delight. Suddenly with a scream every bird showed the most intense excitement, not terror, but fight all over, heads in one direction depressed, wings slightly spread, topknot overhanging the beak, and the beak wide open. Turning my head there was a shrike hanging to the sash not a foot away. The robber bird darted off and my pets became quiet. The shrike had discovered the birds from a tree opposite the window, and the birds recognized their mortal enemy at sight, showing no inclination to retreat. My inference was that the shrike dared not encounter the old birds, a single nip of whose powerful beak would cut off the neck of the shrike in an instant.

Wishing another test of their sagacity, I brought to the cage some stuffed birds. They approached them fearlessly, recognizing their own kind, but the instant a stuffed shrike appeared, there was the same scream, the same position of desperate resistance repeated.

One of my birds consigned to friends in New York lived six years in a cage, suffering latterly from those shelly excrescences mentioned by Dr. Coues. My own lived about the same number of years, and at last died of plethora from over-kindness. Of their southern breeding limits little is known. Finding them in summer on Moosilauk, midway in New Hampshire, and having most positive evidence that they come down from the spruce belt on the Green Mountains to feed on currants and cherries in the back settlements of Vermont, I do not hesitate to presume that they may be found much further south than represented to be the case. One fact at least favors this opinion, the bird is almost an annual visitor to us, and has already arrived this first of November, the snow-bunting having come a few weeks sooner, both preceding the cold weather as never before.

"A many years ago" I wrote that in this section of the Connecticut Valley, the Northern and Southern fauna overlapped each other remarkably, and that during the year more of the birds known east of the Mississippi would be found here than in any other spot in the United States. I had the satisfaction, however, of seeing it word for word shortly after published under another name. To show how things are getting mixed up, I will only add that the grosbeak, the bunting and a whippoorwill were seen and shot this first to third of November, 1882, in Springfield, Mass.

B. HORSFORD.

The very interesting article upon the pine grosbeak in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2 reminds me that I have seen these beautiful birds in myriads about miners' cabins, up about timber line on the mountains, in the latter part of winter and early spring. They come there to feed upon the crumbs and scraps thrown out from the table, and are very tame and sociable. If the weather is pleasant they keep up a constant twittering and singing. The snow at such season of the year is generally from four to eight feet deep, and no earth is visible. The colors of their plumage are exceedingly varied, rich and beautiful. I think they breed on the high mountains, at or above timber line, but of that I am not certain. Many small birds make their nests among the furze that covers many of the mountain slopes at 11,000 to 12,000 feet elevation, where there is frost every night.

W. N. B.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 16, 1882.

VARIOUS QUESTIONS DISCUSSED.

"BYRNE" has never had his science or facts questioned before and is not going to put up with it at his time of life. It certainly is a "pretty kettle of fish" that after a long and useful life spent in travel and research, and the study of things *ferœ naturæ* in woods, rivers, seas, mountains and swamps, he cannot tell one species of fish from another when he has often seen, handled, and eaten of both. Therefore I will reiterate that the fish known in the northern waters of the Mississippi Valley as the sheepshead, grunter, drum, and buffalo perch, or grunter perch, rockfish of Georgia (from the so-called stone in its head), and known to fish sharps as *Haploidonotus grunniens*, is not the fish known in the Southwest everywhere as the gasper-gou. Of this I am quite certain, and I have heretofore given my reasons for so thinking; it is, however, a closely allied species of the same family, and I cannot think that a different habitat and environments could make so great a difference in the same fish.

We have another case exactly in point in the fish known everywhere in northern waters as dogfish, bowlin, mudfish, lake lawyer, and known scientifically as *Amia calva*, De Kay. Now this fish is considered everywhere North as unfit for food, yet even so far South as Southern Illinois they are eagerly sought for and considered a choice table fish. I think Prof. S. A. Forbes, of Illinois, when collecting in the waters of Southern Illinois, considered the fish specifically the same as that of the Illinois River. There in South Illinois, and everywhere South so far as I have observed, this fish is called "gundle" and "grindle."

Last fall I dropped a squirrel from a tall cypress on an old Tennessean's back in a cypress swamp, near Little Rock, who was fishing for "gundle," and nearly frightened him to death, and he me. We had neither of us observed the other He was fishing in water not over a foot deep, and had caught four fine "gundle." I asked him if he knew what he was catching, and if they were fit to eat. "Yes, sir, we call them gundle. They are a very fine fish, not so good as trout (bass), but certainly as good as cat or buffalo." The old gentleman was a new-comer in Ar-kan-saw, and I think that when my gun cracked he was the worst scared man I ever saw. He thought he had got into Arkansaw sure enough. Now, is this Southern mudfish, or dogfish, the same as those of the upper waters? I would say that the two fish look exactly alike, as near as one can remember, but we all know that the up-river dogfish is unfit to eat, or, rather uncookable and uneatable. And I would here remark that I think Dr. E. Sterling, in your issue of Sept. 21, has got his ichthyology mixed, for on the Illinois River we found this dogfish the one impossible to cook tender, while the sheepshead, or grunter, is so soft and mushy that it needs no cooking to become tender. Is it possible, as I said before, that different waters, food, etc., can make such a difference in fishes? I, for one, think not, and am confident that when these fishes are brought together and critically and scientifically examined, they will be found to be specifically distinct. Dr. Sterling, I see, sticks to this one name as if there could possibly be but the one species.

Since writing the above I have called on that genial sportsman, warrior, lawyer, judge, editor and statesman, Col. Bob H. Crockett. When I entered Col. Bob's sanctum I found him with a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in one hand, scratching his head with the other, and muttering to himself, "Gasper-gou; what the d——l is gasper-gou? I never saw or heard of such a fish in White River. That Yankee must be off his base. There are no gasper-gous in White—. Good morning, Colonel, take a chair; sit down; what fish is this you and Mr. Robertson of Texas call gasper-gou? I never heard anything called that name except, I believe, the black buffalo, and that is the poorest fish in our river, not fit for anyone to eat who can get anything else."

"Well, Col. Bob, your early education must have been fearfully neglected to live here on the banks of the White River nearly all your life and not know our finest fish, why you don't know as much as Major Lewis." "Well, I declare I do not," said Bob. "The best fish in White River that I know of I never heard called anything but drum." "The very fish," said I, "the drum is the gasper-gou, sheepshead, or grunter, or silver buffalo, or crayfish, trout, or perch, known everywhere along the Mississippi coast—either bank of the lower Mississippi—Louisiana, and Texas, as gasper-gou; and elsewhere, generally in the North, as drum." "Well, I declare, honey, I would never have thought that the drum was the fish meant. Why certainly, it is the best and richest fish we have. I have caught thousands of them," said Bob.

All this shows what our common English names amount to; and it also shows what the present condition of our classical names amount to.

Now, right here an important correction of a misprint in my last article. (See FOREST AND STREAM of September 21, page 143.) The types make me say, "*shoes* in August and September." It should read. "From analogy I should say that the gasper-gou *spawns* in September and October," etc., which seems to be correct, for fish caught here in the past few days seem to be full of ripe eggs. BYRNE.

BIG-HORN SKULL IMBEDDED IN WOOD.—In our issue of Nov. 3, 1881, was given an illustration of a head of a mountain ram imbedded in the trunk of a pine tree. The following extract is from a book entitled, "The Fur Hunters of the Far West," written by Alex. Ross, in 1824: "Out of one of the pines I have just mentioned, and about five feet from the ground, is growing up with the tree a ram's head, with the horns still attached to it; and so fixed and imbedded is it in the tree that it must have grown up with it. Almost the whole of one of the horns, and more than half of the head, is buried in the tree; but most of the other horn and part of the head protrudes out at least a foot. We examined both, and found the tree scarcely three feet in diameter. Here we put up at an early hour, and called the place Ram's Horn Encampment. Our Flathead Indians related to us a rather strange story about the ram's head. Indian legend relates that one of the first Flathead Indians who passed this way attacked a mountain ram as large and stout as a common horse; that on being wounded the fierce animal turned around upon his pursuer, who, taking shelter behind the tree, the ram came against it with all his force, so that he drove his head through it; but before he could get it extracted again the Indian killed him and took off the body, leaving the head as a memento of the adventure. All Indians reverence the celebrated tree, which they say, by the circumstance related, conferred on them the power of mastering and killing all animals. Hundreds, therefore, in passing this way, sacrifice something as a tribute to the ram's head; and one of the Iroquois, not to incur the displeasure of the god of hunters, hung a bit of tobacco on the horn to make his hunting propitious."

A LATE BROOD.—Troy, N. Y., Nov. 12—Yesterday I met a man trying to sell a young great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*). The owl was as large as the average, but his wing and tail feathers were not fully grown. When placed on the ground he advanced by long hops, using his wings for aid. The owner caught him near the city; he could not fly and made no resistance. I always supposed the owls were matured by this time. Has a second brood ever been recorded?—SEYMOUR CUNNINGHAM. [The great horned owl is one of the first birds to hatch in spring. We cannot account for the immaturity of the specimen above referred to].

EARLY CROSSBILLS.—Boston, Nov. 14—A friend, while walking through a grove near the outskirts of Brookline, some two weeks ago (Nov 4), observed a small flock of birds feeding on some pine cones. To satisfy his curiosity as to what species they were, he fired into their midst; three came tumbling to the ground. Greatly to his supprise, one proved to be a white-wing and the other two red crossbills. Is it not unusual to take these birds in Massachusetts at so early a date?—FRED LEWIS. [It is unusually early, but this year the pine grosbeak and snow bunting and crossbills have all come very early.]

A NEW SWIFT FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—In the annals of the N. Y. Academy of Sciences, Vol. II., No. 11, 1882, Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence describes a new species of bird of the family *Cypselidæ* from New Grenada. *Hemiprocne minor* differs from all its near allies in its much smaller dimensions, and in the character of the collar which encircles the neck. In this species the plumage above is lustrous black; the upper tail coverts are smoky blackish brown; wings, black, quills, with the exception of the outer three, being narrowly margined with grayish white at their ends; the chin and throat are fuliginous brown; breast, abdomen and under-tail coverts are smoky brownish black; the white collar about the neck is narrow and well defined behind, but in front it is not so well marked and widens out on the breast, where the feathers have their centers mottled with black. The collar on the hind neck is one-quarter inch in width, on the breast at widest part it is three-quarters of an inch in width. Bill, black; length, seven inches; wing, seven; tail, two and one-eighth.

A REMARKABLE CONTEST.—Como, Wyoming, Oct. 29, 1882.—Thursday, the 26th of this month, I saw a strange battle between two kid antelopes and an eagle. The antelopes, when first seen by myself and Mr. Carlin, were running in our direction, and above them, about one hundred feet, was a large golden eagle, which made a swoop down at the antelopes. When the bird did this one of the kids stopped, turned round and reared on its hind legs and beat the air with its fore feet, and the bird of prey rose high in air, only to make another dash, with the same result. This was repeated at least a dozen times, when the eagle, seeming to become tired, flew away and settled himself on a rock, and the antelopes trotted away to join a large band on a near hill side. I have several times seen an eagle catch a jack rabbit, but in twelve years on the plains never saw one try an antelope before.—W. H. REED.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A HISTORY of the navy during the late war, in giving an account of the operations of the ironclad fleet before Fort Sumter, contains the following paragraph: "While waiting to renew the attack a fire broke out on board the Nantucket which, however, was extinguished after doing a slight damage." (I quote from memory, not having read the account for a number of years.) As the writer of this was an eye witness, and as one of your correspondents was a prominent actor in the incident above quoted, I hereby give you an account as witnessed by myself:

We were lying off Fort Sumter, just inside the bar, hatches all fastened down and the sea washing clear over the deck fore and aft, only one small hatch open to get up through the turret, when late one afternoon I heard the cry of "Fire! the yeoman's room is on fire!" Ten feet from the yeoman's room was the magazine. Under the berth deck were small lockers filled with eleven and fifteen-inch shells, and when I got on my feet there was a sheet of flame pouring out of this store room, and not more than two feet separating the fire from the shells. The crew was mostly made up of "raw recruits," and every sinner of them saw and knew the danger at once, and there was a rush for the small ladder leading to the turret. I started with the rest, but soon perceived that there was no chance for me where seventy or eighty men were struggling to get through a small hole two by four feet. Turning back to the fire I saw two or three old men-of-war's-men at work rigging the fire hose, and my fright left me at once. Perhaps as a boy I did not realize the full extent of the danger. The first thing that drew my attention was a dark form dancing up and down in the midst of the flame trying to stamp it out, and thoughts of a salamander and of the "Hebrew children" flashed through my mind.

In a few minutes the hose was connected, and a large stream of water soon extinguished the fire, when there emerged from the smoke the most forlorn looking Lieutenant it has ever been my lot to behold. A short time before our ship boasted of the finest pair of mutton chop whiskers in the fleet, the pride of our First Lieutenant. But now their glory had departed; the fire had singed one side completely, while the other had been preserved intact, ditto the hair.

Imagine, if you can, a crew of sailors ten minutes later, drawn up in line, trying to keep sober faces, while listening to a lecture from this comical looking object, on the folly of panics in general and fire panic in particular.

Long life to "Pisco," and may his shadow never grow less; notwithstanding that he did drill us at fire quarters rather savagely for the next two or three weeks, some of us believed it was for our own benefit, and not to revenge the loss of those whiskers. For my part, I shall never read a letter from your correspondent without recalling to mind the picture here presented. H. A. S.

CHELSEA, Massachusetts.

I send the following reminiscence of one of many jolly up river hunting trips, taken in the "fall of the year" by a few choice spirits.

Scene—on board yacht Lolita, at anchor in a dense fog, near Alvarado marshes, all hands on short allowance of Eastern oysters in shell, and Budweiser beer. On deck we see sailing-master Charley K. and high private W. A., busily inspecting a lot of nondescript wooden decoys. There is a gleam of mischief in the eye of the gallant sailing-master, as the wonderful birds are overhauled. Below, in the cabin, the very Hon. Mr. Austin T., and Mr. Elijah F. are seen, deep in the mysteries of Pedro. Ten minutes later, the "Hon." and his comrade come on deck to "stretch their legs." A beautiful specimen of the canvas-back mallard is seen, feeding in unconsious security, a few furlongs off. The Hon. Austin: "By George, I see a duck!" Elijah dives below, brings up his gun and "gives it to him." By-and-by, the fog and smoke lifting, the bird is seen, still in unconscious security, or else he has smelt powder before. Chorus of, "Give it to him again 'Lijah, he didn't hear you." 'Lijah doesn't "give it to him again," but goes below to take up the thread of Pedro, where he dropped it. W. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.

We were sitting around the camp fire in the wilds of Arizona. One and another had contributed a song or story save Jerry the guide, who had sat in silence the entire

time. "Oh! come, Jerry," said John, "do give us a song—a real old war-whoop—one that will awaken these mountain echoes; they seldom hear so good a voice." "Well, boys," said Jerry, "before I sing you a song, I will have to fire off a story, and then if you want me to sing afterwards, why I'll go ahead. You see, boys, I was away up in these mountains with a prospecting party 'searching' for gold. I strayed away off from the fellows one day, and losing the trail and night coming on, I thought to myself the best way for Jerry to do, was to camp. So I sat myself right down where I was, stretched out these pins, and, wrapping my blanket about me, turned in for the night. But I wa'nt to sleep, at once. No, indeed, for soon there came such a howling and snapping of teeth about me, that my hair stood on end. There, in a circle about me sat as lively a pack of wolves as you ever did hear on, and being without my gun, you'll bet, boys, I thought my time had come. Well, my mother had taught me, when only a sprout, many a good thing or two, and among others I remember her saying, 'Now, Jerry, my son, if you ever get into a tight place, just you say yer prayers and then sing a song, and all will be right.' So I got right down on my knees, but after I rose up I saw the varmints gitting closer and closer. But I was bound to carry out the whole programme, so I cleared my pipes and at it I went on the tune of 'Old Hundred.' On finishing the first line, the wolves commenced to kind of shake their heads, and look at one another. At the end of the second, they rose up and bawled. At the end of the third, they tore around like mad, plowing the ground in all directions, while at the end of the fourth, they went a flying down the mountain side as if Old Nick was after them. And now, boys, if you want me ter sing, jist say the word." "Not much," said John, seizing his gun, "not this evening." PADDLE.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

SOWING WILD RICE.

IN the beginning of April, 1881, we received from one of the parties advertising in your paper nine bushels of wild rice, which, although none of us had seen it before, looked to be good seed, and let me state right here that in relating our poor success, we do not in the least wish to reflect upon the quality of the seed nor the fair dealings of the seller, but lay our partial failure to other causes. We soaked the seed in water for two days, and two boats spent some six hours each sowing it into every place in the lake which from descriptions read in your journal we considered a suitable spot for it. The kernels sank rapidly out of sight, and many long weeks lay before us until their reappearance in anticipated waving fields of grain. The month of August came, but no waving fields of rice with it; after careful searching we discovered here and there a solitary stalk where we expected hundreds of them. These stalks bore fruit, but having thrown into such a place perhaps a peck of seed, with such poor results, how could we expect that a few stalks in the same place would amount to anything? Well, this summer came, and we were almost afraid to ask each other about wild rice.

One day in August last, while talking about clay pigeons and smoke balls and shooting prospects, one of our crack shots happily surprised us by the remark that he had lately been hunting for wild rice again, and had found hundreds of stalks where a year ago there had been scarcely ten. This was good news indeed, and we did not fail to verify his story by finding it just about as he had told us. Now please understand that there are no waving fields of it yet. The stalks are still rather far and few between, but it is a settled fact that there grew considerable more rice this summer than last, and our hopes may yet be realized of seeing the swampy corners full of it, and the ducks tumbling to the music of our bi-piped organs.

Should any one desire to introduce wild rice, we wish to advise him to sow it in the fall, as that is its natural seeding time, and as the water in most any lake or river is lower in that season than in the spring, you can see where you sow it and will not risk wasting seed in places which either freeze out in winter, or are only covered by water in spring and not all the year round. Do not be afraid that it will fall into too deep water, we found stalks in spots 8ft. deep in the fall, and 11 or 12ft. deep in the spring, though we consider a depth of 3 to 5ft. in the fall best.

C. GERBER, JR.

WEBSTER, Mass., Nov. 1882.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Many men, of many minds,
Many birds, of many kinds,
Many fishes in the sea,
Many men that don't agree.

THE boy who straggles home tired, dirty, and hungry, after a day's fishing in the shallow crooked stream running through the village, with a half dozen sunfish, a rock bass, and perhaps a small turtle, tells of his adventure for the day; what a nice string of fish he caught, and how many whopping big bites he had, and with face all aglow, and in emphatic terms, says it was, "the best fishing he ever saw," and exhibits his trophies, with a delight and satisfaction unequaled. Another, out for a day's shooting, rambles along the bank of the same stream and brings home with the same pleasure and expressions of delight, a couple of blackbirds, a chipmunk, and perhaps a squirrel, and in relating his day's experience sums up by saying it was "the best shooting he ever saw." In fact this experience is simply a reflection, or example of our own, for each and every one of us know just where we can have "the best fishing or shooting we ever saw," and with sincerity know the sport we have had to be excellent and unequalled. This all comes from degrees of comparison, under the personal experience of the sportsmen, and from which he alone can judge, although the sport he may have had is not a comparison to that of the same character to be had at other points, still the degree of satisfaction is the same, and the boy who has spent the day at the brook, catching sunfish, is equal in this respect to the man who has taken his seven-pound trout from the Nepigon.

On the strength of this personal ignorance the writer has for a number years made Northern Michigan the point of operations for his gunning and fishing (a number of letters on this territory from him, have in the last few years appeared in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM) and he, with other followers of the faith, feels as though the sporting in the wilds of the northern portion of the lower peninsula of Michigan offer to those who delight in the recreation and pleasure of fishing and hunting, unequalled territory for such sport. Fish of nearly all kinds are abundant, game abundant, pure air, pure water and all the essential features necessary to a pleasant vacation can be found in this, to my mind, the sportsman's paradise.

The visitors during the past summer found many changes, improvements for their convenience and benefit, railroads, boat lines, new hotels within easy reach of good fishing and hunting grounds. Many were the parties who availed themselves of their advantages, and all who understood the proper manner of enjoyment in the wild woods and on the beautiful cold streams, will return again to the "best fishing and hunting grounds they ever saw," while their winter days and evenings will often be brightened by thoughts of a lovely camping place by the side of a swift running cold stream, where water could be dipped up as cold and clear as it could be taken from the water cooler at home, and visions will rise to their memories when out of such stream they had a "terrible time" landing a trout or grayling, and they will, as the bright spring days appear, look up their gun, clean it, and see that it is ready for service, and look over their fishing tackle, while a streak of anticipated pleasure will run up their spinal column and catch the short hairs on the back of the head with a slight tendency to raise them up, in answer to the wave summons, as they contemplate and prepare for a rehearsal of their last summer's experience in "the best place to fish and hunt they ever saw."

Northern Michigan is now being hunted over by many sportsmen after deer, and I regret exceedingly to hear that in many instances the character of the true sportsman is sacrificed to that of a butcher, as the objective point seems to be how many deer can they kill instead of how many deer should they kill, in justice to themselves and their brother sportsmen, and with a prospect of a future ground for recreation and amusement. The Michigan Sportsman's Association deserve commendation for their untiring efforts to protect the game of the State, and although not able to dictate and enforce a rule as to just how many deer a single person or a party shall kill, still their oversight and their strict statutes, which they are endeavoring to see fully enforced, will go a long way to aid in protecting the game of the State, and enables them in a great degree to regulate the slaughter, and they can only leave to the parties who are shooting throughout their territory their own sense of propriety and decency as to the amount of game they should be satisfied with; and we all who love the sport will join in a request to such parties who now or may hereafter shoot over the district to spare useless slaughter, and not make the special boast of their exploits and experiences the great number of deer they have shot in "the best place for deer they ever saw." FRANK N. BEEBE.

AMERICANS IN CANADIAN WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the waters of the St. Lawrence, during the month of October, large numbers of ducks are accustomed to assemble on the good feeding grounds furnished by the shoals of that river's frequent wide expanses. Especially abundant were the redheads and broadbills last month on the lower part of Lake St. Francis, not far from the line dividing Ontario from Quebec.

The president of one of our oldest and most respected shooting clubs, who lives near the Canadian frontier, is the owner of a very commodious and comfortable yacht whereon his many friends are used to accompany him to fish during the season for black bass, and to shoot in September and October.

His generous hospitality included my name in the list of last month's invited guests; and with three other ardent lovers of sport, we reached the Lake St. Francis in the early half of the past month.

To shoot in the Province of Quebec requires a license, the fee for which is twenty dollars for each citizen of the United States. As respectors of law and order, each person was duly provided with the legal authorization, although early all the shooting was done in Ontario, where no such license is required. Individually, I did not fire a gun in the lower province.

Knowing that ill-disposed persons might object to our carrying guns and ammunition over the line, my host took the precaution of going to a Canadian Custom House and entering all his "munitions of war." Thus fortified, we hoped for good sport and fraternal recognition from our cousins over the board r.

A few days after coming to anchor a "keeyind friend" sent us the Montreal *Witness* containing the following:

AN AMERICAN VESSEL ANCHORED IN THE DUCK GROUND—ALLEGED ILLEGAL DESTRUCTION OF GAME—A WORD TO THE AUTHORITIES.

Sportsmen who have during the last few days visited the neighborhood of River Beaudette have been much disgusted at beholding anchored in the stream an American steamboat whose only object in being there is the slaughtering of duck, presumably for the New York market. Some of the residents say that these intruders have swivel guns on board and as the ducks are still in very large flocks in the channel and have not yet taken to the reeds, they are able to kill them wholesale by these unlawful weapons, while lovers of legitimate sport are seldom able to get within range at all. These Americans have constructed canvas far out into the lake, in which boats from the steamer are concealed. On Saturday there was rather a heavy swell on Lake St. Francis and it was not very comfortable shooting out in the channel, but notwithstanding this seven or eight loud reports were heard from the steamer and the boats around it every time a flock of ducks appeared.

It is said that these Americans are not sportsmen at all, and it is only proper that the attention of the authorities should be directed toward them. A resident who holds some sort of a commission in connection with game preservation when asked why he did not take some action in the matter or report it to the authorities, replied that he was not sure whether those waters were in this province or Ontario, and that the game laws of Ontario were different from ours. It would, however, be too great a task for an isolated constable to undertake to make any arrests, but the proper authorities should undoubtedly take some steps to prevent the illegal destruction of our game, especially by intruders. The Fish and Game Protection Society should investigate this matter further.

Our shooting was from flat boats drawing less than four inches of water, in which we sat upright, partly concealed by rushes, or by small branches of evergreen trees covering the sides. The boats were anchored in the lake—frequently a mile from the shore—along the edge of which the Canadian blinds were built.

The shooting was fair, for the country; the bags, however, being very small in comparison with those we had been accustomed to make in Currituck Sound or in Chesapeake Bay, and I need not assure you who have so long known me, that no violation of sportsmanlike propriety was committed.

The sending of threatening anonymous letters was offset by the politeness of the habitants, who thought us theologians on a tour of relaxation. They never spoke of us to our attendants except as "them D—D Yankees." And yet there was not a doctor of divinity among us. You know how polite a Frenchman or his descendants must be, and will readily understand the highly flattering estimation in which we were held.

The concealment of our boats in "caches far out into the lake," is something quite new to us. We hardly know what the writer means. We are equally in the dark as to those "seven or eight loud reports," from the steamer or the boats around, every time a flock of ducks appeared. We occasionally tried to get for preservation a loon with the help of a Winchester rifle, but we did our duck shooting in a legitimate way, from the small flat bottomed boats—our only "caches." In two of these there was barely room for one man and his gun. In the third, two shooters could find place. Where the concealed boat would come in, we should like to know.

After a week or ten days a very polite resident who holds "some sort of commission in connection with game preservation," came to one of our party shooting from a single flat and told him he was violating the law and must cease firing and fall back. My friend asked what provision of the law had been violated. "Am I using a swivel gun?" "No," said the guardian. "Have I a night light?" "No." "Is this a sunken punt?" "No." "Is this a battery?" "Well, yes, I will call it a battery, and you must stop shooting from it." A polite attempt was made to explain what the general world understood as "a battery," but it did no good, nor did we cease to use our flats, as they contravened no law. I think the guardian objected to decoys, but he withdrew objection to them after a few days.

Some Canadian sportsmen were using a sunken punt in our near neighborhood, and I saw others go into a blind built to hide a boat. To the latter no one could reasonably take exception. Certainly we did not, nor did the "game constable" object to their sunken punt.

I will not refer to the scurrilous anonymous letters written to my host, inasmuch as no gentleman could have produced such communications.

On one occasion a sudden spell of warm weather caused some ducks to spoil. These were thrown overboard, and were regarded as "marking our tracks with blood," and showed us to be possessed of a simple love of gore.

Knowing the very high estimation in which Canadian gentlemen sportsmen hold the FOREST AND STREAM, I have written the foregoing that their minds might be disabused of any unjust impression conveyed by the Montreal journal in question.

We violated no law, and we thought ourselves entitled to decent respect and consideration, even though we belonged to the big big D.'s (two of 'em) who live south of the Dominion. THE OLD DOCTOR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1882.

FROM KALAMAZOO TO KANKAKEE.

NOTICING, one morning, about fifty-five mallards lying by the express office, and hearing they were the product of a week's shooting on the Kankakee River, Indiana, by a friend, I immediately sought a companion for sport of the same order. My friend R. being equally enthusiastic, we started. Arrived at "Old Hoosey's" house, and his good wife informed us that Hoosey and his son were down the river interviewing the ducks. A fine string of ducks was hanging on the side of the house, which somewhat consoled us for being too late for that evening's shooting. Soon the barking of our dogs admonished us of our host's approach, and through the dourway came a conglomeration of men, dogs, ducks and guns. After a careful classification the result was, five men, five guns, three dogs and thirty-two ducks—all fine mallards. Supper over we smoked the festive pipe and listened to Hoosey expatiate on the merits of his sixteen-bore gun, which, by the way, brought down fifteen of the thirty-two ducks, until the big feather bed in the room adjoining had its peculiar charms for us and we retired to its ample embrace. Having been admonished by our landlord that the early morning shooting was poor (and it being a very agreeable bit of information) we breakfasted at seven and started for a snipe ground near by. My friend had been killing ducks all night, although his game bag was as empty as when we first arrived.

Reaching the snipe grounds, our well broken setter soon found the snipe, and my luck gave me the first bird. Alternating our success, two hours' shooting gave us twenty-two fine Wilson snipe. After dinner we started down the river for the ducks. Arriving at one of the largest of the sloughs, we worked our boat into the wild rice, until we could wade on the uncertain bottom, and hauling our boat along, went about seventy-five rods from the river, where we covered our boat and took to the water, depending entirely on our dogs to retrieve the ducks. Owing to the frequency of parties losing their boats in the almost inaccessible marsh, I took the precaution to erect an oar with an empty beer bottle attached, which afterwards proved very fortunate. The fast setting sun started the ducks and soon the reports of the artillery down the river announced that fun was at hand. At first the ducks flew rather high, but soon two fine mallards came along within range. My luck again served me and the right and left barrels of my ten-bore Colt brought them both down—the first blood for me.

Hoosey had told us that at about sundown we would not know which way to shoot, so thick and close would they come. I was somewhat incredulous, but was soon made a firm disciple of his theory, for they came right and left right down upon us, alighting within ten rods of our boat, and would often have settled nearer had not the persuasive power of our ten-bores loudly spoken their conclusions. As it was the rapid firing heated my gun so that a glove on my left hand was very comfortable.

Darkness soon spoiled our sport and we turned our attention to finding our boat, with a string of seventeen fine mallards and (I regret to say) we had left nearly as many more, food for the wolves, which infest the marshes. Knocking around in the mud and water nearly to the top of our hip boots looking for our empty beer bottle (and the one which was not empty) soon convinced us of the efficacy of taking that class of supercargo for the beacon light. Luckily we soon found the boat and pulled for the warm stove, and baked duck awaiting our voracious appetites.

Two more nights and equally good success gave us fifty-nine large mallards; and strange to say, all the ducks killed were mallards, it being too early for redheads and bluebills. On arriving in Kalamazoo we were the "admired of all" with our ducks laid out on a dray, (to give them plenty of air) for transportation to our homes. GEO. H. WINANS.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Nov. 15.

LONG ISLAND WILDFOWL.

THE fowl shooting in this region in the month of October has not been as good as usual this year, owing, doubtless, to the mild weather of the fall, the birds not leaving their northern Labrador haunts for their southern migrations as soon as usual. So, the wildfowl did not appear in our bays in great numbers until November came in.

There is a large extent of waters, their favorite feeding grounds, between Greenport and Montauk and Orient Points, the former place being some twenty-five miles distant and the latter about twelve miles. On the first approach of the cold weather in October, the flocks first begin to collect, and finding good feeding in the watery pastures of Gardiner and Peconic bays, they settle and abide there till the increasing cold and the gathering ice admonishes them to spread their wings and depart for Virginian and Carolina waters. They first begin to gather around the rocky shores of Montauk, and a few years since the geese and brant, the black duck and widegon were there found in abundance, more especially on the Great Pond at Montauk. So, when the geese and brant were plenty at Montauk, there was excellent sport with them at Cartwright's Bar on the south shore of Gardiner's Island, and in Goose Pond, on that island, and there we have had fine sport with them.

But in later years, when Great Pond has been open to the salt tides and the fresh grass of the ponds has been killed thereby, the ducks and geese ceased to frequent the place, and the shooting was greatly diminished.

But there was no decrease in the numbers of the innumerable coots, sheldrakes, old squaws and loons. Their feed consists chiefly of small fish, (for sheldrake and loon) and small clams, muscles and scallops for the coot, as these are as plenty as ever. Those fowl are here as abundant as ever before.

The most successful mode of killing them here is by using small battery boats, resting almost level with the water's edge. It requires the use of two boats for that purpose; one, the low-lying battery boat, in which the gunner is concealed, and the other a larger row boat in which the attendant gunner rows around, keeping the fowl in motion when they settle upon the water, and picking up the dead and cripples shot down from the battery boat.

But as before said, the fowl were scarce in October, and not until we had some cooler weather in November did they collect in great numbers. But now they are in great flocks all the way from Montauk Point, to Fort Pond, and thence to Fire-place Point and still further west to Roam Island, on the southeast point of Shelter Island. They are also to be found further west in Noyack and Peconic bays, for the distance of thirty or forty miles.

Great numbers of the fowl have been lately killed by sailing on them. The fowl, before they have been much disturbed, will allow a fast-sailing catboat to come down upon them from the windward, and will not spring from the water until too late, and then the gunner takes them easily on the wing. As they must rise then against the wind, they must approach within easy distance of the fowler. The boats have been thus cruising for them successfully for the last three weeks, and great numbers have been killed. An old gunner (Capt. Bill Ross, of the yacht Nahma) has just dropped into my room to tell me of his late trip for fowl. He had with him in his comfortable craft a small party of gunners, but Bill says they went more for frolic and rest from work than for real sport, and did not kill one-quarter as many birds as skillful, earnest fowlers might have done. They got only about ninety fowl, chiefly coot, with a dozen black duck and twenty sheldrake. He says the fowl will continue to be very plentiful until the cold weather in the middle of December, and then they will disappear.

Bill has a fine boat with large cabin, and as he is a skillful navigator, and knows all the best places, a gunning party will always do well to secure his services. Your correspondent "B," has had good times with Bill, and is expected daily to be here for his fall cruise.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

GREENPORT, L. I., November 20, 1882.

BEAR HUNTING IN MAINE.

THE following letter (writes Mr. George Shepard Page) may be of interest to your readers. The writer has frequently served as my guide at the Rangeley Lakes. As his story indicates, he is a man of great courage and endurance. He is very well informed, having been employed in teaching school for several terms. In meeting him for the first time, one would hardly realize that a noted bear slayer was hidden in the courteous, intelligent person with whom he was conversing. Mr. Taylor has killed nearly thirty bears. His letter is dated Byron, Maine, May 3, 1882; it has been awaiting my return from Europe. He says:

I have had some exciting bear hunts since I saw you. Last winter I hunted a little. Bears are very plenty, and quite bold. I lost quite a large number of sheep last spring and summer, killed by bears—one large sheep was killed in my pasture and dragged about twenty rods into the woods before she was eaten. It must have been a large bear, for he dragged her over a log which was about three feet high.

Two winters ago I spent twenty-nine days hunting bears. I saw six, and shot three. A. S. Young was with me part of the time, and part of the time I was alone. On Bald Pate Mountain in "Andover Surplus," we had been following a large bear several days, and were going over the smoother, hard, frozen snow and ice, cutting places for our feet with the ax, when we suddenly came to a fresh track of an old bear and two cubs. There was a little light snow on the hard crust. Add Young, Ben Mitchell and myself were together. We followed these tracks about twenty rods, when we came to their den, in a cave in the rocks. We, of course, thought that we were sure of all three of them, as Add had a Ballard rifle, Ben a 44-calibre Remington revolver, and I my two-barreled shotgun, one barrel loaded with a ball, and the other with buckshot; but I changed with Ben, and took his revolver, as I was going into the mouth of the den to start them out, while the others were to take stations around and take them when they came out. But they didn't start easily, and I got a pole and was trying to punch them out, when Ben cried out, "There comes one above there." Of course we all looked in the direction.

The old bear came out first and her two cubs followed her. We fired eight shots at them, and we thought that we had killed the old one, but she finally came on her feet again and went off, leaving a trail of blood. We followed till dark, then went to a logging camp in the valley below and stopped all night. The next day we drove one of the cubs out of another den on a high bluff and followed him two days, when we decided to divide the crew, and Add was to follow this cub while Ben and I went back to look after the old bear and the other cub. We found their trail and followed it to another den which they had found among a pile of huge boulders. It was a hard place, and we were not certain that they had stopped there till we had cut away the ice sufficiently to get down and look into a cave about twenty feet under the flat side of a large rock. I got a long pole and punched in till I saw their eyes glisten, then I knew they were there; but we couldn't drive them out, so we cut the ice away and I got down flat on my belly and crept in about half my length so as to let the light shine in over my head, and with my pole I punched her till I could see her eyes shine, then I took as good aim as I could and fired. I backed out pretty soon. I fired twice before I hit her. The second time I put a large bullet in just to the left of her right eye. Then the cub curled down behind his mother so snug that I could only just see his eyes and ears, and when I stopped punching him he would be entirely out of sight. I fired three times before I killed him. It was almost dark when we got them out of the den. We left them there that night. Next day we got help and hauled them down to the road and took our team and went home. I have the pictures of this bear and cub. Perhaps you would like to see it? Addison S. Young has killed two or three lately. A very large bear was shot in Weld last week.

STEPHEN TAYLOR.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

DEAR SIR—Will you please allow the "Utica Fish and Game Protective Association" a hearing on the subject of game laws. For the past two sessions of the Legislature, important changes have been pending, withoutavail, mainly on account of the great diversity of opinions. Doubtless the subject will again be before the coming session, when it behooves those interested, to unite upon such changes as are most needful and best calculated to attain good results.

The Utica Fish and Game Protective Association was incorporated about two years ago, to meet the wants which its name implies—revive the lagging interest in the game law—and to enforce its provisions when its violation was the rule, and its enforcement only an exception. The results of its efforts have been highly successful and gratifying, as far as the existing laws will permit. This association is an organized detective force of over 100 members, and they have employed and paid other special detectives. A like organization is needed in every county. As a result, we may safely say that during close season there has hardly been a violation, and the game was found undisturbed at the opening of the season, as it should be. There have been, it is true, one or two slight violations in remote places, but with all our members reporting at headquarters, every violation has been known and watched.

In Oneida and Herkimer counties, woodcock and partridge shooting opens September 1, while we regret to notice in other counties woodcock may be killed August 1. This allowed shooting around us, has made our efforts to preserve woodcock in August more difficult, but yet with our vigilance we have substantially succeeded.

In the practical workings of this law we have gained much experience, and from the results ascertained, we are satisfied that this is a most salutary law for the whole State, as it is impossible to preserve partridge, when woodcock may be killed in August.

There is no reason why woodcock should be killed before September and every reason why they should not be killed in August. The reasons urged are that gunners are anxious to get out sooner. That is no reason at all, else why not an open season the year round? Why any law at all against it? Another assigned reason is that in certain northern parts of the State, "woodcock leave about September 1 and are not found where they were in August." This might be some reason if true—but it is not true, as everyone knows who understands their habits. They do not leave even Canada before the 20th of October and frequently not till November or December. They do change from summer to fall ground, but that they are not found in September where they were in August is better accounted for by the fact that "poachers" have cleaned them out in advance, for the benefit of Saratoga, Sharon, Richfield, and like places. The reason then utterly fails.

Now all true sportsmen (market hunters and club houses excepted) will agree upon one proposition, viz: that game should be protected in the most practical way. The object of this article is to lay before your readers the results of our most careful observation, experience, and study upon this subject, viz.:

1. That there is from year to year a marked decrease in both fish and game, owing to the improvement of guns and tackle, the increase in the number of sportsmen and their dexterity.

2. That if we would prevent the entire extermination of both fish and game, within a few years, there needs to be a correspondingly greater protection and shorter seasons.

3. That the increasing demand for choice fish and game at fashionable resorts has contributed to their destruction, by making fish and game a mere matter of traffic. The question arises: What shall be done, and how shall we do it? To this purpose I will further relate our experience, and ask the co-operation of yourself and readers.

1. The laws as they now are, are well as far as they go; but we need changes and further provisions.

2. That laws are of no avail unless enforced, and to enforce them needs an organization like our own in every county, by which each member pledges himself to act on the detective, and uphold the law against violations, and to aid, assist and urge on the game protectors, who have done and are doing a great amount of good work.

3. All sportsmen will abide the season and zealously uphold the law if assured that when the season opens the game will be found undisturbed. They feel confident when each is one of the detectives and knows what is going on.

4. The open season for both fish and game should be shortened, especially for trout, woodcock and partridge.

5. Open seasons over the State should be uniform as far as possible.

6. The open season for woodcock and partridge should be the same, so as to prevent killing of partridge under pretense of hunting woodcock in August, if we would protect partridges which, as we have found, have been killed and served up at club houses as "short-billed" woodcock where August woodcock are allowed.

7. To prohibit catching trout through the ice at any time and in any way.

8. To prohibit catching and marketing of undersize trout, either dead or alive, so as to protect the fry sent out by our State hatcheries to stock lakes and streams. This is a very important necessity.

9. To prevent spring duck shooting on their flight to breeding grounds.

10. To prevent the netting and trap shooting of wild pigeons. This was a few years ago the most plentiful, but now become the rarest game bird of this State. Their natural flights afforded the finest and most abundant sport, but are now so depleted by nets that their flights are limited to other sections.

To some of your readers the force of the above propositions will readily occur, to others a word of explanation will be proper.

Why shorten the open seasons beyond what they used to be? Answer: Sportsmen have increased tenfold in number and dexterity, with improved appliances. Game is growing scarce in spite of the best protection. If we would prevent total extermination we must either shorten the seasons or prohibit altogether for a time. The shortened season is preferable.

Why prohibit woodcock shooting in August when it used to be in July? Answer: Better ask why kill woodcock at all in July or August. In July some of the young can fly, but others cannot; the weather is hot; birds are soft, quickly decay, and are no more in season than a fresh-hatched chicken. In August they are moulting and sickly. There is no reason for killing them except to enable pot-hunters to supply fashionable resorts. A game dealer stated to the writer, "Why do you prohibit woodcock in this county in August? If I could buy and sell them I might make a few pennies." He was pacified on being told that Oneida and Herkimer birds were all being saved, and that he could make these "few pennies" in September just as well, without supplying sickly birds to his patrons. Besides this—and a greater reason as every sportsman knows—in August the broods of partridges frequent the same low grounds as woodcock, and the temptation is great, even to the conscientious sportsman, against discrimination on the wing. We have discovered that young partridges have been killed, shipped, sold and served up in August as "long and short billed" woodcock. Result is, that the law-abiding sportsman for sake of shooting sickly woodcock in August finds himself robbed of partridges in September and October. Better to wait till September, and all have an equal chance, without putting temptations and excuses in the way of pot-hunters. Let them wait. Keep their guns silent meanwhile in the brush. They can wait. The season then is long enough, especially as their wants tend to the destruction and add nothing to the preservation of game.

Shorten the other end, also, to at least December 1. Why? Because after December the cold rains and snows set in. Sportsmen do not go out then; the brush is deserted. Then the partridge snarer takes his opportunity, after sportsmen have left. Then they snare with impunity, which they could not do, while sportsmen frequent the brush, without being caught at it.

This "trapper" is most destructive of game; he works for profit, not sport; he will let the birds alone if he can't sell them. Therefore, take away the now best month of his opportunity—December—if you would preserve partridges. It is difficult to catch these men in the act, although the birds exposed for sale give an idea of its extent. They are readily distinguished from killed ones by their black throats. One man in this section snared over 500 birds in one season, others in proportion. There is scarcely a bird left for seed.

Why stop trout fishing through the ice? Answer: It is nearly as destructive as spawn-bed fishing. The sun shining through a hole in the ice draws the trout around it for air and warmth, where they are caught in large numbers by men who make it a business, to the depletion of lakes and streams when the summer fishing comes on. Prohibit all trout fishing till May 1, also.

Why stop catching small trout and marketing them? The reason appears above as to the State small fry. There are other reasons. 1st. You cannot have large ones without first having small ones. 2d. The small ones are easily caught around the spring brooks where they are spawned. They are being caught in such vast numbers as to threaten utter depletion. They are caught, kept alive in pens, and carted off to restaurants and markets, where they are kept alive to be served out to customers. Over 100,000 were caught and taken from one stream in this section in one year. This destruction of small trout under six inches long is the hundredfold destruction of larger ones. As they are mostly for sale in markets, their sale should be prohibited, or else abandon the idea of stocking streams. If we would preserve trout, we must preserve the little ones.

I cannot expect to go over the whole subject in this article. In conclusion, allow me to hope that at the coming session we may be able to obtain these necessary provisions and changes in the law, and that sportsmen may unite without diversity to obtain the object.

If we keep steadily in mind the "preservation" of fish and game, we can do much good; but if we lose sight of this by granting special privileges to individuals, market hunters, marketmen and clubs, we shall fall short of the great good we all desire. "Proper protection" means a "limited season" in limited ways, and is not found in what marketmen, market-hunters or fashionable resorts, may call their "best interests."

There has been much clamor by individuals for special privileges—that game laws should be made more accommodating—as that when we go fishing in the Adirondacks we may take our guns and kill a few deer, or when we go to kill deer in November we be allowed to catch a few trout on the spawning beds. Fishermen with trap nets have also asked that they be allowed a couple of months to fish with nets, as a reward for holding off the rest of the year, and the like. Now, all these may seem reasonable; but the fact is that privileges to one are equally for all, and can only result in utter destruction if tolerated. The "Armstrong bill," once passed and vetoed, was mainly prepared by this association with great care and consideration, and embodies the provisions which are so much needed. It was framed to meet actual occurrences. We invite the co-operation of all earnest sportsmen in its behalf and support.

JOHN D. COLLINS,
Vice-Pres't Utica Fish and Game Protective Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1882.

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

"UNCLE AB." McILRATH.

WE have received intelligence of the death of Mr. Abner C. McIlrath, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. McIlrath or, as he was known and loved by scores of men who shall read these lines, "Uncle Ab.," was one of the best known of the old school of Ohio sportsmen. "The local press (writes Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland) never gives more than the obituary of a man, further particulars may now and then be printed, but ninety-nine readers out of a hundred have forgotten the connection. Therefore it occurred to me that if you should insert in the FOREST AND STREAM some of the particulars, in the extracts from local papers which I enclose, you might receive from those who have hunted with him some continuation of the story of Abner's life. I myself witnessed that jump over the string (mentioned below) and I believe to-day that Abe in his prime could worry any animal in existence. There is a volume in his hunting life. Genial and kind, they say he never struck a man with his fist, his flipper was bad enough, and fortunate was the man who aggrieved him and was treated in this kindly way. Some of the stories of his ways and doings might be too strong (be it true) for any but a fox hunter's ears. Indeed, numberless stories in court and field can be told of this stalwart man who was always cheerful and with broad hard and open countenance would say, 'Boys, come out to-morrow and we will have a hunt. Mother (his wife) has piles of doughnuts, mince pies and turkey.' I write this merely to give you an idea of one of the most remarkable men I ever met with. By the way, you ought to have seen the two "Abes" embrace one another at the Weddell House, when President Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated. On that occasion a measurement was taken of the two, at the request of the company present. They stood back to back, and it was discovered that "Abe" the president was half an inch shorter than "Ab." the hunter.

Born in 1812, he came at the age of five years, with his father's family, to the then wilds of Ohio. The company, with their household goods, were conveyed in two wagons, one of which was hauled in a primitive manner by a yoke of oxen and the other by a span of horses. After a journey of thirty days' duration they reached Euclid township, where they settled on three hundred acres of land that the elder McIlrath had purchased. A portion of this land included a part of what is now used for the Lake View Cemetery. The country between this farm and the site of the present great city of Cleveland was an uncleared forest. It was amid these surroundings that young McIlrath grew up. In 1833 he was married to a Euclid lady, Miss Francis Eliza Pier. By this union the couple had thirteen children, three of whom are not living. In 1836 Mr. McIlrath erected the hotel which bore his name, located six miles from the city, on Euclid avenue, and he kept it for thirty-six years, ending in 1872, when it was torn down.

Mr. McIlrath in many respects was an extraordinary man, physically speaking. He was a giant in his build, as he was six feet six and a half inches in his height, and his average weight was about 264 pounds. As an athlete he probably did not have a superior in the country, certainly not since the days of the great muscular man of Northern New York, Joe Call. In addition to his athletic characteracteristics he was a great fox hunter, and many are the stories told of incidents connected with his chase after Reynard. He was gifted with tremendous long wind, and the story has been told that he would frequently chase after a fox on foot and run it down! In spite of his great weight, large bones, and apparently ungainly size, he was a remarkably quick as well as marvelously athletic man. He once lifted with his hands from the ground an iron shaft weighing 1,700 pounds, which would be equal to lifting double that weight were he harnessed with straps to weights and allowed to lift under the best advantage. Two men would hold a string two inches above his head and he would step back two or three steps and jump over it without touching it, making the leap about six feet nine inches in height. He has been known, rather than to lead his horses around to the other side of his barn, to put his long arms under a horse and lift it up to the floor of the barn, which happened to be three or four feet above the ground. Another of his well known feats was lifting a horse over a fence and then throwing the buggy over after it.

Some forty years ago a gang of rowdy sailors, a dozen in number, went out to "Ab. McIlrath's Tavern" on purpose to have "a muss with him." Uncle Ab. was a most peaceful sort of a man, and would submit to a great deal of abuse before resorting to the last argument, but on this occasion his ire was exceedingly excited at the preposterous idea that a dozen ordinary men could run over him in his own domicile. The result was, he went among them, and in spite of their all piling upon him, he took them one by one by the coat collar and seat of the pants and threw each some distance out of the door into the snow! The sailors thereupon retreated, the most disgusted of Jack Tars at being whipped by a solitary man. He told the writer that during that "scuffle," as he called it, he did not dare double his fist and strike for fear of killing. He had a very good opportunity in 1839, when he was twenty-seven years of age, of testing his athletic ability, which proved very conclusively that at that time he was probably the strongest man perhaps in the world. He met in Buffalo Charlie Freeman, who was then a sailor, and was known as the American giant, he being about seven feet in height. These two giants had a wrestle to find out which was the "smartest man." The Cuyaghoga giant was too much for Freeman, for he threw him with ease. Three years afterwards Freeman went to England as the champion of America and engaged in a prize fight with the champion of England, known as the "Tipton Slasher," and easily defeated him. These facts will give a good idea of "Uncle Ab's" great muscular strength and activity. Like Joe Call, he literally never met with his match and never doubled his fist on a man for fear of killing him. Anyone who had ever seen his tremendously long, heavy boned arms, encased in muscles of iron, with his sledge-hammer like fists, realized perfectly that a kick from him partook of the nature of a kick from a horse, and it is not at all surprising that Mr. McIlrath never doubled his fist on a human being.

During his life he had gone through some ludicrous episodes which will bear being told. On one occasion, after having hauled a load of barrels to town, says the *Leader*, he was on his return, when he stopped at Doan's tavern to water his horses. A couple of conceited young bloods from the city had just got into their buggy, and as they drove by "Ab." they thought it would be fun to give him a cut with their whip, which they did, and then drove off as fast as they could away towards the town. "Ab." not relishing that kind of treatment, his Quaker-like disposition yielded, and he gave chase on foot after the young bucks. For a mile the frightened fellows managed to keep just so far ahead of him, but their horse commenced giving out, and they were overtaken. "Ab." got into the buggy, took the reins and whip out of their hands, and drove back to the corners, where he gave these foolish fellows a thorough flogging with their own whip, in the presence of a crowd, and then let them go. On another occasion, during the days of stage coaches, while he was on his way to town with a load of barrels, a stage came along and ran into his team, and created a general smash. He came to town and called at the stage office of Neil, Moore & Co.'s line of stages, and demanded of the agent, the late Captain Startwell, compensation for damages. The captain refused to settle, and "Ab." became somewhat excited in his language. The captain finally ordered his man Friday, Norton by name, to "put that man out of the office!" Poor Norton innocently undertook to perform the operation, and he found himself flying through the air and landing on the sidewalk on all fours!

Several years since he gave a grand fox hunt, in which many of his intimate friends participated. He had captured an extremely large and vigorous fox in the wild hills of Euclid township, and held it in captivity for this especial event. When the morning of the chase arrived, the hunters, all mounted on fleet-footed steeds, put in an appearance at the old hotel, eager for the anticipated sport. Reynard was brought out and released, and away he dashed, taking a straight course for the lake, with a pack of hounds baying at his immediate rear, and the hunters following as fast as their horses could carry them. The time was December, and the winter king held all nature in his frigid embrace. The terrified fox kept flying over the frozen fields, and through thick woods, while the clatter of hoofs in his rear only goaded him on in his dash for life and liberty. Finally the banks of old Erie were reached. Reynard took one comprehensive view of its frozen bosom, and in another was bounding away over the vast expanse of ice. When the hunters reached the bank they all pulled up with one exception, and that was Uncle Ab. With his eye firmly fixed on the rapidly disappearing fox, he dashed the spurs into the sides of his panting steed, and to the horror of his companions, started across the treacherous field of ice, toward the Canadian shore. On he flew, on the top of the reliable old black's speed, until he disappeared from the sight of his terrified companions, who were satisfied that they would never see him again. Several hours elapsed, and the party of horsemen waiting anxiously on the bank had about given up all hopes of Ab's return, when a black speck made its appearance away out over the lake. Nearer and nearer it came, until the manly figure of Uncle Ab. filled the anxious watchers on the shore with feelings of unbounded joy. He was still in pursuit of the fox and riding like a demon, nothing could stop him; the weary fox took to the woods, but Uncle Ab. followed, cheering on the hounds, and in a short time he returned with Reynard's lifeless body hanging from the horn of his saddle. On the way home that night he told the boys the story of the perilous chase, how he lost sight of the land, but how he kept bravely on, determined to capture the game or perish in the attempt. He had cooled down somewhat then, and he remarked to one of the Nimrods nearest him, that he would not repeat the experience for a bag full of gold.

On another occasion he and a party of friends had planned a fishing excursion to Wickliffe. The majority of the anglers drove down and left Uncle Ab. to bring the boat, tackle, rations, etc.

The yacht was anchored in what is known as the dugway, a small stream which empties into the lake from East Cleveland township, and, as is common at the mouths of such tributaries, a long sand bar had formed for several rods out into the lake. Uncle Ab. had reached this point all right and was sailing around this bar with a view of going up the shore some distance to take on the necessary supplies for the trip, when the boat suddenly capsized. Unfortunately Uncle Ab. could not swim, and so he clung to the upturned boat with desperate energy. Suddenly the boat began to drift out, and visions of a watery grave rose before him. He turned pale, and with a voice filled with terror called to his son, who was calmly viewing the scene from the shore. "Con., if you ever expect to do anything for Ab., do it now." Con. choked back a laugh, and told him to just lower himself down and see how deep the water was. He reluctantly took the advice, and to his chagrin found that it was hardly waist deep. Con. was cautioned not to say anything about it, but somehow or other the fishermen learned all the details of the laughable affair, and Uncle Ab. never heard the last of it.

"Artemus Ward" was a frequent visitor at McIlrath's tavern. He and Uncle Ab. were great friends and used to go fox hunting and fishing together, and the latter frequently figured in Ward's writings. Mr. McIlrath died at his residence in Cleveland, November 16.

SHOOTING NOTES FROM KANSAS.

I HAVE seen some doubt cast upon the statement, in a California paper, that a hunter in that State had killed in a four hours' hunt a pheasant, a partridge, a quail and a mallard duck. This is a variety, but I could any day, in less than four hours, and on my own land, kill chickens, quail, prigtail, butterball, teal and mallard ducks, geese, jacks, American snipe, plovers, cotton-tail and jack rabbits, and inside of ten miles' jump a gray wolf, coyote or deer. My average for 1881, for table use, was three birds per day for 365 days.

I think the use of explosive and express (hollow-pointed) balls should be forbidden by law on game, and only allowed on beasts of prey and reptiles. If a sportsman has not science enough with a rifle to kill an elk, deer, or other large game with an ordinary rifle bullet, he should not try. Imagine the effect on our game in ten years from now if all riflemen should use explosive balls.

I have had a great amount of experience with different sized guns, and for my locality I find that a 32-inch barrel, full choked (for five shot), 11-pound, 10-gauge, breech-loading gun is superior to any other. I use three drams powder in summer and five in winter. I have used common powder in my gun for ten years and the barrels are to-day as beautiful inside as they were when they came from the factory. I never allow my gun to stand over night while dirty, and clean by taking off the barrels, shoving in the extractor, then put a funnel in at the breech and pour through the barrels one quart of boiling water. In about a minute the heat of the barrels has dried them, then I dry, wipe them with four different rags, using a stick wiper, then oil with best winter strained sperm oil. Two shots from a brass shell will foul a gun as much as ten with a thick paper shell.

In loading I force the primer on the shell with a hickory punch and hammer, put in my powder, then one No. 8 Winchester wad, forced down even, then one wad of mutton tallow (cast in a .44 calibre rifle barrel and cut the thickness of wads) then one No. 10 Winchester wad pressed down till the tallow is as thin as possible, then one ounce of No. 8 or 10 and one and one-quarter ounces of 4 or 6 shot, and at least one-half of a Winchester No. 8 felt wad. The latter wad I split from a regular wad, but prefer cardboard when I can get them. I force the powder wad down with as large a stick as will go into the shell, thus seating them very even and level. In seating the shot wad I use a stick that will just go in the shell, with the other end small enough to go up through my tunnel from the bottom, and fit into a knob or handle. A brass shell soon bulges in my gun so that a tunnel (or funnel) will not set down over them only about half way. After placing my ramrod up through the tunnel as I have described, I set my shell on the block and spread out my split No. 8 wads, and taking my tunnel in my right hand place it down over a wad, thus picking it up, then place the whole down over my shell as far as the tunnel will go (half down), then shove the wad home. This way of seating a No. 8 wad with a tunnel saves crumpling it, and seats it as even as if it had grown there, and at the same time you avoid cutting your thumb as you would if you did not use a tunnel, and if a No. 8 wad is forced through the throat of a tunnel made for paper shells, it will be too small for your brass shell.

I do not claim to be an expert shot, but I make a better average than most of them described in your paper. I make my poorest on mallard ducks, as on the prairie we have to shoot at from fifty to eighty yards rise, and I have not had but one chance to shoot "on the set" for the last twelve months. I average two shells for one mallard and three teal for two shells.

Quail are shot here by a hunter taking each side of a hedge at noon, when they are resting, and as they "whir" straight down the hedge we have no difficulty in bagging them with No. 10 shot.

In using tallow in a gun there will be no hard, dry dirt at the muzzle, and an ordinary rag pulled through the barrels by a string will clean them perfectly.

By proper loading, my gun makes a pattern of over 400 No. 8 shot in a thirty-inch circle at forty yards, with brass shells.

I make my best pattern of buckshot by using five drams powder and two wads, then three No. 2 buckshot put in loose, and then an Ely shot concentrator filled with two layers of No. 4 buckshot, consisting of three to each layer.

The three No. 2 shot will just chamber in the muzzle, and the six No. 4 shot will just chamber in two layers in an Ely No. 10 shot concentrator. KANSAS FARMER.

IOLA, KANSAS.

OTTAWA DEER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read, with much pleasure, "B. G. A.'s" letter in your number of 9th inst., explaining that he had been misled by parties in Ontario as to the close season for deer in that Province.

I would take this opportunity of impressing on officers of game protection clubs the necessity of paying more attention to the dissemination of a knowledge of the close seasons and of the other provisions of the game laws throughout the country. An experience of many years as an officer of the Fish and Game Protection Club of this Province, convinces me that this most important function of such clubs is sadly neglected.

I cannot agree with "B. G. A." in his strictures on the close season for deer in Ontario. In the northern parts of that Province fawns are dependent on their mothers until near the 1st of October, when the open season commences; the season when hounds may be used is retricted to the period commencing 1st of October and ending 15th of November, and all hunting must cease on the 15th of December. No person is at any time allowed to hunt or kill deer for the purpose of exporting the same out of the Province. Of course, in a vast and unsettled territory, such as exists in Canada, the game laws cannot always be strictly enforced. Notwithstanding what "B. G. A." states, I do not believe that any hunter can kill twenty-five or thirty deer a week during the lawful season, nor can I agree with him that the 1st of October is too late to enter the woods for pleasure, as at that date there are no mosquitoes or flies to annoy the pleasure seeker. I have just returned from deer hunting in the Ottawa district (November 13) and found the weather most enjoyable.

I hope "B. G. A." will make many another trip (in the open season) and favor your readers with his experiences, told in the same genial and lively manner as that in which his present papers are written. H.

MONTREAL, November 18.

Writing on this subject, the *Canadian Sportsman* says: "We cannot agree with his ["B. G. A.'s"] opinion, when he says that the Ontario laws deprive the sportsman tourist of a great deal of pleasure and do not protect the deer, merely reserving all for the wholesale slaughter made by the practical hunter when cold weather arrives; and again, our American friend thinks 'Oct. 1 is too late in the season for a party to enter the Ontario woods for pleasure. The law should give pleasure parties the right to kill deer sufficient for camp use, commencing with Sept. 15, and in the far North Sept. 1 would not be too early. The only time when deer can be successfully hunted is after the falling of the leaves and through the cold weather, when none but the regular hunter thinks of visiting the woods. The law as laid down to-day practically says to all of us who seek health and recreation during the beautiful and unequalled days: "'Gentlemen, you seem out of health, and we welcome you to the pure, invigorating air of these mountains and forests; breathe it without stint and enjoy it till your heart's content, but you must bring your own provisions. We have plenty of deer, but they are all engaged, and we are pledged to reserve them for our hunters.'"

"Now we desire to point out the great mistake that would be made by any such changes in our game law as outlined by 'B. G. A.' In the first place the weather is invariably too warm in September to admit of venison being kept fit for use more than a few hours after death, unless the sportsman is supplied with ice, which is not very likely, so that the chances are that after the deer was slain a few tit bits would be taken off and the carcase left. During twenty-five years' experience of the climate in this province, during which

time we have done a good deal of hunting in sections not very remote from the Ottawa district, we can call to mind very few years in which the weather was suitable for hunting so early as the first of September. But what surprises us most in the letter we are alluding to is the statement that the 1st of October is too late in the season for a party to enter the Ontario woods for pleasure. It would be difficult for 'B. G. A.,' to make any of his Canadian friends believe such a yarn, and it would make gunners smile to be told that October was too late to shoulder their guns and hie to the woods.

"We regret that our Connecticut friend should have advanced any such statement. Previous to it we had mentally pronounced him a good sort, but after such a declaration we are in doubt about the soundness of our judgment. We are almost inclined to pronounce him a feather-bed sportsman, one who demands hot water to shave with, and an umbrella in his kit, for fear of a little soft water.

"The man who pronounces October too late in the year to enter our forests must have been seized with ague in childhood's days and had shaken all the nerve out of his system. Our glorious, bright October days to be thus condemned! Why, many a time, with dog at heel, and our old muzzle-loader in hand, we have roamed the Canadian forests, and felt at every breath that we were inhaling a tonic before whose recuperative power all medicines were as nothing.

"The trees, robed in their autumnal glory, feasted the eye with a thousand forms of beauty, while the bright blue sky overhead formed a fitting canopy to the beauty of nature's handiwork. It is the one month in the year in which the true sportsman delights; the one to which, during the year, he looks forward to, and to be told, when it does come, that it is too late in the year to enter the woods, is something no fellow hereabouts can understand.

"Again, while we are satisfied that 'B. G. A.' and his party were but on pleasure bent, we regret that the great majority of his countrymen who travel this way, gun in hand, have no such sentiment in their soul. The almighty dollar is with them the first consideration; and the deer of our northern woods is by them valued, not for the pleasures of the chase, but for the cash value of the venison in the market to which they ship their game.

"The sportsmen of Ontario delight to welcome a member of the brotherhood, hail from where he may, but they have had such a sickener in the gang of pot-hunters that have invaded our forests for the past few years that they earnestly desire to abate the nuisance. The latter word is almost too mild a term to use. The pot-hunter is the bitter enemy of the true sportsman. He is invariably a selfish fellow, who cares for nobody's welfare but his own, a chap that is quick to throw down a farmer's fence or open his gate, but terribly careless about putting up the one or closing the other. Game is with him the one great consideration; and if he kill two deer to day he will damn his luck that it wasn't three or four. He will start a camp fire, and when it has served his purpose, cares very little what damage it might cause by being left burning. In fact, his presence in such numbers has become a nuisance that must be stamped out, and we hope to see our gun clubs take action, and at the coming session of the Legislature see to it that a law be passed to remedy the evil. We doubt much if the mere enforcement of a license fee would meet the case, but it is quite possible to stop the exportation, and by other legislative enactments put a stop to the present trouble. If such a step is not soon taken, a deer in the Ontario woods will ere many years be as rare a sight as a ruffed grouse on King street."

[Our correspondent "B. G. A." is compelled by an unavoidable interruption to postpone for a time the closing papers of the "Nutmeggers on the Ottawa" series.]

AMERICAN WILD ANIMALS IN BRONZE.

OF Mr. Edward Kemeys's "Still-Hunt," which is now on exhibition at Tiffany's, in this city, Mr. Julian Hawthorne writes to the *Tribune:*

It is a work of which Americans have especial reason to be proud, being, as it is, the production of a native-born American artist, choosing for his subject a wild animal peculiar to our country, and treating it in a manner which betrays no indebtedness to foreign schools and methods, but which, none the less, indicates a vigor of conception, a truth of observation, and a mastery of technique that would do credit to any school whatever.

The figure, which is of colossal size, cast in bronze, has been purchased and presented to the City of New York by a number of gentlemen, who have thereby avouched a public-spirited liberality and an artistic appreciation which are worthy of praise and imitation. It represents the female American panther crouching before her spring. The neck is outstretched, the head and eyes fixed in a terrible intentness of gaze; the hindquarters are drawn up ready to launch the body forward; the fore legs are gathered far in under the breast, and the right paw has just been half lifted from the ground with that peculiar "churning" motion characteristic of cats when in the leash, as it were of a leap. The combination of intense life and latent action, with muscular restraint and immobility, could not be more powerfully portrayed. The whole body of the great animal writhes with tense controlled strength; the next instant, it seems she must hurl herself forward. The angry play of the tail enhances the fierce suggestiveness of the pose; and, indeed, the entire composition, down to its least part, says one thing; we feel inevitably that nothing in it could be otherwise and be right; and the culminating impression produced upon the spectator is forcible to the degree of being appalling. The rigid, stealthy stare of the beast fascinates the eye; and the longer we contemplate the composition the more strongly does its spell hold us. The savage presence of the huge cat not only fills Messrs. Tiffany's window, but makes itself felt as far up the square as the eye can reach it.

It is a pleasure to know that this superb production has thus assumed permanent form, and will for many years to come add to the attractiveness of our beautiful park. In view of the rapid destruction of our native wild animals—a destruction that bids fair, in the course of a few years, to result in extermination—it is much to be regretted that we have not more examples in bronze of Mr. Kemeys's genius. At his studio in West Fifty-third street, are to be seen models in clay or plaster, of most of the animals in question, wrought in a style not inferior to the "Still-Hunt," but not, unfortunately, in the same imperishable material. Will none of our wealthy and art-loving citizens arouse themselves to profit by this opportunity? The studios of no European sculptors can afford them anything more truly artistic, more unique in design and *motif*, or more certain to increase in value with time. It is none too soon for those who have the discernment to do so, to recognize and encourage the presence of genius in our own midst, instead of going in dubious quest of it to the other side of the Atlantic.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A STEAMBOAT LOAD OF DUCKS.—As the steamer Emma C. Elliott was coming up the river last night the cabin passengers and the crew were startled by a singular whistling sound in the air all above the boat. No one could account for the noise, and the more they tried the more unaccountable it seemed. Capt. Postal went to the electrical machine and turned on the light, 800 candle-power. In a moment the whole foggy river was flooded with light. It was seen that the noise proceeded from an innumerable colony of wild ducks on their way southward. The blinding glare startled the fowls, and rising in great crowds they began flying straight at the lamp. For 20 minutes the boat was literally full of ducks. Some of them would hit heavily against the glass around the light, and fall stunned to the deck. Others fell into the faces of the men, and were knocked down with sticks and canes. In all, several hundred were secured. Thirty-six were found concealed in different parts of the cabin this morning when the boat came into the wharf at St. Louis. Others were found about the boilers and in the engine room, and a great number were killed by the wheels. The ducks were mostly in the water when the boat ran into the immense flock, and when the electric light was turned on them they seemed to go crazy with fear. They rose in great droves and whirled around in the air before dashing themselves against the lamp. The men on the Elliott say that never on the river has there been so many ducks and geese as at present. Every slough and creek along the river between here and Cairo had several hundred ducks floating on it this morning. A great many of the ducks killed fell back into the water and were lost.—*St. Louis Dispatch to the Chicago Times.*

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—The flight of woodcock from the North appeared to come all at once this year. Certainly the bulk of them came together. This was doubtless caused by the sudden far northerly cold snap we have read of as having taken place. Springfield, Mass., friends write me there were no "flight birds" around there this season, although they were expected between October 15 and the 1st of November. Would it not appear, then, the flight of woodcock this fall was as I have stated? Birds are now being killed in Maryland and Delaware, where in summer cock breed. We are now having good quail shooting weather. Birds are not so plentiful in some localities where it was expected they would be found fairly numerous this season. Some that have returned state they have found no quail at all where it was known they were freely bred. I imagine that just as soon as the food in the woods (where these birds are now, and for this reason hard to find) is covered with fallen foliage or consumed, the quail will resort to the stubbles more and be discovered more readily. If the shooter can't find coveys in the stubbles in early morning and toward evening in sections where he is positive birds breed and abound, he may be sure he will find them in the woods, especially if he is making his trip during the first two weeks of November. I am referring now to shooting in Delaware and Maryland, where most of our people choose their stamping grounds. Braut are now plentiful at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays. The weather thus far has been so fair but few have been killed. Wait until the next easterly weather comes and a few will be killed.—HOMO.

IS AN "AIR SPACE" DANGEROUS?—Philadelphia, Nov. 18, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A Western correspondent lately wrote me this question: "Will my rifle burst if I fail to ram the bullet quite home?" To which I answered "No." I am aware that the current opinion, in many parts of the world, is that if any great space exists between the powder and the ball, the barrel will bulge or burst; and the late fearful explosion of the thirty-eight ton rifle on H. M. S. Thunderer, some officers thought, was due to a slipping forward of the great projectile. But these "bursting" ideas, I think, are erroneous. This "dangerous" doctrine I have had no faith in since 1864, when certain arms which, according to venerable and modern books, should have bursted, sent their bullets out much as usual. Two friends here, one a gun dealer and the other a gun maker, stoutly assert that my position is "utterly ridiculous"—that "the further away from the powder the ball is put the severer is the strain on the barrel." But they are in error. I claim that the further away the (normal) ball lies, the less is the strain on the barrel. I do not speak of "wedged" or "fast" bullets, but of ordinary bullets, such as a man can run into a rifle with the ramrod in the usual manner. If the bullet be left in the middle of the barrel, even, the rifle will not be harmed.—W. McK. HEATH.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Nashville, Nov. 11.—A very handsome deer, killed on the Belle Meade farm from Gen. Harding's famous drove, was presented to the ladies of the Mission Home to serve at their kitchen this week. These good ladies opened this kitchen for a few days for the purpose of raising money sufficient to pay a debt due upon their worthy institution, and I am glad to say that through liberal patronage and donations of dainties by the citizens, they were enabled to accomplish their purpose. A number of quail were offered in market this morning at twenty-five cents each. Squirrels and 'possums are particularly abundant this fall, though the weather continues too warm to warrant killing them. Col. Akers's hunting party have been delayed in their sporting undertaking from the same cause. Their dogs, servants and camp equipage are all down in Trigg county awaiting the first decided frost for the "bosses" to join them.—J. D. H.

TEXAS GAME NOTES.—El Paso, Texas, Nov. 10, 1882.—Between Big Springs and Pecos, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, one can have the very finest sport at this time. Parties should hire a caboose or a box car and fit themselves up for housekeeping, as no hotels can be had in this wonderfully interesting game country. Sand Hills, Metz, Pyute, Midway and other stations are good places to stop. Parties will find "a world of antelopes," and enough ducks and quail to answer any demand. A hunt of a few days in this section will satisfy the most ambitious hunter. I saw a small herd of buffaloes a half mile from the road a few days ago, but I understand that there are very few to be found in all the plains country. Near Grelton there are a few chickens to be found. All kinds of game in these parts are in excellent condition, and the antelopes are fat as butter.—GEO. W. BAINES, JR.

TENNESSEE SPORTSMEN ON THE WING.—Capt. Thos. F. Perkins, Dr. Cliffe and sons, of William.on county, and Major Carpenter, of Nashville, fully equipped for hunting and fishing, left yesterday for Reelfoot Lake, where they will go into camp for two weeks or longer. Jim Palmer and Hermann Buckholz will start for the same famous hunting grounds in a few days. Burt Bray and his Bowling Green Club will be off to the same place soon, and when they get there ducks, geese and swan will have to keep their weather eyes opened or be gobbled up by the expert shooters. Andy Meaders is organizing a party for a few days' shooting in the low counties of West Tennessee. They will confine themselves to turkey, deer and quail shooting. Andy may take a run to the lake, as he handles the most of the fish taken from its waters, which come to this city. The weather has at last turned cold and our local sportsmen will be after the large quantities of quail in our surrounding country. Several gentlemen from different parts of the State have been out deer stalking in the mountainous parts of the State and report excellent sport. Game plenty and in superb condition. Col. Geo. F. Akers has at last succeeded in collecting his pack of dogs, and will soon be off to the coaling grounds in Trigg county, Ky. This will be the grandest party of the season from all that I can learn. They have had log huts constructed in the forests where they expect to hunt, and had them fitted up with every comfort. A number of ladies, the Colonel informs me, will accompany their "lords" and prove to the natives that the Dianas of to-day are as brave and expert as the goddess of old was herself. In case an occasional bear may be found in these primitive regions, Col. Akers has purchased an immense bulldog from "Pat Solan" with which to bring him to bay.—J. D. H. (Nashville, Nov. 16, 1882).

TEXAS FLIGHT SHOOTING.—Galveston, Nov. 16, 1882.—Our second "norther" has arrived, bringing with it an immense flight of wildfowl of every variety. They are now to be seen sitting out in the bay in masses that closely resemble floating islands; they are very wary, and he who would float down upon them must indeed be skillful in disguising his skiff so as not to excite their suspicion. The reward would well repay one for his trouble, however, as I am confident he could fill his skiff in two shots. This style of shooting is not in vogue here, not even the market hunters practicing it. Our flight shooting, which lasts from daylight until about nine A. M., and again in the evening, is by far the most desirable and prettiest we have, and to give an idea how mercilessly the poor ducks are pursued, I will tell of a flock of eleven redheads, only one of which lived to tell the tale of how his friends were slaughtered in trying to make the pass. My friend and self took stands a few mornings since, in a locality where ducks were known to be plentiful, and during the hour we shot our guns were employed incessantly, to such an extent that upon quitting we had the satisfaction of counting thirty-five sleek ducks at our feet, mostly redheads and bluebills.—NEMO.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Wrightsville, Nov. 15.—Ducks on the Susquehanna are abundant, a goodly number of which are black ducks, bluebills and readheads, although the majority are coots. One sportsman killed eighty-eight coots in a few hours, which gives you an idea of their vast numbers. Squirrel hunting has been nothing extra around here, but have been reported plenty down the canal further. Rabbits are plenty this season, but birds are very scarce. Very few 'coons and 'possums have been killed so far. Quite a number of foxes have been seen, but only two or three of them were killed.—RAZOR.

WILD RICE —From the answers to inquiries made by us some time ago, it appears that the sowing of wild rice has not been in general attended with the hoped for result. In another column a correspondent reports that the rice which did not do well the first year improved the second. We think it very desirable to know something of the general success or want of success by those who have sought by means of the rice to improve their ducking grounds, and should be pleased to hear from such parties.

THEY HAD GAME FOR THANKSGIVING.—In his Thanksgiving Day proclamation Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, says: "In 1621, our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labor." Thus the Pilgrim Governor Bradford instituted the harvest festival of the New England Thanksgiving."

WYOMING —Elk Mountain, Nov. 11.—Hunting this season I think fully as good as it ever was. More deer than usual, but not so many elk. A party killed three bears a few days since.—J

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Rock Hill, Nov. 9.—Birds will be plenty here when it gets a little cooler, which will be soon, I think.—W. T.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Diving Decoy Co., Rochester, N. Y.—*Adv.*

HOW TO KEEP A STORE.—By Samuel H. Terry. New York: Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway; 1882.

THE KENNEDY RIFLE.—Attention is called to the advertisement of the Kennedy repeating rifle, an arm which has won the unqualified approval of sportsmen who have made themselves familiar with its merits as a field weapon.

GUNNING.—Chatham, Mass.—One gent can be accommodated for the branting season of 1883, which is seven weeks from the 10th of March. A good house and all the paraphernalia for gunning; live decoys and boats. Price $125 for the season. Inquire of I. G. Curtis, Post Office Box 1231, Boston Post Office.—*Adv.*

A SCREAM FROM THE AMERICAN EAGLE IN DAKOTA.—This is a report of a Fourth of July oration, delivered by Col. P. Donan, of the Fargo, D. T., *Argus*. It is reprinted by the passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway as a characteristic bit of American eloquence. Sent free upon application to A. V. Carpenter, general passenger and freight agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

A NEW REEL.—In our advertising columns will be found a new reel called the "Follett Reel," made by W. & J. M. Aikenhead, of Rochester, N. Y. We have seen the reel and find that it is all that is claimed for it, a strong, low-priced one. The principle is like the "Billinghurst," but it is struck from brass instead of being made with wire. It is silent running, and for those who do not care for a click and wish a low-priced winch, as they are termed in England, this one will fill the bill. At a dollar and a half there is no need of the boys going without reels.—*Adv.*

THE B. AND A. RED BOOK contains an exhaustive compilation of election statistics and as the work is confined solely to the official return it is compact and very handy for instant reference. This special edition is intended for circulation in the State of New York, where, as it embraces the latest returns of elections for State officers, Congressmen and President, it must prove of no ordinary interest. The B. and O. Red Book for New York is intended for distribution throughout the State, and all who are unable to secure it through local ticket agents can do so by addressing C. K. Lord, G. P. A., B. & O., Baltimore, or C. P. Craig, G. E. P. A., 315 Broadway, N. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of July 20.*

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor and T. montanus.*	Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.	White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*	Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, 2 species.
Pike (N. Y. pickerel), *Esox lucius.*	War-mouth, *Chænobrytus gulosus.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*	Crappie (Strawberry bass, etc.), *Pomoxys sicromaculatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*	Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Yellow perch, *Perca fluviatilis.*	Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*	Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*	"Sea trout," *Cynoscyon carolinensis.*
Tautog or blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*	Drum. *Pogonias chromis.*
Bluefish or taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix.*	Red bass, etc., *Sciœnops ocellatus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of July 20.

Nothing is more important in the education of the young than the indoctrination of a love of open air exercise and the formation of an acquaintance with nature. Every boy, if his surroundings make it possible, should be given the opportunity of becoming an angler. If he takes to it, he will be grateful through all his life for the physical and mental improvement and enjoyment which are certain to accompany him in practicing the gentle and contemplative art.—*W. C. Prime.*

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

II.

When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joy renew. —*Moore.*

ABOUT BASS.

THE most highly esteemed member of our coterie devotes his leisure in angling for bass. He was born on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and before he had mastered his alphabet or shed his short-clothes he had become familiar with the haunts if not with the habits of this gamy fish. Indeed, although he has passed his three score years, his "memory runneth not to the contrary" when he would not rather fish than eat. The implements he used were primitive but effective—of just the form and calibre of those we often now see in the hands of our juvenile Waltons—less ornamental than useful, and intended not to "play" a fish but to "yank" him, with the least possible ceremony, from his aqueous element. It is not strange, therefore, that he is passionately fond of the pastime and as eager, now that "his hoary head is hid in snow," as when, "in the morn and liquid dew of youth," he gladly accepted the task of keeping the family table supplied with the results of his infantile labors.

There are few busier men in the marts of trade to-day and no man anywhere less likely, from habit or temperament, to squander either time or fortune. He never turns the back of his hand to a friend nor the back of his coat to an enemy, and would sooner lose the best customer on his long list than forego his visits to bass waters in July and October. I never knew a man with a more perfectly balanced double nature. As a merchant he is sedate, reticent and absorbed. As an angler he is cheerful, voluble and merry-hearted. Ten words suffice him to sell a hogshead of sugar, but he will talk an hour on the felicity of striking, fighting and killing a five-pound bass. I once asked him the weight of the largest fish he ever caught. His response was:

"I am not sure that I can answer your question. I caught what I believe to have been my largest bass when we never thought of weighing them. In my early days, when I fished with a hooppole and corresponding appendages, this thing happened to me: A rough dock extended a few feet out into the river in front of my father's farm. It was placed at a point in the river where the current flowed with moderate rapidity over a pebbly bottom. It was not merely just the kind of water bass take to in October, but its attractive qualities were augmented by the moss-covered logs which constituted the base of the rickety old dock from which I was wont to angle. On one memorable occasion—I could not have passed my tenth year—my hook was seized by the largest fish I had ever seen of the bass family. My line was not more than twelve feet in length, and it took my lusty visitor but an instant to run off with the slack and force the barb clean through his ponderous jaw. The result was a leap that made my hair stand on end, and brought me to my feet quicker than you could say 'Jack Robinson.' My first impulse was of course to 'yank' him, but I might as well have tried to 'yank' the dock itself from its moorings. Finding him bent on mischief, and foreseeing a long fight, I followed his lead and managed to get on the pebbly beach where I hoped to be able to take him out of the net. But, do my best I could not manage it by any of the processes with which I was familiar, and finding myself dragged toward a slough in which I would have been incontinently swamped if I had attempted to cross it, in sheer despair I made a bee line for the bushes, and very unartistically but very surely ran him ashore—the largest bass, by the common verdict, ever known to have been caught in those waters. I have since landed hundreds of large fish, scores of them running from seven to ten pounds, but none of them at all approximating the dimensions of this gamy monster. Making all due allowance for the exaggerations of dim distance and the fervid imagination of inexperienced youth, I have not a doubt now, and never had, that he weighed fully twelve pounds, avoirdupois. That was nearly fifty years ago," he said, with a sigh, "but the recollection of the incident is as fresh in my memory as any event of the last twelve month. But more than that, I attribute to the ecstasy which came to me from the capture of that fish the passion for angling which has grown with my years, and from which I have derived more real pleasure (to parody an old couplet) than

——'Any modern Cæsar feels
With an obsequious Senate at his heels.'"

"I suppose," queried one of the party, "other fish than bass were abundant in those days?"

"Oh, yes! superabundant. Pickerel and maskalonge were 'plenty as blackberries.' But I never took to either. Pickerel were my especial boyhood abhorrence, and how any true 'brother of the angle' can so much as touch one of the slimy brutes is beyond my comprehension."

This remark was received with cordial approval, and fresh cigars all round. Not all present were veterans in the art, but none of them had the bad taste to call pickerel fishing a pastime. In commenting upon the subject, the veteran *par excellence* among us spoke thusly:

"No man ever fell in love with poetry by reading doggerel, nor did any one ever acquire a passion for angling by catching pickerel. It had been my habit from youth up to idle away an hour now and then fishing for perch, sunfish, bullpouts and low down trash of that sort. But I did that simply as an incident in my summer afternoon rambles by the lake shore and river side, and not because I cared a straw for or hankered after that kind of fishing; but once in my out-of-the way saunterings I fell in with a friend who was patiently whipping a trout brook. It was a real pleasure to recline beneath the shadow of a great rock and watch his graceful "casts." He had very few responses, but when a response came, the delight he evinced as he played and landed his four or eight ounce fish was fully shared by myself, and I soon found myself fascinated by what my friend was doing. The stream which ran through a beautiful valley, was cast into deep shadow by the graceful forest trees which lined its borders. Not a sound was heard, save a few bird-notes or the rustling of the leaves as they were moved by the gentle summer breeze which fanned them. The whole scence was a poem, and although I have been in just such places and passed through just such experiences a thousand times; this first picture of the first trout stream I ever saw, comes up before me as distinctly and as vividly as it presented itself to my vision forty years ago.

"Finding me thus interested in what he was doing, my friend, with the kindliness and generosity characteristic of the brotherhood, proffered me his rod for a cast. I timidly accepted his offer, and tried, very awkwardly, to do as he bade me. You can imagine with what success. He was an expert; I was a novice. He could cast fifty feet without an effort. When I essayed so much line as the length of the rod the fly came back upon me as if in derision. But I very soon succeeded in reaching the center of the stream, when there came a leap and a strike which made every nerve in my body quiver like a thrummed harp-string. I stood in motionless ecstacy for a moment, but, as I think, there came to me the inspiration of the born angler, for I played and landed that pound trout with the skill and judgment (my friend being witness) of a veteran. It was the largest trout known to have been taken from that stream in many years. That incident fixed my destiny. Until I had that experience fishing had no more attraction for me than any minor amusement with which we "kill time" when we find it a burden. From all of which I merely wish to say that no amount of pickerel or bull pout fishing could ever have inspired in me or in anyone the emotion needful to create the passion for such sort of angling as fascinates while it invigorates and augments the wisdom of the wise and makes good men better. Such sort of angling inspires something more than rod and line, 'with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.' There must be rivulet and lake, forest and mountain, sunshine and shadow, the music of birds, the melody of running waters, delicate tackling, and the rise and strike and swirl of bass, trout or salmon. Where such things are combined with the love of nature inherent in the contemplative, mild-mannered and gentle disciples of the historic fathers of the art, angling becomes an irresistible fascination, and gives rest to the weary, vitality to the over wrought, cheerfulness to the despondent, ambling rhythm to the life that now is, and a clearer appreciation of the promised felicities of the life that is to come."

A quiet ripple of applause greeted this rhapsody of the honored mentor of the happy group, when our bass fisher from the St. Lawrence was asked:

"Did you never hook a muscalonge? They are certainly a gamy fish, quite deserving the attention of the most fastidious angler."

"Oh, yes; I have often taken muscalonge on a trawl, and their capture gave me a great deal of muscular exercise, but nothing else. They hook themselves, and all that is required of you is to drag them in, hand over hand, as rapidly as possible. It requires a little skill to get them in your boat without upsetting, but not much more than to do the same thing with a water-soaked log, and hauling them in is very much like hauling in the same weight of deadwood against the current. Yes, I have caught muscalonge of all weights, from five to thirty pounds, but I would rather take a five-pound bass on an eight-ounce fly-rod than a score of muscalonge at the end of a two or three hundred feet trawl."

"How do the quantity and weight of bass in the St. Lawrence now compare with forty years ago?"

"I do not think the quantity has materially diminished, but they have changed their haunts. I find very few now where they used to be abundant, and places where we never had any luck in old times now teem with them. They are not nearly as plenty among the Thousand Islands as they used to be, and no wonder. What with steam yachts and fishing boats, 'thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa,' and net and spear and indiscriminate slaughter, in season and out of season, by thousands of experts and amateur idlers, it is a marvel that the whole species was not long ago exterminated. And the weight of the fish has fallen off in even greater proportion at that point. The capture of a five-pound bass to-day is something to talk about; forty years ago bass of that weight uniformly made up one-fourth of my catch. The truth is, the fish haven't time to grow—with so many to beguile them, they are caught as soon as they can snap at a hook or rise to a fly. But there are still pleasant and prolific places in the St. Lawrence—I will name some of them to any of you in a whisper—where I never fail to take them as abundantly and of as great weight, with my eight-ounce rod and tiny fly, as I did forty years ago with my mammoth hoop-pole and ponderous tackling."

"But you do not now confine yourself to the St. Lawrence in your search for bass?" was the next query, not because we did not know, but simply to start him off on his favorite hobby and hear him expatiate upon the pleasant places to which he is beguiled during the season when it is right to go a-fishing.

"By no means," was his reply. "I find it true in angling as in everything else—'variety's the very spice of life.' With my love of the pastime has grown my love for, and appreciation of, the grand and beautiful in nature, and I have fished for bass in all waters, from the unbroken wilds of Canada to the primitive forests of Northern Michigan. The lakes where they most abound, wherever found, are invariably gems of transparent purity, and are almost as inviting to the appreciative eye because of their picturesque surroundings as because of what they hold for the angler. Wherever I have gone, whether to the remote North or to the far West, I have never failed to find what I went for, plenty fish, good sport, magnificent scenery, mental repose and physical recuperation. It is a pastime that gave moral fibre to the apostles and æsthetic delectation to the simple wise men of all ages."

To this, of course, all present gave cheerful response, as will all others who live virtuous lives and like to go a-fishing.

G. D.

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

VI.

"When this old rod was new,
Our fathers lived like men;
They wrought their toil with joy,
O'er all their native plain;
And merrily foamed the ale,
Which each goodwife could brew,
For all untaxed it ran
When this old rod was new."

"But time hath wrought sad change,
A change the land shall rue—
No keeper marred the sport
When this old rod was new."

THERE is a pathethic and, oft, pitiful side to every sport, pastime, or joy of this earthly pilgrimage. It were vain to attempt to portray this—the daily experience of every heart—but there are moods of the mind and occasions, when it thrusts itself upon one like an intrusion and half unwelcome guest. Then it is that the thoughts "hark back," as a huntsman would say, and begin to run riot in the by-ways of the past.

"When this old rod was new," is to the angler a very suggestive sentence. It may not be as old as that celebrated in the quaint English song, from which I have quoted, but with it may be connected associations and scenes that are very pleasant to recall in quiet, thoughtful hours. Joint by joint, as it were, we put the rod together until its tapering length extends far into other days and o'ershadows, but for its talismanic powers, well-nigh forgotten waters.

"When this old rod was new" perchance, we made with it the first cast with our first hackle for the first trout; it may be coeval with our experience as an angler, and has served us faithfully ever since that prime, notable essay. We were younger then than now, to be sure, but we forget our age when we touch or when we behold that venerable rod, and if we brace our nerves to feel its lissome spring, a youthful tremor is communicated to us from head to foot. Its tip may not be quite so jauntily prim as in its earlier days, but its deviation is suggestive of the trials and experiences it has passed bravely through. In some way, in some form or other, Time marks everything and everybody with his keen tooth—who, or what, so staunch, or impregnable, as to be unscathed?

There, snug in its case and dust-covered, over those book-shelves, may be seen my old rod. It has been on the "retired list" for some years, for, although able to do duty, I have, of late, fancied a lighter one than it is and—must I confess it? one of more elaborate finish. However, I love it none the less, and e'en while using my new rod, I often think, with pride, of its prompt and efficient action in every crisis of piscatorial experience.

In days agone, when far away from any fishing waters, I have been wont to take it down, and without doors to give it a bit of sun and air. Barring honorable scars (which are no blemishes), it is now in condition for reasonable service (always provided a careful and judicious person is at the butt thereof), and is not wholly destitute of a smartness, a pretty gleam of polish, that once distinguished it and made dull, country eyes to open wide when it went afield with me. "lang syne." To me each scratch and spot upon it is a record of some event, of some "moving accident by flood and field," that reminds me of the days when

"My bounding heart from care was free,
My cheeks with health did glow,
My float went dancing down the Lea,
A long time ago."

Not so very long time ago doth it seem when I have it in my hand and let it lead my thoughts untrammeled with the present. My heart is not a day older than on the morning when I first heard the click of its reel and saw the line run out through its rings. 'Tis an excellent thing to keep the heart young when the hair and moustache grow gray and you cannot walk a matter of a score of miles so easily as when you carried less weight than thirteen stone between cap and gaiters. Keep the heart young by all means!

As a kind of consort and honorable companion to my old rod I keep an old fly book near by; they have taken many a journey together and 'twere a shame to part them. Turning from the one to the other what I fail to remember by the rod I find recorded on the parchment of the book—dates, weight of fish and number, names of comrades and the waters fished are all here, and bring vividly to mind the scenes of other days.

This book never met the fate of others—a drop into the water at a critical moment, a soaking in a down-pour, or the ignoble fate of being lost altogether. No, here it lies, in a safe and warm corner, and ready for use at a moment's warning, as the ordinary tackle or outfit of a sportsman ever should be.

There are times I wot of in the life of an angler when a glance at rod, creel or line, at gaff, fly or pocket book, is an inspiration, a necessity or a comfort. One or the other recalls to the mind less jading and perplexing times than the present, and he goes from the object rested and refreshed with his glance backward. Like the old angler who—

* * * * "had the fashion every year
Of going to the brook,
With rod in hand, and creel on back,
To get a farewell look,"

I love to take, now and then, a "farewell look," as it were, of a favorite line, or fly, ere I stow it away during the close season. What may happen ere I use it again? Indeed, I may never use it more, and the thoughts range hither and yon for an angling friend dear and true enough to fall heir to so esteemed a treasure!

Heighho! my pipe is out and I will end my reflections on the "old rod." Peace to thee, and may no unworthy hand ever clutch, no ungentle heart ever love thee, most venerable angle!

O. W. R.

BLACK BASS FOR ENGLAND.—Mr. Silk writes us that his trip with the black bass has been quite a successful one. He promises us the particulars of it as soon as he gets an opportunity.

THE ANGLER FISH.

ON Saturday last, while engaged on some stone work at a breakwater off Tempe's Knob, I saw a fish that might stick even a member of the famed Ichthyophagous Club when it came to the table. Brother Phil. and I were boating off shore. The day was good for this season, perfectly calm, with a bright sun. At this time of the year the water is very clear. We were both looking over the boat's side admiring the beauties on the bottom. Suddenly Phil. cried out, "A monster skate!" I looked and sure enough there was a large fish on the bottom which it so resembled in color and general conformation that it was difficult to distinguish it at first. I saw that it was not a skate, but what our fishermen call a "goosefish," or "bellowsfish." Both I think are misnomers, and that it is the angler or devilfish.

This fellow was in about five feet of water when we first saw him. He evidently had lain in the same place and position for some time, as some very slender and long sea weeds were standing up through the seam between one of his pectoral fins and body. The bottom was so hard and rocky that he could not bury himself if he wished to, still he was so like it in appearance that there was no need of concealment. He was also provided with a fringe of imitation rock weeds and mosses which grew clear around his body, and on such a level as to appear to be growing from the sides of a partially buried stone. But more than all the rest was the lure he employed, even in our presence—he had a "fishing rod" and bait, but no hook or line; in fact, he had two "rods," but something had stolen the bait from one of them. His "pole" was seven inches long and the bait about two. When fishing the "pole" which was baited, and also happened to be the one situated nearest his mouth, nearly on the top of his head, was raised up perpendicularly and then gently agitated so as to give the bait the appearance of a bit of clam waving and swinging from side to side as it settled to the bottom on being dropped overboard. This had an exceedingly natural look and we both admired the genius which nature displayed. The mouth of this fish was a feature not to be forgotten. It might have been six inches wide from side to side, and was open some two inches, displaying several rows of rather formidable looking teeth. In other specimens I have noticed that the teeth are not very sharp or strong set, and are easily broken off near the roots. This fellow's teeth showed very plainly and gave his countenance a "most diabolical grin," as my brother said.

His eyes were set on top of the head about four inches apart, they were large and were raised like a toad's by being placed in a protuberance so that the fish could see about him. Whether his range of vision extended upward or backward we could not find out. He noticed the shadow of our boat, and would stop fishing when it covered him; then we saw that the "pole" was dropped flat on his back, pointing toward the tail. These "poles" were in a line formed of the dorsal fin, which fin is well back, and are about four inches apart. I noticed a third rudimentary on back of the others. They seemed to be moved by the flexibility of the skin on the head.

We wished very much to see him have a bite, for he fished with the most commendable patience, but at this season there are few fish cruising near the shores.

We caught a sea-spider and let it settle down on his head, where it struck just back of his "rod." He must have possessed a very phlegmatic temperament or the utmost *sang froid*, for he never winked or even stirred when the spider crawled along his back and finally down through the crevice between one of his thick fins and body. The titillation caused by the spider's feet did not disturb him in the least, and a starfish dropped in front of him drew no more attention than the other.

We let him lay till the tide went out so that there was only two feet of water over him, then the temptation to catch him was irresistible, and we got on the sea side of him and with oar in hand we went for him. I gave his tail a prod to wake him. He waked and started ahead with a half turn, didn't seem very vigorous, but leered horribly at the oar blade. We drove him into shoal water, and Phil tried to lift him out by the tail; 'twas a heavy lift, and the tail too slippery to hold on to. By putting an oar in his mouth we got him out. On the land he was helpless enough, and did not look near as well as while in the water. He puffed out his head and opened his mouth, but did not show much disposition to bite anything. We noticed that his teeth were very retractile like a serpent's, and were designed evidently to hold whatever it seized in spite of its struggles to escape. The mouth was cavernous in extent and silvery white within, and looked much cleaner inside than the fish did out. We saw that the opening to his throat was closed very tightly, yet it possessed great capabilities in the way of swallowing, and took in an oar handle easily. We thought that when a fish approached his lure or imitation bait that sudden opening of this great mouth and the consequent influx of water might draw in his unfortunate prey, and at the same time draw him ahead, which would add to the certainty of its capture.

His under parts were of a pale dirty white, some like a toad's. The color of his back was brown, with little yellowish spots of the size and shape of rye kernels, and out of water it had a very dirty look. His eyes were gems; the pupils were metallic green and resembled a toad's eye in looks as well as in position. We cut off his "fishing rods," and saved them as curiosities. The bone in each was as clear as glass and very slender, tapering from the size of a knitting needle to a fine point.

After examining our prize we let him go again, but he seemed rather confused, and did not get far from shore in any of his attempts to escape. Some time after I saw him beached near where we put him off. Two ladies who passed by looking for shells stopped to examine him. They were much interested in our account of his fishing, and a fine setter that was with them was equally interested in a personal examination of his body, much to the distress of his mistress, who feared he might be swallowed whole or dragged under water.

I had seen this fish before, when they were cast on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, in Truro and Provincetown, but never saw a live one except in the present instance. Once while in Wellfleet, mine host at Holbrook's told of catching one which had swallowed or had in its mouth three coots, velvet, or black ducks. If that were true, what might be the fate of many an innocent water witch or grebe that should see the seductive bait when under water himself after fish? MERGUS.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., Nov. 13.

[The fish was the "Angler," or "goosefish," etc. (*Lophius americanus*). The Ichthyophagous Club has eaten them. They are pledged to eat everything that comes from the water, and the constitution of the club requires the officers to taste of all aquatic products, under penalty of banishment for the president, imprisonment for the head taster, and death for the naturalist. In cases of an extreme character, aggravated by persistent refusal, the family of the latter are drowned, also, while in case of a merely temporary repugnance they are simply strangled.]

WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?

I SEE in your issue of November 9 that "X.," writing from Central Lake, Mich., "wonders if 'Kingfisher' would put in an appearance on the 10th, prepared with a dipper and desirous of laying in his winter's stock of American sardines," this referring to a statement made by me in FOREST AND STREAM, date August 3, in regard to the migration of certain of the herring family from Central Lake to the waters above on the 10th of November of each year. Friend "X." has, no doubt, learned that I was not there with my dipper; but I have no doubt that, had I been, I could have scooped out a supply, had my dipper been of sufficient dimensions. He says he has "heard that old hunting story years ago," etc. There's where he has had the "bulge on me" all along. He has heard it so often that it may have aged on him and become a trifle threadbare. I hadn't heard it; it was fresh to me, and I made the statement on the authority of two or three persons at Central Lake, whom I had, and still have, confidence in, and I put it down as given to me, having no desire or motive to "overstate" the statement.

As to the "quantitudinous quantities," to quote my friend "the Scribe," of the fish that annually seek the higher waters, my informant may have used a "leetle too much line;" but were friend "X." an "honest angler," he would scorn to spoil a good fish story for the matter of a herrin' or two, more or less, when they are so plenty.

Taking a bird's eye view of his article it would appear that he is a little over anxious to parade in the ranks of the scientific men, as for instance, "I should have thought little of the matter had not the writer (meaning 'Kingfisher') expressed a desire that the multitudinous migration of these fish should be explained by scientific men." The fact is, I said nothing whatever about scientific men or any other man. I simply asked, "Can any one of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM explain it?" (see page 4, current vol.) and being a thoroughly *un*scientific sort of a man I did not care a "dime" whether it was answered by a scientist, a naturalist, or a natural fool.

As to the methods of observation of the rural districters, I admit they are not always of value, but I believe they are usually more capable of solving a question of woodcraft than we "city fellers" are, and that any of us—not leaving out friend "X."—may learn something of the humblest of them that will be of benefit to us in some shape. I have met some very intelligent and observant rurals in Antrim county, and other places for that matter, and I expect to find more of 'em, and I am going to be credulous enough to take stock in a good many of their "methods of observation."

When a man like Jim Wadsworth, of Central Lake, says "These fish in question (be they American sardines, 'herrings,' or horse mackerel, from a scientific standpoint) make their way up that river on the 10th day of November of every year," why, that is all there is of it, for I believe him to be a keen and intelligent observer, well versed in all the mysteries of the woods and the waters, and also truthful.

If friend "X." would claim they migrate on the 9th or 11th I would certainly have to "allow" a little on it, for if his "methods of observation" are as careless as his method of reading, he is not to be trusted to make a clean score.

When I penned the query at the head of this article I was only curious to know the why and the wherefore of the movement occurring always on the 10th of November, and if the range of the fish extended below Central Lake. Friend "X." has referred us to an "analogous movement" of the "bluebacks" (he might have added the "blue bellies" as well) of the Rangeley Lakes of Maine, and the meanderings of a similar fish in Squam Lake, N. H., "and probably in most of the other Northern lakes of any size," and he "has no doubt that these 'herrings' are common to all the lakes of the Intermediate chain," etc. He has examined it, and made the whole thing as clear as mud, and has certainly earned the thanks of FOREST AND STREAM, and of

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 1882.

HABITS OF COLORADO TROUT.

A FEW weeks since I saw a statement from a correspondent at Dumont, Col., in regard to finding spawn in our mountain trout at this season of the year, in which he expressed surprise, and inquired if it was not singular to find our trout full of spawn, etc, and in the same paragraph you invite communications on the subject.

I have made the habits of our mountain brook trout a study for the last seven years, and have hatched them artificially for four years. We have two species. One is called (local names) the brook trout and the other lake trout, or salmon trout, the latter being found in lakes and streams running out of or into lakes. The lake trout has reddish flesh, while the brook fish has white flesh. Sometimes a fish will be caught in lake or stream which seems to be a cross between the two. At the north inlet of Grand Lake, on the Grand River, I have taken both species at one cast. I found the red-fleshed fish in Upper Chicago Lake, 400 feet above timber line—say, 11,000 feet above sea level. In the lake, 400 or 500 feet below this, I found both white and red-fleshed fish. The fall between the two lakes is so steep that trout cannot pass up from below, nor can those above go down alive; at least I do not think it is possible. The outlet from the lower lake is navigable for trout for fifteen miles to Idaho Springs, where its waters join Clear Creek. I have not observed any difference in the spawning habits of these two fish. Both spawn in the spring and summer.

As to any of our native trout being full of spawn in October, I must say I consider it an optical delusion in the observer. The fish he saw was only about one-third full. The spawn or egg of the Rocky Mountain trout when mature, varies from $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, depending upon the size and age of the fish, and in number will average 700 to an eight-ounce fish, and I have taken 300 from a three-ounce fish. At this time the eggs in our native trout are about the size of the heads of pins, and none of them can be expressed and vivified before the first of May. My ponds were situated in a warm locality, at an elevation of about 7,000 feet, and the ice disappeared early in March or late in February, but I never have succeeded in obtaining any eggs before the first week in May, and then only from my older and larger fish. The majority spawn along the first of June, and I have taken eggs as late as July 5. The temperature of the water in the ponds from May 1 to July 15 ranged from 40 deg. Fahr. to 70 deg., being warmest at one o'clock P. M. The wild trout in the stream commenced running up stream in April, and I believe they spawn higher up mostly in May and June. I have captured female trout as late as July 15 with a few mature eggs in them, but the fish never had a healthful appearance.

The largest trout I ever caught here weighed two and a half pounds, but I fed one in my ponds on beef and mush until "he" weighed five pounds.

The Eastern brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, does exceedingly well in our mountain streams, growing more rapidly than the native trout. In March, 1880, I hatched 500, and in November of the same year some of them were six inches long, and now they range from nine to thirteen inches in length. The colors are very brilliant and clearly defined, the fish being, if possible, more beautiful than in Massachusetts. *Salvelinus fontinalis* here retains the habit of spawning in the fall, as it does in the East, at least all that I have observed. At Green Lake, Clear Creek county, they spawn in October, and at my place I found them spawning October 26 this year. It is possible that the fish may become a spring spawner sometime, as the water in our mountain streams is lowest in the fall, and frequently freezes solid on the riffles in December.

As indicating the rapid growth of *Salvelinus fontinalis* in our climate, I may state that W. E. Sisty, Esq., our State Fish Commissioner, reports that some hatched last January are now nine inches in length. SAME.

GOLDEN, Colo., Nov. 13.

ECHOES OF THE TOURNAMENT.

JUST before the tournament, when the contestants were preparing for the contest by daily practice, it was the custom of Mr. Harry Prichard to go to the ship yard of James D. Leary, foot of North Sixth street, Williamsburg, and indulge in a little practice. The waters here are foul with all kinds of refuse, and a scum of petroleum adds beauty to the surface by its prismatic reflections. A fish straying into these waters would probably die from asphyxia as soon as a man would if shut up in a Third avenue street car, and the group of laborers looked with surprise at the first appearance of Mr. Prichard with rod and line. Some of these men had been familiar with salmon fishing in the Emerald Isle, and, leaning on their spades, they opened their eyes in wonder at what they thought to be a mild form of lunatic. After a few casts, one of them approached the spot where Prichard stood, and asked, "An' what'll ye be catchin' here, now?"

"Oh, maybe a trout or two," answered Prichard.

"B'ys," said the man, "it's trouts he's after in the stinkin' water; hould yer whist till ye's see him hook one; it's more likely a dead rat he'll get. Sure, he's daft intirely."

The casting went on for half an hour or so, the men furtively watching it while at their work, until finally the line was reeled in and the angler departed.

The next day, at the same hour, he appeared again.

"Howly Moses! here he is ag'in! Did ye get e'er a trout yesterday?"

"I saw a few leap, and I thought I'd come back and try to get some of them to-day."

So the practice went on until the men found out what the object of this casting was by reading of the tournament in the daily papers. They then organized a match among themselves, and cast with a rope weighing thirteen pounds, no rod nor attached weight, line to be retrieved after every cast, and Prichard's trolling cast barred. The shortest cast was to drive the blind horse, while the others had choice of horses when teaming was to be done.

The following is the score:

Entries.	Feet cast.	Entries.	Feet cast.
Mr. John Donnelly	40	Mr. Dan. Rogan	29
Mr. Mike McNamara	35	Mr. Monroe	33
Mr. Conn. Sullivan	30	Mr. Charmer	33
Mr. Bill Cole	39	Mr. John Kerwin	34
Mr. Pete Rafferty	38	The Lobster	23
Mr. Pete Kennedy	37		

This settled the blind horse question, but the loser, the unknown man who prefers to be known as "The Lobster," saw his way clear to get out of losing in the next contest by having points for delicacy and accuracy, and with these added, and a friendly judge to look with favor on his casts for these points, he now gets off from paying for the beer, which is daily cast for, although his distance is always short.

It having been claimed that in retrieving a line some advantage could be taken by using an automatic reel in recovering line that the judges could not see, Mr. Reuben Wood wishes to say that he will give $10 to any one who will show him how it can be done.

LONG ISLAND FISHING NOTES.

THE fishing here in Peconic Bay has not been good this season, that is for bluefish, weakfish, sea bass, blackfish and porgies. A few years since they were innumerable here; but the bunker steamers and yachts have scared off or killed off their natural food the bunker, and so diminished the sport; and the numerous fykes, pounds and set nets have so caught them up that the sport for the hand-line committee has been much injured. But the real place for fishing in this region is in the Sound, and here the fish above named are as plenty as ever, and it is easy to catch a half bushel of them at any time when the water is smooth enough to allow the launching of a flat-bottomed boat.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

GREENPORT, L. I., Nov. 20.

LARGE BASS IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Meshoppen, Wyoming County, Pa.—On the 10th day of November I took, with a small trout rod, four small-mouth black bass weighing seventeen pounds. The two largest five, and five pounds two ounces. I took from the same stream on the 11th, one yellow bass, sometimes called the Otsego bass, weighing eleven pounds and one ounce, on a small trout rod and a No. 2 N. Y. trout hook. I caught, another day, five bass, weighing fifteen pounds. I have taken in all this fall about one hundred large fish. Bass are plentiful in the Susquehanna.—S. A. S.

FISHERIES OF NEW YORK.

WE have received "Census Bulletin No. 297" which gives the commercial fisheries of the Middle States, compiled by R. E. Earll, special agent for the sea-fisheries, and M. McDonald, special agent for the river fisheries, and submitted by G. Brown Goode, in charge of the Fisheries Investigation. From this we extract the following figures relating to the Middle States, New York and New Jersey.

The statistics of the sea fisheries of New York have been gathered from the manuscript of Mr. Fred Mather, who has visited all the important fishing settlements of Long Island in the pursuit of his investigations. Before passing to a review of the business in New York, the report presents the following interesting table concerning the fishing interests of the Middle States:

Persons employed	16,017
Fishing vessels	1,211
Tonnage of vessels	23,576
Fishing boats	8,501
Capital dependent on fishing industries	$4,519,928
Pounds of fish sold fresh for food	55,377,770
Pounds of fish salted for food	2,484,000
Pounds of other products for food	36,758,923
Pounds of miscellaneous products for fertilizers and other purposes	319,905,500
Value of products in marketable condition	$8,874,892

The greater portion of those employed in the traffic are native born Americans, and a large majority have families depending on them for support. Assuming that 12,000 are married, each having an average of four persons (a wife and three children) depending upon him, and that half of the remainder depend upon their own resources, we have about 62,000 persons largely dependent on the fisheries for a livelihood. Thousands of others scattered along the numerous bays and coves are interested in the fisheries to the extent of supplying their own tables and occasionally those of their neighbors with fish and oysters.

The sea fisheries are more extensive than either the fresh water or oyster fisheries and the products have a greater value. The entire oyster industry, however, which includes the enhancement in value of Southern oysters in preparation for the market, exceeds in value the sea fisheries by nearly $1,000,000, though fewer men are engaged in the work. New York takes an important part in the fisheries, coming fourth in the list of fish-producing States with products valued at $4,380,365. Her menhaden fisheries are more extensive than those of any other State, and in 1880 the value of the oil, scrap and compost reached $1,114,158, being more than half of the yield for the entire country. The value of the products of the oyster fisheries for the same period reached $1,577,050, which is greater than that for any of the other States except Maryland, Virginia and New Jersey. The New York fishermen secure annually larger quantities of both hard and soft clams than those of any other State; in 1880 the amount realized from the sale of these two species was $517,691. In the shad fisheries she ranks third on the list, the catch in 1880 reaching 2,733,600 pounds. The fishery interests of the State are thus shown in detail:

Persons employed	7,366
Fishing vessels	541
Fishing boats	3,411
Capital dependent on the fishery industries	$2,029,586
Pounds of sea products (including oyster meats)	$25,785,572
Value of sea products (including oysters)	$4,060,745
Pounds of river products	3,667,500
Value of river products	$161,950
Pounds of lake products	4,070,000
Value of lake products	$155,870
Total value of products to the fishermen	$4,380,565

New Jersey produced in 1880 $3,176,589 worth of fishery products, taking the sixth place in the list of fish-producing States. Its oyster products, valued at $2,080,625, are exceeded only by those of Maryland and of Virginia. Its crab fisheries, from which the fishermen realize $162,612, are more extensive than those of any other State, while its quahaug (hard clam) fisheries are second only to those of New York. In the menhaden fisheries it stands fifth on the list, the oil, scrap and compost produced in 1880 being valued at $146,286. Its river fisheries are of minor importance, the total yield being only 2,752,000 pounds, netting the fishermen $91,435.

Over three-fourths of the entire catch in the United States is menhaden, 318,588,700 pounds having been taken in 1880. The next species in importance for bulk is the oyster; and allowing seven pounds of meat for each bushel of shell-oysters, we have 23,238,100 pounds of oyster meats. Of the other species mentioned the following are taken in quantities exceeding 5,000,000 pounds: Squeteague, 11,063,500 pounds; bluefish, 6,710,800 pounds; hard clams (allowing eight pounds of meat to the bushel), 5,933,664 pounds; codfish, 5,247,000 pounds; shad, 5,207,200 pounds. Fourteen other species are produced in quantities ranging from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 pounds each.

The products of New York's fisheries are thus classified:

Species.	Pounds.	Value.
Bluefish	3,000,000	$57,000
Cod	3,580,000	67,125
Clams (hard)	2,795,840	262,110
Clams (soft)	3,407,750	255,581
Crabs	1,624,583	69,234
Lobsters	135,000	5,062
Menhaden	288,331,200	1,114,358
Oysters	7,303,100	1,577,050
Squeteague	4,000,000	120,000
Herring	250,000	3,750
Shad	2,733,600	136,680
Sturgeon	144,000	8,640
Trout	569,500	23,100
Whitefish	1,174,000	56,000
All other species	13,874,400	613,775
Total	335,313,173	$4,380,565

The outfit for this vast catch, consisting of vessels, boats, nets, fykes, pots, baskets, factories, etc., is valued at $2,029,585.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.—Philadelphia, November 17.—Ben Butler once said that it was no lack of laws but the lack of enforcement of those already in existence that caused many of the troubles complained of. Here in Pennsylvania we have fishing laws sufficiently stringent for all practical purposes, but, as can easily be demonstrated, they are next thing to worthless, simply because a proper observance of them is not insisted upon by the authorities. This is especially the case in Eastern Pennsylvania, and notably in regard to the Delaware, Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers and their tributaries. With a view to obviate this abuse, an association of anglers was organized on Wednesday evening last, at Lincoln Hall, Broad street and Fairmount avenue. The avowed purpose of this association is to promote fisheculture by the restocking of streams and the enforcement of existing laws, which are so frequently infringed. A. M. Spangler was elected President, Washington I. Sellers Vice-President, and R. M. Hartley Secretary and Treasurer. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, with instructions to report at the next meeting, which will be held in the same place on Saturday evening, November 25. Already a large membership has been secured, quite a considerable portion of which is from the counties adjacent to Philadelphia. Those desirous of joining the association are requested to attend the next meeting or send their names to Malcolm Shipley, 503 Commerce street. It is the purpose of the association to secure comfortable headquarters, and combine some social features with those already named.

Fisheulture.

CARP FAIL TO APPEAR.

WEBSTER, Mass., Nov. 14, 1882.

Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.:

Respected Sir—It is just about a year ago that we received from you five cans containing one hundred young carp from two to four inches long, which had stood the journey from Washington so splendidly, and we were then already anticipating the pleasure of seeing not only our "Big Pond" (with the long name) but through their medium all the numerous ponds and rivers in this vicinity stocked with this valuable food fish. However, with feelings of sorrow I am obliged to write you that our enterprise turned out a failure, as we cannot find a trace of our little carp.

As instructed by you we placed them into three small ponds, which we considered especially adapted to their welfare, and which besides a few small shiners contained no other fish.

Early last spring the farmer living near one pond found two or three dead ones floating on the water, and a friend imagined to have seen one in the grassy part of another of the ponds, and that is all we have seen of them. In May and June I took particular pains to find them in the most promising pond and watched for them repeatedly with patience and in the best light, but failed to find them. Then came the unprecedented dry weather of last summer with scarcely a drop of rain in this section from early July until September 12, which dried up everything and also one of our carp ponds. The owner of it was much interested in our attempt and brought me a two quart pail full of little fish such as were put in before it finally dried up, but they were all common brook shiners, and my closest questioning him and showing him pictures of carp only convinced me that not a carp had been seen in this pond since the ice left.

The steward of the estate in which the third pond was located reported to me that, with the closest search during the summer, and also in the dry season, when the pond had been reduced to half its size, he had been unable to discover any of the carp.

After learning all these disappointing facts, I went to Mr. Woodard, some three miles from here, who, I learned, had also received some carp with ours, and he told me the same story, viz., that he had not seen any since last winter, and that the drought had dried up the brook which fed his pond completely, and also, almost, the pond. He, too, considers his attempt a failure, but referred me to Mr. Davis, another farmer, living a few miles further, who also had some carp at the same time, and whose pond, being considerably larger than any of ours, had kept pretty full all through the year. He has been, however, impossible for me to pay him a visit, and, owing to the lateness of the season, I don't think of seeing him now, but shall do so next spring, still hoping to see some of my beloved carp in his pond, of which I shall not fail to notify you.

How to account for the loss I don't know. The cold of winter could not be the cause, as none of the ponds froze to the bottom, and the carp stand as cold winters in Germany, which I know from my own experience. I saw a turtle (and killed it) of the size of this page in one pond and a three-foot water-snake in the other. Could these pests have cleaned them out? They are a nuisance impossible to avoid. Neither have the carp been carried out with a flood, as we had provided ample and well-screened outlets.

The question now most naturally arises: "Would you have the kindness to favor us with another supply of carp to try the experiment over again, of course in a different way, and heeding our past experiences?" and should be much pleased to receive a favorable answer.

It has been our opinion that we would have had a better chance of success if we had risked them right in the "Big Pond," for which they were finally intended, for, although exposed to the danger of hungry pickerel, they would have found more food, more shelter, and generally better accommodations than in the small ponds.

I have sent a copy of this letter to FOREST AND STREAM for publication, and trust that this will meet your kind approval.

Believe me, sir, yours very truly,

C. GERBER, JR.

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.—The carp placed some two years ago in the Capitol ground ponds have increased in number largely, and size amazingly. As it is too much the case, however, in this part of the country, no attention is paid to these valuable fish, and small boys are angling them out by the scores, instead of distributing them to pond owners in the country. Quantities of fine fish still continue to be caught out of the Cumberland River. Bass weighing from two to four pounds, are of frequent occurrence. A large party of sportsmen left to-day for Reelfoot Lake, where they propose remaining a week or more in camp. A shad was reported to me having been caught with the hook last week, but as I did not see the fish, I am rather skeptical as to the reliability of the statement. If those fish were placed in this river at the proper stage of water I think they would do well; in the Ouachita that is the case, and the distance from salt water is about the same.—J. D. H.

WHITEFISH CULTURE.—Detroit, Mich., Nov. 15.—The whitefish work of this State has at last fairly commenced. We are following up the experiment which we made last year, taking the fish and keeping them in large crates and handling them every day until we get every egg from them. Last year we tried the experiment with twenty-six males and females, and only lost two, and they were injured in the net. We kept them the most of the summer and still have one of them in the tank. We have in the crates fish that will produce us 10,000,000 eggs now, and will put in enough to give us 50,000,000, which will be the largest hatch ever made under one roof. We have proved that the handling of whitefish does not injure them and cause them to die, as many have supposed. Of course a man must understand the business.—A. J. KELLOGG, Commissioner of Fisheries.

CARP IN MAINE.—The first German carp that have ever been introduced into any waters of Piscataquis county were planted in Squaghnquigh Pond, in Munson, Nov. 9, by G. A. Mathews, Esq., of Lowell, Mass. Mr. Mathews is an active member of our Game and Fish Protective Society and he, with sundry other gentlemen of the same city, are doing much to make the Monson lakes and ponds a popular resort.—J. F. SPRAGUE.

SCOTLAND.—We learn that Mr. Archibald Young has been appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland. Mr. Young has had much experience in fisheculture and the fisheries and his appointment to this position is a good one. We can congratulate the friends of fisheculture in Scotland on having the right man in the right place.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. I. K. Slayton, Secretary, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 17—Eastern Field Trials Club Field Trials on Quail, near High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the All-Aged and Members' Stake, November 1. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 18.

THE Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club commenced yesterday with a good attendance of sportsmen from all parts of the country. Much enthusiasm is manifested by those interested, and should birds prove to be plenty enough to run the Trials through without dragging, the meeting will prove a great success. The Bellevue Hotel is headquarters and is filled to overflowing. The proprietor, Mr. Waldrop, is doing everything in his power to make his guests comfortable. Many of the land owners are kindly disposed toward the visitors, and freely offer their land for their use. Some of them, however, are disposed to look with disfavor upon the horde of sportsmen, and refuse to allow them to shoot over their grounds. There will be no difficulty on this score as plenty of ground has been set apart and strictly preserved for the running. Birds have not yet been found very plenty, as the weather has been warm and very dry. To-day, however, we have had welcome rain, and we expect on Monday to find all the birds necessary.

High Point is situated on the Piedmont Air Line Railroad, sixty-three miles south of Danville, and 145 miles west of Raleigh. As its name implies, it is the highest point for quite a distance around, being one thousand feet above the sea. It is a very pleasant place of about two thousand inhabitants, and reminds us more of a thrifty New England village than any place that we have seen in the South. The main products of the country in this vicinity are corn, oats and wheat. There is quite a large cotton mill here, which, we understand, is doing very well. There are also quite a number of other mills of different kinds here, and the town is rapidly growing, as the number of new houses and the increased price of village lots attest, the latter having trebled in value in the last three or four years. The celebrated Hoover gold mine is near here, and there are also a number of other mines in the vicinity where gold, silver, and copper are found, and the mining industry will undoubtedly soon become of considerable importance, as there are indications of valuable deposits of the precious metals. The lumber interest is also fast increasing in importance, and is destined to form no inconsiderable source of wealth, as there are to be found very large quantities of valuable timber, that finds a ready market.

This has long been a favorite resort for sportsmen, and a great many birds are killed in the vicinity every season. The hard winter two years ago killed off considerable numbers of them, but they have since increased, and this year are fairly plenty again. The country is not well adapted for the holding of field trials, as there are too many scrub oaks and pine thickets, into which the birds at once pitch, making it very difficult for the judges to see the dogs as they should be seen; but for the style of shooting usually practiced in this part of the country where only one or two shots are taken at a bevy, and they are then left for a fresh one, it does not make so much difference. To our mind this style of shooting is far from satisfactory, as we consider the work on scattered birds much more enjoyable, affording as it does a greater scope for those finer qualities, both natural and acquired, which preeminently belong to the pointer and setter.

The first event upon the card was the Members' Stake. At a meeting of the club on Thursday evening, Mr. Elliott Smith, of New York, was appointed as judge in place of Mr. Snellenburg, who was detained at home by sickness. The other judges are Col. James Gordon, of Pontotoc, Miss., and Judge John M. Kinney, of Staunton, Va. Col. Gordon needs no introduction to our readers, having very satisfactorily served as judge at several of our most important trials. Both Judge Kinney and Mr. Smith are well known to us as practical sportsmen well qualified for the position.

Diana II. having been withdrawn the remaining dogs were drawn to run as follows:

PEG. Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.—Blue belton English setter bitch, 8 years (Leicester-Dart),
against
BUCKALEW. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (Druid-Heller's Ruby).

PLANTAGANET. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon belton English setter dog, July 16, 1880 (Dashing Monarch-Petrel),
against
DASHING MONARCH. J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, August 25, 1878 (Dash II.-Countess Moll).

BESSIE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter bitch, 3½ years (Ranger II.-Belle),
against
BROCK. Geo. T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter dog, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess).

DASHING ROVER.—T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years (Dash II.-Norna),
against
MARCHIONES PEG.—Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, years (Druid-Peg).

DAISY LAVERACK. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, June 19, 1879 (Thunder-Peeress),
against
TICK. Geo. W. Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Liver and white pointer dog, 15 months (Bob-Dido).

DON. Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan setter dog, 3 years (Pedigree will be given next week),
against
DOLLY. J. E. I. Granger, New York.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, age unknown (Viscount-Dolly).

COUNTESS. Geo. T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter bitch, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess),
against
BILLY FLINT. J. Herron Crossman, New York.—Liver and white English setter dog, 4 years (a son of Rob Roy-Waddington's Fanny).

Of these, Plantaganet, Dashing Monarch, Daisy Laverack and Tick failed to put in an appearance. It singularly happened that the dogs that were absent, were drawn to run

together, so that none of those remaining derived any benefit from their absence.

Friday morning was all that a sportsman could wish. There was a slight haze, which tempered the heat of the sun, and a gentle breeze from the southeast. The air was balmy and invigorating, and we were strongly reminded of a perfect New England September day. Owing to some delay in settling preliminaries, we did not get started from the hotel until half-past eight. Taking an easterly course we halted some three miles from town at the edge of an oak grove. About two hundred people were present. The judges, reporters and marshals, Major Geo. R. Watkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Dr. Wm. M. Williams, of Springfield, Mass., who kindly consented to act, were on horseback, the others were on foot. We were under the guidance of Mr. A. Holton, to whom, with his brother, Mr. C. Holton, great credit is due for their kindness in offering and preserving their plantations for the use of the club. Taking down the fence we entered an old field, and casting off the dogs the running commenced.

THE DOGS AND THEIR WORK.

PEG AND BUCKALEW.—The first brace, Peg and Buckalew were cast off in an old field at 9:40. Peg is eight years old, and in her younger days was a capital animal on all kinds of game. She is still a good one, but has not been on quail for two years. She was a little lame from the effect of a thorn in her foot, and did not range equal to her usual form. She looks very well, notwithstanding she is the mother of half a hundred puppies; not very stylish, but has quite a gamy appearance when on point. She is under very good control, and appears quite intelligent. Buckalew is handy enough to be a good one. He is faster than Peg and much the widest ranger. He is of good size, makes a stylish point, and is without doubt a killing dog. Both dogs started off well, but quite a circle was taken before birds were found. Working down in a bottom, Buck challenged, and then swung wide, and found a nice bevy, which he pointed in good style, and held until Peg was brought up to back, which she did to order, but very indifferently. The birds were flushed to order, and missed by Mr. Coster, both dogs droppingnicely to wing. Ordered on, Buck took a few steps, and again pointed nicely. Peg refused to back, and went on ahead, and between her and Coster, who was walking up, the rest of the bevy were flushed. Working on in a thicket a single bird flushed near Buck and Coster, and several more got up near Dr. Rowe. Then Peg made a good point, which Buck backed nicely. Dr. Rowe flushed to order and missed. Following the birds up the hill, both dogs were out of our sight for a few seconds, and when we got through the dense thicket they were both pointing. Peg a few yards in front, flat, and Buck with his head in the air. The judges gave Peg a point, and Buck a back, but we thought him entitled to a point as he could not see her. Flushing the birds to order, two rose and Mr. Rowe missed the first but killed the second, which Peg retrieved very well. Working on, Peg challenged and roaded a short distance very nicely, and half pointed, just as the bird rose a little wild, the Doctor missing it in good style. Moving on, two birds flushed near Coster, and Buck who dropped to wing. Swinging to the left, Peg dropped flat, and the Dr. claimed a point, but she soon moved on, and flushed a single bird under the pines, but as the judges could not see her, she escaped the penalty, so far as they were concerned, but did not escape the whip. After a little further search for the rest of the birds, without success, we returned to the starting point, where a short rest was taken and then we tried the other side of the road, drawing several likely looking places blank. Finally Buck found a bevy of half grown birds, near a small stream, and pointed them in good style, but they flushed wild as we came up, and in a few moments the spectators flushed another bevy of larger birds, partly behind us. Taking the dogs round to where we could cross the stream, or branch, as it is called here, they were sent on, and Peg at once pointed nicely, and the bird was seen to run in front of her. In the meantime Buck was pointing down by the branch. Coster flushed to order and missed. Moving on Buck challenged, and roaded a short distance, but the bird got up wild before he established his point. Peg then dropped just as a bird got up close to her, and had the judges seen it, she would have very nearly scored a flush. Moving on Peg half pointed and commenced roading, when Mr. Coster, after asking permission of the judges, ordered Buck to go on, but the bird flushed wild before she could establish a point. Dr. Rowe claimed a foul and lectured Mr. Coster because Buck went on, but failed to convince him that he was to blame. Moving on, Buck pointed a single bird very nicely. Peg, brought up to back, refused and went ahead of Buck, and both moving on, between them they flushed the bird. The judges gave Buck credit for a point, and scored Peg a refusal to back, and gave both a flush. Dr. Rowe objected to their decision, but the score was not changed. A little further on Buck again pointed, and Peg again went by her and scored another flush. Swinging into the pine thicket, Peg flushed three or four, and dropped to wing. Moving on a little, another one got up close to her, and she again dropped. On a little further she challenged, but after moving forward she dropped to order. When the judges came up a bird flushed at the edge, and Dr. Rowe claimed a point, but the judges did not agree with him. Working through some corn into weeds where birds had been marked, Peg made a capital point. Buck thought this a good opportunity to pile up old scores, and walking in ahead of her he flushed the bird. A little further on Peg flushed a bird. She was hot and evidently could not smell so well as in the morning. Buck then flushed one that he should have pointed, and soon after another one got up near him in the sedge. A bird was marked down and the handlers were ordered to go and kill it, in order that Buck might have a chance to retrieve. Some time was spent looking for it, but it was finally flushed by Peg and handsomely missed by the Doctor. Following it up, Buck pointed it in good style, but as the dogs were not under judgment their behavior was not noticed. The bird was flushed and both handlers cut loose at it, but the bird would have lasted through the heat if it had not flown within reach of Hart Haight, who, by request, grassed it very neatly. Buck, when sent to retrieve, pointed another bird, but was ordered on and the bird flushed. He then spent some time looking for the dead bird, finally finding it and bringing it in good style. The judges consulted a long time, but arrived at no conclusion, meanwhile Buck went into the brush and flushed a single bird. The dogs were then ordered up and we went to lunch, as it was nearly one o'clock. The judges decided that honors were easy, and as Peg had not backed they agreed to put them down again at a favorable opportunity and let this decide the heat. They were accordingly put down toward night to the point of Billy Flint. Buck backed grandly, while Peg only stood still, except that her head and tail were moving, but the judges again consulted, and finally gave her the heat. Down three hours and five minutes.

BROCK AND BESSIE.—It was singular that the brace who ran the concluding heat in this stake last year should be drawn together. They were cast off at 1:45 in the woods, where a bevy had been marked. Bessie challenged, and trailed the birds up the hill in good style, but Brock worked ahead and flushed them. Working toward them, three were flushed by Mr. Leach, or Brock, we could not tell which, as they were close together. A little further on, one got up near Mr. Leach, and he killed it, Brock retrieving it nicely. Working on, Brock pointed a single bird Bess did not see him and went round him, and pointed also Mr. Leach flushed it to order, and killed neatly, Bessie retrieving it very well. Then we went down the road and crossed the creek, where both dogs made a beautiful point on a bevy, which was flushed to order but not shot at. Moving on, both again pointed the same bevy, which were flushed to order, and both handlers killed in good style. Brock retrieved in good style, Bess not very well. Moving on, Brock pointed a single bird, but advancing down wind, he got too close and scored a flush. Bessie coming up, also flushed one. Bessie then pointed, and Brock backed, but she soon moved on, and swung for it. Crossing a fence, she struck the scent and dropped nicely. Mr. Donner flushed to order, and missed. Working on down the branch, Brock made a grand point, which Bessie refused to back, but went around the dog and flushed it. Mr. Donner then flushed one, which he killed very neatly. Bessie, sent to retrieve, flushed another, and they were ordered up and the heat awarded to Brock. Down one and a half hours.

DASHING ROVER AND MARCHIONESS PEG were now called for. Rover was on hand, but Peg was with the teams. Dr. Rowe understanding that we were to work back that way, had not sent for her, and after waiting twenty minutes she was declared out under the rule, and the heat was awarded to Dashing Rover.

DON AND DOLLY.—This brace was put down at 3:10. Don is a black, white and tan dog, of rather ordinary appearance until he starts off, when he shows up very well. He is seven-eighths Gordon and one-eighth Irish. He is a very good moving dog, with a fair amount of speed, and has lots of hunting sense. He has a way of jumping in the air without slacking his speed, and then turning his head to catch sight of his master, that is very pleasing. He makes a stylish point, and appears to know where to look for his birds. Taking him all round we consider him above the average of dogs that run at the trials. Dolly is a nice little pointer, very stylish and gamy-looking, and is without doubt a capital woodcock dog, but she has not speed enough to compete with a flyer like Don. Just before they were ordered down, Dolly made a capital point to a single bird, but working a little too close, she flushed it. When they were given the word, Don swung wide, and pointed a bevy that had been marked down, Dolly backing him nicely. Judge Smith flushed them, and missed in as good style as we had so far seen. The birds pitched into a brier patch, where Don got a good point on a single bird, which was flushed by the judge's horse, when the rest of the bevy got up wild. Working back, over a knoll, Dolly made a grand point, which Don backed, but as nothing was found she scored a false point. Then on to where the birds went down, Dolly made a point, but the bird flushed wild; then Don made a grand point, and was nicely backed by Dolly. Mr. Grainger flushed to order and killed. Don, ordered to retrieve, had his eye wiped by Dolly, who got there first. She brought it only fairly. A little further on Don again pointed, and Dolly, coming up, backed to order. The bird was flushed, but not shot at. On a little Don made another handsome point to four birds, which flushed themselves. Mr. Stokes hit both birds that he shot at, but only bagged the second one, which Don retrieved very well. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Don. Down forty-seven minutes.

COUNTESS AND BILLY FLINT.—Countess is of medium size, with no great amount of speed. She was undoubtedly "off," as she did not show much nose. Billy Flint is undoubtedly a good one, but never having been handled by his owner, he was not under good control. He goes at a fair rate of speed, and is quite stylish when on game. Countess got the first point in a gully. Mr. Leach flushed the bird to order and killed it. Countess, sent to retrieve, did so, but bit the bird badly. Mr. Leach, when he handed the bird to Judge Smith, who is president of the Wood Powder Company, insinuatingly remarked that the Wood powder killed cleaner than anything that he had seen; but this well-timed compliment did not save Countess the penalty, although the wit of the excuse was fully recognized. A little further on, Billy made a capital point, which Countess very gracefully acknowledged. Buckalew and Peg were ordered up to back and it was quite a while before they came, but both dogs were perfectly steady. When the dogs came up, Buck backed in good style, while Peg remained quiet close to her handler. This was a very good performance, and keenly enjoyed by all. Mr. Crossman flushed the bird to order and missed it. Billy dropped to wing but was a trifle unsteady to shot. The other dogs were steady. Working through the pine thicket, Billy pointed a running bird, and Countess backing nicely. Roading too close, Billy flushed, and was unsteady. Both handlers missed the bird. Then while the judges were consulting, and the dogs were not under judgment, Countess went over the fence, and half pointed, then she roaded, and flushed a bird that she should have pointed. Now turning back the last bevy were again flushed. Working toward them, Billy flushed one and soon another; it was late, and they were running, and would not lie. Both pointed, but the birds ran away from them, and they were ordered up to go down again in the morning,

SATURDAY'S WORK.

Saturday morning it was cloudy with every indication of rain, but we started out to finish the stake if possible. We had not gone far before it began to rain, and this, with slight intermission, continued through the day. The dogs were put down at 9:30 at the place where we left off the night before. Billy at once made a point, and some of the spectators saw the bird running away from him. This was hard luck, as he failed to find it, and was scored a false point. Then on top of the hill he flushed a single bird, and a little further on scored a false point. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Countess. Down altogether fifty-six minutes. This ended the first series, with the following summary:

First Series.

Peg beat Buckalew.
Brock beat Bessie.
Dashing Rover beat Marchioness Peg, by default.
Don beat Dolly.
Countess beat Billy Flint.

Second Series.

PEG AND BROCK were put down at 9:30 on the knoll, where the last brace were taken up. Swinging through some pines, and then back to the gully, a bevy was flushed which settled in a brier thicket and could not be found. We then crossed the road, and after some time, a bevy flushed near Mr. Leach, which were marked down, and followed, but they again flushed wild. Brock pointed, and then roaded a single bird, but got too close, and scored a flush. A little further on, both challenged and backed each other; then moving on, Brock again flushed. When working along the edge of some brush, Brock challenged and roaded, finally establishing his point, just as Peg, who was a little to his left, pointed. This was very pretty, and much enjoyed, in spite of the rain. Two birds were flushed to order, but not shot at. Working back down the creek, Brock crossed over, and made a grand point at the edge of some corn, and held it a long time for Peg to be brought up to back. She finally got there, but was taken round to get the wind, and instead of backing she took point alongside. This was a capital performance for Brock, who showed his steadiness under trying circumstances. Then, circling round through some woods into tall weeds, Judge Kinney rode into a large bevy, which were followed. Mr. Leach flushed and killed one, which Brock retrieved very well. Both then pointed, almost simultaneously, but Brock got credit only for a back. Mr. Leach then flushed a single bird, which he missed; then Brock dropped, just as one rose, which Mr. Leach killed. Peg, sent to retrieve, flushed two. Moving on, Brock dropped, just a second before one got up. Swinging back, Peg made a point, which Brock backed nicely. Mr. Leach flushed to order and missed right and left, while Dr. Rowe killed a very nice shot, which Peg retrieved in capital form. A little further on, Brock made a beautiful point. Peg, to all appearance, was going past him, when Mr. Leach sang out "Whoa!" and she stopped. The bird was flushed, but not shot at. This was very good all round. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Peg. Down two hours and twenty minutes.

DON AND DASHING ROVER.—Don we have already described. Rover is of good size and about the equal of Don in speed. He appears to be very high strung, and Mr. Taylor, who has not seen him for several months, could not control him. Working up the gully Don made a capital point, which Rover backed in good style. When Mr. Taylor came up the birds flushed and Rover took a jump or two, but at once dropped to order. Following them Don pointed, and Mr. Stokes flushed to order, but missed. Don was a trifle unsteady. Taking a turn, where nothing was found, we came back, when Don scored a flush in some alders. Then going to lunch we warmed up at a rousing fire and concluded to keep on, so the dogs were again put down and worked up the creek, where Don challenged, and then roaded awhile, and dropped flat to a large bevy. Rover came round, and, going between him and the birds, came to a beautiful point. The birds flushed themselves. Then on in woods Don pointed, and Rover, coming up, also pointed, but moved on and scored a flush, and soon repeated the performance, whereupon the judges ordered them up and awarded the heat to Don. Down altogether one hour.

PEG AND COUNTESS were now put down, but as the heat was unfinished and very unsatisfactory, owing to the rain and sleet which was falling fast, we shall defer our comments until next week.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

HIGH POINT, Nov. 19.

At a meeting of the club, held this evening, it was voted to give a cup valued at $100, or its equivalent in cash, at the option of the owner, to the best pointer. They were therefore drawn together and it was voted to run them first. Mr. Elliott Smith who had judged in the Members' Stake, was appointed to act as third judge in the setter class and final ties, provided that he had no entry left in, and Mr. J. Otto Donner was appointed as third judge in the pointer class. They were drawn to run in the following order:

MONARCH. H. E. Hamilton, New York.—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, 4 years (Ranger-Queen).

against

CROXTETH. A. E. Goodfroy, Guymard, N. Y.—Liver and white pointer dog, 4½ years (Young Bang-Jane).

RAB. Elliott Smith, New York.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 3 years (Rush-Romp),

against

BRAVO. Geo. N. Appold, Baltimore, Md.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 2½ years (Bragg-Kate).

LADY DUFFERIN. John G. Heckshер, New York.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, 4½ years (Duke-Fan),

against

LALLA ROOKH. Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, 11 months (Sensation's Son-White's Grace).

Sensation Jr., and Don were both lame and did not complete their entries.

All of the setters except Countess made their entries good and were drawn to run as follows:

TOM. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white setter dog, 4 years (Royal Duke-Bessie),

against

DON PEDRO. Dr. Henry J. Aten, Brooklyn N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3½ years (Ranger II.-White's Daisy).

against

SHADOW. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2½ years (Lincoln-Daisy Dean),

against

LINCOLN II. John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.—Lemon and white English setter dog, August 28, 1879 (Lincoln-Petrel).

LONDON. H. Bailey Harrison, Tilsonburg, Ont.—Blue belton English setter dog, 2½ years (Paris-Lill),

against

DAISY LAVERACK. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, 3½ years (Thunder-Peeress).

GLADSOME. J. W. Foster, Leesburg, Va.—Blue belton English setter dog, 19 months (Gladstone-Leila),

against

BESSIE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter bitch, 3½ years (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle .

LORNA. Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.—Red Irish setter bitch, 4½ years (Elcho-Rose).

against

RACKET. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Sept. 26, 1878 (Rattler-Leda).

CHIEF. Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.—Red Irish setter dog 3 years (Berkley-Duck),

against

DASHING ROVER. T. F. Taylor, Richmond Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years (Dash II.-Norma).

BROCK. Geo. T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter bitch, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess).

against

SMUT II. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I.—Black English setter bitch, 3 years (Trim-Smut).

FOREMAN. Wm. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2 years (Dashing Monarch-Fairy II.),

against

BUCKALEW. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (Druid-Heller's Ruby).

PLANTAGENET. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon belton English setter dog, 2½ years (Dashing Monarch-Petrel),

against

PRINCE HAL. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (St. Elmo-Maida).

ELCHO III. Adolph Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Elcho-Rose),

against

DOC B. Robert Betty, New York.—Lemon and white English setter dog (Jersey Duke-Topsy).

DIANA II. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.—Black and white English setter bitch, 3 years (Dash III.-Diana),

against

TRINKET. T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2 years (Crack-Diana).

MAIDA. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black and white English setter bitch, 5 years (Dick-Clio),

against

LUNA MAY. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—Lemon belton English setter bitch, 3 years (Paris-Pearl).

RALEIGH. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Elcho-Rose),

against

BESSIE. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter bitch, 2½ years (Dash III.-Countess II.).

POLLUX. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter dog, 3½ years (Dash III.-Hardy's Diana.)

A bye.

[Special Telegram to Forest and Stream.]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 21, 1882.

The heat between Peg and Countess was not concluded on Saturday, and this morning the dogs were again put down in the woods, and after being down an hour and three-quarters the heat was awarded to Peg. The weather was cold and the birds were running.

DON AND PEG now came together for the cup. The bitch was unsteady and made some flushes, while Don worked well. The heat was finally awarded to Don, who thus wins the cup.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Peg beat Buckalew.
Brock beat Bessie.
Dashing Rover beat Marchioness Peg.
Don beat Dolly.
Countess beat Billy Flint.

Second Series.

Peg beat Brock.
Don beat Dashing Rover.
Countess a bye.

Third Series.

Peg beat Countess.
Don beat Peg.
Don wins the cup.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

The running for the pointers in the All-Aged Stake was next in order.

CROXTETH AND MONARCH were first cast off. The former worked in fine style, and won the heat with ease.

RAB AND BRAVO were now put down. This heat was much longer, as very few birds were found. Rab finally won.

LALLA ROOKH AND LADY DUFFERIN came next, and the puppy, which is only eleven months old, came in a winner, to the astonishment of most of the spectators.

First Series.

Croxteth beat Monarch.
Rab beat Bravo.
Lalla Rookh beat Lady Dufferin.

CROXTETH AND RAB were next put down, and after more than two hours' work the old dog was declared a winner.

CROXTETH AND LALLA ROOKH now came together for the decisive contest, and while they were at work it became dark, so they were ordered up, to go down again on Tuesday.

[By Telegram to Forest and Stream.]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 21.

This has been a good day and the running has progressed well. Birds are plenty and we have had some good work. Croxteth won the pointer prize, beating Lalla Rookh. Then we commenced with the setters. Following is the result:

SUMMARY.

Tom beat Don Pedro; Shadow beat Lincoln II.; London, beat Daisy Laverock; Gladsome beat Donner's Bessie; Lorna beat Racket; Chief beat Dashing Rover; Brock beat Smut II., absent; Foreman beat Buckalew; Prince Hal beat Plantagenet, withdrawn; Trinket beat Diana II.

Raleigh beat Adams's Bessie, Elcho III. and Doc B. unfinished. Martin was dissatisfied with the ruling of the judges against Rocket and withdrew all his dogs. All other decisions have been well received. The number of heats run to-day has not been equalled at any previous trials and it looks like a finish this week.

CARE OF PUPPIES.

AND A CURE FOR MANGE.

IN answer to "O. W. R," in FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 5, '82, who tells us the way he didn't save his beagle from worms, fits, and death, I would say that I have been raising puppies—hounds, pointers, and setters—all my life, till now I am gray-headed, and never lost one, except by distemper.

The best thing for suckling puppies is to give the mother a teaspoon of flowers of sulphur every day; or, if you have a puppy and see by his coat or appetite, or by the rattling of his intestines, that he is out of condition, give him half a teaspoon of sulphur every day for a week or ten days. After he is three months old a full teaspoon is not too much. Indeed, flowers of sulphur is the best dog physic in the world. It acts like a charm on skin, bowels, and liver, and cleanses him of all intestinal parasites. I have given it in tablespoonful doses with the happiest effect. Put it in the feed always.

For a young puppy there is no better food than corn-bread, well cooked and made soft and palatable with chicken soup or stewed-chicken gravy. Egg-bread, well buttered, makes a good breakfast; and it looks to me as if oatmeal was much more suitable for puppies than for people; but I have never tasted it or given it to a puppy. Any milk except mother's milk is always bad for young puppies, in my opinion, and so is fried meat or fried gravy of every sort. To thrive well, they should be fed five or six times a day.

The following is a sure remedy for mange: Equal measures of train oil (and it must be train oil) and spirits of turpentine, flowers of sulphur enough to make a paste, and three or four tablespoonfuls of fine table-salt. Wash the dog off and apply this mixture thoroughly. Three applications will cure the worst case of mange any dog ever had. This I know.

I could do nothing with distemper till a gentleman, who used to raise dogs fifty years ago, told me of turpith mineral, and an old Scotchman told him. Give three grains of turpith mineral at a dose, and give a dose every day for three days in succession. I have never known it to fail, and Yonatt's prescriptions never saved the first dog for me. RALLYWOOD.

ALBEMARLE COUNTY, Va.

COCKER SPANIEL IMPORTATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are several errors in the pedigrees of the spaniels you notice as having been imported by Dr. Niven. Lass of Breda is an own sister to our dog Bonanza, shown at New York this year, and is by Brush II., ex Lawson's (now Niven's) Nellie, who was by Don, ex Saff, by Rowley's Ben. She is a beauty, but you will pardon us for saying that it is because she is all over a spaniel, and not because she "does not trespass too much on the spaniel for her build." She is in whelp to our recently imported Dan (not Don), which we have renamed Hornell Dandy. He is by Bucephalus, out of Black Bess II., owned by Dr. Niven, and was bred before that smart little bitch was imported by the Doctor. Dinah, the other little bitch which came with Lady of Breda, is by Brown's Prince, by Beverlock, out of a sister to Beau. It was arranged when Dr. Niven took the brace from Mr. Graham that we should have the refusal of this bitch, as the Doctor only wanted Lady of Breda, and Mr. Graham would not split the brace. It is unnecessary to state that we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity. She is longer in the barrel than you imagine, but, being a little high on the leg, does not show her length as she would if more of the spaniel build. She will have the prefix "Hornell" added to her name, and will be bred in due time to Hornell Dandy.—HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB (Hornellsville, Nov. 10, 1882).

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—It is reported that the Philadelphia Kennel Club will hold a bench show sometime during the coming winter or spring.



COL. STUART TAYLOR'S BULL TERRIER BITCH "KITTIE."

KITTIE.

KITTIE is a pure white bull-terrier bitch, by Billy out of Peg, by Little Gambler. She weighs, when in condition, 14lbs., although at the time the photograph from which our illustration is made was taken, her weight was 19¼lbs. Kittie took the first prize in her class at the Westminster Bench Show of 1882. For beauty, game qualities and affection, it will be hard to find her superior. Her owner is Colonel Stuart Taylor, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

THE ST. BERNAND CLUB SHOW.

[From the London Field, Nov. 14.]

A FIRST attempt, with an entry of over two hundred and fifty, including double numbers, is indeed a flattering result of the labors of the St. Bernard Club during the few months in which the society has existed. Such was the impression which forced itself upon us very forcibly as we wended our way towards Knightsbridge on Thursday last, full of hopes of witnessing the show *par excellence* of the year. On our arrival, however, common honesty compels us to confess that, though the two hundred and fifty dogs were there, our hopes were rudely shattered. The confusion which existed was chaotic; and how the judging was carried on at all, it is difficult to understand, as the space reserved for Mr. Macdona to decide upon his awards in, and which must euphemistically be called the "ring," was so prescribed in its dimensions, that any description of the dogs as they appeared before the judge is simply a matter of impossibility. Mr. Macdona judiciously commenced operations with the litters of puppies; but, as far as we could see, there was no attempt made to keep him free from hindrance during his labors, and he was in consequence hunted by a well-dressed mob as he made his circuit of the pens. The latter, too, were next the entrance, which certainly was not a good arrangement, as it is bad enough for young puppies to face a show under the most favorable circumstances, without having additional dangers forced upon them.

It must not, however, be imagined that we in the slightest degree desire to throw cold water on the efforts of the St. Bernard Club, which includes a large number of the leading breeders among its members. The fault of the acting executive lay in leading their visitors to expecting too much, and also in depending upon their own exertions and experiences—the latter being in some cases not of the widest—to ensure success. Had a thoroughly competent manager been secured, we venture to predict that better arrangements would have been made, and a very great deal of grumbling would have been obviated. As it was, the moment the arrangements controlled by amateurs were passed, and those placed in the hands of professionals commenced, things mended rapidly, for the benching supplied by Spratt & Co. was splendid, and the feeding and watering of the dogs was all that could be desired. It is but fair to Messrs. Spratt & Co. to repeat the remarks of one of the most successful exhibitors to the show, who said to us, that he had never seen his dogs more comfortable when away from home than upon the present occasion. Next year we trust that a more successful show will be held, and that such arrangements will be made as will give the public who pay to see the judging a chance of finding out for themselves what is going on. The secretary, the Rev. Arthur Carter, worked as hard as he possibly could to meet the difficulties which arose, but it was then too late to stay confusion. He nevertheless deserves our thanks, and those of our readers, for the pains he took to supply us with every information in his power, and no man in the show was, we believe, more ready to admit that certain thing wanted rectifying than did the honorable secretary himself.

The quality of the dogs was not above the average. Though almost all the cracks, with the exception of that grand dog Cadwallader, were present, it is probable that they would have been on the benches at any London show where the prizes were good, and which was held about this time of the year. On the other hand, we saw no juvenile phenomenon to counteract the plethora of rubbish which always must appear when over two hundred and fifty dogs of one breed are congregated under the same roof. Experience has taught us that a big show need not necessarily be a grand show, and the first exhibition held under the auspices of the St. Bernard Club has not proved an exception to the rule.

Mr. Macdona's decisions were, on the whole, well received by the exhibitors, and every allowance must be made where differences of opinion arise, as the entrance where the so-called judging ring was situated was so cramped that it was simply impossible for him to do either his judgment or the dogs before him anything like justice. The special class consisted of dogs not for competition, and in this number were the well-known Bayard and Boniface, together with several others, the property of Mr. G. de Landre Macdona. Class 1 brought out the rough-coated champion dogs. Nothing for general St. Bernard character could approach Mr. Joseph Smith's Save. This dog was in splendid fettle, and possesses the true type of head, together with plenty of bone and substance. Unfortunately, he has no dew-claws, which in the eyes of many—the judge himself for one—is a blemish. In fact, we believe that under Mr. Macdona this defect costs the dog ten points. If so, Save must have been, in his opinion, a long way ahead of his opponents—an opinion we do not question. Bonivard was not looking himself. Katerfelto has a good head, but is small and heavy in ear, while Turk, though he has plenty of bone, wants markings, and is light in eye and thick in ear. Rough-coated champion bitches had no entries, and only Dunstan appeared in the smooth-coated champion dogs. He is a very fair one, as smooth-coated ones go, but might have been looking better. Only Amy was entered in the corresponding bitch class, and she was absent, so this prize was not awarded.

The open class for rough-coated dogs was a very good one, the winner turning up in Mr. Richard Thornton's Leonard, a dog who is very good in his body, feet and legs, but deficient in markings. The shade of his coloring is also too pale, and though his head is good, we think there were better in the class. Phantom, who came next, is a very taking dog, and grows on acquaintance. He would be benefited by more white, and is, like Leonard, too yellow in his markings. He is a very heavily boned dog, and will, we think, grow more massive and square in his head as he grows older. Hermit, who came third, is not by any means the type of dog we care for; his body is good, but he should be better on his legs. Faust, a kennel companion of Save's, we thought, would be certain to gain first. He has a good St. Bernard head, with an excellent coat, body, legs and feet. His condition, too, left nothing to be desired, and we certainly are of the opinion that he did not meet with his desserts when he received only a V.H.C. Oswald we do not like; his coat is like a colley's, and he is bad in his fore legs and pasterns, and behind is inclined to be cowhocked. Trojan, an Alexandra Palace winner, wants squareness and St. Bernard character in his head, and his muzzle is too long; on the other hand, his body and bone are above the average. Rector—the biggest dog we ever saw—has a tremendous frame and heaps of bone. He is, however, weak in his head and a little too gaudy in his markings; but his legs and feet are of the best. Thorwald has a good shaped skull, but his eyes are too small. Why that good dog Leigh Rector came to be overlooked we cannot say, possibly in the crush Mr. Macdona missed him; anyhow, his head is superior to most in the class. Rough bitches were marked "a good class" by the judge, and here Lady Norma won well. She is one of the best out, if not quite perfect, and has first-rate coat, legs and ears, with a very well-shaped body. Madam, the next in order, is a good bitch, but rather small in eye and pointed in nose. Bellinzona is light in head. Diane, V.H.C., has a nice style of head, but it is badly marked; she has, however, a good body and bone, but no dew-claws. Beatrice is another fine bitch, but head would be immensely improved by an white. Dame up the pole, Bell, H.C., an Alexandra Palace winner, was not looking her best; and Jafra, V.H.C., who has very badly set on ears, is good in her coat and color, though her muzzle is rather snipey. Mable, H.C., has no dew-claws.

In smooth-coated dogs Beauchief, a clinking good one, was first; he is a trifle long in his loin, and perhaps too rough in coat, but, taken all over, is very nearly at the top of the tree in smooths. Rupert, who came next, is good in skull, but his ears are very big, and he seems to be weak behind. Bruce we do not like; he is too much of a mastiff in looks. Royalist, V.H.C., should be straighter on his hind legs, and Gladstone is only moderate. In the corresponding bitch class we thought that the first prize was a good thing for Irene; she, however, was only third to Hilda, who is a well-built and powerful brindle, but with a very mastiff-like look in her head; and Silber appears somewhat narrow in her muzzle. Nun, V.H.C., has as much throatiness as a bloodhound, and a snipey muzzle.

The classes for dogs between nine and eighteen months old are difficult ones to manage, but there was very little doubt that Alpenstock III. was well ahead; he is good all over, and his legs and feet are so good that when he grows older he is sure to be straight on them, and in the first flight upon the bench. Valour has no dew claws, and would be improved if he were a little shorter in his muzzle; still he is an extremely well-proportioned young dog, and will no doubt be heard of by-and-by. Monarch is nothing wonderful, and sadly wants markings. Mont Leo is good in body, but quite long enough in muzzle; and the commended Golf is a white, and not a good one either, so his receiving a card was a mystery.

The bitches were a bad class, Iswara being the best, and La Flegere, whose head is her great feature of excellence, second. Clytie, who received third, is very weedy and yellow in eye, but there was nothing behind her worth a card. Don II. who won in the smooth-coated dogs, is very stilty behind, with weak thighs, and is just the stamp of dog which a hard day's work in the snow would kill. Zurque is a promising puppy, but twitches behind, and he is a little short in his couplings, which we do not care for. Junibo is very bad in color; and houndy in head; his body is, however, good. Only two bitches appeared, and here Leila, who shows considerable promise, won pretty easily from Moira. It is a matter of impossibility to discuss the merits of the young puppies under nine months old, and we will therefore pass on at once to the maiden classes. Here in the dogs Leonard, the victor in the open dog class,

had a very easy time of it. Sailor, who was second, is not straight in his near fore leg. Granby (Vhc) is a fair brindle and white, with a nice ear, but spoiled by a yellow eye. Peter, also Vhc., is another specimen who will always be noticed as of the stamp required. Leila, who is already alluded to, won easily in the bitch class, with Dacia, who is light in eye, second, but nothing else struck us as being worth notice.

The prize for stud dogs was won by old Champion Barry, who was looking very lean and well, as he always did when upon the circuit. In the brood bitches Irene was ahead with her produce, Beauchief and Hermit. Countess, however, pressed her hard with her offspring, Cerdic and Lady Norma. The selling class was very bad, but some good litters of puppies were shown, the winning pen of Mr. Angell's being considerably above the average. The following is the prize list:

CHAMPIONS.—Rough-Coated—Dogs—1st, J. F. Smith's Save. Bitches No entries. Smooth-Coated—Dogs—1st, R. Thornton's Dumsean. Bitches—1st, R. S. Armitage.

OPEN CLASSES, OVER 18 MONTHS OLD.—Rough-Coated—Dogs—1st, R. Thornton's Leonard; 2d, S. H. Fox's Phantom; 3d, T. H. Goodwin's the Hermit; vhc, J. F. Smith's Faust, and R. Thornton's Oswald; hc, Mrs. E. Clark's Thorwald, J. Gould's Sailor III, and Rector, and S. Smith's Trojan; c, Mrs. Adamson's Basileus, J. Angell's Chancellor, and A. Borton's Colin. Bitches—1st, J. P. Charles's Lady Norma; 2d, H. J. Betterton's Madam; 3d, F. S. Coleman's Bellinzona; vhc, Rev. A. Carter's Countess, Clarke's Mabel, and G. W. Palmer's Lufra; hc, H. W. Carter's Lady Gladys, S. H. Fox's Bella, and R. Thornton's Mabel II. Smooth-Coated—Dogs—1st, W. Well's Beauchief; 2d, J. Russell's Rupert; 3d, A. T. Franklin's Bruce; vhc, L. C. N. Norris's Silber, and J. Vaudrey's Gladstone; hc, Miss E. Morris's Benedictine Monk, Rev. H. Stobart's Garth, and S. Wiehand's ——. Bitches—1st, H. G. Swect's Hilda; 2d, L. C. C. R. Norris's Silber; 3d, T. H. Goodwin's Irene; vhc, E. Clarke's Nun, Lady Isham's Abbess IV.; hc, Mrs. Adamson's Belle of Stirling.

BETWEEN 9 AND 18 MONTHS OLD.—Rough-coated—Dogs—1st, J. F. Smith's Alpenstock III; 2d, S. H. Fox's Valour; 3d, Rev. W. H. Donovan's Monarch; vhc, J. F. Mackilop's Ivanhoe and R. Wall's Prince Leopold; hc, H. P. and P. J. Charles's Mont Leo; c, E. Boddington's Courte-Lion, M. G. Calder's Prince Rupert, F. E. Colman's Mountaineer, J. H. Ellis's Duke, W. G. Marshall's Courage II, and F. Sandeman's Golf. Bitches—1st, S. Cunling's Iswara; 2d, Rev. A. Nash's La Fiegre; 3d, D. W. Gordon's Clytie; hc, H. G. Sweet's St. Nargueerite; c, H. I. Betterton's Madam II, and W. Wood's Fairy. Smooth-coated—Dogs—1st, J. C. Davies's Don II.; 2d, S. W. Smith's Zurque; 3d, J. G. Stokes's Jumbo. Bitches—1st, R. Thornton's Leila; 2d, S. W. Mackay's Moira.

PUPPIES 3 AND 9 MONTHS OLD.—Rough and Smooth—Dogs—1st, Miss Trawshay's Duke; 2d, J. H. Rutherglen's Barrister; 3d, R. Thornton's Naboth; vhc, J. O' Reilly's Jumbo, S. W. Smith's Chum and W. B. Tulley's Duke of Wellington; hc, H. W. Carter's Sir Lancelot, Mr. E. Clarke's The Friar, M. Biggs's Admiral, J. Rutherglen's Bachelor; c, Rev. A. Carter's Rupert. Bitches—1st, F. E. Colman's Maggiore; 2d, H. H. Watson's Bella Donna; 3d, R. Thornton's Pamela; vhc, W. H. Carter's Lady Nellie, W. W. Harvey's Lady Amelia and J. H. Rutherglen's Barricade; hc, H. W. Carter's Lady Di; c, W. B. Meggison's Nellie.

MAIDENS.—Rough and Smooth—Dogs—1st, R. Thornton's Leonard; 2d, H. W. Field's Sailor; vhc, Mrs. Adamson's Granby, Mrs. A. Carter's Peter, S. H. Fox's Valour, W. O. Hughes-Hughes's Grandee, Rev. H. Stobart's Garth, and A. T. Franklin's Monarch III; hc, G. H. Reid's Fo. Bitches—1st, R. Thornton's Leila; 2d, T. King's Dacia; hc, A. Butt's Bertie. J. F. Mackilop's Hilda and Silverbell, and C. M. Waite's Thora.

STUD DOGS.—1st, S. W. Smith's Champion Barry.

BROOD BITCHES.—1st. T. H. Goodwin's Irene; 2d, Rev. A. Carter's Countess; vhc, S. Jagger's Mirza; hc, S. H. Fox's Bella, and J. H. Kay's Khiva.

SELLING CLASS.—1st, H. Towsley and W. V. Carr's Dreadnought; vhc, J. F. Mackillop's Percy, and R. Thornton's Druid; hc, J. H. Brown's Lion VIII., and R. Groom's Napoleon.

LITTERS OF PUPPIES.—1st, J. Angell; 2d, J. K. Kaye, 3d, S. Jagger; vhc, J. R. Crosthwaite, J. Hare and Mrs. J. C. Tinker; hc, T. H. Goodwin.

FOREIGN CLASS.—Roughor Smooth-coated—Dogs—1st and 2d, H. Schumacher-Bahler's Sultan III. and Mars II. Bitches—No entries.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.—Memphis, Nov. 17, 1882.—The late heavy frosts having killed the cover, shooting is much better than a few weeks ago. Birds are plentiful in this end of the State, and those who are preparing their dogs for the field trials will have no excuse from now until December 4 to work their dogs. Mr. W. B. Stallcup is at Brazil, Tenn. He has Countess Mollie and Frank for the Derby and Bessie Leo and Phyllis H. for the free for all. Mr. D. C. Sanborn is at Holly Springs, Miss. He reports birds plentiful and his dogs doing well. Mr. B. Waters is near Holly Springs and expects to be at Grand Junction with a few good ones. Any one wishing rules and entry blanks can have them mailed by applying to me.—D. BRYSON, Sec. N. A. K. Club.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of both.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Smut. By Mr. J. E. McQueston, Pawtucket, R. I., for liver and white ticked English pointer bitch, 10mos., by Diamond (Ponto—Fan) out of Poppy (Gath—Dot).

Phinney Jane. By Mr. J. Satterthwaite, Jr., Jenkintown, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 17, 1882, by Berkley (Elcho—Lou II.) out of Nora (Elcho—Fire Fly).

Boxy. By Mr. August C. Krueger, Jr., Wrightsville, Pa., for white and lemon beagle dog puppy, whelped Aug. 4, 1882, by Mr. Geo. Pownall's Victor out of his Nelly.

Susan. By Mr. August C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch puppy, whelped Aug. 4, 1882, by Mr. Geo. Pownall's Victor out of his Nelly.

Rassie. By Mr. August C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for black and tan beagle bitch puppy, whelped Sept. 13, 1882, by Mr. N. Elmore's Flute out of his Bunnie.

Captain. By Mr. E. P. Hodges, Pittsburgh, Pa., for silver-gray, with black spots, Irish or German boarhound dog, whelped Sept. 17, 1881, from imported stock.

Bevis. By Mr. E. P. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa., for English mastiff dog, fawn color, with black muzzle and ears, whelped Sept. 3, 1882, by Thomas II. (Lenfield) out of Mr. Howard Hartley's imported Dinah II.

Rainbow. By Mr. E. Odell, New Orleans, La., for liver and white pointer dog pup, whelped Aug. 10, 1882, by Bow out of Roxie (Faust—Jessie), bred by Mr. C. C. Pettit, Galveston, Texas.

Bound Boy. By Mr. Geo. W. Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa., for lemon and white English setter dog puppy by Mr. Howard Hartley's imported Laverack dog Royal Blue out of Dolly Day.

Royal Dolt. By Mr. Geo. W. Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa., for lemon and white bitch puppy by Mr. Howard Hartley's imported Laverack dog Royal Blue out of Dolly Day.

Glendale and Bay. By Mr. J. W. Percival, Palo, Mich., for lemon and white pointer dogs (Jerry—Snowflake).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Belle II.—King Pepin. Mr. Fred. H. Loudon's (Rock Hill, S. C.) Belle II. (Alten's Glen—Belle) to King Pepin (Dashing Monarch—Petrel) Oct. 26.

Dol—Mac. Mr. A. R. Hayward's (Rock Hill, S. C.) Dot (native bitch) to Mr. W. Tallman's Mac (Fox—Fly), Nov. 6.

Dolly Dale—Foreman. Mr. W. Tallman's (Worcester, Mass.) Dolly Dale (Waters's Grouse—Daisy Dale) to Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.), Nov. 7.

Nettle—Tyke. Mr. W. R. Hill's wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Nettle to Mr. J. E. I. (Grainger's wire-haired terrier dog Tyke.

Flirt—Teddy. Mr. A. E. Godeffroy's (Guymard, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Flirt to owner's Teddy.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Fly. Mr. J. Satterthwaite, Jr.'s (Jenkintown, Pa.) beagle bitch Fly (Pet—Beauty), Oct. 15, five (three dogs), by C. Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rosy, Anna, Rassie. White and lemon beagle dog puppy and black, white and tan beagle bitch puppies, whelped Aug. 4, 1882, by Victor out of Nelly, by Mr. Geo. Pownall, Christiana, Pa., to August C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Bell. Black and tan beagle bitch puppy, whelped Sept. 13, 1882, by Flute out of Bunnie, by Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to August C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Pete, Jr.—Roxie whelp. Black and white pointer dog pup (Pete, Jr.—Roxie), whelped June 19, by E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Mr. Geo. L. Tyler, Wayne, Mass.

Dandy—Daisy whelp. Black, white and tan, by Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., to Mr. F. E. Sweet, Sheridan, Mich.

Cowan—Croad whelps. Two foxhound puppies, dog and bitch, by imported Comus out of Crowd (Music—Sailor), by Mr. Geo. D. Conner, Hillsdale, Mich., to Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich.

Monitor—Cartun whelp. A foxhound puppy, by Mr. L. M. Woodin, Rochester, N. Y., to Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich.

Champion Dash III.—Opal whelps. By Mr. Nicholas Hatheway, Fall River, Mass., English setter puppy, white and black ticked, by champion Dash III. out of Opal (Ike—Fanny) to Mr. George Delano, New Bedford, Mass.; also bitch puppy, same litter and color, to Mr. Geo. Delano, New Bedford, Mass.; also bitch puppy, same litter and color, to Rev. John Hatheway, Providence, R. I.; also bitch puppy, same litter and color, to Mr. Stephen Hatheway, Freetown, Mass.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Gipsey—Turk whelps. Mr. Wm. Wade's (Pittsburg, Pa.) Gipsy has lost by death one dog and two bitches of the litter whose birth was noticed in our issue of Nov. 16.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE TEAM SELECTION.—At a special meeting, to be held a week hence, the Board of Directors of the N. R. A. will take up the question of a selection of the team to be sent abroad in June next. It is to be as far as may be a competitive scheme, and there will be given an opportunity for all National Guardsmen to enter for places. There will be, however, some important modifications of former trials for places, and the board will retain more rights of rejection of men whom they consider unfit for any reason. Marksmen in any part of the country may fully qualify, and if they are eligible in every way that they will get upon the team, and to that end practice should be energetically pushed.

THE TEAM CAPTAINCY.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Rifle Association held Nov. 18, the following letter of resignation was received from Col. John Bodine:

GENTLEMEN: For reasons which are satisfactory to myself I deem it expedient to most respectfully tender my resignation as Captain of the American Military Rifle Team of 1883. On severing my official connection with the Rifle Team I beg to thank you most heartily for the courteous treatment received at your hands and for your efficient support in my efforts to promote the efficiency of the late team as well as to organize a representative military team for 1883, which it was to have been my honor to command. Hoping you to accept my earnest thanks for the great favor conferred in appointing me to the responsible position which I now reluctantly resign, and assure you that I still retain the keenest interest in the match, and will spare no effort to promote its success. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN BODINE.

The resignation having been received, Col. Bodine was urgently requested to withdraw the same, but reasons of a personal character compelled him to resign, and he urged the acceptance of his resignation. A motion to that effect was adopted.

COLONEL BODINE'S REPORT.—The report of the operations of the American team of 1882, and his criticisms upon the work done by that body, is receiving much attention abroad. The *Military Record and Volunteer News*, of Glasgow, Scotland, gives space in its interesting columns for a full abstract of Colonel Bodine, and comments upon it as follows: "Colonel Bodine, who acted as captain of the American Rifle Team in the recent match with the team of British Volunteers, has presented to the American National Rifle Association an elaborate and exhaustive report on the shooting and skill of the American riflemen, and on the comparative excellence of American and British military small arms. The gallant Colonel commences his report by words of praise for the team he commanded, and says they deserved success for their indomitable pluck and steps resolve to win if possible, and confidence that effort will insure their future success, to effect which the American National Guardsmen will spare no effort. The report throughout seems to us very much of an apology to the American people for their team not winning the match. It is strange as illustrated that the American rifleman are at least the equals of the British under more equal conditions. The inequality of these conditions, we discover, for the first time, is the asserted inferiority of the American military rifles, and a semi-disparagement of British weapons being actual military arms. Colonel Bodine says that the rifles used by the British team were in fact small bore match weapons by the most celebrated of our gunmakers, with military breech actions. When we take into consideration the great premiums were offered the American gunmakers to produce an arm superior to any of the much vaunted rifles in use in the American army, and that the United States Government influence was solicited to aid in the quest for and introduction of such an arm, no statement of a contrary character is inferior in their possession of the most effective fire arms which we hardly expected from an American source. Our home gunmakers may thus consider themselves honored and flattered by the admission, more particularly when it is known that Sir Henry Halford, the Captain of the British team, will have the rifles he has been used, being satisfied with the military weapons with which they have been armed for years and with which they have practised in the contests of Wimbledon, Edinburgh, Altcar, the West of Scotland, and other British rifle ranges in previous years. There may be no doubt that the handling of their old and trusted rifles, instead of hunting about for something new, in dread of superior American weapons, gave our British team confidence at least in an intimate knowledge of their weapons, and under the conditions they harally expected that these same weapons should become the theme of confession as to their marked superiority over the American military arms. In regard to the mode of selection and training of his team, Colonel Bodine gives some interesting details which may be useful to our own team captains in future contests, and which are historically worthy of notice. In their training, Colonel Bodine says the American team were hampered in their action by having to observe certain conditions imposed by the practice of the British team, but it is, at the same time, fair to state that the British team, while abiding like their rivals to strictly military conditions of firing, had to adopt, in the mutual concessions of the match, some things which were purely American. There can be no doubt that every one will admit that as much side has the conditions should be equable and fair. The Americans had to give up the use of a wind gauge, which is used only by British riflemen in long range or scientific, but not in military, or service shooting. Thus the Americans had not been taught to depend upon their judgment of accuracy a field marksmen in the rough-and-ready conditions of war. Colonel Bodine praises highly the intelligent discipline of the British team, and narrates the strenuous efforts he made to instil discipline and united action into his men. He has much side has no hesitation as to praise them for their zeal and the resolute courage they displayed in the prospect of certain defeat, to narrow the victory to their opponents by the smallest number of points. There is much in the manifesto of the captain of the American team which may be studied with interest and advantage by team leaders and shooting men. In fact the report constitutes in many respects a treatise on target rifle shooting, and the chapter devoted to ammunition is instructive. We note that Colonel Bodine anticipates that the American gunmakers will continue to the rescue and make improved military weapons, and that he also expects that American riflemen will pay more attention in the future than in the past to military long-range shooting. For these reasons hints are suggested for a postponement of the proposed contest which could be anticipated and desiderated acquirements have been attained. We should be sorry, indeed, if anything whatever occurred to prevent us seeing our American friends and cousins at Wimbledon in the forthcoming summer. We have no hesitation in confessing that we had looked forward to the late match with some fears and misgivings that the Britishers might get again licked at Creedmoor. We based these forebodings on the assumed superiority of American small arms, as well as on the historic renown of our transatlantic friends in rifle shooting. The vonsiderable movement in Great Britain has created a taste for and a skill in rifle shooting which seems to have resulted in a victorious position over our late friendly antagonists. The vast forests and hunting grounds of the New World has made the rifle a familiar implement in the hands of American citizens in their expeditions after game on the woodlands, plains, and mountains, and both their rifle-makers and sportsmen have profited by manifold experiences over the condition of the British people of a quarter of a century ago. The Volunteer movement of 1859 has created a new impulse in the direction of defensive weapons, and has placed the rifle in patriotic hands to become as powerful means of national protection as was the old victorious yew bow with its cloth yard shaft in the nerved grasp of our ancient archers. We believe that the manifesto will be read with interest and profit by all our shooting men and by every enthusiastic Volunteer. We have not yet had Sir Henry Halford's report to our own National Rifle Association, but when it appears we have no doubt that it will also contain much that will be for the benefit of Volunteers and military organizers to know in the management of small arms."

NEWARK, N. Y.—At the meeting of the Newark Rifle Association it was decided to commence the tournament on the Essex Range, corner Lush and Bank streets, on the evening of Nov. 30. The clubs will shoot in the following order: Warren, Essex, Plymouth, Celluloid, Frelinghuysen, Nameless, Domestic. The clubs will furnish referees and scorers as follows: Warren will furnish scorer for Essex and referee for Nameless; Essex, scorer for Plymouth and referee for Warren; Plymouth, scorer for Celluloid and referee for Essex; Celluloid, scorer for Frelinghuysen and referee for Plymouth; Frelinghuysen, scorer for Nameless and referee for Celluloid; Nameless, scorer for Warren and referee for Frelinghuysen.

There will be a subscription match on the 21st at each range during the tournament. Entrance fee twenty-five cents, money divided as follows: 30 per cent., 25 per cent., 20 per cent., 15 per cent., 10 per cent. to the highest scores made on each match, scores made on match to count only. The prizes to be shot for in the tournament will be awarded at the close of the shooting season.

The officers of the association are: J. Hugh, President; J. K. Walsh, Vice-President; G. M. Townsend, Treasurer; A. C. Neumann, Secretary.

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 15.—The following are the scores made at the last regular meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatae Range. The Creedmoor and inch ring target combined was used. Distance, 200yds., off hand.

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
A Mathews	37	45	33	47	150 — 95
G F Ellsworth	37	46	35	47	182 — 93
I N Gordon	33	42	36	44	149 — 86
H G Goodale	34	43	35	43	141 — 88
C Merrill	32	41	31	44	133 — 87
S Sharp	31	42	31	42	132 — 84
B Williams	33	43	35	41	118 — 83

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 15.—The Rifle Association had their regular shoot at their range to-day. The wind was 9 o'clock, sunlight was strong. The score tells the story:

Massachusetts Target.

J N Morse, Jr.	12	11	9	12	9	12	10	10	11	11	—107
C Dusenberry	11	10	9	10	9	10	8	10	8	11	—96
J W Murphy	9	8	10	10	10	6	9	8	11	10	—94

Creedmoor Target.

A L Rice	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	—44
John Norman	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	—43
J W Murphy	4	5	5	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	—40

Ring Target Rest.

T Henry	12	12	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	9	—111
Stedman Clark	12	12	11	9	11	11	12	10	10	12	—110
A O Wells	10	11	11	12	11	10	9	10	11	10	—105

ZETTLER'S GALLERY, New York, Nov. 18.—Teams composed of Western Union telegraphers shot a match on Massachusetts targets, reduced for gallery distance, 10 shots per man.

McDonald	11	10	9	10	11	9	10	10	6	10—94
Fulton	11	10	10	11	10	10	11	7	11	12—103
Van Smith	11	9	11	9	11	10	7	9	10	11— 98
Richmond	11	11	10	10	8	12	9	9	11	10—101
Bunce	10	10	10	12	10	8	9	10	12	10—100
Coogan	7	10	9	9	9	4	10	8	9	10— 83
Watson	10	11	11	8	6	7	6	10	6	6— 79
Cusack	10	8	12	9	9	10	8	10	4	9— 89—351

NEW JERSEY.—Brinton Range is closed for the season, but will be opened for parties to practice on Thanksgiving day, when a party from this city will engage in shooting for cash prizes, and probably squads from other cities will be on hand. Two tons of lead have been taken from the butts at Brinton Range, and it is not all recovered yet. The lead will be taken to Trenton and remoulded or sold.

LEICESTER, England, Nov. 16.—A banquet was given last night to Sir Henry Halford, captain of the rifle team which visited America recently. Halford said the rifle contest brought together two armies and made them friends. He proposed the health of the National Guard of America, which was drunk cordially.

THE TRAP.

NARRAGANSETT CLUB.—Providence, R. I., Nov. 18.—At the annual meeting of the Narragansett Gun Club the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, B. Lockey Vose; President, W. H. Sheldon; Secretary and Treasurer, H. L. Palmer; Directors, S. D. Greene, Jr., G. W. Cary, O. A. Baker. The semi-annual shoot of the Narragansett Gun Club took place to-day. Following is the score. Tenth Badge shoot: 20 glass balls per man; 18yds. rise; Holden trap:

W H Sheldon	11111	11110	11111	11111—19
W G Crandall	11111	11011	01011	10111—16
J B Valentine	10111	11111	11101	01011—15
G W Cary	11111	00001	11101	11111—14
S D Greene, Jr	00110	10101	01111	11111—14
F A Tobey	11011	01001	00011	10101—11
L Bennett	10011	00011	01001	10011—10
H L Palmer	11101	00001	01010	10101—10
E W Tinker	10111	01100	10000	00101— 9
W H Waterman	00110	00110	00001	10010— 7
P H Baker	00101	10001	01000w.	

W. H. Sheldon wins the badge, third time.

Fourth Cup shoot; 15 clay pigeons per man; 1yds. rise.

G W Cary	111011011111111—13	F A Tobey	011011010011110— 9	
W H Sheldon	111111111101111—13	P H Baker	111001101001010— 8	
S D Greene, Jr	101111101101111—13	H L Palmer	010010011011001— 7	
J B Valentine	001101101011110— 10	G J Crandall	101110011010000— 7	
W G Crandall	011111001100100— 10	L Bennett	001100100100100— 6	
O A Baker	010011111100110— 9	E W Tinker	000100101000000— 4	

Ties on 13, at 18yds., 5 birds per man:

G W Cary	11101—4	11111—5	W H Sheldon	11101—4	11101—4

H. L. PALMER.

SAUK CENTER, Minnesota, Nov. 8.—The Sauk Center Sporting Club held its last meeting for the year to-day, at which the following score was made:

Robertson	0000011010000111010100100— 9
Layman	1111010011011111110000010—13
Eaton	0110000111111111000000—13
Donahar	0000011100111011010101—13
Thomason	1101100111100110101101—14
Cox	0111011011011010111011—17
Glover	1011111111011101101101—19
Fenton	1101110010111111111111—19
Davenport	1110011011111111111111—22

The new officers elected are L. M. Cox, president; Mr. Layman, secretary; and Mr. Eaton, treasurer. The next meeting will be held on the first Tuesday in May.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. B. R., Gambier, O.—Yes.

A. J. M., Brunswick, Ga.—We shall shortly publish something on the subject.

F. S. W., Michigan.—We have not heard of the success attending efforts to transplant the wild celery.

C. E. W., Troy, N. Y.—The articles on dog training are published in book form. See advertisement elsewhere.

E. D. H., Marshall's Creek, Pa.—We do not know to whom you should apply for live quail for stocking purposes.

FOR WORMS IN PUPPIES.—Give upon an empty stomach two grains of finely hardened areca nut for each pound of weight, and follow in two to four hours with a dose of castor oil.

H. H. Z., Norristown.—1. Can black bass be successfully put in a pond 400ft. long by 50ft. wide, stone and gravel bottom, supplied with spring water; and where can they be obtained? 2. As to food, what do they require? 3. Can the German food carp still be obtained of Mr. E. G. Blackford, New York city? Ans. 1. The pond is small for black bass, but they may thrive to some extent. They will not grow large in it. No one is now supplying them, unless it may be

Mr. Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H. They can be had from the Delaware River, if you can get some one to catch them. 2. They eat small fish, crayfish, insects, etc. 3. Yes.

W. Z., San Francisco, Cal.—There are no ostrich farms in this country at present. A number of ostriches have just been imported and are now at the Central Park, in this city, and are to be taken to California, where an ostrich ranch will be started.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME GROUNDS.—C. W. B., Boston, wants the best quail and partridge shooting in North Carolina during the month of December; also the address of any party who would be willing to accommodate a party of three, together with their dogs. Would prefer a range of country that might hold snipe and woodcock as well as quail and partridge.

J. T. H., Harrod's Creek, Ky.—I have a pond 90x80 feet. It has a grade from four to six feet. I wish to know what kind of fish to stock it with for rapid growth. I would prefer game fish. It is fed by a never-failing spring. Can you name what our best native fish which will live in confined waters. It the temperature of the pond does not rise above seventy degrees in summer try brook trout. The pond is small for bass, but you might try carp.

C. W., Minnesota Junction.—If you wish to buy a rifle you may be assured of fair dealing by purchasing of any one of the firms adver tising in this journal. We are not familiar with the "Ideal" gun.

H. T., East Machias, Me.—The eider duck is common along the northeast coast of Maine, where they are called sea ducks. The male in breeding attire is white, creamy tinted on breast, with the sides of head marked with green. Under parts, from breast, lower back, wings, tail, quills and a forked patch on crown, black. Female, reddish or yellowish brown, barred and spotted with darker. A large, handsome duck. The bill has long, club-shaped processes on each side, running up on to the forehead and a feathered interspace between these two.

H. D. B., Hoboken, N. J.—When does the deer first grow its horns, at what period, and how often do they get new horns? 2. How old may a deer get, or what is the average age? 3. Do they grow new horns when living at an old age, or do they stop growing at a certain age? Ans. 1. The horns in the young buck start in the early spring following his birth, and thus begin to grow when he is nine or ten months old. The horns are renewed annually, being shed in late December, in January, February, or even March, according to the latitude of the deer's habitat. The young horn shoots in March or April, earlier in the South than in the North. 2. A deer probably lives to be from twelve to fifteen years old, but it must be remembered that the moment the natural powers of the animal begin to fail it falls a prey to some one of its many enemies. A deer, therefore, never has a chance to die of old age. 3. We imagine that deer continue to grow new horns as long as they live, but it would be extremely difficult to say positively that this is the case.

Yachting and Canoeing.

THE GROWING CUTTER FLEET.

THIS winter promises to see great activity in the building of cutters, and the large number launched last season bids fair to be doubled for 1883. There are at present six cutters under way in New York. Concerning the first two information is still withheld. The third in point of size will be a fifty-tonner, about sixty feet load line, with rather liberal allowance of beam—somewhat on the plan of Mr. Sullivan's Wenonah. The fourth is a fifteen-tonner, similar to the imported Maggie in general dimensions, but of the Julianar class in other respects. She will be commenced at once in Greenpoint, and has the looks of a goer, with a wonderful lot of room below decks. She will have a clear deck fore and aft. Her forecastle, galley and pantry, private berth, saloon, steerage with berth and closets, and ladies' cabin aft, with no end of lockers and stowage generally. Common sense is to rule in the furnishing of the cabins, use and neat display in part being kept in view. The joiner work will be got out with taste, but with a regard for ship-shape appearance. House architecture will have no place aboard this cutter. We are glad to see a return to good sense and propriety in the matter of cabin furniture, and hope this example may be generally followed. The gorgeous extravagance and lavish outlay for luxurious ostentation below decks is inappropriate to the legitimate uses to be expected from a yacht, and too often born of a vulgar desire to overreach your neighbor in the display of wealth. A little more cash put into build and rig and a little less of the "what's the odds" down below will place our future large yachts more nearly on a par in real worth with those built abroad.

The fifth cutter in hand is a ten-tonner for a gentleman who proposes to cruise in Jarvis waters. The sixth is nearly ready to the most advanced modern ideas. She represents the outcome of Mr. John Harvey's experience in building narrow and deep boats of large displacement, carrying small rigs. Mr. Harvey has designed this five-tonner for knocking about outside and for fishing, without reference to any restrictive rule, American and foreign. She will be 37ft. on loadline, 42ft. on deck, with 6ft. beam, and 7ft. 9in. depth of hold. That is about six beams to loadline length, regular Julianar proportions. Now, it is well known that Julianar is a horse in a seaway and an excellent cruiser, remarkably able and dry. Mr. Harvey's experience points indisputably to boats of such proportions as affording the maximum attainable on the length in the way of accommodations of practical availability, power and rough-water qualities, speed under all circumstances, and the smallest of rig, and therefore the most economical in crew, coupled also with safety. The new five-tonner will offer an excellent opportunity of putting to test on a small scale what has been found such a success in larger vessels. This cutter will have a displacement of twelve and one-half tons, eight of which goes for ballast, about four tons being outside lead, bolted to a very broad keel, and tapered down in continuation of the boat's body proper.

The rig will show a hoist of about 34ft., boom about 31ft., gaff 23ft., and bowsprit 12ft. outboard, a comparison with this boat's sail area and that of a sloop of like length teaches an instructive lesson. The area of lower sails of the cutter is about 950 square feet. The area of a sloop's sails would be about 1,650 square feet or nearly double that of the narrow deep sloop. This means that if the owner and one hand can work the cutter, it would require owner and two hands to work the sloop with equal ease. The expense for crew would be just double and that expense is the chief outlay in the keep of a yacht. The small sail area required by a narrow boat is for this reason of the utmost importance. The new boat is flush deck with headroom from stem to sail room down below. The forecastle will have five accommodations for two hands, lockers, transoms, table, etc. Abaft this is a pantry, galley, wash room and w. c. between bulkheads. Then the main cabin with 6ft. 6in. sofas each side. Beyond this is an after stateroom with two berths, the floor being raised somewhat to act as floor for a deep cockpit, having a hatch to slide back, so that the interior can be closed altogether at sea or for the night when the weather is fine. Between the cockpit and the main cabin there is a regular bulkhead with panel door. The sheer plan bears resemblance to that of the Julianar, though with less drag to keel and a plumb cutwater. Accommodations are governed by length and depth, beam contributing under floor of cockpit. Beyond a certain point, say 8ft., outboard work adds nothing to "fit," they are a nuisance and in narrow waters that point is reached much later than where the waves are unconfined. In some waters the point is never reached, hence a blow is more likely to curtail a small yacht's ability and usefulness in harbor sailing than outside. Thus upon one occasion we found it almost impossible to beat a three-tonner across the Lower Bay up to the Hook, but once outside the seas were found so long that, though higher, the yacht went along in comparative comfort and dryness.

Probably many readers have occasionally noticed a small boat making better weather of it than a large one close aboard, and have attributed this to superiority of model, whereas for the small boat the seas had simply passed the "fitting" point, which they had not yet reached for the larger one, and the former took less notice of the disturbance than the latter in consequence. From the very nature of small yacht sailing, however, the operations are, as a rule, restricted to more or less confined stretches of water, and they are likely to meet a short, steep lump nine times in ten as often as the long roll of the ocean; hence the power and ability to put in work to some effect under such circumstances should be the very first consideration in design, next to the matter of safety.

A small yacht unable to cope with the weather to be expected half the time, is a useless sort of toy and gives little satisfaction, hence the importance we lay upon a model possessed of what is rightfully called "seagoing" qualities, and whether she ever pokes her nose outside or not such qualities should be sought in either case. That they are not to be found in shoal beamy boats such as the customary catboat or jib and mainsail, or even small cabin sloop everyone having experimented with them will bear witness. The only remedy open to boats of that style is to weight heavily with a cargo of sand and human freight, and smash through everything regardless of consequences. But to the cruiser neither sandbags nor a numerous crew offer a solution. He must look to skillful design to accomplish with safety and comfort what the others effect by risk, brute force and physical inconvenience. The cruiser moreover proposes to knock about all day, where the sandbagger gets his fill and a salt water bath in an hour or two of rough and tumble, which comes nearer to punishment or athletics than to the consummation of the yachtsman's dream of life afloat.

With this clearly settled, the reader will be prepared to follow our selection of model all the better. The difficulty in a bobbery is to make your boat go comfortably about her business, holding a wind and refraining from wild antics to no purpose. The action of shoal boats is to climb the seas, and in playing vigorously at pitch and toss they forget to go ahead, bringing up all standing, spilling the wind out of her sails, and slatting things round generally. They pound and throw water in a spray, and in their fierce war with the waves chop off to leeward at every bounce. Their peculiarities are now so well understood that they will be conceded unfit for the service intended. The wide and deep, or bulky, chubby boat is little better in her action, though safer in other respects.

She is much like a cork, a buoy or a football, and so full of life that, though lifting clear of all, her weatherliness is destroyed by that very buoyancy and tossing, as though on gimbals amidships, she pitches away from the approaching mount and looking you in the face, at one moment upon her head, at the next upon her heels. Of course with such wild cavorting, little driving force is left to send the craft ahead, and the skipper, after wearisome efforts to keep her head on, turns for a lee in disgust and blames his boat for being too small when the trouble was not at fault at all, but the model. The object in the design of a small yacht should be to correct these bouncy tendencies, to subdue exhuberant life and harness her powers to serve the ends she was built for. How this can be accomplished will form our subject next week.

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

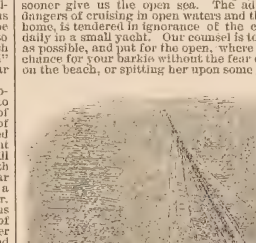
[CONTINUED.]

LAST week our attention was taken up with the safety of small boats. We will now examine into their ability. It is often said that small boats have no business outside of sheltered waters, such as New York Harbor, the "Lower bay," Long Island Sound, Boston Harbor and similar protected stretches, and that therefore "seagoing" qualities ought to receive no consideration in such designs. In fact, the mention of such qualities in small boats has excited ridicule in quarters where one might reasonably have expected some understanding of the question. But those who are qualified to speak from experience, invariably place great importance upon the "seagoing" powers of a small yacht, and for the very good reason that even in so-called sheltered waters, the craft of only a couple of tons finds all the sea she can take care of in weather ordinarily considered quite moderate when scanned from the decks of a forty or hundred ton vessel. Moreover, those experienced in the management of little shavers know full well that in the sheltered waters, beyond which landlubberly verdicts would not have them dare, the chief danger and discomfort to small boat sailing really lies.



A FAIR DAY SINGLE-HANDED.

Squalls and puffs are more frequent and sharp, influenced by the hills and valleys along the shore, and their advent is often unheralded and unseen until their full force is felt. With sea room all around, squalls are far less frequent and less to be dreaded, as their coming is announced some time ahead, and precautions can be taken in time. Nor are there in open water obstacles to free maneuvring, such as vessels at anchor, a shoal or rocky shore close aboard, involving risk in luffing out, and entailing the necessity of putting the boat broad off for room, with the chances of catching a fresh knock down flaw right abeam in the operation. About the most trying business to one's nerves in a single-hander is skimming an unknown weather-shore with the wind coming down in spiteful gusts. Far sooner give us the open sea. The advice of veritants as to the dangers of cruising in open waters and their admonition to keep near home, is tendered in ignorance of the conditions met with almost daily in a small yacht. Our counsel is to clear from harbor as quick as possible, and put for the open, where you have free play and a chance for your barkie without the fear of luffing her high and dry on the beach, or spitting her upon some jagged rock.



RECKONING LOST. WAITING FOR A CLEAR UP.

So much for the wind and now for the sea. It takes but a very moderate summer's breeze to kick up trouble enough for a two-ton cruiser, and that trouble is wrought in shelter or confined waters much sooner than where there is a long sweep. For it is not a high sea the little fellow needs fear, but a short, hollow bobbery is what the small craft most dislikes and what is apt to disgust and scare the skipper. For every size of vessel there is a corresponding sea which "fits her." Beyond that, as the sea rises, it bothers the vessel much less providing the sweep allows it to grow longer as well. But up to the point where the swells reach dimensions enough to "fit," they are a nuisance and in narrow waters that point is reached much later than where the waves are unconfined. In some waters the point is never reached, hence a blow is more likely to curtail a small yacht's ability and usefulness in harbor sailing than outside. Thus upon one occasions we found it almost impossible to beat a three-tonner across the Lower Bay up to the Hook, but once outside the seas were found so long that, though higher, the yacht went along in comparative comfort and dryness.

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THE PAST SEASON IN GREAT BRITAIN.

IT cannot be said that the past yachting season has been a very satisfactory one; neither, on the other hand, can it be said, as some assert, that it was very unsatisfactory, and we shall not perhaps be very far wrong in saying that while we have seen better racing in different localities on former occasions, so also have we seen worse. There are those critics who roundly assert that the present system of measurement adopted by our clubs is having the effect of reducing the entries at our regattas; but with all due deference to these gentlemen, we very much doubt whether this is the case, for no matter what rule of measurement may be adopted, a number of vessels would at once be built to suit the rule, and some one or two would prove greater successes than the others, and as a matter of course these others would be deterred from entering at the different regattas against the cracks of that day. We are much more inclined to think that the system of forcing owners and pilots in the way they are now feed, putting the owners to so much expense, and the rushing from one regatta to another of a few of the fastest vessels afloat, are the real reasons for paucity of entries. But, after all, when a correct look at the craft that have been contending along our coast this last summer, can it be said that the season has been such a bad one? We really think not, and when we find a new ninety-ton cutter in the field built to suit our present system of measurement this year to contend against such vessels as Samoena, Vanduara, and Arrow, there really is not in this instance much cause to complain, and we may say that the racing was fairly interesting and the palm between Samoena and Vanduara.

Again, in the forty-ton class a new vessel was built also to suit the present system of measurement, and to help with Siesta hound, which has undergone some few improvements, to try and wrest the laurels from Amaona. So that in these two classes there was really not such a great lack of vessels, and all that was required was that they should be sailed in a little more evenly matched, as it is, Amaona is undoubtedly the fastest of her class. As to Fife's new ninety, Erycina, she did certainly not come up to the expectations of her owner or builder, while the same thing may be said of the new forty, the Siesta; but in these two new crafts given the old ones a little more trouble the racing would have been very good indeed in those two classes.

With regard to the twenties, we are afraid that we must confess there was a great falling off of sport in this class, though here also a new vessel was built to contend with the existing twenties, and which was intended to put Freda and Amethea under her lee. The Lenore, however, did not do this to the extent that her builder anticipated, still she more than once showed great speed, and we have an idea that Lenore has been raced as hard as Freda and Amethea, and her crew therefore more accustomed to racing than they were, the new twenty would have done better than she did. At the same time, while admitting that four entries for the larger class of vessels may be considered a fairly good one, we cannot but be considered to be the case with twenties, which should muster much stronger than they have done, for in the south it was nothing but perpetual Freda and Amethea, while in the north only Lenore and Vespa were added to these two. As with the twenties so with the tens, for while it was the universal disturbance in the Solent that kept Irex and Verve in the north; and many there are who were not a little glad to find that the latter was able to get the better of the hitherto invincible Buttercup. It gives some hope that moderate length may yet have a chance, for there were two new tens, the Eddie and Sea Star, but the former only put in her appearance the latter end of the season, when, with new gear, etc., etc., she had to meet the Buttercup all shipshape, so that it is not fair to give an opinion as to her speed; while Sea Star only contended at the Tyneside and Welsh regattas, showing, however, great speed and weatherly qualities on each of these occasions. There should at the same time be better entries for the ten-ton class, seeing that a ten-tonner of the present day is a really seaworty vessel, and can go anywhere short of the North Pole.

We have now run through the cutter class in a cursory way, and will turn to other rigs. With regard to the schooners and yawls we have little to say, because there has been no good racing in these classes. Amaryllis, the schooner Miranda is pre-eminently a yacht, besides being an unusually smart vessel she has a captain and crew second to none in our racing fleet. Miranda met Fiona, Waterwitch, Australia and Lenore on several occasions, and the cutters and yawls on others, when she invariably proved a marvelously fast boat and formidable antagonist. The new Lenore, designed by Watson, was the fresh importation this year to the racing schooner class, but as with the new 50-ton cutter and the new 40-ton cutter, so with the new schooner, she could not wrest the laurels from Miranda, which is at present decidedly the fastest schooner afloat.

We now come to the yawls, which did not muster in force so far as the larger vessels are concerned, the consequence being that Lorna, which came out as a *fast cruiser* last year, had it pretty much her own way. The contests among the smaller vessels were more numerous, that is to say between forty and sixty tons. Raven, Gertrude, Gudrun, Neptune, Arethuse, Hypatia and Coralie sailed with varied success, the two former perhaps scoring more runs and proving themselves faster than the others.—*Hunt's Yachting Magazine.*

THREE FAST CUTTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note that you give some credit to Kelpie, Maris and Beetle for beating the best boats in Boston last year. If my memory is not at fault the Maris and Kelpie were built from designs furnished by me, and may be well claimed as home productions. Three cutters, Maris, Kelpie and Moya were built from the same drawings, except that the scale was enlarged to suit the increased displacement.

The keel was sided 12in. (for a boat of 26½ft. water line) and excited the wonder of a great many, while the freeboard was 2½ft. The Beetle has lead ballast, while the others have iron, and herspeed is in proportion. I am glad to see these boats have been recognized the wisdom of so radical a departure from ancient tenets. My design differs from the orthodox in two points, a very narrow stern and a very wide keel. These two points were held to be fallacious by all Eastern builders at the time.

While I am writing it will be well to give the public a few points about the Bedouin. The ballast was stowed in the most careful manner. The tanks had not been put in until the lead had been put under them, and each piece was cut to fit and spread well fore and aft. They were not driven where a man's weight would be put between the pieces of lead. And when it was all in, the joints were hammered with a maul until they were perfectly tight. This was done to keep it from ever being moved by a sudden keel. A. CARY SMITH.

[In referring to Bedouin's ballast as being improperly stowed we wished to convey that it had not been distributed according to the intentions of the designer. It was concentrated too much amidships for sea work and tended to make the cutter too much of a "rocking horse." No one was to blame in the matter. With the weight spread fore and aft, pitching and scending would have been less marked.]

NOT SO BAD.—The skipper of the Teal and his friend object to eating six cans of corn at one meal, as stated in the log last week. It should have read six ears. Also read "strains they have to undergo" instead of "manage" on page 316.

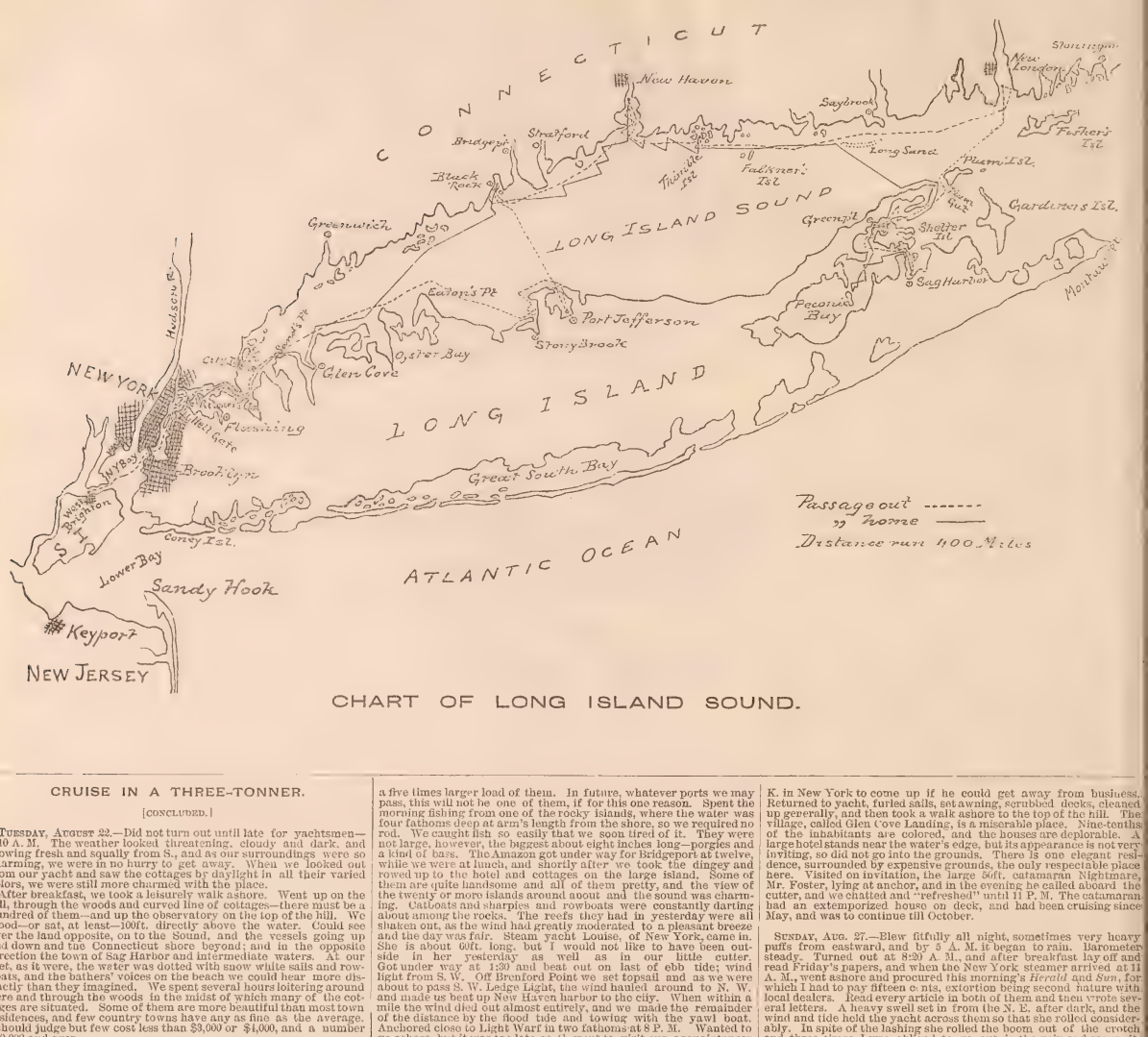


CHART OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.

CRUISE IN A THREE-TONNER.

[CONCLUDED.]

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22.—Did not turn out until late for yachtsmen—7:10 A. M. The weather looked threatening, cloudy and dark, and blowing fresh and squally from S., and as our surroundings were so charming, we were in no hurry to get away. When we looked out from our yacht and saw the cottages by daylight in all their varied colors, we were still more charmed with the place.

After breakfast, we took a leisurely walk ashore. Went up on the hill, through the woods and curved line of cottages—there must be a hundred of them—and up the observatory on the top of the hill. We stood—or sat, at least—100ft. directly above the water. Could see over the land opposite, on to the Sound, and the vessels going up and down and the Connecticut shore beyond; and in the opposite direction the town of Sag Harbor and intermediate waters. At our feet, as it were, the water was dotted with snow white sails and row-boats, and the bathers' voices on the beach we could hear more distinctly than they imagined. We spent several hours loitering around here and through the woods in the midst of which many of the cottages are situated. Some of them are more beautiful than most town residences, and few country towns have any as fine as the average. I should judge but few cost less than $3,000 or $4,000, and a number $10,000 and over.

Returned to the yacht, had lunch, and spent the afternoon cleaning brass-work, oiling up black paint outside, repairing jib sheets which gave way yesterday, and relashing clew of mainsail, the stop of which had stranded yesterday. It blew hard and squally all day, but sailboats, catboats and sloops were darting past and around us every moment, under reefed canvas. Never saw so much sailing, boys and girls, young ladies and gentlemen, old ones and young ones, every one.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23.—The clock alarm startled us at 3:25 A. M., and we jumped up. Got under way about 4 o'clock, not yet daylight. A mossbunker steamer which came in last evening and anchored near us got under way a few minutes later. The wind was blowing light from the S. W. Passed the lighthouse near Orient Bay at 6, with scarcely any wind and set topsail; tide ebb. Had breakfast at 6, the boat taking care of herself while both were below. The oystermen, to the number of ten or twelve, came out of the harbor astern of us. They stood down toward the southward, while we ran along the beach. The sloop Annie, of Brooklyn, came along and overtook us at the beacon at 7 A. M. We were all of an hour getting past this beacon, and worked up to Mulford's Point by 9:30; tide against us through Plum Gut. There were no tide rips there this morning. From Mulford Point, stood across W. N. W. for the Thimbles. Finally a breeze came from S. W. which soon strengthened, the sky clouded over and growing black in the N. E. About 12 o'clock it freshened, so we took in topsail, and as it looked squally, and as if the apparent impending storm was coming up from N. E., against the wind, deemed it prudent to get up on Connecticut shore, where we could find a harbor if necessary, as there are none nor any anchorage on the Long Island shore. Changed our course to N. W. and made Long Sand Shoal Light Vessel at 12:30 o'clock, with stormy wind and heavy sea at intervals. From here stood westward in heavy sea and stiff breeze to the Thimbles, where we ran in at 3:30, and anchored, glad to get into such a safe and comfortable harbor. But the little boat behaved well; we carried whole mainsail and jib all through, and never had lee rail under except where for a moment a sea laid us over. We took but little water aboard. Two or three times a big sea would strike us on weather quarter and splash us a little. It rained at intervals during the day. After we got into our snug berth in three fathoms and smooth water we could see the white combers roll in within a hundred yards of us on the south side of the rocky islands. This is a much safer haven in a southwester than we imagined. Found there our friend Beames on the Amazon who hailed us, and after supper came aboard, and we visited him later in the evening; met his wife and friend, Mr. Tripkins, of Clinton, Conn. The wind just howled and it rained pitchforks during the night. The Viola and several other sloops and a large tug with four canal boats had run in for shelter. Lost our boathook during the passage; the lashing not being secure, was carried off the deck by one of the seas.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24.—Did not turn out until after seven, and the bumboat man whom Beames sent to us had been alongside half an hour before. The moment I made my appearance on deck, Tripkins, from the Amazon, insisted on my going over and having a cocktail, the compounding of which was one of his many accomplishments. B. and lady were ashore, so I did not wait to finish dressing. Before the cocktail was entirely disposed of they returned unseen, and I beat a hasty retreat. The bumboat man called later for orders, and at 11 A. M. he returned with bread, milk, and apple-pie, each of which proved afterwards to surpass in excellence any of the kind we had ever before had. Regretted afterwards we had not taken in a five times larger load of them. In future, whatever ports we may pass, this will not be one of them, if for this one reason. Spent the morning fishing from one of the rocky islands, where the water was four fathoms deep at arm's length from the shore, so we required no rod. We caught fish so easily that we soon tired of it. They were not large, however, the biggest about eight inches long—porgies and a kind of bass. The Amazon got under way for Bridgeport at twelve, while we were at lunch, and shortly after we took the dingey and rowed up to the hotel and cottages on the large island. Some of them are quite handsome and all of them pretty, and the view of the twenty or more islands around about and the sound was charming. Catboats and sharpies and rowboats were constantly darting about among the rocks. The reefs they had in yesterday were all shaken out, as the wind had greatly moderated to a pleasant breeze and the day was fair. Steam yacht Louise, of New York, came in. She is about 60ft. long, but I would not like to have been outside in her yesterday as well as in our little cutter. Got under way at 1:30 and beat out on last of ebb tide; wind light from S. W. Off Brenford Point we set topsail and as we were about to pass S. W. Ledge Light, the wind hauled around to N. W. and made us beat up New Haven harbor to the city. When within a mile the wind died out almost entirely, and we made the remainder of the distance by the flood tide and towing with the yawl boat. Anchored close to Light Warf in two fathoms at 8 P. M. Wanted to go ashore, but it was too late, so G. went to visit our acquaintances aboard of the sloop Mystery, of the N. H. Y. C.; while I lay down to rest, being very tired, having had the tiller in hand about seven hours without intermission.

FRIDAY, August 25.—Turned out at 7 to find a strong breeze from the north. After breakfast, at 8:30, went ashore and in the short sweep the wind has off the shore, it made enough sea to throw spray on our store clothes in the dingey. Returned, well loaded down at 11, and a few minutes after had a visit from another New Haven yachtsman who was anxious to inspect the cutter. At 12 got under way for the Westward as far as we could get. Wind very much moderated. Off West Haven shore, it shifted to N. W. and came out in strong puffs and light alternately. Carried our topsail through it all to Stratford Point, where lashing of topsail halyard block aloft parted and we had to take it in. It blew quite fresh at times, but we did not carry lee rail under more than once or twice and that only for a moment.

Wind grew lighter again off Bridgeport, and we decided to run into Black Rock Harbor for the night. Cast anchor off hotel at 4:15 P. M., and almost immediately had a call by a party of gentlemen out in a catboat, curious to see the little cutter again, had never seen any such in these waters, admired her very much, astonished at her accommodations, etc. Housed the topmast and went aloft and relashed the topsail halyard block. After supper sat in the cockpit under the awning, smoking and playing the flute. The water was like a mirror and the moon shining brightly, the evening so still that the voices on the bathing beach and in the boats could be distinctly heard by us. The schooner Albatros came in at 5:30 and anchored a half mile below us, and at 10 P. M. a sloop yacht brought up close by. Did not go ashore as we preferred enjoying the beautiful evening on board.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26.—Other yachts gone when we turned out. Got under way 6:30 A. M., wind N. E., light. Set topsail. Lay to off Norwalk Islands, and had breakfast at 8:30. Wind freshening, took in topsail, and at 10 changed course to S. W. by W. for Glen Cove to allow G. to go ashore for Lake Ronconkoma. Barometer rising to 30.45. Think our barometer is about .25 above standard and needs regulating. Sea increasing. Off Oyster Bay in following sea the dingey towed badly, making severe jerks on painter. Made chain painter fast as preventer. In a short time she broke loose carrying away heavy brass cleat and part of rail with her. Hauled in by the wind and had some difficulty picking her up, having no boat hook, had to run close enough to her to catch by hand from the deck. After fourth attempt succeeded. Fastened chain to main sheet traveler and stood on our course again. In half an hour she broke adrift again, but we picked her up the first time. This time fastened by both chain and rope painter, one to rudder head, and the other to a leader on deck. She held, but at times would give such tremendous jerks, it is surprising it did not pull out her stem. Made Matinnecock Point at 1 P. M., and ran into Glen Cove. We found at anchor there the U. S. schoolship St. Mary's, and schooner Eolus, N. Y. Y. C. Several other schooners, sloops, and one steam yacht came in later, and about 7 P. M. the sloop Genia anchored close aboard.

As we passed by the St. Mary's a boat's crew were just returning with a rescued crew and boat of some vessel which had capsized. It was evidently liberty-day for some of the boys, as several of the ship's boats were out sailing around the harbor with ladies aboard. The water was smooth here, with puffs of air from across the hills.

At 2:30 after lunch of lemonade, pie, cake and water-melon, I took G. ashore and bade him good-bye. Gave him a telegram to send to K. in New York to come up if he could get away from business. Returned to yacht, furled sails, set awning, scrubbed decks, cleaned up generally, and then took a walk ashore to the top of the hill. The village, called Glen Cove Landing, is a miserable place. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants are colored, and the houses are deplorable. A large hotel stands near the water's edge, but its appearance is not very inviting, so did not go into the grounds. There is one elegant residence, surrounded by expensive grounds, the only respectable place here. Visited on invitation, the large 56ft. catamaran Nightmare, Mr. Foster, lying at anchor, and in the evening he called aboard the cutter, and we chatted and "refreshed" until 11 P. M. The catamaran had an extemporized house on deck, and had been cruising since May, and was to continue till October.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27.—Blew fitfully all night, sometimes very heavy puffs from eastward, and by 5 A. M. it began to rain. Barometer steady. Turned out at 8:20 A. M., and after breakfast lay off and read Friday's papers, and when the New York steamer arrived at 11 A. M., went ashore and procured this morning's *Herald* and *Sun*, for which I had to pay fifteen cents, extortion being second nature with local dealers. Read every article in both of them and then wrote several letters. A heavy swell set in from the N. E. after dark, and the wind and tide held the yacht across them so that she rolled considerably. In spite of the lashing she rolled the boom out of the crotch and three times I was obliged to go out in the rain and secure it. Rained incessantly all day and night.

MONDAY, AUG. 28.—Rose at 7:10 A. M. Still raining, but low on the N. E. horizon there was a clear streak of sky. About 8 ceased pouring, and by 11 the larger part of the sky was clear, but the wind was still blowing strong and the high seas outside could distinctly be seen breaking on the sandy points. The swell rolled us about, putting loose articles from one side of the cabin to the other. When the sun came out, about ten, shook out the sails and dried them, but it was difficult, on account of the strength of the wind. Had to run out the second anchor while I was doing it to prevent dragging. After that had lunch and took a walk ashore, through the Appleby place. The residence unoccupied and going to decay. At 1 P. M. the wind had moderated considerably. By the time I had everything in readiness it was 2:15, when I got under way, with full sail and moderate N. E. wind, for a run home single handed. Signal halyards got away from me while attempting to lower spindle and set the burgee, so was obliged to go without a flag, as I couldn't house the topmast alone to get it and too much of a climb to go after it, so unrove the halyards altogether.

Passing Cow Bay observed a large fleet of schooners, sloops, tugs and canal boats which had probably run in there for shelter, and about as many more at City Island. Had ebb tide against me, and there was considerable swell outside yet from the blow of yesterday and this morning. At Whitestone, where the tide splits, met the flood coming the other way, and so I had the tide still against me. The wind becoming lighter, decided to run into College Point for the night. Besides I was getting hungry, and could not sail the boat in such narrow waters and get my supper at the same time. Passed inside of black buoy at College Point and found eight to six feet water; low water at the time. Ran on to the eastern end of Riker's Island and anchored at 6:40 in eight feet water. Furled sails, etc., had supper, and then lay off. Wind changed to S. here.

9 P. M.—Dead calm, full moon, cloudless sky. Climbed to the truck and rove off the signal halyards. Never saw so many vessels crowded together as there were from Fort Schuyler down to Riker's Island, a great many of them being large three-masted schooners.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29.—Turned out at 6:30 A. M. Wind light N., tide, flood. Got under way at 7:35, with light N. E. wind and flood tide. Should have set topsail, but feared attempting to handle it going through East River. Passed through Hell Gate at 9:25, meeting the new Herreshoff high-speed steam yacht Oneota. First of ebb at 11:10. Passed East River Bridge, with no wind and strong ebb. Had a narrow escape keeping clear of steamer Great Republic and a schooner. Bad swell of steamers from every direction. At 11:30 ran through Buttermilk Channel, when the wind came out from S. W., bringing the cutter close-hauled. At 11:45 lashed tiller on port tack, and while I stowed topsail she sailed herself as only a deep boat can do. At 11:50 the wind freshened considerably. At 12:15 the cutter was inside Robbins's Reef Light, with the wind south, enabling me to weather Constable Point. Passed the beacon at 12:30. We went by Sailors' Snug Harbor at 1:20 P. M., and came to anchor in the accustomed berth off Stephens's boathouse, West Brighton, a few minutes later. It was 4 o'clock by the time I had cleared up everything aboard, had lunch, and changed my clothes, and started for the city by ferry-boat. This ended a three weeks' cruise of unalloyed pleasure and brought me back to business with an invigorated constitution. The memories thereof will live fresh a long time and induce similar ventures next year. The cutter proved herself so satisfactory that, should I build a new boat, she will be much on the same lines.

J. C. U.

A SAN FRANCISCO SCHOONER.—The new yacht building for John, Adolph and C. A. Spreckels, was launched recently at San Francisco. In design, workmanship, finish and accomodation she reflects the highest credit on Mr. Turner, the builder. The total cost will be $30,000. Experienced yachtsmen predict she will outfoot the whole fleet. The new yacht is larger than most on the bay. The Aggie is a trifle smaller, and the length of Dr. Merrit's Casco is greater. Over all she will measure 90ft. At the water line a few inches over 72ft. She has 11.05 breadth of beam. Area of ballast line, 728.56sq. ft.; area of immersed midship section 61.58sq. ft. The center of buoyancy is 3.20 aft of the longitudinal center. The greatest transverse section of the hull is 6.10ft. aft of the center of buoyancy. The center of lateral resistance is 1.15ft. aft of the center of buoyancy. Bowsprit outboard, 30ft.; foremast, extreme length, 72ft.; mainmast, 79ft.; mainboom, 50ft.; topmasts, 23ft.; foregaff, 22ft.; foreboom, 26ft. 6in.; flying jibboom outside cap, 13ft. The vessel has a lead keel, weighing 15,991 pounds. The area of the three lower sails will be 3,612sq. ft. The center of these sails is 0.8ft. aft of the center of buoyancy, and 0.85ft. forward of the center of lateral resistance. She will have a triangular-shaped, or Bermudan mainsail. The decks are cedar. The cabin apartments are spacious, and will be handsomely fitted in polished hardwood.

HANDICAPS A FAILURE.—To regulate the varying merits of the small class of boats, handicaps have been proposed, but the dislike which yacht owners, young or old, have to handicaps, appears likely to frustrate all attempts to introduce them. The Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club, with an excellent meaning, have striven hard to make boat sailing popular by means of handicaps, and their attempt has failed in the most crushing manner. This club made the initial mistake of making handicaps the dominant feature instead of a subsidiary means of providing sport; the inevitable result was that men would not build new boats for handicaps, and the owners of the mediocrities soon discovered that the committee could not so handicap the good boats as to allow slow boats to win. The end of this has been that, although the club has a large number of resident members, none of them follow up their proclivities for boat sailing by building, as the system of handicapping has taken away all zest or emulation for owning a fast and weatherly boat.—*London Field.*

LLOYDS' REGISTER.—We have received the second supplement of the Register for this year, giving additional details of yachts and subscribers. Among the American subscribers are Lloyd Phoenix of New York, Samuel Stanton of Newburgh, W. Tumbridge of New York, Ross R. Winans, of Baltimore, and the Portland Y. C., Portland, Me. If this volume were more generally taken in America much of the nonsense written in correspondence about cutters they know nothing about would disappear. Among the interesting additions we note the new crack three-tonner Chittywee, belonging to Lord Francis Cecil. She is 30ft. loadline, 4.76ft. beam and 6ft. depth of hold. A fast and very able flyer and one of the narrowest cutters yet built.

OCEAN CRUISING.—Schooner Ranger has left for New Orleans; schooner Actea, of Boston, was at St. Vincent, Spain, a week ago, and schooner Intrepid is fitting out for the West Indies.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Put not your trust in guns nor yet in the sons of guns.—*Puck's Proverbs.*

Mr. Beecher, says the New York *Herald*, told a pretty hard "fish story" to his people at the Plymouth prayer meeting last evening. He said that whenever his father went down to Guilford, Conn., to visit his wife's relatives, he used to think of nothing but finding a good place to catch trout. In a certain pool there was a particularly large trout, and for several years the old gentleman vainly tried to hook him. Finally, during one of his annual visits, he saw the old trout's fins sticking out of the water in a shady spot under the bank. The reverend angler bethought him that he had heard or read that fish could be tickled and captured with the hand. He softly slipped a hand into the water under the motionless fish and slightly tickled its belly with his finger tips. It shot a little distance off, but returned almost immediately, and Père Beecher moved his hand lightly along its scales until approaching the gills he slipped his forefingur in and jerked the surprised trout high and dry upon the bank. The fish weighed three pounds. Mr. Beecher told the story with such dramatic force and so cleverly imitated the old gentleman peering into the pool and reaching his arm down into the water that when he pulled it up a rustle of excitement was noticeable in the meeting. Mr. Beecher's unconscious mimicry in another part of his discourse led him to make a pose and a grimace which would have delighted one of his caricaturists. He said his Friday night congregation was like a brood of callow robins sitting in a nest with eyes shut and mouths open waiting for him to drop in a worm. Mr. Beecher shut his own eyes, opened his mouth to the fullest and sat for a moment with face upturned, looking as much like a young robin as was possible for a gentleman of his age and full habit.

The Albany (N. Y.) *Argus* gives this account of the woes of an unlucky pair of duck hunters: "Last Friday William G. Garder and Levi Duvall, of Troy, planned a raid on the wild ducks that rest at Round Lake in their flights from the Arctic regions. So they took the midnight train and went to Ballston Spa, intending to walk back to the lake and arrive at the hour when the ducks were beginning to bestir themselves. They did this, but discovering no ducks they wandered into the camp-meeting park. Seeing a squirrel and unaware of the posted penalties against discharging firearms in the park, Duvall brought it low. Superintendent Rogers shouted at them, and said that he would have them arrested. To avoid this they took the railroad track for Mechanicsville at a lively pace, and when overtaken by a passenger train, which halted, they boarded it and were captured by Mr. Rogers. They were taken back to Round Lake, fined $10 each by Justice Swift for the discharge of firearms, which they paid, and were then arrested by Deputy Sheriff Harrison, of Ballston Spa, on a warrant charging them with burglary and robbery at Haywood's jewelry shop, in that village, the night before. They were taken to Ballston and locked up for the night, but before the hour set down for their examination it was learned from trustworthy sources in Troy that they were reputable young men, and they were discharged and took the first train home the next morning well satisfied that they were not successful duck hunters."

Mr. William N. Morrison, superintendent of the Tompkins avenue, Bushwick and Greenpoint avenue, and South Fourth street lines of horse railroads, took a vacation for two weeks, says the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Times*, and made a circuit of Long Island with a friend, behind a spirited team of horses. Fishing tackle, guns, etc., were taken along to enable the gentlemen to indulge in their sporting proclivities, and a royal time they had in yanking fish from the several streams, and in popping the game with which the island abounds. While on the southern extremity of the island, close to the village of Bellport, the gentlemen met with remarkable good luck and leveled many a fine specimen of the "wild duck creation." In the heyday of their good fortune they thought of the friends at home, and among the number Mr. Franklin Woodward, cashier of the railroads represented by Mr. Morrison, was included. Sixteen choicest ducks in the lot killed by the perambulating sportsmen were neatly boxed and expressed to "Franklin Woodward, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y., Compliments of W. N. M." Well, it so happens that there are name synonymous to the one put on the box, and the expressman took the box to Mr. Franklin Woodruff, who ran for mayor three years ago. Mr. Woodruff was at loss to know who "W. N. M." was, but concluding it was some friend who wished to disguise his identity, he opened the box and his eyes sparkled at the sight of sixteen fat, plump ducks. Of course his family could not eat them all at once so, it is said, several friends were invited to partake of a game supper, and around the festive board lips were smacked over the game and compliments were bestowed on the "incog" friend. His health was drank, and the game was disposed of and nothing but the wrecks of the Long Island shooting tour confronted the guests. Mr. Woodruff felt satisfied that the individuality of the donor would be disclosed sooner or later, and accordingly determined to bide his time. Mr. Morrison arrived soon after and asked Mr. Woodward how he liked the ducks, when a derisive answer was given, and Mr. Morrison was given to understand that he would be remembered in the same way when he went out hunting. Mr. Morrison endeavored to convince Mr. Woodward that he had sent sixteen ducks from Bellport, and indeed felt greatly chagrined to think that they did not reach their destination. An investigation followed, when the mystery was solved by the expressman, who said he thought they were meant for Mr. Woodruff and he accordingly took them to his residence. Many a good laugh has been had at Mr. Morrison's expense.

And here is another "fish story" from the Washington, (Del.) *Every Evening:* One day two residents of Deal's Island, Md., were out fishing. They had paddled and rowed in the hot sun all the afternoon without even getting a nibble. They had just anchored to try their luck again when the Rev. Joshua Thomas, the famous Methodist minister, came paddling along in his canoe. Now, it seemed as if one of the men had long been the subject of the reverend gentleman's prayers, without avail, however. As he came up he saluted them with: "Well, brethren, what luck?" "Bad enough, Parson Thomas, bad enough," replied one of the men. The other called out in a joking way: "Now, look yer, Parson Thomas, you pray an' we'll fish." "Done!" quickly responded the good man. He tied his canoe to a post and went down on his knees. Over went their lines. The parson poured forth his prayers in earnest, not forgetting to put in a word for the salvation of the souls of the men. Presently, excited and enthusiastic, one of the men straightened himself up and exclaimed: "Stop right thar, Joshua Thomas; I've got a bite; I'll jine your congregation." Sure enough the first fish for that day was a large sunperch, honestly believed to have been caught under the inspiration of that prayer.

I talked with a queer old man, in the pine woods in North Carolina, who had observed the restlessness of most Northern people when they first came to the South. He said they always acted "as of they were hung on wires, an' somebody was jerkin' on 'em;" but Southern people "know how to take their time, an' plenty on it." In reply I made the usual sage remarks about differences of character as affected by climate and environment in general, and concluded with the opinion that life in the South during the time of a few generations would change the Yankee blood and temperament, and produce a race of people who could "go slow" on occasion. "Yes, yes," said he; "that's so, young man, that's so. I've seen 'em. It takes 'em jest about three weeks." If you give the negroes time—to say nothing farther regarding these traits in the character of the white people—they, going on in their large, slow, inorganic way, will accomplish important results in the course of the year. Exertion seems less necessary or desirable to dwellers in Southern lands than to Northern people. A distinguished American author has said that a man could be happy sitting in a chair, in the open air, all day, in Venice, and that if one wishes to work he should not stay there too long. I have never been in Venice, but I saw many places in the South that appeared to resemble it closely in these respects.—*December Atlantic.*

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" " "	6 " "	5 50
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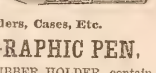
Regular Double	2 feet long	$2 00
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" "	6 " "	6 00
Heavy "	2 " "	3 00
" "	3 " "	4 50
" "	6 " "	9 00
Ex. " "	2 " "	4 50
" " "	3 " "	7 50
" " "	6 " "	15 00
Regular treble or twisted	2 " "	3 25
" " "	3 " "	4 88
" " "	6 " "	8 75
Heavy " "	2 " "	4 00
" " "	3 " "	6 00
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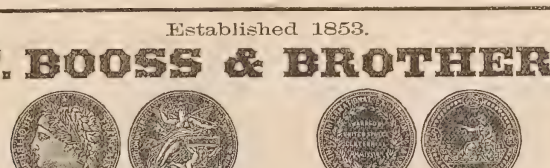
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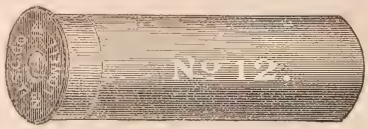
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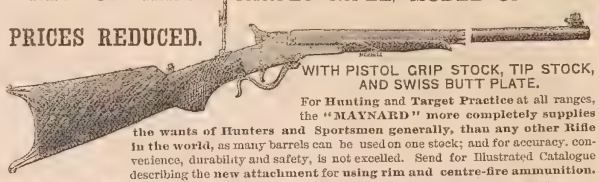
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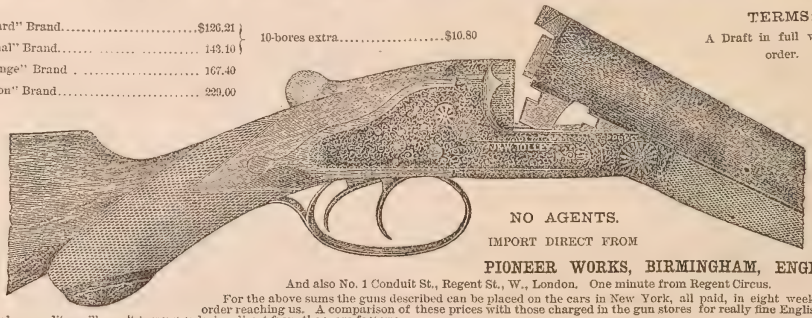
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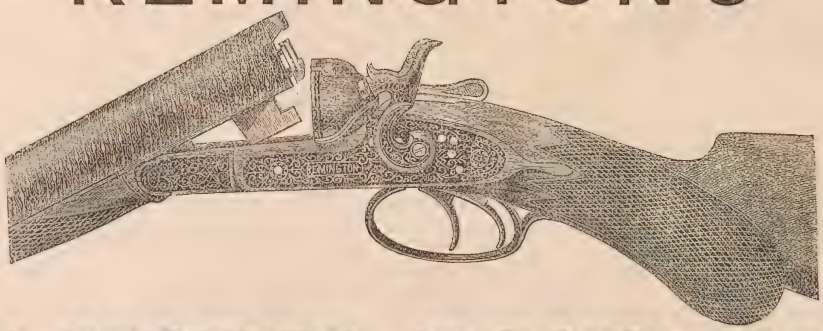
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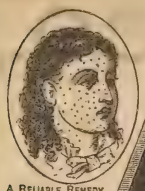
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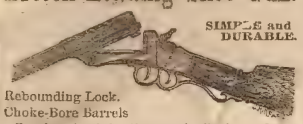
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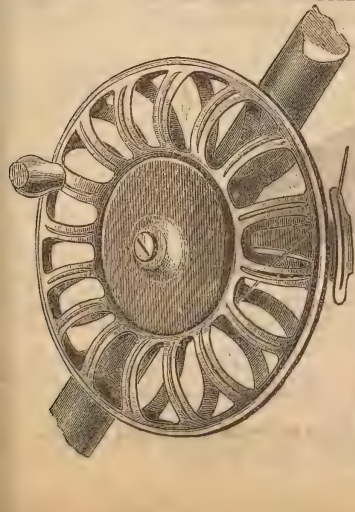
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of this country, at once entertaining, useful and influential. As the exponent of the highest types of field-sportsmanship the paper will be adapted to the tastes of all men who use the rod and gun as means of pleasure and recreation. Broad in its sympathy with all that is legitimate in field sports, free from any entangling alliances with cliques, having no interests to serve save those of its constituents, and never hesitating in its criticisms of whatever may be inimical to these interests, the FOREST AND STREAM'S highest ambition will be to preserve in the future the approval won by its course in the past. It will persist in its efforts to awaken in the public mind a fuller appreciation of the importance of the proper protection of game in the breeding season, and of due moderation in the destruction of game at other times. This it considers a matter of prime importance, not so much to the man whose wealth and leisure enable him to make extended tours to favored game countries, as it is to that already very large and constantly increasing class of business and professional men, whose favorite relaxation from the routine of employment is found in brief vacation trips to the woods and fields and brooksides.

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Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting excursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

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The angler will find in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM the best angling literature of the day, in quantity more than is contained in all other publications put together. This journal has inaugurated a series of angling tournaments, the initial meeting having been held in the Central Park of this city; and it is believed that others of equal success will follow in other years. Meanwhile, the man who loves to go a-fishing may find in the FOREST AND STREAM all the year around a great deal that must be to his liking.

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Yachting and Canoeing.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

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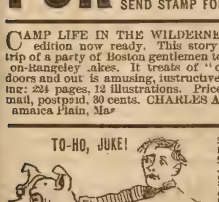
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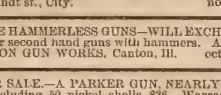
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FOR SALE.—LIVER AND WHITE POINTER dog Ned (Sensation-Queen), three years old, broken, has been hunted this fall on chicken. Also lemon and white pointer pup Frank (Ned-Fan), six months old. Will exchange one for a well-bred and well-broken cocker. C. H. FOOTE, Crown Point, N. Y. nov23,3t

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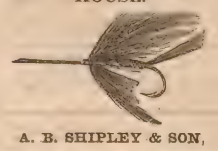
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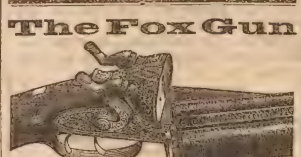
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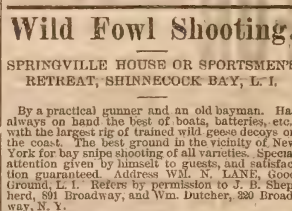
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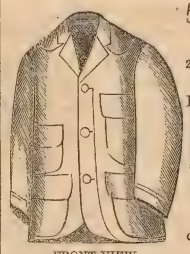
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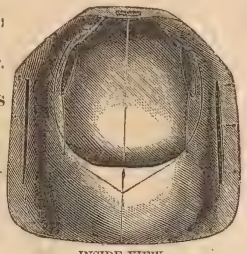
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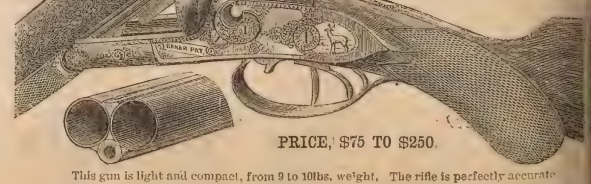
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably be interested in the paper.*

THE BRITISH VIEW OF THE MATCH.

SIR HENRY HALFORD has made to Earl Brownlow, the President of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, a report upon the late International Match, and in another column we give it entire. It is short and to the point, and of course very unlike the extended report of the American team captain. It is much easier to write the story of a victory than it is to mix apology with explanation after a defeat; so the task of Col. Halford was simpler by far than that of Col. Bodine. He proceeds in a matter-of-fact way to give names and dates, with the figures of the match, and then draws the very safe conclusion that the success of the Britishers was due to their superior rifles and ammunition, and to the more lengthened experience of the men. To the latter due weight ought to be given; and the superior rifles were the natural result of the experience which many years' practice on the range had brought about. The wretched incapacity of the American rifles to do the work imposed upon them grew out of the fact that those who were using them had no way of knowing how poor they were. No rifleman could shoot a dozen shots at Wimbledon with a match rifle, stuffing it with a heavy charge of dirty powder and without cleaning, before he would be surrounded by a group of experts who would laugh him away from the firing points. And yet this is precisely what the American team set out to do, and the performance upon which Col. Bodine looked benignly. The result came in the crushing defeat administered to the Americans.

We are sorry to see a tendency towards hypercritical reading of Col. Bodine's unfortunate effort in the reporting line. He did indeed criticise the British rifles as really above the military grade, and really "special" in the ordinary acceptance of that term as applied to military. Col. Bodine rightly explains how a very excellent system of long-range military practice has been fostered at Wimbledon, and that by a liberal expenditure of time and money the British gunmakers, aided by the British riflemen, have produced the rifle with which this match was fought. Col. Bodine says that Wimbledon shooters and armorers had "produced a long-range gun for a special purpose," and in this he is perfectly correct. There is no intimation in the American captain's report that he considers the British rifle to have been prepared for this match, and yet Col. Halford, in a foot note to his report, it will be seen, first misquotes the language of Col. Bodine, and then proceeds very doughtily to demolish the fabric of his own creation. Col. Bodine did not say the rifles were gotten up "for the special purpose," but in talking of Wimbledon practice generally, said that there was a special class of shooting at Wimbledon, and properly chides the American marksmen for their neglect of this particular style of target-shooting. It was in this special line of work that the British Association challenged the Americans to meet them, and without much thought whether they were prepared for such an unequal contest or not, the American marksmen accepted the proffer of a match, with what result the world is familiar. There was a spirit of pluck and manliness about the acceptance which has never been properly acknowledged either by British shooters or press, and now with a palpable misquotation and a misinterpretation it is time to pause for an explanation of some sort.

Sir Henry Halford seconds the suggestions of the American Board for the allowance of wind-gauges on the rear-sight of military breech-loading rifles. In this he is correct, for it would be the height of inconsistency for a match to be shot at Wimbledon next year with rigid, antiquated sights, when the army regulations on both sides the Atlantic permitted the use of a shifting sight. As well have a contest with cross-bows in lofty contempt for all late improvements.

THE INDIANA NON-EXPORT LAW.—The Indiana game law forbids the exportation of game killed in that State. The Tolleston Gun Club, composed of gentlemen who reside in Chicago, own a tract of land in Lake county, Indiana. Some of the members have been arrested under the non-export law, for having carried to their homes in Illinois game killed on their grounds in Indiana. The case will shortly be tried at Valparaiso. The interests involved on either side are such as to render it probable that this case will be carried to the court of last resort. The non-export law was enacted as a remedy for the depletion of game by market-hunters who sold their game outside of the State. As against them the law was much needed; its working has been satisfactory; and it is, therefore, certainly in the interest of Indiana sportsmen to show the law's constitutionality. On the other hand, the Illinois sportsmen naturally regard it as a hardship that they cannot bring home the trophies of their skill, shot on their own land. The result of this case will be awaited with interest, for the principles involved are of importance not only to Indiana, but also to Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, counties in New York, North Carolina, Wisconsin and Wyoming, in all of which non-export game laws obtain. The Tolleston Gun Club case is referred to in another column.

CLIMATE FOR INVALIDS.—We are in frequent receipt of inquiries from persons who are in search of the climate best suited to their particular needs. As a rule we are compelled to decline giving advice on the subject. Much as it would be a pleasure to direct such inquirers to the object of their search, we are not warranted in assuming the great responsibility which attaches to giving advice on the subject. A climate which may be life to one consumptive will prove death to another. Because one man has found a marvelous cure in the Adirondacks, or in Minnesota, or in Florida, it does not follow that all other persons, though afflicted with a like complaint, will find there a like cure. It is more than folly for invalids to go off into an untried climate without first having obtained the advice of a competent physician, who knows both the condition of the climate and more than can be learned by general hearsay of the climate to which he sends his invalid. Too often is it the case that the departure from home is delayed until the patient is so prostrated that he cannot endure the rough life that he may be compelled to live in the woods. We can cite from personal knowledge scores of just such cases.

QUAIL FOR MONTANA.—It is proposed by the Moutana Game Association to import quail into that Territory. The Legislature has passed a law protecting the birds for five years, at the end of which time it is hoped that the little Eastern favorite may have become a permanent addition to the game supply.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE DYNAMITER.

THIS time it happened at Belleview, a Pennsylvania town. The man who proposed to catch fish with dynamite was Adam Forsythe, and the victims of his dynamite angling proclivities were his own family.

From the newspaper reports it appears that a party of miners, who were visiting Forsythe, proposed to go fishing. But the old-fashioned method of bob, hook and sinker and one fish at a time they voted altogether too slow. They knew of a much better plan, which was to go dynamiting. The miners had some of the explosive material with them and used it quite successfully, killing about five hundred pounds of fish. Some of the people living in the neighborhood, who saw this wholesale slaughter of fish, protested against it and threatened to prosecute the men; but as they were very poor nothing was done. These kind-hearted persons may now comfort their souls with the reflection that if they had persisted in their objections to the use of dynamite as "fish bait" they might have averted the calamity which followed. For having procured a quantity of the explosive, Forsythe determined to try the sport himself. The miner Fleming, who sold him the dynamite, saw that he was perfectly ignorant of the nature of the explosive, and directed him to thaw it out. Forsythe accordingly went home, placed the dynamite in the oven to "thaw out," and went off to his work, leaving his wife and children at supper. The dynamite "thawed," the stove was blown into a million pieces, the house wrecked, the eldest boy "thrown a distance of twenty feet, where he was found, in a hole in the yard. He was horribly mangled and died about two hours after the occurrence. Mrs. Forsythe was cut and gashed in a most frightful manner. She had been sitting close to the stove and thirty pieces of iron struck her in different parts of the body. She cannot possibly recover. Robert Forsythe, seven years old, was terribly cut about the head and body, while Willie, the youngest of the boys, escaped with slight cuts in his feet. Poor Forsythe is almost crazy about the affair, and constantly exclaims that he is to blame for the disaster. He attempted to commit suicide, but was prevented." This is, it must be confessed a melancholy termination of Forsythe's first attempt in the contemplative pastime of dynamiting.

High explosives are thrown around too promiscuously. There is something lacking in our law when an ignorant man can be furnished with such a tremendous engine of destruction as this Forsythe carried home to put into his oven. For the awful calamity that followed he was less to blame than the man who furnished him the infernal "fish bait." The distribution of dynamite ought to be controlled just as that of strychnine is restricted. There ought to be a law by which the man who hands over dynamite cartridges for ignorant men to "thaw out" in the stove at home, can be held responsible for the effects of that thawing. In short, we want in America such a law as they have in France, where the sale and use of dynamite are under the control of the authorities. Then we should have fewer such ghastly fishing exploits as that of the unhappy Forsythe.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.—We have received from Mr. Harry Babcock, of San Francisco, Cal., a number of photographs taken by him while on a summer hunting trip in Northern California. That country is rich in scenery of the grandest description, and the views are most picturesque. Among the number is one of the McCloud River fish-hatching establishment, the first photograph of it ever taken. Others are of Mt. Shasta and vicinity, the set being one of the handsomest collections of amateur photographs ever seen by us, and demonstrating anew the capabilities of this capital addition to the camp outfit.

THE GAME SEASONS.—In response to numerous requests we shall publish in our next issue the tabulated schedule of the open game and fish seasons printed in our issue of July 20. It will be found of value as a reference at this time when the close of the open seasons is approaching. Friday, Dec. 1, marks the expiration of several of the seasons, as follows: The pinnated grouse season in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota; the ruffed grouse season in Maine and Minnesota; the quail season in Minnesota and Nebraska; the deer season in Massachusetts, Nevada, Michigan, New Hampshire, New York and Utah; the woodcock season in Maine; the wild turkey season in Nebraska.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY SHOOTING is to be prohibited by law in Massachusetts. Thus do the degenerate children of the present depart from the ways of the fathers.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

XIII.—THE WOODS OF OTHER PEOPLE.

HAVING given a sketch of the Adirondacks of Mr. Murray, as he pictures it in his truthful and reliable book (let no wretched man attempt to pun on "reliable," the word is not formed from *re* to iterate). It has been suggested that it would be only fair to give a picture of the region as seen through my own spectacles. This would seem fair enough if the aforesaid Brazilian pebbles were believed to differ from those of other lovers of the silent woods that cover nearly one-fourth of the State of New York, but they are supposed to be achromatic and consequently convey the same image to the eye as do those of "Nessmuk," and the host of other good fellows who have written of the woods.

That the pure balsam-laden air of this elevated land is good for those threatened with pulmonary troubles there is no doubt, but that it is the place to bring a hopeless consumptive there may well be doubts. The cold nights often pinch one whose veins are not well filled; and the comforts of home are not to be found. Much as the old campaigners dislike to see the influx of tourists and picknickers, whom they regard as trespassers upon their domain, there is no remedy for it. Ease of access has opened up their old haunts and they will never be closed again, therefore their only refuge is to go deeper in or over to the yet unpolluted wilds of Northern Canada. The Adirondacks of to-day are far from what they were twenty years ago, and those who are only beginning to know them now will sigh with regret for the good old times of to-day, twenty years hence. This is the case with all human retrospect. The old times were the good and the present will become "old times" soon enough and will be looked back to with the same reverence which we now bestow on the past. Times change and men change and the days when the moose browsed along the Raquette and the wolf howled from the hillsides will come no more. Still there is much that is delightful to such as "love quiet and go a-angling." Many small lakes afford a partial seclusion not attainable on the main lines of travel, and tempt the man who is weary of business and the ways of the money-changers to rest and refresh himself.

To persons who know nothing of the charms of a wilderness it is hard to convey a conception of its pleasures; to correctly foot up its delights against the sum of the disadvantages and deprivations which they magnify, and to show a balance in favor of the woods. First and last comes the sense of freedom. This is imperfectly secured at the great hotels, and is found in perfection only in camp. I hurriedly note down the following curses of humanity that one is free from in the woods: Starched shirts, cuffs, collars, shaving, stiff hats, and conventionalities generally, the fiend who whistles or eats peanuts on the cars, the demon who spits all around your boots in the street cars, bells, steam whistles and other rackets, car-splitting cabmen at railway stations, traveling agents and lightning-rod men, milkmen's yells, duns, the sheriff, business, politics, hand-organs, beggars, stair-climbing, and the many other annoyances of life which are sometimes termed minor ones, but which tend to shorten our days. Add to these the newspaper with horrible pictures of Lydia E. Pinchman, that "noted but untitled woman," and the jokes of the alleged "funny man" on those fresh subjects of goats, mother-in-law, and putting up a stove-pipe, also frequent anecdotes of the mule and his playful characteristics, and you have a few more burdens lifted from suffering humanity. The blackfly and an odd mosquito or two are, at some times of the year, the only thing that can be said to detract from your enjoyment of life in the woods. It is claimed that the Adirondacks are becoming hackneyed, and that there is too much civilization there. This is only true of the fashionable routes, and I have several times said that if one breaks away from these he can find lakes where there are no hotels with pianos and no full-dress dinners; places where the guides have not been spoiled by men of wealth, who have given them lavish presents until they are above working for those who cannot, or will not, give them a sum equal to a prince's ransom, in addition to their monthly pay.

The whole Adirondack region is so elevated that the lakes lie above the rest of the State, and it is so evenly divided between mountain and lake that the air is not only pure, but dry, and when the thermometer marks zero one cannot realize that it is so cold because the shivering which is felt in a damp atmosphere is absent. Probably a temperature of twenty above zero in New York city feels colder than when the mercury stands at the cypher here. To get a fair idea of what an elevated source of water supply this region is, take a map and note how the waters flow in every direction from a circle, of which Long Lake is nearly the center. To the northwest, into the St. Lawrence, flow Moose River, Black River, the Oswegatchie, and the streams which lie as far east as the northern part of Franklin county. The Saranac, Ausable, and smaller rivers flow to the northeast into Lake Champlain, and so into the St. Lawrence. From the southern part of Hamilton county most of the waters flow south to the Mohawk, except the Sacandaga River, which, with the streams from the northern portion of the county and those of Warren and part of Essex counties, seek an outlet toward the Hudson. Such a region is always a healthy one, and when we add that swamps and marshes are comparatively scarce, it follows that the Adirondacks are superior as a health resort to most wooded countries. At the same time its restorative powers have been exaggerated in a manner that has sent those who were past restoration into the woods to die.

Trout fishing is the chief allurement in the way of sport, and those who are interested in preserving the attractions here should try to keep the fishing up to its former standard by both protection and propagation. They are very careless in this matter and take little heed of those who violate the laws or who introduce fishes which may prove to be hurtful to the native species. The introduction of black bass into Raquette Lake and pike into Long Lake was an outrage on the trout fisher, and in my opinion the placing of the rainbow, or California, trout in waters where our own beautiful native trout are found will be classed as equally pernicious after our anglers find that they have replaced their favorite fish by their rapid growth, which means a great consumption of food and a crowding of the weaker to the wall. This fish is in season at the wrong time, being a spring spawner, and its capture is prohibited by law between May 15 and September 1. Of what use then will it be to the angler who is only in the woods between those dates? The only quality to recommend the rainbow trout is its rapid growth and its gaminess, and the latter quality has not been fully demonstrated. I have seen no reason why we should have this fish in any waters suited to our native trout, and I have steadily opposed its introduction in such waters, but it being a new thing it has come in with a bit of gushing enthusiasm which may cool off some day, and the fish instead of a blessing will prove the reverse.

As I came up on the cars this last time I sat in the seat with a young man who was just sprouting his first moustache, he eyed my rod for a moment and then asked if the fishing was good where the rod and its owner were journeying. He was told that the season for trout was over, but that perhaps some other fishes might be found, whereon he launched into a glowing account of his first and only trouting experience. He was a salesman in a New York mercantile house and had enjoyed a two weeks' vacation in the Adirondacks. He rattled off the names of a few lakes, hotels and guides, and was evidently "old woodsman" himself. He had never fished before, and had the fortune to take many large trout every day that he fished, and wound up with, "I took one that weighed four pounds."

"Indeed!" said I, "that was a large one, did you take it with a fly?"

"O, yes, I had on a big fly, but my float got under the boat and I nearly lost him."

"You should have kept your float away from the boat, for if he should drag it under the keel your sinker might get fast somewhere and the fish would break away."

"The sinker did get fast on the bottom once and I thought the fish would get off, but I fetched him in."

"How heavy a sinker do you use in the Adirondack waters with a large fly?"

"About an ounce, that is heavy enough where there is no current."

"Yes," I answered, "an ounce should be sufficient, I will have to cut mine down. I have fished a little but never took a trout that would weigh four pounds."

He smiled with satisfaction to think that his trout had not been beaten, and little suspected that he was about the hundredth young man who had told me of taking a four-pounder on his first trip to the woods, and as he left the car wished me "good luck." Leaning back in my seat I fell to wondering how it is that they all do it, and why a four-pounder never falls to my lot, it must be that I don't put the right sort of sinker on my fly. F. M.

FOREST AND STREAM FABLES.

X.—THE FOX AS A SPORTSMAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a Fox who was forever boasting of the great numbers of Mice and Birds which he caught every time that he took the field, and would closely relate all the circumstances of the taking of each one of his victims. And yet he was rarely seen bringing anything home.

One day when met with some of his brethren and bragging as was his wont of his last day's sport, he told how he had killed twelve Quail in one coppice. "First," he said, "I killed the Old Cock in one side of a brush heap, and then the Old Hen in the other side. Then Five of the Young Birds among some wild grass where they were hiding, and seven more along the edge of a Brook which they were trying to cross, for they could not yet fly. After I had secured another, the last of the brood, the Old Cock being now thoroughly frightened, undertook to fly over my head as I sheltered myself behind a bush, for the day was bitterly cold, with a foot of snow upon the ground, when I sprang up and caught him. On my way home I picked up two more of the Young Birds that had straggled off into some young Corn."

He was about to continue his story when an Old Fox who had listened with an apparently careless ear now spoke up, saying, "Hold, friend Black Legs, and begin anew, for either thy memory or thy facts are at fault. Thou hast already killed Eighteen Birds instead of twelve, and the Old Cock twice. Then Seven of the Young Birds were too young to fly, though there was a foot of snow upon the ground; but for all that, Two had got among some Young Corn."

"Upon my Honor," quoth the boastful Fox, while all his companions' heads were opened wide with laughter. "Every word I have spoken is true, but I have somehow mixed Two Stories."

MORAL.

If thou must lie, let thy Story have at least the Merit of Consistency.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BIRCH AND PADDLE

IN NEW BRUNSWICK WATERS.—FIRST PAPER.

IF there be anywhere a paradise set apart for the reward of faithful fishermen, I think the streams of Northern and Eastern New Brunswick must surely constitute one of the most favored portions.

Whether the remote lakes and foaming courses of the Squatook system hold one far from civilization during the hot weeks of August, or the emerald pools and rapids of Green River, nearer the haunts of men, beguile one to a few days of careless delight, whether our eyes have feasted on the luxuriant banks of Tobique and the crystal depths of the lake which is guarded by the beetling front of Bald Mountain, or have grown bewildered among the myriads of bleak pine skeletons which clothe the rounded hills of the Miramichi, whether we have cast our flies on the sunny current of the Restigouche, in a very garden of the gods, walled round by some of the fairest peaks within the four corners of Canada, or have wielded the taper lancewood amid the roaring music and cool breezes of the Nipisiguit, touched by the very spray of the falls, whichever way our paddles may have guided us, there has been the home of salmon or trout, or both, of goodliest proportions and appetites.

The fisherman who goes to the Squatooks, indeed, will find there no salmon, as these are shut out from all the upper tributaries of the River St. John by the insurmountable barrier of the Grand Falls, but he will be amply recompensed by the huge size of the "togue" and the abundance and gaminess of the trout, while, if he know aught of the poacher's art of spearing by torchlight, here he may exercise his skill with clear conscience at the expense of the swarming whitefish or "gizzard."

All the other waters I have named are celebrated equally for salmon and trout, and on one stream—the Miramichi—that fine game fish, the striped bass, is also abundant. To this latter river, every spring, come vast numbers of sea-trout, and swarm up all the tributaries.

About the first week in June they reach a village called Indiantown, at the mouth of the Renous, twenty miles above Newcastle. Here, wading out waist-deep, never needing to change your ground, you may all day long be reeling in alternate trout and bass, and even be blessed, perhaps, with an occasional salmon. The sea-trout go from one to three pounds in weight, the bass up to twelve or thirteen. This good time at Indiantown, however, lasts only a few days, or a week at the most, and then the fish are scattered up the branches.

When one is acquainted with all these various and widely differing resorts, it becomes difficult to make choice between them; each has its own peculiar advantages and disadvantages, but all abound in such good things as the sportsman's heart desires. Perhaps what is known as the "Squatook Trip," taking all into consideration, is the most thoroughly enjoyable. The Squatook Lakes are less widely known than the other waters named. They are frequented chiefly by old habitués, who, having been lured thither once, have needed little persuasion to go again and again. Here the accepted mode of conveyance is "birch and paddle," the canoe made by the Milicete Indians of the bark of the white birch tree being the perfection of small craft for speed, lightness, noiselessness, and carrying capacity. I propose to occupy this paper with some account of an expedition round the Squatooks lately accomplished by five companions-in-arms, bent on escape from the fury of the dog star and on capture of trout and togue.

THE SQUATOOKS AND LAKE TEMISCONATA.

Temisconata is a long narrow lake just outside the boundaries of New Brunswick, in the Province of Quebec, and lying parallel to the general course of the St. Lawrence. Its outlet is the Madawaska River, almost entirely a New Brunswick stream, which empties into the River St. John at Edmundston. Midway up the lake, on its southern side, flows in the Toledi River, which is fed by Toledi Lake and Squatook river and lakes, all in New Brunswick. The little village of Edmundston, shiretown of Madawaska county, is in easy communication by rail with all parts of Canada and the United States. Our order of proceeding was to take canoes at Edmundston and pole up the Madawaska fifteen miles, thence to make a portage five miles across country, on the left-hand shore, to Mud Lake, which empties by means of Beardsley Brook into the Squatook River, to slip down this river with its chain of placid expansions, till we should float out upon the waters of Toledi Lake. Toledi River would then receive us tumultuously, and if we should survive its angry rapids and cascades, eject us forcibly at last into the rude bosom of Temisconata, whence plain sailing back to Edmundston. This makes a round trip of one hundred and odd miles, and all, save the first fifteen, with the current. It is usual, on such expeditions, to take a canoe and Indian guide for each member of the party, a very luxurious plan, by which all one has to do is to loll comfortably on green boughs in the middle of the canoe, while the Indian in the stern propels the craft all day long, by the pole when going against the stream, when in still water or with the current by means of the paddle. But we were old canoemen, and intended to rely upon our own skill and knowledge of woodcraft. The laborious part of such undertakings is the poling, and here we would have only fifteen miles of this, or one day's journey; and as for the rapids and falls to be run, we were no new hands at work of this sort, and eagerly, indeed, we looked forward to the tension of nerve, strain of muscle, and wild excitement amid the foam and spray and roar. We would do then our own poling and paddling, and cooking and tent-pitching, as well as our own fishing and shooting.

It was on a pleasant evening in the middle of July that we found ourselves on the banks of the Madawaska, just outside of Edmunston, with all our impedimenta about us. As we were tired of civilization and eager for the wilderness and its savage delights, we disdained to put up at the village inn, so we straightway pitched our tent in a little meadow beside the landing place, whence we intended making our start in the morning. To run no risk of delay or inferior craft we had brought two stanch canoes by rail with us from the Indian village opposite Fredericton, where they may be obtained for ten or twelve dollars apiece. When the camp was in order and the five "inner men" had been appeased with clam chowder and tea, we went out on the bridge, an old-fashioned covered structure exactly over the Little Falls. The moon was at the full, and the bridge cast a massive shadow, into which sank the river in sullen black

ness, to burst wildly forth below like a fleece of spun silver. A fierce roar throbbed up out of the ravine with the chilly puffs of spray, in strange contrast with the wide-spread silence of the peaceful night. Here we loitered till the ashes in our pipes were cold, and then turned in to warm blankets and pleasant dreams.

The next morning was raw and threatening, but we made preparations for an early start. While packing up we had visitors—lumbermen, trappers, Indians, such as were usually hired for guides. When these found we were going alone their forebodings were direful. They judged a swift destruction was lying in wait for the rash strangers who were going to essay the Squatooks and the Toledi without their guidance, but we were obdurate, and went, in one canoe Stranion and W. B., in the other Ranolf, Sam and myself. The bedding, extra clothing, etc., done up in squares of oiled canvas and laced snugly, served as luxurious seats, while the eatables and other perishable material were stowed in tight, strong boxes, made to fit the canoes.

The first day out is generally somewhat uneventful, and this was no exception. One only excitement fell to us. As we struggled up an obstinate rapid three miles above Edmundston, we came in view of a cosy old farm house, wherein a fair lady, well known to one of our number, chanced to be rusticating. Having heard of our coming, she was on the watch for us, and waved a dainty handkerchief from an upper window. Straightway the canoe which Stranion had in charge became unmanageable, and was swept ignominiously to the foot of the rapid. After this little delay (which we were careful not to refer to) we pushed on energetically, making short stoppage for dinner, and reached the Portage with an hour of daylight to spare. This fifteen miles of poling, against such strong water as we had all the way, we considered a very good day's work. At the Portage an old log cabin, many a day deserted, spared us the necessity of pitching our tent. It was snug, dry, well ventilated and abundantly uncivilized. What a delicious and acceptable supper Stranion concocted for us that night! He was the unquestioned head of our culinary department. Though we all labored with natural diligence at such seasons, his was the controlling, the originating mind. Then, supper over, how prolonged and bitter the strife between us wayworn *voyageurs* and the swarming midges and mosquitoes. These pests we might have avoided entirely had we delayed our expedition till the latter part of August, but this our business arrangements made impossible. We built in the cabin a smouldering fire of cedar bark and rotten wood, which produces an acrid smoke very distasteful to the mosquitoes. While we kept awake the battle was drawn, but when we slept our blood was. In the morning each was loud in ridicule of his neighbor's face, which was puffy, and swollen, and speckled with much decorative skill. As we carried no looking-glasses, we were spared the unpleasantness of self-examination. All this was mainly the work of the midges or sand flies, the most grievously tormenting of all winged pests. The Indians aptly style them "bite-um-no-see-ums"—when they call them no bad names—and the "tenderfoot," on making their acquaintance for the first time, thinks he is being pelted with white-hot needle points, invisible and omnipresent.

After deciding upon this trip we had at once written to Tom Lynch, a character of renown dwelling on the Madawaska shores, engaging him to meet us at the Portage with a team and drag to carry us over to Mud Lake. He was on hand soon after daybreak—much too early for our tastes—with his team, a yoke of half-tamed brindled steers. The drag was on the other shore at a convenient landing place, where the apology for a road which we were about to traverse took its beginning. The passage of the stream, as Lynch conducted it, was a picturesque undertaking. His ferry was a clumsy bateau, in the stern of which stood a chum of his, whom he had brought to assist, poling the craft across the current; while in the bow towered his own stalwart figure, a huge brown patch in the back of his home-spun shirt, his trousers half tucked into his boots. Here he guided, with a rope and vehement exhortations, the swimming of the yoked steers, which snorted heavily alongside. As it were a practical parody, the scene grotesquely recalled one of Arnold's vivid pictures in "The Strayed Reveller"—

> "They see the ferry
> On the broad clay-laden,
> Lone Chorasmian stream; thereon,
> With snort and strain,
> Two horses, strongly swimming, tow
> The ferryboat, with woven ropes
> To either bow,
> Firm harnessed by the mane; a chief,
> With shout and shaken spear,
> Stands at the prow and guides them; * * * * *
> The loaded-boat swings, groaning,
> In the yellow eddies;
> The gods behold them——"

We, our passage safely accomplished and speedily in our light craft, and our limbs now stretched luxuriously on a sloping patch of green, watched all this with calm eyes. Thus, in serene impassiveness, we impersonated the gods.

Before starting through the woods we took means of circumventing the black flies, which by this time had grown well nigh unbearable, burrowing in our hair and ears and eyes, and swarming upon every unprotected locality. We inflicted on them a crushing defeat by the potent aid of "slitheroo." This magic fluid consists of Stockholm tar and tallow, spiced with pennyroyal, and boiled to about the thickness of treacle, and the fly that would not shun its fragrance would be possessed of very ill-conditioned nostrils. When this was thoroughly applied to our skins we were unmolested and defiant, but might have plausibly enough claimed kinship with the generations of Ham. In such panoply marching secure we gave ear to the choice phrases, much more forcible than refined, which Tom Lynch would be delivered of at every rut or mud hole. As the whole way consisted of ruts and mud holes, these latter occasionally variegated with a few spruce poles thrown in for road repairs, it may well be imagined what a strain was put upon Tom's vocabulary, yet during the whole day—this is upon record—he was not once guilty of repetition, neither did the "well of English undefiled" once threaten to run dry. His comrade, a thick-set man with a slouched gray hat, short flaxen beard, and wonderfully stubby fingers, occasioned some dispute among us. Part held him to be Tom's brother, while others identified him with a certain Mr. Griffin of celebrity. I said he was Mr. Griffin unquestionably. En route we "froze to" each other, he and I, and taking our guns went to visit some bear traps which he had set in the vicinity of the Portage road. He gave me much of his autobiography by the way, therefore I speak with authority on the subject. Mr. Griffin was a J. P., and skilled to keep the peace when all bones were broken. He knew also to try conclusions with an antagonist and then fulmine against him with the thunders of the law. Nevertheless he was an amiable companion and a peaceful-minded man. As for the bear traps they had accomplished nothing arduous, so we rejoined the party uninjured.

The middle of the afternoon saw us launched upon Mud Lake, a pond perhaps three miles in circumference, and a very blot upon the face of the country; weedy, stagnant, and swarming with leeches. It hardly exceeds two feet in apparent depth, but the bottom is fathomless slime, stirred up vilely at every dip of the paddle. Its low marshy shores, fringed here and there with dead bushes and tall charred trunks, afforded us but one little bit of beauty, the green and living corner where Beardsley Brook flows out. Here at this season the stream was very shallow; so that two of us were required to go beside each canoe and ease her over the difficult places. I took the less laborious part of wading ahead, with the design of catching a few trout for supper. In so small a stream of course the fish were small, but they were abundant and hungry; so after a half hour of good sport in a mild way I sat down laden with my spoils. When the canoes overtook me I resigned my part to Sam, and took my place by the canoe. By this time our way had become less obstructed and we moved on easily and quickly. We were descending a beautiful alder-fringed stretch when around the bend of the stream below us appeared Sam, with undignified suddeness. He struggled toward us knee-deep in the current, dashing up the spray magnificently before him, his eyes as wide as saucers and every hair on end. "A bear! A bear!" he gasped; and hurling down his rod and fish in the canoe he seized a heavy revolver. What a change now "came o'er the spirit of his dream!" In his mouth and eyes shone sternest determination. We had grasped our weapons precipitately, and halted, but Sam urged us on, leading the way. As thus full armed we pressed forward down stream, he told us in suppressed voice that as he angled and meditated, and there was no sound save the hushed tumult of a little rapid beyond on the recurrent swish of his line, suddenly from the bank behind him rose the angry blatant growl which is the persansive utterance of the she bear with cubs. At this he felt indignant and startled; so he gave a terrific yell, and hurled a rock into the bushes to signify he was not in any wise to be trifled with. Then arose a roar, which put his voice to shame; the undergrowth rocked and crashed with the swift approach of the monster; and filled with penitential misgivings he made haste to flee. How difficult it is to run in water knee-deep, whoever has tried knows well. Nevertheless Sam had attained an almost incredible speed, and when first he broke upon our view in a cloud of spray, we imagined a Western "stern-wheeler" had at last invaded these solitudes. When we reached the scene of the tragedy, the bear, or bears, had vanished. But "they glared through their absences," and we were satisfied.

Now the stream was deeper, the necessity for wading was past, and we pressed on vigorously in search of a suitable camping ground. The weather had turned sullen and raw, and there was a light rain falling. At last, about dusk, we reached a spot that bore plain traces of a previous encampment. Some former tourists had cleared and levelled a space for their tent, and gathered for their luxurious limbs a store of elastic boughs, which we found quite dry, except upon the surface of the pile. This was all very satisfactory, but we were wet and cold, and quite tired out, and no one felt equal to the task of carrying more than his own weary body up the slippery steep of mud before him. Being in charge of our slim canteen I was called upon urgently, and finding only two tin cups at hand proceeded in each of these to mix a double ration. Before this could be fully explained Stranion seized the cup nearest him and made short work of its contents. It held Sam's share as well as his own, and Sam was righteously indignant. But Stranion grasped a canoe, and straightway it was up the bank where we desired it to be. He went to work as if his strength were the strength of ten; we caught the enthusiasm, in a moment the heights were stormed, and we had taken formal possession. The rain still fell, and only by diligent coaxing could the fire be persuaded to burn. The sand flies were more in number than the sands, but we laughed at them from the safe retreat of our "slitheroo." At supper we were all merry but Sam; and he sat cross-legged on his blanket with an injured air, eyeing his plate of fried trout scornfully. He wouldn't look at porridge that night. Though we had made him fullest reparation for Stranion's rapacity, the remembrance of it still rankled in his breast. We on the other hand were very hilarious, and when Stranion raised a modicum of porridge on his big pewter spoon, and, missing his mouth, landed it in his right cheek with such impetuosity that the spoon bent double, then indeed we made night hideous, and our convulsive laughter upset the candle, and nearly the tent as well. But Sam sat there unsympathetic and scolded us sharply; told us not to act like asses, rescued the overthrown candle, and altogether was very abusive. But the uproar, like everything else, finally had to subside, and we slept.

Alas! what despair awaited us in the morning! Ranolf had taken charge of the bottle of "slitheroo" the night before, and had placed it against a tree some distance from the camp for safety. At breakfast the flies came for us, so we went for the slitheroo; but the bottle was standing carefully on its head (a posture sometime affected by half-emptied beer-bottles!) and the precious fluid had all flowed out. We beat our breasts in bitterest lamentation, but of course it was not Ranolf's fault. By co-operation the fiendish flies had done it while we slumbered. This was Ranolf's suggestion, and we accepted it gratefully.

It would have occupied a good deal of time to concoct more slitheroo, and we were in a hurry to reach the good fishing-grounds. So all that day we toiled on under the scourge of the flies, and by nightfall our faces resembled nothing in heaven or earth or sea. Otherwise this day's journey was not difficult, though for the last half-mile of its course Beardsley Brook was so overgrown with alders that at times we were obliged to push and chop our way most laboriously. Here we wasted some time fishing for Sam's pipe, which had fallen overboard among the alders. This pipe was black, with crooked stem, very plethoric in build, and so heavy we all thought it would sink when it fell. When the catastrophe occurred we halted till the water, here about two feet deep, should become clear. Then peering down among the alder stems Ranolf spied the pipe on the yellow bottom, looking blurry and distorted through the tawny current. Long we grappled for it, and poked at it with paddles and poles. We would cautiously raise it a little way on the blade of a paddle; but even as we began to triumph it would wriggle off again as if actually alive, and settle languidly back upon the sand. We all knew without W. B.'s explanations, that its life-like movement was due to its being so little heavier than its own bulk of water, as well as to uneven refraction of the light through the moving fluid, or to some satisfactory scientific cause or other; and finally Sam, getting impatient, plunged in arm and head and shoulder, and grasped our tormentor victoriously. He came up empty-handed and sheepish, and we beheld a huge black tad-pole, now thoroughly aroused, flaunt off down stream in high dudgeon. Ranolf remarked that the laws of refraction were to him obscure, and we continued our journey; but we overtook the *bona fide* pipe further down stream, floating near the surface.

The Squatook River in this part of its course is smooth and swift, and we glided out upon the bosom of the Big Squatook Lake about noon. By six o'clock we had traversed the length of this beautiful and solitary basin, and were pitching our tent near the outlet, on a soft brown carpet of pine needles. Here was a circular opening amid the towering trunks. Between the lake and our encampment hung a screen of alder and wild cherry, whence a white beach of pebbles slanted broadly to the water. While Stranion and W. B. made preparations for supper, the rest of us, going a hundred yards or so further on, whipped the waters of the outlet, where we counted upon good sport. The shores of the lake here draw together in two grand curves, and at the apex flows out the Squatook River, about waist deep and a stone's throw broad. It ripples freshly on for the first few rods, and then begins to dart and chafe, and lift an angry voice. Here the Indians gather to spear whitefish in their season, and to further this they had fenced across the outlet with a double row of stakes. All but the smallest fish are thus compelled to descend through a passage three feet wide or so left in mid-stream; and here the bold Milicete awaits them with impending spear. This fence we found very convenient. Letting the canoe drift against it we perched on top of the stakes, a couple of feet above water, and cast our flies unimpeded in every direction. Ranolf's drop was a small fly with red body and guinea-fowl wing, and no sooner did it touch the water than it was seized fiercely. The fish, which was safely hooked, was evidently a prize, and Ranolf struggled to the beach to land him more securely. After a brave fight, which held our breathless attention, his troutship bowed to inevitable fate, and was gently scooped ashore. It was a beautiful, bright, clean-shaped fish, and the camp scales registered him two pounds. As for Sam and myself, such flies as we were wont to approve for evening casting were flouted, or only patronized by hungry younglings; while the red body and gray wing was in constant demand. Changing our casts to suit the taste thus energetically expressed, we had brilliant sport till it got too dark to see; half-pounders, one after another, and three more fish that tipped the beam for a pound each. By this time a ruddy glare shone out over the lake from our camp fire up the shore, and enticing odors were wafted to our nostrils from time to time, borne strangely on the cool night wind. So we left the gathering gloom of the river and betook ourselves to camp for tea.

We decided to spend some days in this delightful spot, and we named our establishment Hotel de Squatook. Our tent was pitched between the prevailing winds and the fireplace, which occupied the open space among the pines. Lopping the lower branches of the surrounding trees we made ourselves pegs on which to hang our tins and other utensils, and a dry cedar log, which Stranion split skilfully, furnished us slabs for a table. Of course our commissariat was well supplied with campers' necessaries and luxuries which it would be superfluous to mention here. But upon trout above all we feasted, morn and noon and night; sometimes boiled, sometimes broiled, but more often fried in the fragrant yellow meal, and the delicate richness of the hot pink luscious flakes can only be imagined by true fishermen, for true fishermen feast on their spoil where their spoils were taken, with the relish of free air, and vigor, and keen appetites.

Campers prate much of early hours, and of seeking their blankets with the setting of the sun, but no such doctrines for us. Night in the wilds is exquisite with a weird, mysterious beauty, a vague immensity of solitude, such as the garish day can never dream of. Supper over we would stretch ourselves out on the tent floor, pillowing our heads on the folded bedding, the tent curtains at the back, toward the lonely gloom of the forest, laced securely, and our boxes ranged across just inside, making for our heads a snug resting place. At our feet the wide open curtains suffered us to look out across the yellow fire-lit circle, through the trunks and hanging branches, to the still, gleaming level of the lake, whence at intervals would ring out, startlingly clear, the goblin laughter of the loon, and listening intently we would catch the dim, quavering, distant answer.

With candles burning on the boxes at our heads, we sometimes lay reading till near midnight—Stranion with Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Sam, with "Monsieur Lecoq," Ranolf with Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," W. B. with "A Tramp Abroad," and the writer immersed in the fortunes of "Henry Esmond." Owing to the habit common to Stranion and W. B. of reading aloud some striking passage every now and then, I often found Lady Castlewood guilty of broadly facetious remarks, or the beautiful unscrupulous lips of Beatrix uttering amorous and tearful verse. Such incongruities are startling till one gets accustomed to them.

Before turning in we would doff our scanty garments, run down the beach, and dash out into the cool lake-waters, there to float almost motionless, till the return of stillness and of the perfect reflections would leave us seemingly suspended in the midst of a starry sphere. And the absolute fullness of peace it was, to yield every limb to the soft embracing fluid, and uphold without consciousness of support, to sway gently with the gleaming crystal surface, drifting as it were, a disembodied spirit through the spangled ether! Then back to our blankets, luxuriously weary; and with the soughing of the pines all about us, whose couch comparable with ours!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOMBONNEL.—M. Bombonnel, the renowned projector of the Algerian wild-beast preserve, has again come to the front. The Paris *Figaro* says that he has been wild-boar hunting in Burgundy, and has now started off to meet Mr. Martinier, director of the *Moniteur de Chasse*, and several Russian sportsmen. He goes in hot haste, having received news from the steward on his African domain of a grand old lion, with an enormous appetite, who is dining daily off a horse or mule.

FLORIDA FISH AND GAME RESORTS.

THE following information, being up to date, will be found reliable. It is contributed by our correspondent, "Al Fresco," to a handbook, "South Georgia and Florida," published by the Savannah, Florida and Western Railway. The editor of the handbook says: "We are indebted to our friend, Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, 'Al Fresco' of FOREST AND STREAM reputation, for the subjoined items respecting sport in Florida, than whom there is no better qualified, either in finished skill as a sportsman or angler, or in that happy gift of description which lends to his achievements a graceful attraction peculiarly their own. The mere reference of his name as the author of this article is a sufficient guarantee of its entire reliability." He says:

To the wing shot Florida presents unequaled attractions. Quail can be found in every portion of the State, but for extra sport the gunner must visit Madison, Monticello or Tallahassee. At the former localities good board can be obtained on reasonable terms. In Tallahassee a new hotel is in course of completion, and will be ready for the reception of guests at an early day. Snipe exist around most of the lakes and marshes, and on the lakes ducks are found in countless numbers.

Ducks, geese etc., can be found in every bay, lake, river and lagoon, and owing to the climate and character of the food they are as fat as squabs. Those who aspire to the noble sport of bagging "honk honkers," should visit the mouth of Suwannee River, Dead Man's Bay, west of the Suwannee, and James Island. In addition to geese at the points referred to, the waters swarm with ducks, and the beach and oyster bars at many points are covered with snipe and curlew. In addition to shooting, the rivers emptying into the Gulf are alive with sheepshead and sea trout, channel bass and large-mouthed black bass. If disposed the gunner can leave camp, and in the hamaks and pine woods find good deer and turkey shooting. To reach the points indicated sportsmen should visit Cedar Keys, and charter a sloop of from five to six tons at from five to six dollars per day. The captain provides stove, cooking untensils, bedding and one skiff; and the charterers will only have to furnish provisions. These boats will comfortably accommodate a party of four. If extra skiffs are desired they can be built or purchased at Cedar Keys at from thirteen to fifteen dollars, including row locks and one pair of oars. Persons desiring information regarding the charter of a boat or the building of skiffs should communicate with J. Ira Gore, Esq., Cedar Keys.

My friend, Col. Clinch, recently informed me that at his plantation on the Satilla River, very fine striped bass fishing can be secured during March and April. The fishing point is about one mile above his house. Parties desirous of engaging in bass fishing would be compelled to camp out. The Clinch plantation can be reached by leaving the S. F. & W. Railway at Folkston, hiring a team, and driving twenty-three miles. A supply of provisions can be obtained at the depot. Col. C. informed me that the bass take a large and gaudy fly, as well as the minnow. This point has been annually visited by a noted fly-fisher, and we have reason to believe that we shall incur his displeasure by opening up a new field to the craft.

To those who wish to indulge in fishing or shooting and at the same time enjoy the pleasures of a busy winter resort, the comforts of first-class hotels, and at the same time be within the reach of the telegraph and daily mails, Jacksonville presents a suitable location. By taking the morning train on the S. F. & W. Railway, or the F. C. & W. R. R., and proceeding thirty or forty miles, sportsmen can enjoy eight hours of quail shooting and return in time for supper. Arrangements may be made for the stoppage of trains between stations. Early in the season the river for many miles below the city is literally covered with ducks. By taking the steamer Mabel F. in the morning a number of hours can be devoted to ducking, and parties can return to the city on any of her trips, which are two hours apart. McGirt's and Pottsburghs creeks, within three miles of the city, furnish fine bass fishing. At Jones' boat yard Whitehall boats and good carsmen can be hired at all times.

A fast steamer leaves the city for Mayport daily, and at Burroughs's hotel fishermen can secure a good bed and a square meal at one dollar and a half per day. The creeks and bayous in the neighborhood are stocked with ducks. At the jetties, two miles from Mayport, superior sea trout and sheepshead fishing exist. Fishermen, who will provide boats and bait, can be hired at $2.50 per day. On several occasions I have secured the services of a fisherman named McMullen, and I can recommend him as honest, reliable and industrious; as he fishes for a living, he is acquainted with the points where fish do most congregate.

Sportsmen desirous of engaging in deer shooting should visit the head of St. Sebastian Creek (a tributary of the Indian River), Sanibal Island, the upper Caloosahatchie, the Southwest Coast south of Punta Rassa, or the lower Kissimmee country. A railroad is in operation from Sanford to Kissimmee City on Lake Tahopekaliga, and by Dec. 1 two or more steamboats will be plying on the Kissimmee River to Lake Okeechobee. Lake Istokpoga lies about twenty miles northwest from Lake Okeechobee, and is reached by Istokpoga Creek, which empties into the Kissimmee River, about twenty miles north of Lake Okeechobee. Lake I. is about twenty miles long, and six wide, and is the home of the alligator. Sportsmen can transport a boat from Sanford to Kissimmee City, and secure a tow to the mouth of Istokpoga Creek. The region around the lake has not been visited by sportsmen, and, in consequence, offers a superior field for 'gator killing, turkey shooting and deer and bear hunting. Cattle owners who are in the habit of visiting the country around the lake have assured me that large game exists in great quantity. Based upon our observations and experience in lakes further south, we have reason to believe that ducks exist in countless numbers, and that the fishing must be excellent.

At Lake Istokpoga sportsmen will find an untrodden field, and we feel assured that they would be surfeited with sport. As a corner grocery or store does not exist within one hundred miles, a stock of food must be transported to the camp.

South of Lake Monroe this stream passes through extensive marshes and several lakes; and friends who have visited this section informed me that snipe and ducks exist in great quantities, and that the water is literally alive with fish. In the woods and prairies adjoining the lakes fair deer and turkey shooting can be obtained. A through steamer leaves Jacksonville every Saturday for the upper lakes. As a boat is indispensable one should be purchased in Jacksonville and transported on steamer's deck.

This river, or more properly speaking, salt water bayou, has, to a certain extent, been inaccessible in the past. To reach it sportsmen should take steamer to the upper lakes and proceed to Titusville or Rock Ledge where suitable boats, with experienced captains, can be chartered on reasonable terms. On the river flats good duck shooting will be found, and in the hamaks and on the high lands adjoining the tributary streams, fair deer and turkey shooting can be obtained. At the mouth of the river the angler and hand-line fisherman can occupy their time until muscles cry out *precesi* in the capture of bluefish, sheepshead, cavalli channel bass, mangrove snapper, and many other varieties too numerous to mention.

To the canoeist Florida offers unusual attractions. A canoe can be shipped by steamer to Savannah from Boston, New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, and by S. Florida & W. Railway to objective point. The canoeist can arrange in Savannah for a passage in the caboose of a freight train, and unload his canoe and impedimenta at the crossing of the Suwannee River north of Live Oak, or proceed to Rowland's Bluff, south of Lake City, and thereby avoid rapids and log booms. The Suwannee River is a beautiful stream with high bluff banks, and the *voyageur* can descend it to the Gulf. If disposed, he can traverse the bay and inside passages to Cape Sable; or, if inclined to prolong his trip, he can ascend the Caloosahatchie River to the Falls, paddle up the canal in course of excavation south of Okeechobee, and when the dredge boat is reached, work to Lake Okeechobee. Before the first of January it is probable that a navigable canal will be completed from the falls to the lake. From Lake Okeechobee the Kissimmee can be ascended to Kissimmee City, and at that point the canoe can be placed in a car and transported to Sanford, at which point the canoe can be launched and the noble St. Johns descended to Jacksonville. If disposed, the canoeist can prolong his jaunt by sailing or paddling his canoe through the inside passage to Fernandina and Savannah.

East of Waldo the canoeist will find an interesting lake region, for within fifteen miles of that place forty-two lakes from 200 yards to 7 miles long exist. These lakes vary in elevation from 70 to 130 feet above tide water. The paddler will find the end of the Santa Fe Canal within 300 yards of the depot at Waldo, which will lead him into Lake Alto, and from Lake Alto a short canal will conduct him to Lake Santa Fe, a beautiful sheet of water covering about 30 square miles. At the easterly end of Santa Fe Lake the village of Melrose will be found, with stores and post office. At this point a conveyance can be obtained to transport canoe and impedimenta a distance of two miles to Five Mile Lake. In many cases a portage of a few hundred feet will enable the canoeist to reach another lake. The land adjoining the lakes is elevated, dry, and remarkably healthy. Duck, snipe, and plumage birds are plentiful, and every lake, creek, and pond is well supplied with bass, perch, and bream. When tired of lake exploration, the wanderer can descend the Etoneah or Black creeks to the St. Johns River. When we consider the healthfulness of the State, its accessibility, its unrivaled climate, and its thousands of miles of placid waters, eminently adapted to canoeing, we can only express our surprise that so few engage in canoe trips in Florida.

No portion of the world presents so fine a field for the fisherman as the southwest coast of Florida. Mr. E., of New York, captured, with the fly, within a few weeks, on the Homosassa River, ten distinct species of fish. Last spring my friend Dr. F., of New York, visited me, and stated that he had fished in the far West, in the tributaries of Lake Superior, in the Adirondacks, and in Canada, but no place equaled Southwest Florida for fly-fishing. He enumerated eleven distinct species of fish that he had captured with the artificial fly—among the number were channel bass, brown snapper, cavallii, ravallier, seatrout, large-mouthed black bass, and skipjacks. And I will ask, where else but in Florida can such a number of fish be captured with the fly on one stream but ten miles in length? On the southwest coast the fish have not been educated, and they will not refuse anything in the shape of an artificial fly so long as it is large and gaudy. One of the best of biters and a plucky fighter is the cavallii. At certain points, more especially on the Caloosahatchie River, above the islands, they run very large, occasionally attaining a weight of sixteen pounds.

As a winter cruising ground this coast cannot be equaled. The climate is all the most exacting can demand. During the winter rain seldom falls, storms are very infrequent, surf and undertow do not exist, health is beyond question, the coast line is shallow, duck and beach bird shooting cannot be equaled, and the fishing is superb.

For a cruise on this coast a boat of from five to eight tons, accommodating four to six persons, can be chartered at from five to seven dollars per day. The charter will include captain, boy, skiff, stove, cooking utensils and bedding. Provisions can be purchased on reasonable terms at Cedar Keys. For a trip on this coast a sharpie from twenty-five to thirty feet long with a large cabin would fill the bill. A boat could be shipped by sailing vessel from New York to Jacksonville, and by train to Cedar Keys. My first trip on the coast from Cedar Keys to Charlotte Harbor and the head of the Caloosahatchie was made in a flat bottomed boat, twenty-one feet long and seven feet six inches beam. My last trip from Key West to Cedar Keys was made in a catboat sixteen feet long and six feet beam. At the passes (entrances to bays and lagoons) along the entire coast superiour fishing will be found.

A party of two can enjoy a trip on this coast if they provide themselves with a boat similar in model to a Delaware River batteau. She should be twenty feet long and seven feet wide, six inches higher in the sides than usually built; decked over for at least six feet forward; cabin, eight feet long, and clear cockpit of six feet; wash board, eight inches wide. With centerboard and cat rig, such a boat would answer an admirable purpose; her draft would be light, and she could be rowed and poled in an emergency. Instead of seats, movable boxes could be constructed and used for the stowage of provisions, arms, ammunition, firewood, etc. At night these boxes could be stored in the cockpit or on the cabin, and ample sleeping room would be provided. With a canvas tent to pass over the boom at night and fasten to screweyes on each side, the cockpit and cabin could be protected from rain and dew. Before parties indulge in a cruise on this coast, they should peruse "Camp Life in Florida," published by Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York. [Out of print.—ED. F. AND S.]

Until recently this portion of Florida was almost a *terra incognita*, and the first extended notice of it was published in the FOREST AND STREAM and republished in "Camp Life in Florida."

Having spent nearly two months in the region referred to, enjoyed the equable temperature, balmy atmosphere, refreshing breezes, and unrivaled sporting attractions, we sincerely trust that the adventurous tourist and sportsman may be induced to follow in our wake.

Nearly seven years have elapsed since we navigated Clear Water Harbor, Tampa and Sarasota bays, coasting the mainland from Sarasota Pass to Gasparilla Pass, wandered among the islands of Charlotte Harbor, ascending the Caloosahatchie River to Fort Thompson, and succeeded in reaching the almost unknown Lake Okeechobee. Often has memory carried us back to the pleasant scenes of that trip, and we sometimes sigh for an opportunity to revisit the many charming spots found *en route*, and to fight over again our battles with sharks, alligators, devil fish *et al.*

Persons desirous of visiting and camping out at Charlotte Harbor should have one or more batteaux, fourteen feet in length, built a Cedar Keys, costing, with oars, row locks and one coat of paint, about $15. A large and comfortable steamer leaves Cedar Keys twice weekly for Punta Rassa; excursion ticket, $18. Arrangements can be made for the transportation of the boats on the steamer's deck. By making arrangements with Mr. Mitchell, store-keeper at Cedar Keys, a fresh supply of provisions can be obtained as often as necessary; freight about 40 cents per 100 pounds. Fort Meyers, distant from Punta Rassa about twenty miles, possesses three large stores, where a supply of provisions can be secured. The steamer Spitfire plies between Fort Meyers and Punta Rassa twice weekly, and Captain Nelson would execute commissions. At Punta Rassa there is a post office and telegraph station, and although out of the world the wanderer can communicate with home. A good point for camping would be Sanibal Island, and if an A tent were pitched on the beach no inconvenience would be experienced from insects. Deer are plentiful on the island, superior oysters exist in some of the lagoons, beach birds can be found in great numbers. Jacob Summerlin has an extemporized hotel near the dock, where sportsmen can board and obtain a good meal. At the dock they can enjoy the best sheepsheading in the United States, and if they seek larger game they can indulge in the capture of fish ranging from 50 to 300 pounds. If disposed to try camp life in Estero Bay or at Gorden's Pass, parties can engage a small sloop at Punta Rassa to remove them and their effects. Gorden's Pass is about twenty-eight miles south of Punta Rassa, and furnishes a fine field for fishing, ducking, beach bird shooting and bear and deer hunting. In this section bears are very plentiful, and if sportsmen hanker after a hug they may be accommodated. From Gorden's Pass inside channels can be followed to Galleran's Bay, and from this bay to Cape Sable the coast line is very shallow, and among the islands unrivaled sport can be obtained. In the fall of '81 a correspondent contributed a series of eight letters to the *American Field*, of Chicago, descriptive of the southwest coast of Florida, and parties who propose visiting this section should receive the numbers.

Whitehall boats can be purchased on reasonable terms at Jones' boat yard in Jacksonville. Batteaux will be built to order in Cedar Keys at about $15 each. They can be ordered through J. Ira Gore of Cedar Keys. Small sloops of four to six tons burthen, suitable for cruising on the Southwest Coast can be chartered at Cedar Keys at from $5 to $6 per day. At St. Augustine and Titusville suitable boats can be secured on reasonable terms. Parties who wish boats built to suit their views should communicate with Mr. Chappell, boat builder, Jacksonville. He built two cruising boats for me, and I can recommend him and his work. If persons ship boats by schooner to Jacksonville they can consign them to the care of John Clark, Esq.

During the winter months the climate of Florida cannot be equaled by any portion of the Union; rain seldom falls and storms are very infrequent. The health of the State is remarkable, the late census showing that the mortality is only 10.6 per thousand—less than that of any State east of the Rocky Mountains. The bugbear, malaria, merely exists in the brains of those who wish to deflect travel from Florida.

During the winter months insect pests are not troublesome. Snakes need not be feared, for, in all my wanderings in the State, I have met with but one rattler.

To those who are seeking health and recreation, and can appreciate a superior winter climate, enjoy good hunting, excellent shooting, and unsurpassed fishing, we will say, from actual experience, indulge in a boat cruise in the Land of Flowers.

On arrival in Jacksonville, sportsmen should receive the statement of steamboat and railroad runners *cum grano salis*, and consult some person who has no axe to grind, and who is familiar with the sporting resources of the State. By inquiry of Pitman of the "Sportsman's Companion," or Mr. Campbell of the St. James, Mr. Foster of the St. Marks, Mr. Lee of the Duval, or Mr. Davis of the Everett House, gentlemen will be furnished the names of those who will cheerfully give reliable information, and who will smooth the way for the uninitiated.

Natural History.

GROUSE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

A correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM inquires in a recent number about the pinnated grouse on the island of Martha's Vineyard.

Fifty years ago, while on a hunting and fishing tour, I landed on that island, then owned by the Bowdoin family, and was told that the grouse were there in considerable numbers, but that they were protected, and that shooting was not allowed except by special permission from the owners. Martha's Vineyard was then mostly covered with thickets of brush which afforded a refuge for the grouse, and it is said that these birds had been protected there from early times. These "heathcocks," as they were called, occurred in New England and the Middle States, as far South, at least, as Virginia. An early work called "A Perfect Description of Virginia," (London, 1649) mentions among the birds of that plantation "the heathcock." In the early part of the century an act was passed by the General Court of the century an act was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts to protect certain animals of the chase, among them, "the heath-hen," which was written by the clerk "heathen," and was supposed by many to refer to the Indians, some of whom lingered within the State; and comment was evoked on the supposed brutality of the Yankees, which classed the red men with the beasts, and rendered it necessary to give them like protection from extermination.

In still earlier times these birds were so abundant in New England, that the story goes that apprentices made it an article of their contract with their masters, that they should

not be obliged to eat "heath-hen" more than twice a week—preferring, probably, pork and beans.

I have heard that the last of the stock of pinnated grouse on the mainland of Massachusetts was killed about 1830, near Northampton by a well-known sportsman of Boston.

Forty years ago these grouse were as plenty, as cheap, and as little esteemed in Illinois as in the early days of New England. I have bought them in Chicago at six cents each, and have been invited by farmers to come out and kill the "chickens" that were destroying the wheat. "We will keep you," they said, "free gratis as long as you will stay." I have killed grouse on ground which is now in the heart of Chicago, covered with blocks of stores; but one would have to go now 100 miles west of the city to make a decent bag, and at the present rate of destruction of these birds in Illinois, they may perhaps be found on Martha's Vineyard after they have disappeared from the Prairie State. S. C. C.

THE BOSTON ANTI-SPARROW CRUSADE

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg you to give the wide publicity of FOREST AND STREAM to the inclosed correspondence between an old Bostonian and Mr. Wilson Flagg. These letters ought to be read and acted upon in every part of the United States. It is now several years since I undertook the apparently thankless task of leading the move against the sparrows, and time has shown the soundness of the position I have maintained. Since the death of Dr. T. M. Brewer, the only person of any consequence whom I have known to defend the sparrows is Mr. Henry Bergh, who once poured out the vials of his unnecessary wrath in a most amusing stream of personal vilification. But having already once castigated that gentleman, and having no desire to punish him twice for the same offense, of which he may perhaps have already repented, I submit the correspondence without further remark.

ELLIOTT COUES.

The letter below, writes Mr. Flagg, in the Boston *Transcript*, of Nov. 18, was sent me a short time since, and, deeply sympathizing with the regrets of my correspondent, I forward it with my reply:

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1882.—*Mr. Flagg:* My Dear Sir—The rapid increase in numbers of the abominable English sparrows, and the consequent banishment of our own sweet-singing and insect-eating birds, is a source of endless sorrow to me, and I write to you to ask you to arrange some plan by which we may be relieved of our foreign pests. In the days of my childhood Boston Common and Boston gardens were musical with birds, who were unceasingly useful in destroying the ever increasing swarms of insects. Suddenly some wise Democrat (Mayor Smith, I believe) introduced a colony of gray squirrels upon the Common. As there were no nut trees to provide food for the animals, they feasted upon birds' eggs until there were not enough birds left to keep the insects from making sad havoc with the trees. Then some unwise persons, who knew nothing of the habits of different kinds of birds, introduced the seed-eating foreign sparrow to remedy the mischief done. Behold our trees disfigured with numberless "bird houses" and swarming with sparrows, whose noisy quarreling is heard from sunrise to sunset. And the city fathers pay large sums every year to men who destroy cocoons and caterpillars, tar the trees, etc.

But the mischief does not end here, for our foreign pests have extended their habitations to the country all about Boston, many miles north, south and west, driving off our native birds, as I can testify by my own observation. The farmers say they are destructive to grain. The Spaniards have a saying to this effect—"Beware of the devil, the priests and the sparrows." Hoping you will not scorn my petition, Yours Respectfully—OLD RESIDENT.

In reply to my correspondent, I would say that if the sparrows could be destroyed by curses they would have perished long ago. The introduction of the Norway rats was less of a public misfortune, because they did but take the place of the American black rats; they were only the substitution of a foreign nuisance for a native one not the less offensive. The house sparrows are now the constant subject of complaint from all parts of the country, and I believe if any practicable method should be devised for their extermination it would be universally adopted.

In Europe the sparrows are as great a nuisance as they are in this country; but their numbers are kept down by petty gunners and trappers, who sell them in the market. In that country they are neither protected by the game laws, nor are they generally provided with boxes, and as they move in flocks, they are easily taken in considerable numbers at a time.

But our case is very different from that of the inhabitants of Europe. The sparrows, being indigenous in that country, have not caused the extermination of other valuable and interesting species. They have not been the cause of those regrets which the lovers of nature in this country have suffered from witnessing the banishment of their former musical friends of the feathered race from the garden and the wayside. Formerly the few bird houses that were put up in our towns and villages were occupied by wrens, bluebirds, martins and swallows, whose melodious notes awoke us from our sleep in the morning with glad sounds that made every sunrise seem an opening paradise. At the same time, the two vireos and the linnets were vocal in the tall, over-arching elms in our pleasure grounds and our roadsides.

Now all the bird houses have been monopolized by the sparrows. The bluebirds, the wrens, swallows and martins are strangers in our land which offers them no homes, and the vireos have gone into voluntary exile because they could not endure the presence of the sparrows. They have done as we should do if our village was suddenly overwhelmed by legions of Hottentots whom we could not expel. A few of our familiar birds still remain with us. The robin and the oriole, being larger birds and different feeders, do not come into conflict with the sparrows. The same may be said of our little ground-builders, the song-sparrow and the vesper-bird, the latter being outside of the usurped domain.

All is now changed. Instead of the delightful anthem of morn which came into our windows with the balmy breezes of June and inspired every heart with gladness, we hear the discordant chirping and yawping and chattering of hundreds of sparrows, without an intermingled sound that is musical. If a solitary vireo still lingering in some beneficent elm that stands a little off from this pandemonium should utter a few cheerful notes, they are drowned in the horrible discord of the English sparrows. As well might we listen to a sweet parlor singer at her harpsichord while a rattling hailstorm is beating against the windows.

How long, O Catiline! shall we allow these monsters to abuse our patience? Some immediate action must be commenced for their universal extermination. As a preliminary step in this truly righteous crusade, a society must be formed, having its headquarters in Boston, with branches extending over the whole continent. Let those persons in this city who are interested in the work call a meeting forthwith and organize, for the work should begin this coming winter. I should be rejoiced to engage actively in this enterprise were it not for my physical incapacity. Younger men and especially women to whom we look for the initiation of all works of beneficence, must begin the work. In behalf of the enterprise I offer the following hints that may serve as outlines for the constitution of the society:

1. This association shall be called a society for the extermination of the English sparrows and the protection of our native birds.

2. The officers shall be a president, vice-presidents, a secretary and treasurer, and directors.

3. Persons of both sexes shall be equally eligible to the offices of the society.

4. The admission fee shall be $1.

5. Meetings shall be held monthly in such places as may be designated by the secretary, until a permanent place of meeting has been obtained.

6. The duty of the directors shall be to take measures for the immediate organization of branch societies in all parts of the country, and to devise means that may be prudently used for the destruction of the sparrows and for the repeal of all laws which have been enacted for their protection.

WILSON FLAGG.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIS'S QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My quail are all dead but two young ones. The old ones died Saturday and yesterday, and I send them, together with one of the young ones, hoping that an examination will enable you to find the cause of the trouble. The birds were all well and growing finely until I brought the plants into the conservatory, where I raised the quail. None of those that died were sick over twenty-four hours. The old cock bird was a wild one that I bought last fall, and the hen was of a brood hatched under a bantam a year ago last spring. My success, notwithstanding the disastrous result of my first experiment, encourages me to try again. JOHN J. WILLIS.

WESTFIELD, New Jersey, November 27.

[Three of these birds, the old cock and hen and a young male, were sent us for examination, and we give below a statement of their disease. The birds appeared to be in good condition, were by no means emaciated, and their crops and gizzards were filled with food. Death resulted from some acute disease which had but a brief course. Following is the result of our examination:

No. 1. *Ortyx virginianus*, adult male.—Received Nov. 27. Autopsy same day. The organs of the specimen presented a normal appearance, except as to the alimentary canal, which was the seat of a more or less intense inflammation throughout its whole length. This inflammation was most marked throughout the small intestines, or from the end of the duodenum to the beginning of the colon. The mucous and sub-mucous tissues were deeply injected, and upon the serous membrane covering the intestine an effusion of lymph had taken place, and some slight adhesions had formed. At various points along the ileum were numerous small hard fæcal masses which appeared to be adherent to the mucous membrane. Death undoubtedly resulted from this inflammation, which was probably due to the ingestion of improper food.

No. 2. *Ortyx virginianus, juv.*, male.—Condition precisely the same as in the preceding, except that the inflammation was less acute.

No. 3. *Ortyx virginianus*, adult female.—A much smaller and less sturdy bird than the adult male. The inflammation in this specimen extended over a larger tract than in No. 1, the duodenum being deeply injected for its whole length, as well as the ileum. In each specimen the colon was filled with dark fæcal matter.

In all three, death appeared to have resulted from the same cause, as above stated. The violent inflammation of the bowels which, unhappily, terminated the existence of our friend's pets, was, no doubt, caused by something which they ate from the plants, which had just been moved back into his conservatory. Whether this was the fruit, or leaves, of some one of the plants, or some poison which had been used to destroy insects, we could not tell without a detailed examination and analysis of the partially digested food contained in the organs.

We are glad to be assured that Mr. Willis intends to continue his efforts to rear Bob White in confinement, and hope for those now remaining alive a happier fate than that of their relatives.]

THE DOINGS OF KEEP.

FOR the benefit of those who are interested in the cute doings and wonderful knowledge possessed by some dogs, I relate the following of Keep, in his prime a finely proportioned and beautiful field spaniel, valuable as an aid to his master among the grouse and woodcock, also as a retriever, bringing all birds, by whosoever shot, to his master's feet. But alas! he was rewarded but too well for his many brilliant achievements, and at eight years of age is able with great difficulty to mount a chair at command, and in proportion much resembles a twenty-pound 'coon.

Once, in his young and frisky days, Keep accompanied his master and friend C. to a neighboring pond, whither they went to catch pickerel through the ice. "Tip-ups" were set, and business began. Two strangers were observed at the same spot near the opposite shore. They used a twig set nearly perpendicular in the ice with a red flag at the tip. When the flag was bent low it gave evidence of a hooked fish. As fast as the fish were thrown out Keep was on hand to "hook" them over again, carrying them all, as fast as caught, to his master. Later in the day one of the strangers saw the dog pull down one of their twigs and scamper away. Saying nothing he awaited results. His companion on observing the flag down ran with great speed to be first to pull out the fish, but found nothing on the hook but a lively bait. His partner came up and told his story, and they both laughed heartily and the dog laughed too (don't dogs sometimes laugh). They finally concluded that they would have to buy the dog or go home ushless, but the fish were returned to them.

The next day was warmer, and friend C., with the bucket of minnows, followed by the dog, proceeded to bait the hooks. The ice was covered here and there with shallow puddles, making it difficult walking in gum boots, and friend C. sat down and the bait spread itself out likewise. Keep watched C. pick up the minnows for a few minutes, when he proceeded to help him in this way: He would place his paw on a fish, take it up gently in his mouth and carry it to C., who would return it to the bucket. Most of them were retrieved in this manner without being injured. Before returning from this trip the dog found, and brought to his master, a pocketbook which had been lost.

On Keep's first visit to the seaside he was sent into the water to retrieve a wounded gull. He swam straight for the gull until the bird presented its bill, when he payed out and swam in circles just out of reach to avoid any further payments on his property. This was kept up for some minutes, but the bill was always in the way. Finally he made a rush with mouth wide open, and shut on to the gull's head, and in this way tugged her to shore. His first introduction to a crab was very amusing to the bystanders. He was nosing over one, when his nose received an embrace that was anything but loving. He tried to claw it off, but it was no go. Finally, throwing up his head, the crab was tossed some ten feet in the air, and when he alighted Keep had his foot on him (he was very careful to put it in the right place) and cleaned his crabship of claws in about a minute, and then left him in disgust.

Once upon a time an acquaintance and trader visited the dog's master, and stated that a man had offered to trade paper stock at eighteen cents for a horse he had. Thinking the above rather too high a figure for the stock, he requested his friend to find out what it was selling for. So the master, followed by the dog, started to interview a man whose son was in the business. The man stated that stock was selling for considerably less, and he had a letter from his son to that effect, but it had been mislaid. Master and dog returned to the store. The acquaintance, observing something in the dog's mouth, says, "Keep, what have you?" removing a letter and reading, "Paper stock quoted at ten." It proved to be the letter from the man's son. It is needless to say that there was no trade, and that this was a very curious coincidence.

One day Keep came into the store with a very proud look in his face and something in his mouth. He carried it for some twenty minutes before anyone was curious enough to find out what it was. It proved to be a one dollar greenback, wet and dirty. The dog seems to know the value of a dollar, and the market well knows the worth of his dog. There are many more curious incidents that might be related of this dog, but I have already drawn this out longer than I intended, but there is no inflation about it if I do sign myself GAS.

TRAMP DOGS IN CENTRAL PARK.—Tom Donohue, the night watchman in Central Park, is an old man-of-war's gunner. Among his many duties is that of shooting the tramp dogs, the vagrant cats, the rats that suck eggs and kill chickens, and the screech owls and night hawks. The killing of the deer by the tramp dogs last week was keenly felt by Superintendent Conklin, and Tom Donohue's blood was roused when he heard of it. The watchman was found by a *Sun* reporter on Saturday night oiling and burnishing up his rifle. In a corner of the armory cellar lay the bodies of three tramp dogs, two cats, and one fat screech owl. The dogs, although dead, were frightful enough. One especially, a big, lank brute, was the ideal tramp dog. Ferocity, treachery, and cunning were marked in his face. "Yes," said Tom Donohue, "those tramp dogs infest the park at times, and enough trouble they give me. 'Cute? Well, I should say so. did you ever know anything, man or beast, that lived by its wits, that wasn't 'cute? It's many years since I first got at them. At that time I carried only a stout stick. One night I went on my rounds, and fancied I heard the sharp yells of dogs attacking something. I dodged around the trees and bushes, and found a pack of them attacking the yak. When I came up they ran away. I continued my rounds. Again I heard the dogs. I went back and found they had the yak down, and were tearing him. One big dog attacked me, but I killed him with my stick. The yak was so badly torn that it had to be killed. Superintendent Conklin got me this rifle, and many a dog have I killed since. A few summers ago we lost several swans. Night after night I watched, but could get no trace of what killed them. One night I climbed a tree and stayed there two hours, when I saw a dog stealthily approach the border of the lake. The beast seemed to be watching as if to discover danger. I did not stir, and at length it gave a sharp bark, and half a dozen dogs came up. Five of them jumped into the water and swam toward the island where the swans and ducks were. One remained on shore as a guard. When the dogs had nearly reached the island I sighted the guard on shore and shot him. You never heard such a howling in your like. The dogs in the water knew I had them. I shot three of them, and since then the swans have not been touched.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE TOLLESTON TEST CASE.

TESTING THE INDIANA NON-EXPORT LAW.

[From our Regular Chicago Correspondent.]

NOT for many years have the local sportsmen and gun clubs been so violently agitated over anything as they are at present over the war between the Tolleston Gun Club of Chicago and the natives of Tolleston, Lake county, Ind. Your correspondent has taken especial pains to investigate the causes and effect, with the future course of both sides, and desires that the FOREST AND STREAM shall present a clear and impartial statement of this trouble, which seems to create much interest, even among outsiders, who do not know the butt of a gun from the muzzle. The rash statements afloat on all sides and freely ventured in gun stores and at club houses about this matter were not to be taken for a moment. Your correspondent therefore went direct to fountain heads on both sides and he can say that the facts render the aspect of the case very much different from that usually accepted.

It has been universally believed that the war was a personal one, full of vituperation, bitterness, and with smouldering hate and malice for foundation on both sides. This is not true. With the exception of a few ignorant pot-hunters, who resented interference when they tried to roam at their own sweet will over the grounds belonging to the club, and were consequently arrested and fined for trespass, the feeling on the part of the natives and club members is of a very pleasant nature, while at the same time both sides are holding out firmly for alleged rights. A great many more of the generally accepted statements are wrong. As the affair is likely to be of national importance, and in its legal bearings to be of interest to sportsmen everywhere, I send a rather full statement of the case. None of the local alleged sporting journals have had enterprise enough to publish anything about the trouble.

The Tolleston Gun Club was formed in 1874 and incorporated. Lands to the extent of sixty acres to start in with were selected in Lake county, Ind., near the town of Tolleston on the Little Calumet River. A tidy club house was built and with each succeeding year improvements were made and more land leased and purchased until finally at the commencement of the past season the club had 2,300 acres which they own outright. The club is composed of

about sixty members, most of them the best citizens of Chicago. Among them are Judge Knickerbocker, judge of the Cook county court; F. A. Howe, of the Grand Trunk Railway, and president of the club; L. Z. Leiter, C. D. Peacock, J. S. Norton, C. C. Mueller, Alex. Sample, Abner Price, S. H. Turrill, C. D. Partridge, G. S. Alexander and many other merchants, Board of Trade men, railway officials and professional men. It is, with the exception of the Puckaway Club, the "touiest" gun club of the city. It originated in the year named from a social club. A general acquaintance with the members would preclude all idea of anything ungentlemanly emanating from the club. They are honorable, just and upright men. At the same time when anyone is mistaken as to what constitutes strict justice they are apt to make mistakes unawares.

This is about what the club did. They started in by buying absolutely nothing from the native farmers thereabouts, except provisions for their house. This was the first cause of complaint by the Tolleston people, and they seemed to be actuated by a pecuniary feeling in this. There are only a few farmers living right close to the club grounds, probably not a dozen in all. They are inveterate pot-hunters, and they tried to hunt on the club grounds. Several of them were arrested. This aroused the partisan feeling throughout the vicinity. The club had fenced their grounds in with a wire fence, this was broken down by unknown parties and parts of it carried off. There is no doubt that the natives were imposed upon by game keepers and club-house attendants when members of the club were away. With the exception of the few hot-headed pot-hunters spoken of, however, the farmers seemed to keep their temper admirably.

The troubles have been brewing for about two years. Only lately have matters culminated. One day, about two months ago, trespass suits against the more fractious of the natives were brought by the club before Judge Tuley, of this city, and the next thing was for the natives to bring counter trespass suits against the club before courts of Lake county. These suits have been continued from term to term until no one rightly knows where they are or how any of the cases stand. Thus matters were until last week, when news was received in the city that set the boys wild. It was to the effect that the natives had caused the arrest of over a dozen of the members of the club for shipping dead game out of the State of Indiana contrary to the laws of the State. The daily papers teemed with alleged accounts of the matter, but none were correct. The FOREST AND STREAM correspondent invaded Judge Knickerbocker's chambers in the Court Buildings yesterday and asked him to state carefully and exactly, with unpartisan features, briefly what the trouble now was, and the latest features of the case.

Said he: "It has been stated in the papers that the Tolleston Club had secured the passage of a very unfair game law in Indiana by the Legislature. This is untrue. Indiana has long had a law prohibiting the shooting of game within premises not common. We owned certain property, which had been purchased and improved at an expense of about $60,000. Certain parties were in the habit of bringing hunting clubs from various parts of the country to shoot on our premises, and under the laws of Indiana we had them arrested. There was no difficulty with the residents of Tolleston. Another person with whom we had a difference was a man calling himself 'Spork.' He was in the habit of shooting on the premises of the club and then selling his game in the Chicago market. We never objected to a man killing game on our grounds, to be eaten or used by himself and family; it was when they shipped to market that we refused to stand it. 'Spork' was arrested in the usual civil manner, not by a special of ours, as has been said, and he was fined. The club has no special policemen, and all the arrests have been made in a regular way, on a warrant sworn out and served by a proper officer.

"As to the stories of the arrest, I will tell the FOREST AND STREAM all about that, though I have refused to give any particulars to any paper before because I considered the matter too ridiculous, and that it would always be misunderstood. There were no arrests as stated.

"About one month ago F. A. Howe, C. D. Peacock, J. S. Norton, C. C. Mueller, Alex. Sample and Messrs. Spencer and Fisher were served with writs for shipping game out of the State of Indiana. It seems another idea has got out that the natives of Tolleston, to retaliate, have caused the passage of a law in the Indiana State Legislature, making it a finable offense to ship dead game out of the State. This is an old law of the State, and the natives had nothing to do with its passage. There are a few other States that have this queer law. But to go back to our cases. Recognizances were given, and the writs made returnable last Wednesday. The men all appeared, and took a change of venue to Valparaiso, in another county. It is our purpose to see if it is illegal to carry our game home with us, and in order to attain this object we will carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, if necessary. In case the courts decide against us, we will abide by the decision, and won't bring our game home. There are already two State decisions adverse to the Indiana statute, one being rendered in Kansas, in 1876, and the other, I think, in Wisconsin. There are several States, however, where the statutory enactments prohibiting the shipment of game out of the State have been upheld and enforced. I do not believe it is constitutional. This is about all there is of the case. In the meantime we go on in our even tenored way, and the matter is treated with disdain and ridicule; so you can ask any respectable farmer about our club grounds if I am not right."

Of the other minor sporting news there is plenty. Nimrods are flying around, loading shells, getting out dog permits, and studying railway guides. The town, in the vicinity of the gun stores and sportsmen's resorts, seemed bare Saturday night, so many of the boys were out after heavy bags. Quail shooting has commenced about this vicinity, and hunters claim there are plenty of the little edible birds flying about loose. The hunting now consists of ducks, geese, and quail.

The boys are wondering if any of the Michigan deer will come down this winter, when the cold snaps set in, and kindly loaf around the Mak-Saw-Ba Club ground. Last season three deer were killed within two miles of that clubhouse, and, as a consequence, the boys are hungry for more. It is a most unusual thing, however. That noble triumvirate of Nimrods, Haskell, Wiggins, and Whitney, brought back 200 ducks from their late trip to English Lake.

By the way, your valuable paper will be enabled to announce, through the medium of a private letter to your correspondent, that the long wished for hotel for hunters at Lake Senachwine is now finished, and was handsomely opened by a big "blow out" Saturday night. For some time Chicago and other sportsmen have fished and hunted at Lake Senachwine, Putnam county, Ill. It is one of the finest game resorts in the country. It is also the largest lake in the State. One bad feature has been the lack of accommodation for sportsmen. Now Robert Challoner, long known to gunners, has built a neat hotel. It is styled the Undercliff, is a delightfully situated and carefully arranged building, of wood, three stories high, with verandas overlooking the lake. On the second and third floors are twenty-five large and airy sleeping apartments. Special care has been taken to provide for ladies and children. There will be boats, decoys, fishing tackle and attendants for patrons. During the summer a floating bath house will be available. The house was opened by a party from Chicago, Peoria, Henry, Geneseo, and other points, and from all accounts they must have had an old-fashioned "house warming."

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.

THE LAND OF PINE AND LARCH.

I HAVE rambled about the woods and marshes some, keeping my eyes open in the meanwhile, and I give you the result of my observations. Ducks are not nearly so plentiful this fall as they were last year. We usually have a heavy flight of teal about the middle of September, but this year I only saw a few straggling flocks. During the first two weeks of August I flushed many woodcock, but they disappeared all of a sudden, I suppose on account of the excessive drouth. This season is the driest we ever had. To-day I saw farmers plowing land that is often too wet to till in June, and on the 10th inst. the dust on the roads blew in clouds everywhere. We have had but one heavy rain in six weeks. Very few yellow-legs visited us this fall.

I have seen a few snipe, but have been over no good ground. Ruffed grouse are more plentiful around here than they have been for years. My brother has been out five times—four afternoons and one whole day. He shoots over a small cocker. His scores were 6, 11, 4, 2, 3—a pretty good showing, I think.

I was the victim of an odd gunning accident on the 19th ult. I saw some bluejays gathering acorns near the barn, and took a gun and some dust shot cartridges and went out, thinking to get some practice in easy wing shooting. My first shot proved to be my last, for the breech unlocked, the base of the shell was blown to atoms, and I was not quite sure whether a torpedo factory had exploded near me or some one had hit me on the ear with a can of nitro-glycerine. I was partially deaf for a few minutes, but was unhurt.

My guns were all burned in August, '80, and I purchased this one in July '81. It is a single barrel snap action, of what make perhaps I had better not say, still I cannot forbear quoting a few words from the circular of the firm that manufactures it. Here they are "in substance": "The hammer is so arranged in connection with the locking bolt, that it cannot strike the firing pin, unless the bolt is in place, thus making it the safest gun in use." Now, I have no hesitation in writing D. L. opposite that statement; that is I view it in a "different light." "Don't tie to a vain thing," says one of your correspondents, and he is right. Let every one "read, mark and inwardly digest" that little piece of advice, for there are many things to which sportsmen should not "tie." I neither believe in the "forty rod shotgun," nor the "sportsman's Arcadia," and I do not believe that there is any man in the world who can make a gun that no other maker can equal, yet I suppose there are thirty different "makes" advertised as "the best in the world." I am not uncharitable enough to say that those who claim that a certain make of gun excels any other wilfully mis-state. If my life depended on one single rifle shot, I would choose the old military Snider-Enfield. Do I believe it to be the best rifle in the world? Hardly, yet it is so to me, for I have shot with it, ate by it, slept by it, and almost sworn by it, and I understand all its peculiarities. That, in the opinion of your humble servant is the reason there are so many "best guns"; they are endeared to their builders and owners through "long association."

Saturday, November 18, was a cold day with a chilly northeast wind that appeared to penetrate to the very marrow. As I squared away about 10 A. M. for a two hour's drive, the wagon rumbled over the frozen ground with a noise akin to thunder. The horses shook their heads and bit at each other, as if they enjoyed the change of temperature but indifferently, and like many human beings under similar circumstances, were determined to take it out of the world in general and the first thing they met in particular. Cold and cheerless as the day was, it is to me as important a date as the 30th of July to the "Derryman," or the Hegira to the devout worshiper of Allah. I reached home about noon; I had a business engagement which necessitated a start about sundown, and in the meantime I could think of nothing to do. There I was with a piece of "broken day" on my hands, just the thing I had long been wishing for. I made a charge on the ammunition drawer, but all was chaos (the boys had been serenading a newly married couple the evening before). "What's the matter?" said mother, a moment later, as she caught the sound of a few "words of blame." "Matter? I want to have a grouse hunt, and those confounded boys have emptied all the shells, and to mend the matter, ne'er a wad can I find."

How quickly a mother will try to "pour oil on the troubled waters!" In about three minutes she had gone through the pockets of the surplus clothing of those boys, and her search was rewarded by about fifteen wads. Wouldn't some of you laugh to see the loading those shells got. Over the powder I rammed a section of a newspaper, then put down a wad, and confined the shot with more newspaper. The shells loaded, I called Frank, and taking my shaky twelve-bore single breech-loader, was off for the woods. Frank is a liver and white cocker of not the purest breeding; and though he wouldn't take a prize at a bench show, he will find birds if they are around, and is a good all-round dog to boot. "He said, damme, get a good dog and you have a friend." Who perpetrated the above quotation I have forgotten, but I endorse the sentiment. I have heard long sermons about the intelligence and affection of the horse. I have read of the Arab steed who died while bearing his wounded master in his teeth away from the bold, bad Turkish soldiers. Now, I have handled horses since I could walk. I love them. I waste money on them. I am willing to concede them intelligence (not so much as the dog), but if they have any great amount of affection, they have succeeded in concealing it from me up to date, and remember, I have handled scores of them. But I never bestowed any affection on a dog, even the meanest cur, but it was returned tenfold.

I started in high spirits. Once in the woods, the chilly wind was felt no longer, the sun shone through the naked tops of the trees, and no better day for hunting could be desired. I tramped two miles through good cover, shooting only a chickaree, and I was ashamed to let the dog see that I did that. I saw no grouse. "The weather is dry and cold," I soliloquized, "and I will find them in the valleys of streams, if I find them all," and I bent my steps to the nearest stream. Coming to a small glade, the dog showed unmistakable signs of game about. His tail lashed back and forth till it almost lost its individuality like a buzz saw, and the occasional whimper he gave told as plainly as words could that the trail was fresh. I followed closely with gun cocked. Without a note of warning, an old cock burst from a brush heap, and rose straight up through the bare branches of a dead fir. One second the old twelve followed him on his upward flight, till the sight was on the base of the neck, then he fell completely riddled.

I slipped in a fresh cartridge, picked up my bird and walked on, soliloquizing: "What a fine thing it is to be cool and proof against buck fever." Just then a hare went skurrying by me, and I forgot to shoot. A still, small voice seemed to whisper "It is good to be proof against buck fever." Passing on I saw three pine grosbeaks, and thinking to secure one for mounting, I fired at the male with dust-shot, and missed. He settled and I fired again, blowing him all to pieces, and with a sort of wish-I-hadn't-done-it feeling, I resumed my tramp.

Every inch of the ground awakened some old memory. Right here Brun, Leonard and I once shot three grouse, I getting two of them. Over in those gray birches, on the right, Harve Knight and I harried the grouse the day I made my first wing shot at a woodcock, and just over the brook there Esbrow Chase once wiped my eye beautifully, after I had fired one barrel of my little Manton and the other had missed fire. But while I was day-dreaming Frank was employed to more purpose, for soon a little bark "brought me to," and a grouse rose and sailed away from under my nose, while I looked foolishly on, and again the still smaller voice seemed to say, "O! no, you're never troubled with buck fever." It was a pretty chance for a shot, my blood was up, and I marked bird by sound. I heard him drop in a bunch of alders near the road. Taking my station in the middle of the road, I commanded Frank to "seek him out." "Quit, quit, quit, whirr-r-cluck! que-e-e-et, que-e-e-et," and he came straight for me, then swerved and attempted to cross in front. An instant the gun followed his flight till he shoved his bill over the muzzle, then I pulled and he dropped as if interviewed by a thunderbolt, with his head and two inches of his neck riddled—the cleanest shot I ever made. This was glory enough for one day, so I started for home. I never before killed two flying grouse straight. On no previous grouse hunt did I kill all my birds flying, and I never felt more at ease with myself and the world than on the eve after my first grouse hunt in '82. L. I. FLOWER.

CAMBRIDGE, N. B., November 17.

LARGE GAME IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[Extracts from a letter of a settler in the Transvaal to a FOREST AND STREAM correspondent in Nova Scotia.]

WE, Beck and myself, had a first class hunting trip this year. We started with twenty Kaffirs, wagon and pack ox. Left the wagon three days' journey from this place, and then walked four days into the fly (*tsetse*) country, taking the pack ox and men to carry the beef out. We killed five giraffes, two lions, buffalo gnu, koodoos, zebra, hartbeest, wild boar, and different kinds of antelope; in all, sixty-five head in ten days. We were unlucky in not seeing either black or white rhinoceros, although the spoor was plentiful.

When we arrived in the game country, we made camp. Our mode of hunting is to take one man each and start at sunrise in different directions. When game is found, if it be a troop, we fire and follow on as fast as possible, get another shot, run on again, never looking at the dead or wounded until satisfied, then come back and get the dead and finish the wounded ones.

One day I had four Kaffirs with me and killed three giraffes out of a troop of seven. Kaffirs are very poor shots as a rule. Out of the three giraffes killed, we found only one bullet which had been fired from a Kaffir's rifle, and that animal I had wounded previously.

It is very hard work hunting on foot, but with a few days' exercise one gets into such condition that every muscle appears to develop; and although tired when night comes, the next morning you feel fresh as possible with a rousing appetite.

Lions were swarming; the Kaffirs saw two, three or four almost daily. I saw only one, and killed him; he has a good skin and splendid mane; he appeared to be an old one and was very fat. He got our wind when coming on him and trotted away, so we ran after him, knowing that he would stand, look back, and give us an opportunity for a shot. They go very leisurely. He stood at about 100 yards, and unfortunately, my man, who carried my Martini rifle, fired past my ear just as I pulled the trigger of my express rifle. I missed, and of course the Kaffir did the same. However, we ran on after the lion, and he soon gave us another chance. I fired and brought him on his haunches. When wounded they stand and roar continuously, and you invariably get a good shot next time. I ran to within about seventy yards and put an express hollow bullet into his ribs, when he fell on his side. I then went close up and put a bullet through his head.

Two of the Kaffirs were one day following the spoor of a troop of buffalo, and came upon two buffalo which had been quite recently killed by lions. The men followed on and shot a large buffalo, which began to bellow. One of the Kaffirs took another direction, he says by accident, but the fact is he was afraid of the buffalo. However, the other—an old hunter—was about to give the buffalo a finishing shot, when a lion came bounding out, caught the buffalo by the nose, threw him and stood on him. The man then fired at the lion, but missed. The lion then went away; the hunter went up and cut off the buffalo's tail, and was looking about where to cut next when he again saw the lion approaching; he fired at him and the lion ran off. The man then came to camp for assistance, but it was too near sundown to follow a spoor.

I had three men with me that day, and we followed a wounded giraffe so long that we lost our way. The men were determined to find camp, so we walked for three hours after sundown, and by chance came near to where the buffalo killed by the lion lay, and to hear the lions feeding, fighting and roaring was well worth a long walk and a sleep out. The men would go no further, but made half a dozen large fires, and we slept in the center. We had had no water since the forenoon and nothing to eat since before

sunrise. It is impossible to describe the row that the brutes made over the buffalo carcass. It was beyond description, terrible.

So long as you can make a fire—and there is always plenty of wood—you need have no fear of lions or hyenas. The latter are strange animals. They come around your camp nightly, hundreds of them, howling and laughing, which to a stranger is very alarming. They are fierce looking and come within a few yards, but are great cowards. The wild dogs can drive them off from a carcass, although the dogs are much the smaller.

Through the carelessness of two of my men the pack ox strayed from camp and was killed by lions. I made the men pay £8, the value of the ox. We intended to kill it upon getting home, as it would die from the bite of the *tsetse* fly. Two dogs which we took with us are dead already; they were bitten about three weeks ago.

Both Mr. Beck and I enjoyed the trip immensely. He used an express rifle, which originally cost £55, bought by him for £25; I also used an express weighing twelve pounds; cost me £30; original price £50. It is too heavy for hunting with on foot. Martini is better, being lighter, and costs only £5—that is, the military rifle—and I prefer it to the sporting Martini, as it is much stronger and not easily damaged by a fall. W. S. S.

Sadie, Lydenberg Gold Fields, South Africa, July, 1882.

A PIKE COUNTY DEER HUNT.

FOR the interest and benefit of our sporting brethren who would like to enjoy a week's hunting, these lines may come appropriate, and I will gladly give all further information and advice if some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM wish to go where the writer and party spent a week of good sport, combined with pleasure and comfort.

Our party consisted of five—Nic E., and his brother Adam, and cousin and uncle K., besides myself, all of us most green in deer hunting. Leaving New York Saturday, Nov. 11, on the 5:40 P. M. train, we took the Erie to Lackawaxen, from there the branch to Hawley, where we expected to find Mr. Herrman Frank, who was to be captain of our little band. We arrived there at 11 P. M. Unable to be one of the party Mr. Frank gave us all information in regard to our hunt. He recommended a good and experienced guide, Ross Huff Tatton, and advised to try Pike county. He directed us to a comfortable and well-kept farmhouse (Mr. Roberts's) right in the center of our hunting grounds. Mr. Roberts, a clever and generous host, and his son Sam, a most obliging and true hunter, made us feel at home as soon as we entered their house.

Monday we started bright and early, Ross Huff taking in his charge the hounds and doing the driving, while Sam placed us on our different runways. We started several deer that day, but none came to shot except one to Uncle K. The dogs drove a fawn close to him; firing both barrels he missed it. Of course he blamed his breech-loader (it was a new one and never shot out before) but if that was the cause, or if he had the buck fever, we will leave undisputed, suffice it, that he was the only lucky one who saw and fired at a deer that day.

We made another drive and started two more deer, but they went to the river where the dogs lost their scent. The first day ended with a blank, but we were not discouraged, enjoying the exhilarating air and beautiful scenery. Tuesday morning found us early astir. Sam Roberts and Huff were going to make a large drive, and try to run the deer to the brook (Blooming Grove). It was an overcast and gloomy day. They started several deer, but unlucky for us they would not take to the brook, but ran to the Blooming Grove Park. It was getting late and began to rain, so we struck out for home; on our way home we intended to make a short drive about the same place where we had stood Monday, Huff seeing tracks of a large buck there. We were hardly placed when black clouds darkened the firmament, the rain coming down in torrents, the wind blew and the old pine trees shook and trembled; it was blowing now a perfect hurricane, and we were drenched through and through in less than no time. Of course this settled our day, and we arrived at our home cold and looking like drowned cats. Our hunting thermometer fell down very near to the freezing point, but as soon as we had our clothes changed and were sitting around the bright and cheerful wood fire we felt better, and after eating dinner all was forgotten. We gathered around the blazing pine knots listening to and telling deer and bear stories until it was time to go to bed.

Wednesday we started again full of hope and ambition. We had seen plenty of tracks the day before, and the storm spoiling our last drive, we decided to try the brook once more. Luck seemed to be against us, though the hounds started a large buck and several other deer, but somehow the dogs lost track, or got mixed in the hackmatacks, and all the deer they started would run the wrong way. Sam Roberts was coming through a ridge with the hounds, when up jumped three deer, a buck, doe and fawn, all laying close to each other. We secured the fawn and the doe. Fully satisfied with our good luck, we gave up hunting for that day. After dressing and hanging the deer to some trees, as it was too far and late to get them out of the woods, we returned home a happy and pleased party.

Thursday morning we were all on the alert; we intended to drive a different direction, and the dogs soon raced a big doe towards our stands. They were running up a ridge, and she was coming direct to where I stood, but as she came up the hill she winded me, and turned back in the ravine, running with lightning speed past Nic E. about 200 yards, but he was only armed with a shotgun. The dogs soon started some deer again, and I saw a fawn shoot through the bushes like a bullet. I let go both barrels and wounded her, but not hard enough, as she fairly flew away, in the same direction as the doe. Our guide, Huff, hearing the shots, started on a run to the water, where he expected she would go; and the dogs were driving another buck also direct to the brook. Nobody was placed on the brook but a country lad, and as he saw the deer coming right for him, being too eager he did not wait, but fired seventy-five yards before she struck the water, where otherwise if he waited she would have run within five feet of him. Huff came up just in time to see our country friend shoot and the deer escape over the hills. This ended our days' hunt. The young fellow had to hear some strong sentiments, but it was no use crying over spilt milk.

Friday was a nasty, disagreeable day; it rained and snowed, regular slush, and confined us to the house. We passed the time at target practice with a rifle, while our guides went in search of some hounds which we lost the previous day. Saturday opened bright and cheerful; it had turned cold during the night. It was a grand sight to see the country so changed in one night from fall colors to mid-winter. The old pines looked like blooming peach trees; the snow, sticking close to their branches, gave them a beautiful appearance. This was to be our last day, as we had to take the 5 P. M. train in to Hawley. We concluded to drive once more the same hill we had driven Thursday. We saw a great many tracks, some leading for half a mile in the open road, but somehow the storm must have driven the game from the hill, as we did not start one. We went on to the Hawley road, where we expected Roberts, Sr., with the wagon. Here we had time to make a short drive in the forks. We took position on the lower fork road, and left the hounds to go in at the Blooming Grove road. They started a buck in the forks, and we heard the music of the chase going and coming. The deer was playing hide and seek with them until the barking died away, and no buck came to us. We drove to Hawley, where we arrived at half-past two; left Hawley at 5:40 P. M.; arrived in New York about 10 o'clock, well pleased and satisfied with our deer hunt. F. B.

New York City.

MINNESOTA WHISPERS.

HAVING just partaken, with the hearty relish born of a tramp in the dear old woods, of a genuine sportsman's supper consisting in part of juicy venison steak, "partridge" pie, broiled squirrels and delicious tea, I am at peace with myself, and in the mood for a chat with the brethren of the FOREST AND STREAM family.

If I only had time to write out some of my hunting experiences, I believe the result would be, that another year I should have the company I have so much longed for this fall.

Upon the whole, the game season in this locality has been remarkably good, and for some birds of game the season is now at its best. During October ducks were unusually abundant. I believe a good shot could have averaged from twenty-five to fifty per day. I know that often I would shoot as many in an hour as I could back-load in. Duck shooting, however, is nearly over for this fall, as the smaller sloughs are now frozen over.

Partridges, as they are invariably called by the natives, are fairly plenty. I went into the iron-wood thicket near my shanty one afternoon last week, and killed seven in less than an hour. Gray and black squirrels are more numerous than the "oldest inhabitant" ever knew of their being before in this section of the State. I left my house at two o'clock this afternoon, went a mile to an oak ridge, and killed twelve, seven grays and five blacks. A gentleman told me that in another part of the woods he counted fourteen in two trees.

I made a statement in the FOREST AND STREAM last fall concerning the weight of squirrels, which one gentleman called in question, so in the presence of three reliable persons I weighed the twelve killed to-day. They tipped the beam at exactly sixteen pounds and six ounces.

Who would like a pair of the blacks mounted? As this is the open season for deer, rifles are cracking on every hillside and ringing in every valley. Already quite a large number have been killed, though the deadliest work will not be done until there comes a good tracking snow. It seems too bad that the deer are being so rapidly exterminated. No attention is paid to the law, and in a few years a deer will be a great rarity in Minnesota, as in New England. If I wasn't a clergyman in good and regular standing I would say, confound pot-hunters.

And now I would like to give a hint, which is also an invitation to "gentlemen sportsmen" who have means to gratify their love of sporting.

I know of no locality so favorable for club grounds as this. There is almost every variety of game, many beautiful lakes abounding with fish, pleasant scenery, healthy climate; and as the Little Falls & Dakota R. R. (a branch of the Northern Pacific) is now completed, one can come within two miles of this point by rail. I believe every man in town would cordially welcome a non-resident sportsman's club, and render all possible assistance.

If the right man would only come here and open a hotel (there is a good building within five rods of the lake which can be purchased or rented) where lovers of the rod and gun could be accommodated, he would be sure of a liberal patronage. At present there is no hotel in town. The only axe I have to grind in this is that I want others to have just as good a time and chance as I have myself; and I want good company. J. FRANK LOCKE.

Pillsbury, Minn., Nov. 16.

MONTANA BIG GAME.

A FEW days ago about four inches of snow fell in this county, and all the hunters turned out for deer hunting; the "old-timer," with his 16lb. gun, white hat and light-colored (ragged) clothes; the gay young tenderfoot, with little .44-Winchester, black fur hat, dark clothing, fancy knife, leggings, etc., and large amount of baggage. A party of five from Iowa hunted two weeks, killed ten deer, and thought deer rather scarce; while three old-timers killed twenty-eight in two days. The temptation was too strong; I went out and killed eleven in two half-days. Three were very large blacktail bucks, that dressed from 210 to 265lbs. All the meat is saved at this season and shipped to Eastern cities. Many signs of large cinnamon bear were seen, but only one captured; that one weighed dressed 640lbs. Black tail deer are very plenty here this season; probably 800 have been sent to market from this locality this fall. I know that one party of two men last year killed 600 deer on Powder River, 175 miles up the stream; of course, only the hides were saved. Deer are very thick there yet; 300 were killed by three men on the Cabin Creek this summer for their hides. Of course this is all wrong, and regretted very much by hunters generally; but in this country it cannot be stopped at present. We have an excellent law for the preservation of game, but it cannot be enforced. The main buffalo herd is southeast of us eighty miles; but scattering bands of ten to fifty are found in all directions, giving sport and meat to new-comers and settlers. We meet occasionally a lightly built whitetail deer on the prairies here and in Dakota that are not the timber whitetail, nor the Virginia deer. They run like an antelope, are very shy and undersized, and different in every respect from either the "longtail," or blacktail, mule, or red deer. We call it a "prairie deer;" what do you call it?

Antelope are now in bands of 50 to 300, but unless a hunter "gets the drop on" a band, he does not hunt them much; 600 antelope skins were brought in by one party, the result of two men's work in that line in one year. Pinnated grouse are quite plenty, but seldom hunted. The long range rifle question is coming up again among Western hunters. We have all kinds of guns here. I bought an old Peabody-Martini .45-70 gun last fall, army style; and can beat any Sharps 90 grain gun here with it for long distance, and bets are freely offered to that effect; but for penetration, a 40-90 would beat it. The cut is peculiar, being fourteen creases with a gain twist. The cut is what we call the coffee mill cut. With such a gun I challenge the world on long distance, accuracy, and penetration. We want a gun that will send a bullet through a bear or buffalo, through bones and all, and cut a large hole—that's the plain English of it. A .40 caliber is rather small, and we don't like explosive bullets. We like a buck horn rear sight with a long open front sight, and a man that can't kill a prairie hen off-hand with this sight at 200 yards is not much of a shot; but shooting at a target and shooting at game on the jump are entirely different things. H. S.

Glendive, Montana Territory, Nov. 22, 1882.

[The deer are probably Virginia deer. We have hunted over all the country referred to by our correspondent, and have noticed a great variation in the size of the Virginia deer; but there is no difference other than that of size.]

CARE FOR THE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Now's the day, now's the hour" when the tender (selfish) feelings of every true sportsman ought to be directed toward preserving the scattered remains of our once numerous family of quails. It would require but little trouble (that little ought to be a pleasure) for any person who has a covey on his place to make a shelter for them before the snow storms come, and keep it supplied with food, and then when a heavy snow comes and their food is covered up, they would go at once for the shelter and remain as long as they were supplied.

Nearly every bird that escapes the gun could be saved from the one great winter enemy, the hawk, by simply driving four stakes in the ground, about two feet high and ten feet apart, with poles across, then covering it heavily with brush.

When the ground is covered with snow they must run around for food, while the hawks sit watching as anxiously for their dinner; so the quail has his choice between being gobbled up or starving to death. A hawk can see a quail on the snow something less than a mile off, and if a quail appears in the open fields, as he is often forced to do to get the seeds from the tops of the weeds, his doom is sealed if a hawk sees him, and when a hawk once finds a flock he stays there till the supply of meat gives out.

A great many people mean to take care of the birds, but the trouble is they think there may be but little snow and then there will be no need of building a protection; but a deep snow storm falls upon them suddenly; then they think of the birds and sally out with a stock of grain, but it's probably too late, they may starve before the food is found. But the great thing is a thorough protection from the hawks, and now is the time to do it. The protection should be open on all sides. DIDYMUS.

QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.

THE Virginia partridge (*Ortyx virginianus*) is very scarce north of James River, from the Blue Ridge Mountains down to the counties lying on Chesapeake Bay. I hear they are abundant south of James River, in the country between Petersburg and Norfolk. Suffolk, in Nansemond county, on the Norfolk & Western Railroad, is a good point from which to radiate. Deer are plentiful also in the region round about Suffolk. The country between Fredericksburg and Richmond and between Alexandria and Lynchburg is barren of birds. Every year the coveys are scarcer and smaller, and the cause is not far to seek. The freedman kills the old birds during the nesting season, and then in autumn the city sportsman goes out with his ten-bore breech-loader and slaughters them with an eye single to a big bag, and with no thought of the future.

Every huntsman in Virginia believes that the partridge raises two broods a season, if undisturbed, and when disturbed the hen keeps on laying and hatching till frost, trying to raise a family. Nothing is more common in Eastern Virginia than to see a half-grown brood with a brood full-grown under the care of the same cock and hen. Perhaps in colder latitudes, where the season is shorter, they rear only one brood.

Virginia, November, 1882.

NOTES FROM OHIO.—I have just returned from a two weeks' hunting trip in this State. Spent a few days first near Deshler (on the B. & O. R. R.), hunting deer; found them plenty but hard to get at in the "black swamp" on account of the thick brush and grass; got only two in four days' hunting. Went to St. Mary's Reservoir for one day's duck shooting; bagged twenty-two, mostly mallards. Then stopped at Ada, Hardin county, on main line of P. F. W. & C. R. R., for quail and ruffed grouse shooting. Found them very plenty, often "getting up" five or six "bevies" of quail on the borders of one field; made fine bags every day. For any one who enjoys quail shooting this is the place to go. As I know that locality thoroughly, I would be pleased to give any information to parties wishing to go there. Nov. 15, I shot three woodcock, and at the time there was two inches of snow on the ground. I have never found them so late in Ohio. Have others? I also got a curiosity in the shape of a fox squirrel, with the belly and inside of legs coal black.—J. W. R.

NOTES FROM WISCONSIN.—Deer are so plenty along the line of the Chippewa Falls & Northern Railway that a locomotive recently ran into six of them, one being thrown some distance by the pilot. Entanglement with the wire fences along the line has in several instances afforded hunters "sure shots." H. F. Conklin shot a white swan at Rock Lake, Jefferson county, which measured seven feet and four inches from tip to tip of its wings, was four feet eight inches in height, and weighed sixteen and one-half pounds. W. R. Smith, in Chetek, has a collection of hundreds of stone and copper implements, embracing cooking utensils, pipes, arrowheads, etc., all gathered from Indian mounds near his home. Willard, Jr., in Depere, has probably the finest and largest collection of State birds stuffed and preserved. He has nearly 450 specimens and about 200 species.

WEIGHT OF MALLARDS.—Cleveland, O., Nov. 12.—Shot seventy ducks last Monday, one of which, a mallard drake, weighed over three and one-half pounds.—MEHIT.

THE BOSTON DEER GONE.—Boston, Mass., Nov. 24.—Owing to repeated failures to obtain an appropriation for a new fence for the deer park on the Common, the Committee on Public Grounds have decided to get rid of the deer, which have given the public much amusement since 1864. Councilman Eddy took two deer; Councilman Barry sent two to friends in New Hampshire; two were sold and sent to Central Park, New York; two were bought by Lowell gentlemen, and three were exchanged for swans. There now remain only three, and they will be disposed of as soon as possible. The rickety fence will come down. A small part of the park will be reserved for hotbeds, but most of the space will be thrown open to the public. It cost $300 a year to keep the deer. Recently three of them escaped owing to the rotten fence. One of them ran down Boylston street to the Providence depot, where he cleared a street car at a leap. He was killed. Another got as far as Brookline, and, in gamboling on some cliffs, fell over a precipice, broke its legs, and was killed. The third one ran down Charles street to Beacon, and jumped the sea wall into the Charles River. He was captured and returned to his quarters.

THE "AIR SPACE" IN RIFLES.—Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—In considering the statement made by me last week, that "a normal bullet can be fired from a rifle with safety even if it be many inches distant from its powder charge," I request readers to remember that I am speaking of rifles, and that I am by no means discussing the effect of things other than bullets—such as snow, ice, sand, snakes, rags, etc.—on the barrel of a rifled arm. I assert, as a thing that goes without saying, that wet sand, *e. g.*, will burst a rifle nearly every time. My experiments are as yet incomplete and unfabulated. I dare not assert of the shotgun, as I do of the rifle, that an "air space" will not harm the gun.—W. McK. H.

SIDE HUNTS.—The valuation of game adopted by the Gulf City Gun Club, Mobile, Ala., for their annual hunt, held Nov. 19 and 20, was as follows: Bear 300, wildcat 150; deer—buck 125, doe 100; fox 100, rabbit 13, squirrel 7, goose, 75; turkey—gobbler 60, hen 20; chicken hawk 25, owl 20, sparrow hawk 10, woodcock 20, quail 7, wild pigeon 10, Wilson's snipe 5, plover 5, papabot 10, dove 4, robin 1, lark 1, rail 1, poule d'eau 1, king rail 2, gallinule 2; ducks—canvas-back 25, black mallard 20, mallard 10, chick cock 8, pintail 8, widgeon 8, redhead 8, teal 5, all other ducks 5.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Westfield, Nov. 22.—For some reason woodcock have not paid us their annual visit this year, and there were very few to the manor horn. But to make up for this loss quail and ruffed grouse are more plentiful than for years. Where do they come from? 'Coon hunters are very successful this fall, that article being in abundance near by town. We are very anxious to get hold of a good 'coon dog, but all we have tried so far are found wanting.—G. A. S.

FLORIDA GAME.—Sanford, Orange County, Nov. 20.—The outlook for quail this season is most propitious, as their last breeding season was the most favorable one they have had for some years. One of my neighbors told me he had already shot 300 birds this season. Snipe are very plentiful, and I get some almost every day I go out. St Johns is full of ducks, and it looks as if we should have a good year for all kinds of game.—TRUMP.

KENTUCKY.—North Middletown, Nov. 18.—Partridges are in Bourbon county comparatively scarce, but reports come in from the mountain counties that partridges, ruffed grouse and wild turkeys are very abundant. Will start on a trip to mountains about Dec. 2; when we return shall report again.—LITTLE SANDY.

CANADA.—Quebec, Nov. 18.—We have had a very mild fall, and our birds left because they are accustomed to do so, for they were not driven away, as usual, by severe weather.—G.

THE PURDEY GUNS.—A valuable acquisition to a sportsman's outfit is one of the "new rebounding hammerless guns" manufactured by James Purdey & Son, 287 and 289 Oxford street, London. This gun takes its name from the internal hammers or strikers rebounding to full cock on opening the gun. It is provided with a very simple, but none the less effective, safety catch, which precludes all danger of a premature discharge. The blow struck by the hammers is very powerful, thereby doing away with the possibility of a misfire unless the cap is defective. The excellence of the guns manufactured by Messrs. Purdey & Son, both in shooting qualities and appearance, is so well known that it is needless to eulogize them here. All who use their guns heartily indorse them, and during the past season they have not had one complaint. The sole right to manufacture their guns in this country is for sale, subject to certain conditions.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

IMPORTANT. Shelton's monthly Issue to sportsmen.—*Adv.*

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

FUR QUOTATIONS.—Mr. Ramsey Macnaughtan, with his usual enterprise and ability, has devised and copyrighted a price list that is wonderfully complete and comprehensive. It is entirely new and original, and besides prices on each grade contains valuable practical suggestions. Any one sending reasonable proof by letter or business card that they are in the fur trade can secure one from Mr. Macnaughtan, 3 Howard street, New York.—*Adv.*

ADVICE TO HUNTERS.—Don't look into a gun to see why it didn't go off; the gun was only waiting to see the white of your eye. Don't blow into a gun; the man who blows into a gun has for his epitaph, "He died as the fool did'n." If your comrade carries his gun with the muzzle pointed at your pericardium, hit him in the back of the neck with the butt of your gun. If it breaks his neck don't feel bad for he will make a better looking corpse than you would with your viscera blown into tatters. Don't let your imagination make the top of your comrade's head look like a grizzly bear and fire at him; such mistakes have occurred in this State four times already this fall; fatal every time. Finally, don't go in the woods at all, for nine out of ten of you don't know enough to handle a gun anyway, and your nerves are too sensitive to endure a run of buck fever without results fatal to yourselves or your companions.—*Northwestern Mining Journal.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Pool's Signal Service Barometer in another column. It combines with an excellent thermometer, a storm-glass or weather indicator, of surprising accuracy, rendering it an article of great value to the farmer, and to all others who feel an interest in the important question, "What will the weather be to-morrow?" Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine without the trade mark and signature of J. A. Pool on the back of each instrument. See advertisement. Parties sending money to J. A. Pool or the Oswego Thermometer Works may rely on their getting goods promptly in return. A representative of the Detroit *Free Press* recently visited the above works, and was astonished at their magnitude and completeness. No larger or more thoroughly organized establishment of this kind exists in this country or the world. About 350 persons are employed in the works, and the demand for Pool's Thermometers and Barometers is constantly increasing. Their popularity is well earned, for no instruments are better made or more serviceable.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OPEN SEASONS.—*See table of open seasons for game and fish in issue of next week.*

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Rainbow trout, *Salmo iridea.*
Black bass, *Micropterus*, two species.
Maskinonge, *Esox nobilior.*
Pike (New York pickerel), *Esox lucius.*
Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus.*
Pike-perch (Wall-eyed pike) *Stizostethium.*
Yellow perch, *Perca flavitilis.*
Striped bass (Rockfish), *Roccus lineatus.*
White bass, *Roccus chrysops.*
Rock bass, *Ambloplites*, ½ species.
War-mouth, *Chœnobryttus gulosus.*
Crappie (Strawberry bass. etc.), *Pomoxys sicciferianus.*
Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis.*
Chub, *Semotilus bullaris.*

SALT WATER.

Striped bass, *Roccus lineatus.*
White perch, *Morone americana.*
Smelt, *Osmerus mordax.*
Drum, *Pogonias chromis.*
Red bass, etc., *Sciænops ocellatus.*
Tomcod, *Microgadus tomcodus.*

☞ This table is general. For special laws in the several States see table of Open Seasons in issue of next week.

But angling is not alone a health-retaining and a health-giving pastime. It is a medicine to the mind as well as to the body; and unlike too many pleasures of life, it scatters no seeds from which the nettle of remorse may grow to sting the conscience or drive sunshine from the heart. Like the unclouded friendships of youth, it leaves only joyous memories. Peter did not weep because he took fish with not or angle, but because he did what it has become a proverb no angler can do and have "luck," and if Uncle Toby's hasty speech had been as free from guile as an angler's heart while plying his vocation, no angel's tear need to have fallen to blot out the record. Blessed pastime, whose day never ends, but whose sun casts a perpetual radiance upon the "simple wise man" who, regularly as the return of "the time of the singing of birds," sayeth to himself, "I go a-fishing."—*George Dawson, "Pleasures of Angling."*

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

III.—ABOUT GRAYLING.

Hide me, ye forests, in your coolest bow'rs,
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams.
Gay.

IT so happens that no one of the local brotherhood, except myself, ever fished for grayling. All have frequently resolved to do so, but none of them have yet found leisure to put their resolve into execution. As the next best thing, they require of me an annual recital of my visits to grayling waters. I am nothing loth, of course. On the contrary, it is a great pleasure, only less enjoyable than the reality itself. My "talk" this year was on this wise:

"A few years ago the Au Sable was the most famous and best stocked grayling river in Northern Michigan. When I became acquainted with it, the fish were very abundant. In an hour's casting at almost any point, a sufficient number could be taken to surfeit any reasonable angler for a day. But, unfortunately, all anglers are not reasonable. While making ready for a few days' sojourn on the river, a party came in with a barrel of fish they had taken, and which they proposed to carry home with them. They may have had a thousand or more, and to secure that number of sizable fish they had probably killed four times as many. With the utmost care the whole lot would doubtless be nauseatingly stale before they reached their destination. The purpose of the party was well enough; for it is always commendable to remember the loved ones at home; but I never felt that I greatly complimented a friend by presenting him with a mess of stale fish; and, except under very favorable circumstances, all fish become stale, however carefully packed, that can only be eaten a week, more or less, after they are taken. Neither grayling, nor trout, nor salmon, are in full flavor if they have been so much as twenty-four hours out of water. Many an honest angler has lost caste with his friends because the promise to the ear has been broken to the palate. His praises were based upon their flavor when freshly caught; their judgment upon their flavor when eaten. The original flavor of salmon remains longer than that of either trout or grayling. But even salmon greatly deteriorate in two or three days, however carefully packed. Whenever I bring any of my salmon catch home with me, I see to it that they are kept constantly encased in fresh ice and that they are not exposed to anything above a frigid temperature until they are passed over into the hands of the cook. In this way I have sometimes enabled my friends to get a fair, if not a perfect idea, of the exquisite salmon flavor.

"Since I first visited the Au Sable it has fallen off in both the number and weight of its fish. But it still affords good sport to those who do not engage in the pastime simply to see how many fish they can kill. 'Catching to count' is a species of vandalism in which no honest angler will engage. Those who do, whatever they may call themselves, have the 'low down' spirit of the pot-hunter, although they may not have his dollar-and-cent cupidity.

"I remember a great many years ago, hearing one of a party of four boasting that they had, in two days, taken twenty-two hundred trout from the waters of 'Stony Clove,' in the Catskills, and I once saw a then famous judge 'scooping up' trout from the same waters with a bed-tick he had either bought, borrowed or stolen from one of the neighbors. No marvel that that once prolific stream is now comparatively barren. Scores upon scores of other streams have been similarly depleted in this State and elsewhere. But I am happy to know that this unsportsmanlike habit of 'catching to count' is now deemed 'more honored in the breach than in the observance'—thanks to the admonitions of the public press and the better education of the present generation of anglers.

"On my first visit to the Au Sable I took all the fish I wished within a mile from camp. On my recent visit it took me a whole afternoon, casting over the same ground, to catch enough for supper and breakfast. I was told they were plenty as ever fifteen or twenty miles down stream, but I didn't care to make the journey. I preferred to work for what I caught, having long since ceased to find my highest pleasure in angling where neither skill nor patience is required to fill my creel."

"In what," I was asked, "do grayling, in their haunts and habits, differ from trout?"

"Their haunts are the same, in every material quality. That is, the Au Sable has every feature of a trout stream, in the clearness, flow and temperature of its water, and in its ripples, eddies and pools. To simply look at it, any expert would pronounce it as promising a trout stream as he ever saw. When I began to cast, I expected a rise from a trout rather than from a grayling; but often as I have fished the river I have never yet so much as seen a trout."

"How do you account for their absence?" was the next query.

"I have been frequently asked that question, but I have never been able to answer it, and the answer is all the more puzzling from the fact that the earlier settlers have a tradition (and some assume to speak from personal knowledge) that there was once trout in the river, and that even now there are both trout and grayling in other waters not far off. If the tradition is truthful in regard to this river, what has become of the trout? Have the grayling destroyed them? If so, how did it happen, after having dwelt together in unity since the creation, in these latter days 'the one has been taken and the other left?' I know that trout have disappeared from a great many streams because of the changed temperature or diminished supply of the water, caused by the artificial drainage of swamps, the absorption or diversion of springs and the denudation of forests. But no such causes have operated here. With isolated exceptions—few and far between—the swamps and springs and forests remain as they were when 'the morning stars sang together' If trout ever were in the river I can conceive of no reason why they should not be there still, and if in waters where the two fish are still found the trout are rapidly disappearing (as is alleged) the mystery is all the more inexplicable. I wish some one better acquainted with grayling and grayling waters than I am would essay to solve this problem.

"So much for the haunts of the grayling. Now a word about their habits. I find them in just such spots as I would look for trout in the early season—on the riffs, at the foot of rapids, under old logs and in all kinds of shady places, but not often in deep pools. And they are like trout also in the manner in which they take the fly, except that I thought they did not come up as far out of the water as trout sometimes do when they 'rise;' but they take the fly as sharply, shoot off as rapidly and fight as gamely. They make a more stout resistance at the outset than trout of the same weight, chiefly because of the great dimensions of their dorsal fin, which gives them a powerful lever when they shoot across the current, as they usually do when struck. I do not think, however, they have the trout's 'staying' qualities, but they are all game, and afford the angler quite as much sport as trout in any waters.

"There is one thing about the grayling especially worth mentioning—the peculiar thyme-like aroma they emit when taken. The ancient Greeks recognized this fragrant odor in the fish. 'Hence its generic name *Thymallus*, which is derived from *Thumallus*, the Greek term for thyme.' [Halleck's Gazetteer, p. 335.] I had never heard of this peculiarity, and for a time I fancied myself moving through a forest-garden of sweet smelling herbs. None of this aroma is perceptible after cooking—except to a very lively imagination. In point of flavor, the grayling is the peer of the trout. Indeed, neither in its haunts, its habits, its gamy qualities or its flavor, is it at all inferior to that favorite fish. If not as handsome when landed it is even more beautiful in the water. In reeling one in, with the sun at a proper angle, its great dorsal fin, with its blended body-hues of olive, brown, rose, blue, green and pink, reveal all the dazzling colors of the kaleidoscope. I am afraid I sometimes unnecessarily protracted my 'play' to enjoy the exquisite picture."

"You speak," said one of the coterie, "of the Au Sable as having the flow of an ordinary trout stream. The popular idea is that the whole of Michigan, except its extreme northern portion, is practically a uniform plane, with no high hills and no mountain brooks nor swift flowing waters, such as we have in our own State."

"And this popular idea is not far wrong. There are no real mountains in Michigan. Nevertheless, the topography of the center of the lower peninsula is such that many of the streams move with considerable velocity. The current of the Au Sable, for instance, flows from one to four miles an hour, and its water is as pure and as transparent as any mountain stream I ever saw. But when I have said this I have said about all that can be said in its favor. It has very few beautiful scenic features. Its banks are generally low and uninviting. There are not, so far as I traversed it, many pleasant camping places directly on its borders. On my last visit I floated several miles before I found a spot where I was willing to pitch my tent, and when I landed an incident occurred that made me wish myself a hundred miles away. It was this: A party of ladies and gentlemen had just broken camp as we landed, and were awaiting their wagons to take them to the village. While thus waiting, the ladies amused themselves in gathering wild flowers, and in their rambles they had encountered a huge massassaugua, whose glittering eyes and warning rattle had sent them flying and screaming back to camp. Although diligent search was made for the reptile, he remained undiscovered. The incident was followed by the pleasant assurance from my guide, that 'although a good many 'saugas were round, they very seldom bit anyone; or, if they did, a quart of whisky, swallowed at once, was a sure cure.' As I hadn't the whisky I didn't hanker after the bite. My sleep in the woods, with nothing but a few hemlock boughs between my body and mother earth, is usually sound and refreshing. But upon this occasion I was terribly nervous, and more than once awoke with the fancy that every hair on my head was a massassauga, and the rustling of the leaves the seductive music of their blood-curdling rattle. Fond as I was of fishing, before morning I had resolved that I wouldn't spend another such night for all the grayling in the Au Sable. But 'how use doth breed a habit in a man!' With the dawn my nervousness took flight, and through all the subsequent nights I spent upon the river, I 'slept the sleep of unconscious innocence.' Still, the knowledge that rattlers are occasionally seen has made me less anxious than I might otherwise be to go after grayling.

"It is one of the glories of the 'North Woods' that they are infested by no venomous reptiles; and during all the years I have visited salmon rivers, I have never seen nor heard of anything of kin to the rattlesnake family. I know of some splendid trout, bass and muscalonge waters north west from Ottawa which I have hesitated about visiting because of their bad reputation in this respect. But even this will not restrain me through another summer, if my health is spared."

"When are grayling in season?" I was asked.

"The grayling is a spring spawner, and is in season anywhere from July to mid-winter. They are, perhaps, in fullest life and flavor in September and October, and thus furnish sport to the angler after it is wrong to take trout or salmon. In Michigan there is no more delightful month in the whole year than October. As a rule, it is an unbroken Indian summer, and as, late in the month, deer are in good flesh and are almost as plenty in the woods as grayling are

in the water, a combination of the two makes the Au Sable region a very paradise to the sportsman. I may add, also, that there are lakes near by quite as well stocked with bass as the river is with grayling. A region where bass, grayling and deer are all 'in season' at once, and all equally abundant, should have a potent drawing power for all who take delight in the use of rod and rifle."

"Please take us with you the next time you go for grayling," was the expressed wish of all present—not excepting my old friend from St. Lawrence, who had never before indicated any interest in any fish but his beloved bass. I more than half suspected, however, that his desire to accompany me had its moving cause in my casual intimation that there were inviting bass lakes in the neighborhood of this famous grayling river. G. D.

BROOK TROUT AND RAINBOW TROUT.

THE following, from the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, are replies by Mr. Livingston Stone, to questions of Herr von Behr, concerning:

I.—BROOK TROUT (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), and

II.—CALIFORNIA TROUT (*Salmo iridea*).

1.—We always hear now that *Salmo fontinalis* is rather a *Salvelinus* (and there is no doubt about it), but don't you have our *Trutta fario?* You use the words *Salmo fontinalis* and brook trout as synonymous, while formerly we thought brook trout to be our *Trutta fario!*

A. It is true that the New England brook trout, sometimes called the American brook trout and commonly known by the name of *Salmo fontinalis*, is properly a Salvelinus (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), but the *Trutta fario* of Great Britain and the continent of Europe does not exist and has never existed in America. The common brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) of New England and other States of the Atlantic slope is not the common brook trout of Europe (*Trutta fario*).

My following questions are meant about *Salmo fontinalis* (*Salvelinus*):

2.—How heavy do they get?

A.—The *Salvelinus fontinalis* or common brook trout of the Atlantic slope varies very much in size and weight. Those found in high altitudes in the very small and usually cold rivulets that form the headwaters of the streams are the smallest, and often are of such diminutive size that they will not average over two or three ounces each. The larger and somewhat warmer brooks lower down, that are formed by the confluence of these little rivulets, furnish the next larger size of *fontinalis*, and so on till we come to the streams emptying into the ocean or the great lakes, where we find the largest of the species.

Brook trout were thought to attain the weight of nine or ten pounds until the famous ten-pound trout caught by Mr. George Shepard Page in the Rangeley Lakes was declared to be *Salmo oquassa*,* since which time the reputed maximum weight of *fontinalis* has had to fall a little, though I still think it possible for *fontinalis* to attain a weight, under the most favorable circumstances, of seven or eight pounds; but Atlantic brook trout of three or four pounds are now geit'ng extremely rare even in tidal streams, and in the brooks farther in the interior a pound or three-quarters of a pound is considered a good weight for *fontinalis*.

3.—Are they living in the same water with *Trutta fario* or *Salmo iridea?*

A.—*Salvelinus fontinalis* has never been found naturally living together with *Trutta fario* or *Salmo iridea*. But since the introduction by human agency of *fontinalis* in Great Britain, *fontinalis* has occupied the same waters with *Trutta fario*, and since the California brook trout have been brought to the Atlantic slope these two latter varieties (*Salvelinus fontinalis et Salmo iridea*) have lived together in the same waters.

4.—What time are *Salmo fontinalis* caught by angling?

A.—*Salvelinus fontinalis* can be caught by angling in the latitude of New York city from about the 1st of April to about the 1st of October, though I believe the close season begins somewhat before October 1. Before about the 1st of April the water is usually so cold that the trout do not feel much like biting, and after the 1st of October the spawning season is so near that they do not care then much about bait or any food. As one goes farther north the season for angling begins later and ends earlier. Trout are not found much south of the latitude of New York city, except at high levels.

5.—With what fly or bait?

A.—Trout fishing in this country is done mostly with artificial flies. The different variety of flies used are innumerable. Those which are considered the most effective, taking the season through, are perhaps the "Professor," "Montreal," "Jennie Lind," "Coachman," Black Gnat," and "Cowdung." When bait is used the common angle worm is the favorite lure for trout, but grasshoppers, various flies and insects, and particularly the grub worm, are used at different seasons and in various localities with good results. Salmon spawn also makes a good bait when it can be procured.

6.—Do they spawn also in lakes like other *Salvelinus*, or only in rivulets like *Trutta fario?* What months?

A.—Atlantic coast trout, like *Trutta fario*, spawn almost exclusively in brooks and rivulets; and manifest a strong impulse to ascend the streams to a considerable distance. When, however, they cannot do better, they will, like other charrs, spawn on the shores of lakes, always seeking either a springy spot or a clean gravelly one, or both. Their spawning months vary very much, probably according to the temperature of the water. At the Cold Spring trout ponds, at Charlestown, N. H., the trout almost invariably begin to spawn the second week in October, and end before Christmas. Farther north in ordinary brooks they spawn earlier. Farther south they spawn somewhat later, and in ponds or streams which are fed by springs large enough to keep the water of very even temperature through the cold months, the trout spawn from the 1st of November till some time in April.

7.—Are they thought good for pond culture?

A.—In America, *Salvelinus fontinalis* takes the first rank as a fish to be cultivated in ponds, provided the ponds are fed by springs or cold running water. Ponds not possessing these qualities are unsuitable for brook trout.

8.—There seem to be different kinds of *Salmo fontinalis* in United States, for when some time ago I received a box of eggs, which were first cabled as *lake trout*, but afterwards declared by you to be *brook trout* (*Salmo fontinalis*), you especially remarked that these *Salmo fontinalis* eggs were of a special excellent variety, and my German breeders observe that these eggs are so very large that they indeed had believed them to be lake trout eggs.

A.—There is, properly speaking, but one kind of *Salvelinus fontinalis*, but they vary very much in quality. For example, the small fish of the small, high rivulets, though very sweet and delicious when cooked, are not nearly as handsome and plump and tempting in looks as the trout lower down, say in the Cape Cod and Long Island streams. Neither do they ever grow as large, neither are their eggs as large. As to the eggs of the largest breed of brook trout I think I may venture the assertion that they are fully twice as large as those of the eggs of the fish of mountain rivulets.

9.—Of what State and lake were these? So I dare say you have different kinds of *Salmo fontinalis*. Is this the case? I bought, for some years, eggs of Mr. Annin and of the Charlestown Cold Spring trout ponds. Were these probably of the same kind as those you presented to me a short time ago?

A.—The eggs sent to Germany, and first by mistake called lake trout, were true "*fontinalis*." They were from Mr. Clarke's ponds in Michigan. They were eggs of the same variety of fish (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) as those received from Mr. Annin and from the Cold Spring trout ponds at Charlestown, N. H.; but Mr. Clarke's eggs were from exceptionally fine fish.

10.—You observed that you had a *Salmo iridea* hatching-house in one of your Eastern States. Do the *Salmo iridea* spawn there at the same time as in California—in the spring? Which months are the spawning time in California (McCloud River), and which in the Eastern States hatching-houses?

A.—In the McCloud River they spawn from about the middle of January to the middle of May; but so varied in elevation, latitude and temperature is the State of California that *iridea*, I have been informed, is spawning somewhere in the State every month in the year.

It is unquestionably true that the spawning season of *Salmo iridea* depends on the climate, that expression being understood to include all climatic influences of every kind.

Salmo iridea spawns in the McCloud River, as has been mentioned, from the middle of January to the middle of May. In the eastern hatching-houses the same fish spawns in March, April and May.

11.—Does the *Salmo iridea* keep, in *ponds*, its stronger appetite and greater vitality they speak so much of in California?

I read in the small book "Fish Hatching, Fish Catching," that they are more vigorous in every way than the Eastern trout, but are not as handsome, have no carmine specks, but will live well in captivity and grow rapidly.

A.—*Salmo iridea* retains its capacity for eating voraciously when confined in ponds, and when confined seems to keep up its well-deserved reputation for having a hardy and vigorous organization, though I should hardly want to admit that *iridea* possesses any greater vitality than *fontinalis*. I agree entirely with your quotation from "Fish Hatching and Fish Catching," that they are more vigorous in every way than the Eastern trout, but are not as handsome, have no carmine specks, but will live well in captivity and grow rapidly, except that I should want to substitute the word "hardy" for "vigorous." It does not seem to me that the California brook trout are more vigorous than the Atlantic brook trout, but they are undoubtedly more hardy.

12.—Mr. Von dem Borne desires me to ask the following question:

What kind of places do those four above-mentioned fishes select for spawning; running or still water, on plants, on stones, on gravelly or sandy or muddy bottom; in deep or shallow water?

A.—In reply to Herr Borne's inquiry, allow me to say that *Salvelinus fontinalis* and *Salmo iridea* always seek clear, running water and a gravelly bed where they may deposit their eggs.

13.—Is there only one California trout, or is the trout of McCloud River the true rainbow trout, and has California another mountain trout?

A.—There is but one California trout which has been introduced into the Atlantic States, and, indeed, but one that has been much cultivated. This is *Salmo iridea*, or the "rainbow trout," or the "California mountain trout," or "Mc Cloud River trout," these three names last given being synonymous. Whenever anyone hears anything about *Salmo iridea*, or "rainbow trout," or California mountain trout," or "McCloud River trout," he may know that the same fish is always meant under all these different names. California has several other mountain trout, but they are not yet much generally known or much cultivated.

14.—Which one do you intend to send us?

A.—Consequently the California trout which Professor Baird intends to send to Germany is the fish (*Salmo iridea*) just mentioned.

15.—What month does it spawn? Californian *Salmo quinnat* spawns at home much earlier than our *Salmo salar*, but I might suppose that this entirely depends on the climate, because the California salmon which our Mr. Schuester raised in his tanks up to spawning time did not spawn in the California time, but in our *Salmo salar* time (November) or very near so.

A.—This question has already been answered under 10, which see.

*The assertion that Mr. Page's large trout was a "blue-back," *S. oquassa*, is new to us. We would ask Mr. Stone who has so decided?—EDS. F. AND S.

A TROUT POISONING CASE.

LAST week a most important case, involving the ownership of trout in a stream, was decided in the Supreme Court of Livingston county, N. Y. The stream is owned or leased by several persons and is the celebrated Caledonia Creek.

On trial the following facts were brought out: James Annin, Jr., is the lessee of half a mile or more of Spring Creek, in the village of Caledonia. He derives his rights from a lease made by the father of the defendant. At the head of the stream are two mills and a dam, the gates of which separate the water in the mill pond from that of the creek. During the summer months the water in the pond becomes stagnant and the weeds give forth disagreeable odors. On the 31st of August, 1880, the gates of the dam were opened to let out the water for the purpose of killing the weeds. This was accomplished, but the water, loaded with vegetable impurities, lime and sulphur, mixing with the waters of Spring Creek, killed large quantities of trout therein and did similar damage to the trout in the ponds of the State hatchery house at Mumford, three-quarters of a mile down stream. Mr. Annin brought suit against McKay for a thousand dollars damages, alleging in his complaint that McKay opened his gates with full knowledge as to what the results would be. The answer is a general denial of the allegations in the complaint, and also denies that Annin had any ownership in the trout. When plaintiff rested, defendant's attorneys moved for a non-suit on the grounds that fish in a flowing stream, never having been in actual possession, could not be subject of property, and that as Annin did not own the fish he could not recover. Geo. W. Sill, for plaintiff, combatted this claim, and the court denied the motion.

The case was tried before a jury, which gave a verdict for Mr. Annin of $130 and costs.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

AS a supplement to the account of our "bassing" clubs," given in a recent number, we print the following concerning the local fishing near New York in November and December, from the N. Y. *Sun* of Nov. 23. It is mainly correct and bears the marks of a Philadelphian in the use of the word "dipsey." It says:

The extent and number of local fishing grounds, and the variety of species of fish caught thereon, make the waters near New York city bonanzas for the anglers, who work these grounds daily from the early spring, when trouting begins, till the late fall, when the striped bass run up the rivers and salt estuaries, only stopping when winter covers the waters with an icy film. In truth, old bassers are even now crying for a norther to chill the East and Hudson rivers, saying truthfully that the big bass won't come up until we have a freezer. But it is an ill wind that bodes no good, for the atmospheric conditions now prevailing, acting as a barrier to the run of bass, give to the general salt-water fisherman halcyon days among the blackfish and flounders.

The sheepshead is the first of the salt-water game fish to leave its summer haunts on the mussel beds and sunken wrecks, full of barnacles, upon which it delights to feed. Where they go in the winter months is a much discussed question among angling naturalists, some of whom assert that "the heads" emigrate to deep water outside, while others insist that these fish go South in the winter and come North again in the early summer. This theory, however, is weakened by the naive query of an old practical angler:

"Did you ever catch a 'head' in Florida that weighed more than ten or twelve pounds? You didn't, eh! Well, then, do you mean to say that the big fellows, fifteen pounders, that we catch in the North go down South every winter and grow small before they come back again?"

The weakfish keenly feels the nip of the early frost, and leaves, presumably for the Gulf Stream, in the warm waters of which he passes the winter months, thus incidentally recalling the theory of an angling writer that, as fish have their lungs placed on the outside of their bodies, they are perforce more sensitive of changes of temperature than other animals. The sea bass quickly follow the weakfish, and are followed in turn by the kingfish and the bluefish, and to-day all that is left for the angler in the adjacent salt waters are the striped bass, lafayettes or goodies, fall flounders, tomcods, bergalls or cunners, and a few straggling snappers or young bluefish. Of fresh-water fishes the black bass are still taking the lure in deep water, and the pike and pickerel seize with avidity the skittering and trolling bait. But it is the intention in this article to deal with the salt-water fishes only, and of these the striped bass in the North and the rockfish in the South claim precedence by right of size and gaminess.

From the fact that female bass filled with spawn are caught with nets in the deep holes in the Upper Hudson during the winter, many anglers incline to the belief that striped bass spawn in fresh water, but their habits in this respect are not yet accurately defined, at least so far as relates to the striped bass of running waters, for we find the latter very plentiful in their spring runs above tidewater, especially in the rivers of Pennsylvania, where they breast the strong rapids to reach the spring waters of the tumbling tributaries of the Delaware and Susquehanna, and where they take a gaudy, artificial fly and afford sport hardly inferior to that of salmon fishing. Striped bass of twenty pounds or more have been caught in nets nearly a hundred miles above tidewater in the above named streams, when resting in pools hardly three feet deep at the foot of the rapids. Genio C. Scott, in his "Fishing in American Waters," says this fish spawns in both fresh and brackish waters, but never in the sea. Be that as it may, anglers well know that the great run of big bass begins usually in the latter part of September and continues far into the month of December, the numbers and length of the migrations being dependent upon the early or late advent of frost. In this fall's rush of fish there is hardly a tideway of our local waters which has not its biting denizens.

We note only the accessible grounds for a day's fishing, for the enjoyment of which the fisherman needs only an early breakfast, being able to reach home again in the early twilight hours. First comes Long Island Sound, which is truly an angler's paradise. Narrowing from Fort Schuyler, it divides into three contracted but deep channels, flowing around Riker's and North and South Brother islands, and then spreading out once more until it merges into the East River with its Hell Gate, Little Hell Gate and Brown's Kills, each literally strewed with rocks and ledges. At the mouth of the Little Gate lies the Sunken Meadow, and around this and through the channelways are the best trolling grounds. For still fishing from boats, the following localities are considered excellent grounds:

Jamaica Bay—The Block House wreck, Canarsie, the Neversink wreck, Canarsie, Mud Channel, Rockaway, the railroad bridge.

Newark Bay—At the Lighthouse, the Central Railroad bridge.

Communipaw Bay—Old Tom and the Three Brothers, the Sunken Marshes.

New York Bay—South side of Governor's Island, the Kill von Kull, Fresh Kill Creek, the Great Salt Kills, John Tobin's Point, Coney Island, the Iron Pier, the Broken Point.

North River—The Split Rock, opposite 123d street, off the Elysian Fields, Piers 1 and 2.

East River—Pier 3 and 5.

Harlem River—Kingsbridge, High Bridge, and McComb's Dam.

The blackfish of New York, or the tautog of the New England States, grows to the weight of eighteen pounds, but those caught in the adjacent bays run from half a pound to six pounds. These fish spawn early in June, and are now in full feed, biting very freely at fiddlers and clam bait. They are not considered by anglers of a scientific turn game fish. This opinion, we think, is not sound. Let the angler strike any fish, from the

plucky pound barb or kingfish to the three-pounder salt water bass, in the tremendous rush of an incoming or outgoing tide, in water twenty to thirty feet deep, where a pound dipsey or lead must of necessity be used to keep the line in trim, with the bait near the bottom, and he must discard the rod and trust to the hand-liner's methods—hand over hand, with stubbornness of muscle. Now, let him reverse this method, take a light rod of seven or eight ounces, eight feet long, with line as light as good service will permit, and a nine-foot single-gut leader, and drop the half-ounce dipsey into the slack of the ebb or flood, and he will find that a five-pound blackfish will call for more of skill and tact than would a 200 or 300-pound shark on a canal-boat's towline.

There is an old saying among the fishermen of the East River and the Sound that blackfish begin to run when the willows commence to turn green, but the fact is patent that blackfish are in their best condition when the leaves of the willow are yellow. Below are mentioned a few of the best grounds for blackfish, which are also good for the run of small fish, such as lafayettes, small sea bass, with an occasional fair-sized tomcod and a stray snapper. The reader will bear in mind that all the places noted are excellent grounds for midsummer fishing, when large sea bass, sheepshead, porgies, blackfish, and others can be caught in goodly numbers, particularly in Jamaica Bay on the Block House and Neversink wrecks. The following are the favorite grounds for local fishers:

Jamaica Bay—Broad channel, and the grounds named for striped bass.

Gravesend Bay—The Stone Pile.

Rockaway Beach—The wreck of the Black Warrior.

Prince's Bay—Pleasant View and Gifford's.

Sandy Hook—The railroad and government piers.

New York Bay—The Monument abreast of Sandy Hook, and Fort Wadsworth in the Narrows.

Sheepshead Bay—Near the bar.

Flounders may be caught as early as March; in fact, all through the winter, if the angler elects to stand the temperature. The month of April, however, is the best for the spring fish, and October and November for the fall run. Here is a bit of advice for flounder anglers: Take along in your boat a pair of oyster tongs, and rake up the mud with them, and the flukes will be sure to bite. In default of the tongs, anchor a few feet behind an oyster boat, on the beds, and your total catch will be large, and so will be the fish. The best spots for flounders are in Flushing Bay and Jamaica Bay, although these fish bite freely in season on all muddy bottoms, unlike the blackfish, which prefer the sandy bed of a tideway.

Tomcods are now in full biting trim. These fish hardly exceed half a pound in weight, and give little sport, although they are considered a good pan fish. Bergals, which are now feeding freely, are looked upon as a pest, particularly on blackfish grounds, where they are active in taking the lure intended for larger fish.

For neighboring salt-water fishing such as we have described, the proper tackle and baits are as follows:

Rods.—An ordinary joined natural bamboo, such as can be bought for $2 to $5; its weight from ten to fourteen ounces, and is eight or nine feet long.

Reels.—A multiplyer brass, costing $3, and holding 300 feet of line, which should be a No. 9 Cuttyhunk of that length.

Hooks.—The Abbey & Imbrie Sproat hook of various sizes; for striped bass use Nos. 2 to 3; for blackfish, flounders, and such fish, use the 2 size. Tie the hooks on double gut spoods, using also double gut leaders.

Baits.—For striped bass, the shedder crab, shrimp, sandworms and squid; for blackfish, fiddlers and skimmer clam. The latter bait will be found killing for all kinds of small salt-water fish, excepting the snapper or young bluefish, for which the spearing seems to be the most seductive lure; but if you have not that, killies or mummychugs will be found a good substitute.

The list of grounds will show where the above named fish were biting freely up to last night:

In the tideways of Hell Gate—Striped bass; turn of the tides; squid and sand worms.

About the Sunken Meadow—Flood tide; striped bass and blackfish; bait, shedder crabs and sand worms.

Varians' Creek—Panfish; tide runaing up; sand worms.

Bowery Bay—Blackfish, flounders, dogfish; same tide and bait.

Flushing Bay—Striped bass, panfish; same bait and tide.

Arnold's Point—Blackfish, same bait; first of flood.

Westchester Creek—Striped bass; flood tide; shedder crab.

College Point and West Farms Creek—Panfish, bass; same bait and tides.

Pelham—Blackfish, bass, panfish; flood tide, clams, worms.

THE TARPUM.—I have seen lately in the New York *Herald* articles on bass angling and the bass clubs, also the subject treated in the FOREST AND STREAM. From these articles one might infer that the striped bass are leaving our coast to such an extent that there will be no sport in this line in the near future. Now, why do not some of these able anglers who have caught their sixty-pounders, and many others who are willing to try their skill on some of that weight or over, try the tarpum of Florida waters? They can be hooked to a certainty; the next thing is to bring them to gaff, and no person who goes after them need fear he will not find them; they are very plenty in some rivers there. I have seen schools of them which I should judge had fifty tarpum of from 75 to 150 pounds. I have often been fast to them, but with improper tackle to undertake the capture of them. I only once tried to catch them. I then fitted a strong troll line to a float, and thought I might play him that way (having no bass tackle), but I lost my fish at the first leap from the water, breaking my line. I should like to see a good-sized tarpum captured with rod and reel.—A. B. D.

NEW YORK.—Medina, Orleans County, Nov. 23.—Pickerel fishing at the Cove has been excellent the latter part of summer and fall. The Cove is situated ten and one-half miles southeast of this place, on Oak Orchard Creek; there are properly three coves where the creek has widened out to small lakes or ponds. The water is quite deep, making an excellent place for pickerel and other fish to breed and live in. Several parties from here have been up there this fall, and have had more than usual good luck, bringing home from ten to twenty fine pickerel, weighing from two and a half to four pounds each, and in one or two instances even more. It is with feelings of much pleasure and longings to be there that I hear the veterans tell of their grand sport.—SAL NITER.

ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT ECHOES.

THE casting has made an impression upon the world of anglers on the British islands, and the reverberations from across the water have just reached our shores. As a rule they do not discredit these records, as they have former ones, for the character of the committee in charge and the number of spectators, as well as the jealousy of the rival contestants, forbade the suspicion of an exaggeration of the distances. The fact that our records exceed theirs bothers the English anglers, and before we finish this article we propose to tell our transatlantic cousins just how and why we can do it. The two papers which have given most attention to the tournament are the *Fishing Gazette* and the *Field*, and both have full and fair accounts, the latter by its American correspondent, Mr. Franklin Satterthwaite. The *Field* editorially says:

> We do not usually concern ourselves much with what are called casting tournaments, because they are, as a rule, held under such conditions and circumstances as to be of little or no practical value or test in actual fishing. There are many persons, however, in this country who may be interested in the question, and therefore we publish the above report, as it is common enough to hear warm discussions as to the length of casts. Not long ago we heard a very angry one between two chance acquaintances, one of whom averred that he had cast twenty-seven yards (which was perfectly true, for we saw and measured it), and another gentleman who declared that he had cast twenty-six yards on one occasion, and he would be chained into unbreakable chips if anyone else could cast more; and the contention waxed high. This tournament shows, at least, that it is possible to cast thirty yards with a single-handed rod. Thirty-eight yards and two feet is a very good salmon cast; we have seen it cast before, however, and measured it; but it falls far short of Pat Hearns' famous feats, wherein he threw forty-two yards for a wager. But tournament feats are not to be put into competition with fishing casting; it is altogether a different thing.
>
> Some time ago we heard of a competition at which the line was cast upon a large sheet of canvas, thus avoiding one of the most serious drawbacks to long casting in actual practice, viz.: the friction of the line in drawing it out of the water, with all the weight of the water to weigh it down behind; the thing was insufficient as a test of anything. Here we have a platform run out into a lake, raised 3ft. above the lake, which practically adds quite 2ft. to the length of the rod. Of course, the ground behind was perfectly level, (at the least) and quite devoid of straws and tufts of grass, or bushes of any sort, and no doubt the fly lit and rested without much check, and even with perfect safety. Then, too, in most tournament affairs, both rod and line are picked out, and specially adapted to one another for long casting, and for nothing else. All these things are not in actual fishing. For example, the twenty-seven yard cast we measured was with the rod, line, etc., being then fished with on the Old Barge at Winchester, the bank not a foot above the water, with high water meadow grass behind, and a rising bank. The least touch of the grass, of course, was fatal. There are no comparisons in the test of anything. Here we have a platform run out into a lake, raised 3ft. above the lake, which practically adds quite 2ft. to the length of the rod. Of course, the ground behind was perfectly level, (at the least) and quite devoid of straws and tufts of grass, or bushes of any sort, and no doubt the fly lit and rested without much check, and even with perfect safety. Then, too, in most tournament affairs, both rod and line are picked out, and specially adapted to one another for long casting, and for nothing else. All these things are not in actual fishing. For example, the twenty-seven yard cast we measured was with the rod, line, etc., being then fished with on the Old Barge at Winchester, the bank not a foot above the water, with high water meadow grass behind, and a rising bank. The least touch of the grass, of course, was fatal. There are no comparisons in the test of anything. It is no doubt a good thing to be able to make your rod do its best, and to make long casts when wanted; but it is one thing to make a long cast, and it is another to fish it. We have more than once known men who, to show their power of casting, more often than not would over-fish their cast, and then when their fish rose bungled him. For all these reasons, and for the further one that we dislike anything like the introduction of competition into the art of angling, as destructive to the spirit of it, we are not inclined to attach any much importance to tournaments of this sort.

We do not agree with the able writer in the *Field* that such contests are of no value. As a school for beginners what can be finer? And the old angler can compare his style with that of others. The platform being three feet high might have added a little to the length of the cast, but not two feet to the rod. Next year the platform will not be over a foot high, and it would not have been higher this year except for the benefit of the bass casters, some of whom cast underhanded. The *Fishing Gazette* says:

> It will be acknowledged by all who know anything about fly-casting that some of the casts at this tournament were simply marvellous. In the "light rod" contest, for instant, Mr. H. W. Rawes made, in beautiful style, the extraordinary cast of twenty-seven yards, one foot, with a ten-foot split-bamboo rod weighing only four and a half ounces. For our part we doubted that such a cast could be made with a rod was simply an impossibility, but the strict conditions under w. ich the casting took place, the elaborate arrangements for accurate measurement, and the jealous scrutiny of the casting by the rival competitors make it impossible for any one who has indeed the examination of the distances cast by other anglers in this contest gives the last man of the seven credit for over twenty yards, and that with a rod of only four and a quarter ounces!
>
> Mr. Silk, who was present at the tournaments, tells us that the measurements were made from the spot on which the competitor stood to the spot where his end fly fell on the water, and there can be no question whatever about the strict accuracy of the measurements given; this independent testimony from an unprejudiced Englishman ought to silence all cavilling as to the measurements. To our mind this wondrous casting with such feather weights as four-and-a-half ounce rods is by far the most interesting feature in the tournament. Mr. Silk says the casting lines used were of braided silk, waterproofed, and this confirmation of our impression that lines of this description are, on the whole, by far the best that can be used by the fly-fisher.

Until recently we have always looked with disfavor on the glued-up split cane rods, although we must say our experience of them had been confined to English made rods of this description.

But in the face of such extraordinary results obtained by their means, as we have referred to above, we confess that our views respecting them are totally changed, and we feel certain that will be the case with most English fly-fishers, making full allowance for the fact that the casts were made from a platform three feet above the water, and undoubtedly this was an immense advantage as compared with casting done on a level with the water, still the fact that such rods will send a line out to such a distance places their casting merits beyond cavil. We may mention that we have recently received from Messrs. William Mills & Son, fishing tackle makers, of 7 Warren street, New York, a superb hexagonal Leonard rod, made to our requirements regards weight and length, but it is a stiff three-ounce salmon rod, weighing ten ounces. As a piece of workmanship it is simply perfection; every joint is made of six strips of cane, so beautifully put together that even with a magnifying glass it is impossible to see how the edges are joined.

The cast made with a single-handed fly rod by Mr. R. C. Leonard covered twenty-eight yards one foot, with an eleven and half-foot rod, weighing ten ounces. This cast, considering that it was from an elevation of a yard above the water, with in front and behind, is far, far, much in advance of the twenty-three yard cast, made on the ground (and not over water) with a ten-foot rod, at our first *Fishing Gazette* Tournament.

The bait casting with one ounce and two and a half ounce weights was not extraordinary, and will not compare with the casts made in this style at Hendon.

An Englishman, Mr. H. Prichard, is credited with the longest cast made with a single-handed rod at the tournament. With a ten-foot rod and a 5½ inch reel and line, he sent his fly some thirty-two yards from the platform. His style of delivery is peculiar, as will be seen from the FOREST AND STREAM description of it; but peculiar or not, it must be wonderfully effective.

Some anglers, in criticising these interesting fly and bait casting tournaments pretend to decry the merits of long casts. They say that a man may by practice be able to make a long cast and yet be a very poor angler. In our opinion this is a wrong view to take of the matter. The perfect angling must have all, and no sensible man would claim that a long cast is the best cast, or proves the angler who makes it to be a clever angler. At the same time we repeat that a man who can manage a long line delicately and well will generally be able to use a shorter one effectively. On small streams a long cast is rarely necessary, on broad streams it is often of immense value. Then again, as tests of the relative value of different styles of casting and different makes of rods, these tournaments are unquestionably useful.

The editor of the *Fishing Gazette* is on the right trail. The reason that the Americans cast further than the English is not that they are better anglers, but that they have better tools. We have never seen an Englsh made split-bamboo rod; but from what is said of them by the English papers, they must be inferior ones. If the editor of the *Gazette* will go through the large fishing tackle establishments in America, he will find no rods but what are as beautifully put together as those he describes. A fine rod that showed its joining would not be allowed to leave the shop of any maker with a reputation to win or to sustain. Few Englishmen care to pay the prices for rods that we do; and at the same time they will, as a rule, pay more for guns. Take as a sample of our meaning an Englishman and an American, each fond of both shooting and fishing and each with a fair portion of worldly goods to enable him to gratify his tastes. The Englishman would not hesitate to spend $400 or $500 for a fine gun, but would think one-tenth that sum too much for a superior rod. The American would take the rod and a $15 reel, with a $5 line, making the outfit come to about $75, and would then say, "I think a $100 gun will kill all I can find to shoot at." Just as the English excel in high priced guns so do we in fine rods, and this is the reason that we can get more work from the rods.

We do not think that the limit of casting with a single-handed rod has yet been reached, and we shall not be surprised to see the record beaten each year, until 100 feet are cast. We believe that long casting is the only way to test not only rods, but anglers. It is just as desirable to cast far, as it is to cast delicately, and a long cast must have some delicacy, for its force is spent. The man who can cast eighty feet can fish more water than he whose limit is sixty. Who has not seen trout rise beyond reach?

English anglers are very thorough. Their waters have been fished so long that unless a fly is deftly cast it might as well not be thrown at all. The trout become educated, as on some Long Island streams, and are shy. In this country, on the contrary, we have so many new and unfished waters that the trout are green and will take anything; and this tends to make careless anglers. Take a hundred anglers at random from each country and the chances are that the English would have a larger proportion of first class ones; but they cannot equal our experts in casting because they have not the tools.

RANGE OF THE SAWFISH.—Dr. John Wilkins took a sawfish (*Pristis antiquorum*) in his pond near Eastville, Va., last month, which measured sixteen feet over saw and all. This is farther north on our coast than the fish has been recorded before.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN MINNESOTA.

DR. R. O. SWEENEY, of the Minnesota Commission, has been interviewed by a reporter of the St. Paul and Minneapolis *Pioneer Press* who reports that the hobby of the commissioner at present is carp, which he thinks the best breeding fish for the ponds and streams around St. Paul. He says that at present he is expecting a carload of carp in response to the applications of the residents of Minnesota, Dakota and Montana, which have been forwarded to the United States Fish Commissioner within the past two years. How soon the car will be in St. Paul he does not know, but it is expected every day. Any official notification that has been sent to him has either been mislaid or lost. He will, he expects, take charge of the carp when they arrive and distribute them over the State, as they may be allotted by the United States Commissioner on the applications made to him. The remaining fish—if there are any—will be placed in the hatchery and kept there for distribution.

Mr. Sweeney says that he received 300 carp some time ago from Prof. Baird, but upon his advice had kept them in the hatchery for breeding purposes. There they had grown well and had bred well, but the commissioners did not know to what extent as they did not like to disturb them in the pond, and to find out just what the result was would necessitate the drawing off of the pond or the use of nets, as the fish would not bite. He believes that within a short time there will be plenty of carp at the hatchery to distribute throughout the States.

The specifications for a hatchery will afford scientific information for extensive breeders, and will also show the owners of ponds how to manage the beds and keep the carp well. The usual requirements are two or three ponds, one lower than the other, for the purpose of drawing off the water. These plans will be embodied in the annual report of the commissioners. To the farmers who have good ponds Mr. Sweeney says they can get along without the drawing off process by feeding the fish it some especial spot on the shore each day. This will draw the fish there with perfect regularity, and they can then be selected and drawn out with a hand net. This process will keep the house supplied very regularly.

"Will it pay to raise the carp" is a question often asked. It is believed that it will, as the rapidity of their growth places them much in advance of other fish. The fish market to-day requires a large number of all kinds of fish, and these always bring from eight to ten cents per pound, and the carp is a very good table fish. There have been 150 carp distributed within the past two years in Minnesota by the commission. What the result of this distribution is, is not known to us, as no reports have been made; but it is declared by Mr. Sweeney that those who have received fish from the State should report progress at once so that the facts in the matter can be placed in the annual report, that the ideas suggested by the experimenters may be practically tested by the commission.

Of other fish in the State, it can be said that 1,500,000 have been distributed during the past two years. These embrace the brook trout, whitefish, wall-eyed pike, German carp and the California brook trout, known as the rainbow trout. These have each good qualities and seem to be flourishing. The most satisfactory reports, however, are on the brook trout, which has been placed in almost all the smaller streams both north and south of St. Paul. The reports, however, give no very definite figures except that the fishing is better in every locality. The brook trout is the easiest raised and lives and propagates where no other fish will. In fact it is said that any stream that is warm enough for other fish is too warm for the brook trout. The pickerel is an enemy of the young trout, but the older fish can either battle with or is too quick for the pickerel and is therefore not disturbed. At Peterson, Filmore county, there is a man named Hazelrud, who makes a specialty of raising trout; and he has found it quite a profitable business, as he lets the catching out to sportsmen, whom he charges $1 per pound for all they catch. The brook trout is worth in the St. Paul market from forty to fifty cents.

The California salmon are progressing well, it is believed, but the numbers raised are not known positively. The salmon have a way of biting when they please, and they don't seem to feel like it in Minnesota streams. Some 150 of these fish are reported caught each season, and they are seen in large droves in the various lakes and rivers. Some of the salmon escaped from a hatchery in some way and have found a lodging place in the Mississippi. During the past season a few have been caught near Stahlman's brewery. The whitefish, which is the favorite food fish throughout the country, has been placed in a number of rivers and is doing well. The next shipment expected will be whitefish and they will be placed in the Mississippi, Minnesota, and St. Croix rivers. Whitefish which have left the hatchery have been caught which have measured over two feet long. Besides their size they are good breeders, giving 30,000 to 60,000 spawn per year. White Bear, Minnetonka and the lakes from Clearwater north, have had a very good supply of this fish. The black bass, croppies

and wall-eyed pike seem to be increasing in numbers. The pickerel at the same time is also increasing and destroys large numbers of other fish. Two pickerel pets were one time kept at the hatchery until they became three feet long. Those fellows were very lively, and used to catch the swallows as they passed over the water, fairly jumping out to seize their prey. This closes the interview with the commissioner, but his annual report will contain statistics on fish that will fairly dazzle and delight the people of the State.

A SUMMARY OF RECENT PROGRESS IN OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE CULTURE, GROWTH AND ANATOMY OF THE OYSTER.

BY JOHN A. RYDER.

BEING engaged in the preparation of a monograph on this important mollusk, in which it is the purpose of the writer to discuss, as exhaustively as may be in his power, the oyster in its anatomical, embryological, physiological and economical aspects, from time to time, in the course of the investigation, new facts come to light, some of which it may not be amiss to publish, so as to call the attention of those who may be willing to contribute facts or material in aid of my work. I shall also call attention to what is being done abroad; as it may interest American oystermen to know that the host of French, German and Dutch investigators are not idle, and that if the many confused and even inaccurate statements of the older observers are not always very creditable to science, the present generation of workers in biological investigation are on the alert provided with capacity, appliances and knowledge, such as was never before known. "But," says your man of business, "of what good is this kind of knowledge? I am a practical man and do not need to know anything of the vagaries of naturalists or men of science." Very well, sir, you are one of the sort who are reaping the benefits, ay, even many of the comforts of existence which owe their being to unrewarded empirical investigation into the phenomena of nature. Such practical men belong to the middle ages intellectually. These are the persons who to-day fill the positions of trustees of colleges and other institutions of learning to the detriment of scientific progress in this country. They cannot see the utility of scientific investigation, unless it be for the immediate advantage of the private or public bursary. Happily our government is not so short-sighted, and we may feel a just pride in the efforts now making in the direction of fish and shellfishculture, and the scientific and practical results already attained. Nothing is truer than the statement that, the results of the tedious experimental and unrewarded labors of the laboratory investigators enter most largely into making the practical industries of the times practicable. After fifty years more have elapsed this will be the case with oyster-culture, we may be certain. The achievement of this result will and can only be by scientific methods, the voices of acres of so-called practical men to the contrary notwithstanding.

During the year past three different species of edible oysters have been investigated or experimented upon. Of these, I may say, all have had a fair share of attention paid them, and one species has given such promising results at the hands of Mr. Bouchon Brandely, as to lead us to expect much of similar future efforts with other species in the same direction. Mr. Brandely worked upon the Portuguese species or *Ostrea angulata*, as it is known to systematic writers. I will give a brief abstract of his experiments carried out last summer essentially as reported from the Comptes Rendus, of the French Academy of Sciences, in the Annals and Magazine of Natural History for October, 1882. He says: "Twenty or twenty-five years ago the Portuguese oysters, indigenous to the Tagus, did not exist on the coasts of France. A damaged vessel discharged its cargo into the Gironde, upon the old Banc de Richard. Here they have since so multiplied that they cover an extent of from twenty-five to thirty kilometers, a vast bed which will soon be limited only by the banks of the river.

"*Ostrea edulis* is undoubtedly hermaphrodite according to the showing of Lacaze-Duthiers, Coste, Davaine, Möbius, Eyton and Hart. Is it a self-fertilizing hermaphrodite? With respect to this, nothing has yet been demonstrated; considering that the genital gland rarely presents the two sexes at the same degree of maturity, it is probable that it does not fecundate itself.

"The Portuguese oyster is, on the other hand, incontestably unisexual. Like the American oyster, as shown by Brooks, its ova and milt are expelled from the shell. Neither ova nor embryos are ever found in its mantle. The young of the common oyster cannot live outside of the shell. According to M. Berthelot's investigations the fluids in the mantle cavity of *O. edulis* contain albumen in a notable proportion, upon which the young are supposed to be nourished. M. Brandely found that the young of *O. edulis*, whether in the form of white or gray spat, could not be developed in sea-water external to the parent; the white embryos died in three days, the beat after twelve or fifteen days after their removal from the parent, although within reach of collectors. These facts he thinks, preclude the possibility of the crossing of the species. With respect to this point, however, our author made direct experiments, or attempts to hybridize the two species, which gave only negative results. Mixtures of the eggs of *O. edulis* with the milt of *O. angulata* and *vice versa*, never resulted in fertilization, although the experiments were repeated at different times for the last two years.

M. Brandely succeeded in artificially fertilizing the eggs *O. angulata*. The vital properties of both elements were retained for two to three hours. The embryos began to swim at Verdon in seven hours. The shell was formed on the sixth to the seventh day. The temperature of the water was 22 deg. C. (equal to about seventy-one deg. Fahr.) The artificial fecundation presented no difficulties. Four times out of five, if good sperm is used, mobile embryos will be produced. The spawning takes place in *O. angulata* for several weeks and gradually.

"An enclosure about thirty or thirty-five feet square was prepared at Verdon, into which the animated products of successive fecundations were poured. The sea water was permitted to enter this space through a bed of fine sand, and to pass out in the same way. This enabled the experimenter to retain the artificially spawned embryos within the enclosure.

"After a month of repeated experiments our endeavors were crowned with success. We had the satisfaction of finding some brood fixed on each of the tiles placed in our experimental 'clear.' This is so much the more remarkable as until last week, [this appears to have been in July] no spat had yet attached itself to the numerous collectors immersed on the oyster beds of the Gironde, that is to say in the very center of the clear."

These experiments are of the highest interest and may be of great practical value, especially the means resorted to in order to prevent the escape and loss of the embryos from the clear or pond. I can confirm M. Brandely's statements as to the distinctness of the sexes in *O. angulata*, having learned this fact from sections of the animals of that species. My firm belief is also that *O. edulis* will yet be found to be practically unisexual. Sections of *O. edulis* never show the hermaphrodite character of the reproductive organs, at least in such material as I have investigated.

The following remarkable statement, taken from Gegenbaur's "Elements of Comparative Anatomy," deserves a passing notice. On page 380 he says: "In the oysters we find an intermediate step toward a separation of the sexes, inasmuch as these organs are not active at the same time in the same individual; but the male and female organs alternately so." This quotation tacitly admits the unisexuality of the European oyster, to which it evidently refers. The last part of the remark, however, is founded upon the slenderest kind of evidence; in fact, upon no evidence except a surmise, as such an alternate activity of the two parts is improbable; besides, it is not possible to demonstrate such an alternation of sexual activity in the same individual. As everyone knows, the soft parts of an oyster cannot be examined without opening the shell, which necessarily makes the needed second observation to confirm this alleged alternation of sexual activity a physical impossibility.

I regard Davaine's observations upon the histology of the reproductive organs as of little value, being made before the introduction of improved methods of investigation. His figures of the finer structural details of these organs have apparently been made from crushed fragments. Even Lacaze-Duthier's figures of the reproductive organs do not give a very correct idea of the ducts and their actual relations to the subjacent somewhat tubular follicles with a generally vertical direction to the plane of the surface. Besides, no anatomist, to my knowledge, has very definitely located the organs of Bojanus or quasi-renal apparatus of the animal, or indicated the apparently close relation of this paired organ to the openings of the generative ducts. It is true these structures are very rudimentary, but seem to be present in a slightly developed condition, in somewhat the same relation to the great adductor as in *Pecten*, only that they lie close against the mantle at either insertion of the muscle, and on its ventral side. Their extent is sometimes marked by brownish tissue in their vicinity. Lastly, we may note the grossly inaccurate and scarcely diagrammatic figures copied from T. Williams in Broun's "Classen und Ordnungen des Thierreichs," III. Malacozoa, Plate xxx, Figs. 8 and 9, introduced to show the structure of the gills, which they most signally fail to show.

An important embryological contribution to the life history of *Ostrea edulis* has been published during the past year by Dr. R. Horst, of Utrecht, which the writer has had the pleasure of translating from the Dutch original. He does not agree with Dr. Brooks's interpretation of the gastrula stage of the oyster, and seems to think that what the latter regarded as the primitive mouth of the animal must be regarded as the shell-gland, from which the primitive shell of the larva is secreted. In defense of his position he cites the labors of Hatschek and Lankester upon other forms of bivalve embryos as confirmatory. Balfour throws doubt upon a similar interpretation of the gastrula of *Anodon* by Rabl. Horst also discusses the origin of the nervous system, pointing out the mode in which the supræsophageal and pario-splanchnic ganglia probably originate as thickenings of the epiblast or skin layer. The genesis of the gills and mantle is, however, not very fully discussed. He was unable to get embroys except from old oysters which contained brood in the mantle. He was not successful in keeping the young alive which had been removed from the mother oyster. He does not appear to think it possible to impregnate the eggs of this species artificially. In conclusion he states that he found that sea-anemones or actiniæ, which are very commonly found on oyster beds, destroy large numbers of fry. He also failed to find the segmental or renal organs in any of his embryos.

A different report on the possibilities of the culture of *O. edulis* reaches us from England, as already noticed in these columns. A Mr. Littlewood is said to have exhibited spat five months old bred from artificially impregnated eggs, at the recent Edinburgh Fisheries Exhibition.

Meanwhile five American investigators have been engaged in the investigation of the feasibility of rearing *Ostrea virginica* from its eggs. Of these, Dr. Brooks, Lieut. Francis Winslow, and Henry J. Rice, have not yet, so far as I am aware, published anything upon what they have done. Col. Marshall McDonald and the writer were engaged during a part of the months of July and August with the investigation in the U. S. Fish Commission Station at St. Jerome's Creek, Md. The most remarkable result which Colonel McDonald and myself obtained, with an apparatus devised by the former, was the apparent fixation of the fry to the sides of the glass hatching vessels within 24 hours after spawning, when kept in a temperature of 73 to 80 deg. Fahr., that they would develope a larval shell in this short space of time, but were surprised to find the young apparently fixed in such numbers to the sides of the vessels. How they were attached we failed to learn—whether by means of a byssus or not could not be certainly determined. They were found fixed so firmly, however, that they could only be removed by force, such as scraping the clean dead oyster-shells upon which they had lodged in the apparatus. Holding the shells upon which the fry had caught under a strong stream of water from a faucet failed to dislodge them. Our conclusion was, in view of the foregoing facts, that these young embryos had voluntarily attached themselves. It was noticed that this young fry had a disposition to lie upon the side, with the border of the rudimentary mantle projecting out over the border of the shell. Many were noticed in other positions, but I am inclined to believe that these were not normal, as will appear further on. The projecting border of the mantle, as it appeared to the writer, is probably the organ by which the adhesion of the embryo is effected—in fact, we will learn further on that this flatwise position of the fry is assumed at the time of fixation. Unfortunately for us, our endeavors to repeat our first successful experiment, which had given us such a remarkable result, invariably ended in failure, although we had taken the precaution to vary again and again the character of the apparatus to meet what were supposed to be unfavorable and fatal conditions. Several other forms of apparatus were used, which worked so satisfactorily that it was finally thought best to discontinue their use, including the air-blast playing upon the surface of the water in the hatching vessels, upon which I had largely built my hopes last year.

The fixed embryos or fry alluded to above did not grow any during the three days which we were permitted to observe them, both in a continuous current and and in a closed circulation of water. Putrescence or the development of deleterious organisms did not, I believe, interfere with our experiments. At all events, they remained of about the same size as the eggs with which we started, although food was already perceptible in the stomach rotating under the impulse of the cilia which lined the gastric cavity. They had the power to retract the velum and mantle, but not wholly. The pallial and velar muscles were therefore developed as well as the adductor, which could be seen to actuate the valves. That these embryos were developed from the eggs put into our apparatus there cannot be the slightest doubt, since the sea water used was first carefully filtered through a large, coarse mass of cotton wool to remove impurities and small, hurtful organisms, and no additional water from the open bay was afterward introduced.

The deflected border of the mantle in this fry seems to me an important fact in its bearing upon the manner in which the fixation of the young animal is accomplished. Though it is true there was as yet no umbo developed upon the shells of these larvæ such as may be seen when the larval shell measures from an eighteenth to a nineteenth of an inch in diameter, but the hinge line was straight as if the shell at this point was truncated. In the last stage of development of the larval shell, which I shall call the umbo stage, this truncation disappears, the umbos projecting somewhat past the level of the hinge, which is still approximately straight and without teeth, contrary to the statement of Lacaze-Duthiers. Immediately following the umbo stage the larval shell is converted into the spat, the valves of the spat growing from the borders of the fry shell. Or, rather, speaking more correctly, the calcareous deposits which are laid down by the young developing bivalve project past the free edges of the valves of the fry more and more, and immediately thereupon exhibit a prismatic arrangement of the shelly substance wholly different from that seen in the fry which is laminar, homogeneous and not prismatic. The fry shell is perfectly symmetrical and very convex, up to the time when it is converted into that of the spat, which is at once developed in an unsymmetrical manner, but at first tends to simulate the rounded outline of the fry, except at the hinge, where no lateral growth of shelly matter takes place. As growth of the spat goes on, and in fact from the very first, the hinge of the fry shell is inclined slightly upward, the fixation evidently having taken place at its edge.

This I regard as the most important step which I have made in developing the history of the shell, and it is probable that in it we have the clue to the manner in which the young oyster becomes fixed to stationary objects. It is important to note that the whole of the lower surface of the under valve of the young oyster is at first firmly attached by an organic cement. So firm is this substance, that the young shell can rarely be removed from its attachment without breaking the lower valve. The substance which effects this attachment is without doubt the organic matrix of the shell; viz., the so-called conchioline of the external horny covering or periostracum. The lower valve of the spat when growing on a flat surface may continue to adhere until it is nearly two inches across before its edge, together with that of the upper one, begins to bend upward and become free. This attachment is effected very early, as I have met with it in spat a little over an eighteith of inch in diameter. When it is twice this size it is scarcely possible to remove the young oyster entire from its attachment without first breaking loose with it a little disk of the object on which it rests. When the lower valve of the fry shell is examined under the microscope it is found that a faint groove runs around its border where it is continned into that of the spat, which is more pronounced than on the upper. This would appear to indicate most conclusively the means by which the final fixation is effected; viz., by means of a deposit of conchioline from the mantle border upon which the animal continued to deposit layers of calcic carbonate. This does not, it may be remarked, dispose of the possible existence of a byssus, but, as already remarked, our failure to find such a structure with special adaptations of the microscope, in the apparently attached fry in our aquaria now renders its existence somewhat doubtful.

The further development of the spat shell is interesting, in that the deposit of lime is continued mainly from the free borders of the valves and not from the hinge margin, where a marked interruption of shell development in a lateral direction is to be noted. In fact the valves of the spat are at first truncated on a line with the hinge of the fry shell and as the lines of growth are continued outwards the are developed which remind one of the lateral hinge processes in *Pecten* or the scallop. The hinge border of the spat is at first somewhat bent upwards in conformity with the slightly upward inclination of the hinge end of the fry shell. It results also from this that the hinge border of the newly fixed fry is at first free. To sum up, we find that the fry of the oyster is first permanently fixed by a pallial secretion probably conchioline, at the border of its valves, with the hinge end inclined upwards and the free border of the valves in fixed contact with some foreign object. That the hinge end of the spat is free for some time and that the whole of the rest of the under valve is cemented fast with conchioline.

Sections of the soft parts of spat from a sixteenth to a quarter of an inch in diameter, show that the intestine and stomach are arranged pretty much as in the adult. The main difference being that the intestinal folds are not so pronounced and the liver follicles comprise the bulk of the body-mass. Of the gills, however, are relatively very few as compared with their vast number in the adult, showing that extensive developement of this organ goes on during postembryonic life. No reproductive organs were indicated in this stage. Food was noticed in the stomach and intestines and consisted mainly of tests of diatoms, and slimy plasma of organic origin mixed with particles of dirt.

The pedal muscle first noticed by the distinguished conchologist, W. H. Dall, I have dissected out in hardened specimens. It is attached to the valves near the hinge and its insertion is sometimes indicated in *Ostrea virginica* by a small purplish scar. It passes down obliquely into the soft parts just behind the palps towards what answers to the pedal portion of other mollusks. As one proceeds backwards and downwards it is lost, probably in the soft tissue of the body-mass on the ventral side where it probably meets its fellow of the opposite side. I have never seen any evidence of it in sections, which I have, however, not yet prepared with that object in view.

Recent investigations of green oysters have served to confirm my original interpretation of the cause of the color, viz., a tincture of the blood cells either derived from green vegetable food or possibly by an effect of certain food upon the secretions of liver which have changed in color. The greened blood cells I find upon making sections line the heart and have accumulated in some cases in the interstices of the muscular trabeculæ of the ventricle, and sometimes even packed down behind the auriculo-ventricular valves so as to impede their action. These cells apparently lost their amœboid disposition to a great extent. This amœbal character of the blood-cell of the oyster is very striking, and may continue to exhibit itself in the living blood-corpuscles for four hours after their removal from the animal. The cysts filled with green cells are simply points in the pallial vessels which have been distended by these abnormal accumulations. The greenish cells and blood corpuscles are of about the same size, or about 1-3,000th of an inch in diameter. They are evidently not parasitic, as they never seem to present anything like an appearance of commencing fission.

During the past season I have found after opening the animal carefully, that it is easy to remove the ova and milt from the female and male by stroking the generative ducts towards their outlet when the products can be picked up with a pipette or "medicine dropper" and transfersed to water free from extraneous matters of every kind. I have also found that when the milky mass is dropped into water the character of the cloud of particles produced in the water at once determines the sex of the individual from which the spawn has been obtained. If the animal be a male the cloud produced upon stirring breaks up into wisps and streaks, which resemble the cirrus clouds or mare's tails of meteorologists. If the specimen be a female the spawn when dropped into the water immediately breaks up into a distinctly granular cloud. These differences are so marked that any person may be taught to recognize them in a few minutes. The new method of removing the ova and milt from the reproductive organs insures greater success in impregnation. Ninety per cent of the eggs may be fertilized by the new method; a result scarcely possible with the usual plan of chopping up the reproductive organs. This method, together with the mode of discriminating the saxes without the use of a microscope, puts us in a fair way to realize some part of a scheme of artificial propagation.

In conclusion, I have the most remarkable fact of all to discuss, viz., the total atrophy or wasting away of the reproductive organs at the completion of the spawning season. Examining sections through the body-mass of spawn-spent oysters taken in August last, I find that the whole of the connective tissue subjacent to the mantle, and between the latter and the liver, has disappeared, together with all traces of the reproductive organs, ducts and all. At the first bend of the intestine there is still some of the connective tissue remaining, but even here and in the mantle it has changed its character entirely, and become very spongy and areolar, instead of solid, and composed of large vesicular cells, such as are met with when the animal is in a better condition of flesh. In fact, it appears as if this mesenchymal or connective tissue substance had been used up and converted into reproductive bodies—generative products—in the case of the spawn-spent and extremely emaciated individuals. In sections from indi-

viduals in various conditions from that in which the rudimentary network of generative tubules has just appeared in the connective tissue, on up to those in which the reproductive tissues are enormously developed in bulk and proportion to the mass of the remaining structures, there is a perfect gradation from their complete absence to their full development. This would appear to be very strong evidence in support of the theory that the reproductive follicles or tubules are developed anew each season directly from the specialization of certain strings or strands of connective tissue cells.

Many animals manifest a periodic development of the glandular portions of the reproductive organs, but I know of no form in which there is any such presumptive evidence that those organs are annually regenerated and finally altogether aborted as seems to be the case with the oyster. Together with the changes here described, the most remarkable changes in the solidity and consistence of the animal take place. The shrinkage of a spawn-spent oyster in alcohol or a chromic acid solution is excessive, and will, when complete, reduce the animal to one-tenth of its bulk while alive. This shrinkage is due to abstraction of the water with which the loose, spongy tissue of the exhausted animal is distended. A so-called "fat" oyster on the other hand, will suffer no such excessive diminution in bulk when placed in alcohol or other hardening fluid. In consequence of this variable development of the reproductive organs as well as that of the connective tissue of the body-mass, the amount of solid protoplasmic material contained in the same animal at different times must vary between wide limits. And inasmuch as the nutritive and reproductive functions of animals are notoriously interdependent, it follows in consequence of the enormous fertility of the oyster that a vast amount of stored material in the shape of connective tissue must be annually converted into germs and annually replaced by nutritive processes. Plentitude or dearth of food are also to be considered, but it now becomes a little easier to understand the physiological interdependence of the reproductive function and the so-called fattening process.

The widespread belief in "fat" and "poor" oysters is simply a widespread delusion, if it be maintained that fleshy oysters owe their rotundity to a deposit of oleaginous or fatty matter. Far from denying that there is absolutely no fatty matter in these mollusks, I do most emphatically deny that the winter plumpness of the animal is due to such a cause but rather to large accumulations of protoplasmic matter of a soft, slimy consistency, identical with the more substantial parts of the higher animals. This popular error in regard to the true cause of the plumpness or leanness of the oyster, as the case may be, is only another illustration of the very many erroneous ideas of the intensely practical multitude who decry scientific methods, which are after all only very rigorously exact common sense methods under another name.

GROWTH OF CARP IN TEXAS.—The following letter to Prof. Baird is from the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commissioners: Savoy, Texas, April 24.—My carp which you sent me the 10th day of January last are doing well. Some of them are eight inches long. The shortest one that I received was one and a half inches long then and is four inches long to-day. They grow like China pigs, when fed with plenty of buttermilk. I feed them on the scraps from the table. They love good biscuit the best. They eat meat, bread, salad, or worms, and everything I give them. They are perfectly gentle and come at the rattle of a sheep's bell to be fed. I feed them as I would feed chickens, and intend to feed them every day. I have plenty of water for thousands of them. I would not take one hundred dollars for what you sent me. I can make them weigh five or six pounds this summer by feeding them well.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

CARP IN KENTUCKY.—The transportation car of the U. S. Fish Commission recently arrived at Louisville with 12,400 young leather carp. They were consigned to Mr. William Griffith, President of the Board of Kentucky Fish Commissioners, and were distributed throughout the State.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Detroit, Mich.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Puech Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1883, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Allegheny City, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 29—Field Trials of the Robins' Island Club, at Robins' Island, Long Island.

December 4—National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE DOGS AND THEIR WORK.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 25, 1882.

AS we stated last week, the heat between Peg and Countess was unfinished, and, owing to the rain and sleet, very unsatisfactory. On Sunday an effort was made to induce the owners to consent to leave the matter entirely to the judges and to have them designate the winner. Mr. Stokes and Mr. Leach expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, but Dr. Rowe would not consent, and the stake was accordingly run out on Monday, as follows:

PEG AND COUNTESS.—On Saturday afternoon, at the conclusion of the heat between Don and Dashing Rover, which concluded the second series, Countess having a bye, Peg and Countess were at once put down. Starting off, a bird flushed close to Peg, but, owing to the rain and sleet, it was hard to decide whether or not a dog was to blame for flushes. Working up the hill, a bevy was flushed by the spectators and marked down in the pines, and following them up, both dogs challenged, and Countess, who was urged on by Mr. Leach, got too close, and scored a flush, pointing just as the bird rose. She then went on and flushed another one; then Peg flushed one, and Countess followed suit, and Peg immediately put up another one. Then Peg got a good point, which Countess backed; and it was now Dr. Rowe's turn, which he improved by missing. Then we turned back toward the teams, and a nice bevy was flushed by one of the spectators and marked down in the pines. Working toward them, Peg ran into and flushed another bevy and dropped to wing. Following them up, one flushed in front of Dr. Rowe, and Peg soon put up another one, and the rest of them then got up. It was now raining quite fast, and considerable sleet was falling, making it very disagreeable, as well as spoiling the scent, and the dogs were ordered up and we started for the hotel.

On Monday morning there was a heavy white frost; the sky was partially clouded, and there was a light, bracing breeze from the northwest. It was a morning to gladden the heart of the fox hunter, and gave promise of a splendid day for sport after the frost should disappear. Leaving the hotel about eight o'clock, we drove about three miles east to the grounds we left Saturday night. Peg and Countess were put down at 8:45 in a field of sedge to finish their heat. Considerable ground was beat without a find, as owing to the frost the birds had not moved; but finally in some sedge along a cornfield, both dogs ran into a large bevy and flushed them. Following them up, a single bird flushed near Leach, and he cut loose at it, but the bird kept on. Peg then flushed one, and moving on a few steps, she put up another one, when several more flushed. Countess now made a gallant effort, and succeeded in getting in a very neat flush; but Leach was evidently chagrined that she had put up but one, while Peg had raised several, and he gave her a taste of the whip. This put her upon her mettle, and in a trice she had two more going, and a minute later she added to her score another flush. Leach expressed his satisfaction, and the dogs were sent on to find another bevy. They soon disappeared in the pines and sedge, and when found, both were, for a change, pointing a large bevy, which flushed as we came up. The judges gave Peg a point and Countess a back, but we thought that the honors should have been equally divided. Working on after them, Countess challenged and commenced roading, but the birds were wild, and two or three flushed before she located them. Meantime Peg was staunchly pointing, and Countess was brought up to back, which she failed to do, but went ahead when Peg moved on, and roaded running birds very nicely, but failed to locate them. Countess swung ahead and struck them, making a beautiful point which Peg failed to back, and went ahead, followed by Countess. Both dogs went by a brace of birds, which flushed behind them. Working on Peg half pointed, and then roaded a single bird, but got too close and the bird got up, and a minute later she repeated the performance. Leach now urged Countess to make an effort, and she responded by putting up a large bevy. This was a better flush than Peg had yet shown, and Leach's countenance was overspread with a winning smile. The judge scored a flush against Countess on the bevy, and the same to Peg on the single. Dr. Rowe kicked against this, as the bird was partially down wind, but the decision stood, which was more than could be said of the dog. This bevy went down in posted land, and we swung back into the pines, when Peg flushed a bird that she should have pointed. She then half pointed, and commenced roading. Meantime Countess, to the left, and out of sight of the judges, dropped very prettily on point a few seconds before the bird rose, but of course got no credit for it. Peg roaded out her bird very well, indeed, but it got up wild before she had established her point. The judges consulted and decided the heat in favor of Peg. Down one hour and thirty-five minutes; altogether 2½ hours. This heat was simply indescribable, and afforded a vast deal of amusement to those who witnessed it. The quaint complaints and remarks of the handlers, together with the comments of the spectators, kept the crowd in a roar most of the time. Col. Leach, at the close of the heat, brought down the house by offering the brace for sale, stating that his price—four dollars and a half—although seemingly rather steep, was none too high for Field Trial dogs of their quality.

DON AND PEG.—This was the deciding heat, and after a rest of twenty minutes, during which time permission had been obtained to hunt the ground where the last bevy settled, we left our horses, and the dogs were cast off and worked toward them. Don, with his head high in the air, went straight to them and pinned them in grand style. Peg, working ahead, scored a flush. Following them up, Don again made a capital point to a portion of the bevy, and Peg was brought up to back, which she refused to do, and went ahead, and half pointed, but soon moved on and earned another flush. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Don, who was declared the winner of the Members' Stake. Down, fifteen minutes. Dr. Rowe again took exception to the ruling of the judges, claiming that Peg should receive credit for her point as well as penalty for her flush, but the judges failed to coincide with this view. This was the deciding heat of this interesting event.

Don, the winner, owned by Mr. Chas. P. Stokes, of Richmond, Va., is a black and tan dog with some white. He is seven-eighths Gordon and one-eighth Irish. He is of medium size and well put together, fairly fast and a very light and easy mover and just the dog for a sportsman. We give a capital likeness of him from a sketch by the well-known artist, Mr. J. M. Tracy, which was taken at High Point.

Following is the summary:

First Series.

Peg beat Buckalew.
Plantagenet and Dashing Monarch failed to appear.
Brock beat Bessie.
Dashing Rover beat Marchioness Peg who failed to appear.
Daisy Laverock and Tick withdrawn.
Don beat Dolly.
Countess beat Billy Flint.

Second Series.

Peg beat Brock.
Don beat Dashing Rover,
Countess a bye.

Third Series.

Peg beat Countess.
Don a bye.

Fourth Series.

Don beat Peg and wins cup, also the Challenge cup.

THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the running for the Members' Stake, the first brace in the All-Aged Stake were ordered down. As there was a special prize for the best pointer they were drawn to run together and were called first. Sensation Jr. and Don were both sick, and withdrawn; the six others were drawn to run as follows:

MONARCH. H. E. Hamilton, New York.—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, 4 years (Ranger-Queen),

against

CROXTETH. A. E. Godefroy, Guymard, N. Y.—Liver and white pointer dog, 4½ years (Young Bang-Jane).

RAB. Elliott Smith, New York.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 3 years (Rush-Romp),

against

BRAVO. Geo. N. Appold, Baltimore, Md.—Lemon and white pointer dog, 2½ years (Bragg-Kate).

LADY DUFFERIN. John G. Heckscher, New York.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, 4½ years (Duke-Fan),

against

LALLA ROOKH. Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, 11 months (Sensation's Son-White's Grace).

Judge Smith having a pointer entered, Mr. J. Otto Donner was appointed to act as third judge while the pointers were running; Mr. Smith to judge the setters, and also in the final heats, unless his entry should remain in. Monarch and Croxteth were put down at 11 o'clock in the sedge, when Don and Peg were taken up. Monarch is a good looking dog of fair speed, but seems inclined to hunt with his head rather low. He is not near so stylish a dog on game as Croxteth, but is undoubtedly a fair performer. He was handled by Mr. J. M. White, of Chester, N. C. Croxteth has appeared so often in public that he needs no description. He is handled by Phil. Thurtle. Both dogs started off well, and ranged over the field in good style. After a short spin they were taken back toward the pines. Crossing a gully, a single bird flushed close by Croxteth and his handler, but the dog was not to blame. Working in among the pines, Monarch flushed a single bird, and at once stopped to wing. Croxteth, down by a gully, also flushed one. Monarch swung into the pines, and as he did not come to call he was followed and found on a staunch point. Croxteth came up, but did not see him and took point beyond him. Then both moved on and Croxteth pointed grandly, Monarch backing him in good style. Thurtle flushed the bird to order and killed; Croxteth, sent to retrieve, pointed another one, which was flushed to order, but this unfortunately could not be scored in his favor, as the other dog was kept in for him to retrieve. He then retrieved his bird in good form. This was all a very pretty piece of work and was greatly admired. Moving on Croxteth again pointed and roaded very nicely, but the bird was down wind and he got a trifle too close and the bird flushed. Monarch then half pointed and slowly roaded his bird, meantime Croxteth swung round and made a magnificent point and held the bird until Monarch came up and half pointed, when the bird got up. They were now ordered up and the heat was awarded to Croxteth. Down thirty-one minutes. This was a capital heat and greatly enjoyed by all who witnessed it.

RAB AND BRAVO.—This brace were at once put down in the pines and sedge. Rab is a very good-looking animal, rather above the medium size, a good mover, and fairly fast. He appears to have a good nose, and did some very good work. He was handled by Luke White, of Bridgeport, Conn. Bravo is a very handsome dog, of medium size; he is quite fast and moves very well, although not quite so graceful and stylish as Rab. He was handled by Mr. J. M. Whaite, of Chester, N. C. Both started well, Bravo at a rattling gait, while Rab, although not so fast, appeared to have a good share of hunting sense, and swung round the most likely places in a very knowing way. Beating through the field without result, we went to lunch, which was near by. On the way an "ole har" was started, and quite a number of the spectators, with wild yells, gave chase; the frightened hare ran straight for a little darkey who was curled up under the fence, close to the teams. We watched the result with absorbing interest, fully expecting that puss would pass into his wide-open mouth for safety, but just as she reached him his jaws closed with a vicious snap, and he made a grab for his intended victim, but alas, he made a muff of it, and all that remained of his fond dreams of savory stew, was a gray streak along the fence, and the impression of his finger nails on the butt of the fence rail. After lunch a long turn was taken, but no birds were found, although several bevies were known to frequent the locality. Then we swung back to the pines. The bevy had got together, and Rab pointed them in good style. After looking for them he slowly and stealthily drew on a few yards and located them in a decided way that assured us that there could be no mistake. Bravo half backed him and was dropped by order. White flushed to order, but failed to kill. Following them up, Bravo challenged and dropped to order. Rab went on and scored a flush. Rab then pointed at the edge of a thicket, Bravo came up and half backed him, but soon moved on. The bird was flushed to order and missed by both handlers. Rab then pointed false, Bravo stopping, but not backing him. Moving on, we flushed a bevy that settled in a briar patch, where Bravo half pointed, and Rab backed until Bravo dropped, when he moved on. Bravo then went on and flushed the bird which Whaite killed, Bravo retrieving well. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Rab. Down altogether one hour and thirty-five minutes.



MR. CHAS. P. STOKES'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN SETTER DOG "DON."

LADY DUFFERIN AND LALLA ROOKH were at once put down. Both of these dogs are well known to our readers, cuts of them having recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, the former July 29, 1882, and the latter August 31, 1882. Lady is nearly five years old and has never been hunted until within the past few weeks. She is very stylish and speedy, but appeared to be afraid that she would do something wrong. She is gamy on point, and with plenty of work will undoubtedly turn out a capital one. She was handled by T. Predmore, Forked River, N. J. Rookh, as she is called, is an especial favorite of ours, and we were more than pleased with her performance. She is not yet a year old, but so well did she behave that all united in pronouncing her a perfect prodigy. She was handled by Luke White, Bridgeport, Conn., who owns her. They were started at the edge of the pines at two o'clock, and Rookh at once challenged, but the bird got up wild, before she had time to locate it, and several more then rose some distance ahead. Working on, Rookh whirled nearly round on a very gamy point, to a single bird, the Lady backing her in good style, White flushing the bird to order. This was a beautiful piece of work. Lady then pointed where birds had been, Rookh backing in faultless style. Then working down the branch, we flushed a bevy that settled in the edge of some woods, where Rookh dropped flat, and held her point for some time, while Lady was called up to back, but she could not see her well, and was dropped by order. Predmore flushed the bird to order, and killed, Rookh retrieving in good style. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Lalla Rookh. Down thirty-five minutes. This ended the first series.

CROXTETH AND RAB.—This brace, the first of the second series, were at once ordered down, and worked in the woods, when a bird flushed near Rab, and soon another one got up. Croxteth half pointed where birds had been, and Rab backed him nicely. Then swinging back, Rab made a beautiful point, which Croxteth backed in magnificent style, and they were held for some time while Mr. Tracy sketched them, the judges giving them credit for the work, expecting that birds would run from the noise of the crowd. This proved to be the case. Then a long tramp was taken without finding birds. Rab finally struck a beautiful attitude, and Croxteth was called up to back, but before he saw him he also pointed. Moving on in some pines, Croxteth dropped just as a brace of birds were in front of him. Rab then pointed, Croxteth backing him. Then both roaded, but the bird had gone. Croxteth swung down to the brook and false pointed. Moving on, he again pointed, but at once moved on and flushed a young bird that flew only a few yards, and soon another one did the same. The spectators then put up a nice bevy, which were followed across a brook, where Croxteth pointed grandly. Rab, coming up, flushed a bird, and soon after another one got up almost under Croxteth, who remained steady. Working out the thicket, one flushed near the dogs, but we could not see if they were to blame. Then swinging back, Rab flushed a bird in very thick weeds. Croxteth here made a beautiful crouching point to a brace of birds. White missing the last one, Croxteth was a little unsteady to shot, but at once dropped to order. Then on a knoll, Croxteth pointed in good style and roaded nicely, Rab backing him. Moving on, Rab doubled on a beautiful point, Croxteth backing him, but not quite so steadily as he should. Rab moved a little and the bird got up under his nose, and he made a grab for it, but at once dropped to order. Croxteth then got a good point, Thurtle flushing the bird to order. Rab then pointed, and Croxteth backed. It was now Croxteth's turn, and he made a stylish point in some weeds, and Thurtle flushed and killed the bird to order, Rab retrieving it very nicely. The judges consulted some time, and awarded the heat to Croxteth. Down two hours and eleven minutes. This was a rattling good heat, and both dogs were warmly praised. This ended the second series.

CROXTETH AND LALLA ROOKH.—This heat would decide the pointer prize and all were eager to see the contest, expecting to witness an exhibition worth the seeing and they were not disappointed. Rookh started at speed and Croxteth jumped into a magnificent point, which Rookh backed in good style. Moving on Rookh challenged and roaded and Croxteth the same. It was nearly dark and they were now ordered up to go down in the morning.

Tuesday morning gave promise of a good day. There were some clouds with a light, but cool, northerly breeze. Leaving the hotel at half past eight, the dogs were put down a short distance east of the town and worked through some woods to an open field beyond, where Rookh scored first by making a grand point to a bevy that were scattered all around feeding, Croxteth backing her nicely. White, ordered to flush, went ahead of her, when both dogs turned back and Croxteth made an elegant point, which was instantly honored by Rookh. The bevy was then flushed all around them. Following them into the woods Rookh pointed and Croxteth backed her, but nothing was found. Moving on Croxteth pointed in a crouching attitude that was one of the most singular that we have ever seen. Rookh, not to be outdone, copied his position almost exactly. This was warmly praised by all, and Mr. Tracy at once transferred the wonderful picture to his portfolio, and we shall reproduce it next week, with the assurance that it is no fancy sketch, but a faithful representation of the dogs and their positions. Moving on Rookh flushed a single bird in the dry leaves. Croxteth then swung down to the brook and pointed, Rookh backing nicely, the bird flushing as we came up. Both then challenged once or twice, but made nothing of it. The judges now consulted and ordered them up and awarded the heat to Croxteth. Down altogether forty minutes. This gave the pointer prize to Croxteth.

THE SETTERS.

The setters were then called for, Mr. Smith, who had withdrawn Rab, resuming his duties as third judge. They were drawn to run in the following order:

TOM. Major George R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white setter dog, 4 years (Royal Duke-Bessie),
against
DON PEDRO. Dr. Henry J. Aten, Brooklyn N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 2½ years (Ranger II.-White's Daisy).

SHADOW. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2½ years (Lincoln-Daisy Dean),
against
LINCOLN II. John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.—Lemon and white English setter dog, August 28, 1879 (Lincoln-Petrel).

LONDON. H. Bailey Harrison, Tilsonburg, Ont.—Blue belton English setter dog, 2¼ years (Paris-Lill),
against
DAISY LAVERACK. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, 3¼ years (Thunder-Peeress).

GLADSOME. J. W. Foster, Leesburg, Va.—Blue belton English setter dog, 19 months (Gladstone-Leila),
against
BESSIE. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter bitch, 3½ years (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle

LORNA. Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.—Red Irish setter bitch, 4¼ years (Elcho-Rose).
against
RACKET. James H. Goodsell, New York.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Sept. 26, 1878 (Rattler-Leda).

CHIEF. Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.—Red Irish setter dog, 3 years (Berkley-Duck),
against



MR. H. BAILEY HARRISON'S BLUE BELTON ENGLISH SETTER DOG "LONDON."

DASHING ROVER. T. F. Taylor, Richmond Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 3 years (Dash II.-Norma).

BROCK. Geo. T. Leach, New York.—Red Irish setter bitch, 3½ years (Count Bosco-My Duchess).
against
SMUT II. T. M. Aldrich, Providence, R. I.—Black English setter bitch, 3 years (Trim-Smut).

FOREMAN. Wm. Tallman, Worcester, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2 years (Dashing Monarch-Fairy II.),
against
BUCKALEW. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (Druid-Heller's Ruby).

PLANTAGENET. Jas. H. Goodsell, New York.—Lemon belton English setter dog, 2½ years (Dashing Monarch-Petrel),
against
PRINCE HAL. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Orange and white English setter dog, 3 years (St. Elmo-Maida).

ELCHO III. Adolph Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Elcho-Rose).
against
DOC B. Robert Betty, New York.—Lemon and white English setter dog (Jersey Duke-Topsy).

DIANA II. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.—Black and white English setter bitch, 3 years (Dash III.-Diana),
against
TRINKET. T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3 years (Crack-Diana).

MAIDA. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black and white English setter bitch, 5 years (Dick-Clio),
against
LUNA MAY. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—Lemon belton English setter bitch, 3 years (Paris-Pearl).

RALEIGH. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Elcho-Rose),
against
BESSIE. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter bitch, 2½ years (Dash III.-Countess II.).

POLLUX. Edward E. Harly, Boston, Mass.—Black and white English setter dog, 2½ years (Dash III.-Hardy's Diana. A bye.

TOM AND DON PEDRO.—This brace were ordered down at 9:25. Tom, handled by E. S. Wanmaker, of Elmwood, N. C., ran last year at Robins's Island, and although not placed, he won honor and fame by his wonderful speed, good nose, and stylish way of going. He was suffering with a badly cut foot, but he gamely ran a good race, although he did not exhibit the speed that he otherwise would. Don, handled by Mr. D. Hemion, of Cool Spring, N. C., is also a capital moving dog, with a good turn of speed. He is of good size and a very good-looking animal. When the word was given, both started off at a good gait over a knoll, where Tom half-pointed and Don backed him fairly well. Nothing was found, and the dogs were worked over the fields quite a while, and nothing was done except that Don pointed a hare, Tom refusing to back him. Then, near a branch, Tom found a nice bevy, which he pointed in good style. They were in thick weeds, and Don, moving in, flushed them. Following them up, Tom again pointed them, and Don backed rather indifferently. The birds were running and Tom roaded them, but was not quite cautious enough and flushed one. Don then moved on, and two got up near him, just as Tom made a nice point to the rest of the bevy, which Don then backed. Wanmaker flushed to order and killed one with each barrel very neatly. Tom retrieved one nicely; Don, sent for the other, failed to find it. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Tom. Down forty-eight minutes.

SHADOW AND LINCOLN II. were at once put down, and worked toward the bevy, which settled in some woods. Shadow ran last year at Grand Junction, in good form, and gave promise of making a very fine performer. Although she was beaten in her second heat, she showed some capital work, and is a very nice animal. She was handled by Capt. McMurdo, of Shadwell, Va. Lincoln II., handled by Mr. Robert Brown, of Amherst Court House, Va., is a very good looking animal of good style and speed, and ran a very good heat. Working the last bevy, Lincoln pointed false in the corner of a stubble field. Then in the woods, Shadow made a beautiful crouching point. Lincoln coming up, dropped on a nice point, but soon moved on, and catching sight of Shadow, half backed her, and remained quiet to order. Mr. Brown, who was shooting for both, flushed the bird to order, but there was a red bush in the way, and of course he missed. Shadow then swung round and pointed, but soon moved on and roaded up to her bird, which she located in grand style, Lincoln backing her nicely. Brown nailed this bird in faultless style, and Shadow retrieved it in good form. This was very good work all round. Shadow then moved on, and dropped on point as though shot. Lincoln, coming up, also dropped on point. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Shadow. Down fifteen minutes. This was a short heat, but a very good one.

LONDON AND DAISY LAVERACK were at once put down in the woods. Both have been described in these columns. London has greatly improved since we last saw him. A few months ago he was entirely untrained and very headstrong, so much so in fact, that it was thought impossible to make anything of him, but his performances here were nearly faultless, and reflect great credit upon his handler. He is a very stylish dog and has considerable speed, he also possesses a good nose and is very staunch. We give an excellent likeness of him from a sketch by Harry Tallman. He was handled by Wm. Tallman, of Worcester, Mass. Daisy Laverack is a very sweet little thing, and ran a good heat, although she showed a lack of work. She was handled by E. J. Martin, of Wilmington, Del. Casting them off, London soon pointed, but the bird flushed wild a long distance ahead. Daisy then dropped on point, but soon moved on and scored a flush, when she turned and backed London who was standing quiet. Moving on, a bird was flushed by the judges, and as it flew over Daisy she chased it, but came back to order. Then in a thicket Daisy sat down on point to a single and London, brought up to back, caught sight of her just as he had placed one fore foot upon a stone, when he instantly froze in as magnificent an attitude as we ever saw. While feasting our eyes upon the wonderful picture, we felt amply repaid for our long journey, and will warrant that all who were fortunate enough to witness this performance will long retain a vivid recollection of the beautiful scene. Martin flushed the bird to order and killed, Daisy retrieving nicely. Then working on, Daisy pointed and roaded, and London, coming up, did the same, but the birds had gone. A little further on Daisy dropped on point where a lark had flushed. Then on some distance, she dropped on a false point, and soon repeated the performance. Then London, in elegant style, pointed a large bevy in some corn. Daisy, refusing to back, went on and flushed them. This ended the heat, which was awarded to London. Down fifty minutes.

GLADSOME AND BESSIE were at once ordered down. Gladsome is a fine looking animal of good size. He is quite speedy, and if nothing befalls him he will be able to make it exceedingly warm for anything he may meet, as he appears to have a good nose, is staunch and has good judgment. He was handled by Mr. W. T. Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va. Donner's Bessie ran in the Members' Stake, and is well known to our readers. She was handled by her owner. They were worked round the bevy to get the wind, and Glad found them, making a beautiful point. Bessie coming up also pointed in good style. Flushing them to order, they flew back and one or two settled in some pines, and the rest along a brook. Swinging into the pines Bessie half pointed, and roaded a short distance, when Glad coming up also roaded, but got too close and scored a flush, and was not quite steady to wing, but dropped to order. Then while crossing the brook, Bessie caught the scent of a single bird, and dropped in the water on point; this was very pretty. Mr. Donner flushed to order, and missed. Glad then half pointed, but nothing was found, and he scored a false point as his handler had claimed a point. Moving on up the brook, Gladsome challenged but moved too close, and scored a flush, he then swung out in the sedge, and whirled on a capital point to a single bird, which was flushed to order, and killed by Mitchell, and retrieved by Glad in good form. Bessie, coming up, pointed on the edge of the bank, and two or three birds got up near her, but she held her point staunchly until called away, when two more got up close to her. She then moved on a little, and again pointed, Glad backing her. Mr. Donner, to order, flushed the bird, and killed it very neatly. Bessie retrieving it in good style. This was first-class work. Working on, Bessie made a nice point just as they were to escape penalty for a flush, as the bird rose a second later. Then over a fence Glad pointed in capital style. Bessie brought up to back failed to do so and went around him. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Gladsome. Down one hour and thirty-five minutes. It was now nearly noon, and we went to lunch at the house of Mr. D. P. White, who has extended many courtesies to the club, and was one of the first to offer his grounds for their use. He has a beautiful place, which is known as the Farm. It is in a high state of cultivation and is one of the best farms that we have seen in the South. The birds appear to be aware of this, as we found more here than in any other locality, and they were larger than any other that we found, reminding us of the full-fed birds of Long Island and New Jersey. After lunch we turned into a large stubble field south of the house, and

LORNA AND RACKET were cast off. Lorna is a very good moving animal, of fair speed and style, and appears to have a good nose; she has excellent judgment and works to the gun very nicely. She was handled by Mr. D. Hemion, of Cool Spring, N. C. Racket is a good sized dog with a fair amount of speed; he ranges well and moves very nicely. Ranging across the field Lorna made a very stylish point to a large bevy. Racket was between her and the birds, but did not appear to mind them. Lorna then drew quite a distance with her head in the air and located her birds in capital style, Racket backing her in good style. This was very well done by Lorna. The birds were ordered flushed, and each handler killed a bird and each dog retrieved very well. Following the birds Racket challenged, but got too close and scored a flush and dropped to wing. The judges consulted and ordered them up and awarded the heat to Lorna. Down fourteen minutes. This was rather a short heat, but the judges stated that Lorna showed plainly that she was much the better dog and they thought it useless to continue the heat. Mr. Martin took exceptions to the decision and withdrew all of his dogs from the trials.

CHIEF AND DASHING ROVER were then called, and after a short wait for Chief they were put down in the sedge at 1:20. Chief has run before in the Eastern Field Trials, and Rover

ran in the Members' Stake. Chief was handled by Mr. J. T. Miller, of Montauk, N.J., and Rover by Tallman. Working through the sedge into some corn, Chief made a nice point which Rover refused to back, but as Chief drew on and again pointed Rover backed him very well. The birds were flushed to order and nearly missed by both handlers. This was good work for the dogs, and as birds were none too plenty the guns were fairly entitled to the praise they received. Moving on, Rover scored a flush, while Chief pointed, but soon moved on and also flushed. Rover then flushed one in the weeds, and Chief, swinging into some pines, pointed nicely. Rover, called up, half pointed and half backed. The bird was flushed to order and killed, Chief retrieving very well. They were now ordered up and the heat was awarded to Chief. Down fourteen minutes.

BROCK AND SMUT II. were now called for, but Smut was absent, and Brock was declared the winner of the heat. We were getting through the work much faster than had been expected, and the next brace in order not being on hand, Raleigh and Adams's Bessie were put down. Their work will be found in its proper order.

FOREMAN AND BUCKALEW were not put down until after two other brace had run, and it was twenty-two minutes past three when they were cast off at the edge of some woods. Foreman, whose likeness we published a short time since, is a capital moving dog with a good turn of speed. He had done no work for more than a week, and was rank and not under good control. He did not do himself justice, as he is a capital dog when he settles to his work. He was handled by his owner, Wm. Tallman. Buckalew, who ran in the Members' Stake, was handled by Theodore Predmore, of Forked River, N. J. Working through the woods out into a stubble field, Foreman pointed, and Buck., refusing to back, went in and stole the point, which proved to be false. Then, through some woods into a cornfield, Foreman pointed and Tallman flushed and killed to order. Foreman, sent to retrieve, failed to find the bird, which was only winged and had run. Buck. then swung over a knoll and pointed, Foreman backing him nicely. Predmore flushed the bird to order and missed; Foreman then pointed and Buck. backed him, but after roading a while very nicely, Foreman failed to find; Buck. then made a good point under a treetop, from which the bird was flushed after some trouble to find it. Then turning into the woods, Buck. challenged, but moving on, he scored a flush; Foreman then dropped on a nice point, the bird flushing when we came up; he then swung ahead, and when found was on point; three birds flushed as his handler came up, and the judges coming up, several more got up. Then Buck. pointed false, Foreman backing him nicely. A little further on Foreman dropped on a beautiful point, which Buck. refused to honor, but crowded in ahead and flushed the bird. Foreman soon nailed another one, Buck. backing him nicely. Tallman flushed to order and winged the bird, which fell in a thicket, and Foreman, sent to retrieve, did not find it as it fell among a bevy which he flushed. Foreman then pointed at the edge of some sprouts and Buck. backed him, but the birds had run and nothing was found. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Foreman. Down one hour and eighteen minutes. Just before the close of this heat Col. Leach luckily discovered that one barrel of Tallman's gun was filled with mud, which would undoubtedly have caused a serious accident had the gun been fired while in this condition.

SUMMARY.

POINTERS.

First Series.

Croxteth beat Monarch.
Rab beat Bravo.
Lalla Rookh beat Lady Dufferin.

Second Series.

Croxteth beat Rab.
Lalla Rookh a bye.

Third Series.

Croxteth beat Lalla Rookh and wins the pointer prize.

SETTERS.

First Series.

Tom beat Don Pedro.
Shadow beat Lincoln II.
London beat Daisy Laverack.
Gladsome beat Donner's Bessie.
Lorna beat Racket.
Chief beat Dashing Rover.
Brock beat Smut II.—withdrawn.
Foreman beat Buckalew.
Prince Hal beat Plantagenet—withdrawn.
Doc. B. beat Echo II.
Trinket beat Diana II.
Maida beat Luna May.
Raleigh beat Adams's Bessie.
Pollux a bye.

Second Series.

Tom beat Shadow.
London beat Gladsome.
Lorna beat Chief.
Brock beat Foreman.
Prince Hal beat Doc. B.
Trinket beat Maida.
Raleigh beat Pollux.

Third Series.

London beat Tom.
Lorna beat Brock.
Trinket beat Prince Hal.
Raleigh a bye.

Fourth Series.

London beat Croxteth.
Raleigh beat Lorna.
Trinket a bye.

Fifth Series.

Trinket beat Raleigh.
London a bye.

Sixth Series.

London beat Trinket and won first prize, $250.

Seventh Series.

Gladsome beat Tom.

Eighth Series.

Croxteth beat Gladsome and wins second prize, $150. Gladsome and Lalla Rookh divide third, $100.

At a meeting of the club, on Friday evening, Mr. W. A. Coster was appointed to act as judge in place of Judge Kinney, who was obliged to return home. The club then unanimously voted that Mr. W. T. Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va., be hereafter debarred from participation in any contests of the Eastern Field Trials Club, and the secretary was instructed to notify him of this action at once. Following is a copy of the secretary's notification:

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 24, 1882.

At a meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, held at 8 P. M., the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz.:

First—That W. T. Mitchell, by reason of his conduct during the running of the All-Aged Stake, be hereafter debarred from participation in any contests of the Eastern Field Trials Club.

Second—That the club return to the owners of such puppies as are entered for the present Derby the amount of their entries, unless some handler other than Mr. Mitchell work them through the present meeting.

Third—That the substance of this resolution be communicated in writing to Mr. Mitchell and his employers, and to the latter by telegraph.

Fourth—That this resolution take effect immediately.

(Signed) W. A. COSTER, Secretary E. F. T. Club.

THE DERBY.

[Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 27, 1882.

The dogs in the Derby Stakes were drawn to run as follows:

DASHING MASCOTTE. Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, August 6 (Dr. Syntax-Neilson's Rose),

against

SIR JOHN. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter dog, January (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle).

PEBBLE. Prof. H. J. Rice, Brooklyn, New York.—Blue belton English setter bitch, Sept. 14 (Count Noser-Maple).

against

BYRON. Wm. Mahone, Jr., Petersburg, Va.—Red Irish setter dog, Aug. 11 (D'Jonce-Jane).

DASHING THEO. Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, August 6 (Dr. Syntax-Neilson's Rose),

against

LADIE FAYNE. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Blue belton English setter bitch, August 30 (Emperor Fred-Wanda.

TICK. George W. Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Liver and white dog, May (Bob-Dido),

against

COLONEL NOBLE. Chas. Antoine, New York.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, July 18 (Count Noble-Nellie).

ROY. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—White, with black head English setter dog, June 9 (Pindee-Flora),

against

ST. ELMO IV. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 20 (St. Elmo-Clio).

COUNTESS MAY II. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, and white English setter bitch, April 12. (Drake-Countess May),

against

DARKNESS. E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C.—Black bitch, June 15 (Chipps-Nettie).

LORNA DOONE. Spencer M. Nash, New York.—Orange belton English setter bitch, June 4 (Royal-Madge),

against

MEG. Charles J. Stewart, Jamaica, N. Y.—Red Irish setter bitch, July (Chief-Beesey).

ELSA. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 6 (Drake-Countess May),

against

SEFTON. A. E. Godeffroy, Guymard, N. Y.—Liver and white dog, May 12 (Croxteth-Vinnie).

ISABELLA II. Wm. H. Thayer, Bristol, R. I.—Blue, gray and tan English setter bitch, May 31 (Schuyler-Isabella),

against

LALLA ROOKH. Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.—Lemon and white bitch, December (Sensation's Son-Grace).

The running began Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Birds were scarce and the work was slow. Following is summary of the running:

First Series.

Sir John beat Dashing Mascotte—withdrawn.
Byron beat Pebble—withdrawn.
Dashing Theo beat Lady Fayne.
Tick beat Colonel Noble.
St. Elmo IV. beat Roy.
Darkness beat Countess May II.
Meg beat Lorna Doone—withdrawn.
Sefton beat Elsa.
Lalla Rookh beat Isabella II.

Second Series.

Byron beat Sir John.
Tick beat St. Elmo IV.
Darkness beat Meg.
Lalla Rookh beat Sefton.

Third Series.

Tick beat Byron.
Darkness beat Lalla Rookh.

Fourth Series.

Darkness beat Tick and won first prize.

It was then agreed by the handlers that the judges should be requested to award the remaining prizes without further running. Accordingly, the second prize was awarded to Tick, and the third was divided between Lalla Rookh and Byron. The prize offered by Mr. Heckscher to be awarded to the dog showing the best natural ability was given to Sefton. The trials were concluded at three o'clock.

Full details of the running, with pictures of the winners, will appear next week.

FORCE IN TRAINING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Breaker" comes down on force in retrieving and hopes the day is not far distant when twisting the poor animal's nose or spiking him will be entirely done away with. But then he does not mean entirely, for later on he says, "Of course in some parts of their education it is necessary to use force, especially when teaching them to drop to shot or wing." I would like "Breaker" to inform us what kind of force he applies to that part of their education. Nose-twisting is as ancient as it is brutal, and few trainers use it at the present day. The old-fashioned spike collar was unnecessarily severe, but the late invention, which has an automatic spring to loosen the collar the instant the cord is slacked, and causes it to remain loose until pulled by the trainer, is a humane instrument, and far preferable to the whip or any other appliance. The dog is not unnecessarily punished if the trainer understands his business and controls his temper. "Breaker" tell us how he teaches a dog of from three to five years old to retrieve without force? Also which is easier for the man whose time is very precious, but who wants a broken dog and cannot afford to pay from $50 to $150 to have it broken—to spend two or three months teaching a young puppy to retrieve in play and earnest, or to wait until the pup is ten months or a year old and then teach him by means of automatic spike collar in from three days to three weeks? Obedience needs no punishment, but where the dog refuses to obey you must use—FORCE.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.—Memphis, Nov. 24, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We went over a portion of our field trials grounds at Grand Junction last Wednesday, and found birds very plentiful. We did not have time to get over half the grounds, and did not closely hunt what we did go over. We found twenty-four large coveys, and think we will find as many more on the other part of the grounds, which we will draw next Thursday. We will locate the coveys and throw wheat where we find them, which will enable us to find them without much loss of time during the trials. The trials will be the best ever held in America, from present indications.—D. BRYSON, Sec'y N. A. K. Club.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA POULTRY SOCIETY.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 24, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Executive Committee or Directors of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, held here last night, the following action was taken regarding the English Bench Show Derby class at the coming Bench Show to be held here in April. The time of closing the nominations to the Derby was extended to February 1, and all puppies whelped on or since the 1st day of January, 1882, are made eligible to compete. The object of the English Bench Show Derby is to encourage the exhibit of fine bred puppies and to make it an object for breeders to do so by giving them a double chance to win, as perfecting the entry in the Derby gives the exhibitor the right without additional charge to enter in the regular class in the show as well as in the Derby. The Derby nomination closes, as I have stated, February the 1st, and the dollar must accompany the nomination, which amount goes into a common fund in addition to ten dollars from the Society, which will be divided into 1st, 2d, and 3d prizes in proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of said purse. A confirmation fee of $2 will be required on or before the close of entries to regular classes, which will entitle the entry to compete in appropriate class in the show if the exhibitor should so desire and make the entry. From present indications the Derby will be a large class and the show large and interesting. Mr. Chas. Lincoln has been engaged as superintendent.—OBSERVER.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Dominion of Canada Kennel Club has fixed its show to take place during the last week of March next, and have appointed me as their superintendent. I take great pleasure in recommending this show to all owners and breeders of good dogs. The directors are of the highest class of gentlemen in Canada, and as all of them are taking a working interest in the show, there is no doubt of it being a good one. They extend a cordial invitation to all American breeders, and have also sent a special circular to England inviting the exhibitors there to send their dogs, so that the show may be made a representative one of the best dogs in the world, as it is open to all. The show will take place during the session of the Dominion Parliament, which will give those wishing to dispose of good dogs a rare opportunity for the sale of them, as great interest is taken in the show by many members. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will return in time to be present at the show, and it is hoped that her Royal Highness will place on exhibition some of her favorites. The special prize list will be a very valuable one; the regular prize list will be ready before the close of the year. The judges will probably be announced next week. Any information wished for will receive prompt attention by addressing me at Detroit, Mich., until 1st of January.—CHAS. LINCOLN.

KENNEL DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Midland Park, N. J. Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I lost yesterday, by fire, my entire kennel, including a litter of pups out of my Gordon bitch Nellie F. (Auburn's Duke-Nellie F., winner second prize W. K. C. Bench Show, 1879). It appears that the slat door of the kennel was shut and locked, but the small half-door through which the dogs have access was open, and the children must have entered the kennel by this opening, lighted a match, and accidentally set fire to the building. They were too frightened to run in the house and give the alarm, and before the fire was discovered it had made such headway, and the flames were so fierce, that nothing could be saved. The cries of the dogs were heart-rending. Twice we attempted to reach the dogs, but the smoke and flames drove us back. I never again want to see such a sight.—H. J. CHAUNCEY.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

FOR WORMS IN PUPPIES.—Give upon an empty stomach two grains of finely powdered areca nut for each pound of weight, and follow in two to four hours with a dose of castor oil.

E. N.—"Canker" is such an indefinite term, we must ask you to give the symptoms before we can undertake to recommend any treatment. What is often called canker is a disease of the middle ear.

J. T. McM.—Dogs are liable to colic; it is due to constipation, flatulency, cold or indigestible food; an unusual supply of bones may cause it. Laudanum, 10 drops, to relieve the pain, then empty the bowels by a dose of oil, would be the proper treatment.

F. H. B., Pawtucket, R. I.—Setter dog, six months old; he eats well, but is troubled with worms; he seems to be blind; cannot see after dark at all: sight is not very good in day time. Is it worms that cause blindness? Ans. The blindness may be symptomatic; the symptoms caused by worms are legion; many are reflex from the irritation in the intestinal canal. Santonin, 1 to 2 grains, and castor oil half ounce, given together, make one of the best vermifuges.

SKYE, New York.—1. A Skye pup, seven months old, for the last month has been troubled with running at the eyes. 2. What are the symptoms of dogs when first attacked by worms? Ans. Look out for distemper, keep the eyes free from matter, use wash of borax 5 grains, rose water an ounce, dropped into the eyes twice daily. 2. First symptoms of worms vary very much; you may have vomiting, paralysis, rectal irritation, purging, inordinate appetite, enlarged abdomen, harsh, staring coat, emaciation and more or less febrile disturbance.

W. S. H., Newark.—Valuable English setter is very sick. General symptoms: Loss of appetite, eyes glassy and covered with matter, growls whenever you touch his head. I have been told he has softening of the brain. His age is about 18 months. Ans. Symptoms are those of distemper. Keep clean and warm, feed well on milk and broths, and if necessary for his strength, give alcoholic stimulants. Is he recovers his brain will be hard enough; don't fret about softening; canine pathology has not advanced far enough to recognize it before death.

Diving Decoy Co., Rochester, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

F.—The address is Birmingham, England.

T. S., Kansas City, Mo.—Brook trout have scales.

L. J. G., New York.—Go to Greenwood Lake for bass, or to Lake Hopatcong for both pickerel and bass.

W. S. K., Princeton, N. J.—It will probably not be too cold for quail shooting about Charlottesville, Va., during the holidays. We cannot advise you of the present supply of birds there.

S. K., Ft. Covington, N. Y.—To keep frogs alive for winter use in fishing, sink a box in running water which does not freeze, leave air space above water and stones to rest on. Let plenty of water through the box.

J. L. M., Baltimore.—1. Will you please tell me how to preserve a jointed bamboo fishing rod through winter to keep from breaking at joints? 2. Where can I purchase a book that will teach a novice in "gunning and fishing," or either alone? Please state price or prices. Ans. 1. If the rod is in a wooden case it can be laid away in a cool, dry place. If in a linen sack do not tie it tightly, do not stand it up because it may become crooked, but lay it on a shelf. The varnish should preserve it. 2. Look over our list of books advertised. The "American Angler's Book," by Thad. Norris, price $5.50, is the best on fishing. For gunning read Frank Forester's the "Young Sportsman's Manual," or Bogardus's "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting."

J. M. W., Penn Yan. N. Y.—I am constructing a fish pond, and am undecided in regard to the species of fish that I can the most successfully propagate. I can keep the water fresh, but it will not be in motion, as the current is quite sluggish. Are German carp grown successfully, or will some other species be more profitable? We have in our lake (Kayuka or Crooked Lake) pickerel, bull-head sunfish, bass, trout, perch, eels, pike, sunfish, etc., etc. Ans. You do not give the summer temperature of the water; if warm then carp are best. You will find a series of articles on their culture by Rudolph Hessel, Superintendent National Carp Ponds, in FOREST AND STREAM of April 20, 28, May 3, 12, 1881. Our files contain the experience of many persons in Northorns as well as Southern States. Also see article on the growth of carp by Fred. Mather, read before the Central Fishcultural Society, and published in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 27, 1881.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE ENGLISH REPORT.

THE following is the report of Colonel Sir Henry St. John Halford, K.C.B. to the President of the National Rifle Association, on the recent match between the British and American team, at Creedmoor.

WISTOW HALL, Leicester, October 25, 1882.

To Earl Brownlow, Chairman, National Rifle Association, Pall Mall East, London:

My Lord—In accordance with your instructions, in resolution of the Council passed on December 7, I have the pleasure to report that I proceeded to the United States of America with a team of British Volunteers as follows: Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Halford, Bart. (captain). Lieut.-Col. Walrond,* Major Pearse, Major Humphry, Captain Godsal, Captain Mellish,* Lieut. Heap, Sergt. Dods, Sergt. Oliver, Corporal Bates, Corporal Caldwell, Corporal Parry, Private Boulter, Private Goodeve, Private M'Vittie, and Mr. Smith (adjutant). These marked with an asterisk formed the reserve. The team was selected by your committee, with myself as chairman.

We sailed from Liverpool on August 26 and reached New York September 3, where we were met in a steamer by the President and officials of the New York Rifle Association, United States, who throughout the whole of our visit treated us with the utmost courtesy and kindness. On the range at Creedmoor every facility for practice was afforded us, and as many targets as we required were placed at our disposal. The 7th Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y., also kindly allowed us the free use of their rooms and lockers in the pavilion on the ranges, and the railway company stopped their trains whenever we wished. During the practice, I observed that many of the rifles used by the American team did not entirely fulfil the terms of any military breechloader, as understood at Wimbledon. Nearly all had a pistol grip, on some the foresight was adjustable for zero, and was too slender for the rough usage of service; the backsight was so wide that it was not supported by the sides of the bed, which was attached to the barrel by screw, so as to permit of its position being shifted while shooting on the back.

I at once called the attention of General Molineux, President of the National Rifle Association, United States, and of Colonel Bodine, Captain of the American team, to these matters, and they summoned a meeting consisting of General Molineux, General Wingate (Executive Officer), Colonel Bodine and Captain Robbin (Adjutant of the the American team), while I was fortunate enough to have the valuable assistance of Col. Walrond and Major Humphry.

It was urged by Col. Bodine that considering the short time before the match it would be impossible for him to get his rifles altered. I therefore waived the objection, so far as the match in hand was concerned, but pointed out that the rifles as they then were would not be admissible at Wimbledon next year. This was accepted as a satisfactory concession.*

The match was shot on the 14th and 15th of September, and resulted in the British team being victorious by 170 points, of which 19 were due to the short ranges and 151 at the long. A gold medal was provided for each man of the winning team, and a bronze one for each "Fortuna" formed the trophy of the match to become the absolute property of the winning team.

After the match, the British team were most hospitably entertained by the 1st Regiment N. G., U. S., in their magnificent armory, where the trophy was presented, and also by the 13th Regiment, which was paraded on Manhattan Beach for my inspection, and a banquet afterwards was given to the teams. On these two occasion only, and during the practice at which, we appeared in uniform.

I attribute our success partly to the superiority of our rifles and ammunition, and partly to the more lengthened experience and training of our men. The dicipline and general behavior of the team was all that could be desired, and I would suggest that the thanks of the Council be accorded to Captain Godsal for his devotion and self-sacrifice in sustaining the honor of the Volunteers of Great Britain. I much regret that Major Waller was prevented, by private engagements, from accompanying the team as Adjutant; but his indefatigable labors at home and all the preliminary arrangements contributed materially to our victory.

For the proposed match of 1883, at Wimbledon, I would suggest the following alterations: 1st. That the wind-gauge on the back sight, while a likely to be adopted for our regular army, be permitted hereafter in all M. B. C. matches at Wimbledon. 2d. That the qualification of military efficiency should date from January 1 of the year in which the match is shot, instead of full twelve months, as at present demanded.

In conclusion, I beg to bear testimony to the extreme kindness and hospitality shown us by every section of American society. From General Hancock and the officers of the United States Army downward, all vied with each other in making us welcome; and I am certain our visit will ever be remembered by us as one of the most pleasant incidents of our lives.

I am, my Lord,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. ST. J. HALFORD,

Lieut.-Col. First Leicester R. V., Captain of British Team.

* Colonel Bodine, in his report to the Directors of the N. R. A., U. S., states that the rifles used by the British team "were much too costly, and in some respects wholly unfit for rough military usage," and that "the rifles were got up for the special purpose of their being shot at." In these matters he was entirely in error; they were similar in every respect, except in accuracy, to our service arm, and if made in quantity by machinery would come to about the same price. Some of them had been in use for six years, and not one of them had been made with any reference to this match.

OLD vs. NEW FRANCE.

THE following correspondence ought to bring a favorable response from the soldiers of the French Republic. They will be assured a rousing good time in addition to their defeat:

HEADQUARTERS LOUISIANA STATE NATIONAL GUARD, }
FIRST MILITARY DISTRICT, }
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 26, 1882.

Monsieur le Vicomte Paul d'Abzac, Consul General of France, New Orleans:

SIR—The perfecting of the soldier in the use of the rifle, which has engaged and received the attention of the French and other European governments for a long time past, has of late years been pursued with great zeal in this country.

The great skill acquired by amateur American riflemen in the use of the small bore match rifle at long range has led to a series of contests with British riflemen, alternately, in this country and in England. During the present year a match, with military rifles, was shot in New York between English and American professional gunsmen, at distances suited to the military rifle, and a return match has been fixed for next year in England. Those contests have gone a great way in securing greater perfection in the manufacture of the military and the match rifle, while they have, at the same time, stimulated troops to obtain a high degree of skill in their use.

With this introduction, I now come to the motive which actuated me in communicating with you as the representative of the French republic. It is greatly desired by our military riflemen that a team representing the French republic should meet one composed of members of the National Guard of Louisiana here in New Orleans. Strong arguments may, perhaps, be required to bring about such a match and overcome difficulties and obstacles of which we may be, as yet, ignorant, but I feel confident that they can offer some which, I am confident, will be favorably considered by the parent country of the colony of Louisiana.

Our desire is to have the proposed match on the 14th of July next—the fete of the republican day which is celebrated here in New Orleans with, perhaps, greater eclat than anywhere outside the large cities of the French republic itself.

We can and will offer our guests the hospitality of a city which will remind them at every turn of their native home.

The visit of the distinguished representatives of the French nation, Gen. Boulanger and his companions, to this city last year, which was so gratifying to us has, I hope, left him a sufficiently pleasant recollection of our people to justify him in throwing the weight of his influence in favor of carrying out the object of this communication.

The conditions of such a match as propos d and the arranging of the preliminaries therefore will entail, in all probability, considerable correspondence between the proper parties; it is therefore none too soon to have the initiatory steps taken now. I feel confident of your active support in this matter, and beg to thankfully acknowledge it in advance and offer you my most distinguished consideration.

JOHN GLYNN, JR.,
Major General Commanding Louisiana State National Guard.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, STATE OF LOUISIANA, }
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 26, 1882. }

It is with great pleasure that I recommend a favorable consideration of this application, which must result in great benefit to both nationalities, besides bringing closer together the ties which unite them.

Respectfully,
G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Adjutant General of Louisiana.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 25.—The riflemen who assembled at the range at Walnut Hill to-day had a very unfavorable day for shooting, the wind blowing from 10 to 11 o'clock throughout the day. Appended are best scores of the day:

Creedmoor Match, 200yds.

W Williams	5545545545—45	J A Carr	4443334445—41
F Dwight	5145554454—45	F Lewis (mil)	4344445444—40
W J Stewart	4545554444—44	L F Wead (mil)	4454453344—40
J A Crobb	5145545441—43	J Rines (mil)	4444444543—40
C G Parks	5445454444—43	C Weston (mil)	4434445342—36
C J Atkins	4545344445—42	A Brownie (mil)	4424344542—36
R Reed	4444444451—41		

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 23.—The interest here in rifle shooting continues very good. To-day was an exceptionally fine one, with the wind moderate from 5 to 7 o'clock. The following scores were made at Pine Grove Range:

Creedmoor Match.

John N Morse, Jr	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4—46
Stedman Clark	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	3—45
John Norman	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	3	3—45
A L Rice	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—42

Massachusetts Match.

C D Eames	10	11	12	12	10	11	12	10	11	10	—109
Stedman Clark	11	10	11	10	11	12	12	11	12	11	—105
C Dusenberry	12	11	8	10	11	11	11	11	9	8	—103
S Burton	11	11	11	11	11	8	12	10	8	9	—102
A L Rice	8	12	10	12	12	6	12	11	9	7	— 99
C A Allen	9	10	10	7	9	11	9	9	10	12	— 96

Ring Target Rest Match.

Stedman Clark	11	11	10	10	12	12	11	12	10	11	—110
A Williams	12	9	10	10	11	10	11	10	9	10	—102

NEWPORT vs. ST. LOUIS RIFLE MATCH.—St. Louis, Nov. 26.—The St. Louis Long-range rifle team, in its match against the Newport, R. I., team yesterday, scored 305. Six men fired 15 shots each, at 800yds., Creedmoor target. The weather was wet and the wind was blowing in gusts. The Newport team, at Newport, scored 307.

ZETTLER'S GALLERY.—New York, Nov. 25.—Teams composed of the Western Union Telegraph Company, shot a match on Massachusetts targets reduced to gallery distance, 10 inches per man, possible 320. Capt. Smith's team—J. B. Smith 106, C. M. Fulton 108, W. B. Smith 96, T. Cussek 89, A. Watson 90, total 481. Capt. Bunce's team—B. F. Bunce 102, W. Richmond 97, J. Coogan 89, M. McDonald 92, M. Sandison 96, total 476.—M. McDONALD, Secretary.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 27.—The second match in the tournament will be shot at the Frelinghuysen Rifle Range, 189 Market street. The Board of Directors consider the shooting in the last match excellent, as the clubs have been out of practice during the summer months. Little shooting has been done at short range. The Newark Rifle Association is composed of two distinct bodies, each associations, and all shooting is done under the rules governing the National Rifle Association. The annual election will be held in January. The following scores were made: Frelinghuysen Rifle Club—J. K. Walsh, 49; A. C. Neumann, 48; R. Westerman, 48; G. L. Weigman, 47; Wm. McLeod, 46; G. Zimmer, 46; W. F. Lynn, 45; John Hahn, 45; Wm. Dennis, 42; S. Shackelford, 39. Total, 453. Essex Rifle Club—L. Pahls, 48; Wm. Watts, 48; J. Coppersmith, 48; C. Meisel, 45; Wm. Felts, 45; J. Mayfield, 44; J. Doon, 43; A. Walters, 43; Wm. Butcher, 41; F. Helms, 40. Total, 448. Plymouth Rifle Club—J. Hill, 48; O'Neil, 46; G. Townsend, 46; C. Townsend, 45; Brade, 44; Sommers, 44; Baldwin, 44; Foster, 44; Brower, 42; Leibe, 39. Total, 442. Celluloid Rifle Club—Whitman, 47; Lyons, 46; S. Simmonds, 46; Vreeland, 45; Parberry, 45; Turner, 45; Babbett, 43; Hahn, 42; Coe, 41; Willet, 40. Total, 411. There are now 423 members belonging to the clubs comprising the Newark Rifle Association. Of this number there are about thirty crack shots. The first club was organized in 1879. It will be seen how greatly the taste for rifle shooting has improved in our city within a comparatively short period.

THE TRAP.

A NEW CLEVELAND CLUB.—We have within the last month organized a club, purchased some marsh land for duck and snipe shooting, and have also bought some land for our monthly shoot at balls and pigeons. We had our first shoot to-day at clay pigeons, and this being our first trial good scores were not made. Below is the score. Twenty pigeons, eighteen yards rise:

Harvey	11110	11111	11111	11111—19
Higher	11111	11111	11011	11111—19
Thompson	11111	11111	11111	11110—19
York	11101	11010	11011	11101—15
Ford	11110	11010	11110	11110—16
Smith	11111	11111	11010	00100—14
Cary	11010	01000	10101	11001—10
Rust	10010	00010	01010	01000— 6
Hoggs	00011	00011	00011	11001—10

Ties on 19, miss and out. Harvey 7, Higher 1, Thompson 8; Thompson won first. Ties for second, miss and out. York 8, Ford 2; York won second and Smith third.—GADWALL.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 24.—The annual tournament of the Raymond Sportsman Club was held at their range at Wellington today. The principal event of the day was the State championship match, which was participated in by the best of the trap shooters. Mr. W. L. Perry succeeded in capturing the medal, with the score of 49 out of a possible 50 birds, missing his 16th bird. Appended are the results of the different events:

Championship Match.

W S Perry	1111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111—49
A F Cooper	1111110111111010111101111111111111111111101111110—43
C M. Stark	0011010000101111111111111101111101111011111111—41
E W Eager	1111111001100111111111111111011111111111111111—40

First event—Seven birds. C. M. Stark and E. T. Smith divided first money; C. Wilbur and W. L. Perry, second; A. F. Cooper, third; J. B. Valentine, fourth.

Second event—Seven birds. Stark, first; D. Kirkwood, second; Wilbur, third; J. F. Witherell, fourth.

Third event—Perry first, Cooper second, T. S. Hall third, H. H. Francis and Kirkwood fourth.

Fifth event—Five pairs double birds. Wilbur and Hall first, Perry second, H. W. Johnson third, H. W. Eager fourth.

Sixth event—Seven birds. Perry and Stark first, Valentine and W. Ames second, Smith and C. Atwell third, Kirkwood and Johnson fourth.

Seventh event—Seven glass balls (Kirkwood trap). M. D. Gilman and E. Woodbury first, Wilbur second, Perry third, Thompson fourth.

Eighth event—Five birds. Eagor and Stark first, C. A. Holden and Ames second, Perry third.

Ninth event—Five birds. Eagor and Johnson, first; Valentine, Witherell and Silman, second; Smith and Kirkwood third.

Tenth event—Miss-and-out match, between Stark and Eager, was won by the first-named gentleman at the seventh bird.

CLEVELAND GUN CLUB.—The fourth grand annual shooting tournament, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club will be held on their club grounds at Oak Grove House, on Ansel avenue to-day.

Yachting and Canoeing.

THE CANOE KELPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since reading "Nessmuk's" reply to Gus Sypher, I have often wished that I might some day find myself floating on the same sheet of water with "Nessmuk" aforesaid, that he and I might leisurely paddle along and compare notes. I find myself in sympathy with him on so many points that I seldom read one of his notes without thinking to myself: "Would that there were more such. Long may you wave, O. 'Nessmuk'! and may your shadow never be less."

I wonder if I am the pioneer in canoeing for pleasure on the frequented waters of our land? Is there any among your readers who launched and paddled a canoe before the year 1859, and made in it extended journeys, except where the nature of the region or of the pursuits compelled him so to do? I think that it was in that year that I completed and launched the "Kelpie," a canvas canoe, eleven and a half feet over all, and three feet beam amidships. I do not know of a lighter, fully decked and carried her across many a portage on the New England rivers, and she was well known in the summer and fall of 1860, on the Squam and Winnipesaukee lakes. She was a good seaboat, though without deck or cover, and only eleven inches deep.

There are some grave old fellows holding dignified and responsible positions to-day whose eyes will lighten if they read this article, remembering how easily the little Kelpie swung past the rocks in a rapid or rode the swells of the lakes. The ponderous Professor, familiarly known in those days as "Wodgers," has doubtless told his children how he and I, with the canoe full of duffle, on the Winnipesaukee, got caught in a squall and rounded the southeast point of Black Cat Island with the strong swells breaking "feather white" on the rocks just under our lee, and just when he thought we were likely to go to the demition bow-wows a steamer load of excursionists hove in sight, and he filled and lighted his pipe in order to appear the more unconcerned.

I had no model for that canoe, and I fashioned her after the similitude of a duck as nearly as possible. I have never yet seen a boat that I could drive against a current with equal ease, and in shooting I had the slightest swing of the paddle seal to the right or left of the rocks at will, and I used to enjoy letting her go right at them until just upon the point of collision and then slide smoothly by.

KELPIE.

STEEL FOR YACHT BUILDING.

FOR years past the nature and uses of steel for ship-building requirements has been studied and developed in every imaginable direction.

Mr. B. Mariell, the Chief Surveyor of Lloyd's Registry of British and Foreign Shipping, has long advocated the benefit to be derived by the adaptation of steel plates and frames to ship and yacht building, and Mr. W. Parker, the Chief Engineer of Lloyd's Registry, has striven in a similar manner to prove the superiority of steel boilers, if constructed of properly manufactured material. Foremost among the ship building community to adopt steel for ship building generally, we may draw attention to Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton, while among those who have led the pioneers in this direction, should be noticed the names of Messrs. Yarrow, of Poplar, and Messrs. Thornycroft, of Chiswick.

In the early days of the application of steel to yachts and ship work many failures occurred. In some instances the plate has been riveted to the side of a vessel and left in perfectly sound condition over night, which in the morning was found starred and fractured, as if it had been a broken sheet of glass. Plates and frames were often found to be broken by a sudden jar with a hammer or from the effects of punching. In many cases of steel work all holes were drilled, on account of the steel then manufactured being of too brittle a nature to hazard the ordinary method of punching them.

Some time back special instructions were issued from Lloyd's Registry, and rules laid down concerning the methods to be observed and carried out by builders in annealing steel plates and frames.

Since this period vast strides have been made in the manufacture of mild steel for yacht and shipbuilding, with the result that the material for construction for this work may be said to reach a pitch of excellence not to be excelled. The cost of the best mild steel now supplied is very little in excess of the price usually paid for the best ship iron; while the manipulation of the steel for building purposes is now far less than was expected in working iron plates. It must also be borne in mind that a reduction in scantlings is allowed on steel built vessels, which, by effecting a saving in weight, lowers the first cost.

To arrive at a fair idea of the saving in working steel, as compared with iron, it would be well to notice a few leading features of construction in each.

If a vessel is built of iron the plates which are to be attached to the portion of the hull where there is a sharp curve or other irregularity of form, must be planed in a furnace and heated, in some instances to a white heat, to prepare them for the process of being brought to the required shape. A cradle built up of angle iron which has been prepared, often with great trouble, to the moulded shape required, is then brought into use, and on this the iron plate is beaten while red hot until the desired form is obtained. The very sharp curves and twists occur, the fiber of the iron is often completely destroyed, as may frequently be seen in boss plates, counter plates, and knuckle plates of iron-built yachts at our select vessels. Even if the fiber of the iron is not destroyed, the surface of the plate is frequently hacked and damaged by the firing and hammering, and the smooth, even surface which is so particularly essential to speed is entirely spoilt. In other parts of the hull, where moderate curves are met with, the iron plates are bent by adjustable rolls.

In many cases where iron is used the corner holes in the plates must be drilled to avoid fracture in punching, and also the end holes in the frames. The iron rivets used in this class of work must be heated before they are hammered, or they can be beaten up. It will be gathered from the above description that in the building of an iron yacht, a furnace must be kept going to heat plates which require much bending, that cradles are required to form and shape, which must be constructed at a great expenditure of money and labor, that drilling, as to a great extent necessary, and large forges are required with attendants to heat the rivets. On the other hand, in building a steel boat the furnace, rolls, drilling and heating of rivets can be entirely dispensed with, and a great expense in plant and labor thus spared during the building. The excellent quality of steel now manufactured, is such that all the plates may be hammered to any shape when cold; the only fire required may be made up on a large forge, on which the frames must be heated for bending.

The steel frames must be heated, so as to assist the bending process by rendering the thick portion of the web of the angle iron more ductile than would otherwise be the case. In carrying this out it is particularly necessary to observe the fact that the steel should not be heated above blood red, and the fire should be made of coke. The steel rivets supplied for this work are tested so as fully to insure a good watertight joint. In addition to the bending of counter and knuckle plates cold when made of mild steel, rudder trunks, boss plates, and other plates in which a very quick and severe turn is required are annealed to their respective forms in a soft condition. This work is all carried out without destroying in the slightest degree the (we might say) enameled outer surface of the plate. On this account anti-fouling composition, or paint of any kind, may be laid on to be gained in the use of steel as the best means for cleaning and painting bottoms of yachts and other vessels constructed of this material would be less frequent than if built of iron. The highest breaking strain of the best ship iron is supposed to reach 20 tons per square inch, whereas the steel now used will vary as high as 25 tons, and above this in some cases, but the best steel should not do so. Another advantage to be claimed for steel is that it will stand a tolerably severe collision without endangering the vessel, as the ductility of the material is so great that it will give without fracture in the case of a trivial collision with an iron boat—a leak generally results from fracture.

As a final proof of the faith now placed in mild steel, we would conclude these notes by stating that the screw propellers fitted to the swift launches, built by Mr. Yarrow, have blades made from annealed steel plates, as being the best possible material to meet the many strains to which a propeller blade is subjected.—*Yachting Gazette.*

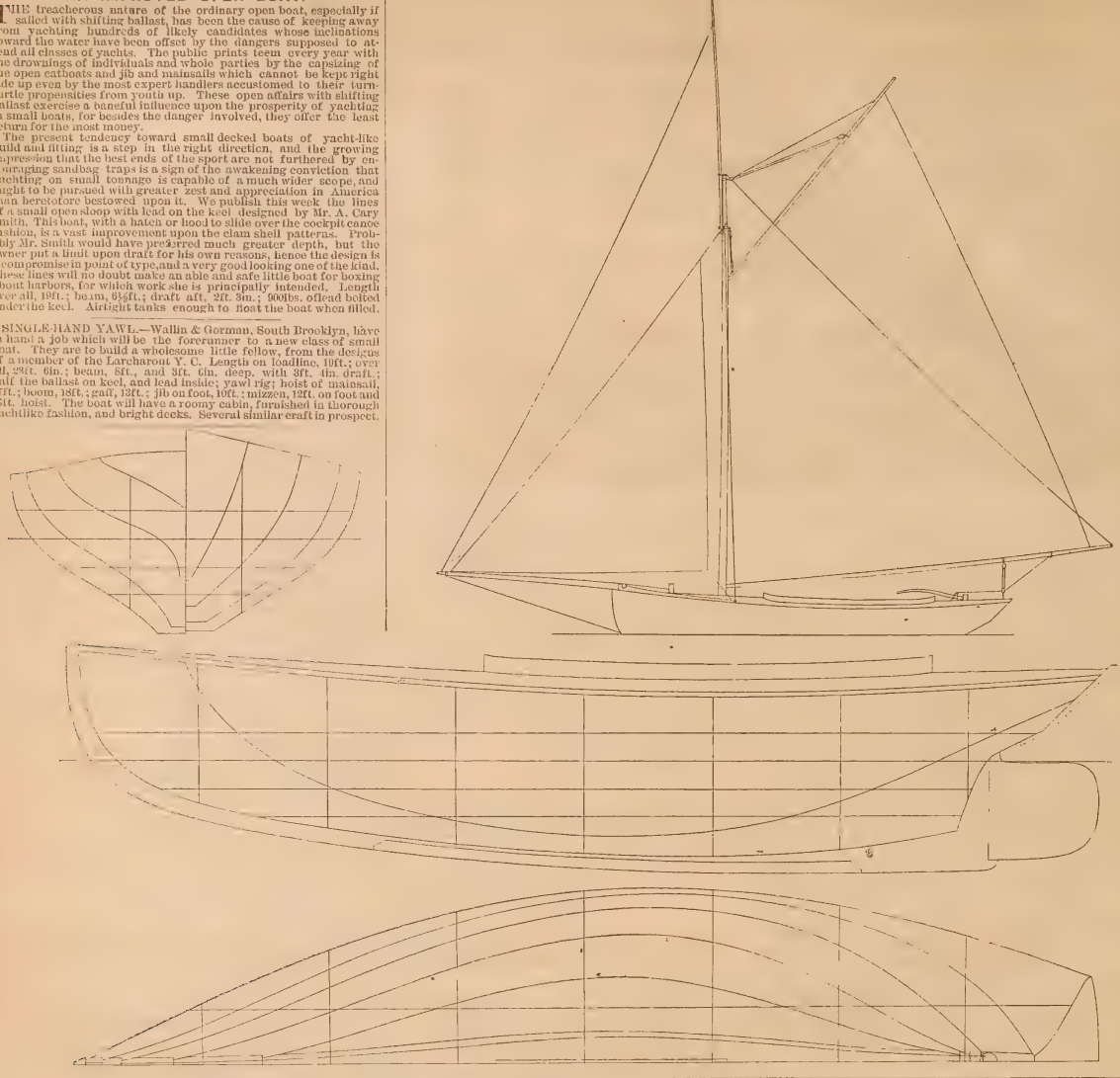
WHAT IS A KNOT.—The length of a nautical mile is defined as one-sixtieth part of that of a degree of agreat circle of the earth. If the earth were a perfect sphere of known dimensions, the length of a nautical mile, according to the above definition, would be a definite quantity. Owing, however, to the earth's compression, and the consequent difference in the lengths of the radii of curvature at different points of its surface, much diversity has arisen in usage and in books of reference in assigning the lengths of a nautical mile. Thus it is variously given as equal to the mean length of a minute of latitude on the meridian, that is, to the length of the meridian corresponding to the radius of curvature of the particular latitude, and the length of a minute of longitude on the equator; the latter definition being probably due to the common use among mariners of Mercator's projection, in which the degrees of the successive parallels of latitude are equal to those on the equator. The office of the United States Coast Survey, in order to remove uncertainty, and to introduce uniformity, have adopted the value which results from considering a nautical mile as equal to the one-sixtieth part of the length of a degree on the great circle of a sphere whose bulk is equal to the surface of the earth. This value, computed on Clark's spheroid, is: One nautical mile=1853·248 metres=6080·27ft., a value which corresponds to the adopted length of the Admiralty knot 6080ft.

NARROW BEAM.—Mr. W. Gage Tweedy, R. A., in a lecture at the Plymouth Institute, Nov. 9, his subject being "Modern Yachts," explained how important it was to have an exact knowledge of what he termed the scientific elements of a yacht, in which he included the displacement, the various "centers" of gravity and buoyance, etc., considerable attention being paid to the latter upon which he then discussed the wave-line theory, and showed how it failed to explain the results of observation, and so became discredited, until it was generalized by Mr. Colin Archer a few years ago, and had now, as the wave form theory, been so established by observation and experiment that it was employed by the most advanced naval architects as the starting point and controlling principle of their designs. Mr. Tweedy spoke of the peculiarities of the mode of measuring yachts for tonnage, and the effect this has had in producing long, narrow, and deep vessels, heavily ballasted by leaden keels—a type which had proved itself infinitely superior in speed, safety, and easy motion in rough water to the broad and shallow type popular in America. The lecturer concluded by stating that as each year advanced new and faster racers would be built, and that it would be a matter largely depending on money as to who should possess the most successful racing yacht.

AN IMPROVED OPEN BOAT.

THE treacherous nature of the ordinary open boat, especially if sailed with shifting ballast, has been the cause of keeping away from yachting hundreds of likely candidates whose inclinations toward the water have been offset by the dangers supposed to attend all classes of yachts. The public prints teem every year with the drownings of individuals and whole parties by the capsizing of the open catboats and jib and mainsails which cannot be kept right side up even by the most expert handlers accustomed to their turn-turtle propensities from youth up. These open affairs with shifting ballast exercise a baneful influence upon the prosperity of yachting in small boats, for besides the danger involved, they offer the least return for the most money.

The present tendency toward small decked boats of yacht-like build and fitting is a step in the right direction, and the growing impression that the best ends of the sport are not furthered by encouraging sandbag traps is a sign of the awakening conviction that yachting on small tonnage is capable of a much wider scope, and ought to be pursued with greater zest and appreciation in America than heretofore bestowed upon it. We publish this week the lines of a small open sloop with lead on the keel designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith. This boat, with a hatch or hood to slide over the cockpit canoe fashion, is a vast improvement upon the clam shell patterns. Probably Mr. Smith would have preferred much greater depth, but the owner put a limit upon draft for his own reasons, hence the design is a compromise in point of type, and a very good looking one of the kind. These lines will no doubt make an able and safe little boat for boxing about harbors, for which work she is principally intended. Length over all, 19ft.; beam, 6½ft.; draft aft, 2ft. 3in.; 900lbs. of lead bolted under the keel. Airtight tanks enough to float the boat when filled.



SINGLE-HAND YAWL.—Wallin & Gorman, South Brooklyn, have in hand a job which will be the forerunner to a new class of small boat. They are to build a wholesome little fellow, from the designs of a member of the Larchmont Y. C. Length on loadline, 19ft.; over all, 28ft. 6in.; beam, 8ft., and 3ft. 6in. deep, with 3ft. 4in. draft.; half the ballast on keel, and lead inside; yawl rig; hoist of mainsail, 17ft.; boom, 18ft.; gaff, 13ft.; jib on foot, 10ft.; mizzen, 12ft. on foot and 16ft. hoist. The boat will have a roomy cabin, furnished in thorough yachtlike fashion, and bright decks. Several similar craft in prospect.

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

[CONTINUED.]

AT the present day so much prejudice against large displacement has been removed that the way to intelligent modelling seems much clearer and more likely to be followed than a few years ago. The notion hitherto prevailing among most builders and accepted very generally as an irrevocable law of nature that displacement is the measure of resistance, led to the exclusive construction of shoal boats with little ballast, the deeper and abler boat being outlawed altogether by the force of custom until she disappeared from view in America, and with her the incentive to yachting on small tonnage, the legitimate sport being supplanted by various kinds of racing traps and caricatures upon naval architecture. Since the advent of the foreign cutters and the evidence more recently furnished by the Bedouin's sailing, even the most obstinate adherents of the old tenets find themselves obliged to admit that there is something very rotten in the faith of yore. If Bedouin with 105 tons displacement can hold one of our fastest sloops of 60 tons displacement down wind with less area of sail, there must assuredly be a screw loose somewhere, and displacement cannot any longer do duty as bogy against the introduction of safe, roomy and able yachts in defense of fanciful light draft theories. There is nothing new in the discovery the Bedouin has driven home so effectually among yacht builders, for naval science clearly demonstrated many years ago that there was no direct relation between displacement *per se* and resistance, but that the latter was due first, last and all the time to form and to area and quality of friction surface.

But though hundreds of occurrences in practice in our own waters might be cited in support of the deductions of such authorities as Rankin and Froude, their conclusions, backed by numerous delicate experiments, and almost indisputable proofs, were "poon poohed" by ignorant louts barely able to read and write and totally unfit to give an opinion on the subject worth entertaining. We have time and again adduced evidence which would move any intelligent or observant person at least to an investigation and fresh consideration. So far from conceding anything of the kind, those responsible for current opinions kept on prating in the press, dogmatizing in the building yards and gabbling in the club rooms about "lugging so much lead," "bound to be slow in light winds, because so heavy," and the stupid stock libels against any innovation upon the sanctified habits of our grandfathers, so familiar to all who have followed us in this fight to drive new ideas into the popularity their worth entitles them to enjoy. If obdurate to all we could write in these columns, the knights of the old faith fell like feathers before such a crushing demonstration of the fallacy of their creed as Bedouin furnished in the recent Seawanhaka races. At last the average talent cries, "Peccavi; we have been on the wrong track, or such things could never be!" and so we take it the last vestige of the ludicrous ignorance among builders on the cause of resistance has finally disappeared in America. May the ghost of the old fancy rest in peace and rise no more to make a laughing stock of its adherents among men of intelligence.

Large displacement, the very biggest yet essayed, is perfectly compatible with the highest rate of speed when properly shaped in all waters and in all weathers. As light displacement has no virtues of its own, and grew into general use only on the strength of the imaginary connection between feather weight and speed, our first advice to the single hand sailor is to build with all the displacement other circumstances will permit. Great weight means a deal obtained at very little expense in a small yacht. It means business in a sea, it means business in light airs. It steadies the boat on her course, makes steering easy, accomplishes work when light weight would be forced to retire, affords accommodation, and if rightly proportioned can be propelled with less area of sail than a trap of great beam and flat as a pancake with no insides at all and carrying no other ballast than the load of ignorance she represents in her dangerous fashioning.

Our single-hand yacht, to offer the most satisfaction, must first have a liberal allowance of displacement. In the expressive though not classic language of the boat shop, "she must have plenty of guts below water." The next question arising is how to dispose of the amount to the best advantage. Displacement without form is no gain except in room, and may be a detriment in other respects. What form should it take to make small tonnage go the furthest in ministering to the needs of the cruiser? We have in our last issue decided the shoal, wide and also the chubby boat unfit for his purposes. The third general division of type comprises narrow deep boats, and to this class we will now turn our attention.

No precise limits or proportions are here to be laid down, nor is the definition of the third division restricted to extremes, but should be considered as comprising all proportions varying from the customary normal, in other words boats of less beam and greater depth than typical representatives embody. We propose to clip from beam and add to depth and length instead. A limit to this clipping will soon be reached in very small yachts, since a certain amount of beam is absolutely required to furnish floor and berth down below and other physical necessities while cruising. Ideas as to this amount will differ, but whatever they be we would not counsel going an inch more in breadth than demanded by these considerations. The very least floor and the narrowest berth the skipper can fit himself to with reasonable peace of mind is all the liberty to be taken with a dimension from which no good can be expected and which must be estimated a necessary evil to be discountenanced at the peril of loss in ability, weatherliness and speed.

There is an unaccountable veneration for beam in the community, as though breadth was conducive to praiseworthy characteristics, when, as a matter of fact, beam is detrimental to good performance on every count, and is to be indorsed only on the score of wider decks in small boats, a trivial advantage secured at the expense of rig and "go" in rough water. Beam, beyond the amount for the object specified above is of no advantage whatever, but represents just so much bulk wasted. Save it off the sides and add to depth or length, and not only do we reach better results in sailing, but the available stowage below is augmented in a tangible way. Beam is a sly deceiver leaving the mind impressed through the eye with vastness all round, the same vastness turning out all myth for any other object but aimlessly putting your foot in it. With like depth an increase to beam is effected by a fuller turn from the bilge up to rail, and as floor and berths are below the bilge, they profit nothing by the spread. All you have for your trouble is a larger rig, a heavier and more costly structure, and a chubby bounce of a boat, with a little more deck, of no practical value in working ship. With like bulk, however, as the start for the comparison, what you patch on beam has to come off the depth and length. The boat flattens out, her cabin is no longer practicable, and though speed can be retained by falling back upon a big rig, the boat has passed into the type already condemned, and is no longer fit to knock about the coast with satisfaction. The problem we have to solve is one of economy. We are not looking for the largest boat from which the least service can be got, but, on the contrary, for the smallest design offering the greatest capacity for useful duty. Locating bulk where it is not needed is, therefore, an evasion of the task. Any one can give beam by the mile to a plan, but the nut to crack is how to make out as well, or even better, without any extravagance, in other words how best to dispose a given size or amount of bulk. Should the reader turn this over in his mind, let him remember that a just comparison of results must be instituted upon the basis of equal bulks. An addition in any direction by impressing more bulk is a license not permissible in equity. Such a procedure would simply be the building of a larger boat, and no one is likely to dispute a big boat is bigger than a little boat on general principles. The limit to beam is, therefore, best governed by physical considerations of accommodation below, and every inch beyond is a wasteful disposition of bulk which will subserve better ends elsewhere in the boat.

Depth on the other hand is a virtue in every boat well worth cultivating to the utmost. The objection to its free use, apart from the exploded delusion that it is a hindrance to speed, is founded upon rather more substantial reasons in small boats than the abhorrence of narrow beam. Boasting no regular crews it is always advisable to moor in some snug bight where the water is apt to be shoal and deep draft and a high bilge might give trouble at low tides. This is perhaps the only serious drawback which can be urged against small craft of the deep type, but it is really exceptional, for the cases must be very few indeed where some suitable shelter within reasonable distance cannot be found with water enough to float the yacht at all stages of the tide.

In the exceptional cases it resolves itself into a balance between the sacrifice of model to unfortunate surroundings or the trouble of seeking harbor not as convenient as might be wished for the sake of preserving intact the tool which is to administer to our pleasure. Shall the boat be lowered to the level of the waters or the waters selected according to the boat? We fancy no good yachtsman would hesitate long, but would promptly decide to hoof it for miles so his boat accomplish his wishes and meet his expectations when once she fills away. In these small yachts centerboards are out of the question in a cabin small enough as it is. Occasionally it is a handy thing to trice up at a moment's notice or to "cut across lots," but this we deem fully offset in practice by the risks run in twisting, splitting and leaking and tending. Nor is the board at all to be compared to the loaded keel for general service, and its use entails a shoaler, beamier yacht than compatible with foregoing considerations.

A keel is the only solution possible to our problem, and this arrangement involves really less draft than a centerboard yacht in efficient sailing condition. It is the rule for the keel to draw less water when under way than the board, while the reverse is the exception. Keels show to advantage in practice quite as often as the boards, and on the score of draft there is not much choice between the two. Small other points the keel is quite as good, and on some very essential ones in small boat sailing it is decidedly to be preferred, so that moorings should be selected accordingly, as a centerboard is virtually debarred from the design now in hand.

As to depth and length, with a given displacement, the more of the former, the better between decks and the better to windward. The more of the latter the longer the stowage below, the faster down wind and the smaller the rig, speaking always within moderation. A boat too short and deep, or too long and shoal, should be avoided. Of the two, the former is the lesser evil. Depth should always be enough to insure uncapsizability with weight on the keel. A hard and fast line cannot be drawn at any specified ratio, for boats differing in length and depth to some extent have been found equally good on an all round estimate, though each has its particular weather and sea. Some further remarks on model and rig will be taken up next week.

Sportsmen having guns which they wish to have rebored or repaired in any manner, will do well to consult the advertisement of E. H. Madison.—*Adv.*



MR. MIDDLETON'S SINGLE HAND YAWL "KATE."

CANOEING ON THE RICHELIEU RIVER.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

THE Richelieu River extends from Lake Champlain at Rouse's Point to the St. Lawrence at Sorel. It is about 90 miles long, and runs almost due north. Canoes can be sent to Rouse's Point by rail. They must be carted about one quarter of a mile from the station to the shore. A Canadian can be had at the Massachusetts House, who has carried many canoes, and is intelligent and careful. His charge is twenty-five cents. Canoes should be lauched just south of the steamboat dock, but the masts must not be slipped till the railway bridge is passed. Stores and supplies can be bought at Rouse's Point, but are cheaper at St. Johns.

The prevailing wind on the Richelieu is southerly, or south westerly. Six miles below Rouse's Point is a good camping ground, on the southern end of an island. There is a fine sandy beach, but just at the water's edge a villanous clay bottom. Milk and eggs can be had at a farm house near by, on the east shore of the river.

The next good camping ground is six miles lower down, on Isle aux Noix, a large island with a strong fort on the northern end—land on the east side of the island, below the fort. The garrison, consisting of one good-hearted Irishman, will furnish eggs, milk and bread. It should be remarked that below St. Johns palatable bread can be had only in the villages, or at the occasional houses of English farmers. The black bread of the French *habitants* is unpalatable.

St. Johns is twelve miles below Isle aux Noix Camp, on the west bank, abov the bridge, where there are the remains of old earthworks and several large buildings formerly used as barracks, and situated among some beautiful oak trees. The Canadian revenue officer must be seen here. He lives in the largest of the barrack buildings, and is one of the best of good fellows. Every canoeist who has visited St. Johns has cause to remember with pleasure and gratitude this genial gentleman. At St. Johns the rapids begin, and extend with frequent quiet stretches to Chambly, nine miles further north. The first rapids are a little below the bridge, and when passing the bridge the canoeist must keep a sharp lookout or he will run on a collection of half-burnt piles that are just under the surface. These rapids can be run at any season, but ordinarily the water is so low by the 1st of July that the other rapids cannot be run. The state of the water can be ascertained from the revenue officer. If the canoeist attempts the rapids, which are not in the least dangerous, the only trouble with them being the shallowness of the water, he must remember to land just before reaching the Chambly bridge. There is a fall at this place which may possibly be jumped, but which must be carefully surveyed.

There is a canal around the rapids from St. Johns to Chambly, with nine locks, six of which are close together near Chambly. A pass must be procured (price 25c.) at the canal office (should canoeists be charged?), which is not far from the railway bridge. At Chambly bread, milk and other supplies can be got at the grocery on the left bank of the canal, close by the entrances of the last three locks, which open one into the other. After leaving the canal steer for a round fort at the foot of the rapids, where there is a fine camping ground and good fishing.

There is a good camping spot at Belœil, about six miles below Chambly, on the east bank. The next camping ground is on the Isle aux Cerfs, ten miles further down—land on the east side of this island. A fine country seat belonging to Major de Montenac is on the island, and the man in charge of the place will furnish milk. Chambly Mountain, an extinct volcano, a few miles this side of Isle aux Cerfs, is well worth visiting. If the canoeist does not care to walk up the mountain he can get a carriage at St. Hilaire.

At St. Charles and St. Denis, two towns below Isle aux Cerfs, a very fine dinner can be had at the little French inns for 25 cents. At St. Ours lock, about fifteen miles below Isle aux Cerfs, is a dam which the unwary canoeist may possibly sail over unintentionally, and to his great surprise. Keep to the east side of the river in order to avoid the dam. There is a lock between the east shore and an island, which enables boats to pass the dam. The island is a good place to camp. Two miles below the lock is the town of St. Ours, where there is a nice little inn, at which the tourist should make a point of dining. Below this place and Sorel, at the mouth of the river, there is no good camping ground.

From Sorel there are steamboats to Montreal. On Tuesday and Friday nights a steamer leaves for Chambly, making this place at four o'clock A. M. From Chambly it is three-quarters of an hour by rail to Montreal. A carriage can be hired to take the canoeist to St. Johns, from where he can return to Rouse's Point by rail. Canoes can be sent by canal from Sorel to any point on Lake Champlain, or to Albany or New York. If the canoeist intends to send his canoe home through Rouse's Point, either by rail or canal, he must first see the American revenue officer at Rouse's Point, or he may have trouble with the custom houses. If the canoe is a Shadow with hatches that lock, a combination-lock which locks without a key on some particular word will be found useful. The combination can be left with the revenue officer before entering Canada, so that he can unlock the c noe and search it on the way back. There is plenty of firewood along the river; the scenery is pleasant; and the little French towns below Chambly are so out of the way of travel, that they are as foreign as towns in France. I have made three cruises on the Richelieu, and like it so much, that I am always ready to try it again.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—At the regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, November 27, the following named gentlemen were elected: Sidney Chubb, Clarence H. Eagle, Henry S. Hovey and Maunsell Van Rensselaer. Commodore Lee's proposed amendment to the constitution, providing for the election of new members by a board of trustees was adopted. Mr. H. W. Eaton's amendment to the sailing regulations, to the effect that the rule as to non-extension of topsail above truck shall be waived in the case of the fourth class sloops and cutters, was also adopted. The resignation of Mr. A. Cary Smith, the club's measurer, was accepted, the secretary being instructed to draft a proper expression of the club's appreciation of his valuable services.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE "CENTURY" AND "ST. NICHOLAS.—We have received from the Century Company, Union Square, New York, the last bound volumes of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* magazines. These are the leading publications of their kind in the world. In matter and illustrations the *Century* is unequaled, and unapproached by any of the other monthlies. The children of to-day find in *St. Nicholas* a better treasure than was ever bestowed by fairy in the days when there *were* fairies.

THE *Decorator and Furnisher* is a handsome monthly magazine, profusely illustrated, and filled with contributions from competent writers. It is devoted, as its title indicates, to interior house decoration, and furnishing, and is rapidly winning public favor by its straightforward course and independance of illegitimate advertisers. By illegitimate advertisers we mean those who having goods to sell attempt to secure free puffs in the reading columns of a trade paper instead of paying for advertisements. The *Decorator and Furnisher* has started out on a new plan; it deserves all the success it is sure to have.

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Spanish Silk Worm Gut.

THE GREAT REDUCTION in the quality of this article, and the increasing admixture of rough strands, has forced us to go into the manufacture of it for our own account. Our establishment in Murcia, Spain, where all the high quality gut is made is the most extensive and perfect factory of this article in the world. The grades named below will run at least 25 per cent. *better than those of any other manufacturers.*

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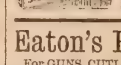
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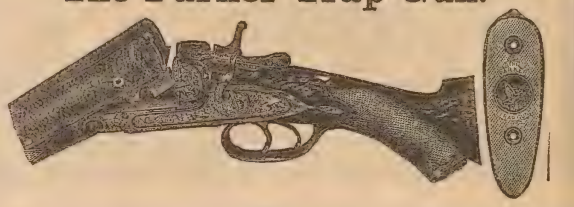
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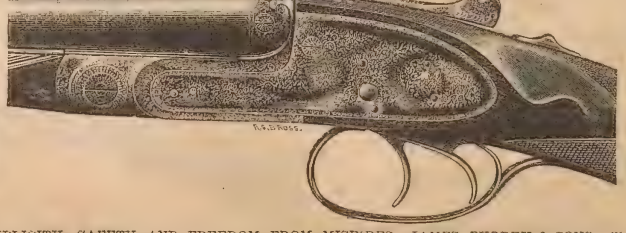
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Gun manufacturers, by special appointments to Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, and the most noted shots of Europe, give notice that on January 1st, 1883, they will remove to the new and large manufactory they are now building, and that after that date their address will be

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They take this opportunity to inform American sportsmen that they have patented **A NEW REBOUNDING HAMMERLESS GUN,** which, after the most careful practical trials and severe tests, they confidently reccommend as by far

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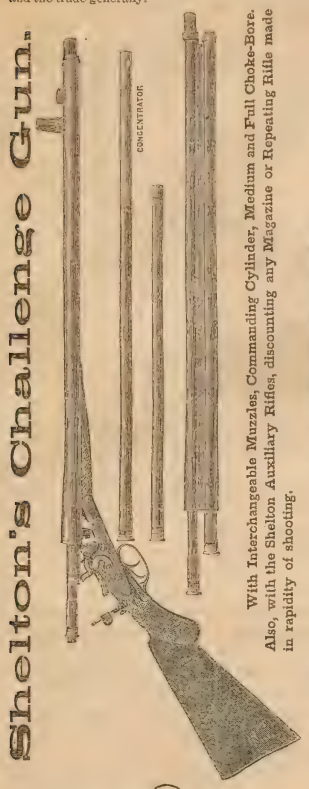
Its advantages are STRENGTH, SIMPLICITY, SAFETY AND FREEDOM FROM MISFIRES. JAMES PURDEY & SONS will only make one quality of gun for the United States, viz.: THE BEST. Guns take about five months to make, and can be ordered direct from the makers, or through the agencies of SCHUYLER & DUANE, 189 Broadway, New York, and JOS. C. GBUBB & CO., 712 Market street, Philadelphia.

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Monthly Issue. To Sportsmen.

Place this advertisement in your scrap book for future reference. Results originating from experience of fifty-five years of both the Gun and Rifle. Endorsed by all sportsmen who have used them and the trade generally.

Shelton's Challenge Gun.



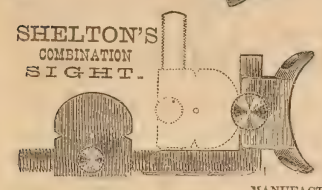
With Interchangeable Muzzles, Commanding Cylinder, Medium and Full Choke-Bore. Also, with the Shelton Auxiliary Rifles, discounting any Magazine or Repeating Rifle made in rapidity of shooting.



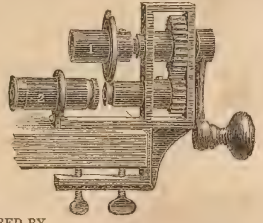
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For reducing recoil and giving better penetration and destruction of shot.



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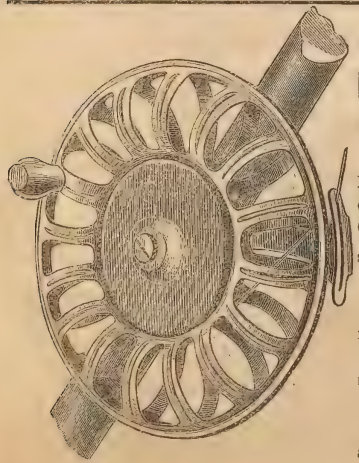
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PRICE, $1.50 EACH.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.-1883.

FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

The year now drawing to a close has been with the FOREST AND STREAM one of most gratifying progress. Early in the year by an important mechanical improvement, the typographical beauty of the paper was greatly enhanced; and in August, with the beginning of the tenth year of publication, it was permanently enlarged to twenty-eight pages. There has been an equal growth in other important respects. The patronage accorded to this journal by the intelligent reading public has never been more cordial than it is at the present time. Sustained thus heartily, the publishers are prepared to maintain in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM prestige as the

Representative Field Journal

of this country, at once entertaining, useful and influential. As the exponent of the highest types of field-sportsmanship the paper will be adapted to the tastes of all men who use the rod and gun as means of pleasure and recreation. Broad in its sympathy with all that is legitimate in field sports, free from any entangling alliances with cliques, having no interests to serve save those of its constituents, and never hesitating in its criticisms of whatever may be inimical to these interests, the FOREST AND STREAM'S highest ambition will be to preserve in the future the approval won by its course in the past. It will persist in its efforts to awaken in the public mind a fuller appreciation of the importance of the proper protection of game in the breeding season, and of due moderation in the destruction of game at other times. This it considers a matter of prime importance, not so much to the man whose wealth and leisure enable him to make extended tours to favored game countries, as it is to that already very large and constantly increasing class of business and professional men, whose favorite relaxation from the routine of employment is found in brief vacation trips to the woods and fields and brooksides.

The enlarged form of the FOREST AND STREAM enables its editors to present each week in the several departments a large and varied supply of reading. In the columns of

The Sportsman Tourist

Will be found sketches of travel and sport. Coming from many different writers, and widely separate parts of the country, these sketches always have the charm of novelty, and they are sure to be read with interest by sportsmen, because their writers see things through sportsmen's eyes, and describe them from the sportsman's standpoint.

Natural History.

This department will not deal with fossils nor with the monsters of African jungles. Quite on the contrary, it will treat of the animal life of land and water in our own country, the habits and ways of American fur, fin and feather, in which American sportsmen are presumed to take an intelligent interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting excursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

Sea and River Fishing.

The angler will find in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM the best angling literature of the day, in quantity more than is contained in all other publications put together. This journal has inaugurated a series of angling tournaments, the initial meeting having been held in the Central Park of this city; and it is believed that others of equal success will follow in other years. Meanwhile, the man who loves to go a-fishing may find in the FOREST AND STREAM all the year around a great deal that must be to his liking.

Fishculture.

The columns devoted to this important subject furnish a complete resumé of curren achievements and progress in this important work.

The Kennel.

This department has won the confidence of dog owners. Its reports of field trials, bench shows and other events are recognized as impartial, honest, and the most able published The recent series of papers by its editor, entitled "Training vs. Breaking," have been published in book form, and have had a very large sale. Other papers of equal importance will be published from time to time.

Yachting and Canoeing.

The editor of this department being a practical naval architect, and thoroughly familiar with every branch of the subject, will continue the same intelligent treatment of yachting and canoeing that have already won for the FOREST AND STREAM esteem and confidence.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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INVENTORS AND SOLE OWNERS OF THE ANSON & DEELEY HAMMERLESS LOCK WITH AUTOMATIC SAFETY BOLT.

Making the Safest, Simplest and Most Durable Breech-Loading Gun to-day in Use.

SAFEST, because the triggers are effectually bolted whenever the lever is moved to open or close the gun. SIMPLEST, because the lock contains fewer pieces (only four) than any other gun. MOST DURABLE, because the four parts are very strong, and the swivel and bridle—the weakest parts in the ordinary lock—is entirely dispensed with.

The Anson & Deeley hammerless lock has been subjected to the severest test, having been fired EIGHTY THOUSAND times in a wear and tear trial without cleaning, and without showing any evidence of wear. The Anson & Deeley action is made in its perfection by Westley Richards & Co.

From every quarter unsolicited come testimonials of the excellence of these guns. We quote a few extracts:

"The Westley Richards Hammerless Gun excels any gun that I have ever used."—GEORGE W. BROWN, Conneautville, Pa.

"The action is simply perfect; there is no possibility of accidental discharge."—E. J. CARPENTER, Cincinnati, O.

"The Hammerless Westley Richards works to a charm, and brings the ducks right out of the sky."—CHARLES J. CLARKE, Winnows Point Shooting Club.

"The little seven-pound Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, purchased from you last summer, has given entire satisfaction. For hard shooting, easy manipulation, and perfect safety, it cannot be excelled. I used but three drams of powder and one ounce of shot throughout the entire season, killing my birds as clean in September as first of October."—ALEX. REYNOLDS, JR., Kittaning, Pa.

"The Westley Richards Hammerless Gun I obtained from you has been the admiration of all my friends. I consider it much the best hammerless gun, and recommend all sportsmen who can afford the luxury of a perfect gun to buy a Westley Richards Hammerless."—PATRICK HENRY, Clarksville, Tenn.

"I find perfect ease in manipulating the gun, and absolute safety secured from accidental discharge by the automatic safety bolt, which never fails to go to safety when the lever is moved to open or close the gun. You know how prejudiced I have been against hammerless guns. Well, I am thoroughly subdued, and I unhesitatingly say it is 'the gun of the future.'"—L. R. STAYTON, Secretary Allegheny County Sportsmen's Association.

"I feel as if I ought to let you know how the 10-bore, 9½lbs., 30in. Westley Richards Hammerless works. At the target with four and a quarter drams of Orange Lightning powder No. 6, and one and a quarter ounces No. 8 shot, I can get over 400 pellets in a 30-inch circle, 40 measured yards, every time, with beautiful distribution and wonderful penetration. With the same charge of powder and one and a quarter ounces No. 5, it is sure death to ducks at fifty yards every time. I made two successive shots at single mallards sitting on the water at 76 and 83 yards, and killed both times, and this with the above light load in paper shells. A mallard flying at 50 yards drops as if struck by lightning. Let me thank you for having furnished me what I have so long been looking for, i. e., a gun that suited me in every way. I've got it now and money cannot buy it."—F. W. COTTLE, Lincoln, Ill.

We have just received a large invoice of these matchless weapons in all grades and gauges, including the smaller bores, 14, 16 and 20-gauge, and can fill all orders promptly, or will import to special order without extra charge. Our stock of Fine Goods is *without exception* the largest in this country. Constantly on hand, bargains in fine second-hand guns with hammers. New catalogue now ready containing illustrations and prices of all new and useful implements.

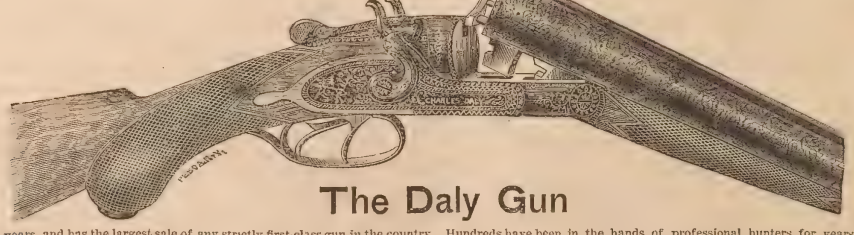
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No. 3, Same as No. 2, but finer in all points.....$200 00
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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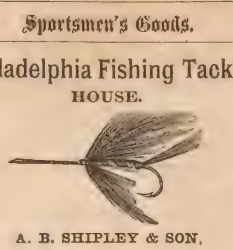
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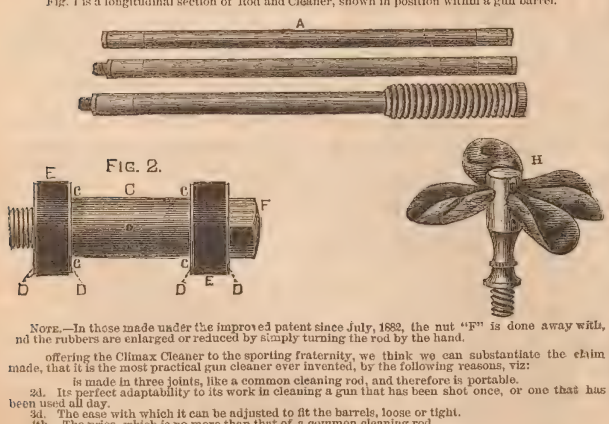
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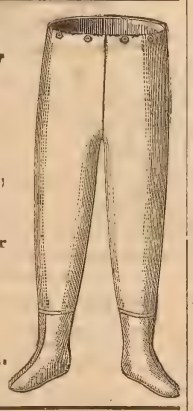
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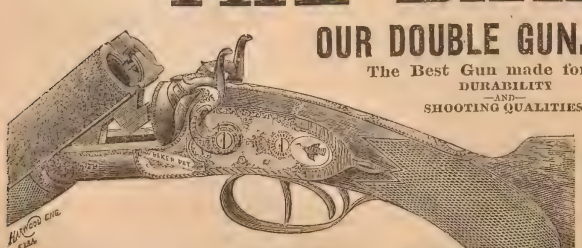
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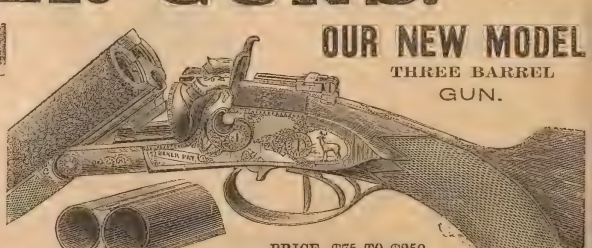
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably be interested in the paper.*

TRAGEDY IN SPORT.

OF course it was bound to come, sooner or later, and it did happen on Thanksgiving Day, when, at a matinee performance in Cincinnati, a variety actor, shooting at an apple on the head of an actress, aimed a trifle too low, and, with a bullet in her forehead, the girl fell forward dead. It was a senseless performance at best, but there was just that element of chance in it which made it interesting to many. It was the hazardous nature of the effort which made it tempting to the thousands who have thronged to see the trick done in every city of the land. They did not admire genuine marksmanship; they had no appreciation of the real difficulties or real ease of the effort; they only knew that there was a possibility of a tragedy, and that was enough to insure a paying audience. The actor was doing the backward shot, using a bit of mirror in which to take his sights, and laying the barrel of the rifle backward over his shoulder, at the trifling distance of thirty feet, it was simply necessary to hold "dead on," and barring accidents the result was a foregone one. But even with the chance of accident reduced to one in a thousand, it was sure to come. The man who pulled the trigger had intelligence to know that, yet with this conviction that the fatal shot was only a matter of time, he went on shooting and hitting, until at last the shot, which he dreaded yet invited, came and a life was yielded up. The explanation that the barrel tipped up a little, owing to the loosening of the holding spring, is immaterial. That is only one possible way of bringing about the escape of the apple and the sending of the bullet into the brain.

The slaughterer was promptly acquitted on the curious ground that he did not intend what he had courted, and the way is clear for some other similar fool to take the chances, take the gate money, and ultimately take the life. The statute book of almost every State in the Union has the clause which makes it a misdemeanor to point a weapon either playfully or wantonly at another person, very properly not making any distinction whatever between loaded and empty weapons. This man, with his deadly stage toy, has been going the country over breaking the law of every State, and yet nobody seems to have made it his official business to check the law-breaker.

The whole matter of legislation touching firearms is in a state of contradiction. The Constitution says that the right of the citizens to bear arms shall not be infringed, and this is very proper, but every effort of the law-maker and the law-enforcer should be directed against any senseless play with so potent a machine of mischief as a weapon may in a second become.

In ten years' acquaintance with Creedmoor and other ranges we do not recall a single instance of a rifleman of prominence indulging in such an idiotic act as the pointing of his rifle at another person. Now and then a half drunken militiaman might be seen in the act, but the man who can really shoot, who knows a gun well enough to use it with effect, knows that it is not a plaything.

The actor who has just committed a homicide may have been a good shot, he may have known how deadly a pastime he was indulging in, but there was the ignorant mob before the footlights to be catered to. It was his business to get their money and he drew them to his show by coming down to their low appreciation of what is attractive, and as they nightly demanded to see how near he could come to enacting a tragedy before them, he met their desires all too fully and did indeed give them a real victim to look upon.

It is manifestly idle to think of punishing the accessories in this case, but if the principals are to go free because there is no specific enactment to cover the case, then one ought to be passed without delay. It is carrying realism on the stage too far when such an event as this happens. Fine marksmanship may be shown in a split card or a well grouped pasteboard target, but if the public insist upon a human target, as in this case, then the cruel senseless demand should not be met.

A NEW BULLET.—To arrest the bounding buck and bring him to the ground insensible and yet unwounded; to prostrate the grizzly bear by an agency against which his brute force is helpless; to secure a coveted ornithological specimen without ruffling its feathers or staining them with blood; these and many like feats are made possible by the newly devised bullet, the freshest fruit of German inventive genius. This marvelous piece of ammunition is composed of a brittle substance containing within a powerful anæsthetic. When the bullet strikes the object aimed at it at once breaks and sets free the anæsthetic, which instantaneously produces in the victim complete insensibility, warranted to continue for twelve hours. The invention is designed by its philanthropic discoverer to bring about an alleviation of the horrors of war; he urges that by the adoption of his device whole battalions and armies may be prostrated on the field of battle, whence they may be borne away in ambulances to prison, to return again, after the recapitulation, to the bosoms of their joyful families. But whether or not our sanguine German friend succeeds in rendering less bloody the frays of nations, he may be assured of the gratitude of grizzly bear hunters, who will henceforth pursue their favorite pastime without risking the integrity of their own scalps. Another invention, which we likewise owe to Germany, is an engine in which gunpowder is substituted for water, and the gases generated by its combustion supply the motive power in place of steam. The principle upon which it works is similar to that of the steam engine. A piston in a hollow cylinder is set in motion and driven to and fro by the ignition of small quantities of gunpowder, first on one side and then on the other.

A HOLIDAY HINT.—In the advertising pages of this journal will be found a very complete directory of dealers in sportsmen's goods. At these establishments will be found a thousand and one articles of beauty and worth, any one of which will prove a most acceptable gift to one with tastes for the recreations of forest and stream.

GAME SEASONS.—We republish for convenience of reference full list of the game and fish seasons originally printed in our issue of July 20. Owing to the pressure upon our space by the very full report of the field trials, we are compelled to defer to our next issue the supplementary table, "Schedule B," which gives the exceptions, local laws, etc.

BARBED WIRE FENCES.

THEY are cheap, effective, and take up almost no room at all, but the men who shoot do not like them. These ordinary barbed wire fences, which have within the past few years so multiplied throughout this country and especially in the West, often cause very serious injury to dogs, which, coming in contact with them, when running at a high rate of speed, may be badly torn. The danger is a new and serious one. It is true that dogs soon learn the danger which is concealed in the almost invisible wires which mark the boundaries of a field, but in acquiring this knowledge they are likely to suffer severely.

A correspondent voices a sentiment, which we believe to be widespread, in the following letter:

> Can you give any information to me and others of your readers as to the liability of those who maintain these fences, for injuries inflicted to man or beast by their means? Surely spring guns or pitfalls are not legal, even as against trespassers. I think it was settled long ago in England that owners of land were liable for civil damages, and also criminally in case of serious damage to the person. I cannot see why the same principle should not apply to these cruel wire fences.
>
> I have known of young colts being disembowled by them in the West; fortunately the colts and the fences belonged to the same person. Only to-day I just managed to save my dogs from dashing upon one of them where destruction would have been certain at the pace they were going. A common moral sense and regard for the property of others ought to have prevented their use. What is the law? It interests everyone to know, and sportsmen especially. D.

It is a difficult matter to answer satisfactorily the inquiries here made. We think, however, that there have been no statutes passed which take cognizance of these barbed wire fences, nor are there, so far as we are aware, any decisions which at all bear upon the point. The fence is the actual property of the landowner; it is erected for the double purpose of confining his own stock and keeping off trespassers. Probably no one has any right to touch it, to lean up against it, or to get over or through it. If the landholder permits individuals to cross his property it is only by courtesy that the privilege is granted. It may very likely be the case that some farmers put up these fences for the especial purpose of keeping off men and dogs.

And we are inclined to think that the law as it stands at present is on their side. The English decisions would certainly seem to point to this conclusion, as any one who will take the trouble to look the matter up will see. In 3 Fisher's Dig. 6165 (title *Nuisance*, I., 7 (c)) this subject is treated very fully. It would occupy too much space to quote at length what is said on this point, but the sum and substance of it is that a man may keep about what he pleases on his own land unless forbidden by statute.

It may certainly be doubted whether a man has a right to hang razor blades among his grape vines to protect them from thieves, or to balance a dynamite cartridge over the door of his chicken house to protect his hen roosts, yet those who consider that a trespasser crosses a fence at his own peril commit themselves to this view.

Whatever the law may now be, it seems clear that these barbed wire fences may do a great deal of damage, and that their use ought to be in some way restricted. A plain wire fence, especially if it has a rail or pole at the top, is quite as efficacious in restraining the vagrant cattle as one formed of these dangerous and yet invisible threads bristling with spikes.

We desire nothing more than that the rights of the farmers should be protected in all possible ways, but these fences are so dangerous to animals of all kinds that it seems that their use should be in some way modified.

At the same time, as things are at present, the barbed fences will stand. Any one can of course begin a suit for damages for injuries inflicted, and have the matter tested in the courts. But we think that the sportsman had better make up his mind to regard these barbed fences as a new factor which has some into the carrying on of a day's shooting, and to protect himself against them by such means as he can best employ, without interfering with the rights of the land owner.

DEATH OF SAMUEL REMINGTON.—Mr. Samuel Remington, president of the firm of E. Remington & Sons, died at his residence in this city last Friday, December 1, aged 65 years. He was the financial manager of the company, and for many years the European agent, in which position he secured for the Remingtons their large foreign contracts, notably those of Egypt and Spain. He was an energetic worker, was possessed of liberal business views, and joined with his brothers in their schemes of philanthropy, among which was the endowment of Syracuse University. Mr Remington leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SOUTH-SOUTHERLY.

ALL the coast in white is covered,
Dark-limbed pines snow burdens bear,
Boulders growing thick with rock-weed,
Hide beneath an icy glare;
Out beyond, the waves are surging,
Dark and slow they move along;
And the sea-breeze lulled and quiet
Waits the coming of the storm.
See the snow-flakes light descending,
Floating down from leaden sky.
Listen! o'er the waves a sound comes.
Ah-ar-luk; the old squaw's cry.
Low and mellow comes an answer
From the flock out in the bay,
And the swift bird hears the greeting,
Turns and throws aloft the spray.
Warm his feathers, cheery-hearted,
What cares he for wintry cold?
Gay companion always welcomed,
Feelings all in singing told.
Ah-ar-luk, as snow is falling,
Clearly sounds o'er all the bay:
And the voices, floating shoreward
Show how little care have they.

—Mark West.

IMPRESSIONS OF FLORIDA.

IF sportsmen who write up their adventures for publication would only make a careful study of Emerson's essay on "The Superlative," we might expect a most happy result. Such flaming head-lines as "The Hunter's Bonanza" and the "Sportsman's Paradise" would disappear from print, and readers would have more faith in sporting literature. The extravagant lines above quoted headed a recent article describing a mountain resort with which I had been familiar from boyhood. I knew that the "shady pools filled with trout; the lofty forest teeming with deer;" and a host of other attractions, existed only in the imagination of the writer. How different is a writer who has recently unburdened himself in these columns upon the subject of Florida. He apostrophizes that delectable region as the "land of tin cans!" Let me bear witness that those simple words give the reader a better idea of Florida than whole volumes he might read.

With feelings akin to those which must have animated the breast of Ponce de Leon, when he pushed on in search of the Fountain of Youth, I turned my steps toward the same land last winter. A recent publication informed me that it was like "a land perpetually breathed upon by the airs of Araby the blest." It also said that "one can live here more cheaply, can enjoy more genuine luxuries, can obtain a greater income from a smaller investment, and can sooner secure a competency than in any other portion of North America." If this were really true, we might expect to find here the center of the earth's population; but, as we do not find it, we may reasonably assume the falsity of the statement without troubling ourselves with proof.

It is not my intention to state what I saw in Florida—I wish rather to tell what I did not see. This State is hailed as a new Eden by two classes of beings very opposite in their natures (I shall not consider that really sensible class who think Florida a nice, warm place to spend the winter, but who regret that they have to pay more for oranges there than in New York). First, then, we have the dreamers of this life; people who, like thermometers, become buoyant on a bright, warm day; people who become enraptured with moss-covered forests; romantic young women, who recline in the warm sunshine, now and then raising their eyes to gaze upon the festooned arches, as the steamer slowly stems the sluggish current of the winding river. Florida is happily suited to these, if they have the money to live at the best hotels and travel on the best steamers.

Secondly, we find a large class of Yankee speculators who are enthusiastic upon the subject of Florida. We meet them at every turn, and find them ever ready with a scheme to make our fortune. Not any for us.

If we regard scenery as a combination of natural views, containing both beauty and variety, we might almost say that Florida is without scenery. Variety is greatly wanting, and, indeed, most views present the monotony of a prairie scene. Take, for instance, the Ocklawaha River. The books tell us there is an ever-changing view, but we found the principal change to be that of the boat's direction. We found no "banks covered with flowers," no "air heavy with fragrance," and, in place of the tropical birds, we saw only buzzards and (worse still) water turkeys. This river is a curiosity worthy to be seen, but it is the most monotonous stream in the world, barring a canal. To see a mile of it is to see it all.

The St. Johns River is not to be compared with Northern rivers in scenery. You travel half a day, and wonder if the banks will ever have their low, monotonous outlines broken. With the exception of the width, the whole lower St. Johns looks alike. To wind through the intricate turnings of the upper St. Johns is like navigating a canal through a New Jersey swamp. Were it not for the occasional clumps of palmettoes one might readily imagine himself on the prairie. Yet the upper St. Johns offers the most interesting trip in the State. Taking the queer little steamer Volusia at Sanford, the sportsman may enjoy something entirely novel in the way of traveling. Few men are so well fitted to navigate this portion of the river as the genial Captain Lund. The man who can be captain, pilot and engineer, and who can boss the hands and keep the passengers in a good humor while the Volusia lies stuck in the mud, is a host indeed. From the deck of the Volusia the tourist will see the first large 'gators he has met with in Florida. Thousands of birds are within sight during the day. Upon arriving at Salt Lake, the terminus of the Volusia's voyage, one may take a rowboat and catch bass by the bushel. I caught one here weighing ten pounds. This also seems a favorite spot for saurians. Their ugly heads pop up by the hundred. I give it as my experience that there is no sport in shooting alligators. They are mostly sluggish in action, and often allow the steamer to pass within a few feet of them. They are easily killed, notwithstanding the stories told to the contrary. I saw large ones killed with a rifle of thirty-two caliber.

The tourist who has gone thus far will do well to cross over to Indian River, eight miles from Salt Lake by wagon. This region offers many attractions, its climate is not surpassed in the State, its fruit is superior to any other region. One may pluck a ripe lemon, and close by he will find fine oysters to use it on. The Indian River affords a sail of ninety miles, with game, fish and camping places in abundance.

There are several strange things which are apt to strike the attention of an observant traveler in Florida. The number of Yankees who have invaded this far-off Southern clime, and who are engaged in pulling it up, seems marvelous. They inform you that you have only to plant seeds and watch them grow into dollars; but they are always willing to part with their bonanzas. In traveling through the country settlements one is constantly making the mental inquiry, What, in the name of heaven, do these people live on? Save the oranges, which seem common to most homes, one sees positively nothing eatable. Of course there are some who by means of industry and money have converted their habitations into something approaching civilization. As has been pointed out by a former correspondent, Florida is not a paradise, but rather a "land of tin cans." The poor man who settles there will find his small capital rapidly disappearing in the necessaries of life, while he is waiting for a revenue from his orange grove.

Readers of these lines may conclude that a trip to Florida will not pay, but it is not my intention to create such an impression. Many places offer sport unsurpassed elsewhere, and if one meets with weather not warm enough to enervate, he may enjoy a pleasant trip. A day's shooting in the bracing air of the North gives one a buoyancy of spirits which can never be known in Florida. Shooting quail under a burning sun, and over panting dogs, is not the best sport to be found. Sycamore.

Baltimore, Maryland.

BIRCH AND PADDLE

IN NEW BRUNSWICK WATERS.—SECOND PAPER.

ONE important fact must not remain unmentioned—a fact that greatly conduced to our enjoyment of Hotel Squatook—we succeeded in overreaching the flies. Among our odds and ends we found some lumps of pitch, and they, melted down with a due proportion of butter, gave us a sable compound, of which a very little was calculated to go a long way. Thereafter we ceased to consider the flies.

On our first morning at Hotel Squatook we betook ourselves immediately after breakfast to the whitefish barrier before mentioned. While fortune and many fine fish were rewarding our endeavors, Sam, sitting on the stakes, threw back his rod carelessly for a fresh cast. It was a slovenly movement, and his leader, touching the water an instant behind him, was straightway seized. The unexpected tug was vigorous; it came at a critical moment, and the languid fisherman was toppled off his uneasy perch. He tried to shout—"Hooked him!"—presumably. We heard a choked yell only and a heavy splash, and presently Sam reappeared struggling to his feet ruefully. I was standing up on those same treacherous stakes engrossed in my occupation. Turning at the noise I caught sight of Sam's eccentric performance, and in order to guffaw more comfortably and more derisively I took a step backward. It was but a single step—alas, how easy the first step in a wrong direction! But the whole dread consequence of this *faux pas* became at once apparent; I sat me down in four feet of Squatook water, effectually quenched. As my heels vanished over the stake-tops Sam beheld and was comforted. Moreover, he succeeded in landing his fish, which went a good twenty-four ounces.

That afternoon we went a few hundred yards down stream, to a spot where, after rushing in white-capped tumult through a gloomy channel, the river broadens fan-like out and breaks over a low fall into a pool of quiet waters. The pool is wide and deep, girdled with a gray confusion of rock. Over the black surface fleecy masses of froth were wheeling sullenly, creamy bubble-clusters eddied awhile and vanished; while here at a dipping bough and there at a jutting trunk a flock of these light waifs would gather and cling. How our hearts leaped at the sight! Behold us soon waist-deep around the margin of the pool, or braced on the very lip of the fall. The surface is lashed in three or four places at once by the struggles of the speckled beauties against the slow inexorable reels. Our excitement is intense but silent. Its only expression is the reel's measured determined click, or its thrilling swift rattle as the taut line cuts the water and the rod bends and bends. A large fish has taken Sam's drop and is being reeled half-spent across the basin. The leader trails behind. There is a shining swirl beside it, a strike, and stung by the check the very monarch of the pool flashes out, then darts like lightning down stream. Now, gallant fisherman, hold thine own! How glorious the strife with two such prizes to win! We forget our own rods, and the contest is keenly watched; more than once his reel is all but empty. For ten minutes the result is doubtful. Then, reluctantly, victory declares itself for the lithe rod and the skillful wrist. At the examination of the spoils this trout was pre-eminent, going two pounds eight ounces. There was but one larger fish captured on the trip, and this honor fell, two days later, to Ranolf's fortunate hand. There are other fishing grounds I know, where a trout of two and a half pounds is not by any means a rarity. In some of the tributaries or neighbors of the Miramichi, as the Sevogle, Renous, or Tabusintac, the hope of catching a four-pounder may reasonably be indulged; though with me, of a truth, to indulge the hope of such a triumph has so far been my nearest approach to the achievement of it. But in the Squatook and the Tolcdi the average of size is unusually high, and there is little of that uncertainty which is so great a drawback in the Miramichi fishing. The Squatook trout are always on hand, provided with lusty and not too fastidious appetites. Then the wildness and freshness of the country. For the most part you are in the very forest primeval. Only here and there has the desecrating lumberman spread his ravages before you. For seven days after leaving Tom Lynch and Griffin on the shores of Mud Lake we met no human being save an Indian trapper on his rounds. The sportsman athirst for "fresh fields and pastures new," if he do but take with him some experience and a good deal of "slitheroo," will surely not repent of having done the Squatook.

During our stay at this place we made a careful survey of the falls, and decided that they were in reality a more awkward obstacle than they appeared. With accurate management a canoe could pass down on the extreme right; by the aid of half a miracle a passage might be achieved on the left, while in the center awaited an array of rocky jaws to demolish our light craft with no shadow of compunction. However, we were confident, little guessing what the malicious fates had in store for us.

Our last night at Hotel Squatook was varied by a gruesome experience. In my sleep a hand was laid upon my arm, and I sat bolt upright in the dark. Groping I perceived that Sam was sitting up also, and had leaned across W. B. to awake me. Grasping my shoulders as if to enforce silence he muttered "Hark!" I heard nothing but a slow wind in the pines. But, presently, my flesh crept, as from up the lake came a long, wavering, terrible howl, half brutal, half human, as of a tortured madman. I shuddered, and with a suppressed groan Sam said "Ugh-h-h! did you ever hear the like of that? It's Cerberus broke loose, and we've got no cakes! I wonder would he eat hard-tack!" But we reached for our guns, and kept vigil then, without waking the others, for more than half an hour. But hearing nothing more of it we were at last reassured and went to sleep. The three whom we had watched over, not inviting them to share in the music of this sweet-voiced being, laughed at our story next day. But before many nights had passed they were converted from their skepticism.

Bidding Hotel Squatook a reluctant farewell, with all things snugly packed in our good canoes, we slipped through the whitefish barrier, sped rapidly down the chating current, and almost before we could rub our eyes were in the angry sluice above the fall. Stranion's canoe, being ahead, made for the easier right hand passage, we following closely. But a sunken tree disturbed his calculations and checked him right in our path. There was no help for it, so Ranolf drove us with all his strength for the left channel, down which we leaped wildly in breathless uncertainty. But the doubt was soon solved. A huge rock was lying in wait at the foot of the leap, covered, luckily for our craft, with an oozy growth of water weeds and mosses. This we just failed to avoid. The canoe rose upon it, paused and turned over, discharging us into the current. Instantly the surface of the pool was diversified with floating paddles, poles, tent-pins, tin kettles, box covers, etc., and Stranion and W. B. were busy capturing all these articles in an eddy below. We got the canoe ashore, righted her, and proceeded to dive for spoons. Our heavy valuables, guns and the like, were lashed to the canoe, and therefore got no worse than a wetting, but our axe had been left loose, and some of our spoons were in the iron pot which, though itself secured, had lost its cover and ceased to be responsible for its contents. The axe we regained, the water here not being more than five or six feet deep, but at mealtimes from this out we dragged a maimed existence, sharing one another's spoons. The meal and rice were a part of our lading, and the tobacco as well. For this last we felt no uneasiness, congratulating ourselves that it was in a waterproof tin. We didn't open it at the time, because there was enough for the day's needs in the other canoe. But the meal was mush, the rice already commencing to swell, and many other articles in a lamentable condition. Henceforth we were to have no porridge, no fritters, only beans, beans, beans and hard biscuit to go with our trout and canned delicacies. And this meant dinner three times a day, instead of the pleasant sequence of breakfast, dinner and tea. We embraced this opportunity to fill up our pipes, and were much cheered with the sight of Ranolf diligently endeavoring to scratch wet matches on his somewhat moist nether garments.

After a brief delay spent in examining our canoe and repairing its damages, which were fortunately slight, we continued our journey down the river. An exciting day it was all through, leaving us well tired out at evening. Taking care now to preserve a safe distance between the canoes, we slipped on swiftly between ever-varying shores. Rounding a sharp turn we would see before us a slope of angry water, with huddled waves and frequent rocks; and at the foot of this slope, some hundred yards ahead, three or four great white "ripples" foaming and roaring in the sun. Then a season of stern restraint, strong checkings, strenuous thrustings, sudden, bold dashes and hair-breadth evasions, a plunge and a cheer, and, drenched from the crest of that last "ripple," we look back on the raging incline behind us. This sort of thing took place not once, nor twice, but many times through that day, and always unexpectedly. When we stopped to rest, or for lunch, the trout were always on hand to receive us, and no one pool was like its predecessor. The whole day afforded us richest variety in scenery, in adventure, and in sport.

Late in the afternoon we reached the second Squatook Lake, called Sugar Loaf Lake from the noble mountain that dominates it and is reflected in its deep, still waters. On three sides the shores of this lake rise gradually and to no great height, mantled with a low, second growth of birch and poplar. But on the northeast towers the mountain from the water's edge, its base in a cedar swamp and muffled with dense woods, its lofty, conical summit that topples toward the lake as though it had received a violent push from behind, veiled and softened with thick blueberry bushes and low shrubbery. Close by and under, thrust up from the deepest lake-bottom, a high rocky island stands a satellite to the mountain. This island is entirely made up of rock-layers, tilted and contorted and rent in every direction, the strata for the most part, indeed, set square on edge, and cedars and birches finding root in the crevices. Here we pitched our tent with difficulty; and our bones were conscious of the rocky foundation even through deep piles of cedar boughs.

On the morrow Sam and Ranolf, indomitable fishermen, devoted themselves to the destruction of the finny tribes of the lake, while Stranion, W. B., and the writer undertook the ascent of Sugar Loaf. We set out, armed to the teeth, remembering that bears abounded in this region. They gave us way, however, and avoided our sight, though their traces were recent and numerous. Indeed, a great part of the ascent we accomplished with comparative ease by following a well-beaten bear-track, which led up to a terrace or plateau near the summit. This terrace, it appeared, was the bears' fruit garden, yielding a rich crop of luscious blueberries, for which Bruin has a marked penchant. We helped ourselves liberally, though with some trepidation, and heard nothing more of it. At length, breathless, torn, dripping, and exhausted, after a three hours' climb we vanquished the height, and threw ourselves prostrate on the narrow, naked level of the summit. Here a delicious wind was blowing freshly, from which, as well as from the wonderful scene spread out below us, we drank in new life. No lack of oxygen up here, and our blood ran redly and vigorously. Knowing we would be thirsty after so difficult a climb, we had taken care to bring flasks of wine and water with us. Close round the mountain's base were lower hills, with lakes and water courses, or "thoroughfares," encircling them; and we could trace our later days' journeyings, looking strangely unfamiliar at this height. Giving our vision a wider sweep, on every side rose mounta ns. There were visible the Laurentian Hills, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and in the opposite direction Bald

Mountain and Nictor, on the Tobique, and the double summit of Blue Mountain. To the northeast, far off, Squaw's Cap, on the Restigouche, and the Mountains of Gaspe, on Bay Chaleur; while in the utmost dim distance of the southwest, toward Katahdin, grandest of them all, the well-sung mountain of Maine.

When we got back to camp we found Ranolf had been very successful in his sport, but Sam had been wasting his energies on a pair of loons. He had wasted also an immense deal of powder and shot on these provoking birds, and there they were now, placidly floating, two black specks far out on the bright surface. Even as Sam was detailing his futile efforts their mocking laugh came ringing over the lake, and Sam shook his fist at them.

Next day was hard paddling, as the river between second and third and between third and fourth lakes is almost currentless. Before reaching the upper Toledi Lake we came to the Horton Branch, a famous trout stream, up which we poled six miles to what is called the Big Jam. Here we encamped for a couple of days in the pleasantest quarters imaginable, among tall elms and water ash and poplars, and the fishing below the Jam was all that heart could wish. Almost a virgin pool, its stores seemed inexhaustible. Ranged round the shores at intervals, or out on the masses of flood-battered trunks and timbers, each had all he could do to attend to his own ever-busy reel and gave no thought to his neighbors. We came to be in deadly earnest. But at last, grown suddenly sick of slaughter, we broke the spell and fled away from the spot. A half day's paddling brought us out on upper Toledi Lake. Before reaching this desired haven, however, two charming adventures fell to Stranion's share. We considered them charming, but Stranion seemed to view them in a somewhat different light. It must be remembered that the shores of all these streams are fringed in places with dead trees that have fallen into the channel from the undermining of the banks. We were gliding pleasantly onward with a smooth but rapid current, Stranion ahead, and standing, pole in hand, in the stern of his canoe, while W. B. lay back luxuriously in the bow. As the canoe shot round a sharp turn, immediately before it was seen one of these fallen trees completely across the channel. There was space enough for W. B. in his recumbent position to pass under it by ducking his head, and Stranion resolved upon the dexterous feat of stepping over the obstruction and resuming his place in the canoe. So yet once more was it proved that—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,"

for Stranion indeed got one foot safely over, according to calculation, and it took its place triumphantly in the canoe. But a malicious little projecting branch seized the other by the moccasin, and held on. The canoe wouldn't wait, so Stranion stayed behind with the captive foot, and then dropped into the water. But we rescued him. The next time we approached an obstruction of this kind Stranion profited by his experience and stooped under it. This tree was higher above the water, so the latter method was obviously the most feasible one. But another malicious branch entered into the question. The branch was long, and strong, and sharp. It reached down just at the critical moment when Stranion was bending his manly shoulders beneath it, seized the back of his shirt, and almost dragged him out of the canoe. Failing in this, however, it ripped the shirt open and ploughed a long red furrow down his back. A whole ocean of glycerine and arnica went to the healing of this wound.

On the upper Toledi we found a brisk wind blowing in our favor, so with the aid of our poles we lashed the canoes together, with a space of five or six feet between, after the fashion of a catamaran. Then hoisting sail we sped right on down the lake, without fear or labor. On the lower lake the wind failed us, so we separated and resumed our paddles. It was late in the afternoon, a golden, hazy afternoon, like those of Indian summer, when we drew near the outlet, a place of quiet and exquisite beauty. The lake terminates in a deep cove lying westerly, so at this time of day the sun shone directly down it. The shores were fringed with second growth, of a luxuriance we had not met with elsewhere, and a projecting knoll of dense firs gave strength to the picture, and shut off the actual outlet from the view. A little further back, to our right, a bleak hillside studded with "rampikes" taught us to appreciate this green nook.

Here we overhauled an Indian who had been visiting his traps up the lake. We recognized him as "Old Martin," a well-known haunter of these hunting grounds. Plying his paddle with philosophical deliberation from the stern of the most seedy and dilapidated old canoe we had ever dreamed of, he deigned us no further salutation than a grunt. But the prospect of refreshments, when he saw we were going to camp here for the night, quickly developed his friendliness. We pitched our tent on some clear sward in shelter of the fir-tree knoll, and Martin set up his very rudimentary "lean-to" in convenient proximity. Round the camp fire that night, while a noise of hidden rapids stirred the air, Old Martin forgot the red man's taciturnity. Sam was busy frying tobacco, while the rest of us lounged about in the glow on heaps of hemlock branches, testing the results of his highly original culinary efforts. It will be remembered that when the catastrophe befell us at the Squatook Falls our tobacco was nearly all in a certain tin box which we fondly imagined water-proof. When the little store in Stranion's canoe was exhausted we went to this tin box to replenish our pouches. Alas, the box was just so far waterproof as to admit the water and keep it, so we found a delectable mess. After enduring the lack of the comforting weed for two or three days we became desperate, and now Sam had undertaken to dry this mess, out of which all the good had been well steeped. He squeezed it therefore, and rolled it tenderly, and spread it out in the frying pan over a gentle heat till quite dry. But oh, it was poor stuff! Keeping just a little to fool with till we should regain civilization and "Myrtle Navy," we bestowed the remainder on the

"Poor Indian, whose untutored mind"

led him to accept it gratefully. I feel confident he threw it all away with scorn in the night. He was gone next morning. Probably the tobacco had something to do with it.

Suddenly Sam's proceedings were interrupted by a repetition of that terrible cry which had frozen our blood on the Squatook a few nights back. It was more remote this time, coming apparently from the shores of the upper lake. But the rest of the party, while Sam and I looked at each other significantly, leaped to their feet and drew closer to the fire. Old Martin grunted, "Ugh! Clote Scaurp's dog! Big storm bime-bye!" And he looked somewhat awed, but in no way frightened. He said it would not come near us. It was heard sometimes, in the night, as now, but no man ever saw the dog nowadays. It ranged up and down all round these regions, howling for its master, whom it would never find.* For Clote Scaurp had been struck down in a deep valley north of the St. Lawrence, and a big mountain placed upon him so he couldn't stir and no one could find him.

This started old Martin in the narrative vein, and he found us most attentive listeners. Of Clote Scaurp, a hero somewhat after the fashion of Hiawatha, universally benevolent, and wise, and powerful, he told us many legends; and with the memory of that weird voice in our ears we were ready to give him fullest credence. I will repeat one of the briefest and most striking of these stories, making no attempt to reproduce the quaint language of the speaker. Through all the stories beasts and birds and fishes are represented as speaking our language with man, and holding familiar intercourse with him and with each other under Clote Scaurp's paternal rule. I have mentioned above the supposed fate of Clote Scaurp; but Martin said this was only what his people (the Melicites) were wont to tell. The one thing certain was that Clote Scaurp disappeared, and that earth had been a sorry place for the red man ever since. An old Mohawk lives among the Madawaska Melicites, whose version of Clote Scaurp's departure, as Martin rendered it to us, is a wild and beautiful legend, dimly reminding one of the "Passing of Arthur." This is the drift of it:

After a great many years, the ways of beasts and men grew bad, and Clote Scaurp spoke to them, and talked to them, till at last he was angry and very sorry; and he could endure them no longer. So he came down to the shores of the great lake and there he made a great feast, and all the beasts came and feasted with him. But no men came to the feast, for they had grown altogether bad, and Clote Scaurp talked to the beasts very heavily. And after the feast was done he got into a big canoe, and took his uncle, the Great Turtle, with him, and sailed straight out from shore over the big lake into the setting sun, and the beasts looked after them until they could see them no longer. But Clote Scaurp was singing, and so was the Great Turtle, and the beasts listened to them singing as they sailed away, after they could see them no longer. And at last they could not even hear them; and all the beasts were silent. Then a very strange thing happened. All the beasts who had always spoken our tongue were no more able to understand each other, and they fled apart, each his own way, and have no more met together in council. And Clote Scaurp's dog, his hunting dog, whom Clote Scaurp would not take with him because his ways had been evil with the other beasts, goes wandering up and down the world searching for his master, and often he howls aloud in the night.*

None of us woke next morning till the sun was high up, and the dew all gone in the open places round the camp. The air was sweet with all sorts of wild perfumes, and alive with birds and butterflies. But when we had stretched ourselves and taken a look at the morning, we were puzzled to account for a faint angry buzzing that seemed to come from under our blankets. We thought it wiser not to investigate, however, until breakfast was safely over, the tent struck and most of the packing done. Then, as we threw aside the blankets, out streamed from a deep hole in the ground an indignant host of wild bees who had been made unwilling sluggards, kept from their morning's work by our luxurious slothfulness. But they seemed to bear us no serious grudge, being too delighted over their recovered liberty to pay us the slightest heed. We left them feasting on some sugary remnants of our breakfast, and made no attempt to rifle their little hoard of sweets. I hope the industrious colony has prospered, and not been discovered by Bruin's inquisitive paw.

It was near noon by the time we were fairly afloat on the Toledi River now. This is a larger stream than the Squatook, more violent and rapid, but less obstructed by rocks. The "falls" are less than half a mile from the lake, and many travellers "carry round" by a well-beaten trail through the woods rather than risk the descent. Indeed, the mighty plunging swells, the succession of leaps, the roar and the tumult down between those rocky walls, rendered the prospect by no means enticing when looked at in cold blood. We had surveyed all this the night before, and unanimously resolved to carry round. But a sound night's rest, and the buoyancy of morning in that fresh atmosphere brought more audacious counsels. We were then as unanimous in the resolution to "run it," and we did. It is no use attemping to describe it in detail, or tell how we did it. I only know we all yelled with fierce delight as we darted into the gorge, and I imagine our eyes stuck out, and our hair rose. Our muscles were like steel and we tingled to the finger tips. Then were a few wild moments when every man did his best, without knowing exactly how, for the white surges clashed deafeningly about us, and with shouts and cheers we swept into the big eddy below the fall, drenched but safe. Here was a celebrated trout-hole, but the passion of travel was upon us, and we did not dream of staying. All the rest of the run down to Temiscouata is like a dream. Few rocks, few shoals, a deep channel, and always this tearing current. Chutes we would have stopped to explore in cooler moments, we rushed through now without a pause, and panted for those to come. At four in the afternoon a last mad rapid hurled us out into the expanse of Temiscouata, where a heavy wind was blowing down the lake. This tamed our excitement, and very quickly brought us to our sober senses. We wished to cross directly, which brought the wind on our broadside, a condition of affairs sorely trying to birch bark. The lake here is several miles in width, our canoes were deep laden, and there was running an ugly, heavy, chopping sea. This was the only serious danger we had yet encountered, and required all our energies. Thanks to Stranion and Ranolf, who were steering the canoes at the time, and on whom, therefore, all the responsibility and the heaviest share of the labor devolved, the passage was safely accomplished, but only after a severe struggle of nearly three hours' duration. Then the little French village of Detour du Lac received a party of five well worn out men. From the villagers we obtained refreshments such as we were much in need of, fresh bread, milk and eggs, to say nothing of "bacca." This turned out execrable, but an improvement on Sam's fried article.

Leaving Detour du Lac early in the morning a paddle of eight miles or so over the now unruffled waters brought us to Madawaska River, the outlet. A broad, quiet, quick stream this, and we ran on all day gently and without exertion, delaying at several noted pools long enough to land a few good fish, and stopping now and again to exchange the news (pretty stale with us), the weather or the crops with some battered looking old *habitan*. These French Canadians are always polite, always hospitable, always ready to confound one's notions of French by an incomprehensible volume of *patois*. Unless the traveler is a fluent talker in French and understands the Acadian modifications thereof, it is wise to feign complete ignorance in self defense. This course will be sure to bring out some native who is familiar enough with English for all practical purposes. However, if you get one *habitan* alone you may safely air your French upon him, if you so desire.

About seven we took tea in the old log house at Mud Lake portage, where we had encamped on the first night out from Edmunston. Late as it was we were determined to push on and reach Edmundston that night. About a quarter of a mile above the village a series of rapids commences, terminating in the "Little Falls" spoken of in the beginning of the paper. When we drew near this place it was between ten and eleven, the night was moonlight, but obscured with drifting clouds, and we had to descend the rapid in the gloom to within fifty yards of the falls. It was uncomfortable work, but luckily there were no bad rocks on our side the river, and the water was not too deep for us to use the poles to advantage. So keeping the canoes checked cautiously, and holding ourselves back gingerly, we dropped down to our old camping ground without accident, hauled up the craft in a little cove, pitched tent as best we could in the dark, and soon were sleeping the sleep of the just—once more in Edmundston.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

* Governor Gordon got this story in almost the same form from some Indians on the Tobique River. See page 92 of "Wilderness Journeys." C. G. D. R.

A MUNCHAUSEN WHALE STORY.

BY EDWARD MANNING.

THE good steamer Katahdin was bound to Boston. The last bell had been rung, and as the gang-plank was hauled in and the lines cast off, the great wheels began to revolve, and soon she was steaming down the beautiful and placid Penobscot. The city of Bangor gradually passed from view, and walking forward I took a camp stool, and seating myself near the capstan on the hurricane deck I prepared to enjoy the picturesque and beautiful scenery that extends back from the river on either shore until it is lost in the gloom of the distant hills. The throb of the engine, combined with the balmy air, had a peculiarly quieting effect on the nerves, and the inclination to doze was almost irresistible, despite the beautiful and ever-changing views presented to the eye.

While enjoying this delicious sensation and oblivious to all things else, I was aroused by loud talking and laughing, which came from a group of brown and hardy-looking men who were seated near the rail on the starboard side of the steamer. They were apparently sailors, and as they spoke in very loud tones I could not fail to hear their conversation. One of the group was a powerfully built colored man, with hands and feet of immense proportions, and as he was called "Doctor" by his companions, I inferred that he was or had been a ship's cook by profession. He had evidently been telling some improbable sea story. The others were laughing and chaffing him about the "marine" story he had told. Finally one of them, whom the others called "Chips," said "if they would choke their jaw-tackle he'd tell them a whale story as is a whale story—and don't you forget it either, Doctor."

This raised a laugh, and after a brief discussion of Chips's reputation for veracity, he was told to "heave ahead."

"Nearly twenty years ago," said he, "I found myself out to sea on a bluff-bowed old bark that was bound on a whaling voyage. The old hooker looked like a box under sail, and when she was on the wind she'd make as much leeway as an old mud scow. Her spars were rotten to the core, and it was a mystery how they could hold themselves up. The mizzen topmast was in a particularly bad condition. The rats had eaten a big hole into it, near the heel, and when the yards were braced up on the port tack the wind would blow into it and make a ghostlike noise.

"The captain of the old What Cheer (that was her name) was an awful big man, and his face was shaped like the stern of a Dutch man-of-war. But he was a good man, and treated his crew well. The only weakness he had was his love for the old bark. He was very particular with her decks and he kept us washing and holy-stoning them about half of the time until we arrived on the whaling ground.

"I was coming aft one day to relieve the wheel, and just as I was going on the quarter deck I accidentally dropped a quid of tobacco. I don't chew much, and this quid wasn't any bigger than a pea. The Captain happened to be standing on the starboard side of the quarter deck, for'ard, when I dropped it, and he saw it.

"'What do you mean, sir! what do you mean, sir, by soiling my decks with such great chaws of tobacco?' he said, very much excited.

"'It was an accident, sir,' I replied. 'It is only a very small piece. I'll pick it up and throw it over the side, sir.'

"'No, sir; you shall not! It's as large as a cocoanut! Go for'ard and get a shovel and broom.'

"I went for'ard, and after getting a shovel and broom, he made me *sweep* this tiny chew of tobacco into the shovel.

"'Carry it carefully for'ard, sir, and when you get on the t'gallant fork'sl, toss it as far to lu'ard as you can, sir.'

"He was so polite about it I thought I had better accommodate him, and I went on the t'gallant fork'sl, and just as I tossed the shovel the old bark gave a heavy lurch to lu'ard, I let go the shovel, and it went spinning overboard. When I let go of it I threw up my hands and caught hold of the jib sheet. If I hadn't done this I should have followed the shovel. The captain thought I threw the shovel overboard intentionally, and he punished me by keeping me on deck my forenoon watch below for a week.

"Well, at last we reached the Artic. You see, we were after the right whales, and had to go there to find them. We cruised for a long time before we saw a blow, and once or twice the old hooker came near getting ripped in the ice. If this had happened she would have been squashed as flat as a pancake.

"One day, about this time, the lookout in the cro'nest sang out 'land ho!'

"The captain was surprised, for he didn't expect to see land hereabouts. He sent the mate aloft to see what he could make out of it. He hadn't been aloft long when he hailed the deck and reported the land to be a large floating island.

"'What, sir?' replied the captain, astonished.

"'A big floating island, sir!' replied the mate.

"'You're crazy, sir! Who ever heard of a floating island

in the Artic Ocean? Take another look, sir,' angrily said the captain.

"'It's a whale, sir!' sang out the mate in a scared kind of a voice.

"'That's more like it, sir. I smell him now,' said the captain."

"Smelt him?" inquired the Doctor.

"Yes, smelled him," replied Chips. "Don't you know that these old whalers can tell when a whale is around before they can see him? Then how do they do it if they don't smell him? The captain called the mate down from aloft, and the bark was steered for the big whale. When we got within a quarter of a mile of him, the boats were lowered and we pulled toward him. I tell you he was a big fish! His back loomed up like a mountain, and he appeared to be a mile long!"

"Fo' gwacious," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Didn't we feel scared when our boat got near him!" Chips continued. "I'd a given three months pay to be back on the bark. When the boats got near enough, the mate he says to the second mate, 'Mr. Toby, pull your boat ahead, and throw the iron. What are you holding back for?' Then the second mate he says to the mate, 'Mr. Blum, you pull ahead and throw the iron. What are you holding back for?' Then the mate he got red in the face, and he says, 'give way, boys—who's afraid?'

"We were all afraid, and he knew it, but as he didn't dare return to the bark before trying to harpoon the whale, we mustered up courage to pull the boat near enough for him to dart the harpoon. It struck the whale squarely in the back.

"'Stern all!' cried the mate, and I tell you we weren't slow in backing the boat out of his way. The whale was so big it was some time before he knew anything had hit him. But when he did, wasn't he mad! He just gathered himself up and started; and the way he took that boat through the water was awful!

"Now, about half a mile ahead of the whale, there was a great iceberg drifting along. The whale saw it and he steered for it, head on. You see, he was so mad he didn't stop to think, and he just ran his figurehead right into it. He struck it so hard that the 'berg was knocked into little pieces, no bigger than a good sized pumpkin, and it was nine hundred feet high, and thirty-six hundred feet under water!"

"Fo' gwacious!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"He not only smashed the 'berg, Doctor," continued Chips, "but what suited us better, he smashed his own head, for which we felt very much obliged to him; for, I am certain, if he hadn't killed himself, we couldn't have killed him. The bark had followed the boats, and when the captain saw the whale was dead, he just ran her alongside of his carcass, and made her fast.

"Well, Doctor, it took four months to cut in that whale, and we got eight hundred tons of blubber out of him!"

"Say, look hea now, Chips," said the Doctor, "how many tons was dat bark of yourn?"

"Four hundred tons only," replied Chips.

"Den how you put eight hundred tons in her?"

"Why, you see, Doctor, that was blubber. When the oil was tried out it shrank, and only left four hundred tons. That's clear enough. Don't you see it?"

"I 'spects you's right, but 'tain't quite clar."

"Well, anyhow, it filled the bark with oil, and we returned home and were paid off and discharged."

"Now, Chips, you don't 'spects dis nigger to believe dat yarn? I think you is de boss liar of dis crowd."

Ring-a-ding ding, sounded a bell, and a porter came forward, singing out, "Passengers for Bucksport will land from the port side, aft."

WILD RICE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the spring of 1880 I received from Canada five bushels of rice with directions for sowing. It came from one of your advertisers, and while he said it was not so good a time to sow it as it would be in the fall, yet he did not doubt that a good deal of it would come up. The rice was sown in the shallow water at the head of Molechunkamunk, one of the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine, near my fishing camp, Birch Lodge, and was also sown in one of the smaller ponds near by.

So far as I could judge, the water and the bottom were both favorable to its growth, but none of it came up. We made careful search many times, but could never find any stalks. Thinking that the spring sowing was unfavorable, I have this fall sent for, and received, ten bushels of this season's growth from the same person, and last month it was sown in several places in the same waters. I shall report results, if any there are, next season.

I have been told that wild rice was sown in Lake Umbagog, the lower of the Rangeley chain of lakes, several years ago, and that it now grows there to a limited extent, but have not been able to verify the statement. There seems to be no reason why wild rice should not grow in Maine, and if it can be once started in the Rangeley waters it will add very much to the attractiveness of the region as furnishing food for ducks and wild geese, and thereby greatly improving the fall shooting. It is to be hoped that others who have experimented with it will accept your invitation to report results in your columns. LAWRENCE.

BOSTON, Nov. 25, 1882.

HUNTING ACCIDENTS.—Detroit, Mich.—The number of casualties has been very large. The first ambition of the settler in the wilderness is to become the possessor of an old army musket; the second, to slay some fur-bearing animal and make himself a cap from the skin. His favorite mode of hunting is to conceal himself in the thick brush beside a runway and there await the passage of deer or turkeys. Enthusiastic young sportsmen who are on the look-out for game of any description catch a glimpse of his fur cap in the bushes. They creep nearer and nearer, trying to make out what manner of animal it is. Soon it moves and the young sportsman instantly fires. If he be troubled with "buck-ague," the settler may fortunately escape, but the newspapers have teemed with accounts of just such killings for the past six weeks, interspersed with obituaries of the gentlemen who go through the thick brush dragging their guns by the muzzle, or step over a log and pull their guns after them.—W.

BREEDING OF QUAIL.—Crockett's Bluff, Ark., Nov. 6.—Flushed a bevy of quail yesterday much too small to shoot. —BYRNE.

Natural History.

THE PINE SISKIN.

Chrysomitris pinus.

BY DR. ELLIOTT COUES.

HERE we have a humble and, in fact, obscure member of the feathered circle, notable chiefly for the lack of any one of those strong points which may commend a bird to public notice or general favor. Diminutive in stature, of simple streaky attire, albeit faced with buff or yellow, lisping in speech and withal oftenest mixed up with such more notable birds as crossbills and purple and goldfinches, the pine siskin is out of the question of possible notoriety. Nevertheless, his individuality is well marked; his history is already a long if not a brilliant one, and I question what one of our birds is better known to ornithologists than this "poor relation" of the gaily-plumed goldfinch.

Like many of his relatives of the finch family, this siskin is a very sociable little creature, so fond of the society of his fellows that the roving flocks can hardly be persuaded to separate even during the breeding and nesting season. Large numbers commonly make choice of the same piece of woods, or encamp for their summer homes within sound of



THE PINE SISKIN.

each other's querulous chirpings, though each pair mind their own affairs with little heed to the general welfare. At all other seasons the flocks are inseparable. You will oftener see a dozen or a hundred of these birds together than find one by himself.

They are restless to the last degree. Even when most assiduously engaged at their repasts they are in continual motion from one seed vessel to another, and often quit one feeding ground for another, however eligible, as if actuated by a sudden incontrollable impulse. Their thin wiry voices are incessantly heard as they move about, now in a lisping, querulous undertone, as if they were soliloquizing, now with a harsher, rattling note, as they take alarm and move off on swift, undulating wing, to another tree or to a patch of dry, rustling herbage, like the uneasy gadabouts they surely are. Yet it is not an unpleasant sight to see a flock of siskins once settled comfortably in some inviting tree where seeds are plentiful, and observe with what address they shell out their food from its husk, how nimbly they creep and flutter about, what striking attitudes they momentarily assume, and how completely absorbed they become in the practical question before them, only stopping now and then to utter a drawling note or two, as it were, with their mouths full, and from sheer force of their loquacious habit. Not that they are at all unhappy, or have anything to complain of, but they never seem to forget that they are "poor critters" after all, as the Widow Bedott would say.

Nevertheless, these forlorn little creatures fare bountifully,



THE AMERICAN GOLDFINCH.

if not sumptuously, a great variety of food to their liking being always accessible. The seeds of all the conifers where so many siskins spend their time—of the alders, birches, buttonwoods, and many other deciduous trees; of plantains, thistles, and an endless array of composite and amentaceous plants, furnish a plentiful and varied repast, to be had in turn as the fancy takes them. You may see a flock of siskins one moment swinging on the globular, slender-stemmed fruit of the buttonwood, as represented in the figure, and the next find them fluttering almost on the ground, in a patch of plantains—occasionally on the ground itself, picking up scattered seeds that have been shaken out of their dry and splitting capsules. Fire into the busy group, if you care to, and, ten to one, the victims of your curiosity will be found so fat that you will have some trouble in preparing them for the cabinet, and their distensible throats so crammed with seeds as to perceptibly set the feathers of the throat awry. We unconsciously associate the word "crop" so closely with fowls and pigeons, that all are not aware how many birds have the swallow tube dilated into a kind of crop, which bulges to one or the other side, for the temporary reception and maceration of seeds hastily plucked, while the gizzard below may be already full. Very many finches possess this peculiar structure of the œsophagus, and this siskin is one of them.

In most parts of the United States the siskin is associable in our minds with fully weather, leafless trees and fields which, having yielded up their crops, are left to the inroads of coarse, arrogant herbage. For the bird, in most places, is a winter visitor, who comes oftenest with the winds that bring us redpolls, crossbills and snowbirds from their homes in higher latitudes. But this species is far from being the very "Northern stranger" that Wilson, who first described it, considered it to be. Further on I shall show how numerously it breeds in many of our States, to say nothing of the vast extent of Alpine country in the West, and even in Mexico, which it inhabits in summer. This strange misconception, originating with Wilson, has been faithfully perpetuated to the present day. Thus, Dr. Brewer states in one place that it extends its irregular migrations into the Central States, as far as Southern Pennsylvania, leaving it inferrible that thus it goes no farther; yet on the next two pages, he quotes his humble servant, and Audubon, too, as authorities for the presence of the bird in South Carolina and Kentucky.

For the Pacific side of the continent Dr. Brewer on one page assigns Northern California as the southern limit, and on the next cites Sumichrast for the fact that the bird is a common resident of Mexican table-lands. Such contradictions are unworthy of their practiced author, though perhaps inseparable from manuscript prepared for the press in the peculiar manner in which these bird biographies appear to have been wrought. The fact is, as stated by the writer I here regretfully criticise, that this bird "breeds throughout the British Provinces, Northern Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Michigan, and thence to Washington Territory, in all the evergreen forests;" and that, furthermore, it also breeds in the Alpine regions of Oregon, California, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, and New and Old Mexico; that some individuals may be found the year through in the places where they live in summer, and that others spread in winter over all the United States in suitable places, unless the extreme South Atlantic and Gulf States are to be excepted.

Its movements, however, are so erratic, that no periodical migration at particular times, nor abundance in any given locality, can be safely counted upon. At all times excepting during the breeding season, the state of the weather seems to have more to do with its movements than the orderly advance of the seasons; and its ultimate local distribution depends still more upon abundance or scarcity of suitable food in this or that spot. The extreme northern dispersion of the species is probably not yet ascertained with precision; but we have advices of its presence in summer from Labrador to the Saskatchewan.

The best account that we possess of the breeding habits and nesting of the pine siskin has been furnished by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in the interesting article published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 18, 1878, to which the reader is referred.

To the excellent figure of the bird given with this article we add an equally characteristic portrait of the American goldfinch, *Astragalinus tristis*, the siskin's nearest relative in this country.

HOOP SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was greatly interested in the discussion of the hoop snake in your columns during the past summer and fall, and since that discussion was begun I have had opportunities for gathering a few facts that may or may not be new. Let me premise by saying that like most "wonder stories," those told of the hoop snake are not wholly without foundation. There is no doubt some reptile, possibly more than one, that has been made the subject of many slight inaccuracies, until the grand result is the deadly hoop snake. Last summer while strolling in the woods near White River, in company with a very superstitious colored man, I shot a medium-sized snake which he declared to be the rattlesnake's pilot, and gravely informed me that my luck as a sportsman would be bad for the rest of the season, a prediction that has not been verified. The snake's tail had a sharp horny point. On rejoining some friends who had taken a different route, they reported a similar find, and had severed the thorn from the tail, and had it with them, to the great horror of our colored friend, who insisted on hunting alone for the remainder of the day.

A few days after, on the other side of the river, I was hunting in company with a friend who had once lived in Georgia, the ancestral home of the hoop snake. He called my attention to a reptile which he assured me was the original and only genuine "hoop." I killed him, fortunately hitting him with only one shot just back of the head. The motions of his snakeship while in the death agonies were such as to leave no doubt as to which he considered the "business end." Repeated blows with the tail were aimed at the place where the hurt was received. I have no library of reference sufficient to enable me to identify the specimen, but his "descriptive list" is as follows: Specimen not full grown, length thirty-two inches, color on back blue black with metallic luster, on belly brownish, with darker spots, shading off into a rusty color toward the tail, sides mottled with bright red spots about the size and shape of a pine tree shilling, square with irregularly rounded corners, head subconical or heart-shaped, supposed to be characteristic of venomous reptiles, tail with sharp horny spike not fully developed forward, as the specimen was young, but perfectly hard and sharp at point, rows of scales 19. g. 175. This is probably the reptile best entitled to the honors belonging to the name of hoop snake. I do not vouch for his taking his tail in his mouth and rolling like a hoop. That is a mere trifle anyhow and ought not to be insisted on.

SALMON ROE.

JACKSONPORT, Ark., Nov. 29, 1882.

[The specimen killed is undoubtedly *Furancia abacurus*, B. and G., a southwestern species. There are several species of serpents in which the tail ends in a hard point.]

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.—Snowy owls are being shot in Pennsylvania, showing the approach of a cold winter. Two were lately killed near Scranton; one last week was taken to a Bethlehem taxidermist for mounting; while, in New York State, I hear of a number. Will not you request your correspondents that have any come under their observation to make known the facts? Perhaps other Arctic species have shown themselves.—HOMO. [As already noted in these columns, crossbills, pine grosbeaks and snow buntings made their appearance in Massachusetts soon after Nov. 1.]

WHITE DEER.—The West Sullivan, Maine, *Bulletin* of Nov. 25 reports: "On Monday some of our gunners shot a very large deer; he was white, pink ears, and had the largest antlers of any deer which has been shot for years past. This fine specimen should have been preserved, as this herd of 'white deer' will soon be exterminated."

Game Bag and Gun.

WING-SHOOTING WITH THE RIFLE.

QUIT-*quit-quit-whirr-r-r-r!* I am suddenly aroused from my day dream about how neatly I picked that last gray squirrel (that is safely stowed away in my game pocket) in the head. The noble grouse suddenly springs into the air and starts toward the alders, but changing his course, wheels into the open road and takes his line of flight straight away.

Instinctively my thumb draws back the hammer of my little .22 Ballard, it leaps to my shoulder, and through the Lyman sight I instantly catch the bead.

The top of the bead just touches the fleeing bird and I pull. There is a tiny report like the crack of a whip, and—what is the matter with me? Am I ill? I feel the hot blood rushing like a tornado to my brain, my heart is pounding like a sledge hammer against my vest. I reel like a drunken man, for my head whirls like a top. Can I believe my eyes? Yes, there he is in the road, his wings beating the tattoo of death full fifty yards from me. Twenty-five years ago I experienced the same sensation that set my blood on fire to-day. How with lightning-like rapidity I bridge over those long years, and how distinctly I recall the shooting of my first bird on the wing. Since that time I have killed hundreds of flying grouse, and it is many years since I have had the fall of a bird affect me as it has to-day. Shooting them on the wing with a shotgun looked as much of an impossibility to me then as shooting them with a rifle did a few months ago.

Regaining my senses after seeing the grouse in the road, I break out in a tremendous yell of delight (if that will express it) and Jack, my companion (who is two hundred yards away, watching a grove of oaks for gray squirrels), hastens across the field to me and inquires what the trouble is. I explain what I have done, Jack says it was nothing but a chance shot and that I never can do it again. Then with some very vigorous remarks addressed to some imaginary being called Damit (also informing the aforesaid being that the supposition was that he had accidentally shot himself) also looking as though he (Jack) was very much disappointed that such was not the fact, he climbs over the wall and takes a bee-line for the oaks again. [Note.—Jack occasionally shoots his old shotgun, off-hand, when he cannot find a rest for it.]

I have tried a few shots at various times at crows, hawks, etc., on the wing, with a rifle, but never with success until this season. I find that with the Lyman rear sight I can see distinctly and can catch the bead and flying object so quick that it is among the possibilities to kill some game that is on the wing, while for still shots it can't be beat. (This I write for the good of the reader who hunts with a rifle.) I find that I fired seven shots to begin with and missed seven flying bird. The eighth bullet cut feathers from a bluejay nearly overhead, while the tenth shot killed the "hurtling grouse" over which there have been so many wordy battles fought in FOREST AND STREAM. The outcome of it is that I now have wing-shooting with a rifle on the brain, and although I do not expect to kill the cunning, crafty, hurtling grouse with a single bullet, I shall try him if he gives me any such opportunity as the one did that I got. Next spring I intend to give the glass balls and clay pigeons a round, and I expect to smash some of them anyway. I would like very much to hear from the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are experienced in wing-shooting with a rifle, and any points that are given by them may be acceptable to many of your readers as well as to

IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., November 25.

ISSAQUENA—QUEEN OF THE DEER.

ISSAQUENA—"Queen of the Deer"—could once claim that proud distinction, as Indian tradition tells us; but, alas! now they are few and far between. The hunter's rifle is not so much to blame for this as the waters from the Mississippi River. The flood last spring destroyed these pretty animals by the thousand, and the negro with his old musket as many more. My farm was captured by the water on the morning of March 16. I stood upon my gallery and saw hundreds of deer passing through the field making their way, to the levees and the few Indian mounds scattered over the country. Many were shot by my tenants, permitted by me because of the destitute circumstances of many of them, with the waters fast rising around their humble dwellings, their crop prospect destroyed, and with it all hope for credit at the country stores, where they usually draw supplies upon mortgage liens on growing crops. Many were destined to suffer for food, hence the leniency of planters and others in enforcing the game laws. The frightened deer took refuge from the water upon logs and in vacant houses, in fact, anywhere that afforded standing room. Two were killed standing in my gin house on the gin stand, while the upper story was occupied by refugee negroes. Six or eight were driven from the plantation church. Six were killed in an old outhouse, and many were shot while standing on logs. I could count up 150 deer killed here during the high water, which lasted two weeks.

Of course deer are now very scarce in these forests, but there are some left. Two, that occupied a log close to my house, were allowed to remain, and there they stayed until the waters subsided. They would leave the log in the evening and swim to the foliage of young trees, where they would browse, thus sustaining life until the waters went down. We had many interesting and exciting chases after them in boats, the light canoe or dugout being used for this purpose. The dugout is a boat formed from a tree, hollowed out and dressed down to its lightest weight, furnishing a light, easily propelled, swift-running craft. I was in several of these chases, when it was an easy race to capture a deer. Once, R. M. Smith, Jr., "the deer hunter of Issaquena" (whom I will mention again soon), and your correspondent were going from the latter's plantation to the river, escorting a party of refugees and some of their effects in a large skiff. We were traveling the public road *à la* Venice, when I noticed a large doe lying on a floating log, just in advance of our boat, and proposed that we capture her. "Bob was agreeable," so, heading our dugout for the pretty creature, the race began. Seeing us approach, she rose from her reclining position, stood erect, watching us with her large, mournful eyes, until within a few feet of the log—one plunge, and she was off—and now the race was on in earnest. She was making for a cane thicket to our right. A few vigorous strokes of the paddle, and we headed her to open water; a few more strokes, and we were alongside. I made a grasp at her ears, but, fortunately for me, missed; had I succeeded, perhaps a broken arm would have been the result; but I was too excited to consider the consequences. As I failed to catch her, of course she dodged and changed her course. This necessitated our doing the same, and gave her the start, but we soon caught up, and as Bob placed the boat alongside I grasped the deer's tail and held her. Once secured, we towed her to the skiff, where two darkeys tied her and placed her in the skiff. We carried her home; but that night she was killed by a horse. Several others were captured, but would not survive captivity.

Deer are now scarce, bears plentiful, and turkeys are in vast numbers. The water did not trouble the bears or the turkeys; both occupied trees until the waters went down; they are now as plentiful as ever. Few turkeys are killed, but Bruin suffers every time it pleases my friend Smith to go for him. He and several other young men have formed a sporting club, and are provided with bear dogs, tents, and all the paraphernalia that go to make up a complete hunting outfit. They are all young men and in love with the sport; are not hunters for market, having never sold a pound of meat nor a single head of game killed. They were out week before last and, as usual, added another bear skin to their store. Issaquena county affords good sport in bear hunting, and if anyone is inclined to try the sport, a line to R. M. Smith, Jr., to the address at foot of this letter, will secure his attention. It is for sport, not money, that he hunts, and as he is whole-souled, hospitable and generous, readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would enjoy a hunt with him.

Quail shooting is fair. Ducks are now fast filling our lakes and bayous, and shooting them affords fine sport and plenty of it. With good dogs fair bags can be made in the woodcock shooting. We shoot them at night, by torchlight. This is no snipe-hunting story, where you are left to hold the bag.

Steele's Bayou and the many lakes surrounding afford fine black bass fishing at this season of the year. It just "can't be beat." STEELE'S BAYOU.

MAYERSVILLE, Miss.

GUNNING ALONG THE SACRAMENTO.

ALTHOUGH the severely cold winter of the Eastern States will soon send the sportsmen of your section within doors, we of the Pacific slope are hardly in the midst of our best season for small game. The ducks were late in their coming this fall, but at last they are upon us in force, and I do not recollect of having known—during my twenty-eight years' residence in this State—waterfowl more plentiful than at present writing. Throughout the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys are the great tule marshes of the State, the favorite and often secure retreat of all the various kinds of ducks and wild geese, snipe, plover, curlew, etc. In some places the sloughs come into close proximity to the timber on the bottomlands, where the quails and rabbits raise their young, so that one may often bring home a miscellaneous bag of game. My own experience of a few days ago will serve to illustrate what is not an unusual experience of sportsmen in this section. Not feeling quite well, and believing that a few hours' tramp in the company of dog and gun would set the machinery of my system to running a little more smoothly, I left my work at 2 P. M. and strolled out of the city in the direction of some sloughs that are seldom devoid of waterfowl.

On my way I had to pass around the outskirts of a strip of young timber, principally sycamores, willows and cottonwoods, and in so doing surprised myself by blundering right into a covey of quails, which immediately took a bee line into the air and settled themselves among the topmost branches of the tallest sycamores. (I stopped one of the towerers, however, before he got there.) Failing to get the birds out I went on, and after emerging from the brush (this was only a mile and a half from a city of 25,000 inhabitants) found another covey out in the short grass. Being between them and their favorite hiding place, and knowing their habits quite well, I fired a shot at once to make them scatter and hide in the grass, which they did. This was very near the edge of a slough along the edge of which was a thin fringe of high tule, or flags, which hid the water from my view, and I did not know that there were ducks there. But there were, and of course they took wing, but did not get out of range before I brought down a couple of fine, plump bluebills with my left barrel, which was loaded with only No. 9 shot. Then I went after the quail, and before they got back to the brush I had bagged six of them. The afternoon was bright and the ducks scarce, so I went to another slough which is lined with springy, boggy banks, where I often found English snipe, and they were there then. Having a fair supply of No. 9 cartridges with me, I went for the long-billed fellows, and by the time the sun had begun to gild with its gorgeous crimson and golden hues the neighboring snow-clad summits of the Sierras, I found I had thirteen big, fat snipe, seven quail, two ducks and a cottontail.

This was pretty good for a short afternoon's hunt, but I was not quite satisfied. I believed there would be a fair flight of ducks in the evening from the marshes that lay a few miles to the west, so I waited by one of the sloughs until the great oak trees cast broad and forbidding shadows over the plains; and then, just as I began to grow chilly and disappointed, the dusky fowls put in an appearance. First came the teals, skimming low above the ground in their swift, erratic flight, and I had to empty a great many shells at the little fellows to get half a dozen of them. Soon the widgeon came along in big flocks, but too high, and occasionally a pair of mallards for a choice place to feed, while above them all I could occasionally hear the rushing noise made by a big body of canvas-backs, but could not get a chance at them, as they knew where they were going, and it was to some place other than shallow sloughs. It soon became too dark to see the teal which I knew must have come within ten or fifteen yards of me, and I set out for town, which I reached in half an hour. My bag counted, when I reached home, four mallards and seven teal, besides the two other ducks, seven quails, thirteen snipes and rabbit before mentioned. I thought that a pretty successful four hours' shoot, within almost gunshot of a city that turns out every week about as many gunners as any place of its size in the Union. This illustrates the variety of sport that is to be had in many parts of this State.

I know you do not favor pigeon-slaughtering as it is often carried on; still, as a matter of news, I will say that there is a big match pending between the O'Neal Gun Club, of Stockton, and the Foresters of this city. The former has among its members several of the best shots in the State, and has recently strengthened its trap-shooting team, by taking in five of the best shots of another Stockton club. The Foresters, many of whom have had no experience at the trap, are the challenged parties, and the proposed stake is $500 a side, the challenge being for fifteen men of the club to shoot as a team. The Sacramento gentlemen fear that their Stockton friends have put a job on them by withholding their challenge until they had got the best shots in their county into their club. So they have replied to the O'Neals that if they will make it a county affair they will meet them. Should the Stockton club agree to this, the Foresters will select Rontier, Chapman and perhaps Ecklon and Riddle of the Folsom Club, Mack of the Roosevelts, and possibly one or two of the several "free lances" that are about. They have already some ten members that are fit to shoot in any company, but could hardly put forth an effective team of fifteen. The match, should it come off, will be a hot and interesting one.

Every once in a while we meet an Eastern sportsman out here. Last spring the writer had a jolly two days' hunt with S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun house, and Harry Comstock, representing the Baker gun. Both are good fellows and first-class gentlemen—men who do not lug "the shop" into their everyday intercourse with people. They are effective agents, however, and did well on this coast. A few weeks ago Comstock dropped down upon us suddenly in all his manly beauty, being on his way home from Oregon on another business trip. Do you know him? Well, they say he looks very much like President Arthur, and that probably accounts for the way people stared at him while here. Next spring we'll have them all here again—Tucker, and his big shoes, cigarette shooting hat, corduroy suit and reindeer's frock, and Comstock with his black coat and shining plug hat—to go out for a goose hunt! TRUANT.

SACRAMENTO, California, Nov. 26.

ONTARIO DEER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My suggestion that October 1 is late for pleasure parties to enter the Ontario woods seems, according to the *Canadian Sportsman*, to have brought out some criticism, but for all said about "hot water for shaving," and "feather-bed sportsmen," I still affirm that September 15 is better than October 1 to enter the Northern woods for a month's trip. Were I expecting to tarry but two weeks, I should go about September 25, but it has been my practice for a number of years to spend one month out of the twelve among the mountains, lakes, and streams of the North. Among other places, besides the Canadas, I make trips to the pine woods of Northern Michigan, Maine, the Adirondacks, etc. During all my experience the two most enjoyable weeks in every trip I have been the last in September and the first in October. Flies and mosquitoes have never troubled after September 20. I usually leave home so as to arrive well back in the woods about September 19 or 20, and during the last five years the four succeeding weeks have been so free from storms that camping without tents wherever night happened to overtake us was not an unpleasant occurrence.

According to the remarks of my friend across the border, one is led to suppose that it is an enjoyable privilege and heroic act to tramp through or sleep out in a cold November or last of October storm; but I suspect that one of those storms would find him (as it should every sensible man at that season of the year) not so fearless of "soft water" but what his nights would be spent under the friendly shelter of a good log cabin or commodious tent. It has never been, and I hope never will be, my plan to lie to some back settler's house or snug cabin and make that my home for a month. I enjoy the varied experiences of a march through the wilderness to some distant point, but the most exciting and enjoyable trip to me is in canoeing up some strange river, where new and unlooked-for scenery presents itself at every turn. A trip of this kind cannot be taken with cumbersome luggage, tents, etc. There are always long and short portages to overcome, and I have carried a canoe on my back too much to enjoy making three or four trips across a portage for extra baggage. Then there are large lakes to cross, and the last of October or first of November is hardly a safe time for crossing them.

I remember in 1878 following up the west branch of the Penobscot, and while on the return trip at a point below Mount Katahdin we were windbound and could not cross Ambajejus and Pamedomcook lakes for a number of days. It would have been exceedingly rash for experienced guides to have crossed. We had no guides and did not consider our experience equal to the undertaking. This was about Oct. 16. Twenty days before this the lakes were comparatively quiet, and a bark canoe could cross them any day with perfect safety. The nearer the approach of winter the rougher the waters become, and the colder the nights the more blankets must be carried.

I have no doubt but Oct. 1 is well enough for those who go simply for a hunt amid familiar scenes where the "lay of the ground" is known. I do not go to the woods simply to establish myself in some permanent camp and see how many deer I can kill. If there is a place in the wilderness that I have heard and can hear nothing about that is the place I like to seek out. I dearly enjoy the rod and gun, but were it against the law to carry either, the rivers, mountains and lakes would attract me to them every year just the same. At the proper season of the year a person may without risk push ahead into an unknown wilderness and camp when necessary under a hastily constructed brush hut, but late in the season he who goes ahead without knowing where he is to camp it storms arise (unless he is inured to this kind of life by more than ordinary experience) is violating a law of health and tempting Providence.

I am glad to see my critic "go for" all Americans who annually visit Ontario, as he says, "for the almighty dollar's sake," and I trust that his own countrymen will not be passed by on that subject.

"H.'s" last letter enlightens me upon the subject of the exportation of deer, the season for using dogs, etc. He goes on to say that he cannot believe that any hunter can kill twenty-five or thirty deer a week in any part of Ontario; but I know positively that one hunter killed seventy-four deer in ten days last winter, hauled them out and shipped them from Renfrew station, on the Canada Pacific road. I took pains to see the station agent about it, and he told me that he waybilled sixty-five of them in one shipment, the balance of them were sold out about there. Of course this is an extraordinary exception, but it shows that the thing is possible, and, doubtless, is of more frequent occurrence than officers of game protective clubs are aware of. Now, I affirm that there should be a restrictive clause in the Ontario game laws, so that no one man should be allowed to ship more than three, or at the most, five deer at a time from any station at any season of the year. In conclusion, I will say to "H.," whom I honor for his outspoken loyalty

to the office he holds in the game protective association of Ontario, that I hope to continue to visit the Ontario woods commencing with September 18 or 20, and if the laws cannot and ought not to be so modified as to allow pleasure parties to eat venison (if they are so lucky as to capture any in the dense foliage) before Oct. 1, then I must be content with partridge and black bass, for I shall try to respect the law; but if I am compelled to do this, I sincerely hope that I shall not hear on the same trip of any more sixty-five deer shipments.

We "feather-bed sportsmen" will be content to go without deer and pneumonia that our friend of the *Canadian Sportsman* may have both later in the season. B. G. A.

CONNECTICUT, Dec. 1, 1882.

GREAT DEER HUNT AT SANDWICH.

THE South Abington (Mass.) Sportsman's Club numbers among its members many who have distinguished themselves in hunting exploits, both in variety and in the manner in which the game has been killed; but that the picked team sent to Sandwich this fall to sustain the reputation of the club have not eclipsed all previous performances, I leave the reader to judge by the following tale.

After due deliberation in which the club held several secret meetings, the team was selected. First on the list came Matt., a devoted sportsman, whose success in winning first prize in the powder match this summer secured him a place on the team. On being questioned about deer shooting he confessed ignorance, but was allowed to go provided his shells be loaded and examined by a committee before leaving. Next came Chris., the old reliable, in whom everyone felt the most confidence. He was also questioned by the club, and gave several vivid descriptions of fox hunts in which he had participated, but as some one else had invariably shot the fox, he was about to be rejected, when it was suggested that he had better be taken along to play high-low-jack with Matt. It was voted to send Chris. Seth the silent was called and told his little story. He had killed everything from a rabbit to a polar bear, excepting, of course, deer. He, however, made fair promises, and his name was booked without further ceremony. At this point C. F. arose and said he had prepared a paper on deer shooting, which he would read with the club's permission. He was allowed to proceed, and read a very exhaustive and carefully prepared article, entitled "Deer and where to find them." At the conclusion it was voted to send Frank. To this Constable Smith objected, saying that he himself had had more experience in deer shooting than C. F., at the same time producing proofs of his statement. The club after deliberating a few moments decided to send both. Jacob the faithful was next interviewed. He informed the club that he had frequently paid a visit to the deer on Boston Common, and felt confident that he should recognize one in a wild state, and should do his level best to bring home mutton. His name was put down amid cheers.

One day about a week after the aforesaid examination an unusual collection of baggage on a downward-bound Cape train occasioned considerable remark from that much-abused class usually called baggage smashers, and on one end of an iron-bound trunk Seth enlightened the uninitiated with a panoramic description of a deer hunt, while the rest of the deer slayers formed an admiring audience.

Upon their arrival at Sandwich they were mistaken by some of the citizens for a delegation sent from Congress to inquire into the workings of the ship canal company, but a few explanations set that matter right, and all hands repaired to the hotel to make arrangements for a grand hunt the next day. Guides and dogs were engaged, and after supper all turned in to dream of deep-voiced hounds and antlered stags.

Previous to their departure arrangements had been made providing that in case a deer should be killed a telegram should announce the fact to the club. The first day no deer was started, and the party returned to the hotel with colors at half-mast. On the second day the men were all on their stations, when a deer was started. Supposing of course that the game was good as dead, they took one man off his stand and started him for the telegraph office with the message, "Killed a deer;" but now the old adage, "there's many a slip," was verified; for the deer took the opposite course from that which it was naturally supposed he would take, and passed through the line at the point just vacated by the messenger. Deer and dogs were not seen nor heard again that day.

The next day was a blank; so was the next; and so was every day the party remained.

How they all reached home no one knows. Excepting that mysterious telegram nothing was heard of them for two weeks. Finally one evening in came Chris., and was immediately surrounded by an eager crowd of questioners; but all they could get out of him was "Confounded hard luck." You say anything to him now about deer, and he smiles a melancholy smile that speaks louder than words. They all want to try it over again, but the majority of the members think that the quicker and cheaper way is to buy one, have it mounted and set up in the club-room; for as the matter now stands certain members of the club will never see a deer unless something of the Rind is done.

SOUTH ABINGTON, Mass. SASSACUS.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

IT is very evident that our people of the gun and dog who expected to find quail in greatly increased numbers this autumn are disappointed. To be sure birds have been found more plentiful this season, but the gain has not been very marked; and should the coming winter be a severe one, as it bids fair to be, and should plenty of snow fall, as will most likely be the case, the quail will again need to be protected and nursed through until another mating season. Bob White has not yet recovered from the blow he received winter before last, and it will be more necessary then that we should diligently watch him this winter, and have his welfare carefully looked after by the several game associations of the country.

Shooting in Delaware during the past month has been good, so to speak, but the birds have been hard to find, feeding close to cover, into which it was almost impossible to follow them, after they were put up. Out of six coveys of birds found by a party of friends, who were shooting in Delaware, five were pointed in the woods, where plenty of feed seems to have kept the quail from seeking the open. Sportsmen will be more apt to catch the birds in the stubbles, now that the weather has turned colder; but then we are having and are likely to have plenty of snow this December, which will "play hob" with the shooting and birds likewise.

Duck shooting never was better than it is now. At Gunpowder (Big and Little), at Bush River, and at Havre de Grace, canvas-backs, redheads and blackheads have been plentiful. Redheads and blackheads were more numerous when the season opened; canvas-backs have shown themselves in greater numbers within the past two weeks. Two or three of the private outfits for ducking at Havre de Grace and neighboring grounds have been offered for sale; two of them sold, I am informed. It will not be long, I trust, before all the non-professional "lay-outs" will be disposed of by their owners. HOMO.

IS AN AIR SPACE DANGEROUS?

IF it is in a man's head I should say not very; if in a rifle, I should say it would be bad for the barrel, even though a correspondent says not in your last issue. I have recently seen a barrel spoiled by a bullet slipping away from the shell to about six (6) inches from the muzzle. I know of three barrels that were spoiled afterward by experiments of the same kind. If your Philadelphia correspondent has a gun that he thinks a good deal of, let him load it and fire it with a bullet six (6) inches from the muzzle. It won't kick much, but he will want a new barrel. The gentleman who experimented could afford to spoil three barrels in three shots, may be your correspondent will be willing to spend some money to prove that an air space is not dangerous.

FORGETFUL.

Is an air space dangerous? Your correspondent says No! but like many other things in this world, it depends entirely upon the circumstances of the case whether or not an air space be dangerous.

Please request the writer to place a tight wad, say one or two sizes larger than the bore of his gun, in the muzzle of his shotgun and fire it off, and then give us his opinion upon the subject of air spaces.

No danger will probably result to him from such an experiment, but he can be assured that his gun will have a most beautiful "bulge" at the seat of the wad, or may perhaps be even burst at that point.

You no doubt will remember the old tompions we used to have for our muskets. They were abolished for the simple reason that if a soldier fired his piece with one in its muzzle, the piece was almost certain to be ruined. I have seen at the arsenal hundreds of guns thus ruined, or by having some other obstruction in the muzzle of the gun, even so simple a thing as an oiled rag to keep out dirt and moisture very often produces the same effect, as also snow, mud, etc., and let it be remembered also that such results follow, whether the cartridge used be ball or blank. We don't know very much about air spaces as yet, though we are trying hard enough to find out as much as possible about them. Of one thing we have, however, learned, which your correspondent seems to ignore, and that is that they are in many cases dangerous. S.

Please allow me to correct an erroneous statement made by a correspondent in your issue of November 23. A small air space between powder-wad and bullet is considered an advantage in long range shooting, because the bullet will certainly upset, no matter how much tin is used in its manufacture, but this space should be very small, say from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch. A large air space is dangerous. Powder is stronger than steel. I used an air space of nine inches and ruined my long range rifle at the first shot, by bulging the barrel at the point at which the bullet started. The rifle barrel was clean at the time, and the bullet was a "normal" one, which could have been rammed clear through the barrel without using a pressure of more than two pounds. A friend of mine spoiled his long range rifle in the same way. I know it, as I saw the bulge in the bore of his rifle barrel, and he told me how it happened. I have heard of other cases which I believe to be authentic, but cannot vouch for, as I did not examine the guns. I have conversed with several riflemen who have had experience with bulged rifle barrels, and they all agreed that such a rifle would give inners, outers, and misses at one thousand yards in good weather. I have been experimenting over three years with my damaged rifle, and have succeeded in putting twenty-five consecutive shots in a four-inch circle at one hundred yards, making fifteen consecutive bullseyes at eight hundred yards, and thirty-seven out of a possible fifty points at one thousand yards. My experience has convinced me that the gun is totally unfit for target shooting at any distance over eight hundred yards, and not quite accurate at any distance. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NOTES FROM DETROIT.

THANKSGIVING Day was a woeful event for the rabbits. A week of unseasonably cold weather had made the ground solid, and a light fall of snow made the hunting perfect. The early trains out on Thursday morning were loaded with sportsmen, beagles and hounds. At each station a lot of these were left for as much as twenty-five miles out, and it is safe to say that there was not a rabbit within that distance of the city that did not hear the hounds that day. The long-eared fellows are (or were) very plentiful, and everybody came back loaded with game and declaring he never had a better time in his life. All excepting poor James Glenn, Jr., the trap pigeon shooter. In stepping over a large log, he slipped and fell in such a manner as to break a leg.

L. H. Hascall, of Grand Rapids, came down this week and put in three days at the Rouge in a punt, bagging ninety-two ducks and twenty-three snipe.

George Darling and Charley Abbs went to Flat Rock on the early train last Wednesday and returned the same night with 123 ducks.

At Point Mouillee, which is at the mouth of Huron River, the sport has been excellent the past week. W. C. Colburn secured nearly 300, J. W. Jardine got 198 in three days, and William Kimball was contented with 92 to his credit.

At the mouth of Clinton River a party of four Canadians located early this week with three batteries, the fourth man being out in a small boat to pick up the dead and wounded. The killing they have done is said to have amounted to a massacre, the ducks being carried across Lake St. Clair and shipped to Canadian cities. As the marshes upon Clinton River are the favorite shooting grounds of the Mt. Clemens sportsmen, they are in a white heat at the invasion of their preserves, and will ask the Legislature, which convenes this week, to pass a bill prohibiting shooting from a battery. W.

CHICAGO NOTES.

[From our Regular Chicago Correspondent.]

A PARTY of six or eight of our best deer stalkers and hunters left Sunday night for Northern Wisconsin after deer. They were Messrs. James Eldredge, Fred Taylor, Wm. Haskell, John Haskell, Perry Taylor and Charles Gammon. They go via the Chicago & Northwestern road to Peshtigo, and then via sleighs across country to Knockaba Lake, a famous feeding place for deer. It is twenty miles from Peshtigo, and right in the heart of the forest. They will put up at the hunting camp of Hank Groves, of Green Bay, and with Charlie Monger expect to live at least. All reports from that part state that the weather is terribly cold, but the outfit of the boys will save them. They take along knit hoods, woolen shirts, heavy hunting coats, horse hide overcoats, heavy pants, "shoe packs" and warm stockings, underwear and mitts of lamb's wool. Their hunting equipment is of the best, and what with torch hunting, stalking and the hounds, if the party don't bring back plenty of deer say their names are "mud." They will also fish through the ice in the lake for pickerel, bass and perch. They stay about two weeks.

The hunting season about here has nearly played out. There are no ducks, only a few quail, and some rabbit shooting. Abe Kleinman returned from Lake Senachwine Saturday, where he had been for about six weeks. He averaged fifty ducks a day. Tydston, Chapin and Gore returned last week from their grand hunt in the heart of the Indian Territory. Their slaughtered game has been coming in refrigerator cars for days. Your correspondent will send you soon the best practical hunting resorts in this vicinity and what game can be had at each and how to reach them. The FOREST AND STREAM is "catching on" immensely here lately among our sportsmen. It is indorsed as *the* paper.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.

"AMERICANS IN CANADIAN WATERS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

With your kind permission I would like to reply to an article entitled "Americans in Canadian Waters," which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of November 23, bearing the signature of "The Old Doctor." We also are aware of the high esteem given among Canadian sportsmen to this journal. I am therefore desirous of referring to what has been said on this subject, as in this issue there appears an editorial article which is scarcely what Canadian sportsmen and subscribers north of 45 degrees have reason to expect. Is the signature "The Old Doctor" a misnomer? If not, we are glad of an opportunity of showing how sincerely we venerate old age; hoary hairs demand our respect, but we find it difficult in this case to call up the proper feelings with which we should regard this august correspondent. But it is a relief to know there is at least one opening left for our pent-up veneration of old age to find a legitimate outlet, and that is that there never has come under our limited Canadian experience a more strikingly beautiful illustration of that ancient fable "The Dog in the Manger." He cries out in his injured innocence, "We violated no law." Perhaps he violated no statute of the country, but the strongest rules governing good society are those unwritten, but universally adopted by every one desirous of being recognized as worthy to be a member of it. There is no sportsman deserving of the name who does not consider it as much his duty to avoid interference with the sport of others as to secure his own; even if they have not the unspeakable and unparalleled privilege of being members of the great republic. All due allowance must be made for those who have been denied this noble birthright, but it is sad if their miserable fate cannot be alleviated by a little sport, without some such favored mortals as our American friends ruining it by anchoring their yacht on the feeding grounds of the game, and directly in the usual line of flight. As a natural consequence there was nothing left for us but to pack up, return to Montreal, and wait the departure of the steam yacht.

It has been said, "Sundry individuals have been greatly perturbed in spirit." If the word "sundry" includes every sportsman who visited the grounds before the desired departure, then the expression is quite correct, but not by any means sufficiently strong. I am willing to acknowledge freely and frankly that the shooting was done in a perfectly lawful manner; but when it is understood that the yacht was anchored on the feeding grounds (of which I must be allowed to judge, having visited these grounds for years, and being interested in a club house in connection with them), thus diverting the direction of flight, our feelings and disappointment can be appreciated. Each boat was provided with an attendant, whose supposed duties of picking up dead ducks were substituted by continued and apparently intentional efforts to interfere as much as possible with the shooting of the Canadians. Were this the first and only instance of such procedure it might be considered an accidental combination of circumstances, but this course having been indulged in on previous occasions, prevents any such construction being plausible. For the item which appeared in the *Witness* I do not assume any responsibility; probably the writer was as ignorant of the true facts as was the author of the editorial remarks on "The Old Doctor's" letter. In this epistle our "perturbed spirits" were soothed by being gratuitously informed "the shooting was fair for the country." We are overwhelmed with gratitude that anything among us was found worthy of commendation from so high and reliable a source. What could have induced those accustomed to make such infinitely superior bags in "Currituck Sound and Chesapeake Bay" to abandon those favorable spots and content themselves with such inferior sport; it is hard to comprehend, unless they found an "offset" in the gratification of spoiling what has hitherto been quite good enough for us.

The polite inhabitants mistook, it seems, these sportsmen "for a party of theologians." We have known and experienced a good deal of the native politeness of our "habitants" but scarcely credited that it could be stretched so far as to clothe these invaders with a cloak of theology, truly we shall in future deem it equal to any emergency, however incredible or improbable. The remarks in this part of the letter begin to get vague. After much deliberation and a great waste of consideration I fail to discover whether it is a weak attempt at sarcasm or an inflated piece of egotism. If it is an effort at wit it is a most ludicrous and lamentable failure.

Talking of D's, it is not well to indulge in initials, for these unfortunate letters stand for many words in the English language, some of them not very desirable.

We considered ourselves fortunate in having a "Doctor of Divinity" with us, who is an American, a perfect gentleman,

and a capital shot, although of the last qualification he had on this occasion not much opportunity of showing his skill. We should have expected that his cloth would have protected him from the remarks which good taste would have omitted, but which are but a proof of what I am saying. We would advise our friends of the yacht on coming north again to provide themselves in this respect, as it might improve their manners and tone down their intrusiveness. In regard to anonymous letters, I know nothing of the existence of any such, but, if they have been sent and received, it is another evidence that I am not alone in my indignation in this matter. I have written but one letter on this subject, this one, over my own signature. In conclusion I beg to inform those interested that I am the proprietor of the so-called "sunken punt," eighteen feet of which appears above water, five feet of which length is over three feet high, above water.

Having given you the facts of the case from a Canadian point of view, we leave it to your readers to decide whether "The Old Doctor" is "entitled to the decent respect and consideration" which he claims. ROBERT BLACKWOOD.

MONTREAL, Nov. 30, 1882.

KILLING GAME FOR PROFIT.—Detroit, Mich., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is to be presumed that your correspondent, Mr. Frank N. Beebe, is blissfully ignorant of facts in attributing so large a proportion of the credit due for the protection of game in this State to the efforts of the "Michigan Sportsman's Association." If not, why are prominent members of this association tolerated in making merchandise of deer and other game? If, as this gentleman properly defined a true sportsman to be anything but a butcher, why are these men who slaughter deer by the hundreds not brought to book for this flagrant infringement of the code? I could mention conspicuous examples for the satisfaction of anyone who doubts the assertion. It is no part of a sportsman to kill game for profit, and it is a notorious fact that there are men in this State who have no higher idea of the magnificent preserve than that of a stamping and camping ground for their clique to forage over "for all the delicacies of the season," as announced from time to time on their bills of fare. If there is any practice more indefensible than this outside of the association, I should like to know it. During this season one firm have displayed over a hundred deer at their restaurant, presumably slaughtered by a party headed by their own dexterous shots; and they all live in Michigan. It is well known they make a business of shooting all they can, and they don't scruple to ship game outside of the State, contrary to law in such cases made and provided. Doubtless they hold with your correspondent that Northern Michigan is the best place for deer they ever saw? Complaints are made in the local papers of the hordes of outsiders who come to slay game, and the local pot-hunters are celebrated for their rapacity, when the fact is patent that there is too much indiscriminate shooting allowed.—CHAS. W. RICHARDSON.

ST. JACKSON AND THE DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At your request, and for the enlightenment of would-be sportsmen, I send you herewith a detailed account of the expense incurred by our old friend T. G. on his late two days' expedition to the hills back of Stamford, Conn. I do this with the fond hope and confident expectation that you will make such use of the same as will tend to restrain the youth of the land, and all others likely to be similarly afflicted, from a too lavish expenditure when in pursuit of game. These are the

EXPENSES:

One pair waterproof boots for boy	$8 00
One pair sporting pants for boy	6 00
One double lined extra fine corduroy coat with thirty-two pockets, for self	18 00
One large leather bag for extra clothing, consisting in part of extra pants, dickey, boots and hat	3 50
Three pounds Curtis & Harvey's extra powder	3 75
Twelve pounds shot, at 12cts	1 44
One box extra waterproof caps	1 25
Two boxes Eley's pink edge wads	62
Railroad and steamboat fares for boy and self to Stamford, Conn., and return including coach hire to 42d st. and back	13 40
Board at farm house, two days, boy and self	5 00
Tip to baggage master for care of dogs in baggage car both ways	2 00
Two bottles lubricant for self	2 50
One bottle St. Jackson's Oil for limbering up dog	50
One pair woodcock	1 25
Three quail (Washington Market prices)	60
Total	67 81

Inasmuch as they killed no birds or game of any kind, have nothing to place on the other side of the account.

With regard to the use of St. Jackson's Oil for overworked dogs, my old friend has to say that its effect is instantaneous, in point of fact marvelous. On his return home his well-known red setter dog Sport was badly used up, so stiff and otherwise generally done-up was his condition, that it awakened in the breast of our old friend the keenest emotions of pity and sorrow. The thought suggested itself to him that possibly an application of St. Jackson's Oil might do the dog good, and he was confirmed in that opinion by the fact that he had derived great benefit from the use of something very like the said oil (in color) in his own case on more than one occasion after a long tramp.

Acting upon this idea he at once proceeded to the application of the oil to what would be known geographically as the southern end or hemisphere, so to speak, of the dog, rubbing it in well. My old friend reaffirms his statement that its effect was instantaneous and marvelous. The dog sat for a moment on its haunches on the terrace surrounding the house, bearing upon his face that subdued and self-satisfied air that any keen observer must have noticed in the animal when half sitting and half standing over a briar bush. Then, as our friend expresses it, he "lit out" over a four-foot fence in front of his house "going west" in a bee-line for Tottenville, at a fearful pace, earning for himself the enviable reputation of being the fastest dog in America, at least when under the influence of St. Jackson's oil. About this there is no doubt, if the statement of our old friend is to be believed, and you know his reputation for truth and veracity upon such subjects. He says that he employed a trusty person to follow the dog, and from the report made to him by this person he finds that during the night and before the effects of this one application had worn off it is susceptible of proof that the dog went so far that it took him until the afternoon of the fifth day to get back. In justice to the dog it should be said that had not Richmond county been an island he might have gone further.

In making up the memorandum of expenditures I have been very particular, and have endeavored to give an exact detail of the cost of the trip. I cannot now call to mind anything that has been omitted, except a small quantity of salt-hay to be used as litter for the dog, but I believe that was furnished (gratis) by an old friend from Germany, "Kraus," of Clifton.

Respectfully submitted, H. T. M., Expert Accountant.

GIFFORD'S, Staten Island, Nov. 22.

Any person sending their address to R. H. Fooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

Forest and Stream Schedule "A."

OPEN SEASONS—GAME AND FISH.

Showing the season in which it is permitted to kill each kind of Game and Fish, in every State, Territory and Province, where such a season is prescribed by law. Compiled from original authorities and published by the FOREST AND STREAM, 39 Park Row, New York, July 20, 1882.

General Provisions.

It is unlawful: To kill, have in possession, transport or sell game birds, animals and fish, save only in the open season for each given below; to net or snare game birds or animals; to take or kill game fishes by any other means than angling; to shoot waterfowl at night, or with any other than shoulder-guns; to hunt rabbits with ferrets; to enter inclosed land for shooting without consent of owner; to kill except for scientific purpose insectivorous or song birds at any time, or to rob nests of wild birds (except birds of prey).

Laws forbidding *export* of game obtain in Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, North Carolina, Wisconsin, Ontario, Wyoming. Discriminations against *non-residents* obtain in Delaware, Iowa, Missouri, New Brunswick, New Jersey, North Carolina, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Tennessee. See Schedule "B."

STATES, Etc.	Ruffed Grouse.	Quail.	Deer.	Woodcock.	Wildfowl.	Pinnated Grouse.	Wild Turkey.
Alabama		Sep 15-Mar 15	Oct 20-Feb 14		Oct 1-May 1		Oct 20-May 1
Califor'a	Sep 15-Mar 15	Sep 15-Mar 15	July 1-Nov 1		Sep 15-Mar 15		
Color'do	Oct 1-Nov 1	Protected	Sept 1-Jan 1			Oct 1-Nov 1	Protected
Conn	Oct 1-Jan 1	Oct 1-Jan 1		Oct 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-May 1		
Dakota	Aug 15-Jan 1	Aug 15-Jan 1	Oct 1-Jan 1			Aug 15-Jan 1	
Delaw'e	Nov 15-Jan 15	Nov 15-Jan 15		July 1-Jan 1			
Dist. Col	Aug 1-Feb 1	Nov 1-Feb 1	Aug 15-Jan 1	July 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-April 1	Sept 1-Feb 1	
Georgia		Apr 1-Oct 1	Apr 1-Oct 1				Apr 1-Oct 1
Idaho	Prot'd Sep '83	Prot'd Sep '83	Aug 1-Mar 1		Sept 1-Apr 15	Aug 1-Mar 1	
Illinois	Oct 1-Jan 1	Oct 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-Jan 15	July 4-Jan 1	Aug 15-May 1	Aug 15-Dec 1	Sept 1-Jan 1
Indiana	Oct 15 Dec 20	Oct 15-Dec 20	Oct 1-Jan 1	July 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-Apr 15	Sept 1-Feb 1	Nov 1-Feb 1
Iowa	Oct 1-Jan 1	Oct 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-Jan 1	July 10-Jan 1	Aug 15-May 1	Aug 15-Dec 1	Oct 1-Jan 1
Kansas		Nov 1-Jan 1				Sept 1-Dec 1	
Kent'cky	Oct 1-Mar 1	Oct 1-Mar 1	Sept 1-Mar 1	June 1-Jan 1	Sept 15-May 1		Sept 1-Feb 1
L'siana	Sept 15-Apr 1	Sept 15-Apr 1	Aug 1-Feb 1				Sept 1-Apr 1
Maine	Sept 1-Dec 1	Prot'd Sep '83	Oct 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-Dec 1	Sept 1-May 1	Sept 1-Jan 1	
Maryl'nd	Aug 15-Jan 1	Nov 1-Dec 24		June 15-Feb 1	Nov 1-Mar 31		
Mass	Sept 1-Jan 1	Oct 15-Jan 1	Nov 1-Dec 1	Aug 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-Apr 1		
Michigan	Sept 1-Jan 1	Nov 1-Jan 1	Oct 1-Dec 1	Aug 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-May 1	Sept 1-Nov 1	Oct 1-Jan 1
Minn	Sept 1-Dec 1	Sept 1-Dec 1	Nov 1-Dec 15	July 4-Nov 1	Sept 1-May 1	Sept 1-Dec 1	
Miss'pi	Oct 1-May 1	Oct 1-May 1	Sept 15-Mar 1				Oct 1-May 1
Missouri	Oct 15-Feb 1	Oct 15-Feb 1	Sept 1-Jan 15	July 1-Jan 10		Aug 15-Feb 1	Sept 15-Mar 1
Montana	Aug 15-Mar 1	Prot'd to '85	Aug 10-Feb 1		Au 10-May 15	Aug 15-Mar 1	
Nebr'ska	Aug 15-Feb 1	Oct 1-Dec 1	Oct 1-Jan 1			Aug 15-Feb 1	Oct 1-Dec 1
Nevada	Sept 1-Apr 1	Sept 1-Apr 1	Aug 14-Dec 1	Sept 1-Apr 1	Sept 1-Apr 1	Sept 1-Mar 15	
N. Bruns	Oct 1-Jan †			Aug 1-Mar 1	Aug 1-Apr 1		
N. Hamp	Sept 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-Dec 1	Aug 1-Feb 1	Aug 1-Feb 1		
N.Jersey	Nov 1-Jan 1	Nov 1-Jan 1	Oct 31, 1884	July 1-Aug 1*		Oct 15-Dec 1	
N. Mex	Sept 1-May 1	Sept 1-May 1	Sept 1-May 1				Sept 1-May 1
N. York	Sept 1-Jan 1	Nov 1-Jan 1	Aug 1-Dec 1	Aug 1-Jan 1†	Sept 1-May 1	Sept 1-Jan 1	
N. C'lina	Oct 1-Apr 1	Oct 1-Apr 1	Aug 15-Feb 15				Oct 1-Apr 1
N. Scotia	Oct 1-Jan 1			Aug 1-Mar 1	Aug 1-Apr 1		
Ohio	Sept 1-Jan 1	Nov 1-Jan 1	Oct 15-Nov 20	July 4-Jan 1	Sept 1-Apr 1	Nov 1-Jan 1	Nov 1-Jan 15
Ontario	Sept 1-Jan 1	Oct 1-Jan 1	Oct 1-Dec 15	Aug 1-May 1	Aug 15-May 1	Sept 1-Jan 1	Oct 1-Jan 1
Oregon	Aug 1-Apr 1	Sept 1-Apr 1	Sept 1-Feb 1		Aug 1-Apr 1	Aug 1-Apr 1	
Penna	Oct 1-Jan 1	Oct 15-Jan 1	Oct 1-Dec 31	July 4-Jan 1	Sept 1-May 15	Oct 1-Jan 1	Oct 15-Jan 1
Quebec	Sept 15-Jan 1		Sept 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-Apr 15		
R. Island	Sept 1-Feb 1	Oct 15-Jan 1		July 1-Jan 1	Sept 1-Mar 1		
S. C'lina	Sep 15-Mar 15	Sept 15-Mar 15	Sept 1-Mar 1	Sep 15-Mar 15			Sept 15-Mar 15
Tenn	Sept 15-Mar 1	Sept 15-Mar 1	Sept 1-Mar 1	Sept 15-Mar 1			Sept 15-May 1
Texas	Sept 1-Mar 1	Sept 1-Mar 1	Aug 1-Mar 1			July 1-Mar 1	
Utah	Aug 15-Mar 15	Aug 15-Mar 15	Aug 1-Dec 1		Aug 15-Apr 15		
Vermont	Sept 1-Mar 1		Prot'd Nov '86	Sept 1-Mar 1	Sept 1-May 1		
Virginia	Aug 1-Feb 1	Nov 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-Jan 15	July 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-May 1		Oct 15-Feb 1
Wash. T.	Aug 15-Jan 1	Protected	Aug 15-Jan 1			Aug 15-Jan 1	
West Va	Sept 1-Feb 1	Oct 15-Jan 1	Sept 1-Jan 15		Nov 1-Apr 1	Sept 1-Feb 1	Sept 1-Feb 1
Wiscons	Aug 15-Jan 1	Aug 15-Jan 1	Sept 15-Jan 1	July 10-Jan 1		Aug 15-Jan 1	
Wyom'g	Aug 15-Oct 15	Prot'd to '87	Aug 1-Nov 15		Aug 15-May 15	J'ly 15-Nov 15	

Antelope, Elk, Mountain Sheep.—Cal, 1884 (?); Col, Sept 1-Jan 1; Idaho, Aug 1-Mar 1; Mont, Aug 10-Feb 1; Neb, Oct 1-Jan 1; Nev and Utah, Aug 1-Dec 1; New Mexico, Sept 1-May 1; Or, Sept 1-Feb 1; Wyo, Aug 1-Nov 15. *Elk.*—Iowa, Sept 1-Jan 1; Mich, prot to 1889; Minn, Nov 1-Dec 15; Ont, Oct 1-Dec 15; Pa, Oct 1-Dec 31, Wash T, Aug 15-Jan 1. *Bison.*—Col, Sept 1-Jan 1. *Blue Grouse.*—Wash T, Aug 15-Jan 1. *Buffalo.*—Col, Sept 1-Jan 1; Idaho, Aug 1-Mar 1; Mont, Aug 10-Feb 1; Neb, Oct 1-Jan 1; New Mex, Sept 1-May 1; Wyo, Aug 1-Nov 15. *California Quail in Mo.*—Prot to Oct 1, 1883. *Caribou.*—Me, Oct 1-Jan 1; N B, Sept 15-Jan 31; N H, Sept 1-Dec 1; N S, Sept 15-Jan 31; Ont, Oct 1-Dec 15; Que, Sept 1-Feb. *Curlew.*—Col, prot; Dak, Aug 15-Jan 1; Wyo, Aug 15-Apr 1. *Doves.*—Ala, Aug 1-Apr 1; Cal, July 1-Jan 1; Col, prot; Mass, Aug 1-May 1; Mo, Aug 1-Feb 1; N C, Oct 1-Apr 1; S C, Sept 15-Mar 15. *Dusky Grouse.*—Mont, Aug 1-Mar 1; N M, Sept 1-May 1; Or, Aug 1-Apr 1; Utah, Aug 15-Mar 15. *Fool Hen.*—Mont, Aug 1-Mar 1. *Meadow Lark (Starling).*—Miss, Sept 15-Mar 1; Mo, Aug 1-Feb 1; N Y, Oct 1-Jan 1; R I, Sept 1-Feb 1; Tenn, Sept 15-Mar 1. *Moose.*—Me, Oct 1-Jan 1; Mont, Aug 10-Feb 1; N B, Sept 15-Jan 31; N H, Sept 1-Dec 1; N S, Sept 15-Jan 31; N Y, prot; Ont, Sept 15-Dec 15; Or, Sept 1-Feb 1; Que, prot, Sept 1, 1883, season thereafter Sept 1-Feb 1; Wyo, Aug 1-Nov 15. *Mountain Goat*—Idaho, Aug 1-Mar 1; Mont, Aug 10-Feb 1; Nev, Aug 1-Dec 1; Wyo, Aug 1-Nov 15. *Plover.*—Col, prot; Dak, Aug 15-Jan 1; D C, Sept 1-May 1; Me, Aug 1-May 1; Mo and N H, Aug 1-Feb 1; N J, Aug 1-Jan 1; Pa, July 15-Jan 1; R I, Aug 1-Apr 1; Wyo, Aug 15-Apr 1. *Prairie Chicken.*—See Pinnated Grouse. *Ptarmigan* ("*White Quail*")—Mont, Aug 1-Mar 1; N M, Sept 1-May 1; Wyo, July 15-Nov 15. *Rabbit (hare).*—Del, Nov 15-Jan 15; Md, Oct 15-Jan 15; N B and N S, Oct 1-Mar 1; N H, Sept 1-Apr 1; N J, Nov 1-Jan 1; N Y, Nov 1-Feb 1; Ont, Sept 1-Mar 1; Pa, Nov 1-Jan 1; Que, Nov 1-Mar 1; R I, Sept 1-Feb 1. *Robin.*—N Y, Oct 1-Jan 1; N C, Oct 1-Apr 1; R I, Sept 1-Feb 1; Va, Nov 1-Apr 1. *Rail.*—Cal, Sept 15-Mar 15; Conn, Sept 12-Jan 1; Del, Sept 1-July 1; N H, Aug 1-Feb 1; N J and Pa, Sept 1-Dec 1. *Reed Bird.*—Del, Sept 1-July 1; D C, Sept 1-Feb 1; N J, Aug 25-Dec 1; Pa, Sept 1-Dec 1. *Sage Grouse.*—Mont, Aug 1-Mar 1; N M, Sept 1-May 1; Nev and Ore, Aug 1-Apr 1; Utah, Aug 15-Mar 15; Wyo, July 15-Nov 15. *Sharp-tail Grouse.*—Cal, Sept 15-Mar 15; Idaho, Aug 1-Mar 1; Minn, Sept 1-Dec 1, Mont, Aug 1-Mar 1; Neb, Aug 15-Feb 1; Nev, Sept 1-Mar 15; N M, Sept 1-May 1; Ore, Aug 1-Apr 1; Utah, Aug 15-Mar 15; Wash T, Aug 15-Jan 1; Wis, Aug 15-Jan 1; Wyo, July 15-Nov 15. *Snipe.*—Dak, Aug 15-Jan 1; D C, Sept 1-May 1; Mich, Sept 1-May 1; N B and N S, Aug 1-Mar 1; Ont, Aug 15-Jan 1; Que, Sept 1-Feb 1; Tenn, Sept 15-Mar 1; Wyo, Aug 15-Apr 1. *Squirrel.*—N H, N J and Pa, Sept 1-Jan 1; N Y, Aug 1-Feb 1; R I, Sept 1-Feb 1. *Wildfowl.*—For exceptions of certain species in some States see Schedule "B." *Wild Pigeons* generally protected on and near nesting grounds. * *Woodcock.*—Second New Jersey season Oct 1-Dec 16. †Dutchess, Herkimer and Oneida counties, Sept 1-Jan 1.

FISH.—*Black Bass.*—Ia, June 1-Mar 1; Me, July 1-Apr 1; Mass, July 1-Dec 1; N H, June 15-Apr 30; N J, June 1-Nov 1; N Y, June 1-Jan 1; Ont, May 15-Apr 15; Pa, June 1-Jan 1; Que, May 15-Apr 15; R I, July 15-Mar 1; Utah, prot 1884; Vt, July 1-May 15; Va, July 1-May 1; Wis, May 1-Feb 1. *Bull Trout.*—Wash T., Apr 1-Oct 1. *California Trout* in N Y, Sept 1-May 15. *Grayling.*—Mich, June 1-Nov 1; N H, June 1-Apr 1. *Jack (white), Salmon.*—W Va, June 15-May 1. *Lake Trout (salmon trout).*—Cal, Apr 1-Nov 1; Mass, Apr 1-Oct 1; N H, Apr 30-Sept 30; N J, Mar 1-Oct 1; N Y, Apr 1-Oct 1; Ont, Nov 10-Nov 1; Pa, Oct 1-Jan 1; Que, Dec 1-Oct 15; Vt, May 1-Sept 1; Wash, Apr 1-Oct 1. *Land-locked Salmon.*—Me, May 1-Oct 1; Mass, Apr 1-Oct 1; N H, Apr 30-Sept 30; Vt, May 1-Sept 1; W Va, Jan 1-Sept 1. *Longe.*—Vt, May 1-Sept 1. *Muscallonge.*—N H, June 1-Apr 1; N Y, June 1-Jan 1; Ont, May 15-Apr 15; Que, May 15-Apr 15. *Pickerel.*—N H, June 1-Apr 1; Ont, May 15-Apr 15; Pa, June 1-Jan 1; Que, May 15-Apr 15. *Pike.*—N H, June1-Apr 1; Pa, June 1-Jan 1. *Pike Perch.*—N H, July 1-May 1. *Salmon.*—Cal, Sept 15-Aug 1; Conn, prot to 1883; Ia, Feb 1-Nov 1; Me, Apr 1-Sept 15; Mass, May 1-Aug 1; N B and N S, Feb 1-Sept 15; N H, June 14 ——(?); Pa, Apr 1-Aug 1; Wash, Apr 1-Oct 1; Que, May 1-Sept 1. *Salmon Trout.*—See Lake Trout. *Smelt.*—Mass, June 1-Mar 15. *Toque.*—Me, May 1-Oct 1. *Trout (Speckled or Brook).*—Cal, Apr 1-Nov 1; Conn Apr 1-July 1; Ia, Feb 1-Nov 1; Me, May 1-Oct 1; Mass, Apr 1-Oct 1; Mich, May 1-Sept 1; Minn, Apr 1-Oct 1; N H, Apr 30-Sept 30; N J, Mar 1-Oct 1; N M, Apr 1-Dec 1; N Y, Apr 1-Sept 1; N C, Dec 30-Oct 15; Ont, May 1-Sept 15; Pa, Apr 1-Aug 1; Que, Dec 31-Oct 1; R I, Mar 1-Aug 15; Va, Apr 1-Sept 15; Wash, Apr 1-Oct 1; W Va, June 1-Sept 1; Wis, Apr 15-Sept 15. *Wall-eyed Pike.*—Ill, June 1-Mar 1; Ia, June 1-Mar 1; Vt, May 20-Apr 20. *White Perch.*—Me, July 1-Apr 1; N H, July 1-May 1,

Sea and River Fishing.

"Subtle. Has he bit? Has he bit!
Face. And swallowed too, my Subtle. I have given him line and now he plays i'faith.
Sub. And shall we twitch him?
Face. Through both the gills."

"*Face.* If I can strike a fine hook into him now.
The Temple-church, there have I cast my angle
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.
Sub. What more gudgeons!"

—*Ben Jonson, "The Alchemist."*

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

IV.—A MEMORY.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. —*Shelley.*

THE casual presence of two or three out-of-town veterans of the craft gave a retrospective cast to the conversation at a recent re-union of the local brotherhood. With one of our guests I had tabernacled for twenty years in the wilderness. No man was ever more companionable or had more of the characteristics of true nobility. In physique he was robust as an athlete, but in thought and feeling he was as impressive as a child and as gentle as a woman. He was, withal, as moderate in his sports as he was temperate in his habits. In seeking his own pleasure he never forgot the pleasure of others, nor did he ever envy others the "luck" he sometimes failed to enjoy himself. Indeed, I have known him to slip away from a promising "spring hole" which was his own by right of possession, that a less expert angler might fish undisturbed and be happy. He is some years my senior, and although still as buoyant in spirit as when he would "set the table in a roar" by the unceasing flow of his inimitable humor, he bears, on body and brow, the ear-marks of weariness, if not of decay. When I meet him he always reminds me of my fancy picture of grand old "Kit North"—that princely king of the inimitable "Noctes Ambrosianæ." He is like him in his tastes, in his enthusiasm and in his irrepressible love of the gentle pastime which constituted the rarest pleasure of his youth and the chief joy of his green old age. He is like him also in that he finds unalloyed delight in re-traversing, in imagination, the quiet places, where in his prime and later manhood, he was wont to go a-fishing.

And another of our guests was cast from the same mold. He had, for thirty years, without a single intermission, regularly visited the North Woods. He knew every foot of that tangled wilderness; had fished in every accessible brook, river and lake, and had never been known to do aught that did not become an angler and a man. In all my long association with him, in town and forest, around the home-hearth and the camp-fire, I never but once saw him out of humor. The single exception was when a conceited cockney—who had more of the spirit of the vandal than of the gentle angler—happened along where we were in camp and challenged him to a day's fishing to "count." Although proverbially hospitable and never more happy than when entertaining casual guests, he made his contempt for his challenger so unmistakable that the fellow was glad to "vamose the ranch" at the earliest possible moment. If all other honorable anglers were equally emphatic in their denunciation of this vile habit, our trout streams would not be so soon depleted.

After all were comfortably seated around the open fire-place, and our venerable guests and all of us were well down to the middle of our first cigar, the oldest and most honored of the circle said:

"Well, this is comfortable. This crackling wood fire, this fragrant Havana (only it should be a pipe), and these friendly and familiar faces have knocked thirty years of time into oblivion and dropped me down into the cosy precincts of a bark shanty at the foot of Big Tupper. Some of you younger gentlemen were then still in your swaddling clothes, but you and you and you [naming three of us] were there or thereabouts years before and for many years thereafter. Providence has dealt kindly with all of us. My own cruse has never been without oil, and I never took physic enough to nauseate a cat. In the beautifully expressive language of Scripture, my 'lines have been cast in pleasant places,' I never had an ailment a week's fishing wouldn't cure, and I never envied prince, potentate or president so long as I could find the time (and I always did) and had the opportunity to make a 'cast.' I think I am and have been as sympathetic as most men. ["Hear, hear," all around the circle.] I know I have lost many a night's sleep on hearing of the misfortune of some friend who deserved a better fate. I know, too, that I would rather toss a dollar to a beggar than exchange salutations with a king, and I have had both experiences. Indeed, my sympathies have uniformly been with 'the under dog in the fight,' no matter which was the aggressor. But my heart has always been stirred to its deepest depths when I have met a good fellow who was so insensible to his own happiness, so absorbed in his acquisition of wealth, and so inappreciative of the example of the holy apostles as never to have cultivated a taste for the angle. ["Hear, hear," and a gentle ripple of applause.] Why, what is life? and what is the prime object of living? In one respect 'life is a vapor'; but it is something more. It embodies all the elements of an active verb—to be, to do, to suffer (as little as possible) and to enjoy (all you can). That is a condensed epitome of life, as I understand it. And what is the object of living? Simply to do good and be happy. The one is dependent upon the other. They are inseparable and indivisible; and 'what God has joined together let no man put asunder.' I know that an old Scotch philosopher—and no class of philosophers blend more hard sense with their incomprehensible metaphysics—has said that the root of all happiness lies in 'a clear conscience and open bowels.' So far as that aphorism goes it is incontestably sound and profoundly sensible. But there is a link missing. I insist that however clear and clean one may keep his conscience, and however regularly the complicated machinery of his 'fearfully and wonderfully made' system may do its office, it is impossible that he should ever be qualified for the highest good or reach the highest possible pinnacle of earthly felicity, unless he has the contemplative mind, the gentle spirit, the poetic taste, the quiet habit and the sturdy common sense of the man who loves to go a-fishing. ["Bravo!" "Well put," with approving smiles and affirmative head-nods from all of us.]

Now, you see, I know what I am talking about. I was ten years old before I killed a trout. If my early education had not been neglected I would have begun fishing at five. The loss of those five years have always been a source of regret to me, and I more than once questioned my father's kindness because, with all his own love for, and appreciation of, the sport, 'he kept his only son, myself, at home' during these five years, while he himself made his weekly excursions to the trout streams in our immediate neighborhood. I am told that during those five lost years I was delicate, morose, flippant and querulous. No wonder. My inherited angling blood was in rebellion against the cruel restraint imposed upon me. But with a *carte blanche* at ten to fish when and where I pleased, the whole mental and moral structure of my being was changed; and I became ductile, obedient and happy; and I have been fairly good and very happy ever since, but never so happy as when I have had a 'lodge in some vast wilderness,' through which course melodious trout brooks or roaring salmon rivers." [Applause.]

When fresh cigars were lit and the blazing fire replenished, our venerable friend was reminded that he had not yet told us about the pleasant time he had in his bark shanty at the foot of Big Tupper thirty years ago.

"Thank you for the reminder. Well, you see, no matter how fond one becomes of the woods in general, or how happy he may be wherever there are plenty fish and pleasant scenery, he will get a special fondness for some special spot, and will never deem his outing complete without paying it a visit. I always had several such pet places, and Cole's Point, at the foot of Big Tupper, was one of them. I came to like the spot not alone because of its pleasant surroundings—although that counted for something—but also because, within easy distance, there were some of the best casting places, during the early season, to be found anywhere in the woods, notably the Point itself, Peter's Rock and Lothrop's chopping. My acquaintance with these localities began nearly forty years ago, when the regular visitors to those waters could be counted upon your two thumbs and eight fingers, and when you could float fifty miles without meeting a white man or encountering a house. There are now, I am told, a hundred places of entertainment within the boundaries of the grand old forest where we used to pitch our tents without fear of molestation from cockney anglers or 'Murray's fools.' As I was saying, Cole's Point was one of my favorite resorts. The occasion to which my memory drifted just now was only distinguished from many another because of two or three incidents which rendered it especially memorable. I was accompanied by two of the most companionable fellows I ever met. They were born anglers, and carried with them all the scholarly tastes and joyousness of spirit characteristic of the old masters of the art. Dull care never obtruded his ugly visage within the precincts of their tabernacle. Although they were masters of all the sciences, and had earned all the titles at the disposal of all the schools, they were as free from guile and ostentation as a true angler is from cruelty or conceit. While we were in camp the moon was at her full, so that the nights were as luminous as the early gloaming, and as serene and beautiful as the placid waters of the great lake which stretched out illimitably before us. As we sat in rapt ecstacy outside our primitive camp looking up and out upon the unclouded sky, the silvery sheen of the quiet waters and the rugged bluffs which loomed up in the clear moonlight like giant warders at the portals of the lake, no sound broke upon the ear save the low ripple of the tiny rapids just below us, and the occasional whistle of some belated wood-bird who had missed his mate. You know I have been a world-wide wanderer. There is not a historic painting, nor a chronicled statue, nor a noted palace, from the Hudson to the Bosphorus, that I have not seen. I have slept upon an Alpine glacier, have sat in wonderment and awe beneath the ponderous dome of St. Peters, have looked down from the belfry of St. Paul's, have traversed the Rhine, have bowed my head at the entrance of the Golden Gate, have wandered through the 'garden of the gods,' and taken in all the exquisite beauty and majestic grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, but my soul was never so thrilled as during these never-to-be-forgotten nights of ecstacy and beauty at the foot of Big Tupper, when superadded to what I saw and felt, my two companions made the dense solitude vocal with 'the concord of sweet sounds,' breathed from cornet and flute, played with a sweetness and harmony which proved them as much the masters of those instruments as they were of Greek and belle-lettres and of rod and reel. Much that I have seen and enjoyed is forgotten, but this memory of thirty years ago remains as fresh and vivid as any pleasurable emotion that has come to me within the past fortnight. Oh, no; as our respected chronicler of the pleasures of our favorite pastime has said, 'it is not all of fishing to fish,' and he who thinks so has not yet learned the first letter in the alphabet of the true angler. [Ripples of applause.]

"Did some one ask me what sport we had? In those days it required more skill to keep from 'striking' than to get a 'rise.' If we only went to fish, we need not then to have penetrated into the heart of the forest to get what we went for. But fishing was but an incident, then as always. The freedom, the rest, the recuperation, the ten thousand delights which come to mind and heart from mountain and river and lake and forest, infinitely more than the mere act of taking fish, constituted and still constitute the chief charm of these summer rambles. As my friend here has said before me, among the multitude of blessings vouchsafed me by a kind Providence, I count my passion for this delightful pastime as chief. If not a better, I am sure I have been a happier man, because, during all my long life, I have found pleasure in the woods and loved to go a-fishing." ["So say we, all of us," and a hearty hand-shake all round followed the rehearsal of this pleasant memory. It was the preface to many another like recital, which held the merry-hearted coterie together far into the "wee, sma' hours ayont the twal," and which I may make "of record" before "reeling up" these rambling "Talks on Summer Pastimes."] G. D.

BLACK BASS IN SALT WATER.—We have on our coast a salt water fish, *Centropristis atrarius*, which is called sea bass, black bass, etc., in different sections. Our heading does not refer to them but to the fresh water black bass, *Micropterus*, which has lived in salt water. We quote from the report in the London *Fishing Gazette* of November 18, a part of Mr. Silk's record of transporting this fish to England. He says: "After getting over the Great Bank and reaching cooler water, I tried the experiment of putting black bass in salt water. They did not seem to mind it in the least, and after being in for twenty-four hours, they went back into fresh water as if they had never been subjected to any such experiment."

MY FIRST TROUT.

IT was many years ago—I will not say how many—only that I was a boy of thirteen. It was in Maine, too, that State paradisiac in the eyes of good Izaak Walton's disciples, as well as a charming one to the lover of fine scenery. If I mention Lincoln county, I wonder if there will be any reader of FOREST AND STREAM whose memories will go back to some one of those beautiful streams which tumble into river or bay, and from whose amber pools he has lured many a beautiful trout, and, perhaps, single out the very "mill brook" I have in mind between Sheepscot and Damariscotta rivers.

Those were schoolboy days, and with two or three companions, I was accustomed to trudge a three mile walk in the summer and autumn months to the academy. I say trudge, but not because it was wearisome, for lively boys we were, and could enter without a thought of being tired into whatever play was going on during the hour, or half hour, we arrived before school, but simply because we walked and rarely had the favor of a ride. It was not a dreary road either—sufficiently up hill and down—mostly through the woods. And what does a country boy like better than the woods? What sights are more beautiful to him than the shady vistas, and what sounds more inspiring and homelike than the twittering of birds, chattering of squirrels, drumming of partridges and babbling of brooks? Sometimes his most delightful holiday is when he receives *carte blanche* for a tramp in the woods, and with a knife in one pocket for the spruce gum, and a piece of twine and a fish hook in another for a chub, or possible trout, he is off following the rough track of some winter road, or tracing the course of an unexplored brook.

It was in one of these morning walks to school that I dallied at the mill brook and caught that first trout. It happened that particular morning that my companions were detained, and I was alone. When the brook was reached I knew that I was early and had time to bait the chubs a little. But how should it be done? I had not brought along the twine and fish hook, nor had I any bait, without trespassing upon my dinner of buttered biscuit, and as to the latter, knowing nothing then of good Izaak's devices, I doubt whether it would ever have occurred to me to commit the trespass. The tape string of my dinner bag suggested a line and a bent pin provided the hook, while for bait I turned over the stones till I found a worm, which chanced to be one of the great white ones with black heads which farmers so commonly find in their potato hills. With this primitive apparatus I was speedily enjoying myself, prone on the planks of the bridge, trying to jerk out the chubs, which found the tempting morsel too large for their mouths. Suddenly the crowd of chubs darted away in every direction, and in their place was one large fish eight or ten inches long. It was apparition like, so suddenly was he there. Would he take the bait? I was in a tremor of hope and expectation. No; he was away, after a moment of poising in the water, as suddenly as he had come, and I was left in disappointment to try to toll back my chubs. But no; again. Before the chubs could gather, the apparition had returned, seized the bait, and with a vigor of arm sufficient for a greater feat was shot out, I know not how, far upon the roadside. It was a case of "reflex action" which would have delighted Dr. Carpenter.

That was my first trout. I had never seen one before, but as I hastily got my hands upon it and saw its golden sides and vermilion spots, I needed no one to tell me what it was. And the triumph, the exultation of that moment I need not describe. The feeling has not been surpassed any time these later years when a far larger trout has taken my fly and made my rod buckle and thrill through a protracted play in larger waters. It was triumph enough for once, and forthwith I hastened on and begged of the farmer's wife at the first house to keep it for me till I returned after school, when I had the pleasure of bearing my trophy home and with it two more of the same sort and size caught with the same tape string and pin hook. MONATIQUOT.

A LECTURE ON FISHES.

AT the American Museum of Natural History, in New York city, there are weekly lectures on subjects of interest to students in zoology. Last Saturday Prof. Albert S. Bickmore spoke upon the physiological construction, habits and peculiarities of fishes, and we give the following resumé of his remarks:

"One of the essential characteristics of fishes," said the Professor, "is that they are tail animals." A fish propels itself through the water by a lateral movement of its vertebræ. Large and strong muscles run along each side of a fish's backbone, and it is the contraction and relaxation of these muscles that moves the tail from right to left and enables the fish to swim. These muscles, which extend along the vertebræ, constitute the principal part of the meat of an ordinary fish. The varieties of fish are so numerous that it has been found very difficult to thoroughly classify them. There are so many of the characteristics of different fishes that intertwine and clash with one another that in some respects no satisfactory classification of fishes has yet been arrived at. Prof. Agassiz proposed a classification of fishes according to their scales, but unfortunately somebody caught a fish near the Canary Islands that had two kinds of scales—one kind on the back and another kind on the underside. The word pakeichthyes is used to describe a class of ancient fishes, to which the sharks and the rays belong.

The Professor exhibited specimens of sharks, sharks' jaws, and sharks' teeth, and caused magnified pictures of various kinds of sharks and other fishes to be reflected on the screen. He illustrated and described the hammer-head, thrashing, and basking sharks, and the common shark or dogfish. An interior view of the head of a fish was given on the screen, showing the great profusion of nerves which give to a fish's nose an extraordinary sensitiveness of feeling. "A fish can feel his way with his nose as well as a blind man can with his fingers," remarked the lecturer. The simplest form of vertebrate was illustrated in a fish about the shape and size of the blade of a penknife. Such fishes, Prof. Bickmore explained, were found in the sand on the shores of North Carolina and along the Mediterranean Sea. By means of the magnified picture exhibited, the muscles, nerves, and internal organs of these tiny fish could be discerned. It was seen that they possessed a mouth and a heart with a complete system of pulsation.

Sharks, as a rule, have round bodies, while rays are sharks with the bodies flattened or compressed. Pointing with his stick to a large illustration of a shark on the screen, the Professor desired his auditors to note that the mouth was away down underneath the head instead of at

the anterior of the head as in most fishes. The most marked characteristic of sharks is their voracity. They will eat anything that comes in their way, and their jaws are provided with numerous sets of teeth, so that as soon as one set are torn out or rendered worthless another set takes their place. The lecturer held up to view the jaws of a good-sized shark, and explained that the teeth were set in a tough but very durable cartilage. The teeth of most sharks will come out very easily. The size to which sharks grow can be judged by their teeth. In the jaws exhibited by Professor Bickmore the teeth were about as large as a man's thumb nail, but the Professor showed a large tooth which he said must have belonged to a shark thirty or fifty feet long. The tooth was about six inches long, and was found in a phosphate bed in South Carolina. The teeth of some sharks, particularly the man-eaters, are sharp and pointed like spikes, while the teeth of another class of sharks are set into the jaws flat, like paving stones. In a spare hour on board ship a sailor will take as much satisfaction in sharpening a shark hook as a barber does in strapping a razor. After a shark is captured and hauled aboard the vessels the sailors cut it up into as many small pieces as possible before throwing it overboard. Sharks are as tenacious of life as cats, and it is necessary to cut them all to pieces in order to kill them. On one occasion some sailors caught a good-sized shark, and after getting it on deck, dispatched it, as they thought. They cut out one entire side of its mouth and threw the mangled carcase back into the water. A little while afterward they caught the same shark, apparently as full of life and mischief as ever.

The shape and peculiarities of the thrashing shark were shown and described. This fish has a tough and ugly looking tail longer than the body, with which it thrashes and disables its enemies. It is a formidable and relentless adversary of the whale, and hunts the leviathan of the deep in company with the swordfish. "These fish travel in packs like wolves," said the Professor. When a whale is attacked the swordfish go down under it, and by pricking and cutting it in the belly they force the monster to rise to the surface of the water. Then the thrashing sharks raise their tails and lash the whale across the back. The swordfish and the sharks keep up their combined assaults until their mammoth but, as against them, powerless adversary is dead. The only part of a whale that is eaten by the thrashing sharks is the tongue. It is not known that the swordfish eat any part of a whale. They appear to join with the thrashing sharks in assaulting whales only out of pure viciousness. "With all of their voracity," the lecturer said, "the sharks are entitled to the credit of caring for one another. Young sharks are watched and protected by the older ones." Prof. Bickmore next took up the rays or skates, and pointed out the principal characteristics of those fishes. Some rays, he said, have regular electric batteries which could produce currents of electricity from their body of sufficient power to knock a man down.

One of the most curious varieties of fish is the lungfish, which can live either in or out of water, and which frequently creeps upon the shore in search of food in the form of reptiles or small animals. This fish has both gills and lungs—when in the water it breathes with its gills and when out of water it breathes with its lungs. It is provided with four anterior limbs, which aid it in its movements on shore. At present this variety of fish is found only in Australia. A few specimens of sturgeon were illustrated and briefly described, and the lecturer called attention to the fact that the polypterus of the Nile and the garpike of North America belonged to the same class of fishes. The garpike, he said, had descended without a break from similar fishes which were abundant during the most ancient times. The presence of fishes like the garpike in the water to-day, it is claimed, completely overturns the theory of a total annihilation of animate objects on the earth at any period. Either there must have been a pair of garpikes in Noah's ark, or, according to science, there was no Noah's ark.

ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT ECHOES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Fishing Gazette*, writes in that journal as follows:

SIR—Surely the method of casting a fly, described at page 548 of the *Fishing Gazette*, as used by Mr. Rawes, is simply that taught, in perhaps slightly different words, by many English writers, notably Stuart Gordon, by the hyer, and by Mr. Francis, in his fine book on angling. It is certainly the method I have always used, learnt from these books. The slight wrist turn is what they recommend to prevent whipping off the fly; but they call it giving a long narrow horseshoe or pear-shaped sweep, and the not allowing the rod to go back more than about thirty degrees is simply to prevent catching your fly in the grass behind. This plan of casting is especially suited to a stiff American cane rod, and I notice that most Hampshire fishers who use what I call whippy English rods, do not throw their fly in this way, but more or less roll out their line in the way ascribed to Mr. Prichard in the American contest. Allowing the line to extend itself to its full length behind is, I think, the main point to be attended to in the former plan of casting, which I venture to call the proper one, but which cannot, I think, be ever used in perfection with a whippy rod. I use an excessively stiff American rod, 10 feet 9 inches, and in casting, the line is sent straight out till it is nearly over the spot where I wish it to fall, and then the last yard or so of the collar falls gently on the water, followed by the fly, for I will not pretend to say the fly falls first, for I don't believe such a thing ever happens, except where it is blown out by a strong wind, as in blow-line fishing. It is a pity that in the American contest the standing place was raised above the water—for this, of course, exaggerates at least, I should think, four or five yards. After all these trials are rather unsatisfactory, and cannot, I think, serve any useful purpose. The least alteration in the strength and direction of the wind and the amount of moisture held by the line are continually varying quantities.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the fact that the elevation of the platform from which the casting was done has been commented on across the water and given as a reason for the long casts made, I hope that the next casting match will take place on the level of the water, or, at most, an elevation of six inches. For one, I do not at all agree with the editor of the London *Field*, quoted in FOREST AND STREAM of November 30, that an elevation of three feet practically added two feet to the length of the rod. I do not think it gave any advantage at all, for certainly a man could not cast as far from a house-top as he can from the level of the water. The elevation does not add to the length of the rod because it gives no more power to the rod. If the rod is made longer it has more spring power, up to a certain point, and that point may be said to have its limit where its added weight becomes too great for human muscle. It is barely possible that an elevation of three feet might have added six inches to the cast, but if it had been ten feet high it would have taken three or more feet from the length of it. This can be demonstrated by letting a man cast from an elevation of sixty feet, when his flies will drop at his feet. To avoid all future discussion on this point, next year let us have two platforms, one for the bass casting and a low one for the fly-fishers. HARLEM MERE.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to Mr. Wood's challenge to anyone to show him how any person may derive an advantage in retrieving a line at a tournament by the use of the automatic reel, I wish to say: When the rules require a line to be retrieved after each cast, and a man has had a fortunate puff of wind which has sent his line out farther than he can recover it and get it behind him for another cast, he can then take up twenty feet of it in a wink, while the line is in the air, if he uses one of those reels. This he can do and no man can see it unless he stands beside him and keeps his eye on the reel. Therefore the committee did well to abolish the rule requiring the line to be retrieved, which was a useless, old fogy regulation at best, or they would have been obliged to bar the use of the automatic reel. I do not care to claim the ten dollars which Mr. Wood offers to anyone who shows how an advantage can be secured in this way, but having shown him how it is, will suggest that he may apply the money to some charitable object which his kindly heart may select.

CLACK REEL.

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

THIS young association has taken a strong hold upon the angling fraternity, and anglers are asking why they never thought of having one before. Every angler in the land should connect himself with it, for only by a large society can anything be done in the way of promoting the objects for which the association was formed.

The time is ripe for such a society, and in years to come it will be the boast of many an angler that he was one of the original members. The constitution will be a simple one, and all memberships sent in now will date from the new year. This rule was made so that no one could forget when his fees were due.

The gentlemen composing the committee of arrangements at the late Anglers' Tournament have issued the following circular:

The undersigned would respectfully call your attention to the fact that at the close of the late FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament, held in this city, a permanent association with the above title was formed.

We believe that by means of a national organization a powerful influence can be exerted in all matters which affect our common interests as anglers.

The objects of the association are:

First—The preservation of game fish by every possible means for those whose delight it is to take them with rod and reel.

Second - The cultivation of that fraternal feeling which always exists among the lovers of our gentle sport.

Third—The holding of an annual tournament to compare excellence in the use of rod and reel.

You are cordially invited to join.

The membership fee has been fixed at $3 per annum. Life membership $25.

Communications may be addressed to the secretary.

Respectfully yours,

FRANCIS ENDICOTT,
President Richmond Co. (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association, Chairman.
JAMES BENKARD,
President South Side Sportsmen's Club of Long Island.
WALTER M. BRACKETT,
Vice-President Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Society, Boston.
EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, N. Y. Fish Commissioner.
S. M. BLATCHFORD, Squibnocket Club, New York.
MARTIN B. BROWN, Wawayanda Club, New York.
HENRY F. CROSBY, Willowemoc Club, New York.
DR. A. FERBER, New York.
JAMES GEDDES, Onondaga Fishing Club, Syracuse.
DR. J. A. HENSHALL,
Author of "The Book of the Black Bass," Cynthiana, Ky.
FRED. MATHER,
Fishery Editor FOREST AND STREAM, New York.
PROF. ALFRED M. MAYER,
Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.
BARNET PHILLIPS,
Secretary American Fisheultural Association, New York.
JAMES L. VALLOTTON,
President Pasque Island Club, New York.
GEO. W. VAN SICLEN, Willowemoc Club, New York.
Committee of Arrangements of Anglers' Tournament.

There will be a meeting of the association on Thursday, December 14, at the Astor House, New York city, at 4 P. M., to adopt a constitution and by-laws, and to transact such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

(Signed)

FRANCIS ENDICOTT, President,
FRED. MATHER, Secretary, 39 Park Row,
LOCKE W. WINCHESTER, Treasurer.

CAMP BENKARD.—The Adjutant General of the Army has received from Lieutenant General Sheridan a highly interesting report of the explorations made by him of parts of the Territories of Wyoming, Idaho and Montana during August and September of the present year. He was accompanied on this trip by General Sacket, Inspector General of the Army, several officers of his staff, General Anson Stager, Mr. R. W. Bishop and John McCullough, the actor. General Sheridan describes his trip minutely. He left headquarters in Chicago on the 1st of August and proceeded by way of Fort Washakie to the open country. The command marched up the Wind River, and taking the south fork of that river discovered a new pass, which had hitherto been used only by Indians, and which was named Lincoln Pass, after the Secretary of War. General Sheridan says this is by far the best pass he has ever seen over the continental divide. Next they found themselves in the valley of the Gros Ventre River, where they went into camp, which they named Camp Benkard, in honor of Mr. James Benkard, the president of the South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island. The general goes on to describe his trip with great detail, and gives many interesting incidents of the marches through the valley of the Snake River, and thence onward to the Yellowstone.

THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—The work of gathering material for one of the most complete exhibits of fishery products ever made is now going on. Professor G. Brown Goode, who had charge of the American exhibit at Berlin in 1880, will have the care of our display at London. This is a guarantee of care in the selection and arrangement of the display. The great collection of the Smithsonian Institution and of the National Museum will be sent, together with much new material illustrating our fisheries and their products. A depot for a stowage of articles sent from, or near New York, has been established by Mr. E. G. Blackford at Fulton Market, where he will receive all articles and attend to their shipment. Those who intend exhibiting should apply for space soon.

SOME LARGE FISH.—Last week there were on the slabs of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, three fish of large size. One of them was a tautog (blackfish of New York), which came from Cape Cod, and weighed thirteen pounds. We believe that sixteen pounds is the largest specimen of this fish on record. A muskinonje of thirty-four pounds attracted much attention, although much short of the weights that this fish has attained. A "whitefish" (*Coregonus*) from the lakes, which weighed thirteen pounds, was the largest one we ever saw, and we do not recall the capture of a larger one.

THE EGGS OF EELS.—Those who are interested in the manner in which eels reproduce their young may now look for their eggs, which will be found in two long ovaries on each side of the fish, and can readily be seen with a magnifying glass of low power. The eels are now going to the sea to breed, and their "fall run" will soon be over. Great numbers are being taken about New York. The question whether all eels must go to the sea to breed is still an open one. That those near salt water do so is an established fact.

SALMON IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Three fine salmon, weighing from seven to nine pounds, were received by Mr. Blackford lately. They were taken in fykes near North Truro, Mass., outside of Cape Cod. This is an unusual time of year to take salmon and shows that some of them are not so far at sea now as is generally supposed. The probability is that these fish were bred in either the Connecticut, the Merrimac, or the Penobscot river, and have not journeyed far from their homes.

Fisheulture.

PLANTS FOR CARP PONDS.

IF young carp fish, three or four inches in length, be placed in a lake or brook in March, in September following they will be grown to the length of from ten to fourteen inches and will weigh sometimes from one to one and a half pounds. It requires three years to bring a trout up to one pound. Such is the wonderful growth of this new food-fish now being introduced into our lakes and brooks for propagation. These fish subsist mainly upon vegetable food, but will not refuse a worm or insect when opportunity offers. "They grow in any kind of water," but we must beware of waters tinged too strongly with turpentines or products of coal distillation. They grow faster with good, natural and abundant food, in nice, pure water. Too much feeding injures the water by the souring of the remaining surplus. The natural food of this fish is the products of various water plants, some of which I will now proceed to describe:

1. The Great *Caladium esculentum*.—This plant grows luxuriantly in water twelve inches deep, or on the banks hard by. It has esculent roots, filled with farinaceous and amylaceous matter, and is in some places used as human food, hence the specific name. The plant is well suited to lakes; also as fish shelter as well as food. Planted in the margin of the lake, six to twelve inches deep in water, it will throw up continuously, three to four feet above the surface, immensely large leaves, sometimes two or three feet wide and three or four feet long, giving the shores or banks quite a sub-tropical appearance in the size and splendor of its foliage.

2. *Nymphæa odorata*.—This charming water plant grows in from a few inches of water to four feet deep, and yields an abundance of farinaceous matter in its stems, leaves and roots. [See Case's "Botanical Index," page 98.] it grows luxuriantly in water, and its leaves, one foot broad, lie flat upon the water, affording shade to the finny tribes beneath. Its curling stems make a safe lodgment for the eggs of the carp, and its pure white flowers which dot the lake over, filling the valley with fragrance, ripen seeds which are full of nutrition.

3. *Nuphar advena*.—Calhoun, of the *Southern Stock Journal*, is mistaken as to the species (Luteum) of our Nuphar. The yellow flowers of this species have the odor of brandy, and leaves both floating and erect. This is the American species. The Luteum is the European, and the seed contain a large quantity of farinaceous matter, and some species are used for food in other countries. When planted in a lake or aquarium it makes a more vigorous growth than any other variety of aquatic plant, consequently it contributs more toward purifying the water by the large amount of oxygen supplied it, and carbon absorbed from it, which is so important to pure water and healthy animal life in confinement. [See Case's "Botanical Index," page 8.] We fear that its rapid growth renders it too uncontrollable in small ponds, but such luxuriance of development well suits it to large lakes, where the amateur will experience much pleasure in watching its triumphant progress over the waters.

4. *Nelumbium luteum*.—There is a strange grandeur and an exquisite beauty about this plant which excite the admiration of all romantic lovers of flowers, a sweet loveliness about them which create a desire to possess and cultivate some of them. All water lilies are lovely, but this one is gorgeous. The flowers are a light canary color, varying from white to pink, and often five inches in diameter, and exquisitely fragrant. The seed receptacle, like the flowers standing out of the water, is a flat, circular surface, and constitutes the base of an inverted cone, which is perforated with holes for the accommodation of the nuts. These are the water chinquepins. "The root contains a large percentage of mucilaginous and farinaceous matter, and is said to be one of the best known native vegetables for food." [See Botanical Index, page 77.] "The tubers are farinaceous and edible." [See Gray's Manual of Botany, page 56.] We are apprehensive, also, that the plant would not suit small lakes on account of its rapid growth. It might till them up with roots; but give it the great lakes of Texas, and we vouch for its success and its sublime developments in yielding food and shelter.

5. *Nasturtium officinalis*, or Cress.—This is a favorite fish salad for the table of the cyprinæ. They devour it greedily. "They are particularly fond of water cresses and other juicy plants." [See Dr. Hessel in *American Agriculturist* where he teaches us that carp fish can hear.] Plant the cress hard by the edge of the lake, and it will send its limbs far out in the water.

6. *Zizania aquatica*, or Water Rice.—This grass produces many slender, linear seeds, which are farinaceous and well suited to water. When alone in flourishes. It grows in shallow water, which is always found around well constructed ponds. "The luxuriant water oat should be planted in every pond devoted to carp culture. These plants yield great quantities of seed, of which the fish are extravagantly fond." [See Calhoun, in the *Southern Stock Journal*, Vol. 6, No. 21, in which he calls it *Zizania aquatica*, or Water Oat], which shows, at least, that he was striking at the same thing.

7. *Typha latafolia*, or Water Mace.—This is a grand marsh or aquatic herb with nerved, linear, sissile leaves. The flowers and fruit are elevated on a dense cylindrical spike, terminating the stem, at least six feet above the roots, but sometimes ten feet. It will grow in water perhaps six feet deep. Its small nutlets fall into its native water and germinate in the mud at the bottom. All seeds during the process of germination are sweet and nutritious. It gives a peculiar aspect to lakes that is both rare and pleasant. The adornment of our artificial lakes should receive some attention. When we visit some of

our natural lakes we find them almost filled and surrounded with strange and beautiful forms of vegetable life, which accompaniments render these places a great deal more attractive. The very wildness which these curious children of nature are capable of superadding to a pure and placid lake surrounded by echoing shores and reverberating hills, mingle with the charms and pleasures of such places and sweeten and hallow such impressions of the beautiful and picturesque upon those seeking the innocent enjoyments of life. We should add these native ornaments and rare water plants to our convenient lakes and make them the most delightful of the home scenes and associations.

8. *Pancratium rotatum.*—In the evening and morning, and when the clouds are over the sun, this plant unfolds its snow-white imperial flowers, all arrayed in royal robes, and bearing a white, delicate crown about two feet above the water or marsh. It is well styled "wild crown imperial."

9. *Saururus cernuus.*—This is rather a delicate plant among the aquatic plants. Its graceful, small white plume, which bends gracefully to the side opposite to the wind, and presents quite a military appearance among the lake plants for a little fellow.

10. *Sagittaria hastata.*—The foliage of this plant has a very rich appearance. The leaves, as the name indicates, are in the form of arrow or spear heads, but on a large scale, and are quite peculiar in their surface markings. Grows two feet high.

11. *Sarracenia purpurea,* or Flava.—The leaves of this plant are pitcher shaped and are usually half filled with water. The flower is a large nodding, something between the form of a side-saddle and a Dutch pillion; an indescribable curiosity to the uninitiated.

12. *Iris lacustris.*—This has sword-shaped and grass-like leaves, and large showy flowers of all the rainbow colors—hence the name.

13. *Pontederia cordata.*—This is a strong water plant, and grows in shallow water. Through its collection of heart-shaped leaves it throws up occasionally a stem or scape, terminated by a beautiful spike of violet-blue flowers. The heart-shaped leaves and pretty flowers do not stand far above the water's surface.

14. *Acorus calamus*—Calamus Flag.—Its creeping roots, which are pungent and aromatic, send up sword-like leaves and stems. A valuable addition to lake plants on account of its usefulness as a domestic medicine, and a pleasant and aromatic carminative.

I am perfectly familiar with all the above plants and have transplanted them to my own fish lakes, and know well that they are useful as described in the foregoing article.

F. L. YOAKUM.

PALESTINE, Texas.

CARP IN MISSOURI.—The Commissioners of Fisheries of Missouri have undertaken the culture of carp on a large scale in Forest Park, in the city of St. Louis. They have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. George Eckardt, Jr., who came to this country more than a year ago, and he will lay out the ponds and superintend the work. Mr. Eckardt's long experience in Germany, where his father has one of the most extensive carp farms in the world, makes him peculiarly fitted to attend to this branch of fisheulture, and the Commissioners of Missouri have done a wise thing in availing themselves of his experience.

CARP DISTRIBUTION.—The United States Fish Commission has sent a lot of young carp to Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, for distribution in this and the adjoining States. The fish-distributing car of the United States Fish Commission has been distributing carp through Minnesota. Some 16,000 young fish are carried at one time. The loss of fish is small, hardly worth counting, being less than one fish to the thousand. Illinois is to be fully stocked with German carp.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Detroit, Mich.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. C. B. Ebbs, Secretary Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Allegheny City, Pa.

December 14–16, 1882.—First Bench Show of Dogs, Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, New Bedford. Wm. Penn Shepard, Secretary, Fall River, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

WE give herewith the continuation of the report from our last issue, completing the record of the Eastern Field Trials.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

PLANTAGENET AND PRINCE HAL.—Plantagenet having been withdrawn, the heat was given to Prince Hal.

ELCHO III. AND DOC B. were at once put down, but nothing was done, except that Doc flushed a single bird, and at the expiration of eighteen minutes they were taken up for the night. Elcho III. is a capital moving dog, with considerable speed, but he did not get down to his work in anything like good form. Doc is also a good moving dog, although not so fast as Elcho. This day was capital in all respects. The weather was delightful, birds were plenty, and more heats were decided than has ever been done before at a trial in one day. Most of the work was done on the model farm, and the birds were plenty enough for all purposes.

Wednesday morning there was a light frost; the air was bracing, but not very cool; there was a slight breeze from the east, and every indication of a beautiful day. We left the hotel about half-past eight. Owing to mistaken directions, Elcho III. and Doc B. were not on hand, and Maida and Luna May were put down instead. At the finish of their heat the other brace was cast off at 9:58, in a field of sedge, and worked down a brook. Then beating out a large field of weeds, Doc swung toward us and challenged, and the spectators flushed a bevy behind him, which were marked down in the thicket where London made his magnificent back. Following them up, Elcho flushed two in rapid succession, Doc doing the same a minute later. Then Elcho again flushed, and, working out in the open, he flushed another one. Then Doc pointed, but not very staunch, and Elcho backed him indifferently. Miller, to order, put up the bird, which he missed. Then working on in the weeds, Elcho scored another flush, and they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Doc B. Down altogether forty-nine minutes.

DIANA II. AND TRINKET were put down at 2:23 on Tuesday afternoon at the finish of the heat between Raleigh and Bessie. Both showed fair speed, but not enough style. Trinket is a little thing, but she displayed remarkable good hunting qualities, and with a year two more of experience, will undoubtly make a hard one to beat. They were cast off in some weeds, which were drawn blank. Then moving on in some pines, a bird was flushed, but it was so thick that we could not see whether it was dogs or handler. Trinket then pointed nicely, roading up to her bird in good form, Diana backing her indifferently. Mitchell flushed the bird to order, but had no shell in his gun. Trinket then flushed a single bird, as she went up a bank. Then Diana flushed very nicely, Trinket backing her in good form. While trying to put up the bird Trinket was a little unsteady, but dropped to order, the point proved to be a hare. Then moving on, Trinket pointed close in the stubble, and then challenged in some corn, and Mitchell flushed a single bird, when a large bevy rose between Trinket and the judges. Following them up, Diana scored a flush, when several more got up wild. Moving on, Trinket made a capital point. Mitchell flushed the bird to order, but missed it. Meantime, Diana pointed, but when the judges got there the bird had gone. She soon pointed again, Trinket backing her nicely, but no bird was found and she scored a false point. They were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Trinket. Down forty-five minutes.

MAIDA AND LUNA MAY were put down at 8:45 on Wednesday morning, just east of the village. Maida appeared to be in her usual good form. Luna May ran at Robin's Island two years ago. She is very graceful in her movements and a merry worker. Maida challenged near a ditch and roaded out in grand style a large bevy, which she located nicely. Haight walked toward her when they flushed ahead of her and settled in some woods, where Luna struck them first and dropped on point. Maida, brought up to back, did not see her, but made a very graceful point a few yards to her right. This was very pretty. Haight ordered to flush, did so, and missed, when the rest of the bevy got up. Working toward them, Maida challenged, but moved on to order, and scored a flush. She then pointed very nicely. Luna, brought up to back, failed to do so, but stood near Haight and looked at her. The bird was flushed to order, and killed by Haight. Moving on, Maida struck a beautiful attitude, just as a bird flushed in front of her. She soon ran into another one, and Luna followed suit. Then we beat through some woods into a sedge field, where Maida challenged and then made a false point, which was handsomely backed by Luna. Moving on, Luna dropped very prettily to a large bevy, which was flushed by her handler coming up. Crossing a brook, several birds were flushed by the handlers and dogs, who were close together. Swinging back, Luna scored a flush, and dropped to wing, but soon moved on, when several more got up wild. She then pointed false. Maida then made one of her stylish points on a single bird, which was flushed to order but not shot at. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Maida. Down one hour and three minutes.

RALEIGH AND ADAM'S BESSIE.—This heat was run on Tuesday afternoon. Both are field trial winners, and much interest was manifested as to the result. Raleigh has improved since we saw him, and ran a very good race. Bessie has still the gamy way of going that pleased all who saw her last year. She has a wonderful nose, and is rather inclined to dwell on old scent. This is often of great advantage in every day work, especially when birds are scarce, but at a field trial it is often the case that dogs like Bessie are beaten by animals who have a less sensitive nose. Raleigh was handled by Mr. E. S. Wanmaker, and Bessie by Captain McMurdo. They were put down in a corn field and swung round a knoll, when Bessie pointed a hare. Raleigh swung out and challenged, but moved a little when the Captain whistled for Bessie, and the bird was flushed, but for this he was not to blame. Working in, Raleigh made a point, and Bessie coming up also pointed, both soon moving and catching sight of him, backed in good style. Nothing was found, and Raleigh scored a false point. A little further on Raleigh pointed a bevy, Bessie backing him nicely. Wanmaker flushed to order, and killed two at one shot, Raleigh retrieving one of them well, and Bessie the other, which was only winged, in first class style. A few yards further Raleigh pointed a hare, Bessie backing him very finely. Bessie then pointed and Raleigh backed. Moving on, Bessie swung into a thicket, and pointed in capital style, Raleigh backing her, but nothing was found, and she scored a false point, although a bird was flushed close by soon after by the spectators. Then both got a good point on a bevy, which flushed as the judges came up. Both dogs then moved on and again pointed, but soon went on. Bessie then pointed false, Raleigh backing her nicely. While the judges were consulting both dogs swung out and pointed the birds, Bessie locating them in good style a few seconds before Raleigh, but before this was done, the judges had awarded the heat to Raleigh. Down thirty-eight minutes.

Pollux having a bye, this finished the first series. Following is the summary:

First Series.

Tom beat Don Pedro.
Shadow beat Lincoln II.
London beat Daisy Laverack.
Gladsome beat Donner's Bessie.
Lorna beat Rackett.
Chief beat Dashing Rover.
Brock beat Smut II. (withdrawn).
Foreman beat Buckalew.
Prince Hal beat Plantagenet (withdrawn).
Doc B beat Elcho III.
Trinket beat Diana II.
Maida beat Luna May.
Raleigh beat Adam's Bessie.
Pollux a bye.

Second Series.

TOM AND SHADOW.—This brace was put down at 10:34 on Wednesday, in an old field. Tom was still suffering from his sore foot, but gamely started off at a clipping pace. They were swung round to get the wind of some birds that had been marked down, when Shadow caught a little scent and dropped on point, but soon moved on. Tom then ran into and flushed one, and Shadow dropped on her haunches just as another one got up in front of her. She then took a few steps and pointed in good style, Tom backing nicely. Shadow soon moved a little and scored another flush. She was more cautious now, and soon pointed another one very nicely, and Tom came up and took point alongside her. The bird was flushed to order by Wanamaker and killed, Tom retrieving it. Moving on, Tom went a little too fast and put up a bird; he then pointed in capital style, Shadow dropping as soon as she saw him. Wanamaker flushed the birds to order and killed one, when a large bevy rose partly behind Tom. Shadow retrieved the bird very well. This was a very good piece of work for Tom, as the birds were down wind. He moved on and again pointed, but the birds had run, and he soon moved on and swung for them, when Shadow dropped on point and Tom stopped to order and at once pointed. No bird was found, however, and we moved on, but the point was good, for when the spectators came up a bird was flushed near the place. A little further on Tom made a very gamy point to a single bird, which Wanamaker flushed to order, but did not shoot at. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Tom. Down twenty-five minutes.

LONDON AND GLADSOME were at once cast off in a field of weedy sedge. Beating through this London swung into some pines and pointed a single bird, which flushed as Glad came up, but it was so thick that we could not see if either were to blame. Glad then pointed, and London backed him in good style. Mitchell to order flushed and winged the bird, which Glad failed to find; then turning back, to find birds that had been missed, Glad pointed in a thicket, and soon a bird flushed near him, but we could not see either him or London and could not tell which was to blame. Moving on Glad challenged, but working too close he scored a flush and dropped to wing. Then moving on he pointed false. We then made quite a circle without finding birds, except a bevy which was flushed by the spectators, but they settled in posted land and we turned back, when both dogs pointed in some thick weeds, but the bevy flushed wild as we came up. Following them in some woods London made a capital point, which Glad backed in good style. Tallman flushed the bird to order and killed it. London, sent to retrieve, ran into another bird, which got up; he then brought his bird, but not in his usual good style. Then Glad made a good point, and London, brought up to back, caught the scent before he saw him and whirled half round on a magnificent point just ahead of him, but the birds had run and both dogs roaded a short distance, and then swung out for them, when Glad at speed ran into and flushed one, which Mitchell killed. This was wrong, as it made Glad unsteady, and he went on and retrieved it without orders. Glad shortly after pointed nicely, but nothing was found and he soon moved on. Then London whirled and made one of his stylish points just as a bird was flushed by Mitchell close to him, but he stood staunch, and Tallman, to order, put up another one in front of him. This was very good. Then London again got a beautiful point, Glad half backing and half pointing. Tallman, to order, flushed the bird, which was shot at. Glad then made a point, but was not quite right. Mitchell flushed and killed the bird, which Glad retrieved. While the judges were consulting London swung out a short distance and pointed, but he did not need this, as the judges ordered them up and awarded him the heat. Down one hour and twenty-six minutes. This was a very interesting heat, and Gladsome, had he been steady, would have stood a fair chance of winning it, as he showed some grand work. His handler, Mr. Mitchell, found fault with the decision and made some remarks in the heat of the moment that he afterward apologized for, and the matter was overlooked. We then went to lunch, which was spread in the yard at the Model Farm.

LORNA AND CHIEF.—After lunch this brace was put down in the stubble south of the house, and worked through into a cornfield, where a single bird was flushed by the judges; and while waiting for the dogs to come back and find the rest of the bevy, which was supposed to be there, the spectators flushed a bevy a short distance in the rear, which went into a thicket; then a large bevy got up in front of us. Following the first bevy, Chief found first and pointed nicely a single bird, which was flushed to order, London backing him in good style. Chief then challenged, but got too close and scored a flush; he then made a good point; Miller, to order, flushing the bird, which he killed, and Chief retrieved it very well. Lorna now took her turn and pointed one, but Hemion failed to bring it to bag. Lorna then flushed one, and soon after another got up close to her. She then pointed very stylishly, and Chief refused to back and went on and stole the point. Miller flushed the bird to order and missed it, when Chief took two or three jumps after it, but at once dropped to order. The judges then compared notes, and awarded the heat to Lorna. Down forty minutes.

BROCK AND FOREMAN.—The result of this heat was quite a surprise, as Foreman is known to be one of the best performers at the meeting, but he had not been worked for a few days, and was very rank, and not under good control, while Brock, although this was the first term that he had been shot over by his handler, did some first-class work and made no mistakes. They were put down in the sedge near a cornfield, and Foreman swung wide, while Brock went straight to the large bevy, that we had flushed, and pointed them in good style, and Foreman backed him nicely. Bonnell flushed and missed with both barrels, and Tallman winged one, which Foreman retrieved very well. Following after them, Forcman took a long swing along the fence, while Brock went straight to them, and got a good point. Foreman, brought up to back, did not see him, and also pointed. As the handlers came up, a single bird flushed near the dogs, but both remained staunch, and Bonnell, to order, flushed a bird in front of them and winged with the second barrel. Brock retrieving it very carefully. He then swung round on the side hill, and again pointed a single bird, which flushed as his handler came up. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Brock. Down seventeen minutes.

PRINCE HAL AND DOC B. were then put down in a field of sedge. Hal is of good size, and although not a fast dog, he moves very well and showed excellent field qualities. Working along the side of a knoll, a bird got up by the judges, and soon after the dogs flushed one with Doc a little the nearest. Hal dropped to wing, but Doc kept on. We then beat out some stubble, when Doc flushed a single bird. We then took quite a turn without finding birds; finally both struck scent at about the same time and pointed. Both then roaded up to the bevy and again pointed, Hal in capital style, while Doc was unsteady, and after a few seconds he blinked his birds, and the heat was awarded to Prince Hal. Down forty-five minutes.

TRINKET AND MAIDA.—This heat was another surprise, to us at least, for we had seen Maida both in public and private do such capital work, that we felt sure that she would win, but Trinket let out a link and fairly earned the victory. They were put down at the edge of some woods, and worked toward the bevy that was found by Hal and Doc B. Swinging round the corner of the woods, Maida made one of her graceful points, and Trinket backed her in capital style, but nothing was found, and Maida scored a false point. They were worked along a ditch, where Trinket challenged, but the birds got up wild before she could locate them. Following them across the road, quite an excitement was created by a heifer, a black one, which took a sudden fancy to Dr. Rowe, and with head and tail up she went for him at full speed. It is perhaps needless to say that the Doctor stepped aside from the path, but in doing so he landed in a ditch flat on his back, which was considerably hurt. It was feared that he was seriously injured, and he was assisted to the house, but he soon recovered. The heifer, foiled in her attempt upon him, went for us, but of course we stood firm and escaped all harm. We then followed the birds into some woods, when Maida challenged, but the bird was flushed by the handlers before she had located it. She then swung wide, and made a beautiful point to a single bird, which flushed as we came up. Meantime Trinket got a point, but was a trifle unsteady when the bird was flushed. We then took back, and on a bare piece of ground Trinket made a capital point to a single bird, and Maida backed her grandly. This was a very good piece of work. We then crossed the road, and Trinket pointed a hare in good form. After consultation the judges awarded the heat to Trinket. Down twenty-three minutes.

RALEIGH AND POLLUX were at once put down on stubble, which was drawn blank. Then beating through a cornfield into some tall weeds, Raleigh put up a brace of birds and dropped to wing. When we came up the rest of the bevy flushed. Meantime Pollux, who was a short distance below, half pointed, and then roaded in grand style quite a distance, and was joined by Raleigh who also roaded, but the birds flushed wild a long distance ahead of them. Pollux then went over a fence, and dropped on point to a single bird, that flushed itself before the judges came up, and he got no credit, but they saw the flush that he made soon after. Raleigh soon after swung round and pointed toward us, and Pollux was called up to back. When Waumaker with commendable fairness told the Captain that the dog was facing us, but he could not see Raleigh, and sent Pollux down wind right on to him, and the birds flushed just as he caught sight of Raleigh, and backed, both dogs dropped to wing nicely. Working down wind, Pollux wheeled round and made a capital point facing us. Capt. McMurdo flushed the bird to order and missed it. Raleigh then pointed where a bird had just been flushed, while Pollux ran into one, and was then called up to back, and did so in good style. We then worked through some pines, and crossing a fence Raleigh put up a bevy, which



CROXTETH ON POINT, BACKED BY LALLA ROOKH.

"Moving on Croxteth pointed in a crouching attitude that was one of the most singular that we have ever seen. Rookh, not to be outdone, copied his position almost exactly. This was warmly praised by all, and Mr. Tracy at once transferred the wonderful picture to his portfolio, and we shall produce it next week, with the assurance that it is no fancy sketch, but a faithful representation of the dogs and their positions."—FOREST AND STREAM, *Nov. 30, page 353.*



MR. GEORGE W. POST'S LIVER AND WHITE DOG "TICK."

Winner of Second Prize in the E. F. T. C. Derby.



MR. J. W. FOSTER'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN DOG "GLADSOME."

Divided Third Prize with Lalla Rookh in E. F. T. C. All-Aged Stakes.

we followed, and he got a point, but soon moved on and roaded up a running bird and located it nicely; Pollux backed him. Wanmaker flushed to order and killed, and Pollux was ordered to retrieve, but he refused, and the heat was awarded to Raleigh. Down an hour and seven minutes. This ended the second series. Following is the summary:

Tom beat Shadow.
London beat Gladsome.
Lorna beat Chief.
Brock beat Foreman.
Prince Hal beat Doc B.
Trinket beat Maida.
Raleigh beat Pollux.

Third Series.

TOM AND LONDON.—This heat was the commencement of the third series and we expected to see some good work, especially from this brace, both of whom had shown up grandly in their previous heats. It was nearly five o'clock when they were put down, and the birds were running to roost, which made it impossible to give them a fair trial, as with few exceptions, birds will not lie to the dog at this time of day. They were cast off in thick woods, where London got too close to a bird and it flushed. Tom was more fortunate, for he got a point to a single, which Wanmaker flushed. Then Tom pointed, London backing him nicely, but no bird was found. Tom soon again pointed false, and a moment later both pointed where birds evidently had been, but they had gone. We then beat up the road that led toward home, without result except that Tom scored a flush on a single bird. They were then taken up for the night.

Thursday morning the weather was delightful, with a fresh breeze from the southeast. Leaving the hotel at half past eight we drove to the ground where the Members' Stake was begun, and cast off the dogs in a field of sedge and pines at a few minutes past nine. Tom's nose was dry and hot, and although he was better of his lameness he still was suffering, but pluckily kept going, although it was evident that he could not smell them. London soon found a nice bevy, which he pointed in elegant style. Tom coming up behind him also pointed, although the judges gave him credit for only a back. Tallman to order flushed a fair bevy and winged one, which London retrieved very carefully. He then went on a few rods and again pointed a running bird, which he roaded out in capital style, finally establishing his point with his head in the air and every hair on him showing that he meant business. Tom, who had backed him while roading, came up and went round him and the bird, but could smell nothing. Tallman to order flushed the bird just in front of his dog. This was a very good piece of work. Tom seemed to realize that he could not smell them, for he made a false point. London backing him, and it seemed to us that he pointed thinking that there might be a bird there and not because he got any scent. Then working into some woods, London made another stylish point, which Tom backed in elegant style. Tallman flushed to order four birds, but did not shoot. Tom then challenged, and two birds flushed near him, and he dropped to wing. Some thought that London flushed these birds, but he was at least twenty feet beyond him, and the birds got up within a few feet of Tom, one of them partly behind him and one between him and the spectators. London then pointed under a fallen tree top, and Tom, coming up on the other side, also pointed in capital style. Wanmaker in going to his dog flushed the bird. London then swung for another tree top, and again pointed, Tallman flushing the bird to order. We then turned back to a pine knoll, where Tom flushed a single bird and at once pointed, but the judges did not see the bird, and scored him a false point instead of a flush. London then flushed a bird just as the judges announced him the winner of the heat. Down altogether an hour and two minutes.

LORNA AND BROCK were at once put down, and worked through a cornfield into some sedge, where Brock challenged and Lorna made a capital point to a nice bevy, Brock backing her in good style. The birds were flushed to order by Hemion, who missed them. Following them over a fence, we left the horses, and when we found the dogs, they were both pointing close together, with half length ahead. This was very pretty, and both were scored a point. We then swung back toward the horses, and Brock got a good point, which Lorna half backed. Bonnell flushed to order and killed a bird, which Lorna retrieved fairly well. A little further on, Brock scored a flush, and then Lorna, down by a gully, ran into a bevy, and two or three got up when she stopped. Brock then came up and flushed the rest of them. This was bad work, as the dogs had the wind, and both should have pointed. Working toward them, two or three flushed wild ahead of Brock, but we did not think him to blame. We then made quite a circle without result, but finally both dogs pointed a bevy, which were flushed and marked down. Working toward them, Lorna pointed, and Brock coming up, also pointed, or backed, we could not see him well enough to determine which, but as the bird got up close to Brock, the judges divided the honors equally. Lorna took a few steps and again pointed a single bird, which Hemion flushed to order and killed. Lorna, ordered to retrieve, ran into a bird which got up, she then retrieved her bird in good form. After consulting, the judges awarded the heat to Lorna. Down fifty-four minutes.

PRINCE HAL AND TRINKET were now ordered down, and Trinket soon got a point on a single bird, which flushed as her handler came up. Then working through the pines, we crossed the road into a stubble which, with some weeds, was drawn blank. We then turned south down a path, when Trinket made a nice point, which Hal backed in splendid style. Trinket then commenced roading, with Hal backing nicely, but as she did not find them quite so soon as we thought she ought, he swung out and located them in grand style. White flushed to order and killed, and Hal retrieved very well, although it took him some time to find the bird. Trinket then half pointed, Hal refusing to back, for which we thought he should not be penalized as Trinket was not rigid. Trinket soon moved on, and the spectators coming up, flushed a bird close by. The judges consulted and, awarded the heat to Trinket. Down forty-four minutes. This finished the third series, as Raleigh had a bye. Following is the summary:

London beat Tom.
Lorna beat Brock.
Trinket beat Prince Hal.
Raleigh a bye.

Fourth Series.

LONDON AND CROXTETH.—As we approached the end each successive heat was watched with absorbing interest. There were now but five left in, four setters and one pointer; each had won three heats, and conclusively shown by their performances that no event could the honors of victory, by any accident or freak of fortune, be unworthily bestowed. Many good ones had dropped out, but there were none left in the race who were undeserving this appellation. Croxteth, who had gallantly won the pointer prize, was now to compete with the setters who had won an equal number of heats. Both he and the handsome London had completely won the hearts of all, and we many times heard the wish expressed that the honors of first place could be equally divided between them. After lunch we went down the road to the creek, and casting off the dogs, worked over the knoll, where Countess and Billy Flint finished their heat. Gaining the top of the knoll, they beat a cornfield, and as they came into the sedge beyond Croxteth dropped to a nice bevy, which was flushed, to order, just in front of him. He was in tall grass, and London could not see him, and had no opportunity to back. This was a grand send off for Croxteth, as the birds were down wind from him. Following the birds, which settled in the woods, London found them first, and pointed in faultless style. Croxteth was brought up to back, but refused, and moved up to London, when he took a step or two and a bird flushed close to them, and then the rest got up. Crossing a gully after them, Croxteth pointed a single bird, London backing him nicely. Thurtle, to order, flushed the bird, which he killed. Croxteth was unsteady to shot, but at once dropped to order. He then retrieved the bird very well. We then swung round, and crossing the road moved on up a branch, and worked over a great deal of ground without result. Finally, as we were climbing a steep bank covered with heavy timber, London challenged at the top, and dropped on point a few seconds before a large bevy rose just in front of him. They were down wind, and this was a very creditable performance. Following them up, Croxteth pointed under a fallen tree top, and London backed him, but nothing was found and the point was scored as false. At the next tree top there was a bird, and Croxteth made one of his grand points, which London instantly honored in his best style, and Thurtle went in and flushed the bird. This was a picture worth going a long distance to see. Then both, some little distance apart, pointed, and Thurtle, to order, flushed four birds in front of Croxteth, when the rest got up wild. Then both pointed where some of the birds had flushed. A little further on London pointed a single bird, Croxteth came up and half backed him, when London moved a step or two and Croxteth went up to him, and the bird flushed close to them. The judges consulted and awarded the heat to London. Down one hour and fifty-eight minutes.

LORNA AND RALEIGH.—This brace was at once put down, and had gone but a short distance when, at nearly the same instant, they struck the scent of a large bevy and pointed it in good style. The birds were flushed to order and marked down in some woods, where we followed them. Raleigh got a little ahead, and stopped to order and half pointed. As we came up a bird was flushed some little distance from him, and his handler claimed a point, but the judges disallowed it. Moving on a few steps, he again pointed, but nothing was found. Then, working up a gully, he made a capital point to a brace of birds, which Wanmaker flushed to order, winging one of them, which Raleigh failed to find, as it ran among other birds. Lorna then got a point, but as Raleigh came up and also pointed, she moved a step, and catching sight of him, backed him nicely. They then reached a few stops, when Lorna made a grand point, which Raleigh instantly honored in capital style. Hemion flushed the bird to order and missed. This was a very pretty piece of work. We then took a long tramp, without finding birds, and as it was getting late, the dogs were ordered up for the night, and we returned to the hotel.

On Friday morning they were again put down close to the village, where a large bevy was found, which flushed wild beyond the dogs and flew toward the village. Swinging round after them both dogs got a point, from which the birds were flushed to order. Lorna then pointed a single bird, and Raleigh backed her nicely. Raleigh then went on to some thick weeds and got a good point on a bird that Lorna was roading. Wanmaker flushed the bird to order, but did not shoot. Raleigh soon nailed another one very nicely, which after some little time was flushed by his handler. The judges then consulted and awarded the heat to Raleigh. Down altogether two hours and eleven minutes. Trinket having a bye this concluded the fourth series. Following is the summary:

Fourth Series.

London beat Croxteth.
Raleigh beat Lorna.
Trinket a bye.

Fifth Series.

RALEIGH AND TRINKET were at once put down on the same birds. Trinket scored first with a gamy point, from which a single bird was flushed to order. Raleigh next made a nice point but nothing was found and it was scored false. Trinket then got in a flush, and shortly after she made a cast up a hill and pointed a bird, Raleigh backing her in good style. Raleigh then made a gamy point on what proved to be some chickens. We then turned back and worked along a ditch, when Trinket ran into some birds and flushed them, but this was down wind and she was not to blame. She then swung up the hill and dropped on point very nicely to a brace of birds, which flushed a few seconds later. The judges then ordered up the dogs and awarded the heat to Trinket. Down twenty-five minutes. This concluded the fifth series, London having a bye. Following is the summary:

Fifth Series.

Trinket beat Raleigh.
London a bye.

Sixth Series.

LONDON AND TRINKET.—This was the deciding heat for first place. London was looked upon by nearly all as a sure winner, for he had steadily improved in the quality of his work all through. Trinket, on the other hand, had not, in her previous heat, done so well as she had been doing, and as she showed signs of coming in season, it was evident that her chances to win were not very bright. They were cast off in the sedge, and worked toward a ditch that was bordered by thick weeds. When London came to the ditch he crossed it, and with the wind on his quarter, he raced up the opposite side quite a distance, and catching the scent from a large bevy, swung his head in their direction, and with shortened stride, located them, and striking a beautiful attitude, with one fore foot raised, he made one of the grandest points of the meeting, which he held staunchly until we came up. Trinket crossed the ditch, and catching sight of him, backed a short time, and then turned into the weeds and commenced roading. Tallman flushed the birds to order, and they settled in a garden at the head of the ditch. Following them up, both dogs were cast off, but London winded them first, and half pointed, he then drew a short distance, and again pointed in superb style. Trinket backing him very nicely. After admiring the beautiful picture awhile, the birds were flushed by Tallman, who killed one, which Trinket retrieved. We then followed the birds into some woods, where Trinket flushed one going down wind, and jumped for it, but at once dropped to order. A little further on, she put up another one and was again unsteady. The judges then ordered them up and awarded the heat to London, announcing him as the winner of first prize. Down, fifteen minutes. Owing to the condition of Trinket, Mr. Mitchell properly withdrew her from further competition. This ended the sixth series. The following is the summary:

London beat Trinket and wins first prize.

As Daisy Laverack had been withdrawn this left only Gladsome, Tom and Croxteth to compete for second place, and they were run in the order named.

GLADSOME AND TOM.—This brace was ordered down in the woods and the scattered birds, where the last heat was finished. Both dogs are too fast when among scattered birds, and these birds had lain for some time within hearing of the noise of the crowd, and when the dogs raced over the dry leaves four were flushed in quick succession, three by Glad and one by Tom. We then crossed the road and worked east through some sedge, when Glad half pointed, and Tom backed him, but nothing was found. Then shaping our course toward Model Farm, Glad made a cast along some woods and challenged, but soon moved on and several birds flushed just in front of him. He then took a few steps and the rest of the bevy got up between him and the spectators, who had taken a short cut. Following up the birds Glad made a false point, and Tom soon followed suit, but a little distance further on he made a nice point to a single bird, which was flushed to order. He then flushed a bird and started after it but turned back to order. Taking a short rest, the dogs were again cast off, when Tom again flushed, and Glad made a capital point. Tom was called up to back, but it was some time before he got there, and the bird was flushed to order. Tom, coming round, made a very stylish point, but it proved to be false. Glad then got a point, but moved on and scored a flush, and soon after he put up another one. This was getting rather tedious, and Tom, thinking it time something was done, picked up a bird that had been killed a day or two before, and brought it in. We then turned back, and Glad got a capital point to a single bird, which Mitchell flushed to order. Glad was a trifle unsteady to wing. We then crossed the creek to a pea patch, just north of the house, where Tom, down wind, ran into three birds, which he took after at his best speed, but he soon came back and the rest of the bevy flushed before him, and he again chased, which put him out of the race, and the heat was awarded to Gladsome. Down two hours and five minutes. We then went to lunch.

GLADSOME AND CROXTETH.—Second money now lay between these two, and they were put down in the stubble north of the house, and worked toward the birds that were flushed by Tom. Croxteth jumped into a ditch, and a bird flushed from the opposite bank, but he did not hear it, and when he clambered out of the ditch he pointed, but the judges did not see the bird, and only scored him a false point. Glad also scored the same, as he also pointed at the same place. After some time in vain for the rest of the birds, we turned north. Glad was the first to find, and he pointed nicely, Croxteth backing him in good style. The birds, three in number, were flushed to order. Croxteth found the next one, but flushed it. Glad then got a nice point on a single bird, Croxteth backing him nicely and Mitchell flushed the bird to order. Croxteth then made a grand point, which Glad honored, but there was no bird there, and Croxteth soon moved on. We then turned south, and Mitchell walked into a large bevy, which was followed. Glad found them first, and pointed a single bird, which Croxteth flushed as he crowded ahead of him to get the scent. Glad then flushed one, and soon after he pointed false, and Croxteth backed him. Moving on, a bird was flushed near the dogs, but it was so thick that we could not see which was to blame. Gladsome then scored another false point, which Croxteth backed in grand style. Moving on, Glad ran into a bird, and a step or two further on he flushed another. Then Hemion, in some weeds he pointed one, and Croxteth backed him. Then Croxteth made a grand point to a single bird, which flushed wild as his handler came up. Glad then pointed, and Croxteth backed him. The bird was flushed to order, but not shot at. Croxteth then pointed and Glad backed him. Croxteth was a trifle unsteady to wing, but dropped to order. While we were standing here the rest of the bevy got up just below us. Following them up, Croxteth pointed where they got up, and roaded out some birds that did not fly, in grand style. Two of them flushed close by him, but he moved on a few steps and located another one, which Thurtle flushed to order and killed. Just as we moved on several more got up all around us. Following them Glad flushed one, and a few steps further on another one. He then pointed, and as Croxteth came up he moved and both roaded in capital style for some distance, but the bird had undoubtedly flushed wild, as it was not found. We then turned back through some pines, where first Glad and then Croxteth scored false points. Then down by a branch, Croxteth challenged, but the bird got up before he had located it. He then swung into the pines and pointed in grand style, Glad backing him, but nothing was found. Glad then made a handsome point to a hare, which Croxteth backed. Glad then made a cast to the bank of the creek, where he pointed a small bevy very nicely, and Croxteth backed him in good style. Mitchell flushed to order and missed. Glad then swung round into a path and pointed false. Croxteth then made a high-headed point to a bevy, and Glad came up and also pointed. Thurtle flushed to order and killed very neatly. Both dogs were steady. Then we turned into the thick pines where a bird was flushed near the dogs, but we could not see which was to blame. Croxteth then made a grand point to a single, which Thurtle flushed to order and Croxteth dropped to wing. Working out to the edge of the woods both dogs were found on point, and each handler claimed the point, but as no bird was found neither insisted upon the justice of his claim. We then swung round by an old mill where Thurtle and his dog flushed a bird. Just then the spectators flushed a bevy, which was followed, and Glad scored a flush in thick weeds, and soon another one got up close to him, and he was unsteady. The judges then consulted and awarded the heat to Croxteth and announced him as winner of second prize. Down nearly three hours. This finished the fourth series. Following is the summary:

Croxteth beat Gladsome and wins second prize.

Quite a discussion now arose as to which dogs were eligible to compete with Gladsome for third prize. Croxteth had beaten only the pointers Monarch, Rab and Lalla Rookh, but under the rule, which some of those present did not comprehend, the withdrawal of Trinket could not deprive the dogs beaten by her from competing for third place if in the opinion of the judges they had a chance to win. Trinket had beaten Diana II., Maida, Prince Hal, and Raleigh, but after the matter was settled the judges decided that none of them was so good as Lalla Rookh, and she and Gladsome were called up to decide which should have third place, but instead of running they announced that they had agreed to divide and the judges thereupon announced that Gladsome and Lalla Rookh were equal winners of third prize. This brought the All-Aged Stake to a conclusion. Following is the summary:

POINTERS.

First Series.

Croxteth beat Monarch.
Rab beat Bravo.
Lalla Rookh beat Lady Dufferin.

Second Series.

Croxteth beat Rab.
Lalla Rookh a bye.

Third Series.

Croxteth beat Lalla Rookh and wins the pointer cup, value $100.

SETTERS.

First Series.

Tom beat Don Pedro.
Shadow beat Lincoln II.
London beat Daisy Laverack.
Gladsome beat Donner's Bessie.
Lorna beat Racket.
Chief beat Dashing Rover.
Brock beat Smut II.—withdrawn.
Foreman beat Buckalew.
Prince Hal beat Plantagenet—withdrawn.
Doc B. beat Eleho III.
Trinket beat Diana II.
Maida beat Luna May.
Raleigh beat Adams's Bessie.
Pollux a bye.

Second Series.

Tom beat Shadow.
London beat Gladsome.
Lorna beat Chief.
Brock beat Foreman.
Prince Hal beat Doc B.
Trinket beat Maida.
Raleigh beat Pollux.

Third Series.

London beat Tom.
Lorna beat Brock.
Trinket beat Prince Hal.
Raleigh a bye.

Fourth Series.

London beat Croxteth.
Lorna beat Raleigh.
Trinket a bye.

Fifth Series.

Trinket beat Raleigh.
London a bye.

Sixth Series.

London beat Trinket and wins first prize, $250.

Seventh Series.

Gladsome beat Tom.
Croxteth a bye.

Eighth Series.

Croxteth beat Gladsome and wins second prize, $150. Gladsome and Lalla Rookh divide third, $100.

THE DERBY.

On Saturday, the 25th, the running for the Derby commenced. Eighteen of the sixty nominations filled and they were drawn to run as follows:

DASHING MASCOTTE. Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, August 6 (Dr. Syntax-Neilson's Rose),

against

SIR JOHN. J. Otto Donner, New York.—Orange and white English setter dog, January (Ranger II.-Mallard's Belle).

PEBBLE. Prof. H. J. Rice, Brooklyn, New York.—Blue belton English setter bitch, Sept. 14 (Count Noser-Maple).

against

BYRON. Wm. Mahone, Jr., Petersburg, Va.—Red Irish setter dog, Aug. 11 (D'Jonee-Jane).

DASHING THEO. Chas. P. Stokes, Richmond, Va.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, August 6 (Dr. Syntax-Neilson's Rose),

against

LADIE FAYNE. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Blue belton English setter bitch, August 30 (Emperor Fred-Wanda.

TICK. George W. Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Liver and white dog, May (Bob-Dido),

against

COLONEL NOBLE. Chas. Antoine, New York.—Black, white and tan English setter dog. July 18 (Count Noble-Nellie).

ROY. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—White, with black head English setter dog, June 9 (Pindee-Flora),

against

ST. ELMO IV. Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 20 (St. Elmo-Clio).

COUNTESS MAY II. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.—Black, and white English setter bitch, April 12. (Drake-Countess May),

against

DARKNESS. E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C.—Black bitch, June 13 (Chipps-Nettie).

LORNA DOONE. Spencer M. Nash, New York.—Orange belton English setter bitch, June 4 (Royal-Madge),

against

MEG. Charles J. Stewart, Jamaica, N. Y.—Red Irish setter bitch, July (Chief-Beesey).

ELSA. Edward E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 6 (Drake-Countess May),

against

SEFTON. A. E. Godeffroy, Guymard, N. Y.—Liver and white dog, May 13 (Croxteth-Vinnie).

ISABELLA II. Wm. H. Thayer, Bristol, R. I.—Blue, gray and tan English setter bitch, May 31 (Schuyler-Isabella),

against

LALLA ROOKH. Lake W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.—Lemon and white bitch, December (Sensation's Son-Grace).

This was a grand showing for the number of entries and a larger proportion than generally come to the post. Two of these, Dashing Mascotte and Dashing Theo., owing to the expulsion of their handler, Mr. Mitchell, did not run. Pebble and Lady Fayne were withdrawn, and Lorna Doone failed to appear. This left only thirteen in. Both Sir John and Byron won their heats without running, and

TICK AND COLONEL NOBLE were the first brace down. Tick is a wiry-looking dog, without much style, but he has considerable speed and a good nose, and has had a great deal of work. He was handled by John Bunnell, of Forked River, N. J. Colonel Noble is a splendid-looking animal, with quite a turn of speed. He also ranges well, and with more experience will undoubtedly turn out a good one. He was handled by J. T. Miller, of Montvale, N. J. They were ordered down just east of the village, and the field, as well as the woods, was drawn blank, and after a long and fatiguing tramp, during which no birds were found, we reached the Model Farm, where Bunnell walked into a bevy, and before he realized that he was at a field trial he let them have it and killed one, which, by order of the judges, he went and picked up. Following them up, Noble made a capital point, which was well backed by Tick; but no bird was found, and the point was scored as false. Tick then pointed a single bird, which flushed when the judges came up. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Tick. Down two hours and twenty-five minutes.

ROY AND ST. ELMO IV. were the next brace. Both dogs move very well and show considerable speed and range and are quite stylish. They are very evenly matched in these qualities, and the heat was well contested. Roy was handled by H. G. Corbett, of Shadwell, Va., and St. Elmo by E. H. Haight. They were put down in a weedy field where some birds had been marked. Both started off at a good gait. Roy, going down wind, flushed a bird and at once stopped to wing and remained steady. No more birds were found and we turned south. Roy half pointed in some tall grass near a ditch, but nothing was found. We then drew the large stubble field south of the house, but finding nothing went to lunch.

Starting out after lunch they were again cast off, and the next brace (Countess May II. and Darkness), were also turned down, to assist in finding birds. Darkness half pointed, and May backed her superbly at a distance of seventy-five yards. Meantime St. Elmo found the bevy and pointed them and Roy backed him, both doing their work in a very stylish manner. Haight flushed the birds to order and killed one, both dogs behaving very well. The other brace were then taken up, and Roy and St. Elmo were worked toward the birds, which had settled in some woods. Roy was the first to find, when he made a good point, which was well backed by St. Elmo. Corbett flushed the birds to order, and scored a miss and both dogs dropped to shot. St. Elmo then ran into a bird and dropped to wing. The rest of the bevy then got up all around us. We followed them, and St. Elmo half pointed and then moved a little, and the bird flushed and Haight killed it. Moving on a little further, St. Elmo made a grand point to a single, which was flushed to order. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to St. Elmo IV. Down one hour.

COUNTESS MAY II. AND DARKNESS.—This brace had been down a short time during the last heat, but were not under judgment. May is a very pretty animal. She has not much speed and is over cautious, but she will outgrow this, and should her speed increase, she will make a capital performer. Darkness is a fair looking animal of good size. She is quite fast and ranges well, has a good nose and is very stylish when on game. They were put down in some pines, and May soon pointed very nicely and Darkness backed her. Capt. McMurdo, to order, flushed a large bevy and missed them, May refusing to shot, and Darkness remaining steady. Darkness then half pointed and was feeling the air, when a bird flew out of a tree over her. This was a very good performance, and showed that she had a good nose. May backed her nicely, and both were steady to wing. Darkness then roaded out a bird very nicely, and located it in capital style. Wanmaker flushed it to order and missed. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Darkness. Down fifteen minutes. Lorna Doone not being present, the heat was given to Meg.

ELSA AND SEFTON.—This brace were at once put down. Elsa, who was handled by Capt. McMurdo, is a nice moving little animal with good style and first-class nose. She is not so fast as Sefton, who gets over the ground at a great rate. He is a large dog and not yet developed. His style on game is very similar to that of his sire, Croxteth. He moves very well, and if he goes all right will undoubtedly be heard from again. He was handled by Philip Thurtle. Elsa started off with a point where birds had been flushed. She then pointed a single bird, which flushed wild. Sefton then made a cast ahead and made a capital point to a bird which Thurtle flushed to order and missed. Both were steady to wing and shot. Working on in the pines several birds started from the trees and the dogs were ordered out into the open, where the spectators flushed a bevy, which were followed, but were not found. The judges then consulted and ordered the dogs up and awarded the heat to Sefton. Down one hour.

ISABELLA II. AND LALLA ROOKH were then called for. Isabella who was handled by W. Thayer, of Bristol, R. I., is a very much taller dog than in looks and movements. She has not much style, as she hunts with her head low, but she is undoubtedly a very killing dog, among the woodcock and grouse. Lalla Rookh we have described as she ran in the All-Aged Stake. Isabella had the best of it at the start, as she got a good point, and Rookh went ahead and scored a flush. Isabella soon had another one fast, and Rookh backed her to order. Both were steady when the birds were flushed. They were then taken out in the open when both pointed in the sedge, and the birds were flushed to order. A little further on Rookh dropped on a nice point, and was handsomely backed by Isabella. The bird was flushed to order, and both were steady. Moving on, Isabella struck a trail and roaded some distance, and Rookh was called off the trail and brought up to her, but nothing was found and Rookh went back, and taking the scent went straight to the bevy, and pointed them in capital style. They were flushed to order, and the judges awarded the heat to Lolla Rookh. Down, thirty-five minutes. This concluded the first series. Following is the summary:

Sir John beat Dashing Mascotte (withdrawn).
Byron beat Pebble, (withdrawn).
Dashing Theo. and Lady Fayne (both absent).
Tick beat Colonel Noble.
St. Elmo IV. beat Roy.
Darkness beat Countess May.
Meg beat Lorna Doone (absent).
Sefton beat Elsa.
Lalla Rookh beat Isabella II.

Second Series.

SIR JOHN AND BYRON.—This brace were at once put down. Both had won their heats in the first series without running. Sir John is a large dog, not yet fully developed. He moves very well, and shows that he has a capital nose. He gives promise of making an excellent animal when mature. He plainly showed a lack of experience and exhibited a timidity that we thought acquired instead of natural. He was handled by Martin. Byron, handled by H. O. Butterfield, is quite a young dog of great natural ability. He is fairly fast, and appears to have a good nose. They were cast off in some woods and worked toward some birds that had been marked down. Byron was the first to strike scent, when he challenged, but soon moved on, and roaded awhile very nicely, but got too close and flushed the bird. John then made a good point, and the bird was flushed to order. Byron then pointed, but soon moved on and roaded out the bird in capital style, finally locating it very cleverly. Butterfield flushed the bird to order and killed it. John then pointed and Martin also scored a kill. Moving on a few steps both dogs pointed nicely. When the birds were flushed, Byron dropped to wing and John took a step or two back toward his handler. Byron then made a cast up the hill and took a nice point, which John did not back in very good form as he was not still. When ordered to flush, Butterfield failed to find, and the point was scored as false. John then half pointed, and backed out. Martin, walking up, flushed the bird. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Byron. Down twenty-five minutes. This closed the running for the day.

On Monday morning we left the hotel a few minutes past eight, and driving about two miles east,

TICK AND ST. ELMO IV. were cast off in a field of sedge. After working some distance, St. Elmo ran into a hare, and took one or two jumps for it, but at once dropped to order. We then took quite a tramp through fields of sedge and stubble, and then turned into some woods, where St. Elmo made a false point, which was well backed by Tick. We then came to a field of sedge, and while standing still, a large bevy flushed close by us. Following them up, Tick came to a point, and St. Elmo half backed him. Both then roaded a short distance, when Bunnell flushed the bird, which he killed, and Tick retrieved it very well. A little further on, both dogs made a beautiful point. Haight flushed the birds to order and made a very neat double, and each dog retrieved one in the best of style. Tick then pointed, but soon moved on and commenced roading a running bird in capital style. St. Elmo came up, but did not appear to smell them. He finally struck it, however, and also roaded very nicely, but was not quite so steady as Tick. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Tick. Down forty-three minutes.

DARKNESS AND MEG were then put down in the sedge and swung round to get the wind, and then brought back to where Tick and St. Elmo were taken up. Darkness struck the trail, and half pointed, and Meg half backed her, and was steadied to order. As Wanmaker came up, Darkness moved up and roaded some distance in an elegant manner, when she left it, and casting ahead a few yards, located her bird in magnificent style. Meg was brought up to back, but refused and went in ahead, and nosed around and put up the bird. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Darkness. Down nine minutes.

SEFTON AND LALLA ROOKH.—This brace were at once put down where the other had been taken up. Rookh swung into some sprouts, and pointed, and Sefton backed her in good style. She soon moved on, however, and working round to where the bevy were flushed, she pointed and roaded a short distance, and was ordered on. They were then worked some distance without result, except that Sefton made a grand point in some woods, and Rookh backed her in capital style but nothing was found, and the point was scored as false. We then went some distance without finding birds, although both challenged once or twice, but could make nothing of it. Finally we came to a pea-patch, when Rookh made an elegant point to a bevy which Sefton was roading a short distance below. White did not see her until he got too close, and the birds flushed, when Rookh dropped to wing very nicely. The birds went but a short distance, and Rookh soon had them again, and Sefton backed her in good style. Rookh moved on a step or two as her handler came up, when Sefton went in ahead of her and pointed the bird, which Thurtle flushed and killed, and Sefton retrieved it very well. Sefton then swung out to the edge, and made a nice point to a single bird, which Thurtle flushed to order; Sefton soon had another one, which was flushed and shot at by Thurtle, who had orders to shoot, but not to kill. Sefton at once pinned another one in capital style, and Rookh backed him very nicely. The judges, after consulting awhile, ordered them on again. Sefton swung into the woods and challenged just as several birds flushed between him and his handler, and one also got up near White and his dog. Rookh then made a very stylish point to a brace of birds close to a fence, and Sefton backed her in equal style, but as she moved a step he went ahead, and one of the birds flushed when he pointed. Rookh remained staunch, and the other bird was flushed to order. Sefton then swung out to the edge of the woods, and made a nice point at a brush heap, but the bird had run out into the stubble, and he soon moved on, and roaded it out in capital style, with Rookh backing and moving along beside him. As we followed him, a bird was flushed behind them, and Sefton did not turn his head, but kept straight on the trail of the one he was after, which was flushed before he had fairly located it, and Rookh was a trifle unsteady, but instantly dropped to order. This bit of roading by Sefton was a very commendable piece of work, and as good as any that we saw at the meeting. After consulting, the judges awarded the heat to Lalla Rookh. Down one hour and fifty-five minutes. This was one of the closest heats of the meeting, and we imagine that the superior style of the little beauty pulled her through, for in everything else we thought them very nearly equal. This ended the second series. Following is the summary:

Byron beat Sir John.
Tick beat St. Elmo IV.
Darkness beat Meg.
Lalla Rookh beat Sefton.

Third Series.

BYRON AND TICK.—After lunch this brace was put down, and worked toward the place where the last bevy was flushed. When we arrived there Tick challenged and roaded nicely. Meantime Byron pointed a portion of the birds, and held them for some time, while Tick was roading the rest, which had run further on. Finally Butterfield flushed Byron's bird to order and killed one. Then Byron worked ahead of Tick in the weeds, and a single bird flushed close by him. Both dogs then alternately roaded up to another bird which flushed close by them, and Butterfield killed it very neatly, a long distance away. Then crossing the creek, Tick pointed a single bird, and Byron backed him. The bird was flushed to order by Bunnell, and killed. Byron then scored a false point, while Tick, who was partly behind him, located one in capital style, and Bunnell flushed it to order. We then swung round through some woods, when Tick made a capital point to a bevy, and Byron coming up also pointed in good style. The bevy flushed as the handlers came up, and each killed one. This was very well done all round. We then went into some pines, where Tick pointed a bird that had been killed some time before and Byron backed him. Moving on a short distance Tick made a nice point to a single bird, which Bunnell flushed to order and killed. Tick was just a trifle uneasy when the bird flushed. When sent to retrieve he brought it in good form. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Tick. Down thirty-three minutes. This was a capital heat and Byron, although he has had but little work, showed up in grand form.

DARKNESS AND LALLA ROOKH were then called for, and cast off in a field of sedge. Working up the creek to the road, we crossed and beat down through the cornfield quite a distance without finding birds. We then turned back, when the handlers flushed a bevy, which we followed back down the creek, when both dogs challenged, but nothing was found, and the birds were finally flushed by the judges. We then turned back into some sedge, where Rookh challenged and roaded, but gave it up, and a little further on she repeated the performance. Darkness then cast ahead and made an elegant point to the bevy that Rookh had been trying to find. Rookh, when she came in sight of her, instantly dropped as if shot. Wanmaker flushed the birds to order and killed right and left. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Darkness. Down an hour and thirteen minutes. It is but fair to Lalla Rookh to say that she had been led around in chain so long that she had lost much of her ambition and scarcely knew what was required of her. This concluded the third series. Following is the summary:

Tick beat Byron.
Darkness beat Lalla Rookh.

Fourth Series.

TICK AND DARKNESS.—This was the deciding heat for first place. They were cast off in the woods and worked toward the place where the last bevy had settled. Tick was the first to find, but ran too close to the bird and it flushed just as he dropped. He then moved on and another one got up close by him. Meantime, Darkness pointed a brace under a fallen tree top, and Wanmaker flushed them to order and missed. Darkness then scored a flush. We then turned back and Tick made a capital point to a single bird, which Bunnell flushed to order. We then crossed a brook to some sedge, where Darkness made a beautiful crouching point, which Tick backed in good style. Wanmaker flushed to order and killed very neatly. Darkness was ordered to retrieve, but Tick evidently thought the order intended for him, and he went for it and brought it in good form. They were now ordered up and the heat was awarded to Darkness, and she was declared the winner of first prize. Down seventeen minutes. This proved to be the last heat of the meeting, for the handlers requested the judges to place the other dogs without further running, and they awarded the second prize to Tick, the third to Lalla Rookh and Byron, and the Heckscher Cup to Sefton, and the Eastern Field Trials of 1882 were over.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.—On Sunday evening, November 26, several of the prominent residents of this vicinity were the guests of the club at dinner and a most enjoyable time was spent in discussing the ample repast set before us and listening to the eloquent speeches of the silver-tongued orator who responded to the toasts. President Donner, in response to "The Eastern Field Trials Club," briefly stated the objects of the association and warmly eulogized the very cordial welcome we had received and proposed "The Town and Citizens of High Point," which was responded to by Mayor Snow, who expressed his pleasure at our visit and extended a hearty invitation to all to come again. "Our Judges" brought Col. Gordon to his feet and with well chosen words he spoke of the healthful benefit accruing from the sports of the field and advocated the more general following of them. "Our Farmer Friends" was eloquently responded to by Mr. A. E. Holton who welcomed the visiting sportsmen with open arms and cordially invited them to repeat the visit. "The Pennsylvania Field Trials Association" was gracefully responded to by its president, Mr. J. Palmer O'Neil. Dr. Rowe ably represented "The Press," and Mr. J. M. Tracy spoke for "The Dogs." Adjourning to the parlor, an hour or two was spent in pleasant converse and when we parted for the night mutual wishes were expressed that next year we might all meet again.

ENGLISH DOGS IN AMERICAN BENCH SHOWS.—The managers of the coming Pittsburg, Pa., and Ottawa, Can., bench shows are making efforts to secure some English entries, and to that end have published a circular of invitation for distribution in Great Britain.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

[By telegraph to the FOREST AND STREAM.]

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Dec. 4, 1882.

The fourth annual meeting of the National American Kennel Club commenced to-day, with a fair attendance. The weather has been threatening with an occasional sprinkling, but not rain enough to stop the running. The work done, has, the most of it, been capital. The birds have been plenty, but the vegetation is rank and the spectators cannot see the work so well as they could last year.

Following is a list of the dogs in the All-Aged Stakes, in the order in which they were drawn:

AMERICAN DAN. Joseph Dew, Columbia, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 18 months (Lincoln-Daisy Dean),

against

DON. J. Heron Crossman, New York city.—Black, white and tan setter dog, 3 years (pedigree not given).

GLADSOME. J. W. Foster, Leesburg, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 19 months (Gladstone-Leilla),

against

KING DASH. J. R. Renwicks, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Liver and white English setter dog, 4 years (Belton-Stayton's Floss).

BESS. J. E. Mask, Hickory Valley, Tenn.—Black setter bitch, 3 years (Mask-Vie),

against

CAVALIER. Jas. R. Stinson, Chicago, Ill.—Liver and white pointer dog, 16 months (Little Rudian-Flight).

SUE. P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3 years (Druid-Ruby),

against

BADEN BADEN. Dr. E. S. Carr, Gallatin, Tenn.—Liver and white English setter dog, 22 months (Lincoln-Blaze).

CARRIE. J. W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 18 months (Count Noble-Peep-o'-Day).

against

GILDEROY. Geo. C. Marsh, Sycamore, Ill.—White and lemon English setter dog, 21 months (Druid-Princess Draco).

PEEP-O'-DAY. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 3½ years (Gladstone-Clip).

against

PHYLLIS. M. D. Walter, Indianapolis, Ind.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2 years (Rake ———).

STARTLE. D. D. Saunders, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 4½ years (Gladstone-Juno),

against

GROUSE. D. C. Plumb, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Black and tan setter dog, 4 years (ped. not given).

SHOT. J. M. Hunt, Hickory Valley, Tenn.—Lemon and white English setter dog (age and ped. not given),

against

BESSIE LEE. J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 5 years (Rake-Fanny).

BIZ. J. S. Mackintosh, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Red Irish setter dog, 4 years (Dash-Flora),

against

COUNT NOBLE. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black, white and tan English setter dog (Count Wind'em-Nora).

The first eight braces were run to-day with the following results:

American Dan beat Don.
Gladsome beat King Dash.
Bess beat Cavalier.
Sue beat Baden Baden.
Carrie beat Gilderoy.
Peep-o'-Day beat Phyllis.
Startle beat Grouse.
Shot beat Bessie Lee.

[By Telegraph to the Forest and Stream.]

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Tuesday Night, Dec. 12, 1882.

It has been cloudy to-day, with a very strong, dry, south wind—a very bad day for scent. The dogs have done capital work notwithstanding, although birds were hard to find. Only one more heat will decide first place for Sue or Peep-o'-Day. Count Noble beat Biz. This ended first series. In second series American Dan beat Gladsome (withdrawn); Sue beat Bess, Carrie J. beat Startle, Peep-o'-Day beat Shot, Count Noble a bye. In the third series American Dan beat Count Noble, Sue beat Carrie J., Peep-o'-Day a bye. In the fourth series Peep-o'-Day beat American Dan, Sue a bye. This closed the running for the day.

At a meeting of the club on Monday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, B. F. Wilson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Vice-Presidents, Col. W. H. Key, Florence, Ala., and J. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.; Secretary and Treasurer, D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn. Executive Committee—P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.; Theo. Morford, Newton, N. J.; J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.; D. C. Bergunthal, Indianapolis, Ind.; D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich. Board of Appeals—Chas. H. Raymond, New York; Luther Adams, Boston; Anthony Higgins, Delaware City, Del.; Capt. Pat. Henry, Clarksville, Tenn.; Maj. J. W. Renfree, Atlanta, Ga. This evening the Derby entries were drawn to run as follows:

KATE B. Dr. A. F. McKinney, Forest Hill, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 18 (Count Noble-Peep-o'-Day),

against

NELLIE BEY. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black and white English setter bitch, July 18 (Count Noble-Nellie).

AMERICAN DAN. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 12 (Lincoln-Daisy Dean),

against

BESS A. J. M. Arant, Hickory Valley, Tenn.—Lemon and white English setter bitch, Aug. 10 (Dashing Lion-Amada).

RICHARD III. F. A. Tremaine, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 7 (King Dash-Skip),

against

GATH. Crawford & Wallace, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 18 (Count Noble-Peep-o'-Day).

COUNTESS MOLLIE. John D. Ladd, Martin, Tenn.—White and lemon English setter bitch, July 13 (Count Noble-Spark),

against

PINK B. W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn.—Black and white English setter dog, May 13 (Gladstone-Countess Key).

PRIDE OF MEMPHIS. William Bowles, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Oct. 26 (Victor-Nellie C.),

against

FRANK. D. Ferguson, Milwaukee, Wis.—Black and white ticked English setter dog, June 15, (Carl-Queen),

CARRY J. Wm. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 18 (Count-Noble Peep'-o-Day),

against

GUS BONDHU. D. C. Sonborn, Dowling, Mich.—Black and white English setter dog, May 11 (Dashing Bondhu-Novel).

[By Telegram to Forest and Stream.]

GRAND JUNCTION, Wednesday, Dec. 6.

Sue beats Peep-o'-Day and wins first prize. Peep-o'-Day beats Carrie J. and wins second prize. American Dan beats Shot. American Dan and Carrie J. divide third.

ROBBIN'S ISLAND CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE Robbin's Island Club's Field Trials, open only to members, closed with twelve entries. The trials were postponed from November 15, the date first appointed, to November 27, on account of the unusual amount of foliage upon the trees on the island. There was but one stake—the All-Aged Stake. Entrance, $5. First prize, a dog collar suitably engraved; second prize, a dog whip suitably engraved; third prize, a dog whistle suitably engraved. The judges were, Judge C. E. Pratt and H. D. Polhemus, Esq., both of Brooklyn.

The trials were run out under the new rules adopted by the club. Their peculiar features admit of rapidly running out the trials, two series of heats only being called for. The scores are all kept and no "byes" are allowed. They gave good satisfaction and will now be permanently adopted by the club. The drawing took place on Saturday night, November 25, and resulted as follows:

Mr. A. T. Plummer's Fred against Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Romeo.

Mr. A. S. Swan's Brighton against Mr. W. B. Kendall's Montague.

Mr. L. Waterbury's St. Ives against Mr. H. D. Polhemus's Bob.

Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Chancellor against Mr. N. D. Putnam's Berkley.

Mr. W. H. Force's Doctor against Mr. L. H. Bullard's Meg.

Mr. F. E. Taylor's Douglas against Mr. W. B. Dickerman's Gambol.

On Sunday afternoon a snow storm came up, and by Monday morning, although the weather had cleared up, there was three inches of snow on the ground, and a rather unfavorable prospect for a successful running presented itself. The judges and members, however, declared themselves in favor of a start, and at 8 A. M. the first brace was sent out on the east end of the island. Birds were soon found, and from this time to the finish they were very plentiful, so much so that it was not found necessary to leave this part of the island, the entire series of heats being run out on the east end of the island, and but a short period of time elapsed between the finding of birds, either covey or single birds, and at 12:30 P. M. the first series of heats was run through. Refering to their scores, the judges decided that the four highest scores were made by Fred, Romeo, St. Ives and Montague in the order named. This placed the winners among them. All hands now repaired to the club house for lunch, leaving the final awards to be made later in the day. After lunch the judges made the following awards:

First Prize—Fred.
Second Prize—Romeo.
Third Prize—St. Ives.

This decision gave general satisfaction, and expressions of thanks were made to the judges for the very acceptable manner in which they had performed their duties. Mr. Hinman, the superintendent of Robbin's Island, received many compliments from the members for the fine condition in which he had brought out the dogs of the club. Mr. Hinman has a way of keeping his dogs clean and free from vermin, which is pleasant, to say the least; he is an extra good handler of dogs. Fred was the "dark horse," and was skillfully handled by Mr. Plummer. Mr. Taylor's Douglas acquitted himself with great credit. Montague was another good one. For ranging and general field trial qualities, Mr. Waterbury's St. Ives was a well to the front. Mr. Force's Doctor and Mr. Bullard's Meg met with an accident. They happened to strike upon a crippled bird and made chase; neither of them had ever done such a thing before. Of course the well-behaved Romeo did well. Berkley has the speed of a "ghost." Mr. Polhemus's Bob is a level-headed fellow; he makes a splendid back. Chancellor was scored the highest for pace and style. The judges kept the scores of each dog, and found it of great advantage when they came to make the awards. After the trials were finished the members arranged for a general shooting day on Tuesday. The weather was fine and birds were found in great abundance in all parts of the Island. The club have put out little feeding sheds in several localities; they protect the food from the weather and act as a shelter for the birds. The judges are both "veterans," and as such they acknowledged that they had never before seen quail so abundant. They congratulated the club on the success of their first annual field trial, and were gratified to see such a skillful handling of fine dogs by amateurs.

A LOST DOG.—704 East Clinton street, Elmira, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1882.—Coinciding with your views on dog stealing in your issue of Nov. 23, I beg to say my pointer dog, shipped per U. S. Express from Bristol, Bucks county, Pa., Sept. 22 last, to Elmira, arrived here, was put in their office, from which they say he broke loose or out of his box and escaped. They immediately advertised him, offering five dollars reward, which has failed to find him. All kinds of dogs were brought, but not the one wanted. I am inclined to think some person has got him who has an idea of his value. I have refrained from offering a further reward, not desiring to encourage dog stealers, though it hurts me to lose him. I have owned him nearly three years, and we understand one another in the field. Age four years, weight fifty-six pounds, color lemon and white, lemon ears and head, white mark down face and small dot on forehead, large patch on one side and two small ones on other, and one on root of tail; has dew claws.—FRED. W. THORNBER.

NEW BEDFORD BENCH SHOW.—We have received the announcement of the first bench show of dogs to be given by the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association at New Bedford, December 14, 15 and 16. Entries, which must be sent to Wm. Penn Shepard, secretary, Fall River, Mass., will close December 9. There are 51 classes; entrance fee of $2, to be pooled for first and second prizes, with "highly commended" for third. There are also twenty-one special prizes, in value from $10 to $5.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. L. K., Princeton, N. J.—A correspondent informs us that you will not find good shooting about Charlottesville, Va. Try the vicinity of Lincolnton, N. C.

W. E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Can you furnish me with the full pedigree of the red Irish setter dog Berkley, owned by A. H. Moore, Esq.? Ans. Berkley is by champion Elcho out of champion Lou II. Elcho (5,129, Eng. K. C. S. B.) was bred by J. Oppenheimer, St. Petersburg, Russia, by Oppenheimer's Charley out of his Nell. Charley, by Pat out of Juno; Nell, by Heather out of Nance. Lou II. (5,158, Eng. K. C. S. B.) was bred by A. F. Nuttall, Ireland, by Clendenning's Grouse out of Nuttall's Maybe; Grouse by Clendenning's Barrow II. out of his Blanche; Maybe, by Walsh's Chance out of Nuttall's Mayo.

Diving Decoy Co., Rochester, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEWPORT vs. ST. LOUIS.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The simultaneous rifle match between the Newport, R. I., and St. Louis, Mo., clubs was shot by the former at Paradise Range this afternoon. The wind was exceedingly strong and drove the sand across the range and into the faces of the marksmen, thus interfering with good shooting. The scores made were very good under the circumstances. Conditions: Fifteen shots each, 200yds., team of six, Creedmoor target. The score made is as follows:

William Farrow	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5—70
W B Knight	4	4	5	5	5	5	3	6	5	5	5	5	4	4—68
G H Burnham	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5—67
E E Leonard	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—64
C S Plummer	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	5—64
W S Bryer	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4—64—397

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 25.—To-day a team of six men selected from the St. Louis Long Range Rifle Association shot a match of six men at 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor rules, with the same number of the Newport Rifle Team as per challenge, and as our Newport friends are in practice, and we expected nothing but a beating, there is great credit due to our team in making the creditable score as follows. Capt. Wm. P. Schaaf, coacher:

J M Rattle	4	4	5	5	5	4	3	5	5	3	4	5	5	4—65
P B Leach	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	5—60
W F Rockwell	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	4—67
W F de Cordova	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	3	5	4	3—62
S S Blackwell	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	5	4	4	4	8	5	3—61
G B Smith	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	5—66—325

This team was organized about three months ago. It will be well, however, for some of the so-called champion teams to keep their weather eye open, as the St. Louis Long Range Rifle Team is fast coming to the front. The organization is composed of first-class men. It has shot two matches with the Fort Smith (Ark.) Club, and scored a double victory, and will shoot Newport, R. I., a match of five men, ten shots each, December 9, 1882, which promises the be one of the best matches of this year.

BOSTON, Nov. 30.—There was a good attendance of riflemen at the Walnut Hill range to-day, and, as the weather conditions were in every way favorable to good shooting, some excellent sport was the result. In addition to the usual attendance, 25 members from company K, 1st regiment, Capt. Lovett, were present for their annual shoot; and a large representation was present from company H, 8th regiment, Capt. Foye, to shoot for two medals, silver and leather respectively. Appended are the best scores:

Creedmoor Match.—200 Yds.

O M Jewell	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	5—47
J S Bennett	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—47
J Merrill	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	4—46
J M Orcutt	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4—45
W Fisher	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	4—45
A B Archer	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4—45
F Wallace	4	5	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	4—45
B Burleigh	4	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	4	4—44
A S Sleeper	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—43
C Weston (mil.)	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	3—42
C B Edwards	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
H W Atkins (mil.)	3	3	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	3—39
J E Irvine	3	4	4	4	3	4	3	3	3	3—36
J D Duncan (mil.)	3	3	4	3	5	4	3	0	4	4—33

Decimal Match.—200 Yds.

O M Jewell	10	8	9	10	10	10	10	5	7	9—88
J Merrill	7	8	10	10	5	9	10	8	9	6—82
A C Adams	7	8	9	8	9	10	6	7	9	8—81
F Wallace	7	4	4	9	6	8	9	8	6	7—68
J M Frye	4	7	7	8	5	8	8	4	7	8—66
G Warren	7	7	4	9	7	4	5	6	8	6—63

DEC. 2.—The shooting shed at Walnut Hill was well filled to-day with shooters who desired to take advantage of the excellent weather conditions that existed. The light was of that soft gray tone so much sought for, and the light 6 o'clock wind gave no trouble. Mr. H. L. Lee made three 49s out of a possible 50 in the Victory match, and in the Rest match Mr. Duffer made an elegant 98 out of a possible 100 and Messrs. Lewis and Frye each 97. The following are the best scores:

Creedmoor Match.

F Dwight	47	L W Arthur	43
J A Cobb	46	I B Thomas (mil)	43
E Burleigh	45	C Western (mil)	43
E B Aiken	45	A J Carter	43
A W Lawrence	44	C A Hudson	43
J Norden	44	C A Hovey	43
W A Locke	43	T J Barker (mil)	42
J B Atkins	43	C A Hart	42

Rest Match.

A Duffer	98	S L Sands	96
S Lewis	97	J B Atkins	96
J N Frye	97	A J Carter	95
A W Lawrence	96	F Foye	93
S Wilder	96	Wm Sampson	93

Decimal Match.

A C Adams	85	E B Akin	80
R Anson	84	W A Locke	79
A Duffer	82	J N Frye	79

NEWSPAPER RIFLEMEN.—Several members of the Boston Press Rifle Association made a flying visit to the Walnut Hill range on Thanksgiving Day forenoon, and eagerly sought for bullseyes. The light at times seemed to blind old "Taurus," who, however, with the aid of nature's snowy white carpet, succeeded amazingly in dodging his would-be persecutors. The ball was opened between two teams in a scrub match—Messrs. H. S. Fisher, J. D. Whitcomb and W. V. Alexander of the *Transcript* vs. W. H. Hathaway of the *Post* and F. E. Rollins and T. F. Keenan of the *Herald*. The former won by a score of 193 to 97. In the individual match, rounds 10, the leading scores were:

F E Rollins	4444435544—43	T F Keenan	4444444443—39
J D Whitcomb	4444544451—42	W H Hathaway	4534533444—37
H S Fisher	4544444444—41	W V Alexander	4434434342—35

GARDNER, Mass., Dec. 1.—There was a large number present at Hackmatack range, Thanksgiving Day. The attraction was the Novelty match, arranged by the Gardner Rifle Club. It was open to all comers, the only condition to enter being that each man who participated should contribute a prize. The prizes were numbered, were drawn by lot, the man having the largest score to draw the first number, so that the man making the best score stood on the same footing as the poorest shot as to the value of the prize received. It was intended to have five strings of seven shots each, but all did not stay through, hence some of the totals are smaller than others. The following is the score, the ring target only being used:

G F Ellsworth	68 68 69 69 70—347	G R Pratt	53 54 54 47 48—256
A Mathews	65 65 66 66 66—328	R Williams	50 49 54 52 51—256
J N Dodge	58 58 69 68 58—300	R P Adams	46 39 43 51 —179
F Nichols	55 60 57 60 60—232	C Merritt	10 18 — 88
C Loveland	52 59 54 62 62—289	F Parker	10 22 15 — 77
H C Kenwood	49 59 63 51 53—275	F Underwood	43 29 — 72
G G Goodale	53 55 59 54 63—284	G H Heywood	57 — 57
F Knowlton	55 59 47 53 56—280		

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 30.—There was a very interesting meet at Pine Grove Range to-day. The wind was very trying and the air filled with snow. The following are the records made:

Creedmoor Target.

A L Rice	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4—44
A Lyman	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4—43
N L Adrich	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—42

Massachusetts Target.

Frank Johnston	10	11	10	8	12	11	12	10	10	12—106
C D Eames	12	10	10	9	12	10	8	10	10	9—10)
J Dusenberry	11	10	9	11	12	10	11	10	10	9—103
A L Rice	11	11	10	7	10	11	9	10	10	9— 98
C A Salisbury	10	9	12	11	12	11	10	10	10	3— 68
B Stone	10	8	10	9	7	10	12	7	12	10— 95
J W Murphy	10	6	9	8	7	9	6	8	11	12— 85

Ring Target Rest Match.

Stadman Clark	11	11	10	12	12	11	11	9	10	12—110
J M Morrell	12	10	9	9	11	11	12	10	10	9—103
J W Murphy	12	11	11	11	12	9	10	10	7	8—101
A Williams	11	11	7	11	10	9	9	10	9	10— 97

ZETTLER'S GALLERY.—New York, Dec. 2. Teams of Western Union Telegraph operators; Massachusetts targets reduced for gallery distance, five shots per man, possible 60.

Capt. Smith's Team.		Capt. Richmond's Team.	
J B Smith	53	W Richmond	52
B F Bunce	50	W M Smith	52
W Flint	45	M Bren	40
	148		144

NEWARK, N. J.—The November tournament of the association closed last week with the Nameless Club at the target on Monday night and the Domestics on Tuesday. The complete total scores in the tournament are: Frelinghuysen 453, Essex 446, Plymouth 442, Unlisted 441, Warren 437, Nameless 414, Domestic 377, in a possible 550. Teams of 10 men shooting; 10 shots per man.

THE TRAP.

CHICAGO THANKSGIVING MATCHES.

[From a Regular Correspondent.]

THANKSGIVING Day was a "red letter" day among our sportsmen. Turkey, pigeon, glass ball and rifle shoots and private team and club matches were common affairs at all the club houses and grounds. Space cannot be given fully for all, but the following were among the best and most entertaining:

Probably the best shoot of the day was that held by the Pullman and Riverdale Gun Clubs, on the Island Grounds of the Pullman Athletic Association. The first match was for the Pullman gold championship medal by members of that club, 10 birds, 28yds. rise, and J. Gray and E. T. Morrell tied at 9 birds each. Gray won in the shoot off, and wears the badge. G. Banks killed 8 birds and took second prize, a handsome hunting boot, presented by both clubs. Then followed the shoot, same terms, for the Riverdale medal, by members of the latter club. E. T. Martin won at 9 birds. A championship match of teams of four from each club then followed, resulting in a tie of 33 birds each club. The shoot off will be held Christmas Day. In the evening a reception was tendered the clubs by the ladies of Pullman at the Hotel Florence and dancing, refreshments and singing whiled away the time.

The Lake George Sportsmen's Association celebrated the day by a grand ball and turkey shoots at the club house. The supremacy and glass ball medals were both won by Richard A. Tuttle, the president of the association. George G. Kimball won the junior medal. Quite a number were present, and the day's sport was pronounced success-ful by all present.

The Lake Side Rifle Club, of the North Side, had a turkey shoot at their range on Evanston avenue, Thursday, and following scores were made by prize winners out of a possible 00: H. C. Bradley, 52; E. P. Chatfield, 52; W. Wilson, 51; Joseph Tilt, 50; John Cram, 46; E. N. Bangs, 45; John McConnell, 46; M. O. Gehrke, 44; Henry Sheffel, 48; Geo. E. Adams, 43; John Woollatt, 47.

The Dunton Shooting Club held their shoot at Arlington Heights and there was a huge crowd of sportsmen present. The pigeon shoot resulted as follows: W. Flente, 9; W. G. Suddy, 7, taking first and second prizes in the ten bird match. In the twenty bird match E. English killed 16, taking first, and W. J. Childing 14, taking second prize.

There were also shoots at Austin, Grand Crossing, and English Lake.

LYNN, Mass., Nov. 30.—The Lynn Central Club had a large party at their shoot on Thanksgiving Day, but the weather was against good shooting. A strong wind kept the scores down. It also made it impossible to get any birds at the long range, no one being successful until the target was moved up to forty-five yards. In the shoot-off for the medal, Mr. C. F. Morrill, of Boston, was the successful man, with 15 out of the possible 20. Six sweeps at clay pigeons and five at glass were shot off, and with the bird shoot made quite a busy time for the shooters. The following scores were the result of first twenty shot at:

Pigeons.

Webster	19	Caskin	10
Gerrish	16	McFarland	10
Lauder	15	Mortimer	10
Morrill	15	Randall	9
Frost	14	Thompson	9
Barry	13	Parker	9
George	11	Center	8

Glass Balls.

Thompson	16	McFarland	13
Webster	15	Randall	13
Morrill	15	Paine	13

The next shoot was set for December 5.

PROVIDENCE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Semi-monthly shoot of the Narragansett Gun Club, Thanksgiving Day. A number of sweepstakes were shot; also the Badge and Club contests. Badge match; 20 balls per man; 18yds. rise:

W H Sheldon	11110	01111	11111	11111—18	
S D Greene, Jr	11111	11111	01111	01110—17	
A W Cary	01111	00111	10111	11001—14	
F O Wehosky	11101	01010	10110	10110—12	
G J Crandall	10011	11000	11100	01110—11	
L Bennett	10111	10101	00100	10000— 9	
J Valentine	00000	10001	01010	01011— 7	

W. H. Sheldon wins the badge.

Cup match; 15 clay pigeons; 15yds. rise:

J Valentine	111111011111111—14	F O Wehosky	010001011111011— 9
S D Greene, Jr	011111101111010—12	G J Crandall	111000101010011— 8
W H Sheldon	101111101111100—11	O A Baker	111100110010110— 8
H L Palmer	111101011111100—11	G W Kelley	000010010101110— 5
Geo Cary	000110010111111—10	P H Baker	110010100000000— 4
W H Wiatman	010100101111110— 9		

J. Valentine wins cup.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 30.—The Malden Gun Club had its first Thanksgiving match to-day, on its grounds at Wellington. A large attendance was present, and the dozen events indulged in kept all the traps in use at the same time. The snow and sun tended to dazzle the shooters, yet some good scores were made. Appended are the leading events.

First event—Subscription match at five birds—First honors divided by T. C. Fielding and F. T. Noble; second by J. W. Farrington, while A. F. Adams and G. R. Durand evened the third.

Second event—Same; F. T. Noble and T. C. Fielding divided first; A. H. Jones took second and G. R. Durand third.

Third event was an ammunition match at seven birds: A. G. Whitman secured the leading prize, the second was taken by T. C. Fielding, and the third F. Loring carried off.

Fourth event was a team match, Capts. Fielding and Whitman choosing sides. The result: Capt. T. C. Fielding, 4; F. T. Noble, 4; F. Loring, 3; J. W. Farrington, 2; M. Hanford, 2; F. C. Hindley, 2; E. Woodbury, 2—19. Capt. A. G. Whitman, 1; A. H. Jones, 3; J. A. Dill, 4; F. J. Scott, 1; A. F. Adams, 2; G. R. Durand, 4; J. R. Souther, 3—18.

Fifth event was a sweepstake match, and the first prize was looked after by F. T. Noble, while F. Loring and F. J. Scott divided the second, the third and fourth being taken by M. Woodbury and M. Hanford.

STILLWATER vs. VALLEY FALLS—Stillwater, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Match shot at Valley Falls, N. Y., Thanksgiving Day, between Stillwater, N. Y., Gun Club and Valley Falls Gun Club; five men, fifteen balls, eighteen yards. Card's rotary trap.

Stillwater Gun Club.		Valley Falls Club.	
G. Pitsey	110011010010001— 8	Cunningham	111010011001111—10
G Hotaling	110111011111111—13	Haviland	101111011111001—11
B Vanderwar	100101001011101— 8	Akin	001111100110101— 8
G B Whitman	111111111111011—14	Gifford	100001000100101— 5
J Smodell	111101111010101—12	Groesbeck	111011001100011— 9

Won by Stillwater; score 55 to 45.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.—Adv.*



MR. R. T. McMULLEN'S SINGLE HAND LUGGER "PROCYON."

Yachting and Canoeing.

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

[CONTINUED.]

BEFORE continuing the regular course of these articles, a description of some of the single hand yachts known to fame and history, and which have been illustrated in these columns in connection with the subject, will prove of interest and serve as an answer to a number of requests for information concerning them. Mr. McMullen's lugger Procyon, depicted in our cut this week at sea, making the passage from the Thames to Dover, differs in many respects from other boats of her class; and since Mr. McMullen's ardent pursuit of amateur life at sea enables him to speak with weight upon a topic to which he has given so much attention, we cannot do better than draw upon his own words for a description, presuming that his work was done along a stormy coast, taxing boat and man day after day to an extent seldom demanded by our own milder climate. In detailing his adventures, Mr. McMullen writes as follows:

The Procyon was built for me in 1867, and lengthened five feet by the stern in 1870, by Messrs. Holloway, of Whitstable. The sails are by Messrs. Lapthorn, of Gosport. The entire expense was £217, and I have always found them the first to admit that the substantial nature of the work was commensurate with the cost, and supported their high local reputation for honest and finished workmanship. Her length is 38¾ft., extreme breadth 7¾ft., and average depth inside 5ft. Draft, aft 5¼ft., forward 3ft. Her height as she stands on the ground with a 6in. keel is 8ft. 10in. forward and 6ft. 2in. aft. The extra height forward, which answers its purpose completely, is to counteract the effect of placing the mast so near the stem. The height of the "cuddy" is 4ft. from the floor to the deck beams, and its length is 12ft. On each side there is a low bench 8 fed up as a locker, which might be rendered available for sleeping bunks; but I prefer to swing a hammock between the mast and the mainbeam.

The space under the after deck, which is 5ft. long, is protected from the weather by a bulkhead and doors. Fitted up with capacious shelves and leeboards, the stowage here is considerable; even the space under the floor and down to the deadwood being utilized for articles not liable to injury by water. Ballast, all told, a little over two tons.

The height of the mainmast, which is stepped only 18in. from the stem, is 41ft. above the gunwale; its diameter is 6in. (or circumference, on deck 19in., at the sheave in masthead 14in.), and weight, including ironwork and gear, 13¼ cwt. The mizzenmast, in height 16ft. above the gunwale, is stepped just within the transom; thus there is a clear drift of 26ft. between the masts.

Persons viewing her suppose that the mast, being so far forward, must tend to pay her head off when reaching or closehauled; but, the mainsail shooting aft abaft the effort is so much the reverse that she carries a strong weather helm reaching, and if left to herself in a breeze, closehauled, invariably tends to wind, whether the mizzen is set or not.

The mainsail—of No. 5 double, 4ft. canvas split—is a working lug with an upper tack-tackle hooked into an extra cringle above the third reef for peaking the sail, and a lower tack-tackle at the foot of the mast for trimming it. When the lower tack is triced up the sail works clear overhead, enabling one to work forward on deck with safety. The length of the yard is 19ft., the head of the sail 12ft., and the foot 18¾ft.

When dry the weight of this sail with yard is 92 lbs. The storm-sail differs from the mainsail only in size, being 6ft. on the head and 13¾ft. on the foot. The hoist is the same, and its weight with yard 54 cwt. It is necessary to state these particulars to account for the time expended in making or taking in sail, and to account for one's hands getting into such bad condition after every two or three days' rough encounter with the elements.

The riding gear consists of 30 fathoms 5-16 chain, a bass rope of 40 fathoms, and another of 25, besides sundry pieces of manila, to supply deficiencies and for mooring ropes. There are three anchors, 38 lbs., 28 lbs. and 20 lbs., and a grapnel.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your recent articles respecting small yachts are very interesting, and I have been in hopes that you would also publish the lines of one of the fastest of the English cutters of the most extreme type.

I have owned, at various times, over twenty boats, including some seven or eight flat bottom, which I built myself; the largest 30ft. long, 7½ beam on deck, 5ft. on the bottom; and have made over 100 models from 11c. to 3ft. long, and have experimented with different rigs on the same boats.

In 1883 I bought a Mystic built cabin sloop which was considered dead slow. I sailed in company with another boat for a mile and was beaten fully one-third the distance. I altered the rake of the mast, and tried again and kept up with her. Then I altered it again, getting it nearly plumb and could sail around the other boat with ease.

Here was the same boat, same sails, same ballast and trim, going fully one-third faster with a slight alteration in the rake of the mast, and a model so beautifully rendered one of the fastest in those waters. So a model may be good but the sails must be just in the right position to get what she is worth. M. T.

[Concerning the stepping of spars no rule can be laid down to be observed in all cases. Generally speaking, rake of any amount is not to be commended. It has not been shown to possess special merits for speed, and in mechanical respects is an evil. A useless strain is put upon head stays and partners in a sea, and it renders more difficult the cutting of sails to sit and keep them fitting. It also cuts down sail area on a given hoist, and necessitates heavier spars. The practice of stepping spars plumb or nearly so is now almost universal, except in San Francisco, where the old fashion in this respect is still prevalent. In altering the rake of his spar, our correspondent may have improved speed through some other change brought about by the alteration, though the rake of the spars itself, great or little, may have had nothing to do with it.]

SCHOOLMASTER NEEDED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Think you had better left that out about Bedouin's spreading ballast to stop her pitching. It makes us laugh up here in Boston where we do all we can to concentrate our ballast. J. W. N.

BOSTON, Nov. 28.

[Our correspondent is welcome to his mirth. He can discover with how much right he indulges therein by consulting an elementary school book on physics which will explain to him what the "moment of inertia" is and how it is increased by lengthening out the ballast and why that will check pitching the same as winging the ballast checks rolling. From common observation he can ascertain that in lightening a boat's ends the tendency to oscillate in a fore and aft plane quickly is increased for reasons too obvious to need explanation here. We are afraid our correspondent draws his erroneous information from the same source which has been telling him that beam is necessary to carry sail, that depth increases resistance, that heavy boats are slow in light winds, that outside weight makes a boat logy and the hundred and one stale stupidities bowed down to and worshipped as "practical" knowledge, until bounced out of court by the work of this journal. We have taken this trouble to answer because J. W. N. claims to speak not only for himself but for others in Boston. The following quotation from a recent interview with Mr. John Harvey is also apropos:

"Philosophically speaking, narrowing the yacht makes her longer, and if at the same time you deepen her the longitudinal moment of inertia is augmented greatly. The increase of the buoyancy in the fore and after ends of the vessel in conjunction with the lowering of the center of gravity also tends to make the vessel more sensitive (vertically), and, consequently, the power which should be propelling is expended, in a greater or less degree, in the pitching and scending motion, to obviate which nothing remains but to lengthen the (longitudinal) radius of gyration—*i. e.*, extend the weights. This practice, of course, makes the yacht slower in her vertical motions; steadier, too, by far, and so deep (comparatively) is the draught of water in the modern yacht that the helm power, or lateral sensitiveness, is not affected sensibly, which cannot be thought strange when we consider that the weight of the craft is an important factor in its product."]

PREFERS A MATE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest your articles on single handed sailing, and I admire the lines you publish. She would make a capital little boat, very fine in a sea, and light to handle. The only thing I don't like is the single handed part of the business. It may be a weak point in my nature, but when cruising I like to have a kindred spirit to converse with and to exchange ideas with; some one who, like myself, is always down with chronic "boating fever." What a pleasure there is, after the mud hook is let go and all made snug for the night, to loll about on opposite sides of the little cabin, and, pipe in mouth, yarn about things past, present and future. If a man wants a small cruiser he should look around among his friends and get someone to join him in his purchase. The first cost is only half, and the expenses of course are shared equally. The boat would have to be rather larger than the single hander, but the difference in price is not very great. My idea is a boat about 20ft. water line, 6ft. 6in. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft, and about 3ft. freeboard amidships. The cost in England would be about $500 to $600 with iron ballast. Our boats here are rather longer and we generally have a crew of about three amateur hands. Year before last three of us went to the Clyde, Belfast and Kingston, and had a good time. Last year we only went across to Kingston, and spent the rest of our time on the Welsh coast. Nothing of that sort can be done with comfort in a single hander. The continual mental and bodily strain is too great, and besides we have very uncertain weather here, which often makes double work, and it sometimes takes two hands all their time to manage even a small boat. LALOO.

LIVERPOOL, England.

LEAVE IT ALONE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As your journal sets the cue to all others, the rest acting only as ash barrels for the reception of your leavings, permit me to suggest that you continue your crusade in favor of bulk measurement, which seems to me the only system unprejudiced persons can favor. * * *

You have done so much to promote the best interests of yachting that I hope you will not stop your sledge-hammer blows looking to the abolition of length rules. If you start the discussion afresh, we all know the rest of the journals will soon follow your lead, as they have done on all other issues you brought into prominence.

New York, Nov. 28. AN OBSERVER.

[Whist! hush! Say nothing about length measurement. If the boys will rush on to destruction with their eyes wide open, let them heave ahead and repent at their leisure. We have worked harder and more disinterestedly than any man living to bring about the adoption of a rule fair to every style of boat under the sun and showing prejudice to none. Strange as it may seem, in their blindness, our critics have rashly accused us of seeking terms advantageous to the cutter, though the rule we have fathered would exact from the modern representative a much greater allowance than measurement by length. Our conscience is clear. When, some fine day, sailing upon length, a cutter of double the displacement—but, hush! It will be none of our funeral. Let the boys swallow their own dose. "Barkis is willin'!"]

CHICAGO Y. C.

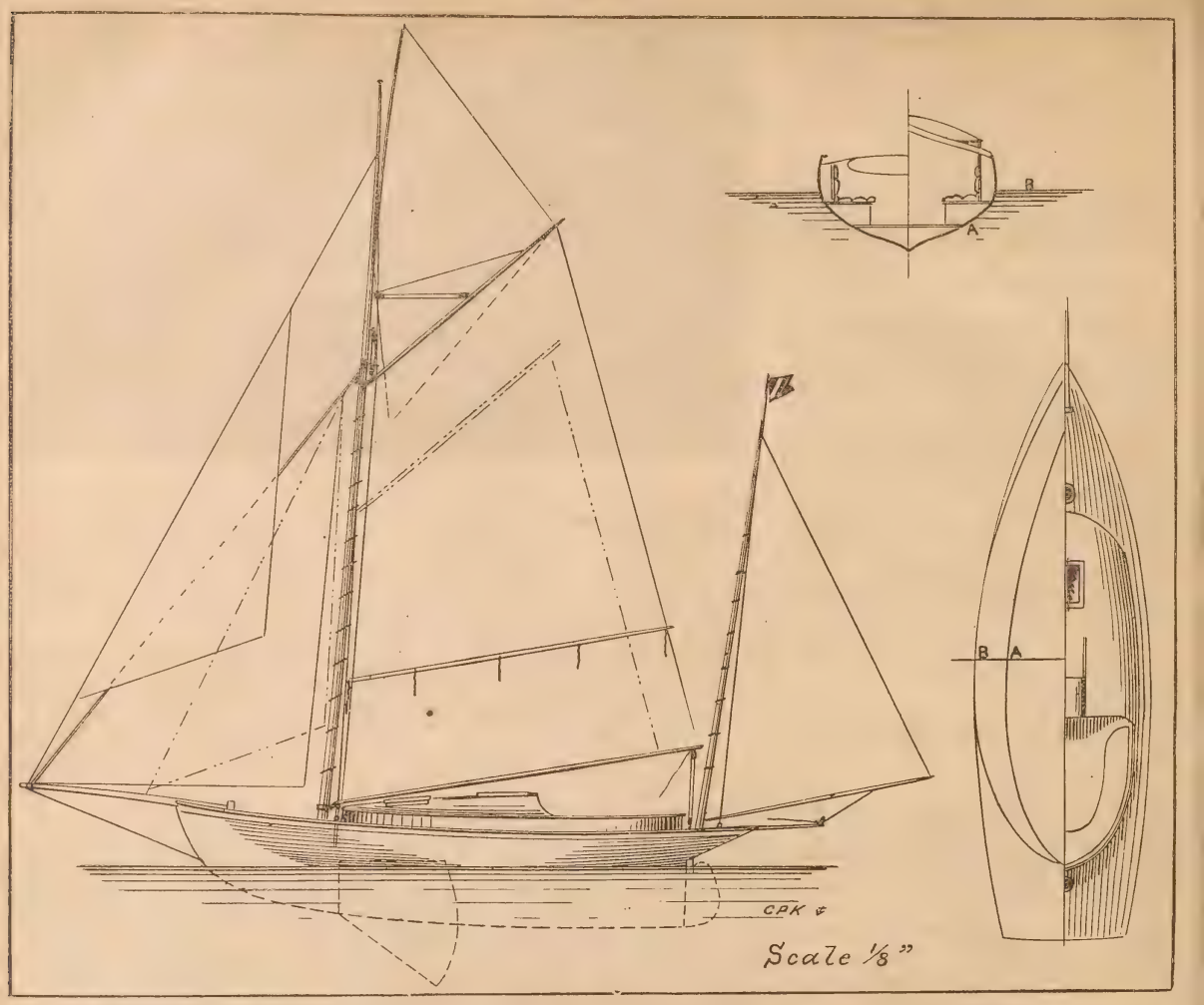
Editor Forest and Stream:

The Chicago Y. C. held its first annual meeting last Friday night, with Com. Griswold in the chair. Reports of the financial standing of the club were read, and it was shown that matters were in a flourishing way. The report of the corresponding secretary showed an increase in membership of forty-two. The election of officers resulted as follows: Commodore, H. F. Griswold; Vice-Commodore, A. J. Fisher; Rear-Commodore, George W. Rogers; Treasurer, F. W. S. Brawley; Secretary, F. M. Blount; Recording Secretary, R. B. Martin; Measurer, F. B. H. Bonter; Time Keeper, Joseph Ruff. Board of Trustees—J. M. Loomis, A. J. Fisher, Jacob Wilhelm, R. H. Bonter and F. Perlbone. Regatta Committee—M. Engart, C. E. Kremer, R. B. Martin, A. A. Munger and Oscar Krause. House Committee—William Keep, Dr. W. W. Blanchard, Harry Duval and F. A. Chaney. Membership Committee—Francis Morgan, *pro.* W. Rogers and L. W. Syer. Surgeon, Dr. W. W. Blanchard; Judge Advocate, C. E. Kremer.

CHICAGO YACHTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to a letter in your columns let me say that the Chicago Yacht Club's signal system is far from being "the most perfect," etc., as it was found very defective during the squadron cruise, and is to be revised this winter. The "famed Countess of Dufferin" was so shaken up by her collision with the propellor Cuba last summer, that she will have to be rebuilt. Her owner has decided to do no more cruising with her, but to take out "afternoon parties" only. After spending nearly $20,000 on her, she is slower than ever. As for the small schooner yachts, there is not one here, although there ought to be several. It is reported that the Madeleine may be brought here, but that is only rumor. The new sloop Wasp is to have her mast stepped twenty-three inches further aft, and the only pity is, she can't carry it eighteen inches further. TRUTH.



A SAN FRANCISCO SINGLE-HANDER.

WE publish this week some interesting plans of a single hand yawl for work on San Francisco Bay, designed by Mr. Wm. Brooks, of that city. Though rather larger than the subject of our articles, the yawl is such an exceedingly handy arrangement that no difficulty will be experienced in managing a yacht of 30ft. load line for short runs or bay cruising. The yawl in question was not intended to meet the particular style of yachting we have been giving attention to lately, but for general knocking about with a friend or two, and alone in the event of being brought thereto by circumstances. A sloop 30ft. load line is a very unhandy toy and a very dangerous one at that for a single hand should she be of the customary New York trap model. In fact, without a mate to work ship she would be altogether impracticable and disaster of some kind would speedily overtake the individual rash enough to clear from moorings without sufficient help to see the boat through difficulties. But with the moderate beam extra depth and low bilge and the yawl rig affairs assume a much safer aspect, especially when rigged as the plan before us. By lowering mainsail the yacht is under close reefs at once. The jib is supplied with a boom on the foot, the sheet of which works automatically on a short traveler forward of the mast after the plan of some working sloops in our own waters. Both it and the mizzen aft work themselves and require no attention whatever in beating up. The skipper keeps an eye ahead and tends the helm or wheel, never bothering himself with sheets or luffing out unless to the very worst. Of course with a boom jib some canvas is sacrificed compared to the lug sail, but for general purposes this is a matter of little moment. The loss is more than compensated for by the convenience, and a yacht which as a sloop would be a very clumsy affair becomes at once under ready control of a single person.

Owing to the strong winds blowing in San Francisco, smaller sail areas are in vogue than on our seaboard. Thus in the design of Mr. Brooks we find but 11ft. of bowsprit beyond forward perpendicular, against 14 or 15 in the New York sloop. Similarly the head of the yawl's mainsail is 16ft. against 18 or 19ft. in a sloop. The area of three lower sails in the yawl is 935ft., whereas the area of a sloop's jib and mainsail would be 1,100ft. This difference appears in stronger relief, remembering that the San Francisco yachts are much abler, larger and generally fuller on their length than New York's light weights. It is often supposed that an increase in the number of sails must needs make a rig "more complicated," and call for a larger crew to work ship. Exactly the opposite is, however, the truth, for the very choice a number of sails offers permits an arrangement adapted to varying circumstances. It is only in fine weather that everything is displayed, and on a fair, pleasant day a few strings more to attend to is of no consequence. When it comes down to hard sailing the work begins to tell, and then the skipper of the yawl can prepare himself to meet emergencies as he requires, on the strength of the very number of his sails, while his friend aboard the sloop is in a constant worry with the question, "What next?" and no sooner has he hauled down one reef by hook or by crook, and been driven all over the channel while so doing, than a second edition, and maybe a third, is called for by a freshening blow, and about the time he is fagged out with his labor, the worst is over, and he can undo again what has cost him so much time and risk. With a boom to the jib, the yawl is as handy as a catboat, having nothing to tend but the helm, and for reducing or driving through a squall she offers far greater convenience and safety than any other rig known. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand the popularity the rig has obtained in San Francisco.

Prejudice against such a "blasted British idea" ran as high at one time on the Western coast as it does to-day on the Atlantic, but actual experiment quickly convinced yachtsmen on the Pacific of the excellences and practical advantages of the mizzen, and as soon as a few immaterial alterations in the outline removed the direct charge of aping the British, even the sturdiest patriots fell willing victims to what they are pleased to call the "Americanized yawl," but which in point of principle differs not an iota from its original in foreign waters. The batten reef which Mr. Brooks has adopted is, we believe, an excellent idea for small yachts. It simplifies the labor of reefing to a material degree and saves a great deal of time, which is a matter of importance in critical moments. The halliards are settled away as required, the outer and inner stops or knittles quickly tied around the boom, and the reef is practically accomplished. At your leisure you may snug up with a couple more stops along the batten. The latter is laced to the sail and aids in keeping the canvas flat. Stormsails and reefed mainsail are indicated in the plans by broken lines. The following are the chief dimensions:

Length over all	36ft.
Length on loadline	30ft.
Beam, extreme	11ft.
Depth of hold	4ft. 9in.
Draught without board	4ft.
Draught with board	8ft.
Least freeboard	1ft. 8in.
Displacement	11 tons.
Ballast	6 tons.
Length of cockpit	8ft.
Length of cabin	12ft.
Width floor, side of trunk	2ft.
Width of berths	2ft.
Headroom	5ft. 3in.
Mast, deck to hounds	29ft.
Pole topmast, hounds to truck	18ft.
Boom	24ft.
Gaff	16ft. 6in.
Bowsprit outboard	11ft.
Mizzen mast, deck to truck	28ft.
Mizzen boomkin outboard	5ft.
Mizzen boom	15ft.
Diameter mast at partners	6¼in.
Diameter boom in center	4½in.
Diameter gaff in center	3¾in.
Diameter mizzen mast at deck	5in.
Diameter mizzen boom in center	2¾in.
Area mainsail	536sq. ft.
Area jib	308sq. ft.
Area mizzen	161sq. ft.
Area jib topsail	120sq. ft.
Area gaff topsail	145sq. ft.
Total plain sail	1170sq. ft.
Area mainsail reefed	366sq. ft.

Keel of oak, 6in. moulded alligator style. Stem and post of oak 3½ to 4in. sided. Frames all steam bent, 1x1½in., spaced 10in. between centers. No floors are used in this construction, the heels of the frames overlapping instead. A keelson plank 6x2in. is worked fore and aft, in wake of centerboard casing the frames are mortised into the trunk logs. Plank of Mendocino pine 1in. thick. Ceiling ⅛ and ¾in. thick. Deck beams of Oregon pine 2x4in., ends lodging on clamps. Deck plank of Oregon cedar 2x1½in. The mizzen steps on the deadwood knee and passes up through the broad, flat end of the boomkin which is made to do duty as mast partners. House top canvassed and painted, the beams well crowned. Spars of spruce.

A CARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you permit me again to say through your columns that the undersigned is not engaged professionally in yacht designing, and has not the time to meet demands for plans or drawings of any kind. This intimation will save the public and myself a good deal of useless correspondence. Those in search of designs are referred to your advertising columns and to the various professional gentlemen mentioned from time to time in your paper.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

NEW YORK Y. C.—At the last meeting the committee on club house had nothing to report. It was decided to abandon the project for the present. A vote of thanks was tendered to Commodore Jas. D. Smith for his services in contributing to the success of last summer's cruise. Ordered on the minutes. It was also decided to retain the landing stage at Newport.

HANDICAPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you explain why you do not look with favor upon handicaps?

A COMMITTEE MAN.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 30.

[We will. Handicaps are charitable grants by fast yachts to slow ones. For that reason it is very plain that they are not equitable. Making a fast yacht pay because she is fast is diametrically opposed to the prime object of racing, which implies a reward to the boat showing most speed. Rob her of that reward and turn it over to a boat not entitled thereto upon merit, with no better excuse than to "divvy" all around, and what object can there be in racing, and worst of all, what is there to induce the fast yacht to come to the line? Where is the logic of giving a bonus to me at the expense of another, when the race is instituted with no other purpose than to determine which is the fastest yacht and to reward her accordingly? And how much satisfaction, glory or benefit can there be to a slow yacht to win with such an indulgence of pap? What instruction can be drawn from a result brought about not by real deserts, but by imposition? How long would there be any incentive to race with the knowledge that the whole thing is cooked and dried beforehand, and that the spoils are not to be wrested from competitors in fair, square fight, but are to be apportioned all round like mamma divides a stick of candy among her crew of gosslings? Do we race to give everybody something to take home from the party? Are we a set of infants to go home crying because the best fellow got the swag? If advisable to boost up racing by giving everyone a share of the prizes, divide the cups and lucre all round at once, and save the idle sham of a race which is no longer a race in earnest. Handicaps occasionally offered as a rough and tumble go-as-you-please, a general scrabble for the fun of the scramble, are good enough, it is true, and for variety indulgence in a side show of baby's play is not to be interdicted. But once venture upon substituting the mere by-play of handicaps for legitimate allowances and let it be understood that penalties at the discretion of committees are to be imposed and a dead failure of racing must be the inevitable result. Apart from this altogether, handicaps can never be practicable much less become popular. Supposing a case. Here we have Bedouin with 105 tons displacement racing Gracie with about 60. Those who take bulk as the standard for comparison would saddle Bedouin with an autocratic tax. Both yachts are about of a length. Those who think they ought to be matched on that for competition would declare no handicap in order. Again, those who would rate according to record and performance might insist upon blackmailing Gracie. Finally, who can decide to the satisfaction of all, which is, and which is not the best of any two, or where is the committee of sages who will undertake to hit off the capacities of yachts under varying conditions of wind and sea down to the seconds which often decide the events of the day? Here, then, we have every conceivable style of handicaps under the sun, any one of which can be urged with as much show of justice as any of the rest or all of the rest put together, and an attempt to permanently engraft such a scheme upon yacht racing can only fetch up in confusion worse confounded, and the collapse of the club venturing upon a course of such an impracticable mixture of quackery and soft-hearted compassion, with the plugs of the fleet, however well the idea may work as an occasional exception to the rule. Yacht owners want their rights; they will never be satisfied with a concoction of underserved charity and injustice imposed at the sweet will and much varying caprices of any committee or clique of fearfully fallible autocrats assuming the right of taxation without representation. We may excuse exceptional handicaps as exhilarating scrambles which deserve no place in the regular records, but as a permanent substitute for legitimate time allowance for size the proposition is too ludicrous to receive serious attention, and our columns are closed to the useless discussion of such palpable nonsense. Moreover, time allowance for size is not at all the cause of small entries, as the most casual observer will conclude from the races in Eastern waters where, sailing under regular time allowance, the question is not how to induce additional entries, but, on the contrary, how to limit the

vast fleets now coming to the line to numbers within the possibilities offered by the physical conditions necessarily accompanying the successful accomplishment of a race. As long as one hundred yachts can be brought to the line in Boston with time allowance for size, the cry for handicaps in sustenance of yacht racing is as baseless as the notion would be grotesque in its workings. If racing is just at present flat and insipid in New York waters it certainly is not to be traced to time allowance, for racing never flourished in history as it does this day in all other ports up and down the coast. Competition in metropolitan waters may be sluggish just now, but the reasons lie much deeper than in the systems in vogue for allowance, and these reasons it is not necessary to investigate at the present. We are not aware that any serious proposition has been made to substitute handicaps for time on size, but should some such an ill-digested scheme be entertained in desperation as the drowning man clutches at a straw, we trust the foregoing is enough to nip in the bud an absurdity no person of insight would for a moment entertain; and which would rebound in the dry rot of any club stupid enough to give it even the dignity of a hearing. Let us have handicaps for the mere fun of the thing, but let not a temporary flush of success due to its novelty be mistakenly laid to the permanent relinquishment of the common rightsand equities of yacht owners in favor of a childish and fleeting bolstering of racing by artificial tatty to the slow vessels in the fleet.]

THE STEAM YACHT "A. BOOTH."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Along in September the steam yacht A. Booth was launched in Chicago. It was a noteworthy event in yachting circles. The vessel started out on a long cruise and has just returned last Saturday. She was at once boarded at the lighthouse slip by your correspondent, and an inspection tour of this elegant vessel undertaken, and Captain "Tony" Everett, one of the veteran yacht masters from Long Island Sound, was the master of ceremonies, as he is of the yacht. Your correspondent was shown all over the commodious vessel, and sends the subjoined report.

This yacht was built by Mr. J. P. Smith, an old ship builder, whose forefathers, clear back to his great-grandfather, held the same occupation before him. Mr. Smith, however, retired from shipbuilding about twenty years ago, and came West to Chicago. He embarked in the wholesale ice business, and only plans and has built yachts for his friends. It is his recreation and a source of delight to plan a fine yacht.

By side the Booth he has modeled and built the yachts Dauntless, now at Lake Geneva, and which he owns, and the yacht Gauntlet, for Mr. Sturgis, president of the Northwestern National Bank of this city. Both yachts are excellent models and are speedy. He planed the Booth at odd hours, and would frequently arise out of bed at nighttime to draw lines and work at the estimates. The vessel was built for Mr. A. Booth, the famous oyster packer of Chicago and Baltimore. It will be used for pleasure, and next season the work cut out for her embraces a trip from this port to your city via the Erie Canal. Mr. Booth spared no pains to make a perfect vessel. What adds to the interest in the yacht now is the fact that she put to sea from Sheboygan Harbor in the great storm of Thursday, November 23, when every other vessel, both steam and sail, absolutely refused to clear. "Just to test her seegoing powers," as Captain Everett asserted. She came through without the loss of a splinter, or showing the slightest strain. J. P. Smith, A. Booth and several other gentlemen were aboard during this trip, which extended as far east as Lake Erie and the straits. She is reported to have made eighteen knots an hour. She came from Sheboygan down with seventeen inches of her wheel broken off, at the actual rate of sixteen miles an hour. It will be essayed next season to increase this speed.

She is rigged as a schooner with jib, foresail and spanker, the rigging being wire. Her general appearance is like a miniature transatlantic steamer. The length of keel is 95ft. and rake of stem four feet from the perpendicular. Breadth of beam 15ft. over all, and depth of hold 8ft. 6in., thickness of keel 6½in. Keel moulded at stem 9in. and at stern post 18in. The frame is of cedar flitch 3½in. sided, frame double with wrought iron floors between each frame, and stanchions of white oak. She has five keelsons, the main keelson being 14 by 6½in., of white oak, with 2in. lock on the floor timbers. She has four sister keelsons of Norwaypine, 6x10in. The stem and stern posts are of white oak, with a natural knee or crook, with five feet lock scarf on the keel, white oak stanchions running down to the second futtock head. The vessel has 400 steel braces 3x5-16in., running from the floor timber head to the top timber head, and let into the frame. They diagonally cross each other five times in the length of the plate, and each crossing has a screw bolt through planking, frame and ceiling. The deck beams are 4½ by 6in. Her planking is of Kentucky white oak 2½in. thick, 30 to 45ft. in length. The deck is of white pine 1¾in. thick and 2¼in. wide. The covering board is white oak, 3x6½in., molded edges. She has a top-gallant forecastle 10ft. long, with an iron rail forward, molded stanchions, ending at the fore rigging, has wrought iron rudder and rudder post of hydraulic tubing, 8in. in diameter. The cabin is 26ft. long, 7½ft. high, and 10ft. wide. It is elegantly upholstered and finished, and lockers, refrigerators, wine coolers, closets, etc., of the most complete description. She is panel finished in the interior and gilded and handsomely painted outside. The engine house and pilot house is 26ft. long by 8ft. wide and all houses are fastened down to the deck by iron rods passing through the sill and fore and aft carlines in the main deck every 4ft. The forecastle is fitted up for four men, with mahogany companionway, shutters of steel and French plate glass. The deck of the boiler house where all steam pipes and smoke stacks pass through is made of angle iron and boiler plate. The boiler is made of Otis steel, 66in. in diameter and 13ft. long, marine boiler with steam dome 5ft. high and 44in. in diameter, double smoke stack 16ft. from boiler deck. She has two vertical engines, made by Robert Tarrant, 12x14, Delamater wheel 4ft. in diameter. The engine is fitted with the Hexter pony pump inspirator, and all modern improvement, pilot house 8ft. with eight large windows of heavy plate glass and sashes of cherry wood. The steering wheel is one of the finest ever put on a yacht and is of rose wood, mahogany and satin wood, all inlaid with nickel and silver, the wheel post being of solid brass with nickel plate. There is one iron davit forward for catting anchor and two aft on the starboard quarter for swinging the life boat. She has one anchor of 350 pounds with 9/4 inch chain, one kedge anchor 100 pounds and a gypsy windlass. This yacht is certainly the finest and costliest vessel built west of the Atlantic Ocean.

WEATHERLINESS.—The word "weatherliness" signifies closewindedness, and has no connection with a boat's performance at sea. It is not to be confounded with the expression "making good weather of it." A boat may be very weatherly, inasmuch as she is capable of sailing close to the wind and losing little by driving off to leeward, and yet be a very poor sea boat; or she may perform admirably in rough water, and still not be a "weatherly" boat if she cannot lay the wind and shows a disposition to make leeway. We are led to this explanation because a number of readers have misinterpreted our meaning when speaking of some light draft as being very weatherly. A wrong signification is quite commonly attached to that word in yachting circles, and its real import should be kept in mind. The merest trap may be very weatherly in smooth water and yet incapable of facing a trifling sea.

CRUISERS' GUIDES.—According to the latest report of the Lighthouse Board there are in all 7.3 lighthouses, 38 lightships, 64 fog signals, operated by steam or hot air; 115 fog bells, operated by machinery; 780 beacon lights on Western rivers, 345 unlighted or day beacons, 33 automatic whistling buoys, 14 automatic bell buoys and 3,377 buoys of other descriptions. To maintain and attend to all these there are employed 22 steam tenders, 4 steam launches, 2 sailing tenders, 1,269 light keepers, and 686 other employees, including crews of lightships and tenders. The total annual expense of the lighthouse establishment and fog signals is $2,749,000.

PERSONAL.—Mr. John Harvey, the naval architect, left for England by yesterday's steamer. He will be absent for two months to attend to some private business and new yachts in hand. He will then return to finish a number of designs for new cutters and a schooner here, and also to superintend their construction.

WIDE KEEL.—Hatcher, Clifford & Co., of Southampton, England, have just laid the keel for a new forty for Mr. Francis Taylor, for whom the fifteen-ton Maggie was originally built. The new cutter will have steel frames and a keel 3ft. wide.

VAYU.—We are in receipt of many inquiries concerning this Boston cutter, the lines of which were published in our issue of Nov. 9. These we will endeavor to cover in some additional articles of the same nature in coming issues.

NEW YAWL.—We learn that a 50ft. cruising yawl is to be built in Philadelphia for New York owners. She will have something like 14ft. beam. It is stated that bids from Philadelphia were one-third lower than New York figures.

FREDA.—We have to thank some readers abroad for a fine instantaneous photo of the 30-ton cutter Freda, winning the Royal Mersey match in July, 1882. The photo was taken from the committee steamer.

TWO MORE CUTTERS.—A second 5-tonner is to be built from the lines recently got out by Mr. Harvey, and we also hear that a 50-ton cutter is in hand for a Portland yachtsman.

NEW CUTTER.—W. P. Stephens will stretch the keel for another cutter similar to the one now in his shop at West Brighton, Staten Island.

FLY BOOK.

REGULAR, with Elastic Band	.50	.60	.65	.70	.80	.90	1.00			
SUPERIOR, " " "			1.25	1.75	2.00	2.50				
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RUSSIA			2.50	3.00		4.00	4.50	5.00		
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PATENT CLIP (holding eight dozen flies at full length)					1.50					2.00
SAME, extra quality (The "South-Side")										5.00
Inches long	4	4½	5	5½	6	6½	7	7½		8

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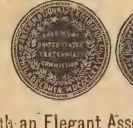
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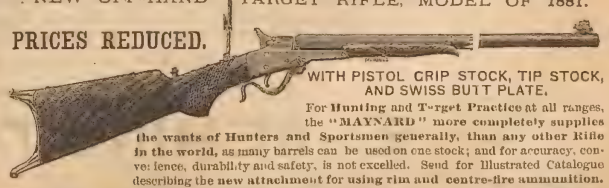
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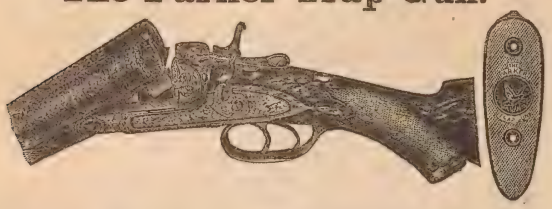
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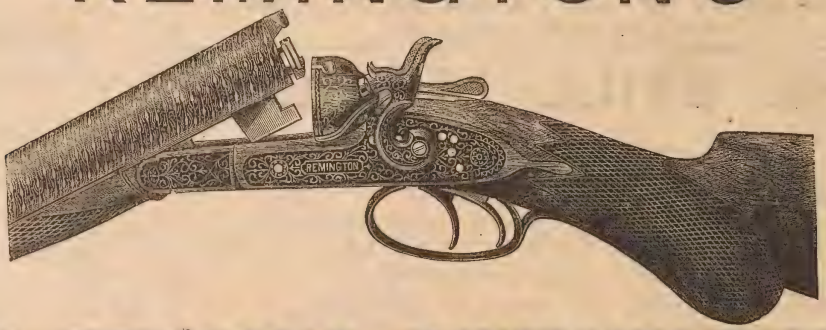
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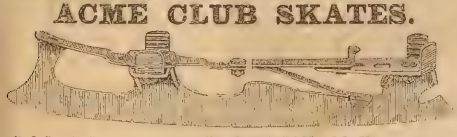
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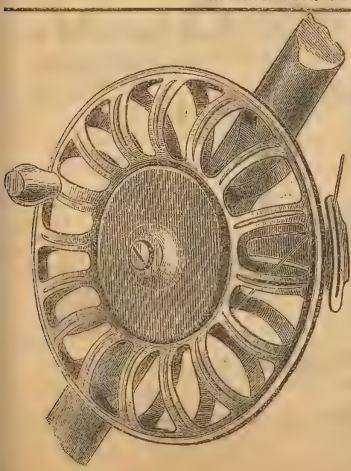
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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.—1883.

FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

The year now drawing to a close has been with the FOREST AND STREAM one of most gratifying progress. Early in the year by an important mechanical improvement, the typographical beauty of the paper was greatly enhanced; and in August, with the beginning of the tenth year of publication, it was

Permanently Enlarged to Twenty-eight Pages.

There has been an equal growth in other important respects. The patronage accorded to this journal by the intelligent reading public has never been more cordial than it is at the present time. Sustained thus heartily, the publishers are prepared to maintain in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM prestige as the

Representative Field Journal

of this country, at once entertaining, useful and influential. As the exponent of the highest types of field-sportsmanship the paper will be adapted to the tastes of all men who use the rod and gun as means of pleasure and recreation. Broad in its sympathy with all that is legitimate in field sports, free from any entangling alliances with cliques, having no interests to serve save those of its constituents, and never hesitating in its criticisms of whatever may be inimical to these interests, the FOREST AND STREAM'S highest ambition will be to preserve in the future the approval won by its course in the past. It will persist in its efforts to awaken in the public mind a fuller appreciation of the importance of the proper protection of game in the breeding season, and of due moderation in the destruction of game at other times. This it considers a matter of prime importance, not so much to the man whose wealth and leisure enable him to make extended tours to favored game countries, as it is to that already very large and constantly increasing class of business and professional men, whose favorite relaxation from the routine of employment is found in brief vacation trips to the woods and fields and brooksides.

The enlarged form of the FOREST AND STREAM enables its editors to present each week in the several departments a large and varied supply of reading. In the columns of

The Sportsman Tourist

Will be found sketches of travel and sport. Coming from many different writers, and widely separate parts of the country, these sketches always have the charm of novelty, and they are sure to be read with interest by sportsmen, because their writers see things through sportsmen's eyes, and describe them from the sportsman's standpoint.

Natural History.

This department will not deal with fossils nor with the monsters of African jungles. Quite on the contrary, it will treat of the animal life of land and water in our own country, the habits and ways of American fur, fin and feather, in which American sportsmen are presumed to take an intelligent interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting excursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

Sea and River Fishing.

The angler will find in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM the best angling literature of the day, in quantity more than is contained in all other publications put together. This journal has inaugurated a series of angling tournaments, the initial meeting having been held in the Central Park of this city; and it is believed that others of equal success will follow in other years. Meanwhile, the man who loves to go a-fishing may find in the FOREST AND STREAM all the year around a great deal that must be to his liking.

Fishculture.

The columns devoted to this important subject furnish a complete resumé of curren achievements and progress in this important work.

The Kennel.

This department has won the confidence of dog owners. Its reports of field trials, bench shows and other events are recognized as impartial, honest, and the most able published The recent series of papers by its editor, entitled "Training vs. Breaking," have been published in book form, and have had a very large sale. Other papers of equal importance will be published from time to time.

Yachting and Canoeing.

The editor of this department being a practical naval architect, and thoroughly familiar with every branch of the subject, will continue the same intelligent treatment of yachting and canoeing that have already won for the FOREST AND STREAM esteem and confidence.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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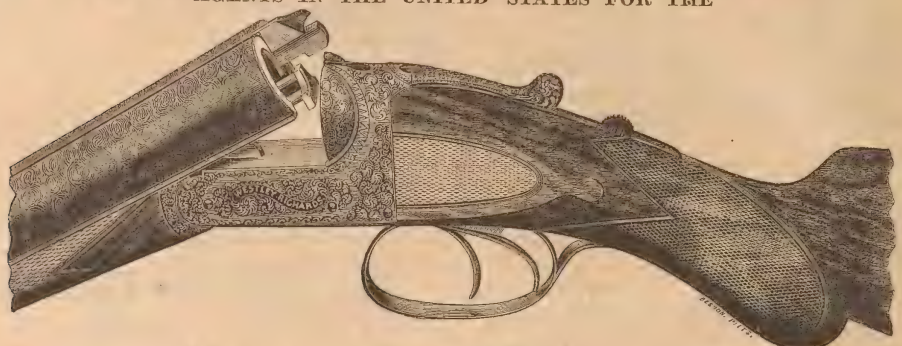
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The Anson & Deeley hammerless lock has been subjected to the severest test, having been fired EIGHTY THOUSAND times in a wear and tear trial without cleaning, and without showing any evidence of wear. The Anson & Deeley action is made in its perfection by Westley Richards & Co.

From every quarter unsolicited come testimonials of the excellence of these guns. We quote a few extracts:

"The Westley Richards Hammerless Gun excels any gun that I have ever used."—GEORGE W. BROWN, Connecautville, Pa.

"The action is simply perfect; there is no possibility of accidental discharge."—E. J. CARPENTER, Cincinnati, O.

"The Hammerless Westley Richards works to a charm, and brings the ducks right out of the sky."—CHARLES J. CLARKE, Winnows Point Shooting Club.

"The little seven-pound Westley Richards Hammerless Gun, purchased from you last summer, has given entire satisfaction. For hard shooting, easy manipulation, and perfect safety, it cannot be excelled. I used but three drams of powder and one ounce of shot throughout the entire season, killing my birds as clean in September as first of October."—ALEX. REYNOLDS, JR., Kittanning, Pa.

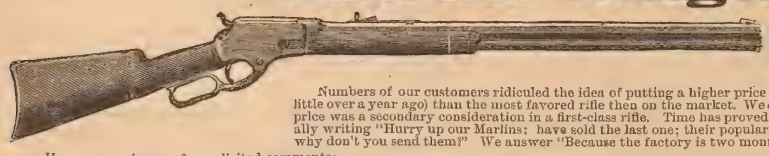
"The Westley Richards Hammerless Gun I obtained from you has been the admiration of all my friends. I consider it much the best hammerless gun, and recommend all sportsmen who can afford the luxury of a perfect gun to buy a Westley Richards Hammerless."—PATRICK HENRY, Clarksville, Tenn.

"I find perfect ease in manipulating the gun, and absolute safety secured from accidental discharge by the automatic safety bolt, which never fails to go to safety when the lever is moved to open or close the gun. You know how prejudiced I have been against hammerless guns. Well, I am thoroughly subdued, and I unhesitatingly say it is 'the gun of the future.'"—I. R. STAYTON, Secretary Allegheny County Sportsmen's Association.

"I feel as if I ought to let you know how the 10-bore, 9¼lbs., 30in. Westley Richards Hammerless works. At the target with four and a quarter drams of Orange Lightning powder No. 6, and one and a quarter ounces No. 8 shot, I can get over 400 pellets in a 30-inch circle, 40 measured yards, every time, with beautiful distribution and wonderful penetration. With the same charge of powder and one and a quarter ounces No. 5, it is sure death to ducks at fifty yards every time. I made two successive shots at single mallards sitting on the water at 76 and 83 yards, and killed both times, and this with the above light load in paper shells. A mallard flying at 50 yards drops as if struck by lightning. Let me thank you for having furnished me what I have so long been looking for, i. e., a gun that suited me in every way. I've got it now and money cannot buy it."—F. W. COTTLE, Lincoln, Ill.

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Marlin Magazine.



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Numbers of our customers ridiculed the idea of putting a higher price on the Marlin Rifle (when first brought to the notice of the trade a little over a year ago) than the most favored rifle then on the market. We contended that the best goods were worth the most money, and that price was a secondary consideration in a first-class rifle. Time has proved the correctness of our views, and the same parties are now continually writing "Hurry up our Marlins; have sold the last one; their popularity is increasing. You have had our order for several weeks now; why don't you send them?" We answer "Because the factory is two months behind orders and with all their exertions cannot catch up."

Here are specimens of unsolicited comments:

Flagstaff, Arizona, Sept. 4, 1882.—"The Marlin rifle is the best repeater I have ever seen; for simplicity, durability and accuracy cannot be equalled."—E. E. HAENELT.

Columbia Falls, Me., Sept. 18, 1882.—"The rifles are received and are better than we expected, though from what we had heard our expectations were large. They suit everyone that has seen them, and we expect to sell a number, and are sure we can clean out every other magazine rifle. Duplicate the order."—L. LEIGHTON & SON. Since the above was written the firm have ordered and sold four lots of the rifles.

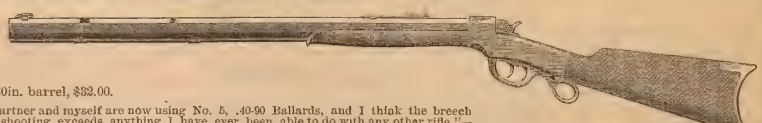
Bear Creek Camp, Wyoming Ter., Oct. 28, 1882.—"My pard and I are now hunting for the Denver market. We have hunted for the past five years, and have worn out five or six guns, and now I want a new one, and I am bound to have a Marlin repeater. The hunters who have them are offered the best rifles and $10 to boot, but dont seem inclined to part with them. In fact they bring $10 more than any other rifle, and I want the very best."—J. L. JOHNSTON.

We beg to call special attention of parties who, have been giving preference to rifles using small charges of powder and light bullets. Experience has demonstrated that the .40 cal. 60 grain cartridge far exceeds the .44 cal. 40 grain in bringing down game at first shot. The trajectory is flatter, the speed of the bullet is much greater, so that less time elapses between the pulling of the trigger and striking the game; the bullet is longer and makes a much larger aperture. Express cartridges can be had for both .45 and .40 cal.

The Marlin Fire Arms Company have just finished an addition to their factory twice the size of their former building, have been putting in new machinery of the latest models, and will soon be prepared to supply the demand.

Pacific Ballard.

No. 5.—Double set triggers, Octagon barrel, cleaning rod under the barrel, with extension rod and brush, Rocky Mountain sights, 26in. barrels, $30.00; 32in. barrels $32.00.



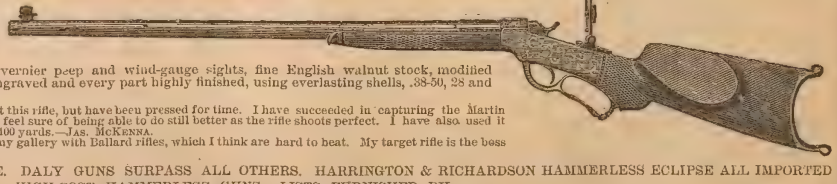
This rifle is made as follows: .40-63, using .40-63 everlasting shells and the new .40-70 Ballard cartridges, .40-90, using everlasting shells, .45-70, using everlasting shells, and .45 government cartridges.

No. 5½.—Same style, weight 14lbs., using Sharps .45-2⅞in. cartridges, 30in. barrel, $32.00.

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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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SPORTING DOGS TRAINED, BOARDED AND for sale. Best of Reference. D. F. WILBUR, Lakeville, Mass. june15,tf

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FOR SALE.—SEVERAL THOROUGHBRED well-trained setter dogs. Dora II., bred by Luther Adams out of old Dora, by champion Rock. Gloucester, bred by D. C. Sanborn of Michigan, under the name of Leo, out of Sanborn's field trial bitch Nellie, by champion Lester. Address 159 Devonshire street, Room 74, Boston, Mass. sept21,tf

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COCKERS.—A FEW CHOICE PUPS OF FIRSTclass blood will be sold low to reduce stock; also one well-broken cocker bitch, 25lbs., A No. 1 retriever from land or water. Price $25. ROBT. WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE.—THE IMPORTED BLACK AND tan cocker spaniel dog Sontag. Address CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. nov16,tf

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FOR SALE CHEAP.

Pups by imported Beau ex imported Blackie.
" " " Beau " " Feather.
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For price, pedigree, prize winnings, &c., &c., address with stamp the

Riverside Cocker Spaniel Kennel,
nov9,tf Lock Box 83, Claremont, N. H.

DASH III.-OPAL, DRUID-SWAZEY. FOR SALE. Llewellin setter puppies, whelped Oct. 16, 1882, by Cashier (Dash III. ex Opal) out of Flake (Druid ex Swazey). No better stock or finer field dogs can be found in the world. Also my Llewellin setter bitch Lassie Jane, whelped Dec. 5, 1880, by Blue Dan out of Flake; is fully broken and in whelp to Cashier. Full printed pedigrees will be furnished. The above stock will be sold low if taken soon. For particulars and price address JOHN S. SCANLON, 10 Pleasant st., Fall River, Mass. nov23,3t

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FOR SALE.—LIVER AND WHITE POINTER dog Ned (Sensation-Queen), three years old, broken, has been hunted this fall on chicken. Also lemon and white pointer pup Frank (Ned-Fan), six months old. Will exchange one for a well-bred and well-broken cocker. C. H. FOOTE, Crown Point, N. Y. nov23,3t

---

A GOOD RABBIT AND FOXHOUND, TWO years old. Small sire. Only $15. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. dec7,1t

---

FOR SALE.—QUEEN III., A WHITE AND liver-colored bitch, 2½ years old, by imported Sleaford out of Queen II., she out of Queen I. and imported Sancho. Staunch on quail and a good retriever. Price $30. Address PETER J. CRISTE, Milton, Pa. dec7,tf

---

Berkley--Kathleen.

Pure red Irish setter pups, whelped Sept. 1st. Price $50 each. THOS. H. TERRY, P. O. Box 2017, New York. dec7,2t

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FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—FOR OTHER property, one pointer bitch and three male pups. Choice breed. Sensation stock. J. C. COOLEY, Agawam, Mass. dec7,4t

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FOR SALE.—THREE FINELY-BRED LAVERack setter pups, five months old, one lemon and white, two liver and white. HARRY O'BRYAN, Radnor, Del. Co., Pa. dec7,tf

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A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

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BROKEN DOGS.—FIVE WELL-BROKEN AND well-bred setter dogs for sale, all good rangers, thoroughly staunch and good retrievers; also one large and very handsome pointer dog, does not retrieve. H. CLAY GLOVER, Tom's River, N. J. nov30,2t

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5th, Never Stiffening.
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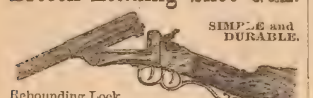
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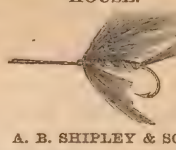
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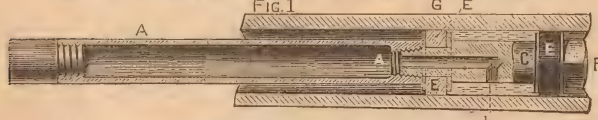
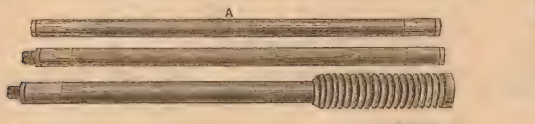


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.





NOTE.—In those made under the improved patent since July, 1882, the nut "F" is done away with, and the rubbers are enlarged or reduced by simply turning the rod by the hand.

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4th. The price, which is no more than that of a common cleaning rod.

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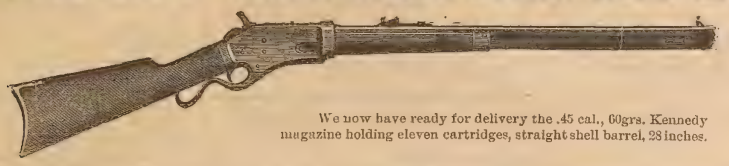
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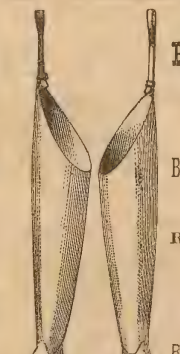
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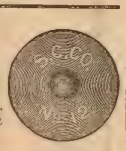
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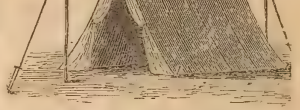
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SEA SERPENT.

THE very name of sea serpent is enough to call up the smile of incredulity on most faces, and the average newspaper man will have his joke at the expense of this unknown animal at least once a year. Notwithstanding this general disbelief in its existence, there is no doubt that there dwells in the ocean some marine monster, which, although not a true serpent, is unlike any known living animal inhabiting the sea, and which has the long neck and small head which has given rise to the story of a great snake.

As long ago as the year 1876, we wrote editorially in these columns as follows:

"Does it not seem almost time to look for the capture of this individual or some one of his race? There is really no reason in the uncompromising disbelief with which the name of our friend is always met. It is but a few years since the sea serpent and the Kraken, the giant cephalapod of the north, were classed together, and the two were equally the subjects of pert scoffs and sneers. Now, however, we know all about the latter animal, and half a dozen specimens are at present in our museums, yet for hundreds of years the Kraken was unknown except from an old print and its accompanying description, while almost every summer tourist in Europe has seen, or has had an opportunity of seeing, the great sea snake. We have never had the latter ashore, it is sure, but we take it that this fact alone would be regarded by scientific men as a very poor reason for disbelieving its existence.

"The fact is that the ocean and its inhabitants are as yet but very little known, and there are vast possibilities in the wide extent of waters that surround us. Where there is so much smoke there must be at least a little fire, for it is scarcely to be believed that all those who profess to have seen the monster have been deceivers or deceived. We know that in the distant past, during the cretaceous epoch, giant reptiles of various kinds inhabited the ocean in vast numbers. Some of these, Mosasaurs, were snake-like in form, but possessed fore and hind limbs in the shape of paddles not unlike a whale's fin, and sometimes attained a length of from sixty to seventy feet; others, the Plesiosaurs, were more lizard-like in appearance, but had a long, swan-like neck and a small head. These latter could no doubt have raised head and neck high above the water without showing any part of the body, except perhaps the back just flush with the waves.

"Now why is it not possible that some of these animals may have continued to exist either in the same or in some modified form until the present time? We know of no reason for supposing that the conditions of marine life were any more favorable to the existence of such animals in the past than they are at present, unless possibly food may have been somewhat more abundant then than now. Their enormous abundance in the cretaceous of the West warrants us in believing that during that period they were among the most numerous of all the strange forms that inhabited the sea. Dreadful creatures they must have been and terribly destructive to their neighbors in this ancient ocean.

"That sea serpents exist at present is a well known fact, but they are pigmies beside the monster which causes the periodical sensations of which we have spoken. About the islands of the Indian Ocean there are several species of marine snakes, characterized by flat tails and a venomous bite, but which never attain to a greater length than eight or ten feet. They are an interesting class of ophidians, and with their rough and barnacle-covered skins would, except in the matter of size, answer very well to the description ordinarily given of *the* sea serpent."

Scientific men have long been on the lookout for specimens of this animal, but none have yet come to light. Instances of its being seen, the authenticity of which cannot be doubted, continue to be reported.

We shall have the pleasure next week of laying before our readers an illustrated article on this subject, which will, we think, be of great interest to all. Three instances of the appearance of the sea serpent will be cited, and illustrations, not exactly from life, but from memory, will assist the reader to form an idea of the monster as he really is.

DANGEROUS DELAY.

WHEN defeat came to the American Rifle Team in September last there was a general agreement that if the match of 1883 was to score another American victory then prompt and vigorous work was required on the part of the riflemen and rifle makers of this country. Months have since slipped by, and so far as can be ascertained by any official reports, no effective results have been reached in the way of preparation. If an American rifle is to be produced capable of such work as was shown at Creedmoor by the English rifles last fall, it is about time that the weapon was forthcoming. It may be that in some armory or shop such an arm is in process of manufacture, but if it were it is not unlikely but it would have been heard of ere this. In the ranks of the National Guard it may be that there is work going on and very energetic practice under way, but there is certainly little or no enthusiasm, and over the whole field, look in whatever direction, there is little at present to encourage a belief that the match of July next is to be more than another defeat for American arms.

If the match is to be won, it cannot be by a grand hurrah and a great scurrying around for points at the last moment. The team must be so strong as to have a reasonable prospect of success before sailing from this side, since it is quite out of any reasonable hope that much improvement will be made by drill on the English ranges. There is no reason why a large amount of excellent preparatory work should not go on during the winter in the way of position drill, with some general experiments on the matter of ammunition and rifles during the fine days on some armory range. There is no time for enjoying a long winter hibernation, else the spring will open and the day of sailing be upon the committee without having any thoroughly equipped and carefully trained team ready to send abroad as the representatives of American skill with the rifle.

As yet no programme of selection has been made out, and guardsmen do not care to undertake the labor and expense incident to preparation for a place on a team until they know just what their chances are of getting on that team. Then there is always a great deal of anxiety felt as to how the captain of the team is to be chosen. He is largely responsible for the results which the team accomplish, and unless he has the hearty support of the members of the team and enjoys in return from them a readiness to obey his orders to the very letter and with alacrity, there is a great deal of waste effort, and the team go into the contest largely handicapped by want of proper organization.

There has been time enough already spent for all necessary consideration of the many questions incident to the gathering together of a team. If anything is to be accomplished it must be by direct effort in fields where some result is promised. The committee ought by this time to know pretty well just what is to be expected from this or that militia organization; whether there are eligible material in it for use in making a team. To depend on the sending out of circulars pell-mell, aiming at everybody and hitting nobody, will not do. It has been tried in the past and found to be utterly valueless in results. Just at present, for instance, the National Guard of Louisiania is busy with a possible match with the French team which has been invited and is expected. It is a question whether a guardsman from California can be induced to undertake so long a journey as that from the Pacific to England with the chances of not getting on the shooting team after all. It is pretty positive that the coming team is to be drawn from a small number of contestants for places, and it is a matter of policy for the managers of the committee to start the process of selection as soon as possible. The delay thus far has been foolish and unwise, further delay will be worse, for it will be fatal to any chances of success. The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association takes place in a few days, and it will be an entirely pertinent point of information for any life member to ask for an explanation of this prolonged tardiness in making up the programme of the attack which is to be made next summer for the recovery of the palm of victory in rifle shooting which now rests too securely in British hands.

No doubt the committee have been in some measure embarrassed by the non-receipt from England of the amended conditions of the match. There has been ample time for the secretary of the British Council to have informed the American committee of the decision on the several points submitted. It has been understood unofficially for some time past that the extension of time to January 1, 1883, for enlistments in the National Guard had been granted, but no civilian marksman wishes to join an organization without some official guarantee that it will give him the right to compete for a team place. To get an official letter next month informing the committee that the British Council have been graciously inclined to grant the extension of time would be little more than a mockery. There is a measure of mitigation in this neglect of the British rifle managers to respond, and due allowance should therefore be made in this direction for the tardy way in which our committee have worked, still there is a vast deal which should have been done ere this which has been left undone.

WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT IT?

THE question as to what methods shall be employed in the coming session of the New York Legislature is now exciting much interest. There are probably more plans being devised for the improvement of the game laws and the better protection of our *fere naturæ* than ever before, because each year more people see the urgent necessity of doing something in this direction. A time will no doubt come, when a majority of the population of this country will appreciate the importance of the subject, and then, if this appreciation does not come too late, proper measures will be taken for restoring to our deserted fields and woods their whilom inhabitants. But the chances of accomplishing much during the present winter are not encouraging, unless all who are interested in the subject work together, and having discovered what it is that they want, put forth the most strenuous endeavors to obtain it. In a recent editorial we briefly set forth our views with regard to this matter, and in another column of the present issue may be found communications responsive to our remarks. These letters come from men of age and experience, and their voices should carry weight with all our readers.

It is, as Mr. Hoard says, not only almost, but quite time that the tinkering was ended, but we fear that the usual crop of bills will make their appearance with the opening of the present session, and if an attempt is made to alter the laws, is it not more than probable that from a dozen counties, towns and hamlets will appear representatives who wish to have exceptions of some kinds made for their section? The legislators do not appear to have the backbone to stand up against the persistent pleadings of such people, or perhaps, and this is more likely, they do not know enough to stand firm in the position which they have taken. No better commentary on this feebleness of purpose is needed than that shown last year by a legislative committee, and a committee of supposed representative sportsmen appointed by the State Association. This last body of men comprised a large number of gentlemen who undoubtedly understood fairly well, some of them as well as anyone can, just what should be done, but there were among them a few individuals, like the delegate from Wild Rose Point, who thrust themselves

forward and would be heard, and who finished by carrying their point. These people were working for their pockets and the others only in support of a sentiment. A curious hodge-podge of ridiculous amendments were ultimately recommended for adoption, but happily failed of becoming a part of the law of the State. Anyone who will read over the report of this meeting in FOREST AND STREAM of March 23, will see, however, that too many of the delegates thought very little about protecting the game, but a great deal about their chances of getting a shot at it. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, there was a very unpleasant manifestation of selfishness on a part of a number of the delegates.

Now, if the inhabitants of every county in the State insist that in their section it be lawful to take fish all the year around, to shoot the ruffed grouse and woodcock when the young are too small to fly, and to run does heavy with young into the water; but feel anxious that, in every other section but theirs, the lakes and streams and fields and woods shall be carefully protected during all except a brief open season at the proper time, if, we say, such views are held by any considerable number of people, it may be left to the intelligence of our readers to say what the result will be.

If anything is to be done in the way of proper protection, each one of us must be willing to sacrifice the chance of taking a few fish or of getting some shots at birds for the common good. In other words, there must be more public spirit displayed in the matter than we are accustomed to see. A man must not object to the abolition of spring shooting on the ground that the ducks and snipe if they are not shot in New York will go to Nova Zembla and be killed there. If one State takes the right step of abolishing spring shooting others will follow promptly in the path thus pointed out,

The number of game protectors which New York now has is just enough to emphasize the absurdity of attempting to accomplish anything with an utterly inadequate force. One or two of them we believe to have done good work and to be deserving of honorable mention therefor, but with these exceptions their duties appear to have been limited to drawing their pay. There should not be less than one game protector, warden, constable, or whatever it may be thought proper to call him, for each county in the State, and in many it would be better to have two. The utter folly of attempting to protect game by means of eight wardens in a State as large as New York is too patent to require comment.

Whether the incoming executive will prove himself any more inclined to co-operate with the sportsmen of the State than the outgoing Governor has been is a question which time alone can answer. One thing, however, appears certain, and from it we may draw some encouragement. There never has been a time when so much interest was shown in the preservation of game as now. The subject is growing in interest and this interest is daily extending. People talk and think more about it than they used to. The growth is steady, but we are sorry to say that it is very slow.

NON-EXPORT GAME LAWS.

THE Indiana test-case has been decided, Judge Field rendering an opinion that the non-export clause of the game law of that State is unconstitutional. He reasons that the game, having become by capture the absolute property of the individual, is thereby taken out of all further control of the State. Whether or not the sportsmen of Indiana will accept this decision as final, and make no further efforts to prohibit the exportation of game from the State, we are not at present informed.

There are in several other States non-export clauses of a similar nature, and if the decision of Judge Field be not reversed, they will be futile to accomplish the desired end. These laws, which forbid exportation of game after it may have become the lawful property of the individual, obtain in Dakota, Colorado, Minnesota and Nebraska.

In Connecticut and Michigan, the non-export laws are worded differently, and in such a way, it is claimed, that the point of constitutionality is in no wise involved. These laws do not relate to the game after it may have lawfully come into possession, but prescribe a certain purpose, namely, exportation, for which game shall not be killed, and make the subsequent exportation of the game *prima facie* evidence that it was killed for that purpose. Thus the Connecticut law reads:

SECTION 1. No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail, for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State. Section 2. No person, corporation, or company shall transport or convey any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail killed within this State beyond the limits thereof, or sell or have in his or their possession any of such birds with the intention to procure the same to be conveyed or transported beyond the limits of this State. Section 3. The reception by any person, company, or corporation within the limits of this State of any quail, woodcock, or ruffed grouse for shipment to a point without the State, shall be *prima facie* evidence that the said bird or birds were killed within the State for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State. Section 4. Any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding sections shall be fined not less than seven nor more than fifty dollars and costs of prosecution.

In Iowa the law is a combination of both of these forms; it provides that certain game shall not be exported and that certain other game shall not be killed for traffic. In Missouri it is declared unlawful for non-residents to kill game for export; and there are various other laws, worded to suit the fancy of their originators, and without much regard to their constitutionality or the ability to enforce them.

Several more non-export laws are in contemplation. It would be well for their framers to adopt a wording similar to the Michigan and Connecticut laws, which have not been assailed.

THEIR LAST REFUGE.

THE time is coming when the large game of the West will no longer exist in any considerable numbers, when so far as the hunter is concerned it will be practically exterminated. The rapidity with which the Rocky Mountain region is being settled up is astonishing to any one who has for years been familiar with it, and who remembers a time when it was a simple wilderness, whose only tenants were the wild beasts or still wilder men. Rapid and general as has been the influx of population into this section, and vast as has been its improvement from an economic point of view, these changes are only a hint of what is yet to come. For the first few years after the country became accessible by rail, the march Westward of the agriculturist and farmer was comparatively slow. But people continued to pour in, and the settling up of the country went on with a constantly increasing speed. The ratio was geometrical, immigrants came faster and faster. Arable lands were taken up, the stock grower scattered his herds everywhere, while with pick, pan and drill the hardy prospector brought to light the mineral treasures alike of the foothills and the snow-crowned mountain top. For years the change has been going on which is transforming the wilderness of yesterday into the bustling, thriving settlement of to-morrow. Each year, nay, each day, sees more settlers pouring in, new towns formed, ranches established on streams far back in the mountains; waters which since the beginning of time have murmured only to the deer and elk, or to the red masters of the soil, but which will now echo to the laughter of the settler's children and tremble responsive to the strokes of his ax.

With such changes in the conditions of the country it may be supposed that its indigenous inhabitants will suffer. The Indian, the buffalo, the elk, deer and moose will disappear; from many sections they have already done so. This was to have been expected, and while it may be deplored, it cannot be avoided. The interests of civilization demand that the country shall be settled and improved, and a sentiment cannot be permitted to stand in the way of such improvement. Lamentable as it is to see these superb animals swept off from the face of the earth, it is something to which we must submit. All we can do is to exert ourselves to render this extermination as gradual as possible.

Over twelve years ago an act was passed by Congress, which, it was then hoped, would provide a refuge for this game, a place where for all time the different animals might remain undisturbed by the hunter, might propagate their species, and might show to the grandchildren of the present generation the game that their forefathers used to hunt. The Yellowstone National Park was established in the following language:

ACT APPROVED MARCH 1, 1872.

(*Revised Statutes of the United States, sections* 2474 *and* 2475.)

SEC. 2474. The tract of land in the Territories of Montana and Wyoming, lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River, and described as follows, to wit, commencing at the junction of Gardiner's River with the Yellowstone River, and running east to the meridian passing ten miles east of the most eastern point of the Yellowstone Lake; thence south along said meridian to the parallel of latitude passing ten miles south of the most southern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence west along said parallel to the meridian passing fifteen miles west of the most western point of Madison Lake; thence north along said meridian to the latitude of the junction of the Yellowstone and Gardiner's Rivers; thence east to the place of beginning, is reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people; and all persons who locate or settle upon, or occupy any part of the land thus set apart as a public park, except as provided in the following section, shall be considered trespassers and removed therefrom.

SEC. 2475. Such public park shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be, as soon as practicable, to make and publish such regulations as he may deem necessary or proper for the care and management of the same. Such regulations shall provide for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders within the park, and their retention in their natural condition. The Secretary may, in his discretion, grant leases for building purposes, for terms not exceeding ten years, of small parcels of ground, at such places in the park as may require the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors; all of the proceeds of such leases, and all other revenues that may be derived from any source connected with the park to be expended under his direction in the management of the same, and the construction of roads and bridle-paths therein. He shall provide against the wanton destruction of the fish and game found within the park, and against their capture or destruction for the purpose of merchandise or profit. He shall also cause all persons trespassing upon the same to be removed therefrom, and generally is authorized to take all such measures as may be necessary or proper to fully carry out the objects and purposes of this section.

The passage of this act was generally approved. The territory set apart for the Park contains natural wonders which are unequalled anywhere in the world, and which, if left to private settlement, would simply be used by their future owners as money-making shows. The region offers no inducement to the farmer, for it is rugged and mountainous, nor to the stock raiser, for the altitude of a large portion of it is so great, that cattle cannot be grazed there in winter. It was hoped and believed that here was a reservation which would be protected from the inroads of the skin hunter, where game might be free from molestation, and so add to the attractions of the Park. The language of the statute quoted above warranted such a belief.

How have these hopes been fulfilled? Why, in the usual way, to be sure. This "great and glorious government" has again stultified itself by enacting laws without supplying the means to enforce them. The Park is overrun by skin hunters, who slaughter the game for the hides, and laugh defiance at the government. The Park is a pleasant summer resort for the Secretary of the Interior, whoever he may be, who makes his jaunt thither, wonders greatly at what he sees, and returns to Washington. The curse of politics has entered into the management of the reservation, and the little money appropriated for its maintenance is wasted by incompetent and ignorant officials. It is leased to private parties, who desire to make a peep show of its wonders.

It is many years since we first visited the Park and became familiar with its wonders. Since then we have many times called attention to the fact that in the reservation the people of the United States have a game preserve of great extent, the natural home of all our varieties of Western large game, which, by the expenditure of a few thousands of dollars annually, in thorough policing by good men, could be made a permanent breeding place for the larger wild animals which will, otherwise, before long, become extinct. More than once the game has been nearly or quite driven from the Park, but as it remains unsettled, while the neighboring country is filling up, it will be for years to come a place where the animals will gather for safety.

The importance of this subject has long been appreciated by many of those who are familiar with the Park and its capabilities, and army officers of high rank have been shocked by the destruction of our game in this particular locality, where it should be safest from the greed of butchers. In a report to the War Department, presented in 1876, Col. William Ludlow, U. S. Engineers, drew special attention to this subject in the following language. He says:

> Hunters have for years devoted themselves to the slaughter of the game, until within the limits of the Park it is hardly to be found. I was credibly informed by people on the spot, and personally cognizant of the facts, that during the winter of 1874 and 1875, at which season the heavy snows render the elk an easy prey, no less than from 1,500 to 2,000 of these, the largest and finest game animals in the country, were thus destroyed within a radius of fifteen miles of the Mammoth Springs. From this large number, representing an immense supply of the best food, the skins only were taken, netting to the hunter some $2.50 or $3 apiece; the frozen carcasses being left in the snow to feed the wolves or to decay in the spring. A continuance of this wholesale and wasteful butchery can have but one effect, viz. the extermination of the animal, and that, too, from the very region where he has a right to expect protection, and where his frequent inoffensive presence would give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number.
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> The cure for these unlawful practices and undoubted evils can only be found in a thorough mounted police of the Park. In the absence of any legislative provision for this, recourse can most readily be had to the already existing facilities afforded by the presence of troops in the vicinity and by the transfer of the Park to the control of the War Department. Troops should be stationed to act as guards at the lake, the Mammoth Springs, and especially in Geyser Basin. A couple of signal-sergeants might profitably be employed in keeping meteorological and geyser records, which would be of great interest and value.

The same officer further says: "Visitors should be forbidden to kill any game. The hunters should have their arms and spoils confiscated, besides being liable to prosecution." One of Col. Ludlow's assistants, in his report to that officer, says, referring to the same subject:

> Buffalo, elk, mule-deer, and antelope are being slaughtered by thousands each year, without regard to age or sex, and at all seasons. Of the vast majority of the animals killed the hide only is taken. Females of all these species are as eagerly pursued in the spring, when just about to bring forth their young, as at any other time.
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> It is estimated that during the winter of 1874-'75 not less than 3,000 elk were killed for their hides alone in the valley of the Yellowstone, between the mouth of Trail Creek and the Hot Springs. If this be true, what must have been the number for both the Territories [*i. e.*, Wyoming and Montana]? Buffalo and mule-deer suffer even more severely than the elk, and antelope nearly as much. The Territories referred to have game laws, but, of course, they are imperfect, and cannot, in the present condition of the country, be enforced. Much, however, might be done to prevent the reckless destruction of the animals to which I have referred, by the officers stationed on the frontier, and a little exertion in this direction would be well repaid by the increase of large game in the vicinity of the posts where it was not unnecessarily and wantonly destroyed. At one or two points, notably Camp Baker, efforts have been made to drive off the skin hunters, and with such success that the officers have very fine hunting within easy reach. The general feeling of the better class of frontiersmen, guides, hunters, and settlers, is strongly against those who are engaged in this work of butchery, and all, I think, would be glad to have this wholesale and short-sighted slaughter put a stop to. But it is needless to enlarge upon this abuse. The facts concerning it are well known to most army officers and to all inhabitants of the Territory. It is certain that, unless in some way the destruction of these animals can be checked, the large game still so abundant in some localities will ere long be exterminated.

These recommendations were made nearly seven years ago, but were unheeded. It is true that for several years past the superintendent of the Park has had in his employ a gamekeeper, but the most careful study of recent reports by that official fails to show that he has done anything whatever in the way of protecting the game, either by arresting or warning off skin hunters or visitors who were disposed to use their arms within the limits of the reservation. The fact appears to be that the Park is, under the present condition of things, a mere loafing place for a lot of people who are paid for spending their summers in journeying about through this beautiful region.

The subject of giving these wild animals protection comes up again now, and attention is called to the ruthless destruction to which they are subjected by the report of General Sheridan, an extract from which we print below. No man is better qualified to speak on this subject than the gallant soldier whom we quote, and we wish with all our hearts that his recommendations might be carried out. We wholly agree with him that the limits of the Park should be extended, and that the duty of policing it should be entrusted to the troops under his command. I seems impossible to hope for anything in the way of assistance from the Interior Department, that sink of corruption which so disgraces our government, but the troops from Custer, Washakie and Ellis could be employed in this duty without the cost of one cent to the government. We bespeak for General Sheridan's recommendation the heartfelt support of every sportsman in the land. He says:

On arriving at the railroad, I regretted exceedingly to learn that the National Park had been rented out to private parties. The place is worthy of being a National Park, the geyser phenomena and the Yellowstone Canyon having no parallel in any nation. The improvements in the Park should be national, the control of it in the hands of an officer of the Government and small appropriations be made and expended each year for the improvement of roads and trails. It has been now placed in the hands of private parties for money-making purposes, from which claims and conditions will arise that may be hard for the Government and the courts to shake off.

The game in the Park is being killed off rapidly, especially in the winter. I have been credibly informed that since its discovery as many as 4,000 elk were killed by skin hunters in one winter, and that even last winter, in and around the edges of the Park, there was as many as 2,000 of these grand animals killed, to say nothing of the mountain sheep, antelope, deer, and other game slaughtered in great numbers. I would like to see the Government extend this Park to the east as far as a north and south line through Cedar Mountain. This would be due east about forty miles, at the same time placing the southern boundary of the Park at the forty-fourth parallel of latitude, which would be due south ten miles. This would increase the area of the Park by 3,344 square miles, and would make a preserve for the large game of the West, now so rapidly decreasing. This extension would not be taking anything away from the people, as the territory thus annexed to the Park can never be settled upon. It is rough mountain country, with an altitude too high for cultivation or winter grazing for cattle. The game is now being driven toward the Park, and if we keep out the skin hunters the game would naturally drift to where it can find protection. This year I noticed that buffalo were on the edge of the Park, and the elk, deer, antelope, and big-horn sheep, from the Big Horn Mountains, are all drifting to the section of the country which would be included in the National Park if it were extended as I recommend.

I respectfully make an appeal to all sportsmen of this country, and to the sportsmen's clubs, to assist in getting Congress to make the extension I describe, thus securing a refuge for our wild game. If authorized to do so, I will engage to keep out skin hunters and all other hunters by the use of troops from Fort Washakie on the south, Custer on the east, and Ellis on the north, and, if necessary, I can keep sufficient troops in the Park to accomplish this object, and give a place of refuge and safety for our noble game. If any of the game which will naturally drift to this place of safety break out again, let it be killed, but let its life be made safe while in the National Park; it will then soon learn to stay where it will be unmolested.

It might be imagined that the inhabitants of Montana would be far-sighted enough to take into their own hands the enforcement of the game laws which exist on the statute books of the Territory, and thus preserve to the Park, which annually draws so many strangers to their land, one of its greatest attractions, but in our ever-busy, bustling West every man is so intent on the accomplishment of his own private business ends, that he has little or no time to devote to the public good. Still, it would pay the citizens of Bozeman and Virginia, the two cities from which most of the parties who go to the Park start, to hire half a dozen good men, to do the work which the government will not do. Better than this, however, far better than anything else that could be done, would be the accepting and carrying out, in detail, the recommendations of General Sheridan.

The Park should undoubtedly be extended as advised by him, and this should be done at once, before any settlers' claims are taken up within the proposed new boundaries. Such an extension would give to this public pleasure ground an area of about 7,000 square miles, as against the 3,700 which it at present contains, an increase which it is now perfectly practicable to make without interfering with the rights of any citizen. The people of the United States would then have a public preserve and pleasure ground which for extent, for beauty of scenery, for natural wonders, and for the variety and interest attaching to the indigenous life within its boundaries, would be unequalled by anything in the world.

For many years we have hunted and traveled and fished and trapped and mined and fought Indians over the length and breadth of the great West. We have seen it when it was, except in isolated spots, an uninhabited wilderness; have seen the Indian and the game retreat before the white man and the cattle, and beheld the tide of immigration, once small, like a tiny mountain stream, move forward, at first slowly, and then, gathering volume and strength, advance with a constantly accelerated power which threatens before long to leave no portion of our vast territory unbroken by the farmer's plow or untrodden by his flocks. There is one spot left, a single rock about which this tide will break, and past which it will sweep, leaving it undefiled by the unsightly traces of civilization. Here in this Yellowstone Park the large game of the West may be preserved from extermination; here, like the almost extinct aurochs of Lithuania, it may be seen by generations yet unborn.

It is for the Nation to say whether these splendid species shall be so preserved, in this their last refuge.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBERS.

THE Christmas number of the FOREST AND STREAM, that of December 21, will contain the following, written specially for it:

I. "THE SEA SERPENT,"

An illustrated article, by Dr. W. O. Ayres, of New Haven, Conn.

II. HOLLYWOOD MANOR.

A reminiscence of the Devonshire coast. By "John Aldergrove."

III. "ANY LETTERS FOR ME?"

A stirring tale of adventure in New Mexico. By H. P. Ufford, whose sketch entitled "The Big Bear of Hermosa," in our last Christmas number, was received with so much favor.

The New Year number, that of December 28, will contain, among other good things:

CRUSOES OF THE ANTARCTIC,

A deeply interesting narrative of the experience of the crew of the bark Trinity, cast away for fifteen months on a desert island in the South Seas. Written for the FOREST AND STREAM by John Easmond, second officer of the Trinity.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

XIV.—WORK OF THE SURVEY.

THESE rambling papers have touched upon many things and have avoided reference to the work of the survey party. There are several reasons for this; among them may be named the fact that I am merely a kind of an attaché, looking after the fishes, with a sort of roving commission to go where there promises to be anything of interest in that line, and consequently I am with the working party but a small portion of the time. Again; I do not pretend to know a great deal about the work and might mix things up, and besides this I do not care to anticipate any portion of Mr. Colvin's report. By the way, those reports, made to the Legislature of New York, are most excellent reading, and give one a better idea of the Adirondacks than he can gain in any other manner, unless he devotes years to actual travel there.

In paper No. XII. of this series, I referred to the working parties then on Raquette Lake. This might give the impression that all the work this season had been done there. This is not the case. Since July Mr. Colvin has had some fifteen separate surveying parties in the field, some on the Schroon waters, some on the St. Regis, some in the Saconaga country, some among the West Canada lakes, and others on the Independence River; in fact, he has had a party in nearly every county here, and several in Hamilton county, all at the same time. His headquarters at West Mountain, on Raquette Lake, were so situated that he could oversee those nearest him, and also readily communicate with the others. His tent is now (Nov. 22) at a height of about three thousand feet above the sea, with snow and ice all around. The lakes are frozen and at night the thermometer is often about, or below, zero.

Since I have learned how necessary this work is in order that the State may know what land it owns and also be able to define the boundaries of tracts that it has sold, I have wondered that the survey was not undertaken years ago: It is just as well, however, for if it had been attempted with the appliances of fifty years ago it would not have been as thoroughly done as it will be now. The old lines have been nearly obliterated, posts have rotted, and witness-trees have grown so that the old marks are either covered or the tree has reached the limit of its life and fallen. The old compass lines ran from side to side and were anything but straight, being inclined to travel in circles about deposits of ore which coquetted with the magnetic needle, so that what was mapped out on paper as a straight line was apt to resemble the wanderings of a bear hunting for beech nuts.

The exact work, now done with instruments wholly independent of the magnetic compass, will be, when completed, of great value for all time. The monuments are of copper set in the rock, where the conditions will admit of it, and in cases where there is no solid rock, large boulders are buried, and the copper bolts in them can be readily found. County and township lines are firmly established, and there will be no more evasion of the payment of taxes on the plea that certain property is incorrectly mapped or described. When it is known that an ordinary compass is entirely useless in many parts of the Adirondacks, owing to the immense deposits of magnetic ore found here, in consequence of which the variation of the needle is so great as to cause it to point in many directions, including due south, then the unreliability of the old compass surveys will be understood. The old maps show level ground where some of the highest mountains are found to-day, and, unless some malicious person has since placed those great hills there to puzzle engineers, the maps must be incorrect. Yet tracts containing thousands, and even a million, of acres have been sold on the basis of the surveys made seventy years ago by compass lines and which, as before stated, are almost as crooked as the traditional ram's horn.

The work of the survey goes on all the year round, and consequently it brings much exposure to the weather. Taking observations from mountain tops in the Adirondacks at any time from November to April is not boy's play, or man's either, and there is no lack of winds which blow all the cold air that most people would ask for. In the summer the flies and their companions in crime make life a torment near the streams, and a month in the spring and two in the fall is all the surveyors have of comfort, in the shape of weather and relief from insects, throughout the year. Men who go to the woods in summer to fish expect the flies, so do the surveyors, too, for that matter, but it makes much difference whether an annoyance is a daily accompaniment of one's business or whether he can escape by leaving when he pleases, if his tormentors come too thick. At present writing snow-shoes are in fashion, and are not liable to be superseded before March or April.

The still-hunters are out in force now and the season for driving deer with dogs is past. The music of the hounds no more rings through the forest. This suggest the line: "The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill." I have never heard this, but I saw a hunter have one last week. It was not "the merry winding horn" that poets rave of, the horn I saw him have was "straight," and about three fingers.

F. M.

THE NEW YORK MILITARY STAFF.—Governor-elect Grover Cleveland, of this State, has made up an excellent military staff of young men, energetic and ardent, and the old-fogy blood which the late administration inflicted upon the National Guard will be allowed to congeal in private. The selection of Capt. Chas. F. Robbins for the post of Inspector General of rifle practice could not have been bettered.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY has issued its annual appeal for remembrance at the Christmas season. The efforts of this society are worthy of the highest praise and of substantial support. The secretary's address is C. L. Brace, No. 19 East Fourteenth street, New York.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ONE DEER.

DICK and I were camping at a beautiful lake in the Adirondacks. It was rather late in the season and the deer that a few weeks previously had been in the habit of coming to the edges of the streams and lakes to nip the lily-pads and wade about in the shallow water were seldom seen. Occasionally an old buck would come out at evening and take a stroll along the sandy margin of the lake, adding for the moment a touch of wilder beauty to the dark forest background, and after standing proudly at some rocky point and surveying the scene would disappear again into the woods.

A small bay half way up the lake seemed to be a favorite place for the deer, as innumerable tracks were always to be seen in the sand along the shore, and one afternoon when we were almost out of venison in camp I suggested to Dick that it would be the proper thing for us to make a trip in the evening to this place.

The wood for the camp fire was cut and piled at a convenient distance from the mouldering back log all ready for a glorious blaze on our return, and just before sundown I took my place in the bow of our little boat with the Ballard across my knees, while Dick took the stern with the paddle.

Long shadows were reaching out from the big pines and hemlocks on the west shore, the valleys were already in darkness, and the long red rays of the fast setting sun streaming through the tree tops illumined the rest of the forest with a hazy evening light. Great tree trunks lay half sunken in the dark clear water, their arms reaching grimly out, and quiet reigned over all, the paddle in Dick's skilled hand making not the slightest sound.

As we silently glided along, a loon far up the lake caught sight of us and his wild querulous call ringing through the forest was answered by echo and sent wavering from cliff to cliff. Again and again the weird cry echoed and re-echoed from the mountain sides and was sent from shore to shore, and an eagle soaring high overhead answered with its screams. The reverberations ceased and the stillness was broken only by the song of a white-throated sparrow within the short range of his little voice. A mink came swimming alongside of us, his bright mischievous eyes trying to make out what we were. Suddenly an otter's head appeared above the water, and soon another, and another, and in the most amusing way they bobbed up and down and spit at us in their spiteful way. For two or three minutes the otters swam along ahead of us, diving and appearing again, and finally they dissapeared all at once, probably going to pursue their calling of catching the big trout which abounded in the lake.

Gradually we neared the little bay and as we rounded the rocky point Dick stopped paddling. The boat glided slowly along with its own motion as we carefully scanned every fallen hemlock for a sight of red hair, and in a moment I heard a low whisper, "See that buck on the right!" at the same instant catching sight of a pair of horns behind a stump that stood quite a way out in the water, and not more than ten rods from us. The old fellow had evidently been watching us just a little longer than we had been watching him and had taken good pains to keep his eyes over the stump and mighty little of the rest of his body in sight. I felt the tremor of the boat again as Dick cautiously plied the paddle, and we tried to move to a position where I could see enough to shoot at, but the buck knew what we were up to and kept backing around until he could go no further, when with five or six long bounds, with flag raised, he made for a windfall and stopped behind it for a minute, snorting and stamping, before taking his final leap into the underbrush. He stood tail toward me, with his head turned and looking over his shoulder, supposing that he was well protected by the branches, but there was where he made a miscalculation, for at least a square foot of the seat of his pants was in sight. Quickly I leveled the rifle, and as the echoes rang through the forest the buck made one grand leap and stumbled as he struck the ground, rolling clear over with feet kicking wildly in the air. In an instant he was up again and had disappeared. A few quick strokes with the paddle toward shore and Dick jumped out and started in the direction that the deer had taken, stopping long enough to motion to me that he found blood.

For several minutes I waited in suspense. It was fast

growing darker, and the minutes were getting twice as long as in a stopped watch, when I heard Dick call from a point along the shore above me. The paddle was no longer needed, so I pulled out the oars and getting them into the locks rowed as rapidly as possible toward Dick. He had tracked the buck to the water's edge and was just saying that we would find him mortally wounded along the shore somewhere, when, with a great snapping of branches and splashing of water, the old fellow sprang out of a windfall into the lake and started to swim for a little island near by. Dick jumped into the bow, and I pulled the oars with a vengeance, not daring to look around but guided by the hoarse breathing of the panting deer as he swam. Rapidly we neared him, and just as Dick called out "Right oar, quick!" the boat gave a lurch and I knew that he had our game by the tail. At that moment the handles of the oars came against my abdomen with a jerk and pressed so hard that I couldn't catch a breath for the life of me. "Hold up, Dick!" I gasped. "For H-e-a-v-e-n's s-a-k-e hold up!" The oars kept pressing so hard that I could not get out another word, until Dick, roaring with laughter, reached around and threw one of them out of the rowlock. In my excitement I had forgotten that Dick was not the motive power at the bow, and that the fast swimming buck was the cause of bringing into practice a very simple problem in levers.

We only had a few yards more to go before shallow water would be reached, and picking up the rifle, I intended to stop our locomotive, but the boat was unsteady and I fired the bullet somewhere into the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. Another bullet went on the same errandless mission and is going yet for all that I know. We were almost in the shallow water, and shutting my teeth together with a firm resolve to hold steady, I sent a bullet through the neck of the deer, and with a convulsive start he sent flying the spray in every direction, and then lay kicking upon the water

Towing the deer to the shore we got him into the boat, and as I took the bow again Dick took up the paddle and we started for camp.

How fine the old buck looked in the evening light with his white belly up and legs gracefully bent as his head lay between my knees and I stroked his smooth ears and opened the closed eyes and patted his neck.

As we neared camp the stars were sending silvery gleams over the ripples in our wake. A glimpse of the back log burning low showed us where to land, and the smell of the smoke hanging heavily over the water was a reminder of the comforts in store.

The boat grated on the pebbly bottom, and jumping out we rolled out our game and dragged him the short distance to camp. Lichen-covered sticks were soon snapping and roaring on the camp fire, and the forest around was all aglow as the sparks arose with the smoke and floated off among the branches of the trees overhead. The red embers settled in a ruddy heap and the last piece of venison from the deer which Dick had killed a few days previously and half a dozen big trout were pulled from the moss by the spring where we had stored them ready for use. As they broiled and browned before the birch logs the juice trickled out and fell sizzling among the coals, sending fragrant aromas in every direction. Our birch-bark plates were filled as only a millionaire could afford to fill them in the city. And then in a condition of supreme contentment I leaned my back against a giant pine, crossed my feet over the buck's glossy hank and lit my pipe. Dick stretched himself out at full length upon the moss near by, and as the blue puffs floated around our heads we told of former exploits with deer and bears until the pipes and the camp fire burned low.

MARK WEST.

Natural History.

THE NEW ZEALAND BIRD NUISANCE.

THE problem of how to check the ravages of the smaller imported birds among the crops and fruit has of late become an important one in some parts of this colony. Though the evil has not yet attained the alarming dimensions of the "rabbit pest," it has, nevertheless, at length become serious enough to necessitate legislation on the subject. Its weight has been principally felt in the fine agricultural district of South Canterbury, where, as well as in other parts of the Colony, "sparrow clubs" have been formed for the purpose of waging war with this enemy. The principal offender is the English house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), which was introduced along with other small English birds by the acclimatization societies in years gone by, and has now attained to numbers which make it doubtful whether he will be ever again got under proper control. Local authorities assert that this prolific little bird produces annually in this Co.ony four broods of five birds each, and the results of a calculation on this basis are sufficiently startling; the "gross proceeds" at this rate of increase would be, from one pair, in round numbers 20 birds the first year, 200 the second, 2,000 the third, 20,000 the fourth, 200,000 the fifth, 2,000,000 the sixth, 20,000,000 the seventh, 200,000,000 the eighth year, and so on; so that, even allowing for deaths from various causes, the increase would be something enormous if unchecked. It has also been calculated that, admitting that these birds live on insects, caterpillars, seeds, etc., during the greater part of the year, and consume grain only at seed time and harvest (say a month altogether), and assuming, as may fairly be done, that each bird consumes 1oz. of grain a day, or a total of 2lbs. weight per bird during that period, the value of the grain consumed in the fifth year by the 200,000 birds sprung from one pair would be £1,333, or about $6,600 (400,000lbs. wheat, 6,666 bushels of 60lbs., value four shillings a bushel); while the amount consumed in the sixth year would be 66,666 bushels of the value of £13,333, or about $66,600.

Without asserting that these figures are actually reached, it may be safely assumed that the aggregate value of grain and other produce consumed by the various kinds of small birds is very considerable and that the damage they do far outweighs the good. It is but fair, however, to state what competent authorities have to say in their favor. During the greater part of the year they must live largely on insects and the seeds of weeds, etc., and it has been estimated that in Great Britain the small birds, among which the finches are in this respect prominent, consume on an average 100 seeds per day, and prevent the growth of 36,500 weeds a year per bird, reaching an estimated total of 3,650,000,000,000 weeds annually, and thus preserving about 600,000 acres, or more than one-seventieth of the total area of England and Wales from being overrun with weeds. How far our New Zealand small birds contribute in this direction has not been calculated; no doubt they do something; but direct evidence comes from various parts of the colony as to the damage done by them. In the Canterbury province many instances have occurred in which the crops were simply not worth cutting owing solely to this cause, and it is quite a common thing for the farmers to be obliged to sow now three bushels of seed where a few years ago two only were needed. The "sparrow clubs," to which reference has been made, have done good work in reducing the numbers of the birds. The report for last year published by one of these associations states that though thousands of birds had been poisoned during the year, as was estimated from the bodies seen lying about, yet in about six week during the spring 23,000 eggs and heads were brought in. Another club of the same character paid for 29,000 eggs and 2,500 heads during three months, while the farmers themselves in the neighborhood were estimated to have destroyed 15,000 birds in the same period, making a total of some 50,000 birds accounted for in one small district.

The object of all the efforts which are being made in this direction is not the extinction of the small birds, but merely their repression within certain limits. Poisoned wheat is the agent generally used; and it has, on the one hand, been objected to this method that it destroys a number of game birds, while on the other it is asserted that grain can be quite sufficiently poisoned to be fatal to little birds, while, at the same time, pheasants and other larger birds can eat it with impunity. This is a matter that has been as yet scarcely tested; but such a result as the former would be much to be regretted, as the increase of game birds in most parts of New Zealand is very slow.

A short act has been passed during the last session of Parliament with the object of making "provision for the abatement of the injury caused to crops by the undue increase of sparrows and other birds." It empowers the road boards, county councils, and other local governing bodies, either at their discretion, to appropriate a portion of their general funds, or, on petition by a majority of the ratepayers, to levy a special rate, limited in amount, "for the destruction of any kind or kinds of birds which by their excessive increase have become, or threaten to become, injurious to crops of any kind, for the purpose of reducing the number of such birds to such extent as may be necessary for the protection of such crops."

This legislation has been found necessary in order to compel all property-owners and occupiers to contribute, for many even of those most directly benefited by the operations of the clubs have habitually failed to render them pecuniary aid. The act defines "birds" to mean "any birds not for the time being coming within the operation of any act in force relating to the protection of animals." So that the destruction of game birds is not contemplated, though even they have, in a few favored places, increased to such an extent as to interfere somewhat with the farmers' interests.

It is to be hoped, and may be fairly anticipated, that the powers given by this act to the local municipal bodies will enable them to cope successfully with the small bird difficulty, which threatens to prove nearly as disastrous in the long run to the agricultural interests as the rabbit plague has been to those of our pastoral settlers. M.

WELLINGTON, New Zealand, Nov. 5, 1882.

A HAWKING EXCURSION.—San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 4, 1882.—About the 1st September, as I was gunning in this vicinity, shooting plover from an open wagon, I saw a plover fly across our course closely pursued by two Mexican eagles. They gained rapidly upon the small bird, which, at a distance of perhaps three hundred yards, made a sudden dart earthward, both eagles following suit, the trio disappearing among the thick chapparal. At this juncture we put our horse to a run, curious to see what became of "poor plover." When we came upon the eagles they were attending to business in an "eaglish" manner. At sight of us they backed away from their prey, loath to depart, and we rode within twenty-five feet of them before they took flight. We found the bird thoroughly disemboweled, minus head. We are all well aware of the great destruction of our favorite game birds in this way, but this is the first instance of the kind which has come under my personal observation, speaking for one. Plover have entirely disappeared. Quail ("Bob White") are unusually plentiful. Rabbits are a glut on the market—in fact, small game of every description may be found in abundance. Dead wild turkeys are brought to the city and sold at from six bits to one dollar.—A. D. TYTLER. [If, as is possible, our correspondent refers to the Caracara eagle, *Polyborus cheriway*, when he speaks of "Mexican eagles," the above observation is extremely interesting and entirely unexpected. If, on the other hand, he means, as seems most probable, the Lanier falcon (*Falco mexicanus*), the occurrence, while a pleasant bit of experience, is not at all remarkable.

MR. WILLIS'S QUAIL.—Westfield, N. J., Dec. 5.—I am greatly obliged for your exhaustive report of the autopsy of the quail, as it enabled me to save the lives of the last two of the brood. Both were attacked with the same symptoms from which the others died, *i. e.*, ruffled plumage, drooping wings and scant, watery excrement. Having once lost a pet canary, my family physician being at the house at the time, performed a regular post mortem examination, and declared the cause of death to have been the same as your report on the quail, and he said small doses of opium would have saved its life. As soon, though, as I read your autopsy in the FOREST AND STREAM, I emptied the drinking cup, and to about a teacup of fresh water added one teaspoonful of paregoric, and the effect was quickly perceptible. The sick bird seemed to know it was good for him, and had I not taken the cup away he would have had a regular opium drunk. Since then I have given them a little paregoric in the water, until to-day, when they seemed so much better that instead I mixed a little Spanish chamomile with the water. I hardly think it could have been my flowers that caused the trouble, for my conservatory does not contain half the flowers it did last winter, when the old pair thrived so finely. Neither have I used anything on the plants. I have come to the conclusion that there must have been something poisonous in some wheat screenings that I bought at a grocery store from an open barrel.—JOHN J. WILLIS.

SNOWY OR ARCTIC OWLS.—Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1882.—In your last issue, just received, "Homo" says "look out for them." That is just what we have been doing for the past two weeks, and have seen one every day since Nov. 24. A Mr. Hollenback, living about four miles south of the city, sold to Mr. J. Carl Jackson, for three dollars, a fine specimen, which he succeeded in shooting the day before, after following it about two miles. Mr. J. brought it to my son to put up. There was not a spot of blood on it, and measured four feet and eleven inches across the wings. It was the largest and best specimen I ever saw. We had our first snow Nov. 29, and the next day we saw the first snow buntings.—J. L. D.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

JEFFERSON, Wis., Nov. 18, 1882

Editor Forest and Stream:

In collating the notes on migration which you published a short time ago, by some inexplicable mistake nearly all the notes contributed by Mr. H. A. Kline, of Vesta, Neb., were omitted. I send herewith a full copy of his observations. As in the former paper, all dates are first arrivals unless otherwise stated. Mr. Kline's present address is Polo, Ill. Yours respectfully,

W. W. COOKE.

Wood Thrush.—5, 6.

Robin.—W. R.; 3, 18, becoming more plentiful; 5, 13 nesting.

Catbird.—5, 6.

Brown Thrasher.—4, 21.

Bluebird.—Very rare W. R., began to increase in numbers 3, 4, by 3, 18 were numerous.

Tufted Titmouse.—R.; eggs 5, 5.

Black-Capped Chickadee.—R., very common; nest 4, 24.

Brown Creeper.—3, 23.

House Wren.—4, 20; nesting 5, 13.

Winter Wren.—W. 8.

Prothonotary Warbler.—5, 10.

Orange-Crowned Warbler.—5, 7.

Golden Warbler.—5, 1 numerous.

Yellow-Rumped Warbler.—5, 13.

Redstart.—5, 6.

Maryland Yellow Throat.—5, 9.

Scarlet Tanager.—5, 13.

Barn Swallow.—4, 26.

White-Bellied Swallow.—5, 13.

Purple Martin.—4, 9.

Cedar Waxwing.—Frequent winter visitant in large flocks; have seen three flocks the past winter.

Warbling Vireo.—5, 7.

Yellow-Throated Vireo.—5, 10.

White-Eyed Vireo.—5, 8.

Bell's Vireo.—5, 11.

Savannah Sparrow.—3, 18 abundant.

Oregon Snowbird—*J. oregonus.*—Has been an occasional winter visitant.

Chipping Sparrow.—W. R., numerous.

Harris's Sparrow.—4, 6 numerous.

Rose-Breasted Grosbeak.—4, 30.

Black-Headed Grosbeak.—5, 18.

Black-Throated Bunting.—4, 30.

Indigo Bunting.—5, 13.

Towhee Bunting.—R.

Canon Towhee.—A few remain here in the winter, and are found in the heavy underbrush along the streams. Have shot two.

Arctic Towhee.—5, 7.

Bobolink.—5, 13.

Cowbird.—3, 27.

Red-Shouldered Blackbird.—3, 20 a large flock; 3, 23 numerous.

Yellow-Headed Blackbird.—4, 2; 4, 25 numerous.

Meadow Lark.—3, 2; still arriving 3, 11; nest 4, 24.

Orchard Oriole.—5, 10.

Baltimore Oriole.—5, 2.

Rusty Grackle.—Four large flocks 3, 3.

Purple Grackle.—Nesting 5, 5.

Crow.—Common W. R.; 3, 27 nest with five eggs.

Ringbird.—4, 24.

Great-Crested Fly-Catcher.—5, 27.

Wippoorwill.—4, 22.

Nighthawk.—5, 10.

Chimney Swift.—5, 13.

Kingfisher.—4, 2.

Redheaded Woodpecker.—R.; first from south 3, 27.

Yellow-Shafted Flicker.—R.

Screech Owl.—R.; nest 4, 24.

Long-Eared Owl.—R.; nest 4, 24; eggs 5, 5.

Marsh Hawk.—R.

Swallowed-Tailed Kite.—A pair 4, 4.

Cooper's Hawk.—R.; 5, 11 nest with four fresh eggs.

Pigeon Hawk.—3, 28.

Sparrow Hawk.—3, 28.

Redtailed Hawk.—R.; nest 5, 5, with young, two weeks old.

Turkey Buzzard.—R.

Wild Pigeon.—Going north in large flocks 4, 21-25; two large flocks 5, 5.

Mourning Dove.—Rare, W. R.

Prairie Hen.—R.; common, nest 4, 24; eggs 5, 5.

Great Blue Heron.—4, 9; 4, 24 numerous.

Little Green Heron.—3, 19; 4, 24 numerous.

Night Heron.—4, 2.

Bittern.—4, 3.

Black-Bellied Plover.—Going north in large flocks 4, 24-25.

Killdeer Plover.—3, 2.

Bartram's Sandpiper.—4, 26 numerous; young 5, 23.

Wilson's Snipe.—3, 3.

Curlew.—[Which?—ED.] 4, 2.

Sandhill Crane.—Fifty passed north 3, 22; 3, 28 passing in large numbers, which continued to 4, 22, when they were still to be seen but rather scarce.

Canada Goose.—2, 22; increasing to 3, 28, then numerous until 4, 10; decreasing to 4, 22, when there were few left.

Mallard and Green-winged Teal, with some other ducks in less numbers, were seen all winter wherever the weather was warm.

Redhead Duck.—3, 23.

Wood Duck.—3, 28.

Coot.—3, 28.

Foster's Tern.—5, 7.

Black Tern.—5, 18.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—One whistling swan, *Cygnus americanus;* two chimpanzees, *Troglodytes niger* (both females); two marmosets, *Hapale jacchus;* and two seals *Phoca vitulina;* received by purchase. One prairie wolf, *Canis latrans* (female); seven red foxes, *Vulpes fulvus;* one gray squirrel, *Sciurus carolinensis;* one raccoon, *Procyon lotor;* one opossum, *Didelphys virginiana;* two indigo birds, *Cyanospiza cyanea;* one woodcock, *Philohela minor;* one alligator, *Alligator mississippiensis;* and one iguana, *Iguana tuberculata;* received by presentation. One pea fowl, *Pavo cristata;* one turtle dove, *Turtur risorius;* and thirty-five water snakes, *Tropidonotus sipedon;* bred in the garden.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE HUNTER AND TRAPPER.

IN the dusk and hush of the woods,
Far away from the haunts of men,
Now o'er the steep mountain slopes.
Now deep in some darkling glen
I rove, and I pitch my camp,
Alone in the wilderness,
Where ne'er human voices may curse,
Or human lips may bless.

My home is a wide, humble place
Without facade, or column or dome,
No sumptuous hall to invite,
No marble, palatial home,
No gilded and groin'd lofty roof,
No walls resplendent with art,
No sculptures, no paintings renown'd,
So dear to the proud human heart.

My home is at base of a rock,
With the wild vines and moss-es o'ergrown,
O'er which an imperial oak
Its shelter majestic hath thrown.
A pure, merry brook runneth by,
It prattles and talks to me long.
It gives me cool nectar to taste,
And it charms with perpetual song;
Sweet twigs of the cedar my couch,
My roof is of willow and reed,
And the bark of the birch tree my wall,
And no better protection I need.

I am free as the breezes of air,
I roam o'er the mountains at will,
In the depths of the forests I plunge
And scale the bald cliffs of the hill.
I follow the tracks of the deer,
The panther I seek in his lair,
And I dare in his cavernous haunt
The tusks and the claws of the bear.
My iron-tooth'd snap-traps I set
For the beaver, the otter and mink.
By the shore of the forest-fring'd lake
Or fast by the rivulet's brink.
I know not a sorrow or care,
Remorse, or regret or despair:
I rejoice in the vigor of health,
And pine not for honors or wealth.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

THE INDIANA NON-EXPORT LAW.

CHICAGO, Dec. 5, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since you have lately given prominence to certain prosecutions in the Circuit Court of Lake county, Indiana, of members of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, for carrying out of the State game killed by them u; on the club grounds in indiana, and as the question involved is of interest to sportsmen generally, I send you a copy of the opinion lately rendered by Judge Field, in the case of Judge Knickerbocker, under which the informations have been quashed in all the cases and the defendants discharged.

I am not advised of any other decision upon the validity of this particular statute, but a similar law enacted by the Legislature of Kansas has been held by the Supreme Court of that State to be unconstitutional upon substantially the grounds stated in this opinion, and it need hardly be said—at least to the legal members of our sporting brotherhood—that this opinion is fully sustained by the various decisions of our Federal and State courts on the general subject of the regulation of inter-State commerce. N.

The following is the opinion as reported in the Lake county (Ind.) *Star:*

In this case the prosecution is based on Sec. 207 of the act concerning public offenses, which reads as follows:

"It shall be unlawful for any railroad company, or other common carrier, their officers, agents or servants, or any other person or persons, to transport, carry or take beyond the the limits of this State, or receive for the purpose of transporting, carrying or taking beyond the limits of this State any * * * wild duck * * * and any such railroad company, express company, or common carrier, their agents, officers or servants, or any other person or persons violating the provisions of this Section, shall be fined in any sum not more than one hundred dollars, nor less than ten dollars for each offense so committed.

It is charged that John C. Knickerbocker on the 25th of September, '82, unlawfully transported such game from this county to Chicago, Illinois.

The motion made by defendant to quash the information raises, among other questions, the constitutionality of the foregoing law It will be observed that another provision of the same act makes it unlawful to kill wild duck at any time "between the 15th of April and the first day of September in any year," thereby making it lawful for any person to kill and possess such game during the time not thus prohibited. The unlawful transportations charged being within the period in which the law permits the killing of such game, and there being no averment to the contrary, the presumption arises that the ducks were lawfully killed. Thus the question is raised, can the Legislature after empowering persons to lawfully kill and possess such game prescribe the disposition of it? In other words, after conferring absolute title and possession of such game, can the State then turn about and prohibit the transportation thereof?

It this provision of the law is to be upheld it must be on the theory that it was enacted to protect this class of game within the State. But how does the shipment or transportation of "dead ducks" (lawfully killed) protect this class of game? The question itself suggests the fallacy of protecting living ducks within our borders by prohibiting the shipment of dead ones. The only effect would be to confine the traffic in such property to this State. To absolutely prohibit the killing of such game at all times would as an incident thereof prohibit the transportation, and such legislation would doubtless be upheld. So too, legislation prohibiting the transportation of such game during the season made unlawful to kill it, for this would only indirectly and remotely interfere with inter-State commerce. It has been held by repeated decisions that no State can pass a law which will directly interfere with the free transportation from one State to another, or through a State, of anything which is or may be the subject of inter-State commerce.

In several cases this rule of law is laid down—"the legislation of a State, not directly against commerce, or any of its regulations, but relating to the rights, duties and liabilities of citizens, and only indirectly and remotely affecting the operations of commerce, is of obligatory force upon citizens within its territorial jurisdiction."

In this case, as has been seen, this law allows wild duck to be killed by everybody, within the season, and thereby allows such game to become the subject of traffic and commerce, and at the same time directly prohibits the transportation of the same to any other State. Is it not in violation of Sec. 8 of Article I of the Federal Constitution, which provides that "the Congress shall have power * * * to regulate commerce with foreign nations, among the several States, and with the Indian tribes?" From the considerations given herein I think it is in violation of such provision and is, therefore, unconstitutional and void.

DEER HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

WITH a companion, I set out bright and early one morning in last November to drive from my home in Belvidere, N. C., ninety miles, to the hill country of Greenville county, Virginia, there to join my friend Mr. Wyche, in a projected deer hunt. Having come to the swamp bordering the Chowan River, at the Winton Ferry, we saw two beautiful deer cross the road at a bound. My gun was in its cover, and the shells were under the buggy seat; but with a spring I was in the road and had my gun out of cover, with shells in, ready for business. Bidding Steve N—, my companion, to hold the horses, I crept into the swamp, peering in every direction for a glimpse of the sleek hides After going about ninety yards from the road, I saw one of the deer with head a little to one side, watching me. Being some distance away I thought to get nearer, but the animal started, and I threw my gun to my face and fired. Immediately afterward, as the smoke cleared away, I saw a deer bounding through the wood at a break-neck pace. I followed on thinking I had probably wounded, and would get another shot, but vain hope. The deer, after which I was chasing, was "a goner;" and sadly I retraced my steps, wondering what Steve would say when I told him I had made a clear miss. When lo! at my very feet, as I passed through a dense "gallberry" thicket, lay the deer I had shot dead, with seven buckshot through the head. I had been chasing its mate, not seeing in the dense thicket that my shot had told. And just here I will say that the shell with which I shot the deer had been loaded for a squirrel, 2¾ drams powder, 1oz. No. 4 shot. I had taken out the No. 4 shot and put in No. 1 bucks, only nine of them, however. Thus it will be seen that at a distance of forty yards, I had killed a fine young buck with a charge of 2¾ drams of powder and nine No. 1 buckshot, the shot passing through his head entirely Calling to Steve, we soon had the deer strapped on behind the buggy and jogged on to Murfreesboro where we left our deer.

We arrived at our destination late Saturday evening, and Monday morning early were ready for business. Calling his dogs after an early breakfast Mr. Wyche took us to our stands, and, with a parting injunction to "be on our lookout," left us and went in the drive. Very soon the dogs had started, but the deer, a doe and fawn, ran directly away from us; so we missed getting a shot. The next day we drove down to Hicksford, where our host introduced us to several as whole-souled, jolly hunters as man ever met, and a grand hunt was at once organized. On this occasion I had the pleasure of taking a shot at a flying deer—a fine doe. She came "full tilt" across an old field with the dogs in full view, and you know how a deer can run. She was doing her level best. I had but a few seconds in which to "do my thinking;" my gun went up, and as she passed at thirty yards I pulled the trigger, killing her instantly. Twelve of the buckshot out of the fifteen in the gun passed entirely through from one shoulder to the other. Charge, three drams powder, fifteen No. 1 buckshot. Two other very fine deer were killed that day by some of the Hicksford parties. But the grand hunt of the week was reserved for the next day. When after going about three miles out from the village we were placed on our stands and the great Nimrod, Jim Powell, went into the drive with the hounds. Through the courtesy of our entertainers we were given the choice stands; the noted Willow Oak fell to my lot.

We had been waiting but a short time when the "music of the hounds" broke upon our ears, bearing directly down upon us. My gun is at full cock, and I am listening for the "thump and bound of the antlered buck," when, whang, goes a gun to my left. Still the hounds continue in full cry until out of hearing; but, hark! hounds are coming again and my "heart is in my throat," when, bang, bang, bang, go three guns to my left, and soon all is quiet except the toot-toot-toot of the driver's horn. This means, come in, so I sadly shoulder my gun and retrace my steps up the road, where the shooting has taken place. Getting my horse I am riding rapidly along when a sharp, hello! from a little distance in the woods, calls me to a halt, and I turn aside a few rods into the woods where, congregated around some object, stand the gentlemen who were placed upon the uncertain stands. Walking up to them, they make way for me, and there, prone on the ground, lies truly a monarch of the Virginia forest, as noble a buck as I ever beheld, full antlered, and as sleek and fat as a stall-fed calf.

"Well!" I exclaim, "who did that?"

"Capt. Briggs shot him first," was the reply, "but Mr. Atwill and Mr. Cato both shot afterward."

"Yes," replied Jim Powell, "so they did, but they shot him running by them, giving them his side, while Capt. Briggs shot square at his breast, and if you can find a shot hole anywhere except in the breast, I'll treat."

And so it was; there was no sign of his being hurt except in the front, and the shot was awarded to Capt. Briggs.

"But who fired the first gun? The one, I mean, when the first pack passed."

"Oh, that was Briggs too, he's had all the luck this morning."

"Did he kill?"

"Don't know," replied the Captain; "I fired full at his broadside as he passed me, and think he was hard hit, but he went away like the wind with the dogs in full cry, but I think they hushed up rather suddenly."

"Oh! you didn't touch him," from several.

"Don't know, but think I did," said the Captain. "This old muzzle-loader don't fool me often."

"Hello! who are those fellows coming down the road, and what have they got in their buggy?"

"Why, that's young Cook who has a farm over in the direction the dogs went, and that's a deer, by George," cries some one, and a moment later a young man drove up and stopped, and lying across the foot of his buggy was a 200-pound buck with a hole through his heart, made by a No. 1 buckshot, and yet he had gone three-fourths of a mile, and the young man who brought back the carcass said he fought like a demon after the dogs caught him. This was glory enough for one day, but we were not satisfied. So bending down two saplings we hamstrung the brace of bucks and hung them high. Leaving them we made another drive which, however, turned out nothing, but we felt that it was good enough as it was, and so took the deer up to a darkey's cabin, where there was a good, clear spring of water, and there dressed and divided them, each hunter receiving fully as much venison as he cared to take home with him.

The next morning was appointed for us to start on our return homeward. But before leaving, our kind friend and host, Mr. Walter Wyche, insisted on our taking stands on some runways back of his farm, where he would try to give us another shot, as Steve had not "burnt powder" since leaving home. So, going out to the place designated, he put the dogs in, and away they went in an opposite direction; and after remaining on the stand for several hours, a young man called me and remarked that the "dogs had come back," and "we'd as well go home." Standing talking to him, I paid no further attention to the chance of getting a shot, as I was about to retrace my steps when an exclamation from the young man, who had just come up, caused me to turn, and "splash" went a fine doe in the swampy branch, and was gone before I could get my gun down. The meat was gone and so was my last chance to shoot a deer on that trip.

"Well," said Steve when I told him "how near" I had come to bagging another deer, "I'm glad of it; you've done well enough now, taking my luck into consideration." While on this stand I saw a drove of wild turkeys, but feared to shoot, as a deer might thereby be frightened in an opposite direction.

Having no chance for anything more that day, we started for home. It has never been my lot to meet a set of more hospitable, clever, whole-souled hunters than those with whom I associated while in Greenville county, Va., and if fortune favors me, I shall be found wending my way thitherward again in 1883, when the trees put on their livery of brown and gold; and to any who may wish to have an "old-fashioned" hunt with hounds and the much decried shot-gun, I would recommend Greenville county, Va., as the place, and should he desire congenial companionship and experienced aid, I would advise him by all means to "scrape acquaintance" with Messrs. Walter Wyche, Ben Wyche, "Jim" Powell, "Billy" Powell and several other gentlemen of the village of Hicksford and vicinity. He will find them first-class gentlemen in every respect, full of fun, and "ready to hunt at any time."

I find that deer are becoming more abundant in this part of North Carolina than they have been for a long while. Since returning from Virginia, seven fine deer and four bears have been killed within a few miles of Belvidere. A fine doe was seen to cross the road about a mile from this place a week ago. Upon being notified of this, I immediately went in pursuit, but having none but young hounds, failed to start her, and on my way home, I had the misfortune to break my gun stock by merely tapping it lightly against my horse, proving conclusively that the makers of guns are not careful always to put good wood in the stocks of their wares. This was a beautiful stock, but made directly across grain, and broke as short off as a "pipe stem," with not much more jar than would have been required to break a slate pencil.

I find quail still quite plenty, but getting wild, as they are being hunted considerably.

Several men from the North are in this section, breaking dogs for other parties at so much per head, and "pot-hunting" for pleasure and profit. I object to "posting" land for the purpose of keeping hunters off, but I think we will be compelled to do so in self-defense, as it is said the aforesaid "potters" do not leave a covey so long as a bird lives. The end and outcome of such hunting is apparent to all, and we intend taking steps to put a stop thereto.

Wildfowl on the Currituck Sound are said to be unusually numerous, and many are being killed. I want to take "a whole day's hunt" soon after quail, and will give you some account of the outcome. A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, Perquimans county, North Carolina, Dec. 4, 1882.

EXPERIENCE WITH WILD RICE.

IN the fall of 1880 I sowed one half bushel of wild rice in two places in one of the ponds of this town (Plymouth, Me.). It came up thick, but only a few stalks bore seed. The water rats destroyed one bed. In 1881 I sowed five bushels, part in each of the ponds. In one pond it came up late, and all except a few stalks disappeared before reaching the surface. In another pond there is quite a sprinkling of seed stalks. I sowed some in a small mud hole on the farm, in six inches of water; it grew splendidly. It seems to grow best in shoal water. It is growing wild on the Sebastacook, between Newport and Detroit, and some distance up the outlet of the ponds where I sowed it. I have no doubt but that it is growing in many places in Maine in its native state, as but few persons about here know what it is when they see it.—H. S. T. (Plymouth, Me., Dec. 4).

About four years ago our club procured some wild rice and sowed it in the lakes and marshes on our shooting grounds on the Charlton River. The first year it came up tolerably well, second year a very little came up, and the third year none at all. It seems to be a failure here Blackbirds are very numerous here, and I think had something to do with annihilating it. Let us hear from others.—BORDER RUFFIAN (Macon, Mo., Dec. 5).

The Ontario government has appropriated $250, at the request of the Fish and Game Protection Club, of Montreal, for the sowing of wild rice in the duck-feeding grounds throughout the province. The club adds $100 from its own funds, and will superintend the sowing of the rice.

WHO KNEW JOE CALL.—I notice that a contributor mentions Joe Call, the athlete of Northern New York. I had never seen his name before, but remember well how our old neighborhood cooper used to entertain us youngsters with the exploits of Joe Call, whom he knew in his youth If there is any one living who knows much of this noted strong man, a "gret John Ridd" of his day, it would be well worth telling in FOREST AND STREAM.—AWAHSOOSE.

"GAME PROTECTION FOR THE PEOPLE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Congratulating you and the public upon the active and growing interest, in so many quarters, in the protection of the game and fish of the State, let me submit for consideration, in the framing of provisions either amendatory or in lieu of the present game law, the following.

"Hounding and Still-Hunting."

In February, last year, you formulated, under the above caption, certain questions intended to elucidate the comparative merits of those methods of hunting in their relation to game preservation, and solicited "concise statements" in response.

The first four inquiries propounded contined attention to hounding and still-hunting, their respective methods and effects:

"1. What is the character of the country referred to?
"2. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
"3. Describe hounding deer as practiced in the section referred to, and it effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
"4. Describe, in like manner, still-hunting and its effects."

It is regretted that what has been written in reply has not been responsive to your inquiries. Very general expression of opinion upon the comparative merits, or rather demerits, of the different methods by several writers, without statements of the facts claimed to justify them, has contributed little or nothing satisfactory. If the dispute were to be settled by the "greater poll," a decision might, no doubt, be so facilitated, but not a correct judgment. Opinions, to be authoritative at all, must necessarily be based upon large experience, and would very likely be aggressive and biased by strong partiality for a favorite pastime.

One of the methods of hunting is concededly more destructive than the other. Their advocates impliedly admit this, eagerly assert it in their mutual criminations. Can we rely upon this mere badinage for a correct conclusion? If not, what better can be done? The answer is, give us the facts, and appeal to a candid public for judgment. For the facts, then—soliciting always criticism and correction:

1. The character of the country referred to. It is broken, mountainous, covered with forest; contains innumerable lakes and ponds which discharge their surplus waters through creeks and rivers traversing it, into principal outlets to the ocean. This is the Adirondack region, in Northern New York.

2. The prevailing methods of hunting deer. The methods are still-hunting, floating, and hounding, each prevailing as season and chances are most favorable to it, floating being most practiced in warm weather where deer are abundant; still-hunting in fall and winter, and hounding at all times where it promises most destruction, and as a supplement to other methods when their resources fail.

"3. Describe hounding deer as practiced in the section referred to, and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?" Answer: Two or more persons confederate under the captaincy of a "guide" or knowing huntsman. He distributes the shooters about on points on islands, or in boats, where the "runways" are and deer will be likely to be driven to water, and with one to a half dozen dogs—as many as he has and can manage—he takes to the woods to look for fresh signs. He pursues the search until, if possible, he has successively started all the dogs, and then makes his way back. Deer that may be started are driven before the dogs until, from precipitate necessity, or after having exhausted their strength in unsuccessful efforts to escape pursuit, they instinctively take to the water as a last chance for their lives, and such of them as are there intercepted by the watchers are slaughtered.

In explanation it should be told that the professional "guide," or proficient in this business, despises the hound pure and simple. He has no purpose such blooded thing can serve. From natural stolidity or long familiarity he is insensible to romance of situation and surroundings, and the poetry of the chase. The butting crag, the towering mountain, the blazing splendors of autumnal verdure robed in frost, duplicate in the nether sky of stilly waters, the answering echo, and the charm that cloud and sunshine give to scenic grandeur are no more to him than incitement to dog the mother and her nestling kids, no more to the appreciative Oscars lingering on the watches than opportunity to bravely rush on helplessness in the water and beat a skull in. And so, in abomination of all long-eared dogs, the necessities of this method with thoughtful foresight have bred a hybrid, with just nose enough to take fresh spoor, and legs enough to run the game "straight to water."

The "effect" is apparent. Deer, not able to elude the dogs by flight to remote parts or unguarded waters, are destroyed. Such as escape for the nonce, driven perhaps miles from favorite haunts, materially, often fatally injured by the terrors and casualties of the chase; are the victims, to-morrow, of a fate escaped to-day.

The effect of this method upon suckling does—and the fawns are not weaned until late in the season—may be conceived. It beggars description.

(In parenthesis let me state as germane to the subject something that came under my personal observation: Late in July, in the vicinity of the headwaters of the Raquette River, a large doe, driven by dogs across a beaver-meadow, staggered and fell several times after stopping to turn and listen. Where she entered the cover over rock and lichen her dugs dripped bloody milk.)

In narrating the effects of this method of hunting one must use general terms. Happily, however, general statement may be qualified. Manygentlemen attracted to the Adirondacks by legitimate tastes, and for legitimate sport, yielding from inadequate appreciation of its infamy to participation in such "sport," are its witnesses and its denouncers. In point of numbers it may be estimated that hounding is as destructive as any other method.

"Does it drive deer out of the country?" you ask. No, forsooth they have not that alternative. One of your correspondents affirms as his opinion that hounding does not drive the deer out of the territory. He evidently bases his opinion on the fact that no diminution is observed in their numbers, without considering that a question of identity is involved, that no one will pretend to determine, and that other and contiguous territory is also hounded, so that habitat of to-day is refuge on the morrow, this alternation ensuing until exterminaton. And this distribution constantly equalized, fatally exposes the game in all quarters to multiplied efforts at destruction.

"4. Describe in like manner still-hunting and its effects." Answer: Still-hunting is the pitting against the instinctive wariness and cunning of the deer, the intelligent and practiced artifice of man. It is practiced by stalking on the leaves or bottom, and on the snow, when the moccasin presses silently and conditions of weather are favorable. The effects of this method on the game is most rapid destruction and as extensive as that of any other method, but unattended by romp and dispersion that unsettles conditions of thrift and procreation. This method is the favorite of the market hunter, and its abuses the result of his cupidity. So much directly upon the subjects propounded. Something more just here upon the comparative merits or demerits of the two methods.

Still-hunting, by common consent and acquiescence, is as a sport eminently legitimate. It calls into service faculties, qualities, habits, essentially structural to mind and body. It offers no inducements in its uses to depravity of any kind. Nature, in the interest of game preservation, sets effectual limits to its exercise in the character and qualities of its devotees, whose numbers are comparatively limited, as she does in conditions of season and weather, for it is only in maturity and then only occasionally that she exposes her game products to its capture. If not in its method, in its extent it may be practically and effectually limited by legislation.

Hounding supplements every other method of destruction. It is the multiple of all the evils and abuses threatening game extermination. Nature puts no restraints upon its method, save by an appeal to sensibilities it has depraved in the gentility of its devotees as in the "guide" whose home has become a shanty where he kennels with his dogs. There is no season, no hour of day or night, no bottom soft or hard, snow or crust, no condition of weather when the dog may not scour the most secluded game haunts; and there is no quality or condition of humanity, on its legs, that may not share the degradation of this pastime.

LEGISLATION.

As you suggest, "the laws are well enough so far as they go, but of themselves they amount to nothing." This suggests the remedy. Let the laws go further, and let officers be provided and charged with their execution.

Ten additional State game protectors are required.

It should be provided that no person, other than a defendant in an action, shall be exempt from testifying before a grand jury, in any action or proceeding under the game laws, on the ground that solicited testimony would charge, or tend to charge, or inculpate, or tend to inculpate, the witness in any such action or proceeding, provided, that such testimony shall not be used against such witness in any action or proceeding whatever. This provision will provide detectives whenever there shall be confederation, and supply a defect that has rendered the proper execution of the law impossible.

Thus much generally. Some of the specific provisions and amendments required are:

1. One making the possession of all protected fish, in the close season, an offense. A similar provision in the present statutes applies only to trout.

2. One providing that placing nets in waters where any protected fish may enter them be prohibited, and providing that they may be taken and destroyed.

The present law prescribes the ridiculous farce of their exposure to sale, to be purchased by a combination of lawbreakers, for a nominal sum and replaced in prohibited places.

3. One prohibiting spring shooting. The sportsmen of New York can afford to take the initiative and effect this salutary reform by the influence of their example.

4. One prohibiting hounding or pursuing deer with dogs in any part of the State.

St. Lawrence county enjoys the advantages of such a prohibition, and her energetic game club enforces its observance.

5. One providing that one State game protector shall be appointed for each county in the Adirondack region; and that the several game protectors of the State shall file, quarterly, with the county clerk of the county for which he may have been appointed, a statement verified by his oath, giving a detailed account of the number of days spent in the discharge of his duty, and where spent, and of the service rendered, and an itemized account of his expenses therein.

It especially concerns the success of game and fish protection, that game protectors should be located in most exposed parts, that their only recommendation to office shall be capacity and efficiency, and that they shall hold their places by no other tenure.

Cannot the sportsmen of the State of New York set an example of civil service reform, and lift the appointment of State game protectors out of partisan politics?

WHY NOT?

THE ADIRONDACKS, Dec. 2, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in the issue of your most excellent journal of Nov. 23 in regard to game law amendments is timely, but will it be heeded?

For years I have been advocating just what you now recommend, and I think I first originated the thought in regard to appropriation and the appointment of at least fifteen fish commissioners or fish protectors for the dear old woods comprising the Adirondack section. But can we with so much red tape around game law papers effect anything? The curse of politics seems to stand in the way. When too late politicians and sportsmen will wake up and see the deer and trout extinguished. As you say, "Now no one will say that our game laws, as they at present stand in the various sections of our country, are at all what they should be; but if they were properly and sternly enforced they would do a vast amount of good, instead of, as is now too often the case, accomplishing nothing at all."

No words of more truth ever uttered. This past year, when in the woods, a certain game constable was reminded of certain parties who were operating with set lines, and he took no more notice of it than to a passing cloud. We want men who are not afraid to act when called upon. The commissioner or constable alluded to will be watched during 1883. Game in the Adirondacks is fast decreasing instead of increasing. My thirty years there, in every summer remaining for months, enables me to make this painful charge. OBSERVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your valuable editorial in issue of Nov. 23, and the communication from the Utica Protective Association, open the campaign in fine style, and St. Lawrence county would like to speak a word in season. We have in this region also a society incorporated and organized for the same beneficent purposes as the Utica association, which society is more or less alive in spots, and upon the members of which your encouraging voice will, let us hope, be as the sound of Gabriel's trump. It is an up-hill business for private individuals to enforce the laws of the State at their own cost, and however zealous they may be for a time their efforts are sure to languish if the strain is too long continued. It may do for a short spurt, for instance, to help the poor State over a financial difficulty, but for a steady thing you can't rely on it.

Your editorial opens with the remark that "it is almost time for the tinkering to begin." Let me ask, most respectfully, if it is not rather almost time the tinkering was all done? Some time in the past summer the State association sent out a circular letter accompanied by a list of questions, to which it solicited replies, asking at the same time for suggestions in reference to a new game law, to the end that information and expressions on the subject might be gathered from all parts of the State, and a bill framed which should be simple, effective and likely to receive general support. It was stated that such a bill would be prepared and copies distributed or printed so that we could all have a chance to see it, the idea being to get a bill that all interested could unite upon and support. The plan was a good one, but what has become of it? Our society responded promptly, but nothing has since been heard from it. Perhaps the committee appointed by the State association for the purpose have prepared their bill, if so, it is very desirable that copies should be sent without loss of time to at least all the protective societies in the State in order to secure their approval and active co-operation. If an effort is to be made this coming winter to secure an amended game law there is no time to be lost. It is very important, if not absolutely essential, to its passage that the bill be agreed upon and ready to present to the Legislature immediately upon its organization.

Of course we have our opinions, and very decided ones as to some things which such a law ought to contain, but whether renewed effort to improve the law shall be made or not, the St. Lawrence Game Club desires in the loudest and most emphatic language to second your efforts towards securing an efficient and sufficient body of officers, well paid, to enforce such laws as we now have, until we do get better ones. The number of game and fish protectors now authorized by law (eight) is entirely inadequate to do the work required. In the distribution of those few officers we have especial reason to complain, as all that part of the State lying north and west of the Adirondack Mountains, say the counties of Franklin, St. Lawrence, Lewis and Jefferson, was left wholly unprovided for, and there is certainly no portion of the State of equal area which has so many streams, or greater forests, or more game and fish, or which stands more in need of protection. How much longer we shall have either game or fish to protect if left to our individual efforts, remains to be seen; not very long, it is safe to predict. Our efforts, however, during the two years of our organized existence have not been altogether fruitless, for we have awakened a good degree of interest in the subject, brought a number of offenders to justice, and created a wholesome apprehension in the minds of other evil-disposed persons, that it is not altogether safe to violate the game law in some parts of the territory above mentioned, at least, and for all of which we have had the privilege of paying. I was about to say enjoyed the privilege, but that would not be a perfectly accurate expression. We shall, as you express the hope that all such societies will do, continue to work and pay a little while longer in the hope that the State will do its duty and come to the rescue, but we are getting tired and need relief, and that speedily. It is scandalous for the State to pass laws and leave their enforcement to private individuals. You have struck the key note of the whole chorus, and let us keep harping upon it until we have secured a sufficient corps of reliable and well paid officers to enforce the laws we now have, and get better ones whenever we can. Let the war cry be: "The State must enforce its game laws or go out of the business."

L. D. HOARD,
President St. Lawrence Game Club.

VIRGINIA QUAIL GROUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a most enjoyable trip down to Virginia, where quail do most abound

I went down on the Old Dominion line and cannot say too much in praise of the comfort and kind attention I received on their steamers, both going and coming—clean, light and well-ventilated staterooms, warm and comfortable quarters for my dogs, and first-class table. Last season I went by rail, but while the outside trip takes a trifle longer, the absence of many changes and the general comfort more than compensates for the loss of time.

I arrived at my destination in due time, and found the old, cozy homestead among the pines as comfortable as ever, a big wood fire burning in the open fire-place, and all hands, dogs included, glad to see me. My traps were soon unpacked, shooting suit and blue flannel shirt took the place of store clothes, and at last we were off.

Owing to its being the first cold snap the birds had taken to the woods, but still my friend showed me enough to satisfy my modest desires, and though many easy shots were missed, there were also some killed, and at night, when we strung them in pairs before the cheerful open fire, while the "toddies" smoked on the table by us, they made a "goodlie show."

I devoted my week's trip—with the exception of one day when we went on a turkey hunt and got none—to quail. The wildfowl were not yet there, only just putting in an appearance when I left. I also killed a few English snipe and woodcock. When my time was up my birds made a handsome bunch, and owing to the cool weather were as fresh and sweet as if shot that morning. When the last day arrived I left with regret, but have many pleasant incidents to look back to through the long winter evenings now at hand, to say nothing of the store of good health laid up to carry one through the hard indoor work of the coming season. Would that more of our business men would take a couple of weeks of hard walking in the cold, crisp, November days. Game is reasonably plenty all through that section. There is hardly a station from one end to the other of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, which connects with the Old Dominion line, that does not offer good sport, and the Old Dominion line takes you to some of the best shooting grounds on the Atlantic coast.

My thanks are also due to Mr. Harry W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway for his great kindness while on my trip. W. HOLBERTON.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Dec. 4.

MANUFACTURERS of fire arms will do well to consult the advertisement of Mr. Wm. B. Hall, Lancaster, Pa.—*Adv.*

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

[From a regular Chicago Correspondent.]

THE marshes, lakes and streams are solidly frozen and the teal, blue bill, mallard, canvas-back and such ilk have winged southward. It is nearly certain that none have stopped north of the Ohio River. A few hunters followed them into the Tennessee sunken lands. The last place in this section where there was any duck shooting was on the Illinois River, near Delavan. The Senachwine was deserted last week by the Kleinmans, Coleman, Whipple and the rest of the boys. With the exception of one rather thrilling incident, given below, your readers must content themselves this week with a little personal chat. On the return from the North of Fred. Taylor, the veteran sportsman of this section, your correspondent will furnish you with the article promised on the hunting haunts of the vicinity, as was promised. The sportsmen are all awaiting its publication, even though they know, or think they know, every spot in the neighborhood. Of our hunters Frank Mercer is in Canada, trying to get a bag of something near Quebec. Harry Kenyon and Dave Jewett are over in Michigan slaughtering quail and rabbits. Most of our hunters, however, declare that there is too little sport about shooting the latter to pay for the trouble. Several of our boys have gone over to Detroit to attend a sweepstake clay pigeon shoot. Will send you returns as concerns local shots upon their return. Ed. Hudson, one of our best young shots, has just returned from Alpena, where he got away with a plentiful supply of the regular season's game. There have been no returns from our deer stalking party as yet. They return some time this week.

One of our boys received a letter from the well-known shot and sportsman Al. Meaders, who figures in nearly every pigeon tourney held in this country, yesterday. Meaders is at his home near Memphis, Tenn., and sends word here that there will be the greatest kind of shooting at Reelfoot Lake, about fifty miles north of Memphis, should the weather continue good here. As this is a noted spot for hunters, though little known East, your correspondent sought Abe. Kleinman and asked him about the lake.

"You want to know about Reelfoot Lake? Well, you can just say that it's the greatest hunting resort that I ever saw. You must know that the lake is really sunken lands flooded with water. You can row over the tops of stately forest trees, and looking down can see the bottom, like a forest glade, some sixty to seventy feet, at places, below. At other times you are scraping in the tops of the trees and brush. The ducks are thick there when cold North and have great feeding grounds. They catch a fish like our black bass, only they call it a "trout." I can't explain why, for it is not like a trout at all. When I was there a few years ago, there were no boats, no house to stop at or anything. I understand there is a house with boats there now. As the hunting season lasts fully two months, it pays any sportsman to pay a visit to that section of the country. You can also say that there are any quantity of geese, brants, etc., there."

There will be plenty of sportsmen's festivities here Christmas week. The Pullman Club gives a pigeon shoot, the English Lake and Lake George Clubs turkey shoots, and the rest will hold some kind of a tournament, if it is nothing but glass ball matches, etc.

John Gillespie and several more of the English Lakers who returned from their club house last week report an event that came near proving tragical in its results. It seems they were all at the club house at English Lake, Ind., Thursday morning last, when two pitiful-looking, half-frozen and half-starved hunters, hailing from Richmond, Ind., came staggering into the club house. They had been caught out on the marshes the Wednesday night before, which, your readers will remember, was the night of the fearful cold snap. They had been closed in by the fast-freezing ice of the river, and could not get away. They broke up their boat and burned it, finally being compelled to sit in the cold for hours without a spark of fire. They had their faces, hands, feet, and other parts of their bodies frozen, and were as near dead as any one could ask for. They said they had never passed such a terrible time in all their lives. Both were wealthy gentlemen of Richmond. They walked over the lake on the solidly frozen ice the next day.

OREGON GAME LAW.

WE have just received the following text of the new Oregon game law, which was approved by the Governor last October:

SEC. 1. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of November in each year and the first day of July of the following year, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any male deer or buck, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall for the period of four years from and after the passage of this act pursue, hunt, take kill or destroy any female deer or doe, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, after the passage of this act, shall kill any spotted fawn, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, after the passage of this act, shall take, kill or destroy any male or female deer or buck at any time, unless the carcass of such animal is used or preserved by the person slaying it, or is sold for food, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2. Every person who buys, sells or has in possession, any of the deer enumerated in the preceding section, within the time the taking or killing thereof is prohibited, except such as are tamed or kept for show or curiosity, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 3. Every person who shall, within the State of Oregon, between the first day of January and the first day of August of each year, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any elk, moose, or mountain sheep, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who takes, kills, injures or destroys, or pursues with intent to take, kill, injure or destroy any elk, moose, or mountain sheep, at any time for the sole purpose of obtaining the skin, hide or hams of any such animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 4. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of April and the first day of September of each year, take, kill, injure, or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale any wild swan, mallard duck, wood duck, widgeon, teal, spoonbill, gray, black or sprigtail duck, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, provided, that any person may at any time kill ducks to protect his growing crops.

SEC. 5. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of June of each year, for any purpose, take, kill, injure or destroy or have in possession, sell or offer for sale any prairie chicken or sage hen shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 6. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, between the first day of January and the 15th day of July of each year, take, kill, injure, or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 7. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon, during the months of November, December, January, February and March, of any year, catch, kill, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any mountain or brook trout, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall within the State of Oregon take or attempt to take, or catch, with any seine, net or weir, or other device other than hook and line, any mountain or brook trout, at any time after the passage of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 8. Every person, who shall within the State of Oregon, and after the passage of this act, trap, net or ensnare, or attempt to trap, net or ensnare, any quail or Bob White, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, or have in possession any live quail or Bob White, prairie chicken, grouse or pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 9. Every person, who shall within the State of Oregon, at any time after the passage of this act, destroy or remove from the nest of any mallard duck, widgeon, wood duck, teal, spoonbill, gray, black or sprigtail duck, prairie chicken or sage hen, grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, or other wild fowls, any egg or eggs of such fowls or birds, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any such egg or eggs, or wilfully destroy the nest of an any such fowls or birds, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 10. Every person who shall have any male deer or buck, or any female deer or doe, or spotted fawn, elk, moose or mountain sheep, swan, mallard duck, wood duck, widgeon, teal, spoonbill, gray, black, or sprigtail duck, prairie chicken or sage hen, grouse, pheasant, quail, Bob White or partridge, mountain or brook trout, at any time when it is unlawful to take or kill the same, as provided in this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and a proof of the possession of any of the aforesaid animals, fowls, birds or fish at a time when it is unlawful to take or kill the same, in the county where the same is found, shall be *prima facie* evidence in any prosecution for a violation of any of the provisions of this act, that the person or persons in whose possession the same is found, took, killed or destroyed the same in the county wherein the same is found during the period when it was unlawful to take, kill or destroy the same.

SEC. 11. Every person convicted of a violation of any of the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars nor more than three hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail of the county where the offense was committed for not less than five days nor more than three months, or both such imprisonment and fine. One-half of all moneys collected for fines for violation of the provisions of this act shall be paid to informers and one-half to the district attorney in the county in which the case is prosecuted.

SEC. 12. All acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* is wide awake; it proposes: "Now that the new Legislature is elected, let the members-elect give due consideration to the matter of game protection. Let the game law be simplified to the fewest possible words and clauses. Prairie chickens, ducks, geese, woodcock, sharp-tailed grouse, snipe, plover of all kinds, squirrels, deer, moose and caribou should become shootable Aug. 15; quail Oct. 1. All shooting should cease Dec. 1. Let Minnesota lead the way in the abolition of spring shooting. Her entire territory is a breeding ground for wildfowl. When they reach our State from the South they are ready to settle down to family duties, and are perhaps already mated. If the endless banging of spring was prohibited these birds would at once go to housekeeping, and on every pond, lake or slough through our State the ducks, snipe, plover and geese would locate and raise their young. In the fall, instead of a few days' flight shooting at migratory bands, we should have three or three and a half months of fine shooting of juicy young birds. Then in the spring, along through April and the early part of May, our prairie chickens and grouse are mating, and a duck shooter is not likely to spare these if he flushes them on his travels from slough to slough. By preserving our wildfowl we add to the attractions of our State as a summer resort; we add to the commercial value of our products and to the food supply. Woodcock shooting in the summer should, anyhow, be abolished, and even if the spring shooting of ducks is continued, this abomination should be done away with. There are many true and good sportsmen in the present Minnesota Legislature, especially in the Senate. They all know that they would not go cock shooting on a hot July day for $20. What sport is there, with the thermometer eighty-five in the shade, down in a willowy bottom, without a breeze stirring to cool the fevered brow, the noble army of mosquitoes buzzing around and thirsting for blood, and twigs switching you in the fall, every now and then, as a stimulant. Only the pot-hunter—the market man who cares not whether it be woodcock or wood-duck, quail or grouse, that falls to his gun, will risk these discomforts, for to him it is dollars and cents. Why, then, for the sake of nobody should this be allowed to continue? Let this be done, and to make the law no dead letter, let them appropriate some $3,000 or $4,000 to enforce the law thoroughly. All sheriffs of counties should be obliged to arrest on complaint. A penalty of not less than $15 for each and every bird or beast killed should be enforced, with one-third to the complainant, one-third to the county school fund and one-third to the State. A game warden should be appointed, whose special duty must be the enforcement of the laws, and a thorough scouring of the country to see that sheriffs of counties are doing their duty. Game is State property, and the State should see to it, even as they are seeing to the preservation of fish, that this valuable property be not squandered by the reckless few."

HELP THE QUAIL.—It is quite probable we are to have, this winter, a counterpart of that of 1880, and a succession of snowstorms will follow the fall of the one just past. December set in ominously, the snow now on the ground has thawed and then became crusted by a low temperature. Even now, this early in the season, the quail find it difficult to gather their necessary food, and the outlook is not a promising one for the safety of our favorite bird, whose ranks were terribly decimated by the severe winter of year before last. The clubs must take the matter in hand at once. Let every one who is able keep over until spring a number—some more and some less. It will pay.—HOMO.

ONTARIO PROPOSED NON-EXPORT LAW.—The following petition is being circulated by the London (Ont.) District Fish and Game Protection Society: "*To the Honorable the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, in Parliament Assembled:*—We, the undersigned inhabitants of the province of Ontario, most respectfully beg to bring to your especial notice a grievance which we labor under, and which is yearly becoming a greater evil. It is a well-known fact that we are subject to the inroads of a large number of "market shooters" from the United States year after year, who make Ontario the basis of their trade, and, as soon as the shooting season opens, kill, destroy, and clear off nearly all our game birds and food-producing animals, and ship and export them to the various markets in the Eastern States, to the detriment of this province and the sportsmen resident therein. Of these facts we are cognizant, and are prepared to prove them before any committee which your honorable House may choose to appoint to take into consideration this, our petition, for relief in the matter. As a remedy for this great evil, we beg most respectfully to suggest to your honorable House the insertion of the following clause as an addition to the present game law:—No person not being a permanent resident of Ontario shall at any time hunt, take or kill any deer, elk, moose, reindeer, caribou, grouse, pheasant, prairie fowl, partridge, wild turkey, quail, woodcock, snipe, plover, wild duck, swan, goose, hare, rabbit, or squirrel, for the purpose of exporting the same out of Ontario, and in all cases the onus of proving that any said deer, elk, moose, reindeer, caribou, grouse, pheasant, prairie fowl, partridge, wild turkey, quail, woodcock, snipe, plover, wild duck, swan, hare, rabbit, or squirrel so hunted, taken, or killed is not intended to be exported as aforesaid, shall be upon the person hunting, killing, or taking the same. Offenses against this section shall be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars, nor less than five dollars, for each animal or bird. No railway, express company, or other common carrier, or any other of their agents or servants, shall knowingly receive any of the above-mentioned animals or birds for transportation out of Ontario. Offenses against this section shall be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars nor less than five dollars, for each animal or bird. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc."

SAGADAHOC ASSOCIATION.—The Sagadahoc Association for the Protection of Fish and Game held their annual meeting for the choice of officers at Bath, Me., Dec. 6, at the office of Dr. C. A. Packhard. The following officers were elected: Dr. C. A. Packard, Bath, President; A. Q. Goud, Topsham; J. H. Millay, Bowdoinham, Vice-Presidents; Geo. E. Newman, Bath, Secretary and Treasurer. Executive Committee—S. W. Carr, Bowdoinham; A. Q. Goud, Topsham; Geo. H. Nichols, Bath; Dr. E. W. Johnson, Brunswick; A. S. Alexander, Richmond. A resolution was unanimously adopted, expressing as the sentiment of the association, that suitable laws should be enacted prohibiting the exportation of game from the State, and requesting our Senator and representatives to use their influence to procure the passage of such a law. It was stated at the meeting that Sewall's Pond in Arrowsic, Nequasset Pond, Woolwich, and Campbell's Pond, West Bath, have been stocked with black bass during the year. The association enters upon the fourth year of its life with a membership of one hundred or more, and has become a factor of benefit to the community far beyond any idea of the unthinking. Hereafter, with the exception of the annual meeting, the only meetings of the association will be at the call of the Executive Committee.—G. E. N.

MICHIGAN DEER SHOOTING.—Detroit, Mich., Dec. 1.—Sportsmen who have returned from their deer shooting excursions report excellent sport and plenty of game. The markets being practically closed the pot-hunter has not been found haunting every runway with his mangy hound of doubtful antecedents. The enjoyment, therefore, to those who hunt for pleasure rather than profit has been greater than in previous seasons. E. H. Gillman and two friends have just returned from a six weeks' sojourn in the North Woods, during which time they have killed nearly fifty deer and several good bags of ruffed grouse and quail. Ducks are still here in good numbers and the market is filled with them. Nearly everbody who goes to the St. Clair Flats or down to Point Mouiller gets a fair return for his time and expense. Shep. Maisonville, of Windsor, bagged sixty-two in one day, which is the best report I have heard this week.—W.

DEER NEAR LAKE GEORGE.—In a private letter from a correspondent at Glens Falls, N. Y., he says: "Visitors to Lake George do not all know that the hills that border that beautiful sheet of water still contain deer. Capt. Leo Harris, Aleck Taylor and Oscar Tinkle returned from a hunt on Black Mountain, just below the Narrows, with seven deer. They are all old and good hunters, and nearly every year kill a few deer around Black Mountain, Mr. Colvin's headquarters in 1881. Burr Phelps, pilot of the Ganouskie, was really the man that killed the bear in Lake George in 1881, by roping him from the deck of the steamer, although credit was given to another. I was fishing in the lake that day and remarked the lateness of the boat; later Burr told me the facts, which were different from the newspaper account. Burr killed one buck that he says was the largest he ever saw. My younger brother and Burr killed a deer on Utawanna Lake, between Blue Mountain and Raquette lakes, in 1880, by running it down with a little steamer."

HE OUGHT TO HAVE A MEDAL.—Ashland, Mass., Dec. 4, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. G. G. Tidsbury, of this place, while out hunting with Dr. Redfearn's Gordon setter, last Saturday, bagged nine quail at one shot. They were sitting about twenty-five yards away. The shell was loaded with four and one-half drams powder and one and one-quarter ounces shot. The most remarkable feature of this exploit is the fact that he killed every bird in the flock. Have any of your readers equaled this very successful shot this season?—O. [We feel no hesitation in venturing the opinion that the shot has not been excelled, although our Arkansas duck-shooting friend, John, whose exploit was heralded by "Byrne," in a recent issue, may come in for second honors. Mr. Tidsbury ought to have a medal, perhaps something like the Trout-Hog Medal, of which the design was published in our issue of July 7, 1881.]

FLORIDA.—Jacksonville, Dec., 1882.—Dingue (break-bone fever) has taken flight from East Florida, and yellow fever from Pensacola in the western portion of the State. Ducks are arriving and so are visitors and sportsmen.—AL. FRESCO.

THE "AIR SPACE" MATTER.—Philadelphia, Dec. 8.—The dissenting voices in your issue of December 7, as to my denial of the danger of the "air space" in rifles does not surprise me. Much fatigued with the experimental firing which I have done during the last three weeks, I choose now merely to refer to my assertions hereon, in FOREST AND STREAM of November 23 and 30, and to defer, for a week or so, further answer. Of course, with a well-posted ordnance officer, no defense of my position would be necessary. The subject is one of peculiar interest, and I shall have somewhat to say on it hereafter.—W. McK. KEATH.

PETERSBURG, Va., Nov. 29.—Here is an item from the *Index-Appeal*, alas, only too true. "We understand that large numbers of wild ducks are being caught in the James River below City Point—most of which are sent to the Northern markets. The waters of the James River are the resort of myriads of wild fowls, which find feeding grounds there during the winter." Partridge shooting has been poor so far, the birds ranging in the woods on account of the dryness of the fields. Hope for better sport when this storm is over. Deer are reported plentiful; hares in abundance.—K.

SPORTSMEN IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY this winter are having more excitement than they looked for. Instead of engaging in the chase as soon as they cross the border, they find themselves chased by Indian policemen. One party of five hunters was run down last week and taken into custody. Their horses, wagons, guns and supplies were confiscated according to law, and they may be fined $500 each. The Indian policemen are patrolling the border in force to keep out other intruders. Incredible as it may seem in New York, they haven't clubbed anybody yet.—*New York Sun.*

THE ONEIDA CLUB.—This club, just organized, has acquired the exclusive privilege of fishing on about eight miles of Fish Creek (Oneida River, Lewis county, N. Y.) and its tributaries. This is said to be one of the finest fish preserves in the State of New York. The members of the club are gentlemen living in different parts of the country and are especially interested in preserving the fish in the waters over which they have control.

THE BARBED WIRE FENCE.—I am glad to see you calling attention to the danger of that abominable nuisance, the barbed wire fence. A party of four of us visited Cape Cod for a three weeks' shoot, and had a fine hound nearly ruined by running against one of the barbs, and used him up so we could not use him for the whole time we were there.—J. U. U.

NEBRASKA.—Falls City, Dec. 3.—Five of our local sports men spent four days on the Platte River, some time ago, bringing home 282 geese as the result of their prowess. Ducks and geese are not very plentiful here just at this time. The cold weather has not fairly set in yet. There are plenty of quail, chickens, rabbits and squirrels here, though.—D. B.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 23.—Mr. Wm. J. Babcock, of this city, has just returned from a duck-shooting excursion to the St. Clair Flats, where he reports the that sport was good.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The next annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be held at Detroit, commencing on the 9th of January, 1883.

FOREST AND STREAM SCHEDULE "B."

EXCEPTIONS, LOCAL LAWS, ETC

Alabama.—Law applies to counties of Mobile, Monroe, Baldwin, Marengo, Lowndes, Hale, Dallas, Montgomery, Green, Wilcox, Talladega, Pickens, Bibb, Autauga. Wildfowl law applies only to Mobile and Baldwin counties; night shooting, float, sneak boat, box and battery forbidden.

Arizona and **Arkansas**—Have no game laws.

California.—In Lassen, Plumas, Sierra counties: quail, grouse, mallard, wood, teal, spoonbill, or any broadbill duck, Aug 15 to March 15. Deer law applies to males; forbidden to kill females.

Colorado.—Game may be killed only for immediate use as food. Exportation for speculative purposes forbidden.

Connecticut.—Game exportation forbidden. Wildfowl may be shot only with gun "such as is commonly raised at arm's length;" shooting from sailing or steam vessel, or sink-box, on feeding ground forbidden. Unlawful to net pike, pickerel, black bass, mascelonge. Local fish laws govern certain waters.

Dakota. Hunting on lands without first obtaining owner's consent forbidden. Deer law applies Union, Clay and Lincoln counties only. Unlawful "to kill anything lying on the prairies any par or parts of buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep." Traffic in game birds forbidden, except that prairie chicken, grouse, snipe, plover, curlew can be sold, Aug. 15 to Dec. 31, for consumption as food, within Territory.

Delaware.—Tufted grouse, quail, rabbit in New Castle county, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1. Birds and rabbits may be killed by person on his own land at any time. Entrance upon land for shooting without owner's consent forbidden. Non-residents must become member of the Delaware Game Protective Association, fee $3 first year, $2 per year thereafter. Secretary, Geo. Churchman, Wilmington, Del.

District of Columbia.—Unlawful to kill wildfowl at night, or with "any other than such gun as is habitually raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder."

Florida.—No game law.

Georgia.—No general law; local statutes in about thirty counties. Law quoted applies to Thomas county and most of the others.

Idaho.—Wildfowl and prairie chicken laws apply to Ada county only.

Illinois.—Unlawful to shoot wildfowl at night.

Indiana.—Exportation of deer, "quail, pheasant, wild duck, grouse, prairie chicken or woodcock," forbidden.

Iowa.—Unlawful to trap prairie chicken, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, pheasant; or for one person to kill in one day more than twenty-five of either kind of birds named. Exportation of game forbidden. Game birds (twelve of any one kind) may be shipped to persons within the State, provided shipper make affidavit that said birds have been lawfully killed and are not shipped for sale or profit. Wildfowl may be killed only with gun, "such as is commonly shot from the shoulder."

Kentucky.—Law applies to certain counties only.

Maine.—Moose, deer, caribou, may not be hunted with dogs. Wildfowl law does not apply to seacoast shooting. Taxidermists may kill birds for scientific purposes if so commissioned by the Governor. Artificial salmon within one hundred yards of fishway, dam or mill race, forbidden. Season for black bass, speckled trout, togue, in St. Croix River and tributaries, and all waters in Kennebec county, May 1 to Sept. 15. During months of Feb., March and April it is lawful for citizen to take land-locked salmon, trout, togue, "and convey the same to their homes, but not otherwise." The Commissioner of Game and Fisheries is Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me.

Maryland.—Seasons given are those of State law. Local open seasons in several counties are as follows. Allegheny: deer Aug. 1 to Jan. 1, pheasant (ruffed grouse) Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, partridge (quail) Oct. 15 to Jan. 1, woodcock June 15 to Feb. 1, robin March 1 to April 1, wild turkey and rabbit Oct. 15 to Jan 1. Anne Arundel: rabbit Oct. 1 to Feb. 1, pheasant Oct. 15 to Jan. 1, partridge Oct. 19 to Dec. 30, orchan sora, rail bird Sept. 3 to Nov. 5. Baltimore: deer Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, partridge Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, woodcock June 15 to Feb. 1, pheasant Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, rabbit Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Caroline: partridge Nov. 10 to Feb. 15. Cecil: partridges and rabbits Nov. 1 to Dec. 29, woodcock June 10 to Jan. 1, rail and pheasant Sept. 10 to Jan. 1. Frederick: pheasant, partridge Oct. 15 to Jan. 1, rabbit Oct. 1 to Feb. 1. Garrett: deer Oct. 1, to Dec. 1 (use of dogs forbidden), wild turkey Sep. 15 to Jan. 1, pheasant Aug. 15 to Jan. 1, partridge Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, trout April 1 to Aug. 1. Harford: partridge and rabbit Oct. 15 to Dec. 26, woodcock June 10 to Jan. 1, rail and pheasant Sept. 10 to Jan. 10. Kent: partridge Nov. 1, to Jan. 15, rabbit Oct. 1 to Jan. 15. Montgomery: partridge Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, woodcock June 10 to Jan. 1, pheasant Sept. 1 to Feb. 1, robin Sept. 1 to May 1. Prince George: rabbits Oct. 15 to Feb. 1, robin Sept. 1 to May 1, partridge Oct. 19 to Dec. 20, ortolan, sora, rail bird Sept. 5 to Nov. 1, "trout, bass or salmon fish" Aug. 15 to May 15. Queen Anne: partridge Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, rabbits Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Somerset: partridge Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. St. Mary's: robin Oct. 1 to March 1. Talbot: robin Sept. 1 to May 1, rabbit and partridge Oct. 15 to Jan. 1, woodcock June 15 to Jan. 1. Washington: woodcock June 10 to Dec. 31, pheasant, bullbat, night hawk, dove Aug. 12 to Dec. 31, wild turkey Nov. 1 to March 1, partridge Oct. 20 to Jan. 1. Wicomico: woodcock Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, partridge Nov. 1 to Feb. 1, rabbit, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, wood, summer duck Sept. 10 to Jan. 1. Worcester: partridge, Nov. 1 to March 1 (night shooting forbidden). Foxes.—Unlawful in Somerset, Washington, Wicomico and Worcester counties to shoot a fox pursued by dogs. Wildfowl season given applies to Chesapeake Bay waters north of line drawn from Turkey Point Light west to Harford county, at or near Oakington; also south of line drawn from Point Concord light east to New Point Comfort. Northward of first line shooting permitted only on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week to Jan. 1, and Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of each week remainder of season. The local laws governing wildfowl shooting are very complex. The laws are published in full by the Maryland Association for the Protection and Preservation of Game and Fish, Edwin Schenck, Secretary, 2/3 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

Massachusetts.—Tern, sea swallow, mackerel gull, Aug. 1 to May 1. Wild pigeon protected on nesting ground. Quail and prairie chicken may be had in possession (if lawfully killed) Jan. 1 to May 1. Wildfowl specified are wood (summer) duck, teal, rail, coot, gallinule. Use of swivel guns, night lights, or "jucks" forbidden. The State society is the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, 608 Washington street, Boston.

Michigan.—Deer season applies to Lower Peninsula; Upper Peninsula, Aug. 15 to Nov. 15. Forbidden to kill deer in red coat or fawn in spotted coat, to kill in water, by pit, pit fall or trap. Wood, teal, mallard and gray ducks, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Swivel or punt gun and night-shooting wildfowl forbidden. Wild pigeons protected in vicinity (five miles) of nesting. Exportation of deer, ruffed grouse, quail, prairie chicken, wildfowl forbidden. Forbidden to take brook trout from stream within three years after it has been stocked, to catch grayling or brook trout of less than 7in. length, to take California trout prior to June, 1885. Special laws govern certain waters. The State society is the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, Secretary, W. B. Mershon, East Saginaw

Minnesota.—Exportation of game birds (except pheasants) forbidden. Deer in Morrison and Stearns counties, Nov. 15 to Dec. 15. Pigeons protected on nesting grounds in Olmstead and Dodge counties. The secretary of the Minnesota State Sportsmen's Association is W. S. Timberlake, St. Paul.

Missouri.—Unlawful for non-residents to kill game for exportation from State.

Montana.—Unlawful at all times to kill buffalo, moose, elk, deer, mountain sheep, goat, antelope for hides only.

Nebraska.—Chasing deer with dogs forbidden in Burt, Washington, Douglas, Sarpy, Cass, Saunders and Dodge counties. Unlawful for common carriers to transport game at any time. Use of punt gun unlawful.

Nevada.—Sand-hill crane, plover, yellow hammer, bittern, Sept. 1 to April 1. Prairie chicken and sharp-tailed grouse seasons apply to Humboldt, Elko, Eureka and Lander; same has been season in same counties Aug. 10 to Mar. 15. Prairie chicken and sharp-tailed grouse in Esmeralda, Douglas, Ormsby, Lyon, Storey, Churchill and Washoe protected to Sept. 1, 18?3.

New Brunswick.—For non-resident law see Nova Scotia.

New Hampshire.—Yellow-legs, sandpipers, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1, raccoon or 'coon, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Lake trout may be taken "with single hook and line only," Jan. 1 to April 1. Fish introduced by Commissioners protected for 5 years. Fish and Game Commissioner: Ed. Spalding, Nashua; Luther Hayes, Milton; A. H. Powers, Grantham.

New Jersey.—Marsh hen Aug. 25 to Dec. 1, summer duck Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Non-residents must take out license. New Jersey Fish and Game Protective Society has jurisdiction over entire State. Fee, $2. Secretary, Wm. L. Force, Plainfield, N. J. Or, non-residents to shoot or fish in Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May counties, may obtain membership certificate of West Jersey Game Protective Association. Fee, $5 first year, $3 annually thereafter. Secretary, Wm. T. Miller, 100 Market street, Camden, N. J.

New Mexico.—"Trout," "speckled trout," May 1 to Dec. 1. Provisions respecting large game shall not be applicable to persons in camp "whom necessity may compel to kill one or two animals for their subsistence."

New York.—Unlawful at all times to hunt deer with dogs in St. Lawrence county; season elsewhere Aug. 15-Nov. 1; unlawful to kill fawn in spotted coat, or deer by trap, spring-gun, or crusting. Use of ferrets forbidden. Wildfowl: Season in Long Island waters Oct. 1 to May 1; use of guns, except such as are habitually fired from the shoulder, shooting from sailing or steam vessels (excepted localities), use of battery or machine, decoys or bough houses at greater distances than ninety rods from shore (excepted localities) forbidden. Use of snare or trap, unlawful. Black bass in Lake Mahopac, Dutchess county, Schroon lake and river, Paradox Lake, July 16 to Jan 1; Lake George, July 20 to Jan 1. Unlawful to kill striped bass of less than 3½ pounds weight. Unlawful to catch any fish within eighty rods of fishway. Sunday shooting forbidden. Unlawful to export game from State in close season. Salmon or lake trout in Lake George, May 1 to Oct 1.

North Carolina.—Seasons for birds apply to counties of Davison, Randolph, Anson, Rowan, Warren, Guilford, Rockingham, Orange, Caswell, Edgecombe, Mekleburg, Cabarrus. Unlawful to export quail or ptarmigan, dead or alive, from counties of Catawba, Rowan, Cabarrus, Alamance, Rockingham, Orange, Iredell, Davie, Gaston, Columbus, Davidson, Anson and Forsythe. Deer law applies to counties of Clay, Cherokee, Mason, Jackson, Haywood, Transylvania, Randolph, Stokes, Forsythe, Surry, Yadkin, Rockingham, Craven, Greene, Lenoir. Trout law applies to counties west of the Blue Ridge, except Yancey, Mitchell, Transylvania, Henderson and Macon. Wildfowl shooting on Sabbath, or between sunset and sunrise of any day of week, use of other "than such gun as can be fired from the shoulder;" unlawful in Currituck and Dare counties; restriction as to shooting applies also to Albemarle Sound and its tributaries. Fire hunting forbidden in the three counties named, also Craven, Hyde, Tyrrell, Onslow, Moore. Non-residents: "It shall not be lawful for any non-resident of this State to use or hold any blind, batteau, battery or other craft, or any wood chopper's fence, or live ducks or geese, for decoys, in any of the waters of said counties, for the purpose of killing or taking wildfowl; Provided, That this section shall not apply to such non-residents who resort to the waters of Currituck Sound for the purpose of shooting game as sportsmen, and not for the purpose of selling, and who own or lease by them, and who do not kill game for a foreign market; And provided further, It shall not be construed to limit, abridge, or impair the rights or privileges of any bona fide owner or lessee of shooting or fishing privileges of Currituck or Dare, or of such persons as shall obtain the consent or permission of such owners or lessees to occupy their grounds for gaming purposes, whether actual residents of the State, or otherwise.

Nova Scotia.—Unlawful for person to kill in one season more than two moose and four caribou. Flesh of moose must be carried out of the woods within ten days after killing; none later than Feb. 5. Pheasants protected at all times. Non-residents must take out license, fee $5. Secretary of the Nova Scotia Sportsmen and Fishery Protective Society is A. E. Harrington, Esq., Halifax, N. S.

Ohio.—Wildfowl shooting unlawful with "any other than a common shoulder gun." Swan protected at all times. Season for wood duck Sept. 1 to April 1, wild turkey and teal Sept. 15 to Jan 1.

Ontario.—Mallard, gray, black, wood, summer and teal ducks, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1. Battery, punt gun, sunken punt, night light, forbidden in wildfowl shooting. Imported game may not be killed without consent of land owner. It is forbidden to kill for exportation "deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou."

Pennsylvania.—Chasing deer with dogs unlawful. Use of ferrets unlawful. Wildfowl shooting unlawful with "other than such guns as habitually are raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder;" use of punt gun unlawful. Brant, wood duck, rail, coot, gallinule, wild pigeons protected on nesting ground. Sunday shooting and fishing unlawful. Season for "green bass, yellow bass, willow bass, rock bass, Lake Erie or grass bass, pike or pickerel, or well-eyed pike, commonly called Susquehanna salmon," June 1 to June 30. Laws apply to Lake Erie waters, save ponds on Erie Harbor peninsula. Speckled or California trout may not be taken less than 5in. in length, nor black, yellow, green bass less than 6in. in length. Pike county: Quail Oct. 15 to Dec. 1, cannot be killed in water, exported. Sept. 15 to Dec. 15, rabbit Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, wood or summer duck Oct. 1 to Jan. 1, woodcock July 4 to Dec. 15, quail Oct. 15 to Dec. 1, ruffed grouse Sept. 15 to Dec. 15, salmon, speckled trout May 1 to Aug. 1, pike, pickerel June 15 to Feb. 15.

Quebec.—Moose (after Sept. 1, 1883) Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; insectivorous birds, Sept. 1 to March 1, non-residents required to pay $20 gun license. Night shooting wildfowl unlawful.

Rhode Island.—"Grouse or heath hen," Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; "swallow or box martin" Oct. 1 to May 1; Bartram's sandpiper or grass plover, Aug. 1 to April 1; wood, summer, black, dusky, duck, blue or green-winged teal, Sept. 1 to March 1. Use of ferret or weasel unlawful. Sneach Pond in Cumberland excepted from black bass law.

Tennessee.—Law quoted applies to counties of Henry, Dyer, Giles, Maury, Davidson, Madison, Hamilton, Bedford, Wilson, in Montgomery and Cheatham counties, quail, grouse, lark, Oct. 15 to March 1; woodcock, dove, turkey, Aug. 1 to March 1; snipe, plover, duck, Sept. 1 to May 1. In Robertson, Davidson, Maury, Lincoln counties, turkey, quail, grouse, woodcock, snipe, lark, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. In Shelby county, deer, squirrels, turkey, woodcock, snipe, lark, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; quail, Oct. 1 to April 1. Resident hunters, non-residents of Obion and Lake counties forbidden to kill wildfowl for profit; citizens of State may kill for own use. Similar restriction (all game) applies to non-residents in Cumberland, Fentress, Morgan, Scott, Campbell, Overton, Putnam, White, Roane, Rhea, Bledsoe, Van Buren counties. In Fayette, Rutherford and Tipton counties, quail season Oct. 1 to April 1.

Texas.—Law applies certain counties only. Deer law applies females only.

Utah.—Imported quail protected to 1885. The society is the Utah Game and Fish Protective Society. Secretary, L. S. Hill, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Vermont.—In Lake Champlain and tributaries, within ten miles of mouth of stream, fish may be caught with hook and line at any time. Use of dog in hunting ruffed grouse unlawful.

Washington.—Law of Oregon applies to Walla Walla and Columbia counties. Fish law does not apply to Columbia River. One person may not kill more than twenty blue, ruffed or pinnated grouse in one day. Elk may not be killed for traffic in hides and horns.

West Virginia.—Wildfowl shooting forbidden with "other than the common shoulder gun."

Wisconsin.—Woodduck, mallard and teal, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1. Chasing deer with dogs unlawful; also wildfowl shooting with "other than a gun habitually raised at arm's length and discharged from the shoulder," or by float, sneak boat, sail or steamboat. Unlawful to kill deer in Door county for export, or for hide. Grouse, quail in St. Croix county Oct. 1 to Nov. 15. Unlawful to export trout from Monroe county.

Wyoming.—Greenshank, lattler, godwit, avocet, Aug. 15 to Apr. 1. Traffic in hides of game forbidden. Unlawful to kill any grouse save for use as food. One person may not kill more than 50 of any one species of gamebirds in one day.

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Ado.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Allow me to add, next to spiritual aid, nothing has kept up my heart and vigor more than my ardent love for nature, and my frequent communing with her in her wildest forms. The mountain, the laughing stream, the deep wooded valley, the forest-bordered lake, are my friends, eloquent of God and always my delight.—*Dr. Bethune.*

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

V.—REMINISCENCES.

I have written for lovers of the gentle art, and if this which I have written falls into other hands, let him who reads understand it is not for him.—*W. C. Prime.*

THESE "Talks" are written on the presumption that they will only be read by the "simple wise men" who can sympathize with their theme and who are in accord with their sentiments. To those who know nothing of the art or of its delightful possibilities, they will be "as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals." But to the mild-mannered and merry hearted brotherhood they may have something of the music of forest birds and the melody of running waters.

Not only has every pastime its special attractions, but its votaries have their special reasons for the high estimate in which they hold it. Others may, but they never weary of talking about it. What is true of other pastimes is preeminently true of angling. No other affords so many incidents that it is a pleasure to remember and a greater pleasure to recount to appreciative and sympathizing listeners. The "memory" which formed the theme of my last "Talk" was followed by other reminiscences, one of which is subjoined.

Several years ago I found that I had not time to make my usual August trip to the North Woods; but I knew very well if I allowed the month to pass without enjoying a "cast" somewhere I would find my mental machinery sadly out of joint. I had tried it once and remembered the result. I cannot say that I suffered any real physical detriment, but I evinced neither good temper nor good manners (and they always hunt in couples) until the fever subsided with the close of the season.

And this is the experience of all anglers who have had a taste of the invigorating and exhilarating delights that come to those who have even passable skill with rod and reel. Perhaps something of this feeling may pass into the experience of those who have only felt the excitement incident to the capture of fish with the rougher implements of the craft. "Still-fishing" with bait, or trolling with "spoon" or minnow is better than no fishing, as "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." But that sort of fishing never reaches to the dignity of a passion. The outing necessary to engage in it may be missed, but no great disappointment will be felt if circumstances compel a resort to some other mode of diversion. But with those who have long enjoyed the ecstasy of fly-casting it is not so. To be satisfying, their "vacation" must carry them to trout, bass, grayling or salmon waters. No other harmless or healthful recreation takes so strong a hold upon one's spirit or imagination, because there is no other which meets so fully the mental, physical and æsthetic demands of mind and heart. In following the brooks and rivers which wend their way through forest and mountain and valley, where solitude has her abode and where rustling leaves and singing birds and the rippling music of running waters fill the air with perpetual melody, the appreciative angler, "born so," as good old Izaak has it, finds mental repose, physical invigoration, "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." It is because these qualities inhere in the pastime—are identical with and inseparable from it—that it is so irresistibly fascinating to its votaries. They can be proffered no substitute, because, like matchless beauty, "only itself can be its parallel."

On the occasion to which I have referred, my usual two weeks' visit to the "spring holes" between Ray Brook and Setting Pole Rapids, where I have had such sport as lifted me into the seventh heaven of delectation, was reduced to a three-days' sojourn where the whistle of the locomotive could be heard, and where, if need be, a telegraph message could reach me. It was, I thought, a pitiful substitute for my old-time free and easy swing in the grand old woods, where, for so many years, a score of good fellows constituted the sum total of intruders upon its then unbroken solitude. Ah, those were days to be remembered—when trout were plenty and anglers few, when you could float from Martin's to Raquette Falls, and from Blue Mountain Lake to

the Old Forge, in midsummer, as undisturbed by human companionship as if you were a-straddle of the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, when there wasn't so much as a log shanty on the whole line of the Fulton range or (with one exception) from Bartlett's away down to Downie's Landing. Most of the good fellows whom I was wont to meet in those far-back summer rambles have made their last "cast," and are now, I trust, enjoying infinitely higher felicity on the banks of that "pure river of water, clear as crystal," so graphically portrayed by the lonely seer upon the Isle of Patmos Some of them—alas! how few—still remain to illustrate the beneficent influence of the gentle art upon the mind and heart and physique of its happy brotherhood. Here is a note just received from one of them. Although to him the grasshopper may have become a burden, the golden bowl is not yet broken, nor has his good right arm yet lost its cunning. His heart still pulsates with good will to all men, especially to those who "deal justly, walk humbly," and love to go a-fishing. He has the gentle spirit of the dear old masters, and whether, hereafter, his annual visits shall be many or few to the pleasant places where he has for thirty years found retirement, recreation, repose, and a higher conception of the munificence and loving kindness of the Heavenly Father, the recollection of his friendly courtesies and quiet ways will ever be a pleasant memory to those who have often met him in the woods and enjoyed his kindly hospitality:

"KERSEVILLE, Essex Co., N. Y., November 27, 1882.

"*My dear D.:*

"I desire to express to you the satisfaction and pleasure already received from reading the two articles from your pen published in FOREST AND STREAM. I trust they will be continued through all the bleak months of our weary winter. May I ask you, before you 'reel up,' to give us a 'Talk' on the dear old North Woods of the Saranac region and thereabouts? I very often recall the many times we have met there, and they are hallowed in memory. Last spring's trip made my thirtieth annual pilgrimage to those blessed haunts, but not with my usual enthusiasm. I miss old friends like yourself. As you can readily imagine, many changes have occurred in thirty years, and of many who were once our forest companions, 'there only remains to us,' as you have said elsewhere, 'the recollection of their pleasant ways and joyous companionship.' It makes me sad to remember how many have passed away with whom I have taken 'sweet counsel' in the dear old woods, but whom I will see no more this side the dark river. Yours, very truly, J. R. R."

With but three days at my certain disposal, Manchester and its adjacent waters seemed the most available. I had heard of the pleasant valley through which clear streams meandered, and I found it all it was claimed to be, "beautiful for situation," and a very paradise in itself and in its surroundings. If I had had no other purpose than to fish, I need not have left the valley. I filled my creel as quickly as I desired. The weather was superb, the water was in prime condition, the responses were prompt, and the weight of the fish and their gamey qualities even more inspiriting than their numbers. But I wished to explore as well as to angle; to fill my lungs with the pure ozone of the mountains, as well as to fill my creel with the speckled denizens of the pearly brooks; to camp out, if but for a night, as well as to fish. I had heard of a tiny lake perched upon the summit of an adjacent mountain many hundreds of feet above the valley, difficult of access, as retired as any peak in the Coloradoes, and well stocked with large trout always available to those who had the skill to catch them. I was prompt to avail myself of the proffer of an escort thither, and in the early gloaming I found myself casting in vain for a rise. At the end of a half hour the full moon came up over the tree tops. As the unclouded rays fell upon the fair bosom of the ruffled waters, I realized something of what Tennyson meant when he wrote of "the shimmering glimpses of a stream." The tiny waves looked like rippling rolls of molten silver, and when the moon had reached an elevation where her beams could flash full upon the face of the forest-bordered lakelet, it made up a picture which has remained with me through all these intervening years. It was for this and such as this, equally as for the delight afforded by the pastime itself, that I had always made my semi-annual visits to the quiet places where trout and contemplative anglers are pleased to forgather.

But this beautiful picture, gorgeous and fascinating as it was, did not fill full the measure of my desire and expectation. While I had been casting and watching the silent march of "the silver empress of the night," the fire had been kindled, the pork had been sliced, and the frying pan stood ready to do its office, but no trout had been taken. The idea of going supperless to bed was not pleasant. The long tramp and keen mountain air had given me an appetite more biting than the chilly atmosphere with which we were environed. I had resolved to retire discomfited after another cast when I bethought me that what the scarlet ibis and brown hackle had failed to accomplish, might, under the favorable conditions of the hour, be effected by a well-poised dusty miller; and I was not mistaken. The first cast was followed by a rise. In five minutes a two-pound trout was ready for dissection, and in twenty minutes, eight others, aggregating nine pounds, had been taken in out of the wet, wherewith I was content and reeled up for the night.

The repast that followed was fragrant, luscious and abundant—such a feast as always comes to an honest angler when "good digestion waits on appetite." I cannot, however, say as much for my night's repose. A hastily constructed brush canopy sufficiently protected us from the fast-falling dew, and a thick layer of hemlock boughs—emitting an aroma as fragrant as the fabled nectar of the gods—was such a couch as kings might envy. When thus disposed sleep always comes to me without wooing, and it would have done so on this occasion but that my inexperienced companion, who had never before camped out, chattered so incessantly that I sought revenge by reciting every blood-curdling story I had ever heard or could invent about the mortal peril that beasts whoever has the temerity to invade the haunts of venomous reptiles or ravenous beasts. The brief intervals of silence were broken by mysterious sounds, which I knew to be caused by the flight of prowling night birds, the gnawing and scratching of hungry grubs, or the stealthy tread of fox or rabbit, but which he, in his nervous excitability, magnified into the unpleasant proximity of bear or wild cat. His frequently repeated "Hist!" "What's that!" had become monotonous, and I was passing off into peaceful slumber when I was startled by a yell from my timid friend which could only have been born of genuine fright induced by actual contact with some tangible object. If his alarm was not justified it was excusable, for our couch had been invaded by a prowling woodchuck, who had been attracted by the fragrance of the discarded fragments of our evening feast. This intrusion (when the intruder took flight, for he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once) was followed by profound silence on the part of my friend and by blissful unconsciousness on my own part, until a full chorus of forest minstrels and the slanting rays of the morning sun admonished me that it was time to try the virtue of a morning cast.

And I cast, but nothing came of it. There was not a ripple on the surface of the water, and as far as I could reach it seemed like casting upon a floor of glass. Every moment the sun glare was extending, and before I had become entirely hopeless of a rise, the whole lake shone like a great mass of burnished silver. I was soon encouraged, however, by a "break" some hundred feet beyond my cast. As there was neither boat nor raft available, the "break" might as well have been a hundred miles away as where it was. I did my best to entice the sportive brutes shoreward, but it was like "calling spirits from the vasty deep,"—they wouldn't come. The more I cast the more they jumped, but always at an unapproachable distance. Of course it was provoking, and of course I looked about for some mode by which I could circumvent and turn the tables upon my sportive tantalizers. I discovered near by two dry logs—barely two—which, if properly joined together, would suffice to bear me up if carefully manipulated. Withes were procured, hastily twisted and used in the conventional way known to all old woodsmen. A few minutes sufficed to finish the work after a fashion, and while the fish were still "making the water boil" with their sportive antics, my fly dropped in the very center of their circle, and was taken before it had fairly touched the water. The movement of fisher and fish was spontaneous. But the fish had the advantage. The lake gave him "scope and verge enough" to do his best, while I stood poised upon a structure so frail that its dislocation and engulfment was threatened by the slightest motion. To play the fish was not so difficult, but how to land him without toppling over was a problem whose solution troubled me not a little. But it was accomplished—not once, but many times in quick succession. If conscience makes cowards of us all, impunity often makes us inexcusably presumptuous. My good luck had this effect upon myself, and while playing what afterward proved to be a two-pound trout, I found the two sticks which formed my raft slowly diverging. Here was a dilemma. It wouldn't do to drop my rod and risk the loss of my fish; nor would it do to allow either log to take its departure without an effort to prevent it. I soon discovered that one of the withes had broken, and my only hope was to use my feet to hold the raft together until I could finish my fight and paddle ashore. But my efforts in this direction rather tended to widen the breach than close it, and while my fish was at his best I found myself in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes or the American eagle, who stood with one foot on the Pacific and the other on the Atlantic while he dipped his beak in the majestic Mississippi. My straddle was simply prodigious, and it continued to broaden with ever-increasing momentum until my feet seemed as remote from each other as the Hebrides from the Rocky Mountains. There was, in short, a great gulf between them, and I was rather pleased than otherwise when I found them once more brought into close proximity and rendering me useful service in my efforts to swim ashore—which, in this instance, I found to be even more easy than "rolling off a log." But during all these novel experiences and unexpected mishaps the "ruling passion" did not forsake me. I may not have been able all the time to keep a "taut line" upon my fish, but I held my rod, and so soon as I could touch bottom I resumed the fight and landed my two-pound trout as coolly as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened since he rose to my fly.

A rousing fire and a luscious breakfast soon put everything to rights; and with a better constructed raft and a keener zest for the sport, I resumed my fishing, and in an hour or two had a full creel with which to replenish the larder of friends in waiting at the foot of the mountain.

G. D.

THE BLUE-BACK TROUT.

Salvelinus oquassa.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM for November 30 occurs the following sentence quoted from Mr. Livingston Stone, and which is properly queried in a foot-note by the editor:

"Brook trout were thought to attain the weight of nine or ten pounds until the famous ten-pound trout caught by Mr. George Shepard Page in the Rangeley Lakes was declared to be *Salmo oquassa*."

As at present advised, I do not believe that any "ten-pound trout" is a *Salmo oquassa*. This leads me to ask the angling constituency of FOREST AND STREAM for information concerning this latter species.

The National Museum has received from the Rangeley Lakes two species of *Salvelinus*—charr or "brook trout." One of these is the common brook trout—*Salvelinus fontinalis*—and to this species all the large trout which I have seen from the lakes belong. Possibly the great lake trout (*Salvelinus aumayoush*) lives there also, but I have seen no specimens.

The other species is the so-called "blue-back trout" (*Salvelinus oquassa* Grd.). So far as we know this is the smallest American trout. I have seen none that would weigh half a pound. No specimens are on record from any waters in the United States other than the Rangeley Lakes. It has, however, been recently discovered and described as a new species by Dr. Günther as *Salmo naresi* (Proc. Zool. Soc., London, 1877, page 476) in lakes of Arctic America, about Discovery Bay. Dr. Bean has also found it in Kumlien's collection from Cumberland Gulf. It is probably an Arctic fish, which for some reason keeps a hold in the Rangeley chain, but has become extinct in the other lakes of Northern Maine, if it ever lived in them.

As to the habits of the blue-back trout, nothing seems to be known beyond the following from the original description by Girard: (Proc. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist., IV., 1854, 262.)

"The abode of the blue-back is the Moosemegantic Lake, in which it is concealed during the greater part of the year, but about the 10th of October it comes near shore and ascends in shoals the Kenebago for the purpose of spawning. Half a mile above its mouth the Kenebago receives the outlet of Lake Oquassa, the trout then leaves the Kenebago to the left and runs towards Oquassa Lake, where its voyage comes to a close. After the middle of November it goes back into Moosemegantic Lake and is seen no more until October of the next year."

Let us hear from the anglers about it. Specimens are still needed.

I give here a list of the North American *Salmonidæ* as at present known:

NORTH AMERICAN SALMONIDÆ.

1. *Salvelinus oquassa* (Grd.) Gill and Jor —The Blue-Back Trout,—Rangeley Lakes to Arctic Circle,

2. *Salvelinus arcturus* (Günther) Gill and Jor —The Arctic Trout,—Victoria Lake and Floeberg Beach.

3. *Salvelinus stagnalis* (Fabricius) Gill and Jor.—The Greenland Trout.—Greenland and Arctic America.

4. *Salvelinus malma* (Walbaum) Jor. and Gill—The Dolly Varden Trout.—Northern California to Kamtschatka.

5. *Salvelinus fontinalis* (Mitchill) Gill and Jor.—The Brook Trout.—Georgia to the Arctic Circle.

6. *Salvelinus aumayoush* (Walbaum) Goode—The Great Lake Trout or Mackinaw Trout.—Great Lake Region to New Brunswick and northward.

6. (b) *Salvelinus aumayoush siscowet* (Agassiz) J. and G.—The Siscowet.—Lake Superior.

7. *Salmo purpuratus* Pallas—Clarke's Trout.—Monterey to Utah, Montana and Kamtschatka.

7. (b) *Salmo purpuratus henshawi* Gill and Jor.—Lake Tahoe Trout.—Lake Tahoe and its tributaries.

7. (c) *Salmo purpuratus stomias* (Cope) J. and G.—Kansas River to Montana.

7. (d) *Salmo purpuratus beneiri* Bendire—Waha Lake Trout.—Waha Lake, Washington Territory.

8. *Salmo spilurus* Cope—Rio Grande Trout.—Rio Grande and Utah Basin.

8. (b) *Salmo spilurus pleuriticus* (Cope) Jor.—Rio Grande, etc.

9. *Salmo gairdneri* Richardson—Steelhead.—San Francisco to Alaska.

10. *Salmo iridens* Gibbons—Rainbow Trout.—Rio San Luis Rey to Oregon, and perhaps northward west of the Cascade Range.

11. *Salmo salar L.*—Common Salmon.—Atlantic coasts of Northern America and Europe.

11. (b) *Salmo salar sebago* (Grd.) Gill and Jor.—Land-Locked Salmon.—Lakes of Maine, etc.

12. *Oncorhynchus nerka* (Wal.) Gill. and Jor.—The Blue-Black Salmon or Redfish.—Oregon to Kamtschatka.

13. *Oncorhynchus kisutch* (Walb.) Jor. and Gilb.—The Silver Salmon.—San Francisco to Alaska.

14. *Oncorhynchus tchawytcha* (Walb.) Jor. and Gilb.—The Quinnat Salmon.—San Buenaventura to Alaska and Northern China.

15. *Oncorhynchus keta* (Walb.) Gill and Jor.—The Dog Salmon.—San Francisco to Kamtschatka.

16. *Oncorhynchus gorbuscha* (Walb.) Gill and Jor.—The Humpback Salmon.—San Francisco to Kamtschatka.

17. *Stenodus mackenzii* Richardson—The Inconnu.—Mackenzie's River.

18. *Thymallus signifer* Rich—The Grayling.—British America and Alaska.

18. (b) *Thymallus signifer tricolor* (Cope) J. and G.—The Michigan Grayling.—Michigan to Montana.

19. *Coregonus tullibee* Rich—The Tullibee.—Great Lakes and northward.

20. *Coregonus nigripinnis* (Gill) Jor.—The Blue Fin.—Lake Michigan.

21. *Coregonus artedi* Le Sueur—The Lake Herring.—Great Lakes and northward.

21. (b) *Coregonus artedi sisco* Jor.—The Sisco.—Lakes of Indiana and Wisconsin.

22. *Coregonus laurettæ* Bean.—Alaska.

23. *Coregonus merki* Gthr.—Alaska and Siberia.

24. *Coregonus hoyi* (Gill) Jor.—Cisco of Lake Michigan.—Great Lakes.

25. *Coregonus labradoricus* Rich—The Musquaw River Whitefish.—Great Lakes to New Brunswick and northward.

26. *Coregonus clupeiformis* (Mitch.) Milner—The Whitefish. Great Lake region.

27. *Coregonus kennicottii* Milner—Artic America.

28. *Coregonus quadrilateralis* Rich—The Menominee Whitefish.—Great Lake region northward.

29. *Coregonus williamsoni* Grd—The Rocky Mountain Whitefish.—Utah to British Columbia.

DAVID S. JORDAN.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Bloomington, Dec. 5, 1882.

A NEPIGON TROUT.

[From our Regular Chicago Correspondent.]

IT was the good fortune of your correspondent to chance upon Dr. Hamilton, of Monmouth, Ill., one of our Congressmen and enthusiastic sportsmen and anglers. I say "good fortune" because he gave me some charming material for a "fish story," only it was a true one and vouched for by the most honorable and prominent gentlemen of the good little State of Iowa. It concerns the Nepigon River of the Lake Superior region, and a five-pound brook trout. Now, reports are bad many times of these moaster beauties, but never was the sketch of a five-pounder seen about this section before. Mr. George Thurston, the gentleman who captured it, is a member of the faculty of the State University of Iowa, and a surgeon-major of the U. S. A. He tells the story very prettily in the following letter. All parties are famous here in Chicago, and the boys will look for the cut of the fish:

"I believe I wrote you just on the eve of our departure from Prince Arthur's Landing for the Nepigon, per steam tug. The point was reached after a pleasant run of ninety miles, landing at Red Rock, where we went into camp, as our arrival was the first of the season, to await the coming of other parties. My first fishing expeditions were made in this vicinity, where the fish are not very plenty, but large. The first one caught by me weighed five pounds. I send you the sketch made at the time by Mrs. Thurston and sent with a letter to the *State Press*, a newspaper published here (letter cut out and inclosed).

Other parties having arrived, we hired a couple of Indian guides and proceeded twelve miles up the river in a birch-bark canoe, which Mrs. Thurston enjoyed very much, to a point at the foot of the second rapids called Camp Alexander, which is simply a tongue of land formed by an abrupt turn in the river upon which tents are sometimes pitched. It is, however, a glorious place, and the fishing, although not as good as further up, is everything that any reasonable man can ask for. We caught about forty here, averaging fully two pounds, quite a number four, four and one-half and five pounds. The fish are taken with the fly, to which they rise most beautifully, sometimes leaping several feet out of the water.

The character of the country is exceedingly rocky, and whether you "whip" the water from your canoe, or from the huge boulders along the stream, is a matter of choice. There are no entanglements like those met with on the south shore, causing one to make constant references to one of the Ten Commandments.

Hallock has given a very correct and not over-drawn account of Nepigon. It is unquestionably one of the grandest

trout streams in America. The scenery is wild, but beautiful, and the higher you ascend, the more beautiful it becomes, and the better the fishing. The water is clear and cold, and the fish hard and solid as the rocky bed upon which they lie. They are so abundant that one feels it a duty to "play" them as long as possible, in order to secure as much sport as can be obtained without accumulating more fish than you know what to do with.

Having had our "fill" of fishing, we returned to Red Rock, where we joined some Canadian friends whose acquaintance it was our good fortune to make.

Perhaps the remainder of our doings on the north shore can be better told by some newspaper clippings herewith indorsed. The one headed "The North Shore," was written by the Thunder Bay (P. A. Landing) *Herald* man. The one headed "Treasures of the North Shore," was written by me for the *Sentinel*, Thunder Bay. We were not having very good coffee at the Queen's, where we were stopping.

GEORGE A. THURSTON.

LARGE BLACK BASS.

WE have received photographs of two black bass from our correspondent, Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y. Mr. Cheney writes of them as follows: "I caught these Aug. 1, 1877, in a pond four miles from here. One weighed 7 lbs. 14 ozs., the other 6¾ lbs. You may have seen the picture, as I sent my old friend, Hallock, one, and it was in the office of FOREST AND STREAM while he was there. Dr. Henshall quotes from a letter of mine in his book that calls them large-mouths. I said so not thinking he would print the letter in his book. Many persons said they must be large-mouths, and I called them so for the Doctor to express himself. He did, after the book was printed, and pronounced them small-mouths. The big one only opened his mouth vertically three inches. You can see the scales on gill-covers and cheeks, and although hung badly you can see that the smaller one has more than eight rows of scales between the lateral line and dorsal fin. Their species have been doubted, and I presume the weight, although that part never came to me. When I came off the pond the large fish was weighed on steelyards and weighed 8¼ lbs., but when I reached home the news of the catch had preceded me and I found quite a delegation in the club room. I was then president of the "Hallock Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Game." The fish were weighed in four different stores and I presume that more than fifty men saw the weight 7 lbs., 14 ozs. I then invited half a dozen gentlemen to see them opened. My friend, the editor of the Glens Falls *Republican*, says they are the only fish he knows of that were weighed honestly and then opened to look for a lead mine, and he has belonged to the same fishing club that I did. Mr. H. H. Thompson, of New York, writes me recently that he is nearly convinced that they are small-mouths."

ADIRONDACK FISHES.

A CARD

IN order to obtain a complete knowledge of the distribution of different species of fishes inhabiting Adirondack waters, I would feel under obligations to persons having knowledge of the subject if they would give me the benefit of it for my forthcoming paper, to be published in the next report of Mr. Verplanck Colvin, Supt. of the Adirondack Survey, to the Legislature of New York. In order to facilitate answering I have formulated the following questions, which may be referred to by the number alone:

1. What waters in the Adirondacks do not contain brook trout?
2. What lakes do not contain the lake trout, commonly called "salmon trout," or "salmon?"
3. What waters contain eels?
4. Where have you found the fish known by the names of bullhead, catfish or bullpout?
5. Where do you find black bass?
6. What waters contain pike or pickerel?
7. In what lakes do you find a fish called frostfish, whitefish or shad?
8. Do you know of any lakes that do not contain the little fish called sunfish, pumpkin-seed, etc.?
9. Where is the "miller's thumb" found?
10. What waters have been stocked with land-locked salmon?
11. Where have the rainbow or California trout been placed?
12. Are there any lakes which do not contain suckers of any species; if so, which ones do not?
13. Have you found more than one species of sunfish in any waters; if so, what are they?
14. Give any other facts that may be of interest.

It is my intention to illustrate the distribution of the fishes by different colored lines on one of Stoddard's maps of the Adirondacks and to exhibit it at the London Fishery Exhibition, as showing the ichthyic fauna of the great angling region of the State of New York, and in order to make it as complete as possible take this method of asking for help. FRED MATHER,

Fishery Editor FOREST AND STREAM, and Ichthyologist Adirondack Survey.

In connection with the above card we print the following on this subject from the New York *Herald:*

Mr. Fred Mather, Assistant to the United States Fish Commission, who has been employed by the Adirondack survey in making practical researches in the wilderness of this State, has just returned from the waters of the North with a complete collection of specimens of fish obtained in the lakes, rivers and ponds of the Adirondack region. For this purpose Mr. Mather has made two visits to the North Woods this season. The first, which occupied a month's time during the summer, was to the southern section of the wilderness. He entered the woods on the east side of Blue Mountain Pond, proceeding down the Raquette River into the Fulton chain, where he camped. From there he made excursions to Big Moose Lake and the neighboring ponds. The second visit was to the northward, known as the Saranac region, and Meacham Lake, where Mr. A. R. Fuller conducts his fish hatching, was made the headquarters of the scientist. Mr. Mather reports that the largest brook trout were found in Meacham Lake and Clear Pond, several having been taken there which weighed five pounds each. This great size has occasioned much surprise among the few anglers who have heard of the catch, as heretofore four-pounders in this State were supposed to be the extreme limit. He also says that the Adirondack region is not rich in species. The collection contains five kinds of suckers, two of them, he believes, have never been described before. Some fine specimens of brook and lake trout were secured, and a species of whitefish, called "frost fish," which averages one pound in weight. Mr. Mather met with some black bass of the small-mouth variety, which have been artificially planted in several of the lakes, and a goodly quantity of pike or pickerel, which weighed up to ten pounds. Besides sunfish, bullheads (catfish) and the *cyprinoids*, which are known as minnows, chub, dace, etc., Mr. Mather was surprised in discovering the presence of eels in Bixby, Woodhull and Meacham lakes, although, as far as could be ascertained, the Fulton chain are free from this great pest to all waters inhabited by the trout. Mr. Mather's report is full of interesting facts. It will be included in the report to be made by Mr. Colvin, superintendent of the Adirondack survey. At present Mr. Mather's collection of specimens are reposing in large alcoholic tanks. It will, however, be at once properly classified, and Professor Baird intends sending it as part of the American exhibit at the great International Fisheries Exhibition at London next year.

A STRANGE STREAM.—There is a stream running through the town of Bennington, Vt., that derives its source from two branches which unite not far from the town. It is said and vouched for by citizens of the place that the water of one of these branches is soft and the other is hard and full of limestone. The waters, as they join the main stream, do not intermingle, but each keeps its own side of the creek, and any person standing on the town bridge can distinctly observe the dividing line of the waters as the stream flows below him. How true this is I will not state. I confess I am skeptical. I am told also that trout are never taken from the limestone water, but are caught in the soft water side. Only suckers will be found on the creek where it is said only limestone water runs. I was told this by a resident of Bennington with as much earnestness, and with such desire to have me believe it and write of it, I determined to ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM if they had ever heard of the like. My friend, in support of his story, told me likewise that people living on the banks of the creek never thought of using the limestone water for household purposes, but always crossed over on the other side for soft water. The two branches of the stream flow from different mountains.—HOMO.

Fisheulture.

PENNING WHITEFISH UNTIL THEY SPAWN.—Toledo, O., Dec. 8.—We have just completed the work of filling our hatching houses with whitefish spawn and estimate that we have in our Toledo and Sandusky houses a hundred millions of eggs. They are looking well and we expect a large proportion of them will hatch. I have at last hit upon a plan by which the taking of spawn becomes a certain and sure thing, and that is by putting a pound net crib in a good sheltered place and selecting fine spawners, both male and female, and keeping them until they are ready to spawn. They can be handled daily and spawned and re-spawned without any injury to the fish. This we did this fall and used about five hundred fish to make the experiment, and it is a success. I would suggest this to all whose business it is to take spawn, especially where they are liable to be interfered with by cold and bad weather. This method makes the securing of spawn sure and comparatively easy.—D. Y. HOWELL, Supt. Ohio State Hatcheries.

FISHCULTURE IN MICHIGAN.—The work is progressing and a correspondent tells us that the State commission expects to place fifty million eggs of different species upon the trays this winter.

IMPORTATION OF CARP.—A few carp for Prof. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, arrived on the North German Lloyd steamship Elbe last week. They are fine specimens of three varieties, the scale, mirror and leather carp. There was considerable mortality on the passage, and only half a dozen specimens arrived alive.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Detroit, Mich.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Allegheny City, Pa.

December 14-16, 1883.—First Bench Show of Dogs, Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, New Bedford. Wm. Penn Shepard, Secretary, Fall River, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

December 11—New Orleans Gun Club Field Trials on Quail, Opelousas, La. Entries close December 11. J. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La. Entries for the Club Cup close December 1.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE fourth annual meeting of the National American Kennel Club, which commenced on Monday, December 4, at Grand Junction, Tenn., was quite successful in bringing out a grand lot of dogs. There were not so many entries as last year, but the average quality of work done was superior to that of any previous trial. The attendance was not so large as that of last year, although a fair number were present. The weather, excepting the last day, was perhaps as good as we could expect at this season of the year. Birds were plenty, but the rank growth of grass and weeds rendered it difficult at times to find them. It was also difficult to see the dogs, and much of the enjoyment of the spectators was curtailed from this cause. There were eighteen entries for the All-Aged Stakes, and twelve starters in the Derby. Below will be found an account of

THE DOGS AND THEIR WORK.

AMERICAN DAN AND DON were the first brace to run. Dan is a very handsome dog of good size. He displays lots of style and is a very graceful moving animal, with fair speed and range. We saw him at the chicken trials and were quite favorably impressed with him, although he was then sick and did not show at his best. He appears to be all right now, and gave us a taste of his quality by beating his competitor in a well contested heat. He was handled by his owner, Mr. Jos. H. Dew, of Columbus, Tenn. Don, handled by Mr. W. T. Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va., is the winner of the Members' Cup at the late meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club. He ran in good form and did some excellent work. They were cast off in some woods at half past nine and worked through into a cornfield, which was drawn blank, until we reached a thick patch of weeds which bordered the edge. Here a single bird flushed a little wild just ahead of Don, and the rest of the bevy then got up and settled in and near a plum thicket. Swinging round to get the wind Don made a nice point to a hare. We then went round the thicket and Dan partly dropped on point, just as four birds flushed in front of him. Don then got a good point on a single bird. Dan also half pointed the same bird, which was flushed to order. Don soon had another point on a running bird which Dan rounded very well. The bird was seen running and Dew flushed it to order. The dogs were then swung round in some sedge, where Dan made an elegant point on a running bird, which he roaded out and located in first-class style. Don backing him nicely. Dew flushed the bird to order and killed it, and Dan retrieved it well. We then turned back and Don challenged and drew a short distance, but got too close and flushed the bird. He then made a cast back to the lower end of the plum thicket, where he found one which he pointed in good style, Dan backing him fairly well. Mitchell, to order, killed the bird, which Don retrieved in good form. Working through a stubble field into a strip of sedge Don pointed a hare. We then turned down along the railroad into a large stubble field. Both dogs showed sign of game to the lower end, and Don swung round in front and took the trail close to the handlers, rounding it out nicely and locating them in a workmanlike manner. The birds were seen running in front of him and flushed to order. Following them up Dan ran into one and flushed it, and Don, who was a little to one side of him, stopped to wing, but soon moved on, and after going a short distance he made a very pretty point, but nothing was found and he was scored a false point. He soon after ran into one, but it was down wind and he was not to blame. Dan had better luck, for he ran by his bird and whirled on a beautiful point to a single, which Dew flushed to order. Dan then swung into some weeds and got a point on a bird which was running down wind. Dew was ordered to flush, and, as he walked ahead, Dan roaded a short distance and the bird flushed. The judges then compared notes and ordered them up, awarding the heat to American Dan. Down fifty-three minutes.

KING DASH AND GLADSOME.—King Dash is a large, rangy dog with fair speed and a capital nose. He ran here last year, doing some very creditable work. Gladsome divided third with Lalla Rookh in the All-Aged Stake at High Point. Although he ran a very good heat, he was sick and entirely unfit for work. They were put down where Dan and Don were taken up, and worked back nearly to where the first bevy was found. We then turned back through a cornfield which we beat without result, except that Dash pointed a lark and Gladsome backed him. Dash then made a grand point which Glad at once honored. Dash then moved on and roaded out a bevy in fine style and again pointed them, but they were running and he drew on toward them very carefully, with Glad backing him in good style, but they were wild and one flushed ahead of him before he had established his point, then several more got up and the rest of the bevy followed them. Both dogs were steady to wing and shot. Hendricks got in a capital double and at once followed it up with a very pretty single, but as he is a true son of the old Quaker State, and an ardent supporter of the doctrine of the immortal Penn, it gives us pleasure to record that notwithstanding the great temptation he departed not from the "traditions of the fathers," but with commendable forbearance abstained from the shedding of blood. The dogs were then worked toward the birds which had settled on both sides of the run. Glad was the first to get a point, but as nothing was found we scored it as false, although it was evident that he pointed at the scent left by a bird which had brushed the top of the grass, but he should have discovered this and moved on. A little further on Mitchell flushed one and cut loose at it but no harm was done. Dash then made a nice point, but as he was not quite sure of his bird, he moved on a step and flushed it. It was now Glad's turn, and he got in a good point to a single bird which flushed as his handler went toward him. The next effort of Dash was either a point or a stalk, but so near together were they that we did not undertake to decide the matter, especially as Glad at once followed suit and made it even, but as he moved on he scored an unmistakable flush. Both dogs were now very cautious and stepped gingerly over the ground, but nothing more was found here, and we swung back a short distance where Glad struck a single bird and pointed it, but it flushed as Mitchell came up. Glad then went on and another one got up near him. We then swung round to the other side of the run where Dash got a good point on a single bird, which was flushed to order. He then took a few steps and straightened out on a capital point which he held while Glad was called up to back, but the bird had run, and as Glad came up Dash moved on and both roaded for some time in first rate style, but Glad was a little the fastest and got there first, locating the bird very nicely. Mitchell flushed it to order and killed it and Glad was sent to retrieve, but Dash thought that the bird belonged to him, and he also went for it and brought it in good form. It was then thrown for Glad to retrieve, which he did very well. A little further on Glad half pointed a bird just as it rose. The judges then consulted and awarded the heat to Gladsome. Down forty-five minutes.

CAVALIER AND RESS.—Cavalier was the only pointer that run in either stake. He ran at the Chicken Trials in Minnesota, where his many fine field qualities caused us to form a very high opinion of him, and we confidently looked for him to make a good showing here. He has greatly improved in looks since we saw him, and was under better control, but his nose was dry, and he could not smell them. Although he has always shown himself to be one of the best of dogs to back, he utterly refused to honor the points of his competitor. We attributed this partly to her color, which is a solid black, and partly to the fact that she was not rigid on her first point, but kept her tail slightly moving until he had passed her. He was handled by B. Waters, of Canterbury, Conn. Ress, who was handled by her owner, J. E. Mask, of Hickory Valley, Tenn., is a very well formed animal of medium size. She is a fast and very graceful mover and appears to have a good nose. They were put down in sedge grass at 11:15. Scent was very poor, and we worked over considerable ground where birds were known to use, but with the exception of an occasional challenge from the dogs nothing was done until after we crossed the railroad, where, in a cornfield, Ress swung ahead and half pointed to the scent from a large bevy. Cavalier was brought up to back, but he refused and would not drop to order, but went ahead of her, when the birds undoubtedly moved a little, as Ress evidently got a better hold of them, and at once became rigid; but Cavalier did not appear to smell them at all well, and kept on and put their up. Mask grassed one of them, which Ress retrieved very well. Swinging round to get the wind, a bird was put up by Mask and three or four others then flushed wild, Cavalier making a capital point where they got up. Then in some tall grass two or three birds rose and were flushed by the dogs and handlers. We then turned up a run, where Ress made a beautiful point, which Cavalier refused to honor, but came up and half pointed instead. When the judges came up, four birds flushed in front of the dogs, and then a large bevy rose and settled in a cornfield. Following those that first got up, Ress dropped nicely on point to a single bird. Cavalier again refused to back and went ahead and nosed up the bird. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Ress, and we then went to lunch. Down one hour and a half.

SUE AND BADEN BADEN.—Sue and Carrie J. were drawn to run together, but as both were handled by Short, Baden Baden was substituted for Carrie J. Sue was the runner up at the Chicken Trials and was beaten only by Don, the winner of first. She has improved since then and showed as some excellent work. She is a fine upstanding animal of great speed



MR. E. S. WANMAKER'S BLACK BITCH "DARKNESS."
Winner of First Prize in the E. F. T. C. Derby.

and range, with a capital nose, and has rare good judgment in getting on her birds. She moves light and easy, and shows off well when on game. Baden Baden is a large dog with considerable speed and range, and we have no doubt is a very good fielder, but he had no chance while running with Sue to show us much of his quality. They were put down after lunch in a cornfield and worked toward the last bevy, which Baden found first, but he got a trifle close to them, and as he challenged for better scent they flushed ahead of him and made for the woods. Following them up Sue made a capital point to a single bird which short flushed to order and missed. It now commenced to rain, destroying the scent, and Sue flushed a bird, and some distance further on she put up two more, for which we did not consider her to blame. Soon after the judges put up the remainder of the bevy, and we then worked toward some woods near a cornfield, where Sue turned up missing, but was soon found staunchly pointing a large bevy. Baden was brought up to back, but pointed instead, although we believe that he only got credit for a back. Short flushed them to order and scored a clean miss. Both dogs then swung down into some sedge and half pointed, when Sue took a step forward and located the bird in capital style. Short somehow managed to kill this one, and Sue was sent to retrieve it, when she again pointed, and Short flushed it and scored another miss. Baden then got in a very good point on a single bird, and Sue backed him in good style. Dr. Young, probably disgusted with the poor shooting, now took the gun, and flushing the bird, he succeeded in making as neat a miss as any of the handlers could have done. The dogs were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Sue. Down fifty-one minutes.

CARRIE J. AND GILDEROY.—Peep-o'-Day was the next dog in order, but as she was also handled by Short, Gilderoy was ordered up instead. Carrie is a very handsome animal of medium size with lots of quality. She is all style and a very graceful and easy mover, with fair speed. She is only eighteen months old, and if nothing befals her she will be heard from again. Gilderoy ran a capital race at the Chicken Trials, although he was then suffering from a severe attack of dysentery. He was all right here and showed that our estimate of his field qualities was none too high. They were put down in some sedge grass at two o'clock among some scattered birds, which were flushed by the handlers and judges before the dogs had a chance at them. We then beat through some woods to where a bevy had been flushed by the spectators. While standing here another bevy rose close to the judges, and as we moved on still another bevy flushed wild a short distance to our left. This was quite a bonanza, reminding us of the first morning on Robbin's Island two years ago. The birds settled in the woods which were thickly grown up with underbrush. Carrie found them first and made a very stylish point. Gilderoy was called up, but he could not see her. He winded the birds, however, and also pointed in a very gamy manner. Short flushed the birds to order and killed one, which Carrie retrieved in good style. She then cast ahead of us down wind, and after a stride or two she caught the scent of a bird and whirled around facing us and dropped as if shot, holding her bird until it was flushed to order. A little further on Gilderoy dropped on point and a second later a bird got up near him, but this was not his bird and he staunchly held his point. Carrie was called up, and before she could see him she also dropped very prettily on point and a bird was flushed just in front of each. This work was simply perfection and mere words cannot describe it. Only those who were fortunate enough to witness it can justly estimate the excellence of the performance. We then worked up a ravine, when a bird flushed near Carrie, but it was so thick that we could not see whether she was to blame or not. A little further on Carrie dropped on point close by a stump, from under which, after some little time, a crippled bird was flushed. The judges then consulted and awarded the heat to Carrie J., stating that the combined score of this brace was the best that had been run. Down thirty minutes.

PEEP-O'-DAY AND PHYLIS II.—Peep-o'-Day won first in the All-Aged Stake here last year. She has improved since then, and ran in much better form. She was handled by H. M. Short. Phylis II. is a gamy looking animal, of medium size; she somewhat resembles her sire, and with plenty of work will undoubtedly make a good one. She was handled by W. B. Stafford. They were put down in the woods and worked down the ravine to a branch; we then crossed a gully, when Phylis scored a flush, and Peep-o'-Day got a good point. Short flushed to order and killed, both dogs retrieving nicely. Moving on, Peep again pointed a single bird, which flushed as Short came up. A little further on a nice bevy flushed near the judges and flew up a ravine. Following them up, Phylis ran into one going down wind, Peep was more fortunate, as she nailed one in the sedge in good style, and Phylis backed her nicely. Short flushed the bird and killed it and Peep retrieved it in good style. We then turned back and the handlers flushed one or two, when Phylis took a hand and put up one, which she chased a short distance. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Peep-o'-Day. Down half an hour.

STARTLE AND GROUSE.—Startle is a well formed, handsome dog of medium size. He is very graceful in his motions and has a gamy way of jumping into his points that is very taking. He has quite a turn of speed and is very stylish. He is too nervous and excitable for a public trial, but is undoubtedly a capital dog for ordinary shooting. He was handled by Wallace, Grouse is a light-weight Gordon and a capital worker. He is fairly fast and ranges and quarters his ground very nicely. He has not so much style as Startle, but makes a gamy point and does his work in a manner that shows him to be a killing dog. He was handled by Will. Davidson. They were put down at 3:15 and worked toward the railroad, which we crossed, and beat through a cornfield to some woods, when we swung to the left. Startle went down near a gully and dropped very prettily to a large bevy. Grouse was brought up to back and dropped to order. Wallace flushed the birds and killed one which Startle, after a while, found and pointed and then retrieved it in good form. Following the birds into the woods both dogs dropped on point at nearly the same instant. Davidson flushed the bird and missed it. Startle then dropped flat, with his nose high in the air, on a beautiful point to a bird which Wallace flushed and killed. The bird was but a short distance from Startle, and he could not withstand the temptation but broke in and gathered it, but dropped it to order. We then worked through the woods and turned back through the cornfield into the road, which we followed a short distance, and then turned into some sedge, when Startle whirled round and made a beautiful point to a single bird which flushed behind Wallace as he came up. A little further on the judges compared notes and awarded the heat to Startle. Down forty-three minutes.

SHOT AND BESSIE LEE.—Shot is a large white dog with lemon ears. He is fairly fast and moves very well. He has a good nose and showed good hunting sense. He was handled by his owner, J. M. Avant. Bessie Lee is a small but very well built animal of good speed. She moves well, and ranges and quarters her ground in good form. They were put down in some stubble and weeds, and worked through this and a cotton and cornfield and some weeds along the railroad, to another cornfield, when Shot made a capital point to a large bevy, which was flushed to order, and both handlers cut loose at them, but nothing dropped, except Bessie, who dropped to wing. Following up the birds, Shot got a good point in some brush on a single bird, which Avant flushed to order, and as it went by Stafford, he killed it and it lodged in a bush. Bessie, sent to retrieve it, caught the scent but could not find it for some time. She finally found it and brought it very well. The handlers then flushed two or three birds and we moved on a short distance, when Bessie pointed and Shot backed her. Stafford was ordered to put up the bird, and went in ahead and flushed a hare, and claimed that this was what she was pointing. He then ordered Bessie on, and as she moved the bird got up in front of her, and another one flushed close by. Shot then pointed where a bird had flushed from, and would not leave it when ordered, but stuck to it, and finally a bird was flushed in front of him. This confirmed our belief that a dog knows more than his master sometimes. A little further on Bessie dropped on a nice point in some weeds. Shot, who could not see her, swung ahead and pointed evidently the same birds, for Bessie moved on, and catching sight of him, backed him in good style. Two birds were flushed in front of Shot and missed by Avant. Stafford then flushed a single and missed it, fully equal to Avant's attempt. Bessie then swung down to a plum thicket, and pointed a crippled bird, which was picked up in front of her. The bird was thrown and a gun fired, and Shot was sent to retrieve, which he did very well. The judges then consulted and awarded the heat to Shot. Down fifty-three minutes. This ended the running for the day.

BIZ AND COUNT NOBLE.—It was a singular coincidence that these two dogs, who were drawn to run together last year, should again fall together this year, and, in both instances, they were the ninth brace drawn. They were also worked over nearly the same ground on each occasion. The result, however, was not the same as last year, and Biz was counted out. Tuesday morning the weather was threatening, with a very dry, strong south wind. We left the hotel about half past seven, and the dogs were put down just north of the old fort at 7:50. Both appeared to be in capital form and expectation was on tip toe, as a grand race was anticipated. Biz was the first to find, but he was going down wind and flushed them. Following them up, Count dropped on point, but soon moved on and pointed what proved to be a hare, Biz backing him nicely. Count then half pointed several times, but found nothing until we turned back and went down a run, where he got a good point on a single bird in some tall grass. Waters flushed the bird and killed it, and Count was sent to retrieve, which he did fairly well, after some time spent in looking for it, during which he put up two more. He then pointed nicely, but soon moved on and roaded a long distance, but he could make nothing of it and gave it up. A little further on he again half pointed and challenged two or three times, but found nothing. We then crossed the road to the ground worked by them last year and took a long tramp down wind to some woods where Biz made a cast inside, and struck the scent of a large bevy, and at once pointed, but soon moved on and drew on them in capital style a long distance. Count, coming up, made a cast between Biz and the birds, and swinging round toward them he scored a flush. Following them, Count dropped on point and Biz backed him. They were then sent over the fence into some sedge, where Biz crouched on a capital point, Count could not see him in the thick grass, and was racing past just in front of him when he flushed the bird and dropped to wing as if shot. He then raised his head, and catching the scent of another one, he instantly froze and held his bird, which flushed as the handlers came up. Count now gave us a taste of his quality by doing some of the most rapid and wonderful work that has ever been seen at a public trial. He gathered himself together, and like the swoop of an eagle he came down on his birds, scoring point after point in quick succession and matchless style. As each bird was flushed to his point and the order was given him to go on, with the bound of a thoroughbred he would sweep through the tall grass like a very ghost, and as he caught the scent, out would go his legs from under him, and with every hair upon him pointing, he would hold his bird until it was kicked out of the grass, when the bewildering performance would be repeated. Four points were thus scored in less time than it has taken us to write this. Biz meantime had got in but one point on a bird, which flushed almost as soon as he stopped. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Count Noble. Down one hour and twenty-two minutes. Biz was handled by Jos. H. Dew and Count by B. Waters. This ended the first series. Following is the summary:

American Dan beat Don.
Gladsome beat King Dash.
Ress beat Cavalier.
Sue beat Baden Baden.
Carrie J. beat Gilderoy.
Peep-o'-Day beat Phylis II.
Startle beat Grouse.
Shot beat Bessie Lee.
Count Noble beat Biz.

Second Series.

AMERICAN DAN AND GLADSOME.—This brace were put down in some sedge. Gladsome had been sick during the night and was unfit to work, and after a short run Mitchell very properly withdrew him, and the heat was given to American Dan.

RESS AND SUE.—Just before this brace were ordered down Sue, bound to get a good send off, made a grand point on a hare and was handsomely backed by Ress, Count Noble and several other dogs who were near, making a very pretty picture. They were then cast off and worked through the sedge and a cornfield into some woods, when the spectators flushed a bevy, which was followed. Sue found first and got a good point on a single bird which Short flushed to order and killed, Sue retrieving it nicely. Ress was making game beyond her and was not called up to back. Sue then went straight to another bird, which she pinned in fine style. Short put up the bird to order and missed it. Ress then took a hand and made a capital point to single bird, which Mask flushed and missed. Both dogs then went into a patch of tall weeds and were found pointing. Sue went on but Ress held her point, and when we came up a bird was flushed near her. We then beat through a cotton field and some corn, and worked up a ravine to some woods, where Sue got wind of a bevy and pointed. Ress also struck it and roaded across Sue's point, when she turned and pointed in good style. Sue then drew a few steps and located them very nicely. As we came up they flushed. The judges compared notes and ordered them up and awarded the heat to Sue. Down fifty minutes.

CARRIE J. AND STARTLE were at once put down and worked toward the birds. Startle struck the trail of a running bird, and after pointing a moment in good style he roaded a short distance very nicely, but soon lost it, and it was flushed by the spectators when they came up. Carrie then made an elegant point, which Startle honored in equal style, and a little further on Carrie again pointed, and the bird flushed when Short came up. Startle was also pointing this bird or backing; we could not see him well enough to determine. We then beat through a cornfield to some weeds, and turned back when Startle dropped very prettily, but as Wallace went in to flush the bird he moved on and the bird got up wild ahead of him. He then swung into some bushes and again dropped on point to a single bird, which Wallace killed, and Startle was sent to retrieve, but not finding it readily, Carrie



MR. WILLIAM MAHONE JR.'S RED IRISH SETTER DOG "BYRON."
Divided Third Prize with Lalla Rookh in E. F. T. C. Derby.

went on and pointed it nicely and Startle backed her. Carrie then retrieved it in faultless style. She then challenged where a bird had run, and reading it out she located it very nicely, and Short flushed it to order. Meantime Startle was pointing, but nothing was found and he scored a false point. He then made a cast ahead and pointed in grand style, and Carrie backed him. Wallace flushed a single bird in front of Startle, when a large bevy got up. Following them up, Carrie half pointed, but soon moved on. Startle then pointed where a bird had been seen to rise. The judges now consulted and awarded the heat to Carrie J. Down thirty-five minutes.

PEEP O'-DAY AND SHOT were then put down and worked toward the last bevy. As Peep swung down a hill two birds flushed close to her. Shot, who was below her, then turned up the hill, and two or three more got up near him. Both then pointed in capital style, and three more were flushed in front of them. Peep then crossed a gully and made a grand point on the opposite bank, and Shot came up behind and backed her. Peep then played a very cute trick on the judges. She discovered that there was no bird to her point, and as she knew that the race would be a close one, she wished to escape the penalty for a false point, so she deliberately turned her head and backed Shot. The ruse succeeded admirably, and with a sly wink to her handler she moved on. Shot then made a good point, and Peep, with her last exploit fresh in mind, backed him, but getting scent of the bird, she also pointed. Avant flushed the bird and killed it, and Shot retrieved it in good form. We then worked through a cornfield along a deep gully, into which Shot jumped, and a large bevy flushed from the bottom of the gully and settled in the sedge. Along the bank, Peep came up and pointed where they had been, but soon moved on a short distance and dropped on point, and Shot backed her. Then both went on, but swung the wrong way, and the birds were flushed by the judges behind the dogs. Following them across the gully, Peep ran into one in the cornfield, but as she was out of sight of the judges, it was not scored against her. Shot made a cast to the right and pointed, and then roaded, and as Peep came up, one flushed close to her and Short. Peep then dropped on point and roaded out her birds in capital style and located them well. Meantime, Shot was following his bird out very nicely, but left it when Short fired at the birds which he had flushed to Peep's point. The judges then consulted, and the heat was awarded to Peep-o'-Day. Down thirty-five minutes. This finished the second series, as Count Noble had a bye, and we then went to lunch. Following is the summary:

American Dan beat Gladsome (withdrawn).
Sue beat Ress.
Carrie J. beat Startle.
Peep-o'-Day beat Shot.
Count Noble a bye.

Third Series.

COUNT NOBLE AND AMERICAN DAN.—This brace were put down after lunch in a cornfield. Both started off at a tremendous pace. Dan appeared to fully realize the importance of the occasion, and letting out a link, he threw his head in air and beat out his ground at a much better rate of speed than he had yet shown, fairly rivaling his competitor. At the south edge of the field Count ran into a bevy and flushed them. Following them up, he made a stylish point to a bird which flushed as Waters came up, and a moment later one or two more got up near them, but the sedge was so rank that we could not see how it was done. We then swung into some woods where Count, who was coming toward us, suddenly dropped as if shot to the sneeze of our horse, which he mistook for the rise of a bird. We then worked up a ravine, and swung round to the east and crossed the railroad and beat out a cornfield to some woods, where Count ran into a large bevy, and four or five of them flushed and flew a few yards and settled along the fence. Count dropped to wing, and the rest of the birds laid until the judges came up, when they also rose and went into the woods, followed by those that had first got up. Following them up, Count half pointed and drew a short distance, but nothing was found, and we swung round to get the wind, when Count got a good point near the fence and Dan was dropped to order. Waters flushed the bird to order and killed it, and Count retrieved it well. We then swung into a cotton field, where Dan made an elegant point to a single bird, which flushed when Count came up, and a few seconds later another one got up close to him. Dan then nailed one in capital style, but it flushed in a second or two. We then turned toward the fence, where Dan dropped on point, and as Count came up, one got up close to him. He then made a grand point, and three birds were flushed, which flew but a short distance. Dan went straight to them and made a beautiful point, evidently to scent left by a bird which had brushed against the weeds, as he soon left it and went on. Dew called him back, and one got up close by him, and two more near Dew, and as the judges came up, another one was flushed. We then went to a pond and the dogs were given water. The judges then consulted a long time and awarded the heat to American Dan. Down one hour and thirty-five minutes. While the judges were comparing notes, Dan, just to show them what he could do, swung into the woods a short distance from them and made a magnificent point to a single bird that was under a fallen tree top. Shot, thinking that he was still in the race, improved the opportunity by backing him in grand style. After the spectators had sufficiently admired the beautiful picture, Dew flushed the bird and killed it, and Dan retrieved it in good style.

SUE AND CARRIE J.—All of the dogs except American Dan that were now in the race were handled by Short, and the running of two of his dogs against each other was unavoidable. They were put down in a cornfield beside the railroad, and worked through this into a cotton field, when we swung to the right toward some woods near which Sue made an elegant point. As we came up she drew on a few steps and located a fine bevy in grand style. Carrie was called up to back and dropped flat the instant she caught sight of her. Short then flushed the birds and killed one. This was as pretty a bit of work as we had seen. Following up the birds which settled in the woods, Sue made a point, which Carrie at once honored. Sue then moved on and again pointed, and Carrie again backed her nicely. Sue went on a little further and a bird flushed near her, but the undergrowth was so thick that we could not see whether she was to blame or not. Carrie then made a beautiful point to a single bird, which flushed when the judges came. She then went on, and catching the scent of another one, she sat down by it very gracefully. Sue did not see her, and worked ahead, and the bird flushed a little wild in front of her. Carrie soon had another one fast, which Short flushed and missed, and soon after another one got up near Short, and the dogs and he missed this one also. Sue then made a very stylish point and Carrie was called up to back, but she could not see Sue, and was coming down wind directly toward her, when Short cautioned her, and she at once stopped. Short then went in to flush the bird, but it had run, and the dogs were ordered on. Both roaded a short distance and then swung for it. Carrie struck it first and made a nice point; Short flushed the bird and missed it. The judges then consulted, and awarded the heat to Sue. Down thirty-five minutes, Peep-o'-Day having a bye. This ended the third series. Following is the summary:

American Dan beat Count Noble.
Peep-o'-Day a bye.

Fourth Series.

PEEP-O'-DAY AND AMERICAN DAN were at once put down in some woods, which we worked through and then turned south. Dan swung out and struck a bevy, which he pointed in grand style. Den flushed them to order, and we followed them up. Dan soon had one which he pointed very nicely a moment, and then roading it out in a workmanlike manner he located it in capital style. Peep came up and dropped as if shot as soon as she caught sight of him. Den flushed the bird to order but did not shoot. This was a very good piece of work. The judges soon after flushed a bird which settled near the dogs, and Peep ran into it, for which she was not to blame, as the grass was very thick and tall. Then another bird was put up by the judges, which also went into the same place, and the dogs were worked toward it. Dan struck it first and a second later Peep also got the scent, and both half pointed, but the bird had run, and the handlers went to the dogs, and among them it was flushed. We then beat through a cornfield along the railroad, and crossing a branch we turned north toward some woods. when Dan pointed but moved on as Peep came up and flushed the bird. We then took a long turn without finding birds. Finally Dan found one and pointed it in good style and Dew flushed it to order. It went but a short distance, and Dan, who saw it alight, drew toward it, but did not find it in the tall grass. We then worked back and Peep pointed a hare, and soon after she dropped very prettily to another one. We then crossed the railroad and turned toward home, beating out the fields, but nothing was done for a long time, except that Peep dropped on a nice point in a cornfield, but it proved to be false. It was now nearly four o'clock and both dogs were tired. The judges suggested that fresh dogs should be turned down to one side of us and some birds found. This was done and several were cast off in a stubble field, which they beat out in great style, and just as we received word that birds were found Peep challenged and Dan backed her, but they soon moved on and one or two birds flushed ahead of them, and a large bevy flushed by the spectators settled beyond us. Dan then half pointed and three more got up near him. He then pointed, and as we came up one flushed partly behind him. Meantime Peep pointed down by a ditch, and Short flushed the bird, which he missed. Both then pointed very nicely and a bird was flushed in front of each. Peep then made a false point, and Dan pointed one nicely, which Dew flushed. This was very lively work and the grass was tall and quite thick, making it difficult to clearly see all that was done. The judges then consulted and we thought that Dan had it sure, but they were ordered on again and we turned back into the tall grass where a bird flushed wild ahead of Dan and Peep pointed, but nothing was found and she moved on. Dan then flushed one down wind and Peep soon followed suit. Dan then made a cast to the edge of a thicket and got a beautiful point to a single bird, which Dew flushed to order. Dan then took a few steps and made another point just a second or two before the bird got up. The dogs were then ordered up. but Short, who had marked some birds on the opposite side of the thicket, kept on and Peep soon had one, which he flushed and killed, but as the dogs were not under judgment, of course this did not count. While going to retrieve his bird Short flushed another one, which he also grassed very neatly. They were then ordered on, when Peep made a point in the tall grass, and Short put it up and scored another kill, and Peep retrieved the bird in good form. A little further on Peep flushed one and they were then ordered up, and we started for the hotel. At supper the judges announced that they had awarded the heat to Peep-o'-Day. Down one hour and fifty-two minutes. Sue having a bye this finished the fourth series. Following is the summary:

Fourth Series.

Peep-o-Day beat American Dan.
Sue a bye.

Fifth Series.

SUE AND PEEP-O-DAY.—This was the deciding heat for first place, and contrary to expectations, one of the shortest of the whole meeting. Both dogs were handled by Short and they were put down on Tuesday morning at half-past eight in some woods and worked through into a field of sedge, when Sue at once pointed a bevy in grand style, and Peep backed her. Short flushed them and missed. Sue again got there first and nailed one in capital form, Peep dropping the instant that she saw her. Short again scored a miss, and Sue then made a point where a bird had been flushed. We then swung back toward the woods when Sus struck the scent of one which was close to the judges and made an elegant point, but we were too near and the bird got up. After going a short distance further, the judges consulted and awarded the heat to Sue, and announced her as the winner of the first prize. Down thirteen minutes.

This ended the fifth series, with the following summary:
Sue beat Peep-o'-Day and won first prize.

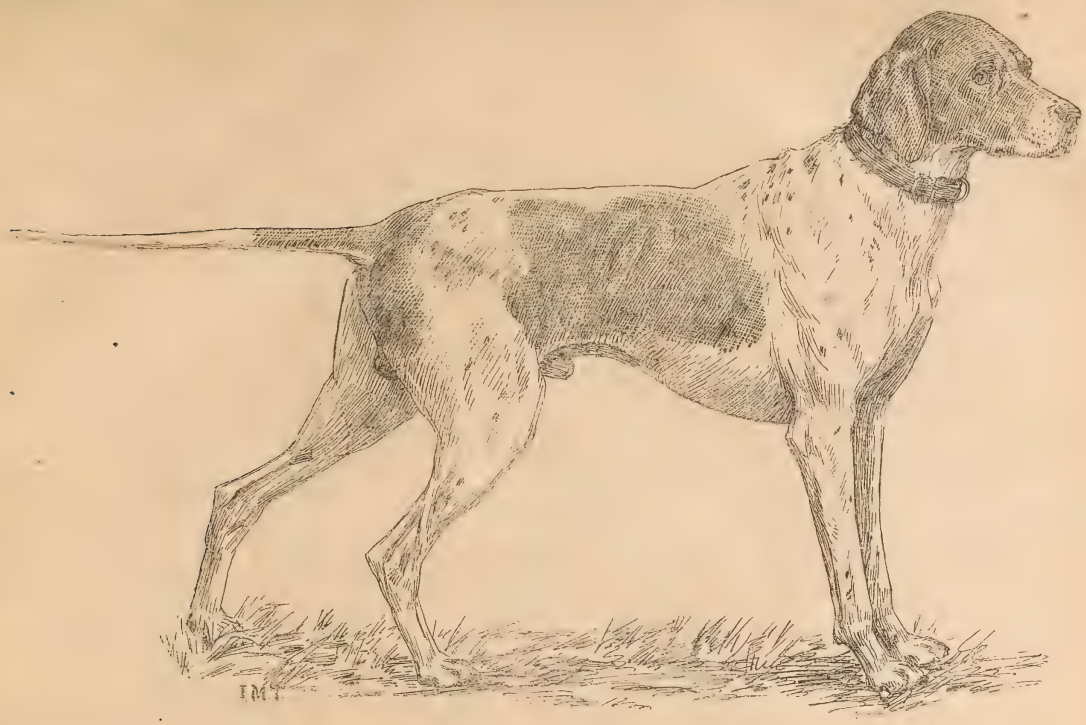
Sixth Series.

PEEP-O'-DAY AND CARRIE J.—Carrie J. having been selected by the judges as the best of the dogs previously beaten by Sue, she was called up to compete with Peep for second place, and they were put down in some sedge and worked down to some tall weeds, where Dr. Young flushed a bird, which flew but a few yards, and both dogs were sent for it, and it flushed between them. Peep then made a capital point to a single bird, and was handsomely backed by Carrie. Short flushed the bird to order and killed it, and Carrie retrieved it in good form. Peep then swung into a cornfield and dropped very nicely on point to some doves, and Carrie backed her in good style. We then worked down a run and crossed the road into a cornfield, when Peep pointed a hare and Carrie backed her very gracefully. A little further on, Peep dropped on point to a large bevy, and Carrie also dropped as soon as she caught sight of her, Peep then moved a step or two, and Carrie was ordered on, and as she came up, both caught the scent and pointed side by side. Short flushed the birds, and got in a capital double, but somehow he managed to miss them. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Peep-o'-Day, and the judges announced her the winner of second prize. Down eighteen minutes. This ended the sixth series. Following is the summary:

Peep-o-Day beat Carrie J., and wins second prize.

Seventh Series.

AMERICAN DAN AND SHOT.—Both of these dogs had shown remarkable field qualities, and the judges decided to run them



MR. A. E. GODEFFROY'S LIVER AND WHITE POINTER DOG "SEFTON."

Winner of the Heckscher Cup at E. F. Trials for the dog showing the most natural ability.

together in order to determine which was entitled to the honor of competing with Carrie J. for third place. They were at once put down in the cornfield and worked toward the last bevy. Dan at once swung back where they had been flushed and half pointed, and then roaded where the birds had been running. He was called back and we then went round to get the wind, and, casting off the dogs, Dan at once made a very stylish point to a single bird, which Dew flushed to order. Dan then half pointed a hare, but soon went on and evidently struck the scent of birds, as he challenged and then roaded, but he was called back, and we crossed a gully, and, after making two or three casts, we found the birds; one was flushed by the judges, and then Dan pointed, but the bird flushed itself some distance ahead of him. Shot then flushed one going down wind. Dan then made a cast up to the head of the gully, and made a magnificent point, which he held for a moment, and then he carefully drew on a step or two and located his bird in capital style. Dew flushed it to order, and the judges ordered up the dogs and awarded the heat to American Dan. Down seventeen minutes. Shot had done nothing in this heat, and we found, upon examination, that his nose was dry and hot. He was evidently suffering from a severe cold and was not fit to run. The contest for third place was now between CARRIE J. AND AMERICAN Dan, and they were at once put down, but after a short spin, during which nothing was found, SLort and Dew announced to the judges that they had agreed to divide. This was undoubtedly the best possible arrangement that could be made, as both had done capital work and were worthy the place. This ended the All-Aged Stake. Following is a complete summary of the running:

First Series.

American Dan beat Don.
Gladsome beat King Dash.
Ross beat Cavalier.
Sue beat Baden-Baden.
Carrie J. beat Gilderoy.
Peep-o'-Day beat Phyllis II.
Startle beat Grouse.
Shot beat Bessie Lee.
Count Noble bat Biz.

Second Series.

American Dan beat Gladsome (withdrawn).
Sue beat Ross.
Carrie J. beat Startle.
Peep-o'-Day beat Shot.
Count Noble a bye.

Third Series.

American Dan beat Count Noble.
Sue beat Carrie J.
Peep-o'-Day a bye.

Fourth Series.

Peep-o'-Day beat American Dan.
Sue a bye.

Fifth Series.

Sue beat Peep-o'-Day and wins first prize, $250.

Sixth Series.

Peep-o'-Day beat Carrie J. and wins second prize, $150.

Seventh Series.

American Dan beat Shot.
Carrie J. a bye.

Eighth Series.

Carrie J. and American Dan divide third prize, $100.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THERE was a regular meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club on Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, at Delmonico's. The Treasurer's report shows a handsome balance on the right side of the books. President J. Otto Donner, Mr. J. E. I. Grainger and Mr. W. A. Coster, were appointed a committee to report at the next meeting what changes, if any, should be made in the running rules. Mr. Donner for the committee on the selection of grounds for the trials reported in favor of securing those at High Point for another, and, if thought advisable, for a series of years. Mr. A. E. Godeffroy read a paper upon the same subject, and also suggesting important matters for the consideration of this club, which were laid upon the table for discussion at the next meeting, which will be held on Tuesday evening Dec. 19, at Delmonico's. It is hoped that every member will be present, as subjects of vital importance to the future welfare of the club will come before the meeting. An unanimous and hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Messrs. Donner and Coster for the very acceptable manner in which they have discharged their arduous duties in connection with the recent trials. Mr. Donner informed the meeting that Mr. J. Palmer O'Neil, of Pittsburgh, Pa., had generously offered the club as a prize for the trials of next year a Westley Richard's hammerless gun valued at $400, and $100 in cash to be used in defraying the expenses incurred by the club in stocking and preserving grounds for the trials.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am just in receipt of a communication from Mr. Vicars, the secretary of this show, saying that arrangements will be made by the club to receive and care for dogs in advance of the opening of the show. They will have their medical adviser, attend the dogs every day, and also have competent attendants to care for the dogs, and put on the bench in proper shape, at a small expense to their owners. This should be satisfactory to the American exhibitors, whose presence the club earnestly desire.

The show is fixed to be held on the 26th, 27th and 28th of March, leaving five clear days to get to the Pittsburg show.

Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., has accepted the club's invitation to judge the setters and pointers. His acceptance should give satisfaction to all intending exhibitors, as his decisions have been received with universal satisfaction.

Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, who judged so satisfactorily at Cleveland, has accepted to judge the non-sporting classes. You commended very favorably his style and manner of judging.

The exhibition of sporting materials will be made a very prominent feature in the show, as the arrangements now being made will prove satisfactory to all American and English manufacturers. It will no doubt prove to be the best opportunity for the sale of goods that was ever offered, and I hope the club will open up this department a week before the dog show, so that intending purchasers will have a chance to thoroughly examine all the goods.

The entries for the show will close early in March, the prize list will be published in pamphlet form early in January. A copy of it will be sent you as soon as the directors approve of it.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 1.

DON.—The pedigree of Mr. J. Heron Crosman's dog Don, who won the Members' Stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, last month, is as follows: He is by Rodewald's Tramp out of B. W. Jenkins's Fan. She out of the first Gordon bitch imported by Mr. Jenkins, of Baltimore, by his imported Gordon Hero.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Bennie. By Dr. W. B. Griffith, Baltimore, Md., for white and black setter dog puppy by American Belton—Breeze (Belton—Blonde) (Lord Downe's Duke—Belle), whelped Aug. 5, 1882; also

Birdie. For white and black setter bitch puppy by Buckeye Boy—Buckeye Queen (Belton—Belmore) (Blue Dick—Buckeye Belle), whelped May 5, 1882.

Romp. By Mr G. Noble, Savannah, Ga., for liver, white and ticked cocker spaniel dog puppy, whelped Sept. 13, 1882 (Col. Stubbs's Flirt—Pansy B.).

Bret Harte. By Mr. E. C Alden, Dedham, Mass., for Gordon setter dog puppy, 10mos. old, by Bailey's Tom (Stockton's Dash—Horace Smith's Fly) out of Geo. Colman's Flora (Bailey's Tom—Doane's Chloe).

Troubadour, Senator, Clifford. By Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland O., for liver and white dog pups, whelped Aug. 7, 1882, by champion Donald out of his Devonshire Lass.

Brownie W. By Mr. J. P. Wiley, Salmon Falls, N. H., for brown spaniel bitch by Brush II. out of Clio (Snip—Feather), whelped Sept. 16, 1882.

Boz. By Mr. W. Johnson, Boston, for black with white spot on chest cocker spaniel dog; also

Miss Louise. For black cocker bitch, both whelped Oct. 5, by Mr. J. P. Barnard's Phil (Brew—Kittie) out of his bitch Florence (Snipe—Cute).

Royal Charm. By Mr. P. M. Mora, New York, for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped May 27, 1882 (Dr. Aten's Ned—Easty's Nellie).

Rosabelle. By Mr. Wm. A. Johnson, Clinton, N. C., for white, with liver spot on left ear, setter bitch puppy, whelped Oct. 1, 1882, by Duke of Montclair (Bolus's old Belton—Rogers's Snow) out of Prairie Rose (Burgenthal's Rake—Whitman's Pearl).

General Pride. By Mr. J. M. Godinez, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for blue belton English setter pup (Adams's Dash—E. S. Bird's Sparkle), whelped July 29, 1882.

Elcho VI., Noreen III. By Mr. A. Blair Kelsey, Belvidere, N. J., for red Irish setter puppies, whelped June 29, 1882 (Elcho—champion Noreen).

Don. By Mr. N. Hatheway, Fall River, Mass., for white, black and ticked English setter dog puppy (champion Dash III.—Opal), whelped Nov. 4, 1882; also

Dimple. For white, black and ticked English setter bitch puppy, same litter.

Brinyea II. By Mr. Stephen Hatheway, Freetown, Mass., for white, black and ticked English setter bitch puppy (champion Dash III.—Opal), whelped Nov. 4, 1882.

Opal III. By Rev. Robert Sullivan, Providence, R. I., for white, black and ticked English setter bitch puppy (champion Dash III.—Opal), whelped Nov. 4, 1882.

Fenus. By Mr. George Delano, New Bedford, Mass., for white, black and ticked English setter bitch puppy (champion Dash III.—Opal), whelped Nov. 4, 1882.

Adonis. By Mr. George Delano, for white, black and ticked English setter dog puppy (champion Dash III.—Opal), whelped Nov. 4, 1882.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Jessamine—Bow. Mr. J. W. Jackson's (Opelousas, La.) imported liver and white pointer bitch Jessamine to Mr. Edward Odell's (New Orleans, La.) Bow.

Ruth—Darkie. Mr. Thos. Blyth's (Langdon, Pa.) lemon and white bitch Ruth (Prince—Ruby) to Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Darkie, Nov. 23.

Queen—Croxteth. Mr. P. M. Mora's (New York) liver and white pointer bitch Queen (formerly Godeffroy's) to Mr. A. E. Godeffroy's Croxteth, Oct. 13.

Flora—Black Prince. Mr. H. Reiche, Jr.'s (New York) liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Flora (Flake—Lady) to Mr. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) black spaniel dog Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap), Nov. 30.

Roxie—Pete, Jr. Dr. Shattuck's (Providence, R. I.) liver and white pointer bitch Roxie (Grant—Nellie) to Mr. E. C. Alden's (Dedham, Mass.) champion black pointer Pete, Jr., Nov. 28.

Syren II.—Glencho. Mr. A. S. Guild's (Lowell, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Syren II. (Elcho III.—Bennett's Msg) to Mr. W. H. Pierce's (Peekskill, N. Y.) Glencho (Elcho—Noreen), Nov. 12.

Biddy—Chief. Mr. F. E. Lewis's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) red and white Irish setter bitch Biddy (Rodman's Dash—Rodman's Belle) to Mr. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) red Irish setter Chief (Berkley—Duck), Dec. 4.

Frost—Gladsome. Mr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) Frost to Capt. Foster's Gladsome.

Lassie—Marcus. Mr. Fred'k Rothera's (Simcoe, Ontario) Scotch collie Lassie (Sneyd's Prince—Sneyd's Ross) to Mr. Allen S. Apgar's champion Marcus, Nov. 29.

Mineola—Sensation. Mr. Louis C. Clark's (New York) pointer bitch Mineola (Croxteth—Bliss) to champion Sensation, Nov. 21, 1882.

Flirt—Sensation. Mr. W. S. Thurston's (New York) pointer bitch Flirt to champion Sensation, Nov. 27.

Bonny Kate—Sensation. Mr. J. C. Drayton's (New York) pointer bitch Bonny Kate (Ranger—Bess) to champion Sensation, Dec. 1.

May—Dashing Monarch. J. Heron Crosman's setter bitch May (Lincoln—Daisy Dean) to J. C. Higgins' Dashing Monarch, Nov. 29.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

May—Druid. Mr. J. A. Rockwood's (West Medford, Mass.) May Druid (Druid—Nilsson), Nov. 20, seven (two dogs), six black, white

and tan, one white, with little ticking, by Arnold Burges's Dashing Berwyn.

Flora—*Sport.* Mr. W. S. Hopkins's (Newark, N. J.) orange and white setter bitch Flora (Dash—Nellie). Oct. 6, eight (six dogs), by Wm. Grumman's Sport (Lady Ludlow—Grouse).

Fly. Mr. Samuel Dixon's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan Gordon setter bitch Fly (Ry—Stockton's Dash). Nov. 21, seven (three dogs), by Dixon's Pilot (Maud—Grouse).

Nellie C. Mr. Chauncey's (Midland Park, N. J.) Gordon setter bitch Nellie C. (Coburn's Duke—Nellie F.) eleven, by imported Jack (Grouse—Belle). Nov. 18; six dead.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Florence whelps. Cocker spaniel, whelped Oct. 5, 1881, by Mr. W. Johnson, Boston, Mass., one black and white dog each to Dr. Arthur T. Cabot and Dr. M. H. Richardson; and black bitches, with white star on breast, one each to A. S. Crane and Ammon P. Kitching, all of Boston.

Bis II. Red Irish setter bitch (McIntosh's Biz—Nora), by Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., to Mr. H. L. Terry, New York city.

Fly. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 24, 1878 (Princess—Cumming's Swipes), by Mr. M. P. McKoan, Franklin, N. Y., to Mr. G. Noble, Savannah, Ga.

Jamil S. Black pointer bitch, whelped March 31, 1880 (E. C. Alden's champion Pete, Jr.—Slocum's Kate), by Mr. E. O. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Mr. C. T. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass.

Dodo—Pete whelps. Black pointer dog pup, whelped Sept. 6, 1882 (E. C. Alden's champion Pete, Jr.—McDonald's Pride), by Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Mr. J. R. Fowle, Boston, Mass.

Tom—Lady Jessica whelp. Gordon setter dog pup, whelped July 4, 1882 (Bailey's Tom—Coleagle's Lady Jessica), by Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Mr. F. Sawyer, Boston, Mass.

Tom—Flora whelp. Black and tan Gordon setter dog pup, nominated (Bailey's Tom—Colman's Flora), by Mr. C. T. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass., to Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass.

Faust. Champion pointer dog Faust, by Mr. John W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., to Mr. S. A. Kaye, of the Missouri Kennels.

Spinaway. Liver and white pointer bitch (Garnet—Keswick), by Mr. E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., to Mr. John W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo.

Joel—Maud whelps. Red Irish dog puppy, by Mr. Thos. Blyth, Langdon, Pa., to Mr. Harry Stride, Mahoney City, Pa.; also one bitch puppy, same litter, to Mr. D. Pratt, Elmira, N. Y.

Sensation Progeny. By the Westminster Kennel Club, dog pup *Briar* (Sensation—White's Grace), whelped June, 1882, to Mr. F. R. Hitchcock; a dog pup (Sensation—Queen Mag), whelped July 20, to Mr. F. O. de Luze; a bitch pup, same litter, to Gen. Alex. S. Webb; a bitch pup (Sensation—Belle), whelped Oct. 4, to Mr. A. B. Alley.

Tempest—Flirt whelps. By Mr. Andrew J. Ward, Boston, Mass., setter puppies, whelped Sept. 9, 1882, by his Laverack dog Tempest (Pontiac—Fairy II.) out of his Llewellin bitch Flirt (Rock—Starlight), a black and tan dog pup to Mr. Edward S. Hornit—M. Ball's line, Mass.; a black and white ticked dog pup to Mr. Benj. H. Sanborn, Wellesley, Mass.; a black, white and tan dog pup, a black, white and tan bitch pup, also a white ticked with liver dog pup to Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del.

IMPORTATION.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. R. R. Hamilton, New York city, has received from Dr. Gordon's stables, Twyeford, Eng., the smooth-haired St. Bernard dog puppy Tel-el-Kebir, by Wilde's Hermit—M. Ball's Donna Sanes, old brindled fawn and black; blaize feet and tail end white marked; double dew claws; weighs, 60 lbs.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Duke of Montclair—Prairie Rose pup. By Mr. A. G. Smith, Montclair, N. J., to Mr. Wm. A. Johnson, Clinton, N. C., a bitch puppy, whelped Oct. 1, 1882, by Duke of Montclair out of Prairie Rose.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Pet. White and orange Laverack setter bitch, owned by Mr. E. F. Merciliott, New York, died Nov. 26, 1882.

Tell. Brown and white pointer dog, died at the summer residence of his owner, Sept. 30, at the age of nine year of his age. Bred at the royal kennels, Sigmaringen, Germany; imported in 1871 by the Rev. Herman C. Berg. All that a dog could be. Tell had no quality that a friend, loving and true, could be without.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

SIR HENRY HALFORD TALKS OF THE MATCH.

THE captain of the late victorious British team was given a banquet on Nov. 16 at the County Assembly Rooms, Leicester, by a number of gentlemen of the County. On a table in the Dining Hall was exhibited the trophy won by the British team, which consists of a bronze figure of "Fortunata," about four feet high, one arm extended, and holding in the hand made in the form of a wreath. The toastmaster complimented the guest of the evening on the successful result of his American trip, and referred to his long connection with the Volunteer movement in England, giving some interesting facts upon the long career as a successful rifleshot which Sir Henry had enjoyed.

Sir Henry Halford, on rising to respond, was again heartily cheered. He said that to see his friends gather in that way to give him the hearty welcome he had received was a thing of which any man might well be proud. (Hear, hear.) The last compliment Mr. Hargate paid him—that of being a true and hearty English gentleman—was one which his education and his natural feelings rendered more valuable to him than any other that could be paid him. He would not detain them with any personal matter to himself, but would give them a few particulars as to how the recent match had come about, what the English team did, why they won, and how they came home. (Hear, hear.) The match originated in a letter received by him from Major Farr of the 13th Battalion of the New York National Guard, stationed at Brooklyn. He suggested that as the old style of matches between England and America had died out, partly because of the expense and partly in consequence of the rifles used being so troublesome that people gave it up, it would be a happy idea if the Volunteers of this country and the National Guard of the United States to come together in friendly contest.

The idea was first that the match should take place at Wimbledon in July last. The duty of arranging the terms was delegated to himself, and those he originally suggested were practically those adopted. The Americans, however, attached one addition, and that was that the English should guarantee to send over a team to America for a return match in 1883. He (Sir Henry) had had some experience in carrying out rifle matches, and in getting teams to various places, and he knew it would be impossible for them to guarantee a return match in 1883. He therefore proposed, with the sanction of the National Rifle Association, that the English team should go to America this year, and the Americans come here in 1881. The bait took. (Laughter.) He thought they had a good chance of beating them on their own ground this year, and of doing the same in England next year, while he knew that if the Americans came to England this year they would be beaten, and it would be sufficient to make it a matter of much difficulty in the return match. (Cheers.) After a little negotiation the terms were accepted. The choice of the team was not by competition, but by selection on the known records of men for some years past, and the team under his command was a very strong one.

They had some difficulty with regard to allowing the Volunteers in uniform and carrying arms to land on a foreign shore. The Secretary of State for War at first said that it was impossible, but it was pointed out that the men would be under military discipline, and that he (Sir Henry) was going to take the command of them, and that there was no fear that they would disgrace the uniform out of the country. Leave was accordingly given, and they started early in September, and had a very good quick passage. They were met at the entrance to New York Harbor by the president and directors of the National Rifle Association of America, many of whom were old friends whom he had met in contests years before. Their greeting was most cordial, and they were treated in all, as he knew before, that everything had been done to make their stay agreeable and the match an honest one, and that it should be fought out as between men and soldiers. Having given in detail some of the preliminary proceedings, Sir Henry said that the first day he (as Englishmen) went to the long ranges the Americans would stick to the shorter ones, and race *versa* (laughter). There was hardly a day but the visitors beat them by 80 or 100 points. But they took it uncommonly well (hear, hear), and many of them said what was perfectly true, that it was a very good thing that they were beaten. They had had such a succession of victories that many of them thought they were invincible in the matter, and that if they had scored another victory the interest in rifle shooting would have died out among them, while the English would have been so disheartened that they would not care to enter on a contest again.

The result of the match was everything they could wish. The English game been a downright good beating (cheers) and he was very glad the majority was not a small one, as it left no room for excuses to be made. The weather was fine and enjoyable, and the affair caused him much anxiety, but after it was over there was much hospitality shown him. Sir Henry then described the armoury of the Seventh Regiment of the National Guard at New York, which he had the honor of being invited to inspect, and said there was nothing like it in this country. He was also invited to inspect the regiment at Brooklyn, which he did, and that would show the spirit with which they were entertained. It seem to him that the match had a far wider significance than that which appertained to anything of the kind in rowing or other sports. It was the bringing together of two armies which defended their own countries, and making friends of those gentlemen whose duty it would be, should any great countries which completed the Anglo-Saxon race. (Applause).

His opinion was endorsed in America—that as long as those two nations—who were relations in blood—stuck together, they need not fear the whole world. Mr. Ward Beecher had put in magnificent language the sentiments he now expressed, and the feeling was growing in the United States. In 1877 they met cordially, in 1882 their meeting was more than cordial. He could see that there was a strong feeling in the heart of almost every intelligent American that these

BABYLON, L. I., Dec. 6.—The members of the Westminster Kennel Club left Hunter's Point on a special train at nine o'clock this morning for the second day of the annual reception, where the most important event of the meeting was to be decided. This was a shoot for the Club Cup, by teams of four, each man to shoot at twenty birds; entrance $25 per team. Five teams entered for the trophy, these being the Westminster Kennel Club, the Orange Club, the Riverton Club, the Staten Island Club and the Rockaway Club. When the club reached the grounds they found many of the gentlemen of different clubs who had stopped at Babylon the previous night, busily engaged at the traps shooting sweepstakes. The wind was blowing a strong gale from the northeast at the time, and those who were not engaged at the traps were taking refuge in the capacious shooting box. This kind of shooting, however, was quickly discontinued on the arrival of the train by train, and preparations immediately made for the event of the day—the shoot for the Club Cup. Four hundred pigeons were required, and these were quickly brought on the grounds by Mr. Gilbert and placed near the traps. When the names of the gentlemen to represent the different clubs we announced and lots were drawn for the order in which they would shoot. It was agreed that the men selected from the five clubs should shoot in teams of four, commencing with the Westminster, followed by the Riverton, then the Orange, next the Staten Island, and last the Rockaway Club. The Riverton Club was thought to be invincible, for since its inauguration and first appearance at Long Branch, in 1878, it never had been beaten, and the club had decided that the old team should be disbanded after the match, and a new team would be formed from younger members of the club. The Rivertons were the favorites over the field before the shooting commenced, the Westminsters the second in favor, the Orange, Staten Island and Rockaway clubs being, as it were, "in the field." The Riverton quartet were Messrs. Sprague, Meredith, Arnold and Macalister; the Westminsters, Messrs. Coleman, Travers, Thompson and Hopkins; the Orange, Messrs. Crawford, Kellogg, Parker and Watson; the Staten Islands, Messrs. Thomas, Brown, De Forest Grant and Vyse, and the Rockaways were M. Lawson, Lennox, St. George and J. Lawson. After fine shooting at 400 birds, for five hours and a quarter, the affair terminated for the day in a tie between the Westminster Kennel Club and the Orange Club, each having killed fifty-seven birds out of the eighty shot at. The birds were retrieved, as on the first day, by Mr. Lambreyer's dogs. The shooting was done at 30yds. from the traps

The following are the scores of the shooting:

Westminster Kennel Club.	
Mr Thompson	1111011011111111—16
Mr Coleman	1111011110111101111—15
Mr Travers	0111011111010101011—14
Mr Hopkins	0011001110111100110—12—57
Orange Club.	
Mr Watson	0111110011111010110—16
Mr Parker	1111001111101011110—15
Mr Kellogg	1111111101001011101—15
Mr Crawford	1110111000011000011—11—57
Riverton Club.	
Mr Sprague	1111111101111110110—16
Mr Macallister	1001111101101101111—15
Mr Meredith	1110101100001010111—12
Mr Arnold	1110001111010101011—12—55
Rockaway Club.	
Mr Lennox	0111001011111111111—16
Mr M Lawson	1111101010001010000—11
Mr St George	1101110011000101001—10
Mr J Lawson	1111100100010101000—11 48
Staten Island Club.	
Mr Thomas	0001111101111110111—14
Mr Grant	0101011001010001010—13
Mr Vyse	1001111011110001000—11
Mr Brown	0101011001010011000—8—47

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—The Malden Gun Club met at their rooms on Monday evening, Dec. 4, to elect officers for the ensuing year, and also to participate in the anniversary supper. The full board of officers unanimously elected are: Frank T. Noble, President; Robert H. Walker, Vice-President; T. W. Fielding, Secretary; M. Hanford, Treasurer; Frank S. Barnes, additional executive. The fourth annual election of officers was successfully carried out in the true spirit of that *armor unver* which ought at all times to distinguish men in every walk of life. Our noble President was re-elected as he is a most efficient worker in everything that appertains to a gun club's practical manipulation. After the very enjoyable and harmonious meeting, the members at the club adjourned to partake of the good cheer so bountifully set before them. Not the least interesting feature of the occasion were the inimitable clay pigeon on glass ball, the former in an inverted position covering the latter holding a fragrant weed. The clay pigeon was also made serviceable as a receptacle for edibles most agreeable to the palate. The toastmaster of the evening was ex-treasurer Jones, who acquitted himself faithfully and gracefully, although called upon at a moment's notice. The speech-making was of that nature which always has a tendency to warm the heart and elevate the mind, as well as to bring into closer relationship that spirit of brotherly love and fraternizing influence so necessary to every club's social and financial welfare. *Esto perpetua!*—T. C. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—The University of Pennsylvania Gun Club has had three practice matches so far. The first match was as follows, Bogardus rules and trap:

Taylor	1111111111 10 Dallett 0000001000—1
Second Match.	
Finletter	1110111101—8 Dallett 0010110011—5
Taylor	1101011111—8 Croasdale 0010001000—2
Small	1101011111—8

In shooting off the tie Finletter beat Taylor.

Third Match, Between the Class of '84, '85 and '86.

'84—Taylor	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Small	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—10—20
'85—Finletter	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1—8
Fischer	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—2— 9
'86—Patterson	0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1—5
Cuney	0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0—3—8

The club has elected the following officers to serve until next September: President, C. W. Taylor, '84; Vice-President, C. N. Small, '84; Secretary, P. Thompson, '85; Treasurer, L. Finletter, '85. The President has appointed the following Executive Committee: J. P. Croasdale, Chairman, C. Clayton, D. Benners, H. Patterson, C. Cuthbert—'Cotz.

WILLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 8.—The winter quarters of the Malden Club were well filled with marksmen this afternoon, yet the cold weather chilled the ardor of some of the sportsmen. The more enthusiastic, however, faced the traps and made the following scores:

First event, club shoot at 20 birds—F. T. Noble, 14; J. R. Souther, 18; A. F. Whitman, 12; F. Loring, 12; G. R. Durand, 12; M. Hanford, 11; J. Boston, 10.

Second event, match at five birds—Won by F.T.Noble, J.R.Souther and F. Loring in order.

Third event, at same trap—J. R. Souther and F. T. Noble divided first honors; A. G. Whitman secured second, and the third fell to G. R. Durand.

The fourth event, at trap No. 1, showed first man to be A. G. Whitman, with M. Hanford and F. T. Noble even at second, while the third position was divided by J. Boston and F. Loring.

The fifth event, same conditions, was disposed of by Messrs. Noble, Whitman and Hanford in the order named.

REMOVAL.—We call attention to the removal advertisement of the well-known firm of William Read & Sons, Boston, and it offers certainly a good opportunity for the purchase of fine goods at a nominal price. This firm, so well known all over the country for their specialties in fine guns, have occupied their present location over fifty years. But few houses in the land have been so long in one place. Besides being agents for W. & C. Scott & Son (of which make they have always made a specialty, supplying Bogardus, Miles, Johnson, and other leading shots), and other makers, they do a large business in military contracts and supplies. In January they will occupy a larger and more commodius building on Washington street.—*Adv.*

POSTAGE STAMPS IN DEMAND.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 7, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please give inclosed ad. two insertions in FOREST AND STREAM and send bill to me. The only objection I have to advertising with you is the expense of the thing. *Your* charge is cheap enough, but the postage connected with the ad. is something fearful. I offered a buffalo overcoat for sale a few weeks ago through FOREST AND STREAM. The ad. sold the coat the next day, and since then I have been kept busy answering inquiries from nineteen States, Canada and Mexico. As there are still a few States to hear from, and as it is about time to expect responses from the Old World, I shall have a busy time until after Christmas. Our stamp clerk says there has been a marked increase of business in his department this fall, which fact, he says, denotes an increased trade. He does not know of the overcoat ad. J. L. T.

Yachting and Canoeing.

ROUGH NIGHT IN THE IRISH SEA.

Editor Forest and Stream;

On Sunday morning a four-tonner was lying in Rosslyn Harbor, with mainsail and jib stopped, bowsprit all ready to get under way for Kingstown, Ireland. The crew were below having in a square meal preparatory to starting. We are all amateurs and sail our own ship. The skipper, one of the best hands on this coast, is always equal to any emergency and can handle a tiller as well as most professionals. Friend Green was the less said about her the better. The last, and as regards size, the least, is the "bos'un," a smart hand, who generally knows what to do and how to it. So much for the little ship and her crew.

Breakfast over, we got the mudhook up and started with a fair wind. When we got well outside the harbor into the tide rip, which is very bad here, we thought it best to get the topmast on deck. This was soon successfully accomplished, and the little ship went much easier through the seas. I may as well explain that we have a brass tunnel with shoulders which, when we get the topmast on deck, carries all the topmast rigging and remains on the upper cap. To send the topmast up again you ship the head in the tunnel and hoist away. We had hardly got well clear of the tide race when the wind, which was on the quarter, began to head us off, and the mainsheet had to be gotin. It gradually knocked us off, till we had to pinch all we know to lay our course. To make matters worse, it got very puffy and blew much stronger; so we hauled the foresail to windward, trimmed sheets flat down two reefs, and before I knew it was wanted, as it piped up harder all the time. I was below looking at the barometer, which was falling considerably, when I heard the skipper shout, "Now, there, below there, tumble up and get that trysail beat, we'll want it directly." We had hardly got this done when it began to look so ugly to windward that we hove-to and hauled down from mainsail to double-reefed trysail. The squall was on us like a thunderclap, and as we had still No. 1 jib on the bowsprit we dared not heave to, as our bowsprit would have snapped like a carrot. There was nothing left for us to do or think of but scud before it. We could hardly see twenty yards ahead for the hail and rain, which luckily killed the seas to a great extent, so we had not much water on deck. We got out the storm jib, and the bos'un and I went forward and got it up and then down we went to the foresail, and in about half an hour the worst was over, and we brought the boat by the wind again. It was now a question whether we should run back or go on, but as crossing the South Stack "race" with the wind as it then was, and that not before nightfall, would be very dangerous work, we determined to face it out. The glass was falling and we thought the wind was softening. It came on to blow harder than ever, and the wind shifted dead ahead.

This last change of wind tumbled up a nasty cross-sea, and the boat was pitching about tremendously. This went on all afternoon and the weather seemed almost to get worse. Perhaps the seas appeared to us larger and fiercer as the darkness came on; but, at any rate, after a consultation, we decided that the best thing to do was to lower foresail altogether, haul the small jib to windward, and lay to for the night. As soon as this was done the boat rode easier and did not ship nearly so much water. It was an awful night; our lamps would not burn, but blew out continually, so we gave up relighting them and trusted entirely to keeping a good lookout and keeping a riding light in readiness to show should any craft be seen running us down. Daylight was a great relief, and the wind began to go down and let us carry on our course again. We managed to get a cup of coffee and some bread and butter, the first decent meal we had had since leaving Holyhead. Soon after noon we hauled the reefed mainsail and shifted jibs, as, although there was still a nasty sea running, we had to put canvas on her to get to windward against the tide. We arrived in Kingstown about two o'clock on Monday night, thoroughly played out and glad to get to safe harbor. Some of our friends met us and greeted us as if they had never expected to see us again. It appears that the mail steamer which passed us the evening before reported a small yacht in distress about thirty miles out, and people had made up their minds that we had gone to the bottom. The skipper of one of the clock 90-tonners told me next day that he did not understand how we lived through the gale. His cutter had been twice lifted off his deck, and finally he had to heave to for three hours. Two tons of lead, when it is outside a small boat, means a heavy sea. I am confident that had we been in a cutter the same size, with no great hold on the water, we would never have crossed to Kingstown that night. THE MATE.

BIRKENHEAD, England.

THE AMERICA CUP.

IT is to be hoped the New York Y. C. will see to it this winter that the strangely partial conditions surrounding a challenge for the America Cup are not allowed to rest upon a basis so unfair to foreign competitors. Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, has in hand a large cutter for a well-known racing gentleman, who intends to cross the Atlantic should the new vessel prove the flyer it is hoped. Are we to meet such a laudable enterprise with the cold shoulder, and the attempt at overreaching the stranger before the start which the present conditions imply? Must the foreign yachtsman agree to accept blows below the belt for his courage, or rest content with private matches with the New York Y. C. must be well aware of the doubtful fame the America Cup is unfortunately tainted with abroad, nor can it plead the clause permitting special arrangements for a match. The foreign yachtsmen must know his rights in the case, and cares not to trust himself upon generosity and long-winded correspondence. He must have fair terms and fair terms on both sides, upon which he can insist, and he naturally looks to the voluntary trustees for their promulgation. The terms, as they stand, are not likely to entice the new cutter into six months' notice. They serve as a barrier to free and friendly racing by unlimited centre-board craft. The public is anxious for a trial with a large cutter from abroad, and it depends very much upon the action of the New York Y. C. whether such an exhibition shall be vouchsafed us next season or not.

A CRUISE IN THE SNOW.

Editor Forest and Stream;

No genuine lover of yachting can begrudge thanks for the interesting efforts you have made to encourage single-handed cruising, but, while agreeing with the pith of your remarks on this subject, as found in *No.* 18 of FOREST AND STREAM, I beg to except, for variety, if for nothing else, all one or two of your suggestions concerning light draft, etc. It is true that most of our small cabin yachts are far too beamy and tubby, so to speak. It is also a truth that some of their beam lopped off and changed into length would render them more handy and manageable, particularly in a seaway. But I propose as an amendment to your motion concerning the increase of ther depth (under water) that we add to their freeboard and length, in lieu of draft and displacement. Great draft of water is the worst of all nuisances in a single-hander. Very small and deep boats rarely make fast sailers; small, deep, wide ones never are anything but slow, unwieldy tubs, but hundreds of shoal, narrow, high-sided little boats are not only very speedy, but they at the same time rank among the finest of seagoing craft in their class. You do not like figures? I hate to do so. Even if you could encourage me, there would be found a place for all that lead and all those dollars requisite to the turning out a full fledged single-hander of merry England?

Quantum suf. So let me detail a short single-hand story.

Last week, feeling restless, and a toothsome cruising on, I concluded that the best thing for me was to have a little sail all alone; so I boarded my sharpie, which lay anchored near the back door in two feet of water, hoisted sail and was off for anywhere. The wind blew pretty fresh and quite cold, and I should have known that it had scarcely embarked before it began to snow. Slowly, then gradually increasing until, the wind having veered to S. W., down came the goose feathers in real old-fashioned style, rendering everything about the boat and the gray sea around the grayer. Should you have done, in your deep single-hander, with more than enough lead stowed to sink her like a plummet in case she chanced on one of those boulders, indefinitely ahead? Why, my dear sir, you would have come, under cover, all and united for the sun, which would perhaps appear in the course of a day or two.

But my sharpie and I were off for a sail, and bound to have it. So we out with our compass, and laid our course due north, which we knew would bring us somewhere in the neighborhood of Rye, on the north shore of Long Island Sound. Well, the skipper kept a good lookout, in fact went forward, letting his sharpie sail herself. The wind increased to a cracking breeze, more snow coming with it, and in due time we made—about fifty feet ahead—a big black rock. Then both craft and skipper felt safe, for they knew that if we stayed that rock were many more like it, with old Connecticut to back them up. Would the keel, and the lead, and the deep skipper have been easy in their minds just then and there? Probably not. We could have run in behind the rocks, nearly anywhere, and have found snug anchorage, but we desired to keep going until dark, so skirted the invisible shore eastward, dodging to port of a rock here, to starboard of another there, until dusk added to the dimness, when we ran in behind Captain's Island, and found a snug harbor for the night in Cos Cob River. The skipper had, however, become careless, and when making port ran his craft squarely over a rock about ten inches under water. Luckily we had good headway on, and the sharpie simply mounted one side of the slight impediment, bowed gracefully, and slid off at the other. Now suppose this lively sharpie had carried what John Gilpin did, would his skipper have got damp? This is the question. Call it a conundrum, if agreeable, and guess it.

ROSLYN, L. I., Dec. 5. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ANOTHER NEW SCHOONER.

THE centerboard schooner yacht Grayling, now building at the yards of the Messrs. Poillon, Brooklyn, for ex-Commodore Latham A. Fish, Atlantic Yacht Club, is progressing satisfactorily. She is coiled and the wales are being put on. This vessel bids fair to be very powerful, and looks to have more displacement than is usual in fine vessels from the same modeler, Mr. Cary Haskell Ellsworth, of New York. The angle of dead rise is much less than that of the Montauk, but the prominent departure from the latter yacht is the pronounced "tumble home" of the sides. The following is a description of the Grayling: Length over all, 91ft.; length on load water line, 81ft. 6in.; extreme breadth, 23ft.; breadth on load water line, 22ft. 7in.; depth, 8ft. 3in.; draft three feet aft of stem, 2ft. 6in.; draft aft, 8ft. 9in.; draft with board, 14ft.; height of freeboard, 3ft. 8in.

The keel is of white oak, molded 16in. and sided 15in., and the keelson is 10in. by 12in. The frames are of white oak and hackmatack, 8in. by 10in. at the heel and 8in. by 8in. at the top. The plank-sheer is 8in. thick. The stanchions are of locust and extra heavy and the rail is 6in. thick of oak. The ceiling is of white oak. The deck frames 6in. by 8in., with lodge, bosom and hanging knees throughout. The wales and garboards are of 3in. oak, and the planking throughout will be of 2½in. white oak, freenailed and butt-bolted. The subjoined table of the comparative scantlings will show "Nothing is spared in weight that can make the vessel stronger and more substantial."

There will be on deck a house 35ft. long and 13ft. wide, conforming in plan with the contour of the deck. The saloon companionway and two skylights, with which she will be provided, will be of mahogany. Aft of the deckhouse access to the sailroom will be had by a deck plate. Aft of the foremast will be the galley companionway and skylights. Forward of the foremost will be the usual companionway for the crew, the windlass and deck appliances. The dimensions of the Grayling's spars will be as follows: Mainmast, above decks, 68ft.; foremost, above decks, 65ft.; doublings, 8ft. 6in. and 8ft.; maintopmast, 39ft.; foretopmast, 35ft.; bowsprit, outboard, 29ft. 6in.; mainboom, 58ft.; maingaff, 29ft.; foregaff, 26ft.; jibboom, 19ft. There will be about 25 tons of ballast molded inside of the vessel.

The saloon of the Grayling will be entered by a wide companionway, the saloon being 14ft. x15ft. and 8ft. high, and finished with mahogany, bamboo and other handsome woods, and upholstered with morocco plush. Just aft of the saloon doors will be two large wardrobes. Leaving the saloon, on the starboard side, when everything is finished below, the owner's stateroom will be found. This room will be 8ft. 6in. wide by 12ft. long, and will be fitted with a bedstead, dressing stand and wardrobe. Immediately aft of this stateroom and forward of it will be a toilet room, finished with cheerry, and yet further forward, on the same side, will be the captain's room. On the port side, forward of the saloon, are two roomy staterooms, with toilet room, and forward of these will be found the pantry. Between the forward and foremast hatches will be a large gallery, finished with the usual iceboxes and conveniences for cooking. The forecastle will be provided with bunks and lockers for a crew of six. The sails will be made by Sawyer. The cabin joiner work is being designed by Mr. John G. Prayne.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SWUNG AROUND THE CIRCLE.

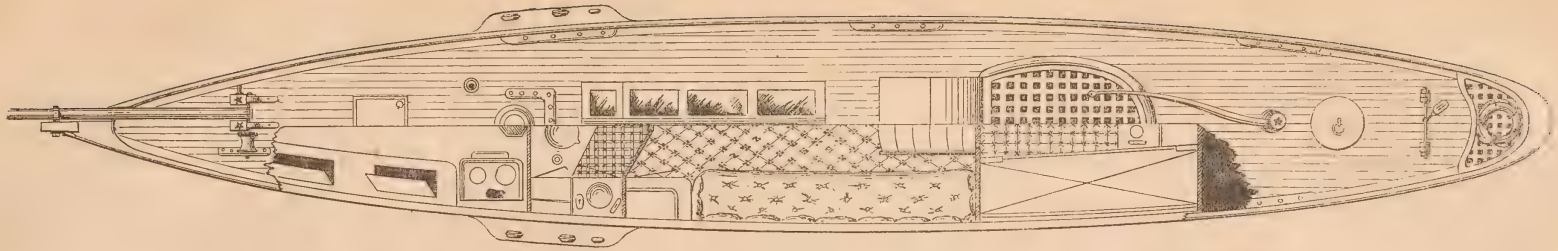
THE cure would seem to be radical. Here is a choice bit from the *Herald:* "When small displacement *was* the rage." Thanks; the conversion is then accomplished. We have not written in vain, nor have the cutters sailed for naught.

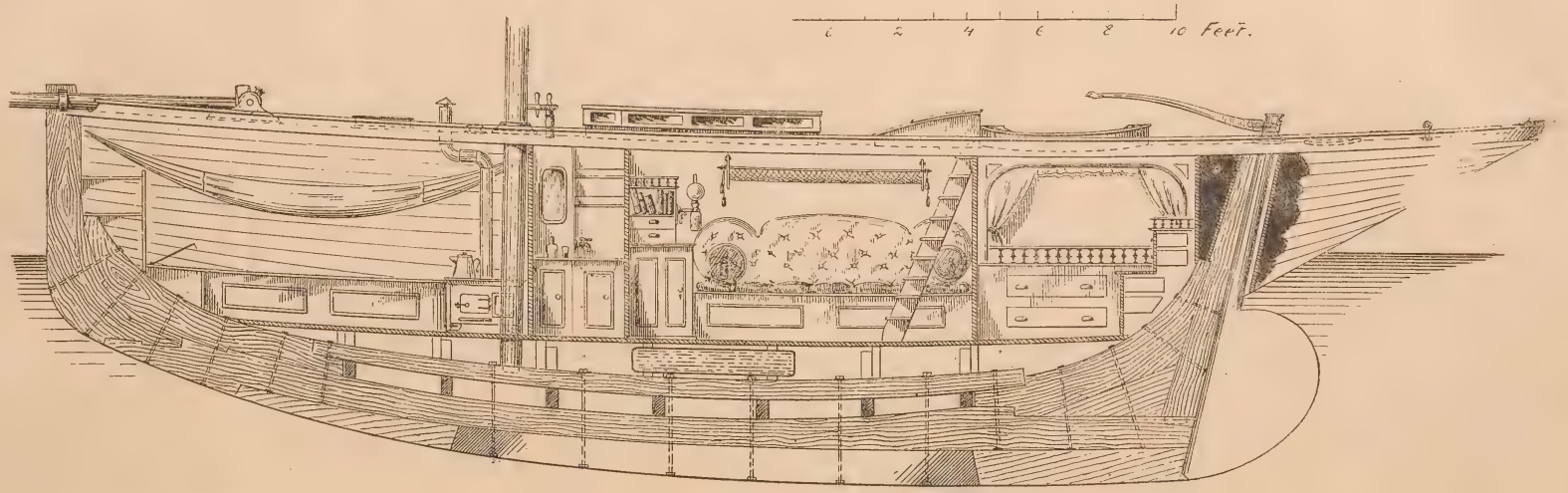
NEW SCHOONER.—Vice-Commodore Hovey's schooner yacht, building at Poillon's, Brooklyn, from designs by Mr. A. Cary Smith, is planked and the deck nearly laid. One can now see the lines of the vessel as they appear on the draught. For beauty of form this vessel is unsurpassed. No yacht built about New York so fills the eye from every point of view. She is very sharp forward, and yet does not look weak. The bilge is very gradual, and the greatest beam is above the water line. Instead of the deep hollow sonie time since so much the fashion, when small displacement was the rage, the body in this vessel is quite full, and at the load water line is within eighteen inches of the bottom of the keel and the keel is sided fifteen inches, she is much fuller than she looks to be. Aft, the bilge is carried out clear to the end of the overhang, and the top timbers are formed with the usual flare of the bilge and avoid the appearance that is found so common in the after part of yachts. The stern is made very narrow to give ease in a sea way. There is nothing that makes a boat steer so hard in a sea, and so generally uneasy as a wide stern. The lead keel of the yacht was run in and is a perfect job.

Climbing up the side of the yacht and looking down into the hold the size of the craft is appreciated. There is no keelson, the great size of the keel affording sufficient strength to do without it. To connect the floors of the keel 6,300 pounds of wrought iron floors are used, and certainly they have the appearance of being able to stand a tremendous strain. On the top of the keel a piece of locust will be bolted to take the step of the masts. This is the only thing that will interfere with the stowage of the ballast, which will be placed well fore and aft and very low, as 5,900 pounds will be put in the after part of frames, and extends only eighteen inches in a straight line from the side of the keel. The floor beams will be five by five inches, half yellow pine, and bolted to the frames at the ends, and at each cross bulkhead an iron stanchion will extend from the keel clamp, to which it will be screw bolted—to the floor. Under the floor beams there will be a similar connection to the keel. This construction, together with the hanging knees, will insure great strength. The shelf stands on the deck beams in the shape of a few inches, of yellow pine, tapered at each end to four inches, and is carried from the apron to the end of the overhang. The deck beams are bolted to the shelf strake and the plankscheer has a bolt at each deck beam, going through the plankscheer and outside beam to the shelf strake. This plan, together with the hanging knees, one on each beam, connects the side to the deck so securely that there was no need of lodge and bosom knees. The latter are a legacy from the coaster and freighter class, but are not found in a yacht, whose side has such a fair curve that the arch thus formed is strength sufficient without the addition of anything else.

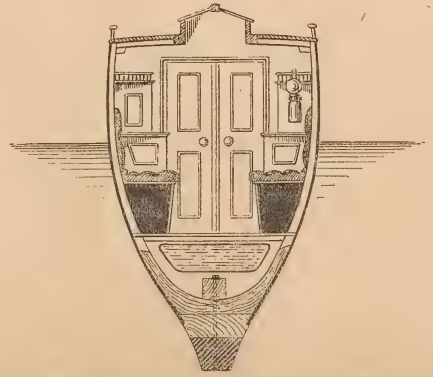
The result of the careful construction thus noted is lightness and strength. The frames forward are of hackmatack and the overhang is of the same. The wales strakes near the bow are of oak, as are the wales and plank as far down as the chain plate bolts. The balance of the planking is of yellow pine, and even the oak planks below the wales have yellow pine forehoods and afterhoods. All the planks are fayed to the rabbet for about twenty-five feet down to two inches at the rabbet. The lines by this method can be carried out fair to the end of the cutwater, and no angle is perceptible anywhere. The deck will be of selected pine, three inches square, which gives the builder the advantage of all four sides in laying, and it will allow of planing off when it is needed. Decks are often made so light that the hard planing and annual planing off soon render a new deck necessary. This vessel must attract great attention when she comes out. That yachtsmen fully appreciate the work of Mr. A. Cary Smith it is only necessary to say that he has the designs for eight boats in hand, ranging from sixteen feet up to ninety-five feet on water line. These will be started so soon as the plans can be got ready. One will be built in Newport, one on the Delaware River and the rest in New York. Several yachts are to be designed by Mr. Smith for the season of 1884 so soon as the work for 1883 is cleared away.—*New York Herald.*

LEAD KEELS.—Boss Townsend made a fine job of the lead keel for Com. Hovey's new schooner and adopted a pan new in American practice for melting all the lead. Instead of melting the bars of the twelve tons were hung in the shape of pigs under the wooden keel, and a box mould built around it to the shape the lead keel was to take. The remaining third was then melted and poured in slowly, small ladles at a time, permitting the lead to set in part before making the next addition. In this way the great shrinkage was avoided which accompanies casting in bulk. Keels cast in this way in England have sometimes been cut up for other purposes and it has been found that the suspended pigs had thoroughly amalgamated with the rest. No more than two-thirds the casting amount should be suspended cold, else there is danger of insufficient heat to melt, and too light a casting of the surrounding cast metal. It is customary to insert cores or dummy bolts in the lead to save the trouble of boring after cool for the fastenings. Upon unreeving the bolts were first driven through the wood keel and the lead poured around their projections below the wood. Upon shrinking there was a crash, and it was found the wood had been seriously split in consequence. It is safer, therefore, not to bore the wood keel first, but to cast the lead underneath with dummies, which do not enter the wood. Then after cooling and withdrawing the dummies, bore through the wood. This insures fair holes clear through without endangering the wood keel.





GENERAL PLANS
FOR
MODERN FIVE-TON CUTTER
"WASP"
of
THIRTEEN TONS DISPLACEMENT



Length over all	42.5′
Length on Load Line	36′
Beam extreme	6′
Draught aft	6.5
Least Freeboard	3
Total Ballast, tons	8
Lead on Keel, tons	5
Area Lower Sails	1050□′
Hoist of Mainsail	22′

Designed by C. P. Kunhardt.
1882.

CUTTER YACHTS IN AMERICA.

[From the Daily Graphic, Dec. 9.]

THE yachting season just closed must be counted one of the most important in the history of the sport, inasmuch as it has seen a new and safe type of yachts permanently introduced into our waters. The importation of the British idea in the shape of the modern cutter is more than a mere fashionable whim. It inaugurates a reform in old customs, which will not only greatly enhance the healthful pleasures and instruction to be derived from a pursuit of yacht sailing, but which will also remove from this manly pastime the dark cloud of danger which has hitherto hung like a pall upon the rapid increase in popularity the sport would otherwise have enjoyed. Safety in our yachts has always been the very last question builders have considered, and it has long been a reproach to our sloops and schooners that they were at only for fair weather driving, and altogether unsuitable for cruising up and down the coast or making passages involving a run at sea without imminent risk to those venturing beyond confined or sheltered waters. Moreover, they were unsatisfactory vessels in a sea, neither fast nor weatherly, and their large sails rendered them unbalanced in the bargain. In short, every pamook too much of the feature of the river sailboat or the toy to be seen in shop windows. Their faults, however, were condoned upon the plea that, being a fast nation, we loved a fast boat, and whatever might be said in favor of deep and safe yachts, they could never hope to match the light-draft sloop-rigged boat for speed; and as much of our sailing was done in smooth waters, the question of seagoing qualities was one of no great weight.

Perhaps this was all true enough some years ago. But nowadays, with the rapid strides made each year by society to the goal of wealth and leisure, the number of yacht owners undertaking long voyages, and knocking about beyond the limits of old-time ambition, is augmenting so fast that their necessities demand consideration in directions so generally neglected by those responsible for the models most in vogue, as the taste for amateur life at sea develops, so too, does the demand for hard weather qualities spread to the fleet of small yachts. It is not to be supposed that every candidate for ocean cruising either can or cares to invest in a schooner of huge proportions. On the contrary, most good sailors prefer yachts no larger than they can work or at least skipper themselves, and those who happen to go afloat on moderate tonnage are no longer content with being shunted on to smooth waters only through incapacity on the part of their boats; but they wish to be the proud possessors of smart, able and safe craft, capable of taking boldly to the sea quite as well as their big sisters. It is well known that in British waters small, cheap yachts abound, which knock about the stormy Channel and Irish sea with impunity, having no one but owner and friend or a hand or two aboard. They differ from our yachts in having more depth and less beam, with the ballast stowed very low—often bolted on the bottom of the keel. This renders them unexplosible, for when knocked down upon their beam ends by a heavy blow the ballast acts at the end of a long lever and brings the boat back to an upright position. They are noteworthy also for a better subdivision of sail, rendering the canvas more easily controlled and onerling a suitable variety for varying conditions of weather. Owing to the depths of these British boats they are supplied with flush decks, affording more actual room, though of narrower beam than sloop boats, whose decks are necessarily encumbered with a raised coach roof or house top, detracting from appearance and strength and reducing the practically useful room to narrow passageways on each side. Accommodation ike, of course, always sought after, and since all yachts are small vessels at best, the style or their build has much to do with the manner of berths and the privacy of the passengers. It is common in sloop American yachts to devote a large portion of their after body to an open cockpit, since that part of the yacht is too shoal on account of the rising floor to be serviceable in any other way. In the deep cutters, however, there is less need of a cockpit, as they are not as wet nor as hard and jerky in their behavior. The after portion of the run of deep boats is therefore utilized as a special stateroom and cockpit, usually to the horrors of the fair sex and denominated the ladies' cabin. Forward the crew is also much better accommodated than in small boats. Where the latter snow only a low, stuffy kennel, the small cutter even boasts of six or seven feet between decks, arranged so that Jack may enjoy shipboard life in some degree of comfort when the day or lying in harbor with a downpour from heaven. In some of the most advanced styles of very narrow cutters the floor is actually less inboard than outside of the boat, unlike American type. Then, on the other hand, the centerboard variety generally companies the small boat interferes in small yachts with the genuine wide floors we are claimed by some to possess. It splits the cabin floor in two at sea, and as one only can be used at a time, the voyager finds himself no better off, as he will be apt to find to his sorrow, owners of cutters. Be this as it may, which has, in fact, little to do with accommodations, and is gratification to one's fancy more than it is of valuable advantage. Broadly speaking, length and depth are the governing factors in useful room down below, and of these the outer can boast the maximum. Your regular tar will say he has no use for floor anyway; he does not propose to dine and wine an evening party about round tables, nor does he intend converting his little ship to the foreign uses of a hotel parlor for a light ramasaic. To him floor is a nuisance to passeway in and out, and mopping more. To insist upon a surplusage to the fair delusion that he has a roomier, larger coat, is to aim as unreasonable as to pull down a house front to reach the family circle when a four-foot door is all that is needed for the purpose. Nor is he far wrong in his objection when it is remembered that every bit added to beam means so much more resistance; so much more unwieldy a boat; so much more cost, and so much larger spars and sails and work and crew, with no compensating gain and possibly a loss in good qualities.

In respect to first cost, narrow boats like the cutter are, or ought to be, cheaper than those of greater beam. Less material and lighter material is used in their construction and equipment, and owing to their easy forms the time and labor involved is considerably curtailed. They strain less than hard bilged models, and for that reason are less expensive in wear and tear, and the small rigs they take make them snug to sail and within control of a less numerous crew. It is true that some cutters recently built in New York are said to have cost excessive amounts. Much of the money, however, must be charged to superfluities and furnishing inside, and a good percentage to the very superior method of construction employed. For this there is no more necessity in one style of boat than in another, and quality for quality the narrow boat can be built and fitted for sea for one-fifth less than her wider sister. In respect to ballast, the wide and deep boat will, of course, call for most. Examples in illustration can be seen in Eastern waters, where, for instance, a new yacht 31 feet long on the load line displaces some 14 tons, 8 of which are represented by ballast. In comparison the cutter Wasp, of which we give engravings in this issue of *The Graphic*, although 30 feet long on the load line displaces but 13 tons, 5 of which are accounted for in ballast. We here find a narrow yacht 5 feet longer than the Eastern boat, weighing actually one ton less in hull and equipment and weighted with no more ballast. Were we to increase the load line of the Wasp to the same length as the Wasp her displacement would swell to 22 tons, necessitating as much as 12½ tons of ballast to bring her down to her intended lines. Against this we need only 8 in the Wasp of the same length, and have a boat of only 18 tons displacement to work in accommodations both will be equal, barring a narrow door in the Wasp, a matter of no consequence in practice. The draft of the wide boat will reach 8 feet, while that of the cutter is 9½ feet. From this may be inferred the great economy for all purposes of narrow vessels.

In yacht of the cutter type we can accomplish, at a less cost, at less maintenance and less craft, all that is worth having in a wide boat costing half as much again to build, more to maintain, drawing more water and possessing no real advantages on any point of sailing or in any kind of weather. This comparison has been made, of course, between keel boats. A centerboard offers the option of securing great draft upon exceptional occasions, but has so many drawbacks in other respects, especially as regards the stowing of weighted low down and weatherliness at sea, that it is hardly to be accepted as a rival of the keel in any sense, though serviceable for shoal and smooth water. Perhaps a word should be added relative to the speed of narrow, deep boats. The racing of last season has removed much prejudice and punctured many old dogmas current among the sailing fraternity. Depth is for the time super lant it was, and is no longer entered as an insurmountable barrier to speed. The late notions that fast vessels must skim over the water is to-day a vagary of the past. And with it has disappeared the imaginary virtue for carrying sail attributed to beam, for upon many occasions in practice did the narrow cutters in our waters crack on to advantage long after beamy sloops had to snug down. Wide keels with outside weights cease to act the red rag upon the old school, and heavy masts have given such repeated evidence of their speed in light winds that they are no longer condemned as unsuited to our paltry weather.

BOSTON CUTTERS.—Geo. Lawley & Son, of South Boston, are busy with a lot of new cutters. They have laid the keel for a nobby 31ft vessel 24ft. on line and 8¾in. beam, flush deck and full cutter rig. They are also getting out the molds for another 42ft. long, and are about closing a contract for a third cutter some 60ft. load-line with narrow beam. No inquires are made any more for center-board yachts in the East. The Lawleys have about seventy yacht models out on the hand, and are so crowded with new work that they contemplate erecting shops on some new property. Keels and cutters are the cause of their prosperity. Mr. Geo. Lawley has recently been in New York inspecting work in progress here, and also the harvest of prizes. He will propose to accept some of the latest improvements in hulls, while Messrs. Lawley & Son will fit the yachts with loose foot mainsails and sails cut on the Lapthorn plan.

NEW SINGLE HAND YACHT.—The keel of the third single hand yacht will be laid this week by W. F. Stephens, of West Brighton, Staten Island. The yacht will be 22ft. on deck, 18ft. load line, 7ft. beam, 4ft. 6in. deep, 4ft. 3in. draft, 3.5 tons displacement; ballast on keel 2,000lbs. and 1,000lbs. on coaks, cast, keel to abound 6ft. on, pole 38ft., boom 19ft., gaff 13ft., bowsprit, outboard, 9ft. She is of the deep and beamy cutter type and will have about six feet room in cabin, and is to be built for a member of the Jersey City Y. C., who proposes to cut the yacht in sand on sandy beach. The same builder expects to make room for a cutter 21ft. on load line.

BATTEN REEFS.—The credit of first applying batten reefs to large yachts belongs to Mr. J. Clem Uhler, who about the year 1858 laced battens to the mainsail of the 49-ft. sloop Emerald in San Francisco. The idea was suggested by the "sampans" of the Chinamen on the Pacific coast. The battens were laced to the mainsail by having two horizontal rows of small eyelets worked in the canvas in the leech corner and receiving the lacing down through an eyelet of the upper row, then around the batten and back through an eyelet of the lower row and so on. The battens and lacing could thus be dispensed with when not wanted.

A VALUABLE SERVICE.—The number of disasters since the service has been in existence under its present system amount to 1,623; the value of property involved to $29,276,230; of property saved, $18,-054,962; of that lost, $11,213,347; number of persons involved, 14,700; saved, 14,253; lost, 407; ships wrecked persons recovered at stations, 3,060; number of days' succor afforded, 8,384.

VAYU.—The trials of this Boston cutter were made in smart northwesters last fall, and it was discovered that she could go along in comfort in weather which was found too severe for her owner's former sloop Valhalla, though the latter is well known as one of the ablest out of Boston. The sloop is 35ft. loadline, 14.2ft. beam, and the cutter 31ft. loadline but only with 10ft. beam. The reduction in beam was found to affect seagoing qualities most favorably.

WANTED.—A recipe for black paint which will retain its gloss on a yacht's side and not turn rusty to the weather or salt water. Some skippers know of a chemical which added to ordinary ship's paint will have the desired effect of preserving gloss.

SOMETHING NEW.—Shelton's monthly issue to sportsmen.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

MILES JOHNSON.—Please send address to this office.

YORICK, Butler, Pa.—1. Do you advise breeding a setter bitch the first time she is in season? 2. If not bred the first time, how long a time will elapse before she goes in season again? 3. Is it advisable to work a bitch while carrying? Ans. 1, no. 2. Usually about six months, but the time varies somewhat. 3. Yes, by all means.

B. P. H., Prairie, Miss.—Inclosed I send you a bird that seems to be of the dove species. It is a new bird to this section, no one to whom I have shown it ever having seen anything like it before. Will you please tell us through FOREST AND STREAM what it is? Ans. The bird is the ground dove (*Chamæpelia passerina*,) a species which is common in the Southern States, and has occurred as far north as Washington and even New York.

ALEX, Seattle, W. T.—Is there any work devoted to fly-tying? Ans. There are several English works, but they are mainly out of print and can only be found in second-hand book stores. In Norris's "American Angler's Book" you will find a chapter on it. Price $5.50. We can supply it. Hotherton's "Standard Trout Flies" is a handsome plate of sixty-four flies, colored by hand, and has no description. It is intended to be merely what its name implies.

NORFOLK, Wellesly, Mass.—Will you give me information on this point? I have a setter pup three months old, but have no suitable place to keep him except his kennel. This is warm and filled with straw; he often pulls off the flap from his door, leaving it open to the weather. Is this too cold a place for him to stay in nights, and will it be safe to keep him out in all winter? His coat is fine and healthy; I want to keep him so. Ans.—If he has a good, tight house and plenty of bedding he will do very well in the kennel all through the winter. It should face the south.

BITTER ROOT BILL, Missoula, Montana Territory.—Will you please inform me where I can obtain a work on ornithology by which I can identify the different species of ducks and other birds of this country; a work illustrated. I am not able to purchase a costly work. I have looked carefully over your list of books, but not being familiar with any of them, I do not know whether any of them fills the bill or not. Ans. "Coues's Key to N. A. Birds" is the best work for your purposes, but it is not illustrated except by some few woodcuts. We know of no other work to recommend, unless it be Baird, Brown & Ridgway's "North American Birds," in three volumes, (land birds only,) a number of fine woodcuts of heads. Price, $30.

M., Hastings, Ia.—1. What do you think of the automatic reel; would it be desirable for black bass or a novice that never used a reel? 2. The best length and weight for bass rod for bait-fishing, also that would answer for fly-fishing? 3. What size hook is known as "Creedmoor," "Massachusetts?" Ans. 1. No. 2. For bait-fishing alone, 8ft. For both bait and fly-fishing use a stout trout rod of 9 or 9½ft., weighing 10 to 11 ounces. 3. The Creedmoor targets are as follows: Third, 5ds., to be used at all distances; 2d, 10yds., including 300yds.—Target, 4x4ft. Bullseye, circular, 8in. in diameter; center, circular, 26in. in diameter; inner, circular, 90in. in diameter; outer, square, 4x4ft. Second Class, to be used at all distances over 30yds. to and including 600yds.—Targets, 8x8ft. Bullseye, circular, 22in. in diameter; center, circular, 3.6in. in diameter; inner, circular, 54in. in diameter; outer, square, 6x6ft. First Class, to be used at all distances over 600yds.—Target, 6x12ft. Bullseye, circular, 33in. in diameter; center, circular, 5in. in diameter; inner, square, 6x6ft.; outer, square, 6x12ft. The Massachusetts target has ten rings, marking diameters of 3½, 5¾, 8, 10¼, 12¾, 16¼, 20½, 26, 33 and 41¾in.

An Extended Popularity. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. They are pronounced superior to all other articles used for similar purposes. For relieving Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases they have been *proved* reliable.—*Adv.*

A TOY PISTOL SUIT.—A decision of importance has just been rendered in the Supreme Court of Indiana in a suit brought by a father for damages against a dealer who sold his child a toy pistol with fatal result. The decision is that "a man who places in the hands of a child any article of a dangerous character, and one likely to cause injury to the child itself, or to others, is guilty of an actionable wrong."

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Per Dozen	$1.25	1.05	.85	.75	.70	.65	.60	.50	.45	.40

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	Prices per dozen.
Single gut, 1 ft. long	$4.00
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Gimp, " " "	6.00
Seth Green, single gut, half foot long	3.00
Imbrie, " " "	3.50
" double " " "	4.00
Leaders (for Green & Imbrie gangs), 9 feet long, very heavy single gut, with two swivels	9.00
Patent Treble Hook, with baiting needle attached, 1 ft. long, with swivel, gimp or 4-0 hook, or double gut and 1-0 hook	3.00
Romeyn, treble twisted gut, 3 feet long, with three swivels	18.00

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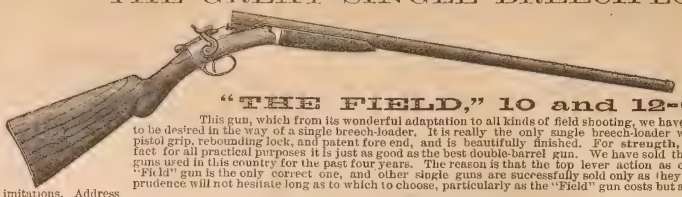
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By T. S. VAN DYKE.

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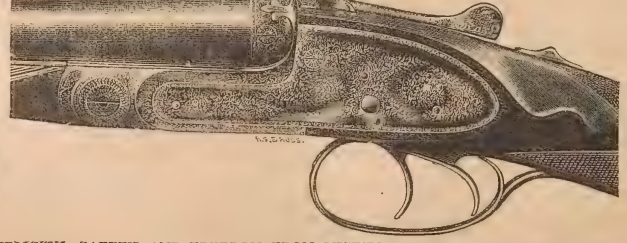
OF 287 & 289 (late 314½) OXFORD ST., LONDON,

Gun manufacturers, by special appointments to Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, and the most noted shots of Europe, give notice that on January 1st, 1883, they will remove to the new and large manufactory they are now building, and that after that date their address will be

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They take this opportunity to inform American sportsmen that they have patented **A NEW REBOUNDING HAMMERLESS GUN,** which, after the most careful practical trials and severe tests, they confidently recommend as by far

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ONLY PERFECT GUN MADE.

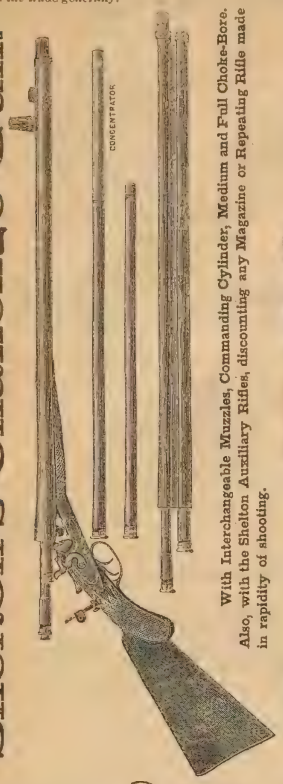
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Place this advertisement in your scrap book for future reference. Results originating from experience of fifty-five years of both the Gun and Rifle. Endorsed by all sportsmen who have used them and the trade generally.

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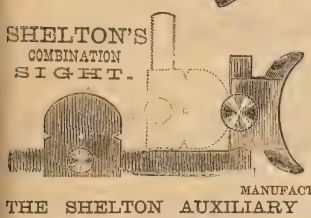


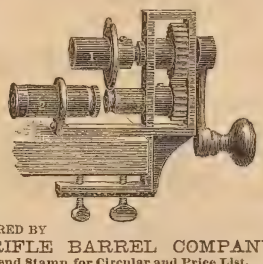
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For reducing recoil and giving better penetration and destruction of shot.





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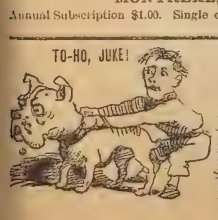


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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.-1883.

FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

The year now drawing to a close has been with the FOREST AND STREAM one of most gratifying progress. Early in the year by an important mechanical improvement, the typographical beauty of the paper was greatly enhanced; and in August, with the beginning of the tenth year of publication, it was

Permanently Enlarged to Twenty-eight Pages.

There has been an equal growth in other important respects. The patronage accorded to this journal by the intelligent reading public has never been more cordial than it is at the present time. Sustained thus heartily, the publishers are prepared to maintain in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM prestige as the

Representative Field Journal

of this country, at once entertaining, useful and influential. As the exponent of the highest types of field-sportsmanship the paper will be adapted to the tastes of all men who use the rod and gun as means of pleasure and recreation. Broad in its sympathy with all that is legitimate in field sports, free from any entangling alliances with cliques, having no interests to serve save those of its constituents, and never hesitating in its criticisms of whatever may be inimical to these interests, the FOREST AND STREAM'S highest ambition will be to preserve in the future the approval won by its course in the past. It will persist in its efforts to awaken in the public mind a fuller appreciation of the importance of the proper protection of game in the breeding season, and of due moderation in the destruction of game at other times. This it considers a matter of prime importance, not so much to the man whose wealth and leisure enable him to make extended tours to favored game countries, as it is to that already very large and constantly increasing class of business and professional men, whose favorite relaxation from the routine of employment is found in brief vacation trips to the woods and fields and brooksides.

The enlarged form of the FOREST AND STREAM enables its editors to present each week in the several departments a large and varied supply of reading. In the columns of

The Sportsman Tourist

Will be found sketches of travel and sport. Coming from many different writers, and widely separate parts of the country, these sketches always have the charm of novelty, and they are sure to be read with interest by sportsmen, because their writers see things through sportsmen's eyes, and describe them from the sportsman's standpoint.

Natural History.

This department will not deal with fossils nor with the monsters of African jungles. Quite on the contrary, it will treat of the animal life of land and water in our own country, the habits and ways of American fur, fin and feather, in which American sportsmen are presumed to take an intelligent interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting excursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

Sea and River Fishing.

The angler will find in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM the best angling literature of the day, in quantity more than is contained in all other publications put together. This journal has inaugurated a series of angling tournaments, the initial meeting having been held in the Central Park of this city; and it is believed that others of equal success will follow in other years. Meanwhile, the man who loves to go a-fishing may find in the FOREST AND STREAM all the year around a great deal that must be to his liking.

Fishculture.

The columns devoted to this important subject furnish a complete resumé of current achievements and progress in this important work.

The Kennel.

This department has won the confidence of dog owners. Its reports of field trials, bench shows and other events are recognized as impartial, honest, and the most able published The recent series of papers by its editor, entitled "Training vs. Breaking," have been published in book form, and have had a very large sale. Other papers of equal importance will be published from time to time.

Yachting and Canoeing.

The editor of this department being a practical naval architect, and thoroughly familiar with every branch of the subject, will continue the same intelligent treatment of yachting and canoeing that have already won for the FOREST AND STREAM esteem and confidence.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

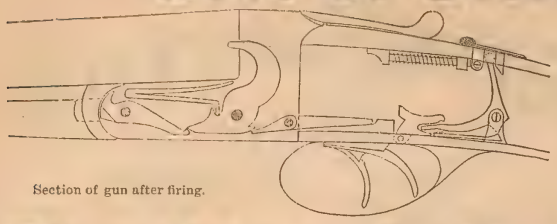
We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

The weekly issues of the FOREST AND STREAM form two volumes each year, of twenty-six numbers, or 500 pages each, and the files constitute a library of permanent worth. Eighteen such volumes have already been published. We furnish handsome file binders (price $1.25) which hold twenty-six numbers.

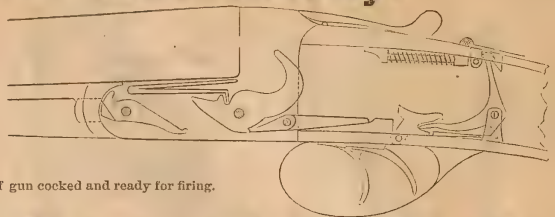
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Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 39 Park Row, N. Y.

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Section of gun after firing.



Section of gun cocked and ready for firing.

The Anson & Deeley Hammerless Lock,

AS MANUFACTURED BY

Westley Richards & Co., London, Eng.,

HAS NO EQUAL!

And is the only hammerless gun in the market that is absolutely faultless, being simple, durable, and possessing those wonderful shooting powers, combined with that indescribable symmetry and beauty so characteristic of Westley Richards' product.

Every desirable feature is found in this gun. Superiority of Material and Workmanship. Absolute Safety in Handling. Without Comparison in Durability and Simplicity.

Shooting Qualities Unsurpassed.

The following letters from prominent sportsmen cover the ground exactly:

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., March 20, 1882.

J. Palmer O'Neil, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—The Westley Richards Hammerless Gun I obtained from you has been the admiration of all my friends. I consider it much the best Hammerless gun, and recommend all sportsmen who can afford the luxury of a perfect gun, to buy a Westley Richards Hammerless.

Respectfully, PATRICK HENRY.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Sept. 20, 1882.

J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Dear Sirs—The Greener and Westley Richards guns arrived safely yesterday A. M., and in the evening I took them both out and targeted them. I like the Greener better for only one reason, and that is it fits me a trifle better. But the Westley Richards made by far the best target, so I have concluded to keep it and return the Greener. The Westley Richards is certainly a little beauty, and makes as fine a target as I ever saw. One of my friends who is a great sportsman went out with me, and before the trial made all manner of fun of the "pop gun," even while he admired its graceful shape and elegant workmanship. But the result of the trial rather surprised him. He shot against the Westley Richards, his 11lbs. Daly loaded with 5 drams of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot, while I used 3¼ drams of powder and 1¼oz. No. 7 shot: At 30, 40 and 50 yards I beat him badly in distribution and penetration. At 60, 65 and 70 yards fully equalled him. And the difference at 75 and 80 yards could hardly be noticed. I am much pleased with the gun, and as soon as I become a little more accustomed to it I have no doubt my shooting will be greatly improved. I shall take pleasure recommending the Westley Richards Hammerless Gun.

Yours truly, GEO. H. TOUSEY.

J. PALMER O'NEIL & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents in the U. S. for Westley Richards' Hammerless Guns.

THE HUNTING SIGHT.



Makes a Sporting Rifle Perfect.

Send for Circular containing full description.

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WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.



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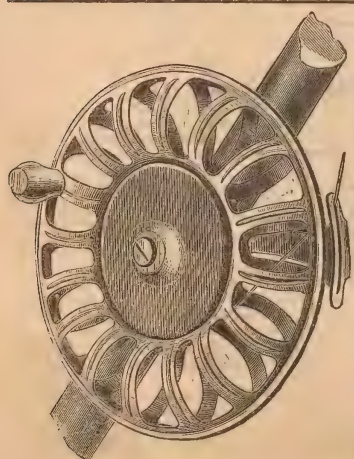
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It will detect and indicate correctly any change in the weather 12 to 48 hours in advance. It will tell what kind of storm is approaching, and from what direction—**invaluable to navigators. Farmers** can plan their work according to its predictions. **Saves 50 times its cost** in a single season. Has an accurate thermometer attached, which alone is worth the price of the combination. This great **WEATHER INDICATOR** is endorsed by the most eminent Physicians, Professors and Scientific men of the day to be the **BEST IN THE WORLD!** The Thermometer and Barometer are put in a nicely finished walnut frame, with silver plated trimmings, etc., making it a beautiful as well as useful ornament. We will send you a sample one, *delivered free*, to your place, in good order, on receipt of **$1**, or six for **$4. Agents** are making from $5 to $20 daily selling them. *A trial will convince you.* Order at once. **It sells at SIGHT!** Just the thing to sell to farmers, merchants, etc. Invaluable to everybody. U. S. Postage Stamps taken if in good order, but money preferred. **Agents wanted everywhere.** Send for circular and terms. Address all orders to **OSWEGO THERMOMETER WORKS,** (*Largest establishment of the kind in the World*) **Oswego, Oswego Co., N.Y.**

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I find Pool's Barometer works as well as one that cost fifty dollars. You can rely on it every time.
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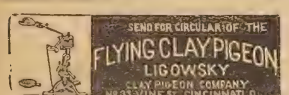
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For 75cts. I send prepaid the quickest, simplest and best paper cartridge groover yet invented.

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Rochester. N. Y.



[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

* * * This flight so nearly resembles the actual motion of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits. * * *

RAMSAY MACNAUGHTAN,

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—SECOND edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangeley lakes. It treats of "camp life," indoors and out is amusing, instructive and interesting: 224 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents. By mail, postpaid, 30 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass

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From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address." We advise any one wishing a cure to address DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

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TO RENT.—SHOOTING GROUND AT CURRITUCK Sound. An undivided half of 200 acres, more or less. Price for the year $20. Address S. H. W., 3 East Forty-fifth st., N. Y. dec7,3t

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One 12-gauge Parker gun with 100 brass shells, one crimper, one jointed cleaning rod, one shot and powder measure, one nickeled shell cutter, one capper and extractor, one gun cover, and other fixtures. Also a fine bred setter pup. DR. GEO. H. PARKINSON, Middletown, Conn. dec7,3t

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FOR YOUR DOG.



THE

Medford Fancy Goods Co.

96 DUANE STREET, N. Y.,

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF DOG GOODS.

They have the largest variety of Dog Furnishings in the world. Many new and handsome designs of Collars, Pug Harness, Blankets, etc. All styles of Dog Furnishings made to order.

Send for sample of Plush Blankets.

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Black Cocker Stud Dog.

HORNELL DANDY, by Bucephalus out of Black Bess, weight 24lbs. It has taken nearly two years to have our order filled for a black cocker under 28lbs. We have got him at last, and he will serve a few outside bitches at $20 cash. HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellsville, N. Y. nov30,tf

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Rory O'More Kennel
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The thoroughbred red Irish setters, champion Rory O'More, champion Rufus, ex-champion Friend Rexford (Berkley ex Nora), litter brother of Lady Berkley, winner of first prize Cleveland, Ohio, 1882.

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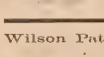
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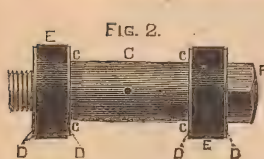
Fig. 1



Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



Fig. 2.





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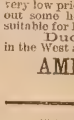
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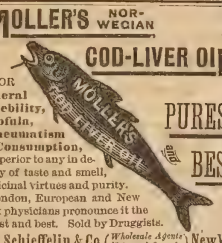
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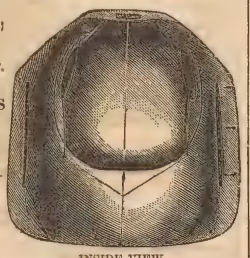


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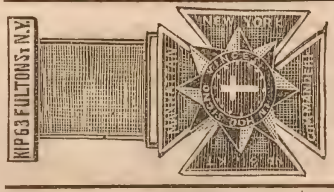
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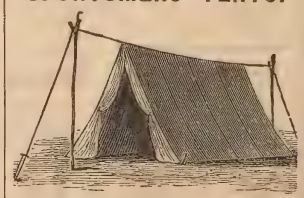
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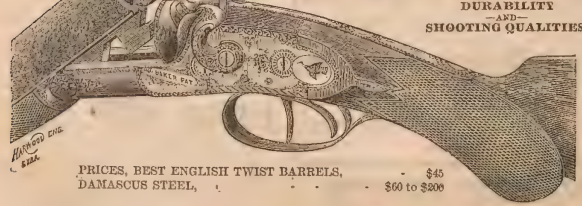
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To its tens of thousands of friends the FOREST AND STREAM *wishes a very Merry Christmas; and herewith offers its substantial quota of seasonable entertainment.*

LEASING THE NATIONAL PARK.

THE Yellowstone National Park is, it appears, to be leased to private parties. An agreement was entered into on the first day of last September, between Acting Secretary Merritt L. Josslyn, of the Interior Department, and Carroll T. Hobart, of Fargo, and Henry T. Douglass, of Ft. Yates, Dakota, for the leasing for a period of ten years of portions of the reservation. Six different plots of ground are to be included, to be situated, of course, in the most attractive portions of the Park, and each plot is to cover about one section of land, 640 acres. A monopoly of hotel, stage and telegraph privileges is to be enjoyed by the lessees. The sum to be paid for these exclusive privileges does not appear to be known to any one outside of the ring, in which it is to be hoped Mr. Merritt L. Josslyn, Acting Secretary, is not to be included. The significant clause in the despatches to the public press reads as follows: "The sum paid for the privilege cannot be ascertained by the copies [of the agreement] sent to the Senate, the place where this important item should appear being left blank." Whether it was one dollar or one hundred thousand dollars per annum nobody knows.

This is certainly a very charming scheme to railroad through a temporary land grab, which will, if successful, put more money into the pockets of its projectors than any single set of individuals have lately made out of this government. People have growled at the Pacific Railroad land grants, but they, however much they may have advantaged individuals, did and are doing a marvellous work in developing the resources of the West, and are thus an unquestioned benefit to the country at large. But this neat little Yellowstone Park scheme, so far as it has been developed, benefits no one save its projectors. But for compactness, prospective profit, and, if the projectors will kindly allow us to use the word, for impudence, it is certainly unparalleled in the annals of land grabbing in this or any other country.

Here is a franchise which in itself is worth some millions of dollars, and which, in claims to be prosecuted against the United States Government at the expiration of the lease, may fairly be valued at several millions more, which is to be turned over to certain individuals for nothing or a mere song. The two residents of Dakota, whose names are put prominently forward, are not the leading parties in interest, for public report joins with them the names of Rufus Hatch and a distinguished ex-Senator from Minnesota, sometime Secretary of the National Treasury. Supposing this lease to be granted, on whatever terms, the taxpayers of the country will at its expiration, unless it is properly guarded, have a comfortable little bill to pay to the Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company. There will be claims for some hundreds of miles of wagon road at $10,000 per mile, say $3,000,000; claims for six or eight hotels, with outbuildings, stables, fences and general improvements, at fifty to one hundred thousand dollars each, $300,000 to $800,000; claims for perhaps 200 miles of telegraph line, with plant, instruments, buildings, etc., at $1,000 per mile, $200,000. Total, perhaps, four millions of dollars. Of course there will be other items, no doubt amounting to as much more. We mention only the obvious ones. The clean up of the company, supposing it goes out of business at the end of the ten years, will be rich enough to satisfy most men and will pay a very handsome final dividend.

In the meantime the projectors of this company mean to obtain their privileges at as low a rate as possible. No fault of course can be found with that—it is human nature; but we trust that Secretary Teller, who has hitherto kept in the background in the matter, and Senators Vest, Harrison and McDill will see that our unfortunate and much-preyed-upon government may at least have what is denominated in the vernacular of the Territories "a fair shake."

We must say that we fail to see why the Interior Department should give away a privilege of such great value. We should all be glad to know why this franchise was granted to these particular persons, and, above all, whether any general notice was given of the intention of the Department to lease the Park. Was the lease put up at auction and disposed of to the highest responsible bidder, or is there some secret reason why Messrs. Hobart and Douglass and their associates could induce the officials at the head of the Interior Department to turn over to them this very neat thing? Have Messrs. Hobart, Douglass, Windom and Hatch done anything to deserve so well of their country that the people's pleasure ground should be turned over to them, in order that they may make handsome fortunes out of the public? If so, we have failed to hear of it.

That there is an inner history to this scheme seems perfectly clear, and we hope most earnestly that it may be brought to light by the inquiries of the three Senators whose names we have mentioned.

It is true that the Department, with a great apparent show of care for the rights of the citizen, has stipulated that all tourists shall have free access to the grounds leased, by which we suppose is meant that the company shall not inclose the curiosities with a high board fence and charge an admission fee at the gate. Generous Interior Department! how tenderly you care for the rights of every citizen, and how zealous that all shall have the freest opportunity to enjoy the beauties of the Park. Did it never occur to you that this company has no need to charge twenty-five cents for seeing a geyser as a separate item. All that will go into the bill for board, lodging, transportation, and the dozen other charges, and it will be so skillfully distributed, that the traveler will pay it without a thought that he is being robbed.

If there had been nothing underhand in all this business, there would have been no need to conceal as carefully as has been done all information about it. The whole matter, if it was a fair business transaction, might have been carried on in an open, aboveboard fashion. But as things stand at present we must say that the transaction has a most unpleasant flavor of trickery. Mr. Merritt L. Josslyn may be able to explain the affair in a manner which shall be satisfactory to the public, who will await such explanation, and the results of the Senatorial inquiry, with a good deal of interest. It appears, however, that when he was before the Senate Committee on Territories on the morning of December 15, for the purpose of making such explanation, there was not much to be got out of him. At least the daily papers are entirely silent as to what he said.

There appears to be good reason to believe that this project is neither more nor less than a barefaced attempt to use this government reservation for the purpose of enriching a few speculators at the expense of the people at large. Those who are interested felt that to attempt to have the Park transferred bodily to them would be a little more than even such long-suffering creatures as the American people would endure. So they had to be contented with a long lease, which they hoped to be able to engineer in such a way that they would get it for nothing. There is some reason for believing that there is a strong lobby behind the Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company. Let us see whether it will be strong enough to carry the measure through; whether Congress will be so forgetful of its duties as to sacrifice the interests of the people to those of a handful of speculators.

In the meantime we trust that nothing will be done toward carrying into effect the agreement made by the Acting Secretary. The people will not enjoy seeing their only pleasure ground turned into a side show to fill the pockets of any set of individuals, unless at least the government shall receive some equivalent.

We are by no means prepared to say that certain portions of the Park should not be leased to private parties. There is certain work to be done there which cannot well be undertaken by the government. But if such lease or leases are to be entered into, the rights of the public, and the rights of the government must be protected in every possible way. There should be no opportunity for indemnifying claims to be made at the expiration of the lease, and a fair price should be paid for the very valuable privileges which may be granted to the lessees.

THE OLD BARN.

ESTHETICLY and bucolicly the barn has had some share of consideration, and more from the strictly agricultural points of view—both the practical and the "high farming" standpoints; but it has never been properly considered in its relations to the shooter. We have read often enough, perhaps too often, of the gray barn and its shingled roof, blotched and spotted with moss and lichens; of the kine sheep, poultry and sweet-smelling hay it shelters; of the sports of the children beneath its cobwebbed rafters—and of model barns, with their newfangled stables and cellars for manure, roots and what-not—huge, ugly wens they are upon the landscape, unbecoming it as the steam sawmill does the woods, or the steamboat the lakes that belong to the deer and the trout. But who has told us anything of barn shooting?

We hear it said of a bad shot that "he could not hit the outside of a barn;" of a worse one, "that he could not hit a barn if he was inside it with the door closed," and the wonder is how he could miss it in that case if the barn were not too wide or too long for the range of his gun, unless his charge went through some wide cranny or through the "swallow hole," which, urban reader, is not where the barn swallows, but where the swallows barn—being an apperture, heart or diamond shaped, sawed in the gable of the old-time barn by its builder, who had a soul for the fitness of things beyond the skill of his hand for the fitting of things—for the ingress and egress of the ever-beloved swallow.

Beyond this we hear nothing of barn shooting, and yet what country boy has not targeted his first gun, whether new or old, new to him and prized above all his worldly possessions, on the barn? And if his pot-metal or breech-burned piece has scattered widely and feebly, doing less execution on the boards than on his shoulder, has not he sought to bolster his faith in his gun by believing worm holes to be shot holes? Behold how the weather-beaten sides of the ancient barn, reeling and tottering, bigger than Jumbo even, and as dangerous as any elephant to approach in a high wind, for it might then fall on one, are peppered with shot of all sizes, from bullets, buckshot, and BBB, down to No. 1. (No smaller shot were used when Planco was consul, though only a chipmunk were the lonely victim.) Some are driven clean through, some embedded out of sight, some just stuck in the siding, dully staring at you through the oxidization of threescore years. What gun of bygone days, when quail and grouse and woodcock were swarming in copse and swamp, and deer were as plenty as trees are now, belched forth with mighty throes, and agony to its shooter, its flint-and-steel-ignited charge against these now long storm-beat boards, then new exhaling the odor of the woods yet lingering in them? Does the ancient long smooth bore or Queen's arm do occasional duty yet, as a sporting weapon when Reynard flees before the hounds, or against the thieving crow or the marauding hawk? Mayhap its stalwart engineer of those days tells with the garrulous tongue of age his youthful exploits to his gaping grandchildren; mayhap lies asleep under the sumacs and golden rods in the old graveyard.

To him who cherishes his beloved though out of date

muzzle-loader, the old barn is most convenient, for into it he may empty the charges of his gun as he passes homeward after a day's tramp through upland or lowland; and equally convenient is the barn to him who desires to test the qualities of his new breech-loader, for it will show both pattern and penetration. But it must be an old barn. It would be a crime hardly second to manslaughter to mar with the patter of leaden rain the painted beauty of a big new barn, with a gilded cock atop of it—the barn that is crowding out the good old gray barn of our childhood, which invited the child, the swallow, and the phœbe bird to come in and be at home.

Let the barn not too good to be shot at be preserved and protected by the sportsman, for it is likely not long hence to be the only thing left for us to shoot.

THE RIFLE FOR THE MATCH.

THE house of Remington & Sons bids fair to score another victory in the line of rifle making, and from word brought down from the Ilion armory, it looks very much as though the rifle for the American team of 1883 had been produced. Immediately after the fiasco of September last, the members of the firm decided to redeem their good name, and declared that should the return match be lost, it would not be the fault of the weapon. The rifles for the match of the present year had been hurriedly turned out to meet conditions which were unfamiliar to the experts at the Ilion armory, and when placed in the hands of the men, secured only indifferent results. Soft bullets in tight barrels with thin patching brought about leading. Too much powder was used and that of a dirty sort. These defects, due to a very laudable but hurried endeavor to supply a pressing demand, discouraged the men on the team; records were not kept up, and the natural sequence came in the overwhelming lead gained by the British team. The men were not without blame, and it was but poor encouragement for a rifle maker who had spent months in turning out a good weapon to see the foresight wavering about, while the team member was trying to hold steady on the bullseye.

Still the past has gone; the lessons of the defeat have not been disregarded, and to-day the old house of E. Remington & Sons declares its readiness to furnish the Committee of the National Rifle Association with a weapon which shall be in every way the equal of the Deely-Edge and other rifles used by the British team. Samples of the new arm have been tried for weeks past by the shooting corps of experts attached to the Ilion armory, and at 800 yards forty-eight in a possible fifty has been scored in ten shots, without cleaning. Such shooting should win any match, and if the gun will show such figures, we doubt not that the team can be secured for the work to use it effectively.

The new weapon is very much after the English pattern, but falling within all the conditions of the match as to weight and military arrangement of stock, etc. It has a loose barrel, with narrower bands and deeper grooves than the old Remington or the English weapon. The 550-grain bullet, of one part tin to eight of lead, is inserted in a two and six-tenths inch shell, with from seventy-five to eighty grains of powder. The Curtis & Harvey powder has been tried in comparison with the Hazard Ducking, No. 3, with very even results, so that it is likely the American powder will be used in preference. The hard bullet is patched with thick parchment paper, and the severe experiments made with the new arm show in it no tendency to lead. At Creedmoor Col. Bodine and Thomas J. Dolan, of the late team, have given the rifle a very thorough testing at all the ranges and declare themselves very much pleased with it, saying that, with such an arm, it only remains for the National Rifle Association to organize an effective team—one where the men have confidence, each in his own efforts, and system enough to make the skill of one the guide for all the rest.

The fact that this rifle for the coming match has been produced by the Remingtons only adds another to the many obligations under which they have placed the riflemen of America. It was the assurance from the Remingtons that a rifle could and would be prepared in time for the opening contest which led to the acceptance of the first Irish challenge in 1873, and from that time on, at considerable inconvenience and loss in a purely business point of view, the entire appliances of the Ilion armory have been at the disposal of American riflemen when trials on the range led them to think that certain changes in rifles and their fixings would bring about better scores. Full credit has not always been given for these efforts to second the men who give time and labor to practice before the butts. The whole record of American victories on the ranges here and abroad would have been a series of defeats but for the rifles sent out from the Ilion armory. Without going into the well-known story of these favorite rifles in the hands of a dozen foreign armies, the fact is now more than ever brought home to those who feel a patriotic pride in American successes that much of the credit of what has been done since 1873 properly belongs to this energetic American arm manufactory.

DEATH OF LIEUT-COL. SCHOFIELD.—We regret to learn of the death of Lieut.-Col. George W. Schofield, of the Sixth Cavalry, at Fort Apache, Arizona, December 17.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"ANY LETTERS FOR ME?"

BY H. P. UFFORD.

SOME one must make a detour to San Rafael to collect the mail for the party, as this was the first time for eleven weeks that we had been within reaching distance—that is, less than a hundred miles—of a post office. Ignotus, the only one to whom that section of the country was familiar, could not go, but he had given me such explicit directions that I felt sure I could not miss my way.

"All you've got to do," said he, "is to ride due south until you can see blue sky between the peaks of El Laté there on your left, then turn S. W., about fifteen miles, till you strike the Arroyo Veta, cross that and keep down along the bank till you come to San Rafael. 'Tisn't more than sixty miles, and you can make it, easy, before dark. You'll have to stay there, at the stage station, all night. Then in the morning you go right west to the foot-hills, and you'll strike an old Indian trail that'll lead you across to the head of Cañalo Creek. We'll camp right where the trail crosses the creek, so you can't miss us."

"Good enough! I'll be with you to-morrow noon," and chirruping to Rob, I started off after the mail. The morning air was cool and fine, and as Rob and I had for several days been accommodating our pace to the slow gait of the pack-mules, we were both glad of a chance for a day's scamper at our own sweet wills. After a few sportive curvetings and prancings, the first effervescence of his overflowing spirits, he settled down into his long, swinging, ten-mile-an-hour and twenty-hours-at-a-stretch lope. ("You don't believe any such thing?" Well, you'd better, for it's true. When Mexican Joe knifed Dick Stuart in Concjos, Ignotus rode that horse to Fort Craig and back between sun-up and sun-up, and on the homestretch forced the running so that the Surgeon's mare, brought from the States, dropped dead when he got off her in the Plaza; and you're a bolder man than I am if you dare tell Lieut. Stanhope, of the Topographical Engineers, that he made a mistake when he measured the distance between the places in his survey for the El Paso & Sundown Railroad, and made it just 102 miles.

"Hurt Rob any?" Not a bit. When the saddle was taken off he kicked up his heels, whinnied, and dashed off across the Piedra to the rest of the cavallada, as though he'd had only a morning breather.

"Got the papers for that story?"

Yes, sir; signed by the Rhymer, Ignotus, and Post Surgeon David McFarland, of the 1001th U. S. Cavalry, and attested by, and sealed in the presence of, Senor José Maria Farina Cavalcto Mugara del Alhama y Murena Salvatierra Sidonia, Intendente and Alcalde de la Ciudad del Nostra Senora del Conejos. Are you satisfied? All right, then; let us go back to our muttons.) By noon, El Laté had separated his twin peaks so distinctly that I could catch a clear view of the sky between them, and so turning to the S. W., another hour brought us to the Arroyo Veta. Here, for the first time, I was bothered. I struck the Arroyo at an angle represented by the lower limb of this >, and having crossed it, the question was, which was up and which down. I decided that down meant to the right, and accordingly turned that way. Hour after hour passed monotonously, but no San Rafael. The sun finally touched the edge of the plain, and I knew that I had ridden more than sixty miles, and strongly suspected that I was lost. Standing up on Rob's back, to enlarge my horizon, I descried, to my left, the only sign of human life which I had seen that day—a Mexican herder with his sheep. Leaving the Arroyo behind, I rode up and hailed him.

"Como le va Usted, amigo?"

"Bueno, señor, bueno."

"Unde 'sta San Rafael?"

"San Rafael? No sabe, señor."

"Whew! then I am lost, sure enough." Sabe unde 'sta Cañalo Rio?"

"No, señor, no sabe."

"Unde 'sta Usted casa?"

"Poco Sud; 'sta camino."

"Gracios y adios, amigo."

"Adios, señor."

Here was certainly, as the philosopher would say, "an unfortunitous concatenation of peripheral circumstances."

Lost I undoubtedly was, and I had wandered so far from San Rafael that this shepherd, who probably knew every sheep-path for twenty miles around, didn't even know of its existence. However, he had told me that his master's house was only a short distance south from us, and had pointed out the trail which led to it, so I concluded to seek shelter there for the night. A half hour's brisk lope brought me to the casa, a low-walled adobe hut, one story in height, surrounded by a cactus hedge, and with sheep corrals by the side and rear. A shout soon produced the master, and I doubt if all New Mexico contains the owner of a more villainous face than appeared in the low doorway, in answer to my call. Bestiality, craft, greed, and all evil passions had combined, for nearly three-score years, to carve from that countenance the mask of a mingled satyr and devil. However, any port in a storm, and therefore I requested in my choicest Mexican, hospitality for the night. With that grave civility and quiet courtesy which mark even these degenerate descendants of the old Hidalgoes, he placed his house and all it contained, himself, his family, and all his belongings, at my command.

"Todos a Ustedes dispocicion, señor."

"Everything at my disposal, is it? If it were, the first thing I would do, would be to have your servants hang you to your own roof-tree, you yellow thief and murderer." Such were my thoughts; my words were that I hoped the Lord would repay him according to his deserts. Not recognizing the double meaning in the courteous Spanish rejoinder, he called, in a shrill, cracked voice, for "Niñita, Niñita," which was answered by the appearance, from around the corner of the house, of a passable looking girl of eighteen or twenty, who took my bridle as I dismounted, and led Rob around to the corral. Following to see that he was taken care of for the night, I soon found through significant looks and gestures, that I should have to steer my bark for the next twelve hours between the Charybdis of man's greed, and the Scylla of woman's enticements. Having cased Rob of his trappings, rubbed him down well, measured him out a hat full of barley, and shaken down some straw for him to lie on, I returned to the house. Here Niñita prepared supper—tortillas, or corn cakes, tough as leather, and flavored with soap grease; stringy mutton, rank and coarse, cooked with frijoles, or black beans, and hotter than fire with chili colorado, or red pepper, and barley coffee, with a bottle of villainous aguardiente, or mezcal whisky as dessert. This delectable repast over, we drew up to the little triangular fireplace in the corner of the room, myself, with lighted pipe in the center, flanked on either side by the chaste Niñita and Señor Joaquin Ramon de Uznaga Coronado, each with their corn husk cigaritos. (The raggedest tatterdemalion of a Mexican sheep thief has a string of names as sonorous and rescnant as the Cid Campeador, or the Infanté himself. Perhaps it is the exertion of carrying through life such a weight of nomenclature, that so saps their energy and exhausts their strength that they have none left for the more commonplace use of making a decent living.) Drawing slowly and painfully on my limited stock of Mexican, I soon ascertained that Señor Joaquin Ramon, etc., etc., did have a hazy idea as to the whereabouts of San Rafael, opining that it was somewhere down the valley, up which I had ridden that day, and vaguely guessing the distance as from twenty to a hundred leagues. As a Mexican league is anywhere from one to five miles, I was not much the better off for this information, except as to the direction. Then the Señor courteously set in motion his piston-rod, and cautiously proceeded to pump me. "Had I ridden far that day? Was I on pleasure or business? If the latter, did I think of buying sheep? If so, he could sell me a fine lot for cash, with which, no doubt, so illustrious a Señor was well provided. Had I friends in the neighborhood? Would they not be uneasy at my absence? Were they to meet me here in the morning, or did they not know where I was? Were they all as well mounted and armed as I was? Finally, had they any dogs with them?"

May Heaven forgive me for the number and size of the lies that I poured into the old rascal's ear, but I felt that my best chance for safety was to impress him with the fact that I had no money about me, and that my disappearance would be followed by strict search and swift punishment. So I answered him categorically. "I had ridden about twenty miles. I was hunting, wanted no sheep, and had no money to pay for them, if I did. My friends were camped just below, and were to join me there in the morning. There were twenty of them, well mounted and armed, fierce and warlike—Americanos bravos. I was their captain, and they were sworn never to leave me. They had with them six blood-hounds—përos del Diablo—trained to follow my horse's trail wherever he went, and who could scent me out, if I were buried twenty feet under ground."

Having gently dribbled these astounding statements into the old fellow's consciousness, enfiladed meanwhile with a cross-fire of suspicious looks from his rattlesnake eyes, on the one side, and by ogles and sheeps-eyes from the "ojos verdes" of the fair Niñita on the other—I requested to be shown my sleeping place.

My hostess rose, and I followed, bearing my riding gear and blanket into a little side room, about ten feet square, and totally devoid of every kind of furniture, where she gave me to understand, I could pass the night.

She then delicately suggested that as I was a stranger in a strange land, and might feel lonely, if left to myself, that perhaps, etc., etc. Declining her kind offer, I politely bowed her out, and closing the door, proceeded to strike a match, and survey the strategic possibilities of my adobe fortress. The door was guiltless of latch or fastening of any kind, and the one window in the room was a mere hole in the wall, some two feet square, with neither sash nor shutter.

My first step was to secure the entrance. Both my hunting and pocket knives had stout blades, and these I drove firmly into the casing of the door, which was thus held fast. Then, taking out my pocket tool chest, and inserting in its clip the stoutest brad-awl which it contained, I drove it firmly into the side of the window-opening, and to it lashed one of my pocket Derringers, the muzzle raking the opening. Driving a couple of the brads, one on each side of the window, I stretched a buckskin "whang" from one to the other, and on it so balanced a dozen heavy rifle cartridges tied together, that the slightest shaking of the string would cause them to fall. To these I attached another string, the other end of which I tied to the trigger of the Derringer. Cocking the latter, my spring gun was set. In the darkness of the night the "whang" could not be seen. Anyone entering the window could not fail to jar it, which would cause the cartridges to fall, and the probability was, that the intruder would receive a half-inch conical ball somewhere in his anatomy. If he escaped that, at any rate, the report would alarm him and show him that I was on my guard. These defensive arrangements completed, I spread my blankets in one corner out of range of door or window, put my revolvers where they would be handy—not, by the way, under my pillow—lay down and was soon sleeping the sleep of the just. Somewhere toward morning the roar of my battery awoke me, but though I waited further developments, none came. I meant to remain awake till daylight, but the ride of the day before had tired me, and when I next became conscious the sunlight was streaming through the window. Rising and examining the latter, I saw that it was stained with blood, a pool of which was slowly drying away on the ground outside beneath the fatal opening. I felt assured, then, that "somebody had got hurt," and hardly knew whether to hope that it might be the lovely daughter or the stately father who had received my midnight compliments. Opening the door into the outer room, I cautiously reconnoitered, but the coast was clear, nor was there any sign of life anywhere around the house.

Going around beneath my window, I found a trail of blood which led to the corrals. Following it, I found them as empty as the house—Rob and a large "pinto" horse, which had been there the night before, both being gone. Things suddenly looked black. Without a horse I was like a ship-wrecked sailor stranded on a rock in mid-ocean, or like a belated wanderer in the jungle, face to face with a man-eater, and with his gun safely at home in the corner. How many thieving, cut-throat Greasers there were in the neighborhood I couldn't tell, nor how soon one of my late hosts might return with a force sufficient to avenge the death or wounding of the other. Even if I escaped this fate, a successful rejoining of the outfit was problematical, as I had no idea how far or in what direction they were. True, I might, by great good luck, reach San Rafael, and there procure another horse, but I wanted Rob. I never realized before how much a part of myself he had grown to be. Wanting him, only a half of me—*anima dimidium meæ*—was left, and that decidedly the worser half. But something must be done, and that quickly, and, manifestly, the first thing to be attended to was breakfast. Returning to the house, a scraggy neck of mutton and some tortillas were soon cooked, and, after satisfying my hunger, pockets were filled for future contingencies. Then, leaving my saddle, but throw-

ing the bridle and blanket over my shoulder, I started on my hopeless journey. Just as the cactus hedge in front of the casa was reached, I heard a joyful whinny behind me, and turning, there stood Rob on the other side of the corral, hot and dusty, and trailing behind him a broken riata knotted around his lower jaw with that peculiar hitch which betokened the hand of a Mexican vaquero.

Some day, when my tongue is tipped with inspirational fire, I may attempt to describe my joy at the sight, but at present my vocabulary is too limited to allow of the attempt. I know I threw my arms around his neck, and hugged him as a lover would his mistress, and I would not swear that I did not kiss the white star which shone in his forehead, again and again. Truly, "Richard was himself again," and when once more in the saddle, I snapped my fingers defiantly at Greaser brigands, unknown distances, lost San Rafaels, or any tricks which the old jade, Dame Fortune, might play me. Down the valley we rode, retracing our steps of the day before, past the place where we had first struck the Arroyo, until, about the middle of the day, we loped into San Rafael, a little dirty Mexican village, but as welcome to my eyes as the Kaaba stone in Mecca to the true child of the Prophet. Riding up to the station, which did duty as well for hotel, post office, store and saloon, I dismounted, attended to Rob's wants, called for the mail, and ordered a hasty dinner. While waiting for the latter, I made inquiries of the station keeper as to the trail to Cañalo Creek, and found I could reach there, by brisk riding, before sunset. By the time this information was obtained, dinner was ready, and I was ushered to the table. Through the middle of the house ran a hall, with two rooms on the left, and one long one on the right. The front room, on the left, where I had been sitting, was the stage station, and post office. Back of it was the eating room, while the long room across the hall was used as a store, with a bar in the rear, and was entered by two doors, one in the store end, and one in the bar end. Opposite to the dining-room door which opened into the hall, was another one which opened into the bar-room. Both of these doors were open, and as, with the caution which becomes instinctive in that country, I took my seat at the table facing these doors, I could look into the store room, and see the forward end of the bar, over which hung a cracked and tarnished mirror.

I had nearly finished my dinner when, just as I was raising a cup of coffee to my lips, I happened to glance into the mirror and saw reflected there the faces of two men, who themselves were hidden from sight by the half open door. Two men I said, and certainly one of them was the herder from whom I had inquired my way the night before, but the other—well, though the dress was that of a man, the face was certainly that of my whilom hostess, Niñita. They were talking together in low, earnest tones, but the clutch of their fingers upon the handles of their long knives, and the murderous scowl upon their swarthy visages, boded no good to some one—and who that might be was not very difficult for me to guess. I only heard a muttered "maladito Americano," and something about "Paso del Burro," before they turned and left the room by the rear entrance, and before I could reach the door they were mounted and riding down the street. Watching them I saw that they turned off toward the foothills in the direction of the trail that led to Cañalo Creek. They rode in a gallop, and in a steady, business-like way, that showed they were in a hurry to reach some given point. While still looking after them the station-keeper came up, and, following the direction of my eyes, asked abruptly:

"Know them durned Greasers?"

"Don't know; think I do."

"Got 'ny grudge agin you?"

"I suspect one of them has—perhaps both."

"Which un—the moharrie?"

"Then one of them is a woman?"

"Sartin; tell that by the way she walks."

Thereupon I told him of my night's adventure, and asked him what he knew of the two riders.

"Nothin', 'cept they rode up about five minutes after you came in, saw you onsaddling your roan out there at the corral, 'n' sez the man to the woman, 'That's him,' an' sez she, 'Yes, d—n him,' or words to that effect, an' then they rode off. By George, though them ain't the two horses they wuz ridin' when they came; one wuz a pinto and 'tother wuz a dun, and them are both bays or blacks."

I then told him of what had just passed in the barroom, and asked him if he knew anything of "Paso del Burro." "Yes, it's a durn nasty place on the trail about ten miles this side of Kunyalo Crick, jist where the road crosses the pint of the hill. Thur's a place thar, whar the trail crooks round the face o' the cliff, like yer elbow jint, 'n' 'taint more'n two feet wide at the turn. Ef thet roan o' yourn ain't mighty sure-footed, ye'd better get off 'n' walk when ye get there, fur ef he sh'd slip, 'n' the rock's mighty moist 'n' shelvin' there, ye'd drop about two hundred feet, 'n' 'twould kill ye both too dead to skin. So many burros goes over there, bringing down ore from the mines, is what's giv' it its name, I reckon. Jest 'tother side o' the elbow, and so ye can't see it 'till ye git right on it, 's a gouge in the rock about ten feet deep, 'n' I reckon thar's where they mean to lay for ye."

"Thanks; forewarned is forearmed. Is there any way around that pass?"

"No, they haint no trail, but—thet roan o' yourn a good climber?"

"Climbs like a cimarron."

"Will he foller?"

"Like a dog."

"Then I reckon you might give 'em the go by, by leavin' the trail jest where it strikes the hill, 'n' climbin' up through the bresh across the pint, 'n' comin' out again in the trail about a quarter beyond the turn."

"How's the road from there on?"

"Good gallopin'."

"All right. Thanks. If you'll bring Rob around I'll be starting."

"Are you heeled?"

"Yes, two bowers and an ace," showing my Colt .44's, and my Sharp's rifle.

"Good enough. Luck to you. So long."

"So long," and off I rode, and soon reached the point where the trail reached the foot of the hill, whence it swung round sharply to the left through the "Paso del Burro." Here I dismounted and throwing the bridle over the pommel of the saddle, began to climb the steep ascent. It was covered thickly with scrub oak, and for some two hundred yards seemed almost impassable. Rob followed bravely, plunging and crashing through the bushes, sometimes breaking his way through by main strength, sometimes by a series of rabbit-like jumps. The oaks safely passed, we came to a belt of piñon woods, where, though the slope was more precipitous, we made better headway. Arriving at the summit, at a point which I judged to be directly over the pass, I crawled cautiously to the edge and looked over. Sure enough, there they were, directly below me, and on a little shelf about thirty feet above the elbow. Their horses were standing in the little pocket above mentioned, while they themselves were crouched behind a couple of fragments of rocks, ready to hurl them down upon me as I passed. Their lassos were also unslung and coiled, so that if by any chance the rocks should miss me, the fatal thong would be at hand to do its deadly work. Looking beyond them I saw that the only point at which I could regain the trail was not more than five hundred yards from them, and in plain sight. Could I once reach that safely, I felt no fear of the result, as I was sure that Rob could show a clean pair of heels to any cayuse in the country. If they heard or saw me before I gained the trail, and the worst came to worst, why, there were only two of them, and my pistol hand had not yet lost its cunning. I could have killed them both from where I lay, and felt strongly tempted to do so, but an innate repugnance to such cold-blooded work restrained me.

Withdrawing quietly from my post of espial, I rejoined Rob, and stole softly down to the trail below. He followed, stepping as gingerly as a cat, evidently judging, from my own stealthy progress, that quiet was the order of the day. Halting within twenty yards of the trail, I mounted and rode quietly down. As we left the thick bed of piñon needles, where our footsteps had been muffled, as though we had been shod with wool, the ring of Rob's iron shoe on the black trachyte of the trail, attracted, as I expected it would, the attention of the crouching assassins. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw them, as the sound struck their ears, wheel suddenly, gaze a moment in sullen stupefaction, and then, with a shrill yell of hate, plunge downward to their horses, fling themselves into the saddles, and come clattering down the trail after us. A touch of the spur in Rob's side, a shake of the reins, and we were off, with a lead of a good four hundred yards. The swing of his long gallop scarce stirred me in my seat, and I knew, from the play of his mighty muscles, the throb of his great heart, and his powerful, easy breathing, that he had within him a reserve of fire and energy on which a rider might safely stake his life. At the end of the first mile our positions were relatively unchanged, at the end of the second the pursuers were evidently a little nearer, while at the end of the fourth they had narrowed the gap by a hundred yards. But their horses were on the dead run, under quirt and spur, while Rob was still swinging along in his easy gallop, untouched by thong or steel. Under my knee his heart kept up its even, rhythmic stroke, and the rise and fall of his heaving flank was as quiet and gentle as though he stood knee deep in the luscious gramma grass, cropping his fill. Not a taint of sweat marred the glossy sheen of his velvety coat, and each ringing hoof struck the ground with a firm, elastic "ping" that told of well-braced sinews and muscles yet untired.

Every few minutes the proud head is thrown impatiently upward, and the bells and chains of the gayly ornamented Mexican bridle ring out like silver castanets. He is just growing warm to his work, and his whole body lifts and writhes under me with a sense of repressed power that tingles in every drop of the generous ichor that fills his veins. He does not like those clattering hoof-beats in his rear—he who has always heretofore been the pursuer, not the pursued. Take a firm clutch of that flowing mane, lean forward, and whisper in his ear, in his beloved Navajo—a long, sibilant whisper—"Ississa, seata!" and lo! the red-roan whirlwind is set free. Ah! the glow and glory of that arrowy rush! Doubling his lithe legs beneath him, hugging the ground as though he loved it, small ears laid back, lissome head and lean neck stretched out as though he smells the way, onward he flies like the Lightning Express, gathering momentum at every leap. The piñons that line the road whirl by in a dizzy waltz; the little gullies which intersect the trail every few yards, and which he takes without pause in his long stride, twinkle athwart our pathway one moment, and the next are far behind; the pebbles struck by his twinkling feet spin out with a whiz like rifle balls, and the foam-flakes shaken off from his black muzzle flash past like the spume of the breaker flying before the hurricane. The air, cleft asunder in our swift flight, hums like the humming of the gale in the lee shrouds, and the plume in my sombrero streams backward like the flying hair of a comet. Here, on this stretch of gently sloping ground, the pace becomes terrific. The whirlwind becomes a hurricane; the express train has developed into a red-roan lightning bolt. The piñons can no longer be individualized; the pebbles fly like the belching of a Gatling gun, and the humming in the lee shrouds has swelled to the wild whistle of the norther or the "Skerry of Shricks." The breath is beaten back into the teeth in that dizzy swoop, and the baffled assassins are left hopelessly behind. As the trail begins to slope upward to Cañalo Creek, lean forward again, and coo softly into his ear "Eyah! eyah! itcha balglutlie!" The whirlwind drops to a gentle breeze, the express train slackens speed, and we gallop sedately into camp, breathing peacefully, with not a hair turned, and hardly an extra beat of the heart to show for that fierce burst of speed along a mountain trail.

WHITE EGRET IN MISSOURI.—Jefferson, Wis., Dec. 11, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following note was sent me by W. S. Baker, of Kahoka, Mo. Yours respectfully, W. W. COOKE: I obtained last July a fine specimen of the white egret or snowy heron (*Garzetta candidissima*). It had been shot by a farmer and a wing broken at the tip. He brought the bird to me and I kept it in a cage for about three weeks. It became very tame. I fed it on beefsteak, which it would take out of my hand. If let out of the cage when I was at the table, it would come to me to be fed, and if I did not feed it, it would try to take something out of my plate. I gave the bird to a little girl, living eight miles from here, who clipped the feathers on one wing and turned it loose in the yard. It would not leave the house for some time, and then not until she took it to a stock pond some three hundred yards from the house, after which it made a trip every day to the pond to catch crawfish, and returned at night to roost in a tree, into which it climbed on a ladder leaning against the tree. Whenever the weather turned cold it would start off in a southerly direction, wandering several miles, and then return to be fed. It was finally killed by a farmer who mistook it for a wild bird.

SNOWY OWLS.—Marietta, O., Dec. 11, 1882.—A very large snow owl was killed in Wood county, W. Va., Saturday, and brought over to me. Can you trace them any further south than this?—GEORGE K. JENVEY.

HOLLYWOOD MANOR.

A Reminiscence of the Devonshire Coast.

BY JOHN ALDERGROVE.

MANY years ago my friend Weston and I, having locked up our books and papers, determined to leave our London chambers with their more immovable appurtenances to the sole guardianship of Mrs. Miggles, and take a run into our native Devon for a winter vacation.

Mrs. Miggles reigned over some twelve or fourteen contiguous sets of apartments by the sway of the broom. Never, perhaps, had mild bewilderment lulled the brandishing of her sceptre and poised a wide area of chin on the end of its handle with more genuine effect than on this occasion. It had hitherto been the undeviating experience of Mrs. Miggles that young men take rather kindly to hibernating in London. A legion of instances occurred to her where a devoted pursuit of study had restrained its votaries from the solace of the country until Christmas poultry had graced the kitchen dressers, and the village churches were bedecked with evergreens, but to depart a fortnight in advance of Christmas Eve appeared to her to be evidence of new aspiration in the yearnings of metropolitan bachelordom.

There is no English county, however, more dear to her sons than Devonshire, and neither of us felt any spirit of sacrifice when we thought of realizing some of the memories inspired by her hills and valleys. Of course we were sportsmen; gorse and heather, pool and stream, echoes of the cover and glimpses of the marshes came trooping along beside visions of ivy-clad ruins, towers hoar with age and blythe with "merrie belfries" of broad good will, of grand old houses with halls of oak and breathing of mistletoe and Sir Roger de Coverley, of hearths and homes nestling in the quiet of the "coombes" and secure behind the beetling grandeur of the cliffs.

We were bound on a visit to an old friend of my family, Mr. Richard Bowman, commonly known as Squire Dick, and a good fellow. I had rarely met him, however, as Hollywood Manor is situated in a distant part of the county from my native town. My ideas concerning Squire Dick were indeed chiefly associated with a certain silver cup which he had bestowed on me through a proxy at my christening, a vessel peculiarly typical of the baptismal goblet, it being much too small for appreciable beer, and a little too large, were the bottom knocked out, for a napkin ring. I refer to this matter as possibly connected with my invitation to Hollywood, and certainly not as in any way reflecting on the taste or liberality of Squire Dick, who merely observed the cherished traditions of his country as a staunch Conservative should.

We reached Seaford, the nearest village to the Manor, a few days ahead, as we desired a little independent rest and observation; we were glad therefore to hear that Squire Dick and his family were from home, and that they were not expected until we were.

The time passed pleasantly enough in rabbit-shooting in the under cliffs, in quiet pipes with the coast guardsman, in lounging with the fishermen and hearing of their luck through the starry nights in the channel, and in yarn-spinning of an evening with battered old salts, whose gnarled and furrowed figure-heads would light up with enthusiasm as the charmed atmosphere of the "Golden Lion," loosened their tongues with records of local prowess in war, with legends of the press gang, and the tales of peril, of skilled adventure and lawless bravery, which haunt the annals of that audacious spirit of smuggling which had filled the neighborhood with its wild romance.

Although the palmy days of smuggling were over—for boats built and equipped for the trade, armed expeditions, conflicts with revenue cutters, and midnight encounters with riding officers on inland commons were things of the past—still there were vestiges enough remaining to satisfy any trustworthy gentleman as to the quality of white brandy, and to furnish food for reflection on ingenuity which often baffled the coastguard. It was by no means impossible then to meet men who, wearying of domestic industry, sought to vary existence by a contraband flirtation with Madame Cherbourg. There was old Ayers, for instance; now everybody knew that a few lobster-pots and a share in a scine and a boat or two could never have placed old Sam in possession of "Ayers's Terrace," and "Jasmine Villa," and "Honeysuckle Cottage," all of them baited with the newest paint and severest stucco, and awaiting the nibbles of fagged humanity when it should shun the cities for the healing air of Seaford. His own cottage, half way between the village and Hollywood, was a snuggery in its way, hiding in a nook by the road on the cliff, and facing a cleft down which a steep dangerous path zigzagged to the rocks on the beach.

Then there was Agnes, the old man's daughter, who had been sent to a boarding school and had inspired many a swain with aspirations to heroism. Beautiful Agnes, as they called her. I fully admit that Agnes was a comely girl; from personal observation I remember that billows of brown hair, tresses natural and exuberant, and free from shaggy whisps and rusty ends, formed the background to pleasing features lit up by the tints of health and flashes of vivacity which the surroundings of her home were likely to diffuse. Yet the beauty of this breezy nymph became irksome to me. Weston was enslaved, and not content with trying to outsigh the surf during prolonged and violent exercise in the hope of seeing his enchantress, he seized every opportunity for descanting on her charms; he had assured me that she was "a poem incarnate born of a goddess in a grotto," so it was unnecessary for him to be always tinkering the young woman's flesh and blood into the commonplace mosaics of shell-like ears and ruby lips, of teeth of pearl and coral tints.

Shortly, however, the return of Squire Dick brought us to Hollywood. The open approach to the house was through an avenue of fine old lingering trees, whose skeletons tapered into ancient characters written against the winter sky, as though describing weird title deeds, on which the ragged nests of rooks seemed set like ghostly seals. Carved figures, gray with moss, quadrupeds whose claws were clipped and features blurred with the wear of centuries were couchant on the sturdy pillars of the gateway, and seemed to be winking the remnants of their eyes at shadows down the corridors of Time. What an elysium for bats lurked about the crannies by the chimneys and the gables and the angles of the roofing—what a paradise for owls among the nooks and hollows of the ivy-hooded windows. The past charged the scene, and fancy forced the pavement to clatter with the hoofs of phantom palfreys and the covers to echo with the tongues of spectre hounds.

Now through an interval in the trees we had a view of the valley—a sight to charm the sportsman's soul. Down

at our feet were meadows, from whose hazel-capped hedges lusty hares are still seasonably dethroned by spaniels to skim the ground before contesting greyhounds. Here, too, were winding waters with tempting nooks and holes, where "partridge hackle" and "blue dun" yet levy heavily on April trout, and where not infrequently a kingly salmon succumbs to the gentle overtures of a subtle wrist. On these banks the ancient sport of otter hunting obtains to-day, and fine veterans live who know no pleasure like that afforded by a pack of black and tans—no triumph of the chase equal to the spearing of the "brigand of the stream." Away in the distance smoke curled up among the trees from a sturdy parsonage, whose genial master, at home alike in the pulpit and the pigskin, ministered to the spiritual health of his parishioners at the head of his loyal congregation, and to their bodily health at the head of a plucky pack of harriers. Patches of coppice everywhere. Further inland were furze-covered commons over which the deep-mouthed dogs from Bicton led the scarlet jackets and dark green habits of the fox hunt.

Our pulses quicken, our nerves tingle as memory lingers on the boundiug jubilee of "Full cry!" What magic strain can touch the sportsman's heart like the music of the hounds as it is borne over the heather—what orchestra or choir can breathe such numbers, when like mystic forest bells, it peals the glory of the chase through woodland in a valley! Further still, on the horizon, were hills which pointed far away toward the northern part of the county, where romantic solitudes insure the angler's paradise, and wild red deer yield noble sport on the weird wastes of Dartmoor.

But the clamped and studded door was opened to us, and we passed in through the hall, an armory of relics—impotent guns, fantastic swords, and ponderous spurs, pikes and spears, halberds and habergeons, casques and crossbows, and such engines, lined the walls of the library, where we found genial Squire Dick and his wife, who warmly welcomed us. The heartiness of the English country house was no more genuine when barons of beef and pond-like tankards were its massive tokens than it is to-day. Its spirit remains as indigenous and unimpeachable as the oak, and few more worthy exponents of it could be found at any time than were seen in the master and mistress of Hollywood, who, without chick or child of their own, were wont to especially contribute to the pleasure of young people. Three or four other visitors arrived within a day or two—Mrs. Bower, a Cornish lady, with a pretty black-eyed daughter, and Miss Jessel, a sprightly blonde; then there was Edwards, a Manchester man, who had been something or other in India and looked as if a good deal of him may have been something or other there then, and jovial Hardy, the barrister.

It was pleasant enough; the boom of the pheasant from the saplings in the copses, and the whirr of the woodcock among the hollies and alders of as likely ground as any ever worked by dogs, followed by the cheerful evenings, the cosy dinners, the songs and games, and occasional dances at home and abroad. I like to think of these things now—they were thrilling then. I doubt if poor Weston ever found his sheep station in New Zealand productive of more fun. Vestiges of circulation possibly never venture to traverse the desiccated remains of my good friend Edwards with more energy than when thoughts of Hollywood are propagated by the stoves and hot water pipes of his den in Bayswater. Hardy, the counsel learned in the law, who dropped his circuit long ago to settle into parochial dignity and shift his steady hand from the triggers of Joe Manton to the scales of local justice and the adjustment of poor law matters, must now and then think, as he surveys the tumuli which bound each gaiter or each hoof, of well walked days in marsh and cover, and of nights well tripped in manor and in hall. Perhaps many a man, on reviewing his felicities, may stumble on a distinction when days of flax and feather and nights of wax candles and white kids march past his memory's inspection. Enchanting times, truly, were these, when the music of the double-barrel awoke the echoes of the woods for them to melt into the whispers of bright eighteen coyly lingering on the arm of brave five and twenty.

Weston possessed the instincts of a sportsman, and as no sportsman would ever leave the covers for the sake of "a quiet shot at the rabbits in the cliffs," I knew, of course, that he was now and then merely prospecting for a chat with the buoyant Agnes. Time flew rapidly. The first days of Christmas were gone—Christmas with its glad festival, its greetings and carols, its boar's head and its mountains of beef, its lusty poultry and its suave punch, its midnight mummers and possets and mulled wine. We would soon have to return to London. One blustering evening toward the close of our visit, when some reverend port had by no means diminished the cosiness which is always diffused by a crackling hearth, judicious light and crimson curtains, the conversation drifted into observations on the supernatural.

"It is proverbial," said Edward, "that the seaside is prolific of the mysterious; the voices of the waves seem potent in conjuring spirits which find fitting quarters in the wild scenery of the coast."

"Dear me," laughed Bessie Jessel, "what a weird melody resounds through the caverns and chasms of that sentiment."

"Really," said Kate Bower, "the cliffs and rocks compose for Mr. Edwards a dreary opera of sighs and shadows, with a chorus of shrieks from ghostly gulls and a scenery of cerements in seaweed."

"Mr. Edwards is right in alluding to the prevalence of superstition on the coast," said Mrs. Bower.

"Yes," quoth the Squire, "it will be an interesting game when education checkmates superstition. I know spots it would be difficult to get volunteers from other ranks than those of the farmers, boatmen or coastguard, to visit at midnight."

"Still it sometimes occurs that the nearest neighbors are those who are the less exercised by alleged apparitions, and this always seemed to me to be a nut for the ghosts to crack," said Mrs. Bowman.

"Of course," Hardy chimed in, "it is monstrous that the sentimental cobwebs of a dark age should now leave a film behind them in the minds of sane people."

"My dear Hardy, I am delighted to hear you so express yourself," said the Squire, "for my wife tells me that some trouble with the fireplace in your room will oblige us to place the haunted chamber at your disposal to-night."

"Eh—? fireplace? O, you are very kind; but you are joking, you know," said Hardy, changing color a little and smiling in a feeble way; "it would be a privilege to challenge anything in carnal garb; but, I say—still of course I shall be delighted."

"All of which simply demonstrates," said the Squire, "that many of us who think ourselves proof to these influences or vapors are not quite so invulnerable as at times we imagine."

"How delightful!" chirped Bessie, "I knew this sweet, romantic old place must have something chilling—curdling—about it. Isn't it glorious, Kate, to feel near a real, ancient tragic gem set in a genuine haunted room, dear?"

"Charming," cried Kate, "and Mr. Hardy be sure and give us the particulars at breakfast; it may be nothing worse than a back view of a wailing lady, in dishevelled hair, wringing her hands at a rickety mirror, you know."

"Or a poor gentleman who, having lost his head in the flesh, secures it now by tucking it under his arm in lieu of a cocked hat," said Weston.

"But what is the legend of the haunted room; may we have it?" I asked;

"First of all, Hardy, rest contented," said the Squire; "we won't give you such dismal quarters to-night, for should you escape the antics of spectres, you would certainly be killed by cramps, for the room, detached as it is, has never been opened in my time. The locks are rusted and the windows are barred as they were at my advent, and I shall leave them so for whoever may come after me. If ghost there be I have never violated its taste by meddling with the cobwebs and the mildew of its bower. But some of you have heard of Dame Rosamond's Rock? No? Well, its history is shortly told, and if its character has been established by fiction the treacheries of the imagination have worked powerfully with the people, for I have seen men who well understood the handling of boarding-pike and cutlass, whose teeth have chattered all after a nocturnal view of it. It lies on the beach about half way between this place and Seaford. As you double the cliff and go along the path in the undercliffs, its size will distinguish it; you see a flat surface, about a quarter of an acre or more, easily accessible from either side between the crags and boulders on the beach; but with a sharp shelf toward the sea, which overhangs a deep hollow at its base kept full by the tide. It is a lonesome place, and the juttings of the cliffs cut off the view of any habitation from the coast; the solitary house of old Sam Ayers, in a sheltered dip on the cliffs, is of course invisible from the beach. Now the tragic end of poor Rosamond has shadowed the rock with her history, and the haunted room was her chamber. Giles Bowman was the grandson of that Humphrey who croaked with Cromwell; and inheriting fanaticism from Humphrey, Giles supplemented it with ferocity of his own. Cant and brutality are weeds which frequently thrive in the same soil, and their combined properties have often insured horrors to families, and ghosts of tradition. Rosamond, without a living relative, and poor and young and beautiful, married Giles shortly after he buried his first wife, who left a son. I am happy to say, or I don't see how I should be here to-night. All the brightness of life was destroyed for poor Rosamond by the morose and self-righteous ruffian to whom she was sacrificed. Her spirit was 'unseemly behavior,' her wit was 'profitless jargon,' her beauty was a 'satanic snare enmeshing her to earth.' If she smiled it was 'levity,' if she laughed she awoke the 'echoes of imps.' Groundless jealousies arose; hardship was increased and heaped upon her; injustice, the whole code in fact of supreme cruelty, which hypocrisy prescribes under the symbols of religious zeal, was visited on its victim. The old chamber up-stairs was her refuge and prison; in it she became a mother, and from it some months after she stole with her child into the starlight of a winter night. Some men who had been merrymaking and who were going home late were greatly terrified by a figure they saw hurrying toward the rocks, a female figure in light raiment, which pressed something closely to its bosom, and as it kept quickly on its course by the aid of a pendent lantern, a strange and mournful chant—a dirge poured from its lips in tones of heart-stirring sadness. The next day Dame Rosamond was missing; the story of the vision seen by the men reached Hollywood, the coast was scoured, and the bodies of the poor lady and her infant were found in the trough below the surface of the rock—the child in the strong grip of its mother with its hand entangled in her hair and hidden with it by shells and sand. Thus died poor Rosamond, and you will see that according to the generally accepted conditions of the supernatural there are some data for the stories of the villagers and the terrors of the servants' hall."

"I declare, Mr. Bowman," said Bessie, "this legend is plainly true and exasperating; for the justice of fiction would have contrived the undoing of the good Giles, have made him roam the beach in fits of remorse, and have tripped him into the sea by one of those juicy fronds of weed which play orange peel on the boulders."

"In order that his saintly shade may have risen and fallen with the tide for a few centuries," said Kate; "but I am glad that the room of his tortured wife is shut up; there was little to endear her to it in life, and therefore as an orthodox phantom she should be wildly attached to it now."

"Ah, it is all very well," Edwards exclaimed in a foggy way; "but how do you account for the numberless records, the universal impressions as to spirits? Of course though—that is, there is no knowing—I mean who knows, you know?"

The next morning the party broke up, all the visitors left except Weston and I, and we remained over the following day to dine with two or three young fellows, late pupils of jolly Dr. Hambiyn Hill of Seaford, who were down from the hospitals for the holidays, and were spending a day or two with their old tutor. The Doctor's hospitality and sterling humor drew us quickly through a long evening; it must have been near midnight when we left his door to walk back to Hollywood.

It was a sharp, moonless night, and the stars were blurred with halos of mist; still there was light enough for us to find our way, as we turned up our coat collars and followed the path in the undercliffs. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the waves were only heard as they now and then flung themselves in flirts upon the pebbles. This dreary stillness was in no way relieved by the warbling of a distant owl, which came tooliooing down the valley from the ancient elms around Seaford church, until it was muffled by the rising cliff. Here the tackling of a flagstaff loomed against the sky like the mast of a spectre ship, and told us of the last house in the village; soon, too, we passed the murky fishing boats, which looked like monsters sleeping on the sand, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the denser solitude of the rocks. I do not remember that we were conversing much; perhaps we were influenced somewhat by the hour and place, and were content with reflection and our cigars; we must have been half way back to Hollywood.

"Hark!" cried Weston, as he halted a little in advance of me.

A voice was floating about the coast, ahead of us, a voice faintly rising and falling in the distance as it trolled the numbers of some sad unearthly muse. We stood silently wondering at the strange sounds as they chimed clearer and clearer among nature's monuments on the beach, and influenced us by their weird and pensive melancholy. Still nearer; then the voice was hushed. Weston grasped my arm, and following the direction his grip indicated, I saw a pale light creep slowly round a boulder at an angle in the path about a gunshot in front of us. My friend's fingers buried themselves in my arm, and my breath came quick, as a female figure, fully illumined by the light, glided into view. Draped in a white cloak and hood with a small lantern hanging from the waist, with pallid countenance and eyes cast down, and pressing a bundle of something tightly to its breast, the figure steadily approached us. We stepped under partial cover; this unpleasant wanderer would pass us, it was close—not twenty paces from us, but no, the shiver that hovered over me melted into a glow; the apparition turned on its right, and sped toward the sea. It was eighty yards or more to high water mark and the sickly gleam of that sepulchral lamp kept flitting between the crags toward it. Now I have no wish to depict ourselves as bold and emotionless explorers in the premises, on the contrary, I believe that neither of us had ever been so terrified before. I also believe, should any of my readers denounce excitement under the circumstances, that had they been in our shoes they would have been just as agitated as we were. But we felt impelled to stalk this ghostly game, or rather to hover respectfully in its rear. Presently it emerged from the debris of beach and appeared plainly on a broad distinct expanse of rising rock, the dark outline of which was clearly visible. It stood motionless as a statue for about a minute, then a piercing wail seemed to ring through every crevice of the cove, and the figure was gone. We pushed on to the rock, and standing on it, we could see nothing save the dark sea and hear nothing but the low murmurs of the waves. We walked cautiously to the edge facing the sea, directly below was a black, still body of water, a narrow pool evidently left by high tides, whose shady depths only seemed more gloomy by reflecting the feeble glimmer of the stars.

Did not every circumstance connected with the apparition, every feature of its person and bearing and progress correspond with a description we had heard? Was not the scene of its chilling disappearance identical with the spot described in the legend—were we not then standing on Dame Rosamond's Rock?

No, my fair sceptic, I cannot offer you a mount for a triumphant canter over the picturesque waste of total abstinence; the appearance was no vapor issuing from the cellar; it was not a structural arrangement of the fumes of the Doctor's punch. And you, my metaphysical friend, I can assure you this was no smoke from the ashes of consuming study, nor the withered fruit of sleepless nights; it was neither the creatures of fantasy nor an effect of natural magic; but was a weird and mysterious truth seen and heard by both of us, and by each identified in the smallest particular.

In those days people from this part part of the coast used to have to drive to Exeter, or get there by a public conveyance, in order to start for London, and the "progress" from Seaford to Exeter, if that term can denote a backward move, usually occupied as much time as the journey from Seaford to London does now. We resolved not to mention our experiences at Hollywood, and the next morning, having sent on our portmanteaus and bade adieu to our kind host and hostess, we walked over the cliffs to Seaford to take passage to Exeter by that locally famous chariot, the Bus.

We thought, of course, of the mystery of the night as we looked down through a cloud of chattering jackdaws on the rocks below. As we passed old Ayers's place the charming Agnes came hurrying toward us on her way back from Seaford.

"A glorious day, Miss Ayers," cried Weston as he presented me.

I willingly admit that Agnes looked every inch a beautiful woman, fresh in the bloom of health, and free and piquant as the crisp, clear morning air we breathed.

"How an atmosphere like this," said I, "brings out the scenery; how sharp the grand outlines of the coast appear; they must be the features of an old friend to you, Miss Ayers—one that it would be painful to miss."

"Yes; there is a charm about my home and its surroundings for me. I love the hills and valleys, and the cliffs and rocks, and their old-time stories and traditions."

"Ah, their traditions?"

"Yes," cried Agnes, looking in a queer way at the horizon, "the local deeds of daring and bits of romance, and the neighboring ghosts, you know."

"Ghosts?"

"Yes, of course; but that reminds me; do you believe in dreams? I had the queerest and most vivid dream last night. I dreamed that I was one."

"I am very glad that your looks belie your dream," said I, "we have had enough—"

"One moment, pray," said Weston, as Agnes turned to go, "can you not favor us with some remembrances of phantom land?"

The odd look seemed to strengthen as she replied: "You must not believe me then; not that it matters much now, for although I have fancied myself among the shadows before this and have enjoyed it, I doubt if I shall mingle with them again. This is all I know," she exclaimed, averting an exclamation of mine, "but mark, 'twas but a dream. I thought that my good father had been attending to some final business transactions with a gentleman in Cherbourg; that as he and his comrades were looking after the fruits of their last enterprise among the rocks, it was feared that certain of the coast guard, who were known to entertain a very proper dread of the supernatural, may be visiting the neighborhood and interfering with the rewards of their industry. It seemed to me, so enthusiastic was I, that I played the rôle of the ghost of Hollywood Manor, with whose history of course you are familiar, in order to scour the coast of intruders. You seem interested; well, the ludicrous part is to follow. I fancied also, so tricky are the whims of dreams, that I had received my cue from my father at the appearance of two honest gentlemen who had been dining out, and who were mistaken by him for the watch; it was while apologizing to them for having lured them to a rehearsal of the tragedy and for having left them bewildered and shivering on Dame Rosamond's Rock that I awoke."

The strange expression gave way to a titter, and before either of us could stammer a response, Agnes had disappeared in her father's garden.

Two men never descended the eastern slope of a cliff with a more reflective and humble bearing than did we; it was not until after we had gained the quarter deck of "The Bus," that I ventured to remark to Weston that for "a poem incarnate, born of a goddess in a grotto," the young woman had a very practical turn of mind.

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

VI.—ABOUT SOME OF THE DISTINGUISHED ANGLERS OF OUR TIME.

Though he in all the people's eyes seemed great,
Yet greater he appeared in his retreat.
—*Sir J. Denham.*

IN the long catalogue of honorable anglers are the names of apostles, kings, princes, priests, poets, bishops, statesmen and philosophers—men who made history, ruled nations, honored the church, dignified humanity, and left the impress of their scholarship upon all the centuries. And what they did they did all the better—more wisely, more humanely, and with a higher conception of the sacred character of the work assigned them—because they had the contemplative habit, proverbial patience and gentle spirit of the simple wise men who love to go a-fishing.

It has been my fortune to know and to have "camped out" with some of the well-known men of our own time, and I have always found them as companionable and merry-hearted as the most humble of the brotherhood. If there was any difference in the zest and enthusiasm with which each class plied their vocation, it arose from the fact that to the former the pastime was in greater contrast with the social and official conventionalities which held them more closely in their chafing trammels, and so gave them a keener appreciation of the freedom which came to them in the quiet places to which their love of angling led them. To all such an "outing" was not simply a holiday; it was the unlocking of their official prison house; the lifting of a leaden weight from their weary brain; a translation from work and worry to needed rest and absolute freedom and repose. The contrast between what they endured and what they enjoyed—between the red-tape technicalities of official life and the rollicking abandon permissible in the cosy camp on trout stream or salmon river—is the contrast between purgatory and paradise; and when the rebound comes it is felt in every cell of the brain, in every fibre of the body and in every pulsation of the heart. I knew just how a Chief Justice felt when, coming in from our salmon pools to lunch, he cast himself at full length beneath the welcome shade of a spreading pine, with face aglow and his voice tremulous with devout thanksgiving and exclaimed:

"'Bagone, my cares, I give ye to the winds.'

"Ah! old man, old man, this indeed is rest."

"Yes, my dear fellow, it is pleasant and—jolly," was my response, as I ripped off a piece of fresh hemlock bark to serve as a table for our humble repast.

These ripples of ecstacy; these indefinable heart-zephyrs; these foretastes of a higher felicity, which drop into the soul like golden sun-glints through the quivering leaves of the waving forests, are among the unpurchasable luxuries of the appreciative angler, and come to no other in such full measure.

Vice-President Wheeler is one of the distinguished anglers of our own time. His visits to the Saranacs and adjacent waters were and still are as regular as the seasons. His home is in close proximity to the best fishing grounds in the State, and he has grown up as familiar with all of them as he is with the various rooms in his own domicile. He has been a member of our State Legislature, has repeatedly served his district in the House of Representatives, been Vice-President of the United States, and a busy man always, but he has never intermitted his annual visits to the beautiful lakes which make a terrestrial paradise of the far-famed Adirondacks. When, years ago, he was talked of for the high position which he subsequently filled, I ventured the prediction that he would take no office that would preclude him from these annual visits to angling waters. In 1876 "Hayes and Wheeler" were the candidates of their party, and I was proclaimed a false prophet. But I not only knew my man, but the fascinating pastime of which he was a votary, and the result vindicated my prediction. He more than once mysteriously disappeared from his place as presiding officer of the Senate, and while others were guessing his whereabouts, his more intimate friends knew he had gone a-fishing. His robes of place were laid aside for the garb of the angler, and the restraints and formalities of his office for the quiet and freedom which can be found nowhere so perfectly as in the primitive forests and on the crystal lakes and flowing rivers where the veteran angler finds his most refreshing rest and highest delectation.

Although the ex-Vice-President is as skilled in all the mysteries of the craft as he is in all the intricacies of the civil law, and with all the profoundest principles of statesmanship, he affects the troll rather than the fly, and is oftener seen leisurely floating over the silvery surface of the beautiful lakes than casting in either brook or river. While this mode of angling does not come up to the highest standard of the art, and fails to satisfy the more ardent, robust and enthusiastic of the brotherhood, it is full of attraction and affords supreme delight to the more reposeful and contemplative. Indeed, the most enthusiastic of the craft—even those who fancy they would soon weary of the sport if they could not "cast" for their prey—are often lured by the pleasure available to those who spend the sunny summer days casting along the picturesque shores and among the fairy-like islands of our charming inland waters. Every measure of the oar reveals some new bit of landscape to be admired. Sunshine and shadow are ever busy painting pictures of ever-varying beauty. The gentle summer zephyrs float down from the forest-crowned mountains like heavenly benedictions. The balmy air, as free from the germs of disease and the odors of decay as the mind of the angler is from strife and contention, fills his lungs as full of invigorating elixir as his heart is of gratitude and good will. Those who have felt all this—and all of us have—will not think the less of our distinguished fellow citizen because he mostly angles with the troll, and seeks his pleasure and recreation in moving to and fro upon the lakes, which sit like sparkling gems among the everlasting hills of the far-famed Adirondacks. I hope, when my right hand shall forget its cunning, and when from old age or decrepitude I shall have fought my last battle on salmon waters, to be able to glide gently toward the dark river in the quiet and peaceful and happy way in which my honored friend has so long found his highest pleasure and most perfect repose.

Gen. Arthur, now President of the United States, is also a well known "brother of the angle." He has all the best qualities of the most famous disciples of the gentle art. He is patient, courteous, companionable, enthusiastic and expert. He is, withal, an ardent lover of all that is grand and beautiful and picturesque in nature. As I have said of another I can say of him, in all that moves our sensibilities and kindliest sympathies he is as impressible as a child and as gentle as a woman. In spite of the rough school in which he has been a life-long pupil, his heart is "open as day to melting charity," and his poetic tastes enable him always and everywhere, to see

"Sermons in stones, books in running brooks,
And good in everything."

His love of the art is the outgrowth of his esthetic susceptibilities, and this love will remain with him long after the dazzling glories of office shall have lost their charm, because the beauties of nature are as varied and exhaustless as the munificence and majesty of their beneficent author. The pleasurable emotions they excite, like the eternal principle mysteriously linked to our finite humanity, never die. Than Gen. Arthur no man can pitch a tent more quickly, adorn a camp more tastefully, cast a fly more deftly, fight a salmon more artistically or bring him to gaff more gracefully. I owe to his courtesy the opportunity to kill my first salmon, have been with him in every phase of an angler's experience, and know him to be the peer of the most accomplished and most appreciative of the masters of the art. It has been his good fortune to kill the largest salmon ever taken with a fly on this continent; and it was because I knew his intense fondness for the pastime that I appreciated how deeply he felt his disappointment when, after his nomination as Vice-President, I tendered him my congratulations, he said: "I thank you, of course, but I am afraid that, for this summer at least, it will keep me away from our grand old river." A pastime that could be remembered and spoken of under such circumstances must have a strong hold upon one's affections. I am sure he looks forward hopefully to the day when, relieved of the cares of his high office, he will be once more permitted to pitch his tent upon the Restigouche or Cascapedia and angle for salmon.

Gen. Spinner, ex-United States Treasurer, an octogenarian with whom old Time has dealt very gently, and whose sign manual is a type of his robust integrity and sturdy patriotism, is also one of the brotherhood. Long before his home friends sent him to Congress or President Lincoln made him the custodian of the treasury chest of the nation, he had become intimate with the best angling waters of Northern New York. With him the pastime was a delight, less because of the fish to be taken than because of the pleasant places to which their capture led him. He was a born botanist as well as a born angler, and during his later years he was quite as happy gathering the rare plants and ferns and flowers he met with in his forest walks as in catching trout. I have journeyed with him through the whole length and breadth of our Northern forest, and I never journeyed with a more happy or entertaining companion. While in Washington through the terrible years of the war, he found needed rest in frequent rambles along the Potomac gathering flowers and angling for bass. His office, from which he distributed thousands of millions of dollars without the loss of a farthing was a perfect museum of floral and botanical specimens and of all the paraphernalia which go to make up an angler's kit. And now, at his home in Florida, although he long ago passed the allotted life of man, the same habits remain with him and the same pleasures come to him from these cherished pastimes of his earlier years. He would, perhaps, all the same have illustrated in his life the virtues of an honest man if Providence had not, in addition to a vigorous constitution, given him the temperament and taste of an angler, but the fact that he is an angler we may be sure abstracts nothing from the high qualities which enter into the mental and moral structure of an honest man. May he yet live many years to fish with leaders as tough as his constitution, and with rods as elastic as his humor and as stable as his fame.

Judge Edmunds, the distinguished Senator from Vermont, has been for many years a regular visitor to salmon waters. He has fished many of the best rivers of the Provinces, and is as expert as he is enthusiastic in the practice of the art. Of late years his daughters have accompanied him and shared with him the great pleasure to be derived from these annual visits to the quiet places where salmon and sea-trout gather in their season for the delectation of the angler. One of his daughters was long an invalid, and although she was temporarily benefited by these summer sojourns in the silent woods, she recently "entered into rest." Hereafter the pleasure the honored statesman may derive from his angling excursions will be hallowed by the memory of the heart-gladdening companionship of the "loved and lost."

Judge Folger, the present Secretary of the Treasury, is also fond of the angle. A coterie of genial gentlemen have lodges on the banks of Geneva Lake. The Judge is chief among them in skill and enthusiasm. He has been hoping for years to accompany Judge Hadley, his near neighbor and intimate friend, in his annual raid upon the king of fishes; but he has always had the misfortune to be so tied down by the galling withes of public responsibilities that he has never been able to pass beyond the metes and bounds of his official parish for the length of time needful to make the trip and enjoy the longed-for luxury. A seat will be reserved for him in our cosy tent until a kind Providence shall enable him, unhampered by any special obligation to an exacting public, to try his 'prentice hand on the lordly salmon.

Although Gov. Seymour may not be technically classed among the brotherhood, he has the simple habits and esthetic tastes of the contemplative angler. No one has a nicer appreciation of the beauty and grandeur of forest scenery, or of the beneficent influence upon mind and heart and body of an occasional sojourn in the silent woods. It is a rare pleasure to listen to his graphic descriptions of what he has seen and felt and enjoyed during his rambles in the Adirondacks. Unlike most of the visitors to that picturesque region, he was most charmed by his winter excursions, when the solitude of the woods was doubly solitary, and when the mid-winter camp-fire gave an aspect to all its surroundings as weird-like as it was fascinating. "You ought to go to the woods in mid-winter," he said to me on one occasion. "You will never have seen them in their sublimest grandeur and magnificence until you do." The very last conversation I had with him was on the always interesting subject to the angler of fish food, and the reasons why some streams are so much more prolific than others. His theory is the existence of a weed which attracts to itself and holds, if it does not produce, a species of insect or animalculæ of which fish, especially trout, are fond, and upon which they thrive. This weed can, he believes, be transplanted and should be introduced into all waters where trout are found. A treatise from his pen on this subject would be an important and valuable addition to the multitude of papers on practical themes which he has written. As one of our honored fish commissioners, such a treatise would come within his official province, and form an important addition to our piscatorial literature. Who will say what influence this love of the silent woods and the peaceful repose of rural life has had in moulding and developing the social virtues and pure public character of this unique and distinguished statesman? None of our public men have lived more circumspectly. His declining sun reflects a mellow light and will set in unclouded lustre.

Chief Justice Ritchie of New Brunswick, and Chief Justice Gray of Massachusetts (now of the Supreme Court of the United States), were two of the merriest men I ever met on angling waters. The former, though venerable in years, had all the ardor and enthusiasm of lusty youth, and was one of the most persistent anglers I ever encountered. He cast with the skill of an expert and fought his fish with a dash and impetuosity as exciting as it was masterful. Chief Justice Gray, with less experience and more deliberation in casting and killing, was like his brother chief in his intense love of the sport and in appreciation of the enjoyable possibilities of camp life on salmon waters. Among the picturesque memories of these two eminent jurists which remain with me is this: Chief Justice Ritchie had struck a large fish about the going down of the sun. Failing to return to camp before dark, his brother chief became alarmed lest some mishap had befallen him. Whereupon he hastily extemporized a number of birch-bark torches, and started out to the rescue. The lost chief was found enveloped in darkness, sturdily fighting a huge fish among rocks and rapids as impetuously and as resolutely as if the chances were not ten to one that at any moment his canoe would be wrecked upon some one of the hundred boulders which made the rapids directly below the pool in which he had hooked his fish a boiling cauldron. As Chief Gray approached him with his flaming flambeaux, the happy angler, in a voice which overtopped the thundering of the rushing rapids, in reply to the query, "What can we do for you?" exclaimed:

"Give me but light, Ajax asks no more,"

and, amid the ringing cheers of his admiring rescuers, after a further half hour's struggle, a thirty-pound salmon was gaffed, and these two jolly jurists, assisted by their equally excited guides, proceeded to camp—Judge Gray leading as corps commander of the most unique torchlight procession that ever gave escort to a conquering hero on land or water.

The unusual length of this rambling "Talk" prevents me from referring to several noted churchmen and scholars with whom I have either camped or met in my forest tramps. Prominently in my mind as I write is an eminent and beloved Bishop, whose fondness for the pastime often leads him to the silent woods and crystal trout streams within easy reach of his cathedral parish. His appreciation of the dignity as well as of the churchly and fascinating character of the art may be inferred from the fact that he deems it no disparagement to his sacred office to be seen bearing with him homeward his well-filled creel and the tidy fly-rod which had been his only companion through the long summer's day. If any cavil at this apostolic habit of the reverend bishop, I would say to them as good old Izaak said to similar stupid critics of his own day: "Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it."

G. D.

New Publications.

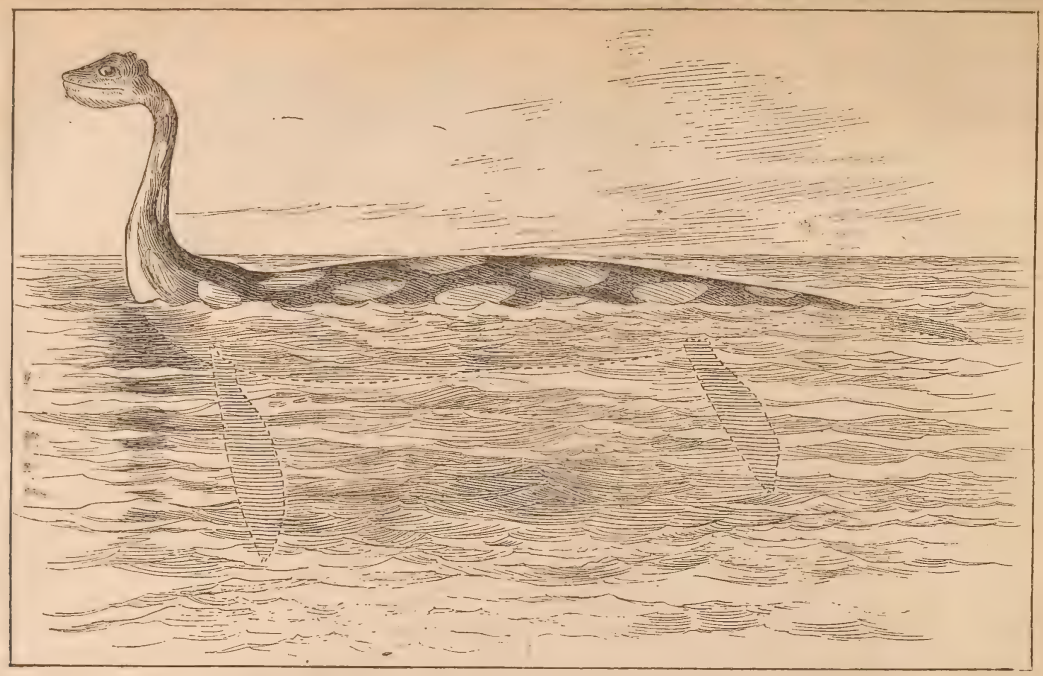
"THE STILL-HUNTER."

In his "Still-Hunter," Mr. Van Dyke has given to rifle shooters who desire to become hunters, and above all to the tyros who have yet to take their first lessons in still-hunting, a very useful book. Its value is more especially to those who are quite without experience, and to such it will, if attentively read, give the general theory of deer hunting. No book, however carefully written, or how fully illustrated by examples, can teach the reader the difficult lesson of the woods or convey to him the knowledge which is necessary to success in hunting. This can only be acquired by long experience. In deer hunting there is no royal road to knowledge. A well written primer of still-hunting is, however, of great use, for it may serve to impress upon the student who is venturing into this new and difficult field of research, the importance of the three cardinal principles by which success may be attained, viz., caution, patience and deliberation. Keeping carefully in view these principles, experience will soon give the beginner hints as to how their practice should be modified by circumstances. Mr. Van Dyke's deer hunting has evidently been done chiefly, if not altogether, in Minnesota and in Southern California, and these two sections of country, affording as they do widely different conditions, have given him an experience which undoubtedly qualifies him to speak with authority. We wish that he had omitted in his work all reference to the antelope, for every word that he has written about this animal shows that he has seen but very little of it, and is practically ignorant of its habits. This, however, is a small matter, a trifling blemish in so excellent a book. In most of what he has to say relative to deer, their habits, and how to hunt them, old deer stalkers will agree that his ideas on the subject are, as a whole, correct. There may be differences of opinion on minor points, but with regard to the general plan of the advice given, there will be but one sentiment.

The author does not confine himself to the simple hunting and killing of the deer, but goes at length into the subject of rifle shooting. His chapter on Long-Range Shooting at Game is a most excellent one, and his ridicule of the too common habit of boa ting about long shots made at game is severe and telling. People do undoubtedly make long shots occasionally; the only question is whether such shots are regarded as a test of skill or simply as accidents. We have perhaps hunted and killed as much big game as most men, and have in our time made a good many long shots, but at the same time we always think that we are doing pretty well when we kill, standing, deer or an antelope or an elk at one hundred yards, and we do not profess to be sure at anything over that distance. It is not so much the difficulty of holding on as it is of judging the distance. It is there that almost everyone fails.

The chapters on the Effect of Recoil upon Shooting, the Killing Power of Bullets, the Hunting Rifle and Flight of Balls and the Sighting of Hunting Rifles contain a vast amount that is interesting and that is worthy of careful thought; and while many hunters will disagree with the author on certain points, as we ourselves do, there is no doubt that his book will do a great amount of good.

One of the most attractive and practical features of the work lies in the way in which the author "supposes his cases." He takes the tyro into all sorts of places and into many positions of difficulty, and then very good-naturedly helps him out again, and points out to him where and how he made his mistakes. The "Still-Hunter" deserves high praise.



ANIMAL SEEN BY CAPT. HENRY CHAPPELL, OFF MONTAUK POINT.

Natural History.

"THE SEA SERPENT."

BY DR. W. O. AYRES.

The absurd title placed at the head of this article is used simply in deference to popular prejudice and belief, and that all may know who it is that we have selected as the hero of our story; and not at all because the name gives any true idea of his nature. On the contrary, we hope to show that although serpentiform, he is not snake-like, and while we do not propose to deny the probability of his being reptilian in physical relationship, we allege that the title above quoted is entirely a misnomer.

For many years past reports have been circulated, from time to time, of the appearance along our northern Atlantic coast, of large marine animals, differing completely from whales or any other of the well recognized inhabitants of the ocean. They have been seen by great numbers, many hundreds of people, some of them, of course, not specially worthy of credence, but many being, on the other hand, utterly beyond the possibility of suspicion as to their good faith, their opportunities of observation, or their clearness of judgment. We should believe them implicitly in regard to anything else; should never think of questioning whatever they asserted to be true.

But whenever these same persons come in with a report that they have seen "the Sea Serpent" a smile of incredulity greets them at once. Any quantity of what is popularly called "chaff" is thrown at them; very affectionate inquiries are suggested as to the state of the whisky jug at the time; how near they had got to the bottom of it—"Say, how many miles long was it you thought he was?"—and all that sort of thing; until in the minds of probably the great majority of people, the existence of any such animal as we have above indicated, is accounted incredible. If they are uneducated persons, it is set down as a good joke, something to laugh about and to ridicule; if they are higher in the grade of intellectual development, they reckon it one of what Sir Thomas Browne calls "vulgar popular errors."

The occasion for this incredulity is not difficult to trace; it is not new, it is on the contrary very old. There are doubtless two reasons for the incredulity. One is that whatever, especially of a physical nature, involves mystery, naturally excites suspicion, and we demand proof, and the other is that when in connection with that mystery false and exaggerated statements and ideas have been current for hundreds of years, our suspicions are very reasonably intensified, and the proof must have confirmation strong as "Holy Writ" before we yield it our assent.

Now in relation to the "sea serpent" there is mystery, much mystery. Its tales are all of the open sea; all bear reference to some huge beast seen at a greater or less distance, and seen commonly for but a very limited time—perhaps only a few minutes. No one has ever laid hand upon him, dead, when accurate measurements, descriptions and drawings could be made. No one has ever photographed him, nor made a drawing while its object was still in sight, and errors of the drawing could be removed by verification and correction. No specimen of the animal has ever been found cast up on any seashore, nor does there exist in any scientific collection or museum so much as a single bone, which could possibly have come from an unknown animal such as we have indicated.

Here then is the element of mystery involved to a sufficient extent to justify no small amount of skepticism. Now let us add to it the fact that in the dim twilight of the past it is found associated with religious beliefs, and we shall see that the mist grows thicker, and that lines of exaggeration have spread, which, while blended with truth, hold also so much of absurdity as to make it extremely difficult to separate the one from the other. We all know the

"Sea snake, tremendous curled,
Whose girth encircles thrice the world,"

And in the Snorra Edda we are told abundantly of the Midgard Serpent, the offspring of Loki, whose circle girds the world, and will till the twilight of the Gods, when it and Thor will engage in fearful strife, which will end only when each shall kill the other.

Later still we find in the accounts a little more of truth and less of fiction, but even no longer ago than 1751, when the Right Rev. Erich Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, published his Natural History of Norway, he being a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen, his statements bear such evidence of incorrectness, that they have afforded constant themes for jest, and it has been not uncommon to liken any particular Munchausenish description of some strange object to old Bishop Pontoppidan's tale of the sea serpent. And yet the Bishop told doubtless much that was true, and has left a record of facts of no small value. It is but right also to add that under cover of this cloud of mist and mystery many sea serpent stories have been published which were pure matters of fiction, having nothing to originate them but the brain of some idle scribbler who thought to make a pleasant notoriety by what he deemed a harmless joke.

Add to this one thing more, and we will have done. In a number of instances large objects have been seen far out at sea, have excited astonishment and alarm in the minds of captain and crew from the belief that now really they had seen the famous sea serpent, have afforded afterward opportunity for examination, and have proved to be perhaps a tree-trunk, or a gigantic seaweed, and then on the captain's report being published, have been often quoted subsequently as fair occasions for a laugh at those who are so foolish as to believe in the existence of "the sea serpent."

Now, though few men of science at the present day, perhaps none, are inclined to question the fact that huge marine animals, not represented in any of our collections, but which are possibly allied to some of the cnaliosaurs of the geologically long distant ages, not only may exist at the present time, but almost to a certainty do so exist, yet the popular belief has not reached that point. Within the last fifteen months, certainly not less than four separate reports have been published in the daily papers of the fact that in each case good and credible persons, credible at least on any other point, had seen some strange sea animal of great size, near our coast—two at least of these being in Long Island Sound—and in each instance the editor has seen fit in his wisdom to have a sly shot at the observers implying, doubt of their testimony.

While for those not accustomed to the sight of marine objects, a mistake on such matters might be very easy; and a common and easily understood object might readily seem a monster, and be a source of great terror, yet with those whose home and whose life have always been on the sea we can connect no such liability of error. And most especially in the case of an old whaleman, does the reason for suspecting that he should make such a mistake in regard to anything which he sees moving in the open sea, diminish till it becomes too small to be worth noticing. He has seen and watched too closely and too long every sort of whale, blackfish, killer, porpoise, sea elephant, sea lion, and seal to take anything else for anyone of them, or any of them for anything else. With very much more probability might a farmer be suspected of mistaking a sheep for a colt, or an apple tree for an oak.

And in the whalemen's case the element of fear is not to be considered as affecting the calculation, for, accustomed as they are from the necessities of their occupation to facing the dangers induced by violent attacks on the largest and most powerful of all animals known to exist, they are commonly very reckless of what they "fasten" to, so long as it is "black skin." And I have often thought that if his satanic majesty could make his appearance to an old skipper of New Bedford, Sag Harbor, or New London, in good swimming shape, the first thought would be to "get an iron into him" with particularly little care as to how quick and how hard he might "strike back." Striking back is part of the regular game, and "starn all; mind his flukes," is the word to watch out for it.

When, therefore, such a man reports that he has seen a sea serpent, I know—supposing him to be one worthy of belief on other points—that he has seen, not a string of porpoises, nor any sort of shark or group of sharks, nor a mass of kelp, nor a sea elephant or other large species of seal, nor any known species of whale. He has seen something manifestly different from them all, and from any other object which ordinarily floats on the sea.

And it is because I have three instances to put on record, in each of which the evidence comes from men who had had long experience in whaling, and who report only that which each one himself saw, that I have undertaken to group together briefly and in popular form a few of the facts which go to make up the past and the present of sea serpent lore.

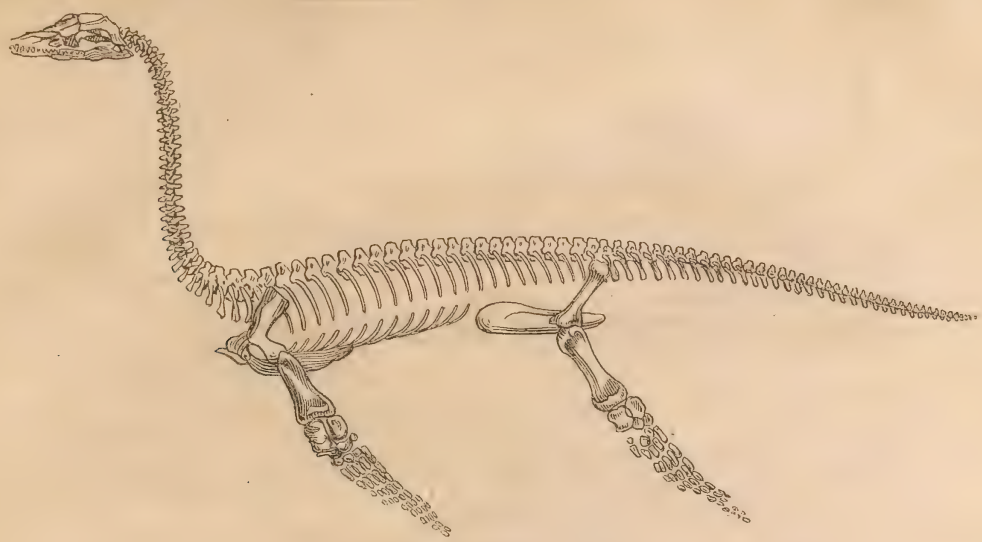
The first record relates to an event of the summer of 1881, and takes us but a little way from home. The time was the twentieth of July; the place was near Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island; the observer was Capt. Henry Chappell, of New London, Conn. I have made investigation sufficient to satisfy myself that Capt. Chappell is a man whose word is as fully and readily to be trusted as that of any other intelligent and worthy member of the community. Were he speaking of any other subject than "the sea serpent" no one would doubt that he told a simple verity. Well, we will dismiss all ideas of sea serpent—call it something else. This is what he saw.

On the date above mentioned he was sailing, about six to seven miles N. E. by E. from Montauk, between the Point and Block Island. They were in twelve-fathom water, with a very light breeze, the boat making small headway. Suddenly just off the port quarter, and a little abaft it they saw the object which we are about to describe, and which the accompanying illustrations are designed to represent. Its distance from the stern of the boat was only about thirty yards. Its direction was such that they must necessarily have passed the spot where it lay, and as they certainly would have seen it in passing, the only inference is that the animal had just emerged from the water when it met their vision, and that it must have come up very gently, since otherwise the rush of so large a body through the water could not have failed to be heard at such a short distance. It was lying entirely still, and continued so to lie for many minutes, giving full time for careful observation; of course the time was not taken, but Capt. Chappell thinks it may have been twenty minutes before they lost sight of it.

They saw a slender-necked animal, with an elongated body, the entire length being as they all judged fully equal to that of the boat in which they were. I have measured the boat, she is forty feet long. The neck was raised and the head bent forward, the elevation of the head in this position being about five feet from the surface of the water. The entire length of the animal was visible, the back and sides being out of water, while the tail portion was slightly submerged, but not so much so as to prevent its being plainly seen.

The head was about three feet long, "looked something like an eel's head in shape, all but its mouth." The mouth was very large, open far back, and several times during the period of observation the animal raised its head and "gaped," opening its enormous mouth, as represented. At each time that it "gaped" it made a gurgling sound, as though in its throat, that being the only sound emitted by the animal at all. Capt. Chappell is perfectly certain that it did not "blow," thus separating it at once from the whale tribe. The testimony of an old whaleman on this point is specially valuable, for it is the one thing to which his attention would most naturally go, and it is one on which in other cases there has been a slight discrepancy. Even during the wide opening of the mouth no teeth were seen.

The distance from the head to the swell of the body was estimated at about five feet; the diameter of the neck near the head at eight inches, of the neck at its lower part twelve inches, of the body at its thickest three feet or a little less, of the tail near to its extremity twelve inches, from which it tapered very abruptly to a blunt point. These dimensions the Captain gave me by comparison with various objects



SKELETON OF PLESIOSAURUS.

near us, as we talked, the neck, for instance, with the mast of one of the boats at the wharf, the body with the body of a horse standing nigh. They represented the impression which the size of the sea animal had made upon his eye. The length from the neck to the tail was judged to be about twenty-four or five feet, and that of the tail to equal that of the head and neck.

The eye was very large and conspicuous; the animal seemed to be looking at the boat, though that probably was an error.

There were no fins whatever along the back or neck; of this Captain Chappell was entirely certain, for he said he noticed it particularly. I questioned him specially as to it, for in a number of instances a sort of mane has been reported as existing on the neck. I asked if there were any protuberances on the back, such, for example, as are found on the hump-back whale. No, there were none; the only thing was that the top of the head was marked by three or four broad transverse ridges or folds, as shown in the illustration.

No "flippers" or fins below were detected with certainty, but Captain Chappell was confident that they existed, for as the animal eventually moved and disappeared, he noticed that the body and tail lay still—they took no part in the process of swimming, as they would have done in a long-bodied fish like an eel—and consequently there must have been means of propulsion beneath. He thought he saw where they united with the body, but he could not be certain of it. The tail had no flukes like those of a whale; it seemed to end in a very blunt point—though it is quite possible that viewed in cross section it might have been flattened.

The skin showed no signs of hair, like the "pelt" of a sea elephant or sea lion; it was smooth and naked, like whale skin. That along the inferior surface of the neck looked as though it might be somewhat roughened and corrugated. There was no indication anywhere of scales or plates.

The color of the animal above, Captain Chappell compared to that of old kelp, that is to say, a very dark greenish olive, marked in various parts with elongated and oval spots of a similar hue, but much lighter. The throat and inferior surface of the neck he described as resembling in color the flesh and skin of a sturgeon which at the moment lay near us, which was a blending of yellowish and rusty red.

The animal, after remaining, as stated, still and quiet for a certain length of time, lowered its neck gradually till its head was level with the water and beneath it, and then started with a steady motion, but quite rapid, directly toward the boat, diving deeply as it did so. The expectation was that he would attack them, and Captain Chappell remarked, "When he comes up next time, boys, he will be alongside, and if he is I will get an iron into him," but he did not come up, and they saw no more of him at that time, perhaps not at all. That night, about ten o'clock, they being not more than a mile or two from the place where they had seen him during the day, a large object rose with a rush through the water, some ten feet above the surface, within a very few feet of the boat, and as suddenly went under and disappeared. Captain Chappell judged it to be the head and forward part of the same animal, though not with certainty.

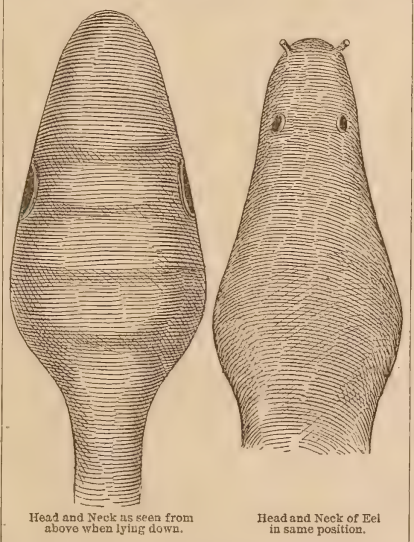
The next event is within the experience of Capt. James F. Smith, also of New London. Capt. Smith is at present in command of the steamer Manhanset, running between New London and Sag Harbor. I know him well and feel no hesitation in vouching personally for any statement made by him, as being worthy of entire credence.

In the year 1864 he was mate of the whaleship Florence, Capt. Stevens. On the 14th of November they were in lat. 48° N., long. 178° W., bringing them, of course, in the North Pacific, about 400 miles from the nearest land, which was the Fox Islands. A heavy gale was blowing, with a rough sea, and they were under short canvas. The main topsail sheet had just parted, and as officer of the watch his whole attention was engrossed in seeing to the repair of the injury. All at once the Captain, standing near him, called out, "For Heavens sake, Mr. Smith, look there," pointing earnestly at some object, broad off the starboard beam. He looked and saw with entire distinctness the object to which the Captain pointed. The exigencies of the service demanded his care on the instant in board and for a minute or two longer. As soon as he could turn his eyes outward he looked again and saw the same object. It was but for a moment, and duty once more called him away. When he could look again it had disappeared.

He saw a large, round, elongated head, supported on a slender neck, the head bent forward so as to lie horizontally while the neck was vertical. As a heavy sea rolled over it the whole was buried, and then the next instant in the trough of the sea the head was perhaps six feet or more out of water. The distance he reckoned at about a cable's length (120 fathom), and all that he could observe, except the general form, was that the prevailing color was dark. Of the remaining portions of the animal he saw nothing, but what he saw he saw distinctly.

Here are no extended observations, and the report by itself is not much, but as a part of the whole it is of no inconsiderable value. It is the testimony of a man who knows every form of whale recognized among the whalemen, has killed too many sea elephants, sea lions and walrus to mistake one of them for anything else, and whose word is good for whatever he states.

Capt. Smith saw a head and neck, different from those of any recognized inhabitant of the sea. The sort of body and tail which made up the complete animal remains a matter of



Head and Neck as seen from above when lying down. Head and Neck of Eel in same position.

uncertainty; but he says that if I had attempted to make a drawing of what he saw, I could not have come nearer to the representation of it than in the head and neck of the figure in which I have delineated as nearly as I could the one seen by Capt. Chappell. That was drawn as nearly as I could get the idea from the Captain's statements, and then submitted to him for correction and for recorrection. He considers that it represents faithfully the animal seen by him off Montauk.

The third instance to which I referred comes to me somewhat more indirectly, but I have no question whatever, that what I report is the simple truth. The observations were made by Capt. Henry Fordham, of Sag Harbor, in 1841. My record comes not from Capt. Fordham himself, but from those to whom he made the statements, and I do not doubt that they described to me correctly what he saw. He was a whaleman of experience and a worthy and credible man.

At the time specified he was in command of a sloop bound from Long Island to Boston. He was crossing Nantucket Shoals, being then about six miles north of the old South Shoal, in twelve to thirteen fathoms of water. A thick fog was prevailing, when suddenly he heard a rushing sound, and forthwith hailed the watch forward to keep a good lookout, having no doubt that some craft was approaching. The sound continued, but no sail could be made out, when, turning his eyes lower, he saw, but a few yards distant from him, the head and neck of an animal such as he had never seen before. The head, he said, was very large, he thought three feet and more long, with a very conspicuous eye, which looked "ugly." The head was bent forward, supported on a neck much smaller than itself. The neck was round, erect, and carried the head about four feet above the water, which at the time was very smooth. The color was dark. No mention was made of any fin or "mane" on the head or neck. The sloop was making but slow headway—only about two knots; the animal was moving in the same direction and with more than double her rate of speed, as the water was curling away from the uplifted neck, thus causing the rushing sound first noticed. He turned his head toward them, as though watching the vessel, but swam steadily forward. The body was submerged so as not to be distinctly visible, but from the wake made Capt. Fordham judged he had no tail-flukes, and as there was no sign of undulations, he must have been propelled by paddles beneath. When the lookout forward hailed that the animal's head was right opposite to him, the tail, indistinctly seen, was believed to be even with the taffrail. This would make his entire length sixty to sixty-five feet.

Taking fright apparently at some noise on board he gave sudden plunge and disappeared.

These observations are not precise, but so far as they go, they indicate an animal which was in all probability very similar to the one seen by Capt. Chappell near Montauk.

These three are all of which I have any personal cognizance, but referring, for the present, only to our own neighboring coast the number of those which have been seen, and reported by perfectly credible witnesses, is great.

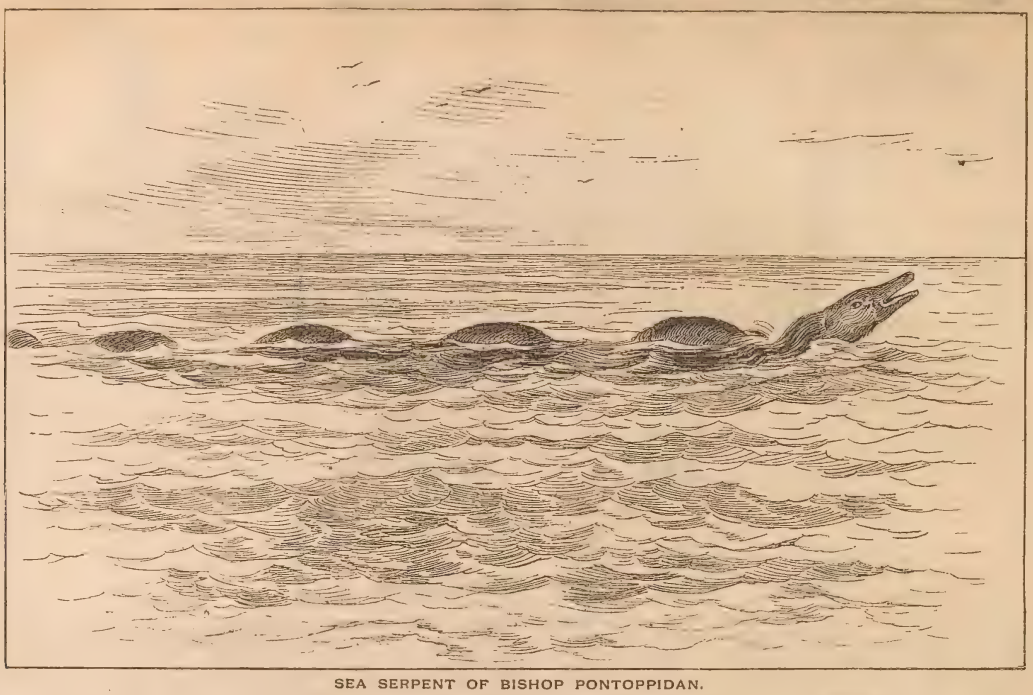
In 1780, Geo. Little, commander of the frigate Boston, saw one in Broad Bay, near Muscongus Island, and chased him in his cutter, but when they had approached within about 100 feet and the marines were about to fire on him, he dove and disappeared. He was not less than forty-five to fifty feet long, with a snake-like body, and carried his head four or five feet above the water.

Rev. Abraham Cummings saw one in Penobscot Bay in 1802, as reported to the Hon. John Q. Adams, secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He says that "the head was rather larger than that of a horse, but formed more like that of a serpent," the head and neck raised above the water, color blue with a black ring around the eye, form snake-like, length not less than sixty feet. He saw him at a distance of ten rods.

In 1817 one was seen for a number of days in Gloucester Harbor, by many hundreds of people. Fortunately one of these was Col. Thomas H. Perkins of Boston, a man whose standing renders perfectly absurd the thought of questioning his veracity. He published his observations in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of Nov. 25, 1848, doing it then because of the report made at that time by Capt. McQuhal of the British Navy. Col. Perkins saw, with a fine glass, at the distance of a third to half a mile an animal of snake-like form, about a hundred feet long, of a chocolate color, with the head flat in the water (though he says that Capt. Tappan, a man well known to him, saw the animal swimming with the head raised two to three feet above the water) and that its motion was "evidently the vertical movement of the caterpillar."

In 1819 Mr. Samuel Cabot saw a similar animal near Nahant, which he described in a letter to his friend, Col. Perkins, dated Aug. 19. The social standing of Mr. Cabot gives equal value to his assertions with that recorded above. To suspect either of the two of a hoax or a false statement is simply ridiculous. Mr. Cabot says he saw "an object emerging from the water at the distance of about one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards, which gave to my mind at the first glance the idea of a horse's head. As my eye ranged along I perceived at a short distance eight or ten regular protuberances, and at a short interval three or four more." The head was elevated about two feet above the water. The length of the animal, he judged, by comparison with a whaleboat near it, to be not less than eighty feet.

June 6, 1819, Capt. Hawkins Wheeler, of Fairfield, Conn., in the sloop Concord, saw, fifteen miles N. W. of Race Point, an animal, to the published account of which he, with his mate, Gershom Bennett, also of Fairfield, made affidavit, before Theodore Eames, justice of the peace. "The creature was entirely black, the head, which perfectly resembled a snake's, was elevated from four to seven feet above the surface of the water, and his back appeared to be composed of bunches of humps, apparently about as large as a half barrel. I think I saw as many as ten or twelve. I considered them to be caused by the undulatory motion of the animal." "The surface appeared to be smooth, without scales—his head was a proper snake's head



SEA SERPENT OF BISHOP PONTOPPIDAN.

—there was a degree of flatness, with a slight hollow on the top of his head; the eyes were prominent and stood out considerably from the surface, resembling in that respect the eyes of a toad. I had a full view of him for seven or eight minutes."

May 11, 1833, five officers of the British army, Capt Sullivan, Lieuts. Maclachan and Lyster, Ensign Malcolm, and Ordnance Storekeeper Ince, saw between Halifax and Mahone Bay, perhaps twenty miles off the land, "the head and neck of some denizen of the deep, precisely like those of a common snake in the act of swimming, the head so far elevated and thrown forward by the curve of the neck as to enable us to see the water under and beyond it. There could be no mistake, no delusion, and we were all satisfied that we had been favored with a view of the 'true and veritable sea serpent' which had been generally considered to have existed in the brain of some 'Yankee skipper.' The head of the creature we set down at about six feet in length, and that portion of the neck which we saw at the same; the extreme length we judged at between eighty and one hundred feet; the neck in thickness equalled the bole of a moderate sized tree; the head and neck of a dark brown or nearly black color, streaked with white in irregular streaks."

All of these, with the exception of the one seen by Capt. Smith in the North Pacific, have occurred on the coast of New England and Nova Scotia. They are attested in such a manner and to such a degree that if they pertained to any other subject, they would not only demand, but compel credence. I doubt if it would be possible to bring any more convincing proof at the present time that Major André was taken as a spy and was executed as a spy, than has been here adduced to the appearance at intervals on our coast of huge marine animals, to which popularly the name of sea serpent has been attached. They may be of various types; their nature we will presently consider.

The testimony of Capt. Chappell is more definite than at of any of the others, partly perhaps from the fact of having the various points recalled to his attention, while his memory was still fresh and vivid. But the others all give evidence directly cumulative upon that offered by him.

Passing now to other countries, these animals seem to have been seen on the coast of Norway, more frequently than in any other region, and perhaps than in all other combined. I do not quote the testimony of Bishop Pontoppidan, for it is much mixed with fable and exaggeration, and widely open to criticism. I copy, however, more by way of curiosity than anything else the two figures he has given, taking them from the Danish edition issued at Copenhagen in 1752.

But coming down to our own day, the evidences and the witnesses are too numerous to be individually specified. I will merely cite the conclusion reached by the Rev. Alfred C. Smith, M. A., an excellent naturalist, who published his observations in the *Zoologist*. He says, "I lost no opportunity of making inquiries in Norway of all I could see, as to the general belief in the country regarding the animal in question; but all, with one exception—naval officers, sailors, boatmen and fishermen—concurred in affirming most positively that such an animal did exist, and had been repeatedly seen off their coasts and fiords, all seemed to marvel very much at the skepticism of the English, for refusing credence to what, to the minds of the Norwegians, seemed so incontrovertible."

I will give but one example more, though I might extend them very greatly. I give this because of the rank of the observer, and because of the attention which his official position drew to it and the discussion which it excited.

When the Daedalus frigate arrived at Plymouth on her passage home from the East Indies in 1848, Capt. McQuhal made an official report to the Admiralty, dated October 11. In this report he says that on the 6th of August, in lat. 24 44' S. and long. 9° 23 E. they saw "an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea" "at the very least sixty feet of the animal *a fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was to our perception, used in propelling it through the water." "It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should easily have recognized his features with the naked eye;" "it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour." "The diameter was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head;" "its color a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea weed washed about its back." Lieut. Drummond published a statement in which he says, "the fin was perhaps twenty feet in the rear of the head, and visible occasionally."

This brought into the field the great zoologist Prof. Richard Owen. His article is too long for quotation, but the conclusion to which he comes is that what Capt. McQuhal saw was simply a great seal, probably *Phoca proboscidea*, that is in English, a sea elephant. To this Capt. McQuhal replied with a sharp and possibly somewhat indignant denial, and I do not wonder at it; he had good reason. Not his seamanship, it is true, but his sea knowledge was impeached. He knew the subject about which he wrote; the professor did not. In saying this, no disrespect is intended to Prof. Owen; he has too long stood in the very fore-front of living naturalists to make such a thing possible. But it must be remembered that the animal in question he had not seen, and the Captain had, and what is the chief point of all, Capt. McQuhal was experienced in sea objects, while Prof. Owen was not. I no more believe that Capt McQuhal could have seen a sea elephant or any other seal and described it as he did, than that he could have seen a schooner and described it as a ship.

To what then do all these lines of evidence tend? Dismissing all prejudice, and taking the argument and the proof as we surely would in respect to any ordinary matter, it seems to me that we have found good reason to be convinced and to admit without doubt or hesitation, that at various times and in many instances, very large marine animals have been seen which certainly are not whales, seals, sharks, nor in fact representatives of any known living types, and that these animals while differing from each other, according to the accounts, in some respects, have yet a general agreement. They are of elongated form, have a slender neck, with a head somewhat broader, a conspicuous eye, and are of a dark color; the skin, so far as stated, is smooth, without scales. Mostly no fin is found on the neck or back, no one mentions that they "spout" like the whales, though the figure given by Pontoppidan (and which he derived from Hans Egede's reports) represents the animal pouring forth a perfect torrent from his throat, which no whale ever does or could do—of course the Bishop's figure was not taken from a photograph. As to motion, the accounts vary; some represent an undulatory appearance, but there has perhaps been error of observation, inasmuch as we know no type of vertebrate animals which swim with vertical undulations. No snake would do it, and no fish: their motion is horizontally lateral, not vertical. In others of the accounts, the body has been stated to remain quiet, even while the animal moved rapidly, and the force applied for propulsion must therefore necessarily have been beneath, probably by means of fins or flippers.

Do we know any type which will come within the range of such requirements? Look on the preceding page and see. You have there a view of a skeleton, which is not a matter of imagination; it is a common illustration, you may find it in any ordinary text book of geology. The animal is called Plesiosaurus. He is supposed to have ended his life and history very many ages ago, and yet (admitting that you shorten his neck) if you clothe him with flesh, and request him to sit or rather lie for his picture off Montauk Point, I cannot see but that you may get very nearly an idea of the animals seen there by Capt. Chappell; not that I believe he saw a Plesiosaurus, still the kinship may be good.

The Plesiosaurs were only one group among a great number of giant reptile forms inhabiting the seas and shallow waters of the Mesozoic ages, and though it was long thought that all the types of life of the fossils found in the Tertiary and Secondary rocks had passed away, yet more recent research has shown that that was only a premature judgment. We know now that Tertiary types still remain, and that especially among the inhabitants of deep water, or the open sea, we need experience little surprise at any discoveries of old forms as still in existence.

Now, inasmuch as we know that quite various types of large marine reptiles did exist, some without neck—the head being solidly joined to the body as in Ichthyosaurus—and with every gradation from that to Elasmosaurus, in which the neck comprised more than half the entire length, there seems no absurdity in supposing that here and there a straggling representative may still remain; the species in each instance having mostly passed away, with only a few survivors now in existence. This is in perfect accordance with what we know of the mode of disappearance of types in the progress of the earth's history.

Supposing this hypothesis to be correct, we should expect that now and then, at greater or less intervals, an individual might be seen; we should expect that if they were described correctly, the descriptions would vary; we should expect that they would at times raise the head above water, but that they would not "spout," and that the paddles or flippers beneath would drive them rapidly forward; we should expect that some of them would be without fin or crest on the neck, while with others such an appendage might be found. In all these points we think that the analogy between them and the animals which we have been considering holds entirely good. If so, the term "sea serpent" is, as was at first suggested, a misnomer, though there is now no probability that it will ever be changed.

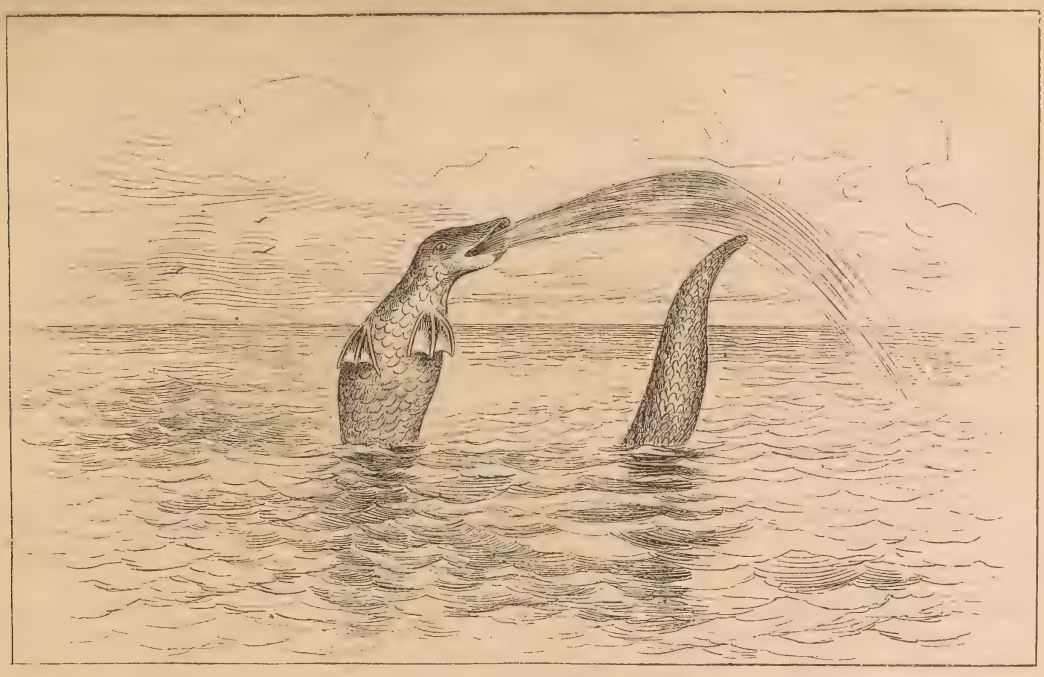
If it is asked why they may not really be snakes, as well as any other reptilian type, the answer is that there never have been any true serpents inhabiting the sea with which there is the slightest reason for comparing them. There are at the present time various species of true snakes, perfectly marine, living far from land, but they are all of small size, three, four, or possibly five feet in length, and no more allied to these huge animals than is a gartersnake or rattlesnake.

An argument against the existence of the "sea serpents," so called, has been constantly urged, and even by so great an authority as Prof. Owen, that no specimen of them has ever been cast on shore; not a single bone which could have belonged to one of them exists in any collection. The argument appears to me extremely weak. Whence should such a specimen come? What probability is there that one might be found dead?

The very body of the hypothesis is that their numbers are very small, thus in the first place diminishing to almost nothing the prospect that one should be stranded. But in addition to this they are slender and heavy, not covered like a whale with blubber, and in the event of death the body would sink at once to the bottom, removing all probability, and in common cases all possibility, of even a single bone ever coming under human observation.

The body of a whale, on the contrary, being enveloped in blubber, is much more likely to float, and yet how very seldom is the body of a whale cast on shore, notwithstanding the fact of their vastly greater numbers. I doubt exceedingly if the existence of even the right whale, or the sperm whale, could now be proved from specimens found on shore, except where their death has been due to the agency of man.

That these animals are not seen more frequently is from their small numbers very natural. And then, too, the ocean is very wide. Mr. Philip H. Gosse, F. R. S., an authority not to be doubted, says that in lat. 19 N. and lon. 46 to 48° W. the ship in which he was sailed for seventeen continuous hours, surrounded by a troop of whales, of a species certainly undescribed. They were about thirty feet in length, black above and white beneath, with the swimming paws white on the upper surface—a very remarkable character. He adds—"Here then is a whale of large size, occurring in great numbers in the North Atlantic, which on no other occasion has fallen under scientific observation." Can we wonder then that an animal, or animals, existing in so small



SEA SERPENT OF BISHOP PONTOPPIDAN.

numbers as we have supposed, may be so seldom seen? Is it not rather a wonder that they come within our reach as often as they do?

We may perhaps therefore conclude that it is not so foolish after all, to "believe in the existence of the sea serpent," while we take from him his snake-like character and relegate him from the domain of mystery to that of being a simple saurian or series of saurians, though his ancestry reaches back to the days when earth was young.

May be, by and by, some lucky yachtsman may have the opportunity of immortalizing himself, by putting a charge of canister through one and thus securing a specimen such as now nowhere exists. Or one may come within the wide sweep of the explorations of the U. S. Fish Commission; no better destiny for him, and no surer means of solving all his mysteries could possibly be asked.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

SNOWY OWLS.—Boston, Mass., Dec. 16, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three snowy or Arctic owls have been shot in the vicinity of Longwood. One was taken as early as November 26, the others on the 15th and 16th of this month. The average spread of wings from tip to tip was fifty-nine inches. Weight about four pounds.—F. LEWIS.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME SEASONS.

A comprehensive statement of the game laws of America will be found in the issues of this journal for December 7 and 14, 1882. Individuals and game clubs are requested to inform us of the enactment of new local laws and of changes that may be made in the laws of the several States and Territories.

DECEMBER.

[With "Iron Ramrod's" compliments to "Dick"—see issue Sept. 21.]

NOW the man with trusty choke-bore
Stumbles slowly through the brush,
And the startled grouse in terror
"Gets up" with a sudden rush.

To his shoulder leaps the ten-gauge,
But the hammers fast are blocked,
And the little swear he utters
Tells us that it wasn't cocked. —IRON RAMROD.

OUR NEW JERSEY LETTER.

DID I promise to write you in December? I could have had but little idea of what that agreement would demand of me, for if there is any one thing that I perfectly "disgust" it is to act the scribe under compulsion or force of circumstances. And what of sporting matters is there to write about from New Jersey in December?

The abundant promise of a favorable breeding season for the quail has not been fulfilled by either large or frequent coveys, and the general verdict is that the season has been a failure. If the number of birds killed is the only "point" by which the matter is to be judged, this verdict is correct, but taking other views of the subject, I am inclined to dispute the decision. While it is true that even our best hunters have reported but few bevies and the birds hard to get, I am inclined to believe that there were more quail in the State this fall than there have been for many years, and I am glad to know that they are still here. For various reasons many a fine bunch of birds has passed the season, almost under the hunters' nose, and been permitted to survive Thanksgiving. The gunner has tired himself out day after day ranging the stubble fields and buckwheat patches according to his usual custom, and returned at night with empty gamebag and a firm conviction that there were no birds. He forgets that the long summer and frostless autumn have promoted the growth and maturity of all kinds of forest nicknacks and swamp luxuries upon which ortyx delights to feed. While dog and man have been tramping the fields the quail have kept in the woods. This is not mere surmise. During the late snow we discovered the retreat of a number of bevies in neighborhoods that had been thoroughly hunted, and where we were assured there were no quail, and we know of more birds that are alive to-day than we had heard of after two weeks of the open season had passed. Plenty of quail next year if we can have a favorable winter, but, alas! the "moon rule" says sixteen snows, Vennor is on a regular rampage, a new prophetic humbug has appeared over in Canada, and the hawks were never more abundant. Alas! for Bob White's chances when all the "probabilities" are against him.

But rabbit shooting in the central part of the State has been unusually good, and in spite of the tracking snow, the supply is by no means exhausted. We notice, too, an unusual number of raccoons, opossums and other varmint have come to grief. That reminds of the adventures of Mr. W. F. Scott, of Hightstown, who took his gun and dog with him one day recently when he went to his work. At noon he heard the dog barking near the Assanpink Creek, and found that he had something treed. A companion climbed up and punched out a large opossum, into the carcass of which two loads were poured. Another punch brought out something which at first was supposed to be a bear, but it proved to be a large raccoon. Scott found he had forgotten his box of caps, so he attacked the beast with a club, but it ran for the creek, into which the excited hunter plunged boldly in pursuit. Finding himself in a corner, the coon turned upon his adversary, and then ensued a fight that was worth recording. Græco-Roman, side hold, catch-as-catch-can, and every other known style of wrestling was exhibited, until Scott got his hands around the creature's neck and literally choked the life out of him.

Speaking about hawks, my friend, Mr. George Robbins, of Dutch Neck, who is quite a pigeon fancier as well as a lover of the forest and stream, informs me that he has more trouble with the little "bullet hawk" than any other. This diminutive but courageous bird of prey, while hardly able to master an adult pigeon, will boldly enter the cote and take the young from the nest. My friend says that after a heavy fall of snow which would close the entrances to the nests, he has captured the hawks which had been imprisoned with the pigeons. Did they go there for plunder or for refuge and company? Dr. Franklin left it on record that he had known tame sparrow-hawks to live with pigeons. A.

QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A writer in your issue of the 30th ult. alludes to the scarcity of the partridge (*Ortyx virginianus*, or more popularly, Bob White), in this, the Piedmont section of Virginia, and mentions the well-established fact of their abundance in the tide-water and Southside counties. In all this he is perfectly accurate. But he goes on to say that the cause of this scarcity is due to the freedmen, who, he claims, "kills the old birds during the nesting season, and then, in autumn the city sportsman goes out with his ten-bore breech-loader and slaughters them, etc." I think that your correspondent is clearly mistaken as to his conclusions, as I will proceed to demonstrate. And in order that my opportunities for forming an opinion on this subject may appear, and that it may also be seen that I am not unduly biased in favor of the freedman, permit me to say that I dwell in one of the largest of the old slave-holding counties of Piedmont, Virginia, where the freedmen are in a large majority; that I am a "bourbon democrat," a persuasion generally supposed to be not too partial to the freedmen, and that I have been all my life an ardent and active sportsman. In conjunction with some friends, I am the owner of several thousand acres of land formerly noted for the abundance of quail, which we have carefully preserved, and upon which no city sportsman has for years set his foot; yet quail and other game are scarcer on these lands than for twenty-five years, and this scarcity is general.

What is the cause? No perfectly satisfactory reasons seem to be generally accepted; but it is a slander upon the freedman to charge him as the guilty party.

In the first place it is a significant fact that quail are more abundant in those Southside and tide-water counties mentioned by your correspondent, where the negro population is in such an overwhelming majority that the districts composed of these counties are known as the "black districts." In the next place, the counties where the quail are scarcest are those Northside and Piedmont counties, where there are so few negroes that they constitute neither a social nor a political factor of much influence. The freedman is not a partridge or quail hunter. He delights in hunting hares, opossums, raccoons, and squirrels, but, with rare exceptions, aspires to nothing higher as a sportsman. He was never known to fish for trout, but is death to catfish and eels. Living all my life with and surrounded by a dense negro population, I have never seen a negro with a quail which he had killed, and never heard of a quail being killed by a negro in the nesting season. I have known them to rob the partridges' nest during the harvest, but never to an extent to do any serious damage, and in these instances the eggs were invariably presented to young master or mistress, who, by signs of irrepressible delight, never failed to encourage the robbery. That negroes may kill quail occasionally on the ground I do not deny, but they never own or hunt with broken bird dogs. They hunt with curs, bulldogs, hounds, terriers, and all varieties of the race of "pepper-and-salt," which precludes all possibility of shooting quail. Upon the other hand, I know white men belonging to the class called here "poor white trash" who shoot quail on the ground, trap quail and wild turkeys in and out of season, and shoot a whole brood of the latter before they are half grown. Two or three such characters in a community do more mischief to game than all the negroes combined.

The winters of 1856-'7 and 1857-'8, were so severe that the quail in this section were almost totally destroyed. By common consent they were not molested for several years, and gradually increased. After the slaves were emancipated, having been previously prevented by law from carrying fire-arms, they naturally exhibited a childish delight in exercising their constitutional privilege. Where you see one freedman hunting now, in the years immediately succeeding the war you would have seen a dozen, yet until a few years ago quail continued to increase.

The most satisfactory reasons assigned for the scarcity of quail are the following, viz.: The winter of 1880-'1 was the hardest we have had since 1857, and equally severe. Multitudes of birds perished, and the spring of 1881 opened with a meagre supply for breeding purposes. Just before and since that period there has been the most remarkable and manifest increase in the number of foxes, a fact universally observed and made the subject of remark by farmers and sportsmen. I well remember when the starting of a fox in the community caused excitement. Now it is common to see them in the day time, and after a snow or rain their tracks may be seen forming a network in almost all directions. There is little exaggeration in this statement. These predaceous vermin now infest the country in such numbers that unless something shall be done toward there extermination this region will be completely denuded of quail and small game constituting their prey.

Such is the opinion prevailing here among the most intelligent and observing men. The poor freedman has his sins to account for, but do not lay this to his charge. No one who has been a constant attendant before the criminal courts of the country can fail to testify as to the freedman's rapid and gratifying moral improvement. Fifteen years ago there were ten negroes arraigned for crime, where to-day there is one. He is by no means the pest some believe him to be, but as a rule is useful, law-abiding, humble and contented, trusting implicitly those who, by fair dealing, have won his confidence. M.

NORTHSIDE, Va., Dec. 6, 1882.

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

ONE OPINION OF THE GRAB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your comments this week upon the wretched mismanagement of the Yellowstone Park are entirely timely, and as one who has kept up a lively interest in this grand natural park I can only hope that your warning note may be taken up by the press of the entire country until the Secretary of the Interior may be forced by a storm of popular protest into carrying out the intentions of the promoters of the legislation which gave to the people of the whole United States, for all time, this greatest of all game preserves

It seems, however, that the wholesale slaughter of the game is not the only robbery to which the people at large are to be subjected. Washington despatches of the last few days tell of the plan to gobble up the entire domain until, so far as the public at large is concerned, it will become little more than a private pleasure ground, into which they will be permitted to come, provided they pay their way, and out of which no doubt they will be promptly hustled as soon as they fail to be profitable visitors to the company who will enjoy such exclusive and valuable rights in the Park. There is an air of mystery about the whole matter which augurs very bad for all visitors, who, like myself, have learned to know and appreciate the grand opportunities which the Park affords. It is bad enough to have a swarm of irresponsible skin grabbers shooting at everything which has a hide to its back; but this trouble could have been corrected. It needed but a few thousands of dollars annually spent in properly policing the domain to have made it in reality a place of refuge and a harbor for what yet remains of the large game of the West. The monopoly which, if our despatches read aright, the Secretary of the Interior intends to fasten upon the Park may be much more destructive to the enjoyment of the resort. It seems to be a virtual turning over this immense government trust to a group of speculative gentlemen who will work the thing for all it is worth. It bears at present every ear-mark of a job of the familiar Washington type.

It may be that all these facilities which the Yellowstone Improvement Company are to give us can best be secured at the hands of a private corporation, but it certainly does not need so much secrecy in the setting out of such an enterprise. It surely is a proper thing to ask just what this new company proposes to do, how far it is to go in the opening of the region to general travel, and what sort of a company of tourists they are to bid come and enjoy the place. There is no doubt that the opening of convenient railroad facilities to points nearer the Park than those at present reached by rail will lead to a large tide of travel in that direction. This is to be expected, and I think that the next decade will see popular enjoyment of this health-giving wilderness such as few people now dream of. It should be the great rendezvous for lovers of the grand and wonderful in nature the world over. It is a resort of whose beauties one never grows weary, and I, for one, though it may be a selfish wish, would be glad to see it remain undeveloped, if that "development" is to mean the erection of hotels at every vantage point, disfiguring the grandest landscapes, with locomotives pulling about here and there, discharging train loads of curious, unappreciative sightseers, who are there merely because it is the correct thing to have done the Yellowstone. No, let us have something of its wild grandeur to remain, where the toil of travel may be repaid by the enjoyment of rare sights and glimpses of nature such as no other spot on the continent affords.

As we, then, to suffer a double loss?—to have on the one hand a ruthless destruction of these grand natural solitudes, and on the other hand chaff, under the knowledge that it is but the outcome of a gigantic job, hatched by disreputable politicians and inflicted upon the patient good nature of the American public? It certainly looks as if something of this sort was about to come to pass, and the only check, so far as I can see, lies in a thorough ventilation of the plot. Give us the facts. Let us know just what we may expect to see when next a much-coveted respite from the exactions of business permits a run to this region of game and grandeur. A discreet system in internal improvements would be an excellent thing for the Park, but it is quite another matter to pass the control over to a group of money-making speculators, who look upon it only as a rich placer, to be exhausted if possible during their ten-year lease. I inclose you herewith a clipping* from the *Pioneer Press* of this city, giving us some hint of what is going on in connection with the scheme. I look to my favorite FOREST AND STREAM to supplement this brief suggestion of trouble with the full story of the true inwardness of this Yellowstone Park grab. MIN-TA.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 17.

*WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—Senator Vest is evidently in earnest in his opposition to the proposed lease of the Yellowstone Park to private parties for hotel purposes, and to-day he introduced another resolution on the subject. It instructed the Committee on Territories to inquire what legislation is necessary for the protection of the Park preservation of game, and if the area should be extended; also, whether contracts should be made by the Secretary of the Interior, leasing the Park or any part of it and giving exclusive privileges for the erection of a hotel and telegraph lines and running stages or other vehicles through it. The resolution was agreed to, and the reference made as desired. Senator Vest says that he will fight the scheme to the bitter end, as he recognizes the fact of the existence of a large lobby intent upon securing this grand portion of the public domain for the purpose indicated; that the lobby has secured some of the leading men of the country, notably ex-Senator Conkling and Rufus Hatch, to aid in carrying out their plans, but that they will find him heart and soul arrayed against them, and that nothing will be left undone to prevent a consummation of these big steals.

WILD GOOSE NOTES.—Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 16.—In your issue of November 16, "W." says "a farmer sportsman in Minnesota" found a wild goose nest containing six eggs, from which he raised birds which he uses as decoys. A Niagara county farmer, Mr. Pomroy, living about four miles from this city, did still better. He has a baker's dozen (13) wild geese that during a severe storm alighted in his yard among a flock of tame geese, and all very quietly marched into the barn, the doors of which were open, when they were secured and wings clipped. Occasionally during the flight a few geese are shot in this county, but this is the best bag that has been made for years.—J. L. D.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Highland, Macon County, Dec. 10.—This place is 4,000 feet above the sea level and is remarkably healthful. I comprises thirty or forty families, mostly from Northern and Western States. Squirrels, ruffed grouse, quail, and trout are plentiful; wild turkeys, deer, and bears tolerably abundant out a few miles. Deer more numerous than usual; one shot a few days ago in a mill yard three miles out.—W. B.

NOTES FROM CAPE CHARLES, VA.

THE season for brant has opened auspiciously, there are a great many birds in and around Chesapeake Bay, mostly young. The weather as yet has not been suitable for shooting.

Captain Fowle, of Staunton, Jim Fox, of Richmond, and myself, all from Virginia, are here waiting for the flood tide, a bright sun and a high wind all combined, so that we can make our guns heard over the decoys. Will notify you later of the sport.

Elkeuny Cobb, of Cobb's Island, a professional gunner, always anchors off this place for his game, there being but poor shooting around Cobb's, for the reason, as I wrote you before, of the oysterman keeping up a constant fusilade against the ducks. Fortunately there are but few oysters and clams in the immediate vicinity, hence the unusual quantity of birds. The black ducks are plentiful, but to-day all the geese rose high in the air and headed their flight due south, and there is not a single one to be seen now. Whether their migration southward is the harbinger of cold weather I cannot tell, not being up on signs.

There are hardly any snipe this fall, where there was a hundred last winter there is about one now. CHASSEUR.

CAPE CHARLES, Va., Dec. 6.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—I have written you that quail-shooting in our section of the country—and I include in this New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland—has at best been only fair in the most favored places. Of course I have not heard from every locality, but to-day took a tour among the game dealers, as we are coming to the end of the open season, and gathered from their reports the following: Quail from Pennsylvania and New Jersey this year have been very scarce; from Maryland and Delaware not up to the average. Ruffed grouse have been scarce, and few Pennsylvania birds have reached Philadelphia. Canvas-back ducks from the Chesapeake grounds—I refer to the wild celery fed fowl—made a good showing at the first of the opening month, but since that time, excepting for a day or two last week, have been rare. It seems that the great body of fowl is now in the Currituck waters and southward. Canvas-backs and redheads from Currituck are coming into our market, but the fowl are inferior and bring a much lower price than Chesapeake fowl. I take it that all varieties of migratory birds made early and more extended flights southward this year than last, the early cold weather in the far North promoting it. I am hearing daily of snow-birds having been shot, and our taxidermists are having them frequently sent to them for mounting. Last winter not one was sent to Krider's. The snow geese have again this year appeared in the Delaware below Bantay Hook, and have been molested but little so far as I can learn. About Philadelphia the snow has disappeared, but more will surely come.—HOMO.

A CINNAMON BEAR HUNT.—Glendive, Montana, Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last week three hunters went deer hunting on Cedar Creek, about twenty miles from this place. One morning they struck fresh trail of a cinnamon bear that had eaten part of a deer that was killed the day before; two of the party followed the trail and in a short time found the bear in a hole, waiting for them. The bear charged on the hunters, and as only four feet intervened between him and John Cormack (we call him Long John), the tussel commenced very soon, and quite lively. John did not have time to raise his gun, and both bear and John rolled over each other thirty feet down a bank. Frank Hardison, the other hunter, dared not fire for fear of hitting John; but the instant they stopped rolling he sent a slug into the neck of the bear, and none too soon, for his teeth were then into John's hip about one and one-half inches. When Mr. Bear felt the bullet he let go John and went for Frank, who shinned up a cedar tree. Then John gave the bear three shots, and he shinned up a tree, and Mr. Bear skipped out. He was as big as a three-year-old steer and very savage. Next day the three hunters surrounded the wounded bear and all got treed by him. "He was a cuss." He reared up on his hind legs, chawed off limbs, tried to get at the boys, and growled and gnashed his teeth. The lads kept their Winchesters hot, and after receiving twenty-two bullets the cinnamon gave up the ghost, and the boys came down. The bear measured sixteen inches from tip of nose to the ears and sixteen and one-half inches between ears. He dressed about 600 pounds and was in prime condition. As all these hunters were rather tender on the feet, it is thought a lucky escape for them.—H. S.

NEW YORK.—Binghamton.—The sportsmen of Binghamton state that they have had better quail shooting in the neighborhood of their city this fall than for many years. Just now, however, the country about them is covered with snow, and fears are entertained the gain in quail will be lost the present winter. Mr. Waldron, of Binghamton, is about starting on a Florida shooting trip.—HOMO.

MONTANA.—Helena, Dec. 4.—I have been shooting partridges and foolhens, high up in the mountains. We find them in heavy swamps of spruce and willow. They feed on the wild rose berries and on spruce buds. They are very tame, and a dog can hardly flush them at this time of the year.—W. M. M.

DEER IN CONNECTICUT.—Plymouth, Conn., Dec. 4, 1882.—A deer was killed about three or four miles from here on the first day of this month, at a place called Poverty Hollow. It was a buck, weighed 128 pounds, and was killed by Rollin Curtiss. I had some of the meat of it for supper, it remains to be seen where it came from.—F. C. B.

LONG ISLAND.—It is stated that the resolution of the Board of Supervisors of Suffolk county, prohibiting the killing of wildfowl from boats in Northport Harbor, is having good results. The birds now come in the harbor freely to feed, and large numbers are shot by the gunners on East Beach.

MISSISSIPPI.—Vicksburg, Dec. 5.—Weather warm here, and ducks and geese not down yet in sufficient numbers to make it interesting. Quail abundant. If my legs don't give out, my hammerless won't grow rusty for want of use.—BURR H. POLK.

BARBED WIRE FENCE DEVICE.—A correspondent tells us that the Pendulous Barbed Block Co., of Williamsport, Pa., manufacture a "fence block," a device to render visible the barbed wire fence.

Sea and River Fishing.

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

VI.

"Before the fire we sit and sing,
Content and happy as a King,
When winds of winter blow;
Employ'd upon our gentle themes
Till spring unbends the frozen streams,
And then to fish we go."

BEFORE the fire! What peaceful memories do these words awaken, what delightful and happy scenes and occasions do they recall! A glowing fire upon the hearth, I mean, or, barring it, a fire of coals within the grate. Out upon furnace and steam heat! There is no glory in bowing over, or before, a hole in floor, or wall, and being blown upon by hot air. It is not like standing, face to face, with a cheerful blaze welcoming us to its comfort and driving the chill away like an arrant coward. Before such a fire we may stand, rub our hands and say, "Aha! I am warm," with truth and good will—before such a fire we may sit and feel comfort, content and gratitude creeping over us till the whole system glows and rejoices. A fire is companionable and seems the personification of good fellowship when the winds whistle and roar without and the cold and frost lay siege to every "coign of vantage" the least exposed to the weather. To the fire in a sportsman's "snug harbor," what charming accessories may be added! First of all, on the rug, or the fur robe, there may—nay, there must—be a good dog (one, at least), and on the mantel, walls, or in corners, we may look for all the arms and equipments, even to minutiæ, that suggest the forest, the moorland, the river and the lake. With good taste in the grouping, and arrangement of all these, and with plenty of books (the very best furnishing and ornament for any room—even the kitchen should have its shelves devoted to cook books, books of references, and Charles Lamb's "Essay on Roast Pig") on shelves and tables what more charming place in the home domain can be found? Even this may be enhanced by a loving wife's, mother's or sister's cheerful presence and deft hand in helping to "keep things in order," and especially pleasing is it if they are in sympathy with the master's pursuits and pastimes. That many of my readers have such a retreat I hope, that most have even such I doubt not, and that all are the better for it I very surely know.

One such room, of several, I now recall, and though to enter it, in imagination, will take me a score of years backward in life's journey, I feel that I must "hark back" and lighten this "blue" sullen day with its old-time cheer.

There were three of us (never on earth "shall we three meet again!") and we loved to sit a good horse, to tramp with dog and gun and to saunter by clear streams. The time was in the "merrie May," but it was a New England May, and so less "merrie" than its old country prototype. The day ended in a cold drizzle intensified by the east wind, and drenched and draggled we were glad of the cover of night to "do" our remaining five miles. Even now I seem to see and to feel the rain and the mud, and our crestfallen guise as we met the first ray of gaslight on the forsaken streets. We were weary, we were wet, too wet to ride, and perforce must plod on. All plodding ceases at length (but how weary the length often is!) and so did ours that night. We left the pave and made short pause in hall and on stairway, and rushed for our several rooms and dry garments.

Fellow fisher or shooter, is not a change of clothing and warm slippers a most comfortable provision of home civilization after a hard "heel and toe" tramp through wind and weather?

After due attention to toilet necessities and luxuries—for the sportsman doth appreciate these also—we satisfied our gustatory desires, and with "summat hot" (beside the fire) at hand, and a goodly supply of 'baccy, we settled ourselves "before the fire" and seemed "drowning in comfort." The sensation cannot be described, but it can be remembered. "The wind blew and the rain beat" a tattoo at the windows, but the fire blazed the more brightly therefor, and the weariness and dreariness of our homeward tramp made our then comfort more delicious and complete.

We talked rather than sang—we talked of fish, and planned excursions therefor. We took Walton, anon, and read a page here and there, and we heard from the lips of one of our number a glowing description of Doverdale and other haunts of our beloved master in the gentle art.

"How sweet, when night first wraps the world
Beneath her sable vest,
To sit beside the crackling fire,
With weary limbs at rest;
To think of all the labors past
That morn's bright hours employed,
While all that toil and danger seemed
Is now at home enjoyed."

Thus might we have sung on that memorable night, so swiftly and silently changing into a vision of the past, and which stands out in bold relief, amid many varied experiences and vicissitudes.

Before the fire! How many tales of love, of thrilling or ludicrous adventure or mishap; how many tales of cheer, of trouble and of grief have been told before the fire! Before the fire men and women unmask themselves and doff the triple coat of mail, and are wont to bask in their true characters. To be sure, it is not always so; but the influence of a fire is genial, and not saturnine, and, like the sweet gloaming hour, hath a hallowing hold on the sensitive and emotional nature.

Of all times and places, give me a rough night and a fire-lit room for the making of flies and "looking over" tackle! While the body glows with warmth the mind flits hither and yon at the sight of a favorite fly, a veteran "leader," or a strained or broken joint of a rod. Retrospection and anticipation revel and wrestle with each other as the past or the future are suggested. The minutes, the hours speed fast away, and still the fingers are busy with feather, fur and floss, with silk and "hog's down," and all the treasures which swell the angler's dubbing-bag.

But my pipe is "out," my fire sulks, and lest my reader may likewise do, I will "hold hard."

"Thus all that is fairest
And sweetest and rarest
Must shortly be severed and call for a tear;
Then let each emotion
Be warm with devotion,
And anglers be thoughtful, for winter is here."

O. W. R.

THE NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of the above association was held at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York City, on the evening of Dec. 14, to adopt a constitution and to transact such other business as might come before it. About forty persons were present, and many letters of regret were received from persons unable to attend. The time of meeting happened to be identical with that of one of the South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island, and this prevented many gentlemen from being present.

The meeting was called to order by President Endicott, who stated that the interest in the association was growing daily, and that it had acquired such a momentum that it was beyond the power of the association itself to stop it. He believed that its membership would soon be numbered by thousands, and would reach from Maine to the icy rivers of Alaska, and from Minnesota to Texas. He was glad to see so many representative anglers present, and hoped that the present meeting would be the forerunner of many social gatherings, as well as productive of benefit to the interests of anglers throughout the length and breadth of our country.

The secretary then read the proposed constitution as framed by the committee appointed to draft it, and after discussion of it by article and section and proposed amendments by Hon. H. P. McGown, Hon. John Mullaly, William Mitchell, Wakeman Holberton, and Prof. A. M. Mayer, the following was adopted on motion of Mr. E. R. Wilbur:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1. This Association shall be called the National Rod and Reel Association.

SEC. 2. Its aims and objects shall be: The preservation of game fish by every possible means; the cultivation of that fraternal feeling which always exists among the lovers of our gentle sport, and the holding of an annual tournament to compare excellence in the use of rod and reel.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERS:

SEC. 1. Any person may become a member of the Association upon complying with the Constitution and the payment of the annual dues. There shall be no initiation fee, but the annual dues shall be three dollars. All memberships shall begin with the first day of January of each year, and cease with the thirty-first day of December of the same year.

SEC. 2. There shall be no honorary memberships, but the payment of twenty-five dollars by any person shall entitle him to become a life member and absolve him from all further payments. There shall be no balloting for membership. The fact that a person wishes to join the Association shall be proof of his eligibility. A member may be expelled at a regular meeting for ungentlemanly conduct at a meeting or at a tournament, by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

SEC. 3. All members joining this Association are considered to have pledged themselves not to take fish out of season, or in any illegal manner, and any member willfully so doing, shall be liable to expulsion.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The officers of the Association shall consist of a President, several Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, and a Treasurer.

SEC. 2. The above officers shall constitute an Executive Committee which shall attend to such matters as may be necessary for the good of the Association, and shall serve as a Court of Appeal by which all questions shall be decided as to the true meaning of any part of the Constitution; and their decision shall be final.

SEC. 3. The above officers shall hold office for one year. They shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting of the Association to be held at such day and place as may be designated by the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the President, or in his absence the senior Vice-President, to preside at all meetings of the Association, and of the Executive Committee, and to see that the rules are enforced; to call all meetings, count the votes in all matters except the election of officers, when he will appoint three tellers, and to have a general supervision over the affairs of the Association.

SEC. 5. The senior Vice-President present shall take the place of the President, if absent, and, with the other officers, constitute the Executive Committee.

SEC. 6. The Secretary shall keep a record of all the proceedings of the Association, and shall attend to the correspondence and do such other writing as may be necessary. He shall keep a list of members and shall notify them of all meetings of the Association. He shall turn over such moneys as he may receive to the Treasurer, and shall issue a receipt for membership to each member.

SEC. 7. The Treasurer shall have charge of all the funds of the Association, and shall pay all bills ordered by the Executive Committee after they are audited by the President, and he shall make a report of receipts and expenditures for the year at the annual meeting of each year.

SEC. 8. In the case of the death of any officer, the Executive Committee shall have power to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

ARTICLE IV.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be amended by a two-third vote of the members present at any annual meeting of the Association, provided that at least thirty days' notice of such proposed amendment shall have been given to each member.

The following communications were read:

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., December 11.

I think one of the first efforts of this association should be directed toward a revision of our State law.

The fish law should be divorced from game, and be a separate act, and it should be uniform throughout the State, especially where waters lie in two or more counties, and the power to tamper with these laws should be taken away from supervisors, and also the power to compel one of two or three persons who jointly violate the law, to testify, should be given; the penalty in such case to be remitted as against such witness.

I would suggest that a committee be appointed to prepare the proper act and try to secure its passage by the Legislature.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

CLEVELAND, O., December 5.

Heartily approving the design of yourself and others in organizing a national association for the preservation of game fish, and the cultivation of fraternal feeling among true sportsmen, etc., I beg you to present my name for a life membership, and herewith inclosed, payable to your order, a New York draft for $25; the sum named in your circular addressed to me, as the fee required for a life membership.

Desirous of co-operating with the honorable gentlemen whose names grace the circular in my humble way, and to the full extent of my ability, I remain very truly yours,

D. W. CROSS,
Oneida Club.

BOSTON, Mass., December 8.

I am very glad to acknowledge receipt of an invitation to join the National Rod and Gun Association, and to accept the invitation. I hope the society will prove a great success, and if one of its objects should be the establishment in New York of a club house, I am sure it would meet the wishes of many.

J. A. L. WHITTIER.

With a vote of thanks to Mr. Henry Clair, proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, the meeting adjourned. Those who propose to join the association will do well to read Article II., Sec. 1, of the constitution, and communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Fred Mather, 39 Park Row, New York city.

ANGLERS' ASSO'N OF EASTERN PENNA.

THIS is the title of an organization in Philadelphia, the primary objects of which are, (1) the encouragement of fishculture in Pennsylvania by the restocking of its streams with game and other valuable food fishes; (2) the protection of the same by a vigorous enforcement of the existing laws; (3) the advancement of the art of angling and the promotion of sociability among anglers.

The necessity for such an organization is too obvious for argument. In Eastern Pennsylvania we have many streams specially adapted to the propagation of edible fish, and the State has made liberal appropriations for the restocking of them, and protective laws, ample and stringent, have been enacted; but because of the lack of enforcement of these laws, the money and labor expended by the Fish Commissioners have produced very inadequate results. It is to obviate, in some degree, this much to be regretted condition of the State fishery interests, that "The Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania" has been formed. It proposes to insist upon obedience to the requirements of the Fishery Laws, by instituting suits for any violations of them that may come to the knowledge of its membership. It further proposes to give all its influence in behalf of the restocking of the streams of the State, and in the dissemination of printed matter relating thereto.

To accomplish these results, will require the hearty co-operation of citizens in every part of Eastern Pennsylvania, and in view of that fact, the Association respectfully suggests and earnestly urges the organization of associations of kindred character and purposes.

"The Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania" will gladly furnish copies of its Constitution and By-Laws to such persons as may desire to form co-operative or auxiliary clubs, or who wish to familiarize themselves with the distinctive features.

The officers are: A. M. Spangler, President; R. M. Hartley, Secretary and Treasurer, No. 1800 N. Twenty-second Street; J. Penrose Collins, Corresponding Secretary, No. 623 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

BLUE-BACK TROUT.

Salmo oquassa.

THE size of fishes is governed as much by the supply of food on the spawning ground for the young fry as by the after supply for the growing fish. To the wonderful supply of insect and fish life in the Sebago and Rangeley waters do we attribute the great size of the fishes in those lakes. In Sebago there is not only an immense supply of smelts, but of other fishes that are the prey of, and afford abundant food for, the trout and land-locked salmon. We have been often asked if we do not regard the big Rangeley and Sebago trout as a different species from the true *Salmo fontinalis*. Some have even declared them to be akin to the *Salmo confinis*, or big lake trout. We have had abundant opportunity to see and judge of these trout and pronounce them unhesitatingly to be pure, unmistakable brook trout, developed by an unlimited supply of appropriate food for the fish at every period of their growth, as well as an unrestricted range in the purest and coldest water.

We propose here to speak more particularly of the blue-back trout as a stock fish to be put into the other ponds to afford an unlimited supply of food for trout and land-locked salmon. This beautiful little fish takes its name from a bluish tint on the back not unlike the bloom on a plum. They are spotted like a trout, and to a casual observer the difference in a basket of fishes would not be noted. But like the togue or lake trout they have only the yellow and black spots, but not the red. They attain a length of about eight inches.

In a box of these fish sent us by Mr. C. T. Richardson, former steward of the Oquossoc Club, there were about one hundred specimens, affording a fair average of their size and weight, but few we should say would measure eight inches. The weight ranged from two to four ounces. Their tails and colorings are very beautiful, particularly in the male, the pectoral fins rivaling in color the autumn-tinted maple leaves. Like the dolphin, their brilliancy of color is lost or fades away with their lives. At the season of spawning, they come up from the deep recesses of the lake at night in pairs, but in numbers countless. The eggs in size and appearance are similar to trout spawn, the number varying from one to two hundred per fish, average about one hundred and twenty five. They run about three weeks, and in the height of the season many remain up through the day bidden beneath rocks and stumps. They are more delicate and symmetrical in shape than the brook trout and have the tail forked. They are rarely seen but in the spawning season. Now and then in deep fishing one is caught with bait in the lake, but as rarely or exceptionally as the ordinary sucker. Like the latter they will in the breeding season take a bait, but it is the exception and not the rule. As a table fish, we cannot speak advisedly, never having eaten them except when taken on the spawning bed. To us they are about as palatable as trout taken under the same circumstances.

There is a special statute allowing these fish to be taken in Franklin and Oxford counties during the close time for other fishes. We think it a great mistake to allow these beautiful fish to be taken at all, as we attribute mainly to them the great size of the Rangeley trout, and we opine that as they diminish in numbers, so will those far-famed trout. Rangeley waters teem with fish life, two or three species of the suckers, red-fin minnows, chubs, etc. The blue-back is to Rangeley what the myriad smelts are to Sebago Lake, and to Reed's Pond in Hancock county. We think this fish can be advantageously introduced into all waters that are stocked with brook trout or land-locked salmon. Of its food, mode of feeding, or habits, much is yet to be learned. Mr. C. T. Richardson, whose experience in Rangeley waters entitle his opinions to much respect, in reply to a letter from us says: "The blue-black stays in deep water in the lake, from near the middle of November until the middle of October, when they come up the brooks and streams to spawn, which almost invariably occurs between the middle of October and the middle of November. The male brook trout visits the spawning bed and prepares it for the use of the females, before the females arrive. The blue-backs go up in pairs, male and female using the spawning beds which have been cleared, used, and vacated by brook trout. The blue-back is not considered a biting or game fish, yet I have caught a bushel and a half in a day, with a baited hook; they are mostly taken in dip nets."

E. M. STILWELL.

BANGOR, Maine.

In FOREST AND STREAM of December 14, I read an article on the blue-back trout, in which Mooselucmagantic Lake is spoken of as the only place where they are found in that region. I cannot say, certainly, whether any have ever been taken in Oquossoc Lake, but I know a large number were taken this fall, and a few last fall, at the inlet of the upper Richardson Lake, below the upper dam, thus showing, without doubt, that they are inhabitants of the two Richardson Lakes, and as some have been seen below the middle dam, they must also live either in the pond, in the river, or Lake Umbagog. They are a very toothsome fish, and many prefer their flavor to that of their larger brethren. They never bite at a hook, I am told by those who have taken them, but have to be captured in a net.

CHARLES A. J. FARRAR.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass.

STRIPED BASS ARE NOT EXTINCT.—There have been reports of a scarcity of the striped bass (rockfish of the South) on our coast east of New York, this last season. The facts seem to be that this fish, which is always with us, and does not appear to stray far from the shore at any time, has habits which we do not fully understand. Its spawning places are still a mystery, to some extent, and its movements cannot always be foretold. A theory has been started that the fish is nearly extinct. The following account which we received from Captain Chalker, of the Blackford Fishing Company, of Montauk, disprove that theory. Last week Captain Chalker saw a school of striped bass off Montauk Point, the eastern end of Long Island, which he judges would cover ten acres. The school was composed of fish of many sizes, from forty pounds down. He attempted to put a seine around a small portion of the school, but the stormy weather prevented it. This was continued for three days, when the fish disappeared. During this time Mr. Harrison, of New London, Conn., happened there with a sailboat and took six hundred pounds of the fish with a "jig," or what anglers call a bluefish squid, hauling them in as fast as he could throw his lure among them, until he had as many as his small boat could well carry. We will say, in this connection, that Captain Chalker is well known to us as a reliable man, and we have no hesitation in accepting his estimate of the great numbers of this valuable fish.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN NEW YORK.—We received the following note from Mr. H. H. Thompson, Secretary of the Bisby Club, dated Dec. 12: "I left this morning with Mr. Blackford a large fish taken from the stream below Woodhull Lake and sent to me by Gen. Sherman, of the N. Y. Fish Commission, who wants you to examine it for identification. It is, or was before being frozen and thawed, a beauty and a puzzle. It may be of a plant of June '79, and what a growth! Do not fail to see and pronounce upon it." [We called at Mr. Blackford's and found the fish to be a male land-locked salmon of over four pounds weight. It had the strongly hooked jaw of a male salmon during the breeding season, and there were traces of the lictic flushes on its sides, which also characterize the males, but which were partly obliterated by frost. This is not the only evidence that these fish have survived in the waters of Woodhull Lake, in the southwestern portion of the Adirondacks, as several other specimens have been taken from there. As Mr. Thompson says, the fish were first introduced at the request of Gen. Sherman in 1879, and have made a good growth. No doubt they will in time prove a valuable addition to the fish fauna of that region and will afford a change of sport to the anglers.]

SPAWNING OF COLORADO TROUT.—Baird, Shasta County, Cal., Dec. 10.—In FOREST AND STREAM of November 9 I notice an article by "W. N. B.," on the growth of trout in Colorado. He says that the eggs were obtained in New England in December. I think they must have been dried the season before, as the trout do not spawn until December, and it then takes them from thirty-five to forty days to mature, which would bring them about the middle of January or later. He also cites Mr. Bogert as saying that the hatching was very rapid, and that he hatched ninety-nine and eight-tenths per cent. That beats anything I ever heard of. He says the growth is enormous, and the fish made spawning beds at nine months old. This is also new, as I never knew trout to spawn until three years old. Then he further says that he had some rainbow trout and did not like them. I have been engaged in fishculture for seven years and have never heard such wild statements as the above.—J. B. CAMPBELL.

CARP IN THE HUDSON.—Mr. Barnet Phillips, the well-known secretary of the American Fishcultural Association writes as follows to Prof. Baird: "To-day Mr. James Benkard, vice-president of our fishcultural association, told me that his grandfather, Capt. Henry Robinson, had, about 1830, first brought carp from Holland and put them in his ponds at Newburg, and that he had therefore reason to suppose that the carp in the Hudson were derived from these. In Frank Forester's 'Fish and Fishing,' of 1849, page 166, you may find a statement to this effect, which Mr. Benkard says is substantially correct." It is now known that these fish are not the true carp, but an uncolored goldfish. They have not the barbels on the angle of the jaw which distinguishes the genus *Cyprinus* from that of *Carassius*. The carp belongs to the former and the goldfish to the latter.

EFFECT OF COLD ON BAY FISHES.—After the first cold snap striped bass and porgies left the waters of Barnegat Bay and went up Tom's River where they were found lying along the sunny shores in a numb condition, so much so that they were caught by the inhabitants with crab-nets and even with the hand. This condition of affairs lasted for several days, and thousands were taken by men and boys.

A KNABE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—There was seen yesterday at Messrs. Knabe & Co.'s factory a magnificent concert grand, just finished by them for the Presidential mansion, President Arthur, who is a thorough connoisseur of music, in selecting a piano for the White House decided in favor of the Knabe Piano as his preference, and ordered accordingly the instrument referred to. It is a concert grand of beautiful finish in a richly carved rosewood case, and of superb tone and action—an instrument worthy in every respect of the place it is to occupy. It was shipped to its destination yesterday. —*From the Baltimore American.*

Fisheulture.

THE OHIO COMMISSION.

THE Chagrin Falls, O., *Exponent* says: "The question of fisheulture is growing in interest year after year. The importance of stocking the depleted waters—salt and fresh, river, pond, lake and ocean—is acknowledged on every hand. But for the work of the National and State associations, fish to-day would be a luxury which could be afforded only by the well-to-do, and still, in the face of these well established facts, our Ohio Legislature has in the past shown a wonderful degree of stirgiliness, to be accounted for only on the hypothesis that its members have not familiarized themselves with the subject and with the wants of their constituents. Prof. Baird, Fred Mather, and other well-posted gentlemen in this field, claim that an acre of water, properly stocked with fish, will produce more food than an acre of fertile land, well-tilled. Granting this, and remembering the many thousands of acres of lakes, ponds and rivers in Ohio which are now producing virtually nothing, was it not parsimonious in our Legislature last winter to make an appropriation of but $5,000, when on by $7,000 was asked for by the State Fish Commission? Many times the amount required was expended in printing public documents which are in majority of cases the laughing stock of the people, which are never read, and which may be found most abundant in paper mills Appropriations for many other things are made with a lavish hand, but when it comes to this matter of fish propagation and stocking, the most rigid "economy" is observed. The Legislature this winter should make an appropriation of at least $20,000. With this sum the commissioners could stock all the inland waters of the State, and make them teem with desirable food fishes, and add to the riches of the commonwealth tenfold the cost.

The work of the commission is admirably conducted, and the money is expended with the greatest care, a report being published by it each year, showing where every dollar of it is expended, and also showing that this department is free from jobbery.

The legislators representing the counties in this section need make but little inquiry to learn that their constituents are much interested in fisheulture and stocking, and that they will fully approve of a generous appropriation this winter for furthering their interests in this direction, and what is true here holds good, we believe, all over the State.

FISHCULTURE IN KENTUCKY.—Louisville, Dec. 12.—The annual meeting of the Kentucky State Fish Commission was held at the Louisville Hotel to-night. Delegates were present from seven districts. The offer of grounds at anchorage about ten miles east of here for hatching purposes was received and the commission will go there for inspection to-morrow. The most favorable results from the State are reported from German carp and 300 applications for this fish have been received during the past two months. As the number that can be obtained from the United States Commission is extremely small, the State Commission propose to build hatching ponds exclusively for the propagation of the fish. The president of the commision reported that he had sent a man to Michigan to procure supplies of Mackinaw trout, and will distribute 500,000 the coming season.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Detroit, Mich.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hooart street, Meriden Conn.

April 4, 5 and 6, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society. Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Kenel Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after March 1, 1882, close December 1, 1882. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Alleghenv City, Pa.

May, 1883.—Westminster Kenel Club, Seventh Annuel Bench Show, New York City. Robt. Cornell, 54 William st., New York City.

THE DOG SHOW AT HIGH POINT,

AND SUNDRY INCIDENTS, DIRECTLY AND REMOTELY CONNECTED THEREWITH.

In one of my former communications, I announced my purpose to witness the field trials, which, it was published, were to take place at High Point, a railroad town in Guilford county, in this State, about fifteen miles southwest of Greensboro. I looked forward to this time with high expectations of seeing the performances of dogs carefully trained for sporting purposes in the field and forest, and boasting of the gentlest blood which flows in canine veins. Having heard of the extrordinary value placed upon many of them by their owners—a value which I regarded as far beyond anything which a dog ought to command—it was but natural that a man who had never shot over anything but the basest of tin cans, should have his anticipations highly raised as to the superiority of the performances of the Laveracks, blue beltons, R. *big a little* I turned Llewellyns (what a name for one whose conduct and pretensions entitle him rather to the addition of B. F.), red Irish, and other famous breeds.

Well, I saw the exhibit of the first day—the second being rather inclement for a "more lookee on"—and though the canines showed careful handling and remarkable obedience, I must confess that I was disappointed. I had hoped to see more spirit and "go" bellowing that a dog with a good nose should have hunted far more ground in the time given than was done by any one of those who were put in the field. Possibly my education in this line may be defective, and possibly I may have looked for far more than any dog can do; but I did think that a good dog should be able to keep well ahead of his master, and thus save much physical strain on the sportsman. My own idea is based, doubtless, upon economy of foce notion, that if there are fifty acres in a field, the man should not be required to tramp over more than a tenth of the space, and this dog should be required to hunt the whole area. If the ground is open, the spaniel can see the dog even at two hundred yards distance, and get to him in full time to shoot as the covey rises. He can, then, in a day's hunt, save him half the walk necessary, where he hunts as assiduously and closely as the dog. Nevertheless, the dogs evinced a capacity to work whenever engaged in the real business of the field. The most of them looked to be rather thin in flesh for hard labor, and some of them seemed to work rather as a matter of duty than because they loved to do it.

I saw some of these dogs of "national reputation"—those accustomed "the applause of wondering millions to command," and, like bipeds of whom I had heard much, they fell far short of what I expected to see. They all had four legs and a tail, and, as for looks, were very like all the other dogs I had ever seen. My party had five "scrubs" with us, and, upon my honor, our Don was quite as lovely as their Don, or Mack equal, except in one essential physical appendage, to the famous Croxteth in appearance. Our Don is not very obedient, for he has loose notions of discipline, but he will find more birds in a day than their Don, and our Mack will equal Croxteth in looks, and find as many coveys besides. Still, I admit that the "blooded" dogs are far better trained. Don cost his owner $10 and Mack $15. Our Branch and Argo cost $35 each, besides express charges. Perhaps, after this season, they may get the "wiry edge" worn off, and be nearly ready to compete in the next field trials with the "staked and ridered" variety. What do you say to that, Brother Hammond?

Now, I must not be understood as undervaluing the dogs which appeared at the trials on the 17th of November. Many of them were well formed, handsomely marked, and, doubtless, capable of hard and satisfactory work; and the necessary cost of rearing and training will amount to a considerable sum. I confess I should like very much to own several I saw, and think I should be able to try their qualities before this season has passed. But when it comes to paying several hundred dollars for a dog, which, at best, can be used two or three months a year for five or six years, I am unable to see the financial wisdom of the transaction. Men of large means, who have no other use for money, may be excused for indulging in the amusement; but ordinary mortals will act wisely if they invest their spare cash in a different way.

We—that is, Tecel, Mud, Jim, L. G., Flea and Wells—had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of several of the sporting fraternity, and trust that we made ourselves as agreeable to them as they made themselves to us. Without being invidious, I must express my great satisfaction in the intercourse I had with S. T. Hammond of the FOREST AND STREAM, Dr. Williams of Mass., Smith of New York, O'Neill of Pittsburgh, and his brother, the genial disciple of Blackstone and Coxe, who lives at Hudson. We all know George Leach long before. With all these gentlemen we spent some pleasant hours, and would be glad indeed to be with them in the field and around the camp fire for many a consecutive day and night. We had hoped that the Messrs. O'Neill would have joined us on our return to home, and shared with us the pleasures of the hunt and the social joys of our tent. They intended to do so, but, as we suppose, were prevented by causes which they did not foresee. Certainly we should have done our best to make them comfortable and introduce them to a section of country of which they could know but little, and which they can find around about quite good sport, remote from railroads, where, in the future, they might have spent many a pleasant day in their favorite pastime, with their Westley Richards "hammerless" guns and their well-handled dogs, and agreeable nights under humble but respectable roofs, honorable in the possession of those virtues in which we are told "the cottage leaves the palace far behind." We all indulge the hope that we may meet these gentlemen again, and engage in a friendly contest to see whether we can handle Tolley's Scotts and Westley Richards guns as well as they can those beautiful specimens of handicraft which came from 170 Bond street, London. Whatever may be the result of such a struggle, if it shall ever take place, we are sure the victor would not disgrace his triumph by unseemly boasting, and the vanquished would feel that, though defeated, it was done by one who earned his honors by the exhibition of no mean skill in the use of his weapon.

I must be pardoned for saying that Mr. Smith of Pittsburgh is better versed in gun-ology—I make this word—than anyone with whom I ever conversed, and his general style convinced me that he was always sincere in his statements in regard to the merits of manufactures in this line. It is but just to say that I found all the gentlemen who were actively engaged in the "field trials" as courteous as I could ask and ready to give me any information which I sought.

Our purpose in visiting High Point was not only to witness the working of the dogs, but to enjoy ourselves by active sport in the field, both going and coming. Accordingly we procured a two-horse wagon, in which we placed our tent, cooking utensils—that is to say, two frying pans, two kettles and a coffee pot—bedding and provisions, and transported ourselves and guns and dogs in three buggies. Jo Carter drove the wagon and was master of the cuisine, and was assisted by Caleb Lean, a gentleman of color, who, in ante-bellum days, often performed similar service, while Morgan Hooper, a juvenile darkey, was general waiting boy. Although our bill of fare was not very extensive, often when we reached camp at night we found that cold biscuit, hot ash cake, butter and fried quail, with the addition of a cup of coffee (Mud, our delicate man, always wanted two), always tasted well, and our digestion being good we slept soundly until morning came. My companions told me that even I forgot my usual serenade and allowed them to take their repose without the accompaniment of soft strains of music.

Our hunting was done irregularly and only as we found a field on the road which looked invitingly. In such cases, after obtaining permission from the owner, when that was practicable, we stopped the buggies and got whatever we could find. Birds were scarce everywhere, though people told us otherwise. Doubtless they were correct, but the birds were not in the fields, but gathering berries in the woods. It is probable that in the course of a few weeks they may come to the fields for feeding, and if so good sport can be had anywhere in the central part of this State, where not interfered with by the local sportsmen, or those unmitigated nuisances, nets, which destroy more birds than all other causes combined. To show the destructiveness of this engine of barbarity, I will state that I was informed by a gentleman who gave us permission, somewhat reluctantly, to hunt in his fields, that he and another party had caught in one season over two hundred birds, which destroyed the breed. He suggested that if he would let us kill about fifty the netters would fail to be able to drive the birds. But he could not see it in that way, and so we had to leave one of the most inviting farms which we saw during our trip, after having killed five birds from one covey. If we could have gotten on the "blind side" of the proprietor, I think we could have filled our pockets and then left a large supply for breeding purposes.

It would be too much of a tax upon your columns and the patience of your readers to give, in detail, the incidents of each day's hunt, to tell how Mud "wiped my eye," and how, immediately thereafter, I wiped his, how L. G.'s dog Don, with unflagging zeal, scoured the fields, how gracefully and gallantly the pointer, Mack—who, whatever his pride of ancestry, has lost all hope of posterity—swept through the stubble, how my dog Branch vigorously pointed, staunchly set and elegantly retrieved the birds which Mud and I killed, and how the dog Argo, with equal performances, did the same. So short, did his duty to his master. Though none of them are to be classed as "gentlemen and scholars," and all are regardless, at times, of restraint, yet they have nose, staunchness and physical power, rarely surpassed. During the trip we killed about two hundred and sixty birds, had, on the whole, a pleasant time, and returned to our homes, happy to find that during our absence our families had been well and were glad to see us again in the enjoyment of the same blessing.

If it should chance that your correspondent again tries the field, whether "tented" or not, at any time during the hunting season, he will endeavor to find time and inclination to give you some idea of his experience and observation. He has a standing invitation from his friend Bishop Crickett to visit his hospitable home at Saints' Rest in the county of Anson, whenever it may suit his convenience, and try his skill anywhere upon his extensive domain, as well as the estates of his neighbors, in shooting, fair hunting and fine birds. That invitation it is my purpose to accept at an early day, and I doubt not I shall be able to make my Westley Richards give a good account of itself before the expiration of the time which I shall devote to the sport. My friend is fortunate in the possession of an excellent wife, who knows how to provide a comfortable repast for her guests, and who shows her hospitality by making all of them feel that they have pleased her best when they have made themselves perfectly "at home" while under her roof. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Nov., 1882.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

AT the conclusion of the All-Aged Stake on Wednesday at 10 o'clock, the first brace in the Derby were called, but as Dr. McKinney, who handled Kate B., was not on the ground, his competitor, Mr. Avant, courteously agreed to wait until the arrival of the train by which he was expected, and the next brace was put down. At the close of their heat, the Doctor having arrived,

KATE B. AND NELLY BLY were at once ordered down. On Tuesday night Major Taylor was called home by sickness in his family, and Capt. Pat. Garry was unanimously chosen by the handlers to act as judge in his stead. Kate B. is a very handsome, stylish animal of good size and exceedingly well formed. She has not had much experience, but bids fair to turn out a capital one when her education is complete. She was handled by her owner, Dr. A. F. McKinney. Nelly Bly is rather small but very pretty, and one of the busiest workers at the meeting. She has not so much style as Kate but was her superior in speed. We greatly admired the gamy manner in which she performed her work, and believe her to be an excellent animal. She was handled by her owner, Mr. J. M. Avant. They were put down in some sedge among scattered birds. Nelly had rather a bad send off as she ran into a bird and flushed it, and as she swung back she put up another one. She then dropped on point in a very gamy manner, and Kate backed her in fine style. They were then sent into a cornfield, where Nelly flushed one going down wind, and Kate, who got below them, made a very stylish point which Nelly honored in first class style. Bess A., who had no opportunity to back in the previous heat, was ordered up, but although she backed nicely, the judges were not satisfied that she did so of her own accord, and she was held for another opportunity. Flushing the birds we swung back and Kate flushed one down wind. Nelly then made a very game point to a single bird close to the edge of a gully, and Kate backed her in grand style. Bess A. was again sent forward, and she also backed very nicely. Avant flushed the bird and killed it, and Nelly retrieved in the best of style. Then beating the sedge to the railroad, Nelly made a point to a single bird, and was handsomely backed by Kate. We then crossed the railroad and swung up the hill toward the cotton gin, where our lunch was expected but as it was not in sight we turned south and worked out a cornfield in the valley, and then beat up the hill to some woods, where the dogs pointed, Nelly soon moved on and roaded out the birds very well. Kate located them first and pointed them in grand style. The Doctor flushed two before her and then the rest of the bevy got up. Following them up, Nelly got a capital point on a single bird, which Avant flushed to order and killed, and Nelly retrieved it in good form. Meantime Kate was pointing in grand style a single bird which was flushed to order. The birds had got enough of this, and as we moved on they commenced getting up all around us. We then turned toward lunch and the dogs were taken up. The judges compared notes and awarded the heat to Kate B. Down one hour.

AMERICAN DAN AND BESS A.—As we have already stated, this was the first brace to run. It was a beautiful morning, with a very light breeze from the northeast, and a capital day's work was done. The dogs were cast off at 10:45. Dan ran in the All-Aged Stake, and we have already described him. Bess is rather under medium size. She is snow white, with lemon markings, and has a wonderful turn of speed. She also ranges wide and is a merry worker. She has a first-class nose, and is endowed with considerable hunting sense. She has not much style, except when on game. She did remarkably well for a fifteen months' puppy, and if nothing befals her she will be heard from again. They were put down near where the All-Aged Stake was finished. Both started off at their best speed; Bess, however, had the best of it in this respect, and as she sailed over the field we were strongly reminded of a bunch of cotton flying before a gale in the wind. Bessie, having a large ranch to find, very soon crossed to a run where a bevy had been seen running across the path. Upon arriving there Bess at once challenged, but as she went the opposite way from where the birds had been seen to run, she was called back. She knew better, however, and stuck to the trail, which she roaded up the run out of sight. Dan had been sent in the opposite direction, and both were ordered up, and the handler of Bess went after her. She remained on the ridge and made cast up the run and found them, but they flushed before we got there. Following those of them which settled in some sedge to the south of us, we swung round to get the wind and cast off the dogs, who ran into one and flushed it between them. Bess then dropped to a hare, but soon moved on and again dropped very prettily to a single bird, which flushed close to Dan as he came down wind toward her. They were then worked up the gully in the tall grass, where one flushed close to Bess, and soon after one got up near each dog. Dan then made an elegant point at a hare. We then turned back across the railroad toward some of the birds that had been marked down in the sedge, but they could not be found and we turned north, where Bess scored a fine b. Meantime some of the spectators had flushed a large bevy, which we followed. Dan was the first to find, and he dropped just a second before a bird rose in front of him, and two more flushed to the noise of this one. Bess then made a cast up to the woods and was unsuccessful to a point of the bevy, which she held while Dan was called up to back, but he refused and went ahead and stole the point. The birds were flushed to order and both handlers killed very neatly. Dan was just a trifle unsteady, but at once dropped to order. Bess was ordered to retrieve, which she did in the best of style. They were now ordered up and the decision was reserved until Bess should have an opportunity to back, which she did in the next heat, and the judges awarded her the heat. Down forty-five minutes. The first brace was now run as already described, and after lunch we crossed the railroad and

RICHARD III. AND GATH—were cast off at 1:18 in a cornfield. Dick is of good size and moves very well indeed. He is quite fast and ranges well, but appeared to lack experience. He was handled by Short. Gath is of medium size and quite handsome. He is also fast and a graceful mover, and makes a very stylish point. He was handled by Wallace. We went out the cornfield to some woods and then turned along the edge and crossed through a farm yard and a magnificent oak grove to a cornfield, which was drawn blank. We then swung round a gully and worked into some sprouts where Gath caught a little scent and challenged once or twice and then making a cast along the edge, he struck them and made a beautiful point, but as we came up he moved on a little and one or two of them flushed and soon the rest got up and flew back into the sprouts and briars. Following them up one flushed close by Short and Dick, and soon after one got up close to Gath, who at once pointed and would not come to call, but finally reluctantly left it at the command of his handler, and shortly after the spectators flushed a bird where he had pointed; several more were then flushed by the spectators. Gath then made a grand point where a bird had been flushed and Dick followed suit. We then swung round and Dick pointed and Gath backed him at the place who a Gath first challenged. A little further on both pointed, and then roaded some distance, but nothing was found. We then left the sprouts and crossed a cotton field toward a strip of woods where, having been down an hour and a half in the heat of the day they were nearly blown and were ordered up to go down again, and the next brace were run when they were again put down. Gath at once flushed a bird that he should have pointed, and soon after we went from the woods into a cornfield, where he put up another one. He then swung round to the left and was lost for a few minutes, and when found, was on a beautiful point, which proved to be to



MESSRS. P. H. & D. BRYSON'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN ENGLISH SETTER BITCH "SUE."
Winner of First Prize N. A. K. C. Field Trials, 1882.

a lark, which flushed as we came up. We then turned back through the cornfield, where Dick made a capital point at the edge of some sprouts. Short flushed the bird to order and killed it, and Dick was sent to retrieve it. Short succeeded in getting the largest half of it from him, and handed it to the judges, at the same time remarking in an offhand way that the bird was shot all to pieces. We then crossed the creek and turned back, beating out a large extent of country without a find. Finally Col. Tresevant, who was carrying a large canteen of water, saw a bevy on the ground in front of him. He at once dismounted and invited them to take a drink, but they kept on. He then brought the canteen to a present, and made a staunch point, which he held while the dogs were brought up to back, but Dick pointed instead and Sho t flushed his bird to order. Dick soon had another one fast, and Gath at almost the same instant also pointed. Short flushed the birds and killed one, when Dick broke shot and gathered the bird, and when Short got there the bird was shot so bad that he did not have to explain the matter to the judges. Dick then swung out and put up one just as the heat was awarded to Gath. Down altogether two hours and a half.

COUNTESS MOLLIE AND PINK B.—This brace was sent-whelped into the last heat. Mollie, who was handled by Stafford, is a very handsome, game-looking animal of medium size. She has lots of dash and style, and is quite speedy, but showed upon little to nerve us and excitable to be at so good a one as Pink. He ran at the Chicken Trials where he gave a good account of himself, winning second prize in the Derby. He is a fair looking dog of medium size. He has not much style, but is very fast and has a good nose, and knows where to look for his birds. He was handled by Short. He was bred by Col. Key, who for that reason declined judging any of his heats. They were put down in some sedge and worked down into a cornfield which bordered a creek. The judges here rode into a large bevy, which settled in some sprouts on the opposite side. Following them up, Pink went straight to them and got a capital point, which Mollie backed in grand style. Short flushed them to order and the dogs were sent on. Mollie then made a very graceful point, and Pink swung in ahead and also pointed, evidently the same bird, which had run away, as they failed to find it. We then swung back and Pink nailed one and Mollie backed him very nicely. Short flushed the bird and Mollie was a trifle unsteady, but at once dropped to order. Pink then pointed where one had been flushed, and Mollie backed him in good style. He soon went on and again pointed a single bird which Mollie flushed. He soon had another one fast, which Short flushed to order and missed. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Pink B. Down fifteen minutes. This was a short heat but a very lively one and Dick and Gath were then put down to finish their heat when

PRIDE OF MEMPHIS AND FRANK were called for. Pride, who was handled by George Winford, is a very good looking animal of medium size, with a fair amount of speed. He is very stylish when on game, and appears to have a good nose. Frank is also a handsome dog and moves very well. He appeared to be rather excitable and jealous. He was handled by Stafford. They were cast off in some sedge and worked toward some birds that had been marked down. Pride got them first and dropped very nicely to a single and Frank was called up to back but he refused and went by him and then turned and went in front of him and flushed the bird. Frank then made a cast toward the edge of some woods and got a capital point which was nicely backed by Pride. Stafford was ordered to flush and he put up a large bevy which settled in the woods. Following them up Frank half pointed but moved on and flushed his bird and the judges ordered them up and awarded the heat to Pride of Memphis. Down twenty minutes.

CARRIE J. AND GUS BONDHU.—Carrie we have already described. Gus is a splendid looking dog, rather above the medium in size. He is a fast and stylish mover, and gets on his birds in fine style. He was unlucky in going down just at night, when the birds were running and would not lie, and he scored quite a number of flushes. They were cast off in the woods along the scattered birds of the last bevy at 4:38. Both started at a dripping gait, and after one or two turns, Carrie, while going at speed, winded around on a beautiful point, which Gus instantly honored in equal style. This was a very pretty picture. A little further on Carrie ran into one and flushed it. We then crossed the railroad, and beating out the woods we swung down into a valley where both challenged and roaded up the run for some distance. A large horned owl was here discovered, perched upon a tree, and the judges requested Short to kill it, and he accordingly let drive at him, but without result, except that he flew a short distance to another tree. Col. Key and Mr. Cockrell now took the matter in hand, and marching up in battle array they poured a broadside into the ill-omened bird, who now, thinking that it was time to seek safer quarters, spread his wings and was silently flitting away, when Mr. Cockrell gave him another one, which cut some of the quills from one wing, causing him to become lop-sided, and after a short circle he came to the ground close to the spectators and was at once pounced upon and made a prisoner of war. Some of the boys insisted that Short did not try to kill the bird because he was an *avant courier* of his, sent out to show him where the birds were lying, and in proof of this pointed to the fact that the owl had alighted only a short distance from the bevy that we were in search of, which was soon after seen by the spectators, and the dogs, who had roaded out the trail and lost it, were swung round toward them. Carrie found them first and flushed a brace and dropped to wing. She then moved on and dropped on point, but the bird was running, and Gus, who now came up, struck the trail ahead of her and half pointed, but moved on and flushed it. Carrie then made a cast toward the horses and dropped on point to three birds, and Gus backed her. Short flushed them, and the dogs were sent on into the cotton field, where Carrie scored a flush, and another one soon got up near the handlers. We then swung back into some sedge, where Carrie challenged and Gus went ahead, and the bird got up. Carrie then half pointed in a plum thicket, when Gus swung round below her and flushed it, and soon after another one got up near him. Carrie then got a capital point on one, which was flushed to order, and thus put up another one, when they were ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Carrie J. Down thirty-seven minutes. This ended the running for the day and finished the first series. Following is the summary:

Kate B. beat Nelly Bly.
Bess A. beat American Dan.
Gath beat Richard III.
Pink B. beat Countess Mollie.
Pride of Memphis beat Frank.
Carrie J. beat Gus Bondhu.

Second Series.

KATE B. AND BESS A.—Thursday was one of the worst days for shooting that could be imagined. It was intensely cold and the wind blew a perfect gale. A start was made, however, and we proceeded about half a mile from the hotel, when we took refuge in a deep gully and held a consultation. Nearly everyone was in favor of returning but Capt. Henry, probably thinking that this was "the next breeze sweeping from the north" which his illustrious namesake alluded to, ordered us to face the music and we sallied forth. As it would have been positive cruelty to animals to have taken our horses, we left them in charge of the attendants and wended our way on foot. It was bitterly cold and how that breeze did sweep as the dogs were cast off but we were in for it, and as it was anticipated pointing would be but few and numerous were heard. Dr. Young had not arrived and Col. Key and Capt. Henry judged the brace. Working across the open field we soon reached the woods, where Bess dropped very nicely on point to a large bevy, which Kate ran into and flushed. Avant killed one, which Kate retrieved in good form after so no little time spent in looking for it. Following the birds, which settled in a cornfield, Kate scored a flush, and Bess soon followed suit, and a mo net later she put up an skier one. Then as both were moving on close to each other, with Kate a little in advance, Bess whirled prettily round on a capital point, which Kate at once backed, but catching the scent she also pointed. Avant flushed the bird to order and Kate scored a step or two, but at once stopped to order. We then worked through the field to another piece of woods, where Bess at the far edge challenged and drew to a beautiful point, which Kate honored very gracefully. Avant, to order, flushed a large bevy and killed one. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Bess A. Down forty-three minutes.

GATH AND PINK B.—Dr. Young not having arrived, Mr. J. Cockrell, of Memphis, and Dr. N. Rowe, of Chicago, were selected to act as judges in place of him and Col. Key. The dogs were cast off in the sedge among the scattered birds of the last bevy. Gath at once pointed, but moved on and routed in capital style, Pink backing him nicely. Wallace, thinking that he was at work on old scent, tried to call him away, but he knew better and would not leave it. Wallace then went to him and the bird flushed as he came up, and then another one got up. This was a very creditable piece of work for Gath. We then crossed a ditch, when Pink swung into a plum thicket and flushed a bird, which flew but a few yards; it was again flushed by Short, who got too close, but it went but a short distance and Pink was sent that way. He also got too near, but dropped on point just as it rose. We then swung back through the woods into some tall sedge, where Pink made a nice point. Short, in going to him, put up a bird some little distance to one side of him and killed it. We did not think that he was pointing this one, but as nothing was found to his point, we gave him the benefit of the doubt, as, possibly, it ran away from him. A little further on Gath pointed, but soon moved on, and turning into the woods, he again pointed, roaded a few steps, and gave it up. Pink then made a cast out of sight, and as he did not come back, we looked him up and found him pointing in grand style. Gath was called up to back, but took point alongside of him instead. Short flushed to order, but killed to kill. We then swung back to the edge, where both challenged and Pink pointed just as a brace of birds flushed in front of him. Both dogs then half pointed just as two more got up. We were inclined to score these as flushes, but in consideration of the weather we were disposed to be lenient. Pink then made a capital point to a running bird, which he roaded out in first-class style and located nicely. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Pink B. Down forty-one minutes.

PRIDE OF MEMPHIS AND CARRIE J.—Dr. Young, who had arrived just before the finish of the last heat, now resumed his duties. The dogs were cast off in the woods and swung round to get the wind, but before we had got round them Pride ran into one, and soon after he dropped very nicely just as one flushed wild ahead of him. Carrie, coming up, also pointed where it flushed. We then swung round a long distance into a cornfield, where both pointed very prettily, but moved on in season to escape penalty for a false point. We then worked toward some woods, near which Pride pointed a hare in some tall sedge, and Carrie backed him very gracefully. We then went down along the edge of the woods, when Carrie, going down wind, ran into a bevy, which flushed and settled in the sedge. Following them up, Pride dropped just as a brace flushed in front of him. Carrie then went ahead and two more got up close to her and then the rest got up wild. Turning back after them Pride pointed but soon moved on, and again pointed a moment, and then swung into the cornfield, but he went too fast and scored a flush, and as he turned down wind another got up near him. Carrie then made a very stylish point which Pride refused to honor, but went in ahead and put up the bird. Carrie then swung into some sprouts and again pointed, when Pride went around her and the birds. She then moved a few steps and located them in grand style. Dr. Young took the gun, and at pigging ahead of her flushed the birds and would have made a beautiful double had the gun been loaded. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Carrie J. Down one hour and seven minutes. This ended the second series. Following is the summary:

Bess A. beat Kate B.
Pink B. beat Gath.
Carrie J. beat Pride of Memphis.

Third Series.

BESS A. AND PINK B.—As Col. Key again declined acting as judge, the other judges were requested to go on, and Dr. Rowe was appointed referee. The dogs were put down in the sprouts and worked toward the last bevy. The judges flushed a brace near the edge, and soon after Pink made a cast into a cotton field, and ran into one down wind and dropped, he then swung in ahead of Bess who was challenging, and several more got up near him, but it was so thick that we could not see whether he was to blame or not. Bess then went into a cornfield, and going down wind three or four got up near her. The judges then ordered the dogs round to get the



MR. D. BRYSON'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN ENGLISH SETTER BITCH "PEEP-O'-DAY."

Winner of Second Prize N. A. K. C. Field Trials, 1882.

wind, and several of us waited for them under the lee of a stack of corn fodder, and witnessed one of the prettiest pictures of the meeting. Pride of Memphis, who was on chain, half pointed, and Winford offered to wager ten cents that there was a bird just in front of him. Mr. Bryson took the bet and the money was placed in trusty hands. Winford then let Pride go, when he drew grandly a few steps and made a magnificent point, and Kate B., Nelly Bly, Carrie J., Richard III. and American Dan all backed him in their very best style. This was grand, and cold and discomfort were forgotten by all as we gazed in admiration upon the beautiful picture. After we had duly admired the wonderful scene, Dew walked in and flushed a large bevy and killed one, which Pride retrieved. The other party now put in an appearance below us and we joined them just as Pink pointed a single bird, which Short flushed; he then took a few steps and again pointed. Dr. Young flushed the birds, but the cold had affected him so that he missed them. Bess then made a nice point in some sedge and Avant flushed the bird and killed it. Meantime Pink was roading in a plum thicket, but soon gave it up and was sent into the cornfield, where he pinned one in fine style. Short flushed the bird and killed it, and Pink retrieved it in good form; he then swung into the sprouts and ran into some birds and flushed two or three, when he stopped and pointed, and soon after three or four more got up. We then swung around to get the wind, and Bess challenged, but Avant flushed the birds before she had established her point. She then went on and put up another one, and soon after, close to the judges, she put up another one, Pink then made a good point and Bess, a little to one side of him, pinned another one, which flushed itself when Short put up the one in front of Pink. The judges then consulted and awarded the heat to Pink B. Down fifty minutes. We then went to lunch. This ended the third series. Following is the summary:

Pink B. beat Bessie A.
Carrie J. a bye.

Fourth Series.

CARRIE J. AND PINK B.—This was the deciding heat for first place. They were put down in some sedge and worked toward the last bevy. Carrie flushed one and Pink soon after pointed one, and Carrie backed him very gracefully. Short flushed it and scored a kill. Pink soon after flushed one just as Carrie found the bird, which was only crippled and flew a short distance. We then turned back, and Carrie, going down wind, flushed one. We then took a long turn before finding anything. Finally Carrie got a beautiful point to a single, which Short flushed to order. She then made another point, but soon moved on and drew for some distance, when she again pointed a moment, and then roaded in grand style, with her head high in the air, but the bird had undoubtedly flown, as she lost it. We then took a long tramp without result, and swung back to the woods, where Pink and Bess finished their heat, as a spectator had seen some birds run across the road. Pink ran into one of them, and the rest then flushed and settled along the edge of the woods, where Carrie found them first and made a capital point in the sedge. Pink also pointed nicely to the same birds, which were running, and both roaded a short distance, when Pink swung for them down wind and flushed one, when the rest of the bevy got up and settled in the woods. Following them up, Carrie pointed, but left it when Short whistled for Pink. We then swung round to get the wind, and Pink made a grand point near the edge to a single, which Short flushed to order. We then crossed the fence, and three or four more flushed close by. A little further on the dogs backed each other very prettily. We then turned back through the woods, and Carrie made one of the most elegant points of the meeting, and Pink backed her nicely. Short flushed a large bevy some distance to the right of her. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Carrie J., and she was announced as the winner of first prize. Down two hours and twenty minutes.

Fifth Series.

PINK B. AND GUS BONDHU.—The judges selected Gus Bondhu as the best dog previously beaten by Carrie J., and ordered him down with Pink B. to decide which of them was entitled to third place. They were cast off near where the last brace were taken up, and worked toward the scattered birds. Gus pointed where one had been flushed, and Pink backed him. Gus then made a game point to a hare, Pink again backing him nicely. Pink, thinking that it was time for him to be doing something, straightened out on a grand point, which Gus at once honored. Short failed to find anything to the point and the dogs were ordered on. A short distance further on Short walked into a bevy and flushed them, and was a trifle unsteady to wing. Following them up, Gus found first and made a capital point to a single bird, which Waters flushed to order. He would have surely killed this bird, but he did not see nor hear it when it got up, and he kept on beating the bush until the judges informed him that the bird had gone. Gus then went on a few steps and again pointed very nicely another one, which Waters flushed to order. Pink then made a grand point to a single bird, which Short flushed. He then swung out into some sedge and pinned another one, which Short flushed and missed. The judges then ordered up the dogs and consulted awhile and sent them on again. Working down into a valley, Pink pointed, and then roaded for quite a distance in capital style, but finally gave it up. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Pink B., and he was announced as the winner of second prize. Down forty-two minutes.

GUS BONDHU AND BESS A.—It was now almost five o'clock, and although we were all suffering for the want of something hot, the judges ordered down the dogs. This was the last heat, and, drawing what consolation we could from this, and with the knowledge that every step was toward the hotel, we coolly followed them. They were cast off in a large open field and worked toward town. Bess was away at her best speed and soon disappeared over a knoll, and when we came in sight of her she was staunchly pointing in some sedge. As we came up she moved on and commenced roading in capital style. Gus was then called up, and, joining her, they both alternately pointed and roaded for quite a distance in first-class style. Bess was the quickest to catch it, and as they neared the bevy, which was running to roost, she made a short cast to the left and dropped on them just a second before Gus had them. He was close up, however, and made a beautiful point alongside and partly over her. This was first-class work and a fitting finish for the Trials. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Bess A., who was declared the winner of third prize. Down twelve minutes. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Kate B. beat Nelly Bly.
Bess A. beat American Dan.
Gath beat Richard III.
Pink B. beat Countess Mollie.
Pride of Memphis beat Frank.
Carrie J. beat Gus Bondhu.

Second Series.

Bess A. beat Kate B.
Pink B. beat Gath.
Carrie J. beat Pride of Memphis.

Third Series.

Pink B. beat Bess A.
Carrie J. a bye.

Fourth Series.

Carrie J. beat Pink B. and won first prize, $250.

Fifth Series.

Pink B. beat Gus Bondhu and won second prize, $150.

Sixth Series.

Bess A. beat Gus Bondhu and won third prize, $100.

THE GILROY FIELD TRIALS.

[From the Sacramento, Cal., Bee.]

THE second annual field trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club were held on grounds close to Gilroy, commencing on Monday, November 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and ended on Wednesday, the 29th, at 4:10 o'clock P. M. The number of entries in the All-Aged Stake was seven, and in the Puppy Stakes ten. The Brace Stakes, not receiving any entries, were declared off. The weather during the trials was very pleasant, lunch being taken in the open air each day under the shade of some friendly tree. The birds were plentiful, but the grounds were rough and covered with sagebrush, which gave out a peculiar odor, and, to some extent, destroyed the scent of the birds. The trials were a success, although the attendance was small; still it is hoped that all the sportsmen throughout the Pacific coast will take a little more interest in these field trials, as they are the best medium by which to test a dog's field merits, and will also assist in improving the breeding of our field dogs.

The judges were Daniel Horton, D. M. Pyle and Horace Briggs. A full and correct account of the running in each stake, prepared by the *Bee's* special reporter, is herewith given:

ALL-AGED STAKE, MONDAY, NOV. 27.—The party having driven out to Henry Miller's ranch, four miles from Gilroy, the first brace drawn was cast off, at 10:15 (Count Warwick and Don) in a willow thicket, which was worked through without finding. Working back again, both dogs struck the trail of some birds, and both roaded, but without finding. The spectators frightened some birds, which were marked, and the dogs were worked in the direction the birds had flown. Both succeeded in getting a point. One bird was killed, and retrieved by Count. The brace was taken up and the heat awarded to Count Warwick. The dogs were down one hour and a quarter. Dan Gilroy handled Count and E. Leavesley handled Don.

At 11:30 H. Briggs's Belle and Leavesley's Juno were put down in a weedy field, which was hunted through without finding. A covey of birds was marked down, and both dogs worked in that direction. Juno did some very fine quartering, but pointed false. Belle came to a beautiful point, and Juno, coming up, also pointed a bird. Both birds were flushed and killed. Belle retrieved very nicely, but Juno refused. The dogs were sent on, but failed to find any more birds, and at 1:45 P. M. the brace was taken up, and the heat awarded to Belle. (Mr. Briggs, being disqualified, did not judge in the heat, M. Holloway taking his place.) Belle was handled by Briggs and Juno by E. Leavesley.

At 2 P. M., W. F. Whittier's lemon belton Lewellin setter dog Rock Jr. (champion Rock-Mayberry's Sybil), and Daisy were put down. Both dogs exhibited good style. They were worked in the open for some time without finding. Rock going quite fast, came to a magnificent point. Daisy broke in and flushed; the bird was shot at by Tom Hildebrand (who was handling Rock) and missed, both dogs standing to shot. Moving further on, Rock came to another point and Daisy backed in a beautiful manner. Two birds were flushed and both shot at, one being killed and retrieved very nicely by Daisy. The other was slightly wounded and flew into an open field close by, and the dogs were worked in that direction. Rock roaded in fine style, flushed the bird and chased and caught it, disregarding his handler's order to drop. In doing this he mouthed the bird very much. At three o'clock the brace was called up and the heat given to Daisy. They were down one hour and fifteen minutes. (D. M. Pyle having handled Daisy in the heat, was disqualified to act as judge, and Mr. Holloway acted in his stead.) W. Hideman's Jim (a Gordon setter) having drawn a bye, the first series of the heat was concluded. (Jim was withdrawn on the second day.)

Second Series, Second Day, Tuesday, November 28.—After a drive of one and a half hours, the ranch of Mr. Murphy, eleven miles from Gilroy, was reached, and the first brace (Count Warwick and Belle) were cast off at eleven A. M. on a hillside. The Count, running wildly, flushed several birds, and Leavesley, who was handling him, shot and killed one, Count dropping to shot, and being ordered on, retrieved nicely. Another bird, being flushed by Leavesley, was shot at and missed, Count dropping to shot. Belle, in the meantime, was moving on, and a bird being flushed, she stood to wing. Several other birds were flushed, shot at and missed. The dogs were called in and the heat awarded to Belle. (In this heat George W. Holloway acted as Judge in place of Horace Briggs, who was handling Belle.)

The next brace (Belle and Daisy) were cast off at 1:20 P. M. Several birds flushed by Briggs, who was handling Belle, shot at and missed. Belle going on, came to a point. The bird was flushed and killed by Briggs, Belle breaking shot, but to order retrieved the bird. Pyle flushed a bird, shot and killed, Daisy retrieving nicely. Another bird being flushed, Pyle killed it, and after considerable working Daisy found and retrieved it. Daisy moving on, came to a point. The bird was flushed and missed.

The weather being quite warm, the dogs were allowed to be watered. In coming up a canyon Daisy came to a nice point, and the judges ordered Belle brought up to back. She refused to do so, and going past the bird flushed it. The bird was shot at and killed, and Belle retrieved it. At 12:50 P. M. the brace was called in and the heat and first prize (a silver cup) awarded to Daisy. The second prize (a gold medal) to Belle, and the third prize (a silver medal) to Count Warwick.

The first brace drawn in the Puppy Stakes (Foxhall and Duke) were cast off at 1 P. M., Leavesley handling Foxhall and Dan Gilroy handling Duke. Duke ranged for a while and came to a point. The bird was flushed and missed, going on, several birds were flushed by the handlers, shot at and missed, both dogs standing to shot. Foxhall being sent on, flushed two birds, which were shot at by Leavesley and missed. Going on further, several birds were flushed and flew into a sycamore tree. Two of these birds being shot, Duke retrieved one very nicely and Foxhall retrieved the other, mouthing it very much. The heat was decided in Duke's favor. The dogs were down fifty minutes.

The next brace (Scott and King) were cast off at 2:50 P. M. Considerable ground was covered without finding a bird. Finally King started a rabbit and chased it. Moving along the side hill, several birds were flushed. Dan Gilroy killed one, Scott standing shot, and to order retrieved fairly. King being sent on, came to a point. The bird, being flushed, was fired at by Hildebrand (handling King) and missed. Scott could not resist the temptation to chase two rabbits which came across his path, and he did it right royally. Hildebrand flushed a bird, shot at and killed it, and King to order retrieved nicely. The heat was awarded to Scott, King having been withdrawn.

Third Day, Wednesday, November 29.—Captain Messe having withdrawn his dog Tip, Mollie had a bye, and T. Hildebrand having withdrawn his dogs Major and General, both Red Bess and Silk had a bye.

The first brace in the drawing for the second series were Silk, handled by Martin Briggs, and Duke, handled by Dan Gilroy, which were cast off at 10:15 A. M. After walking several miles over some very steep hills, a bevy of birds was flushed. Dan shot and killed one, which was retrieved by Duke. Moving on several single birds were flushed in a ravine, and Dan killing one, Silk retrieved very poorly. She seemed to be completely used up, the weather being very warm and the ground exceedingly rough and steep. At 12:15 P. M. the dogs were called in and the heat awarded to Duke.

The next brace called was Scott and Mollie. Both dogs being sent on, ranged for some time, and after considerable time had elapsed, and no bird being found, the dogs were called in and the heat awarded to Scott.

The next brace turned loose were Red Bess and Duke, on a ridge somewhat brushy, at 2:15 P. M. Immediately a covey was flushed, and Gilroy (handling Duke) shot and killed one; Duke retrieved it in good shape. Further on, a bird was flushed and killed by Dan, and Bess retrieved it. In the meantime Duke was snuffing the air, apparently on the scent of a bird, and shortly came to a magnificent point. He re-

mained staunch for at least five minutes for Bess to be brought up to back, but as the brush was too high Bess could not see him, and the judges ordered the bird flushed, which was done. It was killed by Dan, but the dogs failed to find it. The heat was finished at 3:25 P. M. in favor of Duke.

The next brace (Scott and Duke) were cast off at 3:35 P. M. to contest for the first prize. They went into a small gulch together, and after considerable work a bird was flushed by Duke, which was killed, and was retrieved by Duke. Scott came to a false point, but discovered his error and moved on. Several birds were flushed by Gilroy and two were killed. Scott retrieving one in good style and Duke retrieving the remaining one, mouthing it somewhat. The judges being satisfied with the workings of both dogs, called them up at 4:10 P. M., and awarded the heat and first prize (a silver cup) to Scott; second prize (a gold medal) to Duke, and third prize (a silver medal) to Bess.

The special price (a silver goblet presented by W. F. Whittier, of San Francisco) to be awarded to the best brace of puppies running in the trials, owned by one person, was awarded to Leavesley's Duke and Mollie.

The special prize, a pointer pup (Susie Bow, out of Ranger Boy), presented by G. W. Bassford, of Colusa, for the best dog in the trials not winning a place, went to Whittier's Rock.

The special prize (a silver cup presented by W. W. Traylor) to the best dog in the trials was awarded to Leavesley's Daisy.

At the conclusion of the trials a business meeting of the club took place, at which the several prizes won were delivered to the owners of the winners. Several of the persons present made pertinent remarks pertaining to the method of holding field trials.

Daisy, the winner of the All-aged Stake, is a blue belton setter bitch, whelped May 6, 1876, and was imported to this coast by Tristram Burges. She comes here with quite a reputation, having won first at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1877, and fifth at the Hampton, Iowa, trials in the same year. She is by Carlowitz out of True, a pure Llewellin.

H. M. Briggs's Irish setter Belle, three years old, the winner of the second place, is a fair looking bitch, but was in no condition for a field trial, being too fat.

Martin Briggs's Count Warwick, the winner of the third prize, is a black, white and tan setter dog, two and a half years old; was imported from Lancaster, Penn., and is by Gauze's Warwick, out of Gauze's Belle.

The winner of the Puppy Stakes (Scott) is a fine looking Gordon setter, very speedy, and with good staying qualities. He is owned by F. G. Abell, of Portland, Oregon.

The second went to Duke, a black and white ticked setter dog by Belton, out of Belle. This dog exhibited very good nose, but was not quite up to field form. He is owned by E. Leavesley, of Gilroy.

The third prize was won by Red Bess, owned by F. G. Abell. She is a beautiful red Irish setter of good color and very fair field qualities.

THE NEW BEDFORD BENCH SHOW.

THE Bench Show held at New Bedford last week under the auspices of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, was quite a successful affair. Many fine dogs were present, and the attendance was very good. The judging was done by Dr. Al. Watts of Boston, and Mr. Bigelow of Natick, and gave general satisfaction. Following is the prize list:

Champion English Setter Bitches—1st, Opal, Nicholas Hatheway Fall River; 2d, Bow Belle, Nelson Hatheway, Middleboro.

Native English Setter Dogs—1st, Blue Dan, Nelson D. Hatheway, Middleboro; 2d, Black Dash; vhc, Count Lester, H. V. Blankenship, Fall River.

Native English Setter Bitches—1st, Flake, John J. Scanlon, Fall River; 2d, Arnold Thompson, Fall River.

Native English Setter Dog Puppies—1st, George Delano; 2d, King Dick, J. D. Bullock, Fall River.

Irish Setter Dogs—1st, Triumph, Warren E. Smith, Brooklyn; 2d, Dick, John J. Scanlon, Fall River; vhc, Joe, Philip D. Slocum.

Champion Gordon Setter Dogs—1st, Dash, Charles T. Brownell; 2d, Flash, George R. Reed, Dartmouth.

Champion Gordon Setter Bitches—1st, Ruby, J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston.

Gordon Setter Dogs—1st, Dan, C. W. Plummer.

Gordon Setter Bitches—1st, Pansy, Chas. T. Brownell; 2d, Beulah, Chas. T. Brown-ll; vhc, Victoria, Brigham Bros., Attleboro.

Gordon Setter Dog Puppies—1st, Duke, Edward S. Shaw; 2d, Santa Claus, John J. Scanlon, Fall River; vhc, Tessie, John J. Howland.

Gordon Setter Bitch Puppies—vhc, Bell, Chas. T. Brownell.

Pointer Dogs—1st, Darkie, C. W. Bryant Bridgewater; 2d, Dick, Arthur M. Doane.

Pointer Bitch Puppies—1st, Lillie, Daniel Green; 2d, Topsy, O. M. Talbot, North Dighton.

Spaniel, over 28 lbs. other than black—1st, Hazel Kirke, J. H. Winslow, Baltimore.

Black Spaniels over 28 lbs. weight—2d, Phil, J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston.

Foxhounds—1st, Geff, G. A. White; 2d, Nero, J. McAllister, Middleboro; vhc, Ranger, J. T. Richardson.

Beagles—1st, Bingle, H. F. Dexter, Marion; 2d, Fairy, H. F. Dexter; vhc, Sade, R. F. Dexter.

Fox-Terrier Dogs—1st, Curate, Wm. J. Turner, Philadelphia.

Fox-Terrier Bitches—1st, Vixen, J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston.

Mastiff Dogs—2d, Simon Fawn, Morgan Rotch.

Champion Collie Dogs—1st, Wallace, Natick Collie Kennel.

Champion Collie Bitches—1st, Maggie, Natick Collie Kennel.

Collie Dogs—1st, Carlo, Frank L. Fish, Taunton; 2d, Rex, C. Sayles, Providence; vhc, Gaffa, Natick Collie Kennel.

Collie Bitches—1st, Maggie II., Natick Collie Kennel; 2d, Daisy, F. C. Sayles, Providence.

Collie Pups—1st, Bessie, J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston; vhc, Rosalind, L. Miller, Stockbridge; hc, Roscoe, M. E. Wordell, Fall River.

Champion Bulls—1st, Judy, J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston.

Bulls—1st, Josephine, J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston; 2d, Juno, do.; vhc, Hero, do.

Bull-Terrier Dogs—1st, Democrat, Dr. E. M. Perry.

Bull-Terrier Bitches—1st, Fly.

Champion Pugs—1st, Echo, Mrs. Wm. P. Ricketson, Providence.

Pug Dogs—1st, Toodles, Miss S. P. Randall.

Pug Bitches—1st, Rags, J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston.

Black and Tan Terriers, over 5 lbs. weight—1st, Champion Wallace, J. P. Barnard, Jr.

Poodle Dogs—1st, Dick, Dr. C. L. Spencer.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THERE was a special meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Delmonico's on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance of members and the meeting was one of the most interesting in the annals of the club. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved, the rules were suspended, and Mr. Elliot Smith, of New York, who was an honorary member, was unanimously elected an active member. The secretary then read a communication from Mr. A. H. Godeffroy, asking for a larger fee for membership, and increased annual dues for the purpose of defraying the expense of leasing and stocking extensive grounds for the purpose of holding the Trials and for the use of the members to shoot over after the Trials were run. After a friendly discussion of the question for nearly two hours, the matter was referred to the executive committee. Mr. George T. Leach, Mr. Elliot Smith and Mr. A. E. Godeffroy were appointed a committe to ascertain the probable cost of leasing and stocking suitable grounds at High Point for the use of the club, and also to suggest ways and means for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and they were instructed to report at the first meeting of the board of governors after the annual meeting. It was voted that the club take measures to be incorporated, and the president was instructed to secure counsel and take the proper steps to accomplish this purpose. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the president, Mr. J. Otto Donner, for the very acceptable manner in which he has performed his duties.

The following gentlemen were proposed as members of the club: Mr. J. B. Marston, New York; Mr. J. Henry Kershow, Philadelphia, Pa., and Mr. Fred. H. Hoe, Tarrytown, N. Y.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.

MR. CHARLES LINCOLN, Superintendent of the Ottawa Bench Show, writes "that the numerous inquiries already received from the United States indicate a large entry. The club are anxious to have the best dogs represented at their first show. Letters have been sent to all the principal railroad companies, asking them to carry dogs free to and from the show, when they are accompanied by their owners or care takers, also to express companies, asking them to return dogs free, whose owners have paid the usual rates to the show. In the appointment of judges the club have been particularly fortunate in securing two of the best judges in the world. For the setters and pointers, Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., will act. Mr. J. F. Kirk, of London, Ont., will judge all the non-sporting dogs. This should give great satisfaction. Mr. Kirk is the best of a few good judges of non-sporting dogs. His decisions at Cleveland gave great satisfaction."

The prize list is as follows:

Champion English, Irish and Gordon setter dogs, $20 each; bitches the same. Prizes for these in the open classes are $30 and $10. and for pupes in each class over 12 and under 18mos., $10 and $5. There is also a class for pure Laveracks, with $25 and $10 for both dogs and bitches.

Champion pointer dogs, large and small, $15; bitches the same, and in the open classes $15 and $5, and puppies under 12mos., $10.

Champion Irish water spaniels, $15; open class, $15 and $5.

Clumber spaniels, $10 and $5.

Field spaniels, any color, except clumbers and black spaniels, 28lbs. or over, $16 and $5.

Champion field spaniels, any color, 28lbs. or over, $15.

Black field spaniel, dogs, 28lbs. or over, $15 and $5; bitches the same.

Champion cocker spaniels, any color, under 28 lbs, $15; 28 lbs, $10 and $5; bitches the same.

Cocker spaniel dogs, other than black, under 28 lbs., $10 and $5; bitches the same.

Field or cocker spaniel puppies, any color, under 12 mos, $10.

Black spaniel puppies, under 12 mos., $10.

Foxhounds, $10 and $5; puppies, under 12 mos., $7.

Harriers, $10 and $5.

Beagles, $10 and $5; puppies, under 12 mos., $7.

Deerhounds, $10 and $5.

Champion greyhounds, $10. Open class, $10 and $5.

Champion fox-terrier dogs, $15; bitches the same. Open class, $10 and $5; bitches the same; puppies, under 12 mos., $7.

Mastiffs, $10 and $5.

St. Bernards, $10 and $5.

Newfoundlands, $10 and $5.

Champion collies, $15. Open class, dogs, $15 and $5; bitches the same; puppies, under 12 mos., $5.

Bulldogs, $10 and $5.

Bull-terriers, $10 and $5.

Scotch terriers, hard haired, other than Skyes, $10 and $5. Skye terriers, $10 and $5. Dandie Dinmont and Bedlington terriers, $10 and $5. Irish terriers, $10 and $5. Yorkshire terriers, $10 and $5. Black and tan terriers, 5lbs. and over, $10 and $5. Toy terriers, rough or smooth coated, under 5 lbs., $5.

Pugs, $10 and $5.

For foreign bird dogs, such as Japanese spaniels, Pekinese, Mexican hairless, Chinese, crested or edible prairie dogs, Dachunds, Berghunds, Great Danes, etc., $10 and $5.

For any pure breed of dogs not mentioned in the list, $10 and $5.

A private letter from B. H. G. Vicars, the secretary and treasurer, states that the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club will give a prize, to be known as the D. C. K. C. Trophy Cup, value $75, for the best kennel of dogs, six in number, of any breed, whelped in Canada, and owned by the exhibitors six months before the show, the cup to be won twice before it becomes the property of the winner. The club will also offer specials for kennels of five Gordon setters, and for foxterriers of light weight.

LOUISIANA FIELD TRIALS.

[By telegraph to the FOREST AND STREAM.]

J. K. RENAUD'S Flossie won the Members' Stake at the Louisiana Field Trials.

DERBY.

Pink B. won first, Countess Magnet second, Nelly Bly third.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

J. M. Avant's London won first, H. Baily Harrison's London and Foreman divided second, Flossie and Count Noble divided third. Full report will appear next week.

COCKER CLUB.—Ann Arbor, Mich., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to the "Circular to Cocker Breeders and Admirers in the United States and in the Canadas," published in your valuable paper of November 9, setting forth the objects of the Association and calling upon all those who are willing to join this Association for the purpose of restoring the cocker spaniel to its primitive quality and usefulness, I have received fifty-three responses. Some of the parties addressed voted for two, some for three or more names to constitute the committee of six "to whom shall be intrusted the organization of said association." The persons voted for to comprise this committee are the following. The one having the highest number of votes is placed at the head of the list and so on to the last: M. P. McKoon, of Franklin, N. Y., 52; F. B. Pitcher, of Claremont, N. H., 52; I. H. Whitman, of Chicago, Ill., 32; E. Tinsley, of Hamilton, Ont., 31; E. C. Franklin, of Ann Arbor, 31; Dr. H. B. Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y., 22; George Schofield, of Toronto, Ont., 22. Messrs. Goddefroy, Coulter and Cummings stand next in order, with scattering votes for eleven others. In justice, therefore, to the implied wishes of those voting for the committee of organization, I think it right and proper for Mr. McKoon to assume perogatives of temporary chairman and call the other members of the committee together at some central point for the purpose of organization and preparing for the forthcoming bench shows. I therefore notify those who have so kindly responded to my appeal for the restoration of the cocker spaniel, that my duties cease with the publication of this report and that Mr. McKoon, who by their votes has been placed at the head of the list voted for, will hereafter assume the duties of his office. In conclusion, I take the liberty, in behalf of those who have honored me with their kind expressions of opinion favoring the formation of this association, to tender them my thanks for their promised active co-operation in carrying out the true intent of the organization.—E. C. FRANKLIN ("Senex").

IMPORTATION.—Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, has added to his already well-stocked kennel the above celebrated brood bitch. She arrived in excellent condition by the White Star steamship Adriatic, and her present owner writes us that he is very proud of this latest addition to his imported stock, as he considers her the most valuable bitch for breeding purposes, of this highly fashionable class, that has yet crossed the Atlantic. Her registered number in the English Kennel Club stud book is No. 3,373, and the following is her pedigree and record: By Lad o' Beverly, late Rolf (7,376) out of Lass o' York, late Belle (2,184); Lass o' York, by Boss (4,412) out of old champion Nellie (2,225), dam of champion Brush (7,271); Boss, by Towley's Ben (2,103) out of Boulton's Fern; Lad o' Beverly is by Beaver (4,508) out of Runic (4,434); Runic, by Boulton's Rex, brother to champion Rhea out of Boulton's Fan; Beaver, by Buccleuch (4,415) out of Nell (2,221); Buccleuch, by Bruce out of Nellie. Her principal triumphs on the show bence are first Devon County, first Royal Cornwall, first Crystal Palace, first Kingsbridge, first Plymouth, etc. She is the dam of champion Squaw (10,480), said to be the most perfect spaniel ever exhibited, for which £200 has been time and again refused, Lass o' Devon, Benedict, Negro, Ferryside, and many others of the most noted spaniels now before the public. Her measurements are: Nose to stop, 8in.; stop to occiput, 5in.; nose to set on of tail, 32in.; height at shoulder, 13½in.; girth of muzzle, 8in.; girth of head, 14in.; ears, tip to tip, 22in.; chest, 21in.; weight, 26lbs. Her coat is straight, smooth, and very glossy, and she is grandly feathered, a brilliant black without a white hair. Although her owner has purchased her specially for breeding, it is to be hoped that he may be induced to exhibit her at our shows, as she is an excellent model of the type and style that have long been so popular in England, and are now becoming so much in demand with us.

STRAYED—From the undersigned, a male pointer dog, large size, not trained, about one year old, color black and white, black running well into the white, making a smutty color known as blue ticked belton; had a narrow strip of leather around the neck, and answers to the name Pete. The last heard of him was in Andover. His unusual color makes him easily recognized; any information of him will be thankfully received and the informant suitably rewarded by G. W EDWARDS, North Andover, Mass.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MILITARY MUSKET SHOOTING.—Match shot with military muskets, Creedmoor rules, at Shell Mound Park, I. S., Contra Costa Co., California, Dec. 3.

Col Kellogg	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4—44
	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—43
	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5—47
	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—43
	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4—47
	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5—49
	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	5—45
	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	5—46
	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	4—45
	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4—44—453
Lieut F Kuhnle	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5—47
	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—46
	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	5—42
	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5—47
	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4—43
	4	5	4	3	5	5	4	4	4	5—43
	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5—47
	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4—44
	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—41—445
Col S E Beaver	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—41
	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—43
	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5—46
	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—41
	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	4—41
	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	5—46
	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40
	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	4—44
	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	5—45
	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4—43—439
Sergt N Williams	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	4—43
	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4—47
	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—43
	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4—45
	5	4	5	4	3	5	4	4	4	4—41
	3	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—43
	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	5—45
	4	4	4	4	3	5	4	4	4	4—41
	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—41
	5	4	3	4	4	3	5	4	4	5—42—435

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 16.—At Walnut Hill to-day, despite the extreme cold, a goodly number of riflemen were gathered, and, notwithstanding the strong 9 o'clock wind, many very good scores were made in the Decimal, Rest and Creedmoor matches. In the Victory match Mr. Lee was the only shooter, and he made 49. Christmas day the range will be opened and the regular matches on. The following are the best scores:

Creedmoor Match.										
O M Jewell	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4—47
J A Cobb	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5—45
A J Carter	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	4—43
C Weston (mil)	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—43
W C Akin (mil)	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	4—43
F Dwight (mil)	3	4	5	5	3	5	4	4	5	4—42
R Reed	4	4	4	4	3	5	5	5	4	4—42
J B Thoms (mil)	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40
H W Atkins (mil)	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4—40
S Merrill	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	3	4—38
W E Robinson	4	4	2	4	2	4	4	3	3	5—35
J S Smalley	3	3	0	3	3	3	4	4	4	2—30
Decimal Match.										
H L Lee	8	7	10	7	8	8	9	10	7	10—84
O M Jewell	9	10	8	10	9	8	6	7	7	9—83
L A Hart	8	7	10	9	8	9	8	8	7	8—82
J Merrill	8	8	7	8	9	9	8	8	8	8—80
A C Adams	10	10	8	7	6	10	9	10	6	3—79
J N Frye	7	9	8	7	9	9	9	5	8	6—77
N A Jenks	10	9	4	5	8	9	5	10	7	10—77
F Dwight	6	8	9	6	7	8	8	6	7	7—72
A J Carter	6	6	6	8	9	9	4	8	5	10—71
W C Akin	4	7	9	9	5	5	6	9	7	9—71
Rest Match.										
S Lewis	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	9—96
A Duffer	9	10	10	10	10	8	10	8	9	10—96
S L Sampson	10	10	10	10	8	10	8	9	9	10—94
A J Carter	10	10	10	10	8	9	9	10	9	9—94
W C Akin	9	10	9	8	8	10	10	9	10	10—93
S Wilder	9	9	10	10	7	9	10	10	9	9—90

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—Now that the increasing low spirits of the thermometer renders the excursions to the out-of-town ranges somewhat less attractive, the regular prize shooting season has been inaugurated at the Mammoth Rifle Gallery, at 655 Washinton street. Mr. N. B. Smith, the proprietor, has made out arrangements for a series of shoots that will last during the winter months. Each month six prizes will be offered, $7, $6, $5, $4, $2 and $1 respectively, for the best six scores made by the patrons of the gallery. The shooting will be off-hand, distance 150 feet, 10 shots the best five to win, or possible 250. The attendance has been good the past week, the well-known local and out-of-town marksmen are dropping in frequently. The December list has already been opened, and following scores now appear upon the blackboard:

U A Pollard	44	45	43	41	41—210
H Lowell	44	43	42	41	41—210
I Rusell	42	43	42	41	43—210
T H Bird	40	45	41	41	42—209
G W Little	39	40	40	40	41—200

Besides the regular prizes, a special award of $20 for eight consecutive bullseyes is offered. It is also proposed to open, next month, a list for amateurs with appropriate prizes for good shooting.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec 14.—There was the usual meeting at the rifle range to-day. The wind was blowing from 8 to 10 o'clock. The scores were as follows:

Massachusetts Target—Off-hand.										
C A Allen	11	10	12	10	9	11	11	11	12	10—107
Stedman Clark	11	8	10	10	11	11	9	12	10	12—104
G Dusenbury	9	9	9	11	9	10	11	10	12	10—100
A L Rice	5	10	10	8	10	10	10	12	8	12—96
V W Eames	9	9	11	10	6	10	10	10	9	11—95
Frank Johnston	5	10	8	11	10	11	7	8	10	10—90
Creedmoor Target—Off-hand.										
Stedman Clark	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4—45
V W Eames	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	4—43
A L Rice	4	5	3	4	4	4	5	5	6	4—43
J W Murphy	5	4	3	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—42
W T Farrar	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	5—40
Ring Target Match—Rest.										
W O Wells	11	12	11	10	11	10	7	10	9	11—102

GARDNER, Mass., Dec. 13.—There was about the usual number present at the regular weekly meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club at the Hendrantaak Range. The distance was 200 yds., off-hand, inch ring and Creedmoor target combined being used. The results of each man's shooting is told by the following score:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
J N Dodge	86	46	91	46	177—92
A Mathews	86	44	86	45	172—89
G F Ellsworth	75	44	84	45	159—89
W C Loveland	81	45	77	45	158—90
B Williams	67	43	80	46	143—89
G C Goodall	71	43	71	43	142—86
S B Hildreth	67	43	74	44	141—86
C Shumway	71	45	65	42	136—87

A PENNSYLVANIA RIFLE SHOT.—The Harrisburg, Pa., *Telegraph* reports that Ellsworth Bierbower, son of Washington Bierbower, of Allison's Hill, is certainly remarkably skillful with a rifle.

One of his latest shots is described as follows: A piece of half-inch gas pipe was inserted through a heavy piece of iron as a base. At one end of the pipe he inserted the blade of a hatchet so that the sharp edge rested against the pipe. On either side of the hatchet he hung a glass ball. Standing off at a distance of forty feet he fired with a Winchester repeating rifle at the exposed end of the gas pipe, through which the ball passed and was split on the hatchet, dividing glass balls thrown to the right and left side of the hatchet, having done this remarkable shot to his satisfaction in the ordinary offhand way, he tried it in a different manner. Holding the gun over his shoulder he sight d through a small mirror no nel h his left hand, and fired with his arm behind him. The ball passed through the gas pipe, split on the hatchet edge and broke both balls. Still another way was tried. Bracing over, he held the rifle down and sighted in mirror as before, again firing the shot successfully. Shooting glass balls thrown by a second person, and using the rifle in his hand and shooting at arm's length, shooting a swallow in its swift flight, are all common achievements of his. Young Stedman is learning the trade of sookbinder, and indulges in his fancy shooting for his own amusement.

THE NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB has prepared a very complete and comprehensive programme of matches to be shot at their ind or range during the winter, arranged with the intent of int resting every member of the club. The skill of each man has been gauged by previous performances and the various competitions arranged so that all may have a chance to win a prize. Valuable prizes have been offered, and each month a solid gold trophy set with diamonds, presented by the president, Mr. L. V. Son, for the highest average, ten full scores, the successful to receive one any night, and the match to close at the end of any week when the above mentioned score has been made ten full scores. There are also several Borchard, Remington and Ballard rifles as prizes. Probably the most interesting and amusing competition will be a series of matches between two teams of seventeen men each, under the captaincy of the president, L. V. Sco ield, and the club captain, F. J. Donaldson. These teams will shoot every Thursday evening for a dinner once a month, to be paid for by the losing team, and as a further inducement for the members to keep up the good name of the club, the president will provide twelve medal team badges for the twelve men who have made the best seven targets out of the eleven competitions to be held, and those twelve men shall constitute the team and reserve of the N. Y. R. C. for 1883, and must be prepared to meet all challengers.

THE SEPPENFELDT CLUB.—Dec. 15, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We hereby challenge any five (5) men, belonging to any organized club in the United States to shoot with a Ballard rifle of 22 caliber, a match for fifty dollars ($50) a side, three rounds, full Creedmoor rules to govern—to be shot at our headquarters, 15 East Houston street—J. Sendtz, Sec'y Seppenfeldt Rifle Club. This challenge is open for one month from date. J. S. The Seppenfeldt Rifle Club have elected the following officers for the year 1883: For President, B. Wragge; Vice-President, W. Lultz; Secretary, J. Sendtz; Financial Secretary, W. Seppenfeldt; Captain, G. Zimmerman; Treasurer, E. Holtzmann.

THE TRAP.

YONKERS, N. Y., Dec. 18.—The Yonkers Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot on Dec. 16, on the club grounds, Valentine's Hill; 6 pigeons, 5 yds., both barrels, and 8 clay pigeons, 18yds., one barrel.

	Pigeons.						Clay.		
A J Kolb	1	1	1	1	1	1—6	1	0	1—2
R Ellin	0	1	0	1	1	1—4	1	1	1—3
J L Thomason	1	0	1	0	1	1—4	0	1	0—1
S M Swift	1	1	0	1	0	1—4	0	0	0—0
O L Austin	0	0	1	1	1	1—4	1	0	0—1
H Eckeneyer	0	1	1	1	0	0—3	0	0	0—0
S L Pennington	1	1	1	0	0	0—3			
G Langran	1	1	1	1	1	1—6	1	1	1—3
E L Thomas	1	1	0	0	1	1—4	1	1	1—3
G B Valentine	1	0	0	1	1	0—3	0	0	0—0
P H Wragg	1	1	1	1	1	1—6	1	1	1—3
R Rowland	0	1	1	1	1	1—5	0	0	0—0
J Rowland	1	0	1	1	0	1—4	0	1	0—1
H B Waring	1	1	1	0	1	1—5	0	1	0—1
J Avery	1	1	1	1	0	1—4			

It was almost dark when the clay pigeons were shot, and this being the first attempt at them not very good scores were made. The next shoot will take place Christmas day, when there will be pigeons, clay pigeons and a basket shoot for a handsome gold medal, presented to the club by their president, Mr. E. L. Thomas, open to members only.

ALGONQUINS vs. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.—New York, Dec. 14.—The return match between these two clubs was shot on the grounds of the former club on Dec. 7, and resulted in a victory for the Algonquins. The match was ten men each side, twenty balls each, 3yds. rise, from three traps. Fair scores were made, although the prevailing high wind and low temperature made accurate shooting difficult. If further proof was needed of the rare and genuine goodfellowship of the Washington Heights Gun Club it was fully supplied collectively, it was evinced on this occasion by the gallant spirit and graceful manner in which they accepted this their second defeat, at the hands of the Algonquins. The pleasant dinner and social festivities, made memorable by song and story, and the development of latent talent, wit and humor which followed Fielding's victory was a most fitting close to a day pleasant to remember by all present, and well calculated to augment, if possible, the kindly feeling and regard which had between these two clubs. With such a purpose in view, these friendly matches may be indeed prolific of rare enjoyment and pleasant memories, and go far to stimulate the true lover of the gun to accuracy and efficiency.—W.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 17.—At the regular annual meeting of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, held at their club rooms on the 13th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Geo. B. Eaton, president; J. Von Seugerke, vice-president; Al Berringe, secretary and treasurer; John Headden, Jr., Chas. Northrup, H. A. Newbold, executive committee. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the third friendly shoot with the Midway Gun Club, each club having won a match. The next match is to take place on the Jersey City Heights Club grounds, any rules the Midways choose, the Jersey Heights being willing to concede that much. The match to be 25 men each, 25 birds, 7 birds each man, for the 13th of January. Think there will be a hot time.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 16.—A good company of shooters from the Malden Gun Club met at Wellington to-day, and did good work in finishing the exhibition clay pigeons from trap No. 1. The first score of the day's shooting was as follows: Fielding, 9; Moore, 5; Collins, 3; Peterson, 3; Richards, 2; Beaufort, 1. Fielding and Moore divide first honors. Capt. Sawyer, of the Middlesex Club, having arrived on the ground, desired to try his hand, and succeeded in breaking a handsome number of the five birds. Other sweepstakes followed with varying success.

WEST SOMERVILLE, Mass., has a new gun club with twenty members. Their first shoot will be held on Christmas Day.

Coughs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. Price 25cts a box.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

W. E. B. Detroit, Mich.—The rifle is one which has no record.

G. D.—Go to some of the stations on the Northern Railroad of New Jersey.

G. A. S. T. B., Bellaire, O.—We do not know where you can procure ferrets.

J. D. B., New Athens, O.—For Ohio quail law see our issue of December 7.

G. S., Lynn, Mass.—The 28-in. barrel will shoot practically as well as the 30-in.

J. P. U., Binghamton, N. Y.—Write to the *Army and Navy Journal*, New York City.

J. R. W.—Write to Mr. G. A. Wilson, secretary Algonquin Gun Club, 51 West 37th street, New York.

DICK, Thompsonville, Conn.—Are No. 9 pink-edge wads too large for No. 12 pap r shells? Ans. Yes.

N. B. and N. P., Baltimore, Md.—Mosquitoes are more numerous in the Adirondacks in August than in July.

W. E. L., Oxford, N. Y.—We do not know name of ferret breeder. 2. For beagles see our advertising columns.

T. P. B.—Middletown, Conn.—Consult book, "Horse in Motion," published we think, by Osgood & Co., Boston.

R. R. K.—The season for deer in Pennsylvania, as printed in our issue of December 7, is from October 1 to December 31.

J. W. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—As stated some time ago in our editorial columns, the author of "Winter Talks" is Mr. Geo. Dawson.

B. R. M.—1. For wild rice see our advertising columns. 2. Pillsbury, Minn. 3. At any of the gun stores advertised in this journal.

C. T., New York.—For an explanation of the principles of recoil see our issue of Sept. 23, 1880—article, "Dittman's Sporting Powder."

W. A. M., Pensacola, Fla.—To clean rust out of rifle use finest emery powder on oiled rag with cleaning rod and plenty of "elbow grease."

L. L., Canandaigua, N. Y.—You can buy such a gun from any of the dealers, or if you want a second-hand one advertise in this journal for it.

S. M. N., New York.—The berries, taken from quail's crop, are the fruit of the skunk cabbage (*Symplocarpus fœtidus*), a very favorite food of the quail.

G. H. DE H., Rosindale, Mass.—The sight is advertised in our columns. We cannot refer you to good squirrel shooting within an hour's ride of Boston.

C. A. G., Middletown, Conn.—A fox hunter found a fox up in a tree, and shot him. Please tell me if it is not unusual for foxes to take to trees. Ans. No.

X. Y. Z., Haverhill, Mass.—The spots in your gun will probably not interfere with its shooting qualities. Show it to some of your experienced gunning friends.

G. B., New York.—Where can I get a dugout canoe, and how much is one worth? Ans. They have them in St. Augustine, Florida. We do not know who one would sell to.

A. H., Cuero, Texas.—The charge is not a dangerous one for the gun, but it is too heavy for your own comfort. Try a lighter load and see if you cannot do just as good work.

G. T. J., Goldsboro, N. C.—For squirrel shooting you will find a 12-bore gun the best weapon. The scattering of the charge depends upon style of bore, *i. e.*, choke or cylinder.

C. E. S., Benton, O.—1. You will find a .45 calibre, 70 gr. powder, rifle suitable. 2. You can go to Fort Benton, on the Missouri, by steamer, if you go at the proper season of year.

C. L. R., Garrettsville, O.—The only way you can determine proper charge of buckshot for your gun is to experiment; but in no event use more than will readily chamber in the choke.

M. T. E., St. Martins, Wis.—Where can I dispose of a fine mounted male specimen of *Anser albifrons*, and how much would it bring? Ans. It should be worth $8 or $1, but we cannot refer you to a probable purchaser.

H. C. F., Philadelphia.—You will find at Homosassa, Florida, no less than ten distinct species of fish. At last accounts Mr. Jones was still found at his post, and that you would find no difficulty in obtaining accommodations there.

J. B. B., Sorel, Canada.—After some trouble we found the concern advertising the ride concerning which you inquire. The street magazine is an old one and was long ago discarded. We should not advise you to purchase the arm.

D. B.—To have your rifle barrel bored in good shape, send it to a regular gunsmith. If there are not good workmen in your vicinity, express the barrel to some one of the firms who advertise in this paper. The result will repay the cost.

READER.—If in shooting a rifle you elevate it 1,000yds., does the bullet fly with point the highest until it reaches the target, or does it change its position with the line of flight like an arrow? Ans. It changes its position with line of flight.

J. M. M.—For information about Florida, read pamphlet issued and sent free by the Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad, Savannah, Ga. Also "Florida for Tourists, Invalids and Settlers," by Geo. M. Barbour, published by D. Appleton & Co., $1.50. We can supply either.

SCRIBNER, Glasco, N. Y.—1. For situation with taxidermist or market for stuffed birds apply to Sauter, whose advertisement appears in our columns, or to J. Wallace, 19 North William street. 2. Mr. Bailey's address is Parkville, N. Y. 3. Mr. Steele's address is Hartford, Conn.

MARL, Toronto, Canada.—In pigeon shooting a 12-bore is taken as standard; every bore larger than that must go back one-half yard for each difference in size, *i. e.*, an 11-bore, ½yd., a 10-bore 1yd., etc.; and smaller bores go forward in the same way, namely, a 13-bore ½yd. to a 14-bore 1yd.

A. B. C.—In a club shoot B's name is put on the score card and he then declines to shoot. A says he will shoot for B, using his (A's) own gun and shells, and A's initials are placed over B's name. A shoots and wins. To whom does the cup belong? Ans. To the one who paid the entrance fee.

T. L. S.—Dugdale, Pa.—In Province of Quebec season for killing deer, elk and caribou is September 1 to February 1. Killing of moose is prohibited until after September 1, 1883, the season thereafter being September 1 to February 1. Non-residents are required to take out license, fee $30 per season.

J. W. J., Quitman, Ga.—A white quail was killed in this county last February, and as it was quite a curiosity I had it nicely preserved by an exp rienced taxidermist. Can you give me the name of some bird fancier who has a collection of American birds who would be likely to purchase this? Ans. We know of no one.

H. G. H., Cleveland, O.—1. We have ordered a number of copies of the cover from the illustration in your message. The Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," by Mr. Van Dyke, can also be supplied by us, price $1.50. 2. We are not aware that a hammerless gun is in preparation by the firm named. 3. Trajectory was applied to projectiles. It is correctly described by the parabolic line of flight.

M. H. C., Morris, Ill.—Please find enclosed a photo of a peculiar owl for these parts. It was taken with a number of others alive from my pigeon cote where they evidently had been reared. A full grown one measures from tip to tip three feet ten inches, is very light color and it has not the appearance of a monkey more than any bird I have seen. Ans. The photograph represents a barn owl (*Strix flammeus pratincola*), a species of rather southerly distribution but not very uncommon as far north as New York.

J. T. C., Boston, Mass.—Is there any way to learn if a shotgun is liable to burst? I have a cheap breech-loader and I have become afraid of it (merely enough recoil to be disagreeable) and is unknown. Ans. There is no way except to test it, and that is unsatisfactory, for while a test charge might not burst the gun, it might so weaken it that the next charge would burst it. The best plan, if you have not confidence in the gun, is to sell it and get one that you can trust, for you can never shoot well unless you have confidence in your gun.

W. M. M., Helena, Montana.—I send you by mail portions of two birds, one a partridge and the other a "foolhen," so called in the Montana Game laws. Please identify them. Ans. The bird labeled "Partridge" is the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*). The "foolhen" is the Canada, from which it differs mainly in the absence of the chestnut band on the tail and the spots of white on the tail coverts.

J. B. W., Sharon, Conn.—A few days ago a young man heard his dog barking in a piece of pine woods. He went over and saw an animal up in a small tree, which he took to be a 'coon. He threw a stone and knocked it out, and the dog killed it. When he brought it to town some said it was a 'coon and others said it was a fox, and it looked as much like one as the other. At last one man said it was a wood fox. Is there such an animal? Its fur was a little more gray than a 'coon's, but not near coarse enough. Ans. We never heard of a wood fox. From the description it seems probable that the animal may have been a gray fox (*Urocyon virginianus*). This is a species of rather southern distribution, much grayer than our red fox, and noted for its arboreal habits and climbing powers.

Yachting and Canoeing.

CANOEING IN AMERICA.

A LOCAL reporter of Yanktas delivers himself of the sage opinion, in a turf journal, that canoeing never will flourish in America; that canoes are all nonsense any way; and that catboat traps ought to take their place. Running the Colorado River, exploring the chain of Adirondack lakes, or piloting into the rocky fastnesses of Okeechobee in a 17ft. catboat is so bewilderingly funny, that some thousands of Americans are likely to continue exhibiting a seemingly justifiable prejudice for the canoe. But why should a newspaper [illegible] of narrow mental range of experience attempt to air his opinions at all on a subject he knows nothing of? Canoeing never flourished in any country, nor grew so fast in favor as in America, in witness of which, the great Lake George meet of August may be cited. Canoeing is essentially a sociable pastime, a sport for each paddler in his individual capacity, hence, clubs and organizations may not cut great figures, yet the fleets of canoes spread apace all over the country. They make no great noise in the newspaper world, but prosperity is their's none the less, and succeeding years have seen fresh accessions to this delightful, invigorating sport by the hundreds. Canoe clubs are good in their way for headquarters and recomodation, but as the shapely double-end cockle shells can be stowed under the bed, on the mantelpiece, or slung from the library ceiling, clubs are not as essential nor is such consequence in guiding the destiny of the sport as clubs are for sailing. Organization and red tape are really foreign to the happy-go-lucky Bohemian color which is one of the chiefest attraction of this knock-about existence. The enthusiast with the paddle is not a racing man, but more a passionate traveler, bent upon exploring strange climes in search of nature's beauties in their purity, yet undefiled by men. The lonely voyager seeks in the wilderness, far or near, the close associations revivifying and sublime, which contact with the fragrances of the great, tranquil and gurgling rivers, the rustling forests, and sky of the grand and picturesque in rocky architecture is certain to engender in the breast of the least impressionable of men. All this may be naught to the sedentary faculties of a Jonkins, whose appreciation of sport of any kind does not go beyond a stretch of infernal bowling, with a beer keg as the load star in the middle. Such worthies may fail to appreciate a sport appealing to minds refined and bodies athletic, for they prefer the gratification of animal proclivities. Nothing, however, will be allowed to make converts of Americans are not of such low caliber in tastes.

SPREADING BALLAST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notwithstanding your summary disposition of the views of your Boston correspondent "J. W. N." about spreading ballast to prevent pitching, I am unable to reconcile your position with the statements of writers of undoubted authority and with the results of practical experience. Your view I take to be that by spreading out ballast fore and aft (either inside or out), a vessel will pitch and record in a seaway less than would do if her ballast were concentrated amidships, and you are of opinion that a man who believes to the contrary should be sent to a "school for dunces" to learn him on the right course. I must frankly confess myself to be in the ranks of the unbelievers, and as my experience and the ideas I have derived from such teachers as Dixon Kemp seem to have failed to enlighten me, I must come to you for an explanation.

Experience generally has taught me that if I want a vessel to go as easily as possible through a heavy sea, I should keep all weights out of the fore and after peaks; that my chain cables should be stowed well amidships, and that the eyes and hawse pipes in my windlass be better; and when she is pitching her worst I should not rush aft to ease her by putting one man at the bowse pipe and another at the taffrail. And, to show that I am not alone in such experience, let me refer to "Hints to Yachting Magazine" for April, 1882, p. 178, where the author of "Round Island in a Ten-Tonner" tells of the most strange and unwonted diving in his vessel we ever met by moving aft a quantity of ballast and chain that had been stowed far forward by mistake. Experience in cutter sailing has taught me that a double reef in my bow pot with a strong lee helm, and the same sail on a whole bowsprit, because the weight of the spar is brought inboard, and the effect of weights in motion is in proportion to the square of their distances from the center of gravity of the vessel.

In Dixon Kemp's book on "Yacht Designing," at p. 57, occurs the following passage: "The violence of pitching and seconding is much affected by the radius of gyration . . . . The more the weights are concentrated, the short r the radius of gyration will be, and the vessel will consequently acquire less momentum in pitching, and will pitch and second with the waves; but on the other hand, if the weights are lengthened out, the momentum of the vessel, when her bow or stern is heavily depressed or submerged by the passage of waves, will be much increased. By reducing this momentum the diving and violent part of the pitching will be much modified, and what may be termed 'longitudinal rolling' will occur more with the time of the waves." The same author in his "Manual of Yacht Sailing" says (p. 50): "So far as smooth-water sailing is concerned, nothing but a clear gain will result from having the weights well distributed in a fore and aft direction, but the case will be altered when among waves. The longer the radius of gyration and metacentric height are made, the more violent will be the pitching and seconding motions among waves, and the vessel will dive, and be very wet and uneasy." But, on the other hand, if the weights are concentrated, the vessel, while lessening the momentum that caused her to plunge into a wave, will be rendered extremely lively, and probably rise to every wavecrest, large or small. The vessel with the longer radius of gyration will not so accordingly ship the waves, and although she may be carrying her canvas better, yet she will so bury herself that to sail her must be a work of great difficulty and danger."

Undoubtedly a vessel might have her ballast too much concentrated, so that she would be slow and all her motions sluggish or jerky, and I am unable to reconcile the views of Dixon Kemp's the statement in your issue of Dec. 7, that "lengthening out ballast will check pitching." If I have trespassed too much upon your space, it is because the subject seems to me a very important one, for should it now that your views are right and that ballast are gaining ground, and men will want to get all the weight they can on the keel. Mr. Kemp's opinion that danger is results in not follow from too great fore and aft extension of ballast is at least worthy of consideration, and the views held by Fishbourn, in his "Lectures on Naval Architecture," to the distribution of weights shows that high authorities regard the subject worthy of careful consideration.

I shall be very glad if you will remove the difficulties I have endeavored to show have arisen in my mind from your statements on this subject. KOSAN.

[Our correspondent has given a wider interpretation to our remarks than we intended they should convey. Shifting ballast will certainly increase its momentum, but experience shows that by the reduction of oscillation with the sea is thereby prevented, and though pitching harder, the vessel will pitch less often in a given time, and, in consequence, be sailing more nearly a straight line. The object of stretching ballast is to counteract "weatherliness," or rocking-horse motion, at the expense of buoyancy in the ends. Narrow boats with the fine quarters characteristic of the Harvey models, are very sensitive, and easily tipped. They are apt to be too quick in a sea, and to make them safe which must be a question of ballast. In such cases as this may be overdone, and with the weights too much strung out the yacht will pitch so deep as to check her way, thus losing one way what you are trying to gain in another. Either extreme is to be avoided for racing, and the proper adjustment, giving the best mean between hard pitching and quick oscillation, is to be determined by experiment or experience in each case. The driest boat is not the easiest nor the fastest. If dryness only is required, no coaming or bulwarks are necessary, but if safety is to be sought, it cannot be stretched as in narrow forms, for the very reason that deep pitching checks a chubby boat so much that in them climbing over everything is often the best choice between two evils.]

HAWSE-PIPE CRITICS.

SAILORS are proverbially the least competent to explain clearly the performance of a vessel. They invariably get cause and effect mixed up and are loose and slovenly in their reasoning. Skipper Belmont is no exception to the rule if he is correctly reported in last Monday's *Herald*. Says that estimable tar the skippers of the cutters were racing mad in the truest sense of the word, in differing from the opinions expressed recently by Mr. John Harvey in the same journal. What Mr. Harvey's opinions may have nothing to do, being the outcome of a life-long experience, a hundred fold what Belmont can boast, Mr Harvey may be safely left to take care of himself. But as he engaged the imported skippers and stated expressly they were cruising captains and not racing men, it is probable he knows what he is talking about for he ought to know as many as the truth. We are further informed by the paper Belmont that the crews of the cutters in the Scawanaka races hunz on tooth and nail for fear of sliding overboard. Apart from being ridiculous, Belmont's statement is at variance with fact. Every one knows that the crews of the cutters drenched their crews, while the hands aboard Gracie were comfortable and dry. This is a bit of imagination for Gracie's crew were soaked to the skin by flying dust long before Belmont shipped water on the Scawanaka. Belmont goes on to say that in addition to dipping bowsprits without sheeve and bowsprits cocked skyward, as in the sloop. Suppose the cutters did dip their nose poles offence, what of it? This is one of the nightmares retailed *ad nauseam* among the truly long-shore folk who have in no knowledge to deck their ingenious building such craft. The wretched and disappointing sea-going qualities of our boamy boats are too well known to every one to be stable by an estimable yacht skipper's opinions. He will have to explain away a great deal more than this before the public in our waters have any but the giddy headed will agree to his valiant, but unstable claim that tubby boats are the equal of cutters at sea under any circumstances.

"General opinion among American yachtsmen" is a very changing commodity indeed. It had been taking around cutters as though they were at anchor, but got worsted almost every trip. On the contrary, "general opinion" is strongly inclined toward cutters that cutter principles are being accepted throughout the country, but one that built a dozen dangerous tubs now building in New York. It is a relief to find the worthy skipper "allow" Belmont's sails a good fit. It would have been rather rate in the day to claim our canvas any way near the Lay them out pet exception, for compe t judges have acknowledged our inferiority on that point. Captain Belmont, in



THE "WASP" CUTTER—SAIL PLAN.

sailing Guinevere and Sappho forgets that Guinevere is a very different sort of craft to the modern cutter. She is a barrel-bottom, without an ounce on the keel. What she is or does is irrelevant altogether to the performance of cutters. As to everything being in favor of Bedouin, Belmont is inaccurate and poorly informed. He may read to advantage what has been published on that head in these columns. As to crews, Gracie was undermanned and Bedouin had two shifts for regular watches. It will be hard to convince any one that a small sail is more difficult to set, trim or hand than a large one, simply because the small sail happens to be bent aboard a cutter. Skipper Belmont's especial notions about model and buoyancy are not over clear, and may be dismissed, for the narrowest and heaviest of English yachts, such as Samoana, Vanduara, Julanar and Seabelle, are the fastest and driest vessels in a heavy sea ever floated, to which all boat testimony who have seen them under sail proportionate to the conditions. In admitting them better in a cl op sea than our bancers, the weather-beaten critic shows that he is a likely enough candidate for complete conversion, with a little more insight and a closer process of reasoning. After all, knowing whence his bread and butter comes, the gallant captain is perhaps not the man to miss sweetening his prospects with a little taffy, even at the expense of his reputation for a clear head.

HOW TRAPS KILL YACHTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Am very much interested in your article on single hand yachts, and I send you herewith the plans of an 18ft. boat built from my designs. Regret to say that yachting is at a standstill about Detroit, traceable directly to the numerous accidents by capsizing and the bad reputation boating and sailing has obtained. There is but one keel yacht on the river. I think the only hope for improvement is the introduction of a number of safe keel boats. The death traps we have had here have done more harm than good. W.

DETROIT, Dec. 12.

[The plan accompanying the above letter will be published at an early day.]

ROYAL YACHTS.—The Lawleys, of South Boston, are driving ahead on new work. They will build a schooner of narrow beam and larger draft for Boston owners. She will be 70ft. l.w.g., 18ft. beam and 10½ft. draft, with a ten-ton iron keel. Modern ideas seem to take more readily in Boston than among the smooth water sailers of New York. The new cutter for Mr. Edward Burgess is to be out by May. She is spoken of as a fine and roomy ship, with 32ft. length on loadline, 40ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam, and 8 tons lead on the keel. She will be christened Butterfly. Another cutter is under way for Mr. Franklin Dexter, owner of Meta, schooner. This vessel promises to be a grand performer, with the accommodation of a sloop double the tonnage. The cutter is 65ft. over all, 54ft. loadline, 12ft. 4in. beam, 9ft. 6in. water, and will swing 18 tons of lead just where it ought to swing. The same firm have about finished a deep draft for Mr. J. B. Meer, of the Marblehead Y. C., 40ft. long, 13ft. beam, 6½ft. draft, with 8-ton iron keel. The Lawleys have added new land to their establishment on the north side of First street, at the foot of O street.

IN PROSPECT.—We are at last to have an ocean yacht race from San Francisco, something long talked of, but till now with no definite results. Mr. Harry Tevis and the Spreckels brothers are to race their two keel schooner yachts to the Sandwich Islands and back next spring for a silver cup. Capt. Turner is building the Spreckels yacht and Stone is building the other from a design by Hall. The yachts will be exactly the same size on water line—72ft.—and each will draw 9ft. The Spreckels yacht is 24ft. beam, the other being a little narrower. A captain of one of the Spreckels island schooners will act as navigator on one yacht, and it is said that Capt. Hall will sail the yacht he models. The boats will sail down, remain there a week or so, and then start on the beat back together. This will be ocean yachting to some purpose. The boats will be evenly matched, and the event will excite considerable interest. One of the yachts has just been launched, but has not yet been tried. The other has hardly been commenced.—*Pacific Life.*

BELLEVILLE NOTES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The five-ton open sloop Wideawake, which was built by Cuthberth some four years ago, and was one of the fastest craft of her size on the lakes, has been sold by her owner, Mr. James Clarke, of this city, to Mr. Strange, of Kingston. Mr. Pike will shortly commence the work of converting his keel sloop Sylvia into a full-fledged cutter, with lead ballast outside and cutter rig. She will bear watching next season. At present there is no talk of new craft here, but I shall be surprized if a twelve-ton centerboard cabin sloop, in which high speed will be aimed at, is not built by some members of the B. Q. Y. C. during the winter.—PORT TACK. Belleville, Ont.

CANOEING.—This sport has seen a wonderful growth in the last two years. There are now two thousand canoes of the "civilized" kind scattered throughout the country, and builders report a lively demand for the next season. The popularity of canoeing in America is not astonishing, if we recollect that our continent has facilities and attractions for the sport in all its branches far exceeding the opportunities to be found in European countries. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., is working up $10,000 worth of stock for the spring trade. This will represent something like $30,000 in finished canoes. Thos. Kane & Co., of Chicago, are turning out by machinery a numerous fleet of their vencer canoes, which are sold to all parts of the country as fast as they can be supplied. Other builders are straining every nerve for the rush of the season, all of which is evidence of the rapid spread of a fondness for this most charming, robust and romantic method of vagabondizing with benefit to body and mind. It is probable that three canoes are turned out in America for every one set afloat in Great Britain. America is the natural home of the canoeist.

NEW SINGLE HAND YACHT.—Mr. Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., is building a single hand yacht of the sharpie pattern for owners on Lake Erie. Her model will be of the Nonpareil kind, 25ft. over all, 9ft. beam, and 3ft. deep. She will have a keel 24in. deep, the lower 12in. of which is hung by bolts from the inside, so that it can be cast off in case of necessity or for use in shoal waters. Cabin, 11ft. long, two berths and lockers, as well as regular cruising fittings. She will be rigged as a yawl, a style now becoming very popular. Cost $325.

OCEAN CRUISING.—Schooner Intrepid, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, N. Y. Y. C., is off on a cruise to the West Indies, and Mr. W. F. Weld's new keel schooner Gitana, has put to sea with several passengers for the same destination. A number of ladies are among the party. Capt. Sherlock goes out in her as sailing master.

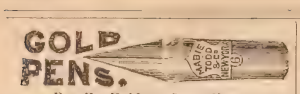
NAJA.—The details of Mr. Geo. A. Beck's steam yacht have been registered in the New York Y. C. as follows: Over all, 96ft.; water line, 70ft.; beam, 13ft. 4in.; depth of hold, 5ft. 6in.; draught, 5ft. 1in.; compound surface condensing engines, 9 and 18in. diam.; return flue boiler, 5ft. 6in. diam., and 7ft. long.

DIVETTE.—This handsome little two-ton cutter has been bought by the French artist, M. Caillebotte and friend. She was to make the passage from Southampton to Havre on her own bottom. The French are buying English cutters in large numbers, and their fleet is growing fast.

NARROW CUTTERS.—We publish this week the sail plan of the narrow beam cutter Wasp, of which general plans were given in our last issue. Our article on the subject of such yachts will appear next week.

WANTED.—Best method of backing charts, such as those in the Government Coast Pilot.

"As to beer-drinking, the worst of it is that it develops diseases of the kidneys," remarked a skilled New York physician. Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster alleviates these maladies and cures when a cure is possible. Unlike all other external remedies it acts thoroughly and at once. Clean and pleasant to use. All druggists. Price 25 cents.—*Adv.*



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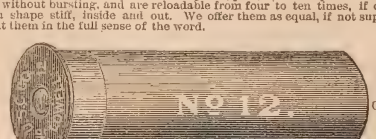
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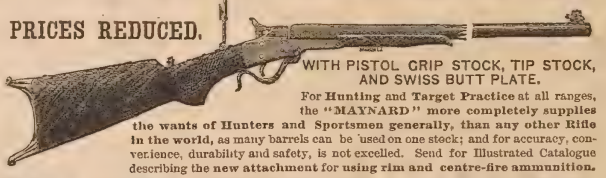


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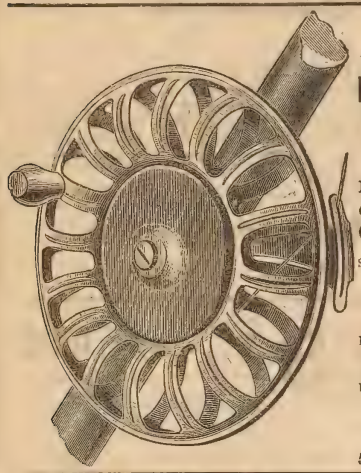
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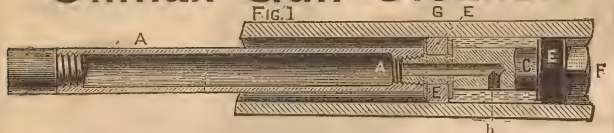
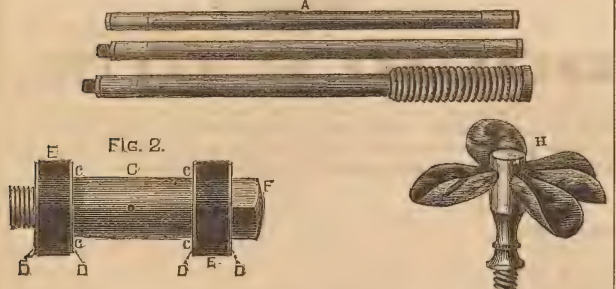


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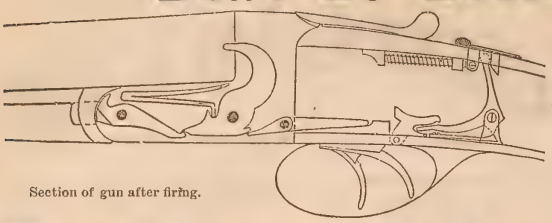
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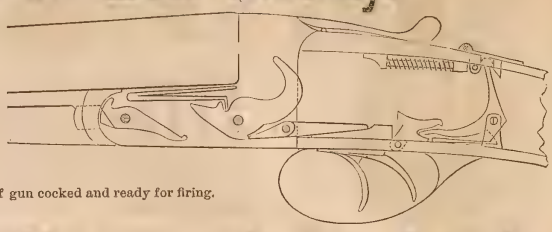
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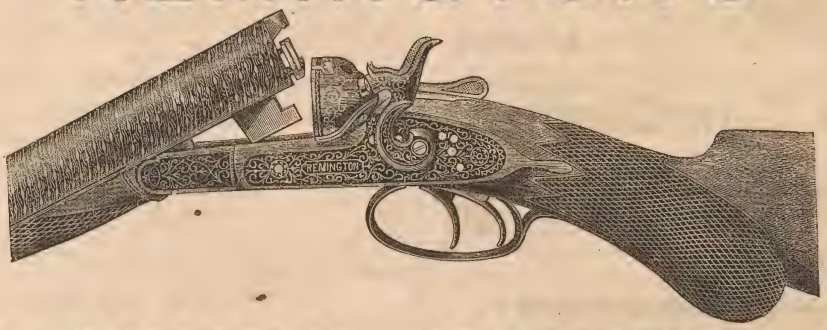
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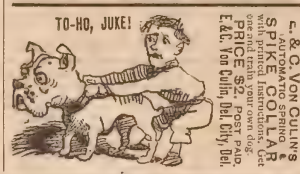
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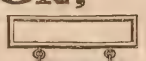
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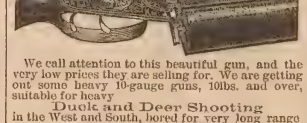
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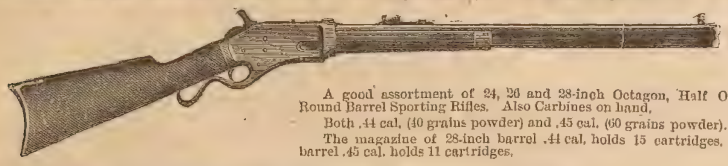
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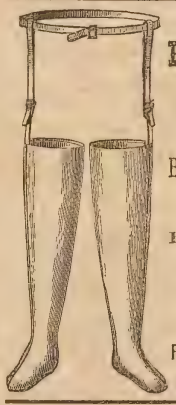
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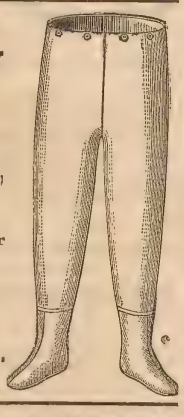
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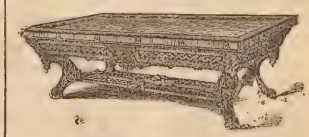
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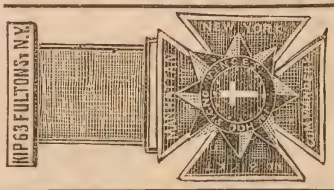
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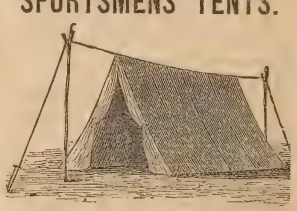
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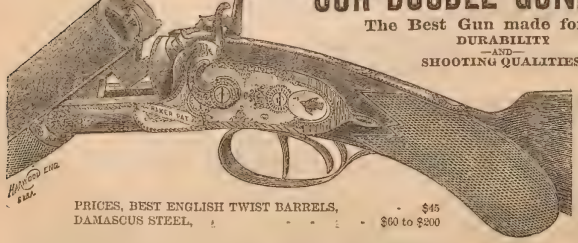
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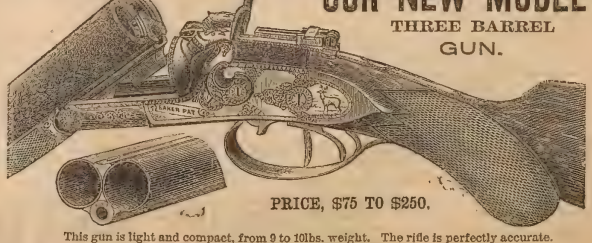
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THE McDONALD FISHWAY.

THIS fishway, which is constructed upon principles entirely new, has been before the public for a few years, and is rapidly growing in favor. Its mode of action is so singular, retarding the flow of water down a straight shute by means of jets of water which make a gentle ripple all along the trough, that at first sight it seems a puzzle. We thought at first that it was possible that it might work well at a very small inclination, but on careful examination find that it can be successfully used at a greater angle than any other known form; even with a fall of one foot in five the ripple is a gentle one. This, together with its cheapness of construction, will, no doubt, cause it to supersede all other forms of fish ladder.

A McDonald fishway is to be built at the Great Falls of the Potomac. One is built at Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. The Maryland Fish Commission has contracted for four of them for the canal dams on the Potomac, and these will be ready for the spring run of fish. The Charter Oak Company, of Hartford, Conn., have ordered one for their dam at Clifton Forge, Va. In Germany several of these fishways are to be erected on the tributaries of the Rhine, in Westphalia; and the McDonald plan has been recommended for dams in Brittany by the Société d'Acclimatation.

The fishway at Fredericksburg, though not completed until May last, during the season of its operation passed large numbers of fish. Many young striped bass, from one-quarter to three-quarters of a pound in weight, were observed to pass, as well as other species. For a long time we have watched the workings this plan in model; and even so late as the International Fisheries Exhibition in Berlin, 1880, we were not wholly convinced as to its merits. Correspondence with those near the fishways has, however, convinced us that this is the best form of fishway known, and, therefore, we do not hesitate to say so.

We learn that a company has been formed to manufacture these fishways in cast iron, made in sections, so that they can be shipped and put up in any part of the country at a comparatively small expense. If this latter report is true, then we should have fishways put upon all dams that stop the ascent of fish to the spawning or feeding grounds above.

BRAIN FOOD.—Warranted to stimulate the fancy, wake up the imagination, loosen the tongue and develop latent and undreamed of capacity of romancing. Not for sale by all druggists, but sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination by the "Miraculous Repeating Arms Co. It costs fifteen dollars and the manufacturers are overwhelmed with flattering testimonials from Michigan and Colorado hunters. "Our picture," says the advertisement, "represents the modern hunter dropping a deer at 900 yards with the bullet cartridge, and having made a selection from a flock of geese at 500 yards with the buckshot cartridge, is in the act of shooting a pigeon at 50 yards with the fine shot cartridge. No other gun in the world does it." But this is not "by a long chalk" any fair sample of what the gun can really do. It can inspire ten times bigger yarns than this, as fifteen minute's conversation with the agent of the company in this city the other day demonstrated. They call it the "Hunter combination repeating rifle and shotgun." A Texas correspondent wants to know what we think of it; well, if he needs brain food, we can recommend for this the "Hunter;" but if he wishes a gun for service in the field, let him put his fifteen dollars into a weapon that will bring to bag the pigeon, goose and buck at one shot, for three shots in a case like this are clearly a waste of ammunition.

A NEGLECTED GAME FISH.—Our wealth of game fishes causes us to neglect many that are really fine ones, and as a people we look with little favor on any fresh water fishes except salmon, trout, grayling and black bass. Even the pike and his big brother the maskinonge we think have not enough fishing stuff in them to be worth serious attention. Another fish which is sadly neglected is the pike-perch, called "wall-eyed pike" in New York, "pickerel" in Canada, and alas, that it should be so, "salmon" on the Susquehanna, Ohio and Mississippi rivers. This fish is a good gamy fish, a good table fish, and one well worth cultivating. If our English friends had this fish, the king of the perches, they would sing its praises far and wide, but we hardly notice it. There are places where the fish abounds, and where it is taken with hook and line, but no writer has yet arisen to sing its praises; invent a rod just suitable for its capture, or a hook with the right bend for its jaw. No treatise has been written on its favorite baits, nor its valiant death struggles. Here is a new field.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.—In our Natural History columns, this week, will be found the initial installment of an annotated Catalogue of the Birds of the State of Maine. Mr. Everett Smith, who is the author of this list, has devoted many years to the study of the avifauna of his native State, and being thus constantly in correspondence with ornithologists and collectors, has had very full opportunities to make the present paper as nearly complete as such an one can ever hope to be. The catalogue contains the names of over 300 species of birds, and the notes on their habits and characteristics—in some cases very full—will be found of very great interest to ornithologists, and, indeed, to all who have any love for natural history. The geographical position of the State of Maine gives to this list an unusual interest, for through it is drawn an imaginary boundary line, across which the birds from the South do not pass. Its varied topographical character offers attractions also to birds of widely differing habits. Mr. Smith's field is therefore a broad one, and his contribution to the bird literature of the New England States will be gladly received.

PEDDLING GAME ON THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.—We are informed that there has been an extensive sale of snared birds on the passenger cars of the Long Island Railroad. We called attention to this matter a year or two ago, at which time measures were taken to put a stop to it. Perhaps a few arrests would have a salutary influence. We commend the matter to the attention of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association.

THE WELCH CASE.—We are informed that the appeal in the Welch case was dismissed because "no notice was given within the time prescribed by law." In this case, it will be remembered, was involved a test of the constitutionality of the New Jersey non-resident game law; and it was hoped that the case would not be dropped.

BAKER'S DOZENS OF WALTONS AND FORESTERS.—There are in this country to-day a baker's dozen each of writers just as pleasing as Izaak Walton and "Frank Forester." To find out what they have written within the past year look through the files of the FOREST AND STREAM

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

NO. XV.—THE BLACK FLY.

DO you know the black fly of the woods? Here it might be a point of etiqutte to await a reply before saying more, but this will take weeks and then only bring in a variety of answers, mostly "yes," or "no," the variety being in the different ink used, so I will ask another question. Do you know all about him, her, or them? If you do, then tell me so that I may also know; but on the supposition that some one has answered my first question by asking "what are black flies?" I will proceed to tell him a few things that I have noticed about them and a few theories that I have formed concerning them. These may be all wrong, and if so the sooner they are discarded the better, and a new set framed that are warranted to stand the strain.

Are you listening? You man who don't know what a black fly is, I mean; for if you don't know and don't care to then this ink might as well be saved. Now, here goes for it. A black fly is a small sort of thing, not bigger than two small pin-heads placed one behind the other. He, she, or it, has six legs and two or more wings; am not so sure of the number of wings but you'll find the legs all right. What particular Greek or Latin cognomens the bug-sharps have seen fit to adorn him with is more than I know, but if these names do not translate into English to mean something with a chronic hunger for a fisherman's blood, then is science a delusion and a snare. When it is added that the legs of this fly are sometimes speckled and that the guides can tell by the spots how long they are likely to remain, then all the knowledge that the guides have of them, and a little more beside, is given. Did you ask why such an insignificant being should play the leading character in the drama of wood-life, that it should become the leading question when to go to the woods? If you did ask this then there is but one answer. It is not that the fly of himself is so pestilent but because he makes himself so numerous. The mosquito may also become numerous, but his numerousness is as naught to the multitudinous black fly. Swarms is the only word that gives one an idea of the numbers of the fly, and when you add that no amount of fighting, or threshing around, disturbs the flock in the least, each individual of which is as brave as a goat (which is my *beau ideal* of a courageous animal) then you get a fair idea of the little pest. A net is merely a hive for them to get under and to keep them from getting out, and the only protection is in some of those compounds of oil, tar, or other substances, which are smeared on the face and hands. Even these do not prevent the insects from flying against your face and tickling it in a manner almost as bad as their bite, nor does it prevent an occasional one from exploring the region covered by clothing, and an itching, inflamed spot tells where one has penetrated to a region supposed to be perfectly protected. During the season of them the only time that they are quiet is during the night, or while a breeze is blowing.

Why does this fly exist? That is just what I tried to find out. All things have their uses in the economy of nature, and if you heard one black fly ask another why you existed, the answer might be, "to feed the black fly." But this fly undoubtedly plays a more important part in life than taking an infinitessimal portion of blood from a man, a dog, a deer, or a panther, and leaving a smaller portion of poison in its place, which, while not worth as much to you as the blood, is, without doubt, poison of the first quality and might be useful in *materia medica* if experimented with. While we know that it is only the female mosquito which carols her exquisite little song and takes the blood from your sleeping nose, while her liege lord goes hungry forever, I do not remember to have heard whether the husband of the black fly has an inclination to lunch at the same table with his partner, assuming that she bites also, or not. In fact you will have perceived before this that I do not know a great deal about the insect which we are discussing together, but having told you all that I think I know positively, we will go on to the theory of the benefits which accrue to mankind from the aforesaid little black fly.

The trout are thickest where the fly is most numerous and yet few or no flies of the kind we are talking about are found in the stomachs of the trout. The further north we go, even into the Arctic circle, the more of both trout and black flies do the waters produce, and when the wild lands are cleared both the trout and the black fly either disappear together or the fly goes first and the trout lingers in diminished numbers. The food of the infant trout is gone. The little worm-like larva of the fly is the best possible food for a troutlet, and where the black fly abounds, the waters during the fall, winter, and spring

swarm with their larva. This insures life to the young fish during the first three months of its life, the most delicate portion of its existence, when they die by thousands upon the least provocation.

Large insects, with their correspondingly large larva, are well enough for adult trout, but are of little use to a fish that is smaller than they, and a troutling of an inch long has no use for the grown larva of the May-fly. There are other small flies whose lives are partly passed in the water in the form of worms, such as the gnats, midges, etc., and, of course, these furnish more or less food for baby trout as well as the black fly does, but when we add the millions of black fly larva to these, then the waters are rich in food. With the clearing of the original forest the black fly leaves and does not seem to return with its second growth, as we do not find it under such conditions except where this second growth is surrounded by primeval forest. The fly flourishes where lakes have been raised above their original level and a tract of marsh or woodland has been submerged, giving much forage of decaying vegetation as food for the fly larvæ.

While engaged in trout breeding, some years ago, in Western New York, I tried the experiment of feeding mosquito larva as a food for baby trout, and found it the best of all food, not the least of its recommendations being that it swam about until devoured and did not foul the trough. The only trouble was to breed them in sufficient quantity. Take a handful of black mud from the bottom of a good trout stream and carefully look it over, and see how many small worms it contains, some fine, transparent, and thread-like and others stout and red or black. This, in my opinion, is the primary rule that settles the question of how many trout the stream can produce. Therefore, if all these things be admitted, the little pest which comes at you in such clouds and causes the blood to trickle down your cheeks until your face is stiff with it, and which creates such an intolerable itching next day, is not wholly an evil.

There is one thing, however, which no one has attempted to explain. This is why the black fly appears in the spring and is usually gone by the first half of July in the Adirondacks, while in Maine it stays all summer. Who knows?

F. M.

THE CHASE IN HOMERIC TIMES.

WITH the early Greeks the pursuit of the chase was a duty as imperative as was the tillage of the fields. Such animals as endangered the lives of men were to be exterminated as soon as possible. The care of their flocks and herds called first of all and constantly for protection against the attacks of wild beasts; while the crops upon their sown fields would at different stages of their growth offer tempting food to others. The flesh of some animals was desirable for food; the skins of others furnished coverings for beds and for benches—so that the chase was followed at times for profit as well as for sport. Moreover, a people fond of war and eager to display their bravery and skill could scarcely fail to become enamored of the exciting pleasures of the hunt.

Homer draws some of his most striking similes from the sports of the field. The poet presents a well-drawn sketch of a hunting scene in his description of the fight which took place in front of the Greek ships after Achilles had rejected all offers of reconciliation from Agamemnon. First, he compares the onset of Ajax on that day to the impetuous course of a mountain stream swollen by melting snow and falling rain to a flood of furious waters. The rage of battle carried the hero beyond the Grecian lines until he saw Hektor on the field, and then—

Zeus, the father high-throned, inspired terror in Ajax.
Stood the man dazed, and he flung on his back his shield of seven ox-hides.
Frightened and startled, he shrunk back, eyeing the crowd like a wild beast.
Slowly he yielded his ground, as step after step he retreated,
Just as a bright red lion is kept from the yards of the cattle,
Driven away by the dogs and by men who live on the farmstead,
Who will not suffer the beast to snatch from the cattle the falling,
Watching the whole night through, while, longing for flesh, does the lion
Make his assaults; but in vain, for showers of thick-falling jav'lins
Right in his face are winged from the hands of men now emboldened.
Lighted torches as well; he dreads these although he is famished.
At the appearance of dawn he slinks off in deep disappointment.
Ajax, grieved in his heart, thus went from the Trojans unwilling.
(Il. XI., 544-556.)

The chase was followed for peltry. When Aphrodite came to the shepherd hut of Anchises, on Mount Ida, the hero's bed was spread with skins of bears and deep-voiced lions. (Hymn in Ven. 160). Agamemnon preparing to go to his brother's tent:

Risen from slumber he donned a tunic that covered his bosom,
Under his shining feet he bound his beautiful sandals.
Next he threw over himself the dark red skin of a lion,
Tawny and huge, to his feet came the pelt, then grasped he his javelin.
(Il. X., 21-24).

At that same time Menelaos was dressing to go and call on his brother:

First with a leopard's skin his brawny shoulders he covered,
Dappled the mantle it made, then his brazen helmet he lifted,
Put the helm on his head, and took his spear in his strong hand.
(Il. X., 29-31).

And on the part of the Trojans, Dolon prepared that night to go as a spy to the camp of the Greeks:

Quick on his shoulders he slung his well-curved bow and his arrows,
Over all these for a wrap he flung the skin of a gray wolf.
Put on his head a cap of weasel skin, then his sharp spear
Took he, and started to go to the ships from the camp of the Trojans.
(Il. X., 333-336).

The ancients valued highly the assistance of their dogs in the chase. When the hunting party went from the house of Autolykos to devote the day to sport upon the sides of Parnassos, the dogs went on ahead scenting the tracks of game:

When now child of the dawn came Eos of rosy-tipped fingers,
Off went the dogs to the chase and with them followed their masters,
Sons of Autolykos; their comrade went splendid Odysseus.
Lofty the mountain they climbed, its slopes covered over with forests.
That of Parnassos; but soon they reached peaks swept by the tempests.
Then afresh did the sun send down his rays on the ploughed land,
Coming up from the idly-lapping and deep-flowing ocean.
Now to a gorge did they come, these huntsmen, in front of them running
Went the dogs scenting the tracks; close after these coursers there followed
Sons of Autolykos, their comrade went splendid Odysseus
Close by the dogs, and he poised his spear which cast a long shadow.
There in some bushes thick-set perchance was lying a great boar.
Through this thicket ne'er blew the might of the blast with the rain-storm,
Nor did the shining sun with his fierce rays ever pierce through it—
Never a driving storm beat through, so dense was the thicket;
There was moreover within a thick bed of leaves that had fallen.
Trampling of men and of dogs reached now the ears of the monster
As the huntsmen came on; the boar at the edge of the thicket
Bristled the ridge of his back, the glance of his eye was like fire;
Stood his ground when they came near, then foremost of all did Odysseus
Rush to attack, and he raised with his powerful hand his long jav'lin,
Eager to wound; but the boar having gotten the better now gashed him
Over the knee, and much was the flesh he tore with his white tusk,
Striking oblique from one side, but he reached not the bone of the hero.
Wounded Odysseus the boar by striking him on the right shoulder.
Straight through the shoulder pierced the point of the glittering jav'lin.
Fell in the dust at full length the boar, and his life quickly left him.
Then did the children beloved of Autolykos close in about him.
As for the wound received by Odysseus blameless and godlike,
This did they bandage with skill, with incantations the dark blood
Staunched; and they quickly returned to the house of their own dear father.
(Od. XIX., 428-458).

The chase was presided over by divinities, notably by Artemis. It was this goddess who sent the wild boar of Calydon to ravage the fields of Oineus, because in making his offerings to the gods he had neglected her altars. This animal gave occasion for that famous hunt which was led by Meleagros, the son of Oineus, and who had in this the help of many huntsmen and their dogs.

Angry the maiden divine of birth and delighting in arrows,
Roused up a lurking wild boar that had teeth of ivory whiteness.
Great was the mischief he wrought as he haunted the cornfields of Oineus.
Many a towering tree did he throw on the ground in confusion.
Utterly these were destroyed from the roots to the blossoms of apples.
Later this monster was slain by Oineus' son Meleagros,
Calling to come to his aid the huntsmen of many a city,
Having them bring their dogs; few men could not vanquish the wild boar.
Huge was the beast, and the chase sent scores to the funeral pyre.
(Il. IX., 538-546.)

But the goddess was not always so unpropitious. To men reduced to straits for food she gave success in the chase, and if they had not dogs to scent the game, nymphs coursed for them the fields and woods to start the wild beasts from their cover. Odysseus tells how he and his companions spent the night thus in want on the island lying off the land of the Cyclops, and in the morning,

When now, child of the dawn, came Eos of rosy-tipped fingers,
Lost in amazement we gazed at the island, strolling about it.
Nymps, the daughters of Zeus, who carries the ægis, then started
Goats of a mountain breed, that my crew might prepare them a breakfast.
Forthwith our bended bows, our arrows, and long-pointed jav'lins
Took we out of our boats; then, dividing ourselves in three parties,
Chase did we give; some god gave sport such as heart could desire.
(Od. IX., 152-158.)

Homer was familiar with the chase. Scattered through the Iliad and the Odyssey the reader comes across frequent allusions to it as a manly diversion. The passages selected will serve as specimens. They do not, by any means, represent an exhaustive study. As these poems are the earliest record we can go to in the study of that old-world life, they also present the most fruitful field of research. To all of us who enjoy tracking the life of the present back to the cover of a dusky past, Homer is the god who has given "sport such as heart could desire."

I. B. CHOATE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING N. R. A.—On the evening of Tuesday, January 9, the life members of the National Rifle Association will hold an annual meeting at the Seventh Regiment Armory. It will be an important session, and the most important task is that of selecting seven directors to fill the place of those going out of office. There is ample room for a change for the better in the make up of the board. There is a demand for more active men, those who have the time and the inclination to do the amount of positive hard work required if the efforts of the association are to meet with success. There has been too much of the figure-head system in the past, now is a good time for a change, and with the work of the coming year before them, the life members can not be too particular in their choice of representatives on the board.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TRAMPS ABOUT THE SOUTH FORK.

IN the summer of 1875, my brother Richard and I made an expedition to the South Fork, accompanied by my mountaineer friend Francis M'Coy, who has been with me on many a hunting and fishing trip, and another man who went along to help carry provisions, make camp, etc. No other city people, to my knowledge, have ever visited it before or since.

I published a description of this trip in the Germantown *Telegraph* of Philadelphia, and gave an account of our meeting the "Hammondses," as the natives call them, a set of bear hunters who "infest" that region and use it as a sort of family hunting ground, killing deer and bear when they want them. They live at the mouth of the South Fork, where they have a clearing, and farm a little in a desultory sort of way, but their fame rests upon their deeds as hunters, and they spend most of their time in the woods.

In the autumn of 1880 I had a few weeks at my disposal, and resolved to spend part of that time in the neighborhood of the South Fork, making my headquarters, as usual, at M'Coy's. I reached Francis's house about the third week in October, and at once began looking after what I had gone there for, fresh air and exercise. The former of these comes unbidden, and one good whiff of it laden with the indescribable odor of the forest does more good than a month's course of tonics in the confined air of the city. The latter can be had merely for the trouble of setting about it.

M'Coy's house is three thousand feet above tide, so to go anywhere one has a mountain to descend, and of course one to climb up to get back again, giving ample room for the pursuit of exercise.

Francis told me just after I reached his house that he should have to leave home in a short time to take a trip to a distant county on business which could not be postponed, and I had been casting about in my mind as to how I would dispose of the week or ten days I should still have left after he went away. We came home one day after a hard tramp in the woods, and having eaten a hearty supper of venison of our own killing—for we had slain a mighty buck—were sitting by the fire, I smoking a quiet pipe, Francis scraping a turnip, when thus I began: "Francis, I've been thinking about what I am to do when you go away, and I rather think I will get Harmon to go with me and take to the woods to stay until my spare time is used up; what do you think about it?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Colonel, of course you can stay right here and make yourself at home as long as you've a mind to, but if you are after fresh air and exercise I believe your plan's a good one and I'll tell you what to do. I'm going to leave here Monday, and M'Collum is going with me. We have to go on horseback of course. Now, you can go down to Harmon's to-morrow and get him to come up here Sunday ready to go with you. Monday morning you can put your packs on our horses and we will carry them over to Boffman's on the river below Straight Creek, that will save your carrying them twenty-four miles. We will stop there all night, and Tuesday you can strike across the Spruce Mountain back to our river and go to Hammond's at the mouth of the South Fork; from there you can take your own route and go wherever you choose, either up the Fork and back over the Black Mountain, or cross over to Blackberry and take a longer trip round. You'll find all the exercise you want climbing the mountains there and fresh air is plenty."

I liked the trip thus roughly sketched out and accordingly went down to Harmon's the next day and engaged him to go with me. Sunday evening he appeared at M'Coy's ready for the trip, and we arranged our packs, each taking twenty pounds and I carrying my Winchester, while Harmon shouldered an old mountain rifle. We left M'Coy's Monday morning at 7 o'clock, Harmon and I being on foot reached the mouth of Spruce Creek, eight miles, at 9:30, and, after waiting ten minutes for the horsemen to overtake us, started up the mountain beyond the creek, which we topped at 10:35. While at the mouth of the creek I looked at the site of the old camp I occupied when there in 1878. Usually we used the Rock Camp half a mile below the creek, but the camp at the mouth does well enough for a night. It is a wild place that. I remember one summer a party of wandering hunters camped there, and while all were asleep a panther crawled into camp. One of the party went out to the settlement a day or two afterward, and M'Coy met him at a house where both ate dinner. While in the middle of the repast this fellow suddenly addressed M'Coy: "Francis, I seed a painter the other night." "You did," said M'Coy; "how far off was he?" The fellow, who had just crammed a huge spoonful of beans in his mouth, blurted out, "'Bout eighteen inches." The unexpectedness of this reply, with the rather extraordinary closeness of the beast, quite upset M'Coy's gravity. One does not often get within a foot and a half of a panther.

I was fishing this creek some four or five years ago, in the latter part of May, accompanied by a friend from Philadelphia, and at the latter's suggestion had left my Winchester in the Rock Camp, thereby for the first time breaking my rule, which is to always carry my 20-inch Winchester slung on my back when fishing in that wild country. We had reached the stream, and my friend and M'Coy had begun fishing some twenty yards below me, while I was engaged in looping on my flies. A movement on the other side of the creek catching my eye, I looked up and saw an enormous catamount stepping gingerly along through the wet grass. It was not over fifteen paces from me, and walked along up stream for fifty yards in open sight, but was so intent upon the prospective deer to be found at the lick above that it did not see me. Of course, because I wanted one, I could not find a stone anywhere in reach, or I would have stirred the fellow up. I killed a large panther once not far from this same place.

We traveled on top of the Spruce Mountain for an hour, turning the heads of one or two streams, when we stopped for dinner and baited the horses. At 12:05, after half an hour's halt, we started off, and at 1:05 turned down the far side of the mountain toward Straight Creek.

Deer signs had been numerous, and we had crossed ten or a dozen bear tracks on the mountain. On the creek the deer seemed to have been undisturbed, for the ground was tramped up everywhere. We traveled fast and reached the mouth of the creek at 2:20, halted twenty minutes, then struck down the river and, passing the upper house at 3:25, reached Boffman's at 4 o'clock. Here we rested over night and spent the evening sitting by the big fireplace, smoking and enjoying the amusing conversation of old Boffman, who

had a good deal of humor in him. Tuesday morning we got off a little before seven and continued our course down the river. After a mile or so the horsemen left us, as they had to strike across the mountains westward, so we shouldered our packs and marched off to Turkey Creek, a mile further on.

An hour's rapid walking up the creek took us to the second fork, and from there another hour of up-hill work brought us to the top of the mountain. Part of this region had been burnt over, and the signs of game were not as numerous as on Straight Creek. At a little before eleven we reached the upper house on the river, where we found one of the young Hammonds living.

This river is the same stream we left at the mouth of Spruce Creek the day before, but we were now twelve or fifteen miles further down stream. After looking at a huge bearskin which Hammond showed us, we went on by the mouth of the South Fork, and got to old Jess Hammond's about noon. Much to my regret, I found that Jess had gone bear hunting and was not at home. It had been raining for an hour or two before this and we were pretty wet and rather hungry. We waded through the mud to the door of the little log house—the mansion boasting but one room, with a sort of loft overhead, and a rude porch floored with puncheons across the back—and found the inmates just sitting down to dinner. I asked whether Mr. Hammond was at home, and was sorry to hear his wife say, "No, Jess ain't home; he's gone out to look for some b'ar sign. It's a pity you hadn't a-come a little sooner and found him at home; he'd a-liked to a-gone out with ye." But I was not at all sorry to hear her add, "I reckon you men 'll be a-wantin' some dinner. Walk in and sit down. We hain't got much, but you're welcome to such as it is."

We sat down. "It" proved to be roast 'coon, and now it was that I understood clearly the meaning of a peculiar expression in the eye of old Mrs. Hammond as she saw us suddenly appear at her doorway. It said as plainly as anything could:

"By Zeus! Two strangers and only one 'coon for dinner!"

I can tell you, though, that same 'coon was a monster, and with huge chunks of corn bread, made of good, sound yellow meal (to which white meal is as sawdust), afforded us a substantial repast, while a little was left for the family. The latter consisted, as well as we could ascertain, of Mrs. Hammond, a married daughter with her baby; a girl of about fifteen, one of twelve, and an irrespressible boy of an uncertain age. All occupied the one room, in which they cooked, ate and slept, unless possibly the younger children were relegated to the loft. After dinner, we lit our pipes, and as the rain continued to fall steadily, sat down to talk and rest.

Three young men now turned up, big stout fellows of from 18 to 21 years old; one was a son of Jess Hammond, the others nephews. The face of one of these seemed familiar to me, but I could not tell why.

Presently this one addressed me. "I mind of seeing you afore."

"Yes," said I, "where?"

"I seed you on the Middle Prong once about five years ago, when the old man and some of us was camped out up thar. I was only about sixteen then. Don't you mind seein' a boy along that time? I mind 'you had on a gold watch; is that the same one you've got on now?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have carried it a good many years."

"I mind of hearin' Jess tell about that watch," chimed in the old woman. "He said one time he seed a feller up the Middle Prong, didn't have but one arm, and had on a gold watch. Times in the winter when they'd be sittin' 'round the fire o' nights and git a talkin' about their watches, Jess 'ud say, 'them aint like the watch I seed on that feller up the Middle Prong, his was reel gold.' I reckon you're that feller, aint you?"

"Pete's got a watch," put in one of the three.

I asked to see it, and Pete produced a huge silver watch to which was attached a stout steel chain.

"What time does it get dark now by your watch, Colonel?" drawled my old acquaintance.

"Get dark? Ah, I don't know. I have not thought about it. I suppose about five o'clock, or somewhere along there; the days are getting short now, you know."

"It don't git dark by Pete's watch till h-a-l-f-p-a-s-t-s-e-v-e-n."

"Half-past seven!" cried I. "Goodness, Pete, that will never do. Run outside and get a hitch on it with a log chain and wind it up. Set it back a couple of hours. Half-past seven, indeed, and November already here."

So the watch was set back, and the conversation drifted to other topics.

The young men had been "over to Elk," to a store some twelve or thirteen miles off, and when they came in, brought burdens, consisting apparently of shoes, coffee and tobacco. A rush was made for the last as soon as produced, and the old woman made an equitable distribution of pieces to each and all according to size and age; even the small boy got a piece. Now this boy had not been idle all this while. He had bored first me and then Harmon, to "make a touch hole" in a certain hollow stick he had, of which he purposed making a cannon to be fired off at the front door. Harmon gave him some powder wherewith to load it, and I am sorry to say with, I think, the charitable idea of so grievously wounding and hurting the aforesaid incorrigible as that he should be debarred from further bothering anybody.

I contributed a couple of Winchester cartridges, but these he immediately carried off and hid away as a sort of curious and cunning thing to be taken out in secret and worshipped or made much of like some of the old Peruvian Huacas. The old woman's attention was at last drawn to some of the boy's performances, and having seen the way in which the Winchester operated—for the young men would not be satisfied until we had tried the gun at a mark—she suddenly became alarmed lest the cartridges should prove to be infernal machines which would go off at some unexpected moment, and thus addressed the youth:

"Now you a'nt been a askin' the Colonel for them cartridges, hev you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you know the man wants them for his gun?"

"Well, the man give 'em to me. He said I could have 'em. They won't hurt nothin'."

I assured the old lady that I had plenty of ammunition, but she seemed hurt by the boy's want of politeness. "I declare now 't seems 's if ye hain't got no manners at all, to be a-botherin' and a-pesterin' them men that way. Let the gentlemen alone and behave yourself." Then addressing me, "Well now, Colonel, did you ever see sich a boy as that? I declare I hardly know what in the world to do with him sometimes; it seems like there aint no way to manage him. What do you reckon now you'd do with sich a boy?"

"My dear madam," I replied, "nothing is simpler. The boy is not a bad boy. I should manage him without the least trouble."

"Ye would? Well now!"

"Certainly. In the morning I would cut a couple of good dogwood gads; one of these I would wear out on him before dinner, the other after; I think there would be no trouble at all after that. You see the cartridges I gave him are perfectly harmless. The most he can do when he puts them in his mouth, will be to bite on the little cap in the end and so blow the top of his head off."

"Has he got them things in his mouth? Great goodness!" and there was an immediate rush for the boy. He opened his mouth. It was empty. The cartridges had been put away in some secret nook elsewhere. Comparative order reigned once more. Then a fiddle was produced, and the young men played. All the Hammonds are born fiddlers, and the dance music was not ill played.

It had become evident to me that there was not room enough in the Hammond mansion for us to spend the night there, so, after some apologies from Mrs. Hammond for not being able to extend us as much hospitality as she wanted to, we shouldered our packs and trudged off in the rain for Mullins's, a mile and a half down the river, on the opposite bank. Arrived opposite his clearing we halloed, and a small boy put us over the river in a dug-out. To the question whether he could keep us all night or not, Mullins said, "I don't never turn no one away." So we unslung our packs, and entering the house, stowed them and our guns in a corner and made ourselves at home.

The Hotel Mullins was built of small round logs, almost poles, and boasted but one room, of which one side was taken up by two beds, while the opposite side contained a dilapidated stone fireplace. Facing the door was a small square window, and beside it a rude shelf or two, whereon a few cups, plates, etc., made up the scanty household table service. There were a table, a couple of chairs, and two or three empty "bee gums," for furniture. The prospect was not a very inviting one, but there was present one thing which made amends for much that was lacking—we had a hearty welcome.

These poor people who could give us no better supper than "biled" cabbage, coffee and corn dodger, were glad to see us; glad to be able to give us meals and a bed; all that they had was at our service.

Harmon soon discovered that Mullins and he had come from the same county so there was no lack of interest in their conversation. The mistress of the mansion was for some time after our meal engaged in cleaning the dishes, making up bread and other like occupations, standing with her back to us.

At intervals she turned and addressed me with stories of her children, or neighbors, the point of which was lost in the rattle of pans and cups as she went to work again, or drowned by the voice of Mullins as he prosed away to Harmon some long-winded recollection of some ancient worthy of their acquaintance.

In the midst of his wife's "Now don't you think Colonel um-um-um, etc," and "Wouldn't any one ha' done the same?" to which, not knowing about what or to whom the questions referred, I answered at random "Certainly. You were perfectly right," or "Very singular if any one would not do just so," Mullins, suddenly as it were, aware of what his wife was doing, broke in with "There now, let the man alone. The Colonel don't want to be bothered with all them old tales. Hush now I say! Don't let us have no more of it."

This produced its intended effect for about two minutes, when the wife began again and Mullins administered a second reproof. This went on all the evening, the old man always winding up his rebuke with "Hush now I say, hush!" broken only by a temporary absence of Mullins and the boy who went to the mill to grind some meal for breakfast.

In the region of which I am writing there are no roads, and the few inhabitants have as a rule each a mill for his own use. An upright shaft of wood is turned by a home-made wheel at its foot and carries a stone on its top for runner; as stone and shaft turn together, the grinding is rather slow.

A few sheets of bark keep the top gear dry; and that is the mill.

At a fairly reasonable hour we went to bed. Harmon and I occupied one of the two beds, while the children slept on the floor. Mullins was so occupied in talking over old times with Harmon, that he, of course, forgot to bring in any wood to be ready for the morning fire. I woke as I always do when in camp, very early. The rain was still falling in a desultory sort of way and a faint glow from the coals in the fireplace gave an indistinct view of the cabin's interior. After a while Mrs. Mullins awoke and sat up in bed for half an hour, then she began, "Mullins! Mullins! Get up and fix the fire."

"Hush, now," was the reply, "you'll wake them men up."

"Well, but Mullins, I must have fire to git breakfast."

"Well, I say, hush! Don't make so much noise."

"Now Mullins, you know I've got the rheumatics that I can't git no wood. Git up now and git some wood and build up a fire, them men 'll be a wantin' their breakfast and it must be a gettin' on towards morning."

"Hush now about the wood, I tell you. Them men wants to sleep. Don't bother me no more about it." At last Mullins got up, and half awake, blundered out, in his bare feet, to the wood pile, picked up a few sticks and bringing them in, stuck them on end in the fire place to dry, while he started a blaze with some kindling left in one corner by a happy accident. Then he crawled into bed again and was soon fast asleep.

Mrs. Mullins got up and was presently busy about breakfast. An hour passed on, Harmon roused up and finding me awake said good morning.

Then we greeted Mrs. Mullins and asked what sort of weather there was, discovering, what we already knew, that it was pitch dark outside and still raining.

When the children rolled up their quilt and blanket and stuffed them under our bed, leaving the floor clear for the table, we thought of breakfast and were soon dressed and sitting by the fire, meditating on the depth of the mud we should have to wade through from the house to the creek to wash. While thus engaged Mullins arose, and after sitting before the fire a few minutes, got up and as though seized with an idea, went out. He soon returned and flung something down on the floor of the porch as he came.

"Now, what's that, Mullins?" said his wife, who had taken advantage of his absence to begin setting the table.

"A chicken."

"You ain't gone and killed a chicken?"

"Yes, I hev."

"Well I declare, Mullins, you are too bad, why didn't you tell me you was a goin' to kill a chicken?"

"Hush, now! hush, I say! I want a chicken for breakfast."

"Why I done biled the cabbage a'ready and the coffee's made. Them men wants their eatin', they don't want to be a waitin' so long."

"Well, I say hush now! Don't make so much noise about it."

"But the chicken's got to be fixed, Mullins, and I had breakfast all ready. It's a shame to keep them men so long without a bite. What kind of chicken did you kill?"

"I killed a rooster."

"O-o-o-oo! now we ain't got but one rooster," exclaimed the boy.

"Well, one rooster's enough," growled the old man, "it wouldn't matter if they was every one killed." Then turning to me, "I tell you Colonel, chickens is a terrible nuisance about a place. There's no tellin' what amount of grain and stuff they'll destroy and scratch up, they're always in somethin'. I'd like to get rid of the last one of them."

"You ain't a thinkin' about what you're a-sayin', Mullins. Bring in the chicken and let me be a-fixin' it." The chicken was produced and the boy handed it to his mother, who, after a glance at it let it slip from her nerveless grasp to the table and with a voice and look of horror exclaimed, "Laws if he ain't gone and killed the old black hen."

"O-o-o-oo!" cried the Arthur Sullivan chorus boy again, "what'll we do for eggs?"

"O, Mullins! what ever made you go and kill the old hen, and she a-layin' regular up there in the loft. Couldn't ye get no rooster?"

"Well, I thought it was a rooster."

"Why, don't ye know no better than to kill an old hen for a rooster?"

"Now hush about your chickens! I say hush! Don't let's hear no more about it."

The opportunity, however, was too good an one for either the old woman or the boy to let slip, and they kept up such a display of grief at the death of the old hen, and of admiration for Mullins's rare judgment in selecting a chicken for breakfast, that he was fain to beat a retreat. After a short absence he came in and flung something down as before.

The old woman started up in dismay. "What's that? You ain't never gone and killed another chicken, Mullins?"

"Yes, I have; an' I don't want to hear no more about it, neither."

"I declare, I don't know what a body's to do," moaned the wife; "here's breakfast been a-waitin', the cabbage done biled an hour ago, an' I had the old hen ready to cook."

"Don't you hear me say hush!" roared the old man. "Hush! I say, and don't let me hear a thing of it. The Colonel don't want to hear no more about the chicken. I'll have ye trained agin two more gentlemen comes here visitin'."

This was as much as I could stand, and I fled away to the creek to wash. With all the delays, our morning meal was over early, and we were ready to start not very long after daylight.

On our way to the river bank, Mullins's daughter-in-law, who lived near by, met us and asked me whether I could kill a wild chicken for her. I said I thought I could if she would point out the bird. She soon discovered the fowl, a restless rooster, which ran when he espied her approaching, but allowed me, a stranger, to get within twenty-five yards of him, when a Winchester cartridge decapitated him, and amid her thanks and the applause of the others, we beat a retreat to the canoe and were ferried over by the boy. We stopped a few minutes at Jess Hammonds's to say good-bye to our entertainers of the previous day, and then struck our course for the South Fork. We traveled very fast, and by noon had reached "Big Beechy," a good trout stream which enters the South Fork from the Black Mountain side. In 1875 I had camped there one night with my brother, in an old bark shanty of the Hammonds, but of this all traces were gone, and the little opening in which it stood was all grown up with briers. We crossed the creek, built a fire under a large overhanging rock, and ate our dinner; then we pushed on as fast as we could, and, to shorten our tramp, took to a bench high up the mountain, so as to avoid the many windings of the stream. By this course we saved some two miles, and at 3:10 o'clock found ourselves at another camp of the bear hunters, where I had first met them several years before.

The shanty they had occupied there had disappeared, but we found another one roofed with split basswood puncheons, very dilapidated and grown up inside and out with briers and weeds. We concluded, and rightly, as it turned out, that this camping place must have been deserted for some new one, but as I did not care to go further that night, I decided to camp there, so we cleared away the briers and brush from about the camp, cut a fine lot of wood, built a good fire, cooked and ate a good supper, and after the usual smoke and talk, slept soundly until early morning. We left camp at seven o'clock, and for variety started out by the creek bottom instead of taking to the benches at once as we had the afternoon before. Harmon's gun was an old rattle-trap "mountain rifle," a muzzle-loader, stocked all the length and uncertain in its action, so that I never felt quite sure whether it would go off or not when I saw him fumbling with the trigger. We were going through a little grassy opening at the edge of the bottom next the hill about half an hour after we left camp, when I saw Harmon raise his gun, and not looking in the direction he pointed it, I turned to see the pheasant, at which I supposed he was as usual trying to get a shot, fly away, when to my astonishment, at the crack of the piece, down came a fawn from the hillside and lay bawling on the grass with the dog hold of it. A ball through the head from the Winchester finished it, and we at once proceeded to arrange our packs. We had now just what we wanted, a small deer not too heavy to carry with us and eat from. We could not have used a large deer, and probably would not have shot one had we seen it. I was simply bent on getting fresh air and exercise, and looking over the ground for a possible future fishing or hunting trip, and did not hunt at all this expedition. The small deer therefore just suited us as an addition to our provisions. The things in Harmon's pack we put all into mine, giving me a pretty good load, and he took the deer, cleaned and made up knapsack fashion, with the skin of the legs for straps, on his shoulders. Thus equipped we resumed our journey. The day was as the others had been, cloudy sometimes, misty sometimes, with a drizzling rain falling, but toward noon simply dark and cloudy. We soon left the creek and took again to the mountain side, where we had good walking. We passed the new camp of the

Hammonds on a bench in a good beech region, favorable for bears and deer.

We saw no bear sign of any account as the mast was not there to bring them, but deer seemed to be in fair numbers. As we neared the forks of the stream we crossed over the point of the mountain where it descends to the junction, so as to reach a new camp Harmon had built on the upper prong the winter before. We reached this at ten o'clock, and I determined to stay until next day so we could enjoy a pleasant afternoon and evening in camp with plenty of venison to eat and a scientifically built bed of boughs to rest on. About two hundred yards below this camp is a beautiful spot. The two prongs of the creek unite on a broad table of solid rock, and just below the junction plunge over a ledge some ten or fifteen feet high, into a lovely pool below. The ridge between the two streams is narrow and entirely covered with tall spruces. By going below the fall one gets a fine view of the fall with the dark, spruce-covered ridge above and behind it, and a vista of tumbling water and picturesque rocks scattered through it up the course of each branch. I wished that I could sketch even as well as I used to do, or that I had a tourograph to catch the view and carry it away with me.

I divided the afternoon between putting the shanty in comfortable order and looking at the falls. We passed a comfortable night with a tight roof over us, a capital bed under us, and plenty to eat when we felt disposed that way. The next morning we started at 7:10, and for a while followed the dividing ridge between the two prongs of the South Fork, then crossed the one to our right as we ascended, and turning our backs on the South Fork waters struck across toward the North Prong of another river. Quite a mountain separates the two streams, and as it is in a very wild part of the country we looked for bear and other tracks, or signs, but saw few. Quite a good many signs of deer, but only a few bear tracks. The mast was not good for anything, and the only bear tracks were those of bears on their way out to the chestnut and red oak country. When the beech mast is good in this region there are always bears to be found, but when it fails, as it is apt to do, the bears go out to the chestnut country and red oak region, where they stay until near holing time, when they come back to this wild district to winter.

I was down at the forks of the river toward the north prong of which we were traveling at the time at which I write, last June, trout fishing, and was also on the mountains between the two prongs this October, having gone out there on the supposition that the beech-mast was good, but two days spent in going down one side of the mountain next the Glade Prong and back up the other on the North Prong showed no beech-mast at all. In our two days' tramp we saw but one bear track, only three turkeys and no deer. Last winter Harmon got four bears in one tree on this mountain, and also missed a large panther, two fair shots, at about forty yards. Lest he should do such a thing again, I took him down a rifle this fall and hope to hear of his killing something with it. He is a fair shot, but generally when I have seen him, has had such an outlandish apology for a gun that I wonder at his ever killing anything. Last fall by a happy accident he killed a buck, the horns of which were so large that two men, one of whom is quite fat, stood inside of them with the horns about their waists. Not thinking of me at the moment, he gave the horns to a man who was hunting with him.

This fall when I was there, he tried to buy them back for me, but the man refused to sell at any price

I enjoyed the tramp across the mountains very much on account of the real wildness of the place. I like to roam about where I know there is not a house nor clearing for miles. We got down to the North Prong about 11:30 and ate our lunch sitting on a big rock in mid stream.

The first part of the afternoon journey was interesting because when we topped the mountain between the North and Glade Prongs, we traveled for some time among immense rocks piled about in every conceivable manner, covered with moss, shaded by a dark forest of spruce and full of queer dens and caves—a delightful winter camp for bears, panthers and wildcats. The latter part of our day's journey was not as pleasant; we started down toward the Glade Prong, after keeping along the mountain on the side next it, although pretty well up to make crossing the various runs easier, about two miles from where we expected to camp at a clearing where they summer cattle, and most of the descent was in open backings where the wind and rain had full play on us and could not be avoided. When we reached the clearing it was nearly dark. The house was locked up and there was no place where we could have put up a camp had we had time.

The only resource was to try the boiling shed in the sugar camp. This was a large open shed set on posts about eight or ten feet high, not sided, and through which the wind swept furiously. Harmon looked rather blue at the prospect, but upon my assuring him that it was a delightful place to camp, that he knew well that each of us had more than once camped in worse places, he brightened up a little and shouldering his axe started after wood. While he was gone I discovered a pile of spruce clap-boards stuck up to dry and intended probably to roof a shed or addition to the log stable. With these, which were three feet long, I built a long wall or windbreak from one corner post of the shed to the end of the wall on which the kettles sat, spread a lot more for a floor and to sleep on, and, then hunting up Harmon, found he had cut a dry maple stub and helped him carry up some of it. When he got it cut up we started an excellent fire, and the wood lasted well all night. Although we had no blanket with us we slept soundly notwithstanding the roaring wind and driving rain, with plenty of venison inside us and a good fire out; we were quite comfortable, or, at least, thought we were, which was about the same thing. The morning showed no improvement in the weather, which continued cold and cloudy, but the rain degenerated to a sort of drizzle. We followed the Glade Prong for several miles up stream, then took to the mountain on our left, traveled on it to its junction into the Black Mountain, crossed that, went down to our own river, crossed it, climbed up the other side to the Spruce Knob, and at dark reached M'Coy's house, whence we had set out six days before. We saw two gangs of turkeys this last day, but got no shot. The result of my search after fresh air and exercise was that I gained twelve or thirteen pounds weight by my trip, and recuperated enough to carry me over to the next spring quite comfortably.

The first season the beech mast hits I shall visit that region and kill another bear or two.

C. Clay.

CRUSOES OF THE ANTARCTIC.

Being an Account of the Voyage and Shipwreck of the Bark Trinity and Hardships of her Crew.

BY JOHN EASMOND, SECOND OFFICER.

BORN in 1835 at St. Johns, Newfoundland, where the inhabitants are supported by the gaff and gun, and the hook and line, I have been twenty-one voyages to the seal fisheries on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, and six voyages to the whale fisheries of Davis's Strait. Therefore I am well acquainted with the legends and regions of the frozen North. In 1870 I came with my family to Boston to live, and have since then sailed many voyages under the American flag, until there was a chance for me to have a look at the stormy South. This chance was no other than the bark Trinity, and a strange chance it was surely.

June 18, 1880, the bark Trinity, 317 tons, belonging to Lawrence & Co., and manned by a crew of fifteen hands all told, sailed from New London, Conn., bound for Heard's Island in the South Seas, after sea-elephant oil. After a passage of twenty-five days we arrived at Fogo, one of the Cape Verd Islands, where we shipped nineteen Portuguese negroes; and on June 26 sailed thence toward the place of our destination. The wind being fair and the sea smooth, the ship's company were variously employed; the coopers making baskets and trimming casks, the carpenters making lance poles and doing sundry other jobs, the sailors scraping and greasing and painting spars, and others repairing and fitting rigging. The Portuguese, shipped at Fogo, were regular land-lubbers, having never been to sea before. They came aboard stark naked, and were supplied by the ship with three shiftings each. The first few days after leaving port they scoffed* so much bread and drank so much water that they swelled up, and would come to me complaining of their sickness, but I soon discovered a way to cure them, and that was by cutting down their prog.

We went on with fair weather throughout, and nothing remarkable happened until we arrived at Lat. 40° S; then we found the elements to be of another cast and cold air along with it. In Lat. 42° S. we turned the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope, and then we had to encounter hurricanes, heavy gales and strong storms of sleet, hail and rain at times, with sea according, but the old Trinity braved it well.

As we made more to the south, we found the weather more severe. When it would not be blowing hard, we could see penguins in great quantities in the water, going after the fashion of leap-frog, and at night, in fair weather, their splashing could be heard at the distance of half a mile.

After living under water like the fish of the sea, and laying occasionally on board the old Trinity, we arrived at Kerguelen Land, or Island of Desolation; but before we could make a harbor a hurricane bore down on us and drove the ship about seventy miles to the southeast of the Island. Laying to all the time while the storm lasted, we arrived on Sept. 4, 1880, at Pot Harbor, Island of Desolation, and moored ship in safety in five fathoms water. Around this harbor there are rabbits in abundance, coming from some that were left there many years ago. Two of these rabbits we captured alive and took aboard the Trinity to put out on Heard's Island. Some sea-leopards would land on the island at high water, and if not captured would go off again on the next high water. A few penguins inhabited here, with many sea-hens; and ice-partridges spend all their time and breed on this island. I saw a few ducks there, and shot twenty.

While lying at anchor in this harbor we sent down to' gallant yards and spars fore and aft, and made our ship light for anchorage. All our provisions being packed in casks for rafting, we landed three months' prog, then awaited a favorable time to sail for Heard's Island. We called at Three Island Harbor and left some letters there for Capt. Fuller, of the shooner Pilot's Bride; and on Sept. 28, we sailed for Heard's Island, the place of our destination. We had a favorable passage, and nothing serious occurred, only that one man fell from the forcyard on deck, but was not much injured. We arrived on Oct. 2 at Crinton Bay, Heard's Island. Here we landed four men, with three months' prog. They were to kill what elephants they could find, and pack the blubber in casks, and we were to come and take them off on or about the first of January, 1881.

After leaving these men in Crinton Bay, we sailed down the coast to the southeast end of the island, and anchored ship off the main beach. The sea ran too high to land our boats, and each day the weather was no better, nor the water any smoother.

October 16, P. M., there was every indication of a storm at hand by the appearance of the horizon, with a thick set to the eastward, a heavy swell from northeast, and a light breeze northward. At midnight the ship was lying about three-quarters of a mile off shore, in ten fathoms water. At 2 o'clock A. M., of the 17th, the wind increased, and we veered out cable on anchors; and again at 4 A. M., the gale still increasing to a hurricane, we veered out all the cable on both anchors. The ship now began to drive and drag her anchors toward a dangerous reef. She was shipping much water and was leaking; pumps duly attended.

At 7 A. M. the Trinity lay in five fathoms water, the bottom sand and stones, and a heavy sea on; the ship labored heavily, leaked much water, and was still dragging anchors

At 9 o'clock A. M. the Captain called a council in the cabin, with his officers and crew, to know what was best to be done. We soon brought out a verdict, which was to slip the cables and run the ship on shore to save our lives. The nearest breakers bearing S. W. by S., about sixty fathoms distant, and a strong gale blowing from N. E., the S. E. point of the island bearing E. S. E. two and one-half points, the outer breaker bearing E. by N. about three miles distant, and a rocky beach and iceberg bearing N. N. W., about four miles distant—the ship could not clear the land on any tack, and there was too much wind and too heavy a sea on to fly to windward. At 9h. 30m. A. M. we slipped the cable and ran the ship for the beach.

We were then a hard crew to look at—with a wild sheet of water on the starboard bow, ice-bound cliffs and icebergs on the port bow, and before us a wild beach to make, with death staring us in the face. At 9h. 40m. A. M. the ship grounded about fifty yards from the beach. The sea was very rough, and we could not lower the boats. Antono, one of the Portuguese, volunteered to go ashore, and accordingly jumped overboard with the lance warp, and made his way to land with the rope. Then, by hauling the main yards a-back, the ship wore around and brought her side to the beach, which made the water smooth enough to lower a boat, in which many hands landed. Then we began to haul ashore what provisions we could get a-hold of. Some lost all their clothes, and all hands lost some, more or less; but we all landed safe, and got out about two months' prog, with four casks of coal. None of us suffered severely, though seven of the negroes were frost-bitten. At about 9 P. M. all hands went to a shanty, where we made a fire, dried our clothes, and then lay down to rest.

At midnight I got up and walked out to see if our provision was safe from the water. The wind had hauled around to the westward, and now blew a hard breeze off shore. When I came opposite the ship, she gave a roll to windward, and a heavy sea coming in at the time, she floated and went off from the beach. I watched her for about half an hour, and never saw her afterward. Her yards were clewed down, but sails not furled, her canvas adrift, gangways open and hatches off. She had eighty casks of coal aboard, and must have sunk soon. The two rabbits went down with the Trinity, male and female, and two cats which we left on board shared the same fate. Then I went back and told the captain that the ship was gone off. All hands felt sorry for her going, but there was one consolation for us, which was that Captain Fuller would come in the Pilot's Bride, on or about January 1. For Captain Fuller, bound for Desolation, and Captain Williams, bound for Heard's, had promised to look out for one another.

At sunrise the next morning, Oct. 18, we all assembled to see what we had saved from the wreck. We found that we had taken from the ship six casks of bread, four casks coal, one barrel molasses, one barrel sugar, eight barrels pork, coffee, five pounds powder, a small bag of shot, with eight months' supply of tobacco, in addition to which some of the men had ten or twelve pounds of their own. Then our trouble appeared in its proper shape, with two months' prog for thirty-one men to look at, and we 9,500 miles from New London. But we had no time to think about this, for we had to go to work to secure our provisions and then to fix our shanties. And now I must tell something about this Heard's Island, where we were cast away for, as it proved afterward, fifteen long months.

Heard's Island is a barren land in the Indian Ocean, some 300 miles south of Kerguelen Land, or Desolation, and about 8,000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, the nearest land. The part of the island where I lived is in 53° 3' S., 70° 30' E., being 312 miles from Christmas Harbor, Island of Desolation. The island is thirty-five miles long, and from three to five miles wide, narrowing to a sandy point on the southeast. Across the whole breadth of the island, six miles from its southeast point, extends a range of ice mountains, with a volcano mountain in the center, 6,000 feet high. This range completely cut us off from all communication with the gang we had left at Crinton Bay. In summer there would show cracks in the ice from ten to twenty feet wide, and we could not see the bottoms of them; so it was no use to try to cross in summer, and in winter we could not depend on the weather. The cliffs and peaks of ice extended out over the sea, and huge masses of this ice would from time to time tumble down into the water. All about under Volcano Mountain, as we called it, there were great masses of black and burnt rock mingled with the ice fields. We called them the Black Hills. In summer time the ice would melt around the blocks of rock, some of them weighing many tons, which would thus be left suspended high in the air on their pinnacles of ice. We saw these rocks this way in December, 1880, and the following December we noticed the same thing. After a while the rocks would fall down, and again the ice and snow would accumulate around them.

There are no trees nor bushes on the island, the only vegetation that grows there being a coarse tussock of tangled briers and grass, no good for fire, and what we called wild cabbage and ate as such. This begins to grow about the first of September and matures in April. We found it best for eating in December.

On the island there were four shanties, which had been built some fifteen years before by the crews of Williams & Haven, of New London. In each shanty was a stove, and there were also on the island two sets of try works, having two pots apiece, of one hundred gallons capacity each, with several hundred casks. In these we used coal so long as it lasted and the scrunchins of the blubber.

We divided up the crew into four gangs, one for each shanty, myself, with two of the Portuguese, taking possession of a shanty on the northeast side of the island, some distance away from the rest.

Then we went to work to kill sea elephants and barrel up the oil for shipping whenever Capt. Fuller should come.

The Portuguese had never seen frost nor snow before, but they stood the cold very well and were a match for me, and when I say that, all seagoing men who know John Easmond know what it means. They wore nothing but canvas pants to their skins, shoes with wooden soles and skin uppers, and no stockings. They were strong fellows and good workers, would lug six or eight pieces of blubber, weighing 150 pounds, suspended on a pole three feet long on their backs. They stood hardship better than the average of the white men.

The sea elephants are a kind of seal, and are from fifteen to twenty-two feet in length. They have a trunk something like an elephant's from eight to fourteen inches in length, which they extend when smelling of anything or when enraged. They shed their hair between November 1 and December 1. They pup the first of October; the young at birth have beautiful black hair, which is changed to gray when they are three days old, and is shed altogether at the end of ten days or a fortnight, by which time they are ready to leave the island. These elephants, like the seals, can live a long time on suction, and it is well that they can, for they could get nothing to eat on this land except cabbage, and such fish don't eat cabbage. Nor yet had they time to seek anything to eat, for they would not be long out of the water before some of our party would have a lance stuck in them. I have never seen animals better hunted and worse fed than they were. The lances which we used were wooden staves six to eight feet in length, with iron points two feet long, so that the whole would be eight and ten feet in length. The elephants, when attacked, rear up about eight feet in the air, and then the lance is stuck into their heart.

We had many a hard fight with the bull elephants when they would be near the water, but when about fifty or sixty yards from the water, and over the crap of the beach, we would soon capture them with lances, as there would generally be two or three of us together.

Being busy with our work of killing the elephant (we got altogether before leaving the island 500 barrels of oil) the weeks passed away and it came time to expect Capt. Fuller in the Pilot's Bride. Then I remembered the words of the

* Ate.

Apostle Paul, "Keep wide awake and watch, for you know not what time a ship may come." This was on the 28th of December, but no ship did come, and we thought it bad that we should be left on that solitary island to spend a winter on account of Capt. Fuller's neglect. We had not much books to pass away the time, only a few pages of *Harper's Weekly*, which we would read in stormy weather, and for outside amusement we would be patroling the beach for something to eat, of which we always found plenty, such as it was, elephants, penguins and wild cabbage. We would burn the blubber of the elephants as fuel for cooking.

We had a trifle of powder and duck shot, and in one of the cabins I found a Remington double-barreled gun, which had been left there some years before. In cleaning it I broke the feather spring of the lock, so that the trigger was of no use; but I managed to shoot by holding the hammer under my thumb until I could level her on the object and then letting go. After a short practice, it answered about as well as if I had had the use of the trigger. When my shot gave out I used small stones for ammunition. My gun lasted until August, 1881. I had no time piece nor compass, but plenty of nautical instruments, so I set to work to supply myself with a time keeper. With a cooper's compass I drew a circle on a board eighteen inches in circumference, and put a peg in the center of it. Then with my quadrant I found the apparent time, and marked it off where the shadow of the peg showed on the circle, and by repeating observations I made a good time keeper, in fact the captain used to come over from his shanty to set his watch and clock by my sun dial. I also made a compass by the sun's amplitude. So I was at last well equipped.

On the last of January, 1881, a serious trouble occurred. Five of our white men went to Rocky Beach, about six miles off, for elephant meat. A heavy storm of rain and sleet came on them, and at night three of them, William Rice, James Hartwell and Christopher, returned much fatigued, and so exhausted, in fact, that they could give but little account of the other two. Christopher, who belonged to London and went by the name of "Cockney," fell down when he got to my shanty, too weak to speak.

The next morning we went in search of the lost men. We found one of them, named Kelley, on the summit of an iceberg, clinched in the cold embrace of death. By his cut hands and torn clothing, it was evident that he had struggled hard and fought bravely for his life. He belonged to New York, and was twenty-two years of age. In a short time after we found Watson, ship's carpenter, also dead. He had evidently lain down to go to sleep; he did sleep, and never woke. He belonged to Scotland, and was thirty-two years old. "Cockney" found an Episcopal prayer book in Kelley's clothes bag—given him by his mother before he left home—and Captain Williams read the burial prayers. We buried them there, and all mourned their loss; and we left them at Fairchild Beach, to await the Judgment trumpet to arouse them for further orders.

The death of Kelley and Watson reminds me of a similar trouble that came upon our crew once up in the Arctic, in October, 1864, I then being first mate of the steamship Wolf. We were out in a small boat, six hands all told, looking for whales, when a storm came on, and being six miles from the ship, we went ashore on an island for a refuge for the night. Having landed, we let our boat swing out by the whale line 400 fathoms from shore, so she would not get stove in; and then we started out to walk about for the night to keep warm. The great trouble in a time like this is that a man wants to sleep. One of our crew, James Malloy, a native of Ireland, soon grew tired and refused to go on. We shook him up and compelled him to go with us as long as we could, but finally he refused and we could not budge him; so leaving him, we went our round, and when we came back again we found him dead.

February having come around, we banked up our shanties and made them as comfortable as we could for the winter. March, April and May are the three fall months on Heard's Island; June, July and August the winter months. There was never while we were there a severe frost, but very heavy gales of wind and great falls of snow, with hail and sleet at times.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

BEARS ONCE MORE.

MY personal knowledge of live bears is not extensive; and yet, living ten years (from 1835 to 1845), in Maine, at the head of tide water on the Penobscot, it is only fair to suppose that the sojourn brought under my eye many dead bears, and under my notice many facts in regard to forest life, perhaps interesting to those of less favored climes.

The bear's partiality for human flesh which has been under discussion in FOREST AND STREAM is thus far undecided, with the weight of argument in the negative. Still, there are so many cases on record wherein the bear was "just going to eat a man," that a vast amount of fear remains, and the great bugbear of children still lives. The first case I shall notice hardly tends to allay this fear, referring, as it does to a bear that actually began his repast, or rather breakfast, on a man. But then, he had no cubs, and suddenly stopped eating and "didn't eat no more." "I saw the man's hand," said my informant, "he will not be able to use it in a month, if ever." The man referred to went into the woods in March, cutting timber; the sound of his axe broke the slumbers of an old bear, who finally crawled from his den near by. Having not eaten a "square meal" in over three months, he undoubtedly

Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite.

He marched straight for the man with the ostensible purpose of "making meat." The man, taking in all aspects of the case, presented his left hand, which the bear kindly took in his mouth, giving it a chew or two, when the axe in the man's right hand was buried in the bear's brain. Here science felt the blow, but not quite so hard as the bear; it was a sad disappointment, however. The man in his hurry probably forgot that a great question was on the point of settlement; had he waited a few minutes, a circumstance might have been recorded which now probably never will. And yet, the inference is fair, that had the bear been allowed to eat on undisturbed, he would have eaten up the man, at any rate it is nearer a demonstration than any previous record.

Another question has been under consideration. Will a bear attack a man in defense of her cubs? "This reminds me of a little story." "My brother," said my informant, "was out hunting deer, and ran over a couple of cubs. He recollected having often heard it asserted that a bear would attack a man who should kill her cubs, here was an opportunity to settle the question, and he might never find another as favorable. He shot one cub, loaded again, and shot the other. Just then he heard the bushes crack. The old bear heard the gun. She came up to the cubs, smelled a moment, and looking up discovered the man. She sprang to within six feet of him, stood up growling, gnashed her teeth, striking her paws toward him; he in the meantime leaning on his gun, looking to see what she was going to do. Thinking best to reload his gun he proceeded to do this, keeping one eye on the bear, to be sure of the very moment when she should 'attack a man.' She went back to her cubs, both dead by that time, then made a second lunge at him, and coming a little nearer than before, she fairly threw froth from her jaws in his face. Having loaded his gun, native avarice overcame his love of demonstrative science, he presented the muzzle to her breast and shot her dead." Here again was disappointment, an addition to natural history spoiled by lack of scientific interest, and the grand question left again all afloat. The truth of the matter was this, the cubs could not run away, and give the old bear the chance to retreat behind them as in the case of the "tattoo on the tin pail," she therefore stood up with no design to attack the man but to stand between her cubs and menacing danger, falling dead where she stood.

Once more: "I was out gathering spruce gum," said my informant, "with a bag on my shoulder, and found two small cubs rootin' round. I went for them as worth more than gum, thrust them into the bag, and made tracks across a hollow, and was just going out of sight over the hill beyond when the old bear saw me. I run and she run. Being the longest winded, she gained, and the distance between us grew fearfully less. Loaded with the cubs, I was obliged to stop to catch breath. She came close up, and when I started again I stumbled and fell." (Here I rose on my toes to announce to the world that I had found a man killed by a bear.) He continued: "But I held on to the bag—there was money in it—regained my feet, the old bear running by my side till I reached the house. Up the steps I ran, and I slammed the door in her face. She knew I had the cubs, and didn't touch me for fear of hurting them." Here was another "just going to" spoiled, and I got discouraged. The old bear was a suppliant, not an antagonist. "Give me back my cubs—give me back my cubs, I do not want you," would have been her cry had she language, and when the door was shut she turned sadly and silently away. A resident of my native town, a few years since, poured a charge of partridge shot, with fatal effect, into the open mouth of a bear standing between him and her cubs, and, as he said, by a hair's breadth saved his life. The next door neighbor to my father's house was kept "up a tree" by a bear whose cubs he had shot, a long afternoon, the bear dividing her time between growling at him and trying to induce the cubs to follow her away. At length, she wandering a little out of sight, he slid down the tree, and by good use of the legs Providence had given him "providentially" escaped with his life.

An old bee hunter told me how he was chased out of the woods by a bear which seemed to hesitate when very near him, and for which he could not account. The fact was, the bear smelled the boney used in hunting bees, and only sought to negotiate for its possession.

I could cite other and numerous instances of "dangerous encounters" with bears, all of the same general import, and all but one against the bears. Of course, the exception here referred to was the first public act of "Elisha" after his investment. In this case the St. James and other translators have evidently mistaken and used the word "tear" where they should have placed scare, since the latter position the two she bears have occupied throughout Christendom ever since, and perhaps will to the end of time. But this is ground on which even a "Christian philosopher" must tread lightly, I will therefore beat a hasty retreat, and close with the earnest hope and desire that the first man who is killed by a bear will report the same to FOREST AND STREAM without delay, so that we can in this life read on record the fact that a bear has taken that one step they have been so long "just going to." I am ready to believe almost anything except that a man's hair need lift his hat off at the sight of our black bear, cubs or no cubs.

B. HORSFORD.

THE SPARROWS MUST GO!

Editor Forest and Stream:

I'm glad to find the feeling against this English nuisance culminating. If people can be induced to make game of them and convert them into pies, a good beginning will be made toward extermination; and as they are a marketable bird in Europe, what is there in our Democratic institutions to prevent their being palatable here?

Feed them for a few days on coarse meal or broken grain and they will make a pie for gods to hanker after! But before they are cooked they should be caught, and this feat may be accomplished in this way (as I used to catch snowbirds when a boy): Take an old door or very wide board and prop it up with a stick; then put a supply of food under it every morning, and every little villain of them in the region round about will find it and breakfast there. Then tie a string to the stick, and when a goodly number of them get under pull the string and they pay the penalty for stealing provisions.

This mode of ending their worthless lives would meet with no objection from humanitarians, for they would never know what happened to them. If people throughout the country would adopt this plan their numbers would be surprisingly reduced. Last summer I was at a village on the Massachusetts hills, and was told that a single pair were once seen prospecting there, but a sensible young man took down his gun and checked the tide of emigration to that region. That is what should be done in every village when they first appear. There are laws for the protection of insectivorous birds. Is this noisy little devil a member of that gang? He may be, but he seldom eats anything that we want him to eat as long as he can find anything that we don't care whether he eats or not. If he is included in that list then alter the law and let the Germans at him. When a German goes out with his gun he means business, and no two-footed thing that wears a feather and comes within ten yards of him is safe, and he shoots everything, from a woodpecker to a crow. By all means give him unlimited license in the sparrow line. One of the Ten Commandments is, "Thou shalt not kill," but you may assure your readers that when Moses wrote that law he hadn't a sparrow in his eye. I have assisted Mr. Bergh in his protests against the pigeon butchers, but if they would substitute the sparrow for the pigeon neither of us would move a finger to suppress the sport. When that blessed time arrives, and the shooting clubs begin to advertise for live sparrows a new industry will be opened to keep the tramps and loafers out of mischief, the useful song birds will increase and multiply, and the grateful people will feel like appointing a "thanksgiving day" that will last from the earliest day in January till the latest in December.

DIDYMUS.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

Introductory Note.

MAINE is the most easterly of the United States of America, and occupying the northeastern corner of the Republic, includes within its boundaries more than one-half of the area of the "New England" States, of which it is one.

The area of Maine is estimated to be 31,766 square miles, or 20,330,240 acres. Its geographical position is between 66° 49′ and 71° 4′ west longitude, and between 43° 5′ and 47° 31′ 39″ north latitude. It is adjoined by the Canadian Provinces of New Brunswick on the east and north, and Quebec on the north and northwest, the State of New Hampshire on the west, and the Atlantic Ocean on the south. The definite boundaries are as follows: On the east the St. Croix River and a line running due north from a monument at its source, to the St. John River; on the north the St. John River and its tributary the St. Francis River, to the head of Lake Pohemagamook, (in north latitude 47° 31′ 39″, west longitude 69° 17′ 31″) thence a line southwesterly on the "divide" or highlands to the northeast corner of the State of New Hampshire; on the west the State of New Hampshire; on the south by the Atlantic Ocean.

Maine's greatest length is 350 miles, from Kittery Point to the northeast angle; and the width from Quoddy Head due west to New Hampshire is 200 miles. The southern boundary of coast is 226 miles in length by direct line, but by the shore line of the numerous bays and inlets the coast line is estimated to exceed 2,000 miles in length. The inland water area is about 3,200 square miles, of which two-thirds is lacustrine, and one-third fluvial. The four most extensive rivers and vallies are the St. Croix at the eastern boundary, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and the Saco, near the western boundary.

The highest mountain is an isolated peak in the north central part of the State, Mt. Katahdin, or Ktaadn, 5,383 feet in height. Several other elevations exceed 4,000 feet. The northernmost portion of the State is a wilderness of dense forests. The region most thickly settled is throughout the southerly half of the State. The general topography of Maine is decidedly hilly, but includes a variety of small meadows and plains. The coast line is generally rocky and precipitous, and along this shore there are beaches and marshes, and innumerable islands.

The arborcal vegetation includes about all the varieties of trees indigenous to New England. The State of Maine, owing to its geographical position, extent of territory, diversity of mountains, valleys, plains, marshes, cultivated fields, lakes, rivers, and seacoast, is a region of especial ornithological interest, and includes a great variety of species in its bird fauna. Nearly all the species known to New England occur in Maine, and many whose general habitat is either more northern or more southern, breed commonly here, but rarely elsewhere in New England. Maine, as a breeding resort, appears to be the northern and eastern limit for some birds, and the southern and western limit for others. Species that commonly breed in one portion of this State, are quite unknown in other portions. For this reason it becomes necessary to qualify the terms "common," "abundant," "breeds," etc., by references to various parts of the State. Such qualifications will be especially appreciated by local observers. For example may be mentioned our largest thrush, the brown or rufous thrush, *Turdus rufus* of Wilson and Audubon, *Harporhynchus rufus* of Baird, Coues, Ridgway and others. This bird regularly breeds and is common in southwestern Maine, but seems never to be found at any time in the easternmost portion of the State.

The same may be said of the towhee bunting, or "chewink," *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*, and of other species.

The puffins and guillemots that regularly breed and are common residents along the eastermost part of the coast, are not known to breed, nor are they abundant at any time along the westermost part of the coast.

In preparing this catalogue for publication it became necessary that some nomenclature should be selected. No defined rules are adhered to by American ornithologists, and there is no exclusive authority for reference in regard to the scientific names of our birds. It therefore devolved upon the writer to determine upon whatever course might seem best to meet the object and scope of this publication. The endeavor is here made to present facts in as condensed and simple a form as possible within the limits of ready comprehension. Birds are mentioned by their customary English names as recognized by ornithologists; names that are merely of local signification are omitted from the titles, except in a very few instances. Each bird is further identified by naming the genus and species adopted by the three foremost authorities of America. These references are to "Aud."—"Birds of North America," by John James Audubon, whose work on American ornithology is in many respects unparalleled, but not generally accessible in private libraries; to "Ridg."—"Nomenclature of North American Birds," by Robert Ridgway, the eminent ornithologist of the United States National Museum, and to "Cs."—"Check List and Ornithological Dictionary," 1882, by Dr. Elliott Coues, whose publications are invaluable to students of ornithology. For references to this last work of Dr. Coues I am indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, Boston, Mass., for advance sheets forwarded to me for this purpose.

Of the many authorities that may be quoted, the references to the three selected I deem of the most practical value for my purpose; and without the encumbrance of additional synonyms, these references should be sufficient for a convenient and unmistakable identification of every bird mentioned in the catalogue. Each reader may choose for himself what scientific name to adopt. Whether, for example, the black tern shall be known to him as *Sterna nigra*, a term sanctioned by good authority and long usage

that for appropriateness of expression and for comprehension requires no knowledge of technicalities, being literally translated "black tern;" or the same may be known as *Hydrochelidon lariformis surinamensis*. The merits of either term need not depend solely upon the signification or number (four, or fourteen) of syllables used to express a single appellation. For the eight members of the family *Picidæ*, or woodpeckers, named in this catalogue, the reader may select the single generic name *Picus*, signifying woodpecker, or choose six generic names for the same eight species.

Although this catalogue is intended to be merely a popular list of the birds of Maine, I have endeavored to make it of scientific accuracy. Authorities or references are named for such notes as are not within the personal observations or the corroboration of the writer. As is customary in similar lists, I have included the names of some birds which can hardly be termed birds of Maine in a strictly literal sense, as they are only of accidental occurrence here. But a record of such occurrences is deemed of interest in this connection, and special citations are generally given for such as come within this class.

I have received interesting notes from many observers throughout this State, and my own personal observations have extended to every county in Maine, throughout a period of many years, and covering all seasons.

To those whom I am indebted for interesting specimens and notes of birds sent to me from time to time, and from whom I hope similar favors in the future, I wish to here render acknowledgment and thanks. And to these friends is dedicated this catalogue of "Maine Birds?"

EVERETT SMITH.

PORTLAND, Maine, U. S. A.

FAMILY TURDIDÆ: THRUSHES.

1. Wood Thrush—*Turdus mustelinus* Aud,, Cs. 6; *Hylocichla mustelina* Ridg. 1.—Very rare. Although the occurrence of this species in Maine has been reported to me at various times, I can only vouch for the capture of a single specimen, which was shot by the writer at Vassalboro, Kennebec county, Maine, July 27, 1865.

2. Wilson's Thrush, Tawny Thrush—*Turdus wilsonii* Aud.; *Hylocichla fuscescens* Ridg. 2. *Turdus fuscescens* Cs. 7; —Common. Arrives late in April and in May. Breeds upon or near the ground, lays four or five blue-green eggs in June. A shy bird of retiring habits, usually frequenting dense thickets.

3. Alice's Thrush, Gray-Checked Thrush—*Turdus alicia* Baird; *Hylocichla alicæ* Ridg. 3; *Turdus ustulatus alicæ* Cs. 12.—Not very common. Probably breeds here, as it is found in summer, and the young of the year has been taken. Formerly regarded as merely a varietal form of the Swainson's thrush next named, but now ranked as a distinct species. The most apparent difference between these two forms is shown by the plumage of the head. Swainson's thrush has a yellowish-white ring around the eye, and a stripe of same color from the bill to the eye, and its cheeks have a buff tinge. Alice's thrush lacks the stripe and orbital ring, and its cheeks are gray without any buff tinge. These are the chief typical characteristics apparent to an ordinary observer as given by published descriptions. But the collector will find such descriptions unsatisfactory for absolutely determining this form. Although standard authors regard the Alice's thrush as a form most closely allied to the Swainson's or olive-backed thrush, in Maine it is more likely to be confounded with the Wilson's or tawny thrush by ordinary collectors; not only on account of comparative size, but also in some instances, because of a general resemblance in markings of the plumage.

4. Swainson's Thrush, Olive-Backed Thrush—*Turdus swainsoni* Cabanis, Baird; *Hylocichla ustulata swainsoni* Ridg. 4 a; *Turdus ustulatus swainsoni* Cs. 13.—Common. Arrives late in April and in May. Breeds usually upon the lowest branches of trees in dense thickets, lays four blue-green eggs with buff-brown spots in June.

5. Hermit Thrush—*Turdus solitarius* Aud.; *Hylocichla unalascæ pallasi* Ridg. 5 b.; *Turdus unalascæ nanus* Cs. 10.—Abundant. Arrives early in April. Breeds on the ground, lays four blue-green eggs in May and early in June. Commonly raises two broods, the second complement of eggs being laid about two months after the first, or in July. The hermit thrushes do not leave Maine entirely until November, although the autumn migration occurs chiefly in October, at which time these birds are commonly seen in the open woodland groves and about the orchards. They are then silent, excepting the occasional utterance of a single "chuck" note of interrogation or alarm. The well-known melodious song of the springtime is usually sent forth from the top of a tall tree, and the notes are of a somewhat ventriloquial nature. I have known this little thrush to be locally termed "apple bird" in Maine. Probably because it is so often seen in the orchards in autumn, where it is attracted by an abundance of food, as are also many other birds.

6. Robin—*Turdus migratorius* Aud. Cs. 2.; *Merula migratoria* Ridg. 7.—Abundant. Arrives early in April, a few in March some seasons. Occasionally found here in winter. Breeds commonly throughout the State, where cultivated lands are found. The nest usually is composed of mud, twigs, grass, etc., and placed upon a tree. Two broods are commonly raised. The first complement of five blueish-green eggs is laid in May, and the second in July. I have seen young robins flying before June 1 in Maine. Mr. Edward Tucker, of Skowhegan, Me., has given me an interesting description of a double tenement nest of this species. These two nests, made of mud and lined with grass, were placed upon a beam in a shed, and about fifteen feet from the ground. The nests were so constructed that the partition between them formed one side for each nest, and each contained three eggs when found (May 18, 1878), with a robin setting upon them. One of these robins hatched its eggs, but the other bird disappeared before a like result could be accomplished. The male of this species habitually assists in raising his family, and possibly this double nest was the home of a single pair, male and female, a supposition furthered by the fact that but three eggs were laid in each nest, or a total of but six eggs, whereas two females would ordinarily lay a total of ten eggs.

7. Mocking Bird.—*Orpheus polyglottus* Aud.; *Mimus polyglottus* Ridg. 11, Cs. 15.—Accidental. Specimens have been observed at various times, and some of them may have been stragglers from the South, although it is more probable that each one had escaped from captivity in the North, as this is a very common cagebird.

8. Catbird.—*Orpheus felivox* Aud.; *Galeoscoptes carolinensis* Ridg. 12; *Mimus carolinensis* Cs. 16.—Common in Western Maine and east to the Penobscot Valley. Arrives in May. Breeds, usually nesting upon bushes in dense thickets, and lays four or five dark blue-green eggs in June and July.

9. Rufous Thrush.—*Orpheus rufus* Aud.; *Harporhynchus rufus* Ridg. 13, Cs. 17.—Common in Western Maine and east to the Kenucbec Valley. Rare or unknown east of the Penobscot Valley. Arrives early in May. Breeds on or near the ground, and lays four or five yellowish white eggs with brown spots, late in May and in June. This bird is the largest of the thrush family found in Maine. It is a fine songster and of handsome plumage, yet rarely is seen in captivity as a cagebird.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WISE LITTLE BANTIES.—Falls City, Neb., Dec. 3, 1882.—Dr. Arnold, living at Brownville, in this State, has a pair of bantam roosters that seem to have developed an unusual amount of intelligence. They will fight, crow, etc., at his command, beside doing a variety of other tricks. The following well authenticated incident is told of them: Some time ago one of them in his perambulations strolled into the yard of a neighbor, and being discovered by the rooster of that place, was soundly thrashed. When the bantam reached home, he presented a most forlorn appearance, and going up to the other rooster, they put their heads together and seemed to be engaged in conversation. After a moment spent in this manner, they both started for the neighbor's yard on a dog (?) trot. After they had reached the enemy's territory they proceeded to search for him. They soon found him and gave him a most unmerciful whipping, after which they strutted back home, probably feeling that they had done their duty well.—X.

MINK AND FERRET WILL NOT INTERBREED.—Brantford, Dec. 18.—I think I promised to let you know how I made out with my minks and ferrets this season. I asked a question through the FOREST AND STREAM, if the ferret and mink would cross. I have given them a good trial, and find they will not interbreed. I raised a good, strong male mink with two female ferrets, and when they came in season he mated with them readily. Then a friend of mine brought one to him, and he mated with her, and not one of the three proved with young. Then to see if the ferrets were good for breeding, I put one of them in with a male ferret, about six weeks after, and she had a litter of ferrets. A friend of mine tried to cross them the other way. He tried a male ferret and a female mink. They mated, but there was no increase, so I think that is as good a test as need be. No one need try the experiment, for it will not succeed.—GEORGE ASH.

A MODEL MOUNTED HEAD.—While at Albany, N. Y., I had occasion to call on Dr. J. S. Delavan, of that city, who, knowing my fondness for objects of natural history, called my attention to the most perfect specimen of a buck's head I had ever seen, and I have examined many. The head was that of a buck of Dr. Delavan's shooting, killed only this October, in the North Woods, and mounted by an amateur taxidermist by the name of H. A. Miner, of Saranac Lake. I venture to say there is no more graceful or lifelike specimen existing, and I mention it because I am anxious that Mr. Miner should make a deposit of his handiwork at the National Museum at Washington, D. C., where there is now a growing collection of such objects, presented by different taxidermists of the country. Mr. Miner's forte seems to be heads, and he should donate a duplicate of Dr. Delavan's.—HOMO.

RATTLESNAKE AS A SWIMMER.—Winter Park, Orange County, Fla.—Do you know if it be a common thing for a rattlesnake to take to the water? A few days ago a man was pulling across a lake in this vicinity, and he noticed a snake in the water which he killed. It proved to be a rattlesnake. I took his dimensions and found him to measure six feet long and eight inches in circumference around his largest part. He had ten rattles and a button.—F. W. D. [We think it rather unusual for the rattlesnake to take to the water, though no doubt there are many localities where they are often obliged to do so.]

A STRANGE EAGLE'S NEST.—Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 12.—When up in Northern Dakota this fall, I was told by a herder of a very curious eagle's nest, composed largely of buffalo ribs, which I went to see. It was upon a hillock, and could be seen a long distance off. There were about forty ribs, one end of each turning up, then filled in with nearly a cart load of turf and rubbish. It had been used this year, and looked as if it had been used many years. Saw no birds as they had left, so could not tell the species, but the large buffalo ribs in the foundation of a bird's nest looked very strange.—GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

THE OPPOSSUM ON LONG ISLAND.—Wading River, L. I.—One of my neighbors killed, a few weeks ago, an opposum in his hen roost, and I hear of two being killed on Strong's Nest this fall. Is not this uncommon for Long Island, and where did they come from?—T. C. [Very unusual, we think.]

PROLIFIC MOCKING BIRDS.—In 1866 I knew a pair of mocking birds in Charles City county, below Richmond, Va., to raise four broods of four birds each, in one season. —ENQUIRER.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

AS old Bob S. was out hunting one day he saw a flock of ducks settle in a small pond hole not far away. To call the dog in to heel and creep within shot of the fowl was the work of but a few minutes. To use his own words: "I got within easy range and gave them the right barrel, and killed five. The dog retrieved them all five and the rest of the bunch flew away. When I got home and told Bill, my brother, what a nice shot I had, and how many I killed, all he said was 'Bob, why in thunder didn't you give them the other barrel?' Says I, 'Bill, I never thought of it.'" D.

BROOKLINE, Mass.

VERMONT LAW.—A correspondent informs us that the open season for ruffed grouse in Vermont is from Sept. 1 to Feb. 1.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME SEASONS.

A comprehensive statement of the game laws of America will be found in the issues of this journal for December 7 and 14, 1882. Individuals and game clubs are requested to inform us of the enactment of new local laws and of changes that may be made in the laws of the several States and Territories.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS UNCLE.

ONCE upon a time a young man started out upon his travels. He found a place where life looked rather easy, and being of a lazy disposition by inheritance he concluded to take up his abode there permanently. So he rusted in.

Having no longer use for a gun that he possessed, he lent it to his uncle, who kept a little shop of various curious commodities, with a juggler tossing three gold balls in the air for a sign.

And many times afterward the young man repented, looking wistful as a wild goose tied by the legs at a passing flock, as often as the shooting season came around; but long abstinence from active life made him slow to move; the longer he looked, the more his body protested against being exposed to the cold and wet and clamored for letting well enough alone; so his good intentions went for naught.

The young man's uncle kept the gun in a safe place until he should come again. But he did not come.

Years passed by, and each year the same battle was fought between the young man's soul and his body the same vows were made and broken, and the good intentions went to serve as paving stones in a certain locality much in need of firm footing. But each year the fight was less fierce as the soul grew weaker, and the body likewise and at last one day they agreed to disagree, and parted.

His uncle's face grew brighter as often as he looked down the street and saw him not; and at last one day he beheld a curious black carriage, with a long procession of other carriages following, and he cried out, "Solomon! Solomon Isaacs! Dake dat leetle gun and polish him till he shines like a newly coined shekel!"

"But de young man?—" answered Solomon Isaacs timidly. "If he see him bright he may want him back."

"Ah, never more!" and the young man's uncle rubbed his hands. "It is too late! He have gone to shuperintend his own paving!"

J. P. TRUE.

NOTES ON GAME AND SHOOTING.

BUSINESS engagements have prevented me, to some extent, from indulging my fondness for field sports during the present season, but I trust I shall be able to engage in it more after the lapse of several weeks. Not many days ago, however, T. C. L. and I went on a visit to our friend and kinsman, Bishop Crickett, of Saints Rest, in the county of Anson, fully prepared for any amusement which our host might be able to offer. We had our dogs and guns, and a supply of loaded shells sufficient to have killed all the game within a circle of several miles in diameter—for we believe in being ready for the game in the event we should be so fortunate as to find it. But we brought back home two-thirds of what we carried, and laid it away for future use. We found few birds in the fields, and if they are in that county in considerable numbers, they keep in the forests. My opinion is, that as the season advances they will take to the fields, and thus afford far better sport than what we now have. It is true, we got as many as we could eat, and besides this gave several of our friends whom we saw, enough to afford them a taste of the delicacy; but we had none to take home for the enjoyment of the "duddy weans," of which we are bountifully supplied. Our "quivers" are full of this kind of arrows, which the Scriptures tell us is "a heritage of the Lord." During a two days' hunt, which was seriously interrupted by a sudden change of weather, which brought the North Pole into shivering proximity with us, and made the pursuit of Bob White anything but a pleasurable pastime, we succeeded in getting only about sixty birds.

I have had information from several sporting localities that birds were numerous, but wherever I have tried it I have been disappointed. It is unaccountable to me why there is a scarcity, for the past two seasons have been favorable for their rearing, and the stock birds were abundant enough to have filled the fields. As already said, I think they must confine themselves chiefly to the woods and will come into the open land when the forests fail to afford them full shelter and a supply of food. I expect, therefore, to be able to report to you before many weeks that I have made Westley Richards ring repeatedly, and have been pleased with the accuracy of my aim and the efficiency of the gun's execution.

I noticed in your paper recently an account of a Florida hunt, in which the writer, after speaking of the quail which he and his companion had killed, startled your readers by telling them he had killed a deer with No. 9 shot. Of course I shall not doubt the truth of the statement, but I confess I should have been better pleased if he had condescended to let us know the distance at which this remarkable shot was made. I think it probable that if the deer was not more than ten yards off—possibly fifteen—a good gun would kill it with No. 9 shot propelled by over three drams of gunpowder. But I must be excused for entertaining "the shadow of the shade" of a doubt whether it could happen at twenty-five yards. In the "blue season," at forty yards a gun must shoot very hard to force a No. 3 buckshot to the center of a three-pronged buck, and I am confident that however large the charge of powder, No. 9 would not perforate the hide. No. 9 will do for quail all through the season—I prefer 8—but when it comes to deer I respectfully suggest the wisdom of using heavier shot if the sportsman expects to odorize his pot with the fumes of venison.

I trust nobody will misinterpret my meaning in the remarks I chose to make in regard to the recent Field Trials at High Point. It was far from my purpose to speak in derision of the performance and capabilities of the dogs which I saw. Many of them, no doubt, have the power and disposition to do hard and commendable service whenever real work is required. But having never before seen any exhibition of the kind, and supposing the canines were expected to do in the Trials just as they would do in a genuine hunt, I had looked for exceedingly vigorous movements on their part, whereby they would scour rapidly and closely all the ground, find all the birds within the fields, and save the sportsman all severe trial of his physical powers. Although I was disappointed, yet I saw quite a number of these royal dogs, which I would have been pleased to own, if their value had been commensurate with my ideas as to what such animals should be worth. But when it comes to rating a dog as equal in the financial balance with a first-class horse, I confess my inability to see it; and, hence, I suppose, I must content myself with

being the master of one of less gentle blood and more limited education.

But I do like a nice gun—one of neatness of finish, perfect in its proportions, material and mechanism, and capable, if handled right, of killing game at a reasonable distance. I do not want one which it is laborious to carry, but a light one of from 16 to 13 bore, which I can bear along without feeling the weight of the burden. To me, at least, one which will just turn the scale at seven pounds, and which will admit of a charge of three drams of gunpowder and one ounce of shot, is the beau ideal of a fowling piece. With such a gun I can kill all the kinds of game which I choose to hunt, but not at those apochryphal distances of which men sometimes speak whose imaginations run riot with the facts. A well made 16-bore gun weighing seven pounds, properly loaded, will kill an "antlered monarch" at forty yards, and beyond that few of larger size and greater weight can be relied upon to hit the mark. I have occasionally killed at much greater range, but such shots are abnormal.

I recollect having heard a gentleman boasting of the power of a Purdey gun of his, which cost him a very large sum of money, to kill quail and snipe at the distance of sixty yards, with absolute certainty, if held on the game. He was told that he could not hit a glass ball at that distance one time in ten. And so the trial was made, and he shot six times without touching the target. He could not plead a want of precision in the way in which the gun was held, for the ball was placed on the end of a rod fastened in the ground. From this and many other observations of a similar character, I am always incredulous when I hear a tale of unusual magnitude. WELLS.

WILD RICE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE following article was published elsewhere this winter, and by request of the writer, Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the New York Fish Commission, we republish it: It contains some points on which discussion is invited:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having heard and read a great deal of the wild rice fields of the Northwest, I was tempted in the fall of 1881 to try whether this plant could be successfully introduced in the waters of the northern New York wilderness. On the lakes and streams of that region a few ducks breed every season, but the number is not sufficient to make duck shooting worthy of the sportsman's particular attention. I thought if wild rice could be found to grow here as it does in the Northwest, we might have the same abundance of wild waterfowl in the feeding season as is found in the bays, streams and lakes of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. I procured in October of the year stated, ten bushels of seed from Mr. Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ontario, which I have every reason, from its appearance and the character of the gentleman from whom it was procured, to believe was good. I sowed it in a range of waters known as the "Betsy Lakes," tributary to the great Black River, which flows into Lake Ontario near the outlet of that lake in the St. Lawrence River. I selected the smaller of the lakes, where the water was shallowest and there was most alluvial at the bottom, for the plant. I sowed in the month named, strictly according to directions, in water two to eight feet deep, scattering the seed much as I would do in sowing oats. The time of sowing was at lowest water, so that there was a certainty that none of the seed should ever be left on dry land. The depth of the water where the seed was sown was in the following spring from one to three feet greater than when the seed was dropped. Where the seed was sown, water lilies, the smaller arrow head, and water mosses and grasses grew in abundance. The space sown with the ten bushels was equal in extent to three miles in length by a rod in breadth.

I examined carefully, at various times from May to August, 1882, to see if the seed had germinated, but I never found a spear anywhere, and I am forced thereby to the conclusion that the conditions, probably chemical, necessary to its growth, are wholly lacking in the soil and water of our northern wilderness. My theory is that the plants need clay or limestone, and that as these elements are wholly lacking in this region the wild rice can never succeed here. If any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM has given the subject a sufficient examination to enable him to offer any other theory, I should be glad to have him give it.

There is, strictly speaking, no soil in the wilderness of Northern New York. The whole region is underlaid with rock, largely primitive; what crops out at the surface is generally gneiss, granite and quartz. The bottom of the waters are either rock, coarse gravel or sand, mainly of the disintegrated quartz. Only in one spot (one of the tributaries of Moose River) have I known limestone. This sand possesses not a single fertilizing quality. Nothing grows out of it under water but a sort of short grass moss which, when it is in reach, is sought for in summer by the deer for food. Where the water is still, a muck or ooze, the product of vegetable decomposition, is deposited, and in this the larger water vegetation, such as water lilies, bulrushes, and coarse water grass, is found. It was in such places as these that I sowed the wild rice seed.

I have not been much in the Northwestern States, but I have understood that nearly the whole of that region is underlaid with clay or limestone rock, and that the elements of lime and potash, the latter the product of centuries of prairie fires, largely exist in all the surface soil, and that their influences prevail as well in soil under water as on the earth's surface. If this is so, it affords to me the most probable reason why the wild rice, which like all plants which make a vigorous stalk needs the nutriment of lime, thrives well in the Northwest, and does not thrive in the Northern New York wilderness. R. U. S.

NEW HARTFORD, New York.

QUINCY, Ill., Dec. 17.—The shooting has not been as good as usual here. About all we have to hunt is ducks and geese. A couple of hunters made a trip fifty miles below, to a place called Eagle Island, and were gone four days; killed eight geese and four dozen ducks, which is about the best I have known of anyone doing this season. There are quite a number of wild turkeys in the bottoms of this old river and its numerous islands, and they fly from one side to the other. They are difficult to capture, only one being killed as far as I know. Quail are very scarce.—C. D. C.

IOWA.—Anita, Dec. 14, 1882.—Quail and rabbit shooting the best we have had for years. Pinnated grouse plenty but time up Dec. 1.—C. B.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

[From a regular Chicago Correspondent.]

THE most noteworthy sporting event of this section last week was the return, Saturday, of the party of deer hunters mentioned in last week's letter from their trip to No-que-bay Lake, Wis. They got back all safe and sound, and brought with them twelve deer as the result, in part, of the hunt. They left here two weeks ago last Sunday night, and arrived at Peshtigo on Tuesday morning. There they found out that Hank Groves and Len Mouger had gone from the lake, where their camp was, to Green Bay to stay all winter. A despatch was at once sent to the latter place and the boys came promptly, arriving at the lake Wednesday. The hunters had to camp out at the lake after sledding it across the country from Peshtigo The got along all right, only being a little rattled at first by the cold. The outfit of these lads were given in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. The first day, or Wednesday, they killed three deer, one a handsome buck; Thursday killed five deer; Friday one, and Saturday they killed three more. Bill Haskell laid low the haughty pride of four huge fellows in one day and hung them up. He got away with six in all. They also slaughtered two porcupines, one wolverine, and a lot of partridge. They fished through holes in the ice and kept the larder well supplied with brain-food this way. The boys did not get a chance to do any hunting with the dogs, and only had still-hunting. The best joke was told on Fred Taylor. He was out on the lake on the ice and got lost. He went around in a circle for three hours. He was well "tuckered" out when the twinkling lights of the camp showed up. Near where this party was camped was a party of four from Kentucky. They were having royal sport also. It was about 22 deg. below zero most of the time. As Gamman says, "In spite of this you could go out and pick beautiful red roses—off each other's noses." The party had the twelve deer carted down to Loveday's and photographed with the hunters in a group, *en costume*. The party consisted of Perry Taylor, Charles Gammon, Fred Taylor, W. Nye and Wm. Gammon.

Of the rest of the Chicago sportsmen, Charley Rightmeyer and Fred. Peiper left Wednesday for the Upper Peninsula, Michigan, to try and "bag" a few deer. They go well fitted out, and expect to be absent about two weeks. It is doubtful if the weather is very favorable there for deer hunting now. George D. Lewis returned home last week from Lake St. Clair Flats, and reports some good fall hunting. Small game is now scarce here.

The annual meeting of the Mak-Saw-Ba Shooting Club occurred last Tuesday night at the club room of the Sherman House. Regular routine business was transacted. It has been the object of all these meetings to discuss the game law, but they absolutely refuse to divulge any of the results attained thereby. The regular annual election of officers of the club for 1883 occurred also at the meeting, and the following will serve: President, George G. Newberry; Vice-President, Charles Kern; Treasurer, W. E. Chamberlin; Secretary, C. D. Newberry; Executive Committee, Joseph A. Kinny, T. T. Cooper and C. C. Lamas.

A distressing accident occurred last week at the Kaukakee, and caused regret in all hunting circles. It was the unfortunate drowning of Berry Holmes, one of our best young shots and a hunter well versed in woodcraft. He was out after game, and attempted to push a dugout through the floating ice of the river near Morris. The current was too swift, and poor Berry went under with an upturned boat. He was overweighted by game bag, shot, etc., and sank at once. His body was not recovered for several days, and was then found about three miles below the point where the accident occurred.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.

Dec. 24.—During the past two weeks the weather has encouraged the east and west bound mail trains to cut up divers antics, such as being delayed beyond all reasonable time, and mails have accumulated here until every one has been disgusted. This accounts for late arrival of correspondence there, and of FOREST AND STREAM here. Spotting matters were dull the past week, as the boys are all "laying low" for a chance at the turkeys, pigeons and balls Monday. There are many matches and club shoots arranged for that date.

A good many of our boys are interested in reports now being received of fine shooting in Tennessee, and last Wednesday a party, consisting of James Murphy, Ted Holloway, C. E. Gifford, Clarence Thursdan and J. K. Meyers, left for Newhall, Tenn., on a long duck, wild geese and brant hunting trip. Of course any other game that comes conveniently up in front of their shotgun muzzles would prove acceptable—provided they hit it. Lyons, Kimball, Stack, Stice and other noted Illinois shots have been at Wyoming, Ill., holding a grand pigeon tournament. Some of the Chicago boys went down, and Jerry Hamlin has just got back from the Indian Territory, where he had a splendid time shooting wild turkeys and such like game. It was reported here late Friday that there was renewed trouble at the Tolleston Gun Club house, Tolleston, Ind., but the matter could not be investigated in time for this week's FOREST AND STREAM.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THERE has been considerable running ice in the Delaware River during the present week, and duck shooting from skiffs, painted white and made to represent drifting ice, has been indulged in by the few here that are fond of such sport. Below Chester Island, between Pennsville and Marcus Hook, mostly on the New Jersey shore side, mallards, black ducks and other marsh fowl are present in numbers that have repaid all who have paddled for them on the ice. I hear that below Sim Lord's, at Port Penn, fowl of all sorts are numerous. Our ice paddlers cannot go out when the wind is easterly on account of the roughness of the water, and the packing of the drift on the Jersey shore, where the best feeding grounds are located. An easterly wind of any kind opens the floating ice, and causes leads to form through which a skiff can be paddled upon the ducks which seek the open places as soon as the drift is so distributed and separated.

The snow geese are still below Bombay Hook. None have been killed. There is great trouble, I was told to-day by one of our river men, in getting quarters at night in that neighborhood, and as our duck shooters who are fond of "ice shooting" go from Philadelphia down the river in their small skiffs, it is a matter of importance to them that they should have good comfortable housing at night after an exposing day's work. At a season when ice is drifting in the Delaware it would not be advisable to sail a cabin yacht down. This is one of the reasons why the snow geese below Bombay Hook have been so little sought this year.

During the past autumn the meadows about Philadelphia were visited by a larger flight of snipe than for many years. In October many birds were killed by the Schrieber brothers, animal photographers, who have a farm on the river shore a few miles below the city. Like the woodcock this year, these snipe came all at once and afforded fine sport to those who lived near the grounds and knew of their coming. The departure of the birds was as sudden and simultaneous as their arrival. Here is another illustration of the similarity in the movements of all species of migratory birds before winter sets in. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.

PROTECTION FOR QUAIL.

NOT long ago I saw in your valuable paper for Nov. 30, a plan for the protection of quail. I hope many of the shelters there recommeeded may be made. The Robbin's Island Club have had sixteen sheds made and placed around the island near good natural cover; and they are a complete success so far as to the birds finding them and feeding under them. The sheds are thirteen feet long and eight feet wide, with a division board across the middle. The back is one foot high, front two feet high, roof lapped one inch, covered with brush; also wings at each end made of brush acting as a snow fence. After the birds found the wheat screenings placed under the sheds and fed regularly under them, brush was placed over the front so thickly that a hawk cannot fly under one, but would be compelled to walk in the same as a quail, thereby giving the quail ample time to escape into cover, which adjoins each shed. A hawk must pounce or dart on to his game. They are very careful where they go, fearing a trap; and I do not think they will trouble the sheds in the least. The sheds all face the south, and after a snow storm the snow will be shoveled away from the front of the sheds. The birds can then alight among the brush in front, taking but one flight over the snow, roost under sheds or fly back to their cover. I should like to hear from some of your readers if black snakes will destroy young quail or eat their eggs. [They do.—ED.] B. B. H.

ROBBIN'S ISLAND, Dec. 15, 1882.

UP IN THE ROCKIES.

ON the fifth of September we returned to the deserted camp via Wagonwheel Gap. Having made camp, we all started out in different directions for an evening hunt, returning at dusk with no game. The next morning, before the sun was up, all went out again for an early morning hunt, returning at ten o'clock and reporting little game seen.

After breakfast it was determined to move camp to the Cochetope Range, a distance of about ten miles northeast. After packing the five little faithful burros with tent, blankets, provisions, camp kettles, etc., and tying to our saddles such articles as could be so carried, we set out through a trackless wilderness at 12 M. The top of Cochetope loomed up in plain view from the deserted camp, and looked to be not more than two and a half to three miles distant, but in these high altitudes all experienced persons are aware how deceptive the distances are.

We made our tedious way through wide parks densely covered with chapparal, alternating with spruce timber, up steep mountains, down through deep, sharp gorges almost canons in places. At the bottom of many of these small streams of water ran through a serpentine ditch, which could only be crossed (as it became necessary to do every hundred yards) by jumping them. In very many places they were from three to four feet deep and as many feet wide, and their banks were completely covered with high grass and short brush, rendering it both difficult and dangerous to stock and men. But up or down such gorges it was necessary to travel most of the distance, as the mountain on each side was so precipitous that it was simply impossible to ride or lead up or down; and when, finally, we found a gap out of one gorge, it soon led us into a similar one. So we went on for miles, these terrible barriers confronting us on all sides and in front. At length we arrived at our destination, all safe and sound, camping on the edge of an open park, which was some miles in length, extending along the foot of the great mountain to the north of our camp. On the trip hither we had seen numerous game, deer and mountain grouse, but had no time to pursue it, killing only one deer, which, jumping up in front of McDonald, who was always ahead, and who, quickly bringing his rifle to bear, fired, killing a very fine doe, which he somehow managed to tie to his saddle and carry to camp.

Our camp being struck and the stock turned upon the park to graze, we retired for the night to dream of the prospects of the morrow.

The morning came, bright, clear and a keen white frost, which was bracing to the nerves and most favorable to our prospects of success. Cochetope's broad, naked brow, towering 2,000 feet above timber line, fronted us to the north, and Bellows Mountain, like a great turreted monitor, stretching out for miles behind us with its round dome at the center, formed a wild and romantic panorama. All hands, of course, were soon scattered in different directions in pursuit of the black-tail deer, whose tracks were as thick as sheep tracks in a pasture. I took a straight course up the side of the immense sloping mountain, saw plenty of deer, but too far away to kill.

While musing I heard the report of a rifle, and directly another, and soon away in another direction another, until I had counted seven shots. So, after floundering around among the rocks and fallen timber, for there had been a storm seemingly of years past which had swept the mountain side of one-half its tall spruce and laid it across and piled in a manner rendering it almost impassable, I returned to camp. Soon the hunters all returned, reporting the killing of two deer.

The next morning, Sept. 8, opened clear and frosty, weather fine and prospects flattering, so all hands were soon on the tramp. The sun had scarcely risen before the keen, clear, ringing sound of a rifle told that an antlered monarch had fallen a victim to its deadly aim, for it had been resolved that morning to shoot no does. Very soon was heard the crack of another rifle, and then another, all of which had been deadly, and three monster bucks had fallen, each of the Steels and McDonald having killed his buck, while I failed to find anything but does. The balance

of the day was consumed in bringing in the game and suspending it in the open air.

Sept. 9.—A similar morning to the two preceding. This being the last day of the week, and I having as yet been unsuccessful, I was resolved to make extra exertions, which were crowned with success, as, along with others, my deer was a fine, very fat barren doe; and as it was a barren doe, I was excused from the penalty of being suspended from the next day's hunt and my gun given to the camp keeper to hunt with for one day, while I should keep camp. In addition to the fat doe, two others, one a large buck, and the other a yearling with spike horns, were brought to camp.

Monday, the eleventh, and my last day on the hunt, I having become tired of the mountains, and resolved to return to Del Norte, via Wagonwheel Gap after the day's hunt was over. Finding it too late to get through, however, I waited till the twelfth. Three of the parties were in luck, killing each one deer or one find buck, and two yearlings, making, all told, twelve deer on the hunt, as previously related in this narrative. These twelve, added to the eight killed in the previous hunt, fully even twenty in the two hunts, and one bear. The balance of the company have remained in the mountains up to the present writing, or at Wagonwheel Gap, and I learn from parties who came in a few days ago that they are having fine fishing in the upper Rio Grande. R. T.

DEER IN PIKE COUNTY.

THE never-failing instinct of the deer warns it of the approach of snow storms, and it forsakes its feeding-places on the high ridges and seeks the shelter of the dense laurel and tamarack swamps. After the storm is over, unless the snow has fallen to too great a depth, the deer appears on the ridges again, and roams at large until forced by succeeding storms to find protection again in the swamps. The storm of this week has left nearly two feet of snow in the woods, and has undoubtedly closed the deer-hunting season for this year, as no deer can leave the swamps, and it is practically impossible to hunt them in the treacherous fastnesses which protect them, although plenty of hunters stand ready to take every advantage of the game and dog it to death by fair means or foul. The deer have not been driven to the swamp so early in the season for twenty-five years, and the sudden closing in of winter with so heavy a storm has awakened many apprehensions in the minds of sportsmen as to the fate of their favorite game. The fall of 1882 has been one of unusual drouth in this region. The streams are unprecedentedly low and the swamps are nearly dry. Winters of deep snow are always more or less destructive to deer, but when they are attended also by lack of water the fatality is greatly increased. Legitimate sportsmen also dread the possible formation of "crust" on the snow, which when of sufficient thickness gives pot-hunters their most efficient opportunity to ply their trade. Then they can put their dogs in the swamps, the crust enabling them to make their way to all parts of it. Stationed at the points on the edge of the swamps where the deer find entrance and egress, and which are as well known to the hunters as they are to the deer, these despoilers of the woods make easy prey of the game as it is driven from the swamps by the dogs. Large numbers of deer are slaughtered in this way. In dry winters deer are frequently forced to leave their haunts among the laurels and tamaracks to seek water at the creeks or on the edges of the many lakes that abound in these mountain regions. Pot-hunters are always on the alert and the fate of a deer whose needs have thus made it venturesome is sealed when one of these men is on its trail. His dog, borne up by the crust, soon overtakes the deer, whose weight enables it only to make its way slowly and carefully over the frozen snow. It has not even the chance its speed might give it to escape, and it is powerless to defend itself. Held at bay by the dogs, the deer is soon put to death when the merciless hunter comes up, which he knows he may do at his leisure. To vary the monotony of the chase he not infrequently beats the deer to death by blows on its head with a heavy cudgel. These wretches, like death, have all seasons for their own, and the game laws carry no fear to them. It is an open secret in the Shohola region that one winter one family of these pot-hunters killed twenty-seven deer on the crust after the legal hunting season had closed. Yet there is not a county in the State which is so well provided with protective game laws, for, besides the very strict State law, Pike county has a special law whose provisions against unseasonable and unsportsmanlike hunting and fishing are still more stringent.

Taking into consideration all that game in Pike county has to contend against, it is simply wonderful how it maintains an existence in the region at so large and even an average—especially large game. Old hunters say that they are not able to see any great decrease in the number of deer in the county for twenty-five years. They may be scarcer one year in a certain locality than they were the previous year, but they will be found more plenty in some other locality than they were the year before. Such has been the case this season. Hunters in the Blooming Grove woods and about the headwaters of the Shohola Creek have not found their usual fine spoil, while on the lower Shohola and through the Paupack country deer have been plentier than for several years. Yet those two famous Blooming Grove sportsmen, Capt. Lape Westbrook and his brother, John C., were out but three days last week in the woods near here and brought in four large deer. Two of the biggest bucks ever brought down in the county were killed six miles from here one day last week. The latter part of November and the first part of December are considered the best of the season in the Blooming Grove region, so the coming of the heavy snow has put an end to the sport here before it had fairly begun. Probably not more than twenty deer have been killed between here and the Monroe county line since the season opened, so the local hunters look upon this fall as having been a failure as a promoter of sport hereabout, and they are taking the opportunity to compare the season with past seasons when deer was so plenty that it was no trick at all for a man to go out and start one within a fifteen minutes' tramp of the Blooming Grove tavern.

The sudden coming of the heavy snow has also killed the hopes of the bear hunters and trappers, who, from all indications, anticipated a month's great sport with the favorite game before the rigors of winter forced it to its cold weather sleep of three or four months. Very few bears will be found venturing away from their homes now, and the bear hunters are sore with disappointment. Half a dozen members of the bruin family have been captured on the mountains in this vicinity this fall, all in fine condition both as to meat and fur—a most auspicious opening of the season. It is said that "signs" of the presence of this animal in the Pike county woods were never so plenty as they were this year. If such really is the case, the unexpected closing of the season by the elements will have the effect of enhancing the sport of bear hunting when they come out in the spring. The sport at that season, however, is not of the kind that should attract legitimate sportsmen, for then the animals are not in condition either in fur or meat, and the cares of families of cubs devolve on the females. But it seems to be an unwritten law with hunters that it is proper to kill a bear at any and all seasons, and at any age, and the shaggy brutes find no mercy at the hands of hunters in this locality.—*Blooming Grove, Pa., correspondent New York Times.*

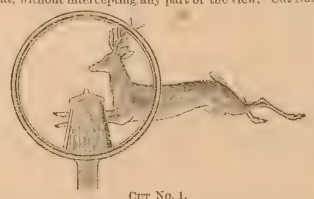
MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The eighth annual meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be more important than the interesting ones held heretofore. Numerous papers will be read on various subjects, and our esteemed president writes me that "the occasion will be made interesting by the presentation of several papers by lady sportsmen." The report of our Missionary-Warden Higby will be worth the "price of admission" alone, and measures should be taken to continue him in office. Some changes will probably be required in the existing laws, and as the Legislature will convene with this new year, it will be necessary that our association be ably represented by committee in Lansing. I understand there are already several bills drafted to amend the game laws by persons not acting with us, which, if passed by the Legislature, might be antagonistic to the general good of the people of our State. It is our duty to guard these matters closely. I would say right here that the members of this association could do a great deal of good by personally seeing the members of the Legislature from their own districts, and fully explaining the objects of our labors and post them up on all points.—WM. B. MERSHON, Secretary.

WEIGHT OF GAME BIRDS.—Boston, Dec. 21. I recently shot in Rhode Island twenty-two quail, which weighed exactly 9 lbs.; 6½ ounces each. Is not this a large average? What is the average weight of our game birds in their best season?—S. S. [It is difficult to give a categorical answer to your question. Your quail were slightly above the average, we think. Ruffed grouse will weigh from 18 to 30 oz.; quail about 6; woodcock about 5½; English snipe usually not more than 4. We have killed birds much heavier than these weights, but think they are about the average.]

East Milton, Mass., Nov. 28, 1882.—George Elcock, of West Quincy, shot a cock ruffed grouse here last week which weighed 3 lbs. Is not this an unusual heavy bird? There is on exhibition at Wm. Schaeffer's gun store, Boston, an albino quail, being one of two that was secured in a flock near Marshfield, Mass., the bird is pure white with black eyes.—J. G. SMITH. [We should like to see the papers for that grouse.]

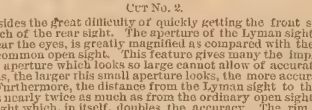
ILLINOIS.—Charleston, Dec. 12.—Capt. A. N. Bain, guide J. W. Shaffer, cook R. Young, pilot Thos. Threlkeld, forager Thomas Knock, William Chilton and James Skidmore, returned home from Arkansas, where they have been hunting for two weeks. Their game bag contained two deer, several turkeys, several dozen mallard ducks and other small game. They reported deer, turkey and bear tolerable plenty, ducks and squirrels by the hundreds, ruffed grouse and quail in fair numbers, and other game too numerous to mention.—FOX SQUIRREL.

THE LYMAN SIGHT.—When aiming, this sight has the appearance of a ring or hoop, which shows the front sight and the object aimed at, without intercepting any part of the view. Cut No. 1 gives



CUT NO. 1.

an approximate idea of how the sight appears when aiming. The top of rifle barrel and front sight are seen as distinctly as if no rear sight was used. Cut No. 2 shows how the common open sight appears when aiming. The most important part of the view is shut



CUT NO. 2.

out, besides the great difficulty of quickly getting the front sight in the notch of the rear sight. The aperture of the Lyman sight, being very near the eyes, is greatly magnified as compared with the notch in the common open sight. This feature gives many the impression that an aperture which looks so large cannot allow of accurate aim; whereas, the larger this small aperture looks, the more accurate the aim. Furthermore, the distance from the Lyman sight to the front sight is nearly twice as much as from the ordinary open sight to the front sight which, in itself, doubles the accuracy. The rim of the sight can be instantly changed to give it a large aperture with a narrow rim, or a small aperture with a wider rim. For all quick shooting the large aperture should be used. President N. Y. Rifle Club writes, Oct. 3, 1882: "With this experience I am now prepared to say that for quick, deadly work with the sporting rifle, it exceeds anything I have ever used or seen, and am fully convinced that at such distances as 100 to 200yds I can do equally good, if not better, work with it than with the peep and globe sights of the larger rifle, and with the great advantage of still using an open sight. When it comes to the question of rapid firing at a moving object, with the Winchester magazine gun, the facility with which it can be used, and the quickness with which the eye catches it, are a perfect revelation to anyone who has been accustomed to use ordinary sights. If anyone doubts the assertion, I am willing to testify, in the general interests of rifle practice, that last month I saw you make thirty-seven out of a possible forty at 100yds. on a Creedmoor target, with a half-magazine Winchester rifle mounted with one of these sights, in the almost incredible short time of fifteen seconds. This shooting was done with the large aperture of rear sight in connection with the open part of the Beach sight, and this, too, when it was already too dark to shoot with ordinary sights with any degree of accuracy. Furthermore, that nothing would induce me to be without one of these sights on my sporting rifle for another campaign in the woods. J. W. WRIGHT, M. D., Pres. New York Rifle Club."—*Adv.*

Any person sending their address to R. H. Pooler, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill., will receive in return free a fine colored lithograph representing pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies, also a catalogue of cartridge holders, belts, vests, &c.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

"Fishing is a kinde of hunting by water, bee it with nets, wheels, baits, angling or otherwise, and yeelds all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawkes: *when they draw their fish upon the banke*, saith *Nic. Hemelius Silesiographiæ, cap* 3, speaking of that extraordinary delight his countreymen took in fishing, and in making of pools. *Janus Dubravius*, that *Moravian* in his book *de pisc*, telleth how travelling by the highway side in *Silesia*, he found a nobleman, *booted up to the graines*, wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all; and when some belike objected to him the basenesse of his office, he excused himself, *that if other men might hunt hares, why should not hee hunt carpes?* Many gentlemen in like sort with us, will wade up to the arme holes, on such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfie their pleasure, which a poore man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergoe.

"*Plutarch*, in his book *de soler. Animal*, speakes against all fishing, *as a filthie base, illiberall imployment, having neither wit nor perspicacitie in it, nor worth the labour.* But he that shall consider the variety of Baits, for all seasons, and pretty devices which our angler's have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, *etc.*, will say, that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study, and perspicacitie, as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborous, much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet; and if so bee the Angler catch no Fish, yet he hath a wholesome walke to the Brooke-side, pleasant shade, by the sweet silver streames; he hath good aire, and sweet smels of fine fresh meadow flowers, hee heares the melodious harmony of Birds, he sees the Swannes, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, *etc.*, and many other fowle, with their brood, which hee thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of hornes and all the sport that they can make."—*Anatomy (The) of Melancholy. By Democritus Junior;* 1621. (PART II., sect. ii.).

In a former passage (part i., sect. 3) his inferences are less complimentary to the sport: "For example, if melancholy proceed from fleagme (which is seldome and not so frequent as the rest) it stirres up dull symptomes, and a kinde of stupiditie, or impassionate hurt. They are sleepy, saith *Savonarola*, dull, slow, cold, blackish, asselike, *Asininum Melancholiam, Melanethon* calls it; *they are much given to weeping, and delight in waters, ponds, pooles, rivers, fishing, fowling, etc.*"

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

VII.—ABOUT SALMON FISHING.

All things by experience
Are most improved; then sedulously think
To 'meliorate thy stock; no way or rule
Be unassay'd. —*John Phillips.*

I AM often questioned in regard to the mode of procuring permits to fish in salmon rivers. This question was easily answered until a recent decision was rendered by the Dominion Courts, affirming the riparian rights of the owners of lands along the rivers. Up to that time the control of all salmon waters, as well above as below the flow of the tide, was in the Dominion government; and the right to fish with either seine or rod could only be obtained from the fishery officials. But now it is different. Permits or leases can only be obtained from the owners of the lands, whether such ownership is in individuals or in the government. Immediately this decision was rendered, gentlemen who were promptly posted either took up the uncentered government lands commanding desirable pools, or secured leases from the owners whose riparian rights had been recognized and affirmed by the courts. So that now it is quite impossible to say how or from whom either permits or leases can be procured, unless one knows who owns the lands bordering on the rivers. For instance, the entire river I fished for years had been leased from the government by parties from whom I purchased a permit. Now the same river is in the hands of several parties, either by the purchase of the lands or by leases secured from the individual riparian owners. In regard to that river, therefore, and all rivers similarly cut up, the only way to secure the right to fish in them is to ascertain their present owners or lessees, and obtain from them the permission desired. The lands on the river I have fished more recently, are owned or controlled by individuals who had, until this recent decision, secured their fishing rights from the government. The decision, therefore, does not affect them; so that my old arrangement holds good, and will hold good until the present owners transfer their riparian rights to other parties

I presume there are several rivers still entirely under the control of the government. If so, if they are not already leased for a term of years not yet completed, they will be advertised for rent to the highest bidder. The facts can only be ascertained by corresponding with the Commissioner of Fisheries at Ottawa.

It is generally believed that this decision will lead to the early depletion of the now prolific rivers affected by it. The individual owners, even where they lease their pools, will not be as likely to refrain from fishing them with either rod, spear or net as when they were restrained by non-ownership or through fear of the penalties of the old comprehensive and rigorously enforced laws. The government will, of course, withdraw its guardianship from rivers from which it derives no revenue. To be sure, the individual owners or lessees can appoint guardians, but it is very questionable whether such appointees will be as careful or as efficient as those who held an official commission. The loyal residents on and in the vicinity of the rivers have a profound respect for the authority of the Queen, even when that authority is represented by one of their own neighbors, but they have no more respect for individual rights, when those rights are simply guarded by those having no official authority, than our own free and independent citizens.

But I may be mistaken in regard to the effect of this change in the fishery laws of the Dominion. I certainly hope so; for it would be a great misfortune, not to the Provinces alone, nor yet simply to those who take delight in the princely sport of angling, but to all consumers of this kingly fish. For some reason yet unexplained, the salmon catch has largely diminished within the past few years. It would be a public calamity if this new policy should result in the indiscriminate slaughter of the whole salmon family while on their journey to and from their spawning beds at the sources of the rivers to which they resort to breed and multiply. I most sincerely hope that those who believe no harm will result from this change of policy are right. But I think otherwise, and believe my fears will be confirmed by a few years' experience.

This decision, it is proper to say, only affects the waters

of Quebec and New Brunswick. Nova Scotia rivers, as I understand it, still remain open to all comers.

"Well," said one of my inquisitive friends, who has made up his mind to kill a salmon at any cost, "assume that, by hook or by crook, I have obtained a permit, what shall I do with it; or, rather, what must I do to render it available?"

"That is a question more easily answered than how to obtain a permit. The first thing needful is an appropriate equipment, such as rod, reel, flies and leaders. In regard to a rod, the essential things are strength and elasticity. Either can easily be obtained separately, but wood in which both are perfectly combined is hard to get hold of. But without both neither is of any use, either in casting or in killing. A rod that is unresponsive is not only a very unpleasant thing to handle, but will fail to do the work required even in the hands of an expert. No one can cast a fly with a hoop pole, but one might almost as well have a hoop pole as some rods that are palmed off as appropriate for salmon casting. Unless the spring is equally distributed from tip to butt, and can be distinctly felt at the latter as well as clearly seen at the former, it is not a rod for the work for which it is intended. But with such a rod casting is an absolute pleasure, whether the responses are few or many. One may manage very well with an inferior line, if it only has strength, with second or third rate strong leaders, and with flies which would not pass muster in the eye of an artist, but he had better stay at home than to go to salmon waters with anything less than a number one rod, whether of wood or bamboo. My own favorite rod is of wood, but it is fair to say that it is the only one of half a dozen that can be branded as perfect. But this one is perfect. It has the very spirit of elasticity in every fiber, and responds to every movement as if instinct with life. Such a rod is better than rubies, and is worth more than its weight in gold. I would rather break every other rod I own than raise so much as a splinter upon the surface of this grand old hero of a hundred battles. Nevertheless, I have made slightly longer casts with a bamboo, but I never give a large fish its butt without a tremor. Its advantage is lightness of weight—no mean advantage, be it understood, when one's muscle is of delicate fiber.

"In fishing for salmon, I like a line of good weight—not alone for strength, but for casting. A heavy eighteen-foot rod needs something at the end of it you can feel. The most accomplished expert would make poor work with a light trout line on a double-handed salmon rod.' An oiled line of medium strand, a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five yards in length, is what one needs. With such a rod and line and with such leaders and flies—both in sufficient numbers—as can be procured of any honest dealer, and a reel made for use and not for ornament, one may feel sure that good sport will not be marred by bad tackling."

"Thank you, so far; but after I have secured my tackling, what am I to do with it?"

"My only reply to such a question is—use it."

"That's all very well; but how? Have you no specific advice to give a willing pupil on that head?"

"No; because while you may be taught by a cook-book how to dress a salad or stew a rabbit, I never knew an angler made by a written recipe. It is no more true that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating' than that the only way to learn how to angle is to angle. One may be talked to until his head swims about fly-casting and salmon fishing and still make his first cast as awkwardly as if he had never seen a fly or stretched a leader. But those who have had any experience in casting for trout will have no difficulty in casting for salmon. The movements in both are practically the same. The only vital difference is in the weight of the rods, and this difference is practically neutralized by the fact that both hands instead of one are employed in the manipulation of the rod used in casting for salmon. During all my thirty years of exclusively trout or bass fishing I had never used a double-handed rod. When I first launched my canoe on a salmon river I had to float through a mile of water swarming with trout before I reached a pool where I could have an opportunity to cast for salmon. In making this distance I kept my eight-ounce trout rod in active motion, with such results as gave me a surfeit. When this stretch of water was passed, and my Indian gaffer said, 'Trout no more, salmon pool, trout rod no good,' I promptly, but very tremulously, took hold of my salmon rod, which looked ponderous as a weaver's beam and felt as heavy as a hemlock sapling, and prepared to reach out for the point indicated by my Indian mentor. Holding my rod in my left hand, with the butt pressed against my body, I pulled the line from the reel with my right hand, keeping it out by the required quick backward and forward movement until the desired length was obtained, when I seized the rod with both hands and found myself casting as easily and as steadily as if I had been 'to the manner born.' Although kind friends had given me a score of lessons, the memory of them had all vanished when the crucial moment came, but by simply doing, with a slight variation, what I had always done when casting for trout, I did just the right thing, in the right way, at the right moment. And when the rise came and I struck my fish, I did precisely what I would have done with a large trout or bass in similar waters. I held him taut when I could, gave him line when the pressure demanded it, reeled in when I could do so with safety, humored him when he sulked, brought him to within reach of the gaff as soon as possible, and landed him with a shout, probably the happiest man in all the Provinces. I have killed hundreds of salmon since, but I do not think I have ever cast better, manipulated my fish more discreetly, or received more deserved compliments from my critical gaffers, or heartier congratulations from my angling companions. No, a reasonably skillful trout fisher need have no fears about striking out boldly for salmon. It is only necessary for him to make careful use of what he already knows, and to take care that he does not 'loose his head' under the excitement of such sport as, in his wildest imaginings, he had never dreamed of."

"But," said a novice friend who is ambitious to graduate from a hand trawl to a fly rod, "what hope can I have to successfully tackle a salmon? Surely there are some rules a knowledge of which would assist such unfortunates as myself?"

"The only rule I can lay down for you and those like you who have the good sense to aspire to the dignity of salmon anglers is this: Begin as soon as you can and learn from experience. There is no other competent teacher. If you had an ambition to copy a Raphael, you might read every treatise that has ever been written on tone and tint, light and shade, the different varieties of color and the most effective mode of applying them, without being any the better qualified to make the copy than if you had never seen a Raphael. So it is with angling for salmon. No amount of reading or of mere verbal instruction, however clearly or graphically imparted, can give to you the rhythmic movement, the delicate twist, the careful manipulation, and the nice discrimination required to make a wise use of the constantly varying conditions in which an angler finds himself when casting for salmon. Topsy wasn't brought up—she 'growed;' and that is the only way to become an expert on salmon waters.

"I never knew two anglers who cast exactly alike, while I have seen scores who were the peers of each other. Each has his peculiar attitude, motion and swing; his straight, lateral or sweeping cast, but each reaches his goal with equal precision, if not with equal grace. Each manipulates his fly on the water, awaits a rise, and strikes and fights his fish after his own fashion, but certain general principles are adhered to by all, and all have the same measure of felicity from the beginning to the end of the fray. But whatever their manner of casting and striking and killing, the testimony of each will be, that whatever of skill they have was acquired, not from instructions in the theory of the art, but in the knowledge that came to them from actual experience; from all of which I do not wish to be understood as condemning the honest efforts of honest anglers to transform a novice into an expert by written or verbal instructions—I have done a little of both myself—but simply to impress the earnest aspirant with the fact that the only way to learn to cast is to cast, and the only way to appreciate the pleasure available to salmon anglers is to experience it. As no man ever yet became acquainted with the luscious flavor of the creamy flakes of a well-cooked salmon by having some one glowingly describe how deliciously the delectable morsels rested upon his own gratified palate, so no man ever yet learned how to cast for salmon, or attained unto a full appreciation of the supreme delight wrapped up in the exercise and in the results which come from it, by being told how to do the one, or by having described to him the ecstacy of the other." G. D.

"MILL BROOK."

OH yes, "Monatiquot," your first trout was caught there, so was the subscriber's first and last. Well, the shady side of life is close at hand, the period when one learns to the full that every chapter of his own personal experience abounds in "buts" and "ifs," no matter how smoothly it begins. There are gray hairs here and there; a bald spot the size of a Bland dollar is visible on that part of the cranium which is most exposed to the gaze of the youthful scoffer. There is a tendency to cynicism—to assert solemnly that the pains of life are to its pleasures as ten to one—to quote with grave emotion:

> "The world's an inn—and there, unknown,
> I, solitary, sit me down;
> Many I hear, and some I see,
> I naught to them—they naught to me."

Yet, in approaching the sere and yellow of bilious middle age, memory has a few pleasant stereoscopic slides, and no matter whether they are shown up by some other fellow or you take the glass in your own hand, one sometimes enjoys a look backward at certain phases of his youthful existence.

Thus I see Mill Brook, and myself, an ungainly youth with a passionate fondness for wildwood sports, pursued with a three-dollar shotgun or a bamboo fishing pole. It is about sunrise of a June morning; Mill Brook lies black and motionless under the rustic bridge crossing the country road. On its smooth surface are peace-suggesting lily pads, beneath which lay the mighty three-pounders, those which we dream of catching the night before; those which we mention on returning home as having been hooked and afterward lost.

There is a wonderful stillness as the sun shows its face over the tree tops. As trembling fingers adjust the writhing worm on a hook large enough for a ten pound catfish, the ear mechanically notes the chatter of a red squirrel in the spruce and hemlock which line the road. The distant cawing of crows who are discussing the matter of looking after some sprouting corn in a field close by is heard, and perchance the far-off voice of the farmer warning some early intruder to "git outer that tall grass!"

The musquitoes are specially vindictive, and the fisherman, with ill-suppressed fury, bangs his exposed face and neck with one hand, while with the other he unlimbers the bamboo pole, and allows the sinker (a split half ounce bullet) to cleave the waters with a "chug," and bear the writhing bait toward the bottom.

Not for the days of my youth were the slender fly rod or the alluring fly. Even had such been the case, the peculiarities of an alder-bound brook, with closely overhanging branches of oak, maple, spruce and hemlock, were not conducive to such displays of art. The subscriber tried it once—only once. And when he finally recovered about six feet of line from certain exultant limbs twenty feet above his head, at the expense of perspiration, abraded cuticle, and rent garments, he remarked in the strongest language affected by a profaneless boyhood, that the gaul darned old flies was gone and he was glad of it—darn 'em! This is a reminiscene of fish fished for—not the catch thereof. Every man possessing the usual or average vivid imagination, can supply the hiatus in relation to the catch, by thinking of the big string *he* would have caught under similar circumstances. Or at least those which he would say (or write) he had caught.

And now, having scrambled through clinging blackberry and raspberry vines, the subscriber is threading the mazes of a vistaed wood. That is, he presumes that vistaed wood is correct—if so, the copyright is reserved by him. Otherwise, let it pass without comment. Below the well worn cattle path on his left runs the stream with a pleasant—though strictly on cold water principles—"glugity-glug."

In the distance is a murmur of waters as of a dam roaring, which it is in truth. Yellow-hammers flash through the tree tops, squirrels chatter shrilly, and an occasional partridge whirring away from under his feet with startling suddenness, causes him to mutter vindictively that it's always so when he's left his gun (the deadly three-dollar weapon) at home.

Louder comes the voice of the waterfall, and now he emerges on the rocks near its base. There are eddying circles of massed up foam skurrying over the deep, dark pool, and anon the stream gushes down over polished boulders between ledgy banks.

Again he essays his luck, and again the writer draws the veil. Though he will remark in passing that he has pulled stroke in a whaleboat, which was doing something like eighteen knots in tow of an eighty-barrel bull, and not felt the excited pleasurement consequent upon the tug of a two-pound trout. The fact was, he was rather too wet and frightened and hungry, and worried about getting back to the vessel some twenty miles astern, shortening sail in a tropic thunder squall, to feel any such emotion as pleasurable excitement under the former circumstances.

Yet under the latter, said excitement gives place to an emotion of fierce and tempestuous wrath, for which poor, feeble speech has no vent, no expression.

What knew he of playing a trout, except as connected with the play of knife and fork over the crisp flakes of the savory fish on the following morning. And if the bamboo end is brittle and the line made fast to the said end, and the trout plungeth violently with animated protest against being "yanked" forth by main strength and stupidity—what then?

Never mind. These were the halcyon days of youth after all. No pleasurable emotion of after years approaches such scenes. And were it not for the weariness and vexation of spirit which would be the fate of the reader—even of him of the Indian nom-de-plume "Monatiquot"—I would fain follow Mill Brook to its source.

But enough. Editor and writer alike have other duties than to follow these, my meanderings, further. The one must yawn over innumerable MSS. to be read, the other over yet unfinished pages of MSS, to be written "for the instruction and education of youth," and Mill Brook be left to its own meanderings. Farewell, "Monatiquot," thanks for stirring up for a moment this side of memories.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE "HERRINGS" OF CENTRAL LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in your paper of November 23 the reply of "Kingfisher" to my communication of October 27, anent the "herrings" of Central Lakes, and their annual migration. It occasioned me some surprise, as I was conscious of no misquotation. In so far as I have sinned, I ask his pardon.

While sitting in a hotel in a distant town, I read "Kingfisher's" article of August 3, laid down the paper, and have never seen it since.

This may perhaps excuse my fault, as my article was hastily written, some weeks after the occurrence of which I speak.

While I have not sought to obtain for myself public recognition as a "scientific man," I may claim this much in common with most of those justly entitled to such distinction, that I never see or hear a palpable misstatement of a fact in natural history, without at least feeling the desire to let the wind out of it, and I seldom attempt to explain occurrences for which I myself cannot satisfactorily account, but prefer, instead, to make known such facts as have come under my own observation, in the hope that by comparison with the notes of other observers, the cause of exact science, which is simply "an organized inquiry into facts," may be the better served.

I may perhaps claim as wide an experience with the rural population of America, and possibly as extensive a knowledge of its characteristics as "Kingfisher" himself.

There are few States or Territories from Maine to Texas in which I have not found myself at one time or another in pretty close association with "the people."

I have traveled, camped, hunted, trapped, fished, voyaged and starved with the best of them, and the respect of Mr. Hickory for their many admirable qualities is not greater than my own. Nevertheless, it may be said that he who accepts blindly the loose, unsupported statements of any man, be he city or countryman, is liable to err, and if I do not now possess the degree of credulity which "Kingfisher" would seem to inculcate, it is that certain, bitter lessons of my life have taught me otherwise.

I remember years ago the authoritative statement of an old sportsman that the largest flights of woodcock were always on the night of October 10, but my heaviest bags were never made on the 11th. I think, but I am not certain, that it is Herman Melville who states on the authority of the natives of Typee, that there is a certain fish which is only seen on a particular day of the year, and which then appears is taken in great numbers, and vanishes for another twelvemonth. I do not learn that this statement has ever been verified or confirmed. Such tales are common, but it is needless to repeat them here. I think that those most competent to give opinions on such subjects will agree with me that the periodical movements of birds and fishes, like the blossoming of the flowers, cannot be depended on to occur with any given species upon a certain day.

The habits of the fishes of the Intermediate lakes and rivers furnish material for a most interesting study, and it has long been my hope that I might one day find more leisure for its pursuit. In many waters with which I am familiar, the common "bullhead" (*Pimelodus atrarius*, De Kay) is of all fishes the one on which the rustic angler chiefly depends for sport. It may always be counted on to furnish material for a fry or chowder, and little skill is requisite for its capture. In these lakes, however, all this is changed. The bullhead, though rarely seen, is here, but I have so far heard of none captured by the hook and line. Were it the habit of this fish to ascend the streams and spawn, like many others, and if in consequence they should at times appear in large numbers, at the mouth of brooks, what idle tales might be set in circulation concerning them by those who had failed to observe them unless when thus congregated, and who had neither time nor taste for obtaining accurate information concerning their haunts or habits.

"Kingfisher" expresses doubts if I am an "honest angler." When I cast my eye over the worn fishing tackle in my gun case, and about my establishment, the old fly book and favorite, though used-up rod, and remember the many glorious and fruitful seasons when we kept good company together, when that same old rod waved above the mountain streams of Maine, or sent its long line whistling over Western waters, I cannot resist the conclusion that I have a claim to that title.

As I have said, I have sought no recognition as a scientific man, and neither do I claim distinction as a destroyer of fish. I should find far more pleasure in such studies in natural history as I have indicated, concerning fishes and their surroundings, than in taking from the water a lubberly five-pound pickerel, only to break its neck before putting it back again. I here enter my protest against such useless and wrongful slaughter of fish, by which our lakes are becoming depleted of their valuable food fish, to the serious annoyance of the residents of this region. I have talked with no one who is of the opinion that any good can be accomplished by such a course, and I regret that one whom I regard as an estimable member of the angling fraternity should have found self-justification for such practices.

That whole herring statement appeared to me so ridicu

lous that I was led, perhaps unwisely, to publicly give it my attention. The query "why herrings move up stream on the 10th of November?" is not likely to find a solution, unless, perhaps, in the words of "Kingfisher" himself, at the hand of a "natural fool." They were first seen this season on the 14th.

"Xingfisher" thinks I have earned the thanks of FOREST AND STREAM, and I have reason to believe that FOREST AND STREAM thinks so too.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich, Dec. 14, 1882.

POSITION OF THE REEL.

HERE it is again! In your paper of Oct. 19, "Floridian" takes me to task about using the reel "before the hand," and claims that I am in error in adhering to the idea that the position before the hand is the only true and practical one of using that implement. Although I accept "Floridian's" criticism as of honest meaning and liberal advice, yet, withal, I cannot agree with him. His notion of using the reel behind the hand may do for fingerling trout, or in fly-fishing; but I still contend that the method will not do for black bass, such as we met in Florida. One reason is on account of their great power on the rod, and another, in casting the minnow, and still another in the use of the Meek & Milam reel, which I use. Suppose the reel is seated three or four inches from the extreme butt of the rod and you hook an eight or ten-pound black bass, how in the name of reason would you manipulate the reel and not have room behind the reel to secure a good hold on the rod so as to control the movement of the reel in checkmating the bass?

How can you cast the minnow, *à la* Henshall, with the reel behind the hand? (See "Book of the Black Bass.")

How can you use the Meek reel at all unless before the hand, as with the click off it will turn either back or forth from the least motion, and tangle the line all to thunder? as there is no casting with the click on in minnow fishing, for you want the reel to run freely without noise or friction in order to make long and pleasing casts. For if you were to cast a six-ounce or eight-ounce minnow seventy-five to one hundred feet as we did in Florida, the reel being behind the hand, the starting or initial force necessary to throw such size bait that distance would turn the spool of the reel with such velocity as to cause the reel to "overrun" and tangle the line into more loops and knots than you could undo in an hour, and the result would be that your line would run off twenty or thirty feet and check up all at once and your minnow tear loose and go—Well, you try it once and then see where he will go. However, it is all new to me, and one lesson was enough for me in my debut with that villainous bass; nor did I require a second encounter that threatened to take off a brace of fingers to convince me of the proper position of the reel.

I took my lessons from Dr. Henshall's treatise on casting the minnow, in his "Book of the Black Bass," nor do I see how those lessons can be improved, and I expect to adhere to them until "Floridian" or some other will produce a better. My rod unfortunately had the "reel seat" behind the hand when I purchased it, which was at a time when I had little or no experience in reel fishing, but when I have another made, I will most certainly have the reel placed before the hand, that is if I continue to use a Meeks reel, in which I don't see how any improvement can be made, especially for minnow casting, and that is my choice method of angling for black bass, (big-mouth).

As to the reel being placed before the hand impairing or affecting the "balance" of the rod, I think that this is owing altogether to the shape of the rod and can be very easily regulated by the manufacturer, if he understands what he wants to do, for there is little in such things that art cannot accomplish. The reel seat can be made six or eight inches from the butt, and have a slight additional weight added to the butt which would regulate the balance. Next.

C. L. JORDAN.

WILLIS, TEXAS, Dec. 2, 1882.

NEW YORK ANGLING NOTES.

WHILE in the State of New York during the present month, I was fortunate in meeting a Mr. Herrick of White Lake, Oneida county, who gave me some very interesting information relative to the land-locked salmon, which were put into Woodhull reservoir, Herkimer county, N. Y., three years since. He tells me the fish are doing well, and readily take almost any bait or fly in season, and that he saw them in great numbers on the spawning beds this year. The California trout that were planted in Bisby Creek about the same time, he informed me, were thriving, and he had at the time two fish which he was taking to Rochester for identification. They were of a very rich color, and the salmon-like hooked lower jaw was very prominent in one of them. Without being positive, I would venture to state the fish he had were of the California mountain trout species.

Mr. Herrick tells me that deer were never more plentiful than this year, and that bears during the past summer were quite a pest. I learn also that in Vermont, back and beyond Rutland some distance, farmers found it difficult to keep sheep in some localities.

The land-locked salmon put into Woodhull reservoir have run down into Sand Lake, Mr. Herrick states, and the latter waters will have the benefit of the plant.

Mr. J. B. McHarg, of Rome, informs me that the bass put into the Mohawk River at Rome, N. Y., are doing exceedingly well. These fish it will be remembered were put into the river above the dam, and although now numerous they battle all attempts of the angler to take them either with fly, bait or spoon.

Two years ago a number of trout were planted in Canada Creek, four miles north of Rome, N. Y. A great increase of fish is observable and attributed to this. Henderson Harbor, Jefferson county, Lake Ontario, proved a rare spot for the anglers this season. Fishing never was better, and all who visited it vow to return next year.

Bass were freely caught in Oneida Lake all through their season, thanks to the Syracuse Club, who have been untiring in their efforts to protect the fish in the spawning season. The law now in sections round about Syracuse is strictly observed, and is likely to be, as more than one example was made of violaters of the statute.

I was told while at Rome, N. Y., that there were fishermen still living there that had taken salmon in Fish Creek, Oneida county, twenty years ago. These fish undoubtedly had made their way up from salt water, thence to St. Lawrence River to Oneida Lake, then to Fish Creek. My informant, Mr. J. B. McHarg, distinctly remembers the time when it was not uncommon to take them there.

HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA ANGLERS.—An anglers' association has been formed in Philadelphia, a society of a social nature, and also for the protection of the waters of this and neighboring counties. The organization should have as one of its social features a yearly fly-casting tournament, similar to the one held in New York under the auspices of FOREST AND STREAM. Philadelphia can furnish some expert fly casters, three or four of whom, I know, would have reported themselves creditably at your tournament. One gentleman I could mention has scored eighty odd feet with a rod of his own manufacture. He would not wish his name in print, and I withhold it for this reason.—HOMO.

RAINBOW TROUT.—Mr. Waldron, a prominent sportsman of Binghamton, N. Y., lately told your correspondent that the California trout fry put into Thomas Brook, which runs into Chenungo River, have grown nicely and appear to thrive. Many fish have been seen two and three inches long and were much smaller last spring when they were planted. Thomas Brook runs through private property and is posted almost its entire length.—HOMO.

Fishculture.

WATER PLANTS FOR CARP PONDS.

BY LESTER F. WARD.

[From Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission.]

THE following list embraces only such plants as were named in a list furnished by Mr. Rudolph Hessel, superintendent of the carp ponds. The names given in that list where obsolete are placed in parenthesis, the modern ones standing before them. The vernacular name of each is added whenever it is known, and the localities of the American species are given according to the best authorities. When found in the vicinity of Washington the particular locality is mentioned. In the case of exotics the general region of the globe is stated.

RANUNCULACEÆ—CROWFOOT FAMILY.

Ranunculus aquatilis, L.—White Water-Crowfoot.—The type is rare, but the var. *trichophyllus*, Gray, is common in the United States. The var. *heterophyllus*, DC. (*R. heterophyllus*, Weber), is chiefly a European form. *Ranunculus multifidus*, Pursh. (*Ranunculus fluitans*, Bigel)—Yellow Water-Crowfoot.—East New England to South Pennsylvania, Illinois and Northwest. *Caltha palustris*, L.—Marsh Marigold, Cowslips.—Common North and West.

NYMPHÆACEÆ.—WATER LILY FAMILY.

Cabomba caroliniana, Gray. (Not in original list, but known to be in the carp ponds. Probably wrongly named.)—Florida to North Carolina and westward. *Nymphæa odorata*, Ait.—Sweet-scented white Water Lily.—Found at Great Falls and below the Long Bridge. Common in the Northern States. *Nymphæa tuberosa*, Paine.—Tuber-bearing Water Lily—Western New York to Michigan, Illinois, and probably in the Southern States. *Nuphar luteum*, Smith.—Smaller yellow Pond Lily.—Chiefly European; the var. *pumilum*, Gray (*N. pumilum*, Smith), is not rare northward in the United States.

HALORAGEÆ.—WATER MILFOIL FAMILY.

Myriophyllum.—Water-Milfoil.—Six species are found in the Northern United States, of which *M. spicatum* is the most common, and occurs sparingly near Washington. *Hippuris vulgaris*, L.—Mare's Tail.—New York to Kentucky and northward; rare in the United States; more common in Europe.

ONAGRACEÆ—EVENING PRIMROSE FAMILY.

Trapa natans, L.—Europe, Siberia.

UMBELLIFERÆ—PARSLEY FAMILY.

Oenanthe sarmentosa, Presl. (*Phellandrium aquaticum*, L.)—Oregon and Washington Territory.

PRIMULACEÆ—PRIMROSE FAMILY.

Hottonia inflata, Ell. (*H. palustris*, Pursh.)—Featherfoil.—Massachusetts to Louisiana.

LENTIBULARIACEÆ—BLADDERWORT FAMILY.

Utricularia vulgaris, L.—Bladderwort.—Throughout the North and West.

POLYGONACEÆ—BUCKWHEAT FAMILY.

Polygonum (amphibium, L.?)—Water-Persicaria.—Common. Has been sparingly found near Georgetown, D. C.

CERATOPHYLLACEÆ—HORNWORT FAMILY.

Ceratophyllum demersum, L.—Hornwort.—Abundant.

ARACEÆ—ARUM FAMILY.

Acorus calamus, L.—Sweet Flag, Calamus.—Common.

LEMNACEÆ—DUCKWEED FAMILY.

Lemna trisulca, L.—Duckweed, Duck's meat.—Widely diffused. *Lemna minor*, L.—America and Europe. *Lemna gibba*, L.—Chiefly in Europe, but has been found in Arizona.

TYPHACEÆ—CAT-TAIL FAMILY.

Typha latifolia, L.—Cat-tail Flag.—Very common. *Typha angustifolia*, L.—Narrow-leaved Cat-tail.—Less common, but found in this district and notably in a pond near the foot of Eighteenth street.

NAIADACEÆ—POND-WEED FAMILY.

Potamogeton natans, L.—Pond-weed.—Common.

ALISMACEÆ—WATER-PLANTAIN FAMILY.

Alisma natans, L.—Water-plantain.—Europe, Siberia. *Sagittaria variabilis*, var. *latifolia*, Eng. (*Sagittaria latifolia*, Willd.)—Arrowhead.—Common. *Butomus umbellatus*, L.—Europe, Northern Asia.

HYDROCHARIDACEÆ—FROG'S-BIT FAMILY.

Anacharis canadensis, Planchon. (*Elodea canadensis*. Michx.)—Water-weed.—Common. *Vallisneria spiralis*, L.—Tape-grass, Eel-grass.—Common.

IRIDACEÆ—IRIS FAMILY.

Iris pseudacorus, L.—Europe; Siberia.

JUNCACEÆ—RUSH FAMILY.

Juncus effusus, L. (=*J. conglomeratus*, L.).—Common Rush.

CYPERACEÆ—SEDGE FAMILY.

Scirpus lacustris, L.—Bulrush, Tule.—Common.

GRAMINEÆ—GRASS FAMILY.

Zizania aquatica, L.—Indian Rice, Water Oats.—Potomac Flats, etc. *Glyceria aquatica*, Smith—Reed Meadow Grass.—Common northward. *Glyceria fluitans*, R. Br.—Common, but has not been found nearer Washington than Great Falls. *Festuca fluitans*, Leeds.—Europe. *Paragmites communis*, Trin. (*Arunda phragmites*, L.)—Reed, Cane.

CRYPTOGAMIA.

Azolla caroliniana, Willd.—New York to Illinois and southward.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A fishing club wishing a good location for a club house will find it to their interest to attend the auction sale of Gooseberry Island. See advertisement.—*Adv.*

"Up like a rocket, down like the stick," is the short history of all things projected by powder or gas. *Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster* holds its place in the public esteem, and daily wins new friends. It is the perfection of external remedies. Liniments, medicated oils, salve and other plasters are relics of a "time that is past." "Quick, Searching, Curative." It will keep faith with you. Price 25 cents.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Detroit, Mich.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, and 5 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show. Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after January 1, 1883, close February 1, 1883. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary.

May, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, New York City. Robt. Cornell, 54 Will am st., New York City.

THE LOUISIANA FIELD TRIALS.

[Specially reported for FOREST AND STREAM.]

OPELOUSAS, La., Dec 16, 1882.

"Beautiful is the land with its prairies and forests of fruit trees,
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heaven
Bending above and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who live there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

THUS wrote the New England songster and this reporter can verify the truth of his description of this land of Evangeline. The selection of grounds made by the committee from the New Orleans Gun Club on which to hold their second annual Field Trials was wisely chosen. An Eden for the farmer, it is the hunter's paradise, and I venture the opinion that no readers of the FOREST AND STREAM can find a finer field for hunting the various upland and waterfowls than the vicinity of Opelousas, St. Landry parish, Louisiana. This assertion applies particularly to quail and will account for the short time it took the judges to decide the heats between the dogs.

A glance at the list of entries will show you what a success these trials have been. Never in the history of field trials in America have so many famous dogs been gathered at one event. Added to this the warm welcome the hospitable citizens of this little town have extended to all the visitors and the kindly feelings displayed at all times, and we can unhesitatingly assert that a new phase has been added to and an impetus given to the cause of field sports in this country.

The judges selected by the committee were Col. James Gordon, of Pontotoc, Miss., Judge James M. Thompson, of Covington, La. (judge of the eighteenth judicial district of La.), and Mr. N. D. Wallace, of New Orleans, a prominent member of the N. O. Gun Club. The two former gentlemen acted in a similar capacity for the club last year. The first stake on the programme was the New Orleans Gun Club Stake, open to members of the club only. There were thirteen entries in this stake. The rules required that owners should handle their own dogs. There was also a handsome prize donated the club by the Messrs. Folsom Bros., of New Orleans, to be given to the second best dog in this stake. Mr. John K. Renaud's Llewellin setter bitch Flossie, winner of the first prize in the All-Aged Stake of last year at the State Trials, added to her owner's expectations of her future good qualities by capturing the cup, while Mr. M. S. Humphries's lemon and white pointer Tyler won the Folsom prize. The races in this stake occupied all of Monday and until 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

First prize, $200; second prize, $150; and third prize, $75; entrance fee $5.

In this stake there were twenty-two entries, four of which were subsequently drawn. Possibly no stake in America was ever watched with more interest and followed more closely throughout than this. Here were gathered together the champions for two seasons back. I doubt if at any one meet in this country so many noted dogs will ever be seen together again. Gladstone had been sent down on exhibition by his owners, while pitted against each other for the championship were Peep-o'-Day, Sue, winner of first at Grand Junction the week before; Leonora, champion of the Eastern Field Trials; Count Noble and such dogs as young London, Mr. Crawford's Foreman, Flossy, Victor, and a host of others, all aspirants for fame. Mr. Renaud's bitch Flossy has never been in the hands of a professional trainer, and her owner, who was to handle her, had not had her in the field since last February. She was nursing a litter of nine puppies by Gladstone, all of which had distemper, and the last one that had been kept with her died the day previous to her winning the Member's Cup. Her handler, Mr. Leach, who had several dogs working for the trials, is comparatively inexperienced for furnishing a dog for field trials, having never attended one before. He had simply exercised her, and hardened her for work. He is a good man for our section, and his experience at these trials has proved beneficial. Flossy was the only dog on the ground that won on merit alone, and her many admirers feel proud of her performance. Among several gentlemen who had attended the Trials with a view of purchasing a good dog was Mr. Will H. Coleman, who, becoming satisfied at the work he had seen London perform, before he had finished a heat purchased him from his owner, Mr. J. M. Avant, of Hickory Valley, Tenn., for $400 on the field. Young London is a Gladstone-Clip dog, and full brother to Peep-o'-Day of the first litter after her. This is his first performance in the All-Aged Stake. He had strained his hip on one occasion, preventing his entering in the Derby of that year, and just previous to the Grand Junction Trial of this year he got lost, was picked up by some negroes and while indulging in rabbit chasing, 'possum hunting and such, was badly worsted in a rough-and-tumble fight by a jealous 'coon dog. Fearing he had become wild from such unlimited liberty, his handler did not enter him at Grand Junction. His performances here were of such a character as to surprise everyone, and his owner tried to repurchase him after the Trials for $1,000, but without success. Mr. Coleman has since refused $1,500 for him.

ENTRIES ALL-AGED STAKE.

1. D. C. Sanborn enters black, white and tan setter Count Noble (Count Wind'em-Nora).

2. M. S. Humphries enters liver and white pointer dog Tyler, 5½ years old.

3. E. L. Raulett enters liver and white ticked pointer dog Dinks, 5 years.

4. John K. Renaud enters black and white setter bitch Flossy (Rake-Daisy), 3½ years.

5. C. E. Wallen enters black and tan Gordon setter dog Turk, Jr. (Turk-Nell).

6. J. W. Prescott enters solid liver-colored setter Joe Coumbers (Jim-Rose).

7. C. B. Maginnis enters black and tan Gordon setter dog Gordon (Rupert-Whip).

8. John Skannal enters red Irish setter dog Boston, 5½ years.

9. P. H. & D. Bryson enter black, white and tan setter bitch Sue (Druid-Ruby).

10. H. M. Short enters black, white and tan setter dog Frank H. (Don C.-Cora), 2 years.

11. D. Bryson enters black, white and tan setter bitch Peep-o'-Day (Gladstone-Clip).

12. J. M. Avant enters orange and white setter dog Victor (Gladstone-Frost).

13. W. B. Mallory enters black and white setter dog Pink B. (Gladstone-Countess Key).

14. J. W. Jackson enters liver and white pointer bitch Louise.

15. J. W. Jackson enters liver and white pointer dog Lorne (Faust-June).

16. J. W. Jackson enters red Irish setter dog Mark (Elcho-Noreen).

17. E. W. Condon enters black, white and tan setter dog Blue Monarch.

18. E. W. Condon enters black, white and tan setter bitch Jenny Lind.

19. C. F. Crawford enters black, white and tan setter dog Foreman (Dashing Monarch-Fairy II.).

20. H. Bailey Harrison enters blue belton setter dog London (Paris-Leo).

21. W. Freeman enters liver pointer dog Chips (Carson-Moll).

22. J. M. Avant enters black, white and tan setter dog London (Gladstone-Clip), 2½ years.

First Series.

TYLER AND BOSTON.—Mr. Humphries has a fine pointer in Tyler, whose education, though somewhat neglected, did not deter him from defeating Maginnis's black and tan Gordon, winner of second at State trials last year. Tyler had been defeated in Members' Stake by Flossy, and then won second, the Folsom prize. Dogs were turned down in cornfield, where Flossy, who was following her owner, had pointed a bevy in rose hedge, after all the other dogs had passed. The birds were flushed by order of judges and lit in cornfield badly scattered. Boston, handled by Skannal, soon established a point, and the bird was flushed, but not shot at. Tyler returned the compliment and the bird was shot at and killed. Tyler retrieved handsomely and both dogs were staunch to wing and shot. The field having been drawn blank, a long round was made for another succession of field, where birds were reported more plentiful. In high sedge grass near a pond a bevy was flushed by the spectators, and, working on single birds, each dog scored a flush. Along a line of fence Tyler made another point, and as his speed and nose exceeded his opponent's, they were called up and heat given to Tyler. Down one hour and forty-five minutes.

FRANK H. AND MASK, handled by Short and Jackson. Mr. Jackson, having withdrawn all his entries, Frank H. had a bye.

FOREMAN AND BLUE MONARCH were put down at 12:05 noon, Curry handling Blue Monarch and Tallman Foreman. Blue Monarch and Jenny Lind are the property of Mr. E. H. Condon of this State, and were turned over to their handler, Mr. Curry, only the day previous to the race. He of course was at a great disadvantage, not knowing even the commands necessary to work them. Foreman is a splendid animal and destined to rank higher in the list of prize winners. The heat was a short one, as Blue Monarch showed no evidence of training, and a want of speed, style, nose and obedience. Running across a cornfield alongside of a ditch, Foreman pointed a bevy, and Blue Monarch ordered up to back, not only refused to do so, but rushed in and flushed. The birds were shot and killed with each barrel by Tallman, and Foreman retrieved handsomely, while Blue Monarch sent to retrieve the other did so very badly and mangled his bird. Dogs called up and Foreman wins. Down twenty-five minutes.

COUNT NOBLE AND LORNE.—Lorne withdrawn and heat given to Count Noble.

PEEP-O'-DAY AND DINKS, in the hands of Short and Fontaine, were put down at 12:40. Dinks is one of those self-willed pointers that has been hunted with the hounds and acquired much of their pure cussedness. He takes a good rating as a compliment and a sound thrashing as a thing he had been looking for. His owner being absent Mr. Fontaine undertook to handle him, and won Dinks's confidence at once by giving him a good thrashing as a starter. A bevy having been marked down in grass bordering a pond, the dogs were sent in and Dinks immediately corkscrewed on a point. A snipe was flushed immediately in front of him, and he was ordered on. Passing over his point, the judges flushed a quail, showing that Dinks "had sense same as folks." Peep having meanwhile exhibited herself to the spectators in the matter of speed, style, and quartering, now came up and dropped on a beautiful point. Her handler flushed and fired both barrels without orders, which had the effect he evidently intended on his opponent's dog, for Dinks, who was working around the pond, reading a rail, came running to heel and flushed two birds. Dogs called up, and heat given Peep-o'-Day. Down five minutes.

SUE AND JOE CHAMBERS.—Joe Chambers withdrawn and Sue wins the heat.

FLOSSY AND TURK, JR. were put down at 12:50. Flossy was handled by Mr. Renaud and Turk by Mr. Leucht. Working on toward birds, Flossy immediately set the pace, and discounted her opportunity in speed, style and quartering. On the edge of a pond, Flossy pointed, and the bird being fired at, Turk broke shot. Dogs called up and Flossy wins. Down ten minutes.

VICTOR AND GORDON.—Gordon having had a fit the day previous, and being in no condition, was withdrawn by his owner and Victor given the heat.

CHIPS AND JENNY LIND were cast off at 1:05 P. M. Tallman handling the former and Curry the latter. Neither dog displayed much style, Jenny ranged well, but was evidently deficient in training. She has all the speed necessary, and after her present handler has used her a while, will show a marked improvement. Chips is a heavy built, surly pointer who has evidently seen his best days. He has been carefully handled by Tallman, who is capable of getting all there is out of a dog. Chips quartering to windward, pointed in grass patch. Jenny ranging wild flushed single bird in field, and gave wilful chase. Dogs ordered up, and heat given to Chips. Down fifty minutes. Making for a negro cabin the party sat down to lunch and cool off, as weather was very warm.

AVANT'S LONDON AND HARRISON'S LONDON.—The first, handled by his owner, and the latter by Tallman, were put down at 2:38 P. M. This was the race of the day, and the spectators crowded up to witness it. The Canadian's London was fresh from his victory at High Point, N. C., where he won the championship in the free for all at the Eastern Field Trials. He is a magnificent animal, and well deserves the laurels he has won. It is barely possible that the difference in cover and climate may have had something to do with his defeat here, but the dog that administered it is a good one, and is ready to stand up with the best. Turned down to the southwest in a cornfield thick with burrs, some magnificent ranging, quartering, and speed was witnessed. Honors were about easy with speed slightly in Avant's London's favor. Quartering to the south the latter made a magnificent stand on a bevy. Harrison's London responded with a handsome back. A bird was killed and retrieved. Working down in sedge grass Avant's London scored another point on a single bird, while Harrison's London got in a bad flush. On birds running up fence row, both dogs did some beautiful reading, and Harrison's London working too eagerly got in another flush, which was responded to immediately by one from his opponent. Birds having scattered in heavy marsh lands, the dogs were called up and carried eastward in fields alongside of railroad tracks. After some hard work over heavy ground, and one or two small fields proving blank, both dogs finally succeeded in flushing a bevy. Working on single birds, Harrison's London dropped on point and was handsomely backed by Avant's London. A bird was shot and winged, and well roaded and retrieved by Harrison's London. Crossing a fence into short grass Avant's London pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order. Dogs called in and Avant's London given the heat. Down two hours and ten minutes.

PINK B. AND LORNE.—Lorne withdrawn, and Pink B. wins the heat. This closed first series of heats.

Second Series.

FRANK H. AND TYLER, the former handled by Short and the latter by Humphries, were put down at 4:10. Tyler was eager for business, but was overmatched at the start. The dogs were turned down on a covey that had been marked down in an open cornfield. Frank H. struck out at a rattling pace, and whipped around on a beautiful point, and when the bird was shot he dropped handsomely and retrieved to order. Tyler, hustling through the cornstalk, pointed, but no bird was found. Frank H. made another handsome point; the bird was flushed to order and the heat given Frank H. Down seven minutes.

COUNT NOBLE AND FOREMAN, Waters and Tallman, handlers, went down at 4:20. Both dogs struck out at a good pace. Passing through a hedge the judges flushed a single bird that lit alongside of the hedge and ran. Foreman and Count both roaded, and Foreman pointed. Count Noble ordered to back, blinked badly and failed to back. Working down in the flats Count pointed, and Foreman called up, backed handsomely. No bird was found. Quartering to left, Foreman pointed and this time Count backed. It being late and birds getting scarce, the dogs were called up, to be put down in unfinished heat on following day.

THURSDAY.

This was the warmest day of the week, and both handlers and dogs felt the effects of it before the day was over. The dogs were turned down in a field southeast of town at 8:15 A. M., and soon began work in earnest. Count, working up wind alongside of a ditch, pointed a small bevy on the opposite side from Foreman. Ordered over, Foreman evidently smelled birds, and refused to back until he had stolen a point. Birds flushed without being shot at. Ordered down the ditch, Count dropped in corn furrow and was handsomely backed by Foreman. Ordered to flush, Waters failed to find the bird. Crossing ravine, Count repeated the same performance, and was again credited with a false point, but the spectators afterward flushed a bird near where the dog had pointed. Two of the birds having scattered in a large open cotton patch, the dogs were turned toward them, and Foreman scored a flush, which was soon after offset by Count doing the same thing. Some beautiful roading was then done by Foreman, who finally established his point, and was awarded the heat. Down twenty-three minutes.

PEEP-O'-DAY AND FLOSSY were put down at 8:45. Short handled Peep and Renaud Flossy. Peep is possibly the handsomest bitch in America, and has a magnificent record on the bench, the field and in the kennel. She was not in good working order for the heavy cover and warm climate, she was ill and her handler claims she has been petted so much as to render her somewhat fractious. Opposed to Flossy in style and quartering, but Flossy offset these in speed and nose. The ground was not suitable for quick work, but Flossy seemed indifferent to its character, and gained the good will of everyone by taking cockle burrs, briers, corn and cotton with perfect nonchalance and making her first point on a flock of doves that were feeding in a cornfield fully forty yards off. Unfortunately for the dogs, an over-zealous handler of dogs, eager to display their supposed qualities, had preceded the crowd to the grounds, and succeeded in scattering most beautifully a bevy or two. Some fast chasing must have been indulged in, as scattered birds were found fully half a mile apart. The handler was promptly interviewed, and vanished with his mongrels.

One of those rare scenes that painters delight in picturing was afforded by this brace of intelligent animals. Ranging fully two hundred yards across an open peapatch, Flossy suddenly whirled on a point up wind and came to a dead stand. Peep, nearly a hundred yards off, caught sight of her and made back in her handsomest style, while a crowd of nearly one hundred horsemen from the top of a hill cheered the scene. Ordered to flush the bird, Mr. Renaud moved up toward Flossy, when some thirty or forty larks arose from their feeding. Crossing a fence into a cornfield Peep made a bad flush on a single bird that flew and lit in a tree. The field was drawn blank and handlers were mounted to cross into another field later on. Here dismounting in thick weeds the dogs were worked around the edge of a peapatch, and a large bevy was flushed by the spectators and lit in weeds and briers. Both dogs roaded well, but the birds got up wild. Finally Flossy pointed staunch and a point claimed by the handler of Peep was also allowed. This was sharp work on Short's part, who flushed, shot and killed without orders. Both dogs dropped to wing and shot. It was asserted, by those on horseback, who could see, that Short had turned Peep on Flossy's bird and that he was not entitled to his point, but as the judges were dismounted in high weeds they could not see. Both dogs were running fast in the field, and Mr. Renaud had called point some time before Peep's handler did. As the birds were running Flossy moved down toward a thicket of briers and could not be found for some time. Her owner had called her to heel, and as she did not come in he and another gentleman, accompanied by one of the judges, went to look for her. When found she was on a beautiful point, her body resting in a small ditch, and forefeet resting on the ridge. Two birds were flushed before her and she dropped to wing. Calling the dogs in, Flossy was given the race after being down in all two hours and fifteen minutes.

SUE AND CHIPS.—Sue handled by Short, and Chips handled by Tallman, went down at 11:05. Sue is the daughter of Druid, out of Ruby, and has a record for speed equal to Gladstone. She made a magnificent race for first place at the Fairmont (Minnesota) Trials, and won the championship at Grand Junction this year. Great things were expected of her, but in her race with Chips the cover was too heavy for her to display her ranging power. The dogs were turned down in heavy weeds and sedge grass among scattered birds, and it being very warm and dry the work was heavy and hard on the dogs. Chips quartering and ranging well, hustled the sedge, and after crossing a cotton patch into similar ground scored two more in succession. Finding the dogs unequal to the work, after being down thirty minutes, they were called up to be cast down about a mile further on in fields across the bayou. Considerable difficulty was experienced in crossing the sluggish and boggy stream and the men and dogs were badly scattered. Your reporter and a visitor from New York, Mr. Halsey, were among the first to get out of the swamp and discovered a fine bevy of quail in some open cover. After nearly an hour's wait the dogs were brought up and sent in. The bevy flushed wild and lit in sedge grass. Sue finally got in a point and was backed by Chips; bird shot at and missed, both dogs dropped to shot. Moving on across a ravine Sue pointed a single bird, which was shot and handsomely retrieved, giving her the race. Down, altogether, forty minutes.

COLEMAN'S LONDON AND PINK B., handlers Avant and Short, were put down at 2:15. From the manner in which London had defeated his formidable namesake of the day previous, it was thought he would have an easy thing with his saucy little competitor; but the race proved to be one of the most hotly contested of the entire meet. This was partly owing to the jockeying of the two handlers. Avant had been promised fifty dollars by the owner of London if he worked his dog fairly and won the championship. Short had trained both dogs and could jockey London if he so desired. It was plain that neither was worked judiciously. Turned down where some birds lit in some briers at the head of a hollow, Pink B. scored a flush, and was closely followed by London further down. Roading up toward a fence, Pink got in a point, and the birds rose wild, alighting in grass and weeds over the hill. London got in a false point, but soon after did some beautiful work on a bird running through the weeds. He finally pointed, and the bird, being shot at, was missed by Avant. Ranging south, Pink B. made a bad flush in weeds, and both dogs were called up, to be put down after dinner. At 3 P. M. they were cast loose, and, working down hill, Pink pointed a rabbit and gave chase, but was stopped by handler. While giving the dogs some water, a bevy flushed wild and in tall, thick weeds in an old field across a lane. Dismounting and turning the dogs in, the bevy flushed wild and lit in similar cover, with thick grass and briers to hide in. Pink's handler claimed a point, but both dogs were too close to each other when found to distinguish which had pointed, and in fact a flush instead of a point should have been credited to each. Coming up to where the birds had dropped both dogs were found on a point; birds flushed and shot at by Short with both barrels and one bird killed. Recrossing to horses, and dogs being watered, they started on, where Pink flushed a single bird near the spring. Some beautiful work was done by both dogs and was much admired by the crowd at end of hollow. London pointed a bevy that flushed wild. London drops to wing. Moving on to where a bevy lit, London flushed a bird in the grass and then got in a point. Bird flushed wild. Pink in meantime gave evidence of scent, and after roading some distance pointed on a bird in the woods. London backed. Bird flushed wild and lighted in the grass. Directed to where a bird had lit, several bevies ran in front of the dogs, and interfered with the scent. Pink on nearing bird flushed it and dropped to wing. His handler claimed it was not a flush and made threats to withdraw all his dogs if same was scored as a flush by the judges. After being reprimanded by the judges he continued his threats and judges held a consultation. In view of the fact that the dogs had just passed in front of the dogs and might have bothered them the flush was not scored. Sent on Pink made a bad flush on a single bird in grass. Both dogs quartering in grass and cornfield pointed a covey and the bird was shot and retrieved by Pink B. Dogs called up and heat given to London after a run of two hours. Short withdrew from the grounds and refused to run his next entry, Victor, but allowed Avant to do so for him.

VICTOR AND FOREMAN.—Victor, handled by Avant, and Foreman by Tallman, put down at 4:40. Victor was badly handicapped at the start, from the fact that his handler had never worked him before. Short's withdrawal left no other alternative to Avant, who owns the dog and wished to see him work. Cast out in a hollow to the north, where some birds had lit, Victor soon pointed, and was backed by Foreman. Bird flushed, but not shot at. Foreman got a point in thicket, and was backed by Victor, who soon after made a flush, which compliment was returned by Foreman. Roading rapidly, Foreman makes point, and bird is flushed without being shot at. Attempting same thing, he scores a flush, and then both dogs get a point on different birds at the same time. Working along roadside, Victor makes a false point and loses the heat. Down thirty-five minutes.

As Short had given no notice of withdrawing his dogs, and Frank H. was down for next heat, it was decided to wait over for the following day and give Short a chance to apologize if he thought proper.

FRIDAY, DEC. 15.

Third Series.

FRANK H. AND FLOSSY.—Frank H. withdrawn and Flossy given the heat.

SUE AND COLEMAN'S LONDON.—Sue withdrawn and London given the heat.

Fourth Series.

FOREMAN AND FLOSSY, handled by Tallman and Renaud, went in a field northwest of town. The weather had changed very materially during the past twelve hours; a stiff northeast wind was blowing a perfect gale when we left town, and by the time the dogs were cast out it had turned due north and become very cold. Myriads of ducks were flying, and quite a number of gentlemen could not resist the temptation to stray away from the crowd and try a shot or two. A slight rain had fallen during the night, and the ground was quite soft and heavy. Flossy, as usual, set the pace for Foreman, and, coming up to a small hedge, made a very pretty stand. Discovered her error and moved on. Ranging down the wind near the railroad track, she dropped to a point, but before her handler could "scatch on" a small bevy flew up and lit just across the track. Crossing over Flossy roaded and flushed a single bird down wind. Both dogs then made a point on same bird. The bird was flushed to order, and shot at by Tallman and missed. Dogs both down to wing and shot. Flossy roading on scent, came to a point. Ordered to flush, her handler waited too long, and the bird was seen to leave the cover and run toward heavy grass on the side of the ditch. Her handler walking in between Flossy and the bird failed to flush, and she was penalized for a false point. Working back toward the railroad track, Foreman feathered to scent and pointed a bird Flossy had failed to locate. Flossy backed. Bird shot and retrieved by Foreman. Moving on Flossy was a little too fast and showed want of obedience. Two birds were flushed in front of Tallman, and Foreman came to a point. Birds flushed to order, but not shot at. Foreman roading made a false point. Dogs called up and heat given to Foreman. Down twenty-five minutes.

FOREMAN AND COLEMAN'S LONDON.—Foreman handled by Tallman and London by Avant. Down at 9:45 A. M. Working west of the railroad track and heading north, London and Foreman did some magnificent ranging. The judges were testing the speed, style, and ranging qualities of the dogs. Soon London began to feather and quickly established a point on a bevy. Birds were flushed by Avant and missed. Both dogs dropped to shot. Roading on single birds, Foreman seemed to have caught Flossy's whim and worked wild. He came to a dead point and was penalized for false pointing. London swinging round to the left got in a staunch point. Foreman backed and the bird was flushed down wind. Several birds got up wild, when finally London got in another point and won the heat and championship with first prize of $200. Foreman and Harris's London were in for second place and divided the money, $150, while Count Noble and Flossy divided third, $50.

DERBY STAKES.

The next race was the Opelousas Derby for dogs whelped on or after April 1, 1881, and embraced three cash prizes: 1st prize, $150; 2d prize, $100; 3d, $50. Entrance fee, $5. The following dogs were entered in this stake:

PINK B., black and white setter (Gladstone-Countess Key), owned by W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., 19 months.

COUNTESS MAGNET, black, white and tan (Count Noble-Sparks), D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich., 18 months.

NELLIE BLY, black, white and tan (Count Noble-Nellie), J. M. Avant, Hickory Valley, Tenn., 16 months.

BESSIE A., liver and white setter (Dashing Lion-Aminda), J. M. Avant, Hickory Valley, Tenn., 15 months.

GUS BONDU, black, white and tan setter (Dashing Bondhu-Novel), D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich., 18 months.

BIDDY, red Irish setter (Boston-Duck II.), N. B. Murf, Shreveport, La., 17 months.

JARVIS, red Irish setter (Elcho-Noreen), J. W. Jackson, Opelousas, La., 18 months.

BEAU, black, white and tan setter dog, Wm. F. Weeks, New Iberia, La., 17 months.

DON, black and white setter, W. F. Weeks, New Iberia, La., 17 months.

WHISKEY, white pointer, O. J. Stokes, Opelousas, La.



MR. WM. B. GATES'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN ENGLISH SETTER BITCH "CARRIE J."

Won First Prize in N. A. K. C. Derby, 1882, and divided Third Prize in All-Aged Stakes.

The country around Opelousas is slightly rolling toward the west, but becomes quite level eastward of the town. The soil is remarkably fertile, and consequently vegetation in this tropical clime is remarkably luxuriant. Scarcely a heat was decided without some dog becoming lost from its handler in the tall sedge grass, weeds or briers, while the cockle burr was very trying on the dogs, young and old.

TUESDAY, DEC. 10.

First Series.

D. C. Sanborn's Llewellin setter dog Gus Bondhu, black, white and tan, 18 months old, by Dashing Bondhu out of Novel,

against

N. B. Murff's red Irish setter bitch Biddy, 17 months old, by Boston out of Duck.

Waters handled Gus and John Skannal, Esq., of Shreveport, La., Biddy. Down at 10:15 A. M., in cornfield one and one-half miles northeast of Opelousas. Weather warm for the youngsters, with slight wind from southwest. A bevy had been flushed and marked down in cornfield and sedge grass. Both dogs were speedy, Gus displaying good speed and style, while Biddy ranged far and displayed most speed. Alongside of ditch both dogs flushed single birds, and soon after Biddy, working in sedge grass, roaded, then pointed a covey. The birds getting up wild, she displayed great staunchness. Bondhu dropped to wing, and birds were not shot at. Crossing ravine, where birds had been running, Bondhu roaded and made false point. Biddy pointed staunchly and the bird was shot, and she dropped to shot. Bondhu's handler flushed a bird while looking in brier thicket for his dog, who was busily roading a bird that had flushed wild. Bondhu finally pointed staunchly, but no bird was found. Crossing a cotton field, a small covey was flushed by Biddy, while Bondhu established a point, but the bird got up wild. Bondhu, along a ditch, flushed and chased them, giving the race to Biddy. Down thirty-eight minutes.

BEAU AND WHISKY.—Leucht handled the setter and Stokes the pointer. Down at 11 A. M. Beau is quite a nice-looking Llewellin puppy, whose handler, Mr. Leucht, had had but little experience with him, and being unaccustomed to public trials was quite nervous in his handling. Mr. Stokes, owner of Whisky, is a resident of Opelousas, and deserves much sympathy for being handicapped by so indifferent and careless a dog as he has. Both dogs were coaxed into snuffing at a brier patch where three or four birds had been marked down, but failed to take cover. A bird being flushed by one of the judges, was marked down in tall weeds, and when the dogs were brought up Whisky made a point but failed to establish same. Dogs were called up to be cast down in field further on, when soon after Whisky fell over a bank on a bevy, straightened out a tail some three feet or more, and presented such an *outre* figure that Beau's handler called his attention to it, and the dog stopped to take in the situation. Ordered to flush, the bevy rose up, and Stokes killed his bird. Whisky wanted to go and see if it was a sure enough bird, but took her handler's word for it, while Beau was so overcome with astonishment that he had to sit down as the birds flew, and only got up when the gun went off. Ordered on to where birds lit, Beau seemed to realize all at once that Whisky had a nose at the other end of her tail, and therefore attracted Whisky's attention to the fact that he had been taking lessons in quartering his ground, ranging and speed. Whisky evidently acknowledged that this was not taught at her school, and she didn't care to imitate such didos, but when Beau suddenly spread out his legs, straightened his tail, and stopped still in a thinking attitude, Whisky's kind heart palpitated with sympathy, and she stopped at once to consider what she had best do if Beau was going to have a fit. Words fail to describe that dog's thoughts and expression when Beau's handler flushed a bird, a real live bird, just under Beau's nose, actually shot at it and missed. Nothing could convince her to the contrary until she had rushed forward and seen for herself if a bird had actually got up. Then it dawned on her that Beau had been playing off on her, and was actually hunting. All sympathy was banished from her breast, and she scorned to notice him further. She at once struck out for herself, and ranged fully thirty feet from her handler's heels. Meantime Beau was delighted at the trick he had served Whisky, and buckled down to work. Flush after flush was scored to him, until four in succession had been gained, when he was called up and stopped in his mad career by the judges awarding heat to Whisky. Down one hour and ten minutes.

BESSIE A. AND JARVIS.—J. M. Avant handled Bessie and J. W. Jackson Jarvis. The dogs were put down at 12:15 P. M. Mr. Jackson's kennels had been very recently visited by distemper and all his dogs were in bad order. Particularly was this the case with his red Irish setter dog Jarvis, who was in no condition to hunt. Bessie A. had quite a reputation, gained at Grand Junction the week previous, and her actions here was quite a disappointment to those who were acquainted with her. Dogs were cast off in a cotton field with a full complement of cockleburrs and worked toward a ravine, where a covey of birds had been marked down on the side of a ditch. Jarvis came to an indifferent point and was not backed by Bessie. The birds ran and false point was credited to Jarvis. Bessie roaded and pointed in a thicket and the bird was flushed to order, shot at and Bessie dropped to order. Bessie, roading in a canebreak, got away from her handler, and Jarvis was ordered in until she could be found. While under orders Jarvis pointed. Avant followed Bessie and found her on a point just established. The point was not allowed either dog, and they were ordered back into field, where a bevy had been marked down. Bessie ranged well and displayed good speed, while Jarvis worked close to heel. After considerable work Bessie succeeded in making four or five bad flushes and displayed no nose at all. Both dogs ordered up for want of merit under Rule 4. Down fifty-five minutes.

COUNTESS MAGNET AND NELLIE BLY, handled respectively by Waters and Avant, were next in order. Having lunched, the judges ordered these two little bitches down in a cornfield at 12:35, and they immediately began to awaken some interest in the Derby, which heretofore had been regarded as a stake that might well be dispensed with if such work as had been witnessed was any criterion to judge by. Both dogs displayed splendid speed, style and ranging qualities, with speed in favor of Nelly Bly. One of the spectators flushed, on the edge of a marsh, a bevy that lit along a fence across marsh. Working down wind Nelly made a flush, and Magnet, not to be outdone, false pointed. The birds got up wind, and lit in heavy marsh grass that tested the nose of both these youngsters to the uttermost. Nellie made another flush, while Mag. pointed staunchly and a bird was shot at. Both dogs were steady to wing and shot. Moving on, both dogs were glad to get out of the grass and did some beautiful work in a cotton field that proved, however, barren of birds. Nearing the head of hollow in the field a stray horse flushed a bevy that lit in sedge and briers. Nelly made a bad flush, while Mag. pointed a single bird down wind. It was flushed to order. She dropped to wing handsomely, and won the heat, after being down one hour and ten minutes.

PINK B. AND DON were now put down, the first named handled by Short and Don by Leucht. Pink is a remarkable animal and is built like a race horse and tough as iron. Cast off into a cotton patch where several birds had been marked down, he pointed so quick, roaded so fast, and cut out his work in such rapid fashion that this reporter was "bothered entirely." He quickly scored two points, while his opponent made two false points, which so nettled Pink that he got in a flush just to show Don that birds were around. This steadied him somewhat, and Don succeeded in getting in a point. Crossing a ravine alongside the hill Pink scored another flush, while Don got in another point, and then pointed another bird that Pink had run over. Instead of sobering him up by this good example, Pink must needs flush his third bird, and Don, thinking that Pink was having all the fun, got up a bird and came near chasing it. The example seemed contagious, for one of the spectators soon after started a rabbit that rushed pell-mell into a bevy of birds feeding in a pea patch. They got up incontinently, and lit a short distance away in a cornfield. Both dogs got in a point and dropped to shot. Judges not being able to decide between the two, they were turned loose again, when Don pointed a bevy, got nervous, flushed and chased. This settled his chances after a fifty-five minutes' race.

Second Series.

WHISKEY AND BIDDY.—At 4:30 P. M., Whiskey, handled by Stokes, presented the most crestfallen air imaginable, and seemed to wear her honors in a manner that plainly showed that she would prefer swapping them for something to eat. Again, she evidently did not like the treatment she had been subjected to when the other dogs were running. She considered herself "a *native* and to the manner born," whereas her owner had kept her tied to a rope and dragged all over the fields at the tail of a big Kentucky mule, and whenever the rope straddled a corn or cotton stalk, it made no difference to the mule, Whiskey had to keep up all the same. Biddy, on the contrary, evidently felt the honor she had gained over the hated Llewellin breed. Turned down on scattered birds, Biddy's handler, Skannal, flushed a bird, and Biddy scored a good point on another, while Whiskey, trying to protect her owner from briers and "sich," kept square between his legs, and scared up two birds in succession that were trying to block the way. No amount of coaxing could persuade her to hunt. She had the sulks, and wanted to go home. Compassionating her, the judges called up Biddy and gave her the heat, while Whiskey went home firmly resolved never to be fooled into another field trial. Down eight minutes.

COUNTESS MAGNET AND PINK B. were put down at 4:37 P. M. This was the event of the Derby. Some good work was expected, and the crowd was not disappointed. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before Pink pointed, but the bird flushed wild. Pink, ranging in cover, established another point, which proved to be a rabbit. Pink proved unsteady when the rabbit got up, but was stopped to order. He then made another point in grass, and the bird was killed. Magnet roaded and got in a false point. Sending the dogs over the hill in low cotton the spectators witnessed a fine race. Both dogs displayed splendid speed, style and ranging qualities, with style and quartering in favor of Mag., speed and ranging for Pink. A bevy being marked down in a cotton patch, both dogs did some good roading on running birds, and each scored a point. A bird flushed by handler, Mag. proved somewhat unsteady to wing. Turning back Magnet roaded out of sight of handler, and when found was on a staunch point. No birds being found dogs were called up and heat given to Pink B. Down forty-one minutes.

WEDNESDAY.

Third Series.

Weather was cloudy in morning, but cleared up warm.

PINK B. AND BIDDY, handled by Short and Skannal respectively, were put down at 9:10 A. M. in a cornfield west of Opelousas. The dogs found less cover to work in, but birds were scarcer than in field of the day before. Biddy was quite fresh and a little wild. She ranged well and evidently liked the work her companion cut out for her. In fact she was too fond of looking at him and did not pay attention to her work. Pink is not the least bit gallant. He buckled down to business and soon pointed a bevy in the cornfield. Biddy, ordered up, failed to back, and stole the point. As the odds were unequal the heat was given to Pink B., and the honor and money went with it.

Fourth Series.

COUNTESS MAGNET AND BIDDY were cast off at 10 A. M. A bevy having been flushed near a pond in cornfield lot in hedge some good ranging was done by both dogs, when suddenly Biddy made a bad flush. Magnet soon after pointed alongside of her hedge, and Biddy backed her. Moving on, Biddy scored another flush, then roading together both dogs got in another point, which proved false. Biddy soon got a good point, and Magnet offset it by establishing a similar one soon after. Dogs called up and heat and second money given to Magnet. Down fifty-eight minutes.

Fifth Series.

NELLY BLY AND BIDDY.—Biddy was evidently getting too warm and refused to range any more. She had been allowed fully an hour's rest, but it seemed to do her no good. Nelly Bly is a fine ranger, possessing great speed, but seems sadly deficient in nose. In this race she scored five flushes and two false points, while Biddy did not get in a single point. The heat and third money was given Nelly Bly, and the Derby was finished.

This ended the Second Field Trials of the New Orleans Gun Club, and certainly the gentlemen composing it must feel highly gratified at their grand success. Only one thing occurred to disturb the perfect harmony of the meeting, and that was the action of Mr. Short in withdrawing his dogs. The executive committee of the club wrote him a letter and gave him ample opportunity to make an explanation, which he did not choose to take advantage of, and they had no other course left than to debar him from all future trials given by the club. It is the intention of the gentlemen who have been so successful in getting up these trials to hold another next winter on a much grander scale and have prizes of such a character as to induce some of the sportsmen across the water to send a delegation of men and dogs.

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

THE twenty-third annual exhibition of dogs at Birmingham, Eng., took place on the last four days of November, and was a very successful affair. One thousand dogs were exhibited, and for want of space many entries were returned. The Rev. G. F. Hodson judged the pointers, Mr. W. List the setters, and the Rev. W. Sergeantson the spaniels. We have space only for the comments and awards in those classes, for which we are indebted to the *Live Stock Journal:*

POINTERS.

In large size champions, Ponto and Bang II. met again, this time in favor of the former, who was looking uncommonly well, while the latter was short of flesh. In non-champion dogs, Young Ponto was second; he has first-class bone, with good loin and well-formed head, but we hardly like the expression of his eye. Graphic, first prize, is a fine young dog with capital quarters, well-bent stifles, and stands on good legs and feet. Lake is a fair dog, better behind than in his forequarters. Major is weak in loin and has rather a plain head. Don is nice in style, but a little light in thighs. Peach, the winner in bitches, has good bone and is very stylish, but a trifle throaty. Ruby, second prize, a great favorite with us, was shown much too fat, or she would probably have displaced the winner. Belle of Kirton is a good bitch, with great depth of brisket, but has a short stern, which detracts considerably from her appearance. Small-sized champions mustered in force, there being four, but old Bow Bells, although she scarcely looked as well as we have seen her, was equal to the occasion, and secured the prize from Sambo, the Devil and Joss, Prime being the property of one of the judges, and not for competition. In small-sized, non-champion dogs, Prior we thought very lucky to get first. He has good bone, but a weak loin, and anything but a nice head. Young Wagg, second prize, shows much more quality. He stands well, but is highly bitch-faced. Banner is stylish, and an improving youngster, with a nice colored eye. Devon Wagg is already a little heavy in head, but he shows well. The lemon and white Don is well formed, but his head is plain. The first in small-sized bitches is making up into a high class bitch, and was, moreover, shown in splendid condition. She has good loin and haunches, with beautiful head. Cora has a nice head, and is well made, but short of muscle. Bona Belle is well formed, but Bona Dora is too light. Mite is a little plain in head, and might have more bone. Lass of Devon has improved, but is upright in shoulder. Amber II. has nice quality, with a lean head. Champion Prude II. has good bone and legs and feet, but shows age.

SETTERS.

The absence of Royal Rock in the champion class for English setters left Royal IV. without opposition. This is a very



MR. JOS. H. DEW'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN ENGLISH SETTER DOG "AMERICAN DAN."
Divided Third Prize in N. A. K. C. All-Aged Stake, 1882.

characteristic dog. Mr. Shorthose was again successful in open dogs with Royalty, a son of the champion winner, and his celebrated bitch Novel. Royalty is a taking dog of the workmanlike type, with plenty of bone and a good coat. Young Rock also shows great character and style, and has beautiful feather. Curacoa was the reserve number, but we thought him rather lucky, as he has not the best of heads, and is decidedly light; Count Waldersee is a better stamp, and has a nice lean head; Mr. Pearson's Rock is heavily marked and just a little coarse; Bounce has good depth of brisket and legs and feet, otherwise we thought him plain; Rocket has good style and was in fair coat; Tam is a bit long in the back, and might have a better head; Jock should be stronger in loin; the liver marked Rake is a fair dog, but Rap, although good in coat, has a short head; Hatteraick is good in shape and well feathered, but bitchy in face; Jock o' Hazledean is plain in head. Bitches made another good class, headed by Mr. Shorthose with Novelty, own sister to the winner in the previous class. This bitch is full of quality and has a beautiful head, but we have seen her in better coat; Empress Symbol is rather small and weedy, and has a light eye, but at the same time shows great character; the lemon-and-white Helen by comparison is decidedly coarse; Belle has a good body, but a plain head, and not very clever in feet; Royal Ruby has plain ears and a light eye, but a good coat; Meg Merrilies is very good in style, with typical head and nice flat coat. This bitch ran the second prize winner close for her position.

Black and tan or Gordon were a good lot. The well-known Fan II. carried off the champion prize from Sibyl, Grouse and Ranger; and in the Open Dogs, Marquis for the first time scored at Birmingham. He is all through well made, but we should like him better with a little more markings; Dan II., second prize, was in splendid coat, with fair tan, but a plain head; Sam is a fine big dog, with heavy bone; Chilled Shot should be better marked; Bruce VI. is too light in eye; Roy wants quality and more marking; Lord Harry is too curly, but Rhoderick Dhu is a fine dog out of condition. Bitches also came out strongly. First, Floss, rather light in tan; but a good bitch, in clipping condition; second, well shown, rather light in bone, and might be deeper in tan; Moll IV., a beautiful bitch, quite out of condition; Czarina, rather leggy, but with a nice lean head; Kate, rather weak in loin, but well marked; Kate IV., very good style; Norwich Bloom, a good bitch out of condition.

In Irish Champions, Garryowen won from Kate and Count, but it was a close thing with the bitch, who is very first-class. Bob, first in Non-champion Dogs, is good in head, hindquarters and feather, but struck us as being a trifle loaded in shoulder. Roden, second prize, is well made, and was shown in good coat, but his color is too light, and he is inclined to be bitch faced. King Richard is better in color. Sir Shot has a good coat, but is inclined to be coarse. Mountaineer is a nice sort of dog, except that he is a little leggy. Rufus is also leggy, and has a plain eye. Chief is a fair dog but for indifferent feet. Frisco has nice feather, but a plain head. Nellie, the winning bitch, is large, and, we thought, rather short of quality. She was also much out of coat. Wee Kate, second prize, is very pretty and full of quality. We certainly liked her the better of the two. Lady Palmerston II. is showy, but too light in color. Ruby Junior is well made, but out of coat. Lucy is very smart, with good feather, but not dark enough in color. Rose II. has a typical head, and is a rich color, but out of condition.

SPANIELS.

Irish water spaniels headed the list: Mickey Free, in good coat, held the first position in dogs; Young Patsey, second prize, has also a good jacket, but is plainer in head; Laverick is shorter in head, and not in such good condition. Young Hilda, first in bitches, is a very good one, and was well shown, beating her kennel companion Lady in shape of head; Molly Brallaghan was not herself at all. Of the two water spaniels other than Irish, Swimmer was in the best coat, and won.

Clumber dogs were well represented, with the well-known John o' Gaunt first, and York, equally well known, second; Tower is a very fair dog, with a good coat; Placid Rover is lengthy, and has a good coat, but is altogether too big; Racket is too high on leg. Leda took the prize for bitches; she is good in coat and feather, but wants character in head.

Sussex dogs found Guy first; he might be better in head, but his coat and color are right. Quince is quite big enough, and has a bloodhound eye; Rover III. showed most quality in head, but he was out of condition. In bitches, a second prize was given to Merrythought, with a fair coat, but rather wanting in character; Zulu, that very typical black, was first; we have often looked through this dog and cannot find a fault in him, except his eye. Solus, second prize, is rather high on leg, and not quite so good in head, but he is the right sort; Kaffir is heavier in head, but is very true to spaniel character. In bitches, nothing could beat Squaw, who always holds her own. Flash II., second prize, is a good sort, a trifle short in body. Topsey is a bit common and curly in coat. Salus II. is good in style, coat, and condition. Beverly Bee was out of coat. It was a close thing between Fop and Alonzo in field spaniels other than black; they are both grand, but we lean to the latter; but on the present occasion the former was in best coat. Counsellor is a liver and tan of the old fashioned style. Little Bob II., nearly a black, is well made, but fails in head. Jingo is small, and has a plain head. In bitches, the winner, Lass of Devon, a liver and tan, is long in body and close to the ground, with a nice head. Floss, the same color, is very typical. Busy, a black and tan, has a good coat, but Fanciful, a black, tan and white, is pretty in color, but poor in quality. In the above class Gwladys, a black and tan with a nice coat and good tan, but rather leggy, took Messrs. Willetts' cup for the best black, white and tan or black and tan spaniel in the show.

Following are the awards:

TEAM OF POINTERS.—Llewellin prize, J. Fletcher (Young Ponto, Ruby and Joss).

POINTERS.—(LARGE)—CHAMPION: Prize, J. Fletcher (Ponto).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. C. Norrish (Graphic); 2d, J. Fletcher (Young Ponto). Vhc., G. Pilkington (Lake). Hc., T. Whippell (Major). C., T. Wippell (Rex and M. Firth (Don. A very good class. Bitches: 1st, A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale and B. Field (Peach); 2d, J. Fletcher (Ruby).—SMALL—CHAMPION: P. J. Lloyd Price (Bow Bells).—OPEN—Dogs: B. Lewis (Prior); 2d, S. Smithies (Young Wagg). Hc., C. Andrew (Don) and R. P. Leach (Banner). C., W. Coates (Bob). Bitches: 1st, E. C. Norrish (Glee); 2d, R. P. and P. J. Charles (Cora, late Bess). Vhc., B. Field (Amber II.) and J. E. Mason (champion Prude II.). Hc., R. P. Leach (Bona Bell). C., T. Wippell (Mite), R. J. Lloyd Price (Silver Bells), J. L. Bulled (Lass of Devon), and J. P. Pattison (Fanc). An excellent class.

SETTERS.—ENGLISH—CHAMPION: Prize, J. Shorthose (champion Royal IV.). Open—Dogs: 1st, J. Shorthose (Royalty); 2d, J. Freme (Young Rock). Vhc, A. E. Batchelor (Jock), A. Evans (Bounce), J. Royle (Count Waldersee, late Count), A. E. and H. Parkinson (Curacoa), and E. Pearson (Rock). Hc, T. B. Bowers (champion Royal Jock, late Jock II.), T. D. Syers (Rocket), A. E. Batchelor (Tam), J. B. Barrow (2) (Rake and Rap), H. F. Grant (Dirk Hatteraick), and A. Evans (Jock o' Hazledean). C., W. H. Calder (Grouse of Dalgona, late Grouse). A very good class. Bitches: 1st and cup, J. Shorthose (Novelty); 2d, J. R. Robinson (Empress Symbol). Vhc, A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale (Helen) and H. F. Grant (Meg Merrilies). Hc, G. Ryall (Belle). C., T. E. Issard (Royal Ruby).—BLACK AND TAN—CHAMPIONS: Prize, J. U. Winkfield (Fan II., late Fan).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, T. Jacobs (champion Rodon). Vhc, J. Shorthose (Sir Shot), Capt. P. Priestley (Sam). Hc, R. Chapman (Lord Harry, late Harry), Sir A. Chichester, Bart. (Roy), E. L. Parsons (Bruce VI.,) and W. M. Eglington (Chilled Shot, late Shot). C., J. Shorthose (Don I.), J. C. Williams (Young Blossom), and T. Jacobs (Czar). Bitches: 1st, J. G. Williams (Floss); 2d, W. M. Eglington (Fan IV.). Vhc., J. Shorthose (Moll IV.). Hc., T. Jacobs (Czarina) and R. Chapman (Kate IV., late Kate).—IRISH—CHAMPION: Prize, J. J. Giltrap (champion Gerryowen).—Open—Dogs: 1st, J. Kennedy (Bob, late Villikins); 2d, D. Sullivan (Roden). Hc, T. M. Hilliard (King Richard), D. Stoker (Shot), H. L. Jephson (Sir Shot), and J. K. Milner (Frisco). C., T. M. Hilliard (Chief), H. M. Wilson (Mountaineer), A. F. Hawkins (Rufus), and J. J. Meldon (Jack). A good class. Bitches: 1st, H. M. Wilson (Nellie); 2d, L. F. Perrin (Wee Kate). Vhc., J. Kennedy (Lucy), G. F. Smurthwaite (Ruby Junior), J. J. Giltrap (Lady Palmerston II.) and G. H. Lotus (Rose II.). Hc., S. D. Hine (Countess Patrick), T. Adkins (Nell), W. H. Cooke (Judy), and R. Harrison (Polly). C., J. Kennedy (Countess), D. Sullivan (Rose II.), and T. M. Hilliard (Countess Palmerston). A splendid class.

WATER SPANIELS.—IRISH—Dogs: 1st, J. S. Skidmore (Mickey Free); 2d, R. B. and T. S. Carey (Young Patsey). Vhc and hc, A. Canty (Laverick, late Limerick, and) Barney. Bitches: 1st and vhc, G. S. Hockey (Young Hilda and Lady); C, R. B. and T. S. Carey (Molly Brallaghan).—OTHER THAN IRISH: Prize, F. E. Schofield (Swimmer). A poor class.

SPANIELS.—CLUMBER—Dogs: 1st and Spratt's cup, H. H. Holmes (John o' Gaunt, late Boss); 2d, C. E. Holford (York). Vhc, H. H. Holmes (Tower) and E. Bishop (Placid Rover). Hc, R. Smallwood (Racket). C, A. Pemberton (Duncan). Bitches: 1st, E. R. Allen (Leda). SUSSEX—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Gamon (Guy); 2d, T. Newington (Quince). Vhc, A. E. and A. Parkinson (champion Rover III.). C, J. G. Gamon (Vita) and A. Phillips (Ben). Bitches: 2d, H. B. Spurgin (Merrythought). FIELD (BLACK)—Dogs: 1st, J. Royle (champion Zulu); 2d, F. E. Schofield (Solus). Vhc and c, J. Freme (Kaffir and Little Bob III.) Bitches: 1st, T. Jacobs (champion Squaw); 2d, P. Bullock (Flash II.). Vhc, F. E. Schofield (Salus II.), J. N. Clarke (Topsey), and J. C. Phillips (Beatrice). C, J. Freme (Beverley Bee) and Rev. A. G. Barker (Smutty).—OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs: 1st and 2d, H. B. Spurgin (Fop, late Don Pedro, and Alonzo). Vhc, J. C. Phillips (Pembroke) and J. G. Gamon (Counsellor). Hc, C. E. Holford (Little Bob II.) and G. W. Carter (Jingo). C, G. Wellings (Tichbourne). Bitches: 1st, T. Jacobs (Lass of Devon); 2d, H. B. Spurgin (Floss). Vhc, J. G. Gamon (Fanciful) and J. Freme (2) (Busy and Gwladys). Hc, C. E. Holford (Nelly Bly), J. G. Gamon (Cosie), J. Royle (Zuess), and J. C. Phillips (Pollie). C, C. E. Holford (Leda). A very good class.

SIBERIAN BLOODHOUNDS.—Can any of our readers give us any information regarding the dogs of this breed that were owned by the late Francis Butler of New York?

AN ARKANSAS 'POSSUM HUNT.

BEING out of the city some time ago, I found that a number of enterprising colored individuals had made preparations for a 'coon hunt. I am fond of that sport and offered my services, which they condescended to accept, and appointed a meeting place. I was promptly on hand and found five or six stout negroes, with axes and torches and a pack of dogs, the like of which was never seen but among 'coon hunters, being composed of hounds, mongrels and "curs of low degree," mostly very low. We started up the creek bottom into the paw-paw and persimmon thickets, and soon the dogs opened. Away we went with a yell, over logs, through mud, water, briars and thorns, to the point where a general yelping proclaimed that the dogs had treed. Arriving there, we quickly found that our game was a 'possum. It was a matter of but few moments to take him in, and we were quickly under way again.

Here I encountered a curious piece of superstition. The leader of the hunt, an old, grizzly negro, had a pocket full of nails, and drove one into each of the sides of the tree out of which we got one 'coon, in as nearly the direction of the points of the compass as he could guess. Taking pity on my ignorance, he informed me that witches followed all hunting parties, scared away the game, bewildered the hunters and did various other damage, but on coming to the tree would have to take time to draw all these nails out with their teeth before they could go any further. This was news to me, though familiar with many negro superstitions.

Leaving our tree, the dogs soon made another start, and the chase began. We crossed the creek several times, and then the chase took over the adjoining mountain and down a deep ravine. We followed hard, first on one side of the ravine and then the other, and at last came to the tree. The axes soon brought it down, the dogs rushed in, the negroes yelled and, I believe, I whooped as lively as any one. The music was lively around the top of the tree. Every now and then a puppy would come out crying and scratched, but at last order came out of the chaos, and we found two dead 'coons in the brush. It was an old den, and one was in there when we chased the other in. When we started out, no one knew which side of the ravine we came in on, and no one cared. We were completely lost, and concluded to hunt until daylight, which we did, catching another 'coon, two 'possums, and rabbits and polecats almost without number. I do not think anything but an Arkansas mongrel will catch a polecat, but they enjoy it. Daylight enabled us to get out, very tired, but all ready to go on some other occasion. SPORTSMAN.

THE ESSEX COUNTY (N. J.), HOUNDS had a fine run and a feast on Christmas by way of celebrating the day. It was an impromptu affair, gotten up in response to a special canine appeal from the kennels. It seems there has been no fox hunting for over a month on account of frost, and the hounds feeling aggrieved at the season closing so early, appointed a committee consisting of Loud, Lovely, Lead and Sprightly, headed by the old veteran Towler, to wait on their master huntsman Howard. The jovial huntsman could not refuse their appeal, although it is hard on horses to follow this weather 'cross country, so early in the afternoon the horn sounded and every hound was alert for the chase. The whole pack were called out and taken to cover, where the scent of the fox was soon found. Towler led the pack in full cry, and for over an hour the fox led them a merry chase. Finally old Reynard took to water near a convenient swamp, and thus throwing off the eager dogs for some time. At last the uncomfortable position started his foxship to his heels again, when the hounds took his scent, full breast high. Every tail was plumed high and every nose close to earth, with the air ringing with a chorus of deep voices as the pack sprang forward at increased speed. Now the fox is doomed! and it proved so, for he was run to earth in a meadow close by. The Christmas feast was quickly finished, and as the huntsman and a few followers came in sight, every hound was licking his chops for more. The kill was near Brookdale, and the run over twelve miles.

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—Mr. R. R. Hamilton, of New York, has recently imported from the Kennel of Dr. Gordon Stables, of Twyford, Berks, Eng., the smooth-coated St. Bernard dog Tel-el-Kebir. He is five months old and weighs sixty pounds. His color is a brindled fawn with black points, his toes and tip of tail are marked with white, and he has double dew claws. He is by Mr. H. W. Wild's Hermit out of Mr. Hall's Dora. He is a very promising puppy and his owner may well be proud of him.

TRANSPORTATION OF DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the past the transportation of sporting dogs on Southern railways called forth censorious remarks in your columns. In compliance with my suggestion, the managers of the Savannah, Florida & Western Railway, the Jacksonville, Pensacola & Mobile Railroad, and the Fernandina, Cedar Keys & Tropical Railroad consented to carry sporting dogs free of charge in this State, upon conditions previously stated in your columns.

Acting on my suggestion, Mr. Taylor, the General Passenger Agent of the S. F. & W. Railway, communicated with the managers of the Associated Railways of Virginia and the Carolinas, and succeeded in securing very liberal rates for the transportation of sportsmen's dogs, as the appended circular will establish. AL FRESCO.

ASSOCIATED RAILWAYS OF VIRGINIA AND THE CAROLINAS.
Office Traffic Manager,
RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 3, 1882.

(Circular No. 324.

To AGENTS.—Rates for transporting dogs on passenger trains, taking effect Nov. 10, 1882.

Dogs carried on passenger trains, when accompanied by owner or attendant, will be charged one-half cent per mile each. For distances less than fifty miles, twenty-five cents. Sportsmen en route to or from hunting ground will be allowed free transportation for one dog, and above rates charged for each additional animal.

Dogs will be carried in baggage cars only. In no case will they be permit ed to ride in passenger coaches, and not taken unless accompanied by owner or attendant.

Above supercedes all previous dog tariffs over these lines.

T. M. EMERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agt., Atlantic Coast Line.

Approved, W. CLARK,
Gen'l Pass. Agt., Seaboard Air Line.
SOL. HAAS, Traffic Manager.
M. SLAUGHTER,
Gen'l Pass. Agt., Rich. & Danville Line

DEATH OF WHISKEY.—The well-known black and white pointer bitch Whiskey, owned by the Westminster Kennel Club, died Dec. 14, aged eight years and five months. She was formerly owned by Dr. W. S. Webb. She was exceptionally well bred, and in her younger days we have seen her do capital work on ruffed grouse and quail. She was possessed of great intelligence, and was very affectionate. She will be greatly missed by the members of the club who were much attached to her. A stone suitably engraved will mark her resting place. The club has also lost by death their promising young dog Corker, by Sensation out of imported Polly. He was a rare good one, and was entered in the Eastern Field Trials and had been doing capital work until a few days before the trials, when he was taken with a severe attack of rheumatism, soon after his arrival at High Point, from which he died.

FAUST AND SPINAWAY.—St. Louis, Mo.—I have sold the champion pointer dog Faust to S. A. Kaye, of the Missouri Kennels, this city, for $500. Mr. Kaye will have the dog in the public stud, and put him at the head of his already fine kennel of pointers, among which are the bitches Mus:tte, by Bow out of Queen, Rose II., by Sensation out of Rose, and Lettie, by Vandal out of Maggie G. I have bought of Mr. E. C. Sterling, of St. Louis, the liver and white pointer bitch Spinaway, by Garnet out of Keswick. A St. Louis gentleman offered Mr. Pilkington $2,500 for Garnet, but the dog remained in England. Keswick cost the St. Louis Kennel Club $500 in England. Spinaway is the only Garnet bitch in America. I shall breed her to Croxteth, by whom she had her first and only litter. Keswick is by Faust out of Faith, a sister to Jaunty.—JNO. W. MUNSON.

OTTAWA SHOW.—Detroit, Dec. 22.—Charles Lincoln, superintendent of the Ottawa Bench Show in March next, assures me that the prospects for its success are very promising. Applications for prize lists are coming in rapidly from all parts of the United States and Canada, and applications for entry blanks are quite common. In addition to the prizes announced last week, there is a special, offered by the president of the show, of $50 to be competed for by dogs sent from England and the United States, Canadian dogs being barred. The prizes for fox terriers and cocker spaniels are calling for much inquiry by the owners of those breeds.—W.

LUNA MAY.—Elmwood, N. C., Dec 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your journal of the 8th inst., you say "Luna May ran at Robbin's Island two years ago." You are mistaken. This year was her first public appearance in trials. Please make the correction and oblige, yours truly, E. S. WANMAKER. [We wrote of Maida: "She won second at Robbin's Island a year ago. Luna May is very graceful," etc., but somehow things got mixed].

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Trixy. By Mr. Chas. J. Henri, Chicago, Ill., for orange and white pointer bitch, whelped July 11, 1882, by Jerry (Sensation—Collum's bitch out of Snowflake (Glenmark—Girl).

Soup and Chip. By Mr. Chas. A. Tucker, New York, for liver and white cocker spaniel dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 11, 1882, by Snipe out of Cute.

Franco. By Dr. H. S. Piffard, New York, for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 14, 1882, by Snipe out of Cute.

Quail O'More. By Mr. H. Gaylord, Elmira, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 16, 1882, by champion Rory O'More out of Sampson's Nora (Elcho—Firefly).

Dash II. By Mr. D. A. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass., for black and white ticked English setter dog, 3mos. old, by Dash III. out of Juno (Leiaps—Belle).

Saphira. By Mr. W. S. Kittle, Princeton, N. J., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 17, 1882, by Flute (Rattler—True) out of Lucy (Juno—Bess).

Rop. By Mr. Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for black and white ticked pointer dog, whelped June 13, 1882, by Alden's champion Pete, Jr., out of Campbell's Rozie.

Sam B., Oscar, Dixie, Sampson, Collum and Rozie. By Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., for red Irish setters, four dogs and two bitches, whelped Aug. 14, 1882, by Ned Elcho (Elcho—Stella) out of Bridget O'More (Rory O'More—Lotta).

Ned Kelley. By Mr. J. B. Hadley, Marion, Mass., for white, with lemon ears, English setter bitch, whelped March, 1881, by Fay's Coin out of Belfast (Dash III.—Opal).

Rosecoad. By Mr. F. W. Wheaton, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 25, 1882, by Mr. N. Elmore's imported Ringwood (Hunter—Beauty) out of his Roxy (champion Rattler—Fan).

Bertie. By Mr. W. E. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J., for black and white ticked English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 5, 1882, by Druid out of Poetess.

Bonny Kate II. By Mr. James Cooper, Jr., Red Bank, N. J., for liver and white setter bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1882, by Miles Johnson's Joe out of E. H. Woody Bet.

Venus. By Mr. E. P. Hodges, Pittsburgh, Pa., for fawn, with black mask and ears, English mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 5, 1882, by Mr. W. H. Lee's Turk (Rajah—Brinda) out of Mr. W. Wade's imported Gipsy.

Bruce. By Mr. James Burrill, Hackettstown, N. J., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1882, by Druid out of Poetess.

Breeze. By Mr. James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1882, by Druid out of Poetess.

Blow. By Mr. James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1882, by Druid out of Poetess.

Brant and Bonnie. By Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby, Saratoga, N. Y., for black, with white markings, cocker spaniels, dog and bitch (Sipio—Klea).

Wasp. By Mr. T. B Dorsey, Ellicott City, Md., for black, white and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 23, 1882, by the Missouri Kennel's imported Sting II. out of Tipsey II.

Deacon. By Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., for black, white and tan foxhound out of imported Tomas—Crowd; also

Maud. For black, white and tan foxhound bitch, same litter.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Syren II.—(Glencho. Mr. A. S. Guild's (Lowell, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Syren II. (Elcho III.—Mag) to Mr. W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen), Nov. 12.

Nora—Glencho. Mr. A. A. Sampson's (Troy, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Nora (Elcho—Firefly) to Mr. W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen), Dec. 8.

Chica—Grouse. Mr. J. F. Johns's (Haverhill, Mass.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Chica (Royal Blue—Diana) to Mr. D. F. Waters's Grouse (Grouse—Romp).

Lassie—Cashier. Mr. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) English setter bitch Lassie (Blue Dan—Flake) to his Cashier (Dash III.—Opal), Dec. 4.

Princess—Black Princess. Mr. W. B. Williams's (Nyack, N. Y.) black and white cocker spaniel bitch Princess (Wildair—Dolly) to Mr. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) black spaniel Black Prince (Benedict —Madeline), Dec. 7.

Majorca—Comet. Senor Don Jose Fonrodona's (Havana, Cuba) liver and white Spanish pointer bitch Majorca to Dr. James Warner's liver and white pointer dog Comet (Croxteth—Vinnie), Dec. 1.

Jaunty Bow. Mr. Edward Chiles's (New Orleans, La.) imported liver and white pointer bitch Jaunty (Lord Sefton's Marquis—Pilkington's Jessie) to his champion Bow, Dec. 12.

Gretchen—Bergman. Mr. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Gretchen to his imported Bergman.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rose. Mr. Fred. Smith's (Elmira, N. Y.) liver pointer bitch Rose (Duke—Queen), Dec. 5, seven (five dogs) by Knickerbocker (Glenmark—Girl).

Flake. Mr. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) English setter bitch Flake, Dec. 11, nine (six dogs) by his Cashier (Dash III.—Opal).

Pixie. Mr. Robert C. Cornell's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Pixie, Dec. 17, six (four dogs) by Mr. J. C. Drayton's Tartar.

Fan. Mr. Richard-Torpin's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Gordon setter bitch Fan (Dick—Gypsy), Nov. 24, six (three dogs), by Mr. Samuel G. Dixon's Pilot (Grouse—Maud); all black and tan.

Nell Kelley. Mr. F. B. Hadley's (Marion, Mass.) white, with lemon ears, English setter bitch Nell Kelley (Coin—Belfast), Nov. 23, five (three dogs) by Wagner (Rink—Mollie).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Trixy. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped July 11, 1882 (Jerry—Snowflake), by Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., to Mr. Chas. J. Henri, Chicago, Ill.

Reine. Mastiff bitch, whelped July 21, 1882 (Duke—Pride), by Mr. Charles Shaw, Clinton, Mass., to Mr. La Monte Green, Attica, Ind.

Olivette. Liver and white pointer bitch (King Bow—Grace), by the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Iowa.

King Lear. Lemon and white pointer dog puppy (King Bow—Chess), by the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. Geo. E. Poyneer, Dayton, Iowa.

Rosalpa. Liver pointer bitch (Ranger—Chess), by the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. Oscar Allen, Lincoln, Ill.

Lurette II. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch (King Bow—Lurette), by the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. W. J. Valden, Uniontown, Ala.

Pete. Black and white pointer dog puppy (King Bow—Chess), by the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. H. C. Crosby, Ionia, Mich.

Chess II. Liver and white pointer bitch (Ranger—Chess), by the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. R. L. Cheney, Sioux City, Ia.

Dish IV. Black and white ticked English setter dog, 3mos. old (Dash III.—Juno), by E. H. Hartshorn, Boston, Mass., to Mr. D. A. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass.

Rex. Black and white ticked pointer dog, whelped June 13, 1882 (champion Pete, Jr.—Roxie), by Mr. Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to Mr. E. E. Haines, Charlestown, Mass.

Telfine. Red Irish setter bitch puppy (champion Rory O'More—Quail II.), by the Rory O'More Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Mr. John Farnsworth, same city.

Captain. Red Irish setter dog puppy (champion Rory O'More—Norah O'More), by the Rory O'More Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Mr. E. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

Clive. Red Irish setter puppy (champion Rory O'More—Norah O'More), by the Rory O'More Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Dr. John Buckley, Moorhead, Mich.

Vancouver. Red Irish setter bitch puppy (champion Rory O'More—Quail II.), by the Rory O'More Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Mr. Fred. Comfort, Catskill, N. Y.

Nancy Lee. Red Irish setter bitch puppy (champion Rory O'More—Quail II.), by the Rory O'More Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Mr. M. Walrath, East Albany, N. Y.

Deacon. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 19, 1883 (Ned Elcho—Bridget O'More), by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., to Mr. C. W. Felch jr., Denver, Col.

Oscar. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 14, 1882 (Ned Elcho—Bridget O'More), by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., to Mr. Thos. Eagan, Halifax, N. S.

Sam B. and Sampson. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped Aug. 14, 1882 (Ned Elcho—Bridget O'More), by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., to Mr. Samuel Belton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rock—Norah whelp. Red Irish terrier dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1882, by imported Rock (Gaelic—Midge) out of Norah (Spring—Nettie) by Mr. Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to Mr. Robert Ives Crocker, New York.

Bruce. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 3 1882 (Druid—Poetess), by Mr. James Ayres, Allamuchy, N. J., to Mr. James Burrill, Hackettstown, N. J.

Breeze. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1882 (Druid—Poetess), by Mr. W. E. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J., to Mr. James L. Smith, same place.

Blow. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1882 (Druid—Poetess), by Mr. W. E. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J., to Mr. James L. Smith, same place.

Queen. Liver pointer bitch, whelped April 14, 1881 (Peep—Patchett), by Mr. Lemuel Willey, Baltimore, Md., to Mr. B. B. Greenwood, same place.

Venus. English mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 5, 1882 (Turk—imported Gipsy), by Mr. Wade, Pittsburg, Pa., to Mr. E. P. Hodges, same place.

Lightfoot. Blue belton English setter dog, 1 year old (Lincoln—Daisy Dean), by Mr. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., to Col. J. M. Renfrew, Atlanta, Ga.

Shot. Lemon and white English setter dog, age and pedigree not given, by Mr. Judah Avant, Hickory Valley, Tenn., to Col. J. M. Renfrew, Atlanta, Ga.

Sensation—Bellona whelps. Two pointer dogs, whelped Aug. 20, 1882, by the Westminster Kennel Club to Mr. Pierre Lorillard, New York.

Don—Maida whelp. Pointer bitch, whelped July 7, by the Westminster Kennel Club to Mr. Pierre Lorillard, New York.

Judy. Pointer bitch, whelped May 5, 1882 (Sensation—Dell), by the Westminster Kennel Club to Dr. Shaw, Shawboro, N. C.

Pilot—Fan whelps. Gordon setter, whelped Nov. 24, 1882, by Mr. Richard Torpin, Philadelphia, Pa., a bitch to Mr. J. B. Huckins, Boston, Mass., a dog to Mr. J. E. Gillingham, a bitch to Mr. T. A. Ashburner, a dog to Mr. E. S. Dixon, a bitch to Mr. Samuel G. Dixon, and a dog to Mr. R. Torpin, Jr., all of Philadelphia, Pa.

Dandy. Black, white and tan beagle hound (Rattler—Sill), by Mr. W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich., to Mr. Ross W. Nichols, Plattsburgh, N. Y.; also

Drops. Black, white and tan foxhound to Mr. Peter Leclaire, Superior, Wis.; also

Fleet. Black and white foxhound bitch (Pockwindsor—Juno) to Mr. Peter Leclaire, Superior, Wis.

Carrie. Fallow red dachshund bitch pup, by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. H. C. Beverung, Wausau, Wis.

Bruno. Fallow red dachshund pup, by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. H. L. Goodman, Chicago, Ill.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Druid—Poetess whelps. English setters, whelped Sept. 3, 1882, by Mr. W. E. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J., a liver, white and tan bitch to Mr. Geo. Merritt, La Porte, Ind., and an orange and white dog to Mr. James Ayers, Allamuchy, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Juno. Beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1882 (Victor—Nelly), owned by Mr. A. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Druid—Poetess whelps. Orange and white English setters, dog and bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1882, owned by Mr. W. E. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J.

Whiskey. Black and white pointer bitch, 8yrs. old, by Dr. Strachan's Flash (George—Peg) out of Schieffelin's Jumo, owned by the Westminster Kennel Club, Dec. 14.

Corker. Lemon and white pointer dog, 18mos. old (Sensation—Polly), owned by the Westminster Kennel Club, Nov. 23, from rheumatism.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

GROUSE, Elmira, N. Y.—1. Will it improve the hunting qualities and intelligence of a setter bitch to be spayed? 2. Would you advise any one to have it done where they do not wish to breed? 3. Can you give me the name of some valuable dog trainer who breaks them on Hungarian partridges in America? 4. Trials? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Write to Wm. Tallman, Rock Hill, S. C.

J. W., Lansing. 1. Will you be kind enough to tell me what the trouble is with my dog; as he seems at times to lose the sense of smell. His nose at these times is dry and hot, and he will run into a covey of birds an I not know they are there. He is a Llewellin setter, 18 months old. Ans. Unless there is some catarrhal trouble, of which, however, you make no mention, your dog is probably one of those whose nose is either not yet fully developed, or is perhaps lacking.

BEAGLE.—My beagle bitch puppy, about three months old, has poor appetite, eyes seem weak and drowsy, keeps very thin and seems depressed in spirits. Her bowels are rather loose this while back. Some of my other little puppies bowels are very loose but otherwise as lively as crickets. I feed them on corn meal and skimmed milk for drink. Ans. Give a dose of tinct. of rhubarb one-quarter teaspoonful, which will first clear them and tone the bowels. Keep the pup from the others as she has some of the premonitory symptoms of distemper. The corn meal should be boiled. Perhaps a little salt in the milk will correct the looseness.

W. B. P., New York. 1. Is there any difference between canker of the ear and inflammation of the ear of a dog? If so, what are the symptoms and remedies? 2. Is a dog penalized in field trials for standing to shot and wing as advised in "Training vs. Breaking," instead of flopping? 3. I have a setter puppy, 10 months old, that is lame in one of his hind legs. I think it is a rheumatism, as he favors his hind quarters first, but has now settled in one leg. When he first gets up he seems very sore on it, but after walking a little way it seems to get better. What will cure him? Ans. 1. True canker of the ear is cancer, a malignant recurrent disease, but the name canker has been given to all troubles of the ear when accompanied with a discharge. Which do you want to know about? describe the case. 2. Judges have generally and very probably ruled that a dog which has been accustomed to stand instead of dropping is not penalized if he only remains quiet. 3. Time, assisted by exercise and a stimulating liniment, for external use, viz., oil of turpentine, tincture of opeum, Foot's Liniment, of each one ounce; Tincture capsicum, one drachm; mix well rubbed in.

New Publications.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY.

Part II. of the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia covers from May to October, 1882. The Part contains many brief notes of interest as well as several quite important papers. Mr. Rafael Arango describes new Species of Cuban Land Mollusca from Cuba. Dr. Leidy has a number of papers, most of them short, as follows: On some Entozoa of Birds; On a Coprolite and a Pebble resembling an Indian Hatchet; On *Bastilus anthracis*; On *Enchytræus, Distichopus* and their Parasites; The Nests and Eggs of its flocks of *Apais* and *Coccus*, Colorless Garnet and Tommaline; On *Balænis*, etc., at Bass Rocks, Mass.; On the Tobacco Worm, etc.; Rotifers and Rotary Organs (with Plate II.). The notes and papers contributed by Mr. Thomas Meehan are as follows: Isolated Notes on the *Arbor Vitæ*, Influence of Heat on the Separate Sexes of Flowers, Liquid Exudation in *Okebia* and *Mahonia*, Individual Variation in Species, Nest of *Chætura pelagica*, Summer Migration of the Robin, Night-Closing in the Leaves of Pursiane, Colored Flowers in the Carrot, Heliotropism in Sunflowers, Apparent Bird Tracks by the Seashore. An important paper by Dr. Harrison Allen has to do with the Muscles of the Limbs of the Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), and is followed by the same author's treatise on the Distribution of Nerves, the Vitality of Fresh Water Polyps and the Asymetry of the Turbinated Bones. Mr. Angelo Heilprin's geological papers are of interest; they are: On the relative Ages and Classification of the Post-Eocene Tertiary Deposits of the Atlantic Slope; On the occurrence of Nummulitic deposits in Florida and the Association of Nummulites with a Fresh Water Fauna; On the Age of the Tejon Rocks of California, and the occurrence of Ammonitic Remains in Tertiary Deposits. Mr. Charles Wachsmuth has a short paper on Supposed Tertiary Ammonites, and Miss Lewis one on the Nodes of *Chætura pelagica*. Mr. Molr gives an interesting account of his rediscovery in the old locality of *Rhus cotinoides* of Nuttall. Mr. J. W. Eastlake contributes a paper on Chinese Conchology, and Mr. R. E. C. Stearns one on the Habitat of Conrad's *Mytelus falcatus*.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The Linnean Society of New York was organized March 17, 1878. The men who originated it are, almost without exception, workers in science, and the Society has had little or no waste material in it. Each member is interested in some department and carries on his investigations quietly, but unceasingly. That the work done by the Society is good work, and reflects high credit on its members, is abundantly proved by the beautiful volume, the first of its Transactions, which is before us. In all that concerns its mechanical execution the volume is beautiful; clear, large type, excellently careful press work and heavy, hand-some paper, but it is in its contents that it is most attractive.

The frontispiece to the volume is a beautiful engraving of the celebrated Swede whose name the Society has taken. After a brief notice as to the origin of the Linnean Society and lists of the original and present officers, the volume opens with the first instalment of Dr. Merriam's paper on the Mammals of the Adirondack Region, Northeastern New York. The present paper fully bears out the rich promise given by this observer's earlier papers, the chief of which was his remarkably excellent Review of the Birds of Connecticut, and it will cause zoologists to look forward with anxiety to the appearance of the work in its completed form, although this cannot take place for some time.

Dr. Merriam has been long known to zoologists as an enthusiastic worker, a keen and accurate observer, and withal a cool, level-headed investigator, whose scientific ardor never runs away with his judgment. In this paper, which contains the General Introduction to his work and his remarks on the Mammalia through the *Carnivora* has given us much that is new. He has especially done a great deal toward clearing up a number of popular beliefs, *pseudaxia epidemice*, which have general currency without any basis of fact to rest upon. In his introduction the author deals with the location and boundaries of the region under consideration, its geological history, topography, general features, botany and faunal position. The list of Adirondack Carnivora includes the panther (Canada lynx, bay lynx, wolf, fox, fisher, martin, least weasel, ermine, mink, skunk, otter, raccoon, bear and seal (in Lake Champlain). At another time we hope to be able to present to our readers some of Dr. Merriam's observations on this group.

A brief but interesting note by Mr. William Dutcher demonstrates that the fish crow is in all probability a winter as well as a summer resident at the northern limit of its range.

The concluding paper in the volume is one by Mr. E. P. Bicknell's Review of the Summer Birds of a part of the Catskill Mountains. Few names are better known among the younger working ornithologists of today than Mr. Bicknell's. He has done more than anyone toward giving us a clear view of the ornithological status of the valley of the lower Hudson River, and has contributed many papers of great interest to our ornithological journals and made a number of important discoveries. The present paper contains the result of observations made during three short excursions to the Catskills, the whole time spent there covering only about twenty days. In his prefatory note the author gives an extremely clear and concise statement of the character of the region and of its faunal and floral features. In this introduction therefore we find lists of the mammals, reptiles and batrachians of these mountains. But few fishes besides the brook trout were seen. To the plants much attention was given, and Mr. Bicknell states that more than three hundred and twenty-five species exclusive of vascular cryptogams were observed by him during his visit.

About ninety species of birds are recorded in his list, some of which would hardly have been looked for in these mountains, and much that is new has been noted in regard to the distribution and breeding habits of a number of species. It is impossible within our limits to give a satisfactory review of this very interesting paper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.—At Walnut Hill to-day there was a fine attendance of riflemen, and, despite the rain and fog, some extra fine shooting was done. The wind was light from 11 to 12 o'clock, and the gray light brought out the ball prominently. In the rest match Mr Duffer made a clean score of 50, and followed it up with a re-entry of 99, and having made a ten in his sighting shot, it gave him a score of 10 consecutive 10's, which means putting nineteen consecutive bulls into a 3½-in. circle—a record which stands very high, and which will be hard to beat. The following are the best scores of the day, all at 200yds:

Creedmoor Match.

A Duffer	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5—48
G Weston (mil)	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	4—44
J A Cook	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4—44
W C Akin (mil)	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4—42
I D Thomas (mil)	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—42
N A Jenks (mil)	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	4—42
A J Carter	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5—41
L A Hart	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4—41
S L Sampson (mil)	4	5	5	3	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
T I Brown (mil)	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	3	4—41
J A Backus (mil)	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5—40

Decimal Match.

E J Cram	5	9	9	10	8	10	9	10	5	9—84
A Duffer	8	9	6	10	8	10	9	9	6	8—83
A C Adams	7	8	9	10	10	8	10	7	7	6—82
W C Akin	8	10	5	9	8	9	10	8	10	9—82
A J Carter	7	9	10	9	10	5	9	10	6	8—81
J N Frye	9	10	10	7	9	10	9	6	5	5—81
N A Jenks	10	4	7	10	5	5	10	9	8	7—80
C J Eager	6	8	8	6	8	9	10	10	8	6—78
E Pringle	5	9	10	10	8	8	10	10	3	4—76
L A Hart	4	10	9	9	8	5	4	6	5	8—64

Rest Match.

A Duffer	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
Re-entry	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9—99
C Adams	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9—98
G Warren	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10—98
J N Frye	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	9—96
N A Jenks	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	10—96
A J Carter	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	8	8	9—92
W Graham	9	8	9	10	10	10	8	9	8	9—90

Victory Match.

E J Cram	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	4—45
S L Sampson	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4—44

BOSTON GALLERY SHOOTING.—The competitors in the prize contest at the Mammoth Rifle Gallery have increased, and the scores improve with each day. The following table will show that there has been some good shooting, and the contest for the first place on the board is very close:

C S Sevon	45	45	45	45	46	—226	J T Stetson	41	44	42	43	44—214
U A Pollard	44	45	46	45	44	—224	G W Little	42	42	43	43	43—213
F E Rollins	44	44	43	44	45	—220	C R Bartlett	43	42	41	42	43—211
D Kirkwood	44	43	45	45	42	—219	H Lowell	43	43	42	41	41—210
J H Bird	43	45	44	43	43	—219	J Russell	42	42	42	41	43—210
W E Robinson	43	41	43	42	46	—215	Ch Morrill	40	41	42	43	40—206

GALLERY SHOOTING IN NEWARK.—The central association of the Newark clubs is at present an organization for the single purpose of bringing the various clubs represented into friendly contest at the target, and but little other business is ever transacted at the periodical meetings. The formation of a central organization there can be no doubt would establish a range and headquarters unequaled by any at present existing in this country. They might have meeting rooms, gymnasium, billiard room, bowling alley, library, dancing hall and ranges, all in one building, for less than the aggregate amount now spent by several organizations in this city. This action would tend to elevate rifle shooting and improve the minds and morals of all participating in the privileges of the association.

GARDNER, Mass., Dec. 20.—At the last meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range the attendance was good, while the interest was unabated. The distance was as usual 200yds., offhand, with the inch ring and Creedmoor target combined. The score tells the following story:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Total.	
G F Ellsworth	92	47	89	49	191	96
S B Hardy	99	47	79	48	178	95
J N Boltge	88	45	86	46	174	91
A Mathews	83	46	77	45	160	91
G C Goodall	70	42	75	43	145	85
W C Loveland	73	46	70	44	143	90
C Shumway	72	44	65	44	137	88
F Underwood	46	39	37	38	83	77

CREEDMOOR Dec. 20.—The "Grand Christmas Match," under the direction of the National Rifle Association, was shot to-day. The match was open to all comers and attracted a large number of marksmen. The wind was favorable and the scores were considered excellent. The conditions were five shots at 200 yards, any military rifle within the rules; sporting and military rifles with three pounds pull to allow regular military rifles with six pounds pull one point in ever ten shots. There were some three hundred entries. The highest score of the day was made by Mr. J. H. Brown, with a score of 122 out of a possible 125. The other principal scores were as follows: G. Joiner, 121; T. J. Eolan, 121; W. V. Overeboro, 120; John Smith, 118; Captain J. C. Mallory, 118; A. B. Van Dusen, 118; J. Hassan, 118; A. Hoevelt, 114; William Simpson, 114; A. McInnes, 114; F. Stuart, 113; G. J. Seabar, 113; J. Schroeder, 112; S. A. Day, 111; J. W. Mangam, 110; D. D. Teal, 110; W. A. Dixon, 108; W. Cushing, 109; John James, 108; J. Fraser, 108; H. H. Dunlap, 106; H. R. Schefelin, 106; C. G. West, 101; E. E. Lewis, 103; P. M. Morrow, 102; J. Duane, 101; J. H. Cowperthwaite, 101, and J. Gallerrez, 99. The marksmen who made the above scores will all draw prizes. Among the prizes is an elegant Remington 45-caliber rifle and a 50-caliber Winchester rifle. There were also several baskets of vine and several fine bronze statuettes. Among those present on the grounds were the newly appointed Inspector General of Rifle Practice for this State, C. F. Robbins, and Colonel John Bodine.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 21.—The Rifle Club had their regular meeting at Pine Grove Range to-day. The attendance was unusually good. The scores made were as follows:

Creedmoor Target—Off-Hand.

A S Rice	5	4	4	5	5	4—27
Stedman Clark	4	5	4	5	4	4—26
Frank Wesson	5	4	4	4	4	4—25

Massachusetts Target—Off-Hand.

Stedman Clark	11	9	12	7	11	9	12	10	12	—101
C Dusenbury	10	11	10	10	10	11	10	11	9	—103
S Burton	11	10	10	12	12	8	10	8	12	10—103
C A Allen	10	11	9	10	9	10	11	11	10	11—102
Charles Arthur	10	11	7	12	11	10	12	9	12	10—104
C D Eames	12	6	11	13	8	11	10	10	12	10—102
Frank Johnson	6	12	11	11	10	9	9	10	6	11—98
J W Murphy	10	8	11	9	11	7	8	8	10	8—90

Ring Target—Rest.

H O Wells	9	9	10	6	8	11	11	10	12	11—97

BOSTON, Dec. 19.—The winter shooting season at the Mammoth Rifle Gallery, 655 Washington street, is now fully inaugurated, and the many gentlemen, amateurs and professionals, find the cosy quarters there much preferable to roughing it at the out-of-town ranges. The prize contest is becoming interesting, and the list of competitors receives an addition every day. The leading scores up to last evening were as follows:

U A Pollard	44	45	43	44	44	—220	T F Stetson	41	41	42	43	44—211
T H Bird	43	45	44	44	42	—218	H Lowell	43	43	42	41	41—210
W E Robinson	43	41	43	42	46	—215	J Russell	42	42	42	41	43—210
G W Little	42	43	43	43	43	—214	Ch Morrill	40	41	42	39	40—202
F E Rollins	41	44	42	44	41	—212						

NEWARK, Dec. 21.—The December match of the Newark Rifle Association closed last evening with the Essex to the butt, who won the match with a score of 491 out of a possible 500 points. The Frelinghuysen held the lead throughout the match, but the fine shooting of last evening topped the score. Below is a complete score of all the entering. The next match will take place in January on the Frelinghuysen Range. The Plymouth having won third place in order, will shoot on this range:

Frelinghuysen Team.—Wm. McLeod 48, J. K. Walsh 48, Geo. D. Weigman 47, R. Westerman 47, S. Shackelford 47, A. C. Wenmare 46, Geo. Zimmer 46, Tobin 45, W. F. Lyne 45, Chase 43, total, 469.

Warren Team.—Wolf 45, A. Welsher 45, Burns 45, Nunley 44, Freche 44, Wm. Clare 43, J. H. Cox 40, Alexander 34, A. Hunt 36, Cheeseman 35, total 416.

Nameless Team.—C. Rittenmeyer 46, W. Farrell 45, J. Spearport 44, L. Rively 44, L. Kretchma 43, P. Jaques 42, A. Schmoll, 42, Y. J. Rowe 42, A. Meyer 41, J. Donelly 41, total 435.

Plymouth Team.—J. L. Sommers 47, G. M. Townsend 46, Chas. H. Townsend 46, J. F. Hill 46, P. L. Sommers 46, J. O'Neil 44, M. S. Brade 44, C. E. Baldwin 42, Pollard 42, J. Brower 41, total 444.

Celluloid Team.—Parbery 48, Bamblitz 46, W. O. Lyons 46, M. Puder 45, Vreeland 45, Brant 45, Turner 45, Willet 42, S. Simmonds 42, Whitman 40, total 442.

Domestic Team.—Stroble 43, Wm. Fuller 43, J. Lietz 42, J. Reynolds 42, Young 41, Crocker 41, Wilson 40, Wm. Eaton 38, B. Jeffery 37, McGinniss 37, total 405.

Essex Team.—McCallum 49, Coppersmith 48, Pahls 47, Meisel 47, Hesse 46, Nell 46, Dutcher 46, Welter 45, Felts 45, Watts 42, total 461.

SMALL ARM IMPROVEMENTS.—Col. Lozelle, in the course of a prize article on the "Art of War," in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, says: "By comparison of our service rifle with those of European countries, it will be seen that it is about equal in power to the best except the Austrian gun. In aggregate results of range, penetration, accuracy and rapidity of fire, a gain of power in small arms in the last twenty years may be safely asserted as eight times greater in accuracy, two-thirds greater in range and penetration, and five times greater in rapidity of aimed fire, while the weight of cartridges has been diminished and the number per man that may be carried increased."

THAT SEPPENFELDT CHALLENGE.—New York, Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last week's issue appeared a challenge under the head of the Seppenfeldt Rifle Club In answer we desire to to state that we will accept the same, providing they will agree to strike out the name of the gallery. We will accept no shoot the match at the gallery of the New York Rifle Club, without previous practice by members of either team after the making of the match, or the editor of FOREST AND STREAM to toss up for choice, the team winning the choice to choose either the Zettler or Seppenfeldt gallery. We would also beg leave to say that we would prefer to shoot ten men to ten, so as to give them a chance to beat the champion team, and to increase the stake to any amount agreeable to them. Daniel Patterson, Pres.; N. D. Ward, Sec., Zettler Rifle Club.

THE TRAP.

THE WASHINGTON GUN CLUB of Brooklyn, N. Y., still lives and flourishes, as was shown by the large attendance of members at their shoot on Christmas Day. The competition was for members only; handicap rise, five birds each at expense of club. There were nearly a dozen handsome prizes, all donated by members, among them a handsome sportsman's toilet case, several cleaning rods, gun cases, cartridge bags, etc, etc We append the score: P. McGill, 23yds., 2½; J. Bohling, 23yds., 2; Theo. Obrig, 23yds., 3; H. Altenbrand, 23yds., 3; C. Newton, 23yds., 1; J. Evans, 25yds., 4; W. H. Nolte, 21yds., 2; B. Muench, 23yds., 3; H. F. Konnecamen, 21yds., 2; John Cotter, 25yds., 3½; F. Morgan, 23yds., 3; M. Rontee, 21yds., 2½; A. Rockfeller, 23yds., 2; H. Winains, 31yds., 5; W. E. Trott, 23yds., 5; R. M. Hopps, 23yds., 2; H. Newton, 21yds., 2½; R. Monsees, 23yds., 2; W. Jones, 23yds., 3½. The ties were shot off, miss and out, and the winners in their order took choice of prizes. There was such a bountiful supply of these, that the second best men in each tie also secured one. At the conclusion of the shooting the birds killed were served at supper at the hotel on the grounds, through the kindness of Mr. H. Kornahrens, and the Nassau Club were the guests of the Washingtons. The birds were tender and toothsome, and the little reunion was enjoyed by all.

AILSA CRAIG, Ontario.—The Ailsa Craig Gun Club held a series of matches (open to all) here on Dec. 14 and 15, which were, considering the small amounts of the prizes and the execrable weather, very well attended. All of the events come off with a high wind blowing, and the glass ball match was shot in a driving snow storm. Entries and scores as under:

Dec. 14, Pigeon Match; 10 birds, 21yds, rise, ground traps; ties, 1yd. back for each tie shot, miss and out, otherwise Bogardus rules. Entrance, 15 pigeons and $1.50 cash.

John Morgan	1011110011—7	Jos Ellison	0111001101—6
John Morgan	0001000000—1	R Glynn	0111101111—8
W Wittle	0111100101—5	Jos Lawton	1010111100—6
W Hodgins	0010101000—2	O Seafe	0011011101—6
H C Munro	1111101011—8	John Graham	1101011010—5
John Mitchell	1111100101—7	Joseph Beck	0100111110—6
Carey E Bliss	1111111111—10	Frank Atkinson	0100100000—2
Wm Drought	1110111111—9	T Thirlwell	0000100101—3
Bob Judge	1011111111—9	Wm O'Neil	1010101100—5
J F Stewart	0100001010—3	Wm Elliott	1011100110—6
Capt Dixon	1101100110—6	M Rosenberg	1101001100—5
Colin C Stewart	0000100000—1	Harry Elliber	0110101111—7
James Allen	1011111w		

In shoot off Bob Judge won second and Wm. Drought third, Munro fourth, McEwen fifth and Elber seventh.

Dec. 15, Glass Ball Match; 75 balls, 21yds. rise, Curd's rotary trap; ties, 1yd. back for each tie shot; miss and out; balls furnished by club; Bogardus rules. Entrance, $1.25.

R Truan	1101111111111—13	J Beck	1110111111111—13
R Glynn	0011100111101—10	T Thirlwell	1101010101111—11
J Ellison	1111010101111—11	H Laing	1100110010w
E B Smith	0110111111010—11	T Culbert	1110001100w
Wm Jakson	1100100100w	Jos Elber	1011111111110—13
J McEwen	1011111000111—11	J Lawton	1000111011w
I F Stewart	0100111100101—9	D Crosby	0110011111100w
J Allen	0111001111111—12	W Drought	1111010111101—11
B Judge	0001111010010—8	H C Munro	0000010000010—3

In shoot-off Truan won first, Beck second, Elber third, Smith fifth, Dought sixth.

Rifle match; 100yds.; 3in. bullseye; 21in. target; string measure, any rifle; telescope sights barred; dead rest; 8 shots each. Entrance; 50 cents. J. Campbell, 31-16in.; H. C. Munn, 7in.; W. Robson, 81in.; E. Hepkins, 84in.; J. Morgan, 73in.; W. Weir, 11in.; W. Singular, 114in.; W. Wittle, 55in.; A. Wittle, 34in.; H. C. Munro, 16in.; W. Allen, 46in.; T. Thirlwell. D. S. Cameron, C. Walker and Graham officiated as judges, and R. Tweddle as referee; Hon. W. Barbour, scorer.—W. DROUGHT, Sec.

A LONG DISTANCE CONCENTRATOR.—The following account of a fatal accident at a pigeon match is taken from the *Halifax Courier*, of Yorkshire, England, October 21: "On Thursday Mr. Hill deputy coroner, held at inquest on the body of a lad ten years old, who was accidentally shot at a pigeon shooting match on Monday. Walter Jagger said last Monday afternoon, about 4.30, he was watching the pigeon shooting in company with deceased. All at once the latter fell down, having been struck on the head with something. There was a hole in his head large enough for witness to put his finger in. They were about 135 yards from the shooting ground and in front of them. There was a fence between. William Culpan, landlord of the Half Way House, said he got up the match to shoot at five birds, 21 yards rise, 40 yards fall, and one ounce of shot. No wadding or cartridges were used in the shooting. The guns were loaded with concentrators, contrivances something in the nature of cartridges, by which a quantity of shot was held together until after being discharged. They had always considered 60 or 70 yards from the shooting to be absolutely safe distance, other shooting matches by individuals. He had sent a short time before the accident to clear the field of spectators, but he thought the distance at which deceased was standing perfectly safe Mr. John Whiterson, surgeon, gave the result of a post mortem examination. He found a circular wound, 5-6 of an inch in diameter in the left temple, corresponding in size and shape with one of the gun wads. The skull was fractured from front to back, and the brain protruded. The place had all the appearance of a rifle bullet wound. The Coroner said that shooting matches he did not like, but could not say any kind of conclusion than that the deceased came by his death accidentially by misadventure. It was shown to be a rare occurrence for a concentrator to cause a wound like that described at such a great distance; and it was the first case of the kind of which he had heard. The jury gave a verdict of "Death from gunshot wound by misadventure."

CANNON vs. DAVIS.—South Amboy, N. J., Dec. 25.—Match between W. S. Cannon, the one-armed shooter, of Newark, N. J., and Geo. Davis, of South Amboy, N. J.; 25 birds each, 25yds., 8yds. boundary; trap, find and handle:

W. S. Cannon	1111110001111011101101101101110011,	Total, 25; killed, 23; missed, 12.	
Geo. Davis	1110101110011010001111011111010101.	Total, 25; killed, 23; missed, 12.	

In the shoot off it was decided to allow each contestant 10 birds, to be shot at under same conditions as above specified.

W. S. Cannon—1101111. Shot out opponent.

Geo. Davis—0011100. Shot out by opponent and retired.

Yachting and Canoeing.

OUR ANNUAL TRIP TO THE LOWER BAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While laying off in our yacht's cabin, talking to some friends who had come on board to see us off, the mate informed me that Mr. Wood (for whom we had been waiting) was coming off in the yawl; that the anchor was short and the after canvas "sweated up." "All right, sir, get underway!" As we stretched off into the stream we fell in with other yachts, also bound out. These we soon passed and were congratulating ourselves with the handsome manner our boat behaved when the sloop Alert came up and passed us with a rush, beating us as fast as were beating the fleet. This pancake is 36ft. long, 16ft. beam, and 24in. deep. At sundown she was nearly out of sight. Our yacht is one-third of the loadline in beam, and 1½in. in depth to 1ft. of length over all. Straight keel frame and ballasted with 2ft. treeboard rising perpendicularly from the water surface, draws over 3ft. aft and 14in. forward. Now, what right has a mud-turtle to beat this kind of a boat? True, the wind was light and the water smooth. A sense fog set in after night, and the lookout was continually bawling out, "Hard a starboard" or "Portall to clear the vessels at anchor." We came to at Hognock, a Jersey Helicon, the birthplace of a poet long since defunct, and where apple-jack once flowed from a spring not yet dried up, and undiluted. All hands turned in with the mystery of that spring hanging close about the edges of reality. Had a brush in the morning with two oyster schooners, who slightly bested us in the light airs, but as the wind freshened we got away handsomely, and at Salem Cove, where we anchored, were more than a mile ahead. By this time we had forgotten the thanksgiving we received from the "pancake" the day before. The cove that night was alive with black ducks, and answered our call from every direction. Next day our friend Wood, whose duties as an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad would not permit him to stay longer with us, left for Philadelphia via West Jersey Railroad. As he stepped into the yawl to go on shore he remarked, pointing to the westward, where a dark cloud was rising, "You will have a dirty night of it, Cap.; I'd rather be snugged away under your point; good bye all." Taking the hint we signalled the gunners to board ship, but the repeated booming of their heavy guns gave us to understand that they were not taking any stock in storm signals. The skiff did not come alongside until after dark, and gave us but barely time to board them and get them down before the wind struck us. Finding the yacht stern foremost nearly under water; let go the kedge, stopping her so suddenly as to jerk every man off his feet. The sea came with the wind, and being in the bight of a lee shore, our little ship rolled fearfully, and we soon no longer had need to cross nearly straight out of water, and then plunged headlong into the combing sea up to her mast; her wire stays at every roll were brought to the tension of a fiddle string, and sounded not unlike that instrument while in course of tuning. Would the mast stand? Would the anchors hold? Would our ship ride it out? No sleep! No rest! At daybreak the wind hauled slightly more to the westward, and began to moderate. From four to six feet will be taken off the mast next spring, the gaff lightened, and double head-sail substituted. Had the Alert been with us we would have had a good race. We were told that she was so limber that when a heavy puff struck her she would heel down, while her transom retained its normal position or level; that the cotton crawled out of her seams, and therein lay her great speed. Sloops count for much at this race.

By noon the sea had gone down sufficiently to use the yawl. Mr. Albert, who fortunately survived the late shaking up, got together what was left of him worth taking to his wife and departed. Got under way by the morning, wind still ahead. After a pleasant but rather tedious sail, arrived at our destination. Were not beaten by anything this day. R. G. W.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

MASTHEAD IRON WORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is well known that iron work and fittings are still very much neglected in our yachts. This can be more particularly said of small craft, for in most of them the iron work is of very inferior pattern, shabbily made and of proportions greatly at variance with the strain liable to be applied in critical moments. Considerable progress has been made in late years, but much also remains to be done before blacksmith and outfitter can be commended for work well schemed out and highly finished. The principal fault running through them has been a mistaken idea that lightness where stock is needed for strength in section and for stiffness, and on the other hand, a waste of metal in clumsy appliances which call for no such superfluous provision. It was strikingly illustrated at the time the cutter Madge lay in the Sewanhaka Basin in the company of a number of sloops of about her size. The difference in workmanship was most apparent. Aboard the foreign yacht every bolt, cavil, pin, strap or eye was patterned with a special view to the duty expected, and all were finished in detail to perfection. Our yachts, per contra, betrayed a certain unpardonable haste in their fittings, the crude approximations of minds and hands inexperienced, and often a complete disregard for the consequences of negligent or incompetent supervision. Our builders seem to start with the assumption that rigging is a matter of secondary importance, and that any sort of woe work which will put hull, spars and gear to a crucial test of strength and endurance. If this be true of large yachts, it is doubly so of craft of modest pretensions as to size. Builders are, however, not altogether to blame. The standard of excellence ruling among our yachting classes as a whole being still rather low and not very exacting, the question has always been how to produce the biggest vessel for the least money, instead of the most perfect. We had been educated in America to such false notions concerning model, that size became an imperative adjunct to reasonable safety and accommodations.

Small boats which are sloal were so notoriously dangerous and pos essed such cramped cabin comforts, that every one strained for more room. Then came the centerboard craft. Naturally the builder sought to meet his customers' wishes Hence poor fastening in hull, hand-n e-town rig, scanty dimity and the more or less poverty-stricken appearance so many yachts present in all but their gorgeous paint. The remedy below, which, appealing to the new yachtsman's understanding more forcibly than other really important considerations, profited in lavish display by every dollar saved on hull and on rig. Our small yachts being nothing more than the merest fair weather butterflies, with no pretensions to other than mild weather service, and the charge of inattention and neglect being laid at a degree proportional to their tonnage. There are, of course, exceptions to this charge, particularly where an experienced yachtsman's eye has had supervision of the building, or where specifications from a designer have been closely followed. With the general awakening to a better appreciation of the opportunities small yachts offer for a thorough participation in the sport of sailing in the broadest interpretation, more attention should be given to the iron work of small craft, as they are fair to meet an importune moment and some lamentable disaster may result which will give a serious set-back to the impetus that branch of yachting is now fortunately feeling.

As an example of masthead iron work some working drawings accompany this communication. They were designed by me for a new set of caps for a cutter of three tons, measuring 30ft. loadline, 31ft. over all, and 7ft. beam, with 3ft. 6in. draft. For yachts of small tonnage I would recommend pole masts as the simplest and most reliable, making always the pole heads above the rounded deck sufficient to swing a good-sized topsail, and is regularly stayed by wire to the bowsprit cap, and a shroud each side with a backstay in addition, if ballooners are a part of the owner's vanity. But the stoutest and most reliable is the jury rig, with housing topmast of impo-ing lightness, and it was never my desire to depart from original rig. She had been launched for short moorings by some lubber, and had the topmast twisted out of her, the spar holding while the caps gave way at the weld, one of them being wrenched half round, like so many corkscrew candy.

The internal diameters of the caps were not a matter of choice, but had to be fitted to the spars as they were found, the drawings being intended as general guides, subject to such variations as each case may require. The upper cap is made simply of two rings of 3-16 iron, stayed the proper distance apart, to give a fair lead to the topmast, by braces of the same thickness, one on each side, welded at the ends to the caps. The depth of the latter should be enough to give good bearings on the mastheads for the topmast enough to prevent a sharp, racing nip when buckled to leeward. A stout eye is securely riveted and welded to the back to take one of the peak blocks. For want of enough taper or shoulders the upper cap was held from working down by a ¼-in. screw each side, the holes giving ship to one point only, as shown. The lower cap is somewhat peculiar. In place of dropping solid over the masthead, it had to be slipped over sundry riveted eyeboits for the peak halliards in the masthead, and for that purpose was left open aft and clamped by screws when in place. The bounds, or shoulder, on the mast having been pretty well chafed away, the cap was further secured by four ¼-in. screws. The forward half, for the reception of the topmast heel and fid, was of less depth and secured by a strong weld to the rest. Two horns projected upward 3½in. on the clamping ends for the accommodation of the crosstrees or spreader. Their object was to lift the crosstrees

up clear of the eyes of the rigging, as the oak spreader was cut with jaws in the center to grasp the mast half way round, for the better securing with extra long wood screws. As a chair or support for the oak spreader I devised a short iron one to go underneath. This was a flat bar 1¼in. wide in the middle, with tapering ends, and 18in. long over all. Two lugs were "jumped" on this by the blacksmith at a distance of 1¼in. apart, as shown in the section on the drawings. After the lower cap had been secured, this chair was rested on the horns of the cap, the lugs coming outside the horns and the two ¼-in. bolts passing clear through the horns and lugs. The nuts were then screwed up tight, some thin washers being used between the horns and lugs to make close faying work. In this way I had a secure foundation 18in. long, on top of which the oak spreader was held with a couple of ⅜-in. rivets in each arm. The object in devoting more care to the crosstrees than usual was to supply something rigid and perfectly trustworthy, so that a hand up aloft to clear things, for a lookout, or to reeve outgear, would not have life or limbs imperiled by a fall from his aerial position through something giving way, and also to keep the crosstrees square at all times. Nothing looks more lubberly in the nautically educated eye than a spreader bent or cockbilled, and having my feelings lacerated daily by the sight of gawky, spiderish spreaders askew aboard other yachts, I made amends by the device just described aboard the cutter in question. It should be added that a link was slipped over the lower bolt to take the upper block of the throat. The edges of the caps and iron chair were beveled for neatness and the whole galvanized.

My experience in having this work carried out, may serve as a warning. Having no faith in "intuitive talent" among mechanics, and knowing how they work by thumb rule, I was anxious that my own plans should be carried out in detail, and for that reason put them on paper in the shape of working drawings, with the dimensions and a variety of cautionary remarks in red ink, also informing the blacksmith, as he is of the best in the trade, that should he be able to work in any iron in his shop, he might vary slightly to suit his stock. In spite of this, the sight of the sketches with the multitude of harmless figures, so frightened the good man that he declared such fine and complicated work beyond his usual practice, and he would have to "charge extra," as it would take him double the time ordinarily spent upon such work. Being in a hurry, I told him to heave ahead and "charge extra," so he got the job out as fast as he could. Well, he did charge extra, and in the haste to be off on a cruise, the charge was paid without a murmur. The blacksmith was a constitutionally honest fellow, I am convinced, but, like most of his kind, got frightened at figures, and no doubt spent hours divining the meaning of the sketches, and made many slips which had to be corrected at a loss of time and material. In the future I will guarantee fifty per cent. discount on plain drawings to scale, and no figures or notes, or better yet, a pasteboard model which mine honest Vulcan can comprehend at a glance with no further cudgeling of the brain. The worst of it was that the worthy knight of the anvil ventured upon some fine notions of his own, and came near making the usual botch job the drawings were intended to prevent. Thus he made the braces in the upper cap as wide as the caps themselves, and actually welded the caps in the whole distance between them! He volunteered braces each side the lower cap as well, thereby detracting from appearances and adding much weight just where it was not wanted. When asked why he had taken such liberties, the sturdy wielder of the sledge excused his extra trouble by saying "he had always made them that way." Now, "that way" was the very thing I sought to avoid, as my way was far neater, and provided three times the strength of the old caps, and more than was actually required, "the factor of safety" having been fully considered in getting out the plans. All I got for my trouble and expense was a job ugly to look at and heavy enough for a yacht three times the tonnage of the cutter. A friend proffered sympathy by saying, "I told you so: you have to stand right over them while they are doing it." Considering the basciusmith who tackled the job has ironed innumerable yachts, and is known most favorably in that particular line, I am forced to conclude my friend about right, and wonder what sort of looking animals those yachts must be aloft upon close inspection. C. P. K.

WORKING UP IN A NORTHWESTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One afternoon cook and I were shooting over our decoys at a point on the Delaware Bay shore. The wind had been blowing northwest down the bay for several days. My gun lay across my left arm, ready for use, yet several bunches of ducks had passed over our decoys unmolested. "Mark!" my companion, as he brought his large open palm down on my shoulder; "see, a big bunch of ducks are coming right for our stools; now, Billy, why in thunder can't we go up the bay? "Don't know, Cap," and his round, good-natured face assumed an unwonted curiousness, "guess our ship has not got hold enough." I knew this, and the cook's foresight rather added to my chagrin. I shook myself up, however, and when I returned to the yacht our game compared favorably with the rest. Wind still N. W. and making ice, as it had been for ten days previous. Two sloops, twice as large as ours, with really less displacement, lay close aboard. We had made up our minds to give the little boat a trial, and had rubbed in a smooth treble reef and "bobbed" the jib. Can you conceive a more lubberly rig? The wind was still from the old quarter, and the flood tide got up a nasty short-chop sea. "Guess we'll be poking up the bay to-day," said the captain of one of the sloops as we filled away under his stern. I can see his broad, derisive grin even as I write this. We had trimmed the yacht considerably more by the head, to give her a hold and done all we could to help out a bad rig, and, in fact, not much better shape. Well, let me make a clean breast of it. We came back washed out, and glad to get back at that. Did we anchor near those two turtle-back sloops? Hardly. These worthies that sail over the marsh in a heavy dew would have given a hundred dollars apiece if their vessels could have done what we tried to do and failed. We had a pleasant trip and were successful in taking game. Our party was a unit all the time. But our little ship, good as she was, as I said before, was not good enough, and I feel put out about it. Shortly after our return I was talking to Mr. Middleton, a wealthy yacht owner, who always believed in dishboats; but he has gone to the other extreme, having sailed in the same boat with your correspondent and passed through the same humiliating and exasperating detention.

We had, of course, some laughable experiences trying to work up the Delaware Bay in the blow, but those on board will, perhaps, excuse me giving all away to the public. THE CAPTAIN.

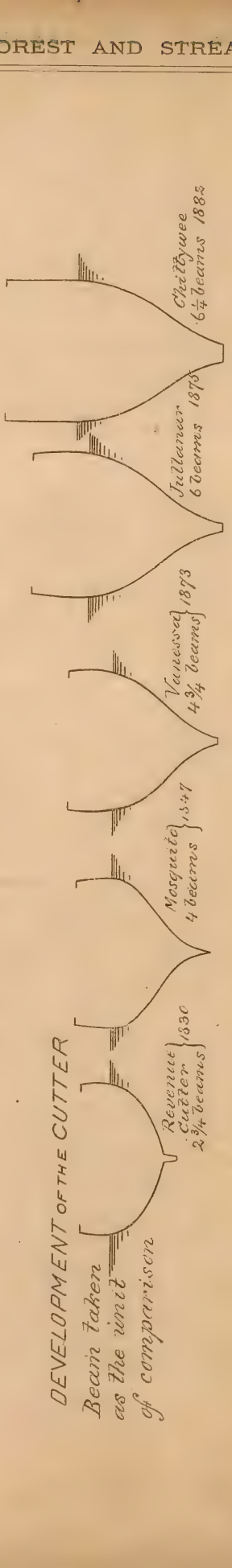
CRUISING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

GROCERY wagons, carpenters, painters, and riggers made a lively picture as the Katie gray, eleven tons, lagged at her lines in the old harbor, Oswego, on the afternoon of September 5th. Two o'clock her owner and crew, amateurs, were hard at work in their several departments of business, with no thoughts of a cruise, at five o'clock the boys were swinging their hats at the fast-receding Katie, bowling up the south shore of Ontario with a fair wind, steering W. ¾ S. Fair Haven, fifteen miles, was passed when out one hour and twenty-five minutes; passed Genesee lights at midnight. The wind died away, and for two hours we lay as were the stars which shone bright and clear. An hour tells we noticed the smoke from our pipes curling itself under the main boom and drifting lakeward. We soon had a pleasant breeze from the land and went plowing along on our course, with water smooth as a pond. Passed the Devil's Nose and were auressed of Oak Orchard when the land breeze fell, soon after daylight. Our crew of five were all in high spirits—as we rounded the watch, for our little stove was doing good work toward breakfast—at the splendid run we were making, very few, if any of our yachtsmen than sing it at all probable that we would succeed in running almost the entire length and across Lake Ontario in the time necessary to witness the first day's regatta of the Royal Canadian Y. C. The first night out, as yachtsmen know, sleeping on watch or even below is not indulged in to the extent that follows when accustomed to it. The sun rose a fiery ball, and indications of unsteady weather were visible. Softly a light air came, rippling the glassy surface of the lake and spreading a darker shade as far as the eye could reach to the north and eastward. Our pipes were "steamed up," chart consulted, and we were soon slipping along lazily, carrying squaresail; at eight bells we were carrying all our light sails; from about that hour I date the finest run and pleasantest day's sail, on or off record. A large fore and aft schooner which was hull down ahead of us at breakfast time was in like manner over our stern when luncheon was spread at mid-day. As soon as our hardtack was smoked snugly down, we perched ourselves along the cabin top, the Doctor's tenor started in, and "the Sweet Singer of Ontario" brought butterflies and birds of the sea from their haunts.

The fun and enjoyment, among congenial tastes, of yachting life is too well known and loved among yachtsmen to be logged, and to those who have never experienced it I say, go and try it. While one of the crew was forward looking to the pulling of our balloon sails, he sighted land over our starboard bow. We had been steering W. by N. all day and expected to sight the north shore more abreast of us; examined the compass and found that the pivot on which the card revolves had become loose and allowed the card to cant to the side of the box, where it had remained stationary. We were fifteen miles out of our course; we lost no time in bearing away to the westward; the wind was now fresh and our sheets were taut and straining. Everything in the shape of canvas aboard was rigged to do something. The constantly increasing wind only resulted in our setting the staysail back of the balloon jib to ease it. The water was leaping in over the bows and out through the scuppers. The first glimmer of the lights along shore as we dashed by seemed to hurry us along; darkness settled down and the breeze grew a little colder: it was exciting, as we were going faster than any of us had ever gone before, and the large spread of canvas threatened to take something out, but "the little cherub who sits up aloft" deserted us not. At 7 o'clock Toronto light was abreast of us: the exposition grounds were illuminated by the electric light; the effect from the lake was grand, especially to us, as we had been in total darkness, nothing to attract the eye but the binnacle lamp, and now and then a lighthouse far off. Coming suddenly in view of the electric display, we didn't know what to make of it; one of our crew were even accused of being navigators to the degree of spiritual fear, but the careless sweeping of a sleeve across the vision, the rather strong grip on the marine glass were evidences of weariness, at which we were forced to laugh at the time. As we got well into the bay the wind died down, leaving us finally entirely. An artillery band was making a great demonstration near the docks, so we were entertained. A little breath of air would now and then give a little motion to the yacht. We dropped anchor opposite the Toronto Yacht Club House at 10 o'clock, having made the run from Oswego light to Toronto light in twenty-six hours. Took our dinggy and boarded the yacht Gracie, of Belleville, expecting to find her good captain and owner, R. M. Roy, Esq. She had come up in racing trim and crew. Proceeded to telegraph office and informed friends at home of our arrival.

Our first day in the much Americanized city of Toronto was most enjoyably spent, winding up in the evening with a grand dinner, the compliments of Capt. Hugh Dennis, whose 35-tonner (centerboard) Cygnet won the Prince of Wales cup, downing the big Aileen and the famous Verve from across the sea. It was a proud day for our generous host, no less so Mr. Rob't Wood, of Boston, who turned the spokes on the Cygnet. The following day we made sail and took in the points of interest. There was a fresh breeze in the bay. We came to at Hanlan's dock, with a courtesy to "Ned" as we hauled our mainsheet home. Our Yankee yacht ensign at the peak caught the spirit of the thing, and stood out straight, saying to the aping Canadians, "I've come across the water; I'm superior to you, and am going to make myself at home" (no reflection on the hospitable Britishers, but a Yankee will roar). The island, or Hanlan's island, as it may as well be called, is a strip of land directly opposite the city. It contains Hanlan's Hotel, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club House the Wiman swimming baths, several fine summer residences and the lighthouse. Soon after dark some rascally inclined devil cut our cable while all hands were ashore. How the yacht drifted clear of the surrounding yachts, and of passing craft, is a mystery. She was found three miles from her anchorage, beached; no harm happened her. We were informed that the attention of the yacht Alarm was called to the drifting Katie; we did not credit the information. A jolly, manly crew we met from Hamilton, on the yacht Coquette. Among the party was a titled Irishman—Lord Boyle—a very clever fellow and an enthusiastic yachtsman. This party entertained us at the Queen's Hotel. This house, which is under the proprietorship of Commodore McGaw, of the Toronto Yacht Club, we found a most delightful place to put up at. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club House was our headquarters next day. Whether we were tough-looking customers or what, we don't know; but we must candidly say that we were somewhat surprised, after the efforts the Oswego Yacht Club had put forth to enhance the pleasure of the R. C.'s, that so formal and light a greeting was ours. However, the manners and customs of all nations are not identical. Tuesday, the 12th, was our last day in Toronto. The morning was spent in storing the ice and usual goods for a voyage. KATIE GRAY.



MORE NEW CUTTERS.

BESIDES the new cutters already specified in these columns, we learn with pleasure that two more real yachts are at present under way. Upon the eve of departure for England, Mr. John Harvey was detained with a couple of new jobs. One of these has been finished, the contract signed and the work commenced by Mr. Myers, of City island. He is getting out the keel for a cutter of about seven tons yacht measurement, to the order of Messrs. Zerega and Rathbone. In type and general arrangements she will be similar to the Wasp, illustrated recently in this journal, but with 1½ft. more beam and about 6in. less depth. Length on loadline, 35ft.; length over all, 41ft.; beam, 7½ft.; draft, 6½ft.; displacement, 13 tons. This yacht presents such novel and satisfactory features that the plans are worthy of the place in our columns which will be shortly accorded them. She shows a noteworthy combination of economy with great accommodations and ability, being in all these respects a vast improvement upon current New York customs. Ballast consists of eight tons of lead, some five of which will be on the keel and the rest outside. Hoist of mainsail, 32ft.; main boom, 31ft.; gaff, 21ft.; bowsprit, outboard, 14ft. Area lower sails, 1,000 sq. ft. She will be flush decked fore and aft, with a blind cockpit, or possibly with a shoal well. In order that this well may not interfere with the ladies' stateroom in the run, the post will be carried out to the end of the loadline, as generally the custom, which, with a moderate rake to the post, will carry the rudder head sufficiently far aft to introduce a drop floor cockpit abaft the cabins below. There will be no hatch forward of the mast, access to the forecastle being had by the forward panel of the main skylight. This will be located about amidships, and being narrow, leaves broad gangways each side, giving far more available deck room than found aboard the house encumbered deck of a sloop of twice the beam. On the quarterdeck will be a quadrant companion, and, completely separated from it, the cockpit, with a scuttle leading to the sailroom, and space for nets and trawls.

In broadside this new cutter will be almost a fac simile of the Wasp, having 2ft. 10in. for least freeboard to top of planksheen, but showing a regular cutter's square tuck instead of an elliptic counter. The cabins below are remarkable for their spaciousness and economy in arrangements. We find standing height fore and aft from stem to post. Along any forecastle for a couple of hands and the galley with a passageway on starboard side communicating with the main cabin. On port side of the passageway is a w. c. and dressing room, with lockers and shelving. The ladder to the forcastle lands in the passageway. The main cabin has a comfortable berth each side, the upholstering at the sides being carried up to shoulder height, also *elageres* of neat design at the forward ends. The companion is between bulkheads, each side being utilized for pantry and locker space. The ladder, when swung round on pivots to one side, admits of entry to the stateroom aft. This shows a wide berth each side, and a seat with dressing cases at the after end. On the under side of the ladder arrangements for washing are supplied. The overhang is devoted to sailroom and general stowage.

The yacht will be copper fastened to the wales, fully fitted and supplied with all but cabin furniture, and the sails will tally mainsail, foresail, three jibs and two topsails. Anchors, chains, galley, ballast, boat, davits, joiner-work and rig to be delivered by the builder. Total price, $8,000. Iron ballast could be used just as well as lead, as there is plenty of room below the floor to concentrate it as much as desired, and from four to five tons can be readily hung to the keel. When so ballasted, a difference of $300 may be deducted, making the cost of the yacht only $7,700! Now mark, there never was built a sloop of her loadline length in New York showing as much floor below, or as wide gangways on deck, or anything like the privacy and accommodations or headroom, or a rig as small by a third, or as well built, or as safe and able, or as fully and highly finished, for anything like the sum it takes to own such a smart, handsome craft as this cutter. It is no wonder such yachts are steadily gaining in favor as rapidly as familiarity with facts removes unfounded prejudice and the stupid libels current among those opposed to innovations upon practice which had its origin in the river sailing of half a century ago.

CRUISE IN THE SNOW.

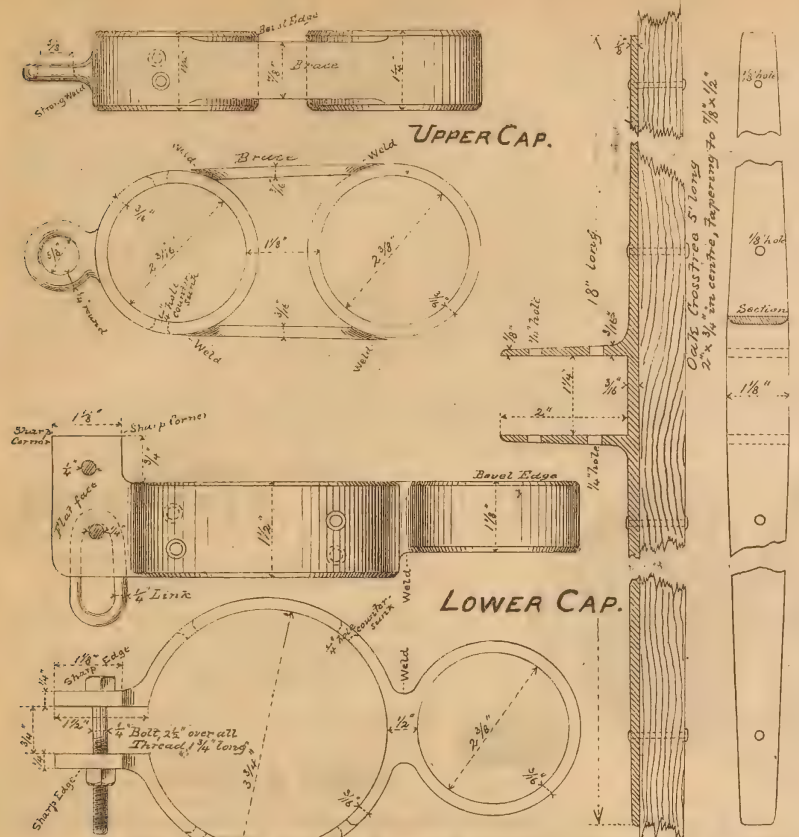
[Continued.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I did not intend to further trespass upon your good nature, but am induced to send the finale of that snow cruise, by the receipt of several letters in general, and one in particular, from a very pleasant deep keel correspondent, who was curious to know what happened to the skipper after anchoring in Cos Cob River, and how he kept comfortable on a sharpie.

Time, 6 P. M. Scene, cabin of sharpie, 9ft.x12ft.x4ft. 10in. of head room. Lamp lighted, warm fire in stove. Skipper makes coffee, toasts bread, elaborates a Welsh rarebit, eats, drinks and just revels in hearing the storm howl outside. Reclines on oil cushion, with feet to fire and reads a capital story called "Vice Versa" until 2 A. M.

Turned in and slept the sleep of a passably honest tar until 9 in the morning. Cooked and ate breakfast. Poked nose out of companionway and discovered that everything on deck and aloft was covered with snow and frozen solid. Also noted many wild ducks flying near. Wind N. W. and cold? Whew! But those ducks; must have some of them. So overhauled decoys, and anchoring in skiff some two hundred yards from sharpie, blazed away until frozen nearly stiff, and returned to ship in a couple of hours with twelve nice, plump birds, every one of them shot on the wing with No. 6 shot, and not a sin-



gle poor cripple knocked over and left to die a miserable death. Spent afternoon and evening reading and snugging things up. Next morning started for home, wind still howling from N. W., and cold! Well, yes! The wind was fair, however, and the skipper left his mainsail furled, or rather frozen in a solid mass. Trimmed driver sail and jib to the correct angle. Put sharpie on her course, about S. W., and seeing the sound was well clear of other vessels, went below, shut the doors, and kept the cabin warm. Sharpie sailed some eight miles without her captain once touching the tiller. Shot a duck and wounded it so that it could manage to dive about twenty feet whenever approached.

Lay ship to, with driver flat and jib weather, jumped into skiff, picked up duck after much chasing, and returned to sharpie. Arrived home, embraced family, and have been nursing an interesting influenza ever since. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I.

OSWEGO Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the pleasantest occurrences of the yachting season was enjoyed by the officers of the Oswego Y. C. on the evening of the 19th inst. Upon invitation of Commodore Mott our local yachtsmen assembled at his residence for the purpose of "wafting" their ideas and fixing the policy of the club for the season of '83. With the makeup of the prominent yacht clubs before them in their handsome little books, a signal code, uniform, etc., were drafted, taking what appeared to be the best and simplest, not omitting to dispense with all gilt and brass in the uniform, black club-bottom and double-breasted sack coat being conspicuous enough for the "toilers of the lake." Mr. A. B. Parker was appointed chairman of the regatta committee. Mr. P. can handle the matter in good shape, as he has had several experiences and is a worker. The Commodore's dining room was visited, where a most elegant spread was awaiting attack. It is not necessary to state that the entertainment was perfect, for all who have met Commodore Mott know that he never fails or wavers.

The club's fleet consisted of the following: Schooner, Rhoda, 30 tons. Sloops, Ella, 19; Laura, 12; Katie Gray, 11; Fascination, 11; Vixen, 7; Maud, 3, and others. The club house, which is handily situated, will have to be moved in the spring, it being on the line of a projected addition to the railway pier. There is still plenty of good ground; no trouble is anticipated in changing basis. Oswego, with its new breakwater, furnishes one of the most desirable harbors possible, the lake, its broad blue waters, with its many ports and bays the novelty of the short run across to a country of different people and manners; the near and always available St. Lawrence, where the Thousand Islands afford deep water and all the interest of a summer resort, with beauties unrivaled in attraction. The Oswego Y. C. would give a yachtsman's greeting to all craft from any quarter, who might be pleased to spend a few days on the Erie, where they can enjoy the summer breezes, and where the tide never turns nor the barnacle reaps. K. G.

Yachting on the lakes is looking up fast. The great inland seas are destined to boast a very large fleet of able yachts of moderate tonnage in the near future. The policy pursued by the clubs will have much influence in furthering the good ends of the sport. So far the clubs have not only kept up with the times, but on some points have gone ahead of the conventionalities of the Atlantic seaboard. It is the rule on the lakes to open matches to all comers, thereby giving to racing a dignity and broad influence which mutual admiration affairs, limiting entries to one club, can never attain. There is also discernable in many quarters a praiseworthy inclination to distant cruising, creating a demand for seaworthy boats which the experience of the future will no doubt find satisfied in deep keel yachts with outside ballast. Safety and ability to cope satisfactorily with a short sea we deem two more important requisites to lake yachts than models conforming to cutter principles are sure to be appreciated when once fairly tried. We have in preparation a number of designs of small yachts actually built or building, to which the attention of lake yachtsmen is especially called. These designs will appear in our January numbers. We do not think many of sand bag tossers of the old New York style worthy of regard or confidence where sailing is to be done outside the smooth water of small harbors, and advise those intending to build or buy to give depth and safety the weight they deserve in their choice if they wish to get most service from their vessels. Whether much or little beam is to be adopted is a matter to be decided upon considerations of economy in build and running, snugness of rig, limitations to draft and accommodations below, covering all of which much evidence of importance will be found in current numbers.]

YACHTING IN AMERICA.—Last year American yachting experienced a flutter of excitement in the victories of the little Scotch ten-tonner Madge, who had at her mercy in all her races the sloops of New York and Boston. These triumphs, without precedent, the fresh successes which the fifteen-ton cutter Maggie, sent to America from England this year, has achieved over the American sloops; the trials also made this year in the United States with several cutters after the English idea, all seem to have prepared a coming revolution in American construction. The Americans, seeing the recent progress of yachting in England, have lost that confidence they used to have in their centerboard boats, and they would not now dare to race at Cowes, as they did in 1852, with a hundred-ton sloop. The old Style of Geo. Steers, which still exists, would without doubt have a hard job with the new English racing cutter Vanduara and Samoena. We find, therefore, two systems actually present in America; one seeks to conserve the old type with centerboard, light and shoal; the other seeks the adoption of the new English type, the boat of great draught, narrow beam and great displacement. Each system has its enthusiastic partisans who claim naturally superiority for what they believe in. . . . The cutters had sails of English make from Lapthorn & Ratsey. Who would have thought, after the admiration bestowed upon the sails of the America in 1854, that English sails, by a singular return of appreciation and fashion, would in 1882 be considered superior in America to those of home manufacture. We must expect next year prodigeous efforts in American yachting in the battle between cutter and sloop. Opinion is highly excited, but it cannot be doubted that next year will give the solution which has been sought for in vain this year. We are interested directly in this question in France, for having no constructions of our own, we float about undecided, occasionally given to old American ideas, then again to those of English origin. The experience America is about to indulge in must be to our profit.—*L. More, in Le Yacht.*

CHICAGO NOTES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular quarterly meeting of the Farragut Boat and Yacht Club occurred last Wednesday night at the club house, foot of Twenty-fifth street. There was a full attendance present. C. L. Washburn, C. L. Stevens and C. K. Ballard were elected active members, and Lincoln A. Brown and George W. Hancock associate members. The officers were ordered to purchase a fine paper-shell four-oared racing boat, to be used in the regattas of next year. Resolutions were adopted in memory of S. W. McArthur, a member recently deceased. Applications from several gentlemen to become members were referred to the committee on membership. The yacht Burke was rated and signals given her. It was decided to try and hold a rowing and sailing regatta combined here next summer. J. Thorpe, one of our enthusiastic canoers, informs your correspondent that in ten days or so he goes by rail to St. Louis, accompanied by his famous Rob Roy canoe Birdwing, and that he will start from that city in his canoe for New Orleans. He goes down the Mississippi River.

BEDOUIN.—An interview in the *Herald* recently started afresh the nonsensical tales about Bedouin's being wet and heeling to an uncomfortable angle in the Seawanhaka races last October. We have the testimony of the pilot who shipped aboard the Bedouin for those races, as follows: "Why, sir, I went aboard of her thoroughly prejudiced against such craft. I came back completely converted. There was my pea jacket lying on the gratings all day and not a drop ever got near to wet it." As for the stuff bandied round about her crew hanging on tooth and nail to keep from sliding overboard, it is too absurd to require refutation. We may say that we have been informed by those on board that they found the cutter remarkably comfortable, and that a lady enjoyed the third day's racing in the sea and never thought of laying hold with nails or teeth. The fables to the contrary are best characterized in the language of our informants as "perfect rot."

YAWLS.—In 1861 there were only about thirty yawl-rigged yachts in British waters, one of them, by the way, being the old Julia, who gained fame by beating the American sloop Sylvie, modelled by Geo. Steers, in 1853, and owned at the time, we believe, by the late Commodore Stebbins, of the New York Y. C. Up to 1865 only few more yawls were added, the merits of the rig for cruising not yet being appreciated. It was not until 1866 that the first match, open to the rig only, was sailed under auspices of the Royal Thames Y. C. In 1870 there were about one hundred yawls; in 1878 the number had increased to 350, and now there are probably over 500 in the British fleet, with the rig fast gaining in popularity.

YAWL FOR BUFFALO.—Mr. Gustav Grahn, well known as the maker of the best model yachts in America, has sent a handsome little yawl to Mr. C. M. Cordell, of Buffalo, as an example of a safe, handy little cruiser. The model is 31in. water line, 7in. beam, and has 7½lbs. lead on her keel. She is pronounced a very handsome piece of workmanship, perfect in detail and to scale throughout. From what we hear, it is likely several boats like her will be built full size for use on the lakes, where yachtsmen have plenty of opportunities to appreciate the value of depth and safety in the short chop which works up at short notice on our inland seas.

HANDICAPS.—The London *Field* says: "For racing mixed rigs handicaps may be occasionally resorted to, but it is devoutly to be hoped that they will be sparingly used, and that no attempt will be made to bring together vessels of widely different capabilities by abnormal time allowance. Above all it is to be hoped that such an amazing absurdity as sealed handicaps will never be heard of again."

NEW SINGLE HAND YACHT.—W. P. Stephens, of Staten Island, is to build a single hand yacht like the design published in this journal October 19, for a gentleman in Providence, R. I. Just the kind of boat, we should say, for Narragansett Bay and near-by waters. This is the fifth single hander now under construction in New York.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—The following officers were elected for 1883: Commodore, W. S. Greacen; Vice-Commodore, W. H. Rowe; Measurer, W. H. Stone; Steward, E. Gosenheimer; President, R. P. H. Abell; Vice-President, Isaac M. Vail; Secretary, Charles M. Armstrong; Treasurer, Joseph A. Weaver.

CANOES IN NEW ZEALAND.—At Auckland there is quite a fleet of canoes, mostly of the Rob Roy pattern, with one or two sailing canoes on Nautilus lines. The sport is becoming fashionable.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. A. M., Skowhegan, Me.—See next issue.

C. A. R., Allegheny City, Pa.—Rabbit skins are not strong enough for gloves.

P. S. M. C., Portland, Me.—Coues's "Key to North American Birds" is out of print. The price was $7.

G. S., Marion, O.—For dimensions of the Creedmoor and Massachusetts targets see answer in issue of Dec. 14.

W. E. B., Oakdale, L. I.—Wild rice may be bought of Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., or R. Valentine, Janesville, Wis.

C. H. P., Danvers, Mass.—What is necessary to get carp for stocking purposes, and what season is best for stocking? Ans. Write to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York city. This is a good time.

E. G. K., Steele, D. T.—Try Batty's "How to Hunt and Trap," price $1.50; or Gibson's "Tricks of Trapping," price $1. We can supply either.

W. B. R., Waynesburgh, Pa.—The gun is perhaps sufficient; many find it so. A repeating rifle would be the best arm for Rocky Mountain work.

I. Y., Lynn, Mass.—Can I do anything to increase the pace of my dog, and will he be likely to hunt faster with experience? Ans. Read "Training vs. Breaking," which contains the information you wish.

TEXAS INQUIRER.—The model of the arm of which you inquire is a discarded one, and we should not advise its purchase. There are excellent repeating rifles in the market, but you cannot expect to buy a good weapon for a song.

W. A. R., Plymouth, N. H.—What is the original color of the fur seal, and have they long hair which is plucked out for general use. Ans. The color is a very dark gray, almost a black. The long hair is always removed in the sealskin of commerce.

SALMON FALLS, N. H.—1. Where and at what price can I buy "Practical Taxidermy?" 2. Do the pine grosbeak and crossbills have duller colors as they grow older, as stated in "Bonaparte's Ornithology?" Ans. 1. We can furnish it, price 50 cents. 2. Their colors grow brighter with age, at least until the bird's vigor begins to fail.

W. C. H.—Buffalo, N. Y.—For shooting at this season of the year, you cannot do better than to go to the Gulf Coast, or to the mouth of the Roanoke River, in North Carolina. At the latter place you will find wildfowl, and back in the interior quail. The Gulf Coast is further off, but you will be repaid by abundance of wildfowl to be found there.

RAZOR, Wrightsville, Pa.—1. Is it advisable to keep puppies out of doors during winter? Will a dog house be sufficient protection for them? 2. I am the owner of several fine beagle hounds and I think I could get a premium on some of them if exhibited; but I cannot afford to accompany my dogs to the show. Is there a way of exhibiting dogs without the owner's presence, and would they be well taken care of? Are the expenses great, and how am I to go about it? 3. What would be the proper charge for a 10-bore muzzle-loader? Ans. 1. If the kennel is well filled with straw and in a sheltered place they will do very well. 2. You can safely send your dogs to the secretary of the show, who will see that they are well cared for. The only expense will be the cost of transportation and the entry fee. 3. 3½ to 3 drams of powder and ¾ to 1 ounce of shot.

T. C., Wading River, L. I.—1. I send you a bird for identification which I shot yesterday, and a neighbor shot two more. I think it a pine grosbeak, but find it called in the State work by De Kay, pine bullfinch. 2. One of our neighbors killed a few weeks ago an opossum in his hen house, and I hear of two being killed on Strong's Neck this fall. Is not this uncommon for Long Island, and where did they come from? 3. If the sale of game in the New York market were to be prohibited at, or soon after, the season for shooting expires, would it not have a good tendency in the direction of game protection? Ans. 1. The bird is the pine grosbeak or pine bullfinch (*Pinicola enucleator*). See recent issues of this journal for an account of its habits. 2. Quite unusual, we think. Have any others of our readers noted their occurrence recently on Long Island? 3. No doubt it would have a very beneficial effect.

FACT AND FANCY.

J. L. Shirley, of Dallas County, Texas, went out hunting, and, forgetting to take a supply of wads, used paper in lieu of them. Returning he interested himself in the game bag, but he had $300 in paper money in the same pocket with his wadding, and, after shooting away over $50 in bills, found that he was, perhaps, the only man in the country who used greenbacks for wads.

Statistics are published in India of persons and domesticated animals killed in 1881 by snakes and wild beasts, also of snakes and wild beasts killed by men. Snakes alone in that year are declared to have destroyed 18,670 human lives, and wild animals 2,757 lives. The lives of 43,609 cattle, in the same period, were taken by snakes and wild animals. The number of snakes destroyed during the year was 254,967 and wild animals 15,274.

One of the heroes, we should say heroines, of Tel-el-Kebir, is an old Irish setter named Juno, belonging to the 1st Battalion, Gordon Highlanders. She "rushed the intrenchments at the head of the troops amid a rain of bullets and came off without a scratch. Juno has long been a pet of the regiment. When the order came to proceed to Egypt everyone said that she must go too; and go she did, to the delight of the men.

Old miners have a great respect for rats of the lower levels, says the Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise*. They neither kill the rats nor suffer them to be killed by green hands. In the first place, were there no other reason, a dead rat left underground would scent up a whole level, and, in the second place, the living rats devour any bones, scraps of meat or fragments of other food left in the mines, which would, by their decay, vitiate the air, generally hot and unpleasant at best. Rats also give warning when a cave is about to occur. They feel the pressure of the settling ground even before the cracking of the timbers is heard, and come forth upon the floors and scamper uneasily about by scores. For these and other reasons the miners have a friendly feeling toward the rats, feeding and protecting them. In nearly every mine the men have one or more of the little animals as pets, and these are quite tame, coming out of their holes to be fed at lunch time. When rats come into a new drift or crosscut it is considered a good sign—is thought to mean that the men will strike ore. The other day, while the men were at work in the face of the new west crosscut on the 2,700 level of the Sierra Nevada mine, a rat came to them, traveling along the line of the compressed air pipe. Some of the new hands wanted to kill it, but the old miners would not allow it to be hurt. They said it would bring luck to the crosscut. So they fixed up in the roof of the drift a box as a house for the rat, and placed food near at hand, in order that it might find its new quarters profitable as well as comfortable. There is

much talk among the miners about the coming of this rat, and the men on the new crosscut are very proud of it, and have high hopes on account of its presence. Woe unto the man who shall intentionally kill that Sierra Nevada rat!

An antiquated rifle stands in the corner of the gun room in M. C. Westbrook's house in Blooming Grove—a house once famous as a sportsman's tavern, the rifle, says a Milford, Pa., correspondent of the New York *Sun*, was made years ago by a gunsmith in the central part of New York, for Solomon Westbrook, father of the celebrated Pike county deer slayers, John C. "Mose," and the Hon. Lafe Westbrook. It has the old-fashioned swivel breech, and is known all over the country as "Old Swivel." The original owner of the gun killed more than a score of deer with it. He died thirty years ago. Then Lafe Westbrook used it for years. Ten years ago he laid it aside as worthless. He couldn't hit anything with it, he said. Then Uncle Ira Crissman, justice of the peace, and a member of Moses's household, took it up. He said the gun was worth all the rest of the guns in Pike county, and that the reason Lafe couldn't kill anything with it was because he didn't know how to shoot. Uncle Ira has hunted with it every season since, and no one else ever thinks of touching it. It stands in the corner waiting until he goes up to take his annual hunt, he having come to Milford a few years ago to be justice of the peace here, and to help Frank Crissman run the Crissman House. "I never missed a deer since I hunted with Old Swivel," says Uncle Ira, "and I've drawn bead on a good many of 'em with it. I've shot 'em at short distances and at long distances. If I can only get that gun on 'em once that's all I ask. They say deer are scarce this year, and give all sorts of reasons for it, but the main one is the bringing of Old Swivel into the county. When I die and they lay that gun to one side deer will soon pick up again and be plenty as ever."

The great American bird is under every condition a bird altogether, says the Wood River, Neb., *Times*, but it usually flocks alone on Wood River, because its mates are as scarce as lady partners at a programme ball. That eagles are birds of prey is established by various stories in school readers, where they are shown to have frequently carried off into mid-air children, lambs, and other food ten times their own weight, and disappeared with them into dim space toward the summit of the mountains, where they store their grub for winter feasts. The largest birds of the eagle species are found in the Wood River Mountains, and yet no mules, nor cows, nor people have ever been carried away by them. The eagles of this country have often been known to omit devouring weakly rabbits and squirrels, and to have shown almost human kindness. An event which occurred ten days since at Foster's ranch, above Hailey, fully establishes this trait of the Wood River variety. One of the ranchers saw a huge eagle flutter over the barnyard, interested in a fat turkey, and immediately secured his rifle. The first shot broke the eagle's wing, and in its crippled condition it wobbled and flopped around uttering screams of pain. The man was watching the result before firing again, when he discovered another eagle coming from a distance. It was evidently a mate of the first one. Like an arrow it flew to the rescue, and examining its wound and seeing its mate could not escape, it took hold of it by its claws and beak and flew to the mountain side, where it laid down the victim of the sportive hunter. During the past seven days the men on Foster's ranch have noticed each day that the mate carried food to the wounded bird regularly, and is yet feeding it upon squirrels, rabbits, birds and mice. Mr. Foster could kill the two birds any day, but has refrained on account of the affection displayed between them. A small American flag will be fastened about the wounded bird, and when it again flies it will carry the emblem of freedom with it to the highest mountain peak.

This is the unhappy season, says the New York *Times*, when the mania for hunting spreads among all sorts of people in the metropolis like a deadly malaria. It does its destructive work in the most unexpected quarters. No office, or warehouse, or shop but is likely to suffer from it. The experienced fisherman who "went out" earlier in the season with expensive tackle and convinced themselves and their friends that they knew nothing about angling, are convinced that their true field is hunting, and they borrow dogs and guns in the most reckless way, and spend days in tramping over pieces of country that for years have been as innocent of game as the City Hall Park. Clerks, lawyers, clergymen, shop boys meet on common ground and on equal terms when they encounter each other on the edge of a tiny New Jersey or Long Island forest. There are no class distinctions among them, for they are all alike in not being able to find any game and not being able to hit it if they did. There are some good hunters in New York, but these know better than to go prowling about the cornfield and potato patches within twenty miles of the city. These sportsmen who go into the upper counties of New York and Pennsylvania, or down to the lower end of New Jersey, very often come home with some practical results, the product either of skillful shots or successful barter. But those amateurs whose circumstances keep them within an hour's railroad ride of home are well satisfied to return with dry feet and a pair of rabbits. In the vicinity of any of the railroad stations tired and disgusted hunters may constantly be seen coming back to the city with empty pouches and aching bones. The possession of a dog and a gun makes a railroad passenger at once common property, and his fellow passengers rarely wait for the formality of an introduction before they make themselves entirely at home with him, asking him all about the make and value of his gun, the brand of powder he uses, where he is going, and the breed and age of his dog. Hunting stories are common these bright days in all the incoming local trains, and the sportsman who is well covered with mud and who brings home as much as a rabbit or two is a hero second only to the great hunters and trappers of the Bowery stage.

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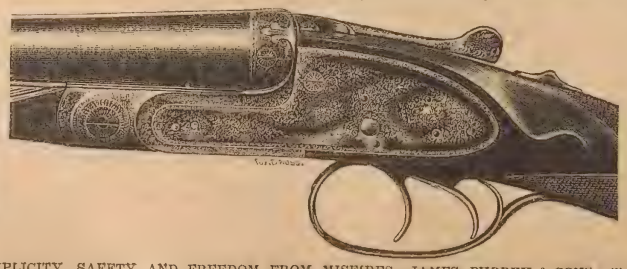
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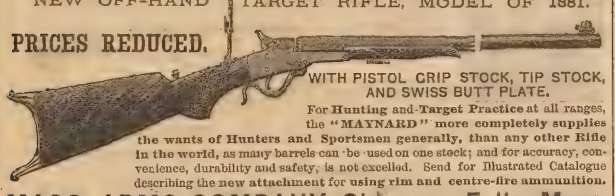
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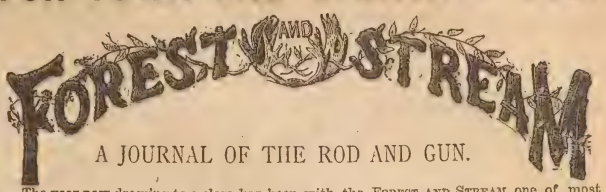
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A JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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There has been an equal growth in other important respects. The patronage accorded to this journal by the intelligent reading public has never been more cordial than it is at the present time. Sustained thus heartily, the publishers are prepared to maintain in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM prestige as the

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The enlarged form of the FOREST AND STREAM enables its editors to present each week in the several departments a large and varied supply of reading. In the columns of

The Sportsman Tourist

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Natural History.

This department will not deal with fossils nor with the monsters of African jungles. Quite on the contrary, it will treat of the animal life of land and water in our own country, the habits and ways of American fur, fin and feather, in which American sportsmen are presumed to take an intelligent interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting excursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

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Yachting and Canoeing.

The editor of this department being a practical naval architect, and thoroughly familiar with every branch of the subject, will continue the same intelligent treatment of yachting and canoeing that have already won for the FOREST AND STREAM esteem and confidence.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

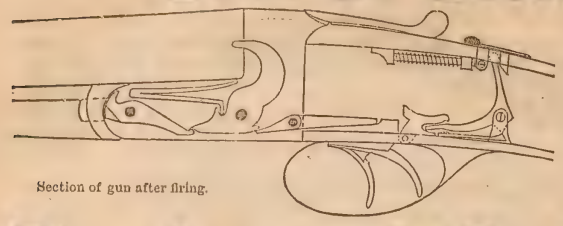
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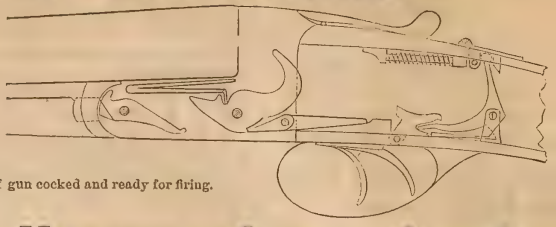
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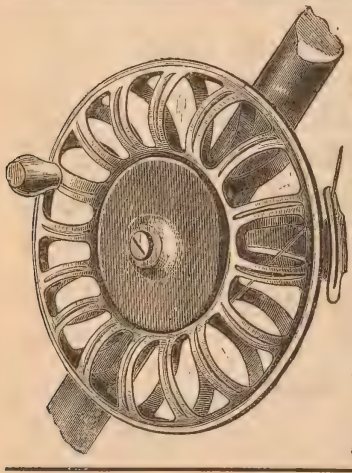
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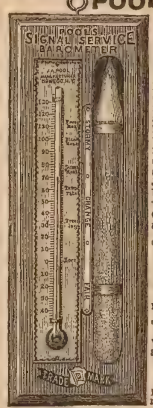
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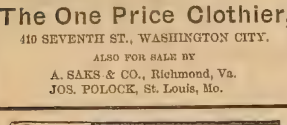
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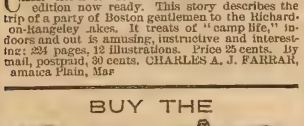


[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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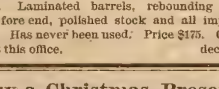
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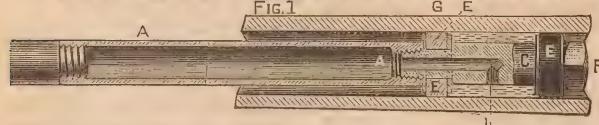
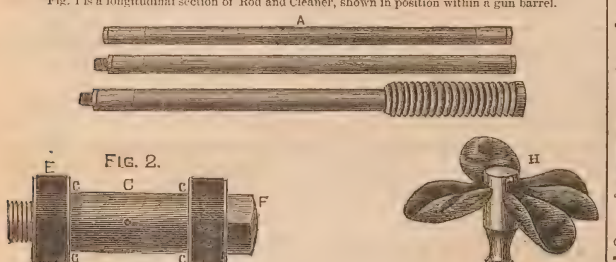


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



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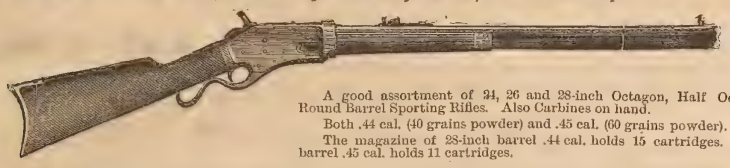
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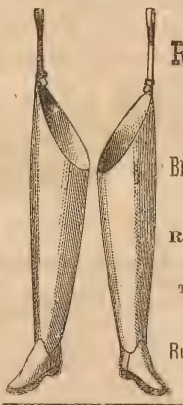
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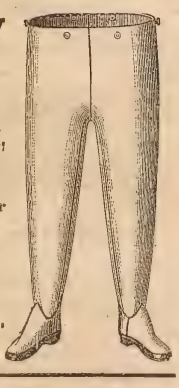
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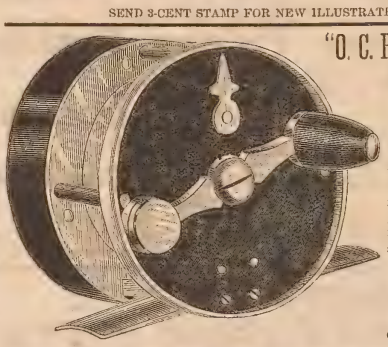
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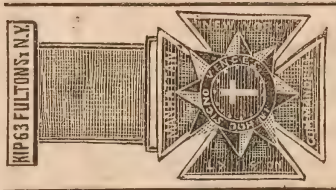
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THE PARK GRAB.

THE project of the worthy speculators who are after the peoples' pleasure ground, appears to be flourishing. Here and there a feeble voice is raised in protest against the steal, but with a powerful lobby to back them, and no opposition from the Interior Department, the grabbers have little to fear. The term of office of many congressmen is now expiring, so that they feel they have little to lose, and can thus act as they please. Their constituents have rejected them at the polls, and they need no longer regard the wishes of the people.

It is hoped that Senator Vest, who took hold of this subject in an earnest way at first, will make a strong fight against the monopolists who desire to appropriate for the benefit of their pockets the only National Park possessed by the American people. It is whispered that his interest in the subject has on a sudden ceased, but we cannot believe this to be true. Little by little interesting information is leaking out in regard to the purposes of this Improvement Company. At first its promoters, if their own story was to be believed, were working solely and simply for the interests of the people of this country. They related with tears in their eyes most heartrending stories of the slaughter of game, and told about the destruction of geysers and other natural wonders. It is true that none of these statements were very new, for all that they spoke of had been going on for years, and was perfectly well known to every man who kept himself at all informed as to what is taking place in the Park, but they talked about "vandals," and quite made it appear to people ignorant of the subject that they were acting almost entirely from philanthropic motives. It is true that they mentioned incidentally that they wished in return for the benefits that they were going to confer upon the people, to have a monopoly of the hotel, stage and telegraph privileges in the Park, but they said that this would be a small matter, and that they would really scarcely pay expenses. A little later it appeared that they were to charge for the guides and the horses which tourists would require while in the Park, and were to have the sole right to all timber and arable lands; and now we are told quite as a matter of course that this company is going into the cattle business, and that the Park, which has been set apart for the people, is to be turned into a big stock range for the benefit and behoof of the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company. Truly the modesty of these monopolists is startling, but not more so than the meekness with which the people endure this monstrous invasion of their rights.

This then is about the way things appear to stand at present. The lease which the company hopes to obtain provides that it shall have the free use of timber in the Park for building purposes; shall have the free use of arable land in the Park; shall have the free use of the waters of the Park for supplying hotels and other buildings; shall have the exclusive right to put yachts, sailboats and rowboats on Yellowstone Park Lake; shall have exclusive right to erect telegraph wires throughout the Park; shall have the right to establish stores and trading stations, and shall have exclusive right to furnish transportation and guides to and from points within the Park. The company has selected seven tracts in the Park, each containing, with one exception, 640 acres, and the lease provides that those interested shall have the use of this land for a period of ten years with privilege of holding it longer. A provision in the lease also gives the company the right to occupy such other portions of the Park as may be desired. The annual rental of the land is not to exceed $2 per acre, and the company expects to get a much lower rate. In other words, these enormously valuable privileges are to be leased to these men for the pitiful sum of $9,000. Their store privileges alone will be worth many times this sum, to say nothing of all the other valuable franchises enumerated before.

The lobby which is working for this lease is a strong one, but a more powerful ally than any lobby has been secured. The press of the country, through its Washington correspondents, has been captured, and that at a very moderate cost. This shrewd maneuver was carried out by the private secretary of Mr. Rufus Hatch, who himself is an old newspaper man. This gentleman, week before last, gave a grand dinner to all the correspondents of the press in Washington. The occasion was a delightful one; the company was good, the viands delicious; wine flowed freely; the schemes of the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company were discussed and applauded, and from this time the despatches to the newspapers throughout the country took a different tone. The press telegrams now began to speak of it rather favorably, and to attempt to soothe the fears of those who had become alarmed about the matter Now was not this money well invested? Just think of muzzling the press of the whole country by means of a good dinner, at a cost of only a few hundred dollars. How the schemers of the company must have chuckled over their economical methods. No doubt they resolved that the young man who originated and carried out this idea should have a good place in their employ, for he will be useful in the future. This is cheaper than buying up Congressmen.

As for the press at large, it remains to be seen whether its conductors will be held in check by their Washington correspondents who have parted with their independence for a mess of pottage washed down by a bottle of champagne. If they should be so controlled, it will give people generally, quite an exalted idea of the power and importance of a Washington correspondent.

We refer our readers to a press dispatch to the *Herald* for further details of this project for grasping the people's rights by this band of monopolists. The correspondent who sent this is one of the few who has had the manliness to speak honestly on the subject of this outrageous piece of business. In a few words it tells a significant story:

> A gentleman who was recently at the Park said to-day that he would rather have the lease which the company desires than have a fee simple title to the entire tract. He stated that during the past season fully ten thousand people had visited the Park, a number five times greater than during any previous year. Among the visitors have been some of the most prominent men in America, and also travelers from England, Scotland, France and Sweden. Those whose travels have been extensive pronounce the scenery the grandest in the world. A traveling physician said the medicinal waters were the finest that have ever been discovered.
>
> The gentleman also stated that since last September a considerable number of men have already been at work under Rufus Hatch, and at present are at hard labor in getting out timber for the proposed hotels. Several saw mills are in active operation. The company has already selected seven sites for hotels.
>
> General Sheridan in a report recently made opposed the granting of such privileges as have been given to the Yellowstone Park Association. He also described the acts of vandals who were destroying the cones of geysers and burning the forests. Others also oppose the scheme, claiming that placing the Park in the hands of a monopoly would not be in the interests of the public. They believe that the privileges to be allowed should be divided.
>
> One of the chief elements in this proposed enterprise is the stock-raising venture, which is to be on a large scale. It is believed that the contract, which appears to relate chiefly to hotels, includes the right to use all the grazing lands in the Park, and that under this cover the most successful stock ranches can be conducted. The whole scheme is one that evidently needs more careful scrutiny than it has yet received.

There certainly was never a more audacious and barefaced plot to rob the people, nor one which apparently encountered so little opposition.

How will it turn out?

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be held at Detroit next Tuesday. Several matters of importance will receive attention, among which we may mention the appointment of a State game constable, the abolition of spring shooting, and the repression of antagonistic legislation.

Michigan has been in many ways the pioneer in game protection, and the experience of this association is a valuable guide for similar societies in other States. The most important work accomplished by the Michigan sportsmen during the past year has been the formation of game clubs in sections of the State where formerly there was a misapprehension of the spirit and aims of the society, and a decided antagonism to its members and their work. The formation of these clubs is due to the tact of Mr. Cyrus W. Higby, who was sent out by the association as its agent. Within the year Mr. Higby has organized twenty such clubs, and as the natural sequence there has also been wrought a decided change of sentiment in the towns so visited by him.

We understand that with the success of the past year upon which to base their claims, the Michigan sportsmen propose to apply to the State for assistance in the support of a State game warden, who shall carry on the work so successfully inaugurated. This demand is just and reasonable. If the game is worth preserving at all, it is the concern of the State to secure the protection. It cannot be expected that a number of individuals, no matter how earnest and enthusiastic they may be, will go on forever paying out of their own pockets what should be paid by the public. The Michigan Sportsmen's Association is working not for its own members only, but for the public as well; and it is not asking too much that the burden of expense be borne by all who reap the harvest.

The abolition of spring shooting will be discussed, and while there is little probability that it will meet with favor from the majority of the delegates, discussion cannot fail to be a profitable one. There is certainly a very decided change of sentiment on this question, and it is not improbable that should one State set the example others would follow in forbidding spring shooting. Among the oldest and most experienced sportsmen the wisdom of such a step is not questioned. What State will be the pioneer in incorporating in its game law a clause forbidding spring shooting?

Like all other societies of this kind, the Michigan Association has encountered much opposition among individuals whose toes have been trodden upon. In certain sections of Michigan the deer shooter is no respector of seasons; the buck, the gravid doe and suckling fawn are all one to him. Everything is meat that comes within range of his gun. He scouts game laws, and, for that matter, other laws as well—witness the Clare county case, reported in these columns last year.

There is also, and always will be among men who are high minded and public in their convictions, an honest difference of opinion regarding certain phases of the law. No society, organized as is the Michigan Association, can be perfect in all that it does, nor hope to escape criticism from outsiders. It can demand, however, that in discussing its work, these outside critics shall take into consideration its general character and work and not attempt to simply pick flaws.

MINNESOTA VENISON.—New York game dealers are raising the usual complaint, because they can no longer sell Minnesota venison, of which they have a large stock on hand. The season closed with the last month. There is no valid reason for changing the present law, even if the dealers cannot get rid of their stock. On the contrary there is every reason why the law should remain as it is at present If Eastern markets for Western game are cut off, so much the better for the Western game supply. As for the over supply, that may be easily remedied by the market-men themselves; if they cannot sell so much, let less be shipped to them.

HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN.—I.

THERE are certain advantages in going hunting without a gun. One sees more game and gets far better chances for shots if he is empty-handed than if he had a gun at his hip, with a thumb on the striker and forefinger nail against the inside front of the trigger guard.

I remember with a pang how, one day last fall, I had been waiting an hour on a runway, in just such readiness for the coming of a fox, my heart hammering at my ribs and the back door of my throat as the merry music of the hounds tended toward me, then sinking with dull thuds to ignoble regions as the wild melody sank below the whispers of the light breeze, till at last, grown tired and thirsty, I set my gun against a tree and went down to the brook for a drink. Then, while I was on all-fours, getting breath between sups, an aimless glance down stream disclosed, at first dimly, as if in a dream, then with sickening distinctness and reality, the fox, picking his way across the brook not five rods away. And one rainy day, when its soaked charges made my gun useless as a rotten stick, as I rounded a bend of the wood-bordered stream, I came upon the biggest flock of wild ducks I ever saw, one-half of them dozing on a log, inviting a raking shot, the rest lazily swimming in a huddle just under the sedgy bank. My grief at losing such chances would have been slight if my gun had been at home, instead of being so near and yet so unattainable, or in my hand so useless.

When you wander gunless in game-frequented tracts, there are no misses to account for to yourself, nor any occasion for telling "wrong stories" when you get home. If a ruffed grouse bursts with muffled thunder from the border of your forest path, a hare bounds into sight and out across it, or a woodcock whistles out of the thicket before you, each gone almost as soon as seen, your ready fore-fingers come into line, getting the range of every one, and you say: "I could have killed him," and feel almost as satisfied as if you saw him tumble to the earth. "If your finger'd been a gun," ten to one your charge had brought down nothing but a shower of leaves, nor done beast or bird any harm but fright. When you had searched the underbrush for half an hour for a feather or a tuft of fur and found none, you would rack your brain for reasons why you missed, and find none but your own unskillfulness, one which affords little comfort. It is pleasant, too, to come home boldly, without fear of meeting the man or odious boy who asks: "Where's your game?" After a bootless tramp with a gun, if you skulk home ever so slyly, you are sure to be accosted by one or the other, if not till you get to your own back door.

One may so hunt in close time, when the grouse is summoning his harem by beat of drum, the woodcock wooing his mate at twilight with towerings and unwonted notes, and the wood drake has donned his bravest attire to win his bride, or, when wooing and honeymoon are over and family cares have fallen upon them, and even on Sunday—without fear of game warden or town grand juror.

But I believe the greatest and best of all is, that without a gun one has time—or takes it, which is the way to have it—to look at everything about him and so see ten times more than he does when his chief purpose is the killing of game. Then a tree or rock or clump of underbrush or sprangle of ferns or tuft of sedge is not looked at, but sought to be looked into and beyond; and if a sight is caught of some strange growth, or a bird, new in itself or its ways, one passes it by with a twinge of regret, and forsakes a chance that may never come to him again, all for the craving of the game bag, as hungry as an empty stomach, and the savage blood thirst that we dignify by calling it love of sport. The game bag obliges, and one is ashamed to go home with it empty. But without it and the gun that feeds it, we may get more than it could hold, and that which needs neither ice nor fire to preserve, not for the short space of a week, but for all our days.

When my fox that day had vanished, I could not tell how he looked nor anything of him but that he was a fox and had given me the slip, for while he was in sight I was only wishing for my gun, and cursing my carelessness, and suffering in anticipation the jeers and reproaches of my companions if I dared to tell them what had happened. His beauty and grace, his adroit maneuvers and self-possession, his air of thinking to himself, were as much lost as was the chance of a shot. If my gun had been at home and I had taken in these, he might have carried off his skin and welcome. I would have something more lasting to treasure up. As it was, the ruddy ghost of that fox troubled my sleep for a week, and the lost opportunity vexed my awakening.

And if I had not had the gun to frighten the ducks with the snapping of its ineffectual caps, I might at least have counted them before they flew away with their beauty, were they thirty or fifty or one thousand. R. E. R.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.—In our next issue will be begun the publication of a series of papers from the pen of Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, U. S. Army, in command of the late Franklin search expedition to the Arctic. It will be remembered that the members of this expedition lived upon the game of the country, and in his contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM Lieut. Schwatka will detail his very interesting experiences as a sportsman.

A NUMBER of ENGLISH PHEASANTS are soon to be imported into this country.

The Sportsman Tourist.

RABBITS, RELICS AND RUINS.

DURING the week just passed Aix and its inhabitants have been treated with an atmospherical phenomena; for three entire days no rain has fallen and bright, sunshiny days were the exceptions to its general climatic rule. The promenades and the Elisengarten have been thronged, and the open-air tables of the cafés of Frankenberg, Lonsberg, and Burtscheiden Wald were well patronized, and perhaps their proprietors rescued from the imminent risk of bankruptcy, due to the almost continuous bad weather which has characterized the season. To the army of invalids, who seek here relief from rheumatism, gout, and many kindred ills, the bright sunshine was a boon indeed, and temporarily compensated for, or drove from their notice, the bath-chairs and crutches necessary for its enjoyment.

The beneficial effects hoped for from the morning bath and douches of water, heated and sulphur-seasoned in Nature's laboratory, were in no danger of counter-action from too close contact with purer but colder water from the heavens, and every face was smiling.

To me, though, these sunny days did not bring unalloyed pleasure, for, on the first of them, plans which I had made "ganged aglee," and throughout both the others I could but fret that unexpected obstacles forced me to postpone a long looked-forward-to excursion.

Our *ober-kellner*, Henry, had one day overheard a conversation at table d'hôte between my vis-a-vis, Mr. James Du Bois, our Consul here, and myself, to the effect that we would enjoy far more the shooting of some of the hares and partridges, of which fair specimens were being served to us, than we did in dining on the same; and he had taken a very pleasant part in the conversation by informing us of the existence of an uncle, who, in the neighborhood of Cologne, owned and rented nearly three thousand acres of land, a large portion of which was well stocked with game of all descriptions, and further, that undoubtedly this uncle would be very willing to permit us to shoot on the same.

Naturally no time was lost in communicating with this uncle, and by return of mail a most cordial invitation had come, accompanied with an offer of the use of any outfit we might lack, and the assurance that the services of himself, sons and dogs were at our disposal.

We had no trouble as to outfit. Mr. Du Bois was already equipped, and I was able to hire a very good pinfire Lefauchaux, and to buy cartridges to fit it; the first at three marks (75 cts.) per day, the second, fresh loaded, at two cents each.

The afternoon of Sept. 26 was bright and fair, all obstacles had been vanquished and everything looked fair for a start on the morrow, so we telegraphed to expect us. In less than three hours the east wind (which is the fair weather one here) died out, suspicious looking clouds—*moutons*, a young French lady styled them—began to appear in the southwest; a gentle breeze sprung up from that quarter, and we went to bed with our doubting caps on to awake at midnight and hear the rain pattering on our windows. At 5 A. M. things looked still doubtful, but we determined to start, and we had hardly gone five miles from the station when our pluck was rewarded by a clearing up, and for the remainder of the day the weather was all we could wish.

Our shooting ground was in the vicinity of Hüscheln, a little village about two miles from Königsdorf, which latter is a thriving manufacturing town about thirty miles from Aix.

The hour and a half occupied by the railroad ride was passed most pleasantly. The road runs through one of the most important manufacturing districts in Germany, and before reaching Königsdorf we had passed through a number of villages made up of manufactories and homes of operatives. Of these the principal were the Stölberg, Eschweiler and Düren, at the second of which places the iron works alone employ over four thousand hands, and in the thirty miles we passed acres of rolling and puddling mills, foundries and factories devoted to all sorts of business; there were brass factories and zinc mills, cloth, paper and sugar mills, establishments for the production of pins, needles, mirrors and chemicals, in short, it was a human hive.

Water power was not wanting, for several brisk streams, viz., the Inde, the Roer and the Erft were all at work, but I fancy that, although in the language of the country these streams are termed "rivers," they had all they could do to supply water to the boilers of the many establishments worked by steam, whose lofty tapering chimneys seemed a very forest. And raw material in plenty and of many kinds is abundant. We saw coal and iron mines, and were told of others producing lead, zinc and cadmium; and some of these mines were worked perhaps before the Christian era, for very ancient Roman coins and other relics have been found in them.

All of the land between the villages is most thoroughly cultivated, the principal crops seeming to be cabbages, sugar beets and bricks, for wherever the soil would admit, a brick kiln was located. The fields were dotted with women and dogs, getting in the crops. At intervals among these evidences of the busy, prosperous life of the present are scattered many interesting relics of the far-off past. In those "good old days," when the law was that "He should take who has the power, and he should keep who can," the lords of the manor "roosted high," for they were prudent as brave, and the more inaccessible the location the better; hence on prominent hills and peaks the landscape is made picturesque by the presence of ivy-grown, moss-covered and tree-crowned ruins of the impregnable castles, through whose loopholes they fought, and of the cathedrals and chapels, which they built from their spoils as atonement for murder, lust and rapine.

Some of these ruins have histories, but others depend upon tradition and legend. Among the former is a chateau near Stolberg, which was occupied as a hunting lodge by Charlemagne the Great, whose name is associated with many legends. This hero lived in the eighth century, and died, it is claimed, at Aix-la-Chapelle, which has the proud honor of being one of the cities which gave him birth, and in which he spent a good portion of his life, making it his capital and *point d'appui* for his numerous raids upon Goth, Vandal and Roman. Here, ensconced in a tower and castle, overlooking a lake, in which he used to gaze by the hour, mourning over and thinking about the late Mrs. Charlemagne, or rather one of the late Mrs. C.'s—for in the matrimonial line Saint Charlemagne and Saint Brigham Young very much resemble each other—the hero mooned away his last few years of life.

There is a very pretty legend by the way about this latest spouse. Through a series of circumstances, possible only in a German legend or the "Arabian Nights," this dame became the possessor of a ring which insured to its wearer the undying devotion of Charlemagne. After her death his affections remained constant. So unusual an event (for he had had a regular chronic habit of getting married, making of the ceremony a means of gratifying every passion, from love to ambition or revenge) attracted great attention, and the secret of the ring, being duly brought to light, it was removed from the dead woman's finger and thrown into the lake, which was a part of the moat, surrounding the Castle of Frankenberg. But the water did not quench the fire, and his devotion was transferred to it. And there's a legend of about ten pages boiled down, and any doubter can, as I have often, sit by the borders of that lake—now a mere frog pond—and while enjoying a mug of Pilsner lager, listen to the tale as rehearsed in English, more or less broken, by the waiters of the Frankenberg beer gardens.

Everywhere in this vicinity exist monuments of Charlemagne. In Aix, the most interesting one is the Cathedral, a portion of which consists of the original structure, built by him eleven hundred years ago, and under the floor of which his remains were found after two hundred years of rest, sitting upright in a throne built of plain, uncarved marble slabs, arrayed in kingly garb, sceptre in hand, Bible on his lap, and the iron crown of Lombardy on his brow. And there they were permitted to rest for another century, until in 1165 the reigning Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, reopened the tomb, and transferred the remains to a marble sarcophagus, evidently of Roman origin, and the throne to the gallery of the Cathedral, where both throne and sarcophagus are shown daily to tourists, who, if so disposed, and many are, can for a slight additional fee to the showman obtain permission to seat themselves in the seat where for many generations the emperors of Germany have been crowned. I must confess that while gazing at the Parian coffin, and reviewing, or trying to in my mind, a few of the great events which marked the hero's career, my attention was sadly distracted by the vigorous representation of the "Rape of Proserpina," with which its front was adorned, in relief—a most curious ornamentation for the tomb of a saint, for to this rank was Charlemagne promoted the year before he was placed in it, and he lay there nearly another hundred years, when they were placed, it is claimed, in a golden reliquary by Frederick II., and deposited among the treasures of this Cathedral.

The reliquary is there. I'll vouch for that as may any one who takes advantage of this privilege advertised as follows:

SHOWN DAILY, SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS EXCEPTED.

Tickets, 1 to 3 Persons..... 3 Marks.

Each Additional Person..... 1 Mark.

Whether the bones are there is *otro cosa*. If, however, one can bring oneself to believe that the Shrine of the Four Great Relics, also in this show at a mark a ticket, actually contains, as is claimed—first, "the swaddling clothes of the infant Christ," second, "the robe of the Virgin Mary," third, "the cloth in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped," bloody enough to please Toddy, and fourth, "the linen cloth used in binding Christ to the cross," why, a bone or two, or even an entire skeleton of so comparatively modern origin, can be easily accepted.

It is rather difficult, in studying up the history of this old city, to draw a line between legend and actual record. On the one hand I presume, it will be quite safe not to put entire faith in the original story of the origin of the hot sulphur springs, which abound in this valley, which is to the effect that the devil having been outwitted by the priests got very angry, and labored so hard to get even with them that the sweat poured in torrents from his body, and hence these springs. On the other hand, excavations, which have from time to time been made, have been rewarded by finds of Roman relics, which confirm the history that once there existed on this site a Roman city called "*Aquis grannum*," and throughout the neighborhood such finds are not infrequent. On the summit of a hill near the station at Stolberg, surrounded by a rough wooden fence, I visited the remains of what was once a Roman villa. Only the walls of the lower story are now standing, and they show that the villa was about forty yards front by twenty-five depth, and cut up into the many little apartments, courts, passages, etc., which mark the fashion at Pompei; tesselated pavements, carved columns, and statues which have been removed from it indicate the wealth of the former occupant. The discovery of this villa was made during the autumn of 1880 and it was the result of a systematic exploration under the direction of Captain Behrens of the Russian Army, an officer who has devoted himself to archeological pursuits, his attention having been turned in this direction by occasional finds, of coins, implements, and finally of a statuette by peasants.

It takes a lively imagination to enable one to get a great deal of comfort out of these old ruins. The same day that I visited this one, I also visited, at Stolberg, the immense mirror and plate glass factory of the St. Gundin Company, and did enjoy seeing in their fiery furnace, through a blue glass screen, quantities of great crucibles, each holding about a barrel of molten glass, brought out, carried glowing to the rolling table of iron, then dumped and pouring out an immense pudding-like pile, which was quickly reduced by the roll to a plate half an inch thick, and fifteen feet by ten in size. And then we watched on other plates the various processes of annealing, cutting, polishing, and silvering, through which they were transformed into mirrors. The making of the glass, in many respects, resembles that of the rolling of copper or iron plates with which I am familiar, but it was none the less interesting, and discounted the ruins.

But, although there can be no doubt but that, if thoroughly investigated and well written up, all of this business, data and antiquarian research, would furnish material for a most interesting paper, or series of them; the place for such papers would not naturally be found in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, so I'll return, not to my mutton, but to my hares and rabbits.

We left the train at Königsdorf, and after a brisk half hour's tramp through fields by well worn foot paths, reached the village of Hüscheln, the most prominent object in which was an immense two-storied white house, which proved to be the homestead of Herr Metzmacher, and a tall handsome old gentleman who met and welcomed us warmly at the

threshold, turned out to be the Herr, the uncle to whom we were accredited. Henry was with us and introduced us to his aunt, and two buxom cousins who were engaged in domestic pursuits, the results of which we soon after enjoyed in the shape of a hearty breakfast, to which the old gentleman contributed a goodly portion of most excellent Moselle wine.

While the *fräulein* of the family were preparing our breakfast, we utilized our time by a tour around the premises—and it was quite a tramp—under the guidance of Robert and Engelhard, two sons of our host whose fine physiques had been developed into most manly shape by the drill and discipline which, in common with all German youth, they had received during their service in the army.

It was a curious place. The building extended around three sides of a large square, and under one continuous roof were brewery, homestead, woodhouse, wagon-house, pig sties, cow stables, horse stables, hay barn and granery, occurring in the order mentioned. To our ideas it seemed strange in a place scrupulously clean and as white as whitewash could make it (even the pigs and cows showed evidence of careful grooming), to see the court in the center devoted to the collection of manure, which in a rich layer filled it three feet deep, leaving but a footpath around it; the kitchen and stable doors being vis-a-vis. The house was built of brick and timber intermingled, a fashion which is prevailing in Germany. Either their mortar is very poor, or they display great economy in its use, for in nearly every brick wall the interstices between the bricks soon become without form and void, the quality of both mortar and bricks being so poor that there is neither adhesion nor cohesion between them. In order to remedy, as far as possible, the unsafe weakness of the structure, a system has been adopted of supporting the brick-work with timbers, which form a net work horizontally, perpendicularly and at angles, resembling very much the frame of an ordinary "house kite," the intermediate spaces where in the kite only the paper shows, being filled in with the bricks; and to continue the simile, the balance strings of the kite are reproduced in many cases by long timber props; in spite of which support the streets of a village present a very curious appearance, for here a pair of houses are leaning toward each other as though indulging in a cosy gossip; and there another pair who as evidently have had a bit of a row, and no longer on speaking terms, bend as far asunder as possible; and again an eager wooer is being met with symptoms of great coyness. Hüschein consists of about thirty such houses, most of which are the homes of the numerous employes of Herr Metzmacher, and of course it has its church and *gasthirthschaft* or inn.

One thing is noticeable in these German hamlets: there is no sign of poverty. Every house looks comfortable. The women and girls, down to little ones of eight years, are busily knitting, or caring for the still younger ones, and the bright-faced, flaxen-haired, wooden-shoe-endowed youngsters are kept clean and well fed.

Only the very young girls retain the flaxen hair in its original state; the custom which prevails of going bareheaded gives to the sun and rain fine opportunity to produce the most inartistic mingling of many colors, and did the women ever, as fortunately for them they never do, require the assistance of a switch or false front maker, the best artists in Europe would be sadly puzzled to match the original hair.

One thing strikes me very forcibly, though, while knocking about in the rural districts. If there is anything at all in the theory of transmission of qualities and character from mother to child, what will the average European peasant develop into after a few more generations? Fathers all off to the barracks, keeping up the great standing army, and mothers laboring by the side of cows and dogs in the field, and carrying on their heads immense burdens, a toil from which even the incident of childbirth does not relieve them for more than two or three days after, sometimes none before. And the little ones, swaddled into living mummies, entrusted to the care of little sisters, themselves mere infants. In China this system has produced the coolie. Can it be expected here to fail to effect the same?

The farms in vicinity of Hüscheln and along the Rhine are much devoted to cultivation of the sugar beet. The agricultural implements in use are wonderful to behold, and the most convenient of them all, if placed on exhibition, would, in the United States, form a nucleus for sightseers at an agricultural exhibition—plows with three wheels, wheelbarrows fitted with traces for cows and dogs, hoes heavy enough to make two each, and most curious reaping and mowing implements.

I should think that this country, Belgium, and Austria would prove most profitable fields for a good drummer for agricultural implements, who could speak French and German. I believe that, if I had been in position to carry out my contracts, I could have effected a number of sales since I have been here.

After breakfast our party of three, re-enforced by the two male cousins and four good dogs, started with every prospect of a good day, for we had "the southerly wind and the cloudy sky which proclaim the hunter's morning," and we had hardly got our line extended before a flock of about twenty partridges got up, started by the dogs, which, just unchained, had not settled down to their work, and were, like ourselves, rather too frisky and noisy for business. This taught us a lesson though, and we indulged no more in such waste of opportunities. Our day's hunt took us over most varied country. Now crossing a plowed field on the alert for hare, then through patches of the sugar beet, yet unharvested, from which we got a fair show of partridges, then over heather-covered fields, where little clumps of blackberry bushes sheltered abundance of rabbits, of which, however, although many were called, but few were chosen, for when bunny did break from one cover and display a little bunch of gray lightning on her way to another, either the pace was too fast for us or the dog's head was so close that a shot would be too risky. I heard a number of claims as to hits, which were far in excess of the actual results. I own up to four clear misses, "unaccountable misses" I believe, is the correct term, and the first hare, which sprung up from a furrow not forty yards away, was fully double the distance before I realized that the bounding six-legged creature—for its ears had the appearance of reversed legs—was really a hare and not one of the dogs or a little jackass. Of course I followed up the first by a second bit of stupidity, or perhaps I might claim it was the same old stupid, and cut loose with both barrels. It is not necessary to record the result.

We hunted in line, abreast, with intervals of about one hundred yards. Not speaking German, I had great trouble in trying to manage the dog that was assigned to me, an old pointer bitch named Flora, and I had little success until the old gentleman stationed me next to him, and then, he managing the business, Flora proved herself equal to the occasion, and pointed steadily, and I, being given the privilege of the shot, made a fair percentage of the partridges shot.

Our "nooning" was something to be remembered. It was on a heather-covered knoll, overlooking a great plain of cultivated fields and vineyards, with the city of Cologne just visible on the horizon. It was not till I had this view of it that I realized the magnitude of the Cologne Cathedral, from which we were about ten miles distant, and the loftiness of its twin towers. When in the city I strolled around it, the grand bulk of the structure was not so noticeable, for there were high houses around it; and each of its own various parts was so grand in its proportions that it tended to dwarf its neighbor. The roof, two hundred feet from the ground, seemed but little below the summit of the transept tower, although actually a hundred and sixty feet separated them; and in town this tower seemed little less lofty than the spires themselves. But from our hill I could see the difference. While the city, with its wealth of churches and spacious mansions, was but little more than a slightly irregular, checkered line on the horizon, the Cathedral loomed up like an immense ship on a smooth sea, and the spires, 512 feet above the summit of the hillock on which the Cathedral stands, and by its addition 575 above the level of the Rhine, which flows past its base (to us invisible except by a line of mist), showed out in grand perspective. But that we knew to the contrary, we could have easily believed that we were gazing at a great church rising from a cluster of hamlets but a couple of miles away.

Toward sunset the hares began to show themselves in goodly numbers, but they were very wild, and saw and heard us long before we were within shooting distance; and the difference in distance between two successive seconds was wonderful. We were going through a big stretch of ploughed ground, and not quite so spryly as before our long tramp, and I fancy the hares had been resting as hard as we had been working.

I achieved the first success, by a method which might be called a scratch. Tired out, I had taken advantage of a dry pile of pea brush, and sat for half an hour or more resting.

As I rose to rejoin the party, the biggest hare of the day came flying by me, and by a long and lucky shot I stopped him, not though till he had turned a complete sommersault.

We found a good dinner awaiting us, and did such justice to it, that we are prejudiced witnesses if the subject of the excellence of the kitchen, vintage and malt, of our worthy host comes under discussion. Then came settling up.

Du Bois, who speaks German fluently, undertook this branch, and thus became the principal victim to rather a good joke. We had insisted that we should be permitted to pay for our entertainment, thus pre-empting the privilege of ordering at discretion.

The game bags were emptied, and from the goodly pile we, Du Bois being spokesman, insisted that our host should select for his own use such as he wished, and the Herr, not to be outdone in politeness, was equally persistent that we should take first choice, even to the extent of the whole, calling our attention to the fact that we two had killed by far the larger proportion—a fact due, it is fair to state, to the politeness of our companions, who gave us the shots. Considering this point, we modestly contented ourselves with just enough for a little game supper for six, and it was fortunate we did, for in our bill were items

Vier Feldhühner (partridges)	4 M. 80 Pf.
Ein Hase (hare)	3 " 00 "
Zwei Caninchen (rabbits)	2 " 50 "

which items were all right and in strict accordance with German custom. We had received free gratis politeness, hospitality, the services of men, women, dogs, guns and horse, but custom made it the thing to charge for the game.

As a whole, our day was a success. We had a jolly good time, and hope for another soon. PISCO.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Prussia, Oct. 4, 1882.

CRUSOES OF THE ANTARCTIC.

Being an Account of the Voyage and Shipwreck of the Bark Trinity and Hardships of her Crew.

BY JOHN EASMOND, SECOND OFFICER.

[Continued from Page 425.]

MY shanty was only three miles from the base of Volcano Mountain; and when one night in May of this year (1881) there was a terrible eruption of the volcano, I was pretty badly scared. There was a great deal of excitement on the island while this thing lasted, and we all watched the flames with much anxiety, until finally the blaze died down, and so did our fears vanish. This eruption was a grand and awful sight to see, but the next time I want to be further off.

In the first week of October, 1881, I left my shanty about daylight to hunt up something to eat, with messmate Antono, the same negro who had brought the line ashore from the Trinity. After walking a short distance I took one route and let my companion go on another by himself, so that we would have two chances. Shortly after the negro went off on his cruise he met up with a large bull, one of the largest size. I was not within two miles of him at the time. We were badly in need of meat, and he was bound to have a fight with the monster. They were about a hundred yards from the water, and the battle began. Antono would stick his lance into the elephant and then run from him, and in this way the fight went on until Antono broke his lance, when he pluckily managed, with the piece that remained in his hand, to poke out the beast's eyes, as the Philistines treated Samson, and when his eyes were out the elephant soon became a victim. "He no see aqua," cried Antono when I came up to him, "me fight! Beef! beef!" The elephant measured twenty-two feet in length and ten feet around, and gave us meat enough to last three weeks.

Every day in this month we were expecting a relief vessel from Lawrence & Co., but none appeared, which troubled all of us very much. Very many of the Portuguese began to get sick and would not travel the beaches. I did not wonder at it either.

I was for some time then without seeing Capt. Williams or Mr. Keeney, and I wanted to know if they were all getting sick. I wanted to know how I would make out how many were on the sick list, and I soon taught myself a plan. October 16 I hoisted the signal flag, and gave one of my men a note to take to headquarters, telling them that there were two ships arrived and anchored off Fairchild Beach. In less time than it takes to tell it all hands were cleared out of their shanties and came rushing over to my shanty to see the glorious sight. Then their names were all scratched off the sick list and stayed off as long as we were on the island.

All these months we had not heard from our four comrades in Crinton Bay, nor they from us. There was a chain of icebergs between, as I have already said, so we could not go to them nor they to us. By this time the Crinton Bay gang were as eager to see us as we were to see them. They built a boat out of some boards they pulled off from their shanty, and Henry Story, captain of the gang, with one white man, paid us a visit. We were very glad to see them. The boat was of a strange model for either safety or speed; she was square built, 7ft. 7in. long, 3ft. 3in. wide, and about 1ft. deep. After a few days' visit they made their way back again.

We had all this time little to amuse us except to hunt for food; this kept us busy most of the time, and when we were not robbing the penguins' nests or killing elephants we were looking out for a ship to heave into sight and take us off the island, or else we were finding fault with the weather, which was bad all the year round, being foggy and windy and rainy and chilly, with sandstorms blowing that will in time wear through the boards of a shanty if it is not kept well banked up with tussock and turf. In November of this year (1881) we had a sorry game of base ball, using a wooden ball to play with; but there was no fun in it for us, and we didn't try it more than that once.

The Portuguese had some kind of a game that they played with pebbles—something like dice; but I never could make out anything what it was.

First when we began to hunt penguins, when they would see us, they would come toward us; but it did not take them long to know our character, and then they would give us a wide berth. There are four kinds of penguins on this island, the Johnnies, Maccaronies, Rock-hoppers and Kings. These birds have wings from eight inches to a foot long; they cannot fly nor run very fast on the land; any man can catch them; but when they get into the water and get their flippers into motion they would run down any locomotive.

The King penguins were from 2½ to 3ft. in height, and a right proud bird to look at. They did not breed on the island.

The Maccaroni penguins, smaller than the Rock-hoppers, went away from the island for nine months in the year, going off to the south, so people must conclude that there is land to the south of Heard's Island; and, for one I should like to go down there and explore for it.

The Johnny penguins were the most common; they were there in great numbers, and stood up in long lines a quarter of a mile long—truly a cruel* sight to look at in any Christian country. They came ashore and stayed all day in the breeding season. The best time to catch them was just after sunset. They live on fish, and were not so good to eat as the sea-hens, but we thought them pretty good because they were all we had to stand by. They sleep lying on their bellies. It was always very hard to catch a penguin asleep, for they would be sure to hear you. They bred on the level tussock, of which their nests were built; and they would go right on making their nests when we were standing by within ten feet of them. They would lay two eggs each when we gave them a chance. Their eggs were our principal food. To be sure and have them fresh we would rob the nests one day and then go over the same ground in two or three days again. The Johnnies would keep on laying as long as we would rob their nests. They would keep at it until their eggs had no yolks; and when they couldn't lay any more they would roll a stone into the nest and sit on that. They didn't propose to move so long as they were accommodated, even if their furniture was taken out of the house. We wanted fresh eggs all the time, but at last we would find only stones, but in November we generally got enough eggs to last us through December. The rock-hoppers would only lay one egg, if this was robbed that was the end of it.

About the first of November the penguins would begin to lay, but the eggs were not plenty until the fifth or sixth of the month. Then it was useless for anyone to get sick, as we had to go to Rock Beach, six miles away, for the eggs. About 150 of these eggs made a fair load for a man to bring. When the weather was fair we would go in gangs for this glorious food. We were better off than that old adventurer sailor Crusoe, for he had only Friday to accompany him, but there was a whole month of us.

Many of the eggs that I stored in my shanty would be broken, and I scolded my Portuguese for their carelessness, but we found one day that the rats were to blame for it.

When we first landed on the island there were only a couple of rats in the shanties. They were as tame as chickens, and by the time we left there were 200 of them.

The gale birds came November 18 and were with us until December. There were millions of them. They would come flying in for three hours at night, one-half hour after dark, or in moonlight nights for an hour. They are a white bird with black saddle on back, and red beak and feet.

They bred on the island, burrowing into the level tussock, and some of them into the banked-up sides of our shanties. These burrows go down about three feet, slanting into the ground, and are just about large enough at the entrance for a man's hand to get into. The he and she both went into the burrow. It was wonderful how, when they came ashore, they would pitch right down, each one at the mouth of his own burrow, and dive right in. When they came out again they would fly from their burrows directly out to sea. They lay one egg, and when the young bird comes up out of his hole he waddles around two or three hours and is then ready to go to sea—the first time he sees the light he is just as good as his parents, except that he hasn't seen so much of the world—and he won't see much of it either if a seahen gobbles him up and takes him down feathers and all. The gale birds look much like a small chicken; when you take their feathers off they weigh about a quarter of a pound; they didn't pay for the picking. They have a squeaky note, and are in fact good for feathers and noise and nothing else. We made beds of their feathers, and I gathered about 200 pounds of them.

Gale bird is their most common name, because they are always seen in a gale, or when seen it's a sign that a gale is coming, but all New London and New Bedford sailors call them "whale birds."

The ice partridges were with us from June 1 to Sept. 1. Some of the men called them white paddies. They are a guide for the sailors to show them where the seals are on the ice. They ate meat and the seeds of the cabbage. They were very tame; we could kill them with sticks, and sometimes I shot them from my cabin; their meat was very

* Cruel; *i.e.*, wonderful.

tender. About the first of September they would fly up the island, but whether they left the land I don't know, but think not, for there was no other land nearer than Kerguelen, and the prevailing wind was from the north, so that while they might have come from Kerguelen, it would have been tough work for them to go back again.

The sea hens came in September, built nests like the partridge, laid two speckled eggs and hatched in December, and left the island the first of June. Their flesh tasted very much like that of tame ducks, of which they were the size. We usually boiled them about an hour. They would at first be very tame, but after a month ashore they came to know our ways. We killed some with the shotgun; when one was dead throwing it up, and the rest would hover around it; but we got the most by snaring them. We would take a line thirty fathoms long, and making a noose at one end would put into it on the ground a piece of blubber; then when they stepped into the noose we would haul away on it, often getting two hens at a time. When they first came they would be very tame, but after a month ashore they would come to know our tricks, and would lift up their feet very carefully when going for the blubber.

Other birds that stop on this island all the time are called the stinkers. They are carrion birds, and, of course, not good to eat. They are about the size of a turkey, and would eat blubber until not able to fly.

The stinkers were with us all the year around, and many a barrel of blubber they scoffed. They have a very keen sight; sometime when we would kill an elephant, no stinker was to be seen in any quarter; but within five minutes they would heave in sight and soon would be squatting around waiting to take their turn at the carcass. I remember that one time a barrel of blubber was left unprotected for an hour, and when we came back there was none there, the stinkers had made way with it. They were a terrible nuisance, and gave us much trouble. The captain saw them breeding at Long Beach.

The shags had a rookery on the iceberg, near the water. Every morning about daylight a crew of them would start off, and make a circular flight about fifteen miles out to sea. They are thus a good guide to the mariner making Kerguelen or Heard's. The shags would be gone on this voyage two or three hours, when they would come ashore, and another crew would go out. They lay on the bare ice or in the tussock, breeding in January and into February, and leave the island the last of March, from which time to January again they live on the sea. They were fishy and tough, and though we tried we could not eat them. Two or three of the Portuguese once ate a couple of shags that had been boiled a long time, but they didn't know what it was.

A few Mother Carey's chickens blew ashore in the storms, but went right off again.

I saw that the gulls bred in November and December nesting away up in the cliffs, two hundred feet high.

The Cape pigeons would be on the island from October to January. They were very tame, and were easily killed with a stick. We would heave them a piece of blubber and then throw the stick at them.

We didn't see many fish; those that we caught were like porgies. Sometimes after tremendous pinnacles of ice would be broken off the bergs and fall into the water the fish would be hove ashore, dead or so stunned as to be easily caught. We thought the falling ice did it.

There had been no seals to speak of for fifteen years. We captured nine fur seals, of which I got five. They came in February, and, if not caught, would leave in May.

A few sea leopards paid us visits from time to time. They are like seals, with long neck and long flippers. The blubber is poor, but we made good use of the skins, making them into mittens, stockings and bootlegs. We saw fifty leopards and killed twelve.

As I have before said, we had nothing on Heard's Island for amusement but to be patrolling the beaches for something to eat; and as the weather during all these months was mostly cheerless and gloomy, we all came to be in despair of keeping up our spirits. Heard's Island is as barren and bleak and dreary a bit of land as Desolation, and deserves the name equally with that.

But the thing that troubled us most of all was that we did not know whether we should ever make out to get off from our island prison, nor whether we should ever see our wives and children more; and we thought it hard that neither Lawrence & Co., nor the government should send a relief ship to take us off the island. But none came: and so it went on, until we had been cast away fifteen months; and it was a sorry New Year's Day we had when 1882 came and found us still in our cabins or making our way along the shore, on the lookout for a vessel. What added much to our misery was that we had been now eight months shut up on this island without tobacco; and many of the men thought that this was the greatest hardship of all, as in truth it was.

Among the Portuguese was a big black fellow called Bernaline, an artful rogue, who was always up to some devilry. He once gave a false alarm of a ship in sight, and for some prank of his, on a certain occasion, I had forbidden him ever to set foot in my shanty again. He never dared to show himself there until one day, the 12th of January, he came running in, greatly excited and grinning all over.

"Get out of this, you black rascal," said I, starting toward him to throw him out, "and never let me catch you in this shanty again."

"You see ship?" cried Bernaline.

"Ship? Where?" and I ran out.

"There!" and looking to the northwest, where he pointed, sure enough, I saw a man-o'-war rounding to; for the gangs in the other shanties had already seen her and had hoisted their signal, at which she had hove to.

But it wasn't half a minute before I had the flag run up to the peak of my own signal pole, and when the ship saw this she made it out to be the true signal, and rounding the point of the island, she came to and anchored a mile to the eastward of my shanty and half a mile off shore.

We were all too happy then to sleep much that night, and by daylight next morning all hands had assembled on the beach near my shanty. At seven o'clock a boat's crew came off from the ship. Taking up a big sea elephant's bone, I held it high and carried it along the beach until I came to a safe place to land, where I dropped it, and then the boat came ashore.

"Man-o'-war?"

"Yes."

"English?"

"No, American."

"Have you any tobacco?"

And when the officer handed it over, it did not take us long to get it into our mouths, either, as far as it would go among so many.

The ship, as we then learned, was the United States ship Marion, which upon petition of our families had been dispatched by the government "to go to 53° S., 70° E., Heard's Island, in search of the crew of the bark Trinity, supposed to have been cast away there." And the Marion had found us.

We were then taken off from our solitary abode; and all hands went aboard the Marion. Then indeed all our troubles were at an end as we steamed away from Heard's Island, with the Stars and Stripes over our head, and bound for our far-distant homes. All our old tattered rags were hove overboard, and each one of us was dressed in a navy suit of blue.

We put in at Crinton Bay and took off the gang there, and then held our course to island of Desolation; and thence put out for Cape Town. I speak for every man in the Trinity's crew when I say that we shall always remember with gratitude the officers and men of the Marion who were so kind to us; and we shall always love and regard the Stars and Stripes.

The crew of the Marion was made up of many different nationalities, among them being Greeks, Turks, Spaniards, French, English, Portuguese, and even Indian, there being 180 altogether. Nor should I forget to mention Lieut. Chambers' pet South American lion, which was kept in a cage at night and chained to the rail by day. He was very tame and gave us much amusement. I got along very well with him until one day when he ripped my shirt off, then I gave him a thrashing with a netted rope.

After a passage of thirty-three days we arrived, all hands safe and sound, at Cape Town, and were there put in charge of the Consul, until he could find a way to send us home. Capt. Williams and Mr. Keeney, the first mate, could pay their passage to the United States in the mail boats via England. I had no money, therefore I could not pay my passage in a mail boat; but I thought I had been long enough away from my home and family. So I went on board the English mail steamer Trojan, Capt. Coxwell, master, and told him my situation. He gave me a free passage to Southampton, England, and also gave me a letter to give to the captain of the mail steamer Neckar, of the Lloyd German Line; and on the 2d of April at noon I landed in Jersey City, in good health and home once more. I have seen great kindness from each nation, American, English and German, perhaps more than I did deserve, at least more than I could expect.

Capt. John Williams and Mr. Geo. Keeney, first officer, deserve great credit for having kept good rule among so many and for so long a time.

The crew were the loyalest men I was ever with. If one party had not something to eat another party would have it, and they always shared with one another. They were always cheerful and kept a stiff shoulder against the breeze of trouble, and never looked on the dark side, but always hoped for a brighter day.

I do believe that the old Trinity buried herself under sand and seas somewhere about the southeast point of the island, and she may on some other day arise in the shape of Scrifton, or the One-Eyed Pilot, and cruise around this island to protect the elephants and penguins and wild cabbage and other passengers who may visit this solitary land. My sundial, I suppose, is still there, keeping its record of the hours.

WINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

WE publish the following extracts from a personal letter, by permission, from Mr. A. R. Fuller, of Meacham Lake, Franklin county, N. Y., under date of December 12:

You say you have a big snow storm on hand, and think we must be enjoying the same kind. Yes, "Winter Notes" from the Adirondacks will be in order. We have had a little snow fall for fifteen consecutive days, till we have about eighteen inches of snow in the woods. Outside they can't measure it. My team started at 8 A. M., December 8, for Malone, and made the first ten miles in seven hours, and reached Malone at 7 P. M. The horses were in the snow several times where they had to be shoveled out. About the lake our roads are first rate. We are busy getting out some pine logs that have lain on the ground several years, and as they are growing no better, I thought best to get them out where we could see them.

The lake closed the night of December 8, when the thermometer marked fifteen below zero. One lone duck was frozen into the ice about a half mile out, in front of the house. I looked at him several times during the day with the glass. About 3 P. M. went to the barn and saw an eagle come sailing down over the clearing; when I reached the house I saw that he had found the duck and was feasting on wild duck, not roasted even. I got the glass and watched him till he had finished. He was a very large one, but looked very ragged, quite a number of quills gone from his wings and tail, his head and neck were white, the white feathers extending further down than we usually see them. Now that the lake is frozen over the foxes use it as a playground; their tracks show in every direction. I have only seen one, and he was just too far off to shoot. To see their tracks one would think the "woods full of foxes."

Now "when the summer days are gone" I am almost alone taking my rest. December 20 the family and all the help will leave me to have their Christmas, then I will be a Crusoe indeed. But I enjoy these quiet times, and as I sit before the open fire to-night I think I am quite as comfortable and contented as most of the "busy ones" confined to office and shop, and this year, more than ever before, I find I need the rest. I am somewhat better than when you left me, and hope soon to be able to say I am as well as usual.

My trout eggs are doing nicely, and I hope to have a nice lot of young fry to turn into the lake. I have about 65,000 eggs on the trays.

After the dogs were hauled off I tried to put out my traps, but found I was not able to stand the tramps, so have to trap about the lake. This ought to be a good year for trapping, as there was nothing in the woods in the way of "shack" for the small animals. The deer do better; they can get ground hemlock and mosses and lichens. The partridges will be confined to birch buds almost entirely during the snow storm. They have been in the snow; we have started out several when at work at our logs, and from the looks of the hole you would think they had not been out for a month. The pile of manure looks larger than the bird.

The deer are very busy these days. We see fresh tracks near the house every morning. Two crossed the road this morning near the letter-box.

The Malone *Palladium* copied your letter on Meacham Lake in full, also made quite an article on their own account. One of the editors, F. J. Seaver, is quite a sportsman, takes more interest in such things than anyone I know in the county; he is the best fly-fisherman in Malone.

How the FOREST AND STREAM improves. Every number seems better than the one before, and from the advertising pages it must be paying somebody something. I am glad of it; I wish you all success.

Since you left "Old Bluefoot" took a race and never came back. His last race before that he drove in the biggest buck of the season, which was killed by a Mr. Weston.

A. R. FULLER.

BAYPORT, FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All the old visitors of Homosassa remember the genial, attentive and industrious Frank Knapp (the nephew of Alfred P. Jones) who was ever ready to aid all with his information and assistance. He has rented a winter resort at Bayport, twenty miles east of Homosassa, and is prepared to accommodate sportsmen on reasonable terms. The village of Bayport is located at the mouth of the Weeawachee river. This stream is about ten miles in length, and rises in a large spring. From the best information we have been able to secure, this stream offers greater advantages to the piscator than any one north of Charlotte Harbor. One advantage of this place is the fact that the visitor will reside within a few yards of the gulf where he can enjoy the invigorating sea breezes; and if disposed, can indulge in a sail in the large bay in front of the house. At the mouth of the river, cavallie, channel bass and sea trout fishing is excellent. In the upper portion of the river, fish similar to those caught in the Homosassa can be captured in great numbers. The spring offers many natural beauties and is well worth a visit. Ducks, snipe and curlew are (as we understand) very plentiful, and we have been informed, that during the course of last winter large numbers of English snipe were killed in the neighborhood. In the interior, and to the east of Bayport, good hunting can be secured.

From our knowledge of Frank and his wife, we feel assured that visitors will receive every attention, and at no distant day the sporting attractions of the locality will attract numerous visitors.

AL FRESCO.

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 20, 1882.

LONG JOHN.

FOLKS says I'm just a hunter,
And a kind o' wagabond,
But some time they'll come to know me,
In the huntin' ground beyond,
Where they'll find, with all their talkin',
That they've lost what I have found.

When the yeller leaves in Autumn
Goes a waverin' from the trees,
And the gentians in the swamp lot
Cheer the flowers that's got to freeze,
Then I sort er get to thinkin'
How we all must go like these.

And I wonder if the town folks.
Always wraslin' with each other,
Think the One above sets store by them,
Because they stay in cover,
When the church bells ring on Sundays.
And they've got to think it over,

A sperit voice comes whisperin' like,
That speaks direct to me,
When the early sun glides down the hi
And birds fly 'round so free.
That allers makes me symperthise,
And let all business be.

There ain't no home for comfort
Like a squirrel's dead-limb hole;
And the folks that s'pose that houses
Beat the woodchucks little knoll,
Never think of going to the woods
For spreadin' out the soul.

It's so; that when I married,
Marthy made it seem the best
To git inside a picket fence
To build our humbly nest,
And little John and Mary
Runnin' round it, give me rest.

But the partridge was a-waitin',
In the bresh, down by the brook.
And the trout was just a-achin'
For to dash on to my hook;
While the fox run 'round a-thinkin'
He wa'n't likely to be took.

The beech limbs was a beck'nin',
And the hemlocks smelt so sweet,
As the breezes wafted through 'em
Wavin' brakes around so neat.
That I kind o'wandered off in mind,
And followed with my feet.

They think I'm but a wagabond,
Who only hunts for game;
But the freedom of the furrest
Makes a man that's worth the name.
Goin' 'way ahead of them as hunts
For money and for fame.

MARK WEST.

George Conklin, the lion-tamer, says that his invariable rule is to keep his eyes upon the eyes of the animals. He refuses to perform with a cross-eyed brute, "for he's like a cross-eyed woman; you can't tell whether she's flirting with you or with the man on the other side of the street."

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise* thinks that after the ostrich ranching experiment in California has proved a failure, some of the birds will be allowed to shift for themselves, and will thus stock the wilds of Arizona, New Mexico, and other regions in that direction. It is about like the business of breeding camels. Camels do well in Nevada, increasing about as rapidly as any other kind of stock, but no one appears to know what to do with them. A lot taken to the desert regions for use in packing and prospecting; proved of so little value that they were turned loose to shift for themselves, and are now breeding and running wild up toward the headwaters of the Gila River.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

FAMILY SAXICOLIDÆ: STONE CHATS, BLUEBIRDS.

10. Stone Chat, or "Wheat Ear"—*Saxicola œnanthe* (L.) Ridg. 21, Cs. 26.—Accidental straggler from Europe. Geo. A. Boardman, Esq., has in his fine ornithological collection of the birds of northeastern America, a mounted skin of this species. This specimen was sent to him from Musquash, near St. John, New Brunswick. Mr. Boardman informs me that "the person who sent this specimen had deceived me about a grebe and I marked it as doubtful."

A stone chat was shot at Indian Island, near Eastport, Maine, August 25, 1879, and its skin sent to Mr. Boardman by Mr. George Moses who procured the specimen.

11. Bluebird—*Sialia wilsonii* Aud.; *Sialia sialis* Ridg. 32, Cs. 27.—Abundant in western Maine, and common East to the Penobscot Valley. Arrives early in April, sometimes in March. Breeds in hollow posts, trees, etc., and lays five or more pale blue eggs in May and June, commonly raises two broods. Apparently this species was formerly unknown east of the Penobscot River, and but rarely in that vicinity. Thoreau wrote of this species, "Unknown in the vicinity of Bangor," and the sentence may have been true at the time it was written. But the bluebirds have now become common in that vicinity, and although not abundant there, they appear to be yearly increasing in numbers, and making their way gradually toward the East. In the autumn of 1879 I saw a flock of seven bluebirds in Western New Brunswick, where the species is likely to become common in the future.

FAMILY SYLVIIDÆ: THE SYLVIAS.

12. The Ruby-Crowned Kinglet—*Regulus calendula* Aud., Ridg. 30, Cs. 33.—Common. Arrives in April. Probably breeds in Maine. A few are found here in winter.

13. Golden-Crowned Kinglet—*Regulus satrapa* Aud., Ridg. 33, Cs. 34.—Common. Arrives in April. A few birds of this species are found here in winter. Breeds. Lays six or more eggs of a yellowish-white color, obscurely spotted. Until somewhat recently the nidification of this very common and widely distributed species appears to have been omitted by writers upon ornithology. Mr. Harry Merrill has a nest, taken near Bangor, Me., in 1876, with *ten* eggs; and he informs me that this nest is figured in Gentry's "Nests and Eggs of the Birds of the United States." Part No. 8. In 1871, I found a nest with eggs, in Carroll county, New Hampshire, but a dozen miles or less from the western border of Maine, the identification of which was assured by the presence of both the male and the female birds.

14. Blue-gray Gnat-Catcher—*Muscicapa cærulea* Aud.; *Polioptila cærulea* Ridg. 27, Cs. 36.—Very rare visitant from the South or West. The only record of its occurrence in Maine is that of a single specimen shot at Cape Elizabeth, Cumberland county, August 29, 1880, by my friend Mr. Nathan Clifford Brown, of Portland, to whom I am indebted for knowledge of the fact.

FAMILY PARIDÆ: TITMICE OR CHICKADEES.

15. Black-Capped Chickadee—*Parus atricapillus* Aud., Ridg. 41, Cs. 44.—Abundant throughout the State. Resident. Breeds, usually in the holes of trees, posts, etc., and lays from six to ten white eggs with reddish spots, in May and June. In the summer of 1879 a pair of chickadees of this species nested in a bird-house upon the stable of Mr. John Mead, at North Bridgton, Me.

16. Hudsonian Chickadee, Brown-Capped Chickadee—*Parus hudsonicus* Aud., Ridg. 45, Cs. 49.—Common in the interior, eastern, and northern portion of Maine. Resident. Breeds in May. Habits somewhat similar to those of the species next above named, but less gregarious, more secluse, and coniferous trees more exclusively frequented. The cries of these two species are similar, but may be readily distinguished by an ear familiar with them. A soft, chirping note is frequently uttered by the Hudsonian chickadee while feeding. Its ordinary cry usually consists of four notes, resembling the cry of the black-capped chickadee, but less prolonged and uttered with rather more force and abruptness. This cry of the Hudsonian chickadee I can best express by the syllables, *Pitt-weet, chee, chee.*

FAMILY SITTIDÆ: NUTHATCHES.

17. White-Bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta carolinensis* Aud., Ridg. 51, Cs. 57.—Common. Breeds, usually in holes in trees, stumps, etc., and lays four or more white eggs with reddish brown spots, in May. This species is common in Maine throughout the entire year.

18. Red-Bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta canadensis* Aud.; Ridg. 52, Cs. 59.—Common, more especially in the interior and in Eastern Maine. Breeds, usually in holes in trees, etc., and lays four or more white eggs with reddish spots, in May.

FAMILY CERTHIIDÆ: CREEPERS.

19. Brown Creeper—*Certhia familiaris* Aud., Cs. 62; *Certhia familiaris rufa* Ridg. 55.—Common. Nowhere abundant. Arrives in March and April. Breeds, usually placing its loosely-constructed nest under the scales of coarse bark upon such trees as the hemlock, etc., or in the crevices or holes in the trunks of trees, and lays six dull white eggs with reddish spots, in May and June.

FAMILY TROGLODYTIDÆ: WRENS.

20. House Wren, Wood Wren—*Troglodytes ædon* Aud., Ridg. 63.; *Troglodytes domesticus*, Cs. 74.—Not uncommon. Arrives in May. Breeds, in holes in trees, etc., and lays from six to nine eggs, in May and June. The eggs are white, entirely covered with fine red spots, so that the eggs appear to be light red. But few, if any, wrens of this species are commonly found further east than the Penobscot valley, and even in that region they are not very common. Mr. N. A. Eddy informs me that he obtained a set of six eggs of this species from a nest in a bird-house in Bangor, Maine, in 1875. Until within a few years the wrens have commonly bred in Portland city and vicinity each season, but now they are quite rare here. They are pugnacious and plucky little birds, but the increasing numbers of the imported domestic sparrows (*Fringilla domestica* Linn.) may have caused them to give up their places of resort here, a result that has been effected among other species of our native birds to an appreciable extent.

21. Winter-Wren—*Troglodytes hyemalis* Aud.; *Anorthura troglodytes hyemalis* Ridg. 65, Cs. 76.—Not uncommon. Breeds in Eastern Maine. Its eggs and habits are similar to those of the house wren, but the winter wren is of a more retiring nature, usually frequenting the forests and less often seen about the habitations of men.

22. Short-billed Marsh-Wren, *Troglodytes brevirostris* Aud.; *Cistothorus stellaris* R. 68 Cs. 81.—Uncommon, but probably a regular summer visitant. Breeds. Lays five or more pure white eggs in June. Usually the nest is placed near, but not upon, the ground, and is composed of grass woven into a hollow ball of four or five inches outside diameter, with an aperture of about an inch in diameter for the entrance and exit of the birds. The interior is lined with soft materials, such as the down of plants, etc. This curious nest is supported by the coarse marsh grass to which it is attached, and is generally built in the midst of a thick tussock, where it is not easily detected.

Mr. N. A. Eddy called my attention to the fact that the nest and eggs of this species had been found in Penobscot county, and for a detailed account thereof I am indebted to Mr. E. S. Bowler, who has kindly sent a nest to me.

Mr. Bowler informs me that "two nests with eggs were taken in June, 1881, and twenty or more empty nests were found at the time in the same locality. One of these nests contained four eggs, and the other nest contained five eggs." It is said that the male bird builds nests each season, which are not occupied, unless after another nest is deserted for some reason.

As above stated, it is probable that wrens of this species are regular summer residents of Maine, in restricted localities, but owing to the nature of their habits and haunts they are not easily detected. Frequenting the grassy meadows and marshes, where they are not easily put to flight, when alarmed, they skulk under the grass or dart through it by short flights, and by this means, aided by their diminutive size and brown color of plumage, easily escape observation. Even when their presence is discovered they are with difficulty procured if they have become alarmed.

FAMILY ALAUDIDÆ: LARKS.

23. Horned Lark—*Alauda alpestris* Aud.; *Eremophila alpestris* Ridg. 300, Cs. 82.—A common winter visitor in Western Maine. Mr. Boardman reports it as "rare" in Eastern Maine, where I have never seen it. It does not appear to be a regular migrant through Maine. Probably the birds of this species which appear here, usually in small flocks, or associated with the snow buntings, are wanderers.

FAMILY MOTACILLIDÆ: WAGTAILS.

24. American Titlark, or Pipit—*Anthus ludovicianus* Aud.; Ridg. 71, Cs. 89.—Common during autumn migrations in September. Although rather abundant in autumn, the species is rarely, if ever, seen here in the spring, when a more western route is followed to the nesting places in the North.

FAMILY SYLVICOLIDÆ: WARBLERS.

25. Golden-Crowned Wagtail. "Oven-Bird" — *Seiurus auricapillus* Aud., Ridg. 115, Cs. 135.—Abundant. Arrives in May; Breeds, and lays four or five yellowish white eggs, with brown spots, in June. The name "oven-bird" has been applied to this species on account of its peculiar nest, which, placed on the ground, is inclosed above, and has the entrance on the side. To this species and the others of the genus *Seiurus*, the name thrush has been applied; on account of the colorations of plumage, resembling that of our small thrushes. The *Seiuri* are closely allied to the family *Motacillidæ*, and the name wagtail is appropriate to these birds. Modern writers have placed this genus among the warblers in the family *Sylvicolidæ*. The habits of the oven-bird are more arboreal than those of several of the terrestrial warblers with which it is commonly classed. Although nesting on the ground, it seeks much of its food during the breeding season upon the trees.

26. Water Wagtail.—*Seiurus noveboracensis* Aud.; *Siurus aurius* Ridg. 116, Cs. 136.—Common. Arrives in May, breeds on or near the ground, and lays five pure white eggs with brown dots and blues, in June. Frequents the shores of lakes and streams.

27. Black and White Creeping Warbler, Variegated Warbler.—*Mniotilta varia* Aud., Ridg. 74, Cs. 91.—Common. Arrives in April and early in May, breeds on or near the ground, and lays from four to seven yellowish white eggs with reddish spots, in June.

28. Prothonotary Warbler—*Protonotaria citrea* Aud., Ridg. 75, Cs. 95.—Accidental straggler from the South. A single specimen was taken near Calais, Maine, October 30, 1862, by George A. Boardman, Esq.

29. Worm-Eating Warbler—*Helmaia vermivora* Aud.; *Helmitherus vermivorus* Ridg. 77, Cs. 96.—Rare straggler from the South. Since Audubon recorded this species for Maine, the capture of but a single specimen here has been publicly reported. This was recorded by Prof. A. E. Verrill in the "Proceedings of the Essex Institute," Vol. III., p. 156.

30. Nashville Warbler—*Helmaia rubricapilla* Aud.; *Helminthophaga rufficapilla* Ridg. 85, Cs. 106.—Common. Arrives early in May. Breeds on or near the ground, and lays from four to six eggs covered with brown spots, in June.

31. Orange Crowned Warbler—*Helmaia celata* Aud.; *Helminthophaga celata* Ridg. 86, Cs. 107.—Audubon recorded this species as occurring in Maine, but it must be only as a very rare visitor, and the species is named here upon his authority and record.

32. Wandering Warbler, Tennessee Warbler—*Helmaia peregrina* Aud.; *Helminthophaga peregrina* Ridg. 87, Cs. 109.—Not uncommon. Probably breeds. A regular summer visitant.

33. Blue Yellow-Backed Warbler—*Parula americana* Aud., Ridg. 88, Cs. 93.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees, and lays four or five white eggs with brown spots, in June.

34. Tiger Warbler, Cape May Warbler—*Sylvicola maritima* Aud.; *Perrissoglossa tigrina* Ridg. 90; *Dendroica tigrina* Cs. 126.—Not very common. Mr. Boardman reports that it breeds in Eastern Maine, and it breeds in the western part of the State also, but in very limited numbers. A regular visitant.

35. Golden Warbler, Summer Yellow Warbler—*Sylvicola æstiva* Aud.; *Dendroica æstiva* Ridg. 93, Cs. 111.—Very common. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees or bushes, and lays from four to six greenish white eggs with brown spots, in June and July.

36. Black-Throated Blue Warbler—*Sylvicola canadensis* Aud.; *Dendroica cærulescens* Ridg. 94, Cs. 117.—Not very common. Arrives in May. Breeds usually in trees, and lays four or five white eggs with reddish brown spots, in June.

37. Yellow-Crowned or Yellow-Rumped Warbler—*Sylvicola coronata* Aud.; *Dendroica coronata* Ridg. 95, Cs. 119.—Abundant. Arrives early in April. Breeds on trees usually, and lays from five to seven white eggs with brown blotches, in May and June. This is the first warbler to arrive here in the spring. My friend Nathan Clifford Brown observed a single specimen at Cape Elizabeth, March 21, 1882.

38. Magnolia Warbler, Spotted Warbler—*Sylvicola maculosa*, Aud.; *Dendroica maculosa*, Ridg. 97, Cs. 125.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds on low trees or on bushes, and lays four or five dull white eggs spotted with brown, in June.

39. Chestnutsided Warbler — *Sylvicola pensylvanica*, Aud.; *Dendroica pensylvanica*, Ridg. 99, Cs. 124.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees, and lays four white eggs with brown spots, in June.

40. Bay-Breasted Warbler—*Sylvicola castanea*, Aud.; *Dendroica castanea*, Ridg. 100, Cs. 123.—Not common. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees. The eggs have been described as greenish-white with dark brown spots. This species appears to be quite uncommon in Maine, except in restricted localities of the extreme western portion of the State.

41. Blackpoll Warbler—*Sylvicola striata*; Aud; *Dendroica striata*, Ridg. 101, Cs. 122. Common. Arrives in May, and breeds commonly in Eastern and Northern Maine. Nests on low branches of coniferous trees, and lays four or more white eggs with cinnamon brown blotches, in June.

42. Blackburn's Warbler—*Sylvicola blackburniæ*, Aud.; *Dendroica blackburniæ*, Ridg. 102, Cs. 121.—Not uncommon. Arrives in May, breeds on bushes or trees, usually in dense thickets. Eggs, white with reddish brown spots, June.

43. Black-Throated Green Warbler—*Sylvicola virens*, Aud.; *Dendroica virens*, Ridg. 107, Cs. 112. Common. Arrives early in May, breeds on trees or bushes, and lays four or five white eggs with brown spots, in June and July.

44. Pine Warbler—*Sylvicola pinus* Aud.; *Dendroica pinus* Ridg. 111, Cs. 134.—Abundant. Arrives in April and early in May. Breeds usually in the trees known as "hard pine," which are most commonly frequented by this species. Early in June it lays four eggs, which are greenish white, spotted all over with brown. Although this catalogue is not intended to include descriptions of plumage, I will, in this connection, mention a discrepancy that occurs in descriptions of the pine warbler hitherto published. These descriptions name two pairs of tail feathers as blotched with white. In the brief diagnosis of this species in the "Key to North American Birds," Dr. Coues puts especial emphasis upon the following sentence: "Tail-blotches confined to two outer pairs of feathers." In Maine it is not uncommon to find adult birds of this species having *three* outer pairs of rectrices blotched with white, and this appears to be the normal marking of the perfect plumage of the male at full maturity, and I find them in spring and autumn thus marked.

45. Redpoll Warbler, Palm Warbler—*Sylvicola petechia* Aud.; *Dendroica palmarum hypochrysea*, Ridg 113a, Cs. 133.—Common during spring and autumn migrations. Arrives in April. The autumn migrations occur in September and October. A few warblers of this species breed in Eastern Maine, but nearly all of them pair beyond the limits of the State. Nests on the ground, and lays from three to five yellowish-white eggs blotched with brown, early in June. The species is of uncommon summer occurrence in the Penobscot Valley, where it is known to breed, however. I am indebted to Anson Allen, Esq., of Orono, Me., for the following account of a nest and eggs found in that vicinity:

"The nest was found by Prof. C. H. Fernald, and contained three eggs, but when I went with him two days later to identify the bird, there were three young birds. I scared the old bird from the nest and had a good chance to observe her. She was certainly *D. palmarum*. The nest was on low, dry ground, with a thin growth of young hard wood around it." The same gentleman writes me further, "I think the species not a regular but a frequent breeder in this vicinity."

46. Agile Warbler, Connecticut Warbler — *Sylvicola agilis* Aud., *Oporornis agilis* Ridg. 118, Cs. 139 Very rare. My friend, Nathan Clifford Brown, of Portland, procured a warbler of this species at Cape Elizabeth, Cumberland county, Maine, August 31, 1878, and Mr. Harry Merrill, of Bangor, Maine obtained an immature specimen of Lake Ebeme, Piscataquis county, Maine, in August 1879.

47. Philadelphia Warbler—*Trichas philadelphia* Aud.; *Geothlypis philadelphia* Ridg. 120, Cs. 142. Not common. Arrives in May. Mr. C. T. Maynard has reported this species as breeding at Lake Umbagog in Maine. In Prof. C. E. Hamlin's list of birds published in the Maine Agricultural Report of 1865, there it was cited "one pair, the only ones found in Maine." Since that date, much has been learned of its occurrence in Maine, where the species is of regular occurrence in summer, but not generally distributed. It is rare about the seacoast, but Mr. Chas. F. Batchelder has reported its occurrence near Fort Fairfield, Aroostook county, as "common in suitable places." ("Notes on the Summer Birds of the Upper St. John," by Charles F. Batchelder, 1882.

48. Maryland Yellow-Throated Warbler—*Trichas marilandica* Aud.; *Geothlypis trichas* Ridg. 122, Cs. 141.—Abundant. Arrives in May. Breeds on or near the ground, and lays from four to six pure white eggs with brown dots and blotches, in June.

49. Wilson's Flycatching Warbler, Black-Capped Warbler—*Myiodioctes wilsonii* Aud.; *Myiodioctes pusillus* Ridg. 125, Cs. 147.—Not common. Migrant through Maine. Arrives in May.

50. Canadian Flycatching Warbler, Canadian Warbler—*Myiodioctes canadensis* Aud., Ridg. 27, Cs. 49.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds on or near the ground, and lays five pure white eggs with brown spots, in June.

51. Redstart—*Setophaga ruticilla*, Ridg. 128, Cs. 152; *Muscicapa ruticilla* Aud.—Abundant throughout the State. Arrives in April and May. Breeds on trees or bushes, usually in thickets, and lays four or five dull white eggs with brown blotches, in June.

52. Yellow-Breasted Chat—*Icteria viridis* Aud.; *Icteria virens*, Ridg. 123, Cs. 144. Very rare. Although this species is reported as a constant visitor to Massachusetts, where it breeds, it is almost unknown to Maine. A specimen was sent to a taxidermist in Portland, from Eliot, in the extreme southwest part of Maine, in June, 1876.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOWY OWLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mr. Jenvey's inquiry in a recent issue as to the southern distribution of this species, we will reply by quoting from our diary of the fall and winter of 1876. From the Port Jarvis (N. Y.) *Union*, December 4, 1876: About three weeks ago it was noticed by residents of the surrounding country that large flocks of owls were flying southward from the north. Since that time flocks have been seen now and then. Many have been captured. The owls are nearly all white, *i. e.*, Arctic owls; a taxidermist here has received six of these birds. One taxidermist in New York city received sixty-two within ten days. Capt. J. Birch, of Newburgh, N. Y., received twelve white owls at his store.

Cleveland, Dec. 16, 1876.—Big snow storm, migration of northern birds in variety and numbers, beyond anything I ever before witnessed.

"About Nov. 22, 1876, great numbers of snowy owls were noticed migrating from the North to the South. The flight continued about two weeks and was noticed from Maine to Denver, Colorado, and from there to Portland, Vancouver and Astoria, Oregon and Washington Territory. At Boston one taxidermist, received forty-two white owls during this flight, thirty of which were white ones. White owls were also brought to bird stuffers and bird fanciers during this period in the following towns in great numbers, as follows: Albany, Rochester and Buffalo, New York; Erie, Pennsylvania; Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio; Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha and Denver, the last two places in great abundance."

November 30, 1876, at Newbern, N. C., white owls from the North were seen for the first time by the oldest inhabitant. This is further South than Mr. Jenvey's owl.

Perhaps it may be asked, "Where did I get this information?" From telegraphic and other clippings from newspapers, as they published the daily records of what was then, and is still, going on.

In the fall of this migration of owls, an open winter was predicted by the "weather-wise." The husks on the corn were thin, the muskrats' huts were only half size, etc., etc.; but this winter of 1876-'7 proved the most severe since 1862. December 18, 1876, there was ice in the Cuyahoga, at Cleveland, *eleven inches* thick, and it held its own until spring; in fact is noted with the winter of 1880, the coldest of cold winters. So much for prophets and corn shucks.

I do not know that the following has any bearing on cold snaps, snow owls and "weather miseries," but I quote nevertheless.

"December 21, 1876.—To-night 8.30 P. M., Cleveland time.—There passed over the greatest bolide or suction noticed in modern times. Noticed first at Topeka, Lawrence and Emporia, Kan.; St. Louis, Morlity, Mo.; Jacksonsonville, Peoria, Galesburgh, Clifton, Ill.; Indianapolis, Bloomington, Ind; Toledo, Green Springs, Bucyrus, Cleveland, Ashtabula, Ohio; Erie, Pa.; New York city; New Haven and Wood's Hole, Conn.

"A very favorable hour for this independent metallic rock to pass one way. Everybody up; no moon, consequently quite dark; thirty-nine miles a second in flight; twenty eight miles in diameter; eighty miles or more above the earth, but yet within our atmosphere, bursting and thundering from frictional heat; sending off, now and then, a holiday chunk; rattling windows and shaking doors, proclaiming, 'I am the boss St. Nicholas.'" DR. E. STERLING.

Uncle John Krider says the reason why so many snowy owls are showing themselves in more Southern localities than they are usually seen is "because they want to get out of the very cold weather North," and that it does not so much indicate that we are to have a severe winter in the Middle States. We agree with Uncle John so far as that the owls can't stand the pressure northward, but that we are to have a very cold winter, notwithstanding a month of it has passed without much indication of severity, we are confident, and do not agree with him. We venture to "Vennorize" and point out that January, February and March will make up for the shortcomings of the last month of 1882. With all deference to the opinions of Uncle John; we would say as all said at the last shoot of the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club, when he took a part, "he is not so young as he used to be." HOMO.

In the course of an interesting paper on "Owls," read before the Buffalo Academy of Natural Sciences, Dec. 22, Prof. Linden says of the snowy owls:

"They never fail to visit our neighborhood and arrive here sometimes in October, which is a sure indication that the winter in the higher latitudes has set in very early and with unusual severity. Their southern migrations extend also over a great territory, since they have been reported as far as South Carolina, although they are more common along the shores of the New England States and Lower Canada, whence, following the course of the St. Lawrence, they stray to our neighborhood. The snowy owl has been shot here as early as the middle of October and remains often until late in the spring. In my own experience I observed one near Angola on the 9th of June flying about in an old stump lot, which it made for several days its headquarters. Among the many different specimens shot here not one, however, was marked with the pure white color which, according to Gould, is characteristic of its full plumage. Up to this present month about a dozen of them have been killed this winter along the shores of the Niagara, which they frequent on account of the dead fishes and refuse of all sorts left by our fishermen on the beach. It is this species only and the hawk owls, which are strictly diurnal in their habits, and never hunt after dark. Both are inhabitants of the Arctic zone, where the sun never sets for at least two months of the year, the very time in which they raise their brood and require an abundance of food. This circumstance alone would account for the exceptional modification of their sight, which must conform itself to the special environment in which they live."

Belleville, Ont., Dec. 11.—A snowy owl was shot on the bay shore near the railway wharf a few days ago by Mr. Henry Pretty. R. S. B.

ENEMIES OF THE SPARROW.—Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 23 1882.—Within the past two weeks my son has had given him to put up two pigeon hawks, shot near the center of the city while in pursuit of English sparrows. I expostulated with one of the parties for killing them, while doing so beneficial an act. I should almost be inclined to protect them within the city limits during the winter, if they will confine their depredations to the extermination of that most stupendous fraud of the age. I have noticed for the past few days that the sparrows have congregated in large flocks, and I would like very much to have a few shots among them, for at such times I think this would be the best and only way of exterminating them, and there are no other birds about to be frightened away. There was one thing about the hawks that I never saw before—each of them had brown ticks or flies on them. I inclose one for your inspection and explanation. I have read much in your valuable paper of the ticks on ruffed grouse, but have never seen them. Can this be the same, and has it left the grouse and taken to the hawk? I hope it may be so.—J. L. DAVISON. [The insect inclosed is the same as the partridge fly, or at least very closely resembles it. As we have said many times, these insects are found on grouse, quail, hawks, owls and herons.]

TAXIDERMISTS' PERMITS.—In their annual report the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game say: "We hope no more commissions for taxidermists may be granted without the strictest scrutiny as to the objects of the applicants, and bonds required for the faithful adherence to the terms of the commissions under the statutes. Is it less damage to the State to kill birds for the sale of their skins during close time, than to kill for the sale of their bodies for food? Our song birds in particular are most eagerly sought during the mating and nesting season, as they are then in their gayest plumage. We believe that among the very many commissioned taxidermists of the State, but few have sought the office for scientific purposes. Let our farmers, who are most intimately interested in the protection of insectiverous birds, look to this."

THE MUNGOOSE IN JAMAICA.—At a meeting of the Zoological Society, of London, held Nov. 28, 1882, Mr. W. Bancroft Espent read a paper on the acclimatization of the Indian mungoose (*Herpestes griseus*) in Jamaica. The author explained that the object in introducing the mungoose into Jamaica was the destruction of rats, which had committed serious ravages among the sugar and coffee crops. The first mungooses were introduced in 1871, and so beneficial was the effect produced that the saving to the sugar and coffee planters now was estimated at least at £100,000 a year.

AN EAGLE ATTACKS A CHILD.—Belleville, Ont., Canada, Dec. 11.—A very remarkable event occurred in this city on October 20, which, although fully described in a local journal, I have not seen any note of in your columns. In the afternoon of that day a boy aged about five years, named Wall, was playing near his parents' home, near the outskirts of the city, when an eagle swooped down upon him, and, fixing his talons in his dress at the shoulders, tried to carry him off. The burden was, however, so heavy that the bird could not rise with it, and as the child struggled and screamed, the eagle beat him about the head with its wings, dealing out very powerful blows. What the issue would have been it is impossible to say, but the struggle was ended by an elder sister of the little boy, who, hearing his cries, came out and drove the eagle off with a stick. This, I think you will agree with me, is a strange occurrence to happen in a city of 10,000 inhabitants.—R. S. B.

SHOOTING DEER IN SUMMER.

IT was a delightful evening of May, 1870. I had been to listen to an able discourse on the probable immortality of human and animal life. The faithful dog, the patient and long-suffering horse, and shy wild animals, were ably and interestingly discussed. I returned home, and, as my wife was away on a visit and I was alone, I called my faithful hunting dog into the house with me. Retiring to rest, I fell into a fitful slumber, when I distinctly heard my name called. Rising up, I saw a mist-like form, with beautiful, expressive eyes, and a sweet, quiet voice said, "Come with me." An irresistible power seemed to control me, and we passed up into mid-air, above my dwelling, when, with a seemingly familiar voice, my companion asked me if I would like to visit the Adirondacks. "O, yes," said I, and, twining its transparent drapery about me, we flew along rapidly. The soft, warm air fanned my cheeks, crickets were chirping, and the katydids were having their disputes. I was both startled and delighted as we floated along over towns and cities, and looked down upon them. At one point, hearing strains of music, I asked my companion where we were. "Listen," said she; "this is Saratoga." Lingering but a moment, we sped away again. Woods, bushes, and mountains seemed all in quiet repose. The moon rode bright and silvery, seemingly nearer than ever before. Up, up, and away we rose. As we passed over a mountain I heard the dismal howl of a wolf; then again we passed over a clearing, a marsh, and a small lake. The hoot of an owl rang out in apparent mockery as we passed over a forest; again we lifted up over a mountain, then lowered our flight over a lake, where all was quiet. A small flock of ducks, a mother with her brood, were seemingly all asleep, and there stood a deer knee deep in the water, slender and alert, apparently alarmed, turning his head from side to side.

As we passed along, I recognized the lake and the very place where, a year before, I shot by torchlight at a large doe, wounding her so severely, she was just able to get away out of the water and up into the woods. As I spoke to my companion, she seemed to sigh, while a shudder passed through her frame. Slowly we turned from the lake, and passing up the side, we came to a beautiful glade, and descending here alighted where the tall, woody grass and ferns formed a natural bower. Looking around, I saw before me two little fawns, emaciated and starving. Their unkempt faces showed the want of the toilet of their mother's tongue. Their little weeping eyes were glossy and death-stricken. I could only just hear a plaintive whispering bleat of the little dying infant deer. And as I stood there, one leaning forward fell prone upon the grass, dead. The other settled down upon its little knees and closed its eyes in death. Near them lay the festering form of their dead mother. Turning away from the cruel, sickening sight, I spoke to my companion. She sighingly said, "It is the deer you shot at on the lake. Ah!" says she, "the Angel of Mercy passeth by on the other side and hath no tears to shed when the cruel man dies." Heartsick, I asked to return home, and as we neared my house, I asked my companion who she was. She replied, "I am the spirit of that deer you shot at, the mother of those dead fawns." G. F. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME SEASONS.

A comprehensive statement of the game laws of America will be found in the issues of this journal for December 7 and 14, 1882. Individuals and game clubs are requested to inform us of the enactment of new local laws and of changes that may be made in the laws of the several States and Territories.

GAME IN TEXAS.

IT was Friday morning last that two inexperienced gentlemen, along with myself, boarded the east bound train on the Sunset road, for a day's shooting. At seven o'clock we got off at Socorro, and "spread out" over the valley in quest of ducks and quail. The day was all one could wish. I soon found a slough, in which the water had been turned from the acequia, and along which the ducks were flying to different feeding grounds. Just now the "natives" are letting on the water for the purpose of preparing their grounds for wheat sowing. At this time the ducks always come to feed on wheat and sunflower seeds. Shortly after taking my stand a flock of mallards came up and I managed to make a clear miss somehow, very much to my chagrin. Soon two mallards came by and I dropped both very nicely, one with each barrel. The shooting was pretty good for an hour and then suddenly stopped. In this time I bagged eight mallards and two teal, making only four misses.

Leaving the slough I went toward the mesa in quest of quail, which I found quite abundant. Owing to the dense weeds and the disposition of this bird to run, I found the shooting very hard. The valley quail found here is a beautiful bird, but unfit for hunting with dogs, as it will not fly, but will run as long as it has life. Flocks of fifty are not infrequent. Market hunters kill a great many and find ready sale for them here at $1.50 per dozen. In two hours, by much walking, running and tiresome work, I managed to bag sixteen of these beautiful birds.

On my way to the depot I found some snipe along a shallow acequia I got six in good style, not missing a single shot.

Soon the train came by and brought us home. My friends bagged only a few quail.

North of this place, fifteen miles, there is pretty good antelope and deer shooting. Quail abundant there. I am going soon and will give report. Ducks are to be found in abundance anywhere along the Rio Grande Valley, where there are ponds or fields under irrigation. As soon as the wheat is up the geese will be here in great numbers.

On the plains the like of antelope is unprecedented, and some buffalo to be found by hard hunting.

GEO. W. BAINES, JR.

EL PASO, Tex., Dec. 14.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF GAME BIRDS.

THAT every question has two sides is admitted, tacitly or overtly, by every one; and if it has not been already proved that the destruction of certain of our game birds is inevitable, in spite of existing laws, I would like to say a few words in support of the other side, and show, if possible, by advancing such theories as have seemed to me rational and consistent with the point in question, that the total extinction of our game birds is next to impossible.

In the first place, it is noticeable that the change of habits of birds ever tends toward a greater ability to escape their pursuers, and this change, therefore, ameliorates their instinct of self-preservation, which is paramount in all the animal kingdom. Witness the difference of habits of the ruffed grouse of the Maine and Canada woods and of those in the much shot over districts of Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut. I venture to say that of seven birds flushed in Eastern Massachusetts, not more than one is ever killed, day in and day out.

To what limit this change may reach, we know not; but it needs only to instance the increased development of this faculty to evade their enemies to show that it is sufficient to meet the dangers to which they are exposed.

Doubtless, too, this faculty is hereditary, and birds that have once associated the sound of a gun to proximate danger to themselves, and the voice of man to imminent peril, will in course of time hand down to their offspring a like association of perceptions.

Again, those who assert that certain quarters are shot over too much for a continuance of its game supply must, from the very terms of their assertion, admit also that in those same quarters the birds never die a natural death of old age, which entails the admission that none but the young, relatively, and healthy survive till succeeding spring to breed—*i. e.*, only those that can and do reproduce their kind.

That, owing to an undue persistence in their destruction, quail and grouse make partial migrations from the localities where they were reared to others more remote and better suited to their peace and rest, none but the blindest will deny. This holds equally true of deer.

After being hunted and hounded for some time in the Plymouth Woods, Cape Cod, there appears to be a decrease in the number of deer, and at the same time a corresponding increase in the number of those at more southern parts of the Cape; from this fact it is fair to surmise that they were driven from their wonted retreat to others less frequented.

To revert to migratory birds, it is well known that wildfowl when disturbed at night on their resting grounds (or more properly speaking, waters), will forsake those waters, and not, as is generally the case, return again in the same season at least; this, far from tending toward their destruction (the popular view), only increases their chance of life, rendering them as it does more shy, vigilant and suspicious for the future, which in turn puts them within reach only of the most accomplished sportsmen—a very small class of men.

Furthermore, when birds are shot in large numbers, the markets become glutted, and the price of the birds being lowered, offers less inducements to the market shooter, and ultimately the slaughter must cease.

Of the extinction of bay snipe little or no fear need be felt. These birds are so prolific, their breeding-grounds for the most part so remote, the demand for them in the market comparatively speaking so small, and their season of appearing and reappearing on our shores so untimely for active exercise or even for sun-basking, that their total extermination, however great the increase of breech-loaders, is impossible. In an out-of-the-way corner somewhere in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I have for the past three years shot

these birds, but noticed no decrease in their numbers, except of the golden plover last season, which, however, I attribute to some freak in the weather when the birds were at sea migrating, and so perhaps altered their line of flight.

Other reasons, analogous to, but less salient than those already shown, might be given in support of this view of the question, but if I have added any hope to the despondent and complaining class of sportsmen, who are forever bewailing the dearth of game and its speedy extermination, of which I am heartily tired, I have won my point. To do more would but be needlessly trespassing on your space. H. W. A.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

The scarcity of the partridges (or quail) in Northern Virginia is a progressive thing. It is due, I think, mainly to the great increase of the number of persons owning and shooting over setters and pointers, and to the destructive effect of the modern breech-loader; to the destruction of the cover by changed methods of culture, thicker settling of the country and clearing of forests and swamps and brushlands. It is not due, as one of your correspondents suggests, to negroes shooting them in nesting time. It is a curious fact that these people have to a very great degree given up hunting and trapping of all sorts for which in a state of slavery they seem to have such an insatiable fondness and which they indulged in so freely immediately after the war as to make it an intolerable nuisance. Self-binders, and other improved harvesting implements, leave no waste wheat on the stubble lands, and the birds have taken largely to other feeding grounds, their habits changing accordingly.

DR. M. G. ELLZEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAINE GAME.

[From the Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine, 1882.]

DEER have been unusually plenty. Notwithstanding very inadequate means and very weak and faulty wording of the statutes, and the consequent imperfect enforcement of the law, the increase within the last two years has been very marked. The slaughter of deer has been greater than for very many years. The law forbidding the hunting of deer with dogs has been utterly disregarded. There can be no such sport in our State as coursing deer with hounds. Our ponds and lakes dot almost every square mile of our territory. It is simply driving the poor, timid, scared brute into one of our thousands ponds, where the murderous poacher in his canoe, awaits the fear-paralyzed victim with either knife to cut its throat, or deliberate cold-blooded gun shot at close quarters. Killing sheep in a slaughter-house, or butchering calves in a pen, is soul-stirring heroism in comparison.

There can be no adequate protection with such legislation as gives us the following silly law, viz.: "No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs, any deer or caribou within this State, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such deer or caribou so killed or destroyed." The same wording fatal to the efficiency of the law, is employed in the statute for the protection of moose. The same old poaching hand has emasculated the law, that formerly doctored the salmon and trout laws.

No penalty for hunting deer, or caribou, or moose, with dogs! The warden, without pay, must follow the dogs and see the deer killed, and then establish the ownership of the dogs, and then prosecute the parties, and then returns home a rich man from the accumulated wealth of one-half the penalty. Every man who takes dogs into the woods, should be held to have killed every deer traced to his possession, and every man in every cabin where dogs are sheltered or kept, should be held responsible and fined for hunting and killing deer with dogs. Much destruction of moose is perpetrated by Indians from Dominion borders in spring, within our State. Some of our own poachers act in complicity with them by exchanging moose hides for peltries that they can sell here without fear of arrest. These hides all come back here in due course. The poacher has become a dangerous criminal, whom the lumberman who owns cabins in the forests, or timber lands, or aught else that can be destroyed, fears to offend. The safety of the public demands his speedy punishment and suppression. He is but the deserter, the bounty jumper of the late war, back again in the haunts from whence he sprung. He picks a few cranberries before they are ripe, for fear the honest farmer may fairly obtain them; he nets white perch in our ponds; he poaches salmon on forbidden ground and in forbidden seasons; he nets and spears trout on the spawning beds; he even steals from his brother poacher, hounding deer, by watching and killing the deer driven by the dogs of some brother thief. His arrest and conviction and punishment, will rid society of an expensive blight, the cause of burdensome taxation for the punishment of crime.

We give below the return of the number of carcasses of deer and venison shipped by the American Express Company. Large as is the amount, it constitutes but a small item of the slaughter that has taken place thus far this year. We have heard of some nineteen carcasses of deer, spoiled by too long keeping, thrown into the river at Rockland. All this should have been consumed by sportsmen in our own State. As it now stands it was mostly killed by non-taxpaying men from other States, for profit, and returns to our own State hardly one cent. No one should be allowed to give up work as a citizen, and make a living by killing and selling what belongs equally to all, and what is intended and should be protected as a healthful recreation and holiday pastime for all. A law somewhat similar to one in force in Nova Scotia should be passed, forbidding the killing of more than two or three moose or deer or caribou by any one person. The laws in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and other provinces of the Dominion, requiring the payment of $25 or $30 for permission to hunt or shoot within their boundaries, by every non-resident, has had the effect to precipitate upon our State an unusual number of hunters, mostly for market:

"AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, North Eastern Division, Nov. 22, 1882.—Number of saddles of venison and carcasses shipped by American Express Company from Oct. 1 to Nov. 23, inclusive:

Bangor, 43 (and one caribou and bear); Piscataquis route, 7 (and one caribou); Mattawamkeag, 4; Lincoln, 39; Forest, 8; Olamon, 47; Win, 46 (and one caribou); Ellsworth, 62; Costigan, 34; Machias, 26; Milbridge, 93; total, 408."

Wild ducks are rare and to be seen but in limited numbers, owing to the wide-spread crime of baiting and netting. Farmers who like to vary the monotonous fare of their tables by an occasional duck or bit of venison, must aid us in fearlessly testifying in all cases of infractions of our game laws that come to their knowledge. If we had the means of employing competent detectives, we would soon root out this great evil of poaching, which now bids fair to exterminate the fish and game of our State. Woodcock and plover and many of our young ruffed grouse, in close time, are still shot for market, along our lines of railway by our own and outside poachers.

Our insectiverous birds require protection. There is a statute forbidding their being killed, but as there is no penalty attached, it is valueless.

BIG GAME AT TIM POND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Knowing the great interest a multitude of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM take in matters concerning the above-named ponds, I send you an extract from a letter I have recently received from Kennedy Smith. The letter was mailed the 18th inst. The location referred to is "hallowed ground" to many anglers, for thousands of speckled swimmers have gladdened their hearts near Hack and Alder Inlets.—J. W. T. (New Britain, Dec. 25, 1882.)

Mr. Smith writes: "The autumn after you left here was pleasant, but when cold weather did come snow came with it, and now we have on an average full twenty inches. Edgar and I went to Tim Pond last Wednesday to break out the road and to get a caribou. I think I have told you that when the right time came and the law is off it is no trick to get one of these beautiful animals; so Wednesday we took the old gun and started. We got to the cabins about four o'clock. We soon had the team put up in the stable and a good fire in one of the cabins, and passed the night very comfortably. It was quite different from what it was some years ago when at this season we got to Tim Pond wet and tired and were obliged to build a bough camp and keep up a large fire all night to keep from freezing, and you may believe I appreciate the change, as I fully realize I cannot stand now what I could once.

"Friday morning after breakfast, and while Edgar was taking care of the horses, I stepped down to the boat landlanding to take a view of the Pond. Up to the west, near Hack Inlet, I saw four caribou on the ice. Edgar took the old gun and went up around the pond by Alder Inlet, and when they came along by he fired and brought down one, a fine buck. The three others stopped and looked at the dead one long enough for him to have killed them, but Edgar had no more shot. When we left home we expected to find plenty of buckshot at the camp, but some one had taken them, and we had to content ourselves with one noble fellow, and truly he was a beauty. With the horses and sled we took him out to the house. Not very many have been on the ice this fall. We saw a good many tracks in the snow, and in one place tracks of a flock of deer. We also saw tracks of one moose. If nothing prevents we shall go in again next week, and with more ammunition get more large game before close time, which is January 1st.

"Foxes have been very plenty here, and many have been shot near my farm."

HUNTING DEER IN MICHIGAN.

ON the 17th of October I left home for the purpose of finding a favorable locality for a party of six to spend from two to three weeks deer hunting. I took the cars at Ionia, went to Owasso, thence to Bay City, thence to Roscommon, thence to a lumber camp about six miles from Houghton Lake. I made it my business to get all the information possible from those I met in regard to the best places for deer within their knowledge. I met a gentleman on the cars who lives a few miles above Evart on the Muskegon. There were five hunters boarding with him who were hunting with dogs, and they had killed eighteen deer in two weeks. I remained at camp two weeks looking the country over thoroughly. I found parties hunting, but not getting many deer. I heard from parties on the Sauble who were getting very few deer. I went north to Gaylord, thence across to Elmira on G. R. & I. Railroad. I saw there a few local hunters, who gave me no encouragement to stop there. I was told that a white deer was in that vicinity and had been shot at, but not killed. On my way home I met a man who had been visiting twelve miles east of Fyfe Lake. From his account of the country and the deer I concluded to hunt there.

On the 14th of November two of the party and myself started for Fyfe Lake and the next day at noon we arrived at our boarding house, one mile and a half from the Manistee. A party was camping on the east side of the river and was hunting with dogs, and had twenty deer. We hunted two weeks and shot five deer. The rest of our party were detained till late in the season and concluded to go to Lake county, where we had hunted for a few seasons past. The three killed eleven deer and one fox. While returning home I talked with a number of hunting parties, who had been out from two to four weeks, and nearly all reported less deer killed than usual.

Among the reasons for this lack of success was noisy hunting, we not having snow except for about one week before the season closed. The short time allowed to ship game made it necessary to use about three days in getting deer to the railroad to have them shipped as freight. From what I saw and the best information I could get the parties who used dogs got the greater part of the deer killed this season.

I will give my views of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association in relation to the game laws now existing. Here are a few extracts from addresses delivered at their last session. Mr. Cate says: "I think the result of shortening the season has been good. Heretofore still-hunters would go in the woods as soon as snow came and stay, and they could kill twice as many on snow as without it. I think it saves thousands of deer in this State to shorten the sporting season." President Holmes says the thing of first importance is a code of simple and equitable laws that will command the respect of all order-loving and law-abiding citizens. Again, sportsmen and game protectionists, who like other men cannot all think alike, must compromise with each other and agree on a code of laws that all will endorse and support. Professor Roney believes that the present game law has reduced the annual slaughter of deer from 70,000 in 1880 to 10,000 in 1881—a wonderful effect if true. Do our game laws command the respect of all order-loving and law-abiding citizens? I think not. They favor one class of sportsmen, while they deprive as great and perhaps a greater number of a few day's sport in hunting. The ostensible object of the association is the protection of game. If this is the real object why not secure the passage of an act to prohibit the hounding of deer? If the short season saves thousands of deer why not stop the dogs and save thousands more? Will the association do this, or will they try to have the season close on the 15th of November? Mr. Jewel, of the Howell Gun Club, said: "We organized three years ago, and set to work to post ourselves on what the game law was and to secure obedience to it. I found it one of the most difficult undertakings I ever got into. We expected the support of all the leading farmers around Howell, but to our surprise we found we had debased ourselves in their opinion as a lot of nabobs in the town who wished to preserve the game for our own shooting." It looks that way to many here, and I think for good reasons.

I will refer to one more prominent member of the association, I feel inadequate to do him justice. He stands a representative man among sportsmen, a snap-shot, and an effective deer hunter. I make a few extracts from your correspondence. The "Michigan State Sportsmen's Association has evidently been doing a good work in its efforts to put a stop to the wanton destruction of game. Ed. Gillman of this city, and a party of Ohio friends were on the happy hunting grounds at sunrise on the 1st inst. and have since been sending down from ten to sixteen deer per day." Consistency is a jewel. Again: "E. H. Gillman and two friends have just returned from a six weeks' sojourn in the North Woods, during which time they have killed nearly fifty deer and several good bags of ruffed grouse and quail." They are not pot or market hunters, but gentlemen sportsmen and game protectionists. I fail to see the difference between the killing of fifty or a hundred deer by Mr. Gillman and his friends with their fancy hounds, and "the pot hunter with his mangy hound of doubtful antecedents." An extract or two from your Adirondack correspondence. "Murrit" says, "One hundred and fifty will not cover the number of deer killed in Beaver River, and the lakes and ponds within two miles on either side of the river, by driving them into the water with hounds during the open season just closed, and unless still-hunters are more successful than they have been in previous years they will not get one-tenth as many as have been killed by hounding." "Why Not?" says, "Still-hunting by common consent is as a sport eminently legitimate. Hounding supplements every other method of destruction. It is the multiple of all the evils and abuses threatening game destruction. There is no season, no hour of day or night, no bottom soft or hard, snow or crust, no condition of weather, when the dog may not scour the most secluded game haunts, and there is no quality or condition of humanity on its legs that may not share the degradation of this pastime." Shooting deer in the water during the open season is quite common among hunters who use hounds in Michigan. We are waiting for Mr. Gillman's report of his hunting trip and hope he will be able to put himself in a better light before the public than your correspondents did. STILL-HUNTER.

PALO, Ionia County, Mich., Dec. 23, 1882.

HOUNDING vs. STILL-HUNTING.

I NOTICE in the last number of your journal that your correspondent, Mussit, makes a comparison between still-hunting and the killing of deer in ponds or rivers. I suppose it was only a question of still-hunting, or hunting with hounds. I do not consider that because hounds are used it becomes absolutely necessary to kill the deer after they have taken to water. I did say in my article "that when deer took to water ahead of the hound, half to three-quarters of the time that was the end of the hunt." Of course as far as the dog was concerned. Now, under the present law it is the end of the hunt, as far as the hunter is concerned also, but formerly under the old law, as I said, "quantities of deer were slaughtered in the lakes and ponds," not by the hunters (for no man who butchers a deer in water deserves that name), not by the owners of the dogs, for they, the hunters, were in the woods and on the runways where they belonged, but by a class of people who simply wanted venison, and made it a business to go to the ponds and get it, the hunters very seldom getting any share, and very often not wanting any. It is worse than casting pearls before swine for the State of New York to allow deer to be killed in the lakes and rivers of her Adirondack region as is described by Murrit. Let the Legislature pass a law similar to the law of this State, which forbids, under a heavy penalty, the killing of deer at any season, in or within two hundred yards of any pond or river. Then let the hunter use his hound and stand upon the runway to kill his game, and there need be no fear of its being exterminated.

BUCK SHOT.

MASSACHUSETTS, Nov. 18, 1882.

DETROIT NOTES.

THE shooting season, which nominally closed to-day, in reality closed two weeks ago, with the exception of quails and ducks, and but few bags of these have been made. The grouse disappeared in an unaccountable manner early in the fall, and hunters are at a loss to know what became of them.

Since the State Sportsmen's Badge, contended for monthly for nine years, became the individual property of E. H. Gillman, by his winning three successive times, there has been no trap shooting. The fact is, the shooters are still afraid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, though it is as dead as the junior member of the firm of Scrooge & Marley.

There are plenty of rabbits in this section, but the ground is as barren of snow as it was in August, and the cotton-tails are but little hunted in consequence.

The shooting and fishing clubs throughout the State have chosen delegates to the State Convention that is to be held on the 9th prox., and there is no doubt that it will be a large and interesting meeting. W.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 30, 1882.

LAST MOOSE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The undersigned is desirous of obtaining full data concerning the number of moose killed in the Adirondacks since 1850. Any information bearing on this point will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

C. HART MERRIAM, M.D., Locust Grove, N. Y.

MISSOURI.—Moberly, Randolph County.—Game has been rather plenty this fall; ducks, quail, wild turkeys and prairie chicken. One day, in November, my bag was sixty-eight quail, one turkey and four chickens.—B. F. D.

Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu will address the New York Association for the Protection of Game at their meeting next Monday night.

GAME IN THE WOOD RIVER COUNTRY.—A correspondent of the Oakland, Cal., *Vidette*, writing from the Wood River, Idaho country, says: The country abounds in game. The writer has seen deer within a short distance of Hailey, not once merely, but many times during last season. These are of the species known as "black-tail," by the hunters. They sometimes attain the weight of 300 pounds each. Bear are numerous, the grizzly being not infrequently met with. One of these monsters was killed the past summer at Muldoon, which weighed 1,400 pounds and which was shot within speaking distance of the town. Of smaller game many kinds abound. There are grouse of two species, sage hens and "fool chickens," the latter deriving their name from their habit of allowing themselves to be killed without an attempt to fly away. Stones are sufficiently good ammunition for the hunter of "fool chickens." The rivers, the Wood River, Little Wood River, Deer Creek, Malade and the other numerous streams furnish the best fishing to be had anywhere. Trout of fifteen pounds weight have been taken from Wood River, while, as one travels up toward the headwaters of each stream he finds the trout grow smaller and smaller but not less numerous. To take a hundred pounds of speckled trout in a day does not overtax the Idaho fisherman. All these resources in flesh and fish are accessible at a very short distance from the principal towns; if one goes to the Sawtooth mountains, some half-a-hundred miles away, he can add elk and mountain sheep to the before-mentioned varieties of game. So much for the ways of pleasure. Now for business affairs. Bellevue, Hailey, Galena, Muldoon are places in the vicinity of Wood River which have been founded and settled since the fall of 1880. Hence they are but little over a year old. In the next spring Hailey had a half-dozen inhabitants, who by the following autumn had increased to 600 and then suffered a falling off to 300 on account of the cold winter. In winter everybody leaves the river who can get away. The camps which through the summer have been hives of enterprises become the abiding place in winter of a few who remain to protect their property or to be on hand early in the spring. Hailey, the chief town, has a daily newspaper in the open season, which is now owned and run by Mr. T. E. Picotte, formerly proprietor of a paper in Nevada, and who is well known on the Pacific coast. Journalism on Wood River has its hardships, and it would, perhaps, amuse Mr. Picotte's San Francisco friends to read an account of how he has been brought to book by aggrieved neighbors, who usually pummel him soundly only to read the next day a full and unreserved account of how the editor of this sheet was painfully thrashed last sowing by Arizona Jack and other gentlemen. This sort of candor has won the respect of the miners to considerable degree, and the editor finds now sufficient time to administer the affairs of his paper without fearing outside interference.

A STRANGE BURSTING OF A GUN.—A very strange accident befell Mr. G. W. Given, of Philadelphia, while rail shooting last season, which will doubtless be interesting to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Having been pushed by his poleman over the low Clemel marsh on the Jersey shore opposite the upper end of Tinicum Island, and killing seventeen rail birds, Mr. Given found the tide would yet admit of his getting over a portion of Monnis's Island, also on the same side of the river some distance below the Clemel marsh. Taking the oars to pull down to Monnis's to save his pusher's strength he soon reached the "gut," which makes in above the glycerine works located there. Just as he was rounding the pier previous to getting ready to go on the marsh he got upon his feet with gun in hand, and his pusher got upon the pushing deck of the skiff. A steamboat passing down the river at the time made his boat dance, and finding she rocked a little too much, and thinking she would ship water, Mr. Given supposing he was nearer the bank of the "gut" and in much shoaler water jumped overboard with his gun in hand. Instead of finding two or three feet of water he found himself going down in a depth of twelve or fifteen feet with his gun in hand in the ordinary position of holding muzzle upward. He sank to the bottom, rather allowing himself to do so that he might make an upward spring when he touched the ground. When he felt bottom he quickly shifted his gun to the other hand and turned the muzzle downward, grasping it as he thought, just back of the guard. At this moment he heard a muffled report and felt a stinging sensation down his leg. On coming to the surface he swam to the boat, holding up his gun with one hand. On reaching the skiff he found his gun had burst under water, laying one barrel completely over, and the load passing through into the right hand barrel, had utterly ruined his gun. Examination proved that he had not been shot, and that the stinging sensation was caused by the concussion. The right hand cartridge was found inact, and when he had grasped the gun at what he supposed was the small of the stock he had pulled the trigger of the left hand barrel and discharged it under water. This certainly was a narrow escape. Mr. Given showed your correspondent the bursted barrel, and I confess I have never seen the like before.—HOMO.

SIZE OF DEER.—Philadelphia.—We have had an argument in regard to the general size of our Eastern deer (*Cervus virginianus*). I maintain that any animal seen by excited sportsmen in the woods assumes exaggerated proportions and that Mr. Buck, when he comes prancing through the leafy cover he looks as large as a mule. He is only three and a half to three and three quarters feet high at the shoulders, and a bullet fired two and a half feet from the ground will grass almost any member of aforesaid species if aimed far enough forward. I fancy that a foot rule would bring down proportions of game and distance to the surprise of many a story teller who thinks he is but telling the facts.—T. M.

A KENTUCKY GAME RESORT.—Nashville, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received a letter from Col. Geo. F. Akers. Here are some extracts which will be read with interest by those desirous of visiting one of the best shooting and fishing grounds in the Middle States. He writes from Cadiz, Ky., Dec. 18, as follows: "I have been in the chase, and hunting birds, ducks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., which are abundant here. The turkeys are very wild and hard to get a shot at. The river is yet in fine fishing order. About half a mile from Joel McK's is a very large and deep spring, near the river, about 50 feet deep. During high water the river backs its water into this spring, and thousands of fish find clear water and make it their home for the winter. We have plenty of minnows, and any evening we go down and catch a fine string of black bass and perch. I have caught bass in this spring over four pounds in weight. The water is clear, and affords a stream running out to the river, only about sixty or seventy-five feet, large enough to run a good sized mill. We have had fine sport at this spring. This is a haven of rest to me. Splendid quarters—big log fires, comfortable rooms. We have game or fish every day. I am up at 5:30 every morning and exercise as I fancy during the day. We generally ride out in the woods or fields, with a boy along to let down fences, hold horses, and carry the game. A light snow fell yesterday (Sunday), and I am off this morning for rabbits and birds." Cadiz can be reached by rail to Hopkinsville, Ky., thence by stage to Cadiz. Matt and Joel McKinney will gladly assist any strangers to make themselves comfortable, and put them on the track of game.—J. D. H.

ONTARIO.—Belleville.—The deer shooting this season has been one of the most successful on record, no less than 500 head of these beautiful animals having been killed in the northern townships of this county (Hastings) since the season opened, and one of the bucks weighed 280 pounds dressed. Ducks were also more plentiful than usual, and squirrels, woodcock and plover were numerous, but snipe were scarce. In order to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of ducks, arrangements are being made to protect the great marshes a few miles northeast of the city, which comprise some of the best feeding grounds in Canada.—R. S. B.

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, Dec. 5, 1882.—Since I last wrote you we have had several killing frosts and a light snow fall. As a consequence the weeds have been killed and the shooting greatly improved. I was out one day last week and bagged seventeen quail. Several ducks have been killed recently near here, but have not "come in" in any large number as yet. Some geese are reported in the river bottom, and a large flock flew over town yesterday, flying quite low.—WILL.

CHARLESTON, Ill., Dec. 28.—John Cartright has bagged 102 quail from 10th to 23d inst. The largest bag was made on the 18th inst.—thirty-one quail. The quail are getting along finely in this locality. John Parker and Plaske Moore killed a large coyote yesterday noon, one and a quarter miles northeast of this city.—FOX SQUIRREL.

SNIPE.—Owen Sound, Ont.—Four years ago, while in Manitoba, I shot and killed or wounded twenty-two snipe (the long-billed with stripes on the back) in one shot, having a charge of No. 7 shot. I have told this to several, but they generally looked incredulous or laughed.—H. G. T.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

ESQUIRE, New York.—$15.

D. S., Rushford, N. Y.—See answer to C. B. V.

J. K. H., Cuba, N. Y.—Any of the gunsmiths advertising in this paper can take the bulge out of your gun.

C. G. S., Fort Washington.—A "brace" signifies two, and never in correct hunters' parlance does it mean three.

"MAINE FOX HUNT."—Will correspondent who sent us account of "Maine Fox Hunt" please favor us with his address?

H. H., Dorchester.—You can get an excellent gun of the makers named. We do not think the grip liable to get out of order.

J. U. M., Boston, Mass.—For note about the combination rifle and gun see last issue, page 421. The same arm is advertised under another name.

J. F. W., Camden, N. J.—Photographs of birds in flight have been published in England; but we are not aware that they can be obtained in this country.

C. B. V.—The Roper gun was an improvement over the old muzzle-loader, but not equal to a breech-loader of to-day. The mechanism of the gun is cumbersome.

J. E., Cleveland, O.—The arm was manufactured by the Providence Tool Company. You can probably secure one by writing to the New York or Boston dealers.

D. M., New York.—Read Barbour's book on Florida, published by Appleton's; and handbook published by Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad, Savannah, Georgia.

J. F. W.—Danbury, Conn.—Highlands, in Macon county, North Carolina, is reached via the Piedmont Air Line Railroad, to Walhalla, S. C., from which it is distant 30 miles.

FRED S. K., Chicago, N. Y.—The only two books published by Mr. Van Dyke are "Flirtation Camp; or, Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," and "The Still-Hunter." We can supply either; price, $2.

F., Amelia C. H., Va.—I found the inclosed fly on a quail killed to-day. I have never found one before. Perhaps it is the partridge fly? Ans. It is the partridge fly. We have frequently found them on quail.

G. H. P., Middletown, Ct.—Where can I get a copy of the "Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy," part 2d, and at what price? Ans. Apply to Edward J. Nolan, M.D., Academy of Natural Sciences, corner Nineteenth and Race streets, Phila. Price for the whole volume $6.25.

W. P., Phila.—Can you direct me how to procure a medium priced work on trout culture? Ans. "Domesticated Trout," by Livingston Stone, published by Osgood, Boston. Price $2.50, we believe. Write to Mr. Stone, Charlestown, N. H., for full information.

W. N. M., Bellevue, Ohio.—1. You can get the glass by ordering through any of the dealers in rifles. 2. Either one of the rifles mentioned will answer, they are all in use on the ranges, and choice is much a matter of individual taste. 3. In selecting powder take any one of the standard makes, but do not use a cheap brand.

J. S., Hensler, Mercer county, D. T.—Will you please inform me if there is any such animal as a black badger. Ans. There is no species which is black, but a black specimen of the common badger might be found, just as we sometimes see a black woodchuck, a black chipmunk, or a black robin. The phenomenon of melanism is analogous to that of albinism.

C. E. N., Lindsay.—A great many people say that our common snow (*S. americanus*) migrates, and others say it remains all winter in the swamps. I myself have seen them in mid-winter in very severe winters. Ans. The crow undoubtedly migrates. Those seen in winter are probably Northern birds which have come to us, while those which are with us in summer have gone further South.

BYE, Virginia.—"Don a bye." What do you mean by that expression? A "bye" in the dictionaries means a dwelling. Ans. This word, used in connection with Field Trials, signifies that the dog to which it is applied wins his heat without running for it. For instance, supposing that there are nine dogs to run. Their names are drawn in pairs, and the last name drawn, having no competitor, is entitled to his heat just the same as though there had been ten dogs, and he had beaten the one drawn against him; or, in other words, he has a "bye."

V. A. B., Laudont, Ontario.—I have had for the past six months four trout in an aquarium, water constantly running. Temperature at present 42 deg., Fahr. During summer I gave occasionally flies and worms (not often). Until lately they have been remarkably healthy, when one died and now another is going. The only thing I can see is a white film which is beginning to surround the butt of the tail. I have tried to rub it off, thinking it may be of a fungoid nature. The water is from our water works, and is beautiful spring water, flowing through iron outside, and in the house leaden pipes. Could you suggest any remedy? I have seen the same on gold fish. Ans. It is probably a fungus growth, akin to the so-called salmon disease of Europe. It sometimes comes from injuries, as handling, etc. Do not rub it off. If not too bad, try giving a salt bath every day and put gravel in the tank for them to rub on. Make the salt bath moderately strong—sea-water is good.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

HERE is a little fuel for the camp-fire. Jack is a good sort of a fellow, but is "given" to telling fish and snake stories sometimes. We were down at Smith's grocery one evening roosting around on the barrels and boxes. The wind was howling and the snow drifting outside at a fearful rate, and Jack was drawing on his imagination and telling us about how many charges of shot he used in trying to kill a cat, when Bill Y—, an old frontiersman and miner, extricated himself from the cracker barrel, sliced off a piece of cheese and exclaimed:

"Talk about tenacity of life and hard critters to kill, you oughter seen some shootin' that I did once!"

Jack opened his eyes and invited Bill to go ahead and give us the benefit of his experience. Expecting a story about a grizzly or some other "varmint" we hitched around and were all attention.

"Well," said Bill, "It was out in the Black Hills. I had been down to Cheyenne and bought a new Winchester. I wanted to try it on something to see how she would carry, so I went out back of the camp, and the first thing I set eyes on was old Ike Irving's horse. I thought that would be a good thing to practice on, so I drew a bead right square between its eyes and pulled. I saw the critter kinder jump a little as the bullet struck, but it did not tumble, so I unhitched again. I saw where the second bullet struck—right between the eyes—but the eyes kept staring at me just the same as before, so (helping himself to a handful of loose muscatels) I fired again and again, until I had emptied the magazine, and every bullet struck between its eyes, and that air horse stood there just as well as ever."

"Now Bill!" exclaimed Jack, "that's too thin altogether. How far away were you from that horse?"

"About forty yards."

"And you—you fired seventeen .44 calibre bullets in between his eyes and didn't knock him off his feet?"

"Yes," responded Bill, sidling toward the door, "you see old Ike was a carpenter, the two I's were capitals (old Ike's initials), the horse was a sawhorse, and—"

Bill had just time to get outside the door when a starch box crashed against it and flew into kindling wood. But Jack called him back again, and in a few minutes the store was blue with the smoke of Smith's best Havanas.

IRON RAMROD.

Sea and River Fishing.

Somius. Worse and worse, but how wilt thou live?

Epiton. By angling; O 'tis a stately occupation to stand foure houres in a colde morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish.

"*Euphuism*" (*J. Lilly*, 1591). *Act IV., sc. 2.*

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

VIII.—ODDS AND ENDS.

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.—*Cervantes.*

AT a recent sitting of the local brotherhood, one of them was moved to murmur thus:

"My usually placid temper is often disturbed by the stupid criticisms which outside barbarians sometimes pronounce upon our gentle pastime. Their ignorance is their only excuse. But men have no business to speak dogmatically upon a subject of which they know nothing. And this is just the mental status of those who speak disparagingly of angling and of those who engage in it. There is a thousand times more of the divine element of saintliness in our harmless and healthful recreation than in the dirt-worn habit of perpetually delving for filthy lucre, and there is a great deal more of rock-bed common sense in a man who cheerfully spends ten dollars to preserve his health than in one who would rather jeopard his health than spend a dollar. No honest angler would ever wet a line if there were nothing in the art besides the mere material pleasure it affords him. But it has other and higher attractions—attractions which reach into the æsthetic realm and lift its votaries up to the very border-land of Bulah."

"We can all, I am sure," said another of our number, "speak from our own personal experience on this point. Two or three hours a day of the forty or fifty I pass on angling-waters every year, give me all the fishing I desire. The intervening time is filled up very delightfully in leisurely rambling through the silent woods; in reclining beneath some umbrageous arbor,

'Whose green leaves quiver with the cooling wind.
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground,'

and which overlooks the lake or stream on the borders of which I have pitched my tent; in clambering to the summit of some lofty eminence which gives me an enchanting view of the vast forests spread out illimitably before me; in floating hither and thither, where the kingly salmon

'Cuts with his flashing oars the silvery stream;'

in listening to the music of singing birds and to the melody of rippling waters; in lazily loitering about our cosy camp; in filling my exciting lungs with the pure atmosphere in which I am enveloped, and in inhaling the delectable odors of the virgin woods as they are borne to me by the summer zephyrs which sweep down from the forest-clad mountains with the refreshing balminess of the breath of the morning. Fishing is but a pleasant incident in these forest experiences. To me it simply gives zest to what, independently of it, is a source of perpetual delight. Possibly, at first, I might not have sought out these quiet places if I had had no taste for angling; but certain it is that angling would never have come to be to me what it is if it had not been associated with, and if it were not a part of, these other and higher sources of mental and physical delights. I am sure, also, that I am not exceptional either in my tastes or in my habits from the great mass of the brotherhood. There is not a fluttering leaf, a rippling rapid, a silver cascade, a momentary sun-glint, a passing shadow, a bird note, a tiny flower, a feathery fern, or any one of a thousand other 'things of beauty' we see and hear where our pastime draws us, which is not remembered by the appreciative angler equally with the rise and strike and swirl of trout or salmon."

"That is true, every word of it," was the reply. "Angling

never yet made a bad man worse, while it has made a great many good men better. I admit that all anglers are not saints, but I insist that they would be less saintly if they were not anglers. For the recreation brings its votaries into close and constant contact with whatever is sublime and beautiful and exalting in nature, and no one can long hold communion and loving fellowship with the thing created without acquiring a higher appreciation of the beneficence, wisdom and power of its Creator."

"There is," I suggested, "one beautiful thing about angling which is well worth taking into account: one never wearies of it. Other pleasures grow stale or insipid, but this acquires new fascination with every new experience. This is the verdict of all who, 'e'en down to old age,' have secured mental rest and physical vigor from the practice of the gentle art, which good Sir Henry Wotton found to be 'rest to his mind, a cheerer of spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, begetting peace and patience in those who profess and practice it.'

"I have a friend who is the very type and embodiment of a happy angler and an honest man.

> 'Age sits with decent grace, upon his visage,
> And worthily becomes his silver locks;
> He wears the marks of many years well spent,
> Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.'

"He has fished for fifty years, and is to-day even more eager to take his place on angling waters than when he first felt the ecstatic thrill which comes to all who have ever had the good fortune to kill a salmon. Here is what he says to me in a recent note:

"AT HOME, Dec. 12, 1882.

"*My dear D.:*

"What has become of you? Have you again been playing Cincinnatus on your Western ranch, or are you simply digging yourself out from beneath the political avalanche under which you and all of us were buried in November?

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so do I pant for the coming of the time of the singing of birds when it will be right to go a-fishing, where

> 'Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
> And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods.'

"What a blessed time we shall have (D. V.) exploring the beautiful lakes mapped out for us by our faithful henchman, wherein no white man has ever yet cast a fly! I have 'dreams in the night' about them: for I know what they must be from what we have already seen of two of them. Husband your vitality, my dear fellow, that you may be able to make the circuit.

"Six months yet before the 20th of June! Meanwhile I will have passed my seventieth birthday, and as you, old chap, are 'there or thereabouts,' you cannot greatly boast over your humble servant. But, next to a vigorous youth commend me to a lusty old age and this is what both of us have had vouchsafed to us—for which devout thanks. But would it have been so but for the rest, recuperation and repose which have come to us from our annual visits to salmon waters?

"No politics in mine, if you please, for politics at present form no part of my mental ailment. I simply keep the run of things—feeling very much as Bret Harte's Abner Dean of 'The Society of the Stanislaus" felt:

> 'Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order, when
> A chunk of old red sandstone struck him in the abdomen,
> And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.'

"As ever and forever, yours, H."

"The lakes referred to in the foregoing note are trout lakes in the vicinity of the salmon river myself and friend annually visit. We had heard of them but could find no one who had ever visited all of them. Last summer we requested our local servitor to hunt them up and make a map of them. This he has done, and I anticipate as much pleasure in visiting them as I do in fishing our favorite pools for salmon—not alone because we are sure to find them full of trout, but because we have found the two or three of the group we have already seen perfect gems of beauty. From my very first visit to the woods I have had a passion to hunt up new places, and make side excursions whenever I could hear of anything worth visiting. To do so often involved hard work, but that fact simply added to the fascination of the habit, and, I am inclined to believe, has contributed to the large measure of vigor which has continued with me through all these decades. Now that I have reached my three-score years and ten, I may not be able to pass over rough places or climb steep hills as sprightly as in the long ago, but I can do both passably well still, and find no abatement in the delight these adventures and the pleasant places they reveal afford me. Indeed, I am not sure that my fondness for them has not even outrun my passion for the excitement derived from the more material incidents connected with angling. Of this, however, I am sure, that every new exploration reveals to me new beauties; that many pretty bits of scenery that in my former greater haste were passed by unnoticed, now attract my attention and excite my admiration. Whether this is because we become more observant as we advance in years, or because our tastes, like our virtues and our vices, grow by what they feed upon, I cannot say. But this I know, that I look forward to no phase of the pastime with more glowing anticipation than to these delightful rambles."

"I notice," said one of our coterie, "that you speak of yourself and friend in a way that leaves the impression that you two make up your entire party in these annual excursions. Is that so?"

"Yes, not because we are unsociable or exclusive, but because we have both been taught by experience that the fewer cogs the less friction. I have known the start of a party of five or six delayed for a week because some one of the number was not quite ready; and not infrequently the equanimity of a whole camp is disturbed because some one wishes to go when others do not, or to stay when others wish to 'fold up their tents, like the Arabs, and silent steal away.' In a crowd, some are night birds, who never care to 'go home 'till morning,' or to bed either, while others deem sleep and regular hours as necessary to comfort in the woods as at home. Both classes may enjoy themselves equally well, but, though they may not say so, each in their hearts wish "t'other dear charmers away.' It is best, therefore, when it can be done, that only those whose temperaments and home habits are similar should camp together, that as little as possible should interpose to mar the pleasure of these forest visits. My first experiences were in crowds. Later on, the number of my angling companions was gradually curtailed, until, during recent years, two of us, whose ideas of comfort and of times and seasons are always in harmony, constitute a 'party' as happy and contented as 'two drops of water blended into one.'"

"But," said my questioner, "how do you manage to pass the evenings? You must get talked out after a while, with only two of you to contribute to the common stock."

"That would be true if my friend was like some fellows I know, who are really 'talked out' before they begin to talk at all, because they never have anything either useful or edifying to say."

"That's all very well, but for my part, when I am in the woods I don't care to be very 'edifying' myself nor to be very greatly edified by others, if by 'edifying' you mean only such conversation as would be expected from a party of monks in a cloister or of a bevy of savans in a salon."

"Nor do I, for I don't go to the woods myself to be superlatively grave, but to be innocently happy. My companion is *au fait* in all the intricacies of the law, in all the mysteries of the sciences, and, like all the graduates of Old Union when its historical President was at its head, he is as profound in the classics as he is familiar with current events. There is no subject about which he cannot converse—gravely, if the subject demands it, or humorously if otherwise. And as for myself, ask him, and if his friendship does not induce him to hide my faults, he will tell you that, while lounging around our camp-fire, I talk 'an infinite deal of nonsense; more than any man in all Venice.' No; there is neither wearisome sameness nor somnolent gravity in our party of two during the restful hours between early gloaming and our night retreat. If our conversation is not always what would please a fool if it is never what would disgust a scholar."

"I can very well believe that; but it has always seemed to me that at least a third party is necessary to give piquancy to personal jests; for how can one laugh at his own joke, or how can the other fellow be expected to laugh when he is its subject. A looker on in such an encounter is a mighty stimulant to one's wit."

"As to that, we are never without subjects that provoke laughter; but we always find it pleasanter to laugh with than at each other. He is walking on thin ice and making a dangerous experiment with assumed friendship who habitually indulges in either personal or practical jokes. He must be something more than a saint who always receives them with equanimity, and he a great deal worse than an average sinner who, having a giant's strength in that direction, persistently uses it like a giant. No 'practical joker' ever long retains the hearty respect of his friends, nor their hearty friendship either. A persistent punster is less offensive. He is only a bore; the other fellow is a nuisance."

"Talking of practical jokes, "you remember the 'good thing' played on Mark Antony when he was fishing with Cleopatra:

> *Charmion*—"'Twas merry when
> You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
> Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
> With fervency drew up."

"'Tony must have been in a sweet-tempered mood just then to have received the joke complacently. I once knew a miserly sort of a fellow who would almost literally sleep on the brink of the best 'spring-hole' within a five miles' circuit, in order to retain its monopoly. To punish him for his unsportsmanlike behavior, one of the guides was bribed to launch a hemlock bush upon the current every two minutes, at a point just above the coveted spring-hole; and while the astonished angler went up stream to investigate, another chap took possession and held it through the day. When told of the joke, instead of enjoying it he was very angry, and I doubt whether he had a hearty laugh in a twelve-month."

"The danger of practical jokes," I interposed, "is that they are generally aimed at the most vulnerable point in the victim's harness. For this reason, as in the case just cited, they cut, because they are somehow felt to be deserved. A proverbially thrifty chap would not feel half so much offended by being presented with the empty shell of a sucked egg as would a spendthrift who had 'wasted his substance in riotous living.'"

"You remember the case of ———" our practical joker had begun to remark, when he was interrupted by the most exemplary of our number, who said to him:

"Now, Jeemes, my good fellow, I see what you are driving at. You know only too well how you always fascinate me when you draw your long bow, and you know just as well that my time is up; and yet you are deliberately and with coldly concocted malice, trying to beguile me into forgetfulness and thereby subject me to a 'curtain lecture' when I get home. But you can't play any such practical joke on me any more then you could humbug me by telling me I was hitched to a log when I felt the twitch of a salmon. So, 'go to' old man, and good night to all of you." G. D.

MY FIRST FLY ROD.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RANGELEY LAKES.—I.

"WHAT is true of other pastimes is pre-eminently true of angling. No other affords so many incidents that it is a pleasure to remember and a greater pleasure to recount to appreciative and sympathizing listeners." So says Mr. George Dawson in his pleasant "Winter Talks on Summer Pastimes" in FOREST AND STREAM, and it is well said. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM are "appreciative and sympathizing listeners," and I must confess to both the "pleasure" and the "greater pleasure."

The interval between my first trout, caught with a tape string and a pin hook, and my first fly rod, was a long one. The art of fly-fishing was certainly in its infancy, if not unborn in Maine in my boyhood. I do not remember even seeing a fly rod, or hearing of an angler who used one, till the border land of young-man-hood was well nigh passed. After the tape string and pin hook came the alder "pole," as light and straight as one eight or nine feet long could be found, furnished with a twelve foot fishline and trout hook from the village store. This was kept in readiness on the shed beam, high up out of the reach of younger brothers and sisters, and when its owner was tired of lessons, or longed for the open air, the babbling brook, and sympathetic solitude, it would be taken down, the brook sought, all the well-known little pools under bank or log or stone carefully approached, and almost always the virtue of effort, if not of skill, was rewarded.

This brook ran near my father's house, and so was easy of access, and to this fact is owing greatly the growth and culture of the angler's love in me. If I had but an hour to spare I could yield to the allurement, if inclined. To this, too, is owing that a charm was added to schoolboy days, which sometimes is wanting, and, I think, a health to body and mind, which is sometimes nearly or quite sacrificed in the service of early study and discipline. The trout brook, I may add, had almost an equal rival in the salt water bay into which it found its way. This bay was nearly land-locked, a jutting point leaving only a narrow passage for outgoing and incoming coasters, and its rambling shores were charmingly indented with little coves, while its surface was broken by a small island and several large rocks, which, while they made navigation difficult, added picturesqueness and afforded capital opportunities for cunner and other small fishing. Memory has stored away the experience of many a pleasant day spent in rowing and fishing and exploring the shore in that bay, and often brings them back in bright light. A Cooper's Virgil, still on my shelf, was sometimes *compagnon de voyage*, not because it was much loved or highly appreciated, but because it was a deal pleasanter to con a task *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, or rather *sub tegmine pini* in the cool breeze, than in the attic chamber which served for both sleeping room and study at home.

In the course of time the alder pole gave place to a jointed ash brook rod, and equipped with this I set forth one July morning, one of a party of five, equally lovers of the angle and equally guiltless of any knowledge of the fly, for the unknown region of the Rangeley Lakes. We had heard of them and their famous trout, and our bosoms were big with expectations. The train dropped us at noon at Bethel, and after dinner, having procured a carriage and driver, we were forthwith on our further way. The road makes its way down Bethel Hill, along the course of the Androscoggin to Bear River, crosses Bear River, follows up its left bank clear to its source in the Grafton Mountains, turns through the Notch under the noble brow of Speckled Face, and so on to Upton, at the foot of Umbagog. The mere mention of these names and this slight tracing of the course, will call up in the minds of many a reader of FOREST AND STREAM as beautiful scenery as can be found of its kind, and the visits to Screw Augur Falls and the jail—natural curiosities which of course must be seen the first time one passes that way—and more, the pleasantries of jest and song, and a thousand little things which wake the laugh and beguile the tedium of the way. Our driver took us up apparently as a party of pleasure-seeking, easy-going fellows, as the word goes, and he was not far out of the way; but it led him to a liberty of tongue which was not altogether agreeable. One of us at last suggested that he should anchor some of his hard words. He did, and then shortly struck up a Methodist tune, and kept it going most of the time the rest of the way. We concluded when he set us down he thought he had along a party of Methodist parsons.

Upton to tea. Mosquitoes and black flies! How thick they were, and we were unprovided with any defense. We were sheltered very well as long as we kept to the verandah, behind the smoke of the smudge, but one step away from that and we were helpless victims. Cambridge River—the large brook dignified with that name—which tumbles under the bridge, just in front of the Lake House, and then winds and twists through the meadow some three miles quite river like to the lake—was then still abounding with trout. Alas! it is not so now. There one could be sure of trout, right out of the water, for breakfast, if he would get up an hour beforehand and go out and catch them. Now, if he should try the experiment, he would get vile pickerel instead, and enough of them. Then, however, the trout were still there, and the desire to capture a few after supper could not be resisted by two of our number. Their success was good, but so, also, was the success of the mosquitoes and black flies. Those two men were sadder men that night for their fun, and for days afterward. It was, however, a lesson in season, and we all wended our way duly, per steamer Diamond, to Cedar Stump, and the carry to Middle Dam, provided with that delightful unguent, tar and oil. One thing we first heard at Upton, and that was that the best way to take trout in that region was with the fly, and there my eyes first rested upon the slight and flexible form of a fly rod, with its adjuncts of reel, braided silk line of forty or fifty yards, gut leader, and stretcher, and dropper flies. I took it in my hand, gently tried its flexibility, and wondered how a trout bigger than a fingerling could be got out of the water with it. I have seen it since—that rod—in the hands of its skillful owner, whom I have met many times at the "tristing place," land many a noble fish.

That Monday was a hot day. The water was high, and the Diamond landed us at Cedar Stump itself. They told us that the carry was but four and a half miles long to Angler's Retreat at Middle Dam. But Bonny, the old horse, was not there, and our luggage, though mostly left to be brought by the horse in the afternoon, was something, and though, too, the heaviest was taken by our guide, yet became heavy before the end was reached, and the legs, unused to any such travel on such a road as that then was—it is not much better now—ached in every muscle. It was voted that to declare that carry to be but four and a half miles long, was a cheat and a fraud.

Middle Dam Camp as we then found it is pictured in Farrar's Guide Book for 1881—two log cabins in line north and south, separated by a four-foot passageway, and a frame cabin at right angles with and touching corner to corner the southerly one at its southwest angle. The north cabin was cook house and cook's quarters. The second was—the third part of it—dining and sitting-room, where savory trout were eaten, and in the evening, around the great open Franklin stove in which most often a cheerful fire was blazing, required by the cool night air, let the month be what it would, stories were told, jests were uttered, and peals of laughter poured forth; the other two-thirds by sleeping rooms. The former building also was occupied by sleeping rooms. A platform extended along the water side of the two latter cabins, the favorite gathering place for chatting and smoking after meals, and especially in the evening light, when the day's sport was over.

I love to linger in thought over the old camp as it then was, for with its retirement, its splendid fishing vicinity, and the society of genial anglers, which it gathered, it had a fascination for me for years, which now I am sorry to say is gone, and I fear no other place can have. Then no steamer vexed the waters of Welokennebacook, Mollychunkemunk, Mooselucmegantic, and no mere tourists found their way thither. No mail even found its way thither, except as brought in over the Umbagog and the carry on its semi-weekly arrival at Upton. Now, the log cabins are stables or workshops of the company who have rebuilt the dam, and just above stands a two story hotel.

Hotel, indeed—I hate the name as applied to the buildings put up around the lakes for anglers and tourists' accommodation. Rough quarters they are at best, and must be so. Why not then still call them camps? It is a far more suitable

term, and far more attractive in sound to those who wish to penetrate those regions and try their rough fare.

The unusual high water interfered with fishing. The best pools could not be reached, or if they were, the trout seemed not to care much for the bait we offered them. Still, we were not altogether without luck, and after a three days stay, pushed our way up the lakes to Upper Dam, Indian Rock, and so out by Phillips and Farmington with the mental decision on the part of each to have a fly rod the next time we visited Middle Dam, and that next time should be the next season. MONATIQUOT.

BLUE-BACK TROUT.

IN the year 1844 I visited the Rangeley Lakes, and heard from the settlers about the above-named fish. They called it simply blue-back—did not class them with the trout. At that time, all that was known of this fish was that they run up what was called "Toothaker Cove" into the outlet of Quimby Pond, a small brook, about the tenth to the twentieth of October in each year and from the Rangeley Lake.

They were taken in large quantities by the Rangeley people, mostly the poorer classes, from the above stream, with dip nets, and improvised at that. Some used a large bag, or sack, spread out with an ash bow and a handle; and they fished for them at night altogether, and made sluices for them to run up, with convenient places at the end of these to set their nets. The fish run into them, and by this method each man would secure several bushels of a night. They were cured for keeping in many ways, some by salting, others by drying, and still others by smoking; some dressed them, and others cured them whole.

It was proverbial of certain families that they lived on blue-backs and crossbills—the crossbills were birds they also dried whole, without dressing and so provided their summer food in the fall and winter beforehand.

The blue-back was never seen in any of the other lakes until after the building the "Upper Dam," about the year 1838, when we hunters discovered them below the dam, where they stayed until the river was entirely frozen up. They were never fished for with a hook, but either netted or speared.

I well remember getting greatly excited while spearing them one night by pine torchlight at the apron of Upper Dam, and slipped in, trying to save a nice one, where it was over my head, in icewater.

This was above the Mollychunkemunk Lake, into which lake they probably finally went. No other time of year are they now, or ever have been seen, except the late fall months.

About this time (1858) they were discovered in the Kennebago River, and Rangeley stream (outlet of Rangeley Lake), above Indian Rock, but I believe were never fished for there.

I have fished all the lakes from Rangeley to Umbagog, winter and summer since that time (1844), but have never seen a blue-back in any other place than the above, nor at any other time of the year.

And I have never seen them in any river or stream contiguous to these lakes, although I have fished Magaloway, Pamachene, Cupsuptuc, Beema, Kenebago, Rapid rivers, and many smaller streams for the last thirty-five years, and I never saw one that weighed over six ounces.

BETHEL, Me., December, 1882. J. G. RICH.

FLORIDA FISHES.

IN the proceedings of the United States National Museum for 1882 we notice "Notes on Fishes Observed About Pensacola, Florida, and Galveston, Texas, with Descriptions of New Species," by Prof. D. S. Jordan and Chas. H. Gilbert. The report covers sixty-eight pages, therefore we can only extract those things which will interest our anglers.

The tarpum, *Megalops atlanticus*, C. and V., is common along the Gulf coast, but only scales were obtained. It reaches a length of some six feet. Its habit of leaping out of the water, like the mullet, causes it to be dreaded by the fishermen. It is said that several persons have been killed or injured when in small boats by the *grand ecaille* leaping into the boat. It seems to the writers that the specific name of *Atlanticus* should be adopted as the name of this species, being the oldest name ever really conferred on it, instead of *cyprinoid.s, thrissoides*, and *gigan'eus*.

Spanish mackerel were abundant in spring and summer and are one of the most important food fish. The pompano is also abundant and reaches a weight of ten or twelve pounds. The bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*, is rather common about Pensacola and is valued as food; it is rare or unknown at Galveston. The red snapper, *Lutjanus blackfordi*, is at present taken in far greater numbers than any other on our Gulf coast; at Pensacola it is the most important food fish, and in the New Orleans market it is sold in greater numbers than all other species combined; it is taken with hook and line on the "snapper banks," usually from five to thirty miles off shore, and reaches a weight of thirty-five pounds.

The fish known at different places on our coast as red drum, channel bass, redfish, etc., *Sciæna ocellata*, is the most important food fish on the Texas coast, the amount taken exceeding that of all other species combined. A good fish when not too large. It reaches a weight of forty pounds, the large specimens being known as bull redfish. The serratures on the opercle, which are conspicuous in ordinary specimens, wholly disappear with age, the edge of the bone being finally entire and wholly covered by skin. This change takes place gradually, being complete at a length of about thirty inches. Colors of adults, deep brassy yellow above, verging toward orange on the sides; belly, white; head, bronze, darker above; a band of deeper bronze backward from eye. Young without bronze shades, all of which intensify with age; scales in the young with darker shades forming undulating streaks; these obliterating with age; fins all pale, tinged with reddish, the pectoral most red; second dorsal and caudal somewhat dusky. Mouth white within; lining of opercle black. Caudal spots (ocella) varying much in size, sometimes wanting; sometimes two or three or even eight or ten or more in number. About nineteen out of twenty individuals have the normal single ocella on each side. It is yellowish.

STRIPED BASS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—Washington, D. C.—As to the striped bass the past summer, they abounded in Chesapeake Bay and the rivers and inlets along its coast to an extent unknown for many years. Early in the season there were thousands of them from five to eight inches long. Later they were succeeded by great numbers of larger fish, say, from twelve to eighteen inches long. The pike, formerly numerous in those waters, disappeared some ten years ago, and now a pike is never seen there at all.—M. G. ELLZEY, MD.

STRIPED BASS OR ROCK FISH.

FOR the last fifty years our striped bass has borne without question the specific name *lineatus*, in connection with the generic name *Labrax* of Cuvier, or, later, that of *Roccus*, of Mitchell. It is however doubtful whether the species has any claim to the name *lineatus*, other than that of fifty years undisturbed possession.

The name *Sciæna lineata* was given by Bloch about a hundred years ago to some fish supposed to be from the Mediterranean Sea, and which, according to Schneider, who considered it a variety simply) differs from the common European bass (*Labrax lupus*, Cuv.) in having the lower jaw longer, the dorsal spines 8, and the sides with yellow lines. Bloch's original description (which I have now at hand) is thus summarized by La Cépide:

Eight spinous rays in the first dorsal fin; one spine and twelve soft rays in the second; three spines and ten soft rays in the anal; the lower jaw more advanced than the upper; a single orifice for each nostril; posterior border of the opercle emarginate; general color silvery; back violet, body with yellow, longitudinal stripes.

The figure published by Bloch resembles in a general way our striped bass, but the preopercle is represented as armed with strong curved spines, both behind and below, as in the case with the European bass.

It appears that the *Sciæna lineata* was either the American striped bass, or the bass of Europe. If the former, we have to suppose that Bloch was mistaken (as was frequently the case with him) in the locality whence he received his specimen, and that his artist had somehow drawn the armature of the preopercle from the European fish. If we suppose Bloch to have intended the European species, we have the habitat and armature of the preopercle correct, but the faint silvery lines along the series of rows of scales (as in our white perch) are exaggerated into "yellow longitudinal stripes." I do not think it possible to say certainly which species Bloch actually had, but it is more likely to have been the European than ours. Unless our species can be shown to have been the original *Sciæna lineata* of Bloch, it cannot fairly retain the name *lineatus*, and the oldest name actually given to it should be used.

The oldest name not open to question is that of *Perca saxatilis* of Bloch and Schneider (Systema Ichthyologia, edit. posthu., 1801, p. 89). If *lineatus* be rejected we should call the striped bass, *Roccus saxatilis*. I am not quite sure that it is best to adopt this name, but it is my impression that to "this complexion must we come at last." In our efforts to secure fixity of nomenclature, the law of priority is all important, but its rights must not be extended to names which have no claim to them. The end to be attained by our rules is defeated, if the names which we adopt as oldest really belong to some other species, and only confusion comes of the adoption of ancient names of uncertain application. DAVID T. JORDAN.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Dec. 21.

LORENZO PROUTY.

IT is with deep sorrow that I record the death of Mr. Lorenzo Prouty, for many years at the head of the fishing tackle department of the house of Bradford & Anthony, Boston.

For nearly a score of years had I known him and never in any other character than a courteous gentleman, a devoted angler and an honest man. Amid the din of the busy town, at his duty, it was my pleasant privilege to "drop in" for a few moments and exchange words with him about babbling brooks and secluded lakes and the fish thereof, and to see him no longer as of yore is another bitterness added to life's fast increasing tally. His loss will be deeply felt by all fishermen who were wont to replenish their kit at his deft hands, and his sudden and sad "taking off" will be deplored by all who knew him.

Thus do I make brief pause to place an honest tribute of praise and affection upon the fall of a kind friend, a boon companion in camp or by the waters, a pure-minded and an honest angler. The memory of such is precious!

Requiescat in pace! In this prayer, I am sure, all brethren of the gentle art will join with me. O. W. R.

Lorenzo Prouty died suddenly at his residence in Chelsea, on Saturday last, aged 43 years.

It will be sad news indeed to the many near and distant friends of Mr. Prouty at the beginning of the new year to hear of his decease, and sadder still when they learn that the summons came suddenly, just as he was about to embark in business with a friend of years' standing and with every prospect of success.

Mr. Prouty had been in the employ of Messrs. Bradford & Anthony, of this city, for twenty-seven years, and was known far and near by all lovers of the rod and gun as a gentleman particularly adapted for the position which he occupied at the head of the fishing tackle department of the above house. He was a true sportsman, a keen lover of nature, a companionable friend, a tender husband, a devoted father and a man of the strictest integrity.

It was expected, by his intimate friends, at least, that he would have an interest in the business of Messrs. Bradford & Anthony after their retirement, he having done much to build up that particular branch of their business for which he was by nature and education so well qualified; but it was not to be, and during December he left them to engage in a similar business with his friend, Mr. George B. Appleton, also so long and favorably known as being connected with the same house.

Returning from New York, where he had been with Mr. Appleton for the purchase of goods for the new establishment, under the pressure of business of a different nature from that to which he had been accustomed, he was prostrated by illness, and in a moment of temporary insanity committed the act which caused his death.

From the fact that upon returning consciousness he had no knowledge of what he had done, and that his future prospects were at once of the most flattering nature, it is clearly shown that he was in no way responsible for the act which has caused many a heart to bleed and tear to flow.

No words of sympathy, however tenderly expressed, no words which we can utter, no tears which we may shed can restore to its completeness that once so happy, now so desolated home, but to her who waits in sadness may come to soften the asperity of the blow, the sad yet feeble consolation that the departed loved one will be mourned in many a household throughout our land. Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

BOSTON, Jan. 2. C. W. S.

One of our most beloved members of society, a true-hearted fellow-man, a lover of all nature as the great Designer made it—the primeval forest and all that was placed therein, and God's beautiful lakes and streams and their inhabitants—in fact and reality the type of a good man and a true sportsman was Lorenzo Prouty. Few men in the New England States were more generally known and universally loved. M

Fishculture.

AN OCTOGENARIAN ON CARP.

MR. EDWARD STABLER thus writes to the Baltimore *American*:

SANDY SPRING, Md., 9th Month, 26, 1882.

Editor American: This is my eighty-eighth birthday, and to while away the tedium of a slow convalescence from a recent spell of illness I resort to the pen on this subject, as likely to prove more beneficial than that of the gold to some persons.

That the carp will pay, and pay well, without labor or capital expended, I am fully satisfied, as any one who has an ice pond may have an abundant supply in two or three years of good fresh fish for the table, and good sport, if that be an object, as he can have in the mountain streams in taking trout or bass cast of the mountains. I have taken both probably by thousands—the trout in the Alleghenies of Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and also in the parks of the Rocky Mountains, where they attain the weight and size of our shad—say to three or four pounds. In Nevada I saw hundreds quite of this size and weight. In the Upper Potomac and tributaries I have taken bass quite as large; and in my experience would say that, with the proper kind of bait, and in the hands of an expert, the carp is readily taken, and as gamy a fish as I ever caught with fly or bait. The rapid growth of the carp is wonderful—far before either trout or bass; are strict vegetarians, and rarely, if at all, feeding on animal food, and never, as I know the bass does, feed on their own "small fry," indiscriminately with other small fish, and as most likely does the trout, as an excellent bait for the trout is the gullet, white and tough, or a tin of another trout. I have seen a large trout when landed disgorge half a dozen or more leeches, full grown.

My carp were about the size of herrings—nine to ten inches long—the 1st of April last, then of two summers' growth—when I received them from Prof. Baird, United States fish commissioner, Washington city. They were occasionally fed the past two months, some three to four times a week, with scraps of wheat or corn bread, fruit parings, boiled potatoes or soft corn, etc. Wishing to see the growth and weight this season, I recently caught one with a barbless hook—a fair sample of the lot, no doubt—measuring, as near as we come at it, full seventeen inches in length, five inches at the side, two and a half inches across the back and weighing three pounds—as large as ordinary shad, and not yet two and a half years old from the spawn.

If they have spawned this season, as is probable, my stock of fifteen will most likely have increased to fifteen hundred or more in number. But, according to the French adage, *nulle rose sans epine*, or, in plain English, no rose without a thorn—that is, some drawback to most enterprises; I have found it difficult to get an ice pond to hold water, owing to the depredations of muskrats making a honeycomb of the banks. My last one had to be lined inside with boards set on end, and below the depth of the water probably one hundred yards or more around the pond. A few were caught in steel traps, but did not abate the nuisance. We caught more feet than rats, for they would gnaw off the feet, leaving them in the trap, and escape.

On a visit to Dr. Hessel, superintendent of the United States carp ponds at Washington, he stated that he had been greatly annoyed by these pests; but now, after destroying them by hundreds probably, he had no trouble. His mode was to suffocate them, as follows: Four pounds of sulphur mixed with half a pound of saltpetre finely pulverized, set on flat stones or a piece of sheet iron, say half a pound or a pound to a hole (as it costs but a few cents), and placed in the holes; after burning a few minutes, close the holes with sods. The saltpetre insures the combustion of the sulphur, which is certain death to all within. He supposed he had killed hundreds of the rats in this way. I tried it, and have seen no evidence of the rats in those localities since. There are three other drawbacks in some sections to fishculture, but of easy remedy—the turtle, kingfisher, and water snakes. For these I use explosive shells of my own construction in a breech-loading rifle, but the safe to load in a muzzle-loader, which explode into fragments on striking, even on the water. It is not safe to use solid balls, except in very isolated situations, as they glance, or ricochet, on striking the water, and may go half a mile or more beyond, as I know is often the case in shooting deer swimming, or other objects in the water. We have destroyed a score of turtles in this way. I am satisfied they feed on the spawn and very young fish. The kingfisher is an arrant poacher, and hence the name. A neighbor who has a carp pond states that he has killed ten or a dozen at his pond, and "they were stuffed with young carp." The water snakes, which live on young frogs and fish, for I have seen them in chase of the young fish, have not as yet interfered with me; but Dr. Hessel informed me that he found them quite destructive to the young carp in the government ponds, and he had destroyed great numbers—I suppose, with the shotgun. He also informed me that he had carp in one pond, some ten years old, perhaps, supposed to weigh twenty-five pounds, and in another ponds supposed to weigh ten pounds, probably six years old. There are well-authenticated accounts of carp in European ponds, covering ten to two thousand acres, living to a great age and attaining a weight of sixty to eighty pounds, and raised for market like other products of the farm.

These explosive shells are admirably adapted to the purpose of extermination for these pests, and also to destroy rattlesnakes in their dens, where I have often used them, and have killed deer, antelope and buffalo with them on the plains and other game in the Rocky Mountains, but for large game I greatly prefer the solid, hard point ball, as it has four or five times the penetration in wood or bones as the explosive shell, and does not "mix up things" so disgustingly like the shell used for small game, as jack rabbits, grouse, etc.; there is little left for the cook. The explosive shell is usually fatal, but not directly, as I have had deer and antelope to run a mile or more on the plains, distance a horse, and fall dead, and buffalo to stand at bay until a hard point ball crushing through the shoulders brought them down, and in every case with the shell exploding in the body, a general mixing up of entrails, etc., and tainting the meat.

To show the heroism of the mountain lassie or foolhardiness, as some would say, I will refer to an incident occurring some twenty years ago. In my many mountain excursions, quite as much for health or more than for recreation—for in early life I was quite an invalid from repeated hemorrhages of the lungs—I visited a rattlesnake den with some companions, to destroy them pro bono publico. While there we were joined by two mountain nymphs of "sweet sixteen" or thereabouts, and I well remember that one, and, I believe both were barefoot; but they were born and raised within a mile of the den, and accustomed so to tramp, scarcely knowing what fear was. They were never "snake bit," in mountain phrase, and are now notable matrons, with each a numerous progeny around her. I frequently visited the dens in my spring fishing excursions in the Alleghanies, but never alone and never without the protection of thick leather or rubber boots. Four of my acquaintances, however, were bitten—two by rattlesnakes and two by moccasins, or copperheads—(a mean thing, whether in politics or serpents, for they give no warning before striking) and all on the hands; but by the free use of the antidote, whisky, all recovered after much suffering. But all this is a digression from my programme when taking up the pen, and I return to fish.

In my experience, trout only do well in ponds, and I have visited many—in cold water near the spring heads, or in cold

mountain streams. Bass are not suited for small ponds, as they will feed on their own young, and far preferable in large streams or lakes. They are about as voracious as swine, and as little discriminating in their feeding. I have occasionally taken them with the fly and other artificial bait; but the bass prefer live bait, as small toads, crayfish, helgramite, minnow, etc., and a small bass just as good as minnow. I have seen in a bait bucket young bass, taken by net, of scarce a finger's length, choked and dead from the effort to swallow another "small fry" of near half its own length. Few fish are more tenacious of life than bass, or afford more sport; and I learned from an expert cook in West Virginia that those of large size were as readily skinned and scaled by a cut around and back of the head and down the back, beginning at the cuts the stripping; that they cooked better and more thoroughly. Some eighteen or twenty years ago I caught in the Upper Potomac two lots of bass, and transported them in the tank of a tender in a strong bag net to Swann Lake—now Lake Roland—and I heard they had prospered. The carp appears to be exactly suited to our ice ponds, where the water becomes very warm in summer, and in winter seek protection from the cold by burrowing in the mud at the bottom—in other words hibernate during winter.

If those who have ice ponds were aware of the little labor and even less expense, and also the pleasure and profit derived from the carp culture, I believe few would be without them, as the healthy luxury of a mess of fine fresh fish could be had nearly at all times and in all seasons. I am now too old to cast the fly and tramp the mountain streams, but the sport and profit in the carp culture are brought, as it were, to my own door. EDW. STABLER.

SPAWNING OF TROUT IN COLORADO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. B. Campbell, of Baird, California, in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21, questions my statements as to the hatching and growth of Now England trout at the Colorado State Hatchery near this city. He says he "never heard such wild statements before." I will only add that each and every one of them can be proven by Hon. W. E. Sisty, State Fish Commissioner; Mr. E. V. Bogart, his assistant and one of the most experienced and successful fisheulturists in the United States; by scores of other reputable citizens, and by the fish themselves.

I know the spawn came about the last of Dec., '81. I know that when I saw the fish on or about the 9th of Nov., 1882 there were plenty of them from eight to nine inches long, and Mr. Bogart pointed out to me upon a bed of clean gravel under some overhanging willows, where he stated the larger ones were making spawning beds. Mr. Sisty to-day confirms Mr. Bogart's statement upon this point. Mr. Sisty also furnishes me the following letters, with permission to copy.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Oct. 30, 1882.

Mr. W. M. Sisty:

Dear Sir—As the season for selling trout eggs is near at hand, I thought I would write to ask you if you shall want any this season. I am taking eggs quite freely, and shall probably take 1,000,000. I shall be ready to begin to ship early in December and through January. I will guarantee the eggs to reach you in good order. Please let me hear from you.

(Signed) W. L. GILBERT.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Nov. 16, 1882.

Mr. W. E. Sisty:

I will furnish you two or three hundred thousand trout eggs of my latest taking. I think I can ship as late as the last of January, and perhaps into February, your waters being quite warm (54 deg.) forces them along very fast. If you had water as cold as say 45 deg. they would be three times as long hatching and absorbing the sack. I can hatch the eggs until the eye-speck shows and then pack them in tin boxes in ice or snow, and keep them back for a month more. They do this with whitefish eggs and keep them back so that they will not hatch until March. I send all my eggs to Europe in the steamers the house packs the ice. One degree in a hundred in temperature makes six days difference in their hatching, and the same in absorbing the sack. Eggs would hatch in your water in about thirty-five days after taking. My water is 49 deg., and it takes sixty days to hatch and about the same time to absorb the sack, making some four months from the time the eggs are taken until the young fish begin to feed. * * * I am glad of such good success, and it beats anything I have been able to do. * * *

(Signed) W. L. GILBERT.

The above may also read a little "wild" to Mr. Campbell, but I think it contains items of information that will interest many of your readers and I have therefore made liberal extracts.

Mr. Sisty has already received and laid down 100,000 eggs of this year's crop and they are not "dried ones" either. They will produce fish that in September and October next will take the fly, as last January's hatch did in the autumn of this year. I have heard repeatedly of their being taken in various streams of the State that never contained an Eastern brook trout until last May. WM. N. BYERS.

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 29, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21, I notice an article by J. B. Campbell, in which he doubts that New England trout eggs could be received in Colorado in December.

As I had the pleasure of furnishing the eggs I think I am able to give the facts of the case. I sent the first lot of 100,000 eggs to Colorado Dec. 21; the second lot of 100,000 Dec. 28, and the third lot of 100,000 Jan. 17. The eggs were taken from Nov. 15 until Dec. 1 previous, making them about thirty-six days old when shipped, and the eye-specks showing plainly.

The temperature of the water at the hatchery at Colorado is 54 degrees Fahrenheit, which caused them to hatch in a few days after being placed in the trays.

Mr. Sisty wrote me that the eggs were received in good order and that over 99 per cent. hatched.

Mr. Campbell also says New England trout do not spawn until December. Last year my trout began to spawn Oct. 19, and this year Oct. 21. They are nearly through spawning Dec. 1. W. L. GILBERT.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Dec. 30, 1882.

FISHCULTURE IN SCOTLAND.—Howietoun Fishery, Stirling, Dec. 1.—Referring to your article, page 277, "Fish-culture in Scotland," we have the pleasure to inform you that we produce from our own stock ponds twenty million trout ova per annum. We have carefully studied the official American and European reports, and fail to find any fishery in the same scale. The use of grilles is easily explained as the ova of Lochleven trout in which we principally deal is between three and four times as large as the *S. fontinalis*, and secondly, because we have invented a construction of grille which can be made for a fraction of the expense of the old French grille, while by its use we can rear ninety-five per cent. of the eggs laid down as yearling trout. We have no doubt that after the Great International Fisheries Exhibition in London next year our method will be greatly used in the States.—JAMES R. GUY, Secretary. [We would be pleased to have a description of the grille.]

THE COLD SPRING HATCHERY.—We are glad to learn that the New York Fish Commission has decided to begin work in earnest at Cold Spring, Long Island. Some time near the end of last winter a few troughs were put in the old mill and then no more was done. Men are now at work fitting up the old mill and putting up more troughs and a set of the McDonald hatching jars, and the indications are that the hatchery will be in running order by the middle of January. Prof. Baird has taken an interest in this station and will aid it in many ways. A competent man has been selected to take charge of it, and we hope that this station will prove a valuble addition to the fisheries of the State. The advantages of this place are many, and its proximity to salt water will make the station a desirable one if experiments with sea fishes are undertaken. This winter there will probably be hatched sea salmon, land-locked salmon, brook trout and whitefish.

CARP CULTURE IN GERMANY.

THE following account of stocking of the Bay of Stettin with carp, translated from the *Magdeburgische Zeitung*, of Oct. 27, 1881, for the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, contains so much of interest that we publish it in full. The article says:

A truly gigantic enterprise which will greatly increase our sources of national wealth, if successful, is at present agitated by the well known pisciculturist, M. von dem Borne, of Berneuchen, viz., the stocking of all the waters belonging to the mouths of the Oder, *i. e.*, the Stettiner Haff, the Papenwasser, and the Dammsche See, with the highest esteemed German food fish, the carp. This large expanse of water, extending far to the east and west of the usual steamboat route, is only partially known to the visitors of our Baltic watering places; it embraces an area of 87,000 hectares, or more than 15½ German square miles—about 214,985 (English) acres. If every hectare of water is on an average stocked with 250 carp it would require the enormous number of nearly 22,500,000 carp, which, placed in these waters when young, would after three years be fit for the market, and would—even if during that period many of them should have been destroyed—furnish ample food to a vast number of our population.

No one will deny that this is a grand idea, and the only question was for Mr von dem Borne to furnish the proof of its practicability. Mr. von dem Borne has done this in the presence of a specially invited company of representatives of the authorities most interested in this matter, by laying his plan before them on the occasion of large pond-carp fisheries near his estate of Berneuchen. The result was such as to remove all doubt from the minds of those present as to the feasibility of Mr. von dem Borne's plan for increasing the productiveness of large sheets of fresh water. It may, therefore, interest our readers if we lay before them an outline of this plan.

The main question is whether it is possible to produce about twenty-two millions of young carp in four years and place them in the Stettiner Haff. As pisciculture has reached a high degree of development in our country, one might think that the easiest way of solving the problem would be to obtain the necessary carp from our pisciculatural establishments, commissioning them to furnish as many young carp as possible, paying perhaps three marks (71 cents) per 100 for the required number of fish. This could be procured in a comparatively short time. But at this rate the cost of stocking the Stettiner Haff with carp would be between 660,000 and 700,000 marks, not counting the expense of transporting the fish. Although this large sum might pay some interest at a future time, the expense of starting the enterprise would be too great, and the parties to profit by this arrangement would be the pisciculatural establishments and not the people.

Another way of solving this problem would be to adopt the method followed for a number of years by the eminent pisciculturist, Mr. Eckardt of Lübbinchen, by which carp eggs can be sent a great distance, and by which the German Fishery Association has succeeded in stocking with carp some of our largest German rivers within a comparatively small number of years. The objection might, however, be raised that it would be advisable to place the young fry of the carp, immediately after leaving the eggs, in the large basin of the mouths of the Oder, where strong winds often prevail and produce considerable waves. Mr. von dem Borne's plan, therefore, proposes that the parties most interested in the fisheries of the Stettiner Haff, *i. e.*, the local authorities, should procure the required 22,000,000 of carp, not by buying them, but in the simplest manner in the world, by raising them.

In order to fully understand this plan, we should give a brief review of artificial carp culture, as it has been developed among us on a national manner. Not only during the last few years, but for centuries, the nutritious, delicate, golden-yellow carp has been the favorite of our nation. The carp, the unassuming inhabitant of our numerous marshy ponds, has by its peaceful nature become almost as much of a domestic animal as the hog or the goose. All during the Middle Ages carp formed the favorite dish during the Lenten season; and to-day more than ever it is, at certain season of the year, the favorite food of a large number of our population, and has, in the shape of "carp beer," become a characteristic national dish of the Germans. The flesh of the carp contains (in proportion) as much nutritious substance as the finest piece of beef, and is peculiarly suited for making a savory dish; it is, moreover, entirely free from the disagreeable fishy taste found in many other fish. Owing to the very limited development of its brain, the carp possesses but little ambition, and is content to grovel in the mud of our ponds, generally living on small aquatic plants, and only occasionally allowing itself the luxury of a larva or an insect. Its excellent appetite is followed by favorable results sooner than is the case with any other artificially raised fish, and its well rounded body soon assumes such proportions as to make the pike—that most voracious fish-of-prey—absolutely harmless, for the simple reason that no pike can be found large enough to swallow such a carp. The carp occasionally, as in the famous carp pond of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, reaches the age of a hundred and more years.

It is well known that all fish have a large number of eggs. As the "first incarnation" of the vertebrate type, the last and highest grade of which is man, their body has such very simple fundamental forms as to enable nature to produce its germs in every female fish in the hundreds of thousands of copies. Even in this respect the carp occupies, on account of the large number of its eggs, a very prominent place among fish. It nevertheless indulges in the pleasure of spawning only once a year, in spring, when the warm May sun raises the temperature of the ponds to a comfortable condition. Then its "spawning season" comes on. Both male and female fish may be seen, principally during the early hours of the morning, swimming about in the water at a lively rate, emitting the eggs and milt among the reeds and aquatic plants. After eight to eighteen days thousands of young fish leave the eggs. In order to spawn successfully the carp must not be disturbed in the least, and it is absolutely necessary that *no pike should be allowed in the pond;* for otherwise the carp will not spawn. All these peculiarities are of course well known to the pisciculturist, and he manages his ponds by showing due regard to them. If he wishes to obtain young fry from his carp, he is careful to keep pike out of his ponds; if, on the other hand, he wants to raise large carp, he prevents them from spawning by placing a few pike in the pond. Much to the disgust of the carp, the pike plays the part assigned him with the indefatigableness and energy of a policeman, keeping the carp constantly in motion and chasing them through every part of the pond. The result is a very fine, even breed of carp, with hardly any small fish, because the pike, proceeding in a most summary manner, will simply devour any fish which are smaller in size than itself.

The swiftness and strength of the pike are, however, also the cause of the presence of this most dreaded of all fish-of-prey in all our lakes and ponds, where it seriously interferes with the increase of the carp. As Mr. von dem Borne says in his work "Die Fischzucht" (Pisciculture), second edition, P. Parey, Berlin, 1881, the pike in one week eats a quantity of fish equal to at least twice its own weight. Owing to the very general occurrence of the pike, and the extremely small size of its fry, it is absolutely impossible to keep it out of carp ponds which are fed by a brook or other running water, and, mainly owing to this reason, the raising of a large number of young carp, even in carefully managed ponds, is connected with innumerable difficulties, of which Mr. von dem Borne treats fully in his book. After the cause of the evil has been recognized it is comparitively easy to remove it, viz: to select only such ponds as spawning ponds which have absolutely no connection with other waters. Such ponds are supplied with the necessary water either from springs or by rain or snow. Nearly every farmer can have such a pond. Any alder marsh or peat-bog with some water can be transformed into a carp pond by making a single dike with pipe for drawing off the water, which can then be kept at the required depth of one meter, and be left off whenever necessary. By constructing this dike from the mud of the pond itself a deep place is formed, the so-called "fish-pit," in which, whenever the water is left off, all the fish gather, so that they can easily be caught.

But to return to the plan proposed by Mr. von dem Borne: This plan chiefly consists in constructing such ponds near the shores of the Stettiner Haff in every place where this can possibly be done. In these ponds, which of course would be entirely free from pike, a number of millions of young carp could be raised every year, and in autumn transferred to the Haff. If, for example, the entire 22,000,000 of carp are to be raised in three years, the ponds referred to would have to produce on an average a little more than 7,000,000 per annum.

The principal point which Mr. von dem Borne desired to prove by the draining of the ponds last week on his estate of Berneuchen, at which time that whenever mature carp are allowed to propagate undisturbed, the result it absolutely enormous. It was his object to give his visitors a correct idea of a genuine fish harvest, such as will presumably be had in the future in the Stettiner Haff. In answer to Mr. von dem Borne's friendly invitation, a large number of gentlemen interested in pisciculture had come to Berneuchen, among whom we noticed Councilor von Bunau, superintendent of fisheries of the Stettiner Haff, and Forester Baron von Dicker, both from Stettin; Governor von Heyden, Forester von Waldow, Superintendent of Fisheries von Behrekor, all three from the district of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. The neighborhood of Berneuchen was represented by Councilor Jacobs, from the district of Landsberg, Councilor von Kalkreuth-Hohenwalde, and the landed proprietors von Sydor-Barenfelde, von Klitzing-Charlottenhof, and others. With his usual hospitality, Mr. von dem Borne received his numerous guests in the old and spacious manor house of Berneuchen, and made them feel at home during their stay, which extended over a period of several days. Every day a district of about 2 hectare or 8 acres was gone over with the fishing apparatus, the water having been let off a few weeks beforehand, so that the fish had all returned to the deepest place in the pond, the so-called "fish pit" referred to above. In this place the water was only knee-deep. About 9 A. M. we reached the ponds, after having traveled for some time through dense forests. The dark, muddy water revealed absolutely nothing of its contents, although its agitated surface indicated that the muddy pool, scarcely measuring 40 paces in diameter, contained numerous small and a number of large fish, which manifested their presence by a greater or less commotion in the water. The fishermen soon commenced their work, and during the first forenoon went over the so-called "Maxa Pond." At the first haul the net could barely hold the densely crowded mass of fish, which, in spite of the most violent struggle for liberty, was safely brought to land. Here the foreman of the fishermen dipped out the harvest with pass-sacks, and deposited the fish in large baskets, transferring every time hundreds and thousands of small, golden-yellow young carp, which measured on an average 5 to 6 centimeters, and occasionally some magnificent food-carp and delicate leather carp. Basket after basket did the men carry up the steep bank, and, separating the large from the small fish, put them in enormous tubs half filled with fresh water, where the little fish remained quiet, gathered in dense crowds, while the large ones, as if by common consent, engaged in a sort of swimming race, swimming invariably to the left, around the tub, the having expired their first astonishment by standing on their heads and beating the water with their tails. The next part of the programme was to count the fish, by repeatedly filling a certain standard measure, and thereby calculating the entire quantity. A number of wagons were on hand, each supplied with several fish-kegs half filled with water, and the measuring and loading of the wagons soon commenced, the pond meanwhile having been emptied after seven or eight hauls. All this time the water was getting out.

Although every one of our party was well supplied with rubber boots and warm clothing, the fine rain and raw air soon seemed to penetrtae even the thickest covering. It was, therefore, with no common pleasure that we were called on to witness the preparations for an original and savory meal, which the forester of Mr. von dem Borne cooked with consummate skill, closely following the method employed by the North American trappets and sportsmen during their sojourn in the vast forests of the Western Hemisphere. Four plump carp were cleaned, washed, well strewed with salt and pepper, both on the inside and the outside, and thereupon wrapped—each one separately—in a white sheet of paper well buttered. Round this a sheet of newspaper was wrapped, the package was for a few moments dipped in cold water, and finally placed on a bed of hot coals of an open fire. Above the four carp came a layer of raw potatoes, which were thus baked in the ashes. The dining-room was as primitive as the preparation for the meal and consisted of an open frame shanty of the simplest construction. In about half an hour the "pepper carps" were ready for the table. Full of their own juice, they formed a most tempting and delicious dish, and being handed round, together with potatoes, on large napkins, satisfied even the most epicurean taste, and were washed down by an excellent bowl of punch (amid great merriment). After the meal we again turned our attention to the fish, which had meanwhile all been placed on the wagons. The result of this forenoon's work was 90,000 small and 528 large carp, this whole enormous number having been produced from 570 large carp, which Mr. von dem Borne had placed in this small pond—not quite as large as the Lustgarten in Berlin—in the beginning of April of the present year—only six to seven months ago. While the 570 large carp had been reduced to 528 by fish of prey, thieves, and other causes, but had increased in weight, the total number of 90,000 beautiful young carp had originated in this time. These were, of course, not a single pike in the pond, and nothing whatever was brought up in the nets with the fish but a number of frogs, water-beetles, and sticklebacks. These three last mentioned are notorious enemies of the roe of the carp, and we were destined to learn on the following day how dangerous they may become to the roe.

Wonderfully rich as was the result from the Maxa pond, it was hardly the original intention that it should be so, for all these 90,000 young carp had come into life contrary to regulations, and owed their existence to a mere accident. It had by no means been the intention that the 570 large carp should spawn in this pond, but they were intended to grow up into large food-carp. For the simple reason that they were not yet supposed to be ready for spawning, no pike had been placed in the pond with them, and about a dozen of the carp which were fully prepared for spawning had made good use of this circumstance, and had done their utmost to stock the pond with young fish. If the pond had been intended for a spawning pond, twelve spawners and six milters would have been sufficient for a pond of two hectares. This number had been placed in the large "Dach-



MR. W. B. MALLORY'S BLACK AND WHITE ENGLISH SETTER DOG "PINK B."
Winner of First Prize in both N. A. K. C. Derby and New Orleans Gun Club Derby, 1882.

berger" pond, which on the second day of our visit, was subjected to the same process of fishing as the Maxa pond. We were now destined to witness the injurious influence of other enemies of the carp than the pike. The young carp in this pond were on an average six times as heavy as those captured on the previous day, and the total yield was twice as large as that of the Maxa pond. The increase in the size of the eighteen carp originally placed in the pond was also much greater than that of the carp placed in the Maxa pond; but the total number of fish captured fell below the expectation. Even during the first haul we were struck with the unusually large number of sticklebacks which were brought up with the carp. Large numbers of these dangerous fellows were boldly pushing their way in the tubs among the pretty golden-yellow young carps, in some cases, it is true also struggling for life, as they cannot live without fresh air as long as the carp. What damage was done by these fish of prey, which, by persistent attacks, even succeed in killing large fish, during one summer, to the young carp of the Dachsberger pond, may be gathered from the circumstance that we only captured 20,600 young carp, while in other years as many as 100,000 to 150,000 had been caught every autumn. In stocking the Stettiner Haff such circumstances should be taken into consideration, the recurrence of which may in this case be avoided by simply laying the pond dry and pouring in a solution of lime and water. The average production of a hectare of water may therefore be calculated at 45,000 young carp per annum. In order, therefore, to produce the required number, 22,000,000 of carp in four years, all that would be necessary would be to construct and put in working order about 120 hectares of spawning ponds. According to Mr. von dem Borne's former experience, the result would be more favorable. He found that a good spawning-pond produces on an average 50,000 to 75,000 young carp per hectare, in one year, so that eighty to ninety hectares of spawning-ponds would be sufficient to stock the Stettiner Haff with the required quantity of carp within four years.

In answer to the question, whether there are near Stettiner Haff places suitable for the construction of such ponds, the administration of forests for that part of the country has returned an affirmative answer. In the extensive government forest on the western shores of the Stettiner Haff, between Uckermünde, Pölitz, and the Papenwasser, there are a number of marshy places, which as far as their productiveness as forest land is concerned, are practically useless. With very little trouble, in many cases by merely constructing a dike with a pipe for draining off the water, very fine spawning-ponds for carp could easily be constructed in the immediate neighborhood of the Stettiner Haff. Only nine fully matured carp per hectare, each weighing about four pounds, placed in these ponds in the spring, would in the autumn of every year yield 40,000 to 70,000 young carp per hectare. If one wishes to save the expense of constructing a number of ponds, it will be sufficient to commence with one pond, and let the young carp grow large enough to become spawning carp after three years, and then stock the other ponds with these carp. The transportation of the young carp to the Stettiner Haff could be accomplished by wagons or by trenches leading from the Haff into the ponds; and this should be done every year in October. The question arises whether the Haff is suitable for carp? or if wind and waves, and the numerous enemies of the carp, especially the pike, or lack of food, or the salt water from the Baltic which occasionally enters the outer mouth of the Oder, might injure the carp? In reply we would say that the carp lives under the same conditions as the bream, and is everywhere found in its company; and since we find the bream in the Stettiner Haff, there is not the slightest doubt that the carp can also live in these waters. We must, of course, be prepared to see the Haff pike, that most voracious fish of prey, devour many thousands of the delicate young carp, and the herons, gulls, sea-eagles, and other enemies of carp do their share in destroying the young fish. Very probably the most dangerous of all enemies of the carp, man, will capture the young fish before they have reached their full size; but there is no doubt that the flat bottoms of the Haff, which, especially in the west, are rich in the best humus, will provide an inexhaustible supply of food for the carp, and afford many excellent places of refuge. Against the fish-of-prey we shall declare open war, and as for man, the fiercest of these enemies of the carp, is concerned, we shall endeavor to limit his power for evil by carrying out a long and often talked of plan, viz: to build a swift small steamer, which will act as the policeman of the Haff. Millions of young fish will be furnished for the Haff every year from the safe spawning-ponds, and make up for any losses. Success will surely crown these efforts at last, and our waters will again be filled with fish. A successful experiment, like the one we have described will soon be imitated in other parts of our country, and our lakes and rivers will no longer, as at the present time, when our fresh-water fisheries have reached the lowest stage of their decline, only yield an average annual increase of 2 marks (47 cents) per hectare; but will equal in productiveness the finest and best cultivated portion of our land, and the income from each hectare of water will be at least twenty times as large as the one mentioned above. Whenever this takes place, our pisciculturists, and among them Mr. von dem Borne with his 600 acres of water, will be the first to feel the consequences of the change, for fish will become much cheaper food. But this disinterested man, who has conceived the plan of stocking the Haff with carp, will not be influenced by such narrow considerations. The execution of this plan will prove a great blessing to our people, for we shall again see the carp, which has been banished from all tables except those of the rich on account of its high price, grace the table of our middle and poorer classes.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Detroit, Mich.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden Conn.

April 3, 4, and 5 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after January 1, 1883, close February 1, 1883. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary.

May, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, New York City. Robt. Cornell, 54 Will am st., New York City.

February 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1883.—Grand International Bench Show, Washington, D. C. Chas Lincoln, Superintendent, Office, Skating Rink, Washington, D. C.

BUTLER'S SIBERIAN BLOODHOUNDS.

ONE day last week I received a letter from a young gentleman bitten with the passion to become a member of the "fancy," and by that term I mean the breeding, rearing and exhibiting of dogs. I had previously been reading him a lecture upon the necessity of restricting his attention to one or two breeds, and he said he would, but at the same time I knew he had an offshoot in the shape of a lately-purchased boar hound, Ulmer dog or something of that kind. He asked me if I know anything about Butler's "Prince" breed, or Siberian bloodhounds. I had heard a good many yarns now and again of a wonderful strain bearing that name, and which were said to have run up to thirty-six and thirty-eight inches at the shoulder. Now I have measured a good many dogs, and I have never yet found one to touch a standard measure at thirty-four inches, so Butler dogs I always regarded as a fable. When I got the letter referred to, I concluded that, as it was a nice bright day—good walking weather—I would tramp it down town and visit a few places *in re* Butler and his dogs.

Luck favored me at my first call, which was on old Doctor Gardiner, who is now in Seventh avenue, near Seventeenth street. I regret to say that the old gentleman has never fully recovered from the severe sickness which prostrated him last winter, and he could do no more than sit up in bed to receive me. I had a little commission I wanted him to execute, and while explaining the case, he made a reply bringing in "Butler's great dog." "By Jove, doctor, that is really the very thing I wanted to see you about. Tell me all about that dog of Butler's."

"Well, sir, Butler's dog—Prince, they called him—was the largest dog I have ever seen, and he was also the best shaped big dog I have ever seen. A fine head, nice smooth coat, had great legs, as straight as a post and as big as my arm almost, and, for all his size, he was as active as a little terrier. Now, I have in my time heard a lot of people talk about the size of dogs and how high they were. I don't know how they measured them, but I think I know how a dog ought to be measured, and now I tell you, sir, this dog Prince was the biggest dog I ever saw, and I don't think there ever has been another as large. Prince stood just thirty-four inches at the shoulder."

"Thirty-four inches, eh?"

"Yes, sir; not a fraction of an inch over that."

"How did you come to know about him, Doctor?"

"Didn't you ever hear, sir, that Butler and I took him to England and showed him before the Queen of England?"

"No, I never did. Tell me the whole story. I have got lots of time."

"Very well, sir. I'll go back to the beginning and tell you first about Butler. He was a teacher of languages, could speak I don't know how many different kinds, and wrote books too. But he was always after dogs, and made a lot of money out of them. He would always buy any dog that was out of the common, and one day as I was standing in the Astor House I saw a man come in with such a dog as I had never seen before. I got talking with the man and he said he wanted to sell him, so I went to Butler and told him, and he asked me to find the man. I searched a long time before I could get trace of him, and at last I succeeded and took him to Butler. I don't know what bargain they made, but Butler got the dog, and then he engaged me to keep him and take care of him. Butler said 'I have given more money for this dog than I ever gave for any other, and I want you to be careful of him.' By and by Butler said he was going to Europe with him and wanted me to go with him. I said no, my wife would not let me go. 'Ask her,' he said. No, I said, I would not even do that. At last he said, 'I'll ask her for you,' and he did. Butler was always a good talker, used fine language and was a handsome man, so somehow he talked my wife over, and off Butler and I and the dog sailed for England. When we got over we began exhibiting the dog through the country, and Butler who was always a man of great ideas, got up a large sign representing this dog, with a negro in his mouth and dashing in pursuit of others who were running away from him. Then he had the name 'The Great American Slave Hunter' painted in large letters on the sign. Dear me, how the people did come to see the dog to be sure. I am certain we must have had as many as fifty people in at a time, at a shilling each. By-and-bye the fame of this great dog spread so much that Butler received an order to show the dog to the Queen of England. I went with Butler, and we had a pass, so that when he got to Windsor Castle the sentries let us go in. We had to show this pass three or four times before we at last got to the part where the Queen was. We got there just as a lot of ladies and gentlemen came out and some carriages drove up to take them out riding. I did not know which was the Queen, but a lady asked me a lot of questions. Whether the dog was a native of America? Whether it was a distinct breed? If they were all as large as this one? Whether it was gentle with people, and could be trusted with deer? I told her just what I believed to be true, that he was a good-tempered and kind dog with men, but could not be trusted with animals. Why, sir, he would go crazy if he saw a goat, and would kill one just as a terrier would a rat. Butler all this time was talking with a gentleman in some foreign language, and I could not understand what he said. At last the Queen gave me two five pound notes, and they got into the carriages and drove away. This set Butler nearly crazy, and he said now we could sell the dog for any money we



MR. J. M. AVANT'S LEMON AND WHITE ENGLISH SETTER BITCH "BESS A."
Winner of Third Prize in N. A. K. C. Derby, 1882.

liked. Then we showed him in London, but we could not get anyone to buy him. Butler advertised him, and he was shown to several noblemen. I remember we took him to Lord Ward, and I am sure he wanted to buy him, but Butler had no sense about price. He went on one side with Lord Ward, and I could see that the question was asked about the price, and when Butler gave his answer, Lord Ward turned right away and never said another word, only shook his head.

"By this time our wives were getting anxious about us; there was sickness over here, and every letter we got it was to come home at once. At last Butler sold the dog for $750 to Henry Archer, of 21 Warwick square, Pimlico."

"About what year was this, doctor?"

"I can't say exactly the year, but there was great excitement in England about the Crimean war when we were there."

"Now, doctor, what about breeding him; did he leave any pups?"

"Not one, sir. He was never out of my possession, and he was bred to but one bitch belonging to Butler. That was such a difficult operation that it was never tried again. She was a half-bred mastiff bitch. When we were in England Butler got a letter from his wife saying that all the pups were dead, so that you may say he never had any pups, though I know Butler got rid of a lot and said they were by Prince."

I had just finished the above story when FOREST AND STREAM for this week arrived, and on opening it I found a query for information which the foregoing is a reply to. I have only one little thing to add, and it is this. A large number of your readers have doubtless had dealings with the old doctor. To such I would say he is sadly in need of friends at present and has but a cheerless outlook for the new year. Won't they kindly give him a little assistance? To those who do not know him I would say that I have on various occasions given him little commissions, and I have never had cause to regret doing so. I therefore feel I can consistently recommend his case to the charitable sportsmen of the community. His address is 113 Seventh avenue. JAS. WATSON.

THE LOUISIANA FIELD TRIALS.

THE report of the running of the Members' Stake failed to reach us in season for last week's issue. It is not so full as we would like, owing to the fact that our reporter misunderstood our letter of instruction.

THE MEMBERS' STAKE.

First prize, a solid silver cup; Second prize, a handsome game bag.

There were twelve entries for this stake, and they were drawn to run as follows:

Mr. J. W. Jackson's liver and white pointer bitch Louise, by Bow out of Jaunty, against Mr. N. D. Wallace's black setter dog Captain.

Mr. J. W. Jackson's red Irish setter dog Mark, by Erin II. out of Biddy, against Mr. J. A. Scamal's red Irish setter dog, Boston.

Mr. C. B. Maginnis's Gordon setter dog Gordon, by Rupert out of Whip, against Mr. E. Ranlet's lemon and white pointer Dinks.

Mr. A. H. Stewart's black, white and tan setter dog Bang, by Peter out of Flash, against Mr. J. W. Jackson's liver and white pointer dog Lorne, by Faust out of June.

Mr. E. L. Ranlet's red Irish setter dog Kilkenny, by Rory O'More out of Lotta, against Mr. M. S. Humphrie's lemon and white pointer dog Tyler, by Uno out of Flirt.

Mr. W. E. Kennedy's lemon and white pointer dog Bow, by Faust out of Belle, against Mr. J. K. Renaud's black and white English setter bitch Flossie, by Rake out of Daisy.

The first brace was put down about 9 o'clock. Captain was the fastest and got nearly all of the points. Neither of them were very steady to shot. After running half an hour the heat was given to Captain.

MARK AND BOSTON were now put down. They were nearly equal, although Mark appeared to have the best nose, and to be under the best control. In the number of points they were nearly equal, but Boston made two or three flushes, and after an hour's run the heat was given to Mark.

GORDON AND DINKS were then put down. Gordon was much the best, but after a short run he was taken with a fit, and some of the other dogs were run before this heat was finished. When they were again put down the judges soon decided the heat in favor of Gordon.

BANG AND LORNE were put down while Gordon was recovering. Bang had the best of it all through, making the most points, some of which were very stylish. After an hour's run the heat was given to Bang, and we then went to lunch.

After lunch KILKENNY AND TYLER were put down. Tyler won the heat in a few minutes with only one point, Kilkenny flushing and chasing.

The last brace, BOW AND FLOSSIE, almost repeated the performance of Tyler and Kilkenny. Bow was unsteady and flushed his birds. Flossie made a good point and won the heat. This ended the first series with the following result:

Captain beat Louise.
Mark beat Boston.
Gordon beat Dinks.
Bang beat Lorne.
Tyler beat Kilkenny.
Flossie beat Bow.

Second Series.

CAPTAIN AND MARK were put down in a cornfield, Mark showed up the best, getting the most points, and after a half hour's run the heat was given to him.

GORDON AND BANG were the next brace. They ran about twenty minutes, when Gordon was given the heat. He made two or three good points to Bang's one.

TYLER AND FLOSSIE were then put down. Both did some good work, but Flossie had the best of it, and at the end of half an hour she was given the heat. This ended the second series, with the following result:

Mark beat Captain.
Gordon beat Bang.
Flossie beat Tyler.

Third Series.

MARK AND GORDON were then put down. There was not much difference in their work, but after an hour's run the heat was given to Gordon. This ended the running for the day, and also ended the third series, with the following result:

Gordon beat Mark.
Flossie a bye.

Fourth Series.

FLOSSIE AND GORDON.—On Tuesday morning this brace was put down shortly after 9 o'clock. This heat was to decide first prize, which was given to Flossie after a half hour's run. Both did good work, but Gordon was a little unsteady. This ended the fourth series, with the following result:

Flossie beat Gordon and won the cup.

Fifth Series.

GORDON AND TYLER were put down to decide the second prize. After a half an hour's run, during which both did good work, Gordon had another fit and was withdrawn, and Tyler was given the heat and second prize. Following is the

SUMMARY:

First Series.

Captain beat Louise.
Mark beat Boston.
Gordon beat Dinks.
Bang beat Lorne.
Tyler beat Kilkenny.
Flossie beat Bow.

Second Series.

Mark beat Captain.
Gordon beat Bang.
Flossie beat Tyler.

Third Series.

Gordon beat Mark.
Flossie a bye.

Fourth Series.

Flossie beat Gordon and won the cup.

Fifth Series.

Tyler beat Gordon, withdrawn, and won second.

VALUABLE DOGS TO BE DISPOSED OF.—The valuable kennel of dogs imported two years ago by Mr. C. H. Mason will be disposed of by raffle on March 1. Among them are some excellent animals. The management is in the hands of Mr. James Watson. For particulars see advertisement.

TWO DAYS WITH THE BYRON HOUNDS.

WHAT fun I had two consecutive days with the united packs of T. G. T. and Basset Rawlings! T. G. T. loaned me a Banker pony to ride. I took him home the one evening, and by day the next morning I was at his house. I took breakfast with him and though the wind blew fierce and chilling we soon thereafter mounted our steeds and hurried to the appointed place of meeting, Clem. Charis's, in the county of Brunswick, Va., some five miles equally apart from the two huntsmen. Do you know what a Banker pony is? On the sea coast in North Carolina large numbers are raised. They are small, hardy and untiring. They are full of hair, coarse and almost wooly. Their manes and tails are heavy and long and their fetlocks unusually so. The one T. G. T. loaned me is just the animal for a boy and is up to all work. But his manner of mounting a fence and crossing a ditch does not suit me. He leaps over both, like a sheep, all his legs being up at the same time, and his flight several feet over all obstacles. Only a good rider can sit him and I must confess I prefer dismounting whenever these feats are to be performed.

So much for my pony; now for myself. I am just in my teens, weigh eighty-six pounds, pretty daring in the chase, and ready at all times for field sports. T. G. T. loaned me a Sharp's breech-loader many years ago. It was made to order for Edw. St. John Chambers, of Mississippi, the son of the late Judge G. R. Chambers, of Virginia, and nephew of the late United States Senator of Alabama, Henry Chambers, and presented by him to his uncle T. G. T. With this gun I have acquired a fair skill at game on the ground and when not moving, and I occasionally venture to shoot on the wing; but I am no Bogardus at that. Being the only son of some seven children, my parents are always uneasy whenever I take my gun in hand, and enjoin on me great caution. This takes off my vim and unfits me for the full enjoyment of the sport. Now, I like firearms and my fondness for them comes quite naturally. My father, Dick K., whom everybody in Virginia knows, is a splendid shot. My grandfather on my mother's side was a West Pointer and a Confederate general; my great-grandfather was a United States general during the war of 1812, and both knew all about projectiles. Other field sports have charms for me in the degree of quick and rapid scene. But fishing is too quiet and slow for me. I can't sit still an hour or two patiently awaiting a bite, particularly when the bite occurs the chances are greatly against a catch.

Well, now for the packs. T. G. T.'s is composed of full bred Byrons; Mr. Rawlings's of part Byron. Tom Wilkins is the only black and tan in T. G. T.'s pack; Mr. Rawlings has several. The general color of both packs is similar, but the indigo blue predominates in T. G. T.'s; white, black and white does in Mr. Rawlings's. United, the two packs make a beautiful calico in the run, and can be seen a long way. Their music is perfectly thrilling—there is the tremulous scream, the wild and protracted whine, the loud and short bark harmoniously mingled. Stonewall, a black and tan, is Mr. Rawlings's favorite. His note is as clear and protracted as that of a clarion. His action is superb and his energy full up to T. G. T.'s Fannie. But he has a habit when at fault, of going back on the track just run over. This is a very serious objection. I saw him bring the pack to grief by this folly and the fox escaped. But Mr. Rawlings has three black and white hounds by Critic, out of a slut from Judge Beauford's pack (part Byron) that I think is equal to Stonewall. T. G. T.'s Fannie, a red slut with white legs and neck, is a long way ahead of all rivals. She covers the track and runs like an arrow. But Bettie is the slut after my own heart. She hunts like papa's old Bravo, a setter of the first magnitude, and always gets the strike. She never wearies of doing well. Plunder and Blunder I notice are generally ahead. T. G. T. says that is owing to their style of running the fox. They lean to the track when they get off, keep moving onward until they get upon it again. Most hounds hesitate and draw in a little when this occurs, and lose the lead. Plunder and Blunder never slack up.

Now, for the ground over which the chases occurred. At Clem Charis's, even in his enclosure, the country is level and consists of old fields and pine forests, excellent even in dry weather, for the chase. This continues for a mile or two any way. After this we have only occasional patches of covered land as you go south toward the Roanoke River, the intermediate portions consisting of large cotton fields, which are now too dry to run a fox over. This our fox soon discovered and

whenever pursued invariably sought them, and always, of course with success. When T. G. T., Tommie, his master of the hounds, and myself, were near Clem Charis's. Mr. Rawlings came to us and sent Tommie to notify T. G. T., that he had started a fox. T. G. T. was to our right, some half mile off, moving parallel to us. Tommie soon gave him the information and as quick as thought almost, he was in place. Mr. Rawlings's dogs were at fault, but as soon as T. G. T.'s pack came up things went right along. The fox went through the entire length of the covered land and the cry of the pack went clear through me. But as soon as a cotton field was reached all was still, except an occasional note. It reminded me so much of a pianist playing a half learnt piece of music. Part would be rattled off in splendid time, but then a stop, followed by tink, tink, tink, for awhile, then again rattling music. Just so with the hounds, which continued as often as a cotton field interposed between covered land.

The chase was continued for an hour with these interruptions, and about 2 o'clock I grew very hungry, and went to T. G. T.'s for relief. There had a fine lunch, fed the pony and rested. About two hour's rest made me eager for the fun again, and off I went to join in. I got up just as the fox was hurrying through a large pine forest, and whew! how the ashes flew! But soon the crafty fox made for a cotton field, and all was stillness; but, at this point, Stonewall took the back track, and turned the whole pack back entirely from the fox. It was now sunset, and I was determined to let things stand until the morning. We remained for some time on the spot until the pack had satisfied itself that the fox was lost.

I would give you what followed that morning, but I reckon it would not please your readers. I have already bored them enough, I must now close. WILLIE K.

COCKER SPANIEL PRODUCE STAKE.

THE following entries have been made for the American Cocker Spaniel Club's Produce Stakes, to be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Clubs' show of 1883:

1. Hornell Spaniel Club's Lady Bath.
2. J. S. Cattanach's Queen Vic.
3. Dr. J. S. Niven's Dolly.
4. Hornell Spaniel Club's Frin.
5. E. C. Hale's Nina.
6. J. F. Kirk's Toronto Jet.
7. W. M. Bowe's Gypsey.
8. Eugene Powers's Mignon.
9. Hornell Spaniel Club's Curlew.
10. Hornell Spaniel Clubs Beatrice.
11. Hornell Spaniel Club's Nelly M.
12. Hornell Spaniel Club's Flirt II.
13. Dr. J. S. Niven's Black Bess.
14. F. F. Pitcher's Chloe II.
15. Hornell Spaniel Club's Topsy.
16. Hornell Spaniel Club's Madge.
17. F. F. Pitcher's Feather.

J. F. KIRK,
Secretary A. C. Spaniel Club.

TORONTO, Dec. 29, 1882.

THE RORY O'MORE KENNEL.

I HAVE lately had an opportunity of visiting the Rory O'More kennel, situated on Riverside avenue, in Greenbush, New York, on the east bank of the Hudson river, opposite Albany. The kennel is situated on the "Old Mansion" grounds, well known as a place of considerable historical notoriety, on account of its age (having been built in 1642), and now the property of Mr. Wm. N. Callender, the founder of the Rory O'More Kennel. The old mansion is said to contain thirty-five rooms, and is still in an excellent state of preservation. All of the brick used in its construction were imported from Holland, as also were the heavy white oak timbers, some of which are twenty inches square, and run the entire length of the main building in the cellar.

The kennel building, which occupies the rear of the grounds, is of the Queen Anne style of architecture and decoration, and is about thirty-five by forty feet in extent, the main floor, elevated about three feet from the ground, giving excellent ventilation where it is most important. A hallway in the center of the building runs its entire length from east to west, rendering the inspection of the canine inmates of the kennel convenient and thorough. On the left as one enters the kennel, Mr. Callender has his office, a room about twelve by fifteen feet, handsomely furnished with desks, closets for medicines, writing materials, guns and breaking equipments, some rare sporting scenes, and a painting that especially attracted my attention, of a rare species of snipe native of Japan. The bird much resembles our "little brown back" of the Atlantic bays, but having the end of the bill broadened like the spoonbill or "pink curlew" of the Florida coasts. The specimen, I understand, was obtained by and belongs to Mr. E. Corning, of Albany. It is surely a rara avis.

On both sides of the hall the first floor, excepting the office, is devoted to stalls for the various dogs. These apartments are separated from each other, and from the main hall, by wainscoting and wire netting, and each stall has raised benches for beds. The second floor has a line of stalls on the south side, and the remainder of the floor is devoted to yard breaking and exercise in cold and wet weather. Among the noted dogs your correspondent first noticed was champion Rory O'More, whose numerous winnings are so familiar they need not be mentioned in detail. Suffice it to say that he was the gainer of first in New York in 1877 and a tie with Paris in the sweepstakes open to all sporting dogs, and in 1879 first in the champion class, and in 1880 the gold necklace in the specials. Rory is the principal stud dog in the kennel, and bears his age well.

When we reached Rexford, a Berkley-Sampson's Nora setter, litter brother to Lady Berkley, Mr. Callender told me it was his intention to use him in the stud freely in the future, especially to bitches of Rory O'More's get. I think Mr. C. is wise in this respect, for he will gain in the progeny the fashionable Berkley head combined with the more intelligent appearing cranium of the Rory O'More family.

Next to Rexford it became Nora O'More's turn to be admired. Nora, no doubt when in condition, is one of the handsomest bitches of her breed in the country, but she has just reared a litter of puppies and shows the wear. Her dark coat and splendid feather are yet prominent notwithstanding the three months of care she has gone through. Her litter by Rory O'More is a beautiful lot, and as Nora was out of Tilly by Berkley, the youngsters are a combination of rare strains.

A great favorite with Mr. Callender is Lady Berkley, a Berkley-Sampson's Nora bitch, who occupied a stall near Nora. Lady Berkley much resembles her sire, and being let out in the yard showed wonderful speed. I fancy her as much as any bitch he had. She is also a winner, taking first at Cleveland in 1882. A litter of her puppies by Rory O'More, in a stall near by, are perfect counterparts of old Berkley, yet having the stouter form of their own sire. These puppies are the gems of Mr. Callender's kennel.

Gay, a beautiful bitch by champion Elcho ex Fire Fly, could not be passed without notice. She is a splendid specimen of her breed, and quite near her were two of her puppies, seven months old, by Rory O'More, very promising.

Quail III., by Red Gauntlet ex Quail II., winner of first in puppy class at New York in 1879, was next shown me. She was nursing a litter of youngsters by Rory O'More, a strong and well advanced lot for their age. Rory O'More, Jr., by champion Rory O'More ex Nora O'More, whose turn it was next to be shown, is the most superb specimen of the red Irish setter at his age I ever saw. If I am not mistaken he will make his mark and is a coming dog. His head is faultless and his form needs only development to make it that of the best. Although only nine months old he is very "doggy" for his age, not a white undersized, and of splendid color. I fancy Mr. Callender counts on him as his main stay in the stud when Rory O'More is put on the shelf. There were also some unnamed very handsome young bitches about seven months old, by champion Rory O'More ex Sampson's Nora that Mr. C. showed me, and the kennel stock, some forty in number all told, are remarkably dark-coated and handsome. This kennel is probably the largest of the kind and one of the best in the United States, and as it will be seen embraces in its blood a combination of the most prize-winning strains in the United States, namely, that of Rory O'More, Elcho and Berkley.

The covers not a great distance from Albany harbor the woodcock in its autumnal passage south, and the dogs of the kennel are daily worked when the flight is on. While at the Rory O'More kennel I witnessed the handling by Mr. Callender's breaker of three green young setters, and must say the care, patience and method evinced by his man can not fail to turn out good house-broken animals ready for field training.

Mr. C. paid a high compliment to your journal as a means of advertising, and told your correspondent he hears daily from parties in every State in the Union making inquiries for Irish setters. HOMO.

A KANSAS 'COON HUNT.—This is how it began: We are two bachelor farmers. * It is the fall of the year, the day's work of corn husking is done. We have carefully laid away the ration of pork, mush, corn bread and coffee, and are sitting around the fire chatting to our two cousins, up from the city on a two days' hunt. Stories commence, and soon the 'coon is introduced, tale on tale following fast; our mouths fairly water for 'coon. Suddenly Everett remembers that he has not yet gone for the daily mail, which is doled out every evening to him at the farm house, one and one-half miles away. (Doubtless the regularity is owing to pretty Maggie S., the postmaster's daughter.) He leaves the circle and saddling Cyclone (his mustang) is away. But soon unearthly shrieks and yells are heard, and listening we know them to come from an osage orange hedge on the hill one-half mile away. We answer and listen. Immediately we hear in loud tones Everett shouting that there is a 'coon in the hedge. Instantly we seize our guns, and hasing to the stable we mount our best horses and away. Visions of roast 'coon float through our mind. Soon we reach the hedge, and there in the reflection of the pale, new moon we see him, dimly visible against the darkened sky. Ain't he a beauty? See his eyes! What a splendid tail! Rather long for a 'coon, ain't it? We shout, and in the confusion do not notice that Eugene hangs back. Everett claims the first shot, and Eugene kindly lends him his gun, and holds his pony. He draws near, and taking good aim fires. "Shades of Neptune!" "Immortal gods!" we should judge that the "coon" and Everett fired simultaneously. A retreat is effected in good time and bad order, and we, "Ev," included, in an incredible short time, are on the way to the house. Our hero cusses and yells viciously, and when most home, we meet the postmaster and his daughter coming home from town; and from all appearances they had heard our heated discussion on the way. Mag. goes with another fellow now, and when we approach the subject to Everett, he growls under his breath, "It was fate. Bismillah," but we don't think so, and this is how it ended.—ESTA BUENO.

ROBBIN'S ISLAND.—Some of the members had good sport next day after the trials, especially Dr. Speir, Mr. A. T. Plummer, and Mr. L. Waterbury, all fair shots, and have good dogs. Dr. Speir's Prince Hal and Maida arrived here from North Carolina in time for him to have a day with them in the field. They worked like machinery and were well handled by him, scoring point after point, back after back, until he cried, "Hold! enough." He enjoyed it hugely and bagged several birds with his 20-gauge, enjoying the work as much or more than the killing.—D. B. H.

TOM AND CAPTAIN DORSETT.—Major Geo. R. Watkins, who intends to go aboard to be absent two or three years, offers for sale his valuable brace of setters, Tom and Captain Dorsett. Tom is well-known to our readers who have followed our description of the field trials. Captain Dorsett is well bred, and has been thoroughly trained, and is said to be an excellent fielder. We dare say that Major Watkins will have less trouble in disposing of them than he will find in replacing them upon his return.

THE OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the time this reaches you I hope to be in Ottawa to meet Mr. Vicars, the secretary and treasurer of the show, to make all preliminaries for the coming show. The prize list, together with the special list, will be at once put into form and be ready for distribution next week. All particulars and information can now be had from Mr. Vicars, the secretary, or myself, CHARLES LINCOLN, Superintendent, Ottawa, Canada.

A NEW CLUB.—Several gentlemen have leased Fisher's Island, near New London, Conn., for the purpose of making a game preserve of it. They will at once procure a large number of quail, which will be turned down in the spring. Should the enterprise met with encouragement from sportsmen, it is intended to hold fields trials there. Any one wishing information regarding the matter can obtain full particulars by addressing Mr. Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.

MASTIFF IMPORTATION.—Mr. William Wade, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has just received from Mr. Graham, of Belfast, Ireland, the English mastiff dog Tiney. He arrived on the steamer State of Georgia on Dec. 20. He is eleven months old, very massive, and well formed. He stands twenty-eight inches high at shoulder and weighs 130 pounds, giving promise, when mature, of making a magnificent animal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., BENCH SHOW.—We have received a letter from Mr. Chas. Lincoln, stating that there will be a bench show at Washington, commencing on February 20, and continuing four days. The show will be held in the skating rink and will undoubtedly prove a very successful one, as Mr. Lincoln assures us that the arrangements will be first class in every respect.

IMPORTATION OF THE BLACK COCKER SPANIEL BITCH NEGRESS.—In our notice of the recent importation of this valuable addition to the kennel of Mr. J. F. Kirk, in our issue of December 21, all of the heading except the word importation was carelessly omitted, for which we humbly beg the little lady's pardon.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Ringwood II. By Mr. Aug. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1882, by imported Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Silver (Flute—champion Bess).

Shaughran. By Mr. Robert Ives Crocker, New York, for red Irish terrier dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1882, by imported Rock (Gaelic—Midge) out of Norah (Spring—Nettie).

Jumbo. By Mr. Lanson Davis, Richburg, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped May 9, 1882, by Rory O'More out of his Buff.

Gem II. By Mr. Geo. Haseltine, Boston, Mass., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 4, 1882, by champion Beau out of Gem (Snip—Feather).

Ginger. By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for red pointer dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1882, by Alden's champion Pete, Jr., out of owner's Pride.

Knox. By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1882, by Bret Harte (Dick—Gipsey) out of Smut (Wildfire—Scoot).

Rena. By Mr. H. Brown, A Hegany, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped May 9, 1882, by Rory O'More out of Mr. Lanson Davis's Buff.

Daisy. By Mr. Benj. Stimpson, Connenutville, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 9, 1882, by Rory O'More out of Mr. Lanson Davis's Buff.

Beau II. By Mr. John R. Haseltine, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 4, 1882, by champion Beau out of Gem (Snip—Feather).

Dexter and Dash Belton. By Capt. B. F. Devinney, Moberly, Mo., for black and white ticked English setters, dog and bitch, whelped July 3, 1882, by Laverack Chief out of Fame (Breeze—Bramble).

Princeton. By Mr. R. P. Stockton, Philadelphia, Pa., for red setter dog, whelped Feb. 15, 1882, by his Irish (Toby—Hattie) out of his imported Bessie Lea.

Clingstone. By Mr. J. F. Johns, Haverhill, Mass., for lemon and white English setter dog puppy by Wagner out of Nell Kelly.

Black Silk, Black Bo and Black Gem. By Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., for black cocker spaniels, three dogs and one bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1882, by Obo (E. K. C. S. B. 10,452) out of imported Chloe II. (Dash—Nellie).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Smut II.—Pete. Mr. T. M. Aldrich's (Providence, R. I.) black setter bitch Smut II. (Trim—Smut) to Mr. W. Green's Pete (Sam—Mill), Dec. 27.

Negress—Toronto Beau. Mr. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Canada), imported black cocker spaniel bitch Negress (E. K. C. S. B. 8,373) (Lad of Beverly—Lass of York) to his Toronto Beau (champion Knight—champion Squaw), Dec. 23.

Toronto Jet—Tippo. Mr. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Can.) imported black cocker spaniel bitch Toronto Jet (Nigger—Belle) to Mr. J. W. Kelly's imported Tippo, Dec. 11.

Snow Flake—Spirt. Dr. Geo. W. Fisher's (Danville, Pa.) lemon and white pointer bitch Snow Flake (Glenmark—Girl) to Mr. Clark Lough's Spirt, Dec. 21.

Gleam—Knickerbocker. Mr. J. H. Phelan's (Jersey City, N. J.) lemon and white pointer bitch Gleam (Sensation—Whiskey) to Mr. Geo. L. Wilms's Knickerbocker, Dec. 26.

Floss—Jeff. Mr. T. M. Aldrich's (Providence, R. I.) setter bitch Floss (Bradford's Pete—Lotta) to Jeff (Duke—Nettie), Dec. 23.

Sprite—Major. Mr. M. O'Brien's (Sherburne, Me.) black and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Sprite (Wildair—Mignon) to Mr. F. L. Cook's Major (Charley—Ruth), Nov. 28, 1882.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Mary D. Mr. E. T. Banks's (South Bend, Ark.) setter bitch Mary D. (Joe, Jr.—Sherrard's Flight), Dec. 10, eight (three dogs), by Light (Gladstone—Buck, Jr.); one dog since dead.

Queen. Mr. M. Ballard's (Indianapolis, Ind.) English setter bitch Queen (Rake—Lady), Dec. 19, ten (five dogs), by Col. Stner's Frank.

Buff. Mr. Lanson Davis's (Richburg, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Buff, May 9, 1882, five (two dogs), by champion Rory O'More.

Reign. Mr. Geo. D. Conner's (Hillsdale, Mich.) English setter bitch Reign (Belton—Breeze), Nov. 19, twelve (nine dogs), by the Detroit Kennel Club's Royal Sultan (Racket—Kelp).

Flog. Mr. J. H. Dallibu's (Cleveland, O.) English setter bitch Floy (Rob Roy—Belle), Dec. 12, ten (nine since dead) one dog living, by Mr. C. M. Munhall's Sam Tilden (Dash—Belle).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Rowdy O'More. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 24, 1882, by champion Rory O'More out of Gay (Elcho—Fire Fly), by Mr. W. L. Lake, Troy, N. Y., to the Rory O'More Kennel, Albany, N. Y.

Rory O'More—Buff whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped May 9, 1882, by Mr. Lanson Davis, Richburg, N. Y., a dog to Mr. S. H. Brown, Allegany, N. Y., a bitch to Mr. B. Stimpson, Connenutville, Pa., a bitch to Mr. Kerwick, Richburg, N. Y., and a bitch to Mr. L. Merket, Bolivar, N. Y.

Beau II. and Gem II. Black dog and liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 4, 1882, by champion Beau out of Gem, by Mr. Geo. S. Tucker, Peterboro, N. H., to Mr. Geo. W. Leavitt, Jr., Boston, Mass.

Samuel of Posen. Black and white ticked English setter dog, whelped May 27, 1882 (Young Laverack—Lady May), by Mr. H. W. Towner, Nyack, N. Y., to Mr. R. Moller, same place.

Obo II. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1882 (Obo—Chloe II.), by Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Reign and whelps. Black, white and tan English setter bitch Reign (Belton—Breeze) and her litter of twelve puppies, whelped Nov. 19, 1882, by Royal Sultan (Racket—Kelp), by Mr. Geo. D. Conner, Hillsdale, Mich., to the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Ringwood II. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1882 (Ringwood—Silver), by Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Mr. Aug. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Bo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1882 (Obo—Chloe II.), by Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. Wm. A. De Caindry, Washington, D. C.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Beau II. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 4, 1882 (Beau—Gem), by Mr. Geo. W. Leavitt, Jr., Boston, Mass., to Mr. John Haseltine, same place.

Gem II. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 4, 1882 (Beau—Gem), by Mr. Geo. W. Leavitt, Jr., Boston, Mass., to Mr. Geo. Haseltine, same place.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE MATCH OF 1883.

GEO. J. SEABURY, Secretary of the National Rifle Association, has issued for the information of intending competitors the following letter:

The return match will take place at Wimbledon in July, 1883, during the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association of Great Britian.

The special committee having in charge the recommendation of a suitable arm for preliminary and actual use, have concluded after careful experiments to recommend to competitors:

1. The Brown Military Rifle (new model) as approved by the National Rifle Association. Address J. H. Brown, 408 Bleecker street, New York City.

2. The Remington Military Rifle (new model) as approved by the National Rifle Association. Address Remington & Sons, 283 Broadway, New York City.

The committe are, however, to continue their investigations until a weapon is produced that shall represent the highest possible shooting capacity, equal or superior to those recommended for practice prior to the match.

Early in January the National Rifle Association will issue a circular giving information connected with ammunition, loading, lubricants, bullets, powder, shells and allied topics.

The qualification scores for final competition will be 165 or over out of a possible 205, at the six distances prescribed in the conditions of the International Military Match, eighty-five or over at 200, 500 and 600 yards; eighty or over at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

The Adjutant Generals of the various States will be requested to officially recognize the match, as in the first competitions, by offering a prize to all who succeed in winning a place on the Wimbledon team.

REGULATIONS FOR THE SELECTION AND GOVERNMENT OF THE AMERICAN TEAM.

1. Each State or Territory (including the District of Columbia) desiring to be represented on the team is requested to establish competitions at such place or places as its military authorities may prescribe, for the selection of proper competitors to represent it, such competitions to be open only to members of the uniformed National or State Guard, who have been such since January 1 1883.

2. Each of such competitions should consist of seven shots at 200 500 and 600 yards each (constituting the first stage) and at 800, 900 and 1000 yards each (constituting the second stage); the two stages may be fired on the same or on different days, Creedmoor targets to be used.

3. Weapon, any military breech-loading rifle within the rules agreed on in regard to match (a copy of which is hereto annexed.

4. Position. Standing at 200 yards, prone at 500 and 600, any at the others.

5. No sighting shots to be allowed, or cleaning except between ranges.

6. All competitors who, taking the three best scores made in any one of these competitions, shall average at least 105 points out of a possible 225, (not less than 85 at 200, 500 and 600 yards or less than 80 at 800, 900 and 1000 yards) shall be qualified to compete at Creedmoor to represent their respective States.

7. In May or June on dates which will be hereafter announced four competitions will be had at Creedmoor by the competitors representing the several States. On the conclusion of these competitions eight competitors making the highest scores will be selected by aggregating their three best scores in these competitions. The Board of Directors will then select either from the other competitors or either from riflemen not competing shall may not have shot in any or all of the competitions not to exceed eight additional competitors. From among the sixteen so chosen a team of twelve and two reserves will be finally selected by the Board of Direcors who will be sent to England.

8. The Board will decide whether any of these competitions shall be postponed on account of weather or other reasons, should it be necessary they will name another day.

9. The Captain of the team will be selected by the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association. He shall have the management of the team and prescribe the rules for its government and practice, including the decision as to the selection of the twelve who shall finally shoot in the match.

10. Each person entering for the competitions at Creedmoor shall be required to produce a certificate from the Adjutant General of his State, stating that he is, and has been since January 1, 1883, a member in good standing of its uniformed National or State Guard, and is a proper person to represent his State on the team.

11. Each competitor so entering shall subscribe to the following: I desire to compete for a place on the American Military team to represent the United States in the international Match of 1883, and hereby agree to conform to the conditions prescribed for the section of said team. If I am selected to compete I hereby pledge my word that I will shoot in the match and will in addition perform such practice and submit to such discipline and government as the captain of the team shall direct.

12. All persons authorized to compete in the final competitions for the selection of the team shall have the free use of the range at Creedmoor for practice for two weeks prior to such competition.

13. Any person selected in accordance with the foregoing regulations may be removed for lack of proficiency, misconduct, or other proper cause, by the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association or the captain of the team.

14. Notice shall be given to the secretary of the National Rifle Association by May 1, by such of the States and Territories as intend to be represented, stating the number of the competitors they propose to send, and their names.

15. In case any State or Territory shall neglect to hold a competition for the selection of members of its National Guard to represent it on the team, any member of such National Guard, who shall make the scores above prescribed, shall, upon forwarding to the secretary of National Rifle Association on or before May 1, a copy of such scores, certified by an officer of our National Guard, or his own adjutant, and producing the requisite certificate from the adjutant general of his State, be entitled to enter the final competitions at Creedmoor.

16. Members of the team and reserve may be required, on and after their selection, to use such rifle or rifles and ammunition as shall be ordered by the National Rifle Association.

SPECIAL RULES AGREED ON AS TO RIFLES.

From regulations of National Rifle Association, but omitting irrelevant matter, etc.—"M. B. L."—Military Breech-Loaders.

Military Breech-Loaders not of government pattern, but comply ing with the following conditions:

To be fitted with an arrangement for fixing sword or other bayonet.

WEIGHT.—Not to exceed, without sword or other bayonet, 9 lbs., 4 oz.

LENGTH.—From 48 inches to 55 inches, measured from the muzzle to the butt when placed vertically on the ground.

STOCK.—Sufficiently strong for service purposes and fitted with a metal cleaning rod, and swivels for a sling, (without pistol grip.)

SIGHTS.—Backsight, *a*, to be attached to the barrel in front of the lock with a military volley sight graduations on plate *b*, leaf *c*, the sliding-bar to be with or without permanent vertical lines or apertures, and the upper edge either straight or with a notch; *e*, the outside measurement of the part on which the flap or leaf rests must not exceed one inch. Foresight, to be of government pattern called "barley corn."

SIGHTS.—May be temporarily blackened or whitened. Backsight, *a*, may be tilted forward or back, and may be supported at the necessary angle by any extemporized means; *b*, the sliding-bar may be reversed and may be used on either side of the leaf. No addition of permanent lines to one fine one down the centre for Snider, and three for Martini-Henry will be allowed, but temporary marks or lines of any kind, removable at pleasure, may be used; detached "vernier" or "globe sights" may be used.

PULL OF TRIGGER.—Minimum 6 lbs.

STOCK.—No pad or shoe for the Heel-plate of the Butt.

AMMUNITION.—Where military breech-loaders are used, the bullet must be inserted in the cartridge-case not less than 2-3 (two-thirds) of the diameter of the bore, and no part of the charge is to be inserted at the muzzle.

PISTOL RECORDS.

TIME brings many changes in the shooting world, and there as elsewhere history repeats itself. Twenty years ago duelling pistol practice at mark target was the popular way to practice shooting indoors. A crack shot was then, indeed, a lion. Gradually the muzzle-loading rifle found its way into favor; to be superceded by the 22-100 calibre breech-loading rifle with plain, open sights. The latter weapons were looked on as a much more scientific weapon, and their accuracy was greatly doubted. Improvement followed improvement in both rifle and sight, and to-day the muzzle-loader is a mere piece of antiquity. The almost perfect scores made with the breech-loader show not only the great degree of skill by many of our marksmen, but the finest workmanship in the many American cartridge factories. The record of marksmanship for the past year shows, in many instances, a great improvement over the former efforts of the knights of the trigger. This is more evident among the pistol scores. The ready pistol, which combines a quick aim and accurate measurement of every shot fired from center of bullseye to center of shot, offers the greatest test of accuracy. The rifle scores made on these targets is the total of distance from shot to center of bullseye in inches, while pistol scores are based on the average number of points, and is somewhat similar to the regular Creedmoor targets. The number of targets, or objects for aim in pistol practice, is practically without end; among the most difficult is driving tacks, lighting parlor matches, cutting threads, hitting the respective spots on a playing card, or cutting it in two when placed edgewise to the shooter. The various feats performed with the pistol at Conlin's Gallery in this city are too numerous to mention, but the actual marks by which the many records have been made are on exhibition in the record room of the gallery, and can be seen there at any time. Some of the scores made with the rifle and pistol we give below:

Teaser Target, with Pistol at 12 Yards.

A. Fernandez	43½	C. F. Jones	39½
H. W. Wickham	42	E. A. Bogardus	37
Frank H. Lord	41½	J. B. Miller	34½
A. Brennan	41	Col. J. I. Browne	34
Dr. E. T. T. Marsh	40	L. Pike	31

Teaser Target, with Rifle.

A. L. Cauldwell	46	Geo. W. Hamlin	43
J. B. Blydenburgh	46	Harry Watts	43
N. H. Wade	45	F. F. Moller	34½

Revolver Shooting at 12 Yards—Creedmoor Target, 1¼ in. bullseye.

D. A. Davis	3 full scores.	C. A. Cochran	22 in 25
A. Fernandez	3 " "	A. Salvini	21 " 25
A. Fernandez, at the word f	" "	F. C. Moller	21 " 25
D. A. Davies	273 in 300	E. T. T. Marsh, Figr'g	21 " 25
Dr. Marsh	269 " 300	H. W. Wickham	24 " 25
Dr. Marsh	21 " 25	J. G. DeForest	24 " 25
H. W. Wickham, long range			20 " 25

Pistol Shooting at 12 Yards—Creedmoor Targets.

H. W. Wickham	Full score	L. V. Sone	47 in 50
Dr. Davis	47 in 50	A. Brennan, at the word	47 " 50
J. B. Miller	49 " 50	C. A. Cochran	46 " 50
Geo. W. Hamilton	48 " 50	Thos. Whitey	46 " 50
F. H. Hoobard	48 " 50	Harry R. Watts	44 " 50
W. C. Southwick	48 " 50	Henry J. Fox	44 " 50
Henry Ochl			46 " 50

Rifle Shooting—Creedmoor Target Reduced.

Dr. Marsh	Pulled.	Peter De Nyse	49 in 50
Maynard Bixby	" "	E. Roehling	49 " 50
W. A. Davis	" "	E. J. Shipman	49 " 50
E. E. Tiffany	" "	Dr. H. G. Pilford	49 " 50
F. B. Tilghman	" "	E. J. Murphy, at the word	48
Geo. E. Rogers	" "	W. MacDonald. " "	48
E. J. Murphy	" "	J. A. Ward	47 in 50
		Dr. F. F. Brown	43 " 50

C. A. Cheaver hit 5 Tacks consecutively.

Rifle Shooting, 10 Shots, Ready Measurement Target. Any Position.

Dr. H. G. Pilford	25½ in.	Dr. E. T. T. Marsh	8 in
W. C. Southwick	28½ "	Peter De Nyse	33¼ "
A. B. Van Heusen	37½ "		

Ready Measurement Target, 10 shots, off hand.

Dr. Marsh	14½ in.	Dr. Pilford	63½ in.
Dr. F. F. Brown	35½ "	A. B. Van Heusen	104½ "
J. L. Paulding	43½ "	R. F. F. Jones	6 13-16 "
Leon Backer	6 3-16 "	Peter De Nyse	7¼ "
M. B. Engle	6¼ "	F. A. Dngro	7¼ "

Body Rest. 10 Shots.

D. A. Davis	4 in.	J. S. Case	6¾ in.
H. S. Banks	4¼ "	Wm. Klein	7 "
Dr. Marsh	4 3-16 "	W. G. Wylie	7¾ "
Dr. Piffard	4¼ "	Peter De Nyse	8 3-16 "
M. B. Engle	4¾ "	W. O. Wetherbee	9¾ "

RANGE AND GALLERY.

AIR SPACE IN GUNS.—'Twas a foolish thing to do: nevertheless, for the benefit of our readers, I will relate the incident. Wishing to have a rifle practice, I shouldered my weapon, a military breech-loading Snider-Enfield, and wended groveward. I had no ball cartridges at hand, but took a few blanks and some bullets out of old muzzle-loading cartridges. It knew that it was against "regulations" to use this combination, but determined to risk any bad consequences. It took position 10 yds. from a railway telegraph pole and proceeded carefully and rather dubiously to load. I first inserted the blank and closed the breech; next, placed the bullet (a hollow-based; the plug was not in) in the muzzle and rammed home, touching the blank cartridge very gently. I aimed carefully and fired. Then—well, I hit my pole, and was pushed back a few paces only; but my first voluntary movement was to carry my hand to my forehead, expecting to find some brains outside. Assuredly I could not have lost a great quantity of them, possibly missing the mislaid in my manual search for brains, I next proceeded to examine the rifle. The breech block had blown open, and, in doing so, had wrenched off the hammer and axle level with the lock plate, and the breech, interior and block, was blackened by the escaping discharge. I never found that hammer. Beyond a scorching of hair and eyebrows (I need scarcely state that I was then innocent of beard) I escaped uninjured. I attribute the mishap to the space created by the turned down rim in the front of the blank cartridge and the vacant plug-hole in the bullet. With the exception of the loss of the hammer and a broken axle, the rifle was uninjured.—BULLSEYE.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—The competitors in the prize contest at the Mammoth Rifle Gallery, have increased to an even dozen and the scores improve with each day. Though the attractions of the Christmas tree are very formidable, they did not seem to wean the devotees of the target from their favorite pastime, and the interest in the indoor ranges is far from languid during the holiday season. The following table will show that there has been some good shooting, and the contest for first place on the board is very close:

A Pollard	46 46 46 46 45—227	W E Robinson	43 41 43 42 46—215
C S Seyon	45 45 45 45 46—226	C R Bartlett	42 45 42 42 43—214
F E Rollins	44 44 43 44 45—220	G W Little	42 42 43 43 43—213
J H Bird	43 45 44 44 43—219	H Lowell	43 43 42 42 41 210
D Kirkwood	44 44 43 45 43—219	T Russell	42 42 41 43—208
T P Stetson	42 44 43 43 44—216	Chas Morrill	40 41 42 39 40—202

Following are the scores for the month of December, 1882:

J Merrill	46 46 46 47 48—233	J H Bird	43 45 44 44 43—219
J Francis	46 46 46 46 48—232	F P Stetson	44 44 43 43 44—218
J A Pollard	46 45 46 45 45—227	C A Wellington	44 44 42 42 42—216
C S Seyon	45 45 45 45 46—226	W E Robinson	43 41 43 42 46—215
J A Steadman	44 45 44 45 46—224	C R Bartlett	42 43 43 43 43—216
F E Rollins	44 44 45 46 45—224	G W Little	42 42 43 43 43—213
A Johnson	44 44 44 44 45—221	A Ellis	43 42 42 44 42—213
D Kirkwood	44 44 43 45 43—219		

In last month's shooting Mr. J. Merrill took the first prize of $7; Mr. J. Francis the second, $6; Mr. A. Pollard the third, $5; Mr. C. S. Seyon, the fourth, $4, and Messrs. Rollins and Steadman are tied for fifth place.—N. B. SMITH, Prof.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 28.—The Christmas matches of the Newport Rifle Association came off as advertised. The all-comers re-entry match was well patronized. There was, however, hardly sufficient targets provided for the accommodation of the marksmen present. A very brilliant score was made. The gold medal presented by Mr. W. Milton Farrow, five shots on a Massachusetts target, 200 yards, off-hand.

W B Knight	12 12 12 12 11—59	W S Bryer	8 11 11 9 10—49
G H Burnham	11 11 10 10 10—52	Geo Holcum	9 11 9 10 10—49
C Wyatt	10 12 12 7 10—51	Dan Brown	10 8 10 11 7—46

In the 200 yards continuous match, two scores to count, re-entries unlimited, the following scores were made.

W Smith	22 23—45	Bliss	22 17—39
Lawton	21 23—44	Holcum	17 21—38
D Morse	22 20—42	Openshaw	16 23—38
Donahue	19 22—41	McDonald	16 21—37
Riley	22 18—41	Sherman	16 20—36
Caswell	20 21—41	S Bryer	15—15
Geo Lewis	18 21—39	D Caswell	18 16—34
C Wyatt	21 18—30	W Bryer	17 16—33
F Wyatt	21 18—39	M Swinburne	14 15—29
		Chase	12 16—28

BOSTON, Dec. 30.—The shooting at Walnut Hill to-day was very good. The wind was light, but the sun was rather bright. However, some of the scores were very fine. The range will be open for New Years callers. The Victory match closes with the year, and then new matches will be begun, viz., a decimal rest, a decimal off-hand and a Creedmoor off-hand. Two Creedmoor practice match will be continued. Following are some of the best scores made to-day:

Creedmoor Practice.

J. B. Fellows	5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5—48		
R. Withington	5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 5—47		
A. Duffer	5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4—47		
C. Weston (mil.)	5 5 4 5 5 4 3 4 5 5—45		
J. A. Cobb (Re-entry)	4 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 4—45		
D. P. Holden	5 4 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4—45		
D. H. Pine	4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—43		
W. Higgins	4 5 5 5 3 4 4 4 5 4—43		
C. C. Foster (mil.)	5 4 4 5 4 3 4 5 4 4—42		
H. Reed (mil.)	4 5 3 4 4 5 3 4 4 4—42		
A. Keach	5 3 4 4 3 3 4 5 4 4—39		
H. W. Atkins (mil.)	4 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 5—35		
A. H. Floyd (mil.)	4 3 5 4 3 4 3 3 3—34		
H. W. Edwards (mil.)	0 4 4 4 3 4 3 4 4—32		

Decimal Match.

H L Lee	10 8 8 10 10 8 9 6 9 7—85		
G Duffer	7 8 7 10 6 8 7 10 10 10—83		
O M Jewell	10 8 7 10 8 7 9 9 6 10—83		
G Warren	10 8 7 10 8 7 7 8 9 8—82		
H L Lee (re-entry)	9 5 8 10 7 10 10 9 5 9—82		
Jewell (re-entry)	8 10 9 6 8 7 8 9 9 7—81		
W Guild	10 6 4 8 8 10 9 8 9 7—79		
B Davis	10 6 8 7 7 10 9 8 8 6—78		
L L Harding	8 7 9 8 9 9 9 5 8 6—78		
J N Frye	3 10 7 8 8 9 8 6 9 5—73		

In the Victory Match E. J. Cram did all the shooting. His best score was 49.

Decimal Rest Match.

A C Adams	10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 9—98		
G Warren	10 10 10 10 9 9 10 9 9 10—97		
S Wilder	10 10 9 10 9 8 10 10 10 10—96		
J F Noyes	10 10 10 10 9 8 10 10 10 9—96		
W Guild	9 9 10 10 9 10 9 10 10 9—95		
A A Clinton	10 6 10 10 10 9 10 8 10 9—95		

In the Badge Match H. L. Lee made 48.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 28.—On Christmas Day many of the members and friends as well of the Worcester Rifle Association went out to Pine Grove Range where they were treated to a day of pleasure which has had but few equals in this vicinity. The crack of the rifle began soon after 9 A. M., and continued until dark. The wind was light and variable 9 to 12 o'clock, while the day was clear and but few clouds. The following records were made:

Massachusetts Target.

C A Allen	10	11	11	12	12	12	9	11	11	11—110
Sted Clark	11	11	9	12	12	11	10	12	10	11—109
Moses Carter	12	9	11	11	11	9	9	8	9	12—99
J N Morse, Jr	11	10	10	9	9	7	10	8	12	11— 97
H T Farrar	10	10	10	9	8	10	9	10	8	11— 95
F Johnston	12	11	11	10	7	10	8	8	7	11— 95
J W Murphy	11	9	11	5	10	9	10	9	8	11— 93
A L Rice	10	12	8	10	11	9	8	11	7	7— 93
V W Eames	6	9	10	8	11	9	10	10	11	8— 92
M Furgerson	10	6	10	5	7	11	5	11	8	9— 83
Newton	3	9	10	4	4	7	8	5	3	11

Creedmoor Target.

M Carter	4544354545—43	Stedman Clark	4354454444—41
A L Rice	4444544445—42	J N Morse, Jr	4554454341—41
J W Murphy	5444444542—42	H T Farrar	4434454543—39
C A Allen	4544544444—42	F Johnston	4453304253—34
V W Eames	4455444444—42	M Furgerson	2333344553—39

To-day witnessed the close of the fall series of matches. The weather was delightful; it could not have been better for field sports. The wind was at 9 o'clock while the sun was bright. The following was the score:

Massachusetts Target.

Stedman Clark	11	10	9	9	12	12	10	10	11	8—102
C. Duscenberry	11	9	10	9	11	11	11	9	11	10—102
A. L. Rice	5	7	11	10	10	10	9	11	11	11— 95
J. N. Morse, Jr.	10	9	10	10	9	11	8	11	11	11— 95
Chas. Arthur	11	11	7	7	11	8	6	10	12	9— 92
F. Johnston	8	8	12	9	9	11	11	9	6	10— 91
J. W. Murphy	8	11	10	6	10	11	9	10	9	8—92

Creedmoor Target.

Frank Johnston	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—42
J W Murphy	3	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—40
J E Fuller	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4—38

The prize winners and their scores are as follows:

Massachusetts Target.

C D Eames	102	103	103	102	103—510	(b)30—540
Stedman Clark	104	104	104	107	103—521	(b)30—551
J N Morse, Jr.	98	105	102	103	107—515	(b)20—535
C A Allen	102	101	101	102	107—512	(b)20—533
F Johnston	95	105	95	90	98—484	(b)40—524
H T Farrar	98	93	93	90	108—488	(b)30—518

Creedmoor Target.

J N Morse, Jr.	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	4—226	(b)10—236
Stedman Clark	4	3	4	3	4	2	5	4	5	5—220	(b)10—230
H T Farrar	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	3	4	4—212	(b)15—227
F Johnson	4	3	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	5—207	(b)20—227
J W Murphy	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	3	4	4—211	(b)15—226
F Wesson	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—205	(b)20—225

Rest Match—Ring Target.

Stedman Clark	110 110 114—334	Dr Knight	97 101 97—295
H T Farrar	115 100 111—323	J W Murphy	99 101 83—283
J H Howell	102 105 103—310		

On next Thursday the Midway series will begin, and continue weekly until March 29, 1883. It is expected that they will be of more interest even than the fall series which ended to-day.

The Woodlawn Gun Club had a field day at their grounds on Christmas. The main trial was for a club badge, which was won by C. C Houghton. The following is the score made by them at glass balls:

C B Holden	9	C C Houghton	9
C H Bliss	5	F H Fuller	4
A S Newcomb	3	A L Gilman	3
C S Macomber	4	E A Holmes	1
John Tompkins	3	C A Barker	3
Geo Chamberlain	3	John T Moscroft	1

GARDNER, Mass., Dec. 27.—At the last regular meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range, the inch ring and Creedmoor target combined was used, distance 200 yards, off-hand. The following is the score:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
G F Ellsworth	91	47	84	45	175—92
A Mathews	93	44	92	47	185—91
F H Knowlton	93	44	89	47	184—91
G C Goodale	82	44	78	43	160—87
B Williams	79	44	74	45	153—89
C Shumway	73	45	67	45	139—90
F Underwood	56	42	40	39	96—81

THE TRAP.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.

THE members of the above club, with representatives from several other clubs from Newark and vicinity, spent New Year's Day in a very satisfactory manner. It was indeed a glorious day, not too cold, nor too warm, but just that bracing air with sun enough to tone down the raw winds. "Old South Paw," furnished the birds, and a good lot they were, as numbers of shots discovered without being told. It was sweepstake shooting, open for all, 25yds. rise, second boundary, according to standard of the rules, counting 2½ birds. We arrived on the grounds a little late. We found a goodly number of shooters at work and that two sweeps had been shot off. We expected to join in the festive occasion in a sweep or two, but a very short look on satisfied us as well as others that we had better keep the money in our pockets. The scores the smiled congratulations! We could easily see there were several in full operation. We regard them as ungenerous, ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike. Two or three, say, of the best shots will combine to go snacks, as the saying is, and "pot-shot" the day—pocket the stakes. Now it is very well to have one combination are liable to tie one will miss first barrel, or both, as the occasion requires, so as to get in on second money or third as may be. Now, a medium or second rate shot has no show for his money in such a case, for in the shoot-off he is going to second redemption, while if all had shot in a fair and open manner, that is, decide their best, some of the low down fellows might stand a chance for second, third or fourth money, but as it is a few of the crack shots are apt to scoop the whole.

Upon drawing on his bird, his gun snapped. He put the shell hastily in his pocket, put another shell in his gun, and called for another bird. But some shooter challenged the shell, and the ingulfing the expression that filled across the criminal face as he reluctantly handed forth the shell for examination was beyond description. Upon cutting open the shell, some five or six wads were discovered away down to the powder, but no shot. This shell had been premeditatedly and deliberately filled for such very occasion. He calculated to shoot the blank and kill with the second. The shout that went up from the appreciative crowd was loud and hearty. He got his other bird; it proved a low driver and was missed clean, putting him among the "also lans," where he has easily shot out. And thus it seems with nearly all sports nowadays. Base-ball (once a splendid game), billiards, ten-pins, cricket, and others, are debased by this gambling spirit, until the better portion of our citizens are driven from participation therein, or attendance even.

Well, the day for the return match with the Midway Gun Club and the Jersey City Heights is setting fast, and the big affair will come off on the grounds of the latter club at Marion, N. J., on Wednesday, the 17th inst. Each club having won a match, the tug will come there, and each club will put its best men to the front. That there will be a large attendance and a close match there is little doubt. May all be fair, a good time had, and the best club win.

The match is twenty-five men each club, twenty-one yards rise, seven birds each man; one barrel only, the J. C. H. giving the Midways choice of rules. Come over and see it. JACONSTAFF.

STILLWATER, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Matches shot on Christmas day.

Match No. 1.—Ten glass balls from Davenport rotary trap, sides captained by Messrs. Pitney and Hotaling.

Pitney's side.		Hotaling's side.	
W Pitney	0100011001—3	G Hotaling	1111101011—7
J Whitbeck	0100011101—4	J Smodell	1111111111—10
E Van De Kar	1110101100—6	J Gilbert	0000000000—0
W Holroyd	0000000000—1	E Hewitt	0000000001—1
J Hart	0000000000 1		

Match No. 2—Ten tame pigeons—11 and 7 plunge traps—21yds. Geo Hotaling 1111100111—8 W T Holroyd 1110101111—8
Ed Lansing 1101011111—8 A P Hawley 1111100100—6
A Paul 1111111110—10

Paul won first, Lansing second, Hotaling third. Tie for second money, miss and out: Lansing 3, Holroyd 1.

Third Shoot.—Same Conditions.

E Lansing 1101111111—9 G Hotaling 0111111111—9
A Paul 1101111111—9 J Smodell 1111110011—7

Ties for first, 3 birds—A Paul 111—3; E Lansing 0; G Hotaling 0. Paul first, Smodell second.

Match No. 4.—Five Rises.

E Lansing	11111—5	A Paul	00111—2
G Hotaling	10111—4	A Hart	00010—1

Lansing first, Hotaling second, Paul third.

Match No. 5.—Three Double rises, 18yds.

A Paul	11 11 01—5	G Hotaling	10 11 10—4
E Lansing	10 11 11—4		

Paul first, Lansing and Hotaling divided second.

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—Christmas Day witnessed a large gathering of shooters on the spacious platform, as well as in the comfortable rooms of the substantial and attractive club house of the Malden Gun Club. The warmth and coziness within were in striking contrast with old Boreas blowing rather icily from the northwest without. But there was no lagging in the enthusiasm of the clay pigeon annihilators from Trap No. 1, although each clay pigeon received an additional impetus as it went scooting through the ambient void with the swiftly passing breeze. You have seen a black

lightning; well, all I can say is that no sooner had the words "ready" and "pull" been uttered than the ord traveled in so lively a manner that, like an "ignis fatuus," when you thought you had it you had'nt. The result of the several contests is given below. In the first match, at pigeons, Lanergan and Loring divided first, Fielding, second; Souther, third; Hanford and Whitney, fourth. In the second match, Fielding and Loring divided first; Hanford and Lanergan, second; Souther third. The third match was taken by Carson, Wemyss, Jones and Woodbury in one, two, three order. In the fourth match, Fielding, Clark and Cross captured the trophies in similar order. In the fifth match Hanford was first; Cross and Noble second; Amerage, third; Souther, fourth. In the sixth match Jones was first; Loring, second; Fielding and Clark, third; Noble, fourth In the seventh match, at glass balls, Schaeffer and Loring scored first; Jones, second; Amerage and Dean, third; Scott, fourth. In the eighth match, at balls, Schaeffer was first; Jones and Woodbury, second; Scott and Clark, third; Amerage, fourth. In the ninth match Long and Schaeffer were first, Carson, second; Amerage and Woodbury, third; Scott, fourth. The tenth match was taken by Jones, Schaeffer, Loring and Babson in the order named.—T. C. F.

Yachting and Canoeing.

NARROW BEAMS.

IN quarters where the subject has not been well thought over, the question is continually arising: "Why not give her more beam and keep the depth. We do not object to the depth in the cutter, but we want more beam." To those brought up to one side of the thing the query is natural enough. We trust that this article will make it plain way narrow beam is preferred as having advantages which far outweigh anything which can be brought against the fashionable waist exhibited in the design for the new cutter accompanying this dissertation. The qualities which make up the most successful design can be set down as follows, their order expressing the relative importance to one another:

Safety.
Speed.
Ability.
Accommodation.
Handiness.
Economy.
Draught.
Comfort.
Sightliness.

SAFETY.

We take it that no yacht of any kind is fit for all round purposes if safe only upon the assumption of the utmost care and ceaseless vigilance under critical circumstances. We are now speaking in the broadest sense. That dangerous boats are admissable, even necessary, in answer to certain especial requisites, such as for sailing in very shoal waters, for beaching and for carrying numerous passengers or a large party of "guests" for a short turn of an afternoon in fine weather, is not to be disputed. The use of such boats is, however, properly confined to the one purpose they have been built to meet. As soon as put to other employment or pressed into general service they fall under the ban of being dangerous to a degree which unfits them for the legitimate duties of an all round vessel. Thus, while a Blondin may cross a chasm in sufficient safety balancing on nothing steadier than a cable, it would be a trifle rash to abolish all bridges by pointing to the possibilities a swinging rope holds forth.

Similarly a deft sand-bag acrobat may manage time and again to tool his tippy flatiron down to the Hook and home even in bad weather, but that is poor proof, indeed, that the staid knock-about cruiser should rest content hanging on by his eyebrows, with his heart in his mouth and his life in his hand, while bent on enjoying a whole season's sail, with all the variety of untoward conditions he is sure to meet unexpectedly in his roving life afloat. Safety implies, first, an immunity from capsizing, and, second, effective precautions against filling and foundering. The first is to be obtained only in one way. There must be enough weight, and the weight must be low enough down to bring back the vessel thrown on her beam ends or simply knocked down. It must act continuously as an all-powerful factor at every angle of heel clear over to ninety degrees, with the mast parallel to the surface of the water. Nothing short of this can accomplish the end, for the capacity to right up to a less angle than ninety degrees represents safety only up to the particular point where the limit is found, beyond which the boat will refuse to return to her normal position.

A vessel with effective stability limited to less than the extreme angle of keel she is capable of assuming, is safe only to the extent of that angle, and it needs only some luckless instant to drive her beyond the critical point to accomplish the worst with the same facility and the same dire results as though she were one of the most positive traps ever built. To the extent she fails in this great requisite she is unsafe, while in partially answering to the conditions of uncapsizability, a seductive snare to serious consequences is constantly leading on the mind in command to destruction by shaving too fine in coquetting with the Biblical injunction, "So far shalt thou go and no further." The yacht reaches her "sticking point" without warning and spins along without apparent risk or misgiving, until an extra steep sea gives her the final fatal lift under the bilge, or an unseen puff sends her to perdition in a second, unless met with the utmost quickness in time to avert the catastrophe. She depends for very life upon the least touch of the helm, the hawklike eye and the subtlest action of the brain and senses of the man at the wheel or the hand at the sheet, and should either refuse to act as expected for a single second even, the highest of skill and the keenest of perception cannot circumvent the immutability of natural laws, and the yacht rolls over or sinks, to pay the just penalty of faulty design in the first place.

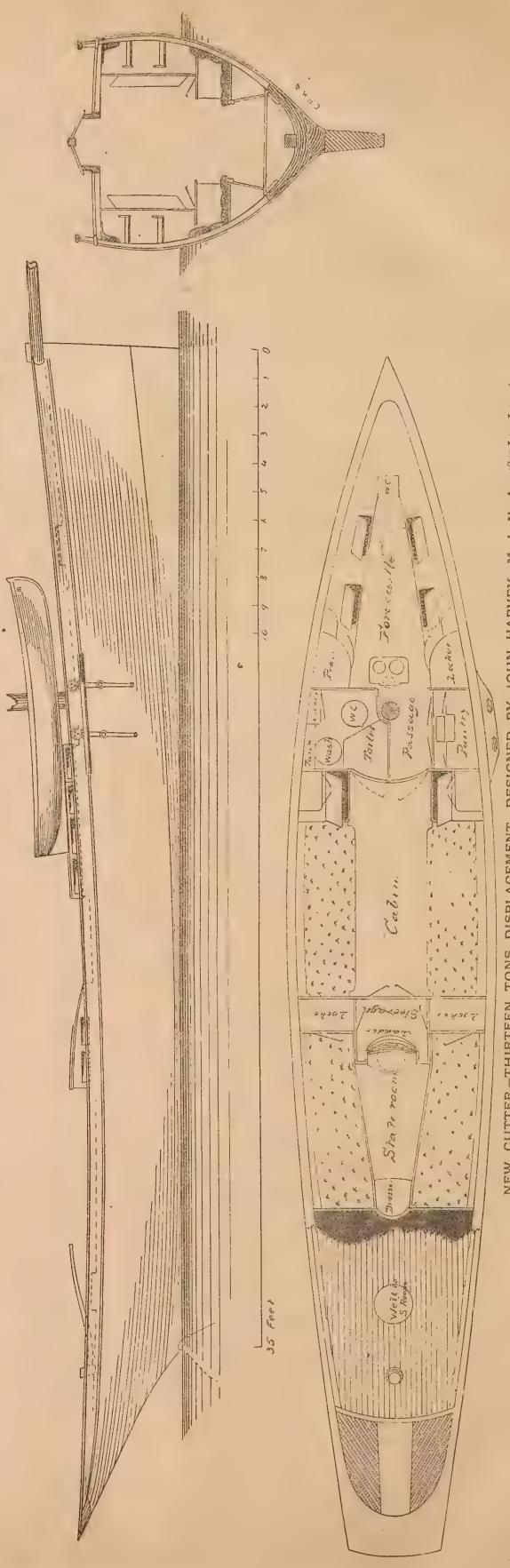
Vessels liable to misadventures upon such slight provocation are rightly classed as machines, and if some owners are willing to shoulder all consequences in the belief that they are concomitant evils with speed or some other longed for quality, it never can make a trap commendable for general yacting purposes as long as that necessity is still fairly open to question. Given the smallest loophole of a chance by which we can escape the serious responsibilities accepted in knocking about in a trap, and that loophole is worth all the experiment, all the labor and expense which can possibly be brought to bear in seeking a solution to the problem of design which shall not be open to so grave a charge as capsizability at the fallibility of the one mind generally master of the vessel's care and her maneuvering.

A trap may sail about a bay year in and year out, and with great regard for the weather, an ever watchful hand at the wheel, short hours of work and many a hairbreadth escape, she may continue to carry herself proudly free from accidents recorded and able enough for all purposes in the eyes of those who have never seen a vessel put to a crucial test in moments where one false motion, one likely error of judgment would drag in their wake misery to happy homes and disheartening obstacles in popularizing a grand sport through the undeserved repute of danger attaching where none ought really to exist if yacht modelling were pursued with intelligence, instead of suffering prejudice to dictate. We have said the only exemption from capsizing lies in the righting effect of weight. Some will take exception and insist that great beam will accomplish a like end, since a boat may be supposed so stiff that she will carry the spars out of her before turning bottom up.

To such a statement we demur very decidedly. For one thing it would be practically impossible to indicate just when such a result could be depended upon. Much hinges upon spars and rigging, and as no one can guarantee their going just at the instant wanted, safety sought through such means is always an open question. Then again, can vessels suitable to yachting purposes be given the beam demanded by such an exigency without very serious sacrifice in other respects? The capsizing of some of the stiffest and beamiest yachts ever built points a lesson to the contrary. Beam measured across deck by a tape line is altogether delusive. To have appreciable effect upon stability it must be more than seeming beam, it must be beam in reality, and that is nothing less than bulk athwartships. Given stiffness obtained by such means and invariably the yacht is and must be sparred in accordance.

Very stiff yachts have very big rigs. They must have big rigs or they won't go; but, fortunately, we are not yet reduced to the necessity of resigning ourselves to slow, underrigged plugs in the search for safety, or, indeed, the outlook for a favorable solution would be about hopeless. Yachts deriving their power from beam gain little or nothing thereby in point of safety, for their huge rigs count just so much against them. Furthermore, all danger lies not in the wind, but quite as much in the sea. Now, a fair-weather drifter may shirk a steep, ugly jump by running for moorings or a lee, but the cruiser bound up and down the coast finds himself cut off at times from accessible shelter, and has to face the music as he finds it tuned. It may be night, he may be a stranger on the coast, he may be too far to leeward to fetch up into smooth water, he may be on the bosom of the deep. If he has been duped into great beam, his error in judgment will be brought home to his senses most forcibly, strikingly, in fact, as his round-waisted ship refuses to lie head on, but is twisted off into the trough, and tipped aweather high into the air to each on-rushing comber.

As he watches the frantic efforts of his craft to lay her decks parallel to the sea, and acquiring a constantly augmenting roll with a



NEW CUTTER.—THIRTEEN TONS DISPLACEMENT.—DESIGNED BY JOHN HARVEY, M. I. N. A. (SEE LAST ISSUE.)

a snappish jerk to windward when she falls into the hollow, to be met and then hoisted like a feather to the next, the lee rail buried and acting like a trip, the yacht rolling from under his feet in her agonized trial to drive broadside before the capsizing sea, but with the lee rail planning her as in a vise and a composite somersault sideways the attended at every repetition—then, we say, he will learn in a flash the abominable vice of great beam, and all his wise prating and patriotic effervescence in club room gossip will fade out of his constitution as naught before the sun, and music. Deeply he will asseverate, if not swear, that his next undertaking will be in favor of less beam and less provincial talent and more depth and common sense, such as the experience of older heads than his have conseled as the road by which not only safety but even some approach to comfort shall be coupled with going to windward in her depth.

Great beam can only delay the time of capsizing in quiet waters. It is an ever-present factor in the aid of a capsize at sea. No boat having built in great beam can have built in great depth and possess the attributes of good sailing and weatherliness demanded in yachts of every kind. Boats bulky in both beam and depth are not simply slow and leewardly in smooth water, but they become unmanageable in a sea, let alone working off shore for an offing with the elements adverse to the proceeding. A boat looking to beam for safety must be scant in her depth. What she gains one way, therefore, is sacrificed in another, with the fresh perils of tripping superadded in a tussel for life with the angered deep lashed into overpowering avalanches of seething water.

But let no amateur, thinking to cruise, lose courage at this picture, likely enough though it be, for there is a way of reconciling even furious elements to your presence. They decline to be fought. They must be cajoled and evaded.

Depth must be called in to give safety and ease, and with depth beam must disappear. Then, with a sound, well-fastened, thoroughly-fitted structure for your tool, and plenty of room to boot, and in an experience of many years' life at sea we have never yet crossed the gale we would not undertake to outlast with little else than the rough handling from the ocean's ventures of this kind, even in vessels coming their tons by the thousand. We go further, and assert that the gale can be survived with actually less discomfort and less bodily and mental strain than in vessels of great pretensions; and we speak from experience it has been our lot to pass through.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXPERIENCE VERY MUCH TO THE POINT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send to-day blue print of a "Single Hander's" lines. These lines are on the outside of the planking. I did this because the frame lines do not give a correct idea of how the boat will look when finished. Here is a short history of my experience in the Ella: Two years ago I built a small rowboat, 15ft. 3in. long, 4ft beam and about 18in deep. One sail, 6ft. hoist, 8ft. boom and 4ft. 6in. gaff. This was plenty of canvas, and the boat was moderately stiff. The centerboard was of iron, 3ft. long and weighed 30 lbs.

Now note the change. This spring I built her 4in. deeper, or rather 4in. higher, and put on a rocker keel 1in. thick, 7in. deep in the middle, and 15ft. long, of cast iron, weight 200 lbs.; also put 300 pounds pig inside. I changed her rig to the one mentioned further on, and she doubled her speed to windward in smooth water, while in rough water she will carry everything, and with dry decks will go to windward like a young steam yacht, where before she would stop at every jump and send spray over everything. Some improvement by only adding weight down low where it is needed. To test her stability we have pinned everything down flat until her sails were in the water and it poured into her cockpit, but as soon as the tiller was released up she would come like a flash; in fact, it is impossible to capsize her. The fact that she has broken several masts speaks for itself.

Now for some of her faults. She is too small, too shallow and too flat, and clinker built. Being built originally for a rowboat, she is, of course, too light. Her siding is ⅝in. white pine; stem and stern post of rock elm, each 4in. x2½in.; ribs also rock elm, ⅝x⅝in., and one foot apart. Least freeboard, 11in.; at bow, 28in.; at stern, 26in., and both ends are alike or sharp. Mast, 20ft. from deck, and 6in. diameter at partner. Decked entirely with the exception of a 3ft. 6in. cockpit. Her sail plan is as follows: Hoist, 16ft.; boom, 17ft.; gaff, 8ft. 6in.; leech, 18ft.; jib on foot, 7ft.; on stay, 11ft.; on leech, 11ft.; topsail, 14ft. on yard, 13ft. on foot, with club and 6ft. on leech. Total area, 210sq. ft. Every rope on her except jib sheets and anchor line is ⅜in. manilla; anchor line, ½in. manilla, 50ft. long; jib sheets, ⅝in. manilla; anchor, 14lbs. galvanized iron boat-pump, 3in. diameter; all metal blocks and patent cleats.

Our beautiful Detroit River runs about 2½ miles per hour, and she will easily beat to windward against the current. We have cruised from Wind Mill Point, in Lake St. Clair, to Round Point, Lake Erie, in her in all kinds of weather, and she is always "with you." Last winter I never even laid her up, and sailed when the ice would permit, except one week, when rebuilding. Last summer we were in a fresh S. W. breeze, carrying jib, mainsail and topsail, when we rescued a skimmer 16ft. long, which capsized, and towed her water logged in a heavy sea three miles, and as we had the wind free, it was very trying to rigging, as our prize held as back with awful jerks.

DETROIT, Mich. E. B. W.

WHAT WILL YOU CALL HER?

A LIST guaranteed not to be found in "Olsen's," and intended as a suggestive cue to those in search of names, neither hackneyed nor prosy:

For the stately vessel: Pride of the Sea, Constellation, Superb, Grandee, Empress, Sultana, Abjector.

For the brine-loving tar; Sea Horse, Shellback, Finback, Spindrift, Buccaneer, Ving-y-Ving.

For the chubby boat: Buxom, Bouncer, Roundhead, Bowl, Bullfrog.

For big steam yachts: Centaur, Titan, Vulcan, Cavalier, Courier, Ironsides.

For steam launches: Puffer, Belcher, Spitfire, Blazer, Flash, Buzzfly.

For narrow beams: Harpoon, Darning Needle, Stingaree, Quiver.

For the sentimentals: Darling, Sweetheart, Beauty, Fantasy, Diva, Octoroon, Creole, Belle Americaine.

For a lawyer: Plotsam.

For the partner's sister boat: Jetsam.

For fishy people: Porpoise, Swordfish, Sturgeon, Flying-fish.

From the animal kingdom: Zebra, Llama, Giraffe, Antelope, Spider, Otter, Squirrel.

For very small yachts: Bubble, Atom, Drop, Wink, Sparkle, Twinkle, Nugget, Rogue, Pebble, Speck, Jot.

For your own design: Hobby-horse, Solitaire, Bohemienne, Happy-go-lucky.

For geographical minds: Lass of York, Sandy Hook, Massasoit, Hemlopez, Matuminicook, Sanbro, Nantucket.

From the flowery realm: Pansy, Jasmine, Heliotrope, Delia, Tulip.

From the opera: Carmen, Traviata, Sonnambula, Pericole, Ernani, Marguerite, Camille, Velontine.

For players in the past: Cleopatra, Minerva, Semiramide, Venus, Aspasia, Chloe, Phryne, Andromeda, Chlotilde, Sphinx, Portia, Sabine.

From history's pages: De Soto, Marco Polo, Paul Jones, Vespucius, Pizarro, Cortez, Tecumseh, Montezuma, Montezuma.

From the feathered tribe: Flamingo, Bat, Owl, Swallow, Hawk, Sparrow, Humming Bird, Swan, Brant, Spoonbill, Coot.

And finally for the snoal draft boat: Caromo, Right-side-up-with-care, Tenderfoot, Sunflower, Mind-your luff, Acrobat, Touch-me-not.

TO WHOM DID HE REFER?

Editor Forest and Stream:

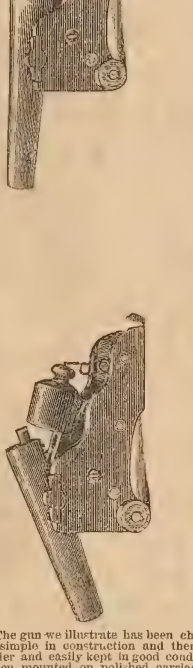
Mr. Newberry D. Lawton wrote recently to the *Herald* concerning measurement. With his dogmatic imperativeness and self-contradictions I will not trouble you. The main proposition of his argument is, however, peculiar, and calls for notice. Those who do not agree with his views are waived aside as "pedants having little knowledge and less experience." I confess his sentence amused me highly, coming from a young man who had no right to criticise rests upon a few weeks' drifting about the Sound in midsummer. Does Mr. Lawton refer to Dixon Kemp, to Baden Powell, to Watson, to Beavor Webb, and the host of other well-known authorities, who decline to accept length rule as a fair one? Or did he have in his mind's eye some persons nearer home? Did Mr. Lawton intend his complimentary thrust for FOREST AND STREAM?

If a question between it and Mr. Lawton is to be decided upon a claim to "experience," the public is not likely to exhibit much hesitation as to choosing between the young beginner and a paper which all comers fifty-two times every year; whose popularity is attested by an unequaled circulation among yachtsmen, and whose potential influence is seen on all sides in the modifications of models, rigs and customs, and in the introduction and habitation of the cutter in our waters. Compared to the work it has accomplished, Mr. Lawton's efforts are those of a pigmy, and the notion of brushing aside the influence of FOREST AND STREAM with a sentence in a lay paper struck me as quite comical. Mr. Lawton acknowledges that deep and narrow yachts are as fast as broad, shoal boats, and to that extent has discovered FOREST AND STREAM to have been sound in its opposition to the notions in favor of traps he once entertained. As that gentleman's views on measurement are superficial and not at all digested on their very face, it is quite possible he may yet learn to consider himself a pupil instead of a critic of FOREST AND STREAM. In the meantime he should be chary of charging a successful journal with pedantry and flippantly dismissing all opposition, or he may find himself met to his discomfiture. A gentleman with much to learn and little to teach on the subject of measurement is overbold to put himself forward as the champion of any plan.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

NEW BREECH-LOADING GUN.

GUNS aboard yachts are one of the lingering relics which indicate the tie once existing between pleasure fleets and the national navies from which they originally sprung. In the good old days the pride of the owner was to keep his vessel as near an imitation of her warlike sister as circumstances would permit. In rig, fittings and outline the navy was looked upon as the guide, and conventionality demanded that yachts should conform to the "service" in all the minutiæ which went to make up the crack frigate of the period. Bulwarks were pierced and guns with their paraphernalia frowned ominously, but always handsomely, from the red painted ports, never hitting though much given to barking at their master's command. In the British yacht fleet of the day, guns and even the regulation navy bells have disappeared and the ceaseless din of petty popping and the clanging of metal tongues is no longer the nuisance it threatened to become with the increase in the number of yachts anchoring in favorable ground. With us in America the pop gun still remains and is yet almost an indispensable adjunct to the red tape dignity of a squadron assembly. Brass buttons, lace and bullion have recently been sent into well merited re-entry and now confront us only as tawdry relics in the junk shop's dingy windows, but whether the national weakness for noise and bustle, clanging and wanging, firecrackers and toy pistols will consign the yacht gun to the pot metal yards to emerge after resmelting in more useful forms, hinges to such an extent upon national propensities that the future must be allowed to settle the strife by the process of natural evolution. Until then yacht guns will continue to be an object of interest and we may be pardoned for introducing such a brazen barker in these columns.



The gun we illustrate has been christened the "Commodore." It is simple in construction and therefore not liable to get out of order and easily kept in good condition. Like others of its breed, when mounted on polished carriages of mahogany and burnished bright, a dazzling and imposing presence condones for its loud-mouthed befalling in the minds of many, and what nuisance some senses may experience is in a measure made up in gratification of the eye. Either brass or paper shells can be used to feed the "Commodore," the two small cuts showing the flend with breech open ready for a charge and closed before making itself heard in the world. The gun is a self-cocker, which ought to commend it to vainglorious admirals of the deet firing each other off with the absurdity of twenty-one bangs from one and the same muzzle on a run. It is not touched off with a hot poker or a red stove lid, nor yet with the pipe fresh from the skipper's mouth, but regulation fashion with a hammer and lanyard. The section represents the gun split through the middle, showing the lock with the top plate off. A is the barrel, B the breech block or plug, C the hinge on which it operates, D the case and lock, E the lever fastening breech and barrel, and F is the hammer The barrel is made of the finest gun metal as well as the breech stopper. The lever E acts as a cam around the steel lug attached to the barrel, so that when closed it shows as in the small cut. The lock is very simple. The "dog" which drops into the hammer F is in a sliding brass case, which, when pulled back by the plunger G, pulls back the hammer until it passes the center, when the hammer flies forward, impelled by the main spring, striking the firing pin as in breech-loading shotguns. The under part of the carriage is shod with rubber to counteract rebounding. The gun self-cocks as soon as the shell is in place, by the small spring on the dog throwing it back into position. They are manufactured by the Strong Cartridge Company, of New Haven, Conn.

ONLY A SIDE SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much amused with the recent attempt in the *Herald* to revive a discussion on measurement. But it produced only a few desultory replies, including an amateurish lot of contradictions from Mr. Lawton of your city. But one of the letters to the *Herald* seems to deserve any notice. I allude to the idea of measuring wet surface put forward by "Measurement Tyro," who is evidently very far from being the tyro he modestly designates himself. His plan, whatever its merits, is impracticable because of the great difficulty in obtaining correct measurements of outside surface. It would be even more troublesome than measuring bulk. After all, this whole measurement question is one of your special creation, and without you have a finger in the pie, he matter will quickly drop out of sight. Can you not open the battle again with a few shots in the length quackery? AN OBSERVER.

[The subject referred to by "An Observer" has been so fully discussed in our former volumes that nothing further can be added to advantage. Having had our say, we are willing others should make what capital they can by knawing over the bones left from our feast. It now only remains for yacht clubs to take action to the best of their understanding and abide by the consequences they invite by their choice. We remain satisfied in knowing that "mean length" has been scotched beyond resuscitation, and with that all future length rules shorn of their worst and most grotesque feature, which was as much as we hoped to accomplish for the present.]

SINGLE HAND YACHTS.

[CONTINUED.]

FROM the illustration of Macgregor's yawl Rob Roy, given in our issue for Nov. 16, it will be seen that she was under-sparred and could bear a much larger spread than she carries. But for an experimental cruise alone in the British Channel her snug rig was selected from motives of safety and comfort, speed not being an object. The Rob Roy is 21ft. long, built on the double-skin plan from plans of John White, Cowes. Beam 7ft., and 4ft. deep. Iron keel and iron keelson; four water-tight compartments; one bulkhead near each end, and one across the cockpit. The cabin consisted of a hatch, the after end of which could be lifted and an awning stretched from it over the cockpit to afford access to the cooking gear, which was located in a locker on the port side. This consisted of a device known as a "Nippy" lamp, which could be used as a flame for a period long enough to boil eggs or fry ham, and then subsides. The bulkhead separating cabin and cockpit was built with a slope aft, so as to serve as a reclining lounge when covered with the mattress. In the cockpit was a cork cushion to be seized as a life preserver in case of extremity. On the bulkhead hung a lifebuoy blanket with brass casing and 3½in. liquid card, a counterpart of which has lately been sent from England for Mr. H. W. Eaton's new single hand yawl mentioned in this journal. Charts and proper frame to receive them, binoculars, lead line, knife, axe, boat hook, sharp, storm mizzen and other accessaries were arranged about the cockpit to be within reach without leaving the helm.

Mr. Macgregor adopted his cuisine from camping reminiscences after giving up as hopeless all the usual contrivances for cooking. This outfit to be a strong recommendation for his peculiar apparatus, but whether from imperfect attempts or want of experience, we have never been able to obtain satisfactory results from the lamp after martydom of burned hands, explosions and like mishaps. He kept wisely on hand needed for a hurried meal while coming the boat, in a watertight bag close at hand. The water tank was inside the cabin and had a vulcanized rubber tube connected. By a slight suction the water would flow, and when reclining at night thirst could be slaked by simply turning the tube to the mouth. His daily allowance was a tin vessel eight inches in cube, about two gallons. Soap and towels were kept on top of the tank Forward of this were boxes of tin, about 8in. by 6in. wide, one holding dressing materials, the other reading and writing. A portmanteau filled with clothing was stowed underneath these boxes. On the opposite side were spaces for tools and comestibles with pantry for teapot, cup, tumbler, knife and fork, spoons, salt in a snuff box, coarse pepper, mustard, corkscrew, etc. In a watertight locker on starboard side of the cockpit the bread was kept in a tin box, also a butter keg, spirits, etc. Aft there were also spare blocks, ropes, sidelights, signals, etc. A barometer hung inside the cabin bulkhead. The supply of "drinkables" in the shape of ale and beer found a place beneath the cabin floor.

The tender or dingey was in the shape of a wide lozenge-shaped canoe, decked for the greater part with the same material. At sea this boat was stowed in the cabin to obviate towing. The Rob Roy's rigging was of wire set up with turn-buckles. The bowsprit was shipped on the outboard side of stem to give more room for raising the anchor. The jib was 9ft. on the foot. The forehatch leading to the forecastle was thirteen inches square, capable of admitting a person with a little squeezing. The chain was marked by being painted red after the length of a foot was run and twenty fathoms. In place of a hawsepipe there was an iron sheave on port side of stem with a high cheek to prevent slipping off. Although the jib was so small, Macgregor records the fact that the strain on it in a good breeze was so great that he had to make use of a purchase to flatten in. The bulwarks were low fore and aft. The mainsheet worked on a traveler just forward of the cockpit. The traveler was of one inch red wood in preference to iron, being smoother and serving as a roller for taking inboard the dingey. All iron work was galvanized. For very stormy weather a canvas cockpit hood was buttoned to the cabin hatch and passed about the shoulders of the helmsman over the rest of the cockpit to prevent shipping water below. The boat was rated at 4 tons register. For sea togs Macgregor recommends "Norfolk" jacket and trousers, sou'wester hat for the sun, sou'wester cap for wind, sou'wester for rain, thick boating jacket, oilskin coat, shoes and canvas slippers and pair of overalls for dirty work.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have visited Lawley & Son, also D. J. Lawlor of Boston and was very much pleased to notice the change that had been made not only in type but in position and kind of ballast, since I first visited City Point, six years ago. We have all got to come to keels and cutters or get left. LETTERY.

SAINTE CECILE.—It will be remembered that Wm. Force, of Keyport, N. J., sent to Holland the model for a beamy centerboard schooner for Mr. Solvyns, secretary of the Royal Sailing Club of Gand. The owner has ventured abroad in her this season, crossing to Hrwich, then coasting down to channel ports, with a run across to France. The result was generally much only on two occasions were reefs hardened down. The conclusions of the experiment are summed up from *Le Yacht* as follows; The yacht rolled heavily at her moorings, was deemed excellent for shoal waters, such as the mouth of the Rhine, on account of steering quickly in her own length almost. She was dry at sea, but too buoyant for fast sailing and not equal to the cutters in open waters. Concerning her so-called light draft the owner has a word to say, but his experience does not quite bear him out. With the confidence his supposed light draft engendered he cut across lots and was hung up on a sandbank for twenty-four hours, the cutters in company sticking to the channel and having a laugh at the fat yacht's expense. Occasionally it would seem to be rather a good thing to draw enough to keep out of harm's way. She did not impress strangers favorably, but was an awkward looking tool among highbreds. Should Mr. Solvyns feel encouraged to renew his ventures outside and get caught in the overfalls of St. Catherine's or the Lizzard in ugly weather, his tale would not be quite pleasant reading—that is, should he survive to recount his impressions.

THE BOOM IN SINGLE-HANDERS.—A new single-hander, 18ft. long, has been designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, for Mr. Auchincloss, of this city. The yacht will be a keel boat, of course, with 800 lbs. outside ballast, built on lines similar to the design illustrated in our issue of Nov. 30. It is the intention of her owner to try sails of American cotton and a smart suit of Lapthorn make in competition.

YACHT DESIGNING.—We call attention to the card of Mr. Beavor Webb of London, who designed the two cutters now building by Lawley & Son of South Boston. They are spoken of in high terms as fast and handy craft. Mr. Webb is a Yankee, by the way, is 12.1ft. beam on 6ft. load line, not 12.4ft., as reported.

THE BOSTON CUTTERS.—The fine vessels building by Lawley & Son, for Mr. Ed. Burgess and Mr. Franklin Dexter, are from lines by Beavor Webb, England. Mr. Dexter's 30-tonner is to be raced, while the 10-tonner is mainly for cruising.

ACTEA.—This Boston schooner, Mr. David Sears, passed through Hell Gate Thursday last, from Havana for Boston. She returns after an extensive cruise to the English Channel and the Mediterranean.

THAMES CLUB.—The three principal clubs on the Thames, England, are the Royal Thames, Royal London, and New Thames, Their income is $10,000 yearly, derived from over 2,000 members.

MEDUSA.—The new cutter, 54ft. on load line, now being built by Lawley & Son, South Boston, for Mr. Franklin Dexter, will be called the Medusa.

THE BOOM IN CUTTERS.—Mr. A. Cary Smith is getting out the lines for a cutter of ten tons, with 35ft. load line.

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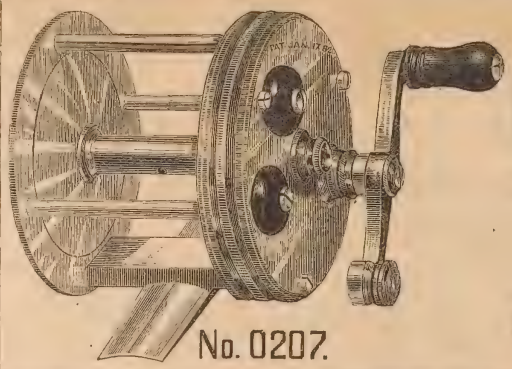
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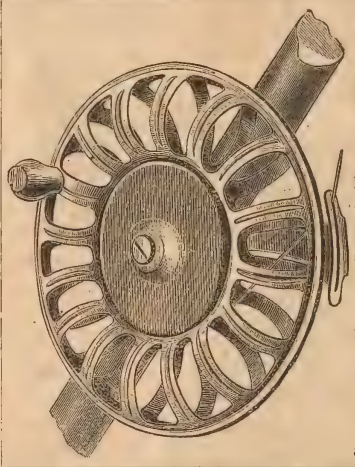
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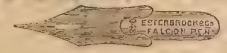
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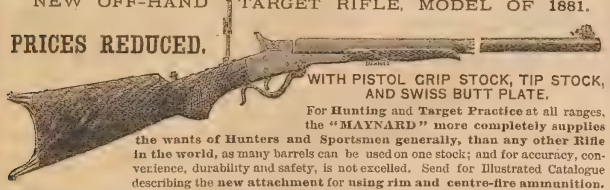
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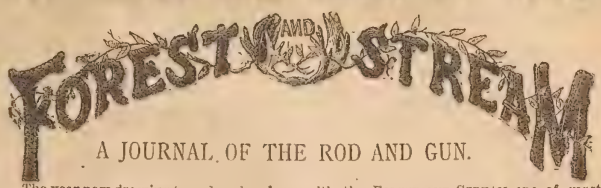
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A JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

The year now drawing to a close has been with the FOREST AND STREAM one of most gratifying progress. Early in the year by an important mechanical improvement, the typographical beauty of the paper was greatly enhanced; and in August, with the beginning of the tenth year of publication, it was

Permanently Enlarged to Twenty-eight Pages.

There has been an equal growth in other important respects. The patronage accorded to this journal by the intelligent reading public has never been more cordial than it is at the present time. Sustained thus heartily, the publishers are prepared to maintain in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM prestige as the

Representative Field Journal

of this country, at once entertaining, useful and influential. As the exponent of the highest types of field-sportsmanship the paper will be adapted to the tastes of all men who use the rod and gun as means of pleasure and recreation. Broad in its sympathy with all that is legitimate in field sports, free from any entangling alliances with cliques, having no interests to serve save those of its constituents, and never hesitating in its criticisms of whatever may be inimical to these interests, the FOREST AND STREAM'S highest ambition will be to preserve in the future the approval won by its course in the past. It will persist in its efforts to awaken in the public mind a fuller appreciation of the importance of the proper protection of game in the breeding season, and of due moderation in the destruction of game at other times. This it considers a matter of prime importance, not so much to the man whose wealth and leisure enable him to make extended tours to favored game countries, as it is to that already very large and constantly increasing class of business and professional men, whose favorite relaxation from the routine of employment is found in brief vacation trips to the woods and fields and brooksides.

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The Sportsman Tourist

Will be found sketches of travel and sport. Coming from many different writers, and widely separate parts of the country, these sketches always have the charm of novelty, and they are sure to be read with interest by sportsmen, because their writers see things through sportsmen's eyes, and describe them from the sportsman's standpoint.

Natural History.

This department will not deal with fossils nor with the monsters of African jungles. Quite on the contrary, it will treat of the animal life of land and water in our own country, the habits and ways of American fur, fin and feather, in which American sportsmen are presumed to take an intelligent interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting excursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

Sea and River Fishing.

The angler will find in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM the best angling literature of the day, in quantity more than is contained in all other publications put together. This journal has inaugurated a series of angling tournaments, the initial meeting having been held in the Central Park of this city; and it is believed that others of equal success will follow in other years. Meanwhile, the man who loves to go a-fishing may find in the FOREST AND STREAM all the year around a great deal that must be to his liking.

Fishculture.

The columns devoted to this important subject furnish a complete resumé of curren achievements and progress in this important work.

The Kennel.

This department has won the confidence of dog owners. Its reports of field trials, bench shows and other events are recognized as impartial, honest, and the most able published The recent series of papers by its editor, entitled "Training vs. Breaking," have been published in book form, and have had a very large sale. Other papers of equal importance will be published from time to time.

Yachting and Canoeing.

The editor of this department being a practical naval architect, and thoroughly familiar with every branch of the subject, will continue the same intelligent treatment of yachting and canoeing that have already won for the FOREST AND STREAM esteem and confidence.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

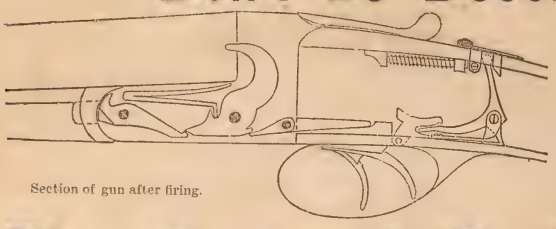
We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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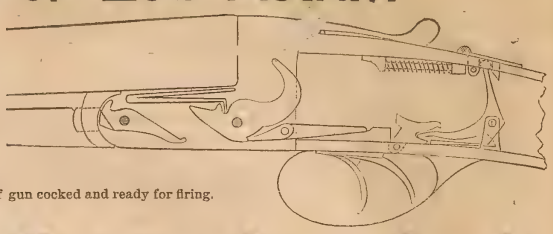
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Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 39 Park Row, N. Y.

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Section of gun after firing.



Section of gun cocked and ready for firing.

The Anson & Deeley Hammerless Lock,

AS MANUFACTURED BY

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HAS NO EQUAL!

And is the only hammerless gun in the market that is absolutely faultless, being simple, durable, and possessing those wonderful shooting powers, combined with that indescribable symmetry and beauty so characteristic of Westley Richards' product.

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My Dear Sir—The Westley Richards Hammerless Gun I obtained from you has been the admiration of all my friends. I consider it much the best Hammerless gun, and recommend all sportsmen who can afford the luxury of a perfect gun, to buy a Westley Richards Hammerless.

Respectfully, PATRICK HENRY.

J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.:

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Dear Sirs—The Greener and Westley Richards guns arrived safely yesterday A. M., and in the evening I took them both out and targeted them. I like the Greener better for only one reason, and that is it fits me a trifle better. But the Westley Richards made by far the best target, so I have concluded to keep it and return the Greener. The Westley Richards is certainly a little beauty, and makes as fine a target as I ever saw. One of my friends who is a great sportsman went out with me, and before the trial made all manner of fun of the "pop gun," even while he admired its graceful shape and elegant workmanship. But the result of the trial rather surprised him. He shot against the Westley Richards, his 11lbs. Daly loaded with 5 drams of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot, while I used 3¾ drams of powder and 1¼oz. No. 7 shot. At 30, 40 and 50 yards I beat him badly in distribution and penetration. At 60, 65 and 70 yards fully equalled him. And the difference at 75 and 80 yards could hardly be noticed. I am much pleased with the gun, and as soon as I become a little more accustomed to it I have no doubt my shooting will be greatly improved. I shall take pleasure recommending the Westley Richards Hammerless Gun.

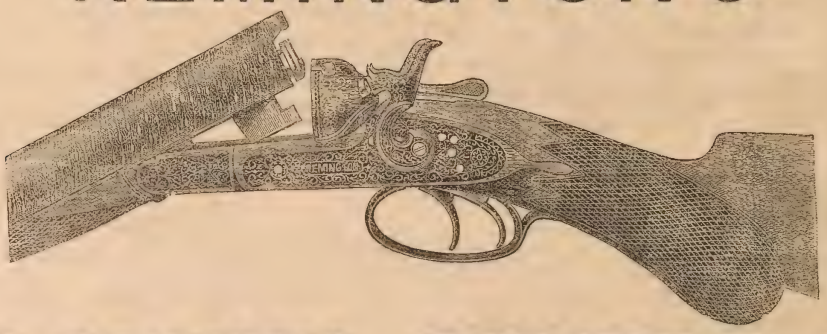
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 474.]

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Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with the directions for use.

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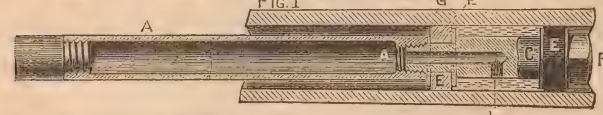


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



NOTE.—In these made under the improved patent since July, 1882, the nut "F" is done away with, and the rubbers are enlarged or reduced by simply turning the rod by the hand.

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1st. It is made in three joints, like a common cleaning rod, and therefore is portable.

2d. Its perfect adaptability to its work in cleaning a gun that has been shot once, or one that has been used all day.

3d. The ease with which it can be adjusted to fit the barrels, loose or tight.

4th. The price, which is no more than that of a common cleaning rod.

Price $1.50. Postage Paid.

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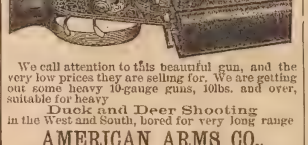
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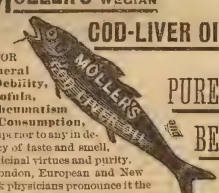
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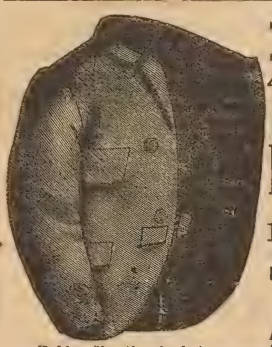
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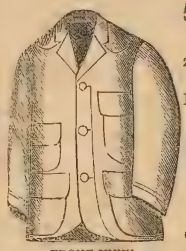
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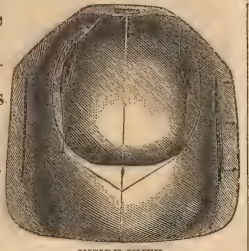
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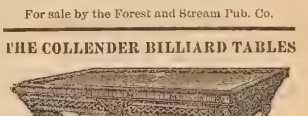
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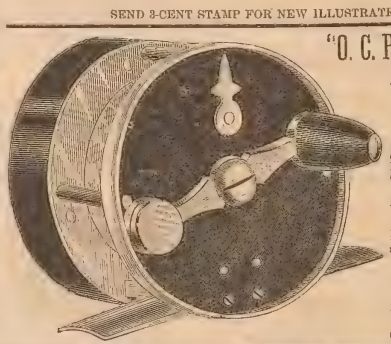
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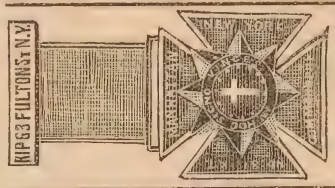
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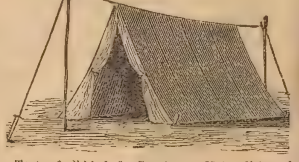
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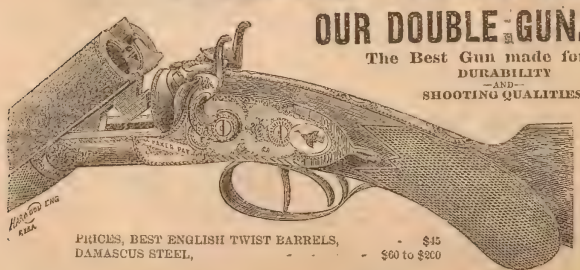
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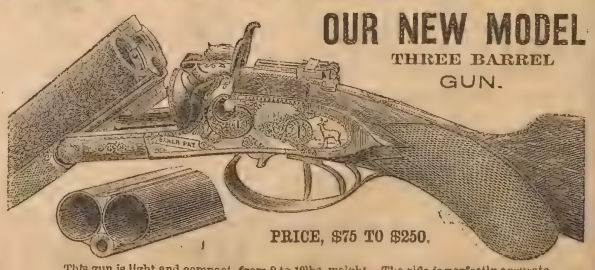
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THE PARK MONOPOLISTS CHECKED.

THERE is going to be a fight, after all. The Yellowstone Park is not to be put into the pockets of a few speculators without some resistance on the part of the representatives of the people. This is encouraging; it is as it should be. And the people whose property was thus to be seized, who were to be admitted to the Park, but were not to be allowed to approach within a mile of the natural objects which form its attractions without the consent of the combination, may thank Senator Vest and his colleagues on the sub-committee for their faithful guardianship of the trust which they hold. It requires courage of no mean order to face the power of a monopoly, backed by a powerful lobby, and, tacitly at least, by a considerable portion of the press of the country. Too much praise cannot be given to Senator Vest for his fearless devotion to the people's interests, for if the Park is to be saved to those who now own it, it will be wholly due to the wise labors of his committee. It was scarcely to be supposed that the philanthropic bosh prated by the men who attempted, with an audacity rarely equaled, to obtain possession of this enormous tract of public land, would impose on any intelligent and honest man. It did not impose on the Senators who had this matter in charge. To use an expression familiar to any Western man, they "sized up" the monopolists at once, and, having taken their measure, they treated them as they should have been treated.

It is evident enough that the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company thought that they would have no difficulty in perpetrating this wrong upon the government and the people. They felt that with the assistance of their lobby and what aid and comfort they could derive from the silence of the press, they held the matter in their own hands. With a boldness that is astonishing they have absolutely gone on and begun to build their hotels, thus virtually taking possession of a government reservation, using timber which is not theirs, and killing the government's game and fish to feed their employes. Not only this, but they have the hardihood to declare that they will hold the Park against all comers. They talk as if they intended to defy the government. They have seized a portion of the public territory and declare that the revenue to be derived from it shall flow into their own pockets. They insist that they will go on with their hotel building and their cattle ranching. They say in effect, "We have secured a contract from Mr. Josslyn, no matter by what means, and so the 'public park' is for a term of ten years our private farm. What are you going to do about it?" Well, now, what are the people going to do about it? The question is more easily asked than answered. But we venture to predict that, although these individuals now assume so loftily independent an air, they will not succeed in their schemes for the appropriation of the public territory. The people are a little tired of having the public domain given away with a lavish hand. It is worth something now, and is yearly increasing in value. The time will come, and at the present rate of settlement it is not far distant, when Uncle Sam will not be able any longer to give every man a farm.

We hope the day of "land grabs" is over. A project like the one under consideration, might have succeeded years ago, but we cannot think that it will be carried through now.

We have from the first viewed the movements of this Yellowstone Park Improvement Company with serious concern and alarm. To give the devil his due, the thing has been managed with a shrewdness and a boldness which in a more honest cause would have compelled our admiration, but we think that now the people are beginning to understand what an invasion of their rights was intended, and we very much mistake their temper if they will permit the wrong.

The very clear and altogether admirable report of Senator Vest's committee deserves the earnest support of every citizen. The Park is for rich and poor alike, and every one should have an equal interest in it. Its wonders should never be given over into the hands of any who might say to a visitor no matter what his rank or condition, "You cannot camp within a mile of this geyser basin."

The methods of some of the men interested in this scheme are precisely what might be expected from the underhanded course which has hitherto been pursued by them. Enraged at being checked in their project for securing the property of the people for their own personal ends, they, or rather the one who poses most prominently before the public falls to abusing those who object to the steal, and begins to throw mud on such distinguished persons as General P. H. Sheridan and Colonel Schuyler Crosby. Happily these gentlemen need no defenders, and the vituperation which is hurled at them will do them no harm, and cannot fail to injure those from whom it proceeds. The loose talk about the existence of a military ring comes with a peculiarly poor grace from one who is so deeply involved in the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company ring; it is unsupported by a particle of proof, and is on its face ridiculous.

This company professes a desire to improve the Park and to have the tenderest care for the game. This is probably the reason why they have contracted for 20,000 pounds of wild meat to be used in feeding their employes. A correspondent of the Bozeman *Courier*, writing from the Mammoth Hot Springs in the Park, January 7, says:

"The Park Improvement Company have a sawmill in operation at this place getting out lumber for a 150-room hotel to be built here next spring, and I am credibly informed that Mr. E. Haupt, Superintendent of the National Park Improvement Company, has let a contract for 20,000 pounds of venison at five cents per pound to supply his men. He has some 80 or 100 men at work, and is going to feed them on elk deer, mountain sheep, and bison, killed in the Park, as it is cheaper than beef. It is a 'Park Improvement Company' that is doing this, and I suppose they consider it an improvement to rid the Park as far as possible of game."

What better commentary than this could there be on the purposes and intentions of this greedy band of speculators? How do these facts agree with their pretentions? It is now more than ever apparent that they are dishonest in all their protestations, and that all that they have said about their patriotism and their love for the people and people's interest is a mere tissue of misrepresentations, by means of which they have hoped to hoodwink the people, and above all, the representatives of the people. If these representatives were all so honest and so fearless as Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, we should not fear that this gigantic steal would ever be consummated. We have every confidence that the Senator from Missouri will keep up the fight, and we can assure our readers that he shall have the strongest assistance and encouragement that the FOREST AND STREAM can give him.

The tenor of certain press despatches would seem to indicate that Secretary Teller has ranged himself on the side of the monopolists and is inclined to further their project. As we showed last week, however, these despatches are not always to be trusted, since too many correspondents are known to have yielded to the fascinations of the lobby employed by the "Improvement Company." We should sincerely regret to learn that Secretary Teller's name is counted among those who favor this monopoly. He has kept himself clear of it up to this time, and we trust that his name may never be connected with so palpable a job.

This subject is one of so much interest to every individual citizen of this country, and to all foreigners who visit our shores, that we devote this week considerable space to showing the drift of public opinion with regard to it.

THE SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE REPORT.

The appended extract from the report of the Senate Sub-Committee is so sensible and wise that we trust that the bill recommended by it may be adopted by Congress without delay. With relation to the proposed lease the report says:

It is evident from this contract and proposed lease that a monopoly or exclusive privilege to erect hotels and run stages and to construct and operate telegraph lines within the Park is created for the term of ten years, the parties having this monopoly to pay a nominal rent not exceeding $2 per acre for 4,400 acres of the Park, on which are situated the objects of curiosity and interest most attractive to visitors. By the terms of the act of dedication it is not entirely clear that the Secretary of the Interior has the power to make any contract in regard to stage or other means of transportation within the Park such as is set forth in the contract release. The power is not here expressly conferred upon him by the act, and if it exists at all can only come from the provision giving the Secretary of the Interior exclusive control of the Park. By specifically naming the matters of preserving the game, protecting the Park from spoliation, and granting leases for building hotels, it would seem to exclude all other powers, including that as to transportation. But without discussing this point further it seems evident to the committee, from the entire scope and terms of the act of March 1, 1872, that Congress did not intend that the Secretary of the Interior should, under the provision giving him "discretion to grant leases for building purposes of small parcels of ground," place under the exclusive control of private parties 4,400 acres of the Park, embracing all the objects and points of interest which make the Park valuable for the purpose to which it is dedicated. By the terms of the lease no one, without permission from the lessees, could camp within one mile of the principal points of interest in the Park. The geysers, the great falls, the waters of the Yellowstone Lake are all placed under the control of the parties named as lessees. It is true that the lease provides that the lessees shall not prevent the public from having free access to the curiosities, wonders and points of interest in the Park; but this provision would not extend further than to permit the public to visit and inspect these curiosities and objects of interest, while giving to the lessees the right to prohibit visitors from camping or remaining upon their grounds. The virtual and real effect of the contract and lease is to put the entire Park, containing 3,300 square miles, under the control of the lessees for the term of ten years at a nominal yearly rent of a few thousand dollars. The geysers, great falls and Yellowstone Lake constitute the only attractions to visitors, and aside from these the Park is absolutely worthless as a place of resort to the public. When, therefore, private parties are given the possession and control of tracts of land around each of these objects of interest amounting to 640 acres in each tract, it amounts to the possession and control of the entire Park. It is difficult to understand why seven tracts of land, upon which are located the geysers and other objects of interest and aggregating in amount 4,400 acres, should be included in the lease for hotel purposes, when the lessees only bind themselves in the sixth article of the contract to erect within the limits of the Park one hotel building, with necessary out-houses and bath-houses. While it may be necessary to make some provisions for the accommodation of visitors to the Park in the way of hotels and stores for the sale of goods and supplies, the ground lease should not exceed the amount necessary for building sites and so much land as might be used for garden or for the grazing of domestic animals required in the business of the hotel; nor does it seem necessary or right that the exclusive privilege of keeping hotels in the Park or furnishing transportation of visitors and tourists should be given to any person, however worthy or respectable. The principle is wrong to begin with, and odious to the country. It is urged in defense of this monopoly that it must be created in order to induce persons of capital and enterprise to furnish proper and sufficient accommodations to the public. The assumption is false and unfounded. If the public wish to visit the Park, enterprising capital will very soon discover the fact and be ready to meet the demand. Experience shows that in this country not only will capital be found for any paying enterprise, but competition will soon bring about improvement in the nature of accommodations and cheapness in rates. Besides, the Secretary of the Interior will always, under the law, have exclusive control of the Park, and no building can be erected or remain within its limits, except by his permission. This insures, under a faithful attention to the law and the interests of the public, the absence of all nuisances under the guise of hotels and of all extortions. The monopoly feature in the contract and lease should be stricken out and no contract should be executed by the department which does not reserve the right to permit the construction of other hotels within the Park, if in the judgment of the Secretary the interest of the public so requires. As

to the means of visiting the Park, there should be no restriction of any kind, but every visitor should be at liberty to go in such vehicles and after such fashion as may suit either his purse or inclination. The Secretary of the Interior transmits to the Senate a copy of the letter addressed by him to James J. Brisbin, giving him the privilege of putting a steam vessel for carrying passengers on Yellowstone Lake, but upon what conditions or under what restrictions this permit was given does not appear. So far as the committee is informed in the communication, the party running the vessel is under no restrictions whatever, either as to the capacity of the vessel, the accommodations furnished or the rates charged. If such permission be granted at all, it should certainly be guarded as to insure the comfort of visitors and absence of extortion. Nothing but absolute necessity, however, should permit the great national Park to be used for money-making by private persons, and in our judgment no such necessity exists. The purpose to which this region, matchless in its wonders and grandeur, was dedicated—"a public Park and a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people"—is worthy the highest patriotism and statesmanship. If Congress shall do its duty and perfect the legislation contained in the act of 1872, it will be no longer necessary for Americans to visit the Alps in order to enjoy mountain scenery. No other region can rival in wonders and attractions the Yellowstone Park.

THE SENATE BILL.

An admirable bill has been drawn by the Committee for the future government of the Park. The Committee are disposed to think that the Interior Department transcended its authority in agreeing to lease the Park, and

It was agreed to report a bill clearly defining the duties of the Department, and also extending the area of the Park to the east to a line north and south through Cedar Mountain and southward to the 44th parallel of north latitude, an addition of about 3,344 square miles to the Park, the whole area of which would be 6,644 square miles. The bill provides that all of the territory embraced within the limits of the Park as so extended and increased shall be reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States, and said territory so set apart shall be under the control of the Secretary of the Interior and subject to all the provisions of sections 2,474 and 2,475 Revised Statutes of the United States, except as herein otherwise provided; that the Secretary shall make and publish rules for the government and protection of the Park, and cause all persons trespassing upon its territory to be removed therefrom, and shall take all measures which he may think necessary to carry out the purpose of the act, and the Secretary of War is directed to make such details of troops as the Secretary of the Interior may require for the purpose of preventing trespassers or intruders from entering the Park with the object of destroying its game, or for removing such persons from the Park. The killing, wounding or capturing, at any time, of any buffalo, bison, moose, elk, black-tailed or white-tailed deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, antelope, beaver, otter, marten, fisher, grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant, fool-hen, partridge, quail, wild goose, duck, robin, meadow lark, thrush, goldfinch, flicker or yellow hammer, blackbird, oriole, jay, snowbird, or any of the small birds commonly known as "singing birds," and the taking of fish in the waters of the Park by means of seines, nets, traps, or by the use of drugs or any explosive substance or compound, or in any other way than by hook and line are prohibited within the limits of the Park under penalty of a fine for each offense of not less than $50 and not more than $150, or imprisonment not longer than three months, or both. The possession of dead birds or fish is constituted prima facie evidence of violation of the provisions, and any person, stage, express or railway company receiving or transporting such bodies are liable upon conviction to forfeit for each offense $250, to be recovered by a proceeding in the nature of an information in the court having jurisdiction.

The Secretary of the Interior may, in his discretion, grant leases for terms not exceeding ten years of small parcels of ground within the Park, but no more ground shall be so leased than is necessary for the hotels or storehouses necessary to the accommodation of visitors and necessary outhouses and icehouses, and for gardening or grazing land in connection with said hotels; but no exclusive privilege or monopoly of any kind shall be granted to any person or company or corporation for any purpose within said Park; nor shall any lease or contract be made which in any degree or manner interferes with or prevents the free and unrestricted access of the public to all portions of the Park.

The laws of Montana are made to cover the Park, which for jurisdictional purposes is made part of Gallatin county. The regulations made and published by the Secretary of the Interior for control of the Park and protection of the game are given the force of law, and penalties for their violation are prescribed. The Secretary of the Interior is authorized to appoint a superintendent at an annual salary of $3,000 and ten assistants at $900 each, who are given the authority of deputy marshals within the Park. The Secretary of War is instructed to detail an officer of the Engineer Corps, who shall survey such roads and bridges as may be necessary.

GAME IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

Among the interesting literature concerning the attempted National Park grab is a letter sent by Col. John Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana, to Senator George G. Vest. It will be seen that the statements made therein bear out all that has been said on the subject in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The letter is as follows:

[COPY.]

CHICAGO, December 29, 1882.

Hon. George G. Vest, United States Senator, Washington, D. C.:

MY DEAR SENATOR: In compliance with your wish, expressed to me on the floor of the Senate Chamber early in December, that I should give my views on the subject of game protection in the Yellowstone National Park, I have the honor to address this note to you, and should be glad to have a subject so important to Montana and to the national interest in the Yellowstone Park laid with this letter before the Committee on Territories, of which you are a member, and also, should you think proper, before Congress.

From careful examination of Congressional legislation creating the National Park (see sections 2,474-2,475 United States Revised Statutes), and of the Territorial laws of Montana, the report of my predecessor and the expressed wish of influential citizens of this Territory, I judge that the preservation of the large game of the Northwest in the Park and in the Territory of Montana would accord with the sentiments of the public. Congress has enacted that the Honorable Secretary of the Interior shall provide against the wanton destruction of the game within the Park itself and against their capture for the purposes of merchandise or profit. The laws of Montana to a like end for the game within her borders are explicit. The Territorial laws of Montana for 1879 protected the bison or buffalo for ten years from that date in the counties of Madison, Jefferson, Deer Lodge and Lewis and Clark, somewhat contiguous to the Yellowstone Park, and the beneficial effect of this legislation seems to be indicated by Lieutenant-General Sheridan in his report of 1831 that "this year I noticed that buffalos were on the edges of the Park." The Territorial laws of Montana also wisely provide that none of the large gramnivorous game shall be killed during the breeding season, and absolutely prohibits the hunting of elk, antelope and mountain sheep with dogs at any time in any part of the Territory. The killing of any of the animals above named for their skins and not for food is prohibited under heavy penalties, and still further to protect them bounties are given for the scalps of the panther and the bear.

Under these positive conditions of national and Territorial protection of game by statute, the splendid and interesting game animals of North America, the bison, the elk, the black and white-tailed deer, the Rocky Mountain sheep and the antelope ought to increase and fill the thousands of square miles of the Yellowstone Park with objects of instruction to the naturalist and curious delight to the tourist from every land. Even the overflow of game from a well preserved park of such extent would supply forever large quantities of food to the settler and the sportsman in its proper season. So far as legislation is concerned, national and Territorial provisions, though capable of some desirable improvement, would seem to be rightly directed and reasonably efficient for their ostensible object—the protection of the large North American game in Montana and the National Park. But the report of General Sheridan presents evidence of lamentable deficiency in the means or powers of enforcement.

General Sheridan states in his report dated November 1, 1882, page 8: "The game in the Park is being killed off rapidly, especially in the winter. I have been credibly informed that since its discovery as many as 4,000 elk were killed by skin-hunters in one winter, and that even last winter in and around the edges of the Park there were as many as 2,000 of these grand animals killed, to say nothing of the mountain sheep, antelope, deer and other game slaughtered in great numbers."

The entire paragraph or page of his report of 1882 is respectfully commended to your kind attention as embodying most admirable practical suggestions for protecting the rights of the people of Montana and of the whole United States against the greed or wanton cruelty of a few marauders, and of preserving and increasing the value of the most splendid game park in the world, which cannot fail to redound to the fame and profit of this magnificent Territory. I believe that the suggested increase of the area of the Yellowstone Park, the absolute protection of the game within its borders from all molestation by hunters and enforcement by the people of Montana of their own wise and excellent game laws in the rest of the Territory are steps auxiliary to each other and quite within the scope of legislative power. For the settler now despoiled of his amusement and his food by wanton waste; for the Indian made savage when hungry; for the naturalist, the tourist and the true sportsman; for the reputation of this unequalled Park and Territory, the national power over the Territories is invoked to prevent a waste of life that must end in the extermination of the large game. At the moment that the invaluable Baird Commission is laboriously renovating our streams and rivers depleted of fish and striving to increase the ocean supply of food; at the moment that societies to prevent cruelty to animals are assuming national importance, the failure to protect the wild herds of the Northwest against wholesale slaughter for their pelt alone or for the brutal and unsportsmanlike love of killing would seem a crime as well as a blunder. Our opportunities have no equal in the world. I would take the liberty to urge upon Congress the passage of a law extending the limits of the National Park eastward as proposed by General Sheridan, inasmuch as I am informed by officers and others who have been over the country of the Shoshone ranges of mountains between 44 degrees and 45 degrees north latitude adjoining and east of the Yellowstone Park that the altitude and general roughness of this region are such that can never be utilized by settlers, while it is the natural habitat of the game to be preserved.

I need not suggest that the policy of making provisions for the great natural interests in the Territories has been so illustrated in the past that Congressional legislation for the Territorial Park would seem natural and proper. So-called "sportsmen" from other lands annually destroy vast quantities of game and return to their respective homes publicly proclaiming the large number of head they have killed, and then return again with increased forces to repeat their wanton slaughter. These and skin-hunters would be found the most violent objectors to national and local laws that should essay to protect the large game for the bona fide settler of Montana and adjacent Territories. In the name of her hardy, industrious and enterprising people and of true sportsmanship everywhere, I ask for absolute protection for the game that flies to the Park for safety. Again I earnestly solicit your attention and consideration to General Sheridan's proposition touching the increase of the Park and the methods of enforcing the game laws within its limits. As this Park has been very properly placed under the control of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, and a certain amount appropriated for salaries, I would suggest that an engineer officer of the army be detailed to report to the Secretary of the Interior for special duty as General Superintendent of the Park, with powers and means granted to him to lay out roads and make other necessary improvements, and with authority to call upon the military stationed in the neighborhood for such details of troops as may be needed for emergencies. After laws are passed the Superintendent of the Park should be in condition to enforce them, which now is impossible. To allow the game of the Park to be harried out of it and then to suffer its extermination in the Territory is of course fatal to both Park and Territory. But by protecting the Park and enlarging it an ark of safety will be provided for the great game of North America until the flood of folly subsides, and Montana and the neighboring Territories will rejoice to find in the overflow from the Park a constant supply of game for their true sportsmen. The protection of the buffalo seems to rest on different principles from that of other game requiring less extensive range. Within Territorial limits the killing of game by settlers for food is natural, and in my opinion the killing of buffaloes in large quantities for food and hide is not objectionable; for, from my own experience in constant campaigning for several years on the plains of Texas to the northern Territories, the buffalo has been replaced between the Red River and North Platte by hundreds of thousands of cattle, far more useful animals. But nothing supplies the place of the elk, the deer and Rocky Mountain sheep and goat that thrive over the rough and mountainous territory that forms a large part of the National Park. Yet from neglect on the part of the general government, and State and Territorial governments also, to properly protect this game for the past fifteen years, it is impossible to find a hundred of antelopes, elk or deer, where there were formerly vast numbers. The importance of general local protection in the Territory, and of national protection by a proper responsible officer in the Park, with sufficient means and power to absolutely interdict shooting there, is vital. To permit the Park to be harried and the game stampeded into the Territory left unprotected by the non-enforcement of the laws, will exterminate the whole game of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. This would be a calamity entailing a real loss upon the people. Even little municipalities and all great ones add a few deer to their parks and pleasure grounds. The southern side of Mont Blanc jealously preserves its chamois. Blair Athol and the estates of Buccleugh have a world-wide reputation for their herds of deer and wild cattle. Every dukedom has its preserves for a few aristocratic possessors. Why, in a country where the people are kings, should all neglect the addition to a people's park, which for its extent and the magnitude and number of its game in no land can we show an equal? A park of 5,000 square miles, with scenery sublime beyond description, and countless herds of elk, deer, antelope, buffalo and Rocky Mountain sheep, would dwarf the preserves of any monarch in the world. The people, through Congress, have decreed that this park and its game should be free from spoliation (See Revised Statutes, 2,474, 2,475). The citizens of Montana have already shown their purpose in the vigorous laws, interdicting the hunting of large game with dogs, prohibiting the killing of it for pelt and not for food, have absolutely protected buffalo in several counties for ten years, and the other large game during breeding time throughout the country.

The machinery for conviction is effective. Possession of buffalo green hides in the four protected counties is prima facie evidence of guilt.

Informers are entitled to a quarter of the fine collected, and the government can change its venue. The spirit is willing; but the flesh is weak. Imprisonment instead of fine would seem more effectual to protect the people against maranders.

I would venture to recommend that transportation companies should be prohibited from carrying game unlawfully killed, as they are now prohibited from carrying fish taken by illicit means. But the main defense against game extermination will be undoubtedly found in enlarging the great parks of the Yellowstone, which must be our future nursery of game.

As a citizen of Montana and intrusted with the honor of its administration, my pride and my interest are wrapped up in her future reputation and prosperity.

I should deeply lament any step that would put one of her great treasures, the National Park, into the hands of speculative individuals and out of the power of the government to manage it for the best interests of the whole people. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN SCHUYLER CROSBY, Governor of Montana.

THE DRIFT OF PRESS OPINION.

The readers of FOREST AND STREAM need not be told what opinion this journal as held with regard to the project to turn over the National Park to a handful of monopolists to the very serious injury of the rights of the people. The fact that we have for many years been familiar with this lovely spot, and have kept ourselves informed as to what was going on in it, gives us the right to judge very clearly as to the merits of this project. This special knowledge, perhaps, explains why it is that FOREST AND STREAM has condemned the contemplated lease by the Secretary of the Interior, and why, up to the publication of the Senate Committee report it has stood quite alone in its opposition to this monstrous job.

The Park is a long way off, and is as yet known to comparatively few persons, and hence there are but a small number of individuals who can speak of it intelligently. The admirable report of Senator Vest's committee has thrown a great deal of light on the subject, and the press are now beginning to appreciate what we have long seen and insisted upon—the importance of preserving the region to the people. It must be governed by the people for the people. A correspondent of the New York *Times* in a very intelligent communication and one which shows that he is familiar with the Park, says:

It seems to me remarkable that so little opposition to the iniquitous Yellowstone Park land grab should have developed. This silence is, perhaps, due more to the fact that the promoters of the scheme have managed it with great shrewdness than that the people are without interest in the matter. I have had occasion to visit the Park in years past and have spent much time in examining its wonders and in familiarizing myself with its strangely beautiful scenery. Knowing the region thoroughly, I cannot but feel that if the Park is given up, as proposed, to a company of speculators, the people of this country will, before long, deeply regret and reprobate the hasty action of the Interior Department, and of Congress. A lease and exclusive privileges so valuable as these are should never have been granted hastily, and, least of all, by a subordinate in the absence of the head of the department; and, if they are to be granted, at least something approaching an adequate return should be demanded for such franchises. The present status of the project, as stated by FOREST AND STREAM, is as follows:

"The lease which the company hopes to obtain provides that it shall have the free use of timber in the Park for building purposes; shall have the free use of arable land in the Park; shall have the free use of the waters of the Park for supplying hotels and other buildings; shall have the exclusive right to put yachts, sailboats and rowboats on Yellowstone Park Lake; shall have exclusive right to erect telegraph wires throughout the Park; shall have the right to establish stores and trading stations, and shall have exclusive right to furnish transportation and guides to and from points within the Park. The company has selected seven tracts in the Park, each containing, with one exception, 640 acres, and the lease provides that those interested shall have the use of this land for a period of ten years, with privilege of holding it longer. A provision in the lease also gives the company the right to occupy such other portions of the Park as may be desired. The annual rental of the land is not to exceed $2 per acre, and the company expects to get a much lower rate. In other words, these enormously valuable privileges are to be leased to these men for the pitiful sum of $9,000 (per annum). Their store privileges alone will be worth many times this sum, to say nothing of all the other valuable franchises enumerated before. The lobby which is working for this lease is a strong one."

If these statements are at all correct, do they not reveal a condition of things that is greatly to be deplored? The men interested in this Yellowstone Park Improvement Company evidently consider that they are sure to get their lease, and acting on this supposition they have begun work in the Park, cutting the government timber, building saw mills, fouling the streams, now so full of trout, with sawdust, and killing the government game to feed their gangs of lumberers. They seem to think that they hold the government and the people of these United States in the hollow of their hand, and believe that they have now so firm a clutch upon this people's pleasure-ground that their grasp cannot be loosened. Although the promoters of this project have, in their communications to the press, talked as if striving to convey the idea that they had only the interests of the people at heart, and desired above all things to preserve the geyser cones from mutilation and the game and timber from total destruction, it is scarcely to be supposed that these fair words will deceive any one. Look at the list of those who are known to be interested, and you will see that they are all speculators. They are not the kind of men who go into a legitimate business with the hope of making a fair profit. Not at all. They see that, to use the cant phrase, "there are millions" in this thing, and they have seized it, and propose to hold on to it as long

as they can. Their bold and defiant action in going on with the work before the lease has been signed shows how confident they feel of their ability to handle Congress and to consummate the great wrong on the people that they have in contemplation. Their action in this respect is like that of the railroad companies that we so often read about, where a line of track is laid in the night to forestall an injunction to be issued the next day. In addition to the privileges already enumerated it appears that this company proposes to add to its occupations that of breeding cattle, and that the "public" Park (see act of March 1, 1872), is to become the private range for its herds. Those of your readers who are familiar with cattle ranching west of the Missouri River will readily comprehend that if this takes place, the game, which these pseudo philanthropists profess to desire to preserve, will not long remain in the Park. The presence of the cattle will at once cause the deer and elk to flee to other localities where stock is not so abundant. Much might be said with regard to the value of the franchises hoped to be obtained under the proposed lease, and the wholly inadequate return which the government is to receive, but I have contented myself with pointing out some of the bad features of the project and the bad methods by which it is attempted to be secured The United States government appears to delight in giving away its most valuable possessions—witness the many land grants in the past—but I had supposed that the day of grabs was over. Certainly these speculators are very bold and shrewd, but if they succeed in consummating this great outrage it will be owing to the supineness of Congress and to the unaccountable silence of almost the entire public press.

Commenting on the above in connection with the report on the subject by the Senate Committee, the *Times* says editorially:

The enterprising gentlemen who obtained from the Acting Secretary of the Interior a very advantageous lease of 4,400 acres of land, comprising most of the world-renowned natural curiosities of the Yellowstone Park, may have been actuated by the most patriotic motives, and may have merely a secondary interest in the gainful possibilities of their bargain. But a people who have grown somewhat suspicious of the methods by which exclusive rights are obtained over large portions of the national domain, will be relieved to find that the Senate Committee which has had the subject under consideration has pronounced against both the validity and the expediency of the lease in question. The bill which has been prepared defining and strictly limiting the powers of the Interior Department in regard to the Yellowstone Reservation is clearly demanded by the public interests, and ought to receive prompt attention from the Senate. The lessees exhibit somewhat suspicious haste in proceeding to exercise the rights granted them under very dubious authority, and they cannot be too soon restrained from carrying out what looks like a very bold grab of property which neither the actual or the Acting Secretary of the Interior ought to have temporarily alienated.

Other papers express similar views. An editorial in the *Commercial Advertiser* says:

It is the tendency of grand national show places to foster monopoly and extortion. Niagara, which has hitherto held the post of honor among the great sights of America, has already lost the greater part of its patronage through the colossal impositions and grand army of harpies. It is only a matter of right that the Yellowstone National Park, which is coming to the front as a leading natural attraction, should be protected in the interests of the public by the government. No one can possibly object to the granting of leases to men who will open up the Park and cater to the comfort and convenience of visitors; but these should only be granted under certain conditions and understandings, and it is but simple justice that every one should have a fair chance. The Senate appears to have the welfare of this great national attraction at heart, and is to be congratulated upon its recent action.

The *Tribune* also has an editorial on the subject, which says:

There seems to be little doubt that the Interior Department exceeded its authority when it agreed to lease substantially the whole of Yellowstone Park to a company of capitalists for a term of ten years. The act of Congress approved March 1, 1872, by which the Yellowstone tract was made a public park, provided that the Secretary of the Interior might, "in his discretion, grant leases for building purposes for terms not exceeding ten years of small parcels of ground at such places in the Park as shall require the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors." The lease to Rufus Hatch and others, which was promised by the Interior Department in September last but which has not yet been signed, gives them exclusive control for ten years of 4,440 acres of the Park. This vast tract contains the geysers, great falls and Yellowstone Lake, all the principal objects of interest to the visitors, so that the lease is practically a surrender of the whole 3,300 square miles of the Park to a private association of capitalists. In return for this valuable privilege the United States will receive only a nominal rent of a sum not exceeding two dollars an acre, and the lessees bind themselves to erect only one hotel building.

It is easily apparent that this lease is a violation of the spirit of the act of 1872. A tract of 4,440 acres cannot be called a "small parcel of ground" required for the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors. To be sure the ground is let in seven different tracts of 640 acres each, but then they are included in one lease and are all leased to the same persons. It was clearly the intent of the law to have each separate grant of land used for the erection of a hotel, thus encouraging rival establishments, which would prevent the extortions upon visitors which are certain to arise from a monopoly of hotel privileges. The Park is for the people and should be managed in the interest of the people rather than in the interest of speculators. It is clearly not in the interest of the people to put the only portions of the Park worth visiting in the exclusive control of a single company of capitalists who will be able to make all visitors stop at one hotel. While the lease provides that the public shall have free access to all the natural curiosities of the region, it also gives the lessees authority to forbid visitors remaining or camping on the ground.

Another objectionable provision of the lease is the granting to the lessees the exclusive right of transportation of visitors by stage or otherwise through the Park. This is open to the same objection as the exclusive hotel privilege—that it will permit and encourage extortion. A still further objection to the lease lies in the fact that it will permit the wholesale destruction of game in the Park. The Committee on Territories in the Senate have reported through Mr. Vest a bill which meets all these objections, and by clearly defining the powers of the Interior Department, makes any future mistakes of the kind which this lease appears to be impossible, and at the same time prevents the fulfilment of the contract which the Assistant Secretary of the Interior has made with Mr. Hatch and his associates. The bill appears to be clearly in the interest of the people and ought to be passed.

The *Herald* handles the subject in its usual vigorous style, and joins its powerful voice to those already quoted in support of the Senate Committee's report. It says:

The Senate Committee on Territories is entirely right in objecting to the concession to a New York company of the exclusive right to build and manage hotels, construct roads, run stages and operate telegraph lines in the Yellowstone Park. Exclusive rights in regions interesting only for their peculiar natural attractions already exist in some parts of the United States to the great profit of the managers, and the annoyance, in many ways, of nearly all visitors. Hotels are built wherever best suits the convenience, not of tourists, but the owners. Roads are laid and stages or boats are managed in the same way, so the traveler is practically restricted to whatever can be seen, done or eaten with least expense or trouble and at the most remunerative prices to the autocrat of the locality. Such monopolies cannot now be abated, for they exist through purchase of land, but there is no possible excuse for establishing one in the Yellowstone Park. Hotel privileges in the Park should be for limited periods only, and subject to revocation for cause; they should be as numerous as may be demanded by proper persons; the sites should be determined, not by the builders, but by engineer officers charged with the duty of not allowing buildings to mar the more interesting portions of the scenery, and control of ground should be limited to the area absolutely required by the buildings. The location of the roads, also, should be determined by government engineers, so that individual parsimony or greed cannot possibly make one interesting place inaccessible, so that the traveler may be compelled to remain longer at another. Not one single hillock, geyser, pool or tree should pass under the exclusive control of any individual or company. Our monopoly-cursed country will look to Congress to protect the great National Park so perfectly that any one can visit it without being at the mercy of a single person, firm or "combination of capitalists."

It will be seen from what has been printed above that there is but one mind among the New York press upon the project which this curious company have so hardily pressed forward, and which they hoped to have rushed through and confirmed without an examination. The watchful vigilance of Senator Vest alone defeated the project, and if the people are still to have their Park they will owe it to him.

The Cuvier Club of Cincinnati, O., well known as one of the largest and most influential game protective societies of the country, is the first to acknowledge and appreciate the crying needs of the National Park as voiced in the report of General Sheridan, dated September 20, 1882. At a meeting held early in the present month, the attention of the club was called to the subject of this report, and the following resolution offered:

Whereas, The Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, has read and approved the recommendation of Lieutenant General Sheridan in his report to the War Department, November 1, 1882, as to the extension of the boundary of the National Park as therein described; therefore,

Resolved, That we respectfully and most earnestly urge upon the members of Congress from the First and Second Districts of Ohio to exert all their influence to secure the extension aforesaid, and to order the protection thereof by the military power, if necessary, as suggested in said report.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The Cuvier Club has a membership of 900.

A NOVEL CARTRIDGE.—A recently devised explosive for use in firearms consists of paper prepared by a secret chemical process and rolled into a compact cylinder, much resembling in appearance a firecracker. It may be exploded by the ordinary percussion cap, or by a bit of fulminate in the end of the cartridge itself. This cylinder of paper is inserted into the chamber behind the bullet, or it may be attached to the bullet and both inserted together. When exploded the cartridge is, in theory, entirely consumed, leaving the barrel of the arm free for another charge. Our tests of this new invention have not been sufficient to warrant an expression of opinion as to its merits; but, as we said long ago, it is probable that the sportsman of the future may use an explosive which shall be in principle very like this new device.

THE GUINEA FOWL.—A correspondent suggests the possible utility of the guinea fowl as a game bird. We believe that in the West Indies, where this bird has been acclimatized, it has reverted to a wild state, and is considered game. We can conceive of no reason why it should not thrive in the southern part of our own country. There may be a question whether the wild guinea fowl would lie to the dog, or whether it would not flush and take to the trees. The tame birds will lie to a dog. We should be much pleased to have any information on the subject. The experiment seems to be worthy of a trial.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—Goods for the International Fisheries Exhibition at London, this year, will be received until February 15. They may be sent to Washington, or to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, but must be marked "For the Fisheries Exhibition," and a memorandum of contents on the outside of the box, as well as the name of the person sending them.

AMONG THEIR FRIENDS AT ALBANY all men who are interested in game protection may count Mr. James Geddes, of Syracuse, a member of the Assembly. We congratulate the sportsmen of the State on their having in the legislature so sensible and fearless and honest a champion of game protection.

CARE FOR THE QUAIL.—The present fall of snow emphasizes the necessity of making some provision for the quail. Hints of how this may be done have been published in this journal, and a note will be found in another column of this issue. Let it be remembered that a very little practical attention to these matters just now will do more good than several hundreds of hours' talk. Individuals and game clubs may accomplish a great deal in the way of practical game preservation if they will provide shelter and food for the birds.

THE CUVIER CLUB of Cincinnati held its annual meeting last week, a report of which, reaching us too late for insertion to-day, will be found in our next issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

I.—Bruin Borealis.

IN choosing the subject of Nimrod in the North, in general I shall confine myself to such hunting scenes as passed under my own personal observations; but I shall still try to describe the sportsman in the polar wastes, with all his trials and triumphs, his cares and his comforts, his camps, his singular native allies and their wonderful and ingenious hunting implements, and above all, the game he may pursue, or that may pursue him.

Men have hunted for all reasons, from dire necessity to frivolous fun, and from the equator across every parallel to the pole; and this quality has brought forth as instruments to the accomplishment of its ends the simple swing and stone, the bow and arrow and boomerang of savages and the rapid magazine rifle of the civilized modern world, dealing death at astonishing distances and unerring certainty. Let us transfer this latter weapon into the Torrid Zone, and to confine ourselves to our true subject, Nimrod in the North.

The writer, as a member of the American Franklin Search Party, that prosecuted its objects in the Arctic for a little over two years, during 1879 and portions of its contiguous years. He had many rare opportunities to gain a knowledge of the fauna of the frigid zone in interesting encounters. This party, mainly through the vigilance of its friendly native hunters and allies, subsisted almost wholly on the game of those regions during its sojourn there; and during its sledge journey of a year in length, but one month's provisions were taken, making this little band of seventeen people with their forty odd dogs, truly Nimrods in the North, to procure their necessary subsistence from day to day. To the man, civilized or savage, who procures his daily food from the chase, that chase may lose much of its true sportsmanlike character. The constant every-day encounter with game soon reduces exciting incidents to monotony and converts the disciple of St. Hubert into a peculiar kind of pot-hunter, if such strong epithets can be properly bestowed upon the human being, who may be said to have the same right to these products of nature as any other, so long as they conduce to his well being and existence. Still this business principle of hunting brings civilized man, when he has once acquired it, into the very best position possible to study and portray his victims, their habits and haunts, and all that is interesting in connection with them. He is a much better observer than his equally conscientious brother who views the enthusiasm of the chase through the distorting lenses of the amateur, rendered highly chromatic by an excited imagination.

It is not intended to give a strict treatise in a zoological sense, of the many animals I saw on my trip, even could I improve upon those who preceded me in such an undertaking; and thus I make no presumption whatever, but I desire to present my observations in as popular a way as my pen can command. However strongly I may adhere to this rule, there is no denying whatever that the student of nature has widely extended the pleasure that can be derived from the chase, be it polar or tropic, and he who is both naturalist and Nimrod has at his command all the elements for the maximum enjoyment of the hunter in all latitudes.

It was on the 19th day of June, 1878, that my little party of four white men, consisting, beside myself, of Colonel Wm. H. Gilder, second in command; Henry Klutschak, and Frank F. Melms, and Esquimau Joe, the celebrated Esquimau guide and hunter, left the harbor of New York to prosecute a two or three years' search in the polar wilds for the records, traces, relics or information of the brave British captain, who had gone there many years ago, never to return, and of whom so very little was known. Small as the party was, which circumstances had thus confided to my care, I do not hesitate to state that I assumed the responsibility with much diffidence. I had seen no Arctic experience whatever, and a careful perusal of the literature of those regions showed me that the leaders had in every case served previously in subordinate capacities and were thus placed in possession of that most valuable of information, the information of practical experience. True, an American cavalry officer's service on the frontier is oftentimes that of much arduous field duty, and occasionally the severest of winter exposure; but all these in my mind faded into insignificance as I read of the colossal ice fields many hundreds of feet in thickness, and stretching as far as the eye could reach; the thermometer so low that mercury froze and cast into bullets was fired through thick boards, and strong and powerful white men staggered around as if intoxicated from the effects of breathing the terribly cold atmosphere of those regions.

My only guide and counsellor in the party for that dreary land of desolation was "Esquimau Joe," or simply Joe, as we used to call him; and he is already well known to those conversant with Arctic exploration as the faithful guide and companion of the lamented Captain Hall on his two Franklin search expeditions, and also on the celebrated Polaris expedition, when Joe and a portion of that party had the memorable ice-drift of more than 2,000 miles from Smith Sound in Upper Greenland to near the island of Newfoundland, occupying 196 days, through the long Arctic winter, during which time Joe, with the assistance of another Esquimau, Hans, maintained a party of nineteen souls with their rifles. That rifle of Joe is now sacredly held by the Smithsonian Institute in Washington as a prominent memento of the longest ice-drift that has ever been recorded or endured. I shall have occasions to refer to Joe and his many pleasant chats of his former hunting experiences when we were living buried many feet beneath the snow in the curiously constructed abodes of the denizens of these regions.

It is my intention in this and the following papers to take each prominent animal or class of animals in the Arctic, and relate all that may be interesting concerning each before proceeding to another; leaving all the minor items of interest, as the dogs and sledges, the hunting implements of our friends of the frigid zones, as well as the people

themselves, the peculiar clothing by which they withstand such phenomenal temperatures, and everything else that is dear to the hunter's heart, as small accessories, to be woven into the narrative at such points as may seem most appropriate.

I have selected for my first subject the polar bear, the "tiger of the ice," as Dr. Kane calls him. Our first introduction to this boreal Bruin was in the latter part of July, in 1878, when we encountered the Esquimau of the savage islands, on the northern shore of Hudson's Straits, who had a few of their skins to sell, among other kinds of Arctic merchandise. These simple natives are certainly easily satisfied, or, more properly speaking, easily cheated, as a half tumblerful of shot secured four saddles of reindeer meat, while a nice polar bear robe was had for a half of a plug (one-twelfth of a pound) of tobacco and a few charges of powder. Twenty-five musket caps were given for one-fifth as many white fox skins, and many other things were bartered for on equal terms. I secured three dogs—all they had brought in their *oomiak* or seal-skin scow—for my party, and when I gave them something approximately near their true value (for I was not a little disgusted with the Shylock manner in which they had been treated), their astonishment knew no bounds, and one old fellow so insisted on rubbing noses with me that, despite the fact that it signified eternal friendship, I almost repeated of my intended generosity.

Polar bears are quite numerous along the shores of Hudson's Strait, and as they are extremely aquatic in their nature, being often found on cakes of ice or ice-bergs many miles from land, it occasionally results that American whalers en route through these straits to their whaling grounds in North Hudson's Bay, or the Hudson's Bay Company's ships, in their annual visits to their trading posts, encounter Bruin here, and have many int resting bouts with him. If he is found on isolated cakes or limited floes of ice, his capture is almost certain when pursued in the well-manned small-boats of the whalers, who have no trouble in overtaking him in a fair race in the water, and then shooting him. But if the ice cakes are numerous enough to force the rowers to make sinuous courses and wide deviations, or if packed very tight so as to obstruct them altogether, Bruin generally manages to save his blanket. If the pack-ice is very dense, the only method is the Esquimau one of bringing him to bay by pursuing dogs, the same as if on land or on the salt ice. So great indeed is the polar bears' love for the salt water, that it is a very unusual thing to find them far from the seashore, and the only times that I have ever known them to leave it any distance, is when the salmon run up the small streams opened by the perpetually shining sun of the short Arctic summer, for on the ripples and rapids of these cold creeks Bruin finds a most generous commissary department while it lasts.

After the winter has set in and the ice has formed to considerable depth along the coasts, the native sledging parties that are then following this shore ice from one village to another are the ones most likely to come in contact with this particular game. In fact over nine-tenths of the robes are thus secured by them. When in the summer this ice is broken up and driven out to sea by the winds, currents and tides, the polar bear often follows his icy home to its new abode and it is here and under these circumstances that he is most generally encountered, killed and studied by civilized man, and his habits and peculiarities noted. His love for the sea in which he is so characteristically distinct from all other of his species, has determined his commonly accepted scientific name, *Ursus maritimus*, although the assertions of some that their habits are purely maritime must be received with some few grains of allowance. In the summer he is occasionally found inland under the circumstances already noted, and in winter, when there is but little difference between the land and ocean, both ice-covered with their common mantle of drifting snows, these inland excursions are not at all rare. The absence of the encounters between them and man in such places is due more to the rarity of visits by the latter than the former. It is undoubtedly the case with which they obtain seals, the carcasses of "flensed" whales, or those which have had their blubber stripped from them by whalers, walrus and other sea-abiding animals, that attracts them so persistently to their abodes. The inland country would not furnish them enough to support their huge carcasses for even a single day's subsistence, unless, perchance, they should fall in with the meat *caches* of the inland reindeer hunters, which, by the way, say the Esquimaux, they have been known to destroy a distance of two or three days' sledge traveling from the main coast (probably thirty or forty miles), although it may be nearer some of the deep finger-like fiords, characteristic of the Arctic coasts of the older geological periods.

The winter camp of our little party for 1878-'79 was pitched near Depot island, in the northermost part of Hudson's Bay, amid a large camp of mixed Iwilik, Igloolik and Netschilluk Esquimaux, their proportionate numbers being mentioned in order. I employed four families of them or thirteen in all, to accompany me on my proposed spring sledge journey to King William's Land, a large island in the Arctic Sea.

Here the natives reported bear were reasonably common, and quite a number of them had promised that we, the white men, should be indulged in some of this sport before the winter should wear away, if we would accompany them on their sledge journeys along the coast. That winter, however, yielded us no sport in this line, although one of my hired hunters, Ik-quee-sik, a big roomist Netschilluk of fully six feet in height, killed one bear on Depot island while encamped there for walrus hunting, and this was the only one, I believe, whose tracks were seen near our camp that winter. Bruin had evidently been attracted by the scent from the numerous walrus *caches* that dotted Depot island, and in came lumbering along, suspecting no danger, early one February morning. Now "early in the morning" depends upon the season, and in the Arctic February acceptation it is nearly eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and consequently our polar ursine friend found everybody astir in order to take full advantage of the short day. Ikquessik's family were alone on the island, many of his associates of the village being absent at the whale ships wintering at Marble Island, some seventy or eighty miles to the southward, and the bear got fairly into the village before he was discovered even by Ikquessik's four or five runty little half-grown black dogs that looked more like wolverine kittens than the true Esquimau class of canines. They were, however, equal to the emergency, and Esquimau-like Ikquessik had to first come out of his snow hut unarmed to see the cause of the disturbance, when Bruin got a good long start of him despite the persistent nippings of the pups, that delayed him considerably. It was a running chase for a considerable distance, but Ikquessik got in one good shot in the foreshoulder of the bear with his smooth-bore musket that brought him effectually to bay, and although our Netschilluk Nimrod had one close shave from a daring charge of the ferocious beast, he was soon dispatched and his robe brought triumphantly into camp. He was an immense fellow, weighing undoubtedly over a thousand pounds, and would have been a bad customer at close quarters, had not his shoulders been rendered worthless by the first fire.

The size of the polar bear varies considerably, even with those that may be considered full grown specimens, and some naturalists class them as the largest of the genus *Ursus*, yet no doubt his western brother, the grizzly (*Ursus horribilis*), will dispute this point closely with him. This one killed by Ikqueesik was pronounced by the Esquimaux to be *un-a-ya-ad-o*, very large, and had he been weighed I would not have been surprised to see him show 1,200 pounds. I certainly would have been surprised had he stopped short of 1,000. Captain Lyon, a British Arctic explorer, mentions one weighing 1,500 pounds and measuring eight feet seven inches from tip to tip. It is said that Barentz in his expedition of 1596 killed two polar bears, whose skins measured no less than twelve and thirteen feet in length, and which must have represented enormous animals, rivaling even the grizzly. They were secured on an island near Spitzbergen. Franz-Joseph Land is pre-eminently the paradise of polar bears, the Austrian expedition of 1872-4 that discovered it, encountering and killing them by scores, yet the largest one they mention "was eight feet long, and therefore of unusual size." In Parry's Arctic voyage of 1819, his party succeeded in killing a bear that although measuring eight feet and two inches in length only weighed 900 pounds. "It will be seen," says a chronicler of that expedition, "that his weight is not at all in proportion to his dimensions, for he was a very large animal, as far as length and height went, but although six inches longer than the bear we killed in this country last summer, he was upward of two hundred pounds lighter. On opening him we discovered the cause of this disparity, for the whole of the alimentary canal was in a high state of gangrene, the liver and lungs were very much inflamed, and the spleen apparently shrunk considerably below the natural size. The stomach was empty and collapsed in fact, the whole of the abdominal viscera bore evident marks of disease." This is evidently an unintentional exaggeration of the state of affairs, as any polar bear which has been subsisting for a length of time on putrid seal or walrus will apparently have an internal gangrene if the nose plays the part of the chief factor in the diagnosis, and at such times it becomes extremely dangerous to partake of such of the internal parts as are usually eaten, as the liver. A number of cases of death are recorded from it, and the direct illness is sure to supervene. I believe, however, it the bear has had a long exclusion from such meat, that his liver is harmless. The natives always throw it away, however, and will not even allow the dogs to eat it. I noticed this conspicuously in the one that Ikquecsik had killed, it being flung out to sea.

During the fall of 1878 my hired native hunters, as well as many from the village that had clustered around our tents as a nucleus, started inland on their annual reindeer hunts to procure the hides of that animal, which are used almost exclusively for their winter clothing and bedding. Joe attached himself to a young Iwilik Esquimau, Toolooah by name, who will appear many times in these accounts as my most valuable and intelligent hunter. Toolooah and Joe, as the autumn snows commenced falling, had pitched their sealskin tent on a precipitous hill overlooking a small fresh water lake, where the reindeer on their autumnal southward migrations could be seen for many miles. When the weather became too cold to allow the tent to be warmed by their rude stone lamps, an *igloo*, or snow house was built, and the hunt continued. One cold, gloomy storm-boding day when both our heroes were snugly ensconced in bed, (which with the natives means stripped stark naked, lying between their dressed reindeer blankets) a terrible racket was heard near the lake, sufficient to excite their curiosity. Joe rose, and partially dressed emerged into the open air. Toolooah stretched out with his chin in both hands, awaiting the result. It was a big haggy polar bear breaking the ice of the lake, where it emerged into a small creek, trying to catch the fish that some instinct told him would be found there. As soon as Joe comprehended the situation he seized a loaded musket, the only arm on the outside of the hut, and taking deliberate aim at Bruin who was about a hundred and fifty yards away, he let him have an ineffectual shot in the leg. This astonished his bearship, who had perceived no danger, so much that he only looked at Joe in amazement, howling furiously at his slight wound. "*Nannook! Nannook!!* (a bear! a bear!)" yelled Joe as he fired and then dodged into the low entrance of the snow-hut in order to get his Winchester carbine, his head meeting with a good round bump that of Toolooah, who, stark naked, was emerging, Winchester in hand. By the time that Toolooah had straightened up in front of the entrance, and recovered from his dizzy concision, Mr. Bruin had begun to appreciate that he was in an unhealthy neighborhood, and had just swung his carcass around for a retreat, when he got Toolooah's first fire in his hams, and he started on the run, Toolooah giving him a second as he disappeared over a crest about forty yards further on. He was not yet permanently disabled, although packing three wounds more or less severe; and there was no time for our hunters to delay if the prey was to be secured. Despite his immodest appearance, and to the Esquimau mind the more palpable reason that the thermometer was below zero, Toolooah ran like a racehorse for about a hundred yards and got a long range shot of probably three hundred yards at the retreating polar, who was looking at him from his haunches on a second ridge. This shot gave him a fatal bullet through the neck. An Esquimau, stark naked, standing half knee deep in the snow, in the midst of an Arctic winter, gun in hand, over a fallen bear, would be a good picture to hang in one's room of hunting trophies, to contemplate in the summer time. The robe of this bear and that secured by Ikqueesik had fallen to me, but during my absence on my long sledge journey, and during the summer of 1879, the retiring whaler that had landed us in North Hudson's Bay had "gobbled" these trophies along with others, for the polar bear robe has a market value in the civilized marts.

Just how brave, ferocious or dangerous the polar bear may be it is extremely hard to say, owing to the variety of opinions and dissimilar traits it has exhibited in this respect under the scrutiny of equally creditable observers. One good authority says "it is the largest, strongest, most powerful and, with a single exception, the most ferocious of bears," the exception evidently meaning the grizzly. Yet the many mutilated persons I have seen in the great West who have been intimate with the "cinnamon" of that region, and who place him on a par in ferocity and a superior in activity to the grizzly, would certainly not be willing to surrender his claims to those of the polar bear. Again, the testimony of those who have shot from the decks of an exploring steamer a helpless animal swimming in the sea, is of no more value than that of a menagerie keeper who has poisoned a caged Bengal tiger. I am inclined to place the polar bear below both the cinnamon and grizzly of the West in bravery, although the superior of either in activity. His long, lithe, snake-like form, compared with the bungling carcasses of others, would show this without further argument or practical demonstration, yet it has received the latter without doubt. Those who argue of the ferocity produced by a carnivorous diet may think the polar should excel his omnivorous brethren of the south, as he is wholly of this type; yet singularly enough his system of dentition is exactly the same as that of the other bears. Still, as has been said, the polar bear has exhibited all traits of bravery, from that of the most ferocious disregard of its life, to the most abject cowardice. The old Norsemen, than whom no braver men ever lived, came in contact with these glacial grizzlies when their most adventurous discovered Greenland, and Erik the Red, their bold leader, quarreled furiously with one of his best friends from sheer envy because the latter had killed a polar bear, and thus distinguished himself among those who valued bravery as high as it has ever been held since, when his chief should have been given this honored opportunity. They certainly valued him as a plucky adversary. "Killing a bear," says Chevalier Rink, once Danish inspector of Greenland, "has, in ancient as well as in modern times, been considered one of the most distinguishing feats of sportsmanship in Greenland." If the Esquimaux of Greenland are the peers of their polar brethren on the main continent, they would certainly pick no mean opponent to be thus distinguished.

All Arctic authorities seem to unite on the fact that the mother is unsparing in her exhibitions of bravery to protect her young, and hardly a boreal book exists that does not recount one or more of these instances of maternal affection; and yet I will be compelled to narrate an incident that came under my own personal observation that will shatter somewhat even this unanimity of opinion. My party of four white men and Toolooah's family were on their southward search along the western coast of King William's Land in August, 1879, and had encamped inland about five or six miles from Erebus Bay, crossing over the peninsula between it and Terror Bay, fifteen miles wide. While thus crossing our effects, I had occasion to send Toolooah back to the former bay to get a large driftlog that I had seen there and had had split up to be used for firewood. He took a number of the dogs harnessed and only a snow-knife, a two-edged one, about sixteen inches long in all, which had had the handle knocked off of the tang, in order to crease one end of the logs so that the drag rope would not pull off. Nearing the shore of the bay, he discovered a she bear and a goodly sized cub trotting along the edge of the water, which the dogs, when slipped, soon brought to bay. Nothing daunted, Toolooah separated the dam from the cub by petting the former vigorously with stones, and while she was employed growling at the snapping dogs a short distance off, he dispatched the cub with his decrepid knife, and after running the mother out to sea on the icefloe, he brought the carcass of the cub triumphantly into camp, tied on the spreading pieces of the split log. I told Toolooah a story of Captain Hall's, which he mentions in his book, of having killed a polar cub while his native allies were in a fruitless chase after the separated dam, and their consequent fright and dismay when they saw it, who so feared the vengeance of the returning mother, that they made almost incredible exertions to avoid it, such as doubling upon their retreating track repeatedly, and traveling nearly all night; and then asked Toolooah if he was not afraid of the mother following his plainly marked trail to the tent and reeking due vengeance. But he smiled as he answered that he hoped she would, as he felt very angry at himself for being caught in such a predicament without his gun, and if she would only come along again he would make due amends. He said that he had known several instances wherein the cub of the polar bear had been killed, and where the mother was not injured, but has never known any evil resulting from the anger of the latter, unless it occurred right on the field of battle, where she will display more energy in the defense of her young, but seems to have shown a lamentable absence of that trait in this particular instance. It would seem from this that either Captain Hall's allies were needlessly frightened, or that the disposition of the polar bear varies much with the locality. Joe, who was with Hall in all his Arctic travels, and remembered this instance, says that both views are partially correct, and in fact, that the polar bear is very uncertain in its comeat veness. Probably had a less active hunter than Toolooah, who was agilityly personified, undertaken the assault, the result would have been different, for his rapidity evidently confused the animal so, that the whole tragedy was enacted before she really comprehended the situation.

About the middle of October, in '79, while Toolooah was in Terror Bay, he killed three polar bears in about half as many minutes. He had descried them from a distance as his sledge came over the eastern ridge of the bay and managed to so direct his course among the hummock of ice as to get within a couple of hundred yards of them before they noticed his presence, when he slipped the dogs, and although the open water along the shore ice, to which they always take when pursued, was no further away, they were so slow in getting under way that one was brought to bay by the dogs, which Toolooah dispatched with a single shot through the head, and so quickly that when he gained the edge of the ice-floe the other two were not over forty or fifty yards away swimming for dear life, although they did not manage to save themselves, as two well-directed shots laid them out. Then Toolooah, extemporizing a raft from a floating cake of ice, managed to get them both in, and brought us the three robes to verify his prowess.

Toolooah killed a monstrous polar bear, that would probably "kick the beam" at 1,300 or 1,400 pounds, the day we reached the northermost cape of King William's Land July 3). Bruin came snuffling into camp when Toolooah and Frank were absent, and while the dogs were yet harnessed to the unloaded sledge, when a good view of the situation sent him off on the sea ice at a smart lope, Toolooah and Frank following him with the light sledge over the terrible rough hummock of Victoria Channel. The nineteen strong and ex-

cited dogs would have made a spectator think they were playing the butterfly trick with the sledge as it caromed from one hummock to another, leaving only tracks on the crests of the snowdrifts as they flew after their enemy. It was a good five mile chase before Tooloosh got near enough to slip his team and the dogs soon commenced nipping polar's hamstrings so assiduously that he sat down on them for protection and commenced playing lawn tennis with the bolder dogs' heads. A shot through the neck so infuriated him that he plunged for Tooloosh, who was only a few steps away, but the latter's activity with his carbine put another shot through the beast's backbone and he lay spread out a huge helpless mass of howlings and hair. There were thus five bears killed on our sledge journey, lasting from April 1, 1879, to March 20, 1880, nearly one year, Tooloosh scoring them all.

While camped on the northern side of Simpson's Strait, in the fall of '79, and waiting for them to freeze over, we all participated in an exciting foot race of a couple of miles after a large polar that had been started up some seven or eight miles inland. Bruin, however, placed Simpson's Strait between the pursuers and pursued and thus saved his robe. Tooloosh, never exhausted, waylaid a herd of reindeer that had remained stupid spectators of the bear chase, killing two and wounding two others, making a handsome score of nine in as many hours.

Tooloosh told me that he has seen the polar bear climb up the flat perpendicular walls of icebergs to escape his pursuers, and when these were high he generally succeeded in eluding them, as it then becomes very dangerous to attempt to ascend by cutting niches in the ice wall for foothholds, which is the method the natives adopt in pursuing their prey under these circumstances. This seems almost incredible, and I have never seen it mentioned by previous Arctic travelers, but I consider Tooloosh altogether too good an authority to lightly cast aside what he affirms. Lieut. Perry, in 1831, after much severe labor, succeeded in getting on top of a flat iceberg in Baffin's Bay, and here found a white bear in quiet possession, who, discovering the party, jumped over the perpendicular side of the ice mountain, fifty-one feet into the sea, and swam to the nearest land, over twenty miles away.

While living among the Netschilluk Esquimaux, who inhabit the shores of Simpson's Strait, I remember their telling me a story of a very strange animal that they met at long intervals of many years, when upon their summer reindeer hunts with *kiaks* (skin canoes) and spears. They describe it as a black monster as large and heavy as a musk ox, with a face like that of a man and feet like those of a bear. They report them to be very ferocious, making sad havoc among the Esquimaux dogs that attempt to bring them to bay, and when thus irritated do not hesitate to attack the natives themselves. Joe (Ebierbing) tells me that the Kinnepetoo Esquimaux of Chesterfield Inlet, who are armed with guns obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company, have killed several, so they report, but I have never been able to procure or even see any of the robes. I think it can be no other than the grizzly bear of North America, which is thus shown to occasionally extend his limits as far north as the Arctic Ocean during the short summer of that region, and no doubt returns to the timber limit, many hundred miles to the southward, to hibernate.

Speaking of hibernating, there is probably no subject of Arctic zoology on which there is such a variety of opinion, and of which there is so little known, and so much interesting information yet to be gained, as pertains to the hibernation of the Northern bear. The very first conclusion at which one would naturally jump is that this species of all others would be the very one to seek such a state to protect them from the intense and bitter cold of the polar winter, and I am much inclined to think that the published opinions of many have been based on such conclusions rather than personal observations. Some are found who deny that the polar bear hibernates at all in the true sense of that word, and from what little I know of the subject I feel disposed to side with them. Dr. Richardson, the naturalist of several Arctic expeditions, a most conscientious and voluminous writer on the natural history of the polar regions that he traversed, limits the hibernating of these animals to the females during the time they are with cub or pregnant, yet I find by native testimony that they have slain them in this condition, and I believe that this can be relied upon. Others think that the mothers remain secluded while the cubs are too weak to elude pursuit, but it is hardly worth while to deny this, so numerous are the cases furnished by civilized and savage observers who have secured the cubs when they could not have been much over a few days of age. I am prone to believe that the polar bear never hibernates under any circumstances. The mother for a few days on either side of the cubs' birth may remain secluded in the den which she has excavated in some deep snow bank, and during pregnancy is more shy than at other times, but beyond this and these bear holes which are occasionally found, there is nothing to base any conclusive theories upon in favor of hibernation, while the fact that polar bears of both sexes have been killed and encountered in every month in the year and in all sorts of conditions are the opposite statements in the case. These bear holes in the snowbanks are very interesting little affairs, but the fact that they are only found after the cubbing season, and never during the coldest weather of winter, would show that they were not used permanently, unless it be argued that the maker has made them too carefully secreted to be observed at this time. Lieut. Payer, of the Austrian Expedition, was fortunate enough to see them occupying these abodes, though even the Esquimaux seldom, if ever, have this opportunity. He says, "But almost immediately again the bear disappeared in the snow, and when we came to the place of his disappearance we discovered the winter retreat of a family of bears. It was a cavity hollowed out in a mass of snow lying under a rocky wall. The bear had shown herself only once, but resisted all our efforts to seduce her to leave the shelter she had chosen, nor had we any special desire to creep on all fours into the narrow dark habitation. Sumbu (one of the dogs) only was bold enough to follow her, but he saw too many things which led him to return very quickly. From the snow which had been thrown up at the entrance of this hole, we inferred that this had been the work of the bear in her efforts to close the approach to her abode. It was the first time we came upon a family of bears in their winter quarters, or had the chance of adding anything to our scanty knowledge as to the winter sleep of those animals. Middendorff does not admit that they sleep during the winter. He considers the bear far too lean to be able to do so."

The world turned on its axis and revolved in its orbit and finally brought our stay of two dreary years to a close in the Arctic. We had bade adieu to our old Esquimaux friends, and were on board the whaler George and Mary, of New Bedford, for home. Fresh water was on board, and everything stored snug for a struggle with the old Atlantic. The whaling season had not been good at all, but one seventy-barrel fish having been caught. So as we bent our course for Hudson's Strait, Captain Baker thought he would take one more hurried peep into Roe's Welcome to see if a whale could not be raised, as we wended our way home. The 8th of August saw us entering its southern mouth, and when squarely off Whale Point, the man in the crow's nest (the lookout placed in the foremast to watch for whales) reported a couple of polar bears off our starboard beam, and the Captain hove the ship too, lowering the mate's boat, which was sent in pursuit, your humble servant in the bow. It was a she bear and a three months' old cub, who, hearing us lowering the boat, took to the water. The cub kept close to his mother and occasionally took a rest on her shoulders. As it became evident to the dam that in a fair race she could not escape, she crawled up on a large cake of ice, roaring furiously at us—not unlike the deep roar of the lion—and faced us for a fight. At about forty yards I put a bullet through her back just behind the shoulders with my rifle, and she sank "spread eagle" style over the ice cake, and was knocked completely *hors du combat*. Her vain efforts to back again into the water were silenced by a shot from the mate through her swaying head, and we were left facing the little cub, which I was extremely anxious to capture alive. A lance-warp was procured, a running noose made, and the little fellow soon lassoed and dragged into the water, riding on the dead body of his mother to the ship, upon whose deck we soon had him "triangled" by three converging strong ropes, at which he bit with a vengeance that kept us all at a respectable distance. The Captain, when he came upon deck, ordered him to be shot, as he considered him too dangerous a fellow to have on board during a storm, when he might break loose and create an uncomfortable consternation. I was, therefore, not destined to bring him home alive, as I had anticipated, and probably it was just as well that the mate put a pistol to his head, as we never afterward saw a seal or walrus to kill, and the sleek little rascal would probably have died on our hands from the worse death of starvation.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

FAMILY VIREONIDÆ: VIREOS.

53. Red-eyed Vireo—*Vireo olivaceus* Aud., Cs. 170; *Vireosylvia olivacea* Ridg. 135.—Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds, usually on high trees, and lays four or five white eggs with brown spots. The most common species of vireo in Maine, an indefatigable songster, whose pleasing notes may be heard at all times of day, and throughout the entire summer.

54. Philadelphian Vireo—*Vireosylvia philadelphicus* Ridg, 138.; *Vireo philadelphicus* Cs. 173—Uncommon. In Prof. Hamlin's list of the birds of Waterville, Maine, 1865, was recorded "one specimen, the only one yet found in New England." The few that are summer visitants to Maine probably breed here. Mr. H. A. Purdie informs me of its occurrence in the region of the upper valley of the St. John River.

55. Warbling Vireo—*Vireo gilvus* Aud., Cs. 171; *Vireosylvia gilva* Ridg. 139.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds, on high trees, and lays four or five white eggs with brown spots, in June. Not common in Eastern Maine, but a regular visitor to Western Maine, where it commonly breeds.

56. Yellow-throated Vireo—*Vireo flavifrons* Aud., Cs. 176; *Lanivireo flavifrons* Ridg. 140.—Not very common. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees and bushes, lays four or five white eggs with brown spots, in June.

57. Solitary Vireo, Blue-headed Vireo—*Vireo solitarius* Aud., Cs. 177; *Lanivireo solitarius* Ridg. 141.—Common. Arrives in April and early May. Breeds on trees and bushes, lays four or five white eggs with brown spots, early in June.

58. White-eyed Vireo—*Vireo noveboracensis* Aud., Ridg. 143, Cs. 181.—Rare. Audubon mentioned this species as occurring as far east as Nova Scotia, and also wrote that he observed a few specimens in Labrador. Mr. Montague Chamberlain mentions the capture of a specimen "shot by Harold Gilbert at South Bay, near St. John, New Brunswick, May 24, 1877. (N. O. C. Bulletin, April 1882).

A pair of vireos once nested upon one of the upper branches of a maple tree near my home in Portland, Maine. The nest was but a few feet from a chamber window and I had most excellent opportunities to observe the birds and identify them as of this species. I hopefully watched for the birds to appear again the following season, but none were seen.

FAMILY LANIIDÆ: SHRIKES.

59. Northern Shrike, "Butcher bird"—*Lanius borealis*—Aud., Ridg. 148, Cs. 186. Common in winter, arrives in October. Not known to occur in Maine in summer, nor to breed here; not seen here in spring later than April, and usually returns to its more northern haunts before this date.

60. Loggerhead Shrike. "Butcher bird"—*Lanius ludovicianus* Aud., Ridg. 149, Cs. 187. Common in summer. Not found here in winter, arrives in April. Breeds on trees and bushes, throughout the State, at least the central and southern portions, and lays from four to six eggs in May. The eggs are white, entirely covered with drab blotches, which give a general appearance of the latter color to the eggs.

The two species of shrikes known to Maine, may generally be distinguished by the characteristics below named.

Loggerhead Shrike: The eye is inclosed by the broad black stripe along the side of the head, and this stripe extends forward to meet its fellow at a point in the center at the base of the bill.

Northern Shrike: The eye is not inclosed by the broad black stripe along the side of the head, and this stripe does not extend to the center at the base of the bill. These descriptions apply only to adult birds.

The plumage of immature birds does not fully show these characteristics, but the species are readily separated by a comparison of specimens. The northern shrike is appreciably the larger of the two, and for persons not having opportunity for comparisons of specimens the considerable difference in length of wing (tip to flexure) of young or old birds will determine their species. The loggerhead shrike's wing is under four inches in length. The northern shrike's wing always exceeds this, and its average length is about four and a half inches.

Upon young loggerhead shrikes, the black cheek band does not appreciably extend above the eye until after the first moult has occurred and the bird has assumed its "second plumage." But the plumage of the upper parts of the young bird is gray, and never so brown as that of the immature northern shrike. The shrike, or "butcher birds" are termed "kites" in some localities of Maine, and their habit of killing small birds is well known. In the cities cage birds hung at windows sometimes provoke an attack by a shrike.

FAMILY HIRUNDINIDÆ: SWALLOWS.

61. Purple Martin—*Hirundo purpurea* Aud.; *Progne subis* Ridg. 152, Cs. 185.—Abundant in local colonies. Arrives in April and May. Breeds, usually in bird-houses erected for its use, and lays four or five pure white eggs in June. The largest of our swallows, and sometimes locally named "bee martin," on account of its manifest fondness for honey bees, which are not molested by other species of swallows. It seems remarkable that the Kingbird or tyrant flycatcher (*Tyrannus carolinensis*), so serviceable a friend to the farmers, has been accredited the name of "bee martin," and the reputation of a fondness for bees, while ornithologists generally have ignored the fact that our purple martin is much better entitled to the name and fame. A colony of purple martins, resident near an apiary, will destroy more bees in a season than all the Kingbirds that can be found within the area of a small kingdom. The bee martins, the swiftest and strongest birds of their family, destroy vast numbers of noxious insects, and will fearlessly attack and drive away any hawks that may venture near their abode, and are thus very desirable birds, excepting where hives of bees are kept.

62. Cliff Swallow, Eave Swallow—*Hirundo fulva* Aud.; *Petrochelidon lunifrons*, Ridg. 153, Cs. 162.—Abundant in local colonies. Arrives in April and May. Breeds on outside of buildings under the eaves, inside covered bridges, on the beams and rafters, etc. Lays from four to six white eggs with brown spots in June and July. For a number of years a colony of birds of this species had their nests under the eaves of the Eastern Railroad station in Portland, and on the side toward the street where the most noise occurred.

63. Barn Swallow—*Hirundo rustica* Aud.; *Hirundo erythrogastra*, Ridg. 154.; *Hirundo erythrogastra horreorum*, Cs. 159.—Abundant. Arrives late in April and early in May; breeds in colonies, usually in barns on the beams and rafters. Lays from four to six white eggs, with reddish brown spots, in June. Two broods are commonly raised.

64. White-bellied Swallow—*Hirundo bicolor* Aud.; *Tachycineta bicolor* Ridg. 155, *Iridoprocne bicolor*, Cs. 160. Abundant. Earliest of swallows seen here in spring. Arrives early in April; breeds in holes of trees, and in bird houses erected for the purpose. Lays five white eggs, in May. The stomachs of the specimens procured at Scarboro, Me., April 6, 7 found to be filled with the drupes of the common bay bush; no insect of any sort in their stomachs, but the birds were in fat condition. Later in the season their food consists almost exclusively of insects.

65. Bank Swallow—*Hirundo riparia* Aud.; *Cotile riparia* Ridg. 157, Cs. 163.—Abundant. Arrives late in April and in May; breeds in banks, making a hole of gravel or sand, in holes excavated by itself. Four broods in June.

FAMILY TANAGRIDÆ: THE TANAGERS.

66. Scarlet Tanager—*Pyranga rubra* Aud., Ridg. 161, Cs. 154.—Common in Western Maine. Rare east of the Kennebec Valley. Arrives in May; breeds on trees and bushes, and lays four or five bluish-white eggs, with brown spots, in June.

67. Summer Tanager—*Pyranga æstiva* Aud., Ridg. 164, Cs. 155—Accidental straggler from the South. A specimen was obtained at Wiscasset, Maine, some years since by Dr. S. B. Cushman, to whom I am indebted for information of the fact.

FAMILY AMPELIDÆ: THE CHATTERERS.

68. Bohemian Chatterer or "Waxwing"—*Bombycilla garrula* Aud; *Ampelis garrulus* Ridg. 150, Cs. 166.—Irregular winter visitant. Although sometimes this species occurs here in large flocks, its appearance is rare. Birds of this species may always be distinguished by their chestnut-colored under tail coverts, from the cedar-birds, whose under tail coverts are white.

69. Cedar-bird. "Waxwing"—*Bombycilla cedrorum* Aud.; *Ampelis cedrorum* Ridg. 151, Cs. 167.—Abundant. Sometimes seen here in flocks in midwinter. Although commonly arriving early in the spring, its eggs are not laid until late in June and in July. Lays five yellowish-drab eggs with brown spots.

FAMILY FRINGILLIDÆ: THE FINCHES.

70. Pine Grosbeak—*Corythus enucleator* Aud.; *Pinicola enucleator* Ridg. 166, Cs. 190.—Common autumn and winter visitor from the North. The only eggs ever recorded as taken in Maine, or the United States, I believe, were laid by a caged bird in the possession of Samuel R. Carter, Esq., at Paris, Me. This gentleman's son, Mr. Jarvis L. Carter, takes especial interest in ornithology, and in the autumn of 1878 procured a pair of pine grosbeaks alive. Concerning the interesting results I quote from an explicit letter received from Paris:

"A male and female pine grosbeak were captured in December, 1878). They were exceedingly tame from the first. They thrived and seemed to bear captivity well. In the next May the female commenced laying, and deposited in all nine eggs. These eggs were greenish-blue, spotted and blotched with two shades of brown. Both birds were in one cage, and the male destroyed a part of the eggs, throwing them out of the nest. During the next winter the female suddenly died, without any apparent previous illness. The male is yet living. After moulting when the plumage was renewed, the crimson color was replaced by orange, and the former color has never returned.—SAML. R. CARTER (March 8, 1882).

Mr. Carter further informs me that various materials were given to these birds for nesting purposes, without suiting them. Among others, old birds' nests, which were diligently pulled into pieces. "Finally they accepted a cocoa-nut shell with dried grass in the bottom."

Both birds were together in one cage, and the male destroyed nearly all of the eggs by throwing them out of the nest. When first captured they would eat only fresh fruits

and seeds with hulls. If the latter were hulled for them they were refused.

Mr. Carter kindly sent me for examination the eggs which were saved from utter destruction, thus enabling me to give the following description of three that are sufficiently perfect for the purpose:

The color is blue-green, resembling that of the eggs of the chipping sparrow (*Spizella domestica* Ridg. 211, Cs. 269), sparingly spotted with dark umber brown, chiefly in dots, concentrated upon the larger end and not forming a ring around it. Blotches of pale umber brown, more dispersed and profuse than the dark dots, also center upon the larger end. The smaller end is nearly or quite immaculate. Removal of the white lining membrane shows the shell to be blue-green throughout, and the dark umber dots and paler blotches also pervade the shell to its interior surface. The shell is exteriorly smooth. The greatest longitudinal and lateral diameters of each of the three eggs examined, expressed in decimal fractions of inches, are as follows:

.93x.70—.98x.67—.97x.67.

These measurements are given in order of their exactness, the last specimen being too much fractured for a longitudinal measurement, for which the mean between the other two is given

Mr. Carter states that of the nine eggs laid by his grosbeak one was considerably larger than the others.

I once kept a pine grosbeak alive in confinement for nine months, and it proved an interesting pet. Its song was very sweet, but so subdued as to have at times a ventriloquial effect; and the notes uttered in a room sounded as if from a bird at a distance in the open air. Mr. Carter's grosbeaks were "very fond of cranberries, shelling the minute seeds and also eating the pulp." My bird manifested an especial fondness for the seeds of apples and pears, and would eagerly fly to my shoulder to take a seed from between my lips

In the summer of 1878 Mr. H. A. Purdie observed a pine grosbeak at Second Connecticut Lake, in Northern New Hampshire, "a red male feeding young the last of July and in early August. The young were able to fly. I also shot a male of the year." Mr. Purdie further informs me that he saw a pine grosbeak in June, near Edmundston, N. B., at the northern boundary of Maine. This bird was "either a female or a young male, I thought the former, and in good plumage."

It is not improbable that a few birds of this species breed in the wilderness of Northern Maine, but there has been no discovery of their nests publicly reported.

71. Cardinal Grosbeak, Virginia Redbird—*Pitylus cardinalis* Aud.; *Cardinalis virginianus* Cs. 299, Ridg. 242.—Accidental. Birds of this species have been observed at various times, but they may have been escaped cage birds, as the bright red plumage and pleasing notes of this species conduce to make the birds common pets in confinement.

72. Rose-breasted Grosbeak—*Coccoborus ludovicianus* Aud.; *Zamelodia ludoviciana* Ridg. 244, Cs. 289.—Common but never abundant. Uncommon in Eastern Maine. Arrives in May. Breeds on bushes or trees, lays four eggs, very pale green with brown blotches. The furthest East I have seen this species, was in the month of July, at the upper part of the east branch of the Penobscot River, where I observed a pair. The beautiful male gave me morning serenades from a bush within thirty feet of my camp.

73. Blue Grosbeak.—*Coccoborus cæruleus* Aud.; *Guiraca cærulea* Ridg. 246. Cs. 291.—Accidental. A rare straggler from the South. Mr. Boardman procured a single specimen in 1861, that had wandered as far East as the mouth of the St Croix River.

74. Common Crossbill—*Loxia curvirostra* Aud., Cs. 199; *Loxia curvirostra americana* Ridg. 172.—Common in coniferous forests. Resident. Breeds, and eggs have been found in February and March. I have observed crossbills of both species known in Maine making love in August, and dissection of specimens proved that they were about breeding at that time. But I am unable to state how many broods are raised each year, or in what month the eggs are most commonly laid. Mr. L. P. Rowe writes me an interesting account of two nests which he found in Franklin county, Me., the latter part of February, "one with three eggs which had the appearance of having been just laid, the other nest having five eggs with young birds well grown in them and alive when I broke the eggs. I found these nests in a spruce tree that I was cutting for camp wood. Both nests were in one tree, twenty feet from the ground, and six or eight feet apart. They were made of moss such as grows on spruce trees, and were very thick and warm. At a distance one would not distinguish the nest from a natural bunch of moss." Mr. Rowe could not state with certainty to which species the birds were.

75. White-winged Crossbill—*Loxia leucoptera* Aud.; Ridg. 173; Cs. 198.—Common in coniferous forests. Resident. Breeds.

76. Purple Finch—*Erythrospiza purpurea* Aud.; *Carpodacus purpureus* Ridg. 168; Cs. 194.—Common. Arrives in March and early in April. Breeds on trees. Its eggs, green, with very dark brown spots, are laid early in June. A few birds of this species are found here during the winter.

77. Redpoll Linnet—*Linaria minor* Aud.; *Ægiothus linaria* Ridg. 179; Cs. 207.—Common in autumn and winter, and remains until April, when it departs for more northern regions. The notes of this species resemble those of the gold finch, which associates with it in winter.

78. Pine Linnet—*Linaria pinus* Aud; *Chrysomitris pinus* Ridg., 185, Cs. 212.—Common, especially in autumn. Some birds of this species are occasionally found here in winter. Breeds on trees, and as far south as Cumberland county, in April and May, lays four pale greenish eggs spotted with brown. The following description of a nest found in Cumberland county by Mr. J. C. Mead I quote from a letter received in October, 1879. "The pine linnets (*C. pinus*) were abundant here in the winter of 1877-78, and remained as late as May 6. April 2 I took a female containing eggs, one of which was nearly ready to be laid. April 24 I found a nest of this species containing four young birds. The nest was on the branch of a "hard pine" tree, four feet from its trunk, and twenty-five feet above the water of the lake over which the branch projected. The nest was loosely built of fine twigs, mosses, and rootlets, and received most of its support from the pine needles which grew out from the branch on which it was placed."

79. Goldfinch, "Thistle-Bird"—*Carduelis tristis* Aud.; *Astragalinus tristis* Ridg. 181, Cs. 213.—Abundant. Some birds of this species are to be found here throughout each winter. Breeds on bushes and small trees, lays five bluish white eggs with brown spots around larger end, in July. Period of incubation about fifteen days.

80. Snow Bunting—*Plectrophanes nivalis* Aud.; Ridg. 186; Cs. 219.—Irregularly abundant in autumn and winter. Usually in flocks, remaining until late in March, when all disappear on the flight to Northern breeding places.

81. Lapland Lark-Bunting or Longspur—*Plectrophanes lapponica* Aud.; *Centrophanes lapponicus* Ridg. 187; Cs. 220.—Occasional winter visitant. Not common.

82. Ipswich Sparrow—*Passerculus princeps* (Maynard) Ridg. 192, Cs. 225.—Not uncommon along the coast in autumn, but comparatively rarely seen in spring. The last one March 28, 1882, at Scarboro, Cumberland county. Mr. Andrew Nelson, Jr., shot a single specimen upon the shore of Back Bay in the city of Portland, in March, 1882. The Ipswich sparrow much resembles the common Savanna sparrow of New England, and has been given rank as a distinct species within a few years. It is somewhat larger than the species mentioned, and its general coloration paler. I have seen this sparrow in Maine in December when there was several inches of snow on the ground, and long after all the Savanna sparrows had gone south; and when it first arrives here in spring (March), the ground is often deeply covered with snow. It is quite probable that a few birds of this northern species pass the winter in Maine in seasons when the snow does not become very deep on the ground.

83. Savanna Sparrow—*Emberiza savanna* Aud.; *Passerculus sandwichensis savanna* Ridg. 193a; Cs. 227. Abundant, especially along coast. Arrives early in April. Breeds on the ground in May and June. Lays five or six greenish white eggs with brown blotches. Autumn migration lasts well into October.

84. Grass Finch; Bay-winged Sparrow—*Emberiza graminea* Aud.; *Poocetes gramineus*. Ridg. 197, Cs. 232. Abundant, arrives in April. Breeds on the ground; lays from four to six greenish white eggs, with brown spots, in June. Sometimes eggs are laid before June 1. Two broods commonly raised.

85. Yellow-winged Sparrow—*Emberiza passerina* Aud.; *Coturniculus passerinus* Ridg. 198, Cs. 234. Rare. Audubon mentioned the occurrence of this species as far north as Maine. George A. Boardman, Esq., informs me that he has procured two specimens here.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LITTLE MORE BEAR.

HAVING followed the many dissertations in this journal upon the habits of our black bear, I feel myself bound to add a note of information concerning this ferocious (?) quadruped of the family *Ursidæ*, so far, he or she has been viewed from a wholly savage state, but having had the pleasure of raising a male cub from three months up, I can describe its habits most truthfully as the story is in this case "first handed."

I brought this youngster sixty miles from Rowlesbury, W. Va., in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains, from an old weatherbeaten fellow, who professed to hunt and raise a few potatoes on the side of a desolate slope. As we passed his ancient log house, we saw this animal chained securely to a hickory stake driven in the ground. He was rushing frantically up and down, tugging at his chain, and looking terribly frightened. Upon our approach he backed unceremoniously into a flour barrel, where he remained until hauled out. We negotiated for him, and had the satisfaction of placing him in our wagon after a hard contested fight.

From Rowlesbury he completed his journey in a box about four by three and a half feet, barred with hickory strips. But upon getting to Rowlesbury, we had to rush for a train, and instructed our teamster to ship Master Bruin to Cumberland, Md., next morning, where we would stop over night. Next day we received a box, well boarded up, and upon opening it found our charge, tied as to his four feet, and a most fearfully constructed muzzle on his nose. From here we had little trouble in shipping him to Pittsburgh, his ultimate home.

I built him a sleeping place on the "dog house" pattern, and chained him as before to a strong stake, around which he could circulate at will, and here I had ample opportunities to study him. From morning until night he would walk up and down a path, taking in about three-quarters of the circle, and never going past his beaten tracks. In taking this exercise his head was always beyond his chain, and I never knew him, with all his cunning, to attempt to slip his collar.

At five months his teeth began to grow, and, strange to say, he was toothless up to this age, but after the fangs appeared they grew with marvelous quickness, and at six months he had as fine a set of ivories as one individual black bear could well carry. He would eat cornmeal mush, upon which I fed him exclusively until his fifteenth month, and he evinced a perfect passion for apples, pears and chestnuts. For the latter delicacy he never failed to grasp me around the waist and try to crawl up to my head, frequently poking his snout in my coat pockets. I transferred his quarters, at ten months, to a box under the house and fed him regularly upon mush, morning and evening. If at six o'clock P. M. the sumptuous repast was not forthcoming, he would tug at the chain and moan like a young calf. No matter how hungry, I could not induce him to eat meat, cooked or raw, nor would he touch a potato in any shape. Every day he would be led from his quarters into the woods, and there he was perfectly happy, rooting around dead trees and darting his long tongue eagerly out at the swarms of black ant eggs. He ignored the ants, but never missed a nest of their larvæ. He was particularly fond of "snake weed" and gobbled it up.

When the time came for returning we would have a desperate fight, he tugging and I tugging—a veritable game of "nip and tuck." When he was unable to drag me in his direction, his rage knew no bounds, and he moaned loudly and struck frantically at every object he saw, gnashing his teeth together in a truly ferocious style. He had a wholesome dread of his master, and never attempted to attack him. Only once did he approach with hostile intentions, and at the time I was standing with my back to him, holding the end of the chain. He crept cautiously to within three feet of me, and making a spring, grasped me gently by the calf of the leg and beat a hasty retreat. This was probably intended for play.

Last September he broke loose and wandered unceremoniously into a neighbor's kitchen and frightened the cook into hysterics. She undoubtedly thought his Satanic Majesty had arrived in person. From here he adjourned to my house and upon the cook trying to capture him, he struck her a resounding blow on the nasal organ, bringing as healthy a flow of "claret" as Jem Mace himself could desire. For this escapade we banished him to a local museum, where he now pines, buried in fur up to his little piggish, wicked eyes.

Taking this bear as a sample of the tribe, I should pronounce them utterly unwilling to attack a man except upon extraordinary provocation; and even then it is doubtful, for their timidity is very great, and the first and ruling impulse is to make for a tall tree and shin up with remarkable rapidity. They are extremely cunning and droll, but withal not to be trusted and never to be wholly tamed.

E. P. HODGES.

WINTER NOTES FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

DEC. 9—Our winter is now closing in, and those harbingers of blinding snow storms in prospect, the snow birds, *P. nivalis* have arrived. On the 2d of this month I observed a few flying past the house, and on referring to my journal I found that on that precise date, I had on two separate occasions recorded their first arrival. From observations made in this province during the past twenty-two years, I am inclined to believe that this bird migrates from the North with the first heavy snow storm accompanied by high winds; in fact, "keeping company" with them. In no instance have I ever observed the bird at the commencement of winter, before the first fall of snow, nor have I ever seen it at the close of winter, unless some snow was visible on the ground. The only locality I have ever seen the bird in where snow was entirely absent, was in the Bermudas, where almost every winter, a few pay a visit, albeit, an unintentional one, to those distant semi-tropical isles of the ocean, in company with numbers of other feathered denizens of Northern America, which are blown out to sea, and hurried across the wild waste of waters in the vortex of some violent, revolving gale. They there frequent the most open and exposed spots, and look quite out of their element while feeding under the shade of the palmetto trees; but they soon disappear; for, yearning for the cool embraces of northern snow drifts, they launch themselves upon the current of some favoring northerly gale, and soon, no doubt, reach their desired haven. On the 4th of this month a very large flock appeared here, and according to the popular belief we are to have a severe winter in consequence. I have, however, found that this theory does not always hold good.

WILD GOOSE, *Branta canadensis*. Dec. 11.—A flock of about sixty passed over in a westerly direction up the valley, apparently steering for the Annapolis Basin. They were coming from the direction of the Basin of Minas. There is no doubt as to the fact that flocks of geese do winter in Nova Scotia, for on several occasions they have been observed on our shores, even as far north as those of Cape Breton, in mid-winter; and according to Barnston, (see "Swans and Geese of the Hudson Bay Territories,") they have been seen at that season frequenting the open current of the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, but he states also that such an occurance was rare.

CROW, *C. americanus*.—This bird does not appear to beat all inconvenienced by the heaviest snow storms, for I have often observed it making its way against the most violent gale; indeed, it appears to be even more on the move during inclement weather in winter time than when it is fine. Possible the extreme cold may tend to increase its ravenous appetite, which appears to be always ready for either fin, flesh, or fowl. Often in very severe frost it may be seen pecking away at the old bones on the rubbish heaps in the suburbs of Halifax.

SNOW.—Have any of your readers observed a somewhat curious circumstance occurring during a violent snow storm, when in some exposed situation, the snow will form into spherical masses of all sizes, from that of a bullet to a good sized ball, and keep rolling about, driven hither and thither by the fury of the blast. The phenomenon is not one of common occurrence here, but probably to be witnessed once or twice during the winter. J. MATTHEW JONES.

SNOWY OWLS.

THE snow owl is more abundant with us in exceptionally mild and open winters. Their migrations are entirely dependant upon their food supply and not upon the weather. I am now going to start a new inquiry. What has become of the ptarmigan? When I was a boy at school and quite a bird stuffer I used to get numbers of these birds every winter. Our markets and hucksters' shops were always full of them, but now, for a number of winters, there has not been one exposed for sale, and I am informed they are now extremely irregular at Quebec, where, in former years, they were abundant. This ptarmigan question will doubtless interest some of your readers. Very few snow owls this winter.

HENRY G. VENNOR.

MONTREAL, Quebec, Jan. 6.

"J. L. D.," of Lockport, N. Y., is very wide awake as a sportsman and naturalist—else he has wonderful luck in the interest of FOREST AND STREAM. Whenever I see his initials in your columns, my mind is prepared for an item of extraordinary interest to your constituency. The wild goose note, for instance, in your issue of Dec. 21, is not likely to be matched very soon. But I can just beat his four feet eleven owl report in the number for Dec. 14, and am very proud of my ability to do so. Over thirty years ago (that is giving a clue to my age, but since gray hairs appeared in my moustache I have become reckless), when my father lived on a farm in Pompey, Onondaga county, a comrade of mine drove his cutter to our door, called me out, and said that on the bare ground, in a field over on the main road, he had just passed a large, queer-looking bird that could be shot from a cross fence within a few rods of him. It did not take me long to load a rifle and get it leveled on that bird across a lower rail of the fence, after worming my way over an intervening snow drift without scaring him away. He measured fully five feet across the wings and was a beauty and a puzzle, until some book hunted up in the village library proclaimed him *Strix nyctea*. The capture was duly reported in a Syracuse paper and my father took off his skin and stuffed it with bran. "J. L. D." can appeal to him with perfect reliance as to that *one inch more*, for, at the age of nearly ninety-one, he would not fib for such a little thing as that. Snowy has been re-latinized since then, it seems, and no wonder. One must get up early in the morning and be awake all day to keep track of the changes in scientific names of our beasts, birds and fishes. For instance, the brook trout, which even the laity had come to know as *Salmo fontinalis*, must perforce have its front name altered to *Salvelinus*. H. H. T.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1883.

ZEUGLODON, AN EXTINCT CETACEAN

THE editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of the 14th inst. on the sea serpent, reminds me of the skeleton of a zeuglodon, seventy feet long, which I obtained in the Eocene or older tertiary of Clark county, Alabama, many years ago. It was on the plantation of Judge Creagh, and at from one to six feet below the surface. The judge told me that when he first went into that region, those bones were so numerous on the surface of the soil as to be in the way of its cultivation. Hence, many of them were burned. Judging from these remains, he thought some of the animals must have been more than one hundred feet long. I had dug up a vertebral column, fifty feet long, when the vertebræ became displaced, and while we were searching for their continuation, I received a note from the Judge, stating that his man had, while plowing near his house, found a skeleton near the surface, which would be more easily obtained than the one we were after, six miles distant. We left the fifty feet and instead found a continuous vertebral column and jaw bones, seventy feet long. They were shipped to New York, and are now in the Warren Museum at Boston. I published two articles about them in *Silliman's Journal*, and also notices of them elsewhere. These attracted the attention of a Mr. Koch, a German, who went to Alabama and obtained a large number of the bones of several zeuglodons, took them to New York, joined the vertebræ, and made an animal 125 feet long, which he exhibited as the *Hydrarchus* or great sea serpent. The fraud was soon exposed, and the Koch collection of the bones of the zeuglodon is now in a museum at Berlin in Germany.

S. B. BUCKLEY.

AUSTIN, Texas, Dec. 26, 1882.

NORTHERN RANGE OF THE OPOSSUM.—Long Island City, December 30, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to 'possums on Long Island, mentioned in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, I would say that two, male and female, were killed in Ravenswood this summer. They had been chased into a cherry tree by the dogs during the night, and remained there until shot. Several were also killed in Bowery Bay, or Steinway's during the spring. One female had ten young ones in her pouch. Mr. Everett Smith, in "Maine Bird Notes," states that the robin generally has five eggs in its nest. In my experience of birds' nesting, extending over about twelve years, I have seen but two or three nests containing five eggs, four being the usual number, at least in this locality.—'POSSUM.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1883.—While out rabbit shooting on New Year's Day, I shot and killed an opossum about three miles south of Weedsport, on the New York Central R. R. A farmer told me that there was one killed there last year in the same piece of woods in which I killed this one. Where do they come from?—F. A. MOREHOUSE.

WOODSIDE, L. I., January 8, 1883.—There was an opossum killed near Woodside, L. I., winter before last, and another supposed to be in the same neighborhood. Early last spring I found one (which had at some time lost about half of its tail) lying dead about one hundred yards from my barn. It appeared to have been mangled by dogs. A short time after I heard of two having been killed at Bowery Bay, L. I., the skin of one of which, I was informed, had been given to Harry Hill, of your city, for mounting. I have lived here more than sixty years, but have never known of opossums being found here until about three years ago. Raccoons and gray squirrels used to be plenty here, but none of late years.—D. F. BRAGAW.

A SHARP TUSSLE.—Cleveland, Dec. 30, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The morning following the cold snap of the 16th inst., I was surprised to see a couple of male cow blackbirds feeding about the house in company with the fast-growing pest, European sparrows. I would have thought but little more of this unusual circumstance had not a shooting friend on the 18th inst. brought me number of cow birds that he shot that day on a hedge row, in company with a flight of gray snow buntings (*Plectrophanes nivalis*). The weather at this time had moderated, averaging above the freezing point. A curious experience this same fowler had on that day. Passing along the south side of a wooded hill, his attention was attracted by the gambols of a pair of chipping squirrels. All at once one of them gave the usual cry of alarm and dodged into his burrow; the other mounted the upper side of an inclined tree trunk, and hardly reached ten feet from the ground before an active screech owl, hawk-like, in broad daylight, seized him, and struggling with his prey, fell to the ground. At this moment, to the surprise of my friend, a pair of red squirrels made their appearance and commenced an attack on the pigmy owl. A load of No. 8 shot from a Parker breech-loader finished the happy family. It is to be regretted that the fight was not allowed to terminate in the usual way.—DR. E. STERLING.

A SPARROW PLAN.—Troy, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1883.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos the sparrow crusade I would suggest the following: That each city infested by them should have a sparrow club or society which would make it a point of obtaining eggs in preference to the bird; which would give boys a chance to make money without the danger attendant on gunpowder in inexperienced hands, besides being more humane, and at the same time ridding us of the pests. Boys have a natural instinct for robbing bird nests, and when they find that they can combine pleasure with profit, they will leave the singing birds alone and go for the sparrows. In regard to the egg money, I should say that about six or eight cents a dozen would be enough to stimulate them to great achievements in the nest-robbing line. If the clubs should desire to pay bounty on the birds, I think that they offer more for females than for males, say two cents apiece for females and one cent for males.—C. B. S.

JAPANESE PHEASANTS IN OREGON.—Vancouver Barracks, W. T., Dec. 4, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Japanese pheasants which were introduced into Oregon four years since are known to have bred. Last week one was killed on this side of the Columbia River about a mile below Vancouver and the skin (a young female) has been mounted. Two birds were seen coming across the Columbia River—here nearly a mile wide—and being thought to be blue grouse this one was shot, the other, probably a male, escaped, so there is to-day at least one Japanese pheasant in Washington Territory. A covey of young birds were seen the past summer near where the importation was set free four years ago.—T. E. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME SEASONS.

A comprehensive statement of the game laws of America will be found in the issues of this journal for December 7 and 14, 1882. Individuals and game clubs are requested to inform us of the enactment of new local laws and of changes that may be made in the laws of the several States and Territories.

A DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

THERE'S joy in brown October. Up through the alders the cock springs, a ruddy rocket, whistling like the merry jingle of silver sleigh bells. A snap shot into the alder top ahead, a feather floating down a woodland vista, "Hie on, fetch," and your victory is complete, as Dash comes running in, his mouth full with the red-brown beauty.

Out on the wide marsh your dog comes to a dead point by an oozy creek. "Scaipe! scaipe!" up flip a brace of snipe and stagger away in their drunken flight. Bang! bang! thud! thud! and you lift your hat after a glorious double shot, the west wind coos your brow and plays through your hair, and you thank God for life and health, keen eye and true hand, the blue sky and the bright sun.

Away in the woodlands is a sunny glade. The white clad birch, bride of the forest, covers the hill slopes. On the heights above towers the pine; below, where the brook tinkles down the run, nestles the alder. See! your pointer halts, snuffs, swings his nose in air, then crouching crawls up the hill side. At a thick clump of young spruces he points. Soon the tip of his tail wags in uncertainty, he sniffs to right and left, then warily crawls, step by step, through the thicket, his belly almost dragging on the ground, his foot falls soft and velvety as a cat's. You know the game and their tricks, and with both barrels full cock run round to the further side of the copse.

There is Dash's head peering out of the thicket, motionless, on full point. You carefully step forward. The great silence of the forest oppresses you. You can hear your heart beat. Whir—r-r-r-r-r-r! Like a peal of thunder it rumbles through the glen. Beyond a stunted fir a flash of brown and gray bursts into air. You fire a snap shot into the thick branches, and through an opening ahead down tumbles a grand old cock grouse, turning half a dozen somersaults in his slanting fall, and striking the leaf-strewn ground with so heavy a thud that he bounds into air again and rolls down the slope.

Aha! my friend. A joy fills your sportsman heart greater than victory over ruddy cock or wily snipe can ever give.

You have laid low the feathered king of the forest; shot him fairly and mantully, a good flying shot, over a dead point.

One day in early November I drove late and leisurely out of Portland, Maine, that "beautiful city by the sea" of which Longfellow has sung.

It was a glorious Indian summer day, the winds were asleep, the clouds at rest, a bright sun shone out of a clear blue sky and the maples and birches glowed red and gold among the evergreen woods.

In the straw behind the wagon seat nestled my good old pointer Dash, as staunch and careful a dog as ever drew on game. My horse struck a brisk trot and we rattled merrily along.

My object was a day's woodcock shooting, and I had reasoned myself into the belief that I should strike the last flight of this uncertain bird.

I soon reached the first cover, hitched my horse to the fence, whistled to Dash, and plunged into the alders and birches. Through the cover and back again did I hunt but never a scent of woodcock could Dash find. Two more covers we ran through, but they were silent and deserted as the first. The last flight of woodcock had gone south, and the birds I was in quest of were now furnishing sport to my companions in arms in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

In a level patch of woods Dash made game. By the stealthy way he crawled ahead, I knew he had struck a fresh scent of grouse, so I hastened and went on abreast of him.

At a bunch of alder bushes he stiffens into a point, and a moment after a running grouse booms into the air some thirty yards in advance. I fired quickly; down she tumbled and a moment after I heard her wings beating the death tattoo on the ground. Cramming in a fresh cartridge, and calling Dash to heel, I leisurely advanced to pick up my bird, when to my astonishment she rose and flew away as vigorously as ever.

My surprise was so great that I stood and gawked at her, and never thought of firing. She flew about a hundred yards and lit in some bushes outside the woods and close to a house by the roadside. "I'll have her now surely," thought I, so working Dash very close, not permitting him to range over twenty yards ahead, I advanced. Just where I marked down the bird, Dash suddenly comes to a stiff point. The scrubby bushes came about up to his breast, his head, back and tail were stretched out into one stiff line just above the bush tops.

Fearing the bird might run again I circled round ahead of Dash and then went on in the line of his point, but no game got up. Puzzled, I retraced my steps toward Dash. There stood my good old pointer, rigid as a statue carved from marble, pointing directly at me. I advanced slowly toward him. There crouched the grouse in the bush under his very nose. I put out my hand and picked her up without resistance. She had a fatal wound in her neck.

I drove on to a long strip of cover; through it ran a wood road. Dash comes to a point on my right, then a running grouse whirs up and flies across the wood road on a diagonal. I miss him with my first but tumble him with my second barrel, a ragged heels-over-head tumble, so ludicrous that I laugh outright.

On to the schoolhouse cover. I hunt this thoroughly, though a thick, disagreeable patch, but never a cock is there. At the further end, near the railroad, I lose Dash amid the thick spruces. I whistle to him in vain, then I call aloud. I hear a whimper and a spring within ten feet of me in the close cover, and the grouse he was pointing booms across an opening in front, a clear shot. I cut her down cleanly, while a great mass of feathers float in the sunlight and drift slowly down the vista.

I soon reach the great marsh and hunt up the runs for snipe; not a sniff of one is to be had. Dash soon leaves the wet run and hunts along a thin strip of scrubby pines that fringe the creek. He makes game and I follow him, just in time to miss a grouse that rises from his point in thick cover. Dash draws on a few steps and stiffens into another point. Up gets another grouse in the very thickest of the pines. I fire a snap shot more by ear than eye, but this is a lucky day and my bird falls stone dead. Now we work along the narrow strip of woods in quest of the bird I missed. Dash works slowly. He trots ahead, pauses, looks around, snuffs the air, runs ahead a few steps, stops, lifts up one fore-leg trembling, and then crawls on again. I keep abreast of him in the open creek. At the very end of the strip of scrub pines Dash stiffens out into a point. The next moment a noble grouse steps out beyond the furthest tree, and, taking wing, flies across the run like a duck directly over my head. Ah! what a rare open shot at this foxy bird! I fire, and he teeters down an inclined plane and strikes the wet rushy snipe ground, dead.

I drive on to Manson's, whose house sits on a rocky knoll that juts out into the marsh and overlooks the vast salty plain. Here I get a glass of milk, eat my lunch, and have a good rest while my horse is munching his oats. Driving home I stop and hunt a gamy-looking bit of woods. Dash strikes the scent of a grouse and works on this scent slowly and cautiously full quarter of an hour before he comes to a point. I keep some twenty yards to his right and abreast of him. The bird rises in front of Dash, his whir sounds like rumbling thunder in the still evening woods. He cuts across me from left to right. I catch but a glimpse of him through the pine tops and fire. A moment's silence, then "whack" off to the right. What was that? It sounded like some one striking a board fence with a club. I hasten in the direction of the sound. There is the board fence; there is Dash on a point, and there, just through the rails, lies the grouse wing-broken. A dainty little club was he to strike a fence with.

I drove home over the freezing ground tired and happy. My dog had found and pointed six grouse. I had shot them all over his point in eight shots. The best grouse shooting of my life. The six birds weighed eight pounds. The largest, an old cock full ruffed, weighed a pound and a half.

A few days after I dropped in on my friend W. S., whose popularity as Mayor of Portland is only equalled by his fame as a good fellow, a delightful conversationalist and a thoroughgoing sportsman. To him I recounted my day's sport.

"Six grouse in eight shots over points," he repeated, "the best shooting round Portland this fall, and you'll never do it again." And sure enough I never have.

I never did it before either, nor anything like it, although how many times I have fired eight shots at grouse without touching a feather I would not like to mention.

If a man can bag one grouse in three shots every day in the week, he is a crack shot, and can hold his own with anyone. One shot in five is good, and somehow long experience has taught me to have a respect for a man who can shoot a grouse flying anyhow, regardless of the number of shots fired.

One reason of my exceptionally good luck doubtless was that I felt fully up to shooting; brim full of life and health. Another equally important reason, I was able to take everything easily and leisurely all day.

But of one thing I am sure, and many subsequent days' sport have proved it.

A man can have good grouse shooting on the wing and over points almost anywhere in New England. The prime requisite is an old, thoroughly broken, cautious and staunch pointer. For the rest, keep well up with your dog, for the wily game will sometimes run and take to wing, just when your dog is coming to a point, utterly regardless of his feelings or your own. I well know that it is a great temptation to see a grouse sitting on the ground or in a tree, especially after you have missed a half dozen shots flying, but I am sure no sportsman shoots this noble bird sitting but he is sorry for it afterward.

Of course I do not speak of the grouse found in the deep woods of Northern Maine or Canada. There they are so tame that it is almost impossible to drive them to take wing, and the tourist is compelled to bowl over on the ground as many as he wants for the camp pot.

But anywhere in Maine, where cleared land is the rule, and forest growth the exception, where the cover is in small patches, along the runs and up the hill sides, and where the grouse is compelled to frequently take wing and make long flights from one cover to another, in such districts the sportsman, with his staunch old pointer, may have throughout our mellow autumn time as royal wing shooting as this continent affords, at the king of American game birds—the ruffed grouse.

MARSTRAND.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD HEATH-HENS.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a late issue of your paper, asks about "heth hens," or heath-hens on Martha's Vineyard. This inquiry has been answered by "S. C. C.," who evidently is in error as to location and birds. He will, therefore, pardon us if we try to set the matter right. In the year 1641 one Thomas Mayhew obtained from Lord Sterling a grant, the land now known as Martha's Vineyard and the neighboring islands. In 1642 he sent his only son, Thomas, a young man of 21 years, who had prepared himself for the ministry, to Martha's Vineyard, and he, with some others, settled in Edgartown and finally became their pastor. The elder Mayhew soon after came to Edgartown and became Governor of Martha's Vineyard and the adjacent islands. Some years afterward Gov. Mayhew sold the Island of Naushon (one of the Elizabeth Islands) to Waitt Winthrop. It remained in the Winthrop family some years and was afterward sold to a gentleman named Bowdoin, who was afterward Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Bowdoin succeeded in getting a law prohibiting shooting on his possession except by special permission. This was fifty years or more ago and the law is now in force. The island (Naushon) has since passed through a number of hands and is now the property of John M. Forbes, Esq., of Boston. It is well stocked with deer, but we doubt if there are any heath-hens there now, although some were carried from Martha's Vineyard and placed on the island many years ago.

So we are led to believe that "S. C. C." did not land upon Martha's Vineyard but upon Naushon. Edgartown has for the past fifty years been, until the decline of whaling, a thriving whaling port, many ships being owned there and fitted for voyages all over the world. Now about the "heth"-hens. They are not the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken. They are a larger bird and lack the bags of yellow skin on the side of the neck which the male grouse invariably has. At present the heath-hen is found nowhere in the world except on Martha's Vineyard, and possibly on

Manchon. The birds are natives and have been there since the memory of man. They are a bird of very slow and short flight. Years ago when they were more plenty than at the present time, they have been seen to fall in the water while attempting to fly across the harbor of Edgartown, a distance of perhaps 300 yards. There are persons now living in Edgartown who have seen them fall and picked them out of the water, pushing a boat off to get them.

At the present time a good many are killed every year by persons visiting Oak Bluff, not that any one person succeeds in getting many, but a good many go after them "on the quiet" so that more or less are killed every year. The undergrowth on the island is, however, very thick and affords the most excellent cover, as in many places the growth is so thick as to preclude the use of a dog. It is not likely they can be killed off, even were there no law. In the summer the ground is hot and sandy and covered by huckleberry bushes, whortleberry bushes and blackberry vines to the height of three feet or more, and so interlaced as to make it impossible to use a dog. Quite often the birds are seen on the roads convenient to a thicket seemingly quite tame, allowing a team to pass quite near before taking flight.

The many miles of cover which they have, and the comparative scarcity of the birds, make it difficult to find them, although when a bevy is found, their destruction is easy, for their flight is an open one, and quite different from the shot one gets at an old partridge through the woods. The writer has never shot one yet, although he fears, were he to see one rise handy, if his gun were ready, the law might be broken. He has seen many that were shot, and knows the bird to be different from the pinnated grouse. Possibly their different food, climate and other circumstances may have combined to make them different in size and plumage from their relations, the prairie chicken. "HETH"-HEN.

BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1882.

[Our correspondent will have to produce stronger evidence than we think is at all feasible to convince ornithologists that the heath-hen of Martha's Vineyard is not the pinnated grouse.]

SNOW-SHOEING FOR MOOSE.

TOLD IN A FAMILIAR LETTER WRITTEN FROM THE CANADIAN BACKWOODS TO A FRIEND IN PERTH, ONTARIO.

Wild Duck Lake, Nov. 29, 1882.

Your letter was a long time in coming up here, as I only received it the other day. There is really not so much [illegible] of life in one unacquainted with it would suppose. I am living at the farm, and certainly our style of living is better than the average well-to-do farmer of Ontario, and we have some luxuries which you very seldom see in Toronto at this season. I don't think you often see tender moose steaks or fresh trout, pike or pickerel [illegible] we have them in abundance, and then we have [illegible] vegetables, etc.; and we have also a man [illegible] to keep house for us, so that on the whole we are very comfortable. Sometimes a fellow might feel lonesome [illegible] we receive the mail twice a week [illegible] the news of the outside world [illegible] that would interest [illegible] an account of a [illegible]

[illegible] I might as well tell you that this has [illegible] for hunting moose, as until a few days [illegible] single thaw of any consequence. No [illegible] is, as long as there is no crust [illegible] at such a pace as to soon tire a young and [illegible] hunter or even an Indian. A moose, if not [illegible] can go from ten to fifteen miles at a stretch when there is no crust; and when the [illegible] goes down to his knees in [illegible] his snow-shoes are extremely liable to [illegible] away him further. When the crust has not formed, the Indians usually shoot them by creeping up while the moose are enjoying a snooze, but this is a difficult and precarious way. It is not a very easy thing to do to advance noiselessly upon such easily roused animals as moose, and walking in such awkward things as snow-shoes, and unless you do, your chances of securing a moose are pretty slim. With this rather long preamble I will begin my description.

Two young Englishmen, friends of H., had expressed themselves as desirous of knocking over some moose, so Humphrey invited them up to spend a few days in the backwoods. One of them is rather a swell in his way—Captain S——; I suppose you have heard of him. The other, a Captain W——, of the Royal Engineers. S—— had never "roughed it" before. W——, however, had been on the B. N. A. and U. S. boundary survey, and had also shot moose in Nova Scotia, so he had had considerable experience.

They arrived on Saturday, and not to lose any time, we started the next morning, having first secured the services of an Indian to pilot us to the hunting grounds. I hope you will not be very much shocked at our going moose hunting on Sunday, for you know in the backwoods one day is the same as another. We walked about four or five miles out to the place where we expected to meet the moose; but after tramping round and round a hard wood hill, and thoroughly exploring every place that seemed at all likely to harbor a herd of moose, a halt was called, and when the different parties came in we had a "council of war" as to what was the best course to pursue. We at last agreed to take another direction and again we commenced tramping, but it was no use, not a fresh track could be seen anywhere. It was quite evident that the moose had been there in the fall, for all around us we could see where the twigs of the soft maple had been snipped off by the moose's sharp teeth. At last we gave up in disgust and returned home, leaving, however, the Indian to find out some fresh tracks, planning the next day to make mince meat of the moose.

Next morning, to our supreme disgust, it was raining "cats and dogs." However, we were not going to let rain or anything else keep us back; so snow-shoes were strapped on, and we again set forth, bound to conquer or die. W—— had sprained his foot the day before, so he did not accompany us. We started earlier this day, and also took some bread and pork and tea to make our dinner in the bush. We tramped along for an hour or two, and at length arrived at the fresh tracks the Indian had discovered the day before. The track was quite fresh and easily followed, as it looked something like a drain. Our guns were got in order and silently, as Indian like, we commenced following the track. Our party numbered six, two Indians, H——, S——, Newton and myself. Newton was the fellow who drove our guests up from Pembroke. He is a comical "cuss," full of fun and capable of standing any amount of chaff, and he got plenty of it. For the first mile or so we were too excited to make any fun, but when we reached the hard wood hill, for which the moose was making, and did not find our game, we were not so particular, and the "fun grew fast and furious." At this season (*i. e.*, March) moose are generally "yarded" up in hills where the soft maple grows plentifully, as that is their chief food in the winter. When this hard wood hill was reached and passed, and still no signs of the moose except their broad track, S——, Newton and myself, who were in the rear, commenced our little games, and the Indians were usually some distance ahead. Newton did not know much about snow-shoeing, so he was continually upsetting himself into the snow, and we, of course, were continually exploding into roars of laughter. You must remember that at this time it was raining hard enough to damp the spirits of almost anyone, and besides that, we were forcing ourselves through a thick balsam clump—and of all the things for upsetting the uncautious snow-shoer give me a thick balsam bush. However, notwithstanding the rain, bad snow-shoeing and the balsam bushes, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Some one of the three was sure to be down pretty often, and whoever it was he was sure to get laughed at. When a fellow gets upset on snow-shoes he is never sympathized with; it is too comical a sight not to laugh at. Toward twelve we began to feel a little tired and began to wish the leaders would stop for dinner, and at last when we came to a tremendous cropper over a hidden branch we voted for a rest. After our rest we trampled on and soon overhauled the vanguard engaged in preparing our dinner over a roaring fire.

After we had stowed away a considerable amount of pork and bread, we started again. All that afternoon we walked steadily on, and at last we found fresh tracks made a short time before. Our chaffing was hushed "instanter," and silently we followed the dark form of the Indian, dimly visible through the rain. For about fifteen minutes we kept on, and then we found by the increased length of the stride of the moose and the deeper tracks he plowed that he had heard us and was now legging it like Old Boots for the devil knows where. We stopped and debated whether we would follow on or return home, but we were pretty well tired and it was getting late. The moose, too, had been traveling in a circle and was now on his old track, so that he would have the pull on us there. We reached home that night pretty well used up after about the worst tramp I ever had. We had not walked over 16 or 18 miles, but then the walking was so bad, especially a stretch on a lake of a mile or two on the way home. The wind and rain were in our faces and the snow so heavy that our snow-shoes seemed weighted with lead.

The next day we rested, and that night it froze and formed a crust strong enough to impede materially the progress of the moose. We started early, driving out to the shanty, nine miles, for breakfast. Leaving there about half past eight we tramped for two or three miles before we saw any tracks. We soon started two moose, and started after them with the intention of following them until we or they dropped.

The moose soon became separated, and we all followed one, which made for some hills close by, up which he went like a shot, we after him like wasps after an adventurous school boy. The country the moose made for seemed to be all hills and valleys, and as the moose kept a course right across high hills and deep valleys we were forced to follow, and consequently found it pretty hard work. It's awfully telling work going up a steep hill on snow-shoes. Going down is easy enough, for a chap has to take tremendous long strides to keep from going on his head. We had our usual amount of jokes, chaffing, tumbles, etc., etc., and altogether were as "merry as a marriage bell." It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we ran the moose down in a balsam swamp, and S—— dropped him with a bullet through the brain. It was after dark when we reached the shanty; we took supper there and drove home after walking rather more than twenty-five miles. Our guests left us the next day, and as the weather has not been favorable we have not been out since. That is the extent of my moose hunting in the backwoods of Canada.

There are plenty of partridges in the bush, and I expect some ducks in a few days, when the river opens. Fishing through the ice occupies a considerable part of my time. I think I have given you a pretty long account of my adventures, and as I suppose you are pretty well bored with the length of this letter, I will cut it as short as possible. Some men coming in from the shanty to-night brought the news that the bears are out in force around a deserted shanty. This week I intend having a lick at them. Yours,

J. M. H.

GUINEA FOWL AS GAME BIRDS.

YEARS ago, when a boy, the writer resided on a large farm in Western New York. At that time his father took considerable interest in the breeding and raising of "guineas." They were carefully tended during the winter, but when turned out in the spring would not associate with the domestic fowl or lay their eggs in orderly fashion in the henhouse or barns, but invariably sought some out-of-the-way and secluded place for laying, setting and hatching. When hatched, the good mother hen would beguile her brood to a neighboring patch of woods. Here they passed the summer taking care of themselves, and seldom appearing in the barnyard.

When needed for the table it became the writer's duty to seek them. This he usually did with the aid of a "yaller" dog and shotgun or rifle. When hurriedly pressed for meat he dispensed with the dog, and simply stalked and potted them, shooting them "on the wing or on the head, or on the tail, or anywhere he could," as the old nigger said about the quail. Paterfamilias, however, was rather careful of his guineas, and it was seldom that the writer received permission to go out and hunt them "for fun." When this permission was obtained, the "yaller" dog (most bull-terrier, the rest uncertain) was asked to assist.

This dog would run anything, whether on four or two legs, including squirrels, 'coons, woodchucks, skunks, stray hogs, cattle, partridges, guineas or tramps. When given to understand that we were after guineas, he would, on sighting them (he didn't appear to use his nose on feather), give full chase, and either flush them or tree them. In the latter case they were an easy prey; in the former they were frequently flushed beyond gunshot, and on a second approach would flush more quickly and take a longer flight. At the beginning of the season the gudewife was usually satisfied with the bag, but after they had been shot at for a few weeks they became quite wild and difficult of approach. How these birds would lie to a setter or pointer the writer cannot say, as in those days he knew of but one "bird dog" within a radius of twelve miles.

The foregoing is preliminary to the suggestion that some one who has the opportunity turn out in suitable cover a few pairs of these birds next spring, and then in the autumn seek them in proper fashion with setter or pointer. The experiment will not cost much, and it may succeed in giving us a semi-game bird, equal for sporting purposes to the semi-domesticated pheasant that our English cousins delight to slaughter. Who will try and tell us this time next year what they know of guinea-shooting? BRINDLE.

PENNSYVANIA DEER SHOOTING.

ON Wednesday, the eight day of November, which, by the way, was the day after the election of State officers, two of my brother sportsmen and myself concluded we better pack up and go up Salt River or to the wilds of Forest County on a deer hunt? We chose the latter, and accordingly packed our traps, cleaned up our rifles, and with a supply of provision enough to last a month, and our good dog Cliff as a catcher, we started, taking the early morning train on the Pittsburgh, Bradford and Buffalo Railroad for Marionville Station, about forty miles from our town. There we hired a team to take us to the old Buffalo farm, about five miles from the station. This was our old rendezvous, and here we have hunted together for a number of seasons.

We found deer plentiful and in good condition. Everything was in favor of the hunter, and up to the 14th of December we killed twenty-six deer. Thinking this enough for one season, and the snow being nearly two feet deep, we came out. The writer claims having killed the largest deer of all that were killed in Forest County; it was a male, and weighed, with the entrails out, 216 pounds. Mr. C. B. Hunt, of New York, was with us a week, and he killed a buck weighing about two hundred pounds, and all hunters who saw the deer agree that it had the largest and finest antlers of any ever shipped out of these woods.

Never before were there as many hunters on there as this season; they came from every quarter; hunters with their suits of duck, with many pockets (oh, what a noise the tripshin would make whipping on those suits), and rifles and guns of every description; the native with his long shooting rifle and the big-balled gun; the single breech-loader and the repeater.

The hunting, or open season, for deer, I think, is too long, running from October 1 to December 31. Two or three years of such slaughtering of deer as has been going on this season, will leave very few, if any. If I were to make an estimate of the number killed in this one county, I should put it at least at one thousand. I hope that the law makers of Pennsylvania will change this particular game law, and make the open season for deer commence November 1, and expire December 15th, thus giving us six weeks; and it's enough for any honest hunter. LAUGHING GWL.

ELK CITY, PA., December 29, 1882.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER.

THE bird shooting season just closed by law was closed practically the last week in November. It was a disappointment to some to be obliged to stop so suddenly, as partridges were quite plenty, and quail more abundant than for many years. But now that the season is over, all agree that it was a good thing that the snow came and cut off a month of the open season. Certain it is that we have a good supply of partridges and quail left over, and if they winter well, and a good breeding season follows, sportsmen can look confidently forward to good shooting in 1883. Last spring it was a common remark that there were more woodcock here than had been known for a long time. They were here in June with their young broods. Then came the long drouth, and the birds nearly all disappeared; that, however, did not trouble us much, for most of the sportsmen here care little for summer shooting, and it was generally believed that the birds had moved North, and would give us a call in the flight season.

The experience of several of our club went far to confirm this belief. One gentleman, who spent his vacation in Canada in order to avoid the "hay fever," had a perfect picnic with the woodcock. Several others, who went on short trips in the month of August, found most excellent cock shooting. We, therefore, looked for a good flight. The fall rains came and the covers seemed in excellent condition, but somehow the frosty nights failed to bring the birds, and day after day we beat over our best covers in vain. The birds didn't pass this way, and we have never been able to learn what route they went. We hope they will come and see us next year.

A good many of our club keep records of their shooting, and, as far as I have been able to get them, the figures show fully double the number of partridges as compared to last year, while in the woodcock column there is quite as great a falling off. The figures also show that it has been an unusually good year for quail.

For many years the spacious cigar and tobacco store of M. E. Shattuck, Esq., has been the rendezvous of the Worcester fox hunters, or rather the "Fur Company," as it is commonly called. Nearly every evening during the fox hunting season several of the comfortable arm chairs may be found filled with members of the "fraternity." A good many of the bird shooters also drop in here not then owing smoke, and linger a little just to hear how "the old dog took him away to the east'ard out o' hearin', and then after a while brought him back over that knob, and I shot at him just as he went behind a tussock and missed him," etc., etc.

The present fox hunting season has been of unusual interest, owing to the fact that two black foxes have been killed in this vicinity. The first one was killed about two months ago by Alvin Fisher of Rutland. It was thought to be a young fox, and was coal black except a few long hairs which were tipped with white. It was hand-somely mounted by Mr. Forbush, a local taxidermist, and sold to the Boston Society of Natural History for forty dollars.

The last one was killed on Christmas Day by Henry Locke, about three miles from the city hall on the road to Boylston, and was indeed a beautiful animal. While the color was precisely the same as the first one, it was much larger, and being killed later in the season, the fur was much better. There was some discussion as to the ownership, as Mr. Locke acknowledged that his dog did not start the fox. Some five or six men and about the same number of dogs were in the chase. All the dogs, including Mr. Locke's, came up on the dead fox. But as no one else had shot at the fox there could be no question about Mr. Locke's being the rightful owner under the rules which have governed the party for the past fifteen years. He has sold his prize to

Mr. Kinney, the local gun dealer, who will either have it mounted, or else have the skin tanned and placed upon a rug.

As the fox hunting season is a little more than half over, the score to date may be of interest to some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Kinney hunts this season with Mr John M. White, proprietor of the Tourtellotte House in Millbury, and they own together a splendid pack of hounds, six in number. Mr. White occasionally has a guest who wants to go out and see how the thing is done. The party have killed twelve foxes, nine of which were killed by Mr. White. The score follows:

John M. White and party, 12; John A. Slocum, 6; Leonard Rand, 5; Henry Locke, 4; John R. Thayer, 3; E. H. Smith, 2; N. S. Harrington, 1; Mr. French, 3; total, 36.

The club held a pleasant glass ball shoot on Christmas Day. Now that the hunting season is really over, the club will without doubt inaugurate the weekly shoots, and the club house at the lake will again be a lively place on Friday afternoons.

There has been much good weather the past month for fishing through the ice, and it has been faithfully improved by the local fishermen, and some big catches have been reported. Last Saturday, Dec. 30, a party of five went to the adjoining town of Grafton, and caught 131 pickerel, weighing ninety pounds. K.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 1, 1883.

CARIBOU AT TIM POND.

HAVING received a letter from Kennedy Smith that the caribou had appeared on his pond, a friend and myself arrived at his house Friday evening, Dec. 22. Saturday morning Kennedy and his son, Edgar, started us off for the pond, which we reached about five the same day. After a good night's rest in one of his log huts, Edgar and I went down to the pond, where we saw some four caribou. We immediately started along the east shore, keeping well back in the woods. Owing to the great depth of snow we were four hours in getting around within shooting distance. Then I counted twenty-five on the pond. We tried to get a little nearer, and after half an hour's walk managed to get within a hundred yards of seven, all the others having left. We cautiously crept up to the edge of the pond, and after waiting about ten minutes in hopes the caribou would come nearer, I fired at a large buck. Before the others had recovered from their surprise I shot two more. They then started off and I fired the two remaining cartridges, killing two others, the last being 225 yards distant. I killed the five with five shots, using a Winchester Express, which holds five cartridges. I know that many of Smith's friends doubt the abundance of game at his pond, but if one can stand a little roughing and cold weather they will be warmly welcomed by "old Ken," as he is familiarly called, and they will be repaid by spending a few days with him during December. We saw many fresh tracks of deer, but the law coming on January 1 prevented my remaining. I have hunted caribou in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but advise all who wish success to go with Kennedy to his pond. E. W. DAVIS.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

[From a Regular Chicago Correspondent.]

THE game law, as far as concerns everything that can at present be killed, closes for this section of the country Jan 1. The boys will have nothing to fall back upon but club house pigeon shoots and the regular little entertainments they always give at the club houses at this season of the year. The only law now open about Chicago is that on ducks, and, alas, there are no ducks! The law closed on deer, quail, partridge, etc., in Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois, Monday. There are few of our hunters out now. Messrs. G. Newberry and J. J. Gore have just got back from a long stay about Emporia, Kansas, where they got plenty of quail. They had a pleasant time. J. Newton is at Centralia hunting, and Mr. Lawson Smith has gone to Tennessee about Hermit's Bay for ducks. E. T. Martin is at Fountain Bluff, in Lower Illinois, on the Mississippi River, duck hunting. He sends word back that in the marshes about that place there are plenty of mallards and teal, and that if the weather keeps open a while longer there will be more there yet. The feeding is fine. This is just a few miles above Cairo, and surprises the boys, who thought the ducks had winged their flight further south.

There was no trouble to amount to anything last week at the Tolleston Gun Club grounds, and in consequence there is nothing to send to the FOREST AND STREAM. By the way, Chicago sportsmen, happily, do not wait for their home papers to publish late news of local matters. The report of the Tolleston Club case, for example, which has not yet been published here, they may find precisely set forth in the FOREST AND STREAM, with the full opinion of Judge Feild, something like three or four weeks ago.

There is a little item that will interest the boys, but it must not go any further than the FOREST AND STREAM and its tens of thousands of readers. It would cause a worthy man to blush. This is a rarity for one of his ilk, but he does not like his name in print, connected with sportsmen's matters. This we think a false modesty. It never injures a good business man to be considered a lover of healthy recreation and sport. Well, now for the item. Mr Wirt Dexter, the well-known lawyer, is having built for himself and friends' use a fine, large hunting boat at New Boston, on the Mississippi River. This point is famous in the spring and fall for ducks. There is probably not a better hunting place in the entire West than New Boston Bay. The boat is to be a large cabin boat, little steam engine, screw propeller, and fitted out elegantly and thoroughly for hunting trips. It will be ready by spring, and Mr Dexter will open the season then by a long hunt. He has ordered everything necessary for fitting out this boat.

At the English Lake Gun Club grounds last Thursday, there was a pleasant party of sportsmen and members present and they had a fine shoot. They used up about 500 pigeons and then turned their attention to turkeys. At the the latter Messrs. Cantield and Mears carried off the honors. It was a successful shoot, though there were no medals up. Only sweep-take purses went that trip. There will soon be another match. Of the other shoots last Monday, Christmas day, there was a good one at Pullman and a sweepstake pigeon shoot at Grand Crossing. The Tolleston Gun Club held one of their *recherché* club shoots at their grounds Friday. They had wild pigeons and turkeys and it was a pleasant affair. It is never possible, however, to get any particulars of these events from the club members, so desirous are they of not seeing their names in print. There will be a grand ball, pigeon and turkey tournament New Year's Day, at Grand Crossing, under the auspices of John Watson and the Kleinmans. These veterans can always make a success of anything they put their attention to in the sporting line, and this will surely prove no exception. It will be the turn of the Mak-Saw-Ba Club boys to hold some sort of a festivity soon. This will about finish the rounds. The regular medal shoot of the South End Club occurred at Grand Crossing week before last and there was a large attendance of club members. The entries were fair, and in the medal shoot, pigeons, 28 yards rise, there were ten entries. M. J. Eich, A. P. Pond and H. Scott, got 11 birds out of a possible 12 and tied for first place. In the shoot-off Eich and Pond tied at five birds and twice at three birds. M. J. Eich won in the fourth tie shoot-off at the birds, killing them straight. The medal was formerly held by Dr. Hutchinson but now belongs to Eich.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.

PROTECTION FOR QUAIL.

IN your paper of the 28th I see a letter from B. B. H., referring to the protection of quail on Robbin's Island. I have had quail shelters on my grounds for years past, and they have proved a great success. Mine are a little different from the ones mentioned. I had them built in letter A shape, sixteen feet long. They are made of unthreshed rye straw or corn stalks. I have the snow carefully swept away from the hut whenever we had a storm. Feed is strewn under the hut every two or three days, and the quail take to these feeding places at once, and come there regularly. But one thing B. B. H. has overlooked—that vermin of all kinds will find out these places as quickly as do the quail; therefore I have traps going around the shelters, and many an owl have we taken. I consider owls much more destructive than hawks; the latter you can shoot, but owls, since they are prowling around at night, are very much more destructive.

If all our sportsmen would only do something for the quail in the winter our shooting would improve, but, unfortunately, when the shooting season is over the majority never give the quail a thought.

Traps are most necessary and easily handled. Wherever we discover a killed rabbit, or mouse or bird we put up a trap, baited with rabbit; these make the best bait, and we always catch the robber. Vermin must be killed promptly; attention must be paid to game if sportsmen want to enjoy shooting. I am doing it, and have been very successful.

CROXTETH.

NEVERSINK LODGE, Orange County, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the New York (City) Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held on the evening of the 8th inst., at Angear & Croghan's, 69 Madison avenue, Mr. Benj. L. Ludington, Vice-President, in the chair. The report of the Treasurer showed a balance on hand after all expenses had been paid of $1,404.95. In addition to this the association has invested, in bond and mortgage, $6,500. Mr. Thomas N. Cuthbert, Secretary, read a letter from Mr. Charles Hallock, a member of the association, dated Palestine, Texas, December 21, in which that gentleman says: "I have had a few days' fine sport on the Rio Grande among the blue quail, in company with Major Sumner of Fort McIntosh. The eastern boundary line runs from Corpus Christi to Colorado Springs on the Texas Pacific Railroad. The Arizona and Mascena quail are found further to the southwest. The blue quail is, perhaps, larger than Eastern 'Bob White,' and is a very beautifully crested bird, which blends the colors of the Northern bluebird. His head was also tipped with dark spots on the breast and shoulders."

A letter from the president of the association, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, was read, in which he says he will probably spend the winter in Florida, and that he and his companion, Mr. Green, will observe the habits of the fishes as far as possible, in the hope of learning something of the spawning of the bluefish and the striped bass. Mr. Abel Crook sent a communication to the association in reference to allowing venison from the West to be sold after Jan. 1. There was but little discussion of the question, which was referred to the committee on game laws. In former years the association has permitted venison to be sold in the city until February by declining to prosecute dealers, and so allowing much of the Western meat to be disposed of. This year they notified dealers that the sale would not be permitted after the legal time, and the absence of venison from the city markets shows the influence of the society. The Adirondack region was found to be contributing "Western" venison up to February, hence the change.

Mr. Fred Mather had been invited to talk about Adirondack fishes. He said that he had made a collection of them at the request of Mr. Verplanck Colvin, Supt. of the Adirondack survey in order to determine the number of species of fishes inhabiting the Adirondack waters, and to gain such facts as were possible as to their distribution and habits. The Adirondack region is not rich in the number of its species, owing to the elevation of the country and consequent coldness of the water. At the same time there are found there fishes—such as suckers, sunfish, etc.—which are popularly supposed only to inhabit warm waters. He had gathered many small fishes of no interest to anglers, but of great interest to the naturalist, and would send the collection, accompanied by a map showing their distribution, to the International Fishery Exhibition, which opens in London in May. Several members asked questions concerning some scientific distinctions between all fishes, which were explained in a manner that lightened the dry technicalities by a touch of humor. In concluding, Mr. Mather announced that though it was generally supposed eels did not exist in the waters of the Adirondack region, he had found them in several of the lakes.

Mr. Fayette S. Giles brought up the subject of the State Game Protectors, and asked Mr. Mather if he had not facilities for knowing something of their efficiency, and if so, if he would not give the association such information as he possessed. Mr. Mather replied: "From my connection with the paper devoted to field sports, I have had occasion to write to the Game Protectors and to read of their operations, and have watched their actions closely. Some of them seem to be of little use and others have been active. One in particular I know to have done excellent service in the Adirondack region, and to have spent his own money to prosecute offenders. This is W. P. Dodge, of Prospect, Oneida county. I never met him, and consequently have no personal bias in his favor. The appointments should have no relation to politics, and the force should be increased by good men, selected for their fitness alone."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Robert B. Roosevelt, President; Benjamin L. Ludington, Vice-President; Thomas N. Cuthbert, Secretary and Treasurer; Counsel—Charles E. Whitehead; Executive Committee—Dr. Stephen A. Main, Dr. John W. Greene, and Alfred Wagstaff. A game dinner of oysters, terrapin and canvas back duck, followed, and many enjoyable things were said.

TEXAS GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note in your issue a request for advice of new game laws. The Texas law quoted by you has been amended by our Legislature so that the open seasons are as follows:

Deer, June 1 to Dec. 1.
Wild Turkey, Sept. 15 to May 15.
Ruffed Grouse, July 31 to March 1.
Quail, Sept. 1 to March 1.

Our game laws, however, exist, I am sorry to say, in name only, and are but little if any protection to game. Our lawmakers saw fit to exempt sixty nine counties, some of which are the oldest and most populous of the State, besides exempting all unorganized counties attached to same for judicial purposes, which gives a total of about 100 counties in the State that are exempt from any of the game laws. The exempt counties suffer as much danger during the closed season from hunters from adjoining counties as from local hunters; and the combined efforts of the two classes will soon extinguish the game. It is also a common practice for parties to kill game in unexempt counties and claim that it was killed in the adjoining and exempt county. Our law must be made to apply to all organized counties alike, and provide efficient game commissioners before it is of much use, as our civil officers take but little interest in the enforcement of such minor matters as they consider them.

SUBSCRIBER.

KINGSBURY, Texas, Dec. 27.

"IS AN AIR-SPACE DANGEROUS?"

WHILE I should never shoulder my rifle to shoot it with a ball away or apart from the powder charge, I will respectfully refer you to C. M. Wilcox's (U. S. Army) work on "Rifles and Rifle Practice," published 1859, New York, by D. Van Nostrand, 192 Broadway, pages 187, 188 and 189, describing the Swiss federal rifle. I will quote a part of a sentence: "The rammer is so made that it presses the ball down, but not upon the powder (thus leaving an interval) being arrested at the muzzle by a projection on the rammer, for that purpose at 2.9 inches from the head." The calibre 0.41 inch, length of ball 1.0039 inch, weight 257 grains, charge 62 grains. See page 181 as to the Austrian tige carbine. "The tige is used simply to support the ball, thus preserving an interval between it and the powder," etc. D.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Dec. 16, 1882.

During my target practice with muzzle-loading rifles I have fired many bullets from the point in the barrel where the short guide starter left them, forgetting to ram them home with the long driver, but have never in a single instance bulged one. I used rifles weighing from ten to fourteen pounds, with about one hundred grains of Hazard's sea-shooting powder.

On the other hand, I have bulged a ten-pound rifle made by G. H. Ferris, of Utica, the bore of which was freed or enlarged toward the breech, so much so that the ball, after entering the muzzle some four or six inches, could be seated on the powder with a slight push with the driver; this I had made to fit the sharp pointed bullet I was using, that it might not bruise the point, but it did not fit well and would adhere to it and draw it back into the barrel, till the bore became narrow enough to disengage it from the rod, which in this case was about the middle of the barrel. I fired it from this point, and upon attempting to reload discovered the damage, which amounted to reboring the barrel.

Now the difference as I see it is this: The ball in the target rifle was left where the bore was narrowest, which the ball perfectly filled, leaving no room for the gas to escape by it, while in the rifle that was bulged the ball fitted so loosely as to allow the gas to escape by it, thereby bulging the barrel.

I do not believe it possible to bulge a rifle of ordinary thickness if the ball perfectly fits the bore. A. B. COBB.

ROCKLAND, Me.

It was something else than an air space that burst "Bullseye's" rifle. At the last Creedmoor shoot, 200yds., off-hand, two of the competitors made scores respectively of 121 and 120 out of a possible 125. Both gentlemen loaded as follows: 45-70 shell, 50 grains of powder, thin blasting paper wads, an air space carefully measured of ⅛ of an inch, and a 450-grain grooved bullet well lubricated. Guns and men still in good order. Let us have more light on this air space business. GREENHORN.

Concerning the bursting of shotguns by obstructions in the muzzles, Mr. W. W. Greener says in his book "The Gun and its Development," page 456: "It has always been taken as an axiom, that if the muzzle of a gun barrel be by any means plugged up with dirt, snow, or other matter, and the gun then fired, the barrel will burst. It has also been repeatedly asserted that a wad slipping a few inches down the barrel, or left from a preceding charge, would burst the barrel should it be fired before the impediment was removed. We have experimented to prove these assertions, and find them far from being true. Taking a light double breech-loader, with a very thin, but sound barrel, we placed a felt wad, ⅛ in. thick, six inches from the breech, and fired with ordinary cartridge. The wad was blown out, the barrel remaining uninjured. We next placed a wad at 12, 24, 28 and 30 in. successively, with the same result. The experiment we several times repeated in different guns, the wad at last being placed level with the muzzle, but, to our surprise, the barrel remained uninjured. We next plugged the muzzle with stiff mud for the distance of one inch; this resulted in one inch being blown off the muzzle. We afterward placed a plug of pulped paper two inches from the muzzle, and a concentrator midway in the barrel, but no bulging or bursting resulted. Now we are willing to own that we have attributed several burst barrels to wads slipping and muzzles becoming plugged up, but we shall be less liable to state these as causes in future. Barrels do sometimes burst in the most unaccountable manner, but from these experiments it appears that wads slipping will not cause them to do so as a rule, and plugged muzzles are not always attended with disastrous or dangerous results."

KENT COUNTY CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., at the office of Dr. Holmes last week, President Holmes presiding; the minutes of the last meeting, also those of the last annual meeting were read and approved. The annual report of the treasurer was certified to as correct by the directors and showed the receipts for the year to be $369.94 and the expenses for the same period $336.16. Cash on hand $33 78. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. E. S. Holmes; Vice-President, Harry Widdicomb; Secretary, George W. Locke; Treasurer, W. H. Calkins; Director for five years, Mark Norris. The directors holding over are: L. D. Follett, for four years; E. M. Barnard, three years; Geo. A. Gould, two years, and J. C. Parker, one year. A petition to Congress relative to Yellowstone Park, presented by the president, was accepted, and all of the members present signed the same. A committee consisting of Follett, Horton and Richmond were appointed by the chair to draw up a programme for a series of medal shoots for the coming season. The president was instructed to appoint delegates to attend the meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association at Detroit, commencing Tuesday next. A full delegation (six members) will probably attend, including the president. The meeting adjourned to meet in regular semi-monthly session Tuesday evening, Jan. 16.

CHATHAM, N. Y.—At the annual meeting of the Forest and Stream Club, held December last, the following officers were chosen for 1883: President, C. D. Hicok; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Harmon; Masters of the Scales, A. J Fellows, T. R. Burrows, William K. Burrows, C. D. Hicok and Neal Shufelt. Then followed distribution of prizes, which were as follows: Neal Shufelt first prize on black bass, he having caught one weighing six and one quarter pounds. Neal says, "if any man had told him, while he was fighting that bass, that he would weigh less than twenty pounds, he would have knocked him into the lake." "Old Ken" comes in for second prize on bass, his weighing five pounds six ounces. "The Old Vet" was somewhat crestfallen, to think that the youngest members of the club had "got away with his bundle," but he feels confident of success next season. "T. R." comes in for the prize on brook trout, by catching a seventeen ounce fellow, on a bumble bee, as he calls his black hackles He caught him in Pulver's, just below the Dominick Stamp, so called because a member of the club a few years ago had a hard fight with a very large trout, and after firing him out, as he supposed, reached down with his hand to take him in, when he gave a flop and swam under the bank, away from further harm. After the club adjourned they were highly entertained by "T. R." who gave them a "grand spread," after which followed cigars, pipes, and fish stories," then a vote of thanks to "T. R." for his generous hospitality.—C. H.

ARKANSAS NOTES.—Crockett's Bluff, Ark., Dec. 30.—Sporting, notwithstanding the vast abundance of game here has not been good, no good bags of deer have been made except by the old resident deer hunters, and they have not been so successful as usual. They all say that deer are as plenty here as for several years past, but that owing to the clear, bright, dry weather for the past three weeks it is almost impossible to get a shot. The deer are very fine and fat. This seems to be difficult ground for Northern hunters to work for deer. The quail were all driven into thick cover by the hawks, and went into the timber after mast early in the fall, therefore are hard to get. Water fowl shooting, mostly for mallard ducks, has been very fine. First-class legitimate sport on ducks, to wit, wing-shooting over decoys, has been hard to find, but when one gets a good place it is very fine—our visiting sportsmen killing 129 one afternoon, nearly all single and double wing shots. I have had some very fine sport on Wilson snipe. One resident "deer killer" killed six deer in two evenings' hunt. I sent one party of five over to the king of bear hunters, Maj. Bebo of Coahoma county, Miss., but have had no report from them as yet.—BYRNE.

A PHILADELPHIA "SHOOTER."—Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been surprised to find that among the gun houses here there is scarcely one private shooting ground or testing yard. It seems to me to be nearly as useful an appendage to a great gun house as a good hatchet is to the hunter and explorer—almost certain to "come handy" daily. In conducting some protracted experimental firing I have been delayed greatly because a suitable place could not always be had. Scores of Philadelphia readers, possibly, have some old shop or disused room, where some careful firing (to conclude my experiments would be permitted, in the interest and for the benefit of sportsmen in general. Will not some reader, willing to allow the judicious and prudent use as above of some old room or shop kindly send a note to me, care Jos. C. Grubb & Co., 712 Market street, Philadelphia? The matter, of course, is one of general interest.—W. McK. H.

THREE DEER KILLED AT ONE SHOT.—The deer season closed on Saturday according to law, and Mr. K. D. Smith, of this city, celebrated the event in a way that he will not soon forget. He and a party of four others were hunting on Youngwomans' Creek. About six miles above the mouth of the creek, and when a short distance from the members of his party, Mr. Smith spied three deer. He leveled his Spencer rifle and fired away, killing the three deer, a doe and two fawns, at one shot. Mr. Smith was only about forty yards distant when he fired the shot, the ball breaking the back of the doe, which stood a little ahead of the fawns, and striking the second deer back of the shoulder passed through and lodged in the neck of the third deer Two of the deer were about the same size, and weighed in the neighborhood of 100 pounds each.—*Lock Haven (Penn.) Republican, Jan. 3.*

HAWKS AND CROWS.—They have in Maryland an ingenious mode of catching hawks and owls. A pole is set up in the fields where chickens wander, and upon the top of it a steel trap without teeth is set and chained on. It is the most efficatious manner of getting rid of the thieves that you could conceive. On Gardiner's Island some time ago they tried Paris green on the crows, which are there in thousands. This sickened the sable cawers and they were thrown, twenty or more of 'em, upon the dunghill. Conceive the picture of trainer Savage watching them revive and git. I once made a very long shot at a goose who dropped to shot, and while I was dancing round in ecstacy, he rose grandly and left me sadder and wiser. I wring them a little now if they don't show shot holes.—T. M.

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM.—Marlboro, N. H., Dec. 31, 1882.—A short time since a friend of mine told me that there was a queer bird on his farm, which I soon made out to be a bevy of quail. There are twelve of them. I gave him feed for them and he has coaxed them within ten rods of his farm. I am bound to keep them through the winter if possible. About three years ago there were some quail imported and turned loose about eight miles from here. Can it be that these birds sprang from them? Game has been plenty for this section. There have been shot in this town over thirty foxes. Mr. Underwood beat the crowd on weight; he killed on that weighed 12½ lbs.—D. W. T.

A NEW TOLEDO CLUB.—The Toledo (O.) Liberal Shooting Club has been incorporated at Columbus, with a capital of $5,000, in shares of $100 each. The incorporators are George Spross, James Barrow, Aaron Bellamy, George Schueler, Florian Rheinbart, George Barrow, Edward Radbone, Sr., Edward Radbone, Jr., and E. T. Gertz. The club has leased 160 acres of marsh land in the North Bay, what is known as the Dusseau place, containing some of the best shooting grounds in the Maumee Bay. They are located between the Sulphur Springs and Guard Island, and are leased for 99 years. The gentlemen composing the club intend to build accommodations for themselves and friends for the season's shoot.

RICHMOND COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—The Game and Fish Protective Association of Richmond county (N. Y.) elected the following officers at their annual meeting held on Wednesday afternoon, December 27: President, Francis Endicott; First Vice-President, Thomas E. Gill; Second Vice-President, Robert W. Hopkins; Treasurer, G. D. L'Hullier; Secretary, George Endicott. Directors—J. H. Clark, Southfield; Thomas J. Conroy, Northfield; Peter Polworth, Westfield; Harry C. Jones, Middletown, Jeremiah Sullivan, Castleton.

TERRACE CITY CLUB.—Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1883.—The Terrace City Sportsmen's Club was organized here Jan. 4, 1883, with the following officers: President, Wm. Bate; Vice-President, Jos. O'Brien; Secretary, J. W. Rushforth; Treasurer, John E. Rockwell. The club starts with twenty members, and hopes to do some good work in the way of enforcing the game laws in this locality the coming season.—J. W. R.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 5.—Quail in this region quite plentiful this fall and good bags made. There are plenty of birds left over. I know of quite a number of full covies left over, and if the pot-hunters will only respect the law and let them alone we will have fine shooting next season. —S. H. M.

LONG ISLAND.—Port Jefferson, Jan. 8.—The duck shooting is very good here now, I go out three or four times a week and get from twelve to twenty birds each time. Coots and old squaws are very plenty.—W. H. R.

Sea and River Fishing.

"Venus. To passe the time in thy boate, canst thou devise any pastime?

Phao. If the winde be with mee, I can angle, or tell tales: if against mee, it will be pleasure for you to see mee take paines.

Venus. I like not fishing: yet was I born of the sea.

Phao. But he may blesse fishing, that caught such a one in the sea.

Venus. It was not with an angle, my boye, but with a nette."

—"*Sapho and Phaon*," *Act I., sc. 1.*

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

IX.—SALMON AND SEA TROUT HAUNTS AND HABITS.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with Heaven and earth.—Milton.

Salmon are a dainty fish and never resort to streams which, in their normal condition, are turpid or impure. Like trout, they must have clear, cold water, where there are rocks and riffs and pebbly bottoms, and pools scooped out of the river bed and flanked by rapidly flowing currents. I never took a salmon in absolutely still water, and very seldom on shallow rapids. The former is not natural to them, and when in the latter they are pursuing their upward journey and are not easily diverted. They rest in pools, and there is where the angler looks for them and expects to find them, and when found and they are in the rising mood, no sport has ever yet been revealed to human consciousness which is more kingly.

The best trout streams are simply miniature salmon rivers. But trout are unlike salmon in their habits in this: In the early season trout are often found on riffs where the water is both shallow and rapid, but later on, from the middle of July to the close of August, no experienced angler would expect to find them there in any inviting numbers. In these hot months, when the water has become tepid, they resort to the mouths of cold brooks or spring holes, and they need not be looked for elsewhere. But salmon are uniformly found, in August as well as in June, in pools. To be sure, when the water is well up, there are pools where there are only shallow riffs when the water is low. I have often taken fish at high water where I would not think of casting for them when the water was low. Hence one never comes to know a river so as to make the most of it until he has fished it at all its stages. But whether the water is high or low it is all the same; salmon rest in pools, and it is the merest chance if any are taken elsewhere. In these pools the water is not always to say deep, but it is always of greater depth than the water in their immediate neighborhood, and the full force of the current is ordinarily deflected from them by the rocks of larger or smaller dimensions, whose position has given the motion to the water which, in time, has scooped out these resting places for the kingly fish.

On all the rivers I have fished for salmon—and I assume it be true of all others—the best pools are almost always found just above some rough or heavy rapid. The fatigue involved in ascending these rapids make rest all the more welcome. The excitement in fishing these pools is intensified by the doubt which always follows a strike whether you will be able to kill your fish within the limits of the pool or whether he will rush down the rapids, and so compel you to follow him. In that case the chances are always against you, because, with all the skill of your canoemen, if you are in a canoe, or of yourself if you are on shore and the water renders wading possible, it is always questionable whether you can keep up with your flying fish. Besides, in rushing through a rapid full of rocks, there is always the chance that your line will get hitched, or, worst of all, that the fish may take it into his head to stop midway of the rapid, and thus, like a hunted deer, double on you and allow you to swoop past him, only to find out the fact when you have dropped into still water a hundred yards or more below the point where your fish is sulking. Under these latter conditions a hitched line is often the sequel; or, when it is not, you can only force back your canoe against the impetuous current to where your fish is sulking by the most herculean efforts. When that point is reached and you find your line happily free, you can only hope that he will start; and when he does start under such circumstances it is almost invariably down stream, with a rush, and you after him under such a pressure of excitement as renders you equally indifferent to danger and unconscious of fatigue. When the foot of the rapids is reached the fight is renewed, but you are master of the situation if you have shown ordinary skill thus far, and it is only a question of time—if you are well hooked—when the gaff will be called into requisition.

When you are casting from the shore and you are obliged to follow your fish on foot through even shallow rapids, you need to have all your wits about you, and to bring out all the highest skill there is in you first, to preserve your footing upon the slippery rocks over which you must pass, and secondly, to take care that your fish does not run faster than you do yourself, and so get out more of your line than you wish him to have. In this sort of fishing you have one advantage over the canoe, you need not move faster than your fish, and if he chooses to take a rest midway of the rapid, so can you. But it is an unpleasant time for a fish to sulk when you are waist-deep in the water awaiting his pleasure. I have more than once stood thus an half hour at a time, finding it impossible, by any skill at my command, to start the stubborn brute. Once I was dragged to the foot of a rapid which terminated in a deep hole, through which there was no way of passing but by a plunge and a swim. Of course, no one in such a contest would give up beat when a cold bath gave promise of victory. The provocation in this particular case was that immediately after the gamy fellow had compelled me to take this plunge he surrendered—coming up to the gaff so soon as I could reach a footing and give him the butt.

But these rapids tussles are glorious when the fish makes a straight wake for the easily flowing water below them. It is grand to stand up in your canoe when both fish and canoe move at equal lightning pace, and you are able to keep a taut line upon him every inch of the way. I have often had just such experiences, and the recollection of them still stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet.

Sea trout show themselves wherever salmon are found, but not always simultaneously with them. In rivers where the salmon run begins in May or early June, you need not look for sea trout in any considerable numbers before well on into July. Intermediately they are found in tidewater at the mouths of the salmon rivers, and often in such numbers and of such weight as give the angler superb sport. Three, five and seven pound fish are not uncommon, and I have heard of them of even greater weight, but I have never myself taken one of over five pounds—two pounds less than a real brook trout, I once killed in the Rangeley waters, a beautiful fac simile of which was kindly painted for me by Dr. Otis, of New York, who was in camp with me at the time. There is no picture in my collection I value more highly.

Next to salmon fishing I know of no more exciting sport than angling for sea trout in waters where they reach their highest dimensions; for waters differ in regard to this fish as in regard to both brook trout and salmon—the weight of all fish being determined by the abundance and quality of the feed available to them. There are salmon rivers open to all comers for sea trout alone, after the salmon season is over, say from the middle of September on. I can imagine few things more fascinating than such an excursion. I know a river that you can strike fifty miles above its mouth, by an easy portage of six miles from the steamboat landing. To float down these fifty miles with the current, in a bark canoe, with such scenery on either hand as can hardly be excelled on the continent, is something which any appreciative angler might covet. It is a trip I have never yet found leisure to take, but affairs will go hard with me if I do not try it the coming season.

Like trout, salmon vary in size in different rivers. Why this is so is a mystery which I have not been able to solve. It cannot result from either the quantity or quality of food in the rivers, because it is assumed to be a settled fact that salmon are very light feeders—if they feed at all—in fresh water. Possibly the difference comes from the greater or less abundance of food found by the fish in their salt water rambles. Far-fetched as this conjecture may be deemed to be by those who are as ignorant of the subject as I am myself, it may, perhaps, after all, furnish the true solution; because, as the instincts of the fish always bring them back to the rivers where they were hatched, may not the same instinct keep them to their own feeding ranges when outside? If so, and if these ranges, like trout waters, vary in the kind and quality of food available, the fact will affect their weight. I simply state this as a hypothesis. If I am at fault, and if any one can solve the problem "by authority" or otherwise, I will be very glad to hear from him. Certain it is that those who have heard much about salmon rivers from those acquainted with them, have heard such phrases as these: "Yes, there are plenty of salmon in such a river, but they are small." In such another river we are told: "The fish are in moderate numbers and of fair size," and of others we are told: "The fish may not be as plenty as in some rivers, but they run large," and so on of rivers from one end of the coast to the other. In one where I have fished, a 35 pound salmon was not uncommon. The largest fish I ever landed weighed 39½ pounds, but I fought a fish for two hours which finally broke away and was taken next morning in a net nine miles below with my fly in his mouth, and he weighed 42 pounds. One gentleman, Mr. Spurr, of St. John, N. B., killed two 40 pound fish in the same river the preceding year. It was in this river, also, that General Arthur killed his famous 50 pound salmon, and where Mr. Dun, his companion, lost a fish after a long struggle, which immediately afterward floated into a net with the evidence of Mr. Dun's ownership in his mouth. This fish weighed 52 pounds.

These monsters were caught in the Cascapedia, a river in which forty fish that I took one season averaged 25¼ lbs., and five of these only weighed 11, 15, 17, 19 and 21 lbs. respectively. The Restigouche is almost equally famous

for its large fish, and the Metapedia and Merimichi used to be. In the rivers I have more recently fished the average of a season's catch will not exceed 18 lbs., and the largest I ever caught in my present river weighed only a fraction over 29 lbs.

But I trust no reader will imbibe the idea from what I have written that the sport of salmon angling depends upon the size of the fish. As a rule there is more lightning in a 12 lb. than in a 35 lb. salmon, and I have had more trouble killing fish of the lesser than of the heavier weight. They don't fight so long, but they are vastly more lively while they are fighting. The only fish I ever found it impossible to prevent running under my canoe so as to do me damage weighed but 11 lbs. The movement smashed my rod into several pieces, and I only landed him after the exercise of such skill and patience as excited the wonder and admiration of my delighted gaffer, and astonished myself.

I cannot call to mind the record of any salmon taken with a fly on this side the water larger than that killed by Gen. Arthur. But larger fish are recorded as having been killed with the rod in English and Scotch waters. One was taken last summer in the Tweed that weighed 60 lbs. An English earl is credited with one that weighed 69½ lbs. A Highlander, after an all-night fight, is said to have landed a 73-lb. fish, and Holland says a salmon was sold in the London market which weighed 83 lbs. When this was, or how taken, is not stated. I know Christopher North once declared he had killed a fish weighing "90 lbs. neat." But I make no account of that fish, because it was only caught with "a long bow," to serve as a climax to the Ettrick Shepherd's extravagant "fish stories," as given in Mackenzie's edition of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," vol. 4, p. 83, 84:

SHEPHERD.—What creel-fu's [of trout] you mann hae killed!

NORTH.—A hundred and thirty in one day in Loch Awe, James, as I hope to be saved—not one of them under—

SHEPHERD.—A dizzen pun'—and twa-thirds o' them abune't. Athegither a ton.

NORTH.—* * * And poor Stevenson, mild and brave—now no more—with his own hands wreathed round my forehead a diadem of hetherbells and called me King of the Anglers.

SHEPHERD.—Poo! That was nae day's fishin' ava, man, in comparison to ane o' mine on St. Mary's Loch. To say naething about the count less sma' anes, twa hundred about a half a pun, ae hundred about a hail pun, fifty about twa pun, five-and-twenty about fowre pun, and the lave rinnin' frae half a stane up to a stane and a half, except about half a dizzen, aboon a' weicht, that put Geordie Gudefallow and Huntly Gordon to their mettle to carry them pechin' to Mount Benger on a han' barrow.

NORTH.—Well done, Ulysses!

SHEPHERD.—Anither day in the Megget I caucht a cart-fu'. As it gaed doon the road the kintry-folk thocht it was a cart-fu' o' herrins—for they were a' preceesely ae size to an unce—and though we left twa dizzen at this hoose—and fowre dizzen at that hoose—and a gross at Henderland—on coontin' them at hame in the kitchin, Leezy made them oot forty dizzen, and Girzzy forty-twa, aught; sae a dispute haen arisen, and of course a bet, we took the census ouer again, and may these be the last words I sall ever speak, gin they didna turn oot to be Fourty-Five!

And here is where Christopher's ninety pound salmon comes in:

NORTH.—The heaviest fish I ever killed was in the river Awe—ninety pound neat—I hooked him on a Saturday afternoon and I had small hopes of killing him, as I never break the Sabbath. But I am convinced that within the hour he came to know that he was in the hands of Christopher North, and his courage died. I gave him the butt so cruelly that in two hours he began to wallop, and at the end of three he lay dead at my feet, just as

"The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,"

tipped the crest of Cruachan.

SHEPHERD.—Hoo lang?

NORTH.—So beautifully proportioned, that like that of St. Peter's or St. Paul's you did not feel his mighty magnitude till after long contemplation. Then you indeed knew that he was a sublime fish, and could not but smile at the idea of any other salmon.

TICKLER.—Mr. De Quincey, now that these two old fools have got upon angling—

SHEPHERD.—Twa auld fules! You great, starin', Saracen-headed lang-shanks! If it werna for bringin' Mr. North intill trouble, by haen a dead man fund within his premeeses, deal tak me gin I wudna fracture your skull wi' ane o' the cut crystals.

After reading this dialogue, no one will doubt that Christopher North's ninety pound salmon was killed with "a long bow" instead of a Jock Scott. G. D.

THE SEA OF CORTEZ.

THE opening of a railroad to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, has recently facilitated the introduction of sea food into the deserts of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, etc., making quite a pleasant variety with the beef, mutton, bear, deer, antelope, wild turkeys, quail, duck, snipe, curlew, rail, and small game with which the interior abounds.

The gulf oyster is yet quite a study, as it comes in a perfect state of nature and is so impregnated with mineral substances that the effect is somewhat painful to the stomach. They are gathered in great quantities about the mouth of the Yaqui River, and sold in Guaymas by the Yaqui Indians for twenty-five cents per 100. A little further south on the estuaries of the Gulf they attach themselves to the shrubbery of the jungles, and are gathered by the natives in boats by cutting the jungles with machetes, frequently carrying more than a dozen oysters attached to one bush. This is called the raccoon oyster, for its climbing or adhering to trees.

The Gulf has been famous for the production of the pearl oysters since the Spaniards first explored it, and tradition says that in one year the yield was more than 800 lbs. of pearls, which were mostly sent to Spain.

In 1825, two English ships came into the Gulf equipped for pearl fishing, under the command of Lt. Hardy, R. N. (See his book.)

The Chinese will probably renew the pearl fisheries in the Gulf by puncturing the oyster until it creates a pearl, as they do at home. The oyster beds occupy the shores of the Gulf on either side for more than a thousand miles, and the climate and temperature of the water would seem favorable to their cultivation.

The green turtles from the Gulf are exhibited in the fish stores here weighing as much as seventy-five to 100 lbs., and the supply is abundant. The amusement of the native Indians at these monsters from the sea spread out on the sidewalks for sale, is comical. In the estuaries along the southern shores of the Gulf and on the islands, green turtles weighing from 150 to 250 lbs. can be easily obtained.

The fish in the Gulf of California are to many of us new species, and have not all been classified by scientific experts. Some years ago Prof. Zanthus made a report upon the fish of the Gulf, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution, in which he stated there were nearly a hundred species.

The Gulf of California is undoubtedly the Mediterranean of the Pacific, and on account of the salubrity of the climate and extensive shore line, will probably become famous for the most delicate flavors of fish.

It would certainly prove to be an interesting field for exploration, as it is in nearly a primitive condition, and would no doubt yield an interesting tribute to science or enterprise.

CHARLES D. POSTON

SOME PISCATORIAL SYNONYMS.

BY J. FRANCIS LE BARON, C.E. AND M.A.S.C.E., M.E.I., ETC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every amateur naturalist, and doubtless every angler, has been bewildered when collecting or traveling in a new and strange country, by the strange names given to the common fishes of the region. So strange and new are many of these names that until he has seen and handled the fishes that bear them he is often at a loss to properly place them, or to even imagine what kind of a creature they are meant to designate.

And here is where the advantages of a scientific nomenclature are apparent, it would be supposed, to anybody. Still there are numerous persons who will rail at the long Latin names they are too lazy to try and remember, and denounce the study and use of the Latin and Greek languages. It will be seen by examining this list that in many instances it is almost impossible to designate the fish intended without recourse to the scientific name.

The following list does not claim to be complete or exhaustive. That would be a virtual impossibility when nearly every region has a different name for the same fish, but it is hoped the few here presented will be of some value to the student and the sportsman.

In many cases I have added the Indian name of the fish and also the provincial Spanish in order to make the nomenclature as complete as possible.

I have given the most common name first generally and ended with the scientific name.

This paper is compiled from various sources, principally from the reports of the United States Fish Commission.

LIST OF SYNONYMS OF FISHES OF THE EAST COAST OF THE UNITED STATES.

Batfish, nosefish, *Malthe vespertilio* (Linn.), Cuv.

Common frogfish, mousefish, toadfish, devil-fish, of Bermuda, pescodor of Cuba, *Pterophryne histrio* (Cuv.), Gill.

Spiny boxfish, rabbit-fish, of Vineyard Sound, Mass., erizo, of Cuba, *Chilomycterus geometricus* (Linn.), Kamp.

Smooth puffer, tambor, of Cuba, *Tetrodon lævigatus* (Linn.), Gill.

Rough puffer, porcupine-fish, blower, swellfish, tambor, of Cuba, *Chilichthys turgidus* (Mitch.), Gill.

Trunkfish, boxfish, *Lactophrys trigonus* (Linn.), Poey.

Hogfish, filefish, *Ceratacanthus aurantiacus* (Mitch.), Gill.

Storer's filefish, flootfish, of New York, *Stephanolepis massachusettensis* (Storer), Gill.

European filefish, turbot, of Bermuda, *Balistes capriscus* Linn.

Tobocco trumpet-fish, unarmed trumpet-fish, *Fistularia tabacaria*, Linn.

American sole, calico, hog-choker, of New Jersey, coverclip, of New Jersey, spotted sole, of Massachusetts Bay, *Achirus linneatus* (Linn.), Cuv.

Toadfish, oyster-fish, flying-fish, of Florida (New York and Florida), sopo, Cuba, *Batrachus tau*, Linn.

Flying robin, murcielago, of Cuba, civetta de mare, of Naples, batfish, of Bermudas, *Dactylopterus volitans* (Linn.), Lac.

Lined sea-robin, flying-fish, of New Jersey, *Prionotus evolans* (Linn.), Gill.

Spotted sea-robin, rubin volador, of Cuba, *P. punctatus* (Bloch.), Cuv.

Web-fingered sea-robin, Carolina robin, *P. carolinus* (Linn.), Cuv. and Val.

Surgeon-fish, barbero, of Cuba, doctor-fish, of Bermuda, *Acanthurus chirurgus*, Bloch and Schneider. A West India species, occasionally occurs.

Angel-fish, of Bermuda and Halbrook, and spadefish, of west coast of Florida, isabelita, of Cuba, *Holacanthus ciliaris*, Lac.

The billfish, spearfish, *Tetrapturus albidus*, Poey.

Mackerel, caballa or cavalla, of Cuba, auriol, of France, wawwhunnekesuog, of the Narragansett Indians, Trumbull, *Scomber scombrus*, Linn.

Bonito, skipjack, of Boston, *Sarda pelamys*, (Linn.) Cuv.

American tunny, horse mackerel, of Massachusetts, albicore, of Rhode Island, *Orcynus secundi-dorsalis* (Storer), Gill.

Little tunny, albicore, alleterato, of Naples, mackerel, of Bermuda, *Orcynus alliteratus* (Raf.), Gill.

Spanish mackerel, spotted mackerel, bay mackerel, *Cybium maculatum* (Mitch.), Cuv.

Cero, black-spotted Spanish mackerel, kingfish, *C. regale* (Bloch.), Cuv.

Horsefish, jarabado, of Cuba, *Vomer setipinnis* (Mitch.), Ayres.

Silver moonfish, jorobado, of Cuba, *Selene argentea*, Lac.

Dotted scad, round robin, of Bermuda, *Decapterus punctatus* (Mitch.), Gill.

Big-eyed scad, chickarro, of Cuba, goggler, goggle-eyed jack, of Bermuda, *Trachurops crumenophthalmus* (Bloch.), Gill.

Buffalo jack, of Bermuda, jack, jackfish, of West Florida, crevalli, cojinua, of Cuba, *Paratractus pisquetos* (Cuv. et Val.), Gill.

Horse crevalli, jiguagua, of Cuba, *Caranxus hippos* (Linn.), Gill.

Short pampano, palorrieta, of Cuba, *Trachynotus ovatus* (Linn.), Gthr.

Pompano, of the South, pompy nose, of New Orleans, cavallé or crevallé, of South Carolina, *T. carolinus* (Linn.), Gill.

Pilot-fish, suckfish, of Holbrook, romero, of Cuba, *Naucrates ductor* (Linn.), Raf.

Bonito, of Bermuda, rudder-fish, *Hidatractus carolinensis* (Mitch.), Gill.

Squirrel, of Bermuda, matojuelo, of Cuba, *Holocentrum sogbe*, Bloch.

Salmon trout, spotted sea trout, of Southern Coast, spotted silver sides of Scott, *Cynoscion carolinensis* (Cuv. et Val.), Gill.

Trout, of Southern Coast, salt-water and gray trout, of Southern Coast, squeteague or squit, of New England, coumja, of Russia, shecutts or checutts, of the Mohegan Indians, chickwick, of Connecticut, weakfish, of New York, bluefish, of New Jersey, *Cynoscion regalis* (Bloch.), Gill.

Chub, of Norfolk, roach, of Virginia, spot, goody, of Cape May, Lafayette, of New York, *Liostomus obliquus* (Mitch.), De Kay.

Bass, red bass, sea bass, channel bass, of East Florida, spotted bass, of South Carolina, redfish, of Gulf of Mexico, red drum, of New Jersey, spotted bass, of Holbrook, *Sciænops ocellatus* (Linn.), Gill.

Kingfish, whiting, hake, of New Jersey, barb, of New Jersey, *Menticirrus nebulosus* (Mitch.), Gill.

Croaker, verrargato, of Cuba, *Micropogon undulatus* (Linn.), Cuv. et Val.

Bream, of Bermuda, chopa-banca, of Cuba, *Pimelepterus boscii*, Lac.

Scup, of Vineyard Sound, scuppang, porgy,* of New York, bream, of Rhode Island, fair maid, of Virginia, *Stenotomus argyrops* (Linn.) Gill.

Yelting, glass-eyed snapper, of Bermuda, *Lutjanus caxis* (Bl. Schn.), Gill.

Red grouper, grouper, of Holbrook, cherna de vovere, of Cuba, *Epinephelus morio* (Cuv.), Gill.

Black sea bass; sea bass of New York, black perch of Massachusetts; black bass and blackfish of New Jersey; bluefish of Newport; black harry, hannahills of New York (De Kay); black-will of Virginia; *Centropristis atrarius* (Linn.), Barn.

Charioteer; coachman of De Kay. *Dules auriga*, Cuv. et Val.

Striped bass of Eastern States; rockfish of Pennsylvania, etc.; missuckeke-ncquock of the Narragansetts. *Roccus lineatus* (Bl. Schn.), Gill.

Moontish; angelfish of South Carolina; three-banded sheep-head; three-tailed porgy. *Parephippus faber*,(Cuv.),Gill

Bluefish of New York and New England, except Rhode Island; horse mackerel of Newport and New Jersey; skipjack of North Carolina; greenfish of Virginia (De Kay); tailor of Maryland and Virginia; whitefish and snap mackerel (Young); *Pomatomus saltatrix* (Linn.), Gill.

Sucker; pega of Cuba; *Echeneis remora*, (Linn.).

Northern barracuda; sennet of Bermuda; *Sphyræna borealis* (De Kay).

Silver sides; friar of New England; *Chirostoma notata* (Mitch.), Gill.

Silver gar; billfish; *Belone longirostris* (Mitch.), Gill.

Skipper; saury; skipjack; *Scombresox scutellatus*; Lesueur.

Killifish; mummichog; *Fundulus pisculentus* (Mitch.).Val.

Big-eyed herring; matajuelo banco and scal of Cuba; *Elops saurus*; Linn.

Jewfish; tarpum of Bermuda; *Megalops thrissoides* (Bl Sch.); Gunther.

Thread herring; menhaden of Portland; shad herring of New York; *Opisthonema thrissa*, Gill.

Herring; sejd of Russia; *Clupea harengus.*

Herring of Southern States; alewife of New England; gaspereau of British provinces; spring herring of New England; aumsuog of the Narragansett Indians; kyack, blue back, alewife, sawbelly and eat-thresher of Portland, Me.; *Pomolobus pseudoharengus* (Wilson) Gill.

Tailor herring; fall shad; hickory shad; *Pomolobus mediocris* (Mitch.), Gill.

Devilfish; manta of Cuba; *Ceratoptera vampirus* (Mitch.), Gill.

Bishop-ray; obispo of Cuba; *Actobatis narinari;* Müll. et Henle.

Sting-ray; whip-ray; stingaree; *Trygon centrura* (Mitch.), Gill.

Torpedo; crampfish; numbfish; *Torpedo occidentalis;* Storer.

Winter skate; sharp-nosed skate; *Raia lævis*, Mitch.

Angelfish; shark-ray, monk-fish, monkey-fish, kingston, fiddle-fish of Europe; little bull-head shark of New York; *Squatina dumerili*, Lesueur.

Mackerel shark; dentuda of Cuba; *Isuropsis dekayi*, Gill.

Atwood's shark; man-eater of Maine; *Carcharodon atwoodi* (Storer) Gill.

Fox shark; thresher, swingle-tail, sea-fox, sea-ape; pezzono of Cuba; pesce pavone of Naples; *Alopias vulpes*, (Linn.) Bon.

Hammer-head shark; corunda of Cuba; magnosa of Naples; *Sphyrna zygæna* (Linn.), Müll. and Henle.

Tiger shark; alecrin of Cuba; *Galeocerda tigerinus*, Müll. and Henle.

Salmon; siomga and losass of Russia; *Salmo salar.*

Smelt; korioushka of Russia, *Osmerus eperlanus.*

Cod; treska of Russia; *Gadus morrhua.*

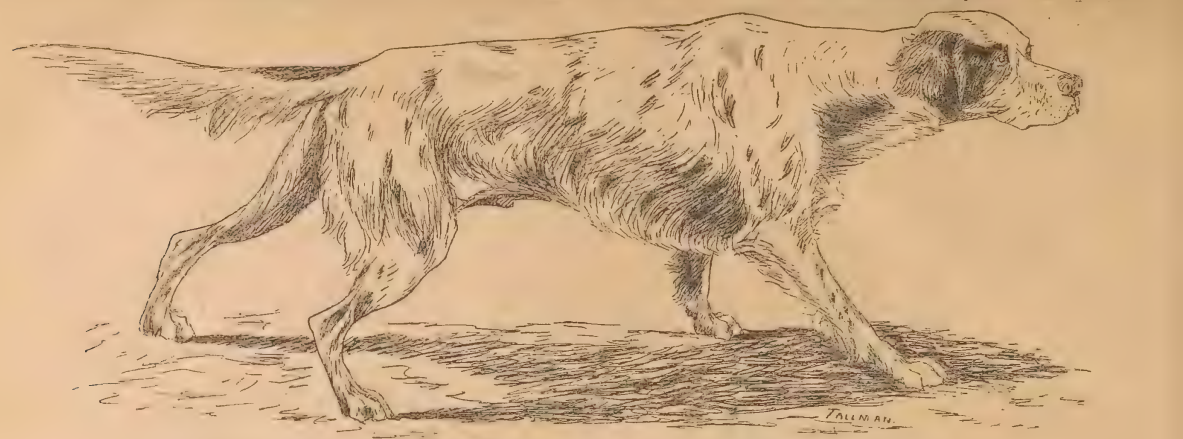
Flounder; kambala of Russia; *Pleuronectes platessa et P. flesus.*

Sturgeon; belouga of Russia, and redfish; *Acipenser huso.*

*Not to be confounded with the porgee, pogy or menhaden.

AN ANGLER'S CAMP.—At the International Fisheries Exhibition to be held in London this year, there will be, in the American department, an angler's camp, which promises to be one of the most striking features of the United States exhibit. It will be equipped with all the modern appliances for the comfort and convenience of the angler in the woods. It is a portable house, 10 feet by 14 feet, and will have one end open to allow of an inspection of the interior. In the house will be arranged articles which have been sent by several persons, and a full collection of all things used by anglers is desired. Prof. Goode will be glad to receive suggestions or material to make the camp complete. So far he has the following articles: W. T. Sherman, folding cot with mosquito net, etc., canvas camp chair, Dunckiee's camp stove, camp table, Roebuck's head net, stone pocket filter, combination of jack and lamp, Ray's patent sunshade, minnow pail, American shanty pocket hammock, tin basin, plates, knives and forks, Ferguson's water-proof and preservative for boots, Plumb's improved tar and oil for insects, Plumb's Insect Repellent, Conroy & Bissett's "Anglers' Companion for Salt and Fresh Water Fishing," Crosby camp hatchet. We have recommended an Adirondack boat with neck-yoke for portages, rods, etc., landing net and gaff, creel and pack-basket.

WHERE THE TARPUM SPAWNS.—Jacksonville, Fla.—It affords Dr. Kenworthy pleasure to inform Mr. Fred Mather that he has discovered the spawning grounds of the tarpum. The locality is within six miles of this city; they spawn in May and June and will take a cut bait. If some of your angling friends wish to tackle streaks of greased lightning, tell them to try tarpum fishing. Your trout, black bass and salmon fishing is "all in my eye and Betty Martin," when compared with landing a tarpum.—C. J. KENWORTHY.



MR. C. FRED. CRAWFORD'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN ENGLISH SETTER DOG "FOREMAN."
Divided Second in New Orleans Gun Club All-Aged Stake, 1882.

SALMON ANGLING IN MAINE.

THANKS to the fishculturists, there is a prospect of having some salmon angling nearer than the British Provinces, in the course of a few years. That salmon are now taken with the fly on Maine rivers is a fact not widely known. We extract the following from the report of the Commissioners of Fish and Game of that State for the year 1882:

The run of salmon for the year is reported good; large in numbers, but the average small in size. In the Dominion of Canada the run has been small, and at the usual period for taking them with the rod and fly on their most popular fishing resorts, they were unusually scarce, and the sportsmen returned home discouraged and disappointed. Later in the season a run of very good fish was reported, and those fortunate enough to be present met with good success. With us on the Penobscot, the run was both early and late, even down to October, when very large fish were daily seen at the water-works dam. Several fish were taken during the season in tide water below the dam, on both fly and bait, by anglers, and gave fine sport and created much excitement and enthusiasm among fishermen. The summer's drouth has been very severe and long-continued, not broken even at the present date of Nov. 20. The late run of fish have had but a poor chance of making their way to the spawning grounds. We hope these oft-recurring drouths, increasing in frequency with the wanton destruction of our forests, will lead to some legislation upon the subject, and call the attention of our lumbermen to the supply of water as dependent upon the preservation of our forests. At least let us have stringent laws checking the gross carelessness of sportsmen and poachers in leaving camp fires unextinguished.

On the Dennys River the run of salmon has been unusually good and many fish were taken on the fly by anglers. Quite a revival has taken place since the local residents begin to realize the value of a costless production thoughtlessly destroyed. Mr. Lincoln, with his usual enterprise and public spirit, has constructed a salmon hatchery, and the commissioner will most cheerfully supply all the salmon ova that the house will accommodate.

The great drouth of the season impeded the transit of the salmon to their spawning grounds on the upper sources of the river, and many fish were dipped in nets by public-spirited citizens below the dams and transported to the water above where they had a clear course. We anticipate a bright future for the beautiful village of Dennysville. Mr. Benjamin Lincoln attributes the increased run of salmon of the last two years to the contribution of salmon fry made to this river in 1876 and following year.

On the Presumpscot, at its sources on Crooked River, a very great number of unusually large fish have been taken by the poachers for the two or three last years. The exceptional size and number of the fish has given increased incitement to the nefarious practice of spearing on the spawning bed. The very remarkable size of the fish and their unwonted number, warrant the conclusion that they are sea salmon planted by us in the head waters of the river at Norway and other tributaries of Sebago in the past years. The first salmon fry were planted in the Presumpscot in 1875. A large fish of thirteen pounds was taken below the dam at the outlet of Sebago last June with hook and line. A man named Paul is now under arrest for spearing a fish weighing twenty-four pounds on Crooked River the middle of October. Several others have been arrested for spearing fish and there are also many other cases which will be prosecuted in due course. We feel warranted in the conclusion that most of these fish are results of our planting sea salmon, not only from the reasons we have assigned above, but from the added fact that we have now a series of right good fishways on the Presumpscot River from Cumberland Mills to Sebago.

On the Saco River we have planted many thousand young salmon within the last two or three years, at the earnest solicitation of the leading and influential citizens of Saco and Biddeford, who have been petitioning in the long past for fishways, which inadequate means have compelled us to defer until prior claims of an earlier date had been attended to. At the earliest opportunity this year surveys were made and plans furnished by Mr. Harry Buck, Engineer, and fishways ordered to be built by the owners and occupants of the several dams. After due notices had been served upon the respective parties, hearings held, and all the requirements of the statutes duly complied with, much to the surprise of the commissioner his decision has been appealed from, and the constitutionality of the law of our own State denied. We hope for a favorable decision of the people's rights at an early day.

"ROACH" FISHING.—Philadelphia.—Roach fishing is now in season here. I know some very enthusiastic anglers who regularly follow it in winter. Uncle Thad Norris used to be fond of it. Very small hooks are used, and these, snooded on bristles, are fastened, a half dozen in number, to a fine line about three inches apart; a light, pliant rod, and an ounce sinker being used, and small wood-worms for bait. When nothing else in the shape of fish is in season, the angler can have amusement even through the ice in the shelter of some dock or wharf. Roach at this season of the year are solid in flesh, and make a good pan fish.—HOMO.

POSITION OF THE REEL.—In reply to C. L. Jordan, in FOREST AND STREAM of December 28, I will only say: For the style of fishing that he aims at he is right in having the reel in front of his hand, and especially with the reel that he uses. This is the style used in heavy sea-fishing for striped bass weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds. Dr. Henshall, like all Southern and Western anglers, believes in, and uses heavy tackle, and for those who like that style it is good enough. The trouble with Mr. Jordan was that he had a reel that needs to be checked with the thumb placed on a trout rod and then wondered who ever devised the placing of the reel behind the hand. He asks "how can you cast a minnow *à la* Henshall with the reel behind the hand?" I can only answer that "you can't." That style requires the reel in that position, but for fine fishing a stiff trout rod with the reel behind the hand is desirable to those who prefer science to main strength. I hope that we now understand each other and that Mr. Jordan will eventually work up to the point of using finer tackle and getting more sport.—FLORIDIAN.

Fishculture.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION AT LONDON.

OUR readers know that Congress has made an appropriation for the great International Fisheries Exhibition to open in London next May, and that Professor Baird, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has been placed in charge of the American exhibit. In a circular the Professor says: "Preparations for the exhibition are already in progress, and there is no reason why it will not be possible during the months which remain before the opening of the exhibition to provide for a display which shall do great credit to the extensive fishery industries of this country. In order to accomplish this result it will be necessary to secure the cooperation and aid of all persons interested in fishing, fish-culture, the fisheries, and the related industries. I cordially invite correspondence, therefore, from any persons having articles suitable for exhibition, or willing to suggest plans by which the display of the United States may be rendered more effective. Two classes of articles will be carried to London for exhibition, viz: First—Those which make up the collective exhibit of the United States. Second—Those which are entered for competition.

"In the collective exhibit will be shown, in a systematic and synoptical manner, illustrations of our marine and fresh-water animals of economic value, together with the apparatus and methods of their capture and utilization, and the commercial, scientific, social, historical, and legislative aspect of the fisheries. It will include the most striking features of similar exhibits made by the Fish Commission in the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, and the International Fishery Exhibition, at Berlin, in 1880, together with many additional ones never previously attempted. The major part of this display will be borrowed from the collections of the National Museum in Washington, but it will be necessary to secure a considerable number of new objects. I wish to reserve the right of placing in this department such of the private exhibits as can there be shown to the best advantage, it being the understanding that these are not to be excluded from competition. When objects are purchased to fill gaps in this exhibit, it will be with the definite understanding that they cannot enter into competition, and that the name of the person from whom they were obtained will not be mentioned on the labels, or in the catalogue.

"It is considered especially desirable that the department of competitive exhibits shall contain a very complete representation of the various food preparations of fish—canned, dried, pickeled, smoked, etc.—there being a constantly increasing demand in England for goods of this description, shipments to that country amounting, in 1881, to more than $2,000000, in addition to the very large exports to other parts of Europe and to the European colonies in the east. Manufacturers of boats and boat-fitting, angling apparatus and costumes, and other similar articles, are also urged to contribute. Medals in gold, silver, bronze, and diplomas of honor will be awarded by a jury of experts.

"I am prepared to act, both in this country and in London, as the representative of individual exhibitors, and to attend to correspondence relating to applications for space, etc. Goods to be exhibited, if delivered in Washington, Philadelphia, or New York, will be carried to London and installed at the expense of the government; special arrangements may be made for the return of articles at the close of the exhibition.

"The exhibition—which is under the patronage of the Queen of England and the presidency of the Prince of Wales—will be opened on the first of May, 1883, in buildings now being erected in the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, and will continue for a period of six months."

FISHCULTURE IN MICHIGAN.

AMONG the notable fishcultural establishments in America may be reckoned that of the United States Fish Commission, at Northville, Mich., in charge of Mr. Frank N. Clark. Mr. Clark and his father were the pioneers of fishculture in Michigan, and the present station was established by the former in 1875 as a private enterprise. The Northville hatchery lies about a mile west of the depot, and really occupies but an acre or two. The grounds have a somewhat steep but beautiful incline to the south, the large spring which supplies the water necessary being eight feet above the hatching house where it is first used. Before entering the hatching house the water is run into a reservoir or open pond, 15x150 feet, for cooling purposes. The hatching house is an ordinary one-story frame building, 30x60 feet, fully sixty feet of which length is used for the treatment of the eggs after they have been taken from the fish.

The eggs of the brook trout are hatched by placing 3,000 of them on a tray made of a wooden frame with wire netting bottom, about 7x12 inches in size. Six of these are placed one above another in a wooden box, open at the top, and with perforated bottoms, and cold water allowed to run through it day and night. The water is at a constant temperature of 36 or 37 degrees, and the time required for brook trout eggs to hatch is 100 days; whitefish require 20 days longer. For the sake of convenience these hatching boxes are, at Northville, placed end to end, 50 in a row, and three rows side by side on an inclined table. At present only about 60 boxes are in use, giving a total of 1,000,000 prospective wigglers. Of course many of the eggs come to nought, and these must be carefully picked out with tweezers deftly handled by young women employed at 75 cents a day. In doing this the trays are carefully removed from the boxes and placed on a table by the window, where the strong light readily reveals the white eggs and those covered with a fungus growth, either of which would soon communicate their imperfections to the others, and, like a rotten apple in a barrel of sound ones, destroy the entire lot.

At first and for a few weeks afterward the eggs look like so many well-formed peas. Gradually two little black spots—the eyes of the coming fish—appear. A little later the egg, if held up to the light between the thumb and finger, seems but a transparent, black-spotted bit of hard, jelly-like substance. After hatching, and as soon as the fry are ready to feed, the trout are placed in ponds adjoining the hatching-house, of which there are seven, each 24x50 feet, with a water depth of 18 inches at the head and four feet at the foot. At the head of each pond is a narrow sluice way with a water gate, through which, when permitted, the fish may pass from one pond to the other. Each pond is occupied by fish of a certain age.

The treatment of whitefish eggs differs from that of brook and California trout in that they are placed in glass jars 5x12 inches, and the water introduced from below escapes from the top, so that the eggs—which are considerably larger than those of the trout—are kept constantly "boiling," a process that brings the bad eggs to the top, when they can easily be removed. Of these jars there are perhaps 200 at Northville.

The whitefish eggs used there are all secured by agents at fisheries at Put-in-Bay and elsewhere on the lakes, who go out with the fishermen to their nets and operate on such fish as they may select. It is proposed, however, so to pen up the whitefish that may be selected and own them as a part of the stock in trade, the same as with trout, at the hatchery. The number of eggs now on hand at Northville is as follows: Whitefish, 20,000,000; brook trout, 600,000; lake trout, 300,000—which numbers will be increased next spring by the addition of 200,000 California trout eggs. Of the whitefish eggs 5,000,000 are now being prepared for shipment to different States and to Germany and other parts of Europe, the latter in exchange for fish and eggs sent to the United States.

All fish eggs are counted by being measured in a druggist's "graduated" glass, experience having shown such method to be correct enough for all practical purposes. Of fish now in the ponds there are 10,000 brook trout, fry or minnows and 3,000 one to four years old; 15,000 California trout fry and 1,500 one to four years old; besides 500 lake trout and 1,700 land-locked salmon. The last two lots were secured as an experiment, and will probably not be kept.

Much is being made at Northville of the California or rainbow trout, the first of which was brought from the Golden State by Mr. F. N. Clark a few years ago. They are distinguished from the brook or speckled trout by a straight band of rainbow colors extending along the side and gradually fading out at either end. They are much tamer than the brook trout, Mr. Clark having hatched them in McCloud River, California, and caught them with his hand. They grow very much faster than the brook trout, as shown by comparative specimens now being prepared for the international fish exhibition to take place across the Atlantic this year. It is proposed to make Northville the national headquarters for breeding this fish, and within a few years to have enough stock to produce 10,000,000 eggs a year.

Some attent on is also being paid to the cultivation of land-locked salmon and wall-eyed pike, the eggs of the former being got from Grand Lake stream, Maine, and of the latter from St. Clair River. Another very important item in the



MR. D. C. SANBORN'S BLACK, WHITE AND TAN ENGLISH SETTER DOG "COUNT NOBLE."

Divided Third in New Orleans Gun Club All-Aged Stake, 1882.

Northville work is the introduction of the German carp, all of which are hatched in the national carp ponds at Washington. So far 25,000 to 30,000 have been "planted" in Michigan. There are now 3,000 on hand at the station, many of which will be distributed in the spring.

Mr. Clark expects to send out in the spring about 20,000,000 whitefish for distribution in the upper portions of lakes Huron, Superior and Michigan. Alpena has about twice as many whitefish on hand for similar distribution.

As already stated, the Northville hatchery was begun and for some years continued as a private enterprise. In 1881 the United States Fish Commission rented the property and it has since been under its control, Mr. Clark being in charge. The "plant" is worth $10,000, and last season the production was: Whitefish, 22,500,000; brook trout 200,000; California trout and lake trout, each 100,000. Last fall a whitefish hatchery was built by the government at Alpena, costing $1,500. This station will have a capacity of one hundred million whitefish eggs. This fall only 210 jars were fitted up, and these contain 42,000,000 eggs.

REPORT OF THE MAINE COMMISSION.

THE Commissioners of Fish and Game of Maine have made their report for 1882. They call attention to the fact that when the Department of Fisheries had the game of the State added to its charge, no additional provision was made for the increased care, time and expense. Fish wardens were made game wardens, but no appropriation was made for more than doubled work and outlay. Under the present law $1,500 is allowed for the payment of all the wardens. As the fish wardens are now game wardens, this sum is to be divided among them all. On the present list of commissioned wardens there are fifty-one persons. At the last session of the Legislature, by an oversight, the usual appropriation of $1,500 for wardens was omitted. An appropriation of $5,000 a year for the two ensuing years was made, or $10,000 in toto. From this is to be deducted salaries of wardens $3,000, leaving $7,000 for expenses of Grand Lake Stream Works for landlocked salmon eggs, for Penobscot salmon eggs at Bucksport and Orland, for hatching eggs and distributing the progeny, for distributing black bass, holding hearings, making surveys for fishways and all its attendant expenses, inspecting rivers and ponds, defending suits before county commissioners, trial justices and county courts, and for employing detectives in defense of the fish and game laws. Every dollar that has been expended for the enforcement of the game laws has been just so many dollars taken from the protection and propagation of fish. The fisheries department has been sacrificed to the exact amount deducted for the protection of the game and the enforcement of the game laws. The commissioners say that "the two departments are inseparable by nature, and can never be economically administered as distinct offices. Every poacher unites the two. The salmon poacher is the river wrecker, the lumber stealer, the deer poacher, the trout poacher and occasional horse thief. Let the question be met openly and squarely. If we are to have charge of the two branches of the State property that united is of more direct benefit to the commonwealth, and brings more wealth into our midst and divides it more equally among all the people than any other interest, then make the requisite appropriation for its proper conduct, and the rigid enforcement of the laws. Do either this, or abolish it at once promptly.

"The great money value of the fish and game to our State should make it a subject of fostering care and protective legislation.

"The point to be considered is how to make the most of this great State interest. So soon as our trout fishing commences in spring, all our best localities from Moosehead to Rangeley are infested by men fishing for the markets of neighboring States. Most of these men are from other States, who are reaping a crop for whose cultivation, propagation and protection they have not been taxed for, or paid one cent. We do not know what the net profit may be on fish thus taken, but there is one fact ever present before us, that these men bring nothing into the State, while every pound of trout thus taken is five dollars robbed from the people of the State. We believe five dollars is less than the minimum cost of every pound of trout taken at Moosehead or Rangeley or Grand Lake stream by our summer visitors, or our own anglers. It is the same with the products of our forests and fields, in the matter of our game. It is difficult to obtain legislation commensurate with the requirements of the evil. The laws are framed with such criminal negligence, or else so skillfully tampered with and emasculated by some interested friend to poaching, that it is almost impossible to convict under them. We can now recommend but one remedy, viz: that a rigid law be passed forbidding the exportation of any of our game or game fishes from the State. Allow citizens of other States to come here and enjoy all the privileges of our forests and streams; to participate in reaping the crop that we have protected and cultivated, but demand that it be consumed on our own soil. If such a law can be constitutionally framed so that it can be enforced, this most difficult question will be solved, and we can exterminate the pestilent poacher whether in the garb of gentlemen or professional pot-hunter.

"We think no fishing with nets of any kind should be allowed above tide water. Hook and line, with fly or bait, should be alone permitted. A moment's reflection will teach that, if the same methods and freedom to fish above as on tide water are tolerated, the result will prove the utter destruction of all the fish that enter the river.

"There has been distributed this season Penobscot salmon fry in the different rivers as follows, viz.:

Penobscot River	300,000
St. Croix River	207,000
Machias River	25,000
Kennebec River	200,000
Androscoggin River	209,000
Presumpscot River	140,000
Saco River	60,000
Total	1,192,000

"Our work in planting land-locked salmon has been amply repaid to us this year in the exhibition of most gratifying results at Moosehead, at Enfield, and at Rangeley. At Moosehead they have been captured on the fly, from time to time, for the last two years. At Enfield, fish estimated at most exaggerated weight, were seen on the spawning bed this year, but in all probability fairly estimated by one accustomed to judge correctly of the weight of fish in the water, fully equalling ten or twelve pounds. At Rangeley considerable numbers have been taken by anglers for several years past. In Rangeley Lake alone, over fifty of two pounds weight and over were taken by anglers last June. More or less were also taken in the lakes below. Quite a number were seen by the commissioner on the spawning beds in Rangeley stream in October, some of them very large and estimated by him and others at not less than ten or twelve pounds. All this is the more encouraging, as it indicates that we shall be enabled in the early future to take spawn at Enfield and Rangeley for the further stocking yearly of these waters. It must be borne constantly in mind by our Legislature, that a given field of water or earth will but produce food sufficient of fish or wheat for a given number of persons. The waters of Maine are now fished by a large population from all the United States. How many, our railroad officers and your hotel keepers will inform you. Our fields must be yearly planted and sowed for the mouths that the natural production is not sufficient to feed. When the very inadequate supply of means in resources to procure the ova to stock the very wide area of waters, we are expected to plant, is borne in mind; when it is remembered that the fair supply of fish fry to one acre is set down by experienced fishculturists at 5,000 to one acre of water, or 1,000 one pound fish, the pleasure experienced by us in our success with our meagre resources will be participated in by all our brother commissioners."

FISHCULTURE IN ENGLAND.

AS we have before stated it is proposed to form a National Fisheulture Association in England, and the following circular, dated Crown Buildings, 188 Fleet street, London, Dec. 15, 1882, has been issued:

Knowing that you are interested in the subject of fisheulture, we beg to ask if you will kindly attend a meeting under the presidency of Edward Birkbeck, Esq., M.P., which is to be held at three o'clock on Wednesday, 20th December, 1882, at the Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge, kindly lent by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers for the occasion.

The object of the meeting is to form a National Fisheulture Association of Great Britain and Ireland. We feel sure you will agree with us that such a society is wanted, and has an immense field open for it. At present all British effort in fisheulture is individual effort, and not only do the public generally know little of what is being done, but our fisheulturists themselves are often quite ignorant of what other laborers in the same field are doing; as proof of this, we may mention the difficulty we have experienced in getting the names and addresses of fisheulturists, and we are aware that there are many whose names we have failed to obtain.

We know from experience that in this country an increasing interest is being taken in fisheulture and fish farming of all kinds; in other countries, including our own colonies, fisheultural societies are doing most valuable work. In view of these facts, and also of that Great International Fisheries Exhibition which is to be opened in London next year by her Majesty the Queen, it is unquestionably most desirable that such a society as we have referred to should be formed. It will, of course, be in no sense a commercial undertaking, but purely a scientific society, established on the simplest and broadest foundations, viz., to promote the interests of inland and sea fisheulture of all kinds in the best way possible.

Further details will be explained at the meeting. The following gentlemen have promised to support the movement: The Marquis of Exeter, Sir James Gibson Maitland, Bart., Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., Lieut.-Col. Custance, Mr. C. L. Buxton, Mr. T. J. Mann, Dr. Francis Day, Mr. Greville Fennell, Mr. Francis Francis, of the *Field*, Mr. C. C. Capel, Mr. J. A. Youl, Mr. H. Ffennell, of *Land and Water*, Mr. William Senior, of the *Daily News* and *Bell's Life*, Mr. J. P. Wheeldon, of the *Yachting Gazette*, and many others.

Will you kindly inform us if it will be convenient for you to be present at the meeting; or if you cannot attend, we should be glad to hear from you that the movement has your good wishes.

W. OLDHAM CHAMBERS,
Hon. Sec. Norfolk and Suffolk Acclimatization Society.
R. B. MARSTON,
Editor *Fishing Gazette*.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

February 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1883.—Grand International Porch Show, Washington, D. C. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Office, Skating Rink, Washington, D. C.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4, and 5 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Puench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after January 1, 1883, close February, 1, 1883. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary.

May, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Porch Show, New York City. Robt. C. Cornell, 54 William st., New York City.

"PIOUS JEEMS" ON DOGS AND TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of December 20 asking me to "give your readers the benefit of my experience by laying before them my views regarding field trials and the dogs that participate in them," has received my careful attention, and as it is a subject of so much interest to so large a number of sportsmen, I fear it may excite more newspaper controversy than I wish to engage in, so I will say in the beginning, on no account will I be drawn into any controversy. My opinions are the result of my own experience, and I have nothing to gain in forcing them on the public. I have no particular strain of dogs to advertise, as I have none to sell. I have been forced by facts to give up many of my preconceived opinions of sporting dogs. I will say, if I find I am wrong, I am not so wedded to consistency as to remain in ignorance rather than confess a change of opinion.

I have attended most of the field trials, either as judge or spectator, held in the United States, and was at one time a warm advocate of the point system. A long experience as judge has forced me to change my opinion and give my preference to the heat system.

There is a certain element of luck pervading all field trials. In the point system this element especially predominates. I never yielded my preference to the heat system until I had, when acting as judge under the point system, been compelled by the rules to award the prize of merit to the sorriest dog in the race. Having acted as judge a number of times under the heat system, I have never yet seen a dog win a first prize that was not fairly entitled to it. As this question has been discussed so often in the columns of all the sporting journals, I do not propose to bore your readers with it further, but lay it away with the old bores who for years worried us with muzzle-loader vs. breech-loader—as in my early youth was discussed flint and steel vs. percussion locks—all of these old ideas have been settled and forgotten, and as far as I am concerned I have consigned the point system of judging in field trials to the same grave.

Every new field trial is an improvement on the last, as points of difference arise which require alterations of the rules. These are always remedied when brought to the attention of the clubs. The most absolute necessity for the success of field trials is to secure the services of practical sportsmen who are competent to judge. This may seem an easy matter, as it is but natural to suppose that a good sportsman is a judge of a good dog. Yet I have seen some good sportsmen who were crack shots, and devoted much time to field sports, who had very poor ideas of what was necessary for a field dog. A dog that has no style nor system in ranging and quartering often gives a pot-hunter a great many shots, but such a dog cannot win on a field trial. I do not think any of our clubs have their standard on style as high as it should be; for the reason that the winners in field trials are the sires and dams of future generations of sporting dogs, and the sire that has the prepotency to impart his perfections to his offspring

is the most desired, as nothing adds more to the pleasure of the sport than the graceful attitudes of the dogs. And the sportsman who gives more attention to his game bag than his dog will never make a competent judge on a field trial.

No gentleman is fit to judge in a field trial who does not naturally love dogs. If his heart is not so imbued with a love of the canine race that he is willing to bear abuse, vituperation and slander for this love, he should never judge in a field trial. The object of field trials is not sport, but the development of the sporting dog. And a judge must never pay any attention to sport while judging. I think it is in exceeding bad taste for a judge to kill a bird, or in any way allow his mind to be diverted from the dogs that are under judgment. A sportsman who has never yet killed a field trial cannot expect to be competent to judge correctly before he learns by experience. Judges require to be educated to judge, as much as the trainer to handle dogs. And I would advise all clubs conducting field trials to select at least one experienced judge, and on no account select a judge who has never witnessed a field trial. There are exceptions to this rule; some men are *nascitur non fit*. In this class I may be permitted to mention Mr. Elliott Smith, one of the judges in the Eastern Field Trials at High Point, N. C. The clubs choose judges, as they do handlers and dogs; and as the old ones cannot serve always, they must prepare others to take their places.

I think I should be allowed to write very freely on this subject, as I sacrificed all my fall and winter sport, up to this time, to act as judge for the Eastern Field Trials Club, and the New Orleans Gun Club. And while I was devoting my energies to developing the sporting dog, my hunting companions at home were having a royal time in a camp hunt on the Tombigbee, but if my services contributed anything to make those trials a success, I have no regrets.

The next question that comes up is the dog. I am so often asked which is the best of all the varities of sporting dogs. A knotty question to answer. At my feet, as I write, on the hearth rug before a big wood fire, lie two pointers, a Gordon and a Llewellin setter, all beauties and perfect types of their kind, but the truth must come, and I answer the question with a sigh, for here I have had to give up a hobby. Here I must confess to a change of opinion, for I have always thought the pointer the best dog in the world, but the records of field trials is against that opinion, and in spite of my early love for the pointer, I am compelled to say, that when the pointer meets the red Irish, he carries a more level head than the Irish and wins; when he meets the Gordon he carries less lumber and wins over the Gordon, but when he tackles a Llewellin he meets his fate, I confess it with a heart pang. The pointer is the best dog in the world, except the Llewellin setter. The question then arises, why have I arrived at such a conclusion? Go to the records of the field trials, and in nearly every stake you find the Llewellin first and the pointer second.

Take the Eastern Field Trials two years ago when Gladstone and Sensation struggled so hard for first in the All-Aged Stakes. Sensation is a grand dog, but the Llewellin Gladstone was his superior. Take the Eastern Field Trials at High Point in November last. Croxteth, a magnificent pointer, swept the field with the head of a conqueror until he met the Llewellin setter Loudon, and he, too, found the Llewellin invincible.

Take the National Kennel Club Trials for years and the Llewellins have invariably won most of the prizes. Take the Summer Trials of '81 and '82, even in the extreme South, where the pointer ought to win, the first prizes have been captured by the Llewellins.

Why is this? After mature deliberation I believe I have solved the problem. A quarter of a century ago the pointer was the best dog in the world. He is better adapted to a southern climate than the setter; he can stand heat and thirst better; he goes unscathed through cockleburrs and beggarlice, which are very annoying to the setter, but he has degenerated of late years.

The Southern sportsmen generally lost their fortunes during the late war, and were unable to keep up their kennels as they did in former years, and as the setter was better adapted to a colder climate, the pointer was discarded by Northern sportsmen. A hundred dollars have been spent in the development of the setter, both in England and America, for one on the pointer during the last twenty years. The setter has had all the advantage. And as the Llewellins have had more money spent in their development than any other class, they have gone to the front, just like the race horse. At one time Virginia was a leader in breeding race horses, even Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana produced some famous winners, but the old Metarie course at New Orleans has become a Golgotha, while Saratoga and Long Branch can vie with Louisville and Lexington in developing the thoroughbred. The whole thing in a nutshell is, the wealth is in the Northern States, and it takes money to develop blood in horse or dog.

I still believe the pointer can be bred up again, and will be, when the Southern planter is rich enough to make the experiment. There are but few good pointers left. The old roughhaired pointer was a game dog, and the velvet-haired, thinskinned, shivering bench show beauty that is offered for breeding sires will never bring back the dog of which we sang from the Potomac to the Gulf, "Old Virginny never tires." I love the old pointer, and intend to do what I can to restore him, as I would a lost art.

The Gordon setter is a beauty on the bench, but he has been bred after the Stonehenge model, and he now carries too much lumber to compete either with the pointer or Llewellin.

The red Irish always were and always will be a failure in field trials, because they are never what sportsmen call level-headed, with the exception of the Campbell strain of red Irish, which is imbued with a considerable quantity of native blood. I know of no good ones.

Of the Laveracks I have little to say, as I think their crowning glory is that from them came the Llewellin.

I have heard it remarked very often at field trials, "It is no use to compete for prizes, the judges will award them to the Llewellins, anyhow." What a miserable lot of judges the clubs must select, if they do such things. Will not the croaker who reads this pause and think for one moment? Is it not possible that some honest man may sometime be selected to act as judge? Look the thing squarely in the face, and don't you think you will have to give it upas I did, and acknowledge that the Llewellin is the best dog; *ergo*, he is bound to win?

I hear some say the dogs of to-day can not endure as much as they could twenty years ago; that, too, is a mistake. They are better than they ever were, but twenty years ago we used muzzle-loaders, and our dogs rested while we were loading. Now we give them no rest in the field. It is not so hard to account for the cream in the cocoanut as some persons imagine; it only requires a little thoughtful observation to learn where most of our difficulties lie.

I hope this is a satisfactory reply to your letter. If any of your readers are benefited by the result of my experience and observation, I can assure them I am amply repaid for my trouble. If they see cause to differ with me, I have not the slightest objection. If I am wrong, I am very sure they will have to find proofs elsewhere than the field trial records.

While you are discussing my letter, I will be busy popping away at the quail, making up for lost time. While I am having a good time, may you have the same, is the wish of

PIOUS JEEMS.

LOCHINVAR, Miss., Dec. 26, 1882.

STRAYED SETTERS FOUND.—Found, two red Irish setter dog pups, about half grown. Owner can have same by calling, proving property, and paying expenses. Address AGENT, P. O. Box 312, Grand Haven, Mich.

THE WASHINGTON BENCH SHOW.

AS the dates are now fixed (Feb. 20, 21, 22 and 23) and the building secured for this show, the work of getting out the premium lists will at once be begun.

The Rink, where the show will be held, from the description given of it, is the best adapted building in the country for a show of this kind. Assurances from the owners of some of the best dogs in the country have already been received to insure of its being a success.

There is no doubt that this will be a capital place to dispose of dogs.

The élite of the Washington society will no doubt attend the show in large numbers, as special invitations will be sent to the President and members of Congress to attend the show.

Washington's birthday occurs during the week of the show, thus affording exhibitors and visitors a grand opportunity to see the capital in all its glory.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.

THE sportsmen here are very enthusiastic over the show, and all exhibitors will receive a very cordial welcome to the capital city of Canada. Parliament will be sitting during the show; this will afford a good opportunity to see the grand government buildings. The following railroads have agreed to carry dogs free when they are accompanied by their owners or caretakers: Grand Trunk Railroad, Canadian Pacific, Utica & Black River Railroad, New York Central, Central Vermont Railroad, Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railroad, Buffalo, Pittsburg & Western Railroad Company.

The American Cocker Spaniel Club have decided to offer $10 cash for the best cocker spaniel exhibited, to be judged according to the club's standard. Entries will positively close on the 15th of March. Two more special prizes have been contributed, one by the Montreal Dog Fanciers Association, of a very fine silver cup for the best Yorkshire terrier exhibited, another silver cup by F. J. Boswell, Esq., for the best matched pair of Gordon setters, dogs or bitches.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Superintendent.

OTTAWA, Jan. 6, 1883.

KENNEL LAMENESS.

WITH the fall of the leaf, and the cold, foggy atmosphere of November, may very well come those preliminary signs of a lameness that is so insidious in its nature as to have baffled the faculty up to the present time, both in determining its cause, or in deciding for it a permanent remedy. It is considered to be a rheumatic affection, but that is a particularly wide term, and there are certain proofs that it is attributable to some local influence specially accessible to the constitution of the dog. A low, damp dwelling place near a river, or adjacent to badly or totally undrained land, may account for ague and rheumatism in man, and it has been clearly shown that persons inhabiting such quarters, or having much to do in meadows or marshes, may not be subject to any ill effects at the time, but, as if some poison is inhaled into their systems, they will suffer years afterward from rheumatic complaints.

There is nothing of this kind, however, to be traced in connection with dogs, as those accustomed to hunt in water, or under constant exposure to weather, frequently live the longest, and are exempt longer than others from the maladies that have a tendency to creep upon old age. Moreover, it has been proved that kennels built in low situations between hills have entirely escaped visitations of kennel lameness, and when built upon the most perfect principles, on high ground, such as one would choose for the sites of houses, the hand of ill luck has suffered the marked degree from kennel lameness. The late Mr. Assheton-Smith discovered this at Tedworth, as his first kennels were built on the summit of a hill, and in accordance with Mr. Smith's ideas, no expense was spared to insure the comfort of the hounds. Within a few months of the kennels being occupied, however, an extraordinary number of the hounds got this shoulder lameness, and it so happened that some of them so placed *hors de combat* were located in some old barns building by the hill. Here they got well again almost directly, and the fact was so palpable after repeated trials that the present Tedworth kennels were built on the site of these cowsheds, and from thenceforth there was no more kennel lameness.

The same thing exactly occurred to Lord Portsmouth's pack at Eggesford, the old kennels, on a fine commanding site, at this time affording healthy accommodation as cottages for the Earl's retainers, but the hounds in habit kennels built in a bottom where the building is often enough hidden in fog.

Those who have closely watched all the results of kennel lameness will easily form an opinion that the expense of the above change of kennel accommodation, involving several thousand pounds, was very well applied. The fine pack of hounds of which in his day Assheton-Smith could boast, and the grand pack now at Eggesford could not have been established under circumstances associated at all with the epidemic called kennel lameness. It is really a malady that goes further than merely incapacitating dogs from work, or making them permanent cripples, as a good many could show that breeding has been greatly influenced by the outbreak of the malady in a kennel. Dogs hitherto prolific sires have become quite the opposite after being laid down with this lameness, and it has not been until their usual going and gait has been thoroughly restored that they have got back seemingly to their full powers. Bitches have been far more influenced still be the malady, and it has been shown that in some foxhound kennels, where the disease has been specially marked during a season, a majority of the bitches have missed, although consorted to strange sires. The seasons have been rather extraordinary of late years with regard to bitches not breeding. Three years ago, during the winter and spring, a great number of bitches missed, and many of them bred later in the summer. Last season the same deficiency was remarkable during the early part of the year, and the complaints were frequent from both masters of hounds and owners of smaller kennels. It was also a remarkable season for kennel lameness, and one can easily recollect that it was a very changeable season. There were short spells of very cold weather, followed by almost unnatural mildness, interspersed with a good deal of rain or damp. There is no changing this state of things, and as for kennel lameness, although there are certainly remedies to relieve a patient, and to practically patch him up for service, there is no getting at the actual cause, or the exact condition of the atmosphere, that brings about the results we have mentioned. The only thing is to endeavor to rule the constitution of the animal so as to make it unchangeable to all atmospheric influence.

It must be apparent to most people that ordinary dogs running about are never seen to suffer from kennel lameness, and a great many people have had to lament the fact that breeding never fails when it is left to ordinary opportunity or accident under circumstances of the dogs being unguarded. It matters not what sort of season it is, old-fashioned winters, or the modern changes, a certain class of breeding never fails, and it is only seen to do so among those that, to coin the term, we artificially take care of. Breeding animals more than others are specially looked after, successful stud dogs are too valuable to be let run about, or, for the matter of that, any dogs of value, and bitches, during certain seasons particularly, are kept very close prisoners. Very rightly they are kept under lock and key, and, during three weeks' confinement, are just let out in a yard perhaps once a day, but very few are properly exercised. It would be a great deal of trouble for servants to lead them about for two hours, and a good many servants of the present day would not obey such orders, even if laid down as strict kennel rules. Indeed, is it not a fact too well established that half the prize and valuable dogs of this country are confined the greater part of their lives without anything approaching personable out-of-door work or exercise?

One of the best authorities on kennel matters was a Master of hounds, who lived about forty years ago, namely, Mr. Hodgson, for many years Master of the Holderness, and for a couple of seasons of the Quorn. It was said that there was no better huntsman than Mr. Hodgson, but that in the kennel he was supreme, and he prided himself specially that he could prevent hounds having kennel lameness, no matter what kennels they inhabited, his opinion being that a predisposition of the complaint was brought about by hounds being permitted to lie inactive on their benches for many hours, and his plan on non-hunting days was to have them turned off their benches once or twice for two hours, and in the winter, when the evenings were very long, to have them so disturbed by moonlight. Here is a proof that an experienced observer put down a very serious dog malady as caused by long stretches of idleness, and it must have been remarked by all dog owners that after a dog has been sleeping for some hours he rises with his limbs, in a measure, set, and for a second or two, until he shakes himself, he moves with a lame gait.

This is not at all noticeable in dogs in regular work, as a pointer, setter or terrier in working condition, invariably jumps up sharp, and he will coil round and sleep at any time, just like a dog will that is always running about. To be kept in confinement is an unnatural state for dogs, and, therefore, complaints such as kennel lameness, or many other more pronounced diseases, can easily be ascribed to such treatment. It would be useful, we feel sure, for dog owners to consider this subject, and if they have been unsuccessful in breeding, or in having their dogs go wrong, they might try to remedy existing evils by qualifying the necessary amount of artificial treatment in the management of a kennel with a large addition to the routine of exercise.—*Kennel Gazette.*

THE MOTHER BEAGLES.

I HAVE two little beagle mothers. The grand dame had four little beagle puppies, the daughter only one. I have the two mothers in baskets each side of the fire in my sitting room. The one of the four little ones died, then the beagle grand dame had her eye on her little granddaughter, and was most anxious to get it into her basket to make up for the little one that she lost. Her daughter thought otherwise. Whenever the young beagle mother got out of her basket, the grandmother would jump immediately in and take possession of the little grand puppy, cuddle and caress it until the little mother came back, then relinquish it at once without the least dispute. This little one was very whining and fretful, although a very fine puppy. Then it took sick and died. Then there way commotion in the camp, for after it was taken away, the daughter would jump into her mother's basket and lay siege to all three of the little puppies, and would not take nay; but they did not fight. The old mother would then make room for her daughter, and take a share in their nursing. Now the three little puppies have the blessing of two mothers. It is really astonishing and amusing to watch the manœuvres of those two little beagle mothers.

I am astonished that ladies do not take more to little beagles. I would never have another lap or field dog after knowing the beagle. The beagle is a most delightful pet and companion, either for the field or parlor. It is such a useful little animal, for they are death on the jack rabbit and are very affectionate, but require warmth; and I do no think them very long lived—about eight years; not much longer. The father of the puppies is a little black and white tricolored beagle that was presented to me by an English gentleman. He is a most pugnacious little dog and a perfect Nimrod in the field. He has run himself almost blind, for he never will stop running until he is made to. He is now about seven years old and begins to show age; has quite lost one eye, so I will not let him hunt any more, only when he slips out.

I cannot tell how he escaped the contagion of last October. We lost then six beautiful foxhounds and four beagles with the distemper, which disease was the most virulent of its kind. This distemper raged all through Virginia. Everything that could be done was done to save the dogs, but to no avail. One beautiful and favorite foxhound was perfectly cold three days before it died. I never could have believed that there could have been so much differing among the canine race. They were all nursed and cared for as much as if they had been Christians. Nearly all our neighbors lost their hounds and other dogs at that time. Now hounds are very scarce in Virginia and there are scarcely any beagles at all to be got for love or money.

Old Rattler, too, is a singing dog. It is most extraordinary; if he be asleep, and I begin to sing, in a moment he is up, puts his fore feet upon my lap, opens his mouth, and pitches his voice to the very highest key. At first I thought it uncommonly strange. The next time I saw his old master I mentioned the circumstance to him. He said yes, indeed, he could sing, and always began to sing his little dog's song when any one began to sing. I thought at first it brought back some old memory to the poor little beagle. It appears not, he is a singing dog. The other beagles do not sing like him, but often commence to howl and make a perfect

F. E.

PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, Virginia.

A COSTLY BITE.—A dog belonging to Joseph Schwartzer having bitten the son of Michael Powers, the latter procured on Saturday, in the Yorkville Police Court, an order to kill the animal. The dog not having been found, the owner was summoned to appear in court. He pleaded through his lawyer that the dog never having bitten any one before, he should not be held accountable for this, the first offense. Justice White said that a similar occurrence had once cost him a large sum. A dog he formerly owned bit a boy, and the lad's father obtained a judgment for $1,000 damages. In this instance, also, it was the dog's first offense. By advice of his counsel he appealed the case, which was finally decided against him. In the meantime the expenses attendant on the legal proceedings had, together with the original judgment, reached the sum of $3,500. He advised the defendant to carefully avoid becoming involved in similar difficulties, and discharged him upon his promising to find the dog if possible and kill him.

DOG PICTURES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your enterprise in furnishing not only the earliest and most reliable reports of all events in the dog world but with them such admirable pictures of bench show and field trial winners has won for the FOREST AND STREAM the warmest praise among men from all parts of the country with whom I have conversed. Your illustrations are wonderfully well done, considering the promptness with which they appear. Having won the confidence of dog owners by your intelligent, candid and impartial field trial reports, may you continue to be as now, "always ahead and never behind."—CANIS (Chicago, Ill.).

A VALUABLE DOG KILLED.—Whitestone, L. I., Dec. 25.—That the brutes of this world as well as the fools are not all dead yet, you will not deny after reading what follows. My dog a noble setter in the prime of life, of fine proportions, active, staunch and true, lies here in my dining-room swathed in rags and cloths, riddled through the thighs with No. 2s, the penalty of trespassing upon a neighbor's grounds, where a bitch of very doubtful pedigree, owned on the prem-

ises, was in a condition calculated to attract every dog in the vicinity. The fences encircling the forbidden grounds were in a most dilapidated condition, with apertures nearly large enough to admit of a cow passing through. My poor Shot! He was but thirty feet ahead of me when he turned from the public road, and passing through a hole in the fence, trespassed—actually trespassed—upon my neighbor's property, meeting there a murderous fire from an old musket, at eight yards "rise," which will probably result in his death. The shooting was done deliberately, in my sight, but so quickly that I was powerless to hinder it. His was a quiet nature, unoffending, beloved and petted by all, a good one in the field, of fair pedigree, and withal could do his share of tricks about the house. Should he die I firmly believe that mine would be as clear a claim for damages as ever man had against man in the courts of law. The above are the unbiased facts. What think you?—A. C. W.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—A meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was called for last evening, but as twenty-five members (a quorum) were not present, it was postponed until Tuesday the 16th inst. The Board of Governors met and elected the following gentlemen: John B. Marston, J. H. Kershow, F. C. Hoe and J. P. O'Neil. The following names were proposed for membership: L. B. Wright, L. C. Clark and D. T. Worden.

PINK B.—We last week published Pink B. as winner of first in the N. A. K. C. Derby and New Orleans Gun Club Derby. It should have read second in both the Chicken Trials and N. A. K. C. Derby, and first in the New Orleans Gun Club Derby.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SO'TON, Jan. 6.—Despite the storm to-day, several riflemen assembled at the range at Walnut Hill to commence the regular matches for the month. The day was a fair one for shooting. Below are the best scores, all at 200yds.:

Creedmoor Match.

A Duffer	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4—49
J A Cobb	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5—47
J B Thomas	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	4—46
A J Carter	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4—44
T J Barker	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4—44
T Everett (mil)	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	5	4	4—40
C A Jenks	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40
E J Turner (mil)	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—39
C H Best (mil)	5	4	5	4	4	3	4	4	2	4—38
S C Stubbs	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	2—38

Rest Match.

A Duffer	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
D A Rothe	10	10	9	10	10	8	10	10	10	10—97
S Wilder	10	10	10	10	10	7	10	9	9	10—95
W A Stiles	9	8	9	10	10	10	10	7	10	10—93
A J Carter	8	8	8	10	8	10	10	10	8	10—90
T J Barker	10	9	8	8	9	8	8	10	9	7—86
C H Best	8	6	10	8	9	10	9	9	7	6—82

Decimal Match.

A C Adams	10	10	9	7	10	8	6	8	8	8—85
A Duffer	10	5	9	7	10	10	9	8	10	7—85
H A Carter	10	5	10	7	9	9	10	9	6	8—83
D A Rothe	10	6	7	9	6	9	8	9	7	9—80
S C Stubbs	10	7	9	8	10	7	8	6	5	5—74
J A Cobb	10	8	4	6	8	5	9	7	7	3—61

GARDNER, Mass., Jan. 3.—At the last meeting at the Hackmatack Range of the Gardner Rifle Club, the inch ring and Creedmoor target combined was used; distance 200yds., off-hand. The following is the score:

	R. C.	It. C.	Totals.
G F Ellsworth	47	48	182 95
J S Wedge	42	47	89 93
A Mathews	81	46	92 46	167 92
W C Loveland	77	44	72 44	149 88
G O Goodall	77	43	69 43	146 86
F Underwood	62	44	70 45	132 89
C Shumway	58	43	59 44	117 87
F Parker	58	43	56 43	114 85
W Amsden	53	43	55 42	113 85

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 4.—The winter series of matches at Pine Grove Range, under the auspices of the Worcester Rifle Association, took place to-day. It was sharp and frosty, the wind at 9 o'clock.

The three matches and the prizes are as follows:

Match A, Creedmoor target.—Conditions, 200yds. Position, standing. Rounds, ten. Any rifle within the rules. Entries unlimited at fifteen cents each to members; to non-members, first entries each day, thirty cents; re-entries, fifteen cents. Prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best five scores, to count in the order made. Rifles with military or open sights to be shot without cleaning during each score. Military rifles allowed seven points, and other rifles with open sights five points, on the aggregate of five scores. Competitors to be handicapped.

Match B, Decimal Target—Conditions and prizes same as in match A, except that military rifles are allowed eighteen points, and other rifles with open sights thirteen points, on the aggregate of five scores.

Match C, Decimal Target, at rest—200yds. Rounds, ten; rifle and position, or rest; any rifle within the rules; entries unlimited at fifteen cents to members; to non-members, first entry each day thirty cents, re-entries fifteen cents. Prize to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best four scores, which must be made on four different match days not over one score to be counted that is made on the same day. Rifles with military or open sights to be shot without cleaning during each score. Muzzle-loading rifles, using round or conical bullets, to be allowed eight points, military rifles thirty points, and other open-sighted rifles twenty points on the aggregate of four scores. Match to be shot on Massachusetts decimal target. Prizes same as Match A.

The records made to-day are as follows:

Creedmoor Target.

Stedman Clark	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4—44
S N Morse, Jr	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—43
F Johnston	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4—42
Re-entry	4	4	5	4	5	4	3	4	4	4—41
C Arthur	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
Re-entry	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4—41
C D Eames	5	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	5	4—41
F Wessels	4	4	4	5	5	4	3	4	3	5—40
Re-entry	5	5	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
C A Wagner, mil	2	4	2	3	4	4	3	4	3	3—32
Re-entry, mil	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	5	0—35
Moffitt, mil	3	4	3	2	4	4	4	3	3	3—31

Massachusetts Decimal Target.

Stedman Clark	9	7	6	10	7	8	8	10	7	8—80
Re-entry	4	6	8	5	8	7	8	9	9	10—74
C Arthur	8	5	7	9	4	5	10	7	10	7—72
C Dusenbury	5	10	10	2	9	9	4	6	8	5—67
Re-entry	0	5	9	3	7	3	4	3	8	5—56
J N Morse, Jr	7	5	7	6	7	4	7	6	5	10—64
J Williams	5	1	4	10	9	6	5	4	7	6—54
A L Rice	5	3	6	8	8	7	5	3	4	4—49

Massachusetts Decimal Target—Rest.

Stedman Clark	10	9	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	10—96

CONLIN'S GALLERY.—Corner Thirty-first street and Broadway. The 19th annual shooting tournament will be opened at this gallery on Monday, January 15, 1883. The public and especially all marksmen are invited to call, see the prizes, read the conditions and participate in the contest.

THE TRAP.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., Dec. 25, 1882.—Second match of the Gun Club; 50 glass balls each; 18yds. The sum of each five shots is given:

B F Mananon	5	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	3—39
E F Mananon	4	5	4	5	2	4	1	3	4	4—36
R H Pratt	3	1	0	3	1	0	2	5	5	1—21
H B Griffeth	5	3	5	2	4	2	4	2	4	2—33
W S Griffeth	2	4	3	4	4	3	4	0	4	3—31

J. C. W.

A POULTRY SHOOT.—The annual poultry shoot of the Seppenfeldt Rifle Club was held Dec. 29. Following scores at a 12-ring target, 2¼in. ball, out of a possible 120, were made:

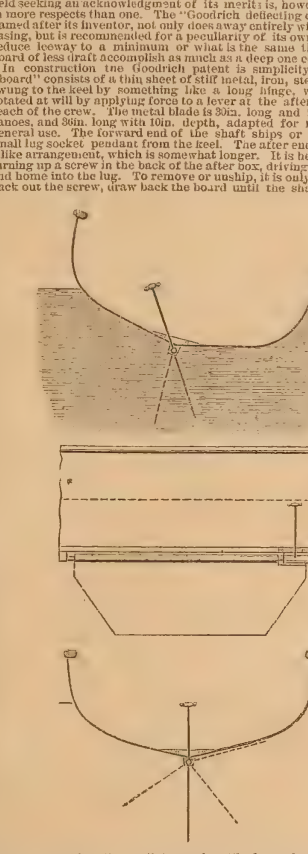
E Holzmann	117	G Messerschmitt	99
C Rein	115	D Hermann	99
J Luft	115	W Balz	98
J Zimmerman	112	J D Dillenburg	98
J Schutz	110	J Krause	95
W Seppenfeldt	108	B Wragge	95
H Gunther	108	W Wenz	90
J Hilzer	107	J Morghe	90
J Rein	106	H Rendheim	89
H Elbsen	101		

Yachting and Canoeing.

NEW CENTERBOARD FOR CANOES.

AN efficient centerboard is a boon to the canoeist. All boards of a fixed pattern are, however, more or less in the way, and so irksome is the casing found in long cruising that much as a board is to be desired, it is often discarded altogether, the room being begrudged by the paddler who feels the necessity of claiming a hinder self all there is of that commodity in the very straight quarters to which every canoe must plead guilty. The "folding board" overcomes this objection to a great extent, hence its popularity of late and a description of the application in these columns not long ago. Much genius continues to be expended upon boards for canoes as an adjunct which will enable the traveler to utilize his sail on the wind or even in a heading breeze is so certain of approval and wide introduction that the stimulus for invention is not at all wanting. Canoeists in America are now counted by the thousand, and this swingeing of the blades make fresh converts so fast that a bid for their favor means a trade destined to expand without limit. The latest candidate in the field seeking an acknowledgment of its merit is, however, notable in more respects than one. The "Goodrich detecting centerboard," named after its inventor, not only does away entirely with all inboard casing, but is recommended for a peculiarity of its own intended to reduce leeway to a minimum or what is the same thing, make a board of less draft accomplish as much as a deep one could.

In construction the Goodrich patent is simplicity itself. The "board" consists of a thin sheet of stiff metal, iron, steel, or brass, swung to the keel by something like a long hinge, which can be rotated at will by applying force to a lever at the after end, within reach of the crew. The metal blade is 30in. long and 9in. deep for canoes, and 36in. long with 10in. depth, adapted for rowboats and general use. The forward end of the shaft ships or points into a small lug socket pendant from the keel. The after end passes into a like arrangement, which is somewhat longer. It is held in place by turning up a screw in the back of the after box, driving the forward end home into the lug. To remove or unship, it is only necessary to back out the screw, draw back the board until the shaft drops out



of the forward lug, then pull forward until clear of the box also. What keel is cut away is fully compensated by the stiffness of the shaft when the screw is turned home. To control the angular position of the blade, a lever is introduced inside the canoe. The top of the after box has an opening with a forked slide slipping over the slot. This slide is pushed clear, the lever then stepped into the middle hole of three in the shaft end. If the board is to be kept upmuch, draw to the forked slide, so that the prongs grasp and hold the lever up and down. Leakage is prevented by having the shaft closely fit in the box. When so nipped, the blade is vertical, the same as is the case with an ordinary centerboard, and in this condition the canoe is prepared to sail in light airs, or before the wind, as it is impossible to trice up the blade. Being small, very thin and with sides as smooth as go wish to finish them, no appreciable resistance will be experienced, while the boat is always ready to come by the wind in a moment, without the bother of looking after the pennant.

When down it acts as a steadier oil the wind, especially if the water be lumpy. When heeling to a press of sail or in beating up against the wind, the angle of the blade may be changed quickly to suit the demands of each tack. This is effected by shoving back the forked slide, and then pushing the lever up to windward, retaining it there by a small hook and eye supplied for the purpose. When going about, throw off the hook while in wind, push lever over to opposite side and hook again. Until well settled down to the work, it is best to keep the lever approximately as desired by bearing against it with the knee of the foot. Should half the angle be sufficient, the lever may be allowed to come back till it takes against the outer edge of the little sliding cup. When the board is to be got rid of temporarily for paddling or to clear a shoal, it is turned clear up under the bottom, as shown by the dotted line in one of the cuts, by taking hold with the lever in one of the outer holes of the three in the shaft. Few canoes are anything but a "straight out" for nine inches from the center, so the board will lay quite snug in this position; and should it offer any resistance on account of a rise to the floor at the forward end, jamming the water between the bottom and the board, it will be so trifling as to be inappreciable in ordinary practice, though possibly it might serve as a scapegoat for some defeated racing paddler to shift his failure in a spruce contest, to his own satisfaction at least. But the canoeist is not a blue water cruiser, and it is seldom a few strokes will not land him on the beach, where the board will serve to empty the inboard altogether, if he finds himself in for a long buck against a nose-ender. The lever may have a fore and aft hinge an inch or so above the box, so that, after setting the blade, the upper length can drop down flat on the bottom boards. The shaft is fitted in the two end bearings tight enough to require so a force to turn, so that in moderate sailing it will retain an angle without fastening the lever inside. This is of some value in boxing about in doubtful waters, since striking a rock or gouging the bottom will turn the board up out of harm's way if the lever has been previously unshipped.

That such a board is simple, light and very efficient there can be no doubt. Whether it would in any way affect steering in an irregular manner or not we cannot say. If it does, a little experience will probably familiarize the crew on this head. One objection is likely to present itself, and that is the rigidity of the blade in striking objects fairly end on. The ordinary board will fly up into the case, but the one under consideration would not yield unless by "trumping." Those who have used this novelty seem to have escaped such a result, and only extended practice can tell whether this one liability to damage is enough to counterbalance other evident advantages. Considering how easily the blade can be straightened out if bent, and how it will escape by elastic yielding, the objection is probably not a very serious one in so light a boat.

This new board is made by Thos. Kane & Co., 139 Wabash avenue, Chicago, who make a specialty of its introduction, supplying it fitted to all their boats for $10, and to them all inquiries should be addressed.

YACHTING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

ALTHOUGH the season for yachting was over some time since, and but few of the whitewinged fleet are on commission, it behooves us at this time to take a hasty backward glance to see what has been accomplished by this, one of the best patronized, locally, of our out door sports.

Take it all in all the season was not a satisfactory one by any means. One of the clubs had no annual regatta and that given by the other was not by any means first-class. The small yacht regatta was the best attended of the year, but even that was not up to the one given last year.

The truth of the matter is, there ought to be only one club here. There are not enough yachts for two; and what is more to the purpose, there are not enough yachtsmen. Three-quarters of the people who go yachting are not yachtsmen at all, as they know nothing about handling a boat under sail. One club could prosper and progress, but the rivalry of two does no special good to the amusement. Both of them are weak in some particulars.

We are told, however, that there are elements which will not mingle and that there will be two as long as the leading spirits now controlling the respective destinies of the clubs remain with them. The worst feature of our local yachting is here hinted at. There seem to be several factions in the clubs, the rivalries of which affect the "cause" to its disadvantage. Our oldest club is specially afflicted in this way, so that instead of being as prosperous as it should be under other circumstances, it does not advance. The differences should be healed as soon as may be, and mutual concessions urged, that the club itself should be able to take the position it really merits by its age and experience.

As to building of yachts some little of this is going on. Two fine large yachts are being built in this city, and one smaller one; and two small ones are in course of construction in Oakland. These will materially add to our fleet, and more are talked of. And this is the great encouraging feature, since the old boats will be bought by other people and more persons will join in the sport. A few of the old hands are dropping out and new blood is coming in, so that the yachting will not languish for want of enthusiasm.

There is no place in the world where yachting has the advantages of the weather we have here. For seven or eight months we have steady regular trade winds, which insure passages, and we seldom have drifting matches where races are spoiled. True, our sailing grounds are somewhat limited in extent, and there is a taint of sameness. Btu the old hand will find many places to go which are pleasant to him, and he is always sure of "getting back," something which cannot be said counted on in other parts of the world where winds in summer are variable and light. We have to deplore the decline of small yachts among us as these furnish the yachtsmen for big ones. There are no small yachts in either club, and the tendency is now all to large ones. The owners of small yachts find they cannot keep time with the big ones in the cruises, and the time allowances give them no show in racing, so they become disgusted and want larger yachts or none. Therefore, the twenty-five and thirty foot boats have decreased in number and no new ones are being built. It seems to be agreed that thirty-six to forty feet is the smallest practicable size. The eighty and ninety-foot yachts do not form or help up the yachting interests of the East like the smaller ones because they cost too much to run. In a short time the owners become sensible of the constant expense, and the yacht is not as much used as would be one of less dimensions.

We hope for better things next season because the yachtsmen seem to recognize the fact that there must be greater harmony among them if their favorite amusement is to prosper. If some of the more energetic will take the matter in hand and break up the cabals and factions that exist, and take hold of the interest in earnest, there is no doubt that a better record will be made next year. More cruises, more races, less bickering and talk will bring the sport to the front. —*San Francisco Breeder and Sportsman.*

MR. LAWTON'S VIEWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to a letter written to your paper by your yachting editor.

It certainly amuses me very highly to find Mr. C. P. Kunhardt criticising dogmatic imperativeness, self-contradictions, or method of argument.

If I have interfered with any presumptive right of his to be dogmatically imperative, or self-contradictory, or if I have made use of his methods to transgress the rules of fair discussion, I have done so inadvertently and shall endeavor to leave it to him to monopolize such things in future. As to having "in my mind's eye" Mr. C. P. Kunhardt as an authority on yachting measurements, the mere mention of such a presumption should be a sufficient answer to the thought.

What pretensions to being an authority on that subject he can have, who for some time past has persistently advocated, and continues to advocate in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, a rule of measurement which has the approval of no authority on the subject, that is unqualifiedly condemned by Mr. Dixon Kemp, Mr. Colin Archer and those of others too numerous to mention, that as favored by him is in use nowhere and never likely to be adopted in any club or association, I am at a loss to comprehend.

The sources of information and knowledge are open to every one the opportunities for extended experience have occurred to very many.

His assumption of superior information, knowledge and experience in relation to yacht measurement, and the crediting himself with the discovery of the defects of the various modifications of models, rigs and customs, is as ridiculous as his assertions are untrue that my experience has been limited to drifting on the Sound or that I have ever been in favor of traps.

In conclusion let me add that I freely and frankly agree with him in one particular, that I have much to learn, and it is a pity that he differs with me in not thinking that he has as well. As to teaching, when I desire to be instructed as a pupil, I will certainly seek more reliable sources of knowledge than the gentleman who advocates exploded theories and assumes to have nothing to learn and everybody to teach. NEWBURY D. LAWTON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.

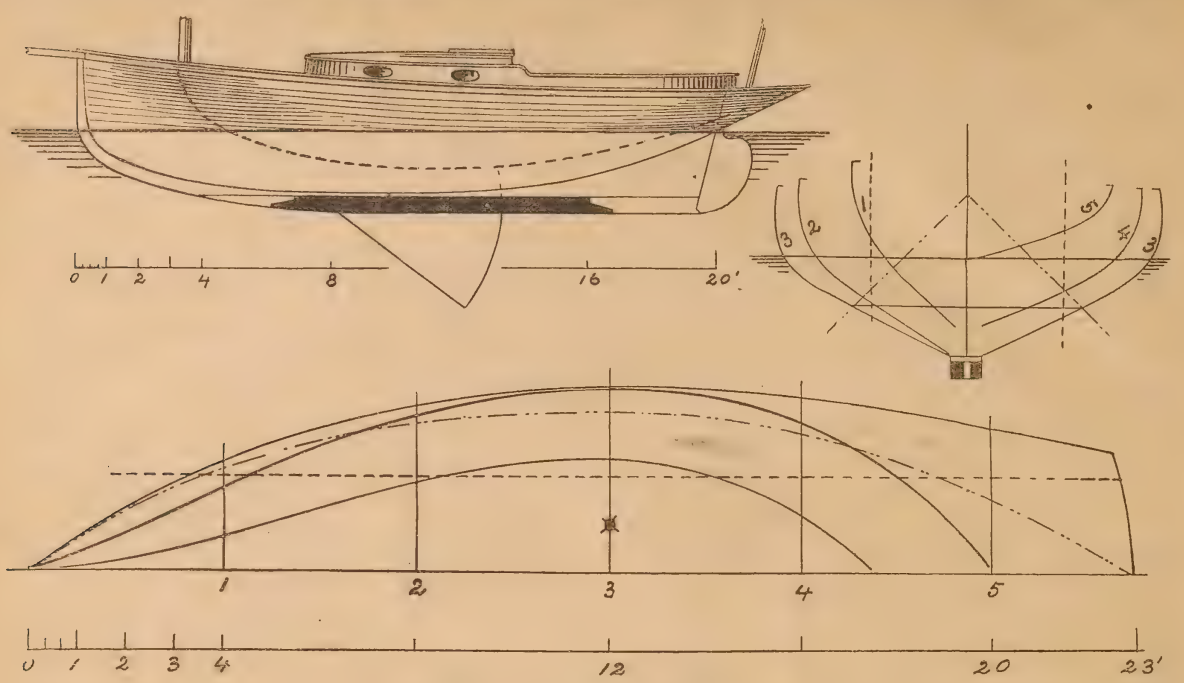
TIME ALLOWANCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to suggest a basis for time allowance that does not seem to have occurred to any one else, and which is not only simple but fairer than even a rough and ready estimate for the philosophically accurate bulk measurement, "weight of rig," or, in other words, *all* the propulsive power, not the fallacious sail measurement. With steamers, the fairness of this is obvious. Suppose half a dozen yachts were fitted with their boats to fit uniform engines, they would soon find out which form gave the best results, and could handicap in regattas with vessels of different size according to horse power. Why should not this work with sailing craft? True, one man might use heavy canvas, taper spars, and very cold arrangements generally, and another might go in for light finish, packthread shrouds and all that sort of thing. Still, each could suit himself, and the difference could not be so great that model would not become, as it ought to be, the main factor of success. One thing would happen anyhow, the bloldheaded cheesebread work and useless gear of all kinds, including the fiendish popgun. And, on general principles, I fancy "machines" and "toys" would "evolute" out of existence, and the sail locker would not be crowded with such a variety of fancy kites.

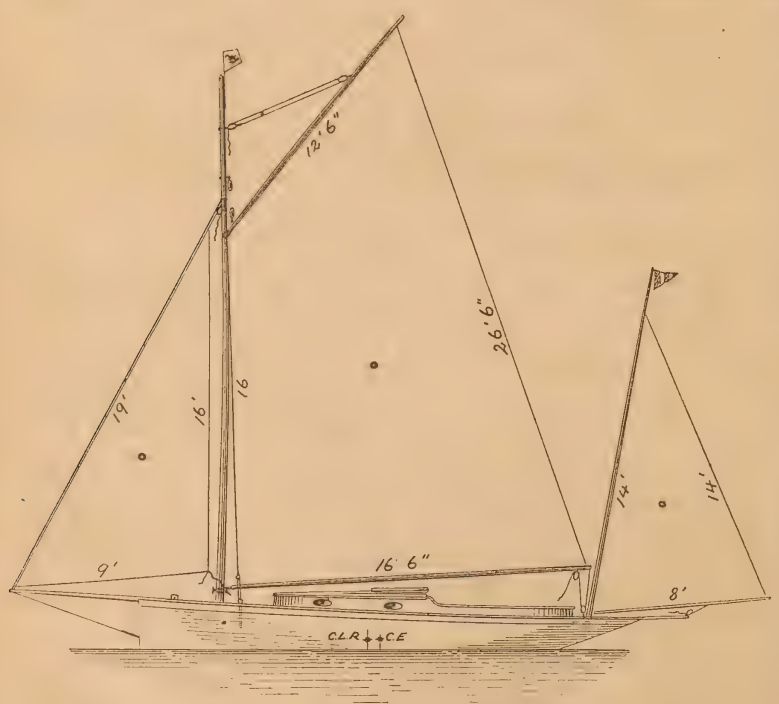
Certificates of weight of rig should be deposited at headquarters of each club, and any changes duly made known. MELL.

NEW SHARPIES.—Mr. Clapham has in hand at his yard, Roslyn, L. I., two Nonpareil sharpies. One of 31ft. over all, with 7ft. 6in. beam, to be schooner rigged. Built in best manner and of extra finish, decks being laid in strips of pine and walnut alternate, 1in. wide each; cockpit and cabin, oak with mahogany, cherry and ash; draft, without board, about 3in. The second one is 40ft. long, with 10ft beam and 15in. draft, without board; yawl rig; cabin, 14ft. 6in. long, finished in varnished hard woods. The same builder is overhauling a 60ft. sternwheel launch suitable for Southern bayous or very shoal waters.



"GANNET."—SINGLE HAND YAWL.

Designed by MR. H. W. EATON for MR. OLIVER ADAMS, Larchmont Y. C.



CRUISING RIG OF "GANNET" YAWL.

THE YAWL GANNET.

SINGLE hand sailing and the cause of small yachts generally, has started on an incipient "boom," which is hailed with pleasure by all persons imbued with a real yachting spirit, and which is certain to blossom into a healthy fashion, as the advantages of regular yachts over open machines are more fully understood. Always in the van in promoting those features of the sport which are praiseworthy in their tendencies, FOREST AND STREAM has lent its aid in the furtherance of the construction of the small, safe yacht as distinct from the treacherous and useless machine, and while other contemporaneous publications are still rubbing their eyes and trying to make up their minds which way to jump, we are glad to find that quite a class of single-handers have already been ordered from the builders, and that several are already so far finished as to afford an idea of their adaptability by actual inspection. The lines of some have already been published in these columns. This week we add the plans of another very likely looking candidate for popular favor in the shape of the new yawl Gannet, built by Wallin & Gorman, of South Brooklyn, for Mr. Oliver Adams, Larchmont Y. C., from designs by Mr. H. W. Eaton, Seawanhaka Y. C.

The Gannet differs from the other examples in being a combination of the keel and centerboard types, and is therefore especially interesting to many who object to the draft of a keel and the smaller beam of a deeper boat. It is very difficult indeed to make a successful combination of the two types, as those who have attempted that kind of work know full well. Anyone can produce a centerboard craft and plaster lead underneath calling her a combination boat, but to devise a cross which shall possess the good qualities of either extreme, and a minimum of their undesirable peculiarities is a different matter. Such attempts have generally failed, because the originator found it impossible to divorce himself from pre-conceived preference for one of the two extremes. Thus the predominating features would in one case be those of the usual shoal trap, with a trifle outside weight and the cat or sloop rig. She would still remain open to all that is urged against the trap, and possess too little of the excellence of the opposite style in the way of an offset, or she would be narrow and deep like the cutter breed and then completely spoiled by being minus the benefit of a keel and low ballast, a board being substituted, without rhyme or reason, only as a claim to represent a combination of the two evil types. The underlying qualities which really ought to receive consideration in place of the mere garb or shape visible to the eye almost always have escaped proper attention.

In the Gannet, however, the work of an experienced hand is plainly visible. In this yawl it is evident that the best performance for all round work in connection with certain definite stipulations, such as safety, room, stiffness, small draft, and handy rig, has been thoroughly studied and digested before giving instructions to the builder to go ahead. In her outline or in some especial respects the Gannet may not be fully in accord with our own predilections, but that does not blind us to the fact that we have never seen a more successful blending of the two types, bearing in mind the service her owner intends to put her through. She is such a vast improvement upon the usual style of small boat and must be found so much more satisfactory than the open machine, be she cat or sand bag caricature, that the wonder is such boats have not been built in large numbers heretofore without waiting for FOREST AND STREAM to give them prominence before the public, and it will be equally as great a wonder should the Gannet and others of her class fail to instigate the launching of a very large fleet of similar boats in the near future.

For family sailing, cruising in the Sound, and for the rational enjoyment of life afloat the Gannet cannot fail to appeal forcibly to the great mass of expectant yacht owners who hold aloof for want of the means or inclination to build large craft, under the impression that small boats can never be anything else but nasty, wet, treacherous and generally useless open machines of the catboat order, costly for their size and worth, requiring large and impracticable crews to sail with any success as sand-bag shifters, and extremely dangerous and unsatisfactory when sailed by one person. Of all ideas ever evolved in the nautical line, the catboat is notoriously the "wettest" ever floated. She is also next to worthless in rough water, and totally unfit for family purposes. She is at best but a racing tool which, even in skillful hands, is abnormally liable to fill or turn petticoat up, and even while on her proper legs requires incessant watching as the price of life, and always exasperatingly cavorts on her helm in all but mild to moderate winds. She has no stowage or accommodations, and a day's cruise in the thing resolves itself in a soaking jacket and nothing "made good," or else a toast in the broiling sun and late hours to make home moorings for want of overnight accommodations. To induce family sailing in such traps is braving risks and the crime of manslaughter. No person of sense at all conversant with the character of such boat will venture out without serious misgivings, which spoil what enjoyment there might otherwise be in the sail. With their canvas reduced to something what they can carry with tolerable exemption from a capsize in untoward circumstances, such boats lose all their speed and weatherly qualities and become wretched failures in every respect.

That a solution to the question "How to build a small boat which shall possess the attributes of a large yacht in all respects, limited only as to power by her small tonnage," has not before this met with a favorable response can only be attributed to the prevailing creed that it was useless to expect anything more from 15, 18, 20 or 25ft. than already achieved in the typical catboat trap which are the cause of annual loss of life and narrow escapes, keeping hundreds away from ownership on account of the dread for the danger supposed to be a necessary accompaniment to sailing in small boats. Many a one has told us how, in his younger days, he longed to get afloat, but was prevented by older heads on the plea of the inordinate risk not commensurate with the gain in health and instructive experience. At this day there are great numbers of people in whom the ambition to yacht has been smothered and driven out of their constitutions for the reason that their inclinations to intelligent muscular exertion have been steered into other channels in days of yore when they were not yet their own masters.

How many thousands of Americans, young likely hands at sheet and halliards, are there not, who, though living with all the enticements to yacht almost beneath their bedroom windows, could not, to save their souls, tool a mudscow under tow, to whom all the absorbing delights, the free exercise of brawn and spirit in a manly bout with the elements on salt water are a sealed book and much more—even a positive scare. They are trained in ignorance of their loss until apathy and a long nurtured blight of the water renders them sterile ground to even the most insidious pages of yachting FOREST AND STREAM spreads before them every week. Not for them, not if they know it. They care not to parboil nose and cheek, nor do they hanker after the gymnastics dusty weather affords, much less do they tingle with joy at the prospects of the asnen breeze which the stern necessity of reaching home and mamma exacts of the woebegone catboat athlete who must get home by night lest he be left nowhere to nothing to stay there.

But with the introduction of the cutter and the diffusion of "cutter principles," a new era is now fortunately dawning, and that the paradise on earth which yachting in small boats holds forth, shall be partaken of by the great masses, by the thousands who now would as soon think of tight-rope dancing as of cruising in a cat or sand-bag delusion, all that lies within the power of FOREST AND STREAM shall be done, and that, judging by the signs of the times, will not be altogether in vain.

The small yacht, not the machine, is now on the eve of general introduction. Those who are so situated as to debar them from the use of a regular keel cutter will find in the Gannet a compromise worthy of detailed attention.

In her we have safety, absolute safety with a moderate rig, and possibly even with racing sticks showing far greater area of sail than Mr. Adams has selected. The Gannet combines the great stiffness of the American sloop with much of the safety of the cutter. She has 8 feet beam on a load line of 20, which is quite as much as given to the beamiest of traps, and she has besides depth enough to insure large accommodations for a couple of hands. Her cockpit is roomy enough for four, five or even six. It is shoal, but deep enough for "comfort." She may be knocked down ever so often, but will

not fill, as the water will not pass over her cabin door sill. She has a large area of deck forward to hoist and attend to the ground tackle, more than the average open cockpit boat can display. She has low bilges, and can lie on the mud without harm or inconvenience to those on board. She has a board which gives her practically all the room to be claimed for any centerboard trap on this score. But she has her limitations. She will ride most gracefully where it is out of the way. She has an easy body, which makes her easy on her helm. She may be caught out with ladies or children on board, and can house them as required to ride out a sort of under a lee away from home. A meal can be prepared instead of under shelter, and stowage for articles of clothing and provisions, and the numerous necessities of a protracted cruise find an appropriate place in her ample quarters.

She is always ready for tripping and a voyage of a week. She is a far drier boat than the flat iron trap, and easier in her behavior in rough sea water. She is a full fledged, completely furnished floating home, which the catboat is not and never can be. She is shipshape, and not an outrage to the sailor's profession. She is able under all circumstances, and offers many things for sport, and it is debatable to all the variety of conditions every yachtsman is subject to, even when off for only an afternoon's sail about in near by stretches. She is enough of the sloop in type to possess all that blue ribbon fancy, price or mechanical sport can claim to favor, and the big draft and sail she is cutter enough to lay claim to a very fair share of blessings of the deep keel ship. Finally, quality for quality, and with like outfit, she need cost no more than the popular exaggerations, since no more material, a smaller rig, and very little more labor and bullin is demanded in carrying out the Gannet's proportions.

As to rig, you may give her the dimity you most fancy and yet not destroy what has just gone before. Rig her as a sloop or cutter if you think you can better please your satisfaction. If you are doubtful on that point give her an equivalent and a little over in the outfit of a yawl, and but little, if any, speed need be lost in light weather with big top sail and balloonery as you choose. If you are not particular as to speed, but care more for boxing about with the comfort of your estate and marbap a rising sprout to look after, rest content with the very snug proportions the accompanying plans have been given, which, if undersized for what the boat can very well carry, exactly serve the purpose of many a person more anxious to enjoy in secure pair of oars the enchantments of cruising than that of engaging in fierce st life for a bauble in the satisfaction of racing ambition boil ing over at fever heat.

Remember that with three strakes down the yawl rig takes no slack from sloop or cutter, and that is the strong point always taken and the want less of the provincial mind; that with the jib on a boom there is not a string more to vex or perplex than in the primitive catboat; that for landmess an I am ever ready state to meet squalls, drive under reef to rag pull without varying your course and keeping her going; that the disputation to all rigs is open to all sorts of sailing, the yawl is queen of all rigs yet presented for consideration. You may live through seasons of tempestuous weather and never touch a reef. You may unbend or lock up the mainmast and let your yawl sail herself to all intents without danger into the mysteries he ought to be master of at sea. And should you be absent from home, with instructions to keep the mainsail in the gaskets, the most timid and gentle of maidens may pull off, and with the yachtsman, gardner or shipbuilder to do any heavy heaving to clear from the storiures, she may sail to her heart's content with a veil for the sun, and return bright, refreshed, invigorated with the day spent a thousand old better than if old away in yawning about the piazzas, or killing time lost to earthly surroundings in the mystic realm of adventures of the improbable heroes of abstract literary concoction.

The Gannet was built by Wallin & Gorman in their best style of workmanship, and is in every way a sup rior production. Some little details, such as square bulls at the capstan and bowsprit heel, a style of finish, but in these the builders have followed ruling custom, while in some respects their style shows an advance upon ordinary con truction. The material is sound all through, well put together, and also of the proper kind, and as far as an inspection can show, they have faithfully carried out the models of Mr. Eaton. We believe Mr. Gorman is one of the few yacht builders in this city who really understand "laying down" and "taking off," and who can be relied upon to produce a yacht an accurate copy from a set of lines on paper. Many builders pretend to be familiar with the art of the model loft, but they often rely upon their eye and a guess to get her "about so," as ninety-nine owners out of a hundred could not detect the difference anyway.

The Gannet is built with oak keel and frame, pine plank and ceiling, and hackmatack knees. Her house and cockpit are especially pleasing in outline, all neatly finished in yellow pine, varnished, with trimmings, rail, doors and sliding companion of mahogany. The decks are laid in narrow white pine, varnished, and there is a great improvement upon the hideous and lubberly plan of slobbering them with blues, yellows or greens, giving an aged appearance to a boat scarce a week out of the shop, and exasperating to a person of taste with considerati n for the fitness of things. Below, the cabin is also fitted in bright, yellow pine, and the floor of the cockpit is a continuation of the deck in this respect. A fresa, smart, agreeable impression, and a yacht like nobiness is the result. The cockpit, it should be mentioned, is long aft, with an elliptic round, bringing the rudder head inside. This is possible by destroying the lockerage deep room aft on account of the long overhang, without which the boat would lose materially in the accommodations she possesses. Sails will be of John M. Sawyer's best make.

DETAILS OF GANNET YAWL.

Length over all	23 ft.
Load water line	30 ft.
Beam	8 ft.
Draft without centerboard (aft)	2 ft. 6 in.
Draft with board down	4 ft.
Outside ballast (iron keel)	1000 lbs.
Inside ballast, iron	2500 lbs.
Sail hoist (length)	7 ft.
Cockpit (length)	6 ft. 6 in.
Head room in cabin	4 ft. 6 in.
Height of cockpit floor above load water line	6 in.
Companionway (length)	6 ft.
Depth of hull	3 ft. 6 in.
Freeboard amidships to sheer plank	1 ft. 6½.
Height of rail	4 in.
Area in mainsail	275 sq. ft.
Area jib	70 s. ft.
Area mizzen	56 sq. ft.

Gannet will be launched with the early spring tides and fly the Larchmont club mid water reverie in Sound waters, where no doubt she will soon find con enial company with numerous new single hand boats yeastlake in build for fall appointments.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was taught an have followed vessel building for many years. Being a great student in my profession, so soon as my attention was called to the all-cast iron goi g on in the Coast and Stream, I subscribed for the pres nt Vol. XIX, and sent for the previous volume, suppo ing I should find the beginning of the cutter and sail-making discontroversy. On receiving Vol. XVIII., I found an index to Vol. XVII., in which I find the beginning as I suppose, commencing with the 24th page of the issue of Aug. 10 of that year. That is why I now send for Vol. XVII. While I am not prepared to indorse all you advance in favor of the cutter, I am free to admit you make an excellent showing. The most objection, to my mind and experience, to cutters of the Maggie type, is in the extreme narrowness of beam, not the depth.

That deep and narrow vessels will beat wide and shoal vessels in outside heavy weather and bumpy water I think certain.

I like your paper very much. It is valuable and very interesting to me, but I cannot afford to have one word lost. The party who put the sheets in so careless, that the reading matter is occasionally pasted together, as you will see in two numbers returned for your inspection,

I notice on a number of your drawings the scale is omitted. I judge from the nature and manner in which you write, that you assume to make FOREST AND STREAM a teacher, an authority on yachting and nautical matters in general. With the scale on the drawings we can find if you are correct, and we shall have faith in FOREST AND STREAM, and accept its authority in such matters.

SAN FRANCISCO. D. C. M. GOODSELL.

[For the absence of scales upon several occasions the blame rests with the pho o-engravers, who occasionally follow their own judgment in omitting from the original what they consider of no consequence. The cutt r-sloop contro ersy, or rather the "question of type," had its origin with FOREST AND STREAM five years ago. From the modest beginning of an occasional paragraph this bat le of types has been fought up till it is a prominence overshadowing all other issues before the yachting public in America. The cutter has been lifted from obscurity and has built of mi ds a opposition to a widespread popularity which has already influenced a marked departure from former customs in yacht modelling and which in due time is destined to completely change the build and rig of American yachts and also to further materially the growth of a class of yacht sailors among yacht owners.]

CRUISE OF THE ACTEA.—This schooner, Mr. David Sears, Jr. Boston, arrived at that port Dec. 24, after some extended cruising in European waters. She left Boston May 15 with twelve hands, the owner, Mr. Charles Longfellow, and Mr. James Barker. Arrived at Cowes after a passage of 21 days. Then cruised to and the Channel ports, and left for Brest Sept. 1. The Portugal coast, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Morocco, Madeira, Cape Verde Isles were visited in turn, and the trades next taken across to Havana, where the schooner arrived in fifteen days. From that port she sailed for New York, reaching here Dec. 24. The Actea is 101ft. over all, 92ft. load line, 22ft. beam, 9ft. 6in. hold and 11ft. draft. Built in Maine in 1859. Sails by McManus & Son, of Boston.

HANDICAPS.—"The air is alive with rumors of handicap schemes and cruising races, one and all of which must end eventually to lower the standard of crews, cap ains, and yachts. It is, indeed, highly improbable whether any theory of handicapping can be successfully applied to the racing of yachts, and wars are attempts are made to introduce them they have swindled into sweepstakes, lotteries or fiascoes, more suited to a carnival than worthy of the name of a port. If so much improvement were ever attempted, it will encourage only contests between inferior vessels, while it will retard and aim a serious blow at class racing, the most important and vivacious racing men have for years aimed at and which is the only basis upon which true merit can be arrived at."—*London Field.*

TRITON.—This Herreshoff built schooner has been sold by G. A. Thayer, A. Y. C., to Mr. S. C. Griggs, Jr., of Chicago. She has been hauled out at Pier Richmond, E. R., preparatory to her making a voyage to New Orleans, where her new owner spends the winter. Next summer she will round Nova Sco ia and cruise in Lake Michigan. The Triton was built ten years ago by the Herreshoffs, of Bristol, is 70ft. over all, 61ft. load line, 19ft. beam and 7ft. depth. Custom House number 145,635. Sails by Sawyer.

NEW SLOOP.—Wallin & Gorman have turned out a new sloop of the usual type for New York owners. She has been shored up along side the shop before receiving the finishing touches. Length on deck 31ft., on load line, 32ft.; beam, 11ft. 6in.; depth, 4ft. 6in.; draft without board, 3ft. 6in.; mast above deck, 38ft.; topmast, 15ft.; boom, 31ft.; gaff, 19ft.; cowspret out board, 10ft.; jib on foot, 22ft.

NEW DESIGNS.—A. Cary Smith is at work on a number of new plans. Besi le the schooner building for Vice-Com. Hovey, Eastern Y. C., at Poillon's yard in Brooklyn, Mr. Smyth has on his board three sloops, 75, 65, and 50ft. load line. Also a 70ft. schooner, for Benton owners, to be built of iron, a large new schooner not to be built till next year, and several smaller boats.

THE HUDSON RIVER Y. C.—Have elected the following officers for 1883; Commodore, Joseph Sti ger; Vice-Commodore, T. Adler, Jr.; Treasurer, R. V. Pruyn; Secretary, E. S. Wilson; Measurer, Con. Roth; Steward, Charles Hufnagel; Board of Trustees, J. T. Muller, Dr. Dio Lewis, William Hembles, William Buchanan and R. V. Freeman.

RACING ON THE THAMES.—Racing large yachts is rapidly on the decline in England, especially on the Thames. The cost and trouble is such a heavy item. It is even proposed to limit prizes to yachts not over 50 tons, on the grounds that small vessels afford the best sport, even 3-tonners coming in for a large share of the prize money.

ALUMINIUM.—The recent discoveries by which the production of this metal has been reduced from $3.00 per ton to $30 bids fair to bring about its adoption for the sheathing of yachts, for stays, rods, block straps, etc., as it is much stronger, and lighter, and less destructible than the best steel or composition in use.

DAUNTLESS.—This schooner, Mr. C. H. Colt, N. Y. Y. C., was last heard from at Malaga. While crossing Biscay on the passage from Bordeaux to Gibraltar, she struck into a heavy gale, carrying away boats and staving in bulwarks, also losing light head gear. She was a very long time making the passage.

LOUISA.—This schooner, having been purchased by Com. John A. Barnes, from Mr. N. P. Rogers, will be fitting ship of the New Bedford Steamboat Co. next season. Length over all, 90.5ft., on the line, 76.4ft., beam, 15ft., depth, 4.6ft. Built in 1867 by Youmans, of Newport, and rebuilt in 1878.

SOUTHERN CROSS.—Mr. R. Dudgeon, of Locust Valley, L. I., has purchased this schooner from the estate of the late John A. Monsell. She is 73ft over all, 65 on the line with 18ft. 3in. beam, 7ft. 9in. deep and 6ft. 2in. draft without board. Built by Decker, South Brooklyn, in 1880.

HAZE.—This schooner has been bought by Mr. T. Hogan, A. Y. C. She will be thoroughly overhauled and receive new canvas by Sawyer in time for early spring. The Haze is 97ft. over all, 59ft. 6in. load line, 17ft. 5in. beam, and 6ft. 9in. deep.

AMERICUS Y. C.—Have elected for officers for 1883: Commodore, Albert Komp, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, Henry G. Ackerman; Secretary, William Rassloch; Treasurer, Eugene Jerolamon; Steward, R. Brearley.

DEANE.—Mr. A. Komp, Jr., has purchased the open racing boat, George B. Dean, and will match her as a member of the Hudson River, East River, Americus, Knickerbocker and Larchmont Y. C.

PERSONAL.—Mr. John Harvey left for England by yesterday's steamer. He will return shortly to finish designs in hand and to superintend the construction of several new cutters.

NEW SLOOP.—Wallin & Gorman, South Brooklyn, are to build a sloop 37ft. long, 14ft. beam, and 4ft. 10in. hold. They have under way also several sand-baggers.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—Will lay down ways capable of hauling out yachts 50ft. long, for the sum of $3.00, in time for next season.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. W., Lanshg.—We don't know you. See notice at head of this column.

J. B. B., Wallingford, Conn.—Duck shooters generally use No. 6 shot, although at this time of the year many of them use No. 4.

T. H., Hamilton, Ont.—1. "Hill on the Management and Diseases of the Dog," price $3. 2. "Training vs. Breaking," price $1. We can send them. 3. Write to E. & C. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del

H. L. D., St. Clair, Pa.—1. We will exchange on receipt of book and postage. 2. Yes, provided both numbers are worn. 3. Price of "Outer Cheek List" is $3. It is not at all a popular work, much less so than his "Key to North American Birds," and that much less so than his "Furbearing Animals."

WHITE HARE.—Gildersleeve's Landing, Conn.—1. Will the great northern hare thrive in a well-wooded town fifteen miles south of Hartford? 2. Will it be likely to remain near the spot where first liberated? 3. When would you liberate what month? Ans. 1. No doubt it would. 2. Probably. 3. Early spring.

SANCHO PANZA.—Mifflin town, Pa.—What kind of a dog is the best for hunting rabbits? A friend of mine has as fine bred beagles as there are in the country, but they do not care to go into briers and brambles to drive out or start up the rabbits. When a rabbit is started the beagle is no doubt as good as any other, but some times I think it necessary in order that the dog should be a perfect rabbit dog. I have a dog that the mother was a full-blooded setter and the father was a hound, and he will chase up two rabbits to a beagle's one while they are fooling around on an old track. My dog will find the rabbit and start him up. Ans. We have seen a cocker spaniel trained to work with beagles, and for a starter he filled the bill exactly.

BROOKLYNITE.—In reading books on angling I find much said in regard to the Long Island trout, and I should much like to try my hand on them some day. Can you tell me if there is such a thing now obtainable within easy access of Brooklyn, say to start in the morning and be back in the evening; if so, where, and how can I get there? I am under the impression that there are yet a few trout streams, but that the fish is not only scarce, but not accessible owing to the streams belonging to private parties. Ans. There are still plenty of trout on Long Island, but most of the streams require a permit to fish on them. There are some trout to be had about Smithtown, Patchogue and Freeport in streams open to the public. On the South Side are many streams in which good fishing may be had by paying for the privilege.

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New Publications.

KNOCKING ROUND THE ROCKIES.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll has made a good deal of his experiences in what used to be the Far West, and from his prolific, and very pleasantly handled pen, have flowed newspaper letters, magazine articles, books, and scientific reports in considerable numbers. His last work, "Knocking Round the Rockies," published by Harper Bros., is a collection of sketches, which have appeared either in the magazines or the newspapers within the last six or eight years. Many of those therefore who read this beautifully gotten up book will recognize among the matter contained in it, old and almost forgotten friends of earlier days.

As might be imagined from what has been said, "Knocking Round the Rockies" treats of a very wide range of subjects. It describes Indians, "hog-hunting," camp life, mining, and half a hundred other novel things that attract the attention of the new-comer in the West. Scattered all through the book are prettily told incidents in natural history. These topics are in themselves interesting and Mr. Ingersoll's style is always so pleasant, that his writings may well serve to pass away an idle hour.

The mechanical execution of the book is very beautiful, and it is profusely illustrated with full-page engravings of a very high degree of excellence. It seems rath r a pity that some of these engravings should depict such entirely "fancy sketches" as the combat between the buffalo and the bull elk, because they cann t fail to give to people who know nothing about the subject ideas which are entirely erroneous. The same may be said of the picture of the antelope killing the rattlesnake, though this is not so glaringly bad, for an antelope might possibly take it into his head to kill a rattler in the manner depicted, and if he attempted it might succeed in doing it, while it is inconceivable that the male elk and buffalo should have a combat, and with the result here shown. On the other hand, many of the pictures are extremely true to life, and in all cases the execution is very beautiful. The delineations of some of the scenes of travel and of camp life are very faithful.

CAMPS IN THE ROCKIES.

Under this title Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published an extremely entertaining little book, by Mr. W. Baillie Grohman. "Knocking Round the Rockies" and "Camps in the Rockies" have in common only the two points that they treat of the same section of country, and that they are both made up of letters that have already appeared in type.

Mr. Baillie Grohman's book is written from the standpoint of a man who has not forgotten that when he went into the mountains he was a "tend rfoot," and there is thus a freshness and a charm about his narration of scenes and circumstances that is very delightful. There are so many people and things in the West that are strange to Eastern eyes, but which seem so commonplace to the mountaineer, that he never thinks of them, that it is refreshing to find a book in which all such little details are set down

The ludicrous side of travel in the mountains is described with a great deal of humor, but this humor is always light and graceful, and never approaches the border line of coarseness to the "old timer." Some of the most amusing touches in the book, however, are quite unconscious. One of these is where the author tells us of having shot a big horn, and going up to it to measure its large horns, was knocked back by the animal which had been only "creased." He had no means of stopping the escaping ram, for as he naively says, "My rifle I had left behind at the place I had shot from." The idea going up to one's game without a rifle is certainly a very comical one. A somewhat similar occurrence is narrated on the occasion of meeting a grizzly while catching grasshoppers for a fishing bout.

This frankness is one of the principal charms of the book. At the same time no one who has passed through a long experience of life in the mountains can read this book without at once seeing that the author is a man of keen perception—one who accumulates experience very fast. He does not have to be shown a thing half a dozen times before he learns it, and we doubt not that he has acquired more experience from his three years in the mountains than most men would learn in a dozen. "Camps in the Rockies" is a very entertaining book, and, on the whole, very true to nature. The author's style is agreeable, and his method of treating the subject is well chosen. In an appendix to the book he gives some very useful information to those who are ignorant of life in the West, as also some interesting notes in regard to cattle raising.

FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS.

A new edition of this work by the late Genio C. Scott, has been published by the American News Company, New York. There is so much that is good in this work that it is a source of regret to see that a new edition has been issued with all the imperfections of the old one. If Mr. Scott had lived he would have corrected these most glaring errors because he was a progressive man who would have taken advantage of the wealth of fish lore which has appeared in print within the past ten years. He certainly would not have allowed the statement on page 25, wherein he declares the whale and porpoise to be fishes, which was written before he had access to works on natural history to appear. As a salt water angler Scott is good authority. Not so good on fresh water fishing; and on the classification of fishes his writings will only lead the novice astray. His illustrations of fish are not good, especially their mouths, and in the matter of fins one more or less does not seem to matter, as in the smelt. To our young anglers we would say, read Scott for his fishing alone and you will find him very thorough, especially in sea fishing. The American News Company have issued the book on good paper, and in handsome shape, but they should have had it carefully revised and, at least, might have given us the game laws of New York from a later date than 1867. The price of the work is

Mr. E. T. McCord, of Charlotte, N. C., says an unknown exchange, has for years made a business of collecting 'possums, which he sells during the Christmas holidays. He started on Thanksgiving Day for the mountains to collect a drove of 'possums. He arrived at Davidson College with 123 'possums, which he drove along the road as though they were so many hogs. He camped at Davidson College last night, securing his drove by means of poles, having tied 'possums to the pole. He keeps three dogs barking all night, and these keep the 'possums so frightened that they hold a firm grip to the poles with their tails until the sun is up. This is the first time he has ever attempted the experiment of driving 'possums like cattle, and during the whole journey he has lost only two, one of which escaped by falling through a bridge.

FACT AND FANCY.

California is not generally considered a cotton State, yet one plantation in Sonoma county this season yielded 40,000 pounds from 225 acres.

Dilworth, Porter & Co., of Pittsburg, are reported to be about completing arrangements for the manufacture of railroad spikes, on an extensive scale, out of Bessemer steel.

A German war correspondent wrote from Egypt that the Highlanders could be excused for despoiling the fellahs of their trousers, as their own costume is unsuited to a fly-producing country like Egypt.

The semi-centennial of the Baldwin Locomotive Works occurred recently. The employes of the works observed the anniversary by attending performances at different theatres, tickets having been furnished by the firm.

The railway carriage works of the London & Northwestern Railway Company at Wolverton were burned on November 25th. The loss is £100,000. Three hundred persons are thrown out of employment.

Hole-in-the-Day, a Chippewa Indian, and son of the famous chief of that name, started out on a lecturing tour in Minnesota. His first audience yielded him $2.50, and that ended the venture.

The dining cars upon the Northwestern Railroad are said to have conspicuously written across their bills of fare, "No orders from the wine-list filled while passing through Iowa." So no man can take a drink between Illinois and Kansas.

BUT A MOTHER-IN-LAW'S BEATS THEM ALL.—A curious experiment was recently made at Paris to determine the power of a crocodile's jaw. The animal was fixed on a table with its upper jaw connected with a dynamometer. An electric shock caused him to give a sudden snap, 308 pounds was marked on the instrument, and it was calculated that the contractile force of the muscle causing the movement was 1540 pounds. The muscle of an ordinary sporting dog showed 360 pounds.

A SEA DOG.—A schooner rounded to at some distance from its wharf at Bath, Me., the other day, and while the lookers-on were waiting for a boat to be lowered and rowed ashore with a hawser, according to the natural order of things, they saw something very different. A dog sprang from the schooner into the river, swam to the wharf with the end of a line in his mouth, and when the hawser to which the line was attached had been hauled in and made fast, swam back to the schooner, seized a rope that was flung to him and was drawn on board

An Ontario sportsman fell into a Quebec trap a day or two ago. Dr. Weagant, a Cornwall dentist, invited some friends to shoot game near Dundee, and in the excitement of the sport followed his quarry from Ontario into Quebec. Here the game was out of season, and Mr. Weagant was had before the magistrate and fined $40 and costs for shooting within the Quebec boundary, and $5 for shooting within the close season.—*Toronto Globe.*

A Dog and his Tail fell in a Dispute as to which should Wag the Other. An itinerant Wasp passing that Way casually Remarked: "Speaking of Tails, reminds me that I Possess one which May possibly be Influential enough to Wag you Both." This fable Teaches that ten cents worth of Dynamite is a bigger man than a Church Steeple.—*Denver Tribune.*

In Austria 1,027,620 head of ground game were shot in 1880, incinding over 900,000 hares, 42,000 deer and 27,000 rabbits. Of feathered game 992,346 head were shot, including 717,000 partridges, 84,000 quail, 78,000 pheasants. 43,000 wild duck and 25,000 woodcock and snipe. Nearly 22,000 foxes, 12,000 weasels, 6,000 martens, 2,300 badgers, 165 wolves, 65 lynx, and 25 bears are included in the report. In Galicia the largest number of bears and wolves were killed; in Tyrol and Vorarlberg 2,000 head of chamois fell, in Styria 1,673 head, and in Salzburg 1,055 head. Bohemia returns 380,000 hares and over 400,000 partridges.—*Evening Post.*

The latest sporting joke comes from Yorkville. Two gentlemen from that classic suburb, eager to distinguish themselves in the battlefields of the backwoods, left a few days ago for a point fifty miles north of Madoc. Being anxious to secure a few skins as trophies of their prowess, they engaged the services of an Indian to lead them to the haunts of the bear. After a few hours' plodding they discovered bruin lying in the cleft of a rock some distance above them, and at once began a rattling fusilade. After firing away two boxes each of Winchester cartridges, their full stock, our heroes determined to procure a further supply, and wait until morning for reinforcements. Imagine their astonishment next day to find their target to be nothing more than a log of wood covered with a bear skin. The Indian was not present the second day, and was not to be found afterward.—*Toronto Mail.*

THE 'POSSUM MUST COME DOWN.—South Carolina farmers are asking the Legislature of that State to inquire into the destruction of valuable timber by opossum hunters. The Gainsville, Ga., *Eagle*, however, thinks that no remedy can be found. "There are," it says, "some things in this world that defy all rules, regulations and enactments, that overleap all barriers and laugh at all obstacles. Aggregate together a hungry 'nigger,' a sharp axe, a yelping dog, and the 'shine' of a 'possums eye, and you have got a combination that legislation will not affect, that the church is powerless to control, and that courts and juries, judges, jails and penitentiaries are unable to overawe. If that tree were mahogany and it involved the whole universe in civil war and blood ran a foot deep in the streets, that tree must come down all the same."

A STORY OF A SWORD.—On Thursday, while tearing down a portion of the residence of Mrs. Faustina Pacetti, preparatory to making repairs on the same, L. T. Canova found a sword hidden away between the rafters of the roof. Upon making inquiries in relation to the same he learned that the sword had been concealed in the place where he found it for perhaps seventy-five or eighty years. The story attached to it is interesting, and we give it as we learned it from the lips of Mr. Canova: It would appear that one evening, while Florida was yet in the possession of Spain, a grand ball was given, at which was gathered the élite of the city. One of the ladies present was noted for her beauty, and her hand was eagerly sought after by the officers of the garrison for the many pleasant dances. Owing to some misunderstanding, she became engaged to two of the caballeros for the same dance. The consequence was a quarrel, which resulted in the cessation of the music through the cutting of the strings of the instrument. Hot words and insulting language passed between the officers, and the two repaired to the open streets and engaged in a duel, in which one of them fell. The survivor, dropping his sword, fled precipitately from the spot. One of the racetti family, a boy of some four or five years, witnessed the encounter, and, running out, picked up the sword and carried it into the house. Not wishing to be called upon as witnesses, the parents of the child concealed the sword and kept all knowledge of the same from their neighbors. Thus the old blade has been in its place for upward of three generations.—*St. Augustine (Fla.) Press.*

In a description of Kentucky 'possum hunting, Mr. J. W. Eggleston says in *Outing:* But the supremely ridiculous begins when the dogs get to seeing evils. It is nothing but nervousness on the part of the dogs, but it makes them cut some strange capers. They run ahead of everybody, frightened pitiably, with tails tucked and hair on end, whining and crying till their fear becomes contagious and a human panic ensues graphic enough to delight a Cruikshank. Every darkey tries to get in front, and their ashy hue (the only paleness they can parade) and their starting eyes are ludicrous enough to a cool person. They will sometimes throw away everything and never stop till safe in some cabin. Some localities are popularly believed to be the peculiar abiding place of these "evils." One piece of pines near here is called nothing but "the Evil Pines," and though safe enough in daytime no darkey would go there at night though it were known to be full of 'possums. 'Possums are carefully kept in boxes for weeks and fed on vegetable food only until fat, and this process is not omitted even when they are caught fat, for they are known to be omniverous and they might have lately eaten "dede folks." 'Possum meat is really good to those who can digest it, resembling Charles Lamb's famous roast pig, but is more delicate in flavor, and, what particularly pleases the negroes, is far more greasy. One of our Masonic lodges located in Manchester is called 'Possum Lodge, from a tradition that while still surrounded by the forest a 'possum was once found in the hall and regularly initiated. From time immemorial on the 27th of December they hold a feast which all Masons attend who can, for rare is the feasting and great the conviviality. An address is always made to the 'possum, who occupies the place of honor and who, with many others like him, furnish the principal meat.

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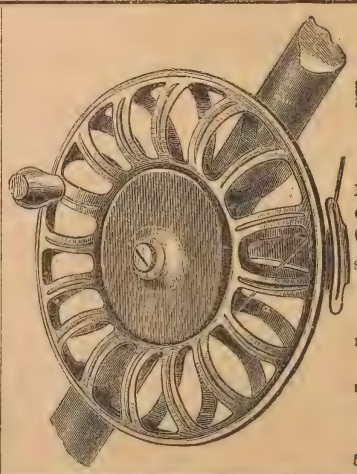
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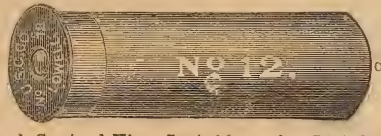
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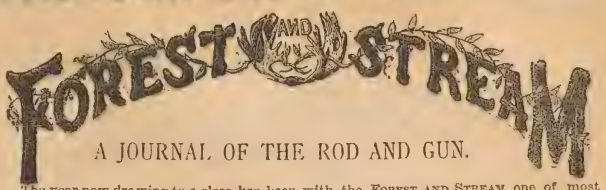
DOG TRAINING;

—BY—

S. T. HAMMOND, KENNEL EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.-1883.



The year now drawing to a close has been with the FOREST AND STREAM one of most gratifying progress. Early in the year by an important mechanical improvement, the typographical beauty of the paper was greatly enhanced; and in August, with the beginning of the tenth year of publication, it was

Permanently Enlarged to Twenty-eight Pages.

There has been an equal growth in other important respects. The patronage accorded to this journal by the intelligent reading public has never been more cordial than it is at the present time. Sustained thus heartily, the publishers are prepared to maintain in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM prestige as the

Representative Field Journal

of this country, at once entertaining, useful and influential. As the exponent of the highest types of field-sportsmanship the paper will be adapted to the tastes of all men who use the rod and gun as means of pleasure and recreation. Broad in its sympathy with all that is legitimate in field sports, free from any entangling alliances with cliques, having no interests to serve save those of its constituents, and never hesitating in its criticisms of whatever may be inimical to these interests, the FOREST AND STREAM'S highest ambition will be to preserve in the future the approval won by its course in the past. It will persist in its efforts to awaken in the public mind a fuller appreciation of the importance of the proper protection of game in the breeding season, and of due moderation in the destruction of game at other times. This it considers a matter of prime importance, not so much to the man whose wealth and leisure enable him to make extended tours to favored game countries, as it is to that already very large and constantly increasing class of business and professional men, whose favorite relaxation from the routine of employment is found in brief vacation trips to the woods and fields and brooksides.

The enlarged form of the FOREST AND STREAM enables its editors to present each week in the several departments a large and varied supply of reading. In the columns of

The Sportsman Tourist

Will be found sketches of travel and sport. Coming from many different writers, and widely separate parts of the country, these sketches always have the charm of novelty, and they are sure to be read with interest by sportsmen, because their writers see things through sportsmen's eyes, and describe them from the sportsman's standpoint.

Natural History.

This department will not deal with fossils nor with the monsters of African jungles. Quite on the contrary, it will treat of the animal life of land and water in our own country, the habits and ways of American fur, fin and feather, in which American sportsmen are presumed to take an intelligent interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting excursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

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The angler will find in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM the best angling literature of the day, in quantity more than is contained in all other publications put together. This journal has inaugurated a series of angling tournaments, the initial meeting having been held in the Central Park of this city; and it is believed that others of equal success will follow in other years. Meanwhile, the man who loves to go a-fishing may find in the FOREST AND STREAM all the year around a great deal that must be to his liking.

Fishculture.

The columns devoted to this important subject furnish a complete resumé of current achievements and progress in this important work.

The Kennel.

This department has won the confidence of dog owners. Its reports of field trials, bench shows and other events are recognized as impartial, honest, and the most able published. The recent series of papers by its editor, entitled "Training vs. Breaking," have been published in book form, and have had a very large sale. Other papers of equal importance will be published from time to time.

Yachting and Canoeing.

The editor of this department being a practical naval architect, and thoroughly familiar with every branch of the subject, will continue the same intelligent treatment of yachting and canoeing that have already won for the FOREST AND STREAM esteem and confidence.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

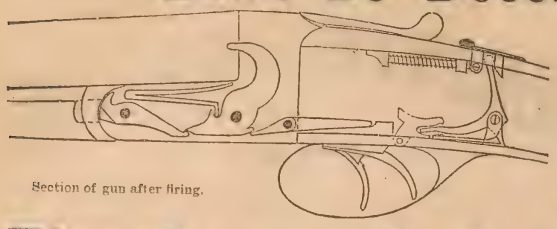
We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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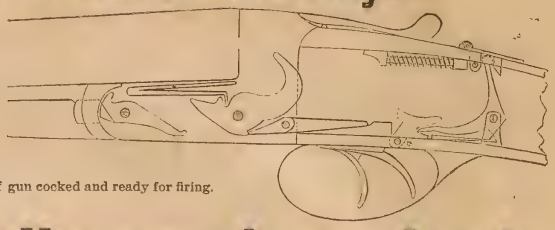
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Section of gun after firing.



Section of gun cocked and ready for firing.

The Anson & Deeley Hammerless Lock,

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And is the only hammerless gun in the market that is absolutely faultless, being simple, durable, and possessing those wonderful shooting powers, combined with that indescribable symmetry and beauty so characteristic of Westley Richards' product.

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Respectfully, PATRICK HENRY.

J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.:

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Sept. 20, 1882.

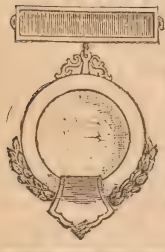
Dear Sirs—The Greener and Westley Richards guns arrived safely yesterday A. M., and in the evening I took them both out and targeted them. I like the Greener better for only one reason, and that is it fits me a trifle better. But the Westley Richards made by far the best target, so I have concluded to keep it and return the Greener. The Westley Richards is certainly a little beauty, and makes as fine a target as I ever saw. One of my friends who is a great sportsman went out with me, and before the trial made all manner of fun of the "pop gun," even while he admired its graceful shape and elegant workmanship. But the result of the trial rather surprised him. He shot against the Westley Richards, his 11lbs. Daly loaded with 5 drams of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot, while I used 3¼ drams of powder and 1¼oz. No. 7 shot. At 30, 40 and 50 yards I beat him badly in distribution and penetration. At 60, 65 and 70 yards fully equalled him. And the difference at 75 and 80 yards could hardly be noticed. I am much pleased with the gun, and as soon as I become a little more accustomed to it I have no doubt my shooting will be greatly improved. I shall take pleasure recommending the Westley Richards Hammerless Gun.

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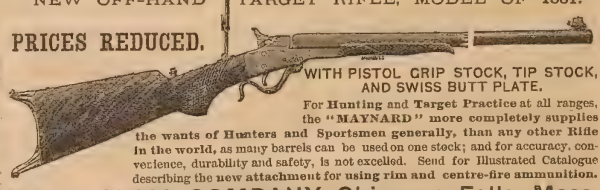
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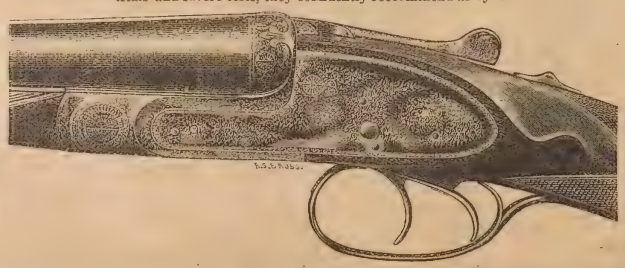
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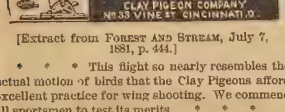
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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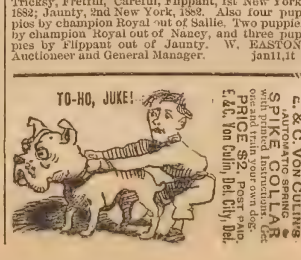
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The Kennel.

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A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

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EMPEROR FRED. THUNDER.

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GLADSTONE and PEEP O' DAY.

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These pictures are photographic reproductions of oil paintings by Tracy. Executed by the Artotype Process. They will not fade like ordinary photographs, and are equal to steel engravings in appearance. Size 10x14 inches. Beautiful pictures to frame.

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FIG. 1

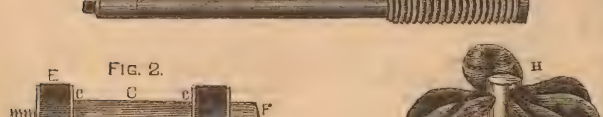


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.

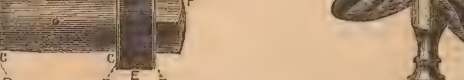
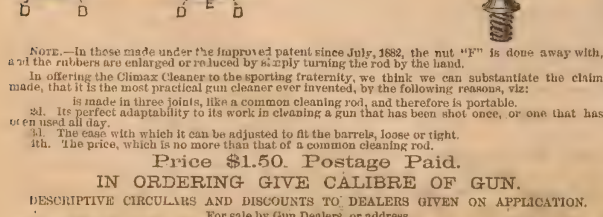


FIG. 2.



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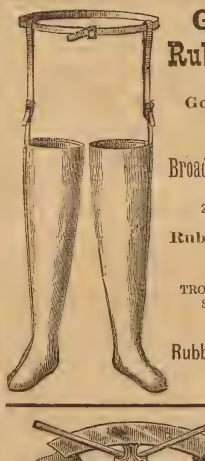
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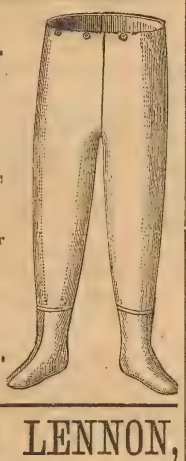
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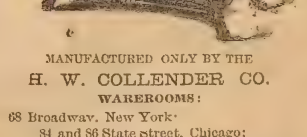
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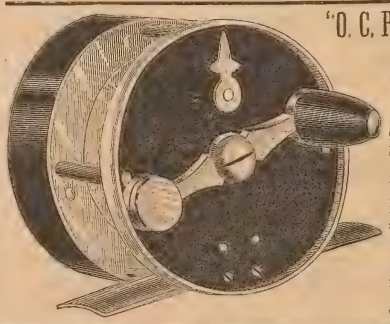
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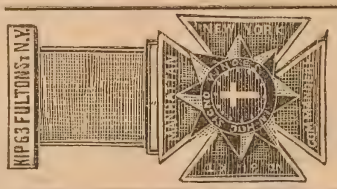
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TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In consequence of an unprecedented increase in our subscription list this month, the very large editions of January 4 and 11 have been exhausted, and many new subscribers are still waiting to receive them. We are now printing extra editions; and meantime beg the indulgence of our patrons.

THE PEOPLE'S PARK.

THE "Improvement" Company, which tried to seize the people's pleasure ground, has somewhat modified its demands. A new form of lease has been drawn up by Mr. M. L. Josslyn, submitted to the "Improvement" Company for its approval, and sent to the Senate. The "Improvement" Company expresses itself satisfied with the modified form of lease, but the Senate has not yet given its opinion on the subject. This new form of lease does not give to the intending lessees any such privileges as, with the assistance of Mr. Merritt L. Josslyn, they had hoped to secure for themselves by the original lease. The latter, if it had been railroaded through in its original form, would have given them imperial powers within the boundaries of the Park. It would have made this reservation a big stock farm for the "Improvement" Company. The public would have had to humbly ask permission to enter its own Park, and would have had to pay heavy fines to the temporary proprietors before this privilege had been accorded them. Thanks to the vigilance of Senator Vest these enormously valuable and wholly illegal privileges have not been granted, and we trust that no more will be given to this "Improvement" Company than any other company or responsible individual may obtain.

The present form of lease differs from that of last summer in reserving to the Government the right to lease other portions of the Park to other persons, and in omitting the feature with reference to stage lines or other means of transportation, leaving that a matter for subsequent arrangement. It leases one section at the Great Geyser Springs, and one-half a section at each of six other designated places, making four sections in all. The rental is fixed at $2 an acre per annum. The rates of charges for entertainment and for all other services rendered to tourists and guests are to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, as are the plans of the hotels and other structures to be erected upon the leased lands.

The promptness with which these monopolists have abated their demands shows more clearly than anything else could have done, how well they knew the full measure of the outrage which they purposed to commit on the long suffering people of this country, and the weakness of their position from a legal standpoint. Alarmed at the storm of indignation at their purposes and methods, which they saw gathering before them, they have retreated from their position, but they have not gone far enough. They still purpose seizing the most interesting localities in the Park. They demand a section at the Great Geyser Springs, which we take to mean the Upper Geyser Basin, and over this square mile of territory they will hold absolute sway. No tourist can camp upon this land, nor can he pasture his animals there, nor get water from the river or any spring, without a permit from the lessees. He will have to pay, unless he goes to the "Improvement" Company's hotel, a pasturage fee, a water fee and a ground rent for the space occupied by his camp, of so much per diem.

The Upper Geyser Basin is the most wonderful of the localities in the Park. It is here that Old Faithful, the Grand, the Giant and Giantess, the Beehive, and half a hundred other marvellous geysers are situated. Every one who visits the Park must go there, and should be allowed to do so freely. There is comparatively little grass in the Basin, for a thick deposit of the mineral, geyserite, covers the ground, and campers will require the privilege of freely using what there is.

If the monopolists are allowed to select all the best sites in the Park, and to hold such large tracts of land as a section, or even a half section, it is clear that they can make such arrangements as will practically shut out from the Park all others who may desire to erect hotels there. If there is no competition the visitors to the Park must expect to be fleeced.

Of the extraordinarily high-handed proceeding of these bold speculators, in entering the Park, erecting their sawmills, cutting the timber and slaughtering the game, it is difficult to speak with moderation. Their impudence in giving out a contract for 20,000 pounds of wild meat, after all the balderdash that they have talked about protecting the game, must excite the contempt of everyone.

There is no doubt whatever that these men are in fact and in law, trespassers upon a Government reservation. Had any such action taken place on a reservation under the control of the War Department, the troops of the United States Army would long ago, and very properly, have expelled the intruders, and suits for damages would have been instituted against them. But with the Interior Department things are managed differently. The trespassers ought to be ejected from the Park without delay, and there is little doubt that heavy damages could be collected from them for the destruction which they have already caused to Government property.

We hope most earnestly that the bill introduced by Senator Vest may receive speedy attention and become a law of the land. It cares for the interest of the people, and protects them from all monopolistic land-grabbing schemers. In caring for the people, it cares for the game and the fish, and thus deserves the most cordial support of every citizen. A number of important game protective associations, among them the Cuvier Club and the Michigan State Association have substantially endorsed it, as has also the press at large. We trust that it will pass.

The matter should receive immediate attention, and the law should be passed during the present session, in order that it may be out of the power of the Secretary of the Interior, or any of his subordinates, to consummate this lease or to make others by which the rights of the people to this magnificent section may be seriously imperilled. Let the people look to it, and strive by every means in their power to let their representatives understand how deep is the interest which they take in this matter.

That the FOREST AND STREAM was the first newspaper in the land to see the enormity of this job, and to raise its voice against this cool and barefaced attempt to appropriate the people's property, is naturally a source of satisfaction to us. At the same time we cannot claim any special credit for the course we have pursued. It is the duty of this journal to do all in its power to protect the interests of the people, to guard against any invasion of their rights, and to sound the note of warning and alarm when these rights are threatened. That we were the first to see what this proposed lease would accomplish, proves simply, either that we were more alert than our contemporaries, or else that we have special knowledge and special sources of information which they, none of them, possess. What we have said on this subject has not been without effect, we are happy to say, and we have faith to believe that the representatives of the people at Washington will, by passing Senator Vest's bill, earn for themselves the lasting gratitude of the whole Nation.

AN IMPORTANT PARK ORDER.

SPURRED on by the interest devoted to the Park by Senator Vest, the Secretary of the Interior has issued an important order to the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. The text of this document, which we give below, will rejoice the heart of every man throughout the land who is far-seeing and intelligent enough to appreciate the importance of preserving from utter extinction the noble game with which, in some few localities, the grand old Rocky Mountains still teem. The order, which has not been published before this, and which it gives the FOREST AND STREAM great pleasure to lay before the public, reads as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, January 15, 1883.

The Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park:

SIR—The regulations heretofore issued by the Secretary of the Interior in regard to killing game in the Yellowstone National Park are amended so as to prohibit absolutely the killing, wounding or capturing at any time, of any buffalo, bison, moose, elk, black-tailed or white-tailed deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, antelope, beaver, otter, martin, fisher, grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant, fool-hen, partridge, quail, wild goose, duck, robin, meadow lark, thrush, goldfinch, flicker or yellow-hammer, blackbird, oriole, jay, snowbird, or any of the small birds commonly known as singing birds.

The regulations in regard to fishing in the waters of the Park are amended so as to prohibit the taking of fish by means of seines, nets, traps, or by the use of drugs, or any explosive substances or compounds, or in any other way than by hook and line.

All cutting of timber in the Park, except upon special permission from the Department of the Interior, is prohibited.

You will please see that all persons coming within the limits of the Park are notified, so far as possible, of these regulations, and that they observe the same.

You will report to this Department any infractions of the regulations. Very respectfully, H. M. TELLER, Secretary.

This order, if enforced, means protection for the game, and is from all points of view most highly to be commended. The prohibition against the "killing, wounding or capturing at any time," of the species mentioned is absolute; and, while it may not all at once wholly prevent the killing of these animals, its moral effect can scarcely be overestimated.

It is not too late, if this order can only be enforced, to preserve the game of North America within this Park in such numbers that there may always be had in the country surrounding it, good hunting for all who may desire to have the satisfaction of killing in moderation these noble species. The additional assistants to the Superintendent of the Park, called for by Senator Vest's excellent bill, with the aid of the troops which the Secretary is to be authorized to employ, will have no difficulty in carrying into effect this order, and in promptly expelling and bringing to justice any who may attempt to violate its provisions.

The contract for the 20,000 pounds of wild meat reported last week as having been made, will now, we think, scarcely be filled from the game within the Park limits.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION MEETING at Detroit, last week, of which a full report will be found elsewhere, was a most important one in its bearing upon the future usefulness of the society. It is hoped that the committee, to whose care the matter of legislation was committed, may be successful in their efforts to secure a State game warden. Such an officer is greatly needed, the work already done by the society's agent, Mr. Higby, having given ample demonstration of the good to be accomplished in this way. The proposition to prohibit spring shooting received the indorsement of the more progressive delegates, and the legislative committee were given the option of incorporating provisions to this effect in the proposed amendments if it can be done without detriment to other interests. We congratulate the State of Michigan that its game and fish interests are in such good hands.

THE CUVIER CLUB of Cincinnati is one of the largest and most influential game associations in the world. The admirable report prepared by Hon. Thos. A. Logan and read at the annual meeting of the club, possesses a more than local interest, and it gives us great pleasure to lay it before the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO, as some of our correspondents have told us, is not so much of a game destroyer as he once was. This is interesting and gratifying intelligence; we should be much pleased to have the observations of our Southern readers on this point.

FISHING IN HOMER'S DAY.

FISH in Homer's day constituted but an unimportant article of food, and that in common use only among the lower classes of the people. It is never found at all upon the tables of heroes in camp nor of princes at their homes. The flesh of domestic animals, particularly that of the ox, supplied the meat of the laborer in the fields and the banquet boards in the palace. Their flocks and herds constituted the chief wealth of both Greeks and Trojans. This is to be taken in evidence of their having previously led a pastoral life, as well as their depending largely upon the grazing of their lands in Homeric times. That fish did not appear upon the tables of the Grecian heroes at Troy could not have resulted from ignorance of their use, nor of the art of taking them, for the camp was close upon the shore, and only a league or so below the Hellespont, which the poet speaks of as abounding in fish. (Il. IX., 360). The neglect of fish as an article of diet on the part of the higher classes can be accounted for only upon the supposition that they were esteemed unfit for food. The only instance in Homer where we find direct mention of fish as food is when the companions of Odysseus are reduced to the greatest straits just before they adopt the fatal counsel of Eurylochos and devour the oxen of the sun.

One month incessantly blew the south wind and not any other,
Rose thence forward no wind save only the east and the south winds.
Long as my comrades had store of bread and wine that is ruddy.
So long restrained they their hands from the oxen, although they were hungry.
But when indeed our supplies had utterly failed from the vessel,
Then by necessity driven they fell upon game that was lawful:
Fishes and birds as well—whatever chance brought to their dear hands,
Using hooks that were bent;—for hunger was gnawing their stomachs. (Od. XII., 325-332.)

Earlier in the course of his ten years' wanderings had Odysseus and his men experienced similar straits through stress of weather, which confined them for twenty days upon the desert island of Pharos, just off the mouth of the Nile and in the Bay of Alexandria; and in the same way did the men relieve their distress.

Now all provisions had failed, and the hearts of my comrades had fainted,
Had not a goddess divine taken pity on me and preserved me.
Child of a sovereign lord—of Proteus, old man of the waters—
Eidothea: for perchance had I greatly moved her compassion.
Roaming about by myself she found me apart from my comrades.
All the time strolling were these along by the shores of the island,
Fishing with crooked hooks; but hunger was gnawing their stomachs. (Od. IV., 363-369.)

The poet describes minutely the art of the angler in a comparison he introduces to show how the monster Scylla seized six of the crew of Odysseus as they sailed past the dreaded Charybdis. He paints the angler creeping to the extremest point of a projecting rock, and with light rod casting the baited hook to the little fishes to take them through treachery.

Just as a fisherman casts with his rod from a ledge overhanging,
Throwing enticing bait to deceive the delicate fishes,
Letting down into the sea a bit of the horn of a wild ox.
Jerks from its house and its home the fish he catches—now gasping,
So were these, breathless from fright, snatched off and dashed to the ledges. (Od. XII., 251-255.)

The allusion to the bit of ox horn may prove puzzling to the disciple of Izaak Walton if he has not also read Homer with especial care. Another passage in the poems, however, makes it pretty plain that what the poet had in mind was a casing of horn inclosing the line just above the hook to prevent the cord being cut off against the sharp teeth of the fishes. The loss of the hook would, in those days, prove a misfortune of serious magnitude. In the last book of the Iliad, Homer tells how Priam ransomed the dead body of his son. He represents Zeus declaring that some messenger of the gods should visit Thetis and induce her to persuade her son to give up Hektor's body and receive the offered ransom.

He spoke: and with foot of the blast-wind Iris to carry the message,
Midway between the isles of Samos and Imbrus the rugged,
Plunged she into the sea: the waters around her were troubled.
Just like a plummet of lead the goddess sank to the bottom,
Lead at the end of a line that runs through a casing of ox horn,
Downward goes on its way bearing death to the ravenous fishes. (Il. XXIV., 77-81.)

The use either of nets for taking fish or of snares for birds is alluded to where Sarpedon warns Hektor to beware that he be not taken by the enemy as if in cords of linen all enclosing. (Il. V. 487). In the Odyssey there is plain mention of this mode of fishing where the poet tells how the suitors lay piled in heaps when slain, for he compares them to heaps of fishes, which the net of many meshes has dragged from the hoary sea out on the dry sand, and there desiring the water they lie dying in the hot sun.

Searched then Odysseus his house to see if yet of the suitors
Any were hidden away escaping the doom which impended,
Covered with blood and with dust he saw every one of their number
Lying in heaps as they fell and piled up like so many fishes,
Which from the hoary sea hauled out on the beach of an inlet.
Fishermen drag in the net with woven meshes: but all these
Gasp for the waves of the sea as they lie in the sand at its margin.
Now has the shining sun destroyed the lives of the fishes;
So then the suitors in heaps were lying one over the other. (Od, XXII., 381-389.)

Of the use of shellfish and of the method of taking these Homer makes mention but once, and that by way of a jest. When Hektor's charioteer was killed and fell headlong from his chariot, Patroklos, seeing him, quaintly remarked that this man would supply a large family diving from a ship into the fish-abounding sea for oysters, even if the water were very rough.

Heavens! why, bless me, the man is nimble! how easy he plunges!
Really, if he had his home by a sea abounding in fishes,
Many a mouth would he fill—this fellow diving for oysters.
Overboard from a ship would he plunge, although 'twere rough weather,
After such fashion now from the car he gracefully plunges. (Il. XVI., 745-749.)

But Homer affords us ample evidence that the fisheries were early prosecuted in the water surrounding Greece. When the suitors had been slain at the palace of Odysseus, the bodies of such of the dead as belonged to Ithaka were carried out for burial, while those that belonged in cities at a distance were sent home by fishing craft plying among the islands and along the coast of Epirus, a circumstance which abundantly proves that this industry was actively carried on in these waters at this early day. Soon as Odysseus had inflicted terrible punishment on the insolent princes:

Fame, the swift bearer of news, went everywhere through the city,
Telling the odious death, and the bitter fate of the suitors.
Forthwith, hearing the news, men hurried from every quarter
Wailing and groaning aloud in front of the house of Odysseus.
Forth from the palace they bore the dead and they buried them singly.
Those who had come from abroad they sent every one to his city.
Fishermen carried these home, having put them on board their swift vessels. (Od. XXIV., 413-419.)

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

SPEAKER CHAPIN, of the New York Legislature, has appointed as a Committee on Game Laws the following gentlemen: Messrs. Johnson, of Westchester (chairman); Bulmer, of Queens; O'Connor, of Chemung; Schermerhorn, of Columbia; McManus, of New York; McCarren, of Kings; Scott, of Livingston; Helm, of Oswego, and Locke, of Warren.

Several of these members we know to be intelligent gentlemen, who are fond of going shooting and fishing, and we understand that a number of them are members of game protective societies. We have no reason, therefore, to doubt that they will do the best that they know how. We had hoped that the name of Mr. James Geddes, of Syracuse, might have been included in this list, but it has been omitted, and no doubt Mr. Geddes's work outside will be effective and unceasing.

It will be interesting to observe just how careful and intelligent a consideration shall be devoted to the important subject intrusted to this committee's care. We have taken occasion, more than once recently, to set forth pretty plainly our views on the subject of any general change in the laws. The trouble with these statutes is not in their provisions, but in the fact that these are not enforced, and are, in many sections of the State, for all practical purposes, a dead letter. If the laws which we now have are not respected, it seems folly to enact more stringent ones, and we feel sure that the wisest course would be to concentrate all effort on the obtaining an increase in the number of our game protectors and a liberal appropriation for paying them for their work.

There are, however, several much needed alterations which deserve the earnest consideration of the Legislature. One of these, and the most important, is the abolition, without exception, of spring shooting. Neither ducks, nor geese, nor brant, nor Wilson's snipe, nor bay birds of any kind, should be shot after February 1. Their return to their breeding grounds in spring should be free from molestation. Many of the species are already paired before they leave us in spring, and all the destruction that goes on at that season tends to lessen the number of birds which will visit our bays, beaches, and meadows when the autumn once more brings around the shooting season. It is strangely inconsistent to protect certain birds after January 1, and to permit others to be slaughtered as long as they can be found. It may be said that it is only the migrating species that are allowed to be shot in spring, but what of that? Why should they be killed just as they are about to reproduce their kind, any more than the quail or the ruffed grouse? Moreover, some species of ducks, as well as the so-called English snipe, frequently breed with us.

The truth is that the killing of game in spring is just of a piece with the whole policy of our government and our people on this subject up to the present time; that is, it is inconceivably short-sighted and stupid. Even to-day, after all the efforts that have been made to arouse interest in the subject, the man who has any intelligent comprehension of the proper methods to be pursued in protecting game is just about as rare as a black fox. Almost everything that has been accomplished in this direction is the result of private effort, which has had to struggle against an appalling amount of ignorance and prejudice.

How to stop the jacking or fire-hunting of deer in the Adirondacks is a difficult problem and one which may claim a little attention from our game clubs. This practice is carried on almost entirely in the close season, and is, therefore, really already forbidden by law, though not in explicit terms, as we think it should be. It is a most destructive method of hunting, and the shot that kills the old doe carries death also to two tiny spotted fawns.

Another change, which is strongly to be recommended, is such a modification of the section relating to prosecution for trespass, as to allow the owner or lessee of property to announce his intentions to keep the shooting or fishing of his land from the public by advertising such intentions for three months in the county papers or by personal service of notice in addition to the signboards now required by law. This is rendered necessary by the fact that as things stand at present it is often very difficult to successfully prosecute a trespasser.

In another column will be found a letter touching on several of these points from a gentleman well known for the active interest which he takes in game protection. His recommendations deserve the careful attention of those who propose to submit bills for action by the present Legislature. His suggestion that each club should contribute a small sum of money toward a fund for additional pay of game wardens is certainly deserving of consideration. It would be likely to have the effect of inciting these officials to greater efforts, and, besides this, would give each club member a personal interest in the doings of the wardens for his section, which could scarcely fail of being of advantage to the cause.

LIFE SAVING AND FOWL SHOOTING.—We have heard for a long time complaints that the men employed at the life-saving stations scattered along the coast, do a great deal of injury to the shooting, by their continual hammering at the fowl which resort to the localities near these stations. Many, indeed most, of the men employed in the Life Saving Service are old bayman and gunners, good shots, and well acquainted with the habits of fowl. These qualifications, say those who complain on this subject, render them very destructive to the birds, the more so because they are within easy reach of the shooting grounds, and have abundant time on their hands to indulge in their fondness for gunning. If these men confine themselves to killing fowl at proper times and in proper places, if they shoot only during the hours of daylight, and do not disturb the birds upon their feeding grounds, no one can with any color of justice complain because they kill many more birds than most sportsmen are able to. But if, as is said to be often the case, they harry the birds continually, putting out batteries on their feeding grounds, and shooting the fowl at night by means of lights and with big guns, it will certainly be in order for that department of the government which has charge of this service to issue an order limiting, or even entirely prohibiting, the use of firearms by the crews of these stations. On many accounts we should be sorry to see this done, but we know that there are some stations where the privilege of shooting is grossly abused. The pay of this service is wretchedly insufficient, the life a lonely and often a hard one, and we should regret to see the amusements or privileges of the men curtailed. But they should, for their own as well as for the public's sake, exercise some moderation in their shooting. The time has come for protecting our fowl by every possible means, and this is one of them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

II.—Shooting Among the Seals and Sea-Horses.

THE reader will remember that our winter camp was in the northern part of Hudson's Bay, among the Iwillik Esquimaux. The name I-wil-lik is derived from the Esquimau word *iceiwick* (a walrus), and signifies the walrus-eaters, that being among these people the principal source of food. Among them were a few Netschilluks, or seal-eaters, whose original homes had been with the great body of their large tribe on and near King William's Land in the Arctic Ocean. Thus living among the seal and walrus-eaters, I had occasion to see and hear much concerning the habits of and hunting adventures with these curious amphibious animals that supplied them with their daily sustenance.

The walrus, or as he was anciently called and is still sometimes dubbed, the morse or the sea-horse, (the *Trichechus rosmarus*, Linn., of scientists) may be popularly described as an immense seal, with upper canine teeth prolonged into huge tusks. The weight of the walrus can be easily remembered as a ton, although that may be slightly in excess of the average. They attain a length of from fifteen to eighteen feet, and a circumference around the fore-flippers of about half these amounts. These fore-flippers are about two feet long and capable, when expanded, of covering considerable area, and forcing them rapidly through the water when propelled by their short stout arms. They also use these to protect and carry their young and wounded comrades. The inside of these paws is covered by a horny cuticle that would make one think that they were hard workers, but evidently subserves the purpose of protecting their palms while slapping them around over the rough ice in their bunglesome gait. Some have claimed that they have the power of suction in their flippers, like the house-fly's foot, and that in this manner they readily climb upon the huge ice cakes where they are so often seen, especially in the Arctic summer, but I do not think this has been proven.

The walrus flippers, when properly cooked, are considered a great delicacy by the Innuits, as the Esquimaux call themselves, and I must say that to those who have habituated themselves to their diet in whole or in part, their judgment is good. They cook them by simmering them all day in the half-boiling water in their rude stone kettles over their peculiar native lamps, and when thus prepared, leaving out a slight walrus flavor, they could not be told from pickled pig's feet served hot.

The form of government of the Iwilliks—if they can be said to have any—is a sort of communism; but to the slayer of a walrus is accorded the head, one fore and one hind flipper above the share which is apportioned to any that may come along and help slaughter the animal, or even to those shiftless beings who appear in time to help drag it into the village near by. Even again when it reaches the village it may undergo another subdivision, for the refusal corner of an Innuit's heart is rounded off with the most abounding charity.

I have spoken of the walrus flavor, and this is almost

identical with that of the coarser clams, from which bivalve in North Hudson's Bay he derives his main subsistence, and for procuring which his villainous-looking tusks seems specially designed. I think I cannot better describe the walrus flavor than by citing the unpoetical illustration of tough Texas beef, marbled with fat, soaked in clam juice. I think the two would be so near alike that it would take an Esquimau to distinguish between them. To many this meat seems to be extremely repulsive, but much of this abhorrence lies in the imagination and can be overcome in the same way that is done with the frog-hater, who eats them as ricebirds and then resembles Oliver Twist in his further actions.

The flesh of the walrus is protected by a thick blanket of fat, or "blubber," which allows it to resist the constantly cold waters of the Arctic seas, and this blubber yields nearly a barrel of oil, and this, with its tusks and occasionally its hide, makes it a constant victim to the avarice of the human race. Its tusks are the most distinguishing feature, their ivory whiteness showing plainly marked against its dark, swarthy breast. They are from one to two feet in length when fully grown, and weigh about five pounds (bringing about twenty-five cents a pound in the ivory markets), one side being often longer than the other. Whenever this is the case the shorter is usually the heavier, thus equalizing the weights. I think this would indicate that the morse is not inclined to use the tusks equally in digging for clams, or any other continuous labor with them, being, so far as his tusks are concerned, right and left handed, so to speak.

The tusks are used as weapons of defense and offense; and, according to some, the walruses have closely contested conflicts with the polar bear above, and the narwhal beneath water. I think the polar often attacks the smaller ones and succeeds in killing them by a powerful blow from his paw, or by stunning them in this manner, and completing their destruction afterward, for the bear is cunning enough to crawl right on top of and kill the common Arctic seal, the most wary animal in these regions, and he could therefore easily do so with the stupid sea-horse. Still I think the larger ones, lying so close to the open water as they usually do, and weighing fully twice as much as their opponent, ought to make a successful defense until they could dive beyond his reach. Some give Bruin the credit of being smart enough to take a large stone or block of ice between his paws and converting himself into a catapult to use it to crack his victim's thick skull by a blow from a distance, especially where he is favored by positions of altitude as precipitous cliffs, or the perpendicular walls of icebergs.

The contents of the stomach of a walrus, consisting mostly of crushed clams, is one of the highest delicacies of the Innuits, but I was never starved long enough to partake of this natural clam chowder while living in these regions, although enjoying that at home.

Captain Hall, when in this same country and on a walrus hunt, concluded from the fact that rarely any part of a clam shell larger than a dime is found in the sea-horse's stomach, and also finding at various times a single shell close by a walrus hole (or aperture in the ice where the brute sticks its head through to blow or breathe), that the walrus digs but one clam at a time from the bottom of the sea, and then comes to the surface to blow and eject the shell. When I first heard of this clam diet of the walrus, I thought there would be no trouble in obtaining them on some of the sand beaches I had seen near camp, but I soon found that if I wanted clams I must take them second-hand, *à la Innuit*, from the walrus. The shore ice in North Hudson's Bay forms to about six or eight feet in thickness, and there is an average rise and fall in the tide of about fifteen feet; so for about twenty-five feet below high water mark (where the clam is supposed to be happiest) the shore is frozen solidly some distance into its component earth or sand, and no clam with sufficient regard for comfort will be found nearer than eight or ten feet of the surface at the lowest tides.

Most of the autumn of 1878 was occupied by my party in surveying the illy-charted northern shores of the bay, Colonel Gilder and the two men whiling away a portion of their time in short excursions with the shotgun and rifle, but an accurate census of the fauna, taken before and after these expeditions, like the continually tempestuous weather of that season, would have suffered no change. Colonel Gilder was, however, on the 16th of December, a little more successful, having bagged two walruses on an island about twenty miles distant, and brought their tusks back as trophies. I therefore determined to try my luck at the same sport, and combining business with pleasure, finish my survey of the coast to the eastward. I started on the 19th with Frank and a boatload of natives, but the day after proved squally and tempestuous, and on reaching the island where the natives were camped—about ten miles from the walrus island—it suddenly turned very cold, and my Esquimaux hunters could not be induced to proceed further. Here we remained during three days and nights of bitter cold weather, when my northern friends determined upon a homeward journey back to the mainland in order to build their *igloos* or winter snow houses, as the ice was forming rapidly, and it was now altogether too cold in a sealskin tent (*too-pik*) to remain there comfortably. I was fairly remunerated, however, by completing my survey in that vicinity, and on the 23d started homeward. The slush ice that always forms on salt water just before it freezes, and that closely resembles loose snow thrown into the water, retarded our progress considerably whenever we neared the land, and warned us in unmistakable language that our long polar winter was near at hand. Reaching the mainland I had a fair shot at a huge walrus's head, whose owner had crawled upon a small granite tip of rock near the shore, but striking him in the upper jaw, he quickly bade us adieu, leaving a long streak of opalescent grease on the surface of the water to mark his subaqueous course. A walrus's carcass floated ashore a few weeks after that not far from the scene of my bad shooting, and Toolooah and other Innuits believed it to be mine, although it was worthless for anything except dog feed. By the custom of the country, however, it belonged to the man who found it, limited by the rights of possession already explained, and I did not even take the trouble to look it up and ascertain, especially when I heard of the prodigious number of wounded walrus that must have been swimming around in Hudson's Bay just before this one appeared which was thrown up on the beach.

By the 1st of February in '79, the few Esquimaux that had been clustered around my permanent camp on the mainland had moved over to Depot Island, three miles distant, it being more available for walrus hunting in the icefloes, which season was then just commencing, and for the first time among these savage sons of old Boreas I was brought in contact with one of their superstitions that caused me no little annoyance. When the reindeer hunting season is over, some time from December to February, depending upon the locality and season, and nearly all the meat resulting therefrom disposed of, the walrus and seal come into the Esquimau market and completely exclude the reindeer, which from that date becomes forbidden fruit. The Innuit who has relinquished reindeer meat tears down his old *igloo*, or snow-hut, and builds a new one, as he must not eat walrus or seal, or work on sealskin clothing in an *igloo* where the now discarded reindeer has been eaten or clothing made from his hide. The contrary rule is also good, for all work on reindeer clothing must cease as soon as the new *igloo* is made their habitation.

So far is this superstition carried that upon one occasion, several years ago, so Ah-mow, a trustworthy Iwillik Innuit, informed me, when about one-half of the natives then living in Iwillik (the Repulse Bay of white men) had commenced their reindeer Lent, the walrus and seal suddenly became very scarce owing to severe protracted northern winds holding the ice floes well off the shore. The remaining half of the natives still had a plentiful supply of reindeer meat, but "what was one man's meat was another man's poison," and the first portion had nearly starved in devotion to their religion, alongside of the far more esteemed reindeer meat, when a lucky change of wind saved them from breaking this Innuit commandment, or perhaps from starvation. Shortly after their establishment at Depot Island their walrus and seal hunting was amply rewarded with success, but I found it impossible to secure any for myself or for dog feed while I lived in my present *igloo*. If I would only build another, which they besought me to do, even on the site of the present one, they would bring me plenty. Natives came over daily but brought no walrus meat, nor touched the reindeer meat of those few that remained. Providing that we took our dogs to Depot Island they would be fed generously, and this method was finally adopted, to the satisfaction of all parties, the natives doing all the work. This superstition is founded on the belief that there exist two gods, antagonistic to each other, one ruling the seas and all that in them is, and the other the land and with its beasts and birds, and they appease their respective divine jealousies by holding true allegiance to only one at a time, discarding the other completely for the while.

The pursuit and capture of the walrus is generally undertaken with the spear and sealskin line and very much resembles the killing of a whale as now practiced by our whaling ships. It must be remembered that the walrus is always found near the open water, simply crawling, upon a cake of ice, or the edge of the shore ice, and never going further from the water than is necessary to secure a comfortable spot to lie in, for the sea is his refuge in case of danger. He is a clumsy animal on land or ice and his defense there is not at all proportionate to his strength. He is nearly always near enough the ice edge so that one good lurch of his huge carcass will throw him into the water.

The native hunter, when he has descried the large beast on the ice-foot, crawls slowly and noiselessly on him, keeping out of sight as much as possible, in which he is greatly aided by the rough hummocks of ice and the fact that his lazy lubberly prey is generally about half asleep, especially if it be a fine sunny day. When sufficiently near, which depends upon the nearness of the walrus to his refuge place—the open water—with a few lightning like leaps the agile hunter is alongside with the point of the walrus spear deeply bedded in his victim's tough sides and ready to pay out the thirty-foot line that he has had wound around his arm or neck, as the sea-horse slides into the open water in his attempt to escape. Now comes the tug of war! It requires the skillful and united strength of two active hunters to manage the line or the walrus will pull it away or cut it off clean over the sharp edge of some projecting ice hummock before they have worried him out sufficiently to kill him with a lance. Pulling in the line rapidly as it slackens or paying it out with a steadily increasing resistance, until the beast is so exhausted that he may be pulled alongside and dispatched by a well directed thrust from their sharp lances.

The use of firearms, wherever the Esquimaux have been able to obtain them, has much simplified the second act of this tragedy, as the hunter then has but little trouble in dispatching his game immediately after he has fastened to him with the harpoon and line, and while he is yet in his most desperate struggles to escape. Where walrus are not numerous, and consequently make such short excursions that almost the merest movement is sufficient to throw them into the water, the shot from a gun cannot be wholly relied upon, for, unless instantly fatal, which requires better shooting than can be usually done under such cold, uncomfortable circumstances, the huge monster rolls into the water and sinks to the bottom, where he dies and remains until the gases from putrefaction brings his carcass to the surface. Wherever they congregate in immense herds, as in the Arctic seas inside of Behring's Straits, or as they used to be in the Spitzbergen seas before the whalers thinned them out, they can be shot like so many tame sheep upon the great ice cakes, where they crawl out to bask in the sun, for the first to crawl upon the ice are crowded back a considerable distance by the newcomers, and so on, until they are forced a long way off from the water's edge, and there fall victims to the rapid rifles of man, when surprised.

The above explanation of a hunt supposes that the hunter has approached over ice and on foot, which is the case when the ice-floe is large enough or the walrus has perched upon the shore-ice. When he is on an isolated cake of small dimensions or a small island, he is approached by several persons in *kiaks* (their small skin canoes) and instead of holding on to the line, a large air-tight and inflated sealskin about the size of a half barrel is attached to its end and thrown over as soon as the harpoon is fast. At first the strength of the walrus is sufficient to drag this float under the water for three or four minutes, but the intervals rapidly become shorter, and in less than half an hour he is towing it along on the surface of the water, and the active hunter watches his opportunity to pierce him with a lance or shoot him through the head or neck. Nearly all those killed in the summer are thus obtained. During July and August in 1880, while on Depot Island, many walruses were thus captured. At the highest point of the island a convenient monument of stones was built and over this my army signal telescope was placed, while hardly five minutes would elapse before some one, the small boys especially, would be looking through it, scanning the drifting ice-pack for five or six miles on either side. As soon as one was discovered the alarm would be given through the village and several would put off in their *kiaks*, and whenever the chase was near by I took my position at the telescope and viewed its exciting incidents.

The mother will fight strenuously in defense of her young, and the latter cling tenaciously to its maternal defender, so that success in obtaining either is always rewarded with the other. During very cold weather the walrus only remains a short while on the ice at any one time before retiring to the water to warm his tough hide, and if a young one be captured alive it is almost impossible to keep it so, owing to the cold nights which soon kill it.

There are very few instances indeed where this animal has been seen alive in menageries far from its native clime. In Baffin's second Arctic (1613) voyage, we see quaintly recorded that "our generall went on shoare this afternoone, and killed foure deere, and brought a young morse alive with him aboord." When near Spitzbergen on this same voyage he sent some men ashore to get a piece of driftwood discovered on the beach, and says, "Wee caused the men that rowed the shallop to towe a tree after them. Nowe, when wee had put off a little from the shoare, there came five or six morses swimming hard by us and about us; some of them coming so neare the sterne of the bote that we called for our launces purposing to strike them. They would, divers times, laie their teeth upon the tree which we towed (as it were scratching the wood with their teeth), but wee still rowed awaie, and at length they left us. Then we passed through a great deals of small ice, and sawe upon some pieces, two morses, and upon some, one."

It is dangerous to wound one of these animals when in a boat far from land, as instances are not wanting where they have retaliated effectually by tearing the boat's sides to pieces by their huge swinging tusks. Many of the Iwilliks and kindred tribes wear mourning for departed ones upset and drowned by the angry wounded walrus.

The hide of the walrus is from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, and covered sparsely with short bristles. The young walruses are quite dark in color, but gradually turn lighter with age, until the oldest are of a decidedly light grizzly hue. The thick hide used to be taken by walrus slayers to make a heavy porous leather, but I think its usefulness has passed. By cooking it for a day or two in their perpetually simmering kettles, it becomes somewhat friable, and is so eaten by the natives, those of the northern coast of Western Greenland being very fond of it. I did not find such a desire for it among the Innuits in Hudson's Bay. When eaten raw or uncooked it is simply equivalent to rubber belting of the same thickness, and it must be cut in small enough pieces to be swallowed at once, as the teeth will make no more impression than on the substance named. Add to this that the stout, bristly hairs makes one imagine that he is cutting up and eating a wire hair-brush. As the author had to live on it for five days, his observations are of the most practical character. It is never used, even by the natives themselves, in this manner, until they are driven to it, and even after the rancid oil is consumed with which they could have cooked it.

It is not a useless material, however, by any manner of means. Their dogs, to whom they owe more than any race of people owe to their domestic animals, must be provided for, and in the walrus hide the native sledgeman finds the most portable dog food known to the Arctic regions. This animal is not fed oftener than every other day, even when food is at its maximum abundance, and when traveling on a long journey, where space and weight upon the sledge has to be economized, he is not fed oftener than every third or fourth day if walrus hide (or *kowe*, as they call it) is given. Thus provided, the Esquimau dog will stand a good journey for a month or two without material or visible loss of flesh or strength. He may pick up a little refuse here and there, but it will be a microscopical percentage on the regular diet. The *kowe* is generally packed along in large pieces about two by three feet, and when fed to the dogs is cut up into strips about one or two inches wide (this will make them square, as this is the thickness) and from a foot to sixteen inches long. These the dogs swallow, and the natives tell me that it takes them two days to digest it, which surprised me in regard to the power and rapidity of the digestive organs of these camels of the cold, for I thought nothing less than a quartz mill or aquafortis bath could handle it in such a short time.

The dangers in walrus hunting are much more numerous than one would imagine from such a clumsy animal, although the most conspicuous ones are indirect, such as being drowned after the *kiak* is upset, for the Esquimau, in his waters of ice, is a stranger to the art of swimming. Another danger is being packed out to sea on the ice while an unfavorable wind is blowing off shore, or a current is setting out. Still, I know of two ugly-looking wounds made by direct contact with their tusks, and one case of death reported by a native which I believe.

About a month before we started from Hudson's Bay on our sledge journey, Ikquecsik, a first-rate walrus hunter of mine, attempted to make up my deficit in oil, with which the party was to start, and of course was untiring in his efforts to do so without regard to weather. One day, while on the outer edge of the floe with another Innuit hunter and his brother, a mere boy, with a strong off shore wind, the piece on which they were watching broke off and floated away to the southward in the storm. They were prisoners on their jail of ice for three days, at the end of which time they were landed about fifteen miles away from the island and made their way home on the sledge, which they had had with them all the time. They had not suffered much material discomfort, having built themselves a warm snow hut on the floe alongside a high hummock, and they killed a walrus, which happened along, giving them plenty of food for themselves and their dogs, while a lamp was made from his tough hide and wicking from a piece of cloth and the *igloo* reasonably warmed. The large sledge was placed on end resting against the walls of the *igloo* and the top slat used as a perch for a lookout to watch for a change of wind and the land.

These driftings out to sea on the ice are not unusual, and nearly every once vigorous hunter, in his old age, can tell you of a personal incident or two of the kind during his life. They are not half as dangerous as one would infer, the most critical times being in the late spring when the ice is getting rotten, and a heavy storm is liable to break it to pieces. One old Iwillik in his younger days while walrussing on the ice floe near Whale Point on the western side of Roe's Welcome, was carried far out to sea by a storm. Here he subsisted for fifteen days on what he captured, when the wind carried him to the large island just south of Southampton Island, and he found refuge among some strange natives, whose language he could hardly understand, and who owned no dogs nor sledges, but who nevertheless took the kindest care of him, as is the universal Esquimau custom. He had to wait among them until the next summer when they took him to Repulse Bay in their *kiaks*, which were so frail

that they would not attempt to cross the Welcome, and, once among a branch of his own tribe, he made his way back to Whale Point after an absence of nearly a year, all his friends having long since believed him dead, and his wife having effectually played the Enoch Arden trick on him.

There are so many varieties of seals with different habits that the hunting of these creatures differs considerably according to the kind. The ook-jook, or great seal, is an immense fellow and weighs probably a half or a third that of an average walrus, measuring often ten feet in length. Their capture does not differ considerably from that of a walrus, although probably a greater proportion of them are captured by the *kiak* and float method than in any other way. It is not plentiful in any part of the Arctic seas, that is, it never congregates in herds or shoals as is the wont of other species, but is always seen singly or in pairs. On the western coast of the Adelaide Peninsula, jutting into the Arctic Sea, is the country of the Ook-jook-liks, or great seal-eaters, and there they are reported to be very common.

The hide of this seal is of the utmost importance in the Esquimau economy, its skin being the only one considered fit for making the hunting lines already described as used by the *kiak* men and others in harpooning seal and walrus, for it may be truly said that their very life depends on this line, which is wound around their neck, running out easily, rapidly, and without knots or entanglements when pulled by the harpooned animal. By some natives it is called the "thong-seal." Its thick skin is always used to make the soles of the sealskin boots and slippers, and before it is sewed on it is rendered absolutely impervious to water by being chewed for two or three days by some of the old women of the tribe. It then looks like finely grained leather.

On the 23d of July in '78, while off the eastern entrance to Hudson's Straits, I had my first view of a "bladder-nose" seal wallowing around on a small piece of ice about a mile away and evidently enjoying himself to the full extent of his limited habitation. It seemed to be about two-thirds the size of the ook-jook, some seven or eight feet in length. His unshapely head, which he kept constantly swaying to and fro in the air, looked not unlike that of a horse with a large nose bag on, and from which peculiarity he derives his unpoetical name. At a distance this inflation looks as if it was on his nose, but is really on his forehead. His sealship fell a victim to the rifles of a neighboring whaler, waiting like us for the ice pack to open. It is the most pugnacious of all the seals (a really harmless species of animals), and when irritated by wounds or close pursuit, it will turn ferociously on its pursuer, splashing him with water and snapping at him spitefully. By some the hunting of the "bladder-nose" in a *kiak* is considered dangerous sport.

The "saddle-back" seal is the one pursued by the sealing ships in the Spitzbergen and Newfoundland seas, and going in immense shoals, is caught in great quantities by simply sending a party on the ice and knocking them over the heads with clubs. Their skins are used principally in making kid gloves, about two-thirds of which are derived from this source, so I understand, the other third being supplied by the monkey skins of Brazil. The only inference left is that the name of these gauntlets must be taken from the animals that wear them and not those from which they are derived.

There are migratory seal visiting some parts of the Arctic, but not with sufficient certainty to depend upon them for food and so forth, at all periods and all districts. The west coast of Greenland is the especially favored one. The *kassigiah*, or fresh-water, or spotted seals, are not very numerous, and are generally found in the mouths of rivers and secured by shooting them with a rifle. They are beautifully spotted, the blotches decreasing in size and intensity from the back around to the flanks. They are in prime condition in Hudson's Bay about August. Those of Hudson's Straits seem to be the finest in the Arctic. The *kassigiah* skin is often seen in civilization made into shopping-bags, valises, etc.

The seal *par excellence*, in Esquimau land, is the *neta-chuck* or common seal. Its skin is used for making boots and slippers, for summer clothing, for covering their *kiaks* and for making their tents. It is one of the most reliable sources of food, and the oil forms the greater share of that used by the natives. Its pursuit varies with the season. During the winter time, and when the ice is at its thickest and covered with drifts of snow, the common seal works its way through the ice by a hole just large enough to admit his body, and then makes a dome in the snow whose apex is cut through by an aperture about the size of a quarter of a dollar, which is called its "blow hole," and through which it breathes when it visits these places.

This snow dome, with its little aperture, is called *igdlo*, and even an Esquimau hunter would be likely to pass one without notice, as nothing shows on the surface of the snow. The native, however, has a powerful ally in detecting them. This is the keen scent of his dog's nose; and when once found he sits down by it with the point of the harpoon at the "blow hole" and waits until he hears pussy blowing, when he thrusts it through, impaling the seal upon its barb and worrying it out and killing it as described with the walrus. The hunter may have to wait only an hour or so before one blows, but cases are on record, when in times of famine and great scarcity of seal, where they have sat for two and three days immovable at one seal hole.

Joe told me that after sitting at one of these holes all night he went to sleep and tumbled over backward off the block of snow he had cut for a seat, and which did not awaken him at the time, but when he did come to he was paralyzed with fright at beholding what he took to be a polar bear staring him square in the face, but which a closer inspection in the gloom revealed to be one of his legs standing straight up and swathed in its huge hairy clothing. In the spring the snow melts on the ice and the water drains off. The seal then come out on the ice to bask in the sun and warm weather and then the hunter crawls upon them until he gets close enough to shoot them through the head. Should the seal look up, the hunter remains motionless or imitates the action of the seal. To kill a seal in this way is the best test of huntsmanship in the Arctic, as the animals are then unusually wary. When, in the summer, the ice has broken up, they are pursued in the *kiak* with harpoons.

All of the above are known as "hair seals," their skins being of but little value except as some form of leather. The "fur seal" is never hunted by sportsmen, being monopolized in his home in Behring's Sea by companies with exclusive charters for his killing. From them we get our sealskin sacks, muffs, gloves and caps with which we are all so familiar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

86. Sharp-tailed Sparrow—*Ammodromus caudacutus* Aud. Cs. 240, Ridg. 201.—Common. Arrives in May. Frequents meadows and marshes near the coast. Breeds on the ground. Lays from four to six eggs, greenish white with brown spots, in June.

87. Swamp Sparrow—*Ammodromus palustris* Aud.; *Melospiza palustris* Ridg. 233, Cs. 243.—Common. Arrives in March and April. Breeds on the ground. Lays five greenish eggs, white with brown spots.

88. Lincoln's Sparrow—*Pœcæa lincolni* Aud.; *Melospiza lincolni* Ridg. 234, Cs. 242.—A regular migrant. Arrives in May, and quickly passes to the north and east. Possibly a few breed in Maine. This species was found breeding in Labrador by Audubon, and he named it in compliment to his companion, Thomas Lincoln, Esq., of Dennysville, Me., who procured the first specimen described. This species much resembles the common song sparrow next named, but may readily be distinguished by the absence of the dark breast spot which is so conspicuous upon the latter.

89. Song Sparrow—*Fringilla melodia* Aud.; *Melospiza fasciata* Ridg. 231, Cs. 244.—Abundant. Arrives in March and early in April. Breeds, usually on the ground and low bushes, commonly two broods. Lays five dull whitish eggs, spotted with brown. The first complement laid in May.

90. White-crowned Sparrow—*Fringilla leucophrys* Aud.; *Zonotrichia leucophrys* Ridg. 206, Cs. 276.—Common migrant. Arrives in April. No record of breeding in Maine. Mr. Harry Merrill reports a bird of this species taken near Bangor, "July 27, 1880." An unusual occurrence, as the species is rarely found here in summer, and not abundant at any season.

91. White-throated Sparrow, "Peabody Bird."—*Fringilla pennsylvanica* Aud., *Zonotrichia albicollis* Ridg. 209; Cs. 275 Common; arrives in April and early in May. Breeds usually on the ground; lays four or more greenish white eggs, with brown spots, early in June. This bird is locally known as the "Peabody Bird" on account of the final notes of its familiar song, which may be thus syllabled: *I—see—you, Peabody, Peabody, Peabody.* Mr. J. C. Mead shot a male specimen during a severe snowstorm, December 22, 1879. This bird was in company with a small flock of tree sparrows. The thermometer recorded twenty degrees below zero the day previous. I observed a specimen at Scarboro, Me., April 6, 1882, with a small flock of purple finches. Both the birds cited were here at unusual dates.

92. Tree Sparrow—*Emberiza canadensis* Aud.; *Spizella montana* Ridg. 210; *Spizella monticola* Cs., 268. Common; abundant during migrations, and birds of this species are commonly found during winter. Arrives early in April.

93. Chirping Sparrow, "Hair Bird"—*Emberiza socialis* Aud.; *Spizella domestica* Ridg. 211, Cs. 269.—Abundant. Arrives in April and early in May. Breeds; two broods; lays four or five green eggs with dark brown spots, in May and June. This bird is sometimes termed the "hair bird," because its nest is usually composed in part or entirely of hair, such as is shed from the manes and tails of horses, domestic cattle, etc. The young birds of the first brood usually fly before July 1.

94. Field Sparrow—*Emberiza pusilla* Aud.; *Spizella pusilla* Ridg. 214; *Spizella agrestis* Cs. 271. Common. Arrives in April and early in May. Breeds; two broods. Lays four greenish white eggs with brown spots, in May and June.

95. Blue Snowbird—*Niphæa hyemalis* Aud.; *Junco hyemalis* Ridg. 217, Cs. 261.—Abundant. Arrives in March. Sometimes found here during winter. Breeds on the ground; probably two broods each season. Lays four white eggs with brown spots, in June. The spring song of this bird is sweet and low, similar to that of a canary bird, but softer, with a trill like that of the song sparrow interpolated.

96. Domestic Sparrow — *Fringilla domestica* Linnæus (1766); *Passer domesticus* Cs. 192.—Abundant in many of the cities of Maine. Breeds in bird houses erected for its use, also on cornices of buildings, among house vines, etc. This species was first introduced to North America by the late Thomas Amory Deblois, of Portland, Maine. The few birds then imported (1858) bred in the vicinity where liberated (corner of Park and Congress streets, Portland city), but after a few years had elapsed none were seen. Other birds of the species were at various times subsequently brought here and liberated, until their increased numbers have now assured their permanency in Maine. Their presence has materially lessened the numbers of our native insectivorous and song birds once frequenting the cities, and these sparrows have become a nuisance in some respects. In the month of January, 1879, I shot a sparrow of this species in a country village in St. Maurice county, Province of Quebec, Canada—probably a straggler from the city of Montreal or from Quebec. Now that the practice of feeding these sparrows has in a great measure subsided, they are really doing a little good. But their merits are exceeded by their demerits.

97. Fox Sparrow—*Fringilla iliaca* Aud.; *Passerella iliaca*, Ridg. 235, Cs. 282.—Abundant during migrations. Arrives in March and April. Not known to breed in Maine.

98. Indigo Bird, Indigo Bunting—*Spiza cyanea* Aud.; *Passerina cyanea* Ridg. 248, Cs. 295.—Common in Western Maine. Breeds on bushes or small trees. Not very common east of the Kennebec Valley, and rather rare in the Penobscot Valley and further east.

99. Tohee Bunting, "Chewink."—*Pipilo erythrophthalmus* Aud., Ridg. 237, Cs. 301.—Common on the plains in Western Maine, in the Saco Valley, and east to the Kennebec Valley. Rare further east and almost unknown east of the Penobscot Valley. In N. O. C. Bull., April, 1882, Mr. Montague Chamberlain has reported a specimen "shot by Mr. J. Belyea at Irishtown, New Brunswick, May 8, 1881, and now in the collection of the Nat. Hist. Society of St. John, N. B." Arrives early in May. Breeds on the ground, eggs dull white with purple brown spots and blotches, laid in June.

FAMILY ICTERIDÆ: ORIOLES, STARLINGS, BLACKBIRDS, ETC.

100. Bobolink—*Dolichonyx oryzivorus* Aud., Ridg. 257, Cs. 312.—Abundant. Arrives in the middle of May. Breeds on the ground, and lays five or six dull white eggs with brown and drab spots, in June. The following record of spring arrivals of this species, extending through a period of forty-five consecutive years (excepting the years 1806 and 1816) is of interest in showing the remarkable regularity of the arrivals of birds at their breeding places each succeeding season. This record was compiled from observations made in the town of Warren, Knox county, Maine, by Cyrus Eaton, A. M., D. Dicke, 2d, and others. When the notes of the observers differed, the earliest date was selected for this record:

1805	May 18	1828	May 12
1806	—	1829	May 15
1807	May 14	1830	May 15
1808	May 18	1831	May 11
1809	May 16	1832	May 10
1810	May 12	1833	May 18
1811	May 11	1834	May 10
1812	May 11	1835	May 18
1813	May 17	1836	May 11
1814	May 17	1837	May 11
1815	May 17	1838	May 13
1816	—	1839	May 13
1817	May 19	1840	May 13
1818	May 19	1841	May 12
1819	May 14	1842	May 16
1820	May 14	1843	May 15
1821	May 16	1844	May 10
1822	May 13	1845	May 12
1823	May 12	1846	May 13
1824	May 14	1847	May 15
1825	May 12	1848	May 10
1826	May 10	1849	May 14
1827	May 15	1850	May 15

The extreme variation of the dates of arrivals during all this period was but nine days. The earliest date May 10, the latest May 19.

The following list of arrivals at Paris Hill, Oxford county, Me., are from the notes of Messrs. Samuel R. Carter, and Jarvis L. Carter: 1860, May 14; 1861, May 12; 1862, May 17; 1863, May 11; 1865, May 9; 1866, May 11; 1867, May 15; 1877, May 17; 1878, May 15; 1879, May 15; 1880, May 16; 1881, May 20. Earliest date May 9, the latest May 20.

101. Cowbird—*Molothrus pecoris* Aud.; *Molothrus ater* Ridg. 258, Cs. 313.—Common, except in easternmost part of the State. Arrives in April. Gregarious. Polygamous. Makes no nest, but distributes its four or five eggs in the nests of small birds, and imposes the duty of incubation and rearing the young upon the parents of another family. The nests of warblers, thrushes and other birds are subjected to this imposition. The eggs are usually laid early in June, and are white, entirely covered with reddish or grayish-brown dots. The cowbird sometimes alights upon the backs of cattle, but is not often seen to do so in Maine. The pastures are the favorite resorts of this bird while here.

Although sometimes arriving as early as March, and seen here as late as November, it is not a constant summer resident in any restricted locality. It habitually shirks the labor of rearing its young, and leads a Bohemian life, wandering where fancy leads, or when a lack of its favorite food impels.

102. Redwinged Blackbird—*Agelæus phœniceus* Aud., Ridg. 261, Cs. 316.—Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds, on bushes in swampy places. Lays five or six leaden-gray eggs with irregular streaks and blotches of very dark brown, in May and June.

103. Meadow Lark—*Sturnella ludovicianæ* Aud.; *Sturnella magna* Ridg. 263, Cs. 320.—Common in Western Maine. Arrives in April. Breeds, on the ground, and lays four or more eggs, white, with light brown spots. Not common east of the Kennebec Valley, and almost unknown east of the Penobscot Valley. Much less abundant in western part of the State now than twenty years ago, when birds of this species were to be found congregated in numbers on the meadows and marshes during the autumn migrations, which occurred in September.

104. Orchard Oriole—*Icterus spurius* Aud., Ridg. 270, Cs. 324.—Rare. Apparently only occurs as an irregular visitant. This species has been reported by Mr. Boardman as occurring at the eastern boundary of the State, but "rare." It is of only rare occurrence in Southwestern Maine, and there has been no instance within my knowledge of its breeding here.

105. Baltimore Oriole, Golden Oriole—*Icterus baltimore* Aud.; *Icterus galbula* Ridg. 271, Cs. 326. Common in Western Maine, and east to the Penobscot Valley. Very rare in the easternmost part of the State. Arrives early in May; breeds usually on elm trees, attaching its hanging nest to the upper drooping branches. Lays four or five eggs, pure white with brown spots and lines, in June. This bird of bright plumage and pleasing song is well known because of its habit of frequenting cities and gardens, where it renders good service by eating vast numbers of the insects that destroy the foliage of fruit and elm trees. The presence of the domestic sparrows in the "Forest City" of Maine (Portland), failed to avert, or in any great measure to check the worm pest that has, within a few years, ravaged so many of our fine elm trees. But it is worthy of note, that immediately following the increase of those worms, there was a marked increase in the abundance of the orioles in this city, attracted, no doubt, by the abundance of their favorite food, and it was unusual to see these birds feeding anywhere except on the fruit of elm trees. Alighting on the slender branches of the elms, they would peer under the leaves and rapidly pick off the worms there found. The number of worms consumed at a meal by a single oriole seemed marvelous. By watching one of these orioles while thus feeding, with the aid of a good field-glass, I was able to make a fair estimate of worms consumed.

Following the noted increase in abundance of the orioles there was a marked mitigation of the worm nuisance, and it may be well believed that these birds were active agents in producing the change. The worms which destroy the foliage of the elm trees are, unlike many insects, present and active throughout a period of many weeks, so that some trees, stripped of their early foliage, put forth a new growth the same season, only to be destroyed by the same cause, and this resulted, in some instances, in the death of the trees whose vitality was thus exhausted. By an estimate based upon actual count, the numbers of these worms consumed in a single season by one pair of orioles and their progeny could only be expressed by many hundred thousand.

106. Rusty Grackle—*Quiscalus ferruginens* Aud.; *Scolecophagus ferrugineus* Ridg. 273, Cs. 331.—Abundant in localities. Arrives in March and April. Breeds, on trees, and lays in May from four to six pale greenish eggs, blotched with purple and brown. I have observed this species congregated in large flocks as early as July, apparently preparing to depart for the South. During the breeding season the male may often be seen strutting on the ground, with tail partly spread and the central feathers depressed, so that

its under side is very convex, and the tail then appears as if shaped like that of the next named species.

107. Boat-tailed Grackle—*Quiscalus major* Aud., Ridg. 277, Cs. 334.—I observed a pair of grackles of this species at Second Lake, Washington county, Maine, August 1, 1877. Their appearance so far north and east astonished me, and I might well have doubted my senses at first, but I spent nearly a half day in the proximity of these birds, with the best possible opportunity for close observation, and with my familiar knowledge of the species and of their characteristic notes and habits, identification was rendered certain. They seemed to be quite at home, and evidently had been in the same locality for some length of time; perhaps since spring. When first approached a great outcry was made, such as is unrivaled by any other grackle. Yet the birds did not attempt to escape, but frequently flew within four or five rods of myself and companion, occasionally alighting on the reeds at no greater distance from us. Any unusual stir on our part would produce a great apparent commotion on the part of the grackles, and after one of their characteristic outbreaks of cackling remonstrance at our intrusion upon their retreat, they would fly about as if to reassure themselves, by a close inspection, of our peaceful intentions.

108. Purple Grackle, "Crow Blackbird"—*Quiscalus purpureus* Aud., Ridg. 278b., Cs. 335.—Common. Arrives in April. Breeds often in colonies on trees. Lays four or more eggs of a greenish hue, marked with blotches and irregular streaks of brown. Although here a shy bird, I have known a pair of this species to nest on one of the few pine trees within the city limits of Portland, and it is not uncommon for them to breed in cities. The rusty grackle is sometimes termed "crow blackbird," as well as this species. The purple grackle is the larger of the two, however, and better entitled to such a name.

FAMILY CORVIDÆ: CROWS AND JAYS.

109. Raven—*Corvus corax* Aud., Cs. 338; *Corvus corax carnivorus* Ridg. 280.—Not uncommon; resident. Breeds, usually, on high trees. The eggs are green, profusely blotched with brown, and resemble the eggs of the common crow, which are but little smaller than those of the raven, although the latter is a much larger bird. Authors of New England bird lists have generally referred to the raven as rare, but it is a common resident in Maine, although nowhere abundant. I have observed the species at various times in Scarboro, but it is more common further east. In 1876 I saw some young fledgling ravens, which were taken on the coast from a nest in a tree on one of the islands of Washington county. Mr. Harry Merrill informs me that "Mr. N. C. Curran, of Bangor, killed twelve ravens in one week with poisoned fox bait at Isle au Haut, Maine." The handsome glossy, blue-black plumage of the raven in winter becomes to a great extent a dirty-brown in summer.

110. Crow—*Corvus americanus* Aud.; *Corvus frugivorus* Ridg. 282, Cs. 340.—Abundant. Arrives in March. Some are to be seen throughout the winter, especially on the coast, where they are rather abundant during mild winters. Breeds usually on coniferous trees. The eggs vary much in color, and I have some with various shades of green and of blue for the "ground color." There are usually four or five green eggs profusely blotched with dark brown, laid in April and May.

111. Blue Jay—*Garrulus cristatus* Aud.; *Cyanocitta cristata* Ridg. 289, Cs. 349.—Common. Abundant in some localities. Some remain throughout each winter. Breeds. Usually nests on bushes and lays five eggs of an olivaceous tinge spotted with brown, in May. The blue jays of Northern New England are usually of a rather suspicious nature that makes them somewhat wary of man. But I once found a blue jay's nest so close by the side of a highway over which passed daily stage-coaches, as well as many less noisy vehicles, that I could see the bird setting upon its eggs as I drove by without pausing. In some localities where unmolested, the jays of this species are as indifferent to the near presence of man as is the robin or bluebird.

112. Canada Jay—*Garrulus canadensis* Aud.; *Perisoreus canadensis* Ridg. 297, Cs. 359.—Common in autumn and winter, except along the coast in the southwestern part of the State, where it is rarely to be found. Mr. Luther Redlow, of Portland, shot a jay of this species in the town of Scarboro, October 15, 1880, a rare occurrence in that locality. The Canada jay is locally known by various names, and in Maine as "moose bird," "meat bird," or "pork bird." These names have been given the bird by hunters and lumbermen, because of the birds' habit of boldly visiting winter camps in the woods, and without fear helping itself to the meat that may be hung about the camp. The name "moose bird" was thus applicable a half century ago when moose meat was much more common in Maine camps than at the present time. The bird is now more often tempted by pork than by moose meat. The French Canadians name the bird "Pee," on account of its familiar note, which is rather weak for a jay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTELLIGENCE OF THE CATBIRD.—Albany, N. Y.—One day last June as I was sitting on the bank of the Hudson River, fishing, a catbird flew down, and lit on a stone near where I was sitting. She commenced squalling and flying about frantically. She would fly to a bush close by and come back and fly around my head screaming loudly, as if she wished to induce me to go with her. At last she acted so strangely that I got up and walked to the bush where the bird was flying in and out. As I approached it I saw a snake about a yard long, crawling swiftly up a branch toward the bird's nest, which contained four eggs. The bird would fly down and peck the snake, and then back to her nest. I could not strike the snake without striking the nest at the same time, so I ran to the house for my Flobert rifle. When I got back the snake had one of the eggs in his mouth. I shot him several times when he dropped the egg and crawled into the bushes. I put the egg in the nest and then went back to my fishing. I found my line all right and on it a good sized bass.—BERT TITUS (twelve years old).

THE RATTLESNAKE AS A SWIMMER.—In a late number of FOREST AND STREAM some one inquires about the swimming powers of the rattlesnake. They often cross Mosquito Inlet, East Florida, against strong tides, and I have seen one killed in the middle of Halifax River, where it is a mile wide, swimming as strongly and boldly as a true water snake could have done. Moreover, it faced its pursuers boldly, and made straight for the boat till stopped by a blow with an oar. I have seen the racer or coach whip snake, killed under the same circumstances. Those salt water bays and sounds are so infested by sharks that one would think the chances for a snake to get across would be small.—S. C. C.

FACTS AND FANCIES OF ORGANIC LIFE.

I CANNOT willingly consign to perdition even a sparrow without a hearing. The fact that the birds were brought to a land they knew not of, against their will, certainly entitles them to this much at our hands; although, from present appearances, they seem destined to prove the greatest nuisance we ever imported. Propositions come up on every side to ameliorate the coming evil, and a war of extermination seems imminent.

While all this is being done, a close observer might perhaps have seen one of the doomed birds, sitting demurely on a twig, raise his right foot, pretending to scratch his nostrils, with a look which plainly said, "What do you propose to do about it?" For one, I propose to do nothing. The birds are here; they have come, like the Normans, to help us fight a fictitious enemy (the worms), and now, from the expressed anxiety, we seem in greater danger than were the Saxons in similar circumstances. We may heap invectives, but they fall as harmless against birds as the snowflakes fall on their backs in winter; we may set the whole population to killing; it may retard, but will not prevent their increase. It becomes us then not to get frightened nor angry, but to look the matter squarely in the face, as peradventure it may not prove so disastrous as present fear indicates.

On the first intimation of their coming, inquiries among native farmers of Great Britain brought out the fact that sparrows were miscellaneous eaters, feeding on grain, seeds, insects and worms, grain largely preponderant. Said one: "I have seen a strip a rod wide across a ten-acre field of rye, left by the reapers as containing no grain, all eaten by sparrows which lived in a hedge along the border of the field." Our present aim is to show, from what they have done in other countries, what they will be likely to do here, where circumstances are different.

When the first birds were turned loose, houses were built and provisioned for them, the question of their ability to provide either (in perfect keeping with the whole project) not having been considered. A second brood filled the boxes to overflowing, and the younger birds were obliged to seek lodgings elsewhere. This they did with true squatter impudence, filling crevices in architecture with decaying vegetable matter, occupying thickets of ivy, in fact, every chink and crevice which afforded even a partial covering overhead. As a last resort they took possession of an old robins' nest, piled on it sticks, straws and grass a foot high, with a hole in the side like a squirrel's or hornet's nest—a nest not built by any other bird on the continent. Here was indeed a new and strange departure—one which demanded investigation. Consulting early English history, it was found that this canopied nest was the one built by the sparrow in its wild native state; in other words, the nest it was taught to build by the Creator, when the first pairs were placed on the earth.

That they will not prove an unmitigated nuisance in this country is a fair inference from the different circumstances under which they must live. Our country is indeed a large one. We could hide Great Britain in it beyond the search of a tax-gatherer. Our hundred-acre fields of corn and wheat, with no hedges, (the safest place on the earth for breeding small birds) will scatter the sparrows broadcast over the land, the barbed wire fence, the fence of the future, affording no exclusive protection. Consequently they must take their chances with other birds. They must furnish their quota of food to the rapacious birds and animals according to numbers, thereby allowing more of our native birds to live.

That they are one penny of benefit in destroying worms is as yet problematical, to say the least. Once in ten years, perhaps, certainly but once since the sparrows were brought, there was in this vicinity an advent of worms. They seemed to come all at once, every leaf on our elms and maples was swept off, while the great meadows opposite the city were as bare of foliage as in midwinter. The worms disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as they came. The trees in two weeks were again covered with leaves, greener, brighter, fresher than before, having grown faster than in early spring. Once in the time I saw a sparrow hammering at a worm, while our native birds, even from a distance, came in great numbers while the feast lasted.

We may, I think, sleep quietly while the sparrows live on. They can have no exclusive privileges here such as the hedges of the old countries afford, but must, as I said before, take their chances with other birds. They unquestionably drive away from our dwellings more beautiful birds and of sweeter song; but they certainly enliven our streets in winter, when all other birds are absent; they cultivate kindness of heart in those who place crumbs for them on the window sill in stormy weather. They swarm in our Union Depot, feeding on bits of food thrown out by passengers who eat in the cars during their short stop at midday, while in the trusses above they find secure resting and nesting places; steam, steam whistles, smoke, and coal gas alike disregarded. It must be acknowledged, however, that in one sense they are here a nuisance, and the moving crowd often receive marks of their utter carelessness for those below. The consequences are, now pitiable, now ludicrous, and sometimes "tearful" in effects. I think it was during the past year that an old fellow, somewhat given to pointed expressions, was hurrying along the platform, when—"spat"—something struck his hat. Stopping suddenly, he took off the "tile," looked at it, then, looking upward, got as far as "Dam!" when one eye was closed by a second discharge from the same battery. Instantly shutting the other eye for safety, he blindly let off a terrific volley of oaths, the largest the language permits, while a laughing crowd added aggravation to his calamity.

But to return to this canopied nest. The bird has taught us a lesson not small in itself, nor insignificent in its bearing on the great subject of evolution in organic life, a subject which, under the utmost stretch of human research, has as yet made no progress toward a philosophic solution. Here the bird driven to extremities has gone back to a form of nest it had never seen, and which its progenitors had not seen or built in perhaps a hundred generations; a demonstration of that great and immutable law of recurrence strangely overlooked by even thinking men. It is to this law alone that organic life owes both harmony and perpetuity, and without it all would become chaos.

The fact that the first appearance of individual life was or is a cell, or according to the schoolboy philosophy of Concord a "protoplasm," is no proof that life in the aggregate commenced in the same manner; this unimpeachable law of recurrence proves, if it proves anything, that every form of individual life, appearing, if you please, as a cell or protoplasm at first, had each its path marked out by the Creator, and guarded by laws of form and organization immutable as God himself.

Look at the varied improvements in domestic animals under fostering care and intelligent culture. Our horses, our cattle and sheep, our hogs, and domestic fowls, or, turning a leaf in this book, our dogs. The original type remains in each, while in all the essentials of life we have made a new creature, more beautiful, more serviceable, ministering in a thousand ways to our pleasures and our necessities, as the originals could not do. This is real progress, development with a purpose, an evolution which we can see; we have only to fix the colors and the picture is complete. But this we are not permitted to do. That is a prerogative the Creator has not delegated to human hands, and in wisdom has He withheld it. We can make new breeds, new varieties; we are allowed to improve on what He has thus blocked out for us; but even this can only be accomplished by the most rigid seclusion of each to his own, and the selection of the fittest in the transmission of life. The moment the fostering hand is withdrawn the great law of recurrence takes charge, varieties are all merged in one, and that one takes the back track inevitably. Our horses become less fleet and docile, our short horns thin and less symmetrical, our beautiful and intelligent dogs gaunt, ragged and wolfish, our bantam, with head and tail meeting over his back, becomes again the drooping jungle fowl, our swine—well—just read again that hog story in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, 1881.

What would men do, or rather what would they not do under present greed for possessions, if allowed to control the laws of life. Look at their only successful attempt at intermediate creation, the unnatural union of the horse and the ass, a human project entirely. I blush with shame, whenever I see one, that civil life allows the creature to exist. Not one thing can the mule do that the horse will not do better; his whole value lies in the single quality of endurance. He will bear more beating, starvation, and general abuse than any other domestic animal living; and hence, as I said before, ministers more directly to man's greed for money. But I have gone far astray from the sparrows, it is a wayward propensity, a love to "paddle the bark canoe" among and over "Facts and Fancies in organic life." Facts, the record of what is, and is done; Fancies, the philosophic conclusion from their consideration. The field is broad; eternity cannot, will not exhaust its interest; it is our privilege to gather lilies, it is our duty to gather lessons of instruction as we float along. B. HORSFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., January, 1882.

CONCERNING THE ENGLISH SPARROW.—Can people who are annoyed by the sparrow, trap him? We have a gray parrot, who among many accomplishments can imitate a whole bevy of the little nuisances, who have filled every house ivy in town and driven Jenny Wren and her husband clean away. We have not seen a wren for years. I wonder if the article "Small Birds" and "Snow Birds" on the hotel bills of fare is not our friend; I am sure I hope and pray they may all be eaten.—T. M. (Philadelphia).

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

APROPOS of Nevada, I cannot permit this opportunity to escape to expose the diabolical proclivities of one of your correspondents, who had evidently got himself into a scrape and wished to drag in as many of your readers as possible. When I was residing in that State, some three years ago, I was fortunate enough to secure a specimen of the glossy ibis, the first I had ever seen; and being at a loss to classify it, I sent the head and one wing to your correspondent, Mr. Newton Dexter, whom I knew to be something of an ornithologist as well as taxidermist. The return mail brought me an exhaustive account of its natural history, but said nothing in regard to the edible qualities of the bird. Shortly after I read an article in your columns from a Western contributor, who had not only shot a glossy ibis, but had cooked and eaten it, pronouncing it the most delicious morsel he had ever tasted. To say that I was unhappy hardly fills the bill. I was wretched to think that I had not cooked that ibis, and had lost a sensation I might never again have an opportunity of experiencing. Several months afterward, to my great delight, I succeeded in killing another, it being the only one I had seen since shooting the first.

Now for a feast such as Delmonico himself could not duplicate. I took the prize home, dressed it carefully, and turned it over to my wife, admonishing her to serve it up in her best style, finishing off my injunctions with a few careless off-hand remarks concerning its great rarity, the delicious quality of its flesh, etc. Then I hastened out to invite in my friends. All of them were on hand punctually at the dinner hour — the postmaster, Wells-Fargo's agent, and several other distinguished characters. Had the bird been large enough, I should have prepared a feast for my guests of glossy ibis alone, but as the tid bit would make but a few mouthfuls for each one, I had been obliged, sorely against my will, to add a couple of spring chickens. Every plate, however, received its portion of the rare bird, and each guest immediately transferred a piece to his mouth—and that was about as far as it got with most of them. One or two, with exquisite good breeding, attempted to surreptitiously secrete it in their vest pockets, and one or two others may possibly have kept it down long enough to get out doors. How did it taste, did you say? Well, my dear reader, I have never eaten crow, but, for all that, I prefer crow, and take the chances; and I have never ceased to sigh for the scalp of the wretch who wrote up that article on the glossy ibis for the FOREST AND STREAM. FORKED DEER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

James C——, a genial son of Erin, is fond of shooting, and the best manufacturer of mid-range hyperbole that I ever saw. He will tell a story elaborately frescoed with improbabilities, and every corner decorated with impossibilities, with an air of pursuasive sincerity that would cause a man to hate himself for presuming to doubt it. He says "the first sugar hogshead he ever saw reminded him so much of his mother's churn that he shed tears." One day a hawk alighted near the house and his son took the gun, crawled within gunshot, fired and missed.

"Why didn't ye kill the howck?" queried the father.

"The gun's no good," answered the junior James.

"Ye'r a liar, Jamesie, it's yew that's no good. Ye can't tell me anything about that gun. Sure, I've known her since she was a pishtol." F.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I enclose a clipping from the Bozeman *Avant Courier*, the leading Montana newspaper, containing a letter from a trustworthy correspondent from the Upper Yellowstone:

"The Park Improvement Company have a sawmill in operation at this place, getting out lumber for a 600-room hotel to be built here next spring, and I am creditably informed that Mr. E. Haupt, Superintendent of the N. P. I. Co., has let a contract for twenty thousand pounds of venison, at five cents per pound, to supply his men. He has some eighty or a hundred now at work, and is going to feed them on elk, deer, mountain sheep, and bison, killed in the Park, as it is cheaper than beef.

"It is a 'Park Improvement Co.' doing this, and I suppose they consider it an improvement to rid the Park, as far as possible, of game—thus they who have means to get other meat encourage in this way the destruction of what little game there is left, for the sake of a few dollars (very few) profit to themselves."

The recommendations of Gen. Sheridan I heartily endorse, although I am of the opinion that a "mounted police," selected from old mountaineers and men familiar with the country would be far better than soldiers to protect the Park from intruders. Before the National Park Improvement Co. and the North Pacific R. R. Co. get through building and improving the National Park, pretty near all the large game will be killed off or driven off. There never ought to be a railroad inside the Park limits—good roads and trails are sufficient. One good hotel each at the Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Lake and Mammoth Hot Springs, are all that is required. If the contract between the Government and the National Park Improvement Co. should be declared valid by Congress, all sportsmen and tourists traveling through the Park would be at the mercy of the National Park Improvement Company. According to the agreement the company would get 640 acres at each plot, which would take in all the best camping places, meadows, water and timber, and a sportsman or tourist could not camp anywhere near a prominent place with his outfit, unless he pays the National Park Improvement Co. for the privilege of camping on their plot, and pasturage fee for the saddle or pack horses. The National Park Improvement Co. would have everything their own way, in fact control everything in the Park. I only hope that Congress will investigate the affair and act accordingly.

AN OLD HUNTER AND TRAPPER.

BOZEMAN, Montana Territory, Jan. 4

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has afforded me great pleasure to see that the FOREST AND STREAM was the first, as it was for a considerable time the only, paper in the country to protest against the bold attempt of a few speculators to rob the people of the United States of their National Park. The independence and fearlessness of your course cannot be too highly praised, and that it will be appreciated by the people at large I cannot doubt. Thanks to the FOREST AND STREAM and to Senator Vest, it seems likely now that the Park will be reserved for those who really own it.

But does it not seem as though the great wrong lies back of anything that has yet been brought forward? If the United States Government chooses to deed over to me, or to anyone else, all its public lands for one dollar, am I to refuse it? The Government acts through its servants, and suppose the Secretary of the Interior, or in his absence Mr. Merrit L. Josslyn, chooses to make over to me a big block of the public land, you cannot reasonably expect me or any business man to be virtuous enough to refuse the opportunity to make an enormous profit. It appears to me, therefore, that the fault in all this matter lies with the law which permits (1) the Secretary of the Interior to be absent, and (2) which permits a subordinate to make such an enormously important contract.

Of course it is clear enough that in making this particular contract the Government officials largely exceeded any powers granted to them under the acts of 1872. We can all see this now that it has been pointed out to us, but this point might easily have been overlooked, and the lease made, and then where would we have been?

I cannot too heartily congratulate you on the splendid stand that you have taken. R. H.

CHICAGO, Ill, January 14, 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am so filled with admiration of your plucky and manly fight for the People against the Yellowstone Park grabbers, that I cannot withhold some demonstration of applause. The Scriptures are not my best hold (I wish they were!; but somewhere therein it is said that when the hands of Joshua weakened, the outsiders stepped in and held them up, that Israel might gain the impending battle. Although there are as yet no signs of your "weakening," yet the labor alone might prove too great for you; and should that time come there are millions of sturdy hands ready to brace you up to the good work you have undertaken—to save Israel's people from the Philistines.

I hardly know which is the Joshua, you or Vest. But whoever holds up his hands in the interests of the People in securing the great National Park intact, the pleasure ground of the world, will have the admiration and applause of all generations for all time.

In your issue of January 11, you have given the grabbers terrific sledge-hammer blows. Hammer away, and the people will say, Amen. X.

CLEVELAND, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your fearless exposure of the shameless attempt to grasp the very heart and soul of the incomparable Yellowstone Park, is one of the most creditable things done lately by any American periodical. You may be sure that the full measure of the impropriety and unapproachable impudence of this bold "grab" has not yet begun even to be realized by the people—the real owners of the wonderland in question. I can scarcely think, among the scores of unsavory speculations which occur to me, of one evidencing a greater amount of "cheek" than this one; and these men may rest assured that, even if they do succeed in thus cheating the people, vengeance will be visited upon them in some suitable shape by an outraged public. Let every voter write to his Congressman in vigorous protest against a scheme which is saturated with impropriety and iniquity.

W. MCK. HEATH.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 9, 1883.

A HOLIDAY HUNT.

WHAT HAPPENED AND SOMETHING WHICH DID NOT HAPPEN.

WITH us, in this far off southland, there is a full realization of the fact that—

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And every darkey has his share—"

of whatever joys can be had during the gala season. With him the banjo and the fiddle make all the instrumental melody which his soul requires, and bacon, and greens, and corn bread, and whisky meet the demands of his internal physical system, while a flaming necktie of gorgeous colors and red-top boots afford the apparel most suited to his fancy. Indeed, the African is a happy race, especially when freed from those cares which the light of education always brings along with it. For money nine-tenths of them have no use, except to gratify the demands of appetite as some attractive object meets the eye, and, in consequence, it is an exceptional case, when an increase of worldy goods takes place. Although it has been more than fifteen years since they were declared to be free, few indeed are else than "mere livers from hand to mouth." On such a day as Christmas the towns are black with them, and the retail groceries, which sell crackers, cheese, sardines, oysters, toys, ribands, gew-gaws and whisky, do a thriving business by getting all the cash, which is the result of many a day's labor, from these thriftless descendants of Ham. "The loud laugh, which speaks the empty mind," is heard on every hand, the popping of firecrackers jars on the ear, the whisky yell gives variety to the confusion, and all is fuss and din. Verily, I am glad the time comes but once a year. Indeed, if I were emperor of all the earth, and possessed of unlimited power, I should devote myself to the inauguration of several reforms for the benefit of my subjects, and among them would issue my ukase declaring death, "without benefit of clergy," or any other benefit, against all the manufacturers of Roman candles, firecrackers and other devilish inventions which disturb the quiet of towns and do no good whatever.

In part to get away from the sort of noise which made my house lose all its quiet, on Tuesday, the 26th, Jim LeG. and I got into a buggy with our hunting luggage, called up Don and Branch, gave the word to "The gray mare Meg—a better never lifted leg," or, if you prefer it, because the name of the nag is thus preserved—

Weel hitched on to gray mare Molly,
We split the mud—we did, by golly,

and made our way to the hospitable residence of our friend, P. N. S., who lives in the "Fork," about eighteen miles from our home. Inasmuch as Tom, our host's "eldest hope," who knew our inclinations, told the family that he was sure we would be there that night, we found a capital supper ready for us, to which, after a brief interval at the fire, we proceeded to do ample justice. On our route, for lack of time, if for no other reason, we failed even to enjoy the lovely scenery, which is spread out as we rise the hill on which Ed. Ingram lives, and which displays the broad bosom of the Pee Dee, dotted with many islands, and the far distant hills of Stanly and Montgomery counties. We take but a glance at the site of the old blacksmith shop, the slab bottom and the tanyard, where, in other days, the hunter placed himself to intercept a fleeing deer, as he was making his way to the river to escape his pursuers. It is getting nearly sundown, when we pass the old barn, the center of a once famous turkey range, and twilight had come when we crossed Smith's Ford of Little River, on whose bank, a few miles above, I first saw the light of Heaven, and from whose waters, when a boy, I have drawn many a beautiful fish. Two miles more, and we saw the cheerful light of our place of rest, and found what I had already described, as well as that hearty, but unpretending welcome which is shown to every one who enters the grounds.

"The cheerful supper done," we went back to the parlor and ranged ourselves around the sparkling fire, ready to engage in such conversation as might spring up, and make our arrangements for the morrow's hunt. Tom being a "merciful man," and acquainted with the prandial capacity of my dog Branch—for B. is sound in stomach as well as in limb and wind—went out in the meantime with a bountiful supply of corn bread, and soon came in reporting that the little exercise he had had did not seem to have weakened the dog's appetite. Don, also, had his supply of scraps, and having been raised a gentleman's dog, got a small portion of pork for his share. Being satisfied ourselves, and knowing that our dogs had feasted royally, we discussed all sorts of things, indulged in anecdote, "cracked of horses, ploughs and kye," inquired how our host's carp ponds were doing, what Christmas festivities had enlivened the neighborhood; and were congratulating ourselves upon having escaped "the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," when the sound of a darkey's accordeon and hilarious chorus of darkey throats, gave painful evidence that we were still within the bounds of that sort of civilization. Still we managed to keep up our "discourse" until the hour came, when my habits required that I should bid entertainers and entertained my best wishes for a happy night. I slept well, disturbed only by the suggestions of a stomach rather heavily laden, and the whining of a setter pup, which I had brought up as a present to my friend Bishop Crickett, of Saint's Rest, who lives just across the Pee Dee, and whom we expected to breakfast with us the following morning.

After all the family got together, before breakfast next day, a suggestion was made that, as their Christmas had not quite ended, it might not be disagreeable to partake of a glass of egg-nog. The motion was duly seconded, and passed *nem. con.*, and we were regaled with "as good a article of them kind of sperrits" as was ever fixed up for the enjoyment of the human palate. The "flavoring extract" was obtained by a distillation of the fermented juice of the peach—which, by the way, is unsurpassable for Thomas and Jeremiah—Tom and Jerry, if you like—or that mixture of sugar and whipped cream called syllabub. And then that little tinkling sound was heard which indicated that hot Java and biscuit and butter and "sassengers" and "chicken fixings" and chitterlings were not far off; and we also partook of that. Then, having made arrangements to send our horse and buggy up to Smith's Ferry, we went down to the river, not over a quarter of a mile off, to see if its bottoms contained any of the birds we had come to kill. In a short while the elegant form of the Bishop, astride of his mule, was seen approaching, and close by his dogs, Jack and Palmetto. The prelate and I took the bank of the stream, while Jim LeG. and Tom went along the margin of the foot hills.

We found that birds were scarce, and when we reached the ferry our bag consisted of only ten birds, while the other party had succeeded in getting more than twice that number. Late in the afternoon, after Tom had left us, we were hunting a piece of sedge and some adjacent ditch banks; Jim gave notice to Saint Martin—the Bishop—and me that Don had found a covey on the opposite side of the ditch. Being an agile man, he had easily leaped it, and told us to go below and cross. We were ready enough to do so, and going to the bank of it, and inspecting its size, upon the same principle that governs

"The dog who by instinct turns aside
When he sees the ditch too deep and wide,"

it was deemed prudent to seek another crossing place, so we went further down and soon found a hog ford, which gave us the safe means of getting to the game side of the drain. When we got over, we saw Don on a full stand, with Branch behind him. LeG. was within ten feet, and he requested us to remain where we were, for the birds would fly that way, and we could get a shot. Of course our reply was that we had no idea of being hit by him for any such chance, and had no special aspirations to make him our target. We started to approach, and before we had gone five yards, we heard his gun, then saw the flying covey and heard his second barrel. The truth of history compels me to say that no bird stopped. Then he called to us to come up, for there were more birds. That we did not credit, and so we stood still. Pretty soon he had about a half dozen more on the wing, and he got one with each barrel. We then pursued the first part of the covey, which had lighted on the side of a large ditch, and the Bishop and I got one each. Coming back, LeG., who is a capital shot, and an industrious hunter, told me that he knew where one had settled on the side of the first ditch, and, as he had had four chances, I could take it. And I did take it, adding a bird to my bag. Going in pursuit of the others, I got another shot, wounding, and LeG. another, killing. Then the Bishop got a crack, which he missed, because of the thick brush through which the bird was flying. We then twitted LeG. on his flushing the covey when we were getting to him, and then learned from him that as we were approaching, he saw what he took to be a huddle of birds in the head of a side ditch, and thinking he could get a half dozen at one pop, he fired into—a bunch of leaves. And then we berated him soundly for his unsportsmanlike conduct in more respects than one, and announced our purpose to try him before a court-hunting that night upon his "grave crimes and misdemeanors against the law, in such cases, made and provided." And that night, at his mother's house, where we are always welcome, we put our threat into execution, convicted him, and suspended judgment on condition that he would afterward put himself upon his good behavior.

The next day we found still fewer birds, and succeeded in getting only about thirty, notwithstanding a laborious day's tramp. Night found us under the same hospitable roof, where we got the egg-nog. The Bishop, who had lost his Palmetto bitch, having to go back a mile or so to find her, reached the house almost half an hour after we did. He told us that he found her lying cosily down at the place where we took our lunch, doubtless expecting us to return in time to give her another bait of scraps. During the day the bitch had sorely tried the Christian philosophy of her handler by swallowing instead of retrieving a bird which the Bishop had shot. But the prelate, knowing full well that "he who spareth the rod spoileth the child," applied the sanction of the law by giving her "many stripes" for her misdeed.

We stayed all night, and my clerical friend, who had not sought, the night before, to get a divorce *a mensa et thoro* from me, but shared the couch with me, complained so much of my unfortunate habit of snoring that our host placed him in a separate apartment. Next morning, at an extremely early hour, I heard a knocking at the outer door of my room, which was on the ground floor, and connected with the parlor, and recognizing the familiar voice of my former bedfellow, I emerged from the warm bed and "took him in."

He apologized for the disturbance, alleging as a reason that he was anxious to make an early start for home, to avoid, if possible, the "nursed wrath" of his "dame," which might grow too "warm" for him if he failed longer to make an appearance, and had inadvertently left his hat in the parlor. Then he apologized for his having deserted me, and told me, with a sorrowful voice, that in doing so he had "jumped from the frying-pan into the fire." "How is that?" said I. "Did Tom or Jim LeG. open their nasal batteries on you?" "No, no—far worse than they could do." "What calamity, my dear friend, has befallen you?" "Why, that infernal He. Gines came in from a dining party in the neighborhood at Squire Willy Smilers, and was put in bed with me. In a little while he opened all the vials of his accursed cacophany, and kept emptying them upon my already shattered nervous system, so that I could not sleep a wink. Yours is as the 'music of the spheres' or the soft, soothing tones of the Æolian harp, compared with his. He plays on the Chinese gong, diversified with that peculiar puff of a locomotive toiling up grade with a long train of box cars behind it. I won't do so any more. I'll stick to you hereafter; your harmonies shall be my lullaby." My sympathies were enlisted in his behalf, and I freely forgave him for his offense.

After breakfast, we sent our buggy about a mile down the road toward home, and we took the fields lying on the river, to see if we could not find some birds to take home with us. We got up several coveys, did some good and some very poor shooting, bagged eighteen, and the hour came when we must ride. The morning had been rather clear, but about twelve, "the gathering storm" looked ominous, and we had sixteen miles of muddy road to travel. Having a top buggy and a good blanket we thought we could stand anything which might come, and so Molly was told to lessen the distance. After going about three miles, some small white drops began to fall, and in a few minutes they came "fast and furious" driving in our faces, and making the homeward journey anything but a pleasant recreation. But as the face of nature was covering itself with a dark veil, we entered our portals, hung up our wet blanket to dry, went close to the blazing wood fire, and were grateful that we not only had a home, but were enjoying some of its comforts. Our good wife—I have one, and some people say she is at least good enough for me—told me she was glad I had come, for she had invited several of my friends to come up that night, and do me the honor of eating some birds—but as I did not reach home in time, she was obliged to resort to some of the contents of her larder to supply the repast, and when the guests came, she would show me what she could do when she set her head to it, in the way of furnishing victuals to hungry people. I asked her if it was

possible that anybody could be foolish enough to turn out on "sic a night," when

"a child might understand
The De'il had business on his hand."

"Why," said she, "one of them, the preacher, is already here, and the Doctor and Brother Duffrey and Mud were never known to lose the opportunity of getting a good meal."

She was right. They braved the storm, and in a short while we had "our legs under the mahogany," and did ample honor to the culinary skill of the Madam. She was happy when she saw that we managed to worry down a full portion of the viands. The Doctor, Bro. Duffrey and Mud gave ample evidences of their approval of the repast. They always do.

WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Jan. 1883.

A NEW YEAR'S SCREED.

PUT them away—the multitudinous breech-loaders and the numberless rods. Let us take in a retrospect.

The season for fishing and hunting has (legally) closed. I have hunted none and fished but little; but I have been in position to see and criticise the doings of all outers, anglers and hunters who infest the waters and mountains of the upper Susquehanna. I rise to remark—and I defy criticism—that they are all alike, "gentlemen sportsmen" and native "hoodlums"—trout hogs and human deer wolves.

I took in a week at the last end of the trout season, catching only so many as could be used daily—sometimes not so many—and I did not strike the man who had failed to save the ultimate trout. As for myself and the Scribe, I think we were exceptional. We caught what we wanted from meal to meal, and sometimes "went short" on trout. What then? We did not suffer for food. We had the grand old forest, a model camp, a bed of hemlock browse, fresh strewn every night, the song of the hermit thrush, the cheery to-whoo of the horned owl, the weird cries of the night birds, that neither Wilson nor Audubon ever knew or understood; we had our midnight smoke of plug and kinnikinnick; we read poetry and possessed our souls in peace.

We saw that the trout, though doing their best to keep the supply up to the demand, had failed utterly. A reasonable draft by reasonable men, might have left them a chance. But the industrious trout hog had beared the market. He, the T. H., despised law and fair play. When the bright spotted water kelpies would not take his worms, grubs and lures, he resorted to lime and dynamite. And the gentleman sportsman was not above buying the trout so slaughtered, and taking them home, as, perhaps, his own catch.

Later in the season he, the G. S., invaded the "Northern Tier" of Pennsylvania rather numerously. He came from the cities and large villages of New York and Pennsylvania, and he came prepared for slaughter. He has not been known to let a deer pass that he could kill by dint of ball or buckshot. The camp might be flush of venison, more than could be used; but all the same he turned out eagerly and early in the morning, and waged war against bucks, does, and fawns, ruthlessly and indiscriminately, to the last of his outing.

And you will notice that in recounting the events of the hunt afterward, it is the man who succeeded in getting the greatest number of shots and doing the most murder, who is the king pin of the party and most jubilant of all, while the luckless wight who has been in camp for a week or more without getting a shot, goes back to his city muttons feeling desolate and dispersed, although he may have been fed on venison to repletion, and have had the half of a deer to take home. Why, what did he come hundreds of miles for, at much expense and trouble, if not to hunt? And, if he is to get no shot, why bring a gun into the woods at all?

That is how he puts it—with some show of logic, too.

It may be answered that, so long as a fair supply of game is secured, it is of no consequence who makes the shots, though it behooves every man of the party to be prepared.

As for me, I prefer that the deer go to some other man's watchway. I am not hankering to dress a deer on a cold day, and then pack the saddle two or three miles to camp, with the addition of a couple of unruly hounds to tow through shin-hopples and laurel-brake. I have been there too often.

And the best hunter does not get, nor want, the shots. He it is, who takes the Gentlemen Sportsmen out in the early morning, placing them like so many stoughton bottles on the runnings they would never find for themselves, and then make a long wearisome detour with the dogs to drive the deer. It does not take a skillful woodsman to sit on a log and wait, or hit a deer with buckshot at twenty-five yards.

And the G. S., like the native market hunter, is never content with less than the ultimate deer.

I have read carefully all that the FOREST AND STREAM has had to say on the destruction of game; I have made my own observations. Taking a calm retrospect of the past season, with the present outlook, I express my conviction that the game "must go."

The English sparrow has come to stay; also the Heathen Chinee. But the game must go. Briefly, I will give a few reasons. In the far West there are thousands of "skin-hunters"—men who will ruthlessly shoot down our grandest game (buffalo and elk) for the trifle that the skins will bring in market, leaving the carcasses to rot on the ground. These men are the most daring plainsmen in existence. Personally fearless, crack shots, and reckless of life, they are hard to suppress. I never knew one who didn't deserve a halter—but I don't know how to apply it. As to laws and game wardens, they are of no account. One of these Rocky Mountain lambs said to me, less than a year ago: "Yes; send us out a few game wardens. We'll tie 'em up in camp and make 'em useful." I think they might do it.

Coming nearer home, what of our deer and smaller game? I can say with truth that I know of no party who has let up or spared so long as a deer could be killed. As a fair sample I will give the result of one hunt made by Capt. A. E. Niles, of the Regulars (on the retired list), and three others. They hunted on the branches of Young Woman's Creek, about the dividing line of Potter and Clinton counties, and killed twenty-two deer and three bears. They used the meat of two deer, brought home half a deer each, and sold the rest in New York. The Captain took in a Parker shotgun and a Remington rifle; "Hank Schaft" a three-barreled Baker; the others, double barrels, rifle and shot. Few deer escaped them. The Captain and I are hunting chums of thirty years' standing. I felt free to interview him regarding the hunt, and the talk was something like this:

MYSELF—"I hear you have had big luck, and I'm sorry to hear you have been shooting for market. Am told you fellows shipped sixteen deer to New York."

CAPTAIN—"Well, what of it? Would you want us to leave the venison in the woods to rot?"

M.—"No. But you had no right nor reason to kill it. When you had all you could use with a reasonable amount to bring home, couldn't you let up?"

C.—"See here, you cynical old humbug, we go to the woods to hunt. The nights are fearfully long, the days short. Are we to slouch around camp all day doing nothing?"

M.—"Well, it's a mighty poor woodsman who cannot start out on a bright autumn morning, take in a quiet day's tramp, prospect for runways, the feeding grounds of deer, go to the highest peaks, and look over a mountain panorama that no pen can describe, and come into camp at night just tired enough to induce healthy appetite and sound sleep."

C.—"Oh, you are a woods crank. You let a doe pass you without a shot when the camp is starving for venison. If all men were like you it might keep the deer. But one man can do nothing."

That is the argument: If I don't do it some one will—the pickpocket's logic. Go on, my good fellows, exterminate the game. You are safe to do it. And a fallow deer will be a rare sight for your grandchildren.

The game is being destroyed at a fearful rate all over the land. I quote a few brief notes from FOREST AND STREAM: From Maine, Bangor region, total four hundred and eight carcasses of deer. One hundred and fifty on the Beaver River, North Woods, New York. Deer-wolf in the Ottawa region kills seventy-four deer in ten days. The most destructive slaughter I ever read of. All for market. The G. Sportsmen, "Ed. Gillman * * and friends * * have been sending down from ten to sixteen deer per day." Again, "E. H. Gillman and two friends * * killed nearly fifty deer, etc." How about game protection and gentlemen sportsmen?

I look over the pages of the sporting papers and I count up nineteen advertisements of parties, who with costly "plants" are making first-class guns—breech-loaders, of course. What are all these guns for? Who is to use them? In addition to these, are at least four leading houses in England which are sending the finest guns to our shores for sale. The cheap Belgian guns come over in shiploads, and whatever you may say, they shoot about as well as a high-priced Parker or Greener. Each and all are too destructive.

Then we have the dogs! Ah, yes! Here is a strong point for the destruction of game. A man cannot follow a deer or bird by his nose. But a dog can. And thence we have "field trials," and dogs that are reported as selling at the price of a decent sized farm. It is a most laughable humbug. It will do to place with the price of nightingales' tongues in ancient Rome, or the modern prices of Asiatic fowls at $300 the trio, said fowls not being as worthy as the old barnyard dominick.

I own to-day the best barrier in Northern Pennsylvania. I should think him well sold at $15. I paid $5 for him. My friend Capt. Niles had the largest, the most stylish and most reliable pointer I ever saw—on ruffed grouse and woodcock. He offered him to me as a gift. I wouldn't have him; I had as lief take charge of a horse. Why should we imagine a vain thing? Dogs and cats are the cheapest and most easily propagated of all domestic animals. The cat can assist in decimating rats, the dog in destroying game. Just why the dog should attain a value of $1,500, while the cat is not worth fifteen cents, is one of the things I can't find out. There never was a dog on four legs that was worth $100. As to the highfalutin nonsense of "pedigree" on pointer or setter, put that with the Dutch mania on tulips, when a single bulb sold for $5,000 (an onion being just as valuable, intrinsically).

I have seen scores of these high-bred dogs and have not been favorably impressed by them. They seemed to me rather too royal—subject to king's evil, which we rough woodsmen call, in a horse or dog, poll evil. There was mostly something the matter with them, and their owners were constantly consulting books and questioning sporting papers anent dog ailments. Some of them were wonderfully trained to show off in the field, but they seemed too well broken—broken in spirit so to speak, and lacking the vim and *elan* of a hunting dog, going through their performance rather like a trained poodle.

They did not gain by comparison, in the field, with our lively little liver and white English setters, or the taller Irish red. (I don't like the latter; too rangey; too much "git up and git.") For the consideration and disapproval of modern "handlers" I will summarize our mode of training at that time (about '45–46). We used just three syllables or sounds. A sharp, rough y-e-a-k brought the dog to heel; a sibilant sound between a hiss and a whistle started him out to range, and the word "go" meant retrieve. Of course he was taught to stand staunchly and not to chase. If a pup did not stand on birds instinctively at three months of age we drowned him as worthless. It took but a few lessons—during leisure hours—to make a good business dog.

There was, at the time of which I speak, and in Lockport, N. Y., a breed of small, compact, tough black pointers. They were the best dogs of the pointer kind I have ever seen, and I have seen them nowhere else. They needed very little training and less breaking. They were natural pointers. I cannot say if they are extant now. But, if they are, I will back them against any of the vaunted strains that figure at bench shows and field trials. I never knew one of these dogs to sell for more than $15; oftener for $5. But it is well for dog sharps and trainers that there are fortunate fools who have more money than brains, and who can be inveigled into the hundreds on the price of a dog. But I only started in to say that, in the extermination of game, the faithful dog is a leading element. I know whereof I speak; I see that the bottom is bound to drop out of this boom on bench shows and field trials. There is no call for this business. I know that these costly investments in "gun works" are certain to end in financial disaster; and I am glad of it. There are guns enough to-day, in first and second hands, to finish up the game in Europe and America, from snipe to buffalo, if another gun were not made in fifty years.

As for the muzzle-loader, shot or rifle, that is a thing of the past. Why? Don't you know, my fellow woodsmen, that, if each and all of us were restricted to the use of a single-barreled muzzle-loader we should still be able to kill quite as much game as we have a decent right to? Is it needful, right or expedient, that we bring the most destructive implements of modern invention to bear on the fast disappearing game of the land? Are we weir-wolves?

I can answer for one old woods loafer, who will never again shoot the mother doe or her bright-eyed fawn, or raise any gun against even the buck, save the old, single-barreled, hair-triggered muzzle-loader that has been his favorite for thirty-six years. If a man has one fair shot at a deer and misses, it is a point of honor to let the deer go. I am afraid I stand alone, but I hope not. I like to believe that there are men who can take their vacations like humane gentlemen.

I occasionally strike a partner who, when camped at night amid the grandest forest surroundings, does *not* produce a greasy deck of cards and propose a game of euchre by firelight. I had a partner last summer who could read—by memory—"Tom O'Shanter," "Address to the Deil," and a dozen other of Burns's poems; with the "Ettrick Shepherd's" "Kilmeny," and any amount of Milton, Byron and Tennyson. And he was a quiet man; not a pedant. Such a man is beyond price in the woods. I hope to have him for a partner on a rather extended cruise in the Adirondacks next summer. For it is not true, as has been alleged, that I always choose to go alone in the woods, and am by nature a hermit.

Only—the average man that you strike in the woods is such villainous company.

I could give my notion of an effective game law. But, *cui bono?* As John Hay says, "I end this as I did begin." The game must go.

NESSMUK.

JANUARY 1, 1883.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE GROUSE.

BUSINESS engagements have had urgent claims on my time during the past two months, and have prevented me from going out into the field with gun and dog until the Christmas holidays came, which gave me a few days of liberty, and which I improved by going to Northern Vermont to see the "old gent," and get some ruffed grouse shooting. I was warmly received by the "old gent," who carries his seventy-one years and one hundred and ninety-seven pounds weight well, but was told that I had come too late for sport, as he had no hound to run foxes or rabbits, and as there was this season no mast, gray squirrels were scarce; and he continued, "Since you got the boys to begin shooting at partridges on the wing, they have driven them away from here."

"Do you think that shooting at partridges while on the wing frightens them away?" I inquired.

"Yes," he answered. "You let a parcel of boys go into a piece of woods, and when they flush a bird bang away at it, then follow it up, flush and 'whang' away at it again, and soon the birds will leave for more quiet quarters. Up to two years ago we had plenty of partridges in any of the woods about here, and now you may travel all day and not see more than one or two birds, which fly as though they were scared out of their wits." As the "old gent." had now been thoroughly warmed up, he continued: "If you only shoot wild birds, you can't in a whole season kill more than one-half or so of the partridges that are in a piece of woods. The first day you may make a good bag; then they get shy and wild as crows, and it's work to get a shot at them after the dog has put them up. But if you go out with your setters that understand their business, before the birds have once been flushed they will lie to your dogs, and you can walk right up to them, and if you are a good shot it is easy to hit them when they get up.

"You know the Newton Woods? well, I used every fall to get fifteen or twenty birds there, until last fall. Henry ——— (a crack grouse shot) came here and went there one day with his setter and killed fourteen birds, and then the boys pitched in there and in a week there wasn't a bird left in the woods, and there hasn't been one seen there this season. Henry came here in October and we drove away over to the Hurlburt Woods, where there had been no shooting done, and I went in on the north side of the road and Henry on the south side, and my Rover put up seventeen birds and treed five, which I shot. Henry flushed fourteen and he killed nine, and claims that he had-hit the other five. About a week after that I went over there again, and on the north side of the road I flushed eleven birds, but as they were wilder than when I was there before, I only got two. I went all through the woods on the south side of the road, where Henry had been, and only saw one bird, which flew as though the Old Nick was after him. Since the boys began wing shooting they are blazing away at every small bird that they see, which makes it a good thing for the storekeepers who have ammunition to sell; but it's a bad thing for us old fellows who like to have game near home."

Here I interrupted him with the remark that I had often seen him shoot snipe and woodcock on the wing, and had also known him to bowl over with a rifle bullet many a fox and rabbit that were going at full speed before the hounds.

"Of course, of course you have," he replied. "Different kinds of game require to be hunted in a different manner. It's the only way that you can hunt woodcock or snipe here, and it requires a quick eye and steady nerves to stop a running fox or rabbit with a single bullet, but I don't call it anything for a man to do who spends weeks 'whanging' at glass balls and potatoes to go out and poke a big bird like a partridge up from under a dog's nose, then hit it with a charge of fine shot. The only sport I can see in it is in watching the dog working and seeing the skill that he uses to draw up to his game. It's more sport to me to creep up within range of a very old bird that has 'treed' than to shoot him afterward."

The "old gent." stopped to go down cellar and draw a mug of cider, and did not renew the subject when he returned.

I have known this old gentleman to perform one feat with a rifle that I have never seen equaled, that of shooting muskrats that were swimming in the creek in the evening when it was too dark to see the sights on his gun.

The next morning I started for a large body of woods where formerly there were dozens of grouse, and only saw during the entire day a single bird, and that flushed wild. The next day I went in another direction and at night had in my pockets two gray squirrels, which were the only game that I saw. The third day I tried the bottoms along the creek, where I picked up a couple of cock grouse, both old birds, but of unusual color; of one the general ground color was a bright silvery gray, and the other a dark reddish brown. These two birds, with a plump raccoon that my Norfolk spaniel found and drew out of a hollow stump, made up my entire bag for this day's sport.

This Norfolk spaniel is a sort of Jack-at-all-trades, and my everyday companion. When out with a setter or after ducks I use him for a retriever, and when used alone after woodcock or snipe I can make him range slow or fast and close, and in cases of emergency can use him to run any four-footed game from a rabbit to a moose. He is as light, active and gamy as a terrier, with almost human-like affection and intelligence. These are the general characteristics of this breed of spaniels, which makes them highly prized by those who know and possess them.

To-day myself and son, a "chip from the old block," aged

fourteen years, drove into another town where a friend wi'h his hound gave us fine sport rabbit-shooting. My son with his sixteen-bore bowled over a rabbit that was running at full speed through the swamp, while his daddy saw him and went two better. Our friend fired from all positions, from the top of a brush fence, off a tall stump, kneeling down in snow, etc., but only made the hare fly and stimulated the hound to more rapid exertions. STANSTEAD.

MONTREAL, Canada, Dec. 30.

THE CUVIER CLUB.

AT the annual meeting of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, O., the following report of the Trustees, prepared by Hon. Thos. A. Logan, was presented:

The Trustees of the Cuvier Club, as successors to the former Executive Committeee, submit their annual report.

The year which has just closed has been one of such unbroken prosperity to the Club, that but little is to be said beyond the mere statement of its progress. It is seldom, indeed, in the history of any institution that its career is so entirely successful as to become almost monotonous. Yet such is the fact with the Cuvier Club. From the day it first sprang into organized and corporate existence nothing has occurred to impede its steps, or to obstruct its well being and well doing. Upon the contrary, it has met with unvarying favor from the press, who have published and applauded its work; and from the public, who have indorsed its aims and objects; and from its members, who have heartily cooperated in every effort to maintain its reputation and to increase its usefulness.

We have upon our roll the names of over nine hundred members, all of whom are in good standing, and are efficient and esteemed associates. During the year there have been changes, as might have been expected. Some have removed from the city, others have been continuously absent, and a few have resigned. But notwithstanding this, the membership is now greater than at the beginning of the year, and the average is increasing constantly.

An unpopular or an unworthy Club could not make such a showing as this.

All the appointments and arrangements of the Club house are completed, and the Trustees confidently assert that nothing is now wanting, within the capacity of the premises, to fulfil the promises heretofore made in this regard. The rooms are commodious, light, airy and cheerful; finely furnished and fitted with every known appliance to enhance the comfort and promote the enjoyment of the members.

This is fully recognized and daily appreciated by all, and is a source of pleasure to the Trustees.

The finances of the Club are in a healthy and gratifying condition, and our real estate is rapidly enhancing in value.

The subject of the game and fish laws, while they will be separately considered, go hand in hand together in importance, and constitute the main principle of our association. The Trustees, at the outset, before discussing other features, desire to make an official denial of a statement which was extensively made to the effect that the Club, at the last session of the Legislature, used its influence actively in behalf of a bill to prohibit the killing of quail in Ohio for a period of years.

The statement was contradicted publicly at the time it was made by the Corresponding Secretary in a manner which should have been sufficient, and which was approved by the Trustees. But it was repeated so persistently as to convince us that it was prompted by an unfriendly and improper motive.

The Trustees, however, are glad to be able to say that the law now upon the statute book prohibiting the killing, having in possession or exposing to sale of any of the game therein enumerated, during the close of season, originated with this Club, which exerted every effort, by the appointment of special committees and otherwise, to secure its enactment. It was enacted, and has been, also through the efforts of the Club, tested and enforced, and is now, so far as we know, respected and obeyed, in this vicinity, at least. The Executive Committee on Game have been diligent and impartial in asserting its enforcement, and will continue so. The Club will emphatically sanction their course, and render them thanks for their labor and vigilance.

FORMATION OF PROPRIETARY GAME CLUBS.

The proper legislation in regard to the game of the country and its strict enforcement is not only becoming of more consequence daily, but it is likely to be beset with a complication which has not heretofore arisen, and which now arises because, principally, of the absence of such legislation heretofore, or the lack of its enforcement.

The need of outdoor relaxations and pastimes is becoming recognized in all our business circles, and among these pastimes none stand in higher repute as a health-giving occupation than field sports. So that in addition to the question of food supply we have now the question of health supply. The pot-hunter and the merciless depredator have to a large extent so depopulated the country of game, in many sections, as to render its pursuit a futile undertaking. They have defeated the passage of laws when they were able, and unfortunately in too many instances, they have proved themselves to be entirely able. They have disregarded laws whenever they could be sure they would not be prosecuted, of which, unfortunately, they were too often assured, and have slaughtered indiscriminately, either from motives of gain or mere recklessness. A public sentiment supported them generally up to the time when the influence of clubs like this produced a better sentiment; and the feeling prevailed that the enactment and enforcement of game laws was an invasion of their private, personal rights and liberty, up to the time when this and similar clubs made it manifest that the license accorded to them was an invasion of the rights of the general public.

The game which the clubs have purchased at their own expense and turned out to restock the depleted country, has in many instances shared the fate of its predecessors, and been ruthlessly destroyed. And added to all this, the land owner has constantly asserted his rights of ownership in a manner so wholly repugnant to the rights of sportsmen that bitter hostility has ensued between them.

Out of this state of affairs, and from the increasing desire to enjoy field sports uninterruptedly, and backed by the increasing wealth of the country—together with the feeling that the sportsman can also become a landed proprietor, and as such deny to others those rights and privileges which were denied to him—has come the new aspect to which we referred. It is the formation of game clubs by sportsmen who purchase the land, and establish the strictest proprietary rules, which they enforce by a private police. Such clubs are multiplying at an astonishing rate. They are established in the East, in the West, and along the whole line of our seacoast, as well as upon our inland lakes. They have bought immense tracts of land for such purposes, and are buying and consolidating wherever practicable.

These parties, by purchase, become the proprietors of the soil. They become the absolute owners of all game which is reduced to possession by them on their soil. They forbid all unauthorized entrance upon their grounds, and prosecute for all infringements of their rules.

Exclusive possessory rights have been announced and sustained by several of the highest judicial tribunals, with the Supreme Court of Ohio among the number. The doctrine of exclusive possession upon one's own land, and also upon the waters which cover the land, has thus been fully affirmed.

It is evident, therefore, that so far as the features and consequences of such organizations extend we are rapidly drifting into the English theory and system of ownership and preservation of game. In fact, one of the leading sporting newspapers has not hesitated openly to advocate that system.

The Trustees do not hesitate to declare their opinion that the English system, with all the obnoxious laws necessary to maintain it, is not in consonance with the spirit of our institutions, and they do not desire to see it engrafted upon our country if it can be avoided. There is one way in which its further spread can be prevented, and probably only one way. And that is for all the people at large to become earnest assistants of all clubs like the Cuvier Club, and aid them by personal and moral support, and with pecuniary assistance if needed. The Cuvier Club does not need the latter assistance.

If through such clubs game laws can be strictly enforced, game will again become plenty, and all who will, rich or poor, may enjoy the pursuit of it. If through such clubs the land owner can be brought to acknowledge and permit the qualified right of entry of the sportsman, and the sportsman can be brought to conform to the proprietary rights of the landlord, the pursuit of the game will cease to be attended with the controversies which now nearly always ensue.

The result will be that, with a land teeming with game, and with its proper pursuit made pleasant and successful, the markets will soon be filled with game food at the cheapest prices.

If, however, this cannot be brought about, the reverse will follow. The proprietary system will soon become universal and permanent. The preservation of game will become a private affair, the pursuit of it will be a special and costly privilege, and its supply and price will be at the caprice of a few, to the detriment of the many.

As an illustration of the excess which may be produced by careful preservation, the Trustees copy the following statement from an English paper: "The great bag of the year has been made at Croxteth, where the proprietor and his friends killed 7,674 head in five days, averaging 1,279 head for each of the six guns. Of these there were 5,343 pheasants and 1,250 hares. The wildfowl made no small item in this enormous bag—140 wild ducks, besides snipe."

When the money value alone of this yield is considered, and the fact that if it had been in this country it would have been distributed among the people, it furnishes an irrefutable argument for preservation, which land holders would do well to remember.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

The depredations of the pot-hunters, who are actuated by gain to indiscriminate slaughter, are not confined, by any means, to the settled States, or to the smaller game, but they extend to our National domain and to that great, grand game, the perpetuation of which should be the care and the pride of every American.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan upon November 1, 1882, made a report to the War Department of his last visit to the National Park and to the Yellowstone River. The report gives a graphic description of the country, and an appalling picture of the wanton destruction of the game. We would be glad to reprint the whole, but confine ourselves to the following quotations:

"I regretted exceedingly to learn that the National Park had been rented out to private parties. The place is worthy of being a National park, the geyser phenomena and the Yellowstone cañon having no parallell in any Nation. * * It has now been placed in the hands of private parties for money-making purposes. * * * The game in the Park is being killed off rapidly, especially in the winter, and that, even last winter, in and around the edges of the Park, there were as many as two thousand of these grand animals killed, to say nothing of the mountain sheep, antelope, deer, and other game slaughtered in great numbers. I would like to see the Government extend this Park to the east as far as a north and south line through Cedar Mountain. This would be due east about forty miles, at the same time placing the southern boundary of the Park at the forty-fourth parallel of latitude, which would be south ten miles. * * * This extension would not be taking anything away from the people, as the territory thus annexed to the Park can never be settled upon. The game is now being driven toward the Park, and if we keep out the skin hunters the game would naturally drift to where it could find protection. * * *

"I respectfully make an appeal to all sportsmen of this country, and to the sportsmen's clubs, to assist in getting Congress to make the extension I describe, thus securing a refuge for our wild game."

The Trustees herewith submit an appropriate resolution, and request the Cuvier Club to be the first to respond to this appeal, and hope that their action may be followed by every club, by every sportsman, and by every citizen in the country. [This resolution was printed in our last issue.—ED.]

THE FISH LAWS.

The work of our State Fish Commission during the past year has been extensive and gratifying. The streams have been restocked in every direction. About one hundred thousand black bass fry have been placed in different localities, carp and trout have been successfully planted and arrangements are being completed to plant from fifty to seventy-five million whitefish fry.

The President of the Cuvier Club, who is one of the Ohio Fish Commissioners, is now actively agitating the calling of a convention, whereat shall be prepared a code of laws which shall embrace the whole matter, and be adopted by all the States abutting upon and contiguous to our inland lakes. All that has been said as to the game laws applies equally well to fish preservation. But this further may be said: The preservation of fish is far more popular and more desired than that of game. Possibly because the angler with his rod does not roam as does the hunter with his gun, and possibly because a different rule of ownership is supposed to apply, the land owner is not as averse to one as to the other.

The Government has lent the sanction of its name and power to fish preservation, and nearly all the States appoint Commissioners to further the object; so that the outlook as to the fish is much more gratifying than as to its kindred subject, the game.

But we would respectfully suggest that the Federal Government could do more than it has yet accomplished, if it could take the lake fisheries under its own jurisdiction.

It seems to us that the various States touching the lakes might well cede to the Government jurisdiction as to all matters arising within their borders, pertaining to the preservation of the lake fisheries, and in return therefor the Government could, by the employment of its revenue agents and cutters, greatly enhance the productiveness of such fisheries. Or, upon the other hand, if the Government would not assume this responsibility, if it would cede to the several States the requisite jurisdiction of the lakes for such purpose the same result might be accomplished by the necessary legislation and appropriations from them.

In England the subject is considered one of the first importance, and meets with every attention from the Government. An International Fisheries Exposition will be held in London next May, and the United States is expected to be thoroughly represented.

The Trustees desire especially to return the thanks of the club to its constant friend, D. H. Merritt, Esq., of Marquette, Mich., who at every recurrence of our annual, unfailingly becomes a contributor thereto.

The report of the custodian shows a large increase in our collection. It is not too much to say that this collection possesses features of interest which are not surpassed by any museum in the country, and which cannot be found in many which outrank it numerically. The mounting and arrangement have been accorded much praise from critical visitors.

The library is growing in volumes, and its well-filled shelves are a great attraction to the reading room.

The Trustees are certain that the satisfaction which they feel in the present condition of the Club, will be shared by every member of it, and also by every person not a member of it, who is aware of its views and principles. Its future, which they have heretofore predicted, which prediction was supposed to be but the outburst of enthusiasm, is being more than realized, year by year; and, therefore, finding themselves so well supported in their belief, they renew and enlarge every anticipation they have previously made as to its merits and its mission.

L. A. HARRIS, A. W. GAZLAY,
H. C. CULBERTSON, HENRY HANNA,
JAS. GORDON, P. E. ROACH,
J. M. DOUGHERTY, GEO. W. SMITH,
Trustees.

THOS. A. LOGAN, Corresponding Secretary.

The following officers for the new year were then elected: President, Col. L. A. Harris; First Vice-President, H. C. Culbertson; Second Vice-President, A. W. Gazlay; Third Vice-President, H. Hanna; Trustees, M. Work, Jas. H. Doherty, Geo. W. Smith. These officers were nominated by the committee appointed for that purpose, of which John Eagan was Chairman.

Colonel Harris, on re-assuming the Presidency of the Club, made some able congratulatory remarks, thanking the members for the renewal of the honor, and giving encouraging words for the future of the Club.

On motion, February 7 was fixed as the day for the annual reception of the Club, to which, by a unanimous vote, it was determined to invite the attendance of ladies.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of the game laws and making a few suggestions as to what I think we require in this State. I have had quite a deal of experience both at bay and upland shooting, and make these suggestions from facts that have come through this personal experience.

In the first place I do not think it well to undertake to revise the entire game laws, as was attempted last year. There are too many local interests to be looked after. There is one thing, however, that should be done, and that is, to stop the spring shooting of all bay birds, geese, brant, ducks and snipe. Strange as it may appear, this last-named bird is not mentioned in the present game laws. Against this proposed change the argument may be used, "Why do this in New York when none of the other States have done it, and the people of those States will reap the benefit of our failure to kill the birds in spring." But Canada has, I believe, already passed such a law, and I am prepared, on good authority, to say, that if New York does it this year all the other coast States will do likewise at the next meeting of their Legislature, after New York has led the way.

Another matter that I think needs attention is the section relating to prosecution for trespassing for purposes of hunting and fishing. The present section merely calls for signboards of a certain size, etc. I would suggest that the publication in the county paper for three months of each year, or personal notice, should be added to the section, as it is impossible to prosecute any person successfully under the present section.

One thing further, I think it would be well to have at least two more game protectors appointed, one for New York county and one for Long Island. New York is the place of all others in the State where a game protector is required, according to my ideas, as I think, if our market was well watched and the sale of fish and game out of season prevented, there would not be the inducement to break the laws, as there would be no market for the fish and game. These three very important matters I would submit to the Committee on Game Laws of the State Sportsmen's Association, and sincerely hope they will be the only changes proposed at this session of our State Legislature.

We have a very good committee on game laws appointed by our worthy Speaker of the Assembly, all gentlemen sportsmen, who, I think, will understand the requirements of the fraternity.

Now, outside of laws, I would suggest that each fish and gun club in this State shall contribute annually $25 or $50 toward a fund, to be equally apportioned between the game protectors as an extra compensation for their services. I think this would make us all interested and be quite an incentive to the protectors to attend to their duties properly. Begging pardon for taking so much of your space and hoping to hear of good results from this, I am

AN UPLAND AND BAY SHOOTER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1883.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

THE eighth annual meeting of the Michigan State Sportsmen's Association convened in the Audubon Club parlors, Detroit, on the evening of the 9th inst., with the following club delegates in attendance:

Bay Point Club, Erie—Messrs. A. J. Keeney, J. S. Hilton, Levi Morrin, Harry Conant, Horace W. Avery.

Lake St. Clare Fishing and Shooting Club, Detroit—Messrs. W. C. Colburn, E. O. Durfee, L. L. Barbour, S. R. Woolley, L. W. Tinker.

East Saginaw Game Protection Club—H. D. Mershon, J. R. Livingston, Hosea Pratt, Vincent Kindler, W. B. Mershon.

Central City Sportsmen's Association—S. E. Rogers, C. W. Higby, G. H. Mann, N. W. Brinkhart, Frank S. Clark.

Detroit Hunting Club—Stephen H. Ives, George H. Parker, J. W. Winkler, John Balknap, John H. Bissell.

Kent County Sportsmen's Club, Grand Rapids—L. D. Norris, H. Widdecomb, J. C. Parker, L. D. Follet, G. W. Locke.

Point Mouillie Shooting Club, Detroit—E. H. Gillman, E. S. Barbour.

Battle Creek Sportsmen's Club—E. C. Nichols, N. A. Osgood, Eugene Harbeck.

Bay County Sportsmen's Association—Chas. C. Fitzhugh, C. F. Gibson, Benj. Whipple, Benson Coukley, D. H. Fitzhugh.

North Channel Shooting Club, Detroit—F. A. Baker, E. F. Conely, R. D. Robison, Geo. M. Savage, Julius Hess.

There were also present several individual and visiting members, who took part in the deliberations of the association.

Dr. E. S. Holmes, of Grand Rapids, who has held the office of President since 1876, addressed the association as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION—

The warning and suggestive hammer to make us in this occasion will occupy your valuable time but a few minutes. The retrospect of the year now brought to a close, is, on the whole, gratifying to us as game protectionists and sportsmen. Many, perhaps all of us, have enjoyed the pleasures of an outing on the placid lake, the home of the bass, by the clear, rippling stream, where the trout or grayling challenge to a friendly duel; in the stubble and thicket, where the colin and ruffed grouse test the skill of the snap shot; in the marsh and rice fields and scrub oak, where the wild duck's rapid flight sends the life blood bounding through the sportsmans' veins; on the wood and meadow, where the snipe and "scape," or the toothsome woodcock booms a plea for life; among the alders and in the openings, where the timid hare shows the white flag, or in the grand old woods, loaded with oxonized, rejuvenating air, where the lordly deer whistle defiance to the sportsman. Those who have enjoyed these innocent, noble and ennobling pastimes have been repaid tenfold for their expense of time and money in health, recreation and rest from the harassing cares of business. They have also recognized a very gratifying fact, viz., that notwithstanding the large increase of sportsmen and their greater skill in the use of the rod and gun, there is a large increase in the number of game animals. We do not claim all the credit for this increase, for the work of the Fish Commissioners has done much in one direction and favorable weather very much in another.

But I submit that these and all other favorable influences, unsupplemented by the work of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, could never have produced such glorious results as have greeted the sportsmen of Michigan the past season. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars in value in food derived from wild animals have been given to the people of this commonwealth by our efforts to secure respect for and obedience to the game laws. Railroads have had thousands of dollars added to their yearly business, and guides, boatmen, and hotel keepers have handled thousands of dollars they never would have seen but for the efforts of this association.

But this money value of our work is really the least important. The preservation of field sports has rescued thousands from the enervating, demoralizing influences of fashionable summer resorts, and made them acquainted with the hygienic benefits to be derived from a temporary freedom from the trammels of fashion, and a communion with nature upon the broad bosom of her beautiful creation. These, and other good results of our organization, which I have not now time to mention, should induce us to renew our zeal in the work so auspiciously commenced, remembering that the price or game, as well as health, is eternal vigilance.

What duties you should ask the Legislature now in session to make any material changes in the game and fish laws, remains for you, gentlemen, to determine. I would suggest the propriety of securing the open season for all species of game hunted with the gun or rifle as uniform as possible. I think it would be a great improvement to have the open season for woodcock commence on Sept. 1. It would save a great many half-grown August grouse and colin. It is worthy of consideration whether it would be advisable to have the open season on all land game commence and end at the same dates, and, as near as may be, uniformly with contiguous States. It seems to me that it would be better to have the open season for deer alike in all parts of the commonwealth, and that it should commence on Sept. 1. It is unfair to our Wisconsin neighbors if deer can be killed on the Michigan side of an imaginary line fifteen days in advance of their open season, and if there be any valid reason why deer should killed any earlier in the Upper Peninsula than in the Lower, I have never heard it. It would be a reasonable compromise and a great benefit to all parties to make the open season for deer uniform, and on Sept. 1. It would also be an improvement to extend the open season for grayling to the end of the deer-shooting season. The grayling is a spring spawning fish, and is in his best living in the fall. This would give deer shooters the vicinity of grayling streams an opportunity to conscientiously add to their camp cuisine a course of grayling.

Leaving the moral aspects of the question entirely out of view, there is hardly anything that we could so effectually promote the protection of all kinds of game as the prohibition of hunting and fishing on Sunday. This is a question that will bear, and should receive, full, calm and dispassionate discussion.

The non-export laws have been assailed in other States, and pronounced unconstitutional and void. It is possible that a similar decision may be rendered as to ours at no distant date. Forewarned, forearmed. Would it not be well to be casting about to see what other legislation can be secured that will so effectually protect our game, the constitutionality of which can not be questioned? Without expressing any personal opinion on this occasion, I earnestly request you all to take this subject into serious consideration.

There are various reasons why the Michigan Sportsmen's Association would be more potent, if it were a chartered institution. I therefore suggest that steps be taken at this session to accomplish this object. To this end I submit herewith a blank form for organization under one of the general laws of this State enacted for such purposes, for your consideration.

As I announced at the last session, your executive committee procured the services of a fish and game warden and missionary, in the person of Cyrus W. Higby. Although funds were not furnished by the sportsmen of the State sufficient to keep him in the field all the time, the general good was accomplished, and every dollar used in this way was well spent. The railroads were liberal with him, furnishing passes or reduced rates, thus enabling him to do much more than he otherwise could. For a full account of the important work done by this officer I refer you to his report, which will be laid before you. It has been done to show the need of an independent State fish and game warden, with full police powers, to be appointed by the Governor on the nomination of this association, and to be paid by the State. He should also have power and be required to appoint deputies where necessary, with similar powers, who should receive the same fees as sheriffs for like services. Whatever else may be done or left undone at this session, I sincerely hope that the necessary measures be commenced to secure the appointment of such an officer. For, however good our game and fish laws may be, without the necessary means for their enforcement they become a dead letter. As I remarked last year, the "problem before us to-day is, how can we enforce the game and fish laws—or, as I would prefer to put it, how can we secure respect for and obedience to them?" I know of no better way than the one above proposed. And unless a better one be suggested, let us do all in our power to secure the appointment of a State fish and game warden. The money expended for this purpose would be repaid to the people, not to future generations only, but every year a hundred fold.

You have all, probably, read Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan's report of his summer trip to the Yellowstone Park, and his recommendations for the enlargement and government of that wonderful land, so as to make it a grand preserve for the animals that are being so rapidly exterminated by ruthless slaughter. He also recommends that sportsmen throughout the country use their influence to secure desirable objects. In compliance to this request I have prepared, and submit herewith a petition to Congress, asking for the necessary legislation to accomplish these ends, which I hope this association will endorse.

And now, gentlemen, allow me to express the sincere and honest gratitude I feel for the many honors you have conferred upon me, for your forbearance of my errors and short comings, and for your enthusiastic zeal in the good work for which this association was organized. Again I ask for my successor the same consideration and cordial support I have so uniformly received at your hands.

Mr. Toms stated that a bill had been prepared prohibiting duck and other fowl shooting from submerged boats or other forms of batteries. Upon this the Legislature will be urged to act favorably. He moved that the president and secretary of the association be instructed, and the presidents and secretaries of all State clubs be requested, to officially petition the Legislature to pass the bill, and his motion prevailed by an unanimous vote.

WEDNESDAY'S SESSION.

John H. Bissell, of Detroit, submitted a copy of a bill that is to be submitted to the Legislature, prohibiting fishing with nets in the American waters of Lake St. Clair and contiguous waters during the months of March, April, May and June of each year, and asked the association to recommend its passage. He added that he had the assurance of Ontario sportsmen that if Michigan should pass such a law, they will endeavor to do the same.

The bill, after considerable discussion, was so amended as to permit the netting of sturgeon and wall-eyed pike at all times, and was then referred to the legislative committee.

C. W. Higby, of Jackson, from the Committee on Game and Fish Laws, reported in favor of the appointment of a game and fish warden by the Governor, upon recommendation of the State Association, his salary to be paid by the State, and of a reward for the killing of owls, hawks, foxes, skunks and other predatory birds and animals. The warden should have power to appoint one or more deputy wardens in each county in the State, upon recommendation of the county clubs. With this system practically in effect, it would be but a few years before our forests and fields, and lakes and streams would produce a bountiful supply of healthful and nutritious food for the people. On the other hand, if the destruction of fish and game is allowed to go on for three or four years more, as it has in the past, these sources of food supply will become nearly or quite exhausted. He recommended that the laws be so amended as to make the having in possession of any fish, fowl, bird or deer in the close season, excepting the first eight days thereof, be prima facie evidence of illegal killing. Referred to the legislative committee. Frank N. Clark, of Northville, read an interesting paper on "Fish Food and Food Fishes," which was listened to with marked attention. It will be found in our Fisheulture columns on another page.

Letters of regret at inability to attend the meeting were received from a large number of prominent sportsmen throughout the State. From others the following is selected because of being widespread in its applicability:

EAST SAGINAW, August 15, 1882.

Frank N. Clark, Northville, Mich.:

DEAR SIR—A deep interest in game and fisheulture and protection in our forest and inland waters, prompts me to write you. I feel it to be the duty, as I should be, pleased to aid the Chairman of the sportsmen's league by information, advice and experiment in increasing and protecting the fish and game supply of our State.

Some ten years ago a few gentlemen procured some speckled trout and a few land-locked salmon from Canada, and planted them in some of the streams tributary to the Tobacco River, in this county. I understood that the institution over which you preside has since stocked numerous streams and small lakes in the same region. They have lived and increased—at least, the trout have—for I have caught quite a number during the past three years, of all sizes, from six to over sixteen inches in length—the proceeds of our first planting. I fear the course the inhabitants are pursuing will soon exterminate them, as they catch them with nets, in and out of season, drive them into bags from their spawning grounds, and destroy the dams, which, by the way, have no fishways, catch them through the ice, and in any and all ways to get them, at any and all seasons. There will doubtless be little, if any, increase in the future, under such circumstances. Some principle in their disposition seems to prompt them to return and capture all the good nature during the breeding season. They slaughter more deer while the helpless fawns are by the side of the dams than at any other season. Every summer night the lakes and rivers are dotted with their torches, and the frequent reports of firearms betray the wanton and cruel butchery. More fish are probably speared upon the spawning beds than are caught in all legal ways.

During a recent business trip north and west of Saginaw, mostly in Clare and Gladwin counties, I found an earnest desire, amounting to an intense hankering, for eels. Now, if there is anything still unsolved about the time or manner of the reproduction of its species, as far as regards the eel, it can be ascertained by planting a few in Clare and Gladwin counties. If a female eel lays an egg, you can bet they'll catch her at it. They allow nothing to spawn or breed in peace, except vermin. They know all about when, where and how all other fishes spawn. They have investigated with spear, torch and net, until it is a very smart fish that can lay an egg and get away into deep water to hatch it again alive.

There seems to be no encouragement to plant any speckled trout salmon, California or Rocky Mountain trout, or, in fact, any game fish. Better give them eels; they suit their complexion to a shade. They have perfected a night hawk fishing apparatus, little inferior to advertising, if protected by statute at certain seasons. It is a pity that alligators cannot be acclimated!

But I digress. Eels are their present fancy. They want something they can hunt nights! Send 'em eels; they are just hungry enough. They have netted the speckled trout upon their spawning grounds until they are about exterminated, and they hope to see to it that they don't get the start of them and increase again.

They are having a little more trouble in getting rid of the black bass, pickerel and pickerel, but they will, in time, clean them out. They say a blue-gill sunfish is better than a trout anyhow, and not half the trouble to catch. I saw a man in the cars, whose woolen wampus was so full of deer hair that he had to scratch himself constantly, who told me that in view of a sweet, sylvan, secluded lake whose bottoms was "more'n twenty foot of clear mud, and I just know eels would live there and git fat."

I told him to write to you, but he could not remember quite certain whether he could write or not; he had been so busy nights since the 1st of June catching deer "for scientific purposes" that he had neglected his evening school. If he applies to you, try and send him some eels.

In order that they may be able to give their time more fully to the subject, would it not be well to encourage the extermination of deer, and introduce the wild boar from the Black Forest of Germany? Should it not prove a success as a game animal, it would be good company for the inhabitants. I will only add in conclusion, that I hope you will find it convenient to send them some eels.

Yours piscatorially, A. H. MERSHON.

R. P. Toms, Esq., the well know attorney, of Detroit, submitted an opinion regarding the "Mutual Rights of Sportsmen and Landowners," which is of considerable interest as between sportsmen and non-hunting landowners, and also in its exposition of the relations existing between the public and those persons who have leased lands for the sole purpose of hunting upon them. The paper entire is as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION—

Some days since I received from our worthy president notice of my appointment on the last end of a committee, to whom had been assigned the duty of making a report on "Trespass Laws and the Mutual Rights of Sportsmen and Landowners," and that it was important and essential to the dispatch of business that I should be present at the opening of the session, and prepared to submit a report when called for, and that he had a right to and did expect me to present my report. Shortly after this official notification, I received from our most worthy secretary a unique announcement of the annual meeting, and impelled by his earnest exhortations, and without consultation with the chairman of the committee, and without waiting even for the interesting papers by lady sportsmen," I obey orders and report that:

Trespass in the limited and confined sense in which we consider its relation to sportsmen and inclosed premises is well defined. The mere entry by a sportsman upon such land, without permission of the owner (except in pursuit of noxious animals) is a technical trespass no matter how inconsiderable the damage may be. The owner of land has the right to retain for himself the sole use and occupation of his property, and any entry thereon, contrary to that right, and especially if accompanied by express prohibition, is a trespass for which the trespasser is liable to respond in damages. The common law recognizes two kinds of damages, actual and exemplary. The trespassing sportsman is always liable for the actual damages resulting from his unlawful entry upon inclosed and uninclosed land, and if the trespass be accompanied by circumstances of aggravation (as for instance with the use of insulting language toward the owner, or if it be in disregard to a plain warning) then the law steps in and compels the wrongdoer, in addition to the actual damages, to pay for the same, which is imposed as a punishment for the willfulness of the act. The amount imposed as a penalty is left to the common sense of a jury (if they have any) who are to take into consideration all the surrounding circumstances, and to give their verdict in reference thereto.

But while the law considers that a wilful act of trespass should be especially punished, on the other hand it does not absolve the sportsman who inadvertently, in the zeal of pursuit, enters upon another's land. The fact of the trespass remains the same, and the landowner, therefore, is entitled to recover his damages, but is confined to the actual loss he has suffered.

At the common law it was not a misdemeanor to hunt upon the lands of another. Our statute, however, has changed the common law rules, and makes it unlawful to hunt upon inclosed lands of another without the permission of the owner, and any breach of this law is punishable by a fine of not less than $5 nor more than $20 and the costs of prosecution, and unless the fine be paid the offender is liable to imprisonment, not less than five nor more than thirty days. Therefore the sportsman who trespasses upon inclosed land is not only civilly responsible to the owner for damages done, but is criminally liable to fine and imprisonment.

This law ought to be amended so as to make it the duty of the landowner to post upon his inclosed lands or to give actual notice to the sportsman before the latter shall be liable to such fine.

The landowner has not an absolute property in the "game" which is upon his land, and therefore if a sportsman, even while trespassing, succeeds in killing a wild animal he becomes its absolute owner, as being the first to reduce it to possession, and the landowner cannot recover, as part of his damages, the value of the game. The only property that he has in the game to his land is the exclusive right of hunting it, and this right, of course, ceases the moment the game passes beyond the limits of his land.

If a hunter starts and wounds game upon his own land, and it passes partially wounded to his neighbor's territory, the former has no property in it unless he acquires it and he has recovered it by possession. And if, before he succeeds in doing so, a pot-hunter captures the game the latter has an absolute right to it. I hope, however, that no sportsman will ever be guilty of insisting upon this rule of law, especially if it be in strict accordance with the well-settled American rule that whoever first reduces wild animals to possession and subjection becomes the absolute owner, no matter on whose land they are captured or killed.

It is the settled law here that everyone has an equal right to pursue and kill wild animals, and that law still holds good in our country, subject only to the restrictions that may be imposed by statute law for the due preservation of game. The statute laws enacted for this purpose respect the rights of the owners of the soil, and give no authority to enter upon land without the owner's permission. They have been adopted, not to please any one class of persons, but simply to prevent the extirpation of game. And the severer the restrictions imposed by them, and the more strictly they are enforced, the better will the sportsman and landowner be pleased.

It is somewhat interesting to trace the old English law in regard to hunting, and to note the difference between that and the law at present in force in this country. In ancient times the king reserved the forests and game upon all lands at his liberty to hunt in them without the sovereign's authority, on pain of a heavy pecuniary forfeiture, although at the same time freeholders were free to pursue game upon their own lands. No one but landowners could then become sportsmen, and they only upon their own grounds.

The new doctrine, however, arose after the Norman conquest, and the right to hunt such wild animals as were termed "game" was then considered to belong only to the king, or to such as were authorized under him. This was in harmony with the feudal principle that the king was the ultimate proprietor of all the lands in the kingdom, and hence that the exclusive right of pursuit of all game vested in him as such owner. This royal right was exercised with extreme rigor, and effectually took away from landowners their ancient right of pursuing game on their own lands. The laws by tyrannical kings and presents grew up through the so-called forest laws, under which the killing of game within the king's forests became a capital offense. In this respect the English laws did not differ much from the laws of France and Germany, which at one time were quite as severe and harsh.

The very hardship of these laws was the cause of their reformation, for the people became so oppressed by them that they united in forcing from the king partial relaxations of their rigors, so that gradually the more favorable feudal rights appeared. And even as late as the present century no person in England had the right to kill game except he who had a derivative right from the king. Finally, however, a law was passed by which any person was allowed to purchase the right to kill game upon his own land, or that of another with the owner's permission; and thereafter no sportsman needed qualifications of birth or estate, which had previously been essential.

In our country we find no trace of the old England doctrine, and there has never been a time here when all persons possessed equal rights. And not an equal right to pursue game, subject to the restrictions already noticed.

The rights of the sportsman and the landowner to game are equal, as neither is the owner. The landowner, if a gentleman, will allow the sportsman to hunt at his own sweet will, and will not order him off the premises in a rude and vulgar manner. And on the other hand, if the sportsman be a gentleman (as every true sportsman is), he will respect the rights of the landowner while hunting over his lands, and will not trespass upon his inclosed grounds for hunting

Prohibiting the spring shooting of ducks, for the reason that they are driven from their breeding grounds.

Prohibiting the shooting of ducks between sunset and sunrise, for the reason that they are driven from their feeding grounds.

Making the having in possession of game out of season, prima facie evidence of the killing, and throwing the burden of proof upon the owner, that it was killed in season.

The English sparrow was excluded from the list of protected song birds. In the present law, sparrows (not the English pests) are protected. A close season for pigeons to cover the nesting period (March 1 to June 15 suggested).

Placing male and female dogs upon an equal footing as regards taxation. The present tax is one dollar for dogs and three dollars for bitches.

Prohibiting fishing in interior streams for three years after brook trout have been planted therein.

Prohibiting the spearing and shooting of fish, excepting mullet, suckers, sturgeon and redsides, in the Lakes and Detroit and St. Clair rivers.

The penalty for violation of the game laws was fixed at not less than $10 nor more than $50. It is now $50.

In the evening the visiting members of the association and many invited guests were entertained by the Detroit members with a banquet at the Michigan Exchange. Edwin F. Conely presided, and the occasion was one of rare enjoyment. The tables were well supplied with such game as is obtainable at this season of the year, and were rendered very attractive with flowers and ornamental pieces appropriate to the occasion. The following were the regular toasts and responses:

"Welcome Michigan Sportsmen, to Detroit." Edwin F. Conely declared that no one was more welcome to the city of Detroit than the sportsmen of Michigan, and no one could welcome them with more heartfelt cordiality than himself.

"The Michigan Sportsmen's Association." President E. S. Holmes said that when the Kent County Sportsmen's Club chose delegates to the Detroit meeting he took especial pains to have a toast speaker among them. He is not present, however, and the speaker had accomplished nothing by strategy and foresight. Dr. Holmes spoke at considerable length of the early history of the Michigan Association, declaring that it had two fathers—the Kent County Club and the Audubon Club, of Detroit.

"Detroit." Mayor W. G. Thompson said if he were to be again elected Mayor of the city, of which there is no probability, since he suppressed the "James Boys," he would sit down some rainy day and compose a response to the City of Detroit. No man more enjoys the fruits of the chase than himself, and he could prove it to the entire satisfaction of any one who will give him an invitation to a game supper.

"The North Woods of Michigan. How we shoot our deer and other people shoot our dogs." E. C. Nichols said he had learned the true secret of deer shooting, and that is to be there when the deer goes by. As to the shooting of dogs, he had never started for the woods without being informed that dogs were not allowed to run deer, and yet he had never had a hound shot. If there is any sport in deer hunting, it is not in still-hunting, but in hunting with hounds.

"Legislation—What has been accomplished toward game protection, and what is yet to be done." G. F. Gibson said he could respond to that toast in few words. What the Legislatures of the past have done, everybody knows. What the Legislatures of the future will do, the Lord only knows.

"The Rhinoceros—His habits and appetite. What legislation is needed for the protection of this new and valuable game bird" G. W. Latimer said he had been figuring up, and found that his minnows, since he joined a fishing club, had cost him $11 each, and each fish he has caught, $32 each.

The following poem, contributed by a Chicago lady, was then read:

THE DELIGHTS OF NATURE.

Busy, throbbing, growing city,
Marching with a giant's stride,
Pause and rear a stately marble,
To the victims of thy pride.

Victims to thy stately honors,
Victims to the love of gold,
Let the sculptor 'grave it deeply,
Home and happiness were sold.

View it, statesman, merchant, scholar,
Wasting bone and blood away,
Lined and whitened ere the season
Half is spent of life's fair day.

Fading eyes now bending closer,
O'er quotations, bonds and stocks,
On thy bags sits blear-eyed folly
Waning heritage to mock.

Hear the voice from polished granite:
Spare thy youth, thy strength, thy heart,
And in needless, ceaseless labor
Dare not thou to kill a part.

See the picture nature gives thee,
Wafting forth her od'rous charms:
Balmy forests, brushy meadows,
Held in her extended arms.

Chase the stag o'er sloping hillsides,
"Noble monarch of the glen,"
Mark the rich blood's dancing globules
Into life's renewers; then,

Bend his antlers lower, lower,
Nature cries, "he must be slain,"
Luscious haunch the feast shall gladden,
Say not he has died in vain:

Or 'midst windsighs, stripping branches,
Heron hunt 'mongst rush and reed,
Prairie chicken, quail and plover,
Surely sport to meet thy need.

Canvas-back and green-head mallard,
Feed, where feathered beauties sing,
With the swiftly coursing teal-duck,
Take them, huntsman, on the wing.

Or, pass on, where placid waters
Filled with myriad finny life,
Quiet, healthful sport afford thee,
Soothing change from city's strife.

Noble game as in the forest,
Thou canst find beneath the wave,
Deem the time not lost to seek it,
Thou thy health must also save.

Sit when evening's sky stains purple,
Or at morning's crimson dawn,
Note through clear transparent water,
How the fish each other fawn;

Spin thy reel and wait thy venture,
Speckled trout, or tiger bass,
Angler, land a plucky black one
'Ere the chances from thee pass.

Hook the pickerel, swiftly darting,
With the graceful wall-eyed pike,
German carp will soon be thriving—
Hardy, too, as one would like.

Heed a word—'tis said quite wisely,
Hold line taut—yet hold it light,
And two rules must ne'er escape thee,
Silence keep, and well from sight.

Hast thou watched in vain for large game
Since thy hook gave first its plunge?
Do not weary, ev'ry angler
Catches not a muscalonge.

Game bag flat, with naught to boast of?
Bravely take an ill-timed sneer,
Every well and favored marksman
Levels not a sleek-skinned deer.

Thou art richer, wiser, stronger,
For these brief relaxing spells,
And the voices of thy dear ones,
Shall seem sweet as Easter bells.

—BROWNIE, (Chicago, Ill.)

THURSDAY'S SESSION.

The committee on credentials, in reporting a large list of applicants for individual membership, submitted for honorary membership the name of Mr. C. B. Reynolds, of the FOREST AND STREAM, who was unanimously elected.

Upon the subject of disposing of the offal of fish, Messrs. Clark and Dewey spoke in favor of an enactment requiring fishermen to impregnate the eggs of whitefish they may catch in their nets with the milt of the whitefish and commit it to the waters. Mr. Dewey said he thought the fishermen would willingly comply with such a law, and Mr. Clark said he had long followed this practice. It takes but a few moments of time, and may result in a large increase of food fishes. He has thus impregnated and thrown into the river 15,000,000 eggs the past season. The recommendation was concurred in.

C. C. Fitzhugh, from the committee on Sunday shooting, reported in favor of a law empowering officers to arrest Sunday shooters without a warrant and hold them until Monday for examination. The true inwardness of this action is not found in the excessive morality of Michiganders, but in the fact that daylight Sunday morning finds the roads leading from every large city thronged with boys and young men of every nationality and condition of life going out for a day's shooting. Each one has an old army musket, price $1.25, or an arm of about the same value, and a majority have cur dogs. The woods and marshes within a radius of ten miles are thick with them all day long. They go out to shoot, and shoot they do at every living thing they see that has fur or feathers. The legislative committee will include this recommendation in its bill and petition.

The secretary read a letter from Munising, detailing violations of the game laws in that vicinity. Hunters from Pittsburgh and other places go there as early as August and shoot deer for their skins only, killing them in great numbers, leaving the carcasses to rot on the ground.

H. B. Roney, of East Saginaw, wrote suggesting that the modistes be requested to make "sparrow-brown" a fashionable color. Then the ladies will want sparrows for their hats, and the fate of the little pests will be sealed.

The next annual meeting was fixed for the second Tuesday in January, 1884, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, and Jackson will be the place.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The association then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

President—E. S. Holmes, Grand Rapids.
Secretary—Wm. B. Mershon, East Saginaw.
Treasurer—N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek.
Director for four years—S. E. Rogers, Jackson.

The association then adjourned *sine die*.

JOTTINGS FROM JERSEY.

AN item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that the West Jersey Game Protective Society has ordered 1,500 pairs of quail from Tennessee, to be distributed in the five lower counties of the State. We do not vouch for the truth of the report, but gladly repeat it as the first evidence of the year in favor of the existence of the organization.

Snowy owls seem to be on your mind, and we notice that they have been caught in lower Burlington county this winter. If they were trying to get away from cold weather they did not go far enough, for this morning (January 12) the mercury stands at zero, and we have a foot of snow.

Last week I saw a large flock of skylarks on a cornfield in Monmouth county. In December blue heron and brown quak or bittern were shot in Mercer county, forty miles from the sea. On December 19, a gentleman driving along the public road near Hightstown saw what he thought was an English snipe fly ahead of him. Soon afterward he noticed in the roadside hedge a small hawk which appeared to be unable to rise. He left his team and gave chase to the hawk, which attempted to get away with its load, but finally dropped its prey and escaped. He picked up the victim, which proved to be the snipe, still warm, but with its skull crushed and eyes picked out. "Does the gray snipe stay in Jersey so late?" was the question I asked of Squire Vannest, whose meadows on the Millstone are their favorite feeding grounds. He replied, "Yes, sir; the snipe that come on my meadows in the fall never go away except in the game bag. If I go out and start a dozen and kill three, I know I will find nine next time if I don't go until Christmas. They won't move on." Being a little incredulous, he gave me as a clincher this: "Why, if you will come down to my place I'll show you as lively a swarm of musquitoes to-day as you ever saw in a Barnegat salt meadow. The season has nothing to do with it if they like the neighborhood."

Last week I was talking with Hart Hight, the well-known trainer and shooter of Monmouth county. He says that my reports in regard to the number of quail left over are correct, and that, with anything like a fair winter, there would be plenty of quail in that county next year. He knew of seven large bevies in a half mile, and found many bunches that had not been thought of in November. He gave as his opinion that there would be no more winter to hurt the quail; but by this time he is, no doubt, satisfied that he was in error on this point.

A neighbor of mine, who keeps a store, has a strange night watchman on duty. It is a common screech owl, which somebody turned loose in the establishment a few weeks ago. During the day the bird remains quietly in some nook, generally unknown to the proprietor or clerks, but at night comes out and takes charge of the concern.

A few days ago a lad brought us a very handsome specimen of the white mole. We notice that it is much larger than the common varmint, and the fur seems to be much finer, longer and heavier. Is it an albino or another species?

Mr. G. Forman Taylor, of Colt's Neck, has just returned from a trip to Kansas. He reports plenty of all kinds of game in that State and was so completely charmed with the splendid quail shooting that he vows he will never "descend" to hunting in New Jersey again. Yet, if he lives, you will find him and some of Old Sancho's progeny on the meadows after woodcock on July 2, 1883, though the mercury stands at 100. We know him. A.

NEW JERSEY, Jan. 12, 1883.

[The mole was no doubt an albino.]

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 12.—The Worcester daily *Spy* of to-day has the following: "Officers from Maine have been in the city the past week looking after Worcester parties who, it is claimed, were engaged in moose shooting there last summer. Worcester gentlemen were included in two parties who went into the Dead River country last summer after trout, and during their fishing one of the parties is reported to have killed a moose, and the members are said to have lived like kings, if kings can be imagined to enjoy themselves among those persistent Maine woods' pests—black flies—on moose steak and trout. In this party was a lawyer, who finds occasional relief from his professional cares with his fly rod. The landlord with whom they left their luggage on entering the woods sought to secure patronage for himself by sending an account of the moose shooting to the FOREST AND STREAM, where it fell under the eyes of the Maine authorities, and they are trying to secure evidence against the sportsmen. Of the doings of the other party, in which were some half a dozen Worcester gentlemen, the Maine authorities know but little, and, if they shot a moose, they have kept the story of the shooting to themselves. In this party were manufacturers, lawyers, and a prominent United States official, but the investigation thus far fails to establish a case against them. The penalty is a fine of $100. Two other Worcester men, who saw a moose in the Maine woods last summer, are feeling much better in the belief that the animal is still living than they would be over recollections of choice moose steaks and anxiety about the movements of Maine officials." [The *Spy* is in error in saying that the landlord sent a letter to the FOREST AND STREAM. The letter was addressed to another party, and our mention of it in issue of August 10, 1882, was simply to expose the nefarious practices of its writer.]

THE VIRGINIA SNOWSTORM.—Richmond, Va., Jan. 15.—On Tuesday and Wednesday last, the 10th and 11th, there occurred the heaviest snowstorm ever seen in Virginia since the memorable winter of 1857. The snow now covers the ground on the level to a depth of twenty inches. It has been fun for the darkies, but death to the game. An examination made this week of the three markets of Washington, D. C., Alexandria, and Richmond, Va., has shown me an unprecedented amount of game for sale, by the sable brother, generally, chiefly of rabbits and partridges. Not only have the countrymen turned out for a general battue to capture and kill all the fur and feather that are rendered fearless and weak by hunger, and who leave a plain trail in the snow; but the cities have disgorged their vagrants to assist in the nefarious work. I noticed on a trip from Alexandria to Richmond, at every wayside station, couples and gangs of Africans, armed with old army muskets, on their way, and preparing to beat every covert in the country and track every squirrel, old hare, and quail, and shoot them on sight. I fear this winter will prove fatal to the quail and that the few that are left will be exterminated, unless, indeed, they have sense enough to migrate. I will wager my Greener against an old flint-lock that there is hardly a negro cabin in the backwoods on whose table cannot be found the following *menu*: Ashcake; spare ribs; rabbits, fried; snowbirds, do.; partridges, do., and a jug of turpentine whisky—the latter obtained at the nearest crossroads store by a trade for half the butchered game.—CHASSEUR.

MICHIGAN GAME NOTES.—On our recent deer-shooting trip to the Manistee region we found some bears, but there being no snow, we could not track them. I saw a good many marten's tracks during the last days I was there. One of our party went to a lake in the vicinity of our hunting ground and found that quite a number of beaver were there. We did not go prepared to trap game. I saw the tracks of two otter on the bank of the Manistee, and I have no doubt if we had been prepared we might have caught considerable fur. Ruffed grouse were quite plenty in some localities, but no quail. The law against killing deer in the water is not regarded in any section where I was. At Houghton Lake deer were driven in and pursued with boats and shot or clubbed to death. Two deer were shot in the Manistee one morning by one of the party who were camping on the east side. Another case, a man from near Syracuse, N. Y., shot a buck in the river and wounded him badly, but did not get it. The man whom we boarded with shot the buck the next day, and when dressing him we found the Winchester ball with which he was shot the day before.—STILL-HUNTER (Palo, Ionia County, Mich., December 23, 1882).

Escanaba, Mich., Jan. 10.—Deer all (or nearly all) left for the South through the month of November. I have not seen any deer or tracks since Dec. 10. Wisconsin will have to change the time of killing deer or have none left in a few years. When they run short we will be in the same fix here.—A. F. Y.

INDIANA.—Spirit Lake, Iowa, Jan. 6.—We are having rather a rigorous winter with some snow, but not enough to injure next year's chicken crop as yet. They are quite plenty, with now and then a flock of quail.—A. A. MOSHER

AIR-SPACE IN RIFLES.—This morning I received a note from a friend, from which I extract the following: "Last summer while at S—, I saw some tame pigeons flying around my father's place. My brother told me to take a shot. I stepped into the house and grabbed my gun, which, by the way, had at the muzzle two tightly felted corks. Not noticing these at the time, I placed two shells in the chambers. Just as I stepped outside the birds were passing over, I fired, killed no bird, but thought my whole head was gone. After thinking for a while what made my gun kick so, I noticed one cork in the left barrel. Then I knew that I had shot the other cork out, but it injured nothing. It was my Lefever hammerless." *Per contra:* Last summer I was present when a gun burst in the hands of a friend. In this case it was absolutely certain that there was no obstruction in the barrel; the cartridge in this instance had been loaded by myself and contained 3¾ drams of ducking powder. The gun was labeled "Wm. Moore & Co.," which is not the name of a maker, but simply a trade name. An examination of the ruptured barrel disclosed the fact that the metal at the seat of rupture was little thicker than the paper on which I write. Beware of cheap and bogus guns, especially if you are a—GREENHORN.

Portland, Me., Jan. 12.—Reading the different articles upon this subject in FOREST AND STREAM, I am reminded of a case that came under my own observation a few years ago, where a member of the Maine Rifle Club had the barrel of a fine long-range Wesson rifle spoiled by blowing a rag from it which had come off the cleaning rod about fifteen inches from the breech. Being unable (as he thought) to remove it otherwise, he inserted a cartridge and "fired it out." The result was that the barrel was bulged at the point where the rag rested, and a new one had to be procured.—G. L. BAILEY.

Bellows Falls, Vt., Jan. 9.—I see in your paper the question, is air-space in rifles dangerous? I should say yes. I experimented that way some years ago with a very heavy barrel and fired about one hundred shots with the ball up from one-eighth inch to one inch without injury to the rifle. I have left the bullets within two inches of muzzle and fired them out without injury but my advice is not to try it, for unless your barrel is very heavy and strong you won't find all of the pieces.—B.

I have on several occasions fired a Springfield Military B. L. rifle with a cork in the muzzle, and have seen others do the same. have also seen them fired many times with an oiled rag in the muzzle; and I never saw any bad result from it, nor does it seem to seriously affect the shooting.

DEER AND NUMBER NINE SHOT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that your correspondent "Wells" says he doubts the statement I made of a deer being killed here with No. 9 shot, etc. Now I will reiterate that statement, that the said deer was killed with No. 9 shot a little over twenty yards, measured distance, four drams of powder, and one and one-fourth ounces shot. Col. V. J. Shipman offers to send his sworn statement before justice that the above is correct. He is the man that killed the deer. The shot not only penetrated the hide, but the ribs also. The deer was running broadside, a little quartering, bearing off. Yours for truth—KNICK.

WHITE DEER. — Pittsburg, Pa.— *Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time last year I noticed a publication in your paper which gave the names of several parties who had shot white deer, and every one who had killed one had met a violent death. Now, on December 28, 1882, Lloyd Loudermilk shot a white deer on Winding Ridge, one mile from Selbysport, Garrett county, Md. We will anxiously await the result of the above.—R. T. C. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

"Shorthose. May't rain above all almanacks, till
The carriers sail, and the King's fishmonger
Ride like Arion upon a trout to London!"

"God. I will give thee for thy food
No fish that riseth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a Queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.

Gloria. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee do thy will
To bring them hither.

—*Wit Without Money* (1639).

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

X.—SEVERAL RELEVANT TOPICS.

Forced from their homes, a melancholy train.—*Goldsmith.*

I FIND the following paragraph in a fairly-written book, printed in England fifteen years ago, with this title, "Chiploquorgan; or, Life by the Camp Fire in Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, by Richard Lewis Dashwood, XV. Regiment."

"We were much surprised and disappointed at the paucity of salmon on our way up the Cascapedia, and when we reached the FORKS only succeeded in killing two after several day's fishing. We therefore came to the conclusion that the river as regards salmon was a myth, and decided to return to the sea."

This visit was made in July, 1862. "The Forks," where barely two salmon were killed, are about fifty miles from the mouth of the river, and "on his way up," Col. Dashwood and his companions passed a score of pools where I have killed many scores of salmon, and which no one now-a-days with any sort of skill could fish without being amply rewarded for the time and toil required to reach them.

The "paucity" experienced by this party in 1862 can not be attributed either to their want of proficiency or to their ignorance of the habits of the fish, for the Colonel was an old salmon angler, having fished all the best salmon waters of the "old country," and was accompanied by a gentleman as noted for his skill as for his eccentricities. Nor could their ill luck have resulted from their want of knowledge of the locality of the pools, for some of them are so conspicuous that any "wayfaring man, though a fool," could not have made a mistake. Or, if these gentlemen could have possibly overlooked them, their Indian guides would have been sure to point them out, for I have always found them quite as anxious that their employer should have "luck" as he was himself to make a good score.

To what then could this "paucity of salmon" in this long famous river be attributed? Making all due allowance for any want of skill or knowledge or application on the part of these gentlemen, I am inclined to attribute their disappointment to the fact that the salmon were not then in the river in any such numbers as they have been since, and for this reason:

Twenty years ago that river and all others were open to all comers, whether with net, rod or spear, and because of this fact it had not only been thinned out, but by the merciless way in which the fish were hunted in season and out of season—in the estuary, in the pools and on the spawning beds—they were given no opportunity to multiply. By this persistent slaughter, continued for years in all rivers accessible to the salmon purchaser and packer, the kingly fish in the lower Provinces would very soon have shared the fate of their predecessors in the Upper Canada waters and in our own rivers on the south shore of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. For it is not simply from far-back tradition that we know that salmon were once abundant in these Lake Ontario tributaries. I have myself (when a lad) seen canoe loads of salmon brought into "Little York," now Toronto, by the Indians, who had captured them in the rivers "Humber" and "Credit" at the head of the lake.

A venerable gentleman of Keesville (Mr. Arnold, now deceased) once told me that in 1818, he had purchased a salmon freshly caught at Oswego for a "York shilling," and that for several years afterward they continued to be taken in great numbers in that neighborhood. And you may remember that Mr. Weed was moved by the recollections awakened by the account I gave of "my first salmon," to publish in the *Tribune* some years ago, the account of his capture of a salmon in Onondaga Creek, near the present site of the city of Syracuse. He then lived in that neighborhood. One night he observed the flashing of bright lights along the creek, and on going out to see what was up, he found a party of Indians with spears and clubs, killing salmon as they were trying to force their way over the shallows of that stream. It was then and there, borrowing a spear from a friendly Indian, he killed *his* first salmon. To us of to-day this fact seems incredible. Nevertheless, that incident was but one of a thousand like it occurring in the shallows and pools of all the streams which then made their way, unobstructed by milldams or other barriers, to the lake.

But for these obstructions, supplemented by choking sawdust and poisonous chemicals, many of these streams would have continued to be what they once were, the chosen resorts and spawning beds of this favorite fish, whereas now, not a salmon, except at one or two points, where they have been or are being artificially propagated, is seen in any river between Montreal and Hamilton. I would not complain of this if it had been a square question between progressive industry and the extermination of the lordly salmon; but we now know that, in many rivers, their extermination was not necessary to the development of industry. If the milldams had been constructed so that the fish could have surmounted them (as is easily practicable), salmon would have continued to ascend the streams, and would still be found in waters from whence they have been driven by the erection of these impassable barriers. Although the Dominion government is endeavoring to undo the mischief already done, I fear it will take many more years to replenish than it did to deplete these once prolific salmon waters.

A year or two before this developed "paucity" of the Cascapedia and other rivers of the lower Provinces, having learned by experience that it would be too late to lock the stable door after the horse was stolen, stringent laws were passed by Parliament to protect the fisheries in all waters under government control. But, unfortunately, while the original laws contained sundry useful provisions, they were fatally defective in that all persons were "forbidden to fish for, capture or kill fish by means of spears, except only the Indians." This exception rendered the law practically nugatory. The deadly spear had been the chief cause of all the mischief, and so long as this permission continued it would be impossible to bring the rivers (in the neighborhood of localities where the speared fish could be exchanged for rum and tobacco) back to their original status. This spearing clause was still in force in '62, when Col. Dashwood made his trip up the Cascapedia, and to that fact may be attributed the then "paucity" of the river as he found it. Soon afterward, spearing even by Indians was strictly prohibited, and as a result the river became in a few years the most noted on the continent; and it will so continue, unless the recent riparian rights decision shall work as mischievously as many believe it will.

I made my first visit to the Cascapedia in '74. At that time the stringent fishery laws—including the prohibition against spearing by Indians as well as by all others—had been in force for eight or ten years, and, however it may have been before, it certainly was not then true that "the river as regards salmon was a myth." Its waters were teeming with the lordly fish, and their capture afforded all the excitement and sport any reasonable angler could desire. Whether at the "Sheddon Pool," ten miles, or at "the Forks," fifty miles above the mouth of the river, fish were found in satisfactory numbers. But I had other proof than that furnished by Col. Dashwood that it had not always been so. Mr. Best, an intelligent *habitant*, who occupies the last house on the river (ten miles from the bay), and who has lived on the river for thirty years, told me that the fish were never so abundant as they then were; that they were far more numerous than ten years previously, and were increasing in numbers every year. In asking him how he accounted for the increase, his response was, "A strict guardianship and no more spearing by anybody."

But something more is necessary to keep up the supply, even though the recent riparian decision shall not work the mischief apprehended. The nets at the mouths of the rivers should be raised for two or three instead of one day in the week, to enable a larger number of fish to reach their spawning beds. Now that every pool on every available river is persistently fished, a much larger percentage of immigration is necessary to keep up the supply. If this is not secured, even with the otherwise effective protective laws, there will be inevitably a rapid diminution of salmon available to either seine or fly.

But the sea-trout will remain, whatever may become of the salmon; and they are next of kin to that noble fish in habit, weight, flavor, and every game quality.

Until within a very few years not many anglers on our side of the line were in the habit of "going for" salmon. Even so recently as ten years ago a "Yankee" was seldom seen on the best rivers. But they have of late multiplied twenty-fold, and if they do not now they soon will constitute a majority of the "simple wise men," to whom the gentle art has become irresistibly fascinating; and the fact is not altogether agreeable to our English cousins, whatever our Canadian neighbors may think of it. The London *Field* gives expression to its displeasure thus:

"The principal rivers are leased by Americans, to whom money is no object. When they take a fancy to a particular river, there is no mistake about it, they will have it."

And the *Field* only speaks the simple truth. The New York Club, of which President Arthur, Mr. Vanderbilt, Robert Dun and a score of other wealthy gentlemen are members, paid a fabulous price for the best portion of the Restigouche, and Mr. Blossom and his associates were almost equally liberal in the price they paid for the lower twelve miles of the Cascapedia. These are, by all odds, the best rivers in the Provinces. Other first-class rivers will be, if they have not already been, similarly secured "by Americans, to whom money is no object." And the opportunity to do so has been greatly facilitated by the recent riparian decisions. Previously, the government officials had supreme control, and they were not always indifferent to the solicitations of their home friends. Leases, like kisses, often went by favor, as more than one American bidder has had occasion to know. But individual owners are not likely to forego a good offer from a "Yankee" to accept a poorer one from a "Kanuck." The result will be a more equitable distribution of leases and permits and an increased influx of American anglers. So be it. Men who have money to spend for coveted enjoyments can expend it for nothing more healthful, harmless and exhilarating than in the delightful pastime of angling for salmon. G. D.

FISHING IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

WE are having a regular snowstorm to-day, Dec. 30, something with which we are very rarely regaled in this section of the country; the sidewalks are already covered to the depth of about an inch, and numbers of people of both sexes are vigorously engaged in the pastime of snowballing. Woe betides every teamster, horse car driver as unwary pedestrian who attempt to pass certain corners particularly adapted or devoted to that sport, and the crash of breaking windows and shattered glass doors occasionally breaks in upon me as I sit writing in a room fronting on Mission street.

Until the last week the weather, however, has been delightful with us, and the opportunities for successful hunting and fishing jaunts have not only been numerous, but have been improved to the utmost by many of our local sportsmen. Heavy bags of canvas-backs, mallards, sprigtails, and green-winged teal are frequently brought in, and the fishing in the bay is better than it has been for many years. Hearing glowing accounts of the sport furnished by the submarine denizens that frequented the vicinity of Goat Island, located near the middle of the bay, and not far from the route followed by the steam ferryboats that ply between here and Oakland, four of us whom I will designate as Harry, Bob, George and the undersigned, determined to pay them a visit at the first opportunity, which occurred about a week ago.

Now, "Forked Deer" does not, unfortunately, claim a place among those elegant and accomplished scientific anglers, who write so charmingly of the deftly thrown fly, the lordly salmon and the gamy, gorgeous trout, although he has caught a few of both of those splendid fish by the very primitive appliances in vogue along the frontier; a fairly successful manipulator of the shotgun and rifle, his piscatorial experience was chiefly acquired in early youth in yanking out bullpouts and suckers, with a rig generally consisting of a beanpole, to which was attached a portion of his kite string, with a ring hook and angle worm at the lower end, and a lead sinker and a "bob" like one of the buoys outside the Golden Gate, located at suitable distances up the line. As we expected to use a rig something after this style in our Goat Island trip, I have deemed this explanation necessary in order to forewarn those who only find pleasure in the split bamboo and the braided silk with its feathered lure, so gaudy but so deceitful, occasionally, to both fisher and fish.

We set sail early one beautiful morning from the Market street wharf in a Whitehall boat with a small leg-of-mutton sail. The bay, lightly ruffled by a gentle breeze, was dotted over all its broad expanse with sailboats, yachts, cutters, merchantmen, coasters and war vessels. We dashed merrily over the sparkling waves, breaking up the long lines of gulls, pelicans, surf ducks and loons that lay off the shore in thousands. Arriving at the island we drew the boat up upon a little pebbly beach, laid bare by the receding tide, and proceeded to prepare our lines and bait, which had been thrown helter-skelter into the boat in our hurried departure from the city. The lines we employed were so different from the bungling affairs I used years ago on the Narragansett, and were, moreover, so perfectly adapted to their intended use, that I cannot refrain from briefly describing them even at the risk of imparting no news to your readers. On the extreme end of the line was a lead sinker of half a pound weight, necessary in this instance on account of the strong tide. Ten inches above it, tied in the middle at right angles with the line, was a brass crossbar about six inches long, with an eye at each end, from which proceed two guys or stays that met and were fastened to the main line about four inches above the bar, and which served to keep it in position. Two hooks were then fastened to pieces of milliner's wire about six inches long, and one tied to each eye of the crossbar, so that when the sinker just touched the bottom the bait hung three or four inches above. The advantages of these lines are as follows: They seldom tangled, held the bait not only in the most inviting position, but also where the fish could be most certainly hooked, were exceedingly sensitive to the bite of the smallest fish, and finally by having the line below the bar a little weaker than that above, we were able to retrieve the line with the loss of only the sinker when entangled on a rocky bottom.

Arrangements having been perfected, we pushed out from the shore about fifty yards, and, casting the anchor, proceeded at once to business with hooks carefully baited with bits of salt herring and a kind of "thousand-legs" worm found abundantly on the mussle beds. Our lines had not been in the water more than five minutes before a yell from George and an excited movement in the bow of the boat, where he was

sitting, caused us to turn our heads in that direction just in time to see him land in the boat a huge crab, the size of a soup plate, which, upon being disengaged from the hook, started at once for the stern, snapping viciously at every boot with which he came in contact. Order was soon restored by a vigorous kick, that laid his crabship up for repairs during the remainder of the voyage, and as the biting now became fast and furious each one soon had his hands full attending to a single line. Harry led off with a silver perch; Bob followed with a rock cod; and George, after several unprofitable bites, hauled in a villainous-looking monster, with a mouth and gullet like a catfish that had swallowed the hook down, by actual measurement, to within three inches of the end of his tail. This lively work continued about an hour, when we found, as the tide gained strength, the fish began to bite less freely. Although late in December the sun shone so warmly that some of us were in our shirt sleeves, and all began to be thirsty. George, from his breast pocket, produced a dark bottle of peculiar shape and strange device (a ferocious-looking cat rampant), which he said contained a superior quality of Florida water. The rest of us, remembering the worthy example of glorious old "Kingfisher," refused to imbibe, and, pulling in the anchor, started for the shore, intent upon finding one of those springs so seductively described by him in his "Camp of the Kingfishers." But, alas for good intentions, nary a spring "showed up." Not even a puddle of fresh water rewarded the most diligent search, and we returned to take a dry lunch on board, after satisfying the inner man with an ample supply of ham sandwiches, sardines and French rolls, finishing off with a dessert of oranges.

We anchored off shore again upon a soft bottom and opened up with flounders. For the benefit of my Nevada friends, who are not acquainted with this marine production, I will remark that if they can imagine a horned toad, minus its legs, and enlarged to the size of a dinner plate, with its natural caudal appendage replaced by a fish's tail set on flat instead of edgewise, they will have a very fair idea of a flounder. A very little flounder fishing served to satisfy us—it was too much like pulling up submerged crockery—and we swept round to the south end of the island, where we found several boats anchored and the fish biting lively. We cast anchor and took a hand in the sport for a short time, but finding the fish running much smaller than those at the north end, we soon pulled out and returned to our original position where the rock-cod and sea-pearch of two varieties were still biting quite freely.

While thus peacefully engaged we were suddenly startled by the roar of heavy artillery from Fort Point, near the entrance of the harbor, and as we were gazing in wonder and astonishment at the unexpected interruption, a cloud of smoke burst from the embrasures of the fort on Alcatraz, only a couple of miles distant, and the thundering reverberations from her heavy guns went rumbling over the Sancelito hills far to the northeast. A few moments later and the cause of all this commotion was explained, as the white hull of the British gunboat Comus appeared from behind the island and steamed rapidly to her anchorage, bearing the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne on their return from Vancouver.

As the sun dipped toward Lone Mountain a lively breeze sprang up, dashing the spray over the boat and calling into requisition our coats that had been discarded early in the day. As Bob attempted to pass George's coat, the tail accidently came in violent contact with one of the thwarts, a crash of glass followed, and a stream of yellow liquid coursing along the bottom of the boat proclaimed the fact that another deposit of the "superior quality of Florida water" had come to light. Still further investigations revealed a third bottle in the opposite pocket, probably put in to balance well, a bonanza which George, in disgust at the strict temperance principles advocated by the rest of the party, had determined not to uncover; evidently George knew to a dead certainty before he started, that there were no springs on Goat Island.

By three o'clock in the afternoon we had taken sixty pounds of fine fish, and pulling in our lines, we hoisted sail and went skimming rapidly over the waves toward the city, drawing up to the wharf before sunset, a tired, hungry and sore-fingered crowd, but well satisfied with our day's excursion to Goat Island. FORKED DEER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30, 1882.

THREE WEEKS IN THE MAINE WOODS.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1882, was the time set to meet friends at Worcester, Mass., to go thence to the Maine woods, and as I walked into the Union Depot at 7:30 A. M., I was greeted by three gentlemen, who, with one exception, I had never met before. This trio was headed by one of the oldest and most successful anglers in the States. Tall, broad-shouldered and of great muscular powers, but noted for his kindly Christian qualities at his home in Ridgewood, N. J. Next in line was a medium-sized gentleman of modest mien, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, which speaks volumes to one who loves jollity and good humor in camp, and knowing he was an editor, and from Goshen, N. Y., I at once put myself on my best behavior for fear of a "whack" in his paper. Last, but not least, was an aged veteran from the same town, who, being endowed with great command of language and much experience, was requested to take charge of the party, he (modestly) accepted the title of Colonel Redfield, and we were at once ordered to take the cars then in waiting.

Just as were entering the cars, Mr. C. A. Waite, general ticket agent of Worcester & Nashua R. R., stepped up and invited us to take seats in the palace car through to Portland, Maine. We had a most pleasant and enjoyable time until we arrived at Bryant's Pond Station, on the Grand Trunk R. R., then a drive of twenty-one miles in a new Concord coach, drawn by four splendid roaders, owned by Tuttle & Perkins, and two as good whips as ever drew rein.

At 8 P. M. we were safely landed at Andover, Maine. After a good night's rest and a most excellent breakfast, such as Mrs. A. Thomas well knows how to prepare, we then took a buckboard for the twelve mile ride to the foot of Wilokennebacook Lake, where we found one of the small steamers, owned by the Union Steamboat Company, in waiting for passengers from Andover. This company are deserving great credit for their endeavors to please, and accommodate the traveling public. After steaming across two of those fine lakes and up through the narrows, we at last step ashore, near the Upper Dam camp landing for a few weeks' stay.

After a day of preparation, and looking over the fishing grounds, we settled down to business. In two or three days the trout commenced to run up, and for a week or so we had most excellent sport. My friends took about the same number of fish that I did, but I kept the record of none, except those which I caught. For the benefit of those who enjoy such reading or may wish to go and do likewise, I will give my experience of one, and the best day's fishing for heavy trout, and at the same time state that all the fish I took in two weeks time were caught with a large dark-winged "Montreal" salmon fly, "grisley king," and "Jock Scot," and I esteem them the best killing flies for the Rangeley Lake waters, in the month of September.

It was on the morning of the 15th that I carefully anchored my boat, midway of a long pool, and on one side of the rapid water that ran through it in the Androscoggin River, just below the Upper Dam Camp. Mr. Reynolds soon put in an appearance, and dropped anchor some sixty feet below me, on the same side. Immediately after Mr. Eli Cutting, the Andover guide, dropped anchor fifty feet directly opposite, on the other side of the pool.

I had taken one fish of three pounds weight when the sun came creeping up and over the mountain tops, its bright rays glimmering on the water. Hardly expecting a very heavy fish to rise in the bright sun, I became careless and was leisurely casting down and across the current when my stretcher fly was gobbled, and with such a "yank" that the rod was doubled to a half circle before I raised my finger from the line. Then, with a mighty rush, like an arrow from a cross bow, he started down stream. The old click reel sung out its peculiar whir-r-r-r-r so pleasant to the angler's ear; but the ledges and the boat below; they must not be reached. Now for a test of my new ten-ounce split bamboo. Will it stop him? The pressure is put on; both hands now grasp the butt, and, as the fearful strain comes on, it creaks and quivers like a ship in a heavy gale of wind. But the trout has for once found his match, and he is compelled to turn aside and head up stream just in time to clear the boat below. He sticks to the rapid water yet, and the mottled line fairly hisses when it cuts through the rushing current as he flies across and toward the boat opposite. The noble rod is good for it, and he is once more foiled. Now for a rest of five minutes; well, rest away, old brave, for the rush that is sure to come, but I feel that with proper care I am master of the situation. Ha! What trick is this! A dive for my anchor rope! I will not be caught so, and I pull up anchor with one hand, and hold it with my teeth, as he passes under the boat. Now for the first time I see the monster, as the rod forces him toward the surface on the opposite side. The tension on rod and line is so great, that the boat swings half around, as the fish flies across the pool into deep water. Another sulk is attempted, but a few vigorous taps with my knuckles on the butt of the rod, and another "circus" is started. My friends in the boat see his little game and generously give me room, when I force the fight for the next ten minutes, and his trountship is "winded," and lays gasping on top of the water. Mr. Cutting passes the landing net under him, and he lays in the boat. What a beauty! A male fish, twenty-seven inches long, and pulls the scales down almost to the eight pound notch. I time the fight, and find just twenty-six minutes taken to kill my fish. I view with pride my new rod, and mutter to myself, "Yes lost!" with a light rod; as it is, his spotted hide will grace my office, and just over it shall hang the pliant rod that won the victory.

Later in the day, in the same place, I fought another battle of the same character, the result of which was the landing of another male trout, that pulled the scales down below the six-pound notch, and as I looked into my fish car and viewed their great golden sides, I said: "Three speckled trout in one day of seventeen pounds weight is enough," and shouldered my rod and started for camp.

A few days later my friends found it necessary to return home, and with a fine lot of trout, ranging in weight from two to six pounds each, they bid adieu to the fraternity in camp and started for New York, with the avowed intention of returning again next June to have another season of pleasure with the finny tribe that abound in the headwaters of the Androscoggin River. Soon after their departure there appeared in camp two young men, both genuine sports of the rod and reel persuasion, that had been camping at Kenebago Lake for two weeks, but had now come down to occupy a small log camp near the upper dam landing, that was partially built for our benefit by some warm-hearted friends from New Jersey. These young men, one a "sprig of the law," the other "young Nimrod," and both "eighteen karat fine" fellows, reported plenty of small trout at the Kenebagoes, and the finest mountain scenery around the Rangeley Lake country.

In two or three days we had an addition to our party of a gentleman about fifty years of age, who answered readily to the name of "Esq." In passing it may be proper to say that he is a better lawyer than fly-fisherman, but a handier or jollier man never camped in the Maine woods. Soon after the Esq. came into camp, he and the writer had occasion to visit a neighboring camp in the evening. As we were on our return home, traveling a narrow, rocky path in the woods, an episode occurred that I never shall forget. He was "on his walk," he said, as he struck a tremendous pace, when, "Ugh!" was all I heard, and peering ahead in the darkness I discovered the "Esq." standing bolt upright on his head with feet playing like drumsticks in the air. The scene was so ludicrous, and the idea of his showing off to an audience of one completely upset me, and I dropped in my tracks and roared until I could hardly hold myself together.

A few nights later I got terribly stirred up again. Early in the morning hours we were aroused from our slumbers by loud growls and a "swish" around our camp, with a clatter on the roof and a heavy tumble to the ground of some heavy animal. "Sprig of the law" whispers in bated breath, "For heaven's sake what's that?" All is still, but, "O my!" "What a smudge," "Whew!" and such like expressions came in smothered tones from under the bed quilts. As soon as it was light we discovered our friend Mop, a spaniel dog belonging to the Upper Dam camp, had come down on a visit, and had chased a polecat around and on to our camp roof, tumbled off himself, but the "cat" stayed long enough to make it sure that he had "been there."

These are specimen bricks of eight days' time spent, sandwiched in with fair fishing, and, to sum up as a whole, we voted it a good time. "Sprig of the law" took several good-sized trout, the "Esq." took one of four and one of five pounds, and "Nimrod" several heavy fish; the largest tipped the scales at six pounds.

I intended to spend one day with Capt. Fred Barker on his stream and at Camp Bemis, but the great blow of three days duration prevented my enjoying that pleasure, but most of the very stormy weather was spent at Upper Dam camp, or hotel, and just here I must say a few words about this pleasant place. The buildings have been greatly enlarged, and refitted throughout, painted both inside and out, in shades of olive, with scarlet trimmings; two large fire-places in the sitting rooms, surrounded with handsome tiles, and cozy arm chairs, very suggestive of comfort, and a broad piazza extends across the whole frontage, making it one of the finest and most desirable camps in the Maine woods.

While in camp it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of several gentlemen sportsmen, among whom were Messrs. Ames and Lawrence of Boston; State Senator Ross of Willimantic Ct., Mr. Cotton of Lewiston, Me., and law partner of U. S. Senator Wm. P. Frye; Stewart and Rosenberg of New York, and other genial good fellows. What a pleasure it is to meet gentlemen and sportsmen of the highest class in the dark forests, and on the pearly streams!

The time having come when I must return home, I started out one day before my chums broke camp, as I wished to spend one day near Andover before making the final start. So on the 29th of September some fifteen ladies and gentlemen boarded the little steamer and started down the lakes. As we neared the landing, Capt. A. J. Farrar inquired if any passengers wished for dinner at the hotel, which had just been completed at the arm of the lake. Nine answers in the affirmative produced the same number of whistles from the steamer as signals to the hotel, and judging from the most excellent dinner, the soft hair matresses, the abundance of trout in that vicinity, and with such a pleasant landlady as Mrs. Farrar, I think it safe to recommend it as a capital place to spend a few weeks' time.

Coming out on the buckboard it was my good luck to ride out with Mr. George Woodbury, a conductor on the Knox & Lincoln Railroad, Maine. It took me just two minutes to cipher it out that he was "my man" for a tug at brook fishing the next day, and our plans were soon laid. The next morning we might have been seen bouncing out of Andover on buckboard headed toward the mountains. Five miles' drive brought us to a halt, as the road ended here.

Slipping on light rubber boots, we took our fish baskets and plunged into the forest. Our instructions were to go northwest until we got tired, then go a few miles further; but the party that told us so did not know his men. On and on we traveled until we struck a tiny little stream, which we concluded must be the one, as it was the only one heading down through the "notch" in the mountains. We learned afterward that we went to within a mile or so of C. Pond, and three miles further than we should have gone. We retraced our steps to the gorge between the mountains and began to fish.

I have been a-fishing off and on for some thirty years, but I never had a better day's sport or a more genial companion in all my life than on this same day. The stream was low and the trout were gathered in long clear pools, their size ranging from two to five ounces. For three and one-half hours did we transfer the red and golden sided little beauties from this cold spring brook to our baskets, and where we took ten we left a hundred. As the sun was fast sinking behind the lofty rugged mountains through which we had just passed, I said, "George, how long do you propose to keep this thing up?" Said he, "You just wait a minute, until I take these two large ones out. See here, look off in there; there are hundreds of them; how can we leave them?" But we at last reluctantly leave the brook and speed on our way homeward. What was the number of our catch, did you say? Well, two hundred and forty-three trout and many very small ones thrown back into the stream again when first taken; and this day's sport is registered as the best of all my life for brook fishing.

As we drove up to the hotel at Andover that night in high glee, we found the teams just coming in from the lakes, bringing the "Esq.," "Sprig of the law," "Young Nimrod," of Putnam, Conn.; Mr. Hatch and daughter, of Boston; the old veterans Powell and Blood, of Chelsea; the Hon. Mr. Parrish, of Norwich, Conn., and several other friends, who gave us a hearty greeting as with a spanking gait and colors flying we swung around to the hotel stables and unloaded basket after basket of our spotted treasures. The next morning two stage loads of ladies and gentlemen left the quiet little village of Andover for our homes in several different States, and all with the feeling that it pays to spend a few weeks on the clear streams that abound in the old Pine Tree State.

E. T. WHITMORE.

PUTNAM, CONN., Jan. 5, 1883.

HOOPSNAKES AND TROUT.

SOME weeks ago I was much interested and amused at the hoopsnake, snaik, or sneak question so spiritedly carried on in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Press of business at the time prevented me from whooping. When we look at the varied productions in animated nature, with at times a freak thrown in, think you it would cost the old dame any great effort to turn loose on the world a hoop-sneak, with a sting in the tale? Some one (I forget who) has said the animal kingdom, whether crawlers or walkers, have their prototype in some one of the human family.

A few evenings ago, in company with a retired British trooper, who has seen much service in the East Indies, the conversation turning to snakes, my friend related some wonderful stories of hairbreadth escapes and miraculous cures of persons squeezed, twisted, bitten and stung by the many different species of the venomous reptiles, all of which he was familiar with, having had them for comrades in the bivouac, in the hotly contested field and on the silent night march.

To me the incidents related, when not horrifying, were interesting and instructive; one in particular got attached to the point of my pencil, which I will now try and rub off. It referred to the double-headed snake. I suggested that nature might have got off one of her practical jokes, and turned off a monster, solitary and alone. The trooper stoutly asserted they were a separate species, although not very numerous; he had frequently heard of them by natives and comrade troopers; he had himself seen and killed two of them, at different times and places, the natives showing great honor and fear at the deed. The specimens referred to were about twelve inches long, with a head at either end of the body. They are considered and classed with the most deadly of the snake family.

Now, Mr. Editor, does it not seem strange to you, in that far-off land of shade and darkness, they have all these reptile blessings spread broadcast over the land, and here in our own America some of your correspondents, aided and abetted by your natural history man, will not allow us a contemptible little hoopsneak, with a spike in its tail, when we know they are to be found even here in Massachusetts, under the shadow of our own Mount Tom? Strange, isn't it? Nevertheless true. They are particularly fond of brook-

trout, a species of fish inhabiting the brooks which rush and tumble and then peacefully wimple round the base of the old mountain.

The last time these hoopsneaks were seen was in the early part of last trouting season, when three or four of them rolled out of Holyoke on hoops, with the sting under their feet. They rolled over the mountain to a brook where the trout are fair to behold and delicious to taste—the sting was thrown into the brook and pursued the trout with unrelenting fury, striking large and small alike until the last fish lay pale in death. When in the act of gathering and smiling over their victims, preparatory to rolling home, they were surprised by an old Hoosier of a farmer, who threatened them with a switch of the law, which so scared the hoopsnaiks they were glad to purchase silence at a cost of $200, when they rolled off the scene wiser if not better sneaks.

CON UNDRUM.

HOLYOKE, Mass.

MY FIRST FLY ROD.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RANGELEY LAKES.—II.

THE next season was the summer of 1873, and three of our number were at Middle Dam, each now provided with a fly rod and to make our first cast with the fly. We began modestly, as is befitting beginners. My rod was a five dollar one, ash butt and second joint, with lancewood tip, of nobody-in-particular's make. For reel I had a common brass, and on it twenty-five yards of regulation braided silk, with a six-foot gut leader, and two flies, stretcher and one dropper. The dropper, however, before long was discarded, as it was work and sport enough to land one trout at a time where you were liable to strike a fish anywhere from one to five pounds.

Now came the business of learning to cast the fly. Is there anything more amusing than the awkward work a beginner makes of it? He is told to use only the forearm and wrist, and let the rod do the work. But at the very outset is the difficulty. How is he to get the fly out on the water? He swings his rod, strikes out full arm's length, and lets his body follow as far as forward bending will allow, and yet the fly falls but ten or a dozen feet away. Then he withdraws and casts again, and finds that his leader is in a snarl around the tip. When this has been cleared and he casts again and is perhaps rewarded with a rise and a momentary straightening of the leader, he delays a second, that the victim may have a chance to securely fix the hook in his jaws, and then draws in with certain expectations—expectations, alas, always disappointed in such a case. An unreeling of another yard or two of line, and another vigorous wielding of the rod as though the line were a hemp rope, and a sudden bringing of all to a stand with a broken tip and a fly caught somewhere behind. It is laughable—not to the poor beginner himself. He hopes no eye other than the most friendly and sympathizing is on him in that moment. I find by the record that I got along safely till the evening of the fourth day, when "Went out to river (Rapid River) at 3:40 and fished down the further side till 7:05. Caught four, the last about one pound, and broke tip to rod." The record of a broken tip is against me three times more in that eleven days. The record, too, of trout taken is a lean and unsatisfactory one for the most part.

The last day of the eleven, however, made amends. We had determined to have a good day of it, trout or no trout, and asked Asa Frost—who does not remember the reign of Asa at Angler's Retreat for good and a "God bless him" in those days?—to put us up a dinner. We all three took the path direct to the pond in the river, as the widening out of Rapid River into a little lake—the Alamandabagog—is called. And here let me enter a protest against the disuse of the old Indian names, especially in the case of Wilokennebacook and Molechunkamunk. The term Rangeley, from the eccentric man who first attempted a settlement on one of them, the Oquossoc, may well be applied to the series, but why call any of them the Richardson? Richardson, as I understand it, was only a man who carried on lumbering operations on the lakes forty or fifty years ago, and no reason in the world exists why his name should usurp those of Wilokennebacook and Molechunkamunk. Will not Capt. Farrar attend to this in his next edition of the "Guide Book?" Let all the old names stand: Umbagog, Alamandabagog, Wilokennebacook, Molechunkamunk, Mooselucmeguntic, Cupsuptic and Oquossoc. They are a thousand times better than "Upper and Lower Richardson," etc.

Our intention was to take boat there, cross to the outlet, fish down toward the Umbagog, take dinner somewhere down the river, and make our way back as luck and pleasure should dictate. Reaching the pond I said to the member of the party who had developed the most skill with the fly—for the sake of a name I will call him the Duke of Brunswick—"Going to throw a fly here?" "No, rod's limbered up; guess 'tisn't worth while to unlimber yet." "Then I will," and as I had brought my rod along without "limbering up," I took my stand on the favorite rock and made my best efforts. My "Montreal" fell in the quick water perhaps fifteen feet away. The broad side of a noble trout gleamed in the light, showing the gold and vermilion, and buckle went the rod and whiz went the reel. No such fish had before risen to fly of mine, and in my haste and anxiety to secure him I struck hard—too hard—for snap went the tip and off went the fish. "Aha," said the Duke, "if that's the state of things I guess I'll unlimber," and before I could reel in and repair damages, he was on the rock and fast to a big trout, which, after ten minutes or so of smart contest, was brought to the net. It weighed three and a quarter pounds. Meantime I was in order and speedily again was my Montreal seized by a sturdy fellow, who buckled the rod and made the reel whiz. This time I was more self-possessed—began to feel more that I was a fisherman and this was business—and giving him the butt with care, and reeling in and letting him run by turns as seemed necessary, in due time I had my three and a half pounder in the net. A little larger he was than the Duke's, and that was glory enough for me. These first were our largest, but we remained there more than an hour, as long as the rising continued, and succeeded in landing ten or a dozen from half to one and one and a half pounds in weight. Covering them up safely from sight and sun we left them for our intended trip.

We rowed over to the outlet, left boat, and following the shores or leaping from rock to rock in the foaming rapids, fished to a point somewhat below where the Oxford Club Camp now stands, with fair success, till the inner man declared that it was time for dinner. Returning to Lakin's Camp, a cabin on the high shore of the river about half way down the carry, with a veranda across its front—it is now in ruins—we located ourselves in the shade of the veranda, and while the Duke and I spread out the bounties of Asa's provision, "Happy Jack," as some one had dubbed the third of our party from his general good nature and genial spirit, went for water to the spring. And now came an hour which I never recall without laughter. We had no other fluid than the pure spring water, but the clear air, the success of our sport, the perfect physical condition of our bodies from the rest and recuperation of the previous ten days, and the exercise of the morning, altogether, put us into a hilarious state. The Duke and Happy Jack loaded stories and nonsense, *ego* and Jack's little boy of twelve, who was along, putting in a word here and there, but chiefly coming in in the chorus of laughter. As I say, no other stimulant was present than the cold food and pure spring water, but a passer by, if there had been one, would have supposed the champagne was flowing freely. The next morning we took our leave. Barney toting a handsome lot of trout for us on his back, which were duly packed in ice when we reached Upton.

This was the first campaign of my first fly rod. I pass over others, to the last. The rod did me annually good service, either in my own hands or the hands of a friend, for after a second campaign my desire for a split bamboo made it my second rod. It landed for me the largest trout I ever caught (4¾ lbs.), at the same old place, the Pond in the River, and I believe after the first season I never broke either of its tips again. It now lies at the bottom of Lake Mooselucmeguntic—peace to its ash and lancewood—and it was to tell how it came there that this rambling story was begun.

For the vacation of '81 I had planned with a friend a trip to the King and Bartlett ponds of Eustis, Me. Just before setting out I persuaded a New York friend, who was rather under the weather, to join us and make a trio. After a pleasant ten days with friend Hutchins at K. & B., New York, I made a detour from our return way to the Rangeleys and tried the camps of friend Barker at Bemis, on Mooselucmeguntic. The next morning after arrival we proposed to try the lake, and pushed off in a boat soon after breakfast for the purpose. The boat, however, proved leaky—so leaky that, after a few lengths from shore, we put back and called for another. They had all been painted the day before, and were not dry. "But here's a birch. Take her." "New York, are you used to a birch?" "No." "Then we won't take it." "Oh, no danger," says Frank; "Captain Barker's man in charge. You are used to a boat, and she's stiff. You'll go all right."

In boyhood I did know something about a birch, but had not been in one since, and as to taking one now with a friend at one of the paddles who had never seen a canoe before, or certainly had never been in one, I objected. As this, however, was our only chance for the morning, and Frank was confident and New York had no hesitation, I yielded, and we took our places, New York with the chief paddle astern, and I in proper position on the bottom forward. Now, if we had been directed to make our first essay with the canoe up to the blue water in the mouth of the Bemis stream, it would probably have been all right. We should probably have had a pleasant paddle and brought ourselves, or rods and some trout, all home safe, but it was not so to be. Instead, we struck a bee line across to the southwest shore one mile distant. We did it readily and with increasing confidence in our ability as canoemen. Then we paddled up the shore a mile and a half, throwing a fly here and there without success, and back again. Thus far all right, only once or twice, when I had changed my position from sitting on my haunches to a seat on the cross piece, I had thought we came pretty near spilling out.

On reaching the point opposite the camp, we put away directly for it, and were about a hundred yards from the shore, and rocking pleasantly on the little sea which a smart breeze from the southeast had raised, when I found the canoe making rather too strong a cant to the leeward. "Look out, New York," shouted I, "we shall be over;" and while the words were still in my mouth we were over, I making a handsome plunge backward into the water, and New York—well, I don't know what kind of a plunge he made, but he made it. The canoe immediately righted, but full of water. Luckily I had my paddle in hand, and my bamboo had been so placed that it was not thrown out, and the only remaining article I had to look to was my rubber coat, which was within reach, and made safe. Laying hold of the side of the canoe I supported myself and looked after New York. "Paddle safe?" "Yes." "There's your rubber coat afloat." He seized it and got it on board. "There's your pipe off there"—it was a briarwood and so did not sink—and out he struck for it and made a rescue. "Where's your rod?"—my own old first rod which he had been using. "Don't know; see it afloat anywhere?" A fly rod with brass mountings and a nickel-plated reel with fifty yards of line on it would no more float than a cannon ball. "Isn't it in the canoe?" "No."

He was trolling and paddling at the same time, and when he went over the rod went over too, in twenty or more feet of water. "Then it's gone. What shall we do now?" There was no possibility of getting back into the canoe, that we could see; though possibly it might have been done by bailing out each end with our hats, and then carefully crawling in over the end, if we had thought of it. We did not think of it. "Shout and see if we can't raise them at the camp." One mile off, though in sight, not much hope of making anybody hear. Still, we tried it; yelled for help with all the lungs we had. We waited a little; clinging to the canoe; but seeing no signs that any body had heard us, we made up our minds that we had got to work out our own salvation. "Well, New York, what do you think of it?" "Got to get ashore ourselves, I guess; if we get there at all." "Well, put yourself 'round on the other side of that end, so that we can keep the canoe right side up, and we'll try it." New York's end was the stern before the capsize as we were leaving shore; now it was the bow. He put himself round, and throwing his left arm and leg into the canoe, he was thus back to the shore, face to me, and had his right arm free, and managed to make use of his paddle, while I at the other end, held on with left hand and swam with right hand and legs.

When this arrangement had been effected and we had begun vigorously to work, I looked for the nearest point of the shore. It seemed a long, long way off. Then I looked at New York. The ludicrousness of the situation struck us both. He laughed and I laughed—and then we laughed again. "How about the wives at home; what would they think to see us now?" "Well, they would be a little frightened, I suppose." Then we discussed the reason of the upset. I thought New York did it, while New York was not conscious of any action on his part which could have caused it, and rather thought I was up on the crosspiece. I stood to it that I was not on the crosspiece, but where I ought to be, in the bottom. I thought so sincerely at the time, but I am inclined now to believe my friend was in the right. About fifteen minutes' work brought us to land, and after the canoe had been emptied and we were about to embark again, we saw a boat coming from the camp to rescue, and we decided to wait and take the steadier craft. This was the last of my first fly rod.

MONATIQUOT.

ANGLERS AND ARTISTS.

HOW seldom we see a satisfactory illustration of an angling scene! In the January number of *Harper's Magazine* is a woodcut illustration of Shandon Bells. It represents a man wading a river and playing a three-pound trout, which is making a leap. The landscape, the water, and the dark, rainy sky are admirably done, the figure of the angler is well designed and drawn, the leap of the fish is natural, but the artist has given the rod a curve which must have left it when the fish went into the air as represented—the strain being removed the rod should be straight. The artist has drawn about forty or fifty yards of slack line meandering about the river, at the end of which the fish is leaping. I have never seen a salmon, a bass, or a trout leap except at the end of a taut line—the fish runs to the end of the line and then leaps. The lady fish of the Florida coast, *Albula conorhynchus*, will leap on a slack line, and in fact is in the air half the time after it feels the steel, but I have seen no other fish do it.

In the same number of the magazine is a fine wood cut taken from "Highways and Byways," by Gibson, representing trout fishing. A tangled wood, through which soaks a stagnant stream. A rail fence crosses the stream, on which is seated, over the water, a rustic fisherman, his pole thrust into a thicket of brush, which, supposing a fish silly enough to approach the man on the fence, would effectually prevent the pole being raised. Indeed, the fisherman evidently does not expect a bite, for he is not attending to his business, but is gazing over his shoulder at the reader.

Some time ago, I think in the same magazine, was an article on "Salmon Fishing in Canada," in which was a cut showing three persons in a bark canoe just about large enough for one, and one of these was a woman, standing erect and casting for salmon. A bare-footed Indian might so balance himself, but a lady in high-heeled boots and a tight dress, never, even were she so well-balanced a person as the Governor-General's wife.

As there are artists, like Brackett, who can draw fishing scenes correctly, why should incompetent ones be employed?

S. C. C.

ECHOES OF THE TOURNAMENT.—The echoes have not gone round the world yet. The last one has just been received from Gallatin county, Montana Territory, in a letter to Mr. Harry Prichard, who won in the champion contest for single-handed fly-rods. It says: "Have just read your letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2. By your communication I see you can cast your flies eighty-five, and even ninety feet. Good cast! Come out and see me next season and I will give you the very finest fishing you ever had. Beside, I will show you some of the handsomest scenery you have ever seen. I can assure you that you can land seventy-five pounds in one day of the finest trout swimming. They will average not less than one and one-quarter pounds all through. You shall also have some good shooting—deer, perhaps an elk or two, grouse, antelope and some other game. I will guarantee you will enjoy your trip, and I will make you acquainted with a friend who, I think, I can pit against you to cast for distance and for execution. We will supply you with everything you need, rods, reels, flies, guns, everything. And this invitation from a stranger is all because I want to see you cast ninety feet. It is all in good faith, too, and we will be the best of friends; have a good time all to ourselves. We have the finest fishing in the United States, I think, and only sixteen miles from the Crow Agency. Will take great pleasure in visiting the Agency with you, and showing you over our sporting grounds."—E. C. CULVER.

THE TARPUM.—For some time I have been seeking information regarding the tarpum of Florida, believing from what I saw of them when there some years ago and what I have heard and read that they would give very fine sport for anglers, using tackle similar to that used for striped bass. Several times Dr. Kenworthy has given us reports of his attempts to capture them, and on one occasion he speaks of their "cutting his line with their scissors-like jaws." (?) What kind of a mouth have they? Mr. E. R. King, of Crystal River, in answer to inquiries on my part, says they have a mouth like a trout (presumably black bass) and have no teeth. His information was obtained by the examination of two which had been captured by his son Eli and a Mr. Sharp of that place. These tarpum were captured with a lillie iron at night with a jack light; the first one weighed 150 pounds and carried the boat about five miles; according to Eli's story the second weighed less and ran a shorter distance with the boat. The scales of these fish, two of which I have, show a bright silvery surface where exposed to the water in use, and measure 3⅜x2¾ inches; according to the lap there would be five thicknesses of scales covering the fish, giving a wonderful armor for protection. I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM a report of the National Museum. They speak of the tarpum as plentiful along the Gulf, but were unable to get a specimen. If there was any way to preserve the fish until delivered safely to them I could guarantee to have one sent them most any time before April 1, from my friends at Crystal River. If the capture of this fish could once be demonstrated to be a success with rod and reel, there would be plenty to try it, but the general idea seems to be that they cannot be thus captured. Should I again visit Florida I shall try and prove the contrary.—A. B. DODGE. [The tarpum has bands of villiform teeth, *i. e.*, slender, bristle-like teeth, which are crowded together in bands, or patches, as in the perches, bass, etc. In this fish these bands are found in the jaws, on the vomer, tongue, palatine and pterygoid bones, and on the base of the skull.]

THE ANGLER'S CAMP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the equipping of the Angler's Camp for the London Fisheries Exhibition mentioned in your issue of Jan. 11, permit me to say that the commission was given to Messrs. Conroy & Bissett and placed in my hands, and I believe that the camp is complete in every respect. The articles recommended by you were included and also a great many more not mentioned in your paper, including tent with portable bamboo poles, steel wedge and rope for dragging in fire logs, rack for packing blankets, etc. The two latter very ingenious and useful, suggested and loaned by Mr. Jos. Willetts. Camp bag of rubber cloth, camp kettles, portable

chairs, lounges, and many other articles too numerous to mention, even to canned provisions furnished by Messrs. Thurber & Co., and Hecker's prepared flour of different kinds. A Stranahan portable boat was furnished by Frank Holmes. Major McAlpin, hearing of the camp, kindly sent some magnificent specimens of tobacco. So, you see, the camp is pretty complete. There is also a mysterious stone jug with a corncob cork, but what that is for nobody seems to know.—W. HOLBROOKE.

CANNING SMALL WEAKFISH.—A company is erecting at Pennsgrove, N. J., which is situated on the Delaware River shore opposite New Castle, Del., a canning establishment for the packing of fish. There is a prospect now for the utilization of the immense catches of "trout," a local name for small weakfish in Delaware Bay, which are yearly made below Bombay Hook. Last year so many were taken in seines they became a drug in the market, and instead of being shipped to Philadelphia were hauled away by the farmers near the fishery for manure. Sturgeons' roe, doubtless, will also be put up (caviar), quantities of which is shipped from this country to Europe.—HOMO.

Fishculture.

FISH FOOD AND FOOD FISHES.

[Read before the Michigan Sportsmen's Association by Frank N. Clark.]

BY request of our honorable president, I present the following on "Fish Food and Food Fishes:"

To begin with, I must beg you to overlook all signs of hasty preparation and insufficient statement, for the time I have been able to devote to this object has been exceedingly meagre and my ordinary duties have been unusually pressing. I cannot, of course, be expected to give anything like an exhaustive treatment of so broad a topic, for the briefness of time allowed one, and the lack of personal ability would preclude succes in such an attempt. I shall, therefore, ask your attention to only a very few facts, which my observation and experience have taught me relative to this matter; and my remarks refer only to two species of fish with which you are all familiar—our brook trout and whitefish.

I need not inform you that the question of fish food has not always received from the majority of fishculturists the attention its importance would seem to warrant. It has been too much taken for granted that nature would furnish all that was needed, without any assistance from art, and the consequence has been that fish planting has not always afforded the large results that might otherwise have been obtained. On this account also the attempt to enlarge the habitat of some of our most valuable food fish has, in some instances, proved a failure. Fish cannot live without food, and it is therefore simply folly to pursue a course of indiscriminate distribution without any consideration or thought bestowed upon the nature and extent of food supply. The very first question to be settled, when it is contemplated planting fish in new waters, is to determine whether nature in that locality has already furnished a sufficient amount of food sustenance. This can be approximately determined by a variety of experiments which scientists have already tried and found successful. If the proper food is not found in the body of water where it is desired to plant fish, then the first thing to do is to transplant the food from other waters. That this is wholly feasible has been proven by numerous experiments, and to illustrate this fact you will please allow me to refer to my own observation and experience.

Near the Northville hatchery is a narrow stream, fed largely by springs, to which the water supply of the hatchery is also tributary. In the spring of 1884 I planted in this stream about 25,000 brook trout fry. Judging from a similar experiment I had made in planting trout in a stream at Clarkston, I had no doubt that I should obtain fair results in this instance also, but like many others in similar circumstances, I neglected to take into account the most important factor in the whole problem. With the most careful and painstaking examination in the fall, I was unable to discover that any trout whatever existed in the stream. My experiment seemed to be a flat failure, but at once surmising the cause, my father, the late N. W. Clark, who was at that time associated with me in fishculture, went to Clarkston and obtained some water cress, which grew there in abundance. In the roots and fibers of this plant there were innumerable numbers of the fresh water shrimp (*gammarus*). The amount of cress first brought was small, but in subsequent trips more was obtained and planted in one of the spring creeks that supply the stream already referred to. The following spring we planted more trout, and in the fall of the same year I found a few trout near the spring creek where the cress was planted. Since that time the cress has grown till it has become abundant. The gammari have increased and so have the trout, until to-day we have a first-class trout stream.

From this experiment it is easy to be seen what the conditions are for successfully planting trout in streams where they do not now exist. It is evident, also, that the gammarus is one of the varieties of food upon which they naturally subsist. In our nursery tanks at the hatchery I have also tested their liking for this food, and have seen trout fry, not over one inch in length, devour a gammarus nearly half as large as the fry itself. While referring to our success in raising trout in the above mentioned stream, it is worth stating that during the spawning season this fall, over 300 trout were, in three weeks' time, taken from the outlet of our trout ponds, whither they had run from the stream. These fish varied in length from four and one-half to eighteen inches. We obtained eggs from about a quarter of the females thus taken, another quarter not being ripe, and the remainder having already spawned. It is safe to say, however, that we could have obtained no such results as these if we had not first planted the gammaris as food for the trout. The California trout thrive equally as well on this species of food, and quite a number now exist in this same stream.

The question of hatching whitefish and planting in the months of February or March is one that has received considerable discussion, and about which there is great variance of opinion. Some very knowingly affirm that the necessary food does not exist in the lakes at that season of the year, and their theory is that the development of the proper food cannot take place until spring influences have had a chance to warm and vivify the dormant crustacean germs existing in the water. In addition to this, it is maintained that fish hatched so early in the season, must necessarily be premature. Both of these statements, however, are manifestly theoretical, and need more demonstration than they have yet received, before they can be accepted as proved facts. There is not time now for any extended argument, either pro or con, but with reference to the first matter I will simply state that the latest investigations of scientists show pretty conclusively that the earliest food of the whitefish consists of the smaller species of entomostraca, which exist in the waters of the great lakes at all seasons of the year.

In the spring of 1881 I instructed Mr. Bowen, my assistant at the hatchery, to take some of the whitefish hatched the 1st of March and see if they could be raised by artificial feeding. The experiment, if it proved successful, would assist in determining whether the fish when hatched early in the season were premature. Indeed, it would demonstrate conclusively that they were not premature, since it would be reasonable to suppose that premature fry could not be raised by artificial feeding. By successive trials Mr. Bowen at last hit upon the right food, and the fry could be seen to eat of it freely. This artificial process was continued during the summer until August 1, when, as the result of the experiment, we had young whitefish in our hatchery six inches in length.

In regard to the food for grown whitefish, it can be safely said that it is by no means a mystery. Certain varieties of the crustacean family have been singled out, and beyond dispute shown to be their natural sustenance. There are certain lakes where the whitefish have been found for a great length of time. In Higgins's Lake, Roscommon county, they have, perhaps, always existed—at least practically so—since we know of no time when they have not been found there. In Elizabeth Lake, Oakland county, they seem to have flourished for thirty or forty years, having been brought there in hogsheads from near Mt. Clemens, on Clinton River.

Many other inland lakes might also be named where the whitefish have abounded for a great length of time, but they are already well known to you. The important fact to be noticed with reference to all of these waters is that the great numbers of fish which they have so long contained proves that they also contain a very abundant existence of food supply. Now it is certainly a very practical question to ask, why are not the same facts observable in lakes where the nature and quality of the water are in all respects equal? Is it because they have been drained by overfishing? If this had been the case, we would have probably been able to discover some signs of the previous existence of the fish in these localities; an occasional straggler would here and there be found. But it is well known, on the other hand, that there are lakes in every respect adapted to the existence of whitefish, so far as the extent and character of water are concerned, and yet no signs of their existence are discoverable. Now, manifestly there is but one conclusion to draw from this fact, and that is that nature has either failed to furnish the requisite food for the maintenance of whitefish in those waters, or else the fish germs have never been planted in these localities. In my opinion, therefore, there should be a most thorough scientific examination of all such waters with the purpose of enlarging the habitat of the most valuable commercial fish of our great lakes—the whitefish. It should be found out if the proper food is indigenous to such lakes, and, if not, whether it can be made to flourish by transplanting.

We have now reached a stage in the development of pisciculture science when we should look for larger results than simply come from restocking the old lakes and streams with their natural fish. New abodes should be sought out, in order that food fishes of the most valuable varieties may be brought more abundantly within reach of the masses of the people. I believe it would be a paying investment for this or any other State containing as many beautiful inland lakes as the State of Michigan, to engage the services of scientists with this purpose in view, whose duty it should be to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the character and adaptation of all desirable waters to suit this purpose.

The problem of hatching chiefly the fish to which I have referred is already here, and the cost has been reduced to very low figures in proportion to the amount of work done. It is therefore time that some practical measures were adopted to make the benefits as universal in their application as possible. Of course, such measures as I propose would be attended with considerable expense, and it is possible that any extended effort in this direction might prove a failure. It may be that experiments and researches will prove the Swiss and Norwegian waters to the present purpose of restocking the old lakes and streams to which these fish are found to be indigenous, but I can see no reason why we should come to this conclusion at present. On the other hand, I believe that, so far as experiments show anything in this direction, they give us everything to hope for in the attempt to enlarge the natural range of important commercial and sporting fishes, and thus furnish results that shall compel universal recognition of the great importance and benefit of pisciculture science.

Dr. Parker, of Grand Rapids, added that he had cut open hundreds of whitefish, and is entirely satisfied that they subsist almost exclusively upon minute shellfish, and unless the waters of a lake are abundantly supplied with shellfish, it is useless to plant whitefish in its water.

CARPCULTURE.—A little work has just been published entitled "Carp and Carpculture," by Milton P. Peirce, of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture. It comprises forty octavo pages and is illustrated with cuts of ponds, many of which are new. The introduction tells us that "it gives the foreign methods of carpculture and finally the elaborate improved American methods, which will supersede all others." The price is 81. Capt. Peirce still seems to think that the Chinese were the first to advance in fishculture, although no man can show what they ever did in what we call by that name. The author is a hydraulic engineer of many years' experience, and therefore his hints and plans for the laying out of ponds should be of great value. He claims that carp should not be fed at all until nearly ready for the table, but should be left to forage on the aquatic plants. The work is a very good one, but we cannot share the author's enthusiasm on the carp, especially when he rates its value as food above the shad. He is evidently in earnest, however, and his work is quite a readable one, being enlivened with flashes of egotism that lend a charm to the dryer details.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 9, 10, and 11, 1883.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary, 193 Hobart street, Meriden, Conn.

February 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1883.—Grand International Bench Show, Washington, D. C. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Office, Skating Rink, Washington, D. C.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4, and 5 1883, Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters whelped on or after January 1, 1883, close February. 1, 1883. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, New York City. Robt. C. Cornell, 51 William st., New York City.

Owing to the illness of the Kennel Editor many communications are deferred.

SPANIEL CLASSIFICATION.

IN June last I alluded to some of the anomalies of classification and entries that were noticeable in connection with the bench show of 1882. I again invite attention to the subject, in order to provoke discussion, and thus ascertain what may be the views of those chiefly interested in the matter. It may be taken for granted, I think, that the Westminster Club are desirous of so classifying these breeds of dogs that similar varieties and strains shall be judged together, so that the same scale of points can, with propriety, be applied to all entries in a given class. This is hardly the case at present, either in the over or under twenty-eight pound dogs. As regards the former (over twenty-eight pounds), the present writer has no suggestions to offer, but with respect to the latter, commonly spoken of as "cockers," he cannot but feel that a rearrangement of the classes would give increased satisfaction to all interested either as breeders or amateurs in this interesting and useful dog.

At the last show all cockers were entered in three classes, viz.: "Class 56—Cocker spaniels other than black, under 28 lbs. Class 58—Black cocker spaniels, under 28 lbs., and Class 59—Spaniel puppies (any color), under 12 months." The arrangement that I would propose would be the creation of four additional classes, making seven in all, and arranged as follows: (*a*) Spaniels under 28 lbs. (black or black and white), (*b*) Spaniels under 28 lbs. (liver or liver and white), (*c*) Spaniels under 28 lbs. (other colors than those mentioned), (*d. e. f.*) Puppy classes to correspond with the above, (*g*) A class for Irish water spaniel puppies. Class (*c*) as above would include the tri-colored dogs, and also the lemon and whites, of which one occasionally meets with a handsome specimen. To this arrangement we can conceive of but one objection, namely the additional expense to the kennel club, which, we believe, would be fully made up by the increased number of entries. The writer would personally enter three, possibly four dogs, and there are many owners of good dogs who would probably do the same, but who do not care to exhibit under the present classification. If there are other objections to this plan I trust that they will be presented in your columns.

GREENHORN.

FIELD RECORDS OF RED IRISH SETTERS.

I BEG to take a few exceptions to some of the assertions of "Pious Jeems" in your issue of the 11th, just at hand. He takes the liberty of pitching into a breed I love, and I take the liberty of defending that breed.

"Pious Jeems" in his letter says: "The red Irish always were and always will be a failure in field trials, because they are never what sportsmen call level-headed, with the exception of the Campbell strain of red Irish, which is imbued with a considerable quality of native blood, I know of no good ones." I suppose that when he excepted the Campbell strain, he remembered the victories of a certain red dog of Mr. Campbell's over the great Llewellin Gladstone every time they have ever met, and never every pointer or setter against him, and I'm glad he did, for the sire of that red champion, most famous of all the Campbell strain, a dog never defeated in a single stake or match, is now by my side, and he is red Irish too, to the manor born. In answer to the libel of "Pious Jeems" as quoted above, permit me to quote the following from the kennel editor's report of the field trials at High Point, where "Pious" judged: "Fourth Series.—As we approached the end, each successive heat was watched with absorbing interest. There were now but five left in, four setters and one pointer, each had won three heats, and *conclusively shown by their performances* that in no event could the honors of victory, by any accident or freak of fortune, be unworthily bestowed. Many good ones had dropped out, but there were none left in the race who were *undeserving* that appellation," etc. The italics are mine. Yet two of those four setters were red Irish, and their sire lies by my side as I am writing this.

They did not get a place, it is true, but they proved themselves at least good ones, or they could not have defeated the dogs they did under the judgment of "Pious Jeems." Quite a difference between the assertions of "Pious" and the report of FOREST AND STREAM.

He says he does not know of any good Irish setters. Well, he is us see. As he, of course, speaks from his field trial experience, so will I that will Judge Bliss. Where two dogs divide a prize equally they get equal honor. Well, the invincible London divided second at Opelousas with the Llewellin Foreman, and this same Foreman was beaten at High Point by an Irish red under "Pious's" judging, too. What was the matter? Didn't an Irish setter prove a good one that time? Foreman is called one of the grandest field dogs of the country, and I have no doubt he is, but still an Irish dog had a "level head" enough to down him at High Point.

What was the trouble with the Llewellin Bessie, that she fell before an Irish setter at High Point? She must have been a good one in 1881, for she was second in the N. A. K. Club Derby, at Grand Junction, Tenn., in a class of which it was said "the best of the Derby runners would have had but little trouble to have defeated the aged dogs, with a few exceptions, which ran in previous trials," and for the proof that she was a good one in 1882, I refer you to the trials at Fairmount, Minn., in September, when she divided equal third with Gertrude and Count Noble. Again, the English setter Pollux, winner of the Eastern Field Trial Derby of 1881, was beaten at High Point by an Irish setter, and yet the man who judged at High Point says he knows of no good Irish setter. Now either those Llewellin setters were "duffers" and their field trial winning records prove they were not, or else "Pious Jeems" wrote in haste and unthinkingly in his libel on their conquerors.

Have Irish setters always been failures at field trials?

I can prove by the records, and answer most emphatically, no; again showing that that gentleman must have written without due consideration of his subject.

How much of a failure at Memphis, in 1876, when the Brace Stakes were won by a Llewellin and an Irish red? How much at Hampton, Iowa, in 1877, when the second prize in the Puppy Stakes was won by an Irish red, and the famous Gladstone was displaced to say nothing of the third prize winner being strongly imbued with Irish blood? The sire of that second prize winner is by my side, and I bred the sire of the winner of third.

How much of a failure at Sauk Center, Minn., in 1878, when first in the Champion Stakes was won by an Irish red, and the second prize winner had quite a dash of Irish blood through his sire, who was bred by me? How much of a failure at the Eastern Field Trials of 1877, when the second prize in All-Aged Stake was won by an eighteen-months old Irish red, whose sire looks up at me and asks with his deep brown eyes, "What is the matter with 'Pious Jeems'?"

How much of a failure at the Eastern Trials of 1880, when first in Puppy Stakes was won by an Irish red, whose grandsire I can put my hand on this very minute? How much of a failure at Robin's Island, in 1881, when two Irish reds defeated all their competitors for the Members' Cup of the Eastern Field Trials Club, and one being withdrawn, the other won it? How much at Grand Junction, Tenn., in the Penn. S. F. T. A. Members' Stake, when the first prize was equally divided between an English setter and an Irish red?

Did having a red Irish for his sire prevent a certain red dog from bowling over all competitors in the Champion Stake at Nashville in 1877? or from dividing first prize with a Llewellin in same stake, at same place in 1878? or again, did it check his winning a match race of two days from sun to sun, over the champion of all the famed Llewellins? After shooting over that English "crack," day after day, among the quail in Tennessee about two months before that match, I did not believe the dog stood in America that could vanquish him, and yet, even he fell before a dog whose sire is—*mirabile dictu*, an Irish red.

And when the Puppy Stakes at Nashville, in 1877, were won by Gladstone, was the third prize winner in same stake a failure because her sire was an Irish red? In 1882, at Fairmount, Minn., did not an Irish red divide fourth prize in the chicken trials Derby, and another Irish red get same position in the All-Aged Stake? At High Point no Irish red got placed in the All-Aged Stake, though they shut out many a field trial winning English before they fell, but in the Derby an Irish red divided third. Now, I don't see how the assertion of "Pious Jeems," that "the red Irish were always failures at field trials," can stand for a moment against the field trial record.

That the Irish have not won so many prizes as the English is true, and I do not wonder at it, for they have not had one-

tenth the money spent upon them, neither have they been run in any such numbers, still, generally they get a prize and the records show that, now and then, an Irish nose has been poked clear to the front.

Let "Pious Jeems" or any man look over the field trial records in America, the number of each breed run in each trial and the winners in proportion to the number, and he will find that the red Irish hold no place to be despised. In his letter he says: "Go to the records of the field trials and in nearly every State you will find the Llewellin first, and pointer second." Now with all due respect to "Pious Jeems" and that grand dog—the English pointer—I beg to insist that the records in America don't show any such thing, and if he had carefully looked them over he would hardly have written as he did. The English setters of the various strains have won the field's share; they have had more chances, for go where you will either to a show bench or a field trial, and you will find they far outnumber any other breed.

Go to the field trial records, "Pious," and point out to me the pointer dog that stands ahead of the old red Irishman at my feet as a sire of field trial winners. I believe he leads any pointer in America, and the records prove it. Now, this is just the truth of the whole matter; the pointer is a grand dog, so is the English and the Gordon; yes, and the merry Irish red. There are good and bad of all races, as well of dogs as men. I have attended field trials, have seen good and bad of all breeds, have entered Irish reds and won and lost, and propose to enter more at the proper time without fear of any other breed on earth; and if "Pious Jeems" judges, my heart will not grow faint either, even though he damns the breed. I will show him that the Irish reds will not be failures in the future, as the records now show him they have not been failures in the past.

I love and believe in the breed; and no man ever knew me to weaken on their worth or beauty; and so with the best of wishes for "Pious Jeems" among the quail, while I'm in a snow-bound land, I'll close these desultory records of Irish reds. MONT CLARE.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Jan. 13.

"A VALUABLE DOG [NOT] KILLED."—Whitestone, L. I., Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In to-day's FOREST AND STREAM appears a communication from this place signed "A. W. C." I am the "neighbor" referred to. For days my house, or rather the cellar, had been made a pandemonium with dogs seeking my pedigreed bith -yp. None of these dog visitors had been invited, and they were vicious, illegal trespassers, as a broken window-sash, several panes of broken glass, eight pots, valuable plants ruined, parsley bed entirely wrecked, and an extra butcher's bill for the week ending with A. C. W.'s dog's adventures, will bear silent but truthful witness. I had poured volleys of rice and barley into th horde of dogs (mostly of the mongrel breed) without effect; and on returning home the night in question, and finding that our cook had been attacked by a "big white dog" in the cellar, I made up my mind that rice and barley were a trifle too thin for the business in hand; so I charged an imported single-barrelled fowling-piece with a teaspoonful of No. 5 shot, and made up my mind to give the next canine visitor a Christmas Eve reception. And I did. "My poor Shot," as his owner calls the dog, prepared to enter the forbidden cellar, but seeing me, he bolted across our grass-plat, and when at about nine yards "rise" from me, I put a sample of No. 5's into the fleshy part of his port after thigh. Poor Shot got shot. His owner was passing on the sidewalk at the time, and he ran in terribly excited. When I found I had wounded his dog I sorry and apologized to him, and with the aid of a medical gentleman we examined the dog, found that he was more scared than hurt, and at once I ordered a half dozen yards of new burlaps brought, laid the dog on it, dressed his wounds as tenderly as if he were a child, and then the doctor and myself carried poor Shot to his master's barn, laid him on the floor; again dressed his wounds, left a bottle of valuable balsam with his owner, and asked permission to treat the dog until his recovery. Next morning we went over, dressed the wounds, and three days after the shooting the dog, "poor Shot," not finding a "dilapidated fence" to bar his entrance to my kitchen, actually invaded it in his endeavors to make love to Miss Gyp (that's my dog's name). The cook brushed Shot out with a feather duster. "Poor Shot" still lives, as does the "Good Shotter."—B. S. O.

FIELD TRIAL WINNERS.—So constant has become the demand upon us for pictures of the more noted dogs of field trial record that we have prepared a series of those which have appeared in our columns. These drawings are from the pencils of well known artists, and are highly praised as likenesses by those who are familiar with the animals delineated. They are also very spirited and lifelike, and almost every sketch will recall to the sportsman some point made by one of his own dogs in the past. As one of the chief pleasures of upland shooting lies in watching the graceful and intelligent working of the well-trained dog, so there is no picture that can more delight the sportsman than a good one of a good dog. Such pictures we are now enabled to furnish at a very moderate cost, and, as will be seen by a reference to the advertisement, the list includes many of the best dogs that have recently carried off the honors in a field trial race.

FOX-TERRIERS AT AUCTION.—Admirers of fox-terriers have an excellent opportunity for securing prize-winning stock at the sale on the 24th inst. The sale will take place at the American Horse Exchange Building, corner Broadway and Fiftieth street, and under the management of that concern. This is a sufficient guarantee that the animals will be true to catalogue representations, and that the sale will be without reserve and to the highest bidder. In our Kennel advertising columns will be found further particulars, with names of the fox-terriers offered, and catalogues may be had by addressing the general manager at the Exchange.

WESTMINSTER BENCH SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club has engaged the Madison Square Garden, this city, for its next annual bench show, May 8, 9, 10 and 11.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MATCH OF 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream:

SIR—I wish to record a protest against much that I have seen in indiscriminate condemnation of rifles, ammunition and team *in re* the late International Match. I have looked in vain for a single word in praise of the excellent rifle used by most of us (the Hepburn-Remington), and believing as I do that we lost the match with better rifles than were used in winning it, I will attempt to state the causes which, in my opinion, led to our overwhelming defeat. That we would in any case have been beaten is most likely, owing to the greater experience of the British Team, but I think we would have given them a pretty close contest but for the condition of things I will assign as the cause of our troubles.

So far as guns or ammunition were in fault, the very thin patches on our bullets was by far the most serious defect. They were utterly unfitted for use in the moist and foul barrel of a military rifle. Whenever we had during the practice prior to the match a supply of thick patched bullets, we did good shooting. On Sept. 1, and again on the 9th, I used suitable bullets as a test, and made a total of 96 at the long ranges on each occasion. On the first day of the match I also had thick patched bullets, while on the second day we used a new lot (all we could get) patched "extra thin," and this alone lost us in my opinion more than a hundred points.

I have a lot of cartridges given me on the field by Capt. Godsal, of the British team, and will describe them: The powder charge is 88 grains, equal with their lighter bullet to 91 or 93 with ours; patch, medium thickness, as strong as parchment, thoroughly water-proof, and embedded half its thickness in the bullet, so that the fibers of the paper are pressed into the metal, hence it never slips; the bullet is harder than ours; the inside of the reduced part, of the Berdan shell is not smooth as glass and as perfectly cylindrical and uniform as the bore of the gun; the powder is confined by an oil-saturated felt wad, upon which is placed a thick disc of soft lubricant; then another wad and the whole pressed firmly together, making an air and waterproof joint; the bullet is then inserted about half its length into the shell, upon which it exactly fits; everything is of the best, and careful painstaking accuracy and perfect uniformity are shown in every detail. This is simply perfection compared with our ammunition, and in this alone is sufficient reason for our defeat, more than sufficient to account for the superior accuracy of the British weapons.

Since the match I have obtained thick patched bullets, load my cartridges as above described, but with 90 grains sea shooting powder, and I believe, even with this imperfect rifle, I have a rifle with beat any English rifle ever made. I expect to be a member of the International team of 1883, and would be more than pleased to use this same, much-abused rifle (the one I used in the late match).

During our November and December Saturday practice, I have made, under the match conditions, at two, five and six hundred yards the following totals: 95, 96, 96, 99, 100 and 95; the latter in a most trying wind, and with the advent of spring and good weather will most certainly improve even upon the foregoing, and will undertake to make any English rifle eat dust day to-day at 96 points at either long or short range. I would not undertake anything of the kind with the English rifle.

Now to the defects of our ammunition. First, the shell is one size too large; the want of uniform thickness, and its smallest at the mouth so that a wad which is introduced with great difficulty is yet too small when pressed down upon the powder to make a gas tight joint. Then the bullet is too soft; is not held centrally pointed by the shell, expands or upsets too much by the shock of firing, and is sometimes driven out of the patch, the latter are of all grades of thickness, or rather thinness, and the bullets are not uniform in size.

Each writer upon this subject seems to have a prescription of his own for the team of the next match. Some rifle, some ammunition, improved ammunition, etc., being the delightfully vague and general remedy most in favor. (The second item is a desideratum.) The only thing specifically noted as an improvement in ammunition is a reduced powder charge, and from this I most cophatically dissent.

For long range shooting force is as desirable as accuracy, and the theory that large powder charges foul the gun more than small charges is exactly the reverse of the truth. In my Hepburn the 75-grain charges foul the gun more and more quickly than the 96 grains, which I use at all ranges, and without cleaning the gun during a day's shooting.

In armory practice with the Springfield rifle, with round ball, and 7 to 10 grains powder, the gun becomes more foul with seven shots than with thirty with service charges. This I proved again and again, and if, as I understand by the imperfect description of the new guns now being tested, the shells hold but 75 to 80 grains powder, with the 550-grain bullet, I wish now to predict defeat in the next match. No other cause will be required, there is material enough in this item to insure another five-hundred point lead.

To sum up: If experiments shall be made in perfecting a cartridge (one that will hold 100 grains of powder beside wads, lubricant, etc.) something like that used by the British team, and adapting it to a well-made American rifle, and get the gun and ammunition in the hands of would-be contestants for places in time to allow of thoroughly learning the good and bad points of both, there need be little fear of another Waterloo for American marksmen. No match using a grain twist rifle, other things being at all equal, can win another

INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

ANNUAL MEETING N. R. A.

THE eleventh annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was held on the evening of the 9th inst., in the officers' room of the Seventh Regiment Armory, in this city. About fifty members responded to the urgent call of the secretary. A quorum was presided, and after roll call delivered his annual address, referring to the year 1882 as having been more prolific of military results than any previous period in the history of modern rifle shooting in this country.

It is with feelings of gratification that I call your attention to the fact that the late meeting between the English Volunteers and the National Guard has been productive of all that was sought to be attained.

By this match public spirit has been aroused; the apathy of the National Guard has disappeared, while eager interest and determination to excel has taken the place of indifference. Nor need we inquire, at any length, into the causes of our defeat in the late match. Briefly, they were:

1. Insufficient time to properly organize the team and conduct its practice before the butts.

2. Lack of experience among the members of the National Guard at the long ranges.

3. The vast superiority of the arms and ammunition of the British Volunteers over those furnished us by the American manufacturers.

4. The heavy handicap imposed upon us by the conditions of the match.

To our own team and its leader the thanks of this association are due. Calm and patient under defeat, they ever sustained the character of gentlemen and soldiers, and were worthy of the name of Americans. With the result of the match we now have no further concern but to profit by the lessons taught by the defeat. We must come us to take a leaf from the note-book of our late adversaries, and by energetic and suitable preparation, strive for victory in the forthcoming return match at Wimbledon. As far as practicable, steps have been taken to organize an efficient team, but success can only be assured by earnest, indefatigable, persistent effort. The time for preparation is full short, and we appeal to the public, the press and the riflemen of the country to come to our assistance in the work of selecting and sustaining a team, harmoniously organized, creditable in its personnel, and competent to compete with our British cousins on their own ground.

Col. Cowperthwait, treasurer, reported a total receipt for the past year of $13,499 with a balance of $1,534 from 1881. The expenditures had been $7,398.96, leaving a balance for 1883 of $1,931, and the association out of all debt.

The secretary presented a resumé of the work of the directors for the past year showing that seventy-nine matches had been shot during the year, the total prize list of $10,041.00.

After a brief report from Col. Gildersleeve upon what had been done in the matter of the match of 1883, an election of directors was held, resulting in the choice of Col. John Ward, Col. J. G. Story, Col. Rodney C. Ward, Gen. Geo. W. Wingate and Frank. T. Donaldson for three years, Col. G. E. P. Howard and J. H. Brown for two years, and L. V. Sone for one year.

The Board of Directors did not fully organize, and after some talk a committee of five were appointed to nominate a president. If possible, Gen. Grace will be induced to serve. Gen. Wingate was chosen vice-president and Col. Cowperthwait and Gen. T. Seabury respectively Treasurer and Secretary.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

FINE GALLERY WORK.

DURING the past week there has been some fine shooting done at the Mammoth Gallery, Boston. Mr. J. Merrill heads the list in the all-comers' match, and has also won the extra prize of $20 for making eight consecutive bullseyes. The following are the scores to date:

All-Comers' Match.

J Merrill	46 47 47 48 48—236	O K Bartlett	43 44 43 43 44—218
J Francis	44 44 45 46 47—226	J A Small	41 43 43 42 44—212
M A Pollard	44 44 46 45 46—225	L Wood	40 39 40 42 42—203

Amateur Badge Match.

J H Bird	43 44 44 44 45—220	W A Appleton	40 40 41 42 42—205
A B Wilson	42 43 42 45 45—217	M R James	40 40 40 40 40—200
W B Williams	41 41 42 42 43—209		

James S. Conlin, at his gallery, corner of Broadway and Thirty-first street, opened his Nineteenth Annual Tournament on Monday last. There are prizes by the score, and matches will be open for all manner of specialists in target work. Revolver practice has taken a strong hold on the popular fancy, and many new records are making.

There seems to be no end to the various styles of marksmanship called for by gallery practice. Some excel at stationary objects, while other marksmen do comparatively better at moving objects. Among the fancy shots tried are the following: Driving nicks; lighting parlor matches; shooting the ashes from a cigar; hitting wooden balls, swinging at the word; wheeling and firing at the word; glance shot, hitting an iron plate fixed on the wall, and breaking a glass ball suspended ten feet from the point aimed at; hitting postage stamps; splitting cards placed edgewise to the shooter; hitting the edge of a penny; driving a hole through a three-cent piece; demolishing clay pipes; shooting at and hitting single F and No. 5 shot suspended by a thread; hitting the spots of a playing card; hitting wafers made small and large seals; hitting the center of a cross (X) marked on the board; shooting at a line——marked on the target; shooting through the ring of a watch; shooting through a seal ring; hitting musket balls suspended by a string at the word and stationary; shooting a pistol cap from the neck of a bottle; hitting pipe stems; exploding 22-100 cartridges; shooting cartridge shells from a wire.

The weapons used are almost as varied as the objects fired at. Of course small calibers are the rule, and among the makes of 22-100 calibre rifle and pistol are the Ballard, Remington, Stevens, Allen and Maynard. The new Winchester 32-100 caliber is also a great favorite.

The pistols of single barrel are fine samples of workmanship, and include Stevens's, Wesson's and Tranter's 22-100 caliber; old English, French and Belgian dueling pistols, with those old time pacificators known as saw handle dueling pistols.

The revolvers are taken out of well-made stock and embrace the Smith & Wesson 32-100 and 22-100 caliber, the Colt navy and army, and the English Tranter.

The paper targets enable the finest differentiations to be made in cases of disputed ability and embrace the Creedmoor targets proportionately reduced from 200 to 1,000 yds. to the range of gallery; Ready Measurement target, three sizes, 1, 1¼ and 2in. bullseye; Teaser target, red and white; General target, red and white; Captain target, in all colors; Ten Spot target, composed of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades; the Righy target; the Man target, reduced from 200yds. to gallery distance.

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—At Walnut Hill to-day a goodly number of people gathered to participate in the rifle shooting, and, notwithstanding the wind blew very strongly, some good sport was had although the scores were low. Mr. "Duffer" made an elegant 97 in the rest match and in the decimal match a fine 88. The following are some of the best scores:

Creedmoor Match.

J B Fellows	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	4—45
A Duffer	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	4—45
F Dwight	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4—45
J B Thomas (mil)	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—44
J A Cobb	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—43
D A Atkins	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	3—43
B T Inness	4	3	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4—42
C Weston (mil)	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
W C Francis (mil)	4	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	5—41
J Ready (mil)	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—41
F Lavis	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—41
J A Curtis	5	4	5	5	5	3	4	3	5	4—41
A J Atkins	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	4	4—40

Decimal Match.

A Duffer	10	7	8	10	9	10	10	10	8	6—88
H L Lee	10	10	9	8	9	10	9	9	9	6—87
A G Adams	10	10	10	7	10	8	10	8	8	5—86
A J Atkins	10	8	6	9	10	9	7	8	10	8—85
L A Hart	9	10	10	10	5	8	8	5	6	8—79
R Davis	8	4	6	9	8	8	6	7	8	10—74
F Dwight	8	4	5	5	5	6	6	5	9	2—61

Rest Match

A Duffer	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	9	10—97
G W Whitcomb	9	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	9—96
C A Hudson	10	7	9	10	7	10	10	8	10	10—91
F Silvestre	10	9	10	9	6	10	7	10	10	7—88

The following are the prize winners as officially announced in the matches which closed January 1:

Rest Match.—First, F. J. Rabbeth; second, J. B. Fellows; third, Lewis Saunders; fourth, C. W. Hinman; fifth, J. N. Frye; sixth, S. Wilder; seventh, C. A. Hudson; eighth, G. W. Bullard.

Decimal Match.—First Class.—First, F. J. Rabbeth; second, G. W. Bullard; third, J. N. Frye; fourth. C. W. Hinman; fifth, O. M. Jewett; sixth, L. L. Hubbard; seventh, E. J. Cram; eighth, R. D. Archer.

Decimal Match.—Second Class.—First, D. F. Bryden; second, F Wallace.

Victory Medal Match.—First, L. L. Hubbard, gold medal; second, H. G. Bixby, silver medal; third, E. F. Richardson, bronze medal.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 11.—At Pine Grove Range to-day was the second meeting of the winter series. There was a light wind about 12 o'clock by the dial. The following scores tell the story:

Creedmoor Match.

Stedman Clark	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	4—45
C Arthur	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—44
H T Farrar	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4—43
A L Rice	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	3	4	4—43
Re-entry	4	5	5	4	5	3	3	4	4	5—42
J Williams	4	4	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	4—42
F Wesson	4	4	3	4	4	5	5	4	4	3—40

Decimal Match.

Stedman Clark	9	8	9	8	5	4	8	6	6—69	
Re-entry	5	8	8	10	9	9	10	8	9	8—82
J N Morse, Jr	7	8	7	9	6	6	7	8	7—71	
Re-entry	4	10	5	5	5	8	8	10	8	7—70
C Arthur	8	6	6	4	9	10	7	8	7	6—69
J Williams	5	8	9	2	6	8	7	7	5	9—65
H Emery	5	5	9	6	4	7	1	10	5	2—54

Decimal Match—Rest.

J N Freeman	9	10	8	4	7	8	10	10	10	6—82
J Williams	9	8	8	7	7	6	8	10	6	4—76

GARDNER, Mass., Jan. 10.—At the last meet at Hackmatack Range only three members of the Gardner Rifle Club shot for a record. The distance was 200yds., off-hand, the inch ring and Creedmoor target combined being used:

	R.	C.	R.	C.	Totals.
G F Ellsworth	87	46	94	46	181 92
G C Goodals	73	43	71	43	144 86
A Mathews	76	43	66	42	142 85

THE TRAP.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.—The Mystic Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot on Christmas day. Ten clay pigeons, twenty yards rise. Below is the score:

S. S. Thompson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—10
H. G. Stubbs	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1— 9
H. T. Higbee	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1— 9
Henry Corning	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1— 9
James Porter	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1— 8
George Baker	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1— 8
S. S. Smith	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1— 8
R. H. Suskin	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1— 8
H. L. Bell	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1— 5
Louis Mayer	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0— 5

Thompson won first.

Ties on second, miss and out: H. G. Stubbs, 4 (no cap on the cartridge of 5th), W. T. Higbee 3, Henry Corning 3. Higbee won second.

Ties on third, miss and out: Porter 3, Baker 1, Smith 2, Suskin 1. Porter won third.

Match shoot: Ten glass balls, 18 yards rise, Card's trap: Porter 7, Thompson 10, total, 17. Higbee 10, Stubbs 7, total, 17.

Second shoot, 5 balls: Thompson 5, Porter 5, total 10. Higbee 4, Stubbs 5, total, 9. Porter and Thompson won.

Thompson received a Victoria gun case and box of rubber stamps for best average. Higbee received a 4¼ lb. keg of powder and a box of cigars for second best.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 2.—The Woodland Gun Club went out to their range to day. The time was spent in shooting glass balls. Out of a possible 5 balls the following number of balls were broken: H. F. Rice, 25; C. A. Parker, 18; F. H. Fuller, 28; John Arien, 24; C. L. Macomber, 17; John Tongas, 16; A. L. Gleason, 20; M. D. Gilman, 27; L. R. Hudson, 25; E. L. Newcomb, 19.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

All who drive, sportsmen, travelers and gentlemen generally, should read what G. W. Simmons & Co. say of the dogskin jackets they are selling so many of at this season.—*Adv.*

Like a beam from the sun BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS go straight to the spot. Prompt, powerful, pure, they subdue pain at once. All other external remedies are sluggish and weak in comparison. Benson's are the latest product of the most careful study and experiment. For rheumatism, neuralgia and all painful affections. All druggists. Price 25 cents.—*Adv.*

I conceive of nothing in true sportsmanship necessitating a pandering to or development of any of the degrading or brutalizing elements of human nature, but rather an ennobling and purifying influence, coming from a closer observance and a better knowledge of nature in all her beautiful and harmonious manifestations.—*Extract from a private letter.*

Yachting and Canoeing.

AN EXPERT'S INDORSEMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In this city, and in all places located on the Delaware River where yachts exist, FOREST AND STREAM is "an authority." With me, yachting has been a life-long study as a profession and a pleasure as a pastime. I have frequently been called upon to decide what might be termed knotty questions, and since I have learned to understand FOREST AND STREAM I have invariably referred to that paper to strengthen those opinions, or to seek further enlightenment which has been brought about by its many intelligent writers, as well as by the science of its *practical* yachting editor.

I cannot see why one authority should be vitiated by not entirely agreeing with others, or why a newspaper, whose influence reaches to the antipodes, should not be quoted as the very best authority. FOREST AND STREAM could never have obtained its circulation except on its merits as an authority. I can say knowingly our ablest marine architects and sound practical yacht sailers agree with you on the measurement question. Everyone knows you have sought hard enough to make it clear to the most sceptical and longest-eared.

R. G. WILKINS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

[For the above expression of recognition and others of similar tenor which have been offered by complaisant critics, our obligations are due. As Capt. Wilkins truly says, the circulation of a paper is the best evidence of its "authority."]

NEVA.

IT is quite probable that without the organized efforts of FOREST AND STREAM, and without the appearance of imported cutters in our waters, we would by gradual approaches have landed in yachts of the cutter type, just as we have already done, though the process of conversion to new ideas would have been very slow and almost imperceptible in its various stages. Yachting interests, like those of the commercial marine, are extremely conservative, and no sudden jumps ahead can be expected unless forced through offensive proselyting operations or brought about by hard facts such as we were taught by the advent of cutters of the fashion from abroad. There was, however, an undercurrent only slightly felt at the surface, but which in time was certain to bring about a radical change in a faith which had been tenaciously clung to long after its usefulness had ceased. Shoal drafts, light displacement, traps, and clumsy rigs were naturally indigenous to the smooth and confined waters upon which yachting in America took its origin. Those who lived along the river bank or placid bay never turned their thoughts to regions beyond their view. Builders supplied what their limited experience and primitive conceptions of yachting dictated, while owners, freshly recruited from the counting-house and parlor, were not over anxious to be caught too far away to wade or swim ashore in the event of accidents they were taught from their first lesson up to believe not only absolutely inseparable from the sport, but even indispensable to the full realization of its enjoyments.

These pristine ideas, growing into steady habit, became the fixed foundation upon which the later superstructure has been erected. A certain creed, a blind devotion for a collection of dogmas and everlastingly contemplating the past instead of looking into the future, gave birth to a faith so firmly rooted by the prejudices of custom, that nothing short of a miracle and some new apostle, tough enough to suit the desperate nature of the occasion, could hope to make an impression deep enough to force a change to a new basis as a timely acknowledgment that the world moves in yachting circles just as well as in other walks of life here below, and that if we knew it all in the past, there was plenty more to learn with the changed aspect affairs have assumed with the ripening the sport of sailing has undergone through increase in age. Under such circumstances, modifications in the practice of construction and a more thorough appreciation of the dignity the sport might assume could only come to us slowly, very slowly and by degrees, and what has been brought about during the three or four years past under high pressure, would have stretched out over a decade or two, had the drift of things been permitted to work out their salvation unaided. That we should have eventually arrived at much the same goal is hardly to be doubted. It required only enough coaxing, with a little occasional baiting in others, to overcome the peculiar aversion to keels and outside ballast. What at first seemed like a Herculean task with no prospect of a successful ending, soon began to rush along swimmingly with irresistible force.

About four years ago the keel was in very bad repute and outside weight was classed as a chimera of a long-eared animal, while the cutter, pure and simple, never, no never would such a despicable conception of an unbalanced mind float in American waters. Water would sooner run up hill, so one remnant of the flood delivered himself in print. This was scarce four years ago. Now, how things have changed! Even the orthodox, who proposed diving in their old-time belief, crawl out here and there with a good word for the innovations, cautiously keeping a hole for retreat in reserve by fiercely proscribing all beyond a limit so well stretched that they feel they are betting with loaded dice for a while to come. But the change from the centerboard sloop to the cutter spanned a far greater gulf than from four to five beams and then to six, and who will undertake to prophecy that having shown ourselves capable of swallowing the camel we will strain at the gnat. With cutters in our waters, living sermons on their merits, will it be long ere we prize at full value the merits of narrow beam for seaworthiness, economy and comfort? Startling as the thought of five or six beams may still seem to some, FOREST AND STREAM is confident the day is not far distant when a modern "narrow beam" will pierce the last vestige of prejudice as easily and completely as Madge in her day punctured the "sailing over the water for speed" chapter in the musty folio of yacht building tradition. But in relation to narrow beam we have other articles under way, so we need pursue this line no longer here.

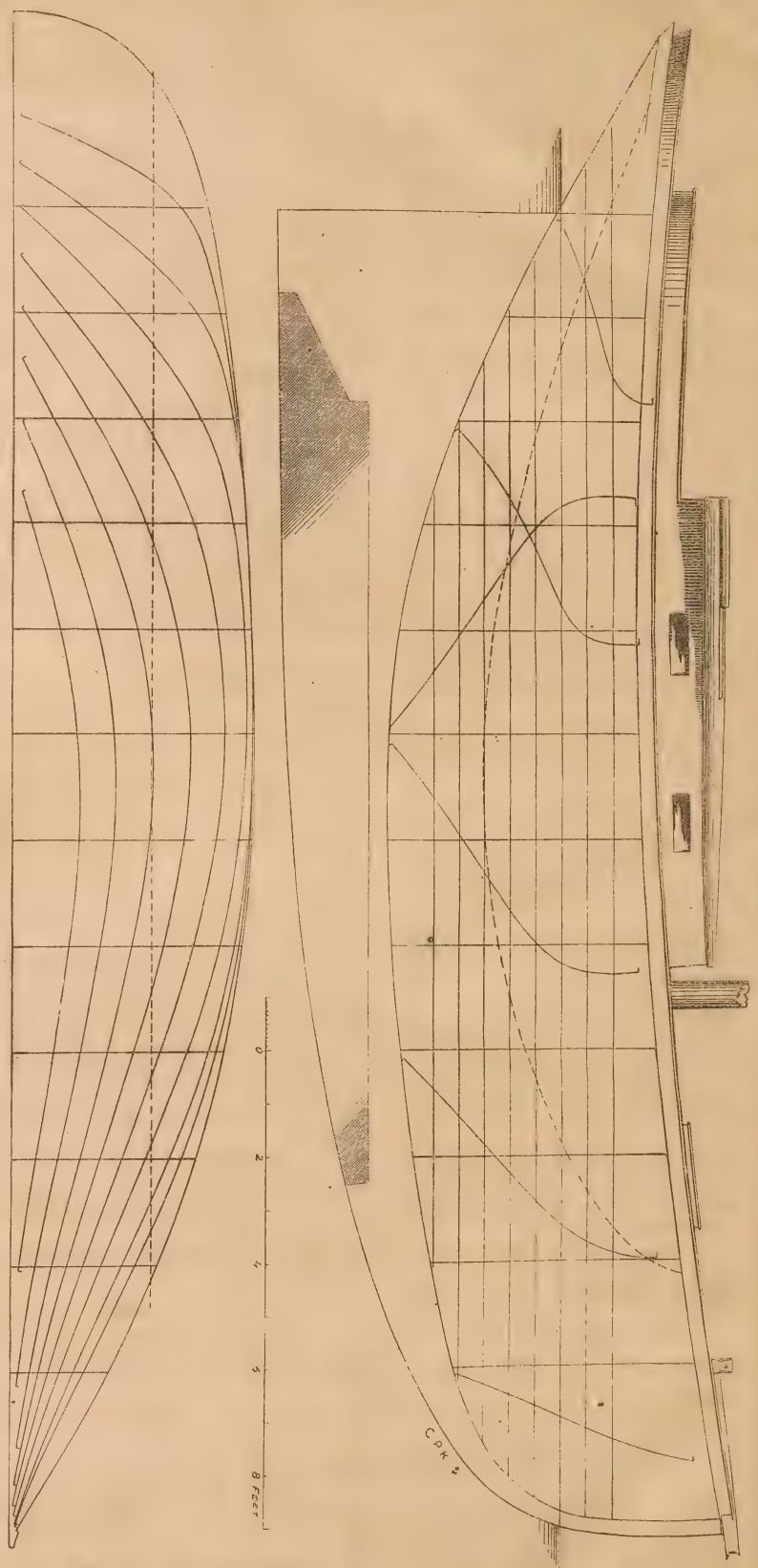
Before the camel had been swallowed straws were showing how the wind was about to blow. While the trap in her most dangerous deformity still held high carnival in metropolitan waters and was worshipped as the golden calf of the guild, Boston had been buffeting lustily with the sea in many a race outside the harbor and had to take the weather as it came on long cruises to off-shore isles and away down East in search of the world's end along the rocky fiords of the Pine Tree State. Boston sails most of her yachts with Corinthian caliber at sheet and wheel, and what was lacking in experience gathered from a seafaring life was fully made up in brains and quickness of perception. Amateurs though her Corinthians were, they soon discovered something out of joint between the centerboard dish and the doughty deeds of little yachts they read so much about in foreign publications. Were these all a myth or was the fault with their own boats and themselves that they failed to respond as yachts of much less tonnage were known to do abroad?

In this quandary they found a tight bower in FOREST AND STREAM, and unwilling at first to accept in full all its preachings, they resolved to essay by a system of gradual approaches. Keel first, a little weight outside; more; then all. A few inches more depth, a foot more, several feet more, until their draft exceeded that of the cutter. Double lifts in all sorts of half-way modifications, with the mast going aft all the time, and headsail now something like standard in cut. Masts docked a trifle, then boldly cut down; housing topmasts, short at first, sprouting skyward next. Booms and hoist shrink away, and heads spread accordingly. Even flowing foot mainsails, reefing bowsprits and square headers are seen in the fleet, and finally, as for the cutter in all her glory—well, she is already too common to excite especial attention. It is easy to infer where all this must lead us eventually, or we would be impervious to the logic of events. But great beam or narrow beam, it is an undeniable fact that much good sailing, safe sailing, fast sailing and any quantity of sport can be got without subscribing to FOREST AND STREAM principles in advance of the times, and that at this day there flourishes in Eastern waters a very numerous fleet of wholesome big-bodied vessels, closely akin to the genuine cutter in all respects save in the matter of beam. They have the depth, more than the draft, the outside weight, the rig and outfit of the blue bloods among yachts, and if their beam might be restricted, and bilge eased in consequence, accepting the cutter as our standard, these Boston yachts are nevertheless a model in all the elements of their design compared to the shoal centerboards now hauled out to rot, and fortunately no longer in good grace in the East, neither among owners nor the people who once upon a time made a living by their building.

In healthy yachts like Neva, of Boston, no one need hesitate to take up permanent quarters, to ship for the season, sail where and when he listeth, so far as any danger from innate trickiness or dubious stability of form is concerned, and in point of room, accommodation, and that "comfort" due to ability in jumpy water, the Neva class holds out inducements irresistible even to a New York sandbag devotee, and which make converts to sound principles by a single glance down the hatch.

As a very fine representative of a very popular class, we have this week produced the lines of the Neva for inspection, and add the following description as of interest:

Neva was built for Mr. George G. Granger, of Boston, in the spring



NEVA" CUTTER.—MR. GEORGE G. GRANGER, BOSTON.

of 1881. In model she is rather more taking than others of the type. A fine easy bow, with high side and no hard flare, swelling into a bold and well-proportioned midships, running off in a clear run, make up a whole quite pleasing and more agreeable than the naked dimensions would lead one to expect. She was one of the first of the kind, and many wise shakes of the head did the local sharps indulge in when they saw 1,100 lbs. of iron go underneath the keel in shape of a shoe, and when her owner fixed upon the cutter rig, pitying grimaces from the critic squad invested the innovator with a weakness in the upper story.

Since then the critics have lived and learnt and gone and done likewise. Ballast inside at the time of launching was 5,400 pounds, the total displacement being seven tons. With this stowage she proved herself easy and manageable in a sea as well as dry compared to sister boats. In 1882, her owner decided to change the rig, and increase the amount outside to 9,350 pounds, with 3,550 pounds stowed in a length of 8ft. inside. Spars, rig and trim were preserved. In her new form the Neva was found materially stiffer and no noteworthy difference in her behavior at sea was recorded. The addition outside involved an increase of 2½in. draught, bringing it up to 5ft. 5½in., a figure since exceeded by other Boston yachts of no greater length. Neva has not been raced, though in strong winds she has made an excellent showing. Her rig is little more than a jury for racing in light to modern breezes, as cruising was kept in view when striking in her spar plan, the lower sail area being only 725 sq. ft.

DETAILS OF NEVA.

Length over all	29 ft. 2 in.
Length on load line	25 ft.
Beam moulded	8 ft.
Depth, deck to top of keel	5 ft.
Draft, greatest	5 ft. 5½ in.
Least freeboard to planksheer	1 ft. 6 in.
Lead keel, depth amidships	1 ft. 7 in.
Lead keel, length	17 ft. 6 in.
Lead keel, width on top	3½ in
Lead keel, width on bottom	2 in.
Lead keel, weight	3,350 lbs.
Lead ballast inside	3,550 lbs.
Total ballast	9,900 lbs.
Displacement	7 tons.
Mast, 1ft. 6in. from bow, over all	35 ft.
Mast, diameter at partners	7 in.
Main boom, egg section, 3x6in	24 ft.
Gaff, egg section, 2½x4in	15 ft.
Topmast, 3½in. diameter, above cap	9 ft.
Length of mast doublings	4 ft.
Bowsprit outboard to stayhole	9 ft.
Hoist of mainsail	30 ft. 6 in.
Foot of mainsail	34 ft.
Head of mainsail	11 ft. 6 in.
Leech of mainsail	31 ft.
Staysail on foot	12 ft.
Staysail on leech	26 ft.
Jib on foot	11 ft.
Jib on leech	24 ft.
Area, lower sail	725 sq. ft.
Length of cabin trunk	9 ft.
Height of side aft	1 ft. 3 in.
Length of cockpit	6 ft.
Height of rail with cap	2¾ in.
Copper water tanks	60 gals.

There are two deadlights in forward bulkhead of trunk and a twenty inch circular scuttle to the forecastle. The water tank under the cockpit is piped to draw water in the forecastle; lockers and pantry below are especially convenient in arrangement of detail. Cabin is finished in cherry and pine polished, the cockpit in cherry. Cabin cushions of hair, covered with brussels. Cabin table supported by four shifting legs, which can be quickly unscrewed and stowed away. It is made of cherry with nickel-plated fastenings. The steering gear consists of iron wheel and quadrant, with cog and ratchet to set it. The deck is completely covered, being given to extensive housing. Galley, side lights, Fresnel riding light, liquid compass, etc., and a full line of supplies. The yawl is whaleboat shape, eleven feet long and owing to sharp ends can be stowed inboard with less trouble than a spare transom. The ground tackle consists of two Trotman anchors, 50 and 75 lbs. Cables, 55 fathoms of 2¾ in manilla and 40 fathoms of 3¼ in. Standing rigging ⅜ in. galvanized wire; blocks 4 inches Bagnall and Loud patent brass bouched with lignum vitæ shells. Lower sails of 10 oz. duck. Hull and fastenings particularly strong. Keel of 4 in. siding, frames of oak sided 2½ in. and moulded 3 in. at floor and 2 in. at gunwale; deck beams 8x3½ in.; plank yellow pine 1¼ in. thick; deck and house top 1¾ in. double, with tarred paper in a layer between.

TERRIBLE MESS.

OUR English cousins are in a very bad way. Their new yachts are to0 fast for the old ones. Natural enough, and Englishmen ought to congratulate themselves accordingly. But then there are "vested interests," and they are bound to pop up with a "here we are again," and all sorts of presto change rules, the sole object of which is to thimblerig the fast ones out of their well-earned winnings, for the benefit and delight of the tubs of the fleet. Thus we have a proposition for a "second Y. R. A. rule of measurement," a sort of porous plaster to draw part of the prizes aboard ancient vessels of the staid and comfortable old school order, by choking off the great "nature row beam" of the day, and with a patent back-acting measurement device compel them to stand and deliver, or keep away from the course. Then we have other proposed medicine of a cathartic order with which the modern craft is threatened, emanating from no less a source than Mr. Baden Powell. This plan is to "allow" a certain proportion of beam to length, the limit set at five in a perfectly arbitrary manner, all longer yachts to be blackmailed for daring to be longer and better boats.

The proposition is, of course, acceptable to short boats, providing they have a five-beam and over to race against. A five-beam will take regular time and a special superadded dose of charitable pap from a five-and-a-quarter-beam, "by divine right," we suppose, as it would be difficult to assign any other right. But should the same five-beam tackle a four-and-a-half, the former, one night imagine, would, on like principles, be made to concede to the shorter, wider yacht, an amount in proportion to what was demanded from the five-and-a-quarter as above. She does nothing of the sort, but under the proposition gets the full benefit of her extra length, "authority" having decreed everything eminently proper up to five-beams, but an inch beyond that a taxable transgression. Talent must be in a bad way indeed, if measurement is to revolve itself into such out-of-hand patchwork. And pray why ostracise everything beyond five-beams? Whatever sin there be in still narrower boats has already been committed in five-beams and much under. Why proscribe what people want? What is the matter with six-beams that it should be pounced upon by organized pillage?

Some of the finest yachts in Great Britain are over five beams in length, and if form were left alone to develop itself by the process of natural selection, it is quite probable that a great many more six-beam yachts would be built by deliberate preference. Ask Mr. John Harvey for the best proportions and he will not hesitate to give his experience as strongly in favor of six-widths "for cruising, for fishing, for anything." If somebody does not like the proportion of five, another will jump up and want to stop all proceedings at four, still another at three beams and so on. Who is to be the judge in the matter? A third strike at the flyers is, however, much more likely to recoil upon the would-be assassins of the narrow beam, than to accomplish what they seek. It is contemplated to measure by sail area and length, a meaningless concoction, devoid of logical basis and sure to put a premium upon the narrowest boat. This rule might have been excused in America as a stepping stone toward better boats, but in English waters it is indefensible. So between all this and innumerable wild handicapping schemes, a desperate attempt is made to cast the fast yachts in the bonds of the past, and but for existing Y. R. A. enactments, the times ahead would look blue indeed for the modern racing cutter.

PROGRAMME OF THE NICE REGATTA.

FIRST DAY.—TUESDAY, MARCH 27.

Sailing Races (under the Rules and Regulations of the Yacht Club de France).

PRIX DE NICE (Yachts of 30 tons and above).—First prize 6,000fr. and gold medal, second, 2,000fr. and gold medal, third, 1,000fr. and silver-gilt medal, fourth 500fr. and silver medal; yawls computed at three-fourths, schooners and lateen rigs at two-thirds of their real tonnage; distance, 25 miles.

Yachts from 15 to 30 tons.—First prize, 2,500fr. and silver-gilt medal, second 1,250fr. and silver medal, third 800fr. and bronze medal, fourth 500fr. and bronze medal.

Yachts from 5 to 15 tons.—First prize 1,500fr. and silver-gilt medal, second 800fr. and silver medal, third 400fr. and bronze medal, fourth 200fr. and bronze medal.

Yachts from 2 to 5 tons.—First prize 1,000fr. and silver medal, second 500fr. and silver medal, third 200f. and bronze medal, fourth 100fr. and bronze medal.

For Yachts under 2 tons.—First prize 400fr., second 200fr., third 100fr., fourth 50fr.

Naval Long-Boats (French crews supplied by the cruising squadron of the Mediterranean).—First prize 200fr., second 200fr., third 100fr.

Long Boats, equipped for sailing bounds.—First prize 150fr., second 100fr., third 50fr.

Long Boats, equipped for fishing.—First prize 150fr., second 100fr., third 50fr.

SECOND DAY.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28.

Sailing Races (under the Rules and Regulations of the Yacht Club de France) open to all classes.

Prix d'Honneur.—First prize 3,000fr., second 1,500fr., third 1,000fr., fourth 500fr.; distance 25 miles; steam racing; under rules and regulations of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris.

Prix de Monte Carlo.—Steam yachts of 30 tons and upwards, register tonnage.—First prize 6,000fr. and gold medal, offered by the Minister of the Navy; second 2,000fr. and silver medal, offered by the same; third 1,000fr. and silver-gilt medal, offered by the Cercle de la Voile de Paris; fourth 500fr. and silver medal, offered by the Cercle de la Voile de Paris. Distance 50 miles.

Miniature Regatta (reserved to models).—First, sailing races; First series, models yachts measuring under 62 centimetres; second, model yachts measuring from 62 to 85 centimetres; third, model yachts measuring from 85 centimetres to 1 metre 25 cent., race open to all series, allowance computed at 25 seconds by series. Secondly, steam racing. Thirdly, boats actuated by springs. In each race a first, second, and third prize in specie will be awarded.

THIRD DAY.—THURSDAY, MARCH 29.

Rowing Races (under the Rules and Regulations of the Rowing Club de Paris).—Yole gigs, funnys, outriggers; amateurs only admitted to compete.

Prix de Monaco (for four-oars with coxswain).—Distance 3,000 metres. First prize 5,000fr. in specie or object d'art of that value; second 2,000fr. or object d'art; third 1,000fr. or object d'art; fourth 500fr. or object d'art; fifth 250fr. or object d'art.

Prix de la Mediterranée (pair-oars with coxswain).—Distance 2,500 metres. First prize 1,500fr., or object d'art; second 700fr. or object d'art; third 350fr. or object d'art; fourth 250fr. or object d'art; fifth 100fr. or object d'art.

Prix du Pailloa.—Sculling race, distance 200 metres: First prize 500fr. or object d'art; second 300fr. or object d'art; third 150fr. or object d'art; fourth 100fr. or object d'art; fifth 50fr. or object d'art.

Ships' steam launches; First prize 400fr., second 300fr., third 200fr., fourth 100fr. (distance ten miles). Men-of-war's crews supplied by the Mediterranean Squadron).—First, long boats (twenty pair of oars): First prize 500fr., second 250fr., third 150fr. Second, Boats (eighteen rowers): First prize 300fr., second 150fr., third 100fr. Third, Whale boats (seven rowers): First prize 200fr., second 100fr., third 50fr. Yacht yoles (four rowers): First prize 150fr., second 100fr., third 50fr. Boats from commercial vessels (four rowers): First prize 100fr., second 50fr., third 25fr. Fishing boats (six rowers): First prize 100fr., second 50fr., third 25fr. Pedoscephes: First prize 100fr., second 50fr., third 25fr. Boats rowed by ship boys: First prize 80fr., second 40fr., third 20fr.

Canoes (with one amateur paddler). Extreme length, 6 metres 50 centimetres; extreme width, 90 centimetres.—First prize 400fr., second 200fr., third 100fr., fourth 50fr.

Conditions.—A minimum of seven competing crews is indispensable for the crew finishing fifth to receive any award; of six in order for the fourth crew to receive any prize; or five to ensure the bestowal of the third money; and finally, of four in order that the second award be given. In case of a walk over, the prize will be integrally paid over, provided the course be satisfactorily covered. The entry money is fixed at 1 per cent. of each first prize. Admission free to all races of which the first prize does not amount to 500fr. Inscriptions close, at the Secretariat du Comité des Regates, Nice, on March 15, and must be written on the special forms obtainable on application, as are also copies of the rules under which the meeting will be held. Yachts admitted only to races of which the awards are declined to craft of their tonnage. The decisions of the committee cannot be appealed against, it being stipulated that the competitors, in sending in their nominations, accept their jurisdiction and renounce having recourse to that of the law tribunals.

We learn from good source that Mr. Colt proposes to enter the Dauntless schooner, N. Y. Y. C., now in the Mediterranean. Her racing spars and sails have been shipped. She will sail in the first match, Tuesday, March 27, for the Prix de Nice, a purse of $1,200 and gold medal. The chances of landing this big swag are excellent, indeed, if there is anything like breeze enough for such a big one. Dauntless will have it much her own way. There is nothing, so far, to meet her. A promiscuous lot of French and Italian hybrids of no great account will not give the American any trouble unless in a drift or light puffs, and there seems at present little chance of any English cracks turning up for the occasion. The Nice regattas have heretofore been so badly managed, and conducted so much on the "greased pole" and exhibition plan, with such crass innovations upon regular racing customs, that English yachts fight shy of subjecting themselves to the management of a French committee. This year, however, Y. R. A. rules will be recognized, and it is to be hoped such liberal prizes will not go begging for want of good starters. We should like to see Dauntless and Celonia or Miranda in a bout to windward, but there is no prospect of such a contest. By the way, as long as Mr. Colt is on racing bent, why did he not seize a better opportunity while in Channel ports? Perhaps he had not then made up his mind to race, and perhaps the business was a little too breezy for the New York idea, or did a friendly turn with some of the British cracks create an appreciation of the adage that "Discretion is the better part of valor."

MR. LAWTON'S VIEWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A statement in Mr. Lawton's reply last week seems to demand notice to prevent misapprehension. Whatever solace Mr. Lawton derives in citing Mr. Kemp and Mr. Colin Archer as opposed to bulk measurement, is equally shared by myself, since Mr. Kemp is also opposed to measurement by length as proposed by Mr. Lawton, while Mr. Archer, never very positive in favor of length, has so far receded as to enforce the Sea wanhaka sail rule as preferable. But Mr. Kemp, not long ago, in comparing the performances of two yachts in the London *Field*, distinctly insisted upon starting with bulk as his basis, ignoring difference in length, his examples being a long, narrow and a shorter, wider yacht, both of the same volume to outside lines. I am not looking for like endorsements from any source, if I were I should not ask for a stronger and more honest judgment than the free acknowledgment of Mr. Kemp that a fair comparison between two different models must be based upon equal bulks. As a race is a comparison of performances, the ground Mr. Kemp took in favor of the equity of a bulk standard applies with equal force to the issue of a contest dependent upon the same qualities he had under consideration, however much he may think it politic to countenance some artificial substitute for use in match sailing.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

GANNET.—Concerning this yawl, the *Herald* of Wednesday last says: "A very excellent little centerboard yacht of the single-handed cruiser type has just been completed by Messrs. Wallin & Gorman, of South Brooklyn, for Mr. Oliver Adams, the corresponding secretary of the Larchmont Yacht Club. The boat is only 23ft. 6in. in length over all and of 8ft. beam, and yet has a roomy little cabin 8ft. in length, with 4ft. 6in. headroom in it. When ballasted to the proper water line with 3,500lbs. of iron, about one-half of which will be bolted to the keel, the extreme draught will be about 2ft. 6in. and the least freeboard about 18in. The cockpit floor is built high above the water line, and is bright, as is also the deck. The yawl rig will be tried, as the boat is intended only for pleasure sailing and cruising. This little ship is really a curiosity in its way, as it is surprising how much room and comfort can be obtained on such meagre dimensions in such neat shape and seaworthy form with moderate draught." We may add that the above quotation shows an intelligent appreciation of the good points a small yacht should possess. The *Herald* is not slow in recognizing merit, even though displayed in a style of boat representing a variation upon old ideas.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—The annual ball of the club, Jan. 12, proved in every way a notable affair, and drew to the Horticultural Gardens the elite of Toronto and neighborhood, including the members of the club, officers of the army and navy, the consular corps and the professions. The ball room was elegantly draped with flags and banners, and the names of the yachts of the fleet variously illuminated. The credit of the tasteful decorations belongs to Capt. Geddes. Music was furnished by the Tenth Royal Grenadiers, and dancing was kept up till early morn.

NEW YACHTS.—Stoddard, of Newport, is building a deep sloop for Mr. S. Cary Smith. Length on load line, 27ft.; beam, 10ft. 10in.; length, 42ft. 6in.; draft, 5ft.; freeboard, 22in.; cabin has 5ft. 3in. head room. Cockpit with cabin door sill at deck level; short boom and long gaff. Evidently the yachting world is moving in accord with the lessons in these columns, even in matters of detail. Sails for this boat by Lapthorn & Ratsey, of Cowes, England.

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.—At the regular annual meeting the election resulted as follows: Comodore, F. C. Lawrence, Jr., of the Vixen sloop; Vice Commodore, Archibald Rogers, of the Bedouin cutter; Rear Commodore, W. W. Tompkins, of the Vivid sloop; Secretary, M. R. Schuyler; Treasurer, R. B. Simonds; Fleet Surgeon, John M. Woodbury, M. D.; Regatta Committee, Louis P. Ward; Francis O. De Luce, Alexander H. Stevens, Walter H. Snydam and S. Nelson White.

YONKERS Y. C.—Have elected the following officers: Commodore, A. J. Prime; Vice-Commodore, C. T. Mercer; F. Captain, T. W. Post; Secretary, William Thompson; Treasurer, John Nesbit; Measurer, D. Murray; Steward, W. H. Veitch; Trustee, Frank Ford.

NEW SINGLE-HANDERS.—Mr. Clapham is to build three single-hand Nonpareils 25, 28 and 30ft. long. He is also getting out plans for a 60ft. Nonpareil, schooner or yawl rig, to be built at Cleveland, Ohio.

MEDUSA.—The spar plan of Mr. Dexter's new 30-ton cutter, 54ft. loadline, is as follows: Mast, deck to hounds 36ft., main boom 47ft., gaff 29ft., bowsprit outboard 26ft., topmast, fid to sheave 32ft.

ANOTHER CUTTER.—Smith, of South Boston, is to build a cutter 60ft. long, with 15ft. beam and 9ft. 6in. draft, the model being furnished by the owner. She is to be off by the middle of May.

NEW NONPAREIL.—Mr. Clapham has the keel laid and frame up for a 62ft. Nonpareil yacht for a New York gentleman. Also busy with a number of models and plans for various parts of the country.

NEW CUTTER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith is at work on the design of a cutter 32ft. load line. To have wide keel, 3400., molded, similar to the keel of the Wasp, illustrated in this journal Dec. 14.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M., Hastings, Iowa.—1. Where and at what price can I get Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass?" 2. What make of reel is best suited for bass fishing, fly and bait, and should it be placed on the rod in front or back of hand? Ans. 1. We can furnish it; price three dollars. 2. Those who use bait alone prefer a bass reel in front of hand. For both kinds of fishing use stiff trout rod with click reel behind the hand.

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"	9 " "	6 00	"	6 " "	9 00
Heavy Black Bass	3 " "	2 25	Ex.	2 " "	3 50
"	6 " "	4 50	"	3 " "	7 50
"	9 " "	6 75	"	6 " "	15 00
Ex.	3 " "	2 75	Regular treble or twisted	2 " "	3 25
"	6 " "	5 50	"	3 " "	4 38
"	9 " "	8 25	"	6 " "	8 75
Salmon	6 " "	6 50	Heavy	2 " "	5 00
"	9 " "	9 75	"	3 " "	6 00
Heavy Salmon	6 " "	8 00	"	6 " "	12 00
"	9 " "	12 00	Ex.	2 " "	7 00
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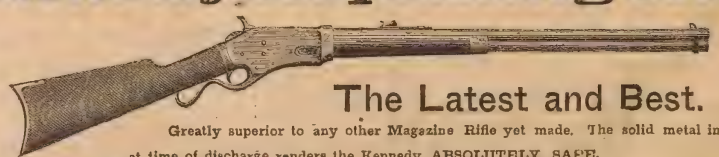
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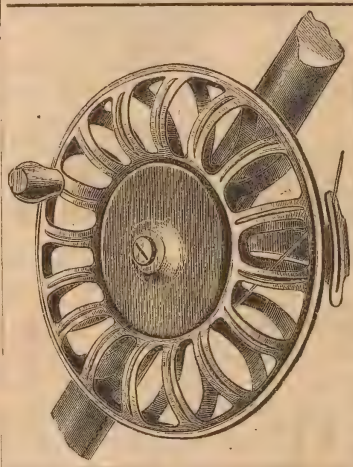
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FIFTY-NINTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT.
Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of January, '83.

CASH CAPITAL,	$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Unearned Premiums,	2,116,832 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	317,596 01
Net Surplus,	1,774,061 06
CASH ASSETS,	$7,208,489 07

J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary,
T. B. GREENE, W. L. BIGELOW, } Ass't Secretaries.
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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.—1883.

FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

The year now drawing to a close has been with the FOREST AND STREAM one of most gratifying progress. Early in the year by an important mechanical improvement, the typographical beauty of the paper was greatly enhanced; and in August, with the beginning of the tenth year of publication, it was

Permanently Enlarged to Twenty-eight Pages.

There has been an equal growth in other important respects. The patronage accorded to this journal by the intelligent reading public has never been more cordial than it is at the present time. Sustained thus heartily, the publishers are prepared to maintain in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM prestige as the

Representative Field Journal

of this country, at once entertaining, useful and influential. As the exponent of the highest types of field-sportsmanship the paper will be adapted to the tastes of all men who use the rod and gun as means of pleasure and recreation. Broad in its sympathy with all that is legitimate in field sports, free from any entangling alliances with cliques, having no interests to serve save those of its constituents, and never hesitating in its criticisms of whatever may be inimical to these interests, the FOREST AND STREAM'S highest ambition will be to preserve in the future the approval won by its course in the past. It will persist in its efforts to awaken in the public mind a fuller appreciation of the importance of the proper protection of game in the breeding season, and of due moderation in the destruction of game at other times. This it considers a matter of prime importance, not so much to the man whose wealth and leisure enable him to make extended tours to favored game countries, as it is to that already very large and constantly increasing class of business and professional men, whose favorite relaxation from the routine of employment is found in brief vacation trips to the woods and fields and brooksides.

The enlarged form of the FOREST AND STREAM enables its editors to present each week in the several departments a large and varied supply of reading. In the columns of

The Sportsman Tourist

Will be found sketches of travel and sport. Coming from many different writers, and widely separate parts of the country, these sketches always have the charm of novelty, and they are sure to be read with interest by sportsmen, because their writers see things through sportsmen's eyes, and describe them from the sportsman's standpoint.

Natural History.

This department will not deal with fossils nor with the monsters of African jungles. Quite on the contrary, it will treat of the animal life of land and water in our own country, the habits and ways of American fur, fin and feather, in which American sportsmen are presumed to take an intelligent interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

In addition to the numerous accounts of hunting and shooting exeursions, necessarily varied and interesting—as such accounts must need be—these columns will be found of special value to amateur and veteran alike, because of the frequent interchanges of experience in all matters pertaining to game and shooting.

Sea and River Fishing.

The angler will find in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM the best angling literature of the day, in quantity more than is contained in all other publications put together. This journal has inaugurated a series of angling tournaments, the initial meeting having been held in the Central Park of this city; and it is believed that others of equal success will follow in other years. Meanwhile, the man who loves to go a-fishing may find in the FOREST AND STREAM all the year around a great deal that must be to his liking.

Fishculture.

The columns devoted to this important subject furnish a complete resumé of curren achievements and progress in this important work.

The Kennel.

This department has won the confidence of dog owners. Its reports of field trials, bench shows and other events are recognized as impartial, honest, and the most able published The recent series of papers by its editor, entitled "Training vs. Breaking," have been published in book form, and have had a very large sale. Other papers of equal importance will be published from time to time.

Yachting and Canoeing.

The editor of this department being a practical naval architect, and thoroughly familiar with every branch of the subject, will continue the same intelligent treatment of yachting and canoeing that have already won for the FOREST AND STREAM esteem and confidence.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

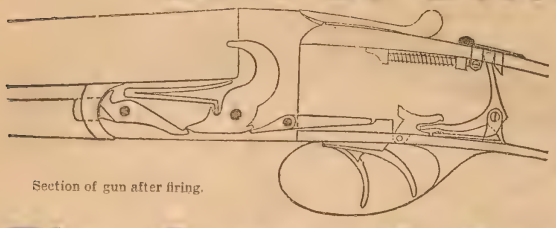
We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

The weekly issues of the FOREST AND STREAM form two volumes each year, of twenty-six numbers, or 500 pages each, and the files constitute a library of permanent worth. Eighteen such volumes have already been published. We furnish handsome file binders (price $1.25) which hold twenty-six numbers.

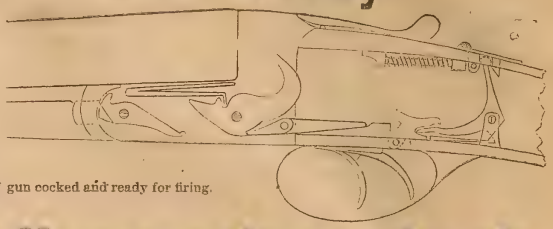
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Section of gun after firing.



Section of gun cocked and ready for firing.

The Anson & Deeley Hammerless Lock,

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HAS NO EQUAL!

And is the only hammerless gun in the market that is absolutely faultless, being simple, durable, and possessing those wonderful shooting powers, combined with that indescribable symmetry and beauty so characteristic of Westley Richards' product.

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CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., March 20, 1882.

J. Palmer O'Neil, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—The Westley Richards Hammerless Gun I obtained from you has been the admiration of all my friends. I consider it much the best Hammerless gun, and recommend all sportsmen who can afford the luxury of a perfect gun, to buy a Westley Richards Hammerless.

Respectfully, PATRICK HENRY.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Sept. 20, 1882.

J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Dear Sirs—The Greener and Westley Richards guns arrived safely yesterday A. M., and in the evening I took them both out and targeted them. I like the Greener better for only one reason, and that is it fits me a trifle better. But the Westley Richards made by far the best target, so I have concluded to keep it and return the Greener. The Westley Richards is certainly a little beauty, and makes as fine a target as I ever saw. One of my friends who is a great sportsman went out with me, and before the trial made all manner of fun of the "pop gun," even while he admired its graceful shape and elegant workmanship. But the result of the trial rather surprised him. He shot against the Westley Richards, his 11lbs. Daly loaded with 5 drams of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot, while I used 3¼ drams of powder and 1⅛oz. No. 7 shot. At 30, 40 and 50 yards I beat him badly in distribution and penetration. At 60, 65 and 70 yards fully equalled him. And the difference at 75 and 80 yards could hardly be noticed. I am much pleased with the gun, and as soon as I become a little more accustomed to it I have no doubt my shooting will be greatly improved. I shall take pleasure recommending the Westley Richards Hammerless Gun.

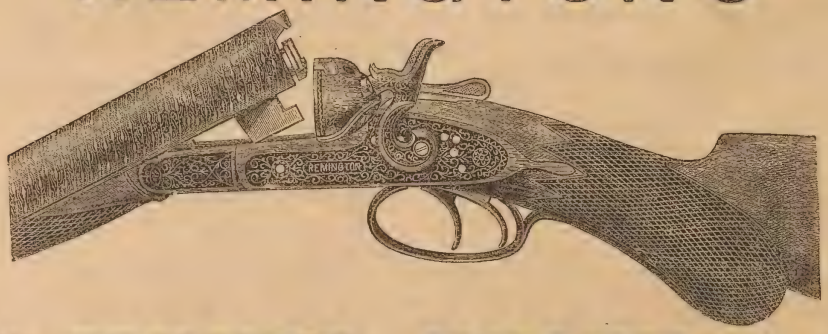
Yours truly, GEO. H. TOUSEY

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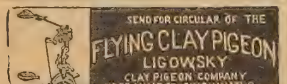
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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The thoroughbred red Irish setters, champion Rory O'More, champion Rufus, ex-champion Friend Rexford (Berkley ex Nora), litter brother of Lady Berkley, winner of first prize Cleveland, Ohio, 1882.

FOR SALE.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies of the purest strains. Full pedigrees. W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y.

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Field trial and bench show winner, and sire of the field trial winners Countess May, Pollux and Bessie, and many other good ones. Dash III. since his importation to this country has shown himself to be as good a sire as his illustrious brother, Llewellin's celebrated Dash II., for which he paid $1650. Will serve a limited number of approved bitches at $35. Address A. M. TUCKER, 85 Main street, Charlestown, Mass.

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Winner of first in All-Aged Stakes at the ate Field Trials at Fairmont, Minn; also Bench Show winner of second at Atlanta, Ga., 1881, and first at Pittsburgh, Pa., 1882. Don is the only pointer who has won first at a Field Trial in this country. He is a vigorous, healthy dog, and his breeding is of the best. He will serve a limited number of approved bitches. Fee, $50. Address

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Pure Laverack, (10,130 E. K. C. S. B.) in the stud.

Seven 1st prizes, one 2d, first in Laverack Class at Alexandra Palace, 1881.

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Winner of ten prizes in England and America, will be allowed to serve a few approved bitches. For prize winnings and particulars apply to ERDMAN A. HERZBERG,
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HORNELL DANDY, by Bucephalus out of Black Bess, weight 24lbs. It has taken nearly two years to have our order filled for a black cocker under 28lbs. We have got him at last, and he will serve a few outside bitches at $20 cash. Some good show and stock dogs and bitches for sale. HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellsville, N. Y. nov30,tf

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IN THE STUD.

FOREMAN, by Dashing Monarch out of Fairy II., winner of second at Pittsburg, 1882; second at New York, 1882; first at Boston, 1882. Divided second with London at the N. O. Gun Club Trials, Opelousas, 1882.

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WANTED.—A ROUGH ST. BERNARD OR mastiff pup, St. Bernard preferred, 2 to 8 months old. Must be of good pedigree. Address with reference, stating lowest cash price, "MEG," care of P. O. Box 470, Morristown, N. J. jan18,1t

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EXTRA FINE GORDON DOG FOR SALE. nine mouths old, choice pedigree. House and yard broken, retrieves, well marked, kind and companionable. Price only $30. Apply care W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. jan18,2t

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FOR EXCHANGE.—A HANDSOME BLACK and white cocker spaniel, best of pedigree, for a hound to run foxes, not over 30lbs. weight, and not over three years old and first-class. Address A. J. LIGHT, Sherburne, N. Y. jan18,1t

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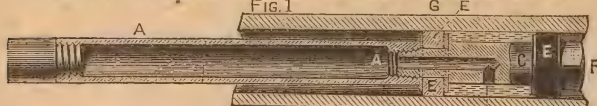


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.

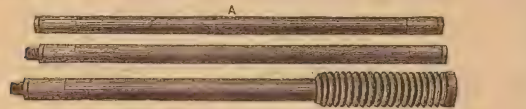


FIG. 2.



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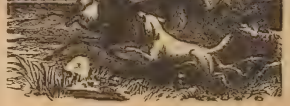
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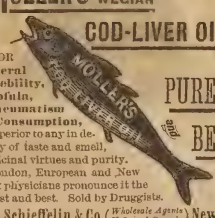
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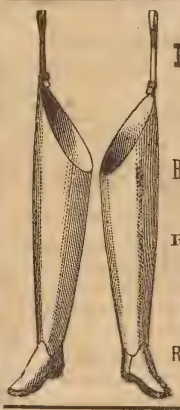
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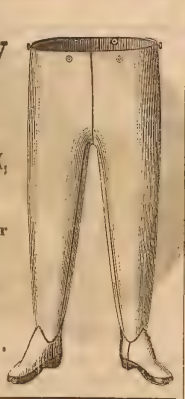
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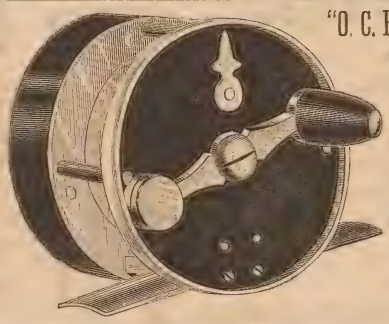
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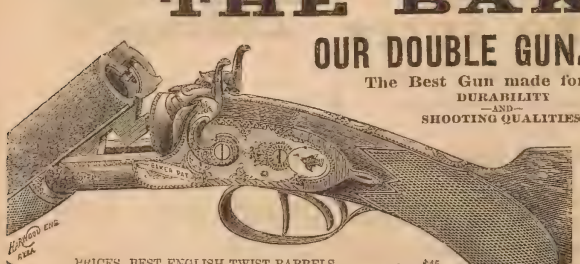


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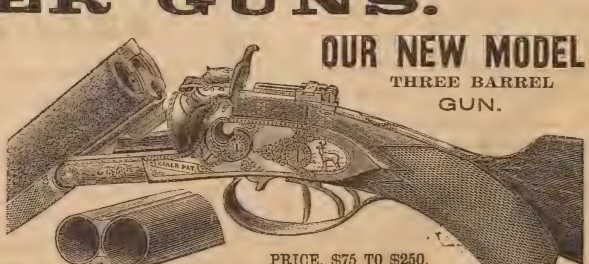
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must again remind our correspondents, and we think that this is about the one hundred and seventy-third time that we have done so, that all communications, editorial and business, must be addressed to the "Forest and Stream Publishing Company." Letters addressed to individuals connected with the paper often fail to receive attention, and in such cases the writers feel that they have been neglected. There is usually good reason for such silence, however. Thus it has frequently happened that one of the editors or some one in the business department has been absent from the office for a month or two at a time, and during this time his personal mail has remained unopened. Our correspondents, therefore, of whatever class, will save themselves and this office much trouble by addressing their communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

ADIRONDACK FOREST PROTECTION.—A bill has been passed at Albany prohibiting the sales of State lands in the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Montgomery, Safatoga, St. Lawrence and Warren. There were abundant reasons for the passage of this bill. The foolish and ruthless destruction of these timber lands has very materially affected the great and important water supplies of the State, to say little of the destruction of the attractions of the Adirondacks, and still less of the attendant killing of game. Just how far the improvident waste of forest lands in this country will be carried is something that the next generation will know more about than we do, and they will suffer from it in proportion.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the Nineteenth Volume of the FOREST AND STREAM. The index will be published next week.

THE PARK SAVED.

THE following letter has been sent by the Secretary of the Interior to Senator Vest:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Washington, January 18, 1883.

Hon. George G. Vest, U. S. Senate:

DEAR SIR—I have Mr. Langford's letter addressed to you, and by you referred to me. I have determined not to take any action in the matter of the lease to Messrs. Hatch & Co. until Congress shall take action on your bill; at least not until the close of the session. If no action should be taken on the bill, I shall feel inclined to execute to them a lease in strict accordance with the views expressed by your committee in the report made to the Senate.

I have issued an order prohibiting the cutting of timber without special authority from the Secretary, and prohibiting the killing of game within the Park.

I trust you will procure the early passage of the bill so that it may pass the House.

Very respectfully, H. M. TELLER, Secretary.

Mr. Langford's letter is herewith returned.

This ends the fight. The grabbers are defeated. The people's rights are to be protected. The Yellowstone Park is not to become a second and greater Niagara. The indications are now rather that it will be a place where one can go and have a delightful summer jaunt, stopping at a hotel if he likes, or if he prefers it, camping wherever his desires may lead him.

We trust that no one will forget for a moment that the redemption of the Park is due entirely to Senator Vest, who has on this, as on other occasions, shown himself in the broadest sense a true friend to, and representative of, the People, and an uncompromising enemy of all jobs and monopolies.

We said over a month ago that it was clear that there was an inner history to this matter, and the event has proved that we were right. Whether all the secrets of this ring will ever be brought to light is doubtful, but enough has been developed to make it appear that some of the officials of the Interior Department have, under certain circumstances, more power in their hands than they can safely be trusted with. Any extended comment on this point is superfluous to those who have carefully read the history of the attempted land grab as recorded in these columns.

A number of curious facts have lately come to the surface through the investigations of Senator Vest; facts which show very clearly the true relations to it of certain individuals whose names have been prominently connected with the scheme; facts which are creditable to some of the parties and very much the reverse to others. One of the most remarkable features of the whole business is the readiness with which Mr. Merritt L. Joslyn appears to have lent himself to the plans of the "Improvement" Company, in direct opposition to the instructions of his superior officer.

A week or two since, Senator Vest introduced a resolution, which was agreed to, calling upon the Secretary of the Interior to send to the Senate all correspondence and papers relating to the leasing of the Yellowstone Park. Accordingly last week the papers were sent in the Senate and an examination of their contents tells a curious story, so curious that we recount it here.

On April 28, 1882, Secretary Teller wrote to Mr. P. H. Conger, the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, inclosing a list of applicants for hotel privileges within the Park, and making inquiries as to the responsibility of the parties named. In the course of his letter he said:

> Applicants should be informed that under the law no lease can be granted for a longer term than ten years. You will also inform them that leases will not be transferable without the assent of the Secretary of the Interior, and that, if improvements are not made on the lands within eighteen months of the approval of the leases, the leases will be canceled. No lease will be given covering lands containing any of the natural curiosities or mineral springs within the Park, or that will in any way prevent free access to such curiosities or springs. This instruction in relation to the springs is deemed proper to procure to all the full enjoyment of the medicinal waters and to prevent a monopoly in their use, but it is not intended to prevent the granting of leases for lands in close proximity thereto. As the law authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to grant leases for building purposes in "small parcels of ground," no application will be entertained for leases of more than twenty acres in any one contract, and where the land desired is in the immediate vicinity of the principal attractions of the Park the location should be confined to such parcels of land as will reasonably accommodate the buildings and the necessary surroundings proposed by the leases.
>
> The following are the terms fixed by the department for the leasing of the ground within the Park, subject to such modifications as may from time to time be desirable: For tracts not exceeding five acres, $10 annually; for tracts exceeding five acres and not more than twenty, $1 for each additional acre over five.

This letter shows plainly just how the leasing of plots was regarded by the head of the Interior Department, and makes it clear that had he been in Washington at the time, no such contract would have been made as was entered into by his subordinate, or such monstrous form of lease considered as was intended to be made.

General Brisbin's application for the right to place a steamboat on the Yellowstone Lake was made July 12 and granted July 27.

Now comes the Hobart-Douglass application which has caused all this pother. This letter was backed by one from Senator Windom, who recommends the applicants as responsible, and further says that he will call upon the Secretary of the Interior shortly in regard to the matter. The letter of Messrs. Hobart and Douglas was submitted by Mr. Teller to Superintendent Conger. It did not take this gentleman long to see what the plans of this modest "Improvement" Company meant. He says briefly but to the point that the applicants "ask to cover entirely too much ground," and further gives it as his opinion that before long the franchises asked for will be very valuable, and that the public would not bear very patiently the transfer of all these privileges to a single corporation. Mr Conger's judgment on this point shows him to be a person of discernment.

It was shortly after this that, during Secretary Teller's absence from the Department, Mr. M. L. Joslyn, who may be supposed to have been informed of all that had been done in this matter, made the attempt to hand over the Park to the Improvement Company. Incidentally a letter has come out which was addressed by General Brisbin to Congressman Belford, and by him turned over to the Secretary of the Interior with the request that it may receive early attention. It bears directly on the grab of the "Improvement" Company, and on another little monopoly, which might be, if confirmed, a profitable one.

General Brisbin had been granted the right to put his steamer on the Yellowstone Lake, but hearing that the Improvement Company were also to put boats on this sheet of water, he became alarmed and wrote as follows:

FORT KEOGH, M. T., Sept. 25, 1882.

J. B. Belford, Denver, Col.:

MY DEAR BELFORD—Your letter of the 17th is received. Since writing under date of August 21, I have received a letter from the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, of which I will send copy. While I am very thankful to him for his concession, it hardly covers what we asked for. My application asked for the right to build a steamer to navigate the Yellowstone Lake for the pleasure of tourists and such additional steamers from time to time as might be required to accommodate the traveling public. The grant is for one steamer alone. A syndicate composed of Mr. Hobart, of the Northern Pacific Railroad; H. T. Douglass, of St. Paul, and some New Yorkers, notably Rufus Hatch, claim that they have cut under us and have secured the right to put on all the additional steamers for the next ten years, together with all sailboats. I am to be "allowed" to run one steamboat. These fellows claim to have hogged the whole Park, with all rights, privileges, immunities, ordinary and extraordinary. They are to build hotels, put on stages, and do all things. If you don't like the fare and charges at one of the company's hotels you can go to another kept by the same fellows and be charged the same and be given the same fare.

This extraordinary grant does not come from our good friend, Secretary Teller, but from the "assistant secretary," whoever he may be. We have a rule in the army that a commanding officer being temporarily absent from his command, an officer who succeeds him in command shall not grant favors, etc., but shall confine himself to the discharge of merely routine duties. This would be a good rule to adopt in the departments of Washington. This Assistant Secretary of the Interior during the temporary absence of his superior, Judge Teller, takes advantage of his absence to sign away the Park. It went slick. However, we do not care, provided the right to navigate the Yellowstone Lake by us is respected. I will address a letter to these men respectfully requesting that they concede this right to us, and if they do not accede to it we will upset the grant.

I wrote Judge Teller for a copy of the authorized lease granted the syndicate by his assistant secretary, and on receipt of it I will send it to you with my remarks. Meanwhile, will you see the Secretary and advise with him? Ask him to grant an absolute right to navigate the Yellowstone Lake for a term of years for the accommodation and pleasure of tourists. That is the application on file in advance of all others, and that, no doubt, is what Judge Teller intended to grant me.

I cannot find language to express the importance of this matter. Next year 30,000 tourists will be in the Park and 100,000 annually thereafter. The navigation of the Yellowstone Lake for ten years is worth $1,000,000 to the holders. Does that express it sufficiently? Do anything, do everything, Judge, to secure this right. I am very anxious, so write me again as soon as you have seen Judge Teller.

Yours truly, JAMES S. BRISBIN.

This letter is certainly a very amusing one from all points of view. General Brisbin knows very well how valuable the Park is, and being partly in the good thing, he is evidently afraid that the "Improvement" Company will prove too powerful competitors for him. He therefore gives his opinion on their methods and on those of the Interior Department with delightful frankness.

It is hoped that Senator Vest's bill will come up in the Senate within a few days, and we have the strongest reasons for believing that when it does come up, it will pass. We hope to see it become a law before the close of the session.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

THERE was introduced into the New York Assembly, by Mr. Townsend, January 15, a bill (No. 8) amendatory of the Game Laws of the State. The bill, which we understand is fathered by a number of the most important and faithfully working protective clubs in Central New York, has very many excellent features. We turn to a consideration of its provisions, commenting on them as we proceed.

Section 1, of Chapter 584 of the laws or 1879 is amended so as to forbid the killing or chasing of deer, the possession of "any jack or other device used in floating," the sale of deer or fresh venison, and the use of dogs, excepting only during the months of September and October. This is certainly a good law for the deer, and will, if enforced, be of great benefit in the way of protecting them. It will be unwelcome to the still-hunters and to those who like to kill the weak and feverish deer of July; but, as we have said before, if our game is to be protected, every class of hunters should be willing to make some sacrifice for the general good.

Section 4 of the same chapter forbids the shooting of fowl, plover and bay birds between the first of April and the first of September, except in the waters of Long Island, where none shall be killed between April 1 and October 1. This change is also to be commended as a step in the right direction, but is open to objection in one or two respects. We should be glad to see the words "Wilson's, commonly called English, snipe" interpolated in this section, since the bird is not anywhere mentioned by name, and is quite as much entitled to protection as any other that flies. This section, however, will receive the severe criticism of those who enjoy bay bird shooting. Ordinarily the first flight of bay birds takes place late in July, and, although it is usually unimportant, there are still many who count upon it. For the benefit of the beach bird shooters, however, the open season for birds of this group should begin August 1. The section should read something like this:

No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in possession after the same has been killed, any wild duck, goose, brant or coot, in any of the waters of this State between the first day of March and first day of September, except in the waters of Long Island, upon which waters none of said birds may be killed between the first day of March and the first day of October, etc., etc., and no person shall kill or expose for sale, etc., etc., any Wilson's snipe, commonly called English snipe, or any plover, or rail, commonly called mudhen, or gallinule, commonly called water chicken, or any bay or shore birds between the first day of March and the first day of August, etc., etc.

Section 9 is amended to forbid the killing of woodcock and gray or black squirrels, except during the months of September, October and November. A most excellent and wise provision.

Section 10 is amended so as to forbid the killing of ruffed and pinnated grouse, except during the months of September, October and November. This is also a wise amendment, and one which will prevent in many localities the killing off of all the "seed" partridges.

Section 11 forbids the netting or trapping, or having in possession after they have been netted or trapped within the State, any wild pigeon, grouse (of any kind) or quail. Also an excellent change, and one which may remedy present abuses.

Section 13 as amended by Section 3 of Chapter 584, laws 1880, is altered so as to forbid the killing of robins, meadow larks or starlings, except during September, October and November.

Section 14 is amended so as to forbid the killing of small birds by any one who does not possess a license from some responsible natural history society. Not more than five specimens of a kind can be taken within any one year. A similar provision we advocated last year to protect the small birds from the taxidermist and milliner.

Section 15 is amended to forbid the use of "trap or snare, or net or birdlime," or poisoned food against protected game, or the possession of birds' eggs, except under the restrictions of Section 14.

Section 18 is to be amended so as to forbid the taking of trout except by angling, or the taking, at any time, of trout, salmon or land-locked salmon through the ice, except in waters wholly private.

Section 19 will forbid the taking of any California trout, brook trout, or salmon trout or land-locked salmon less than five inches in length or the selling of smaller. It also forbids the taking of any of these Salmonidæ from the State waters, for the purpose of stocking a public or private pond. It should, however, be lawful to do this during the open season. That is, if it is legal to take them to kill, it should also be permitted to capture them to keep alive. The remaining amendments, so far as they concern the fish, consist chiefly of special provisions with regard to different localities, but Section 23 forbids in general the use of nets and other devices, not hook and line, for taking any fish, and persons finding such nets or other devices are authorized to destroy them.

To Section 31, fixing the bounty on wolves, panthers, etc., is added a clause offering a bounty of fifty cents for hawks and owls. An excellent provision.

Section 34 of the existing law is by this law repealed and a provision substituted obliging any one to give testimony as to the commission of offenses under this act, even if it incriminates him or her, but providing that such evidence shall not be used against him or her in any civil or criminal proceeding.

Section 36 is amended so as to permit the selling of hares and rabbits during the month of February, of woodcock, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse and black and gray squirrels during the month of December, and of fresh venison during the month of November, provided the seller proves that the game was killed during the open season, and also provided that he files with the nearest State game protector an inventory and report of all the game so had in possession or for sale, stating the species and number thereof, together with the proof that it was lawfully taken.

Section 41, which in the existing law is the enacting clause, forbids catching of fish by shutting off or drawing off the water in which they live.

As will be seen from the above quotations and remarks, Assembly bill No. 8 contains a number of most excellent provisions, which deserve the hearty approval and support of the sportsmen of this State. The gentlemen who drew it have endeavored to put their amendments in such form that they will excite as little opposition as possible, and have asked for what they think that they can get rather than for all that they want. If it should become a law, it cannot fail to do a great deal of good, providing, always, that it can be enforced.

The subject of additional game protectors is one that must receive attention. Long Island and the New York markets are now left to take care of themselves, instead of being closely watched, as they should be. We cannot too strongly impress upon our readers that the best way to prevent the illegal killing of game is to prevent its illegal sale. When this is done, the battle is more than half won.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP CIMBRIA.

AS usual after a disaster, tinkers and quacks turn up by the score with all manner of advice as to the necessity of still further complicating the "Rule of the Road" at sea with intricate signaling devices. In the desire to be foremost in pressing a cure for accidents which must forever remain possible while the high seas are threaded by the vast fleet of large and fast steamers modern civilization has called into being, the real issue is lost sight of completely. The "Rule of the Road" is the outcome of long experience. It is explicit and plain and calls for no surplusage of detail, which would simply serve to bewilder and increase the chances of misunderstanding and mistake in the few seconds which generally bring about the crisis. The rules are not at fault, accidents are due, not in consequence of their observance, but can invariably be traced to a failure to comply with their precise, but ample directions. No matter what the system of signaling or communicating intentions may be, some people will be stupid, others will be reckless, some become confused; and often has it been noted that no two will exactly agree as to the source of sound, the color of a light, the period of a flash or the distance at which an object is discerned. Physiologists are well aware of the deception practiced upon our senses in moments of excitement or intense expectation, and the unreliable service they render us in critical periods. It may be taken for granted that accidents, especially collisions in a fog, are destined to occur in spite of all precautions adopted or yet suggested.

The gist of the problem is then not so much how to prevent collisions at sea, for that has been provided in the rules established, but how to prevent the wholesale loss of life after the catastrophe which sends the vessel to the bottom in a few moments.

Steamship companies have tenaciously clung to the use of so-called lifeboats which have time and time again been proven next to useless for the saving of life. They have exhibited a stubborn conservatism which is beyond our understanding. Only under the most favorable circumstances, with smooth sea, disciplined crew, brave officers, and above all, ample time, can a steamship's boats be relied on to save the majority of passengers and crew. Such a combination of favorable conditions does not occur once in ten times. This is well enough known to every seaman, and yet steamship companies provide for an isolated case and take most desperate chances in all the nine remaining, idly deluding themselves with the belief they have done all that ingenuity can possibly devise for the safety of the lives committed to their care, when the most casual or superficial consideration of the chances must reveal on the spot to the most ordinary intelligence the perfect absurdity of trusting to boats to escape from a rapidly sinking vessel. Impracticable to launch, filled to swamping, smashed like egg shells against the vessel's sides, and capsizing with their topheavy loads, it has always been to us inexplicable that experienced men and the law could place reliance in what are so obviously faulty in conception and wretched shams in practice.

The saving of life through effective measures is a question so simple and so elementary that it is disgraceful to the age to send steamships to sea without adequate provision, infallible in its working.

All steamers have more or less deck houses and superstructure. Carry iron beams across these, turned down to the rail, much like the framing of a light hurricane deck. On top of these lay large rafts, flat, and wide, and uncapsizable. Construct them with a number of hulls, subdivided in compartments to prevent destruction if pierced by a falling spar or wreckage. Let one of these be placed over the quarter deck, another amidships and a third forward. Let them be two-thirds the width of the steamer's deck, and some fifty to seventy-five feet long each. Have broad ladders and other means of easy access, so that a multitude can be driven up like sheep; step a light rail or reeve a life line about the whole, and provide suitable means for instantaneous detaching. Keep provisions impervious to air and water, and spirits and signals in cans, bags, or other suitable receptacles. Sails, oars, medicine chest, etc., can find ready lodgment in the structure. The whole will cost no more than the worthless boats, will be light in weight, out of the way, and can be utilized in many respects in the economy of every-day life on board. Detail cool men to the necessary stations. Now let the vessel be struck and sinking threatened. Drive the passengers aboard the rafts, and as the vessel takes her last reel before disappearing, detach, and the raft with her precious burden floats clear. It will support all who can find room to stand, and the whole question of rescue is then reduced down to surviving the exposure necessarily entailed by the disaster. Gear likely to foul should of course be cut away while there is time. Elaborate the idea as you wish, and the worst of extremities would leave open a very good chance for life for those now ruthlessly sacrificed to crude, clumsy and impracticable contrivances left us from the Middle Ages. There is nothing new in these suggestions. All the more reason why the law should step in to arouse steamship companies from their lethargy, and force the adoption of plans at once simple and effectively answering the needs of the case.

"NON-CLEANING" RIFLE MATCHES.

IT is very likely that one of the near changes in the shooting rules at Creedmoor will be one making non-cleaning, except between ranges, compulsory. The British National Rifle Association have adopted such a rule and there is much to be said in its favor. There certainly is nothing more artificial than the style of shooting by which the Palma matches were fired. There was an accurate reduction of the conditions under which each shot was fired to the same level and thus followed the long strings of bullseyes, to which we have become accustomed. It was thought impossible to have entire accuracy, unless every minor point was duly looked after; and doubtless this was true; but there is no reason to think that with changed arrangements of rifle and ammunition good scores would not result, even under the non-cleaning rule. If such a result follows, then a great advance will have been scored; for certainly there is far more value in the conclusions reached in a non-cleaning match than in any of the old style small-bore contests. Those trials seem to have brought out about all the points they were capable of developing. They were of great value in pointing the way to something better. It is a more natural step to first try rifles and bullets and powder under the simpler conditions of a clean barrel at each shot than to strive for accuracy with the impediment of a dirty barrel.

One of the first effects of these non-cleaning conditions will be to direct attention to the explosive used. Low grade powders leave a heavy but soft residuum in the barrel, while the quick burning compounds, high priced and carefully made, do not leave so much, but they are more inclined to cake hard. Weather, too, has a very marked influence in this connection, and this makes it necessary to take with some allowance reports of work done by new guns in this cold weather, when judging what they will be able to accomplish on a hot, parched range in midsummer. In modifying the charge to secure good results with the debris of one round lying in the way of the next, it is more than likely that the whole question of explosives may be so overhauled that a revolution in ammunition will be brought about. There are hints of such a coming change, and in trying to reduce the evils of our present powder system to a minimum it is not at all unlikely that some new explosive may find its way to the front.

There needs more careful estimates of the relation between powder charges and the work they do. Where a 550-grain bullet has put behind it charges of powder running all the way from 80 to 110 grains, it is manifest that the bullet starts on its way under various conditions as regards upsetting and initial velocity. What those conditions are for various charges and for differing degrees of hardness of bullet is purely a matter of the most arbitrary conjecture on the part of the majority, if not all, who go to our ranges to shoot. It is certain that if all the powder is burned in each case the force is very different, and if it be not burned then it is just so much foreign and worse than useless matter, cumbering the cartridge shell and then the rifle barrel.

So long as cleaning out after each shot was permitted, these were trifling considerations. We could afford to be wasteful when that waste did not act as a direct clog on our efforts for good scores, but it will not pay to use extra large powder charges, when the surplus in each charge means a point off the record of the next shot.

It may be a question open for fair debate whether it is wise for our National Rifle Association to make a cast-iron rule on the subject of dirty matches. It is worthy of a fair trial, and for certain classes of matches open only to military men, and to be shot with military rifle, the rule ought

certainly to prevail. There are certain civilian marksmen who may prefer the cleaning out after each shot, and it might be better to have the non-cleaning provision inserted in the conditions of numerous matches, rather than have an inflexible general rule passed on the subject. The Amateur Rifle Club at its annual meeting decided to have such a match put on its lists of competitions; and with or without any special legislation on the subject it would seem to be the duty of the Directors of the National Association, for the furtherance of rifle practice, to give this non-cleaning feature a full prominence in the work at Creedmoor during 1883.

WHO OWNS THE GAME?—We have been asked the meaning of a sentence in the report of the trustees of the Cuvier Club, published in our last issue. The sentence is this: "The doctrine of exclusive possession upon one's own land, and also upon the waters which cover the land, has thus been fully affirmed." We do not believe that the writer of the report means to assert that the owner of a piece of land has "exclusive possession" of the game on that land, for such a doctrine is in direct opposition to the established principles upon which game laws are established. He probably means that the owner of the soil has virtually exclusive possession of the game by reason of his power, if he avails himself of the trespass laws, to keep all other men off from the soil. The game, wherever found, is public property until it is reduced to possession by capture in a legitimate manner, no matter whether the captor be the owner of the soil or not. It is high time that this principle should be well understood. If the captor of the game be a trespasser, he can be punished for that offense, but it is important to notice that the law inflicts the penalty not for the killing of the game, but for the trespass. We do not hesitate to say that in our belief the only satisfactory solution of the much-vexed game protection question will be found in the rigid enforcement of suitable trespass laws.

SCOTLAND'S FISHERIES.—In another column we print a very valuable communication relating to the fisheries and fishculture in Scotland. It is gratifying to see that not only in Scotland, but all through the British Islands, there is an awakening on the subject of fishculture. They have led the world on fish protection, but in propagation they have been far behind, and are just beginning to realize it. The appointment of Mr. Archibald Young as Inspector of Salmon Fisheries carries an assurance to fishculturists all over the world that Scotland has the right man in the right place, and if he has proper support in the way of appropriations, there will be no retrograde movement. We are informed that Mr. Young will make an inspection of the Scotch salmon fisheries in the course of next year, which will be followed by a report to the new fishery board. There has been no inspection since 1870, when the late Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Young carefully examined all the salmon fishings in the river and on the sea coasts, and in the following year published a report on the effect of recent legislation on the salmon fisheries in Scotland, which contains the latest and fullest official account of these fisheries.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.—Everything is looking well for a big show at Ottawa in March. The premium list contains over $1,200 in the regular classes and about $800 in the specials—thirty-eight in number—some of the latter being for English and American dogs only, this as a courtesy to visitors from England and the United States. The club has secured a magnificent building, the Drill Hall, well lighted both night and day and ventilated by skylights in the roof. The hall is built of brick, floored with plank, and is 85 x 185 inside, without a post, pillar or obstruction of any kind.

AN EXCEEDINGLY FRIGID TEMPERATURE.—One of the projectors of the Yellowstone Park "Improvement" Company's attempt to seize the National Park is said to have remarked, last September, "We'll get it, boys; it's a cold day when *I* get left." Well, come to think of it, it has been pretty cold during the past few days; and, according to the latest despatches from Washington, the indications are that the mercury may touch a still lower figure before spring.

NIAGARA FALLS.—The Niagara Falls Association issue a pamphlet relating to the preservation of the Falls, with a petition for legislation on the subject. The petition should receive the signature of every citizen of the State of New York. Copies may be had upon application to the Secretary, Mr. J. B. Harrison, Franklin Falls, N. H.

MEN OF MODERATE MEANS who want to preserve for themselves the opportunity of getting a few days' shooting per year without paying a small fortune for it, ought to be specially interested in seeing to it that the game laws are enforced. So much of the best shooting country is being captured by proprietary clubs, that sportsmen outside of these clubs may well view the situation with alarm

THE MARION'S PUMA, mentioned by Mr. John Easmond in his story of the shipwreck of the Trinity, is to come to the Central Park Managerie, this city. The animal is said to be as tame as a kitten.

OUR READERS are earnestly requested to give us early information of all proposed game law amendments, which may be brought up in the respective States and Territories.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

First Paper.

ABOUT the middle of December, 1881, my wife and I arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, on our way to Indian River. Proceeding to that model hotel, the Windsor, we were at once made comfortable by the débonair Orvis, who has that happy, peculiar and inborn faculty of making every one feel at home. Here I found my friend Jordan, of Texas, who had arrived several days previously. The weather was warm and pleasant, and Jacksonville never looked more lovely. The grand old water oaks along the streets never looked so stately, while the gardens were never more profuse of bloom, nor more redolent of fragrance. I found your genial correspondent, Dr. C. J. Kenworthy (Al Fresco), as busy, as courteous, and as enthusiastic as ever.

We left Jacksonville with regret, and embarked on the little steamer Volusia, on which I had made a trip to the head waters of the St. Johns, three years before. Of course I was at once at home with her versatile and ubiquitous master, Capt. Lund, who never seems to sleep, and who seems to be in every part of the boat at one and the same time. Our sail up the St. Johns was made exceedingly pleasant by the company of Mr. N. H. Bishop, the famous canoeist, and his wife, of Lake George, N. Y.

Arriving at Salt Lake, two hundred and seventy-five miles south of Jacksonville, we found the old wooden tramway, connecting Salt Lake with Titusville, a thing of the past. Its pine rails were decayed, its rolling stock had vanished, but its motive power, "the mules," stood calmly and meditatively, harnessed to "thimble and skein" wagons, wagging their ears and whisking their mop-like tails in the same old fashion, as who should say: Railroads may come and go, but we go on forever. As soon as the boat landed, a man hailed me from the wharf house, whom I recognized at once as my old cracker friend, Tom Sellers of Sebastian River.

"Hev you got that long range gun with you this time—ah?" asked Tom.

This was in allusion to my twelve-gauge Parker, with which I had killed a deer on the Sebastian, three years before, at considerably more than a hundred yards.

"Yes, Tom, but the least said about that the better. I have already incurred the everlasting displeasure, withering scorn and virtuous condemnation of the Great American Big Bore and Intensely Practical Still-Hunter for that unlucky feat, and I don't intend straining my gun by any more such shots."

Eight miles of sandy road through the pine woods brought us to Titusville, where we were warmly welcomed by Col. Nichols, of the Titus Hotel. Titusville was but a shadow of its former self. I missed its leading spirits. Col. Titus was dead; S. J. Fox had gone to pastures new. Oh, Ichabod! Ichabod! Its streets were deserted, several of its stores burnt down, its long pier dilapidated, and its railroad crumbling away.

"What is the matter with Titusville?" I inquired of a boatman leaning against a fence whittling.

"Rockledge has got the bulge on us," answered he, without looking up.

The hotels, however, are still alive, and the stores of Messrs. Dixon, Moore, Weger and Smith still keep up a good show of business. But I missed the old-time bustle and excitement of "Sandpoint." Mr. Weger and his son are doing all in their power to promote the welfare of the place; the former was erecting a new store building, or "block," and the latter had founded a weekly paper, the *Florida Star*. Much is expected from the new railroad, now in course of construction, from Palatka to Indian River. The Lund House is well-kept by Mr. Carlisle, and the Titus Hotel was never so ably managed as it is now by Col. Nichols, formerly of the Windsor of Jacksonville, and the Kimball of Atlanta. Titusville will always be a favorite resort for the sportsman on account of its contiguous hunting grounds.

I found Capt. Strobhar's schooner Rambler, in which we were to make our cruise around the peninsula of Florida, not quite finished in her cabin accommodations, but which were being rapidly pushed to completion by her energetic skipper and the available force at his command. However, with the pleasant company of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Mayor, of Austin, Minn., Mr. C. L. Jordan and other guests of the hotel, the time passed pleasantly. There was a party of young men from Cazenovia, N. Y., that had gone into camp just above the village, where they were building a boat while waiting for their leader and guide, Mr. Card of "rotary trap" fame. Capt. Burnham, of Cape Canaveral Lighthouse, was over for a few days with his fine sloop Oceala. I found that the quality and accommodations of the boats of Indian River were vastly improved since my visit three years before, and that my prediction in reference to the introduction of the sharpie had been verified. Skippers Hammon, Bowers, Hendrickson and Richards have now fine boats of this model of from seven to ten tons, which are admirably adapted to these shallow waters.

Among the guests of the hotel was an English naturalist, whose daily occupation was the collecting of bird skins. His room was a chamber of horrors to the servants, who had a decided antipathy to arsenic and other "pizons," and the peculiar odors of his apartment. The last straw was piled on, one day, when he brought in several turkey buzzards; there was then great danger of his being "boycotted" by the entire retinue. He said to me one day:

"I could get more birds ye know, if I had a boat, ye know; but I cawn't sail myself, ye know, and I cawn't abide these blarsted boatmen, ye know."

There is a resident taxidermist at Titusville, Mr. Scrimageour, who is a genius in his way. He had some really fine specimens of mounted birds and mammals. He had just returned from a hunt in the scrub, where he killed five deer and a panther. While I was in his shop a woman and a boy brought in a fresh panther's skin for sale; the boy had shot it. Mr. S. had a stock of the best fishing tackle for Florida waters that I had seen. His trolling baits were not the insufficient pike or pickerel spoons usually sold, but substantial squids, and heavy block tin spinners revolving their entire length on large and strong single hooks, such as are required for the large marine fish of these waters. Being an old New York angler, he knows what to provide for the wants of sportsmen in Florida.

The day before Christmas we went to Rockledge, twenty miles down the river, and were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Wilkinson, formerly of Richmond, Va. Mr. W. has purchased the orange grove and buildings formerly owned by Mr. Hatch, and has erected a fine roomy hotel, and though not entirely completed, we were nevertheless made quite comfortable. In the evening there was a Christmas tree for his pretty grandchildren, and a bonfire on the lawn.

The scene was a beautiful and romantic one; the long tongues of flame leaping upward, the myriad of sparks sailing through the broad green fronds of the palmettoes, and the whole reflected and intensified on the placid bosom of Indian River formed a spectacle both pleasing and grand. But even with the accompanying salvo of small arms, it was difficult to realize, on so balmy and pleasant a night, the air heavy with the fragrance of flowers and foliage, that it was a "Christmas" jubilee. But, nevertheless, when the fire had burned down to a bed of glowing coals and embers, and we retired into the house, the benison of Tiny Tim found an echo in our hearts: "God Bless Us Every One."

Rockledge had improved very much since my last visit. The orange groves were all now in full bearing—new houses, several stores, and a schoolhouse had been built, and a wooden tramway was being constructed to Lake Poinsett, the head of navigation on the St. Johns, and but three miles distant, to which point a steamer made three trips a week from Sanford, connecting at the latter place with the DeBary line for Savannah. The produce of the lower country was being shipped by this route, and supplies brought back—all of which explained why Rockledge had "got the bulge on Sandpoint." Rockledge is remarkable as being one of the very few places in Florida where the people are not anxious to sell their homes. Her people are prospering and value their orange groves too highly to sell them even at extraordinary prices.

I would here caution the public against the many land agents and land swindles in Florida. Millions of acres of the poorest pine, scrub, and swamp lands are being extensively advertised in glowing colors and at low prices, but which are not worth the taxes paid on them. Beware of the man or company whose lands are represented to be high, dry, and rolling, and located in the "heart of the orange belt," and which are offered at ten or fifteen dollars an acre. It is all a delusion and a snare. There are good lands in Florida suitable for the culture of sub-tropical fruits, early vegetables, etc., but they are not advertised for sale and cannot be bought for a song. Good wine needs no bush. Good land in Florida, like good land in any other State, does not go begging for customers and always commands a good price. Where there is one acre of good soil in Florida there are a thousand acres of worthless land so far as the culture of semi-tropical products is concerned. I feel constrained to say this now, from what I have seen in that State, and on account of the many blighted hopes, disappointed ambitions, and impoverished purses to be laid up against the land swindlers, petty and grand, of Florida.

We spent Christmas Day (Sunday) very pleasantly at Rockledge with old friends, and on the next day sailed for Eau Gallie, where we arrived after nightfall and found a Christmas hop in progress at 'the college," in which we participated and had a most enjoyable time. There was a Christmas tree with a present for each guest. Bethel Stewart, of Merritt's Island, was the recipient of a large "gopher" (land tortoise) which had been swung up to one of the lower limbs of the tree. My present was a half-dozen roasting ears of green corn. Think of it—Christmas and green corn! We acknowledged the corn, however, and mingled in the mazy.

The next day we set sail for San Sebastian River, passing Melbourne on Crane Creek, and stopping a short time at Turkey Creek, where Charles Creech is still living in the cabin on the bluff, though he had taken unto himself a helpmeet since my last visit. We had a fair wind to Sebastian and sailed up to our old "Cabbage Camp," just above the mouth of the North Prong, a short distance above Mr. Kane's cabin on the main river. Here we jumped two deer within a hundred yards of camp. Jordan and I took the dingey and our shotguns, and knocked down several ducks

We saw a large flock of coots, or mudhens, near the point of a small mangrove island, rounding which, they rose at forty yards, when we discharged two barrels each and picked up twenty-four coots. The skipper carried a dozen to Mr. Kane's family, while Jordan and I proceeded to dress the remainder. I gave him his choice, to take off the feathers or dress them; he chose the latter. I had the feathers off of twelve coots before he had drawn three, and this is how to do it: Chop off the wings close to the body with a hunting knife, attach a loop of twine to the limb of a small tree, engage the head of a coot in the loop, make a circular incision around the neck, through the skin, then pull the skin with both hands down to the tail, where it is severed at one cut of the knife, cut off the legs at the tarsal joint, and the coot is ready for drawing, washing and the pot. The coots of Florida are very fat, the skin slipping off readily, and with the skin goes the oily, fishy flavor. When prepared in this way and baked brown, coots are nearly as palatable as ducks, and are really preferred by the natives of that State.

One day my wife was left alone for a short time aboard the Rambler, which was moored close to the bank, to which a gangplank extended She was engaged in pressing ferns and wild flowers, when a noise in the scrub attracted her attention. Catching a glimpse of several large, black objects, her first thought was "bears;" they were moving toward the boat. She is of delicate frame and nervous organization, but "true grit." She succeeded in throwing the gangplank overboard, and then procured a pail of hot water from the galley, and prepared to give them a warm reception. But her fears were soon quieted as three of Kane's long-legged black hogs emerged from the scrub.

In the afternoon my wife and I went fishing. I took an eight-ounce rod and black-bass tackle that I had been using that morning up the creek, and rowed out into the bay abreast of Kane's cabin. I put on a golden shiner some six inches long for bait, made a cast or two, when I got a tremendous strike. The reel hummed like a buzz-saw, and the fish took twenty yards of line before I could check him. I found then that I had caught a Tartar. He towed the boart around as I played him, but occasionally would make another fierce rush and take many yards of line. My wife was an anxious and excited spectator of the contest, for the fish was a very heavy one and my tackle light. The little rod bent nearly double under the undue strain, but at last I had him under control, within fifteen feet of the boat, where I held him until he was exhausted. Finally, after some twenty minutes had elapsed, I had him alongside. I had no gaff hook, and no way to land him. I took the snell of the

hook in my left hand and found that the hook was firmly imbedded in the angle of his jaw, the shank standing out at right angles. I stroked his golden sides as he lay calmly on the surface without moving a fin. It was a redfish of fully thirty pounds. I then tried to insert my hand under his gill-cover, when he gave his head a sudden flirt, broke the hook in my hand and slowly sank toward the bottom. I heard a deep sigh, turned my head, and saw my wife with clasped hands gazing with longing eyes at the slowly disappearing mass of red gold.

"It's too bad to lose him!" said she.

"My dear, we don't want him. I only hope he may live to give some brother angler as much sport as he gave me."

We spent two more weeks on Indian River and its tributaries, going down as far as Fort Capron and the inlet opposite, and had many delightful experiences, fishing, hunting, shooting and collecting curious and marine specimens, and feasting on fish, game, oysters, crabs, turtle, oranges, bananas, guavas, etc., etc. As this was but an experimental or trial trip of the Rambler, we returned to Titusville. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop departed for Lake Worth, and Mr. and Mrs. Mayor and my wife returned to Jacksonville and the North.

We now began our final preparations for our cruise around the coast to Cedar Keys. Many of the boatmen on the river did not believe we were serious in our intentions, as a voyage around the peninsula had never been undertaken by any boat from that section. They were quite confident that we would proceed no further than Jupiter, or Lake Worth. Strange to say, though, there was not one to offer his services to sail the boat on this "big voyage," while for a run down to Jupiter a dozen would have offered, whose knowledge of seamanship, from their own account, was adequate to the circumnavigation of the globe. The Lake Worth boatmen, however, who made occasional trips in the summer to Key Largo and Key West, were not so incredulous, but looked upon the enterprise with doubt and suspicion, and forebodings of evil and disaster. But our ardor was not to be dampened, nor our enthusiasm quenched by any amount of blue water; and if the Rambler held together, we had a crew that would not desert her.

The Rambler was a small schooner, thirty-four feet in length, ten feet beam, and drawing two feet aft; the bottom was half round, with a good clean bow, and stern cut away somewhat like the sharpie. She was strongly built, a good sailor, with a clean run, though rather slow with cruising rig, but a dryer boat never plowed salt water. The cabin was quite roomy, eight by fifteen feet, with four and a half feet head room. The crew consisted of the "Squire" and "Jack" of Connecticut, "Buck" of Texas, the "Skipper," myself, and "Cuff." Cuff was the Skipper's dog, a cross between setter and hound, and a good all 'round dog on deer, turkey and quail. The Skipper was to sail the Rambler as far as Jupiter, at the foot of Indian River, where I was to take command and sail her by chart, compass and dead reckoning down the Atlantic coast to Key West, thence up the Gulf coast to Cedar Keys. As I fully described Indian River and the country below in the FOREST AND STREAM several years ago, I will not devote much space to that section in the e papers.

At length, on the morning of January 16, 1882, with a southeast wind and close-hauled, we departed from Titusville. As we went bounding along, Jack, who frequently "drops into poetry" when the occasion is fitting, stood upon the cabin roof and melodramatically exclaimed:

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!"

His friend, the Squire, more matter-of-fact, and somewhat slangy, said: "Oh, take a tumble, and give us a rest!"

But Jack, with the spirit strong upon him, and with "the poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling," continued;

"I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

"Well, my fine Jimpson weed, we're coming about, and if you don't step down and out the foreboom will fire you overboard like fat off a hot shovel," remarked the Squire, while the Skipper sang out:

"Avast, there; belay your jaw-tackle and come aft! Hard a-lee!"

Jack, in duty bound, tumbled aft.

We passed in succession Addison's Point, Pine Island, Jones's Point, Rocky Point, City Point, Oleander Point, and were soon abreast of Rockledge. That night we made San Sebastian River. We sailed up to the forks, then poled up the South Prong three or four miles. The following day Buck killed a yearling buck with his little 38-cal. Winchester.

The streams on the east coast of Florida are usually narrow and deep, with perpendicular banks, allowing a boat to lay close alongside. Our schooner was thus moored, with bow and stern lines, close to a big cypress tree, the stream being not more than thirty feet wide. Within fifty yards, on the high bank, were the poles and deer-skin scaffolds of a recent Indian camp. Squire had a wholesome fear of Indians, whom we heard were now in the neighborhood on their annual winter deer hunt.

Just above the Rambler the stream made a detour in the form of a loop, turning back on itself, so that for a short distance, near the schooner, the stream flowed inopposite directions, separated by a mere strip of land, but five yards in width at its narrowest point, and where there was a small connecting branch of water. The boys supposed the water to which this branch led to be a bayou or pond; but one day I discovered the true nature of it, and found that the loop or bend was upward of half a mile in extent. The banks being high and densely covered with trees, bushes and vines, completely hid the schooner from the view of anyone passing along the parallel portion of the stream. I mentioned this peculiarity to Jack one day, who requested me not to "give it away," as he had now an opportunity to "play it" on the Squire, who was then out in the pines hunting with Buck. Jack had been nursing his wrath to keep it cool for some time. For the next hour Jack and the Skipper were closely closeted in the cabin, their brains big with some scheme. They constructed a very passable figure of the body and head of an Indian—a stuffed calico shirt with outstretched arms, and the head surmounted by the peculiar turban worn by Florida Indians. This was carefully stowed away for future use.

That night the Skipper was telling of a small lake, formed by an expansion of the stream a mile above, which fairly teemed with black bass ranging from ten to twenty pounds in weight. Of course this was all pure fiction, but it served its purpose, for Squire, who was a zealous fisherman, was at once deeply interested. The Skipper described the place so minutely that he could not miss it. The next morning at bat Squire had a great desire to kill a deer, so he started up the river alone in the Waif, the dingey, with a good supply of fishing tackle. He spoke of taking a gun, but Jack dissuaded him. He was no sooner out of sight around the bend in the river than Jack and the Skipper took their guns, rifles and pistols, and the Indian dummy, got into the Daisy, a Stranahan canvas boat, and proceeded to the "cut off," passing into the upper stream half a mile ahead of Squire. They hauled their boat into the saw-grass in a sheltered cove not more than fifty yards from the Rambler, and waited for their victim. He was not long in coming, for he was anxious to reach the famous lake. Rowing along, admiring the sub-tropical beauties of the stream, the clumps of cabbage palms, the green bay thickets, the moss-draped water-oaks, the profusion of vines and climbing shrubs, and impressed by the awe-inspiring and death-like stillness of stream and forest, he approached within fifty yards of the ambush. Suddenly; Bang! Bang! Bang; Pop! Pop! Pop! Ping! Ping! Ping! belch forth the guns, pistols and rifles of Jack and the Skipper, accompanied by a series of the most diabolic, demoniac and unearthly yells, screams and screeches that ever issued from human throats, while the Indian dummy was raised aloft above the saw-grass, its arms waving wildly, and its body dancing and swinging about in a perfect frenzy of rage. Whang! Pop! Bang! went the guns. Wough! Wough! Whoo-oop! Ya-hoo! screamed the boys.

But the Squire, his eyes staring wildly at the whirling dummy, ducking his head at every bang of the guns, and the perspiration streaming down his face, was going down the river at a rate that even Hanlan would have envied. Then was heard from the saw-grass the most startling, surprising and indescribable sounds imaginable: snorting, choking, sobbing and groaning. It may have been the smothered cachinations, or suppressed hysterical laughter of Jack and the Skipper, but I rather think it was the Indian dummy that had worked itself into a fit.

Squire returned to the schooner, which he found deserted, for Buck and I hid ourselves in the deepest recesses of the woods the moment the dummy was taken so bad. He searched the cabin thoroughly, but not a gun, pistol, or other weapon could he find. He then sat down on deck to rest, with the tiller by his side, keeping a sharp lookout. It was not long, ere looking up stream, he saw the Indian dummy paddling a canoe around the bend, and one or two others with him, partly hid, but also paddling furiously. One more reassuring look and Squire "lit out" for the piny woods. I will here drop the mantle of charity on the scene, but this, while shutting out from view the actors, could not subdue the sulphurous odor which pervaded the atmosphere for the rest of the day, permeating the pine woods and hamaks, and diffusing itself along the surface of the river.

Natural History.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

FAMILY TYRANNIDÆ: FLYCATCHERS.

113. Kingbird, Tyrant Flycatcher—*Muscicapa tyranna* Aud.; *Tyrannus carolinensis* Ridg. 304, Cs. 368.—Abundant. Arrives in May. Breeds; nests on trees, frequently in orchards and near houses. Lays from four to six yellowish white eggs with purple and brown blotches, in June. Deservedly a favorite bird with the farmers. A pair of kingbirds will not only give warning by their chattering outcries of the approach of a hawk or crow to the vicinity of their nest, but they will boldly attack any rapacious bird that ventures near, and by their pestering, drive away the would-be robber of poultry yards or birds' nests.

114. Western Kiugbird, Arkansas Flycatcher—*Muscicopa verticalis* Aud.; *Tyrannus verticalis* Ridg. 306, Cs. 370.—Accidental straggler from the Western States. A single specimen reported as taken in Maine. (Henry Bryant, M. D., in "Proceedings Boston Soc. Nat. Hist., X, 96, 1865.) This record mentions the specimen as received from Plympton, Me. There is no such town in this State, and the nearest to the name is Plymouth, Penobscot county.

In regard to this record of this specimen, Mr. B. A. Purdie says (Bull. Nutt. Orn. Club, Sept., 1876, p. 73) the bird was "shot at Eliot, Me., by Mr. George E. Brown."

115. Great Crested Flycatcher—*Muscicapa crinita* Aud.; *Myiarchus crinitis* Ridg. 312, Cs. 373.—Common in Western Maine. Rare east of the Kennebec Valley. Arrives early in May. Breeds usually on high trees, lays four or more eggs, buff with purple lines and spots, in June. This species has been a regular summer visitant for many years in the vicinity of Portland city, where it breeds, but the birds are never abundant here. Quite common along the southwestern border of the State every summer.

116. Phœbe Flycatcher, Common Pewee—*Muscicapa fusca* Aud.; *Sayornis fuscus* Ridg. 315, Cs. 379.—Abundant. Arrives early in April. Breeds, usually on timbers of bridges, sheds, etc., also upon rock ledges. Nests in May, and lays from four to six pure white eggs, rarely slightly spotted. Two broods each season.

117. Olive-sided or Cooper's Flycatcher—*Muscicapa cooperi* Aud.; *Contopus borealis* Ridg. 318, Cs. 380.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees, and lays four or more yellowish white eggs with brown spots, in June. The eggs much resembles those of the kingbird in form and coloration, but are about one-third smaller. While in company with my friend Nathan Clifford Brown, at Cape Elizabeth, June 26, 1882, I found a nest of this species with four eggs, upon a fir tree twelve feet in height, in an abandoned pasture sparsely overgrown with young trees. This nest was compactly built of twigs and neatly lined with gray tree moss such as grew upon the tree, and was placed upon the end of a lower branch eight feet from the ground.

118. Wood Pewee Flycatcher—*Muscicapa virens* Aud.; *Contopus virens* Ridg. 320, Cs. 382.—Abundant. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees, lays four or more eggs, cream color with reddish brown spots, which form a ring around larger end of the egg.

119. Yellow-bellied Flycatcher,—*Muscicapa flaviventris* Aud.; *Empidonax flaviventris* Ridg. 322, Cs. 388.—Common, but nowhere abundant. Arrives in May. Breeds; lays four or more eggs, white with reddish spots, in June. Mr. N. A. Eddy has given me an interesting account of a nest with four eggs, found June 13, 1880, at Little Deer Island, Penobscot county, Me. "This nest was on a large root that formed a sort of shelf in under a low stump. It was composed of a mass of dead leaves, pieces of decayed wood, evergreens, ferns, birch bark, and mosses, arranged in form and appearance much like the nest of the pewee, (*S. fuscus*) and lined with fine roots and grasses. Diameter 2,12 inches, depth 1.0 inch; eggs (.65x.50), white with numerous reddish spots over the whole surface, and forming a ring about the greater end."

120. Traill's Flycatcher.—*Muscicapa traillii* Aud.; *Empidonax pusillus traillii* Ridg. 325a; *Empidonax traillii* Cs.385.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds on trees and bushes; lays four or five yellowish white eggs with reddish brown spots, in June.

121. Least Flycatcher.—*Muscicapa minima* Aud.; *Empidonax minimus* Ridg. 326, Cs. 387.—Common. Arrives early in May. Breeds on bushes and trees; lays four pure white eggs. Frequents cities, gardens, and open lands in the vicinity of houses more commonly than other flycatchers of the same genus.

FAMILY TROCHILIDÆ: HUMMINGBIRDS.

122. Ruby-throated Hummingbird—*Trochilus colubris* Aud., Ridg. 335, Cs. 409.—Common. Arrives early in May. Breeds, on trees, the nest usually made on a branch in such a manner as to appear part of it. The internal dimensions of the nest of this diminutive bird are about an inch in depth and barely more in breadth. The eggs are pure white, without gloss, .50x.35 inches. In the summer of 1877 (August) Mr. A. Parker caught a male hummingbird of this species at Boyd Lake, Piscataquis county, Me., and kept it alive by feeding with sugar dissolved in water. After two months' confinement in a room, it became so tame that when liberated it was easily recaptured. By presenting the finger the bird would leave its perch and alight upon it. This bird was afterward presented to Frank D. Pullen, Esq., of Bangor, to whom I am indebted for a detailed account of this incident. The beautiful pet was kept in confinement for many months, and was finally killed, accidentally, by a dog. It would be no difficult undertaking to keep a number of these birds in a conservatory of flowering plants, and their presence would add much to the beauty and attraction of such a place. The birds can be captured by the aid of an insect net, or attracted within a room or enclosure by means of flowers displayed.

FAMILY CYPSELIDÆ: SWIFTS.

123. Chimney Swift, "Chimney Swallow"—*Chætura pelasgia* Aud., Cs. 405; *Chætura pelasgica* Ridg. 351 —Abundant. Arrives in May. Breeds; usually in colonies, in chimneys or hollow trees. Occasionally birds of this species affix their peculiar nests to the inner walls of the deserted cabins of lumbermen. Lays four white eggs, in June. The swifts often arrive in spring from the South in large flocks of many hundreds of birds together. And I have observed a colony of hundreds occupying a single chimney of a dwelling house. It was interesting to note the regularity with which these birds assembled at twilight every evening. After repeated circlings and incessant twitterings, continued oft.times for half an hour, and when all appeared to have reached home from the wanderings of the day, the descent into the chimney was made with great precision. This was accomplished by a gradual closing of the ranks of the birds while continuing their extremely rapid flight in a horizontal circle directly above the chimney. When the descent began, this circle of birds assumed the form a huge black hollow tunnel or cone with its inverted apex entering the chimney, and barely a minute then elapsed ere all the birds were housed for the night.

FAMILY CAPRIMULGIDÆ: WHIPPOORWILLS, NIGHTHAWKS.

124. Whippoorwill—*Caprimulgus vociferus* Aud., Ridg. 354; *Antrostomus vociferus* Cs. 397. Common in restricted localities. Arrives in May; breeds on the ground, lays two eggs, yellowish white with purple and brown spots and lines over whole surface. This bird, unlike the next species, is strictly nocturnal or crepuscular in its habits, remaining in seclusion during the open daylight, but actively seeking its food during the evening and early morning, and at all times during moonlight nights. It seeks its insect food much upon the ground, and frequents the gardens about farmhouses for this purpose. I have noted the presence of this bird within a half dozen miles of Bangor, but not further east. Mr. Boardman reports it, however, near Calais. I have never known of its occurrence in the close vicinity of Portland, yet have commonly found it within twenty miles west of this city, as well as in other localities in Maine. The species is very local in it habits, not only in selecting its breeding places, but I have known the birds to visit the same spots night after night, going from one to another with the greatest regularity, so that I knew just where to find them at dusk, midnight, or early morning.

125. Nighthawk—*Chordeiles virginianus* Aud.; *Chordeiles popetue* Ridg. 357; *Chordeiles popetue* Cs. 399.—Abundant. Arrives in May. Breeds on the ground, usually forming a depression if on light soil and slightly lining it with grass. But often no appearance of a nest is seen where the eggs are laid. It not infrequently breeds on the flat, graveled roofs of buildings in the cities. In June lays two eggs, drab, with fine dark streaks, giving them a gray marbled appearance. Diurnal as well as crepuscular in its habits, and seeks its food (insects) chiefly, if not solely, in the air. It is on the wing at all times during moonlight nights, and is quite active during the daytime also. In the stomach of an adult male nighthawk, shot at Fryeburg, Oxford county, Me., July 7, 1882, I found an ichneumon fly, a black cricket, about twenty small grasshoppers, and many small, hard insects, all freshly devoured. The bird was taken at noon of a bright sunny day.

FAMILY CUCULIDÆ: CUCKOOS.

126. Black-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* Aud., Ridg. 388., Cs. 428.—Common. Arrives in May. Breeds, usually on bushes; lays from four to six pale greenish blue eggs in June. There is an old refrain which states that "the cuckoo is a bonny bird, it sings in the night." And it is true that the peculiar notes of the cuckoo are heard during moonlight summer nights, as well as at all times of the day.

127. Yellow-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyzus americanus* Aud., Ridg. 387, Cs. 429.—Rare. Probably not a regular visitant. Mr. Boardman has procured but two specimens in Eastern Maine, during a long series of years of collecting. I have taken a single specimen in Western Maine (Cumberland county).

FAMILY ALCEDINIDÆ: KINGFISHERS.

128. Belted Kingfisher—*Alcedo alcyon* Aud.; *Ceryle alcyon* Ridg. 382, Cs. 423.—Common. Arrives early in April. Breeds, in holes made by itself in banks or cliffs. Lays from five to seven pure white eggs, in May and June. The kingfishers are to be found everywhere along our coast, and throughout the interior about the lakes, rivers, and even very small streams. It remains in the autumn until the streams are frozen over, and it has been asserted that occasionally these birds have remained, on the coast, throughout the entire winter. I have at various times observed them in Maine within the limits of every month excepting January and February.

FAMILY PICIDÆ: WOODPECKERS.

129. Pileated Woodpecker—*Picus pileatus* Aud.; *Hylotomus pileatus* Ridg. 371, Cs. 432.—Not uncommon in densely wooded regions, but not found on the coast. Nowhere abundant in Maine, and rarely more than two or three found together. Resident throughout the year, and no doubt breeds here, although the discovery of its eggs has not been reported. This is the largest of the northern woodpeckers, and is locally known by the lumbermen and hunters by various names, as "cock of the woods," "red-headed woodcock," "black woodcock," etc. The pileated woodpeckers are found far north in Canada, and are widely distributed through the United States. I have found them more abundant in Virginia than elsewhere, and in favorite localities, have observed as many as five adults upon a single tree together. A rare occurrence, even where these birds were so abundant as in the locality referred to. This species, as also every species of woodpecker found in Maine, usually lays its eggs in a hole excavated by the bird with its bill in the trunk of a tree, most frequently such a one as is dead or partially decayed.

130. Hairy Woodpecker—*Picus villosus* Aud.; Ridg. 360, Cs. 438.—Common. Resident. Breeds. Lays from four to six smooth white eggs. Woodpeckers of this species are most commonly observed here during the late autumn and in the winter, when they frequent orchards, groves of maples and other deciduous trees, and the pastures or ravines overgrown with alder bushes. Not so abundant as the next named species.

131. Downy Woodpecker—*Picus pubescens* Aud., Ridg. 361, Cs. 440.—Abundant. Resident. Breeds. Lays six white eggs, in June. This diminutive facsimile of the hairy woodpecker is the most common species of woodpecker in Maine, as it is also the smallest.

132. Black-backed Woodpecker.—*Picus arcticus* Aud.; *Picoides arcticus* Ridg. 367, Cs. 443.—Common in Northern and Central Maine. Resident, and undoubtedly breeds. Of the two species of three-toed woodpeckers, this is the most common. Its favorite haunts are tracts of forest through which fires have spread and partially killed the trees. I have never found them abundant anywhere in Maine, but in various localities in Canada it appears to be the most common species, and I have there seen a dozen specimens within a quarter mile radius. The black-backed woodpecker frequents the coniferous trees, such as spruce, fir and hackmatack, from which it procures its food in the usual manner of woodpeckers, and I have never observed a single instance of this bird alighting upon any other than coniferous trees. Its favorite food consists of the soft flat worms, white with brown heads, of an inch or less in length, which it finds imbedded in the trunks of living trees such as are above mentioned. Upon a single occasion only have I observed this woodpecker alight upon a tree absolutely dead, and even then not in search of food, but only as an available resting place after a long flight across fields. Its flight, when protracted, is very undulating, but rapid, and the course through the air is a series of vertical curves, each similar to such as is described by a bullet shot from a rifle. Upon the ascending or first part of each curve the wings beat so rapidly as to produce a rolling sound, so loud as to be heard at a distance of two hundred yards or more. A good imitation of this sound may be produced, by drawing one's fingers rapidly across round wooden fence slats of one inch diameter, placed two or three inches apart—a mellow roll, unlike either the whistle of a duck's wings, or the whir of the wings of a grouse. Upon the descending, or latter and shorter portion of each curve of flight, the wings are closed, and are therefore then silent for a moment. The cry of this bird, easily recognized as that of a woodpecker by any person familiar with the family habits, is a harsh rattling scream, that ends in a sort of chuckle produced by a unison of the rattling notes. This woodpecker is very tame, and appears to be quite indifferent to the presence of a human being. I have approached within fifteen feet of one, and retired without disturbing the bird in the least, although I was evidently observed.

I remember upon one occasion trying in vain to alarm one by repeated blows with the butt of my rifle upon the trunk of a spruce tree of nine inches diameter, while the bird was on the tree barely twenty feet above. Although so common in certain localities, yet I have seen no more than two together upon one tree. All the specimens of the black-backed three-toed woodpeckers procured by myself have been marked with white upon a few of the longest soft feathers of the back, and upon each was found the obscure line of white extending backward from the eye, and which is exposed by slightly parting the feathers. The males have a large crown patch of orange or lemon yellow; crowns of females of a bluish black like the rest of upper parts.

133. Banded Woodpecker—*Picus hirsutus* Aud.; *Picoides tridactylus americanus* Ridg. 368.; *Picoides americanus* Cs. 444.—Not common. Probably resident and breeds. The banded three-toed woodpecker appears to be nowhere a very common species, and my observations of its habits have been more limited than of the black-backed species, from which it may easily be distinguished by the smaller size, and white bands across the back, in both sexes. This woodpecker is of a more retiring and suspicious nature than the preceding species, and it is partly on this account, as well as from the fact of its habitat being the dense evergreen forests, that so few are observed. I once endeavored to procure a specimen with aid of a revolver pistol, after having watched its movements for a long time. It would not permit so near an approach as the two black-backed woodpeckers in whose company it appeared to be, and my presence produced a watchful restlessness that prohibited a still shot. After following and shooting at this bird a second time it left the vicinity, although its companions manifested no concern at the reports of the pistol.

134. Yellow-bellied Woodpecker—*Picus varius* Aud.; *Sphyrapicus varius* Ridg. 369, Cs. 446.—Common. Arrives in April. Breeds. Lays from four to six pure white eggs in May and June. This species often remains quite late in the autumn, but I have not known of its occurrence here in winter. It is here sometimes known as "sap-sucker."

135. Red-headed Woodpecker—*Picus erythrocephalus* Aud.; *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* Ridg. 375, Cs. 453.—Rare visitant from the South. In the autumn of 1877 this species appeared to be not uncommon in Western Maine, and several specimens were killed in Cumberland county. Its occurrence here is now apparently less infrequent than formerly, and possibly a few may breed here. Mr. Luther Redlon observed one in Portland May 25, 1879. Mr. Manly Hardy shot one as far east as Machias River, in Washington county, and writes me that it was "the only one I have seen alive in over forty years' traveling in Maine woods." A specimen was killed near Newport, Me., and one at Bangor, Me., in the spring of 1881, Mr. Hardy informs me.

A specimen was shot by Mr. Warren Noyes in the town of Gilead, Oxford county, early in the month of June, 1881. I observed three adult males in a grove of oak trees near Portland city, April 3, 1882. The woodpeckers of this species are not such habitual peckers of wood as are many others of the same family, but feed principally upon nuts and fruits, although insects are also eaten. In the stomachs of several specimens taken early in spring, I have found the undigested contents to consist solely of small bits of the kernels of acorns. Soft-shelled nuts, such as acorns and beechnuts are readily opened by these birds, and appear to form their chief food in some localities when other food is less abundant.

136. Golden-winged Woodpecker—*Picus auratus* Aud.; *Colaptes auratus* Ridg. 378, Cs. 457. Abundant. Arrives early in April. Breeds in tree holes, hollow posts, etc. Lays from five to seven eggs, glossy white, of a rosy hue when fresh, in May and June. This woodpecker, or "yellow-hammer," as it is locally termed in Maine, is the most beautiful of all our woodpeckers, as well as the most common species in Maine. It frequents cultivated lands rather than dense forests, is fond of fruit, especially cherries, but like the robins, with which it associates during migrations, seeks its food upon the ground more frequently than upon trees. Mr. Edward Tucker has given me an interesting account of a nest of this species, which he found in Kennebec county, Maine, which was used to his knowledge, for five consecutive years, although eggs were taken from it each year. "Each year the birds would make the hole a little deeper, and the last time I visited it the hole was over two feet in depth. One season twenty-nine eggs were taken from it, from three to six at one time. Of the last six eggs taken, one was but half the size of the others." This species is migratory, and associates in considerable numbers previous to departure in the autumn. None are found here in winter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRANGE SEA MONSTERS.

WE have received for publication, from Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, a letter from an officer of the Navy, giving some observations made by him on the coast of Massachusetts in 1878. The occurrence is of special interest in connection with the recent article in these columns on the "Sea Serpent," and we trust that further details from Captain Hawes may be had before long. Captain Platt's letter is as follows:

U. S. NITRE DEPOT, Malden, Mass., Dec. 21, 1882.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 5th came to hand some time ago, and my reason for not writing sooner is that I was

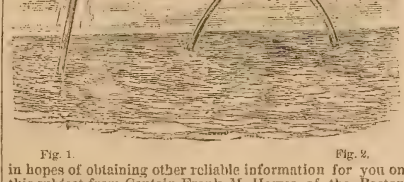


Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

in hopes of obtaining other reliable information for you on this subject from Captain Frank M. Howes, of the Boston & Baltimore Steamship Company. Captain Howes, in 1876, in almost the same location saw not only one, but three of these monsters—two small and one large one. They were

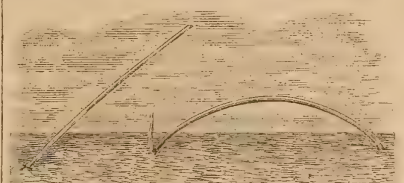


Fig. 3. Fig. 4.

all close together and near his ship. Captain H. has promised to give me his report, and when I get it I will send it to you

It is with pleasure that I give you my experience with the sea monster.

On August 29, 1878, while in command of the coast survey schooner Drift, we were about five miles north of Race Point, Cape Cod, Mass. Weather calm. We were drifting with the ebb current. At about 1:30 P. M. I observed at a distance of not more than two hundred yards from us a very singular object come right up out of the sea. I took the marine glasses and looked at this object. It must have shown at least twenty-five or thirty feet out of water almost upright, and about as large as a barrel. This object looked smooth and of a dark brown color. I could see no eyes nor mouth. There was some water pouring out of the top. While I was looking at this it curved and went down. (See rough sketch marked 1—2).

In about a half-hour later the same thing again came up at an angle of about 20° with the horizon. It ran its length out of the water at least thirty-five or forty feet. It being much nearer us, I had a good look of several seconds at it through the marine glasses. Its color and general appearance was about as first seen. I could discover no eyes nor mouth, nor anything looking like them. I think at this time something must have alarmed it, for it made a graceful curve and started off; but just as it was going down a long, sharp fin came up (see sketch 3—4). The monster moved off with very great speed, leaving a heavy and well-marked wake after it. This wake could be seen a long time after.

I here beg leave to state that I have told you just what I saw, and leave the matter with you to decide what it could have been.

I am quite used to seeing whales and know positively that this was not one. I hope you will pardon delay for reasons given. Also please excuse rough drawings.

With the greatest respect, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, ROBERT PLATT, Master U. S. N.

In connection with the above report the following is of great interest: We learn that in 1869 Mr. Charles Junkin, one of the topographers of the U. S. Coast Survey, while engaged in hydrographic work near Matinicus, off the coast of Maine, observed, at a distance of about half a mile, what he supposed to be a ship's mast, sticking straight out of the water, and inclined at a moderate angle to the surface. This soon disappeared, leaving a great swirl in the water, such as would be occasioned by the submergence of some large mass. Nothing of this kind was again observed in the course of a continued sojourn in the neighborhood, and the existence of any wreck in that spot was stoutly denied.

STRANGE HAWKS' NESTS.

IN a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM there appeared a short article by Mr. Boardman, descriptive of the nest of an eagle found in Northern Dakota, the peculiarity of which was that it was constructed largely of buffalo ribs. It may not be without interest in this connection to call attention to the fact that these curious pieces of bird architecture are by no means uncommon throughout the prairie region of Central Dakota. Several such nests came under the notice of the writer while engaged in that part of the country last summer, and a number of others were reported from neighboring localities. One in particular of those examined may be worthy of special note.

One day, while upon the unbroken prairie, at a point far remote from timber or tree-like growth of any kind, the line of travel chanced to pass close by a huge boulder that had been strangely dropped here all alone in time long past. On its elevated and nearly flat top, there was visible a large mass of material, which at once suggested the presence of a nest of some kind, and upon close inspection this proved to be the case.

A nest it was, or rather what had done duty as a nest, for there was little about the mass that would call up the picture usually suggested by the expression bird's nest. Except for the somewhat suggestive shape, it was much more like a rubbish heap in the variety and character of the material piled together. A large part of the heap consisted of bones, not only the buffalo ribs mentioned above, but also numerous shoulder blades, leg bones, etc., of the antelope and other animals. The size, and particularly the shape of some of these, must have made them rather awkward "sticks" to convey any distance. The skeleton nest thus formed, was rendered more habitable by filling in, and smoothing off the angles, with bunches of turf, weed-stalks, reeds, rushes and such other debris as could be picked up on a treeless, brushless plain. Among the mass of stuff that had been brought together was one object which appeared rather strange in such a place; namely, a large butcher knife. It was sticking carelessly in the side of the nest, and seemed to suggest that even the birds of this Western country might be possessed of the almost universal desire to go about with a bowie knife conspicuously displayed in belt or breeches.

This nest had been abandoned some little time, as it was the latter part of July when it was discovered. Another found a short time before, containing one young bird, was built almost entirely of buffalo ribs. The usual situation seemed to be upon the ground, or upon flat rocks upon the tops of the high hills or "buttes," that are such conspicuous and curious features of the topography of some parts of the Missouri River region.

The most common species of hawk noticed, and the one that was apparently the builders of many of these bone nests was Swainson's (*Buteo swainsoni*), though it is more than probable that the red tail and other hawks of this region have the same habit. Why such material is made use of, is very apparent and needs no comment. The bones become so light and dry from long exposure to the weather, that they are not such bad material when employed in the building sites necessarily selected here as might at first be supposed.

T. S. ROBERTS.

ZUÑI POTTERY.—Hartford readers of the article in the current number of the *Century* by Frank H. Cushing, entitled "My Adventures in Zuñi," will be greatly interested in a collection of odd pottery now on exhibition in the show window of T. Steele & Son's jewelry store in that city. These curious wares are made by the Zuñi Indians of New Mexico, among whom Mr. Cushing has spent several years of his life in scientific research. The goods are in the form of animals, bowls, cups, saucers, idols, etc., and are of a dull, red color, decorated with designs of birds, trees, and striped in white and black or other colors, as may have suited the Indian's fancy. The circumstances under which its present owner came into possession of the pottery are interesting being the result of a friendship engendered through the mellowing influence of a camp fire, while on a fishing and hunting trip in 1863. "My companion, whose company I enjoyed on the Lakes," writes Mr. Steele, "finally settled in Albuquerque, New Mexico, 200 miles southwest of which town dwell the Zuñi Indians. For twenty years we have continued to correspond with one another, but not once during the entire time have we ever met. I shouldn't know him if he came into my office this moment, but we put our thoughts on paper in as familiar a manner as if we parted yesterday. We are exchanging something or other all the time, and this Zuñi pottery is the latest."

SNOWY OWL.—Phœnix, Oswego County, Jan. 8, 1883.—Charles Patchet shot a snow owl to-day measuring five feet one inch from tip to tip, and weighing five pounds. Mr. P. has also captured two foxes this winter.—WILL SMITH.

THE LITTLE SPOTTED SKUNK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am going to give my experience on the subject of skunks in Southwestern Kansas and Colorado, for though what I am going to say is a well known fact among stockmen and campers on this part of the frontier, yet I have never seen it mentioned in a paper. There are two distinct kinds of skunks here—the large striped variety, which is harmless, and if one bites a man in the night when he is camping out, as they occasionally do, the bite is harmless. The other kind is about half as large as the other, is spotted—not striped—does not smell as strong as the large species; won't run from man or beast, can climb a tree, and when he bites a man, the man is as good as dead from hydrophobia. I have personally known of twenty deaths from skunk bite within ten years in a radius of one hundred miles from the southeast corner of Colorado.

A man will lie down to sleep on the ground or in his blankets. He is awakened by a bite on face or hand, and when he sees the spotted skunk he is ready to settle up his affairs. I have known the piece cut out and the wound burned with a hot iron. That man felt no ill effects for six months, and then his companions had to lasso him and tie him to a tree. He was wild, and tried to bite. He died two days after. The way campers generally avoid them when they have no tent is to make the bed on a wagon sheet, and tuck it in after they get to bed, over head and all. Fortunately the spotted skunk is scarce everywhere. Can you tell me the scientific name of the gentleman? I have seen but one this year.

W. J. DIXON.

CIMARRON, Gray County, Kan., Jan. 5.

[The whole subject of hydrophobia from skunk bite has been very fully treated of in FOREST AND STREAM, Coues's Fur Bearing Animals, and in Merriam's Vertebrates of the Adirondack Region (Trans. Linnean Soc., vol. I.), and the conclusion reached by those best fitted to judge is that there is no more danger from the bite of a healthy skunk than from that of a healthy dog, but that the bite of a rabid skunk is as dangerous as that of a dog similarly diseased. We have known of the popular impression in the West with regard to the fatal effects of skunk bite for many years, but have never heard until recently that the little striped skunk (*Mephitis* (*Spilogale*) *putorius* L.) was universally fatal. This species is not, as was formerly supposed, confined to the Southwest, but occurs in Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, and perhaps considerably further North.]

THE WEIGHT OF QUAIL.—Nashville, Ill., Jan. 15.—In a copy of your excellent journal, recently, one of your correspondents spoke of having killed twenty-two quail that weighed nine pounds, or over six and a half ounces each, and thought they were exceedingly large. Quail have been more plentiful in our neighborhood this season than I ever knew them before; and on the afternoon of Dec. 23 Dr. Westerman of this place and myself killed eighteen quail that weighed nine pounds two ounces. I did not think they were extra large; but the Doctor insisting that they were, we weighed them with the above result. I killed several between that and New Years that weighed a half pound each. We have some fine shots here and they have made it very lively for the birds this season.—G. B. B.

DIURNAL HABITS OF SHORT-EARED OWL.—A correspondent in last number of FOREST AND STREAM mentions the snowy and hawk owls as the only ones strictly diurnal. I think the short-eared owl (*Asio accipitrinus*) should be added to the list. This bird used to make its appearance here in great numbers every winter, but of late years it is rarely, if ever, met with. I have seen four and five at a time hunting in the same field for mice, so tame and unconcerned as to pass to and fro within a few feet without noticing me. They hunt at all hours of the day, but I have never met with one abroad after sundown.—DR. E. STERLING.

YES, IF THE PARK IS STOLEN.—The rapid development of the West threatens the extinction of the buffalo, and there is no romance in Western sentiment that considers his preservation. It is contended that the animal does not fit into practical American civilization, and that his skin is pretty much the only thing of value about him—and that implies a dead buffalo. Whole droves are being slaughtered in Northwestern Dakota for the hides, and it is reported that about one thousand white hunters are employed in the slaughter. The noble animal bids fair ere long to cease to be a landscape feature of the prairies, and to go the way of the mammoth and the mastodon. The Western reasoning is that one thousand cattle can feed on every bunch grass prairie that now sustains a thousand buffaloes, and that buffalo meat is worse than that of the leanest steer. So the buffalo must go.—*Sun* (*Jan.* 21).

TENNESSEE NOTES.—On the day of Gov. W. B. Bate's inauguration a live eagle of large size was set at liberty from the dome of the capitol, but he did not avail himself of his captor's privilege, and this singular fact gave rise to an investigation as to the reason. This resulted in finding attached to the poor bird's body notes, letters and cards bearing predictions as to the future in our National and State politics in such numbers as upon being weighed were found to exceed the weight of the bird. "Can't get the emblem of American liberty to start off with such a cargo if allowed to choose for himself," as an old fellow standing by remarked, "leastwise hereabouts.—J. D. H."

OPOSSUM ON LONG ISLAND.—Woodside, L. I., Jan. 22.—In regard to opossums I have to report that one was killed about two weeks ago in my brother's backyard, at 124 Rutledge street, Brooklyn.—D. F. BRAGAW.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN: Three fallow deer, *Cervus dama*; 1 ree skunks, *Mephitis mephitica*; one gray ichneumon, *Herpestes griseus*; three red-headed ducks, *Fuligula ferina*; two white-winged doves, *Melopelia leucoptera*; two quail, *Ortyx virginianus*; five rattlesnakes, *Crotalus horridus*, and one pine snake, *Elipophis melanoleucus*; received by purchase. One northern fox squirrel, *Sciurus niger cinereus*; two prairie dogs *Cynomys ludovicianus*; one red fox, *Vulpes fulvus*; one porcupine, *Erethizon dorsatus*; one black-handed spider monkey, *Ateles melanochirus* three opossums, *Didelphys virginiana*; one black bear, *Ursus americanus*; three gray squirrels, *Sciurus carolinensis*; one tayra, *Galictis barbara*; one wood thrush, *Turdus mustelinus*; one barn owl, *Strix flammea*; one red-winged blackbird, *Agelaus phœniceus*; one great horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*; three reed birds, *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*; one American widgeon, *Mareca americana*; one red-tailed hawk, *Buteo borealis*; one herring gull, *Larus argentatus*; one screech owl, *Scops asio*; one barred owl, *Syrnium nebulosum*; one pied-billed grebe, *Podilymbus podiceps*; one blue and yellow macaw, *Ara ararauna*; two horned lizards, *Phrynosoma douglassi*; four alligators, *Alligator mississippiensis*, and three water snakes, *Tropidonotus fasciatus*; received by presentation. One elk, *Cervus canadensis*; one zebra, *Bos indicus*; and two ring doves, *Turtur risorius*; born in the garden.

Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

WHAT THE PRESS THINKS.

ONE by one the different newspapers are waking up. It required some sharp punching to start them from their lethargy, the use of some vigorous language to make them understand that, under the guise of a simple lease of a portion of the public domain, a gigantic fraud was contemplated on the American people. Now, however, the press has awakened to a realization of the purposes of the Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company, and is taking a hand at the game. For a long time Senator G. G. Vest, of Missouri, and the FOREST AND STREAM, kept up the fight quite alone, but the subject has become, as is quite natural when we consider its importance, a popular one, and strong reinforcements are constantly pouring in.

We are heartily glad of it, and welcome with cordial warmth each addition to the ranks, and although this paper led the attack on this iniquitous job, it is quite willing to take its place among the rank and file, if officers more able or better informed can be brought to the front. It is amusing and flattering to find our esteemed contemporaries in the East and West cutting up the editorials which we have written on the subject to make "original" ones for their own columns, to read over again all the points which we have made against the steal, and find nothing new said on the subject, and often our own language reproduced almost without change. This is rather funny, but not at all annoying. We do not care who gets the credit for starting and carrying on the fight, so long as it is carried on with vigor and the grab prevented. This appears now to be assured, and we hope that the fight is over and the victory with the people.

We have space to reproduce only a few of the comments which are every day appearing in the public press in reference to the attempted donation of the Yellowstone Park to the speculative "Improvement" Company. It has been a long time since any similar scheme has received such universal condemnation by the press and the people. As our readers will see in another column, the danger of the seizure of the people's Park appears to be over, but it is well that the projectors of the scheme should be watched until Senator Vest's bill is passed. These men are daring and shrewd, and we may feel assured that they will not permit so fat a thing as this to slip through their fingers without a struggle.

We append a few comments from papers of all shades of opinion. This is what they say:

[New York Commercial Advertiser, Jan. 18.]

The FOREST AND STREAM, which has been making a plucky fight against the proposed Emigrant Road monopoly, points out an order just issued by the Secretary of the Interior, forbidding absolutely the killing of game, mammals and birds, in the Park; the taking of fish save by hook and line, and the destruction of timber. The editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, who is thoroughly familiar with the Park, thinks that it is not too late, if this order can only be enforced, to preserve the game of North America within this Park in such numbers that there may always be had in the country surrounding it good hunting for all who may desire to have the satisfaction of killing in modern theories.

[Distiller and Brewer (St. Louis) Jan. 15.]

From a true sportsman's point of view it is earnestly to be hoped that Senator Vests' proposition for the preservation of Yellowstone Park may become law. The *ferœ naturæ* of our continent are disappearing so rapidly that we shall soon lose the last of them unless such a sanctuary be afforded them. The plains, the home of the North bare of buffalo, moose, elk, and other deer, antelope, mountain sheep, etc., would be almost denaturalized, and we therefore wish the Missouri Senator every success with the bill.

[New York Herald, Jan. 21.]

Secretary Teller is unique in the determination to make no leases of ground in Yellowstone Park for business purposes pending legislation. The report that Assistant Secretary Joslyn thinks the Interior Department can make any leases it chooses in case Congress does not act in the matter should be sufficient to urge Congress to prompt and careful legislation. Mr. Teller's points in his letter of last April to Mr. Conger, Superintendent of the Park, that no applications for tracts of more than twenty acres would be entertained and that "no lease will be given covering lands containing any of the natural curiosities and wonderful springs within the Park or that will prevent free access to such curiosities or springs," should be embodied in whatever legislation may occur.

In the papers sent the Senate in obedience to a resolution passed a few days ago there does not appear any report on the unauthorized work already being done within the Park limits by persons who expected to monopolize everything worth seeing. Why not? Has the department no information on this subject?

[New York Times, Jan. 20.]

The flavor of jobbery which has made itself felt in connection with the leases of the most desirable portions of the Yellowstone Park which have been made under the authority of the Interior Department is not dissipated by the production of the correspondence on this subject. The Secretary of the Interior and the superintendent of the Park were of one mind in regard to the expediency of confining any leases made to very small portions of the domain and of carefully maintaining the Government control over the natural features which have made the famous Yellowstone region worldwide. And yet, in the absence of Secretary Teller, his subordinate, Mr. Joslyn, proceeded to execute leases for seven tracts of land, containing 640 acres each, and including the springs and the great natural curiosities. This seems a very curious way of conducting public business and one which is admirably calculated to excite suspicion. The letter sent to Mr. Belford by Gen. Brisbin, who received the privilege of running a steamer on the Yellowstone Lake, is a very instructive contribution to the correspondence, showing, as it does, that this enterprising officer valued the privilege of carrying passengers on the Yellowstone Lake for ten years at $1,000,000, and that while full of indignation over the "hogging" of the Park by the Hotel Company he was entirely prepared to let their lease stand if they would agree not to interfere with his privileges. The Senate will find fresh arguments for immediate action on the bill reported by Senator Vest in the curious and interesting series of letters sent at their demand by the Secretary of the Interior.

[Harper's Weekly, Jan. 20.]

Mr. Schuyler Crosby, the Governor of Montana, has written an interesting letter to Senator Vest, a member of the Committee on Territories, concerning the Yellowstone Park. This reservation consists of nearly four thousand square miles, and contains some of the sublimest scenery in America. The same causes which make its scenery sublime, and have thus rendered it a safe refuge for the great game which has almost disappeared from the plains, make it almost useless for any other purpose than that of a National Park, for which it has been wisely reserved. There is very little arable land in it, and if it were left open to settlement, it would not be settled. What would happen would be that it would be overrun by "skin-hunters" and "bag-hunters," whose only aim is to kill the greatest head of game in the shortest time, and who would in a few years exterminate the great game of which the Yellowstone region is now almost the only asylum.

That is precisely what Congress meant to prevent in reserving the region as a park, and that, it seems, is what is likely to happen in spite of the reservation, unless Congress takes some further action. This action is urged by the Park provides that the Secretary of the Interior shall provide against the wanton destruction of game, and against its capture or destruction for purposes of profit. The game laws of the Territory of Montana are strict enough, if they are properly enforced, to secure not merely a continuing, but an increased supply of great game, although the game laws of the other Territories contiguous to the Park leave something to be desired. Nevertheless, General Sheridan, in his report for 1882, declares that during last Winter not less than two thousand elk were slaughtered within the Park, either wantonly or for their skins.

Governor Crosby joins General Sheridan in recommending that the limits of the Park be extended to the eastward. He also urges that the game within the Park itself be protected absolutely. He also suggests that an engineer officer be detached to report to the Secretary of the Interior or Superintendent of the Park, with power to call upon the troops when it is necessary to enforce the Park regulations. By these means it is hoped that the overflow of game from the Park will secure a constant supply to the sportsmen of the adjacent Territories.

All this seems very sensible. On the other hand, a company of speculators has been formed, which has applied to Congress for a lease of the whole domain. The object of these persons is, of course, to make the largest possible amount of money out of the Park in the shortest possible time. That object is altogether inconsistent with the purpose of preserving the Park as a public pleasure-ground for us and for posterity, which animated Congress in reserving it from settlement. The lease would be sure to result in spoliations and desecrations from the effect of which the Park would never recover. The application of the speculators ought not to be considered for a moment.

[Knickerbocker (N. Y.), Jan 17.]

The Yellowstone Park comprises thousands of square miles with an incomparable wealth of the picturesque in forest, mountains, geysers, streams, canyons, with a variety of animal life not found elsewhere on this continent; in short, a magnificent domain, unequalled in extent and beauty by any other equal range of territory in the world. Notwithstanding that this grand expanse is declared the property of the United States, and is placed under the special guardianship of a Government department, aided by a United States military commandant, it is a stamping ground for marauders who deface its beauty and slaughter for pelts, or else a hunting ground for foreigners who visit the far West with no other object than the reckless destruction of great game, miscalled sport. In either case the extermination of the wild animals is the final result.

The necessity of taking some steps for the protection and preservation of our national domain is just now brought up in Congress, and questions on the subject are in order. Every American whose soul is not wholly given over to money grubbing takes pride in the National Park. But, alas! no one of the persons to high authority have taken any pains or exhibited much interest in its conservation. The chief use to which the Park has been officially put is as a hunting ground for army officers, with a little surveying and setting out of roads. These roads are as yet on paper. But a use has been found at last for the National Park, and it will be cared for.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Rufus Hatch went out West last summer. Mr. Hatch is a man who, when he walks abroad, keeps his eyes open and looks about him. Mr. Hatch saw that the National Park was a good thing, and that we were not using it, so when Mr. Hatch came back from this land of delight he reflected long and thoughtfully on the great waste to which we Americans, in our wealth of opportunities, are sometimes prone. This neglect of chances was painfully manifest in the National Park. Here was a region, the like of which does not exist on the face of this earth, all going to uselessness, absolutely spoiling for want of a little brain work and manipulation. Mr. Hatch mentioned his ideas casually to a few friends, among whom were: Mr. Roscoe Conkling, General William Jon. J. B. Houston, Elijah Smith, Hugh Hastings, Joseph H. Huntington, Judge Fullerton, A. N. H. Carpenter, E. H. Goodman—just two or three lawyers, capitalists and railroad men—with an artist or two to give an esthetic touch. Mr. Hatch is nothing if not esthetic, and these gentlemen all looked at the Park through Mr. Hatch's binocular, and agreed that there was a good thing ahead.

After a while Mr. Hatch's Western trip and the Eastern consultations developed into a scheme. A company has been formed, which company has put itself in communication with the right men in Washington, and now there is a prospect of the Park being turned to good account. In some countries such domain would be preserved by the government, even if at the expense of a little official jobbery and a brigade of park keepers. In fact, we have a legal and near-by illustration in our own Central and the Philadelphia Fairmount parks. But in the case of the United States national property the first thing to be done is to make money out of it, usually with a liberal percentage of public good as schools, or public works of some kind. Mr. Hatch and his friends have gone a step even beyond the railroad dodge. Railroads are under obligation to serve the public, though they take their time in doing it. The National Park company is under no obligation at all. In the first place, they have secured a lease of desirable building plots for the ostensible purpose of erecting hotels; next they get free pasturage, then free timber, and at the end of their term they are to be paid for all their improvements (!). The hotel privilege is in itself a fortune; the free pasturage is of incalculable advantage for stock raising; the timber cutting—well, that's immense; and the final indemnity and reimbursement let in a whole flood of claims.

How, even in this prodigal Congress, such a scheme of iniquity could be known and suffered to live passes comprehension. The company has already got to work, and anticipating favorable legislation is acting boldly and openly without authority cutting down timber and exercising all the rights of ownership. The leases are, it is said, ready for submission to Congress; but if the matter is judiciously managed there is no hope for redress or efficient revision in Congress. The only hope is that President Arthur will refuse his assent to a bill. It is to be presumed that a bill will have to be passed to give away the national property, although it is possible that the matter rests with the Secretary of the Interior, who has only to submit his decisions to Congress for registration.

GAME IN KENTUCKY.

EARLY in the fall I inquired of every farmer, over whose fields I am permitted to shoot without restraint, as to the quail crop, and not one had seen a bevy. Extending investigations to more remote localities I was led to oil and carefully stow away my old gun where I expected it to remain untouched till hawks begin their spring campaign.

The blow of old John's untimely death last summer was materially lightened by the prospect of no field work this winter had he lived. A sporting acquaintance whom I casually met in November, informed me that birds were plentiful, and I'm glad that I made good a promise to bring over my unbroken three years old pointer that I had given up as a hopelessly headstrong flusher—for I have enjoyed some of the finest sport I ever had and developed the best field dog I ever owned. The only bird dog in the county, since old John's death, that setting afire with the whip, blistering with a strap, and screaming that would "put to blush" an asthmatic calliope, had failed to make back, and whose infatuation with the chase was set down incurable, till the second dose within five minutes, administered from the shotgun, brought him to repentance. Still he wouldn't hold a point long enough for me to always get in range, and he had been decided the worst pill in the box, and reduced to the ranks with the squirrel and 'coon dogs. Every brother who has run short of trained dogs and watched with solicitude the development of a promising youngster can appreciate the affectionate exultation with which I caressed that dog when in open field he first stood a single bird till I passed him and walked it up, and repeated it on four more, all of which came to bag.

It was our good fortune to blast the hopes of more than one netter, by catching the bevys they had been watching on the other fellow's farm, and one morning we enjoyed two hours' sport marking down and bagging the larger parts of two bevys, which took wing after netters had set for them and had them on the run. The forays of city hunters in past years have caused many a poster's erection, and the boom of a shotgun and flash of the spotted dog bring runners over many farms to warn off the sportsman.

Permission was invariably cheerfully granted us, with assurance that neighbors are always welcome. "Them city chaps, who, not satisfied with what they can kill, hire fellows to net for them, and trap for them—any way to get 'em—and take all the birds they can kill and buy, home, to sell and have cooked, are the ones we mean, and they can't hunt on my farm." A visiting party a year ago put in a Sunday within earshot of a church, where a revival was in progress; and they were from Lexington, 'twas said.

I have weighed several quail this season. Three, a cock and two hens bagged from same bevey, weighed 23¾ oz.—8,

8, 7½. A cock from another bevey scaled 8 oz.; 5 to 6 oz. heaviest weight of the average birds.

The ducks dropped in passing, apparently in railroad style—twenty minutes for dinner. I saw very few rabbits. But two or three deer have been killed. Have heard of but little hunting of large game. Bear signs plentiful in the mountains, but the bear hunters have died or grown so old that dogs are no longer trained for the chase in our county. I think our close season for game begins Feb. 1, instead of March, as per list published by FOREST AND STREAM, if I am not mixed. KENTUCKIAN.

MILL SPRINGS, Ky., Jan. 15, 1883.

GUINEA FOWL AS GAME BIRDS.

YOUR article in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM and the communication of "Brindle," on the adaptability of the guinea hen as a game bird, were of great interest to me. I have long held the opinion that they were well worthy of a trial, and that such a trial would prove successful. I will give you my reasons for thinking so.

About thirty years ago—I am no chicken—while shooting over a friend's farm in New Jersey one fall, I met his foreman, who told me that one of their guineas had stolen her nest and raised a large brood of chicks, which he could not get back to the farmyard. Such being the case, he suggested that I should shoot as many of them as I could. I thought nothing of this at the time; but one day, on the same farm, while beating along a large buckwheat stubble for quail, with my two dogs, a setter and a pointer, we came to some rough pieces of grass at the top of the field, adjoining a heavy piece of woodland. The setter made a full point, backed at some distance by the pointer—a sight which always gladdens the heart of a sportsman; I stepped up to the pointer, expecting to flush a bevy of quail. Nothing stirred. I advanced to the setter, when up went a guinea fowl. I thought of old Harry's guineas, and turned the bird over at about twenty yards. At the report of my gun a full dozen more arose and made straight for the cover. I killed a second bird, and when these were recovered I followed them up and killed five more, all over points. I could have killed more of them if I had wished to do so. Subsequently I tried them again, and they gave me as good sport as any game birds I had ever shot. They lay well to the dogs. Sometimes I had a quail in the grass as well as in the woodland. One bird, I remember, my pointer found in the open stubble, and although I walked close up to the dog, I did not see the bird until it rose.

I have thought of this occurrence many times, and have mentioned it to some of my sporting friends. I have no doubt that these birds would prove a valuable acquisition to our game birds.

If the gentlemen who have spent so much time and money in introducing the useless little European quail, would turn their attention in another direction, and make the most of the means we have at our own doors to insure our supply of game, I think they would receive a better reward for their liberal and unselfish efforts; or if they must import game birds, why not try the English partridge, a hardy bird and one that would be more likely to prove a success?

NATH'L WINKLE.

"Brindle" writes a nice story on guinea fowl in yours of the 11th. I have tried the experiment to make game out of guineas; but it will not do. They are too domestic; and will not lie well to a dog, as they run too much. With spaniels it is somewhat better, but even then they make no shooting. The writer has turned them loose in the spring. They never go further than a quarter of a mile from the farm buildings. Unless looked after they will produce but very few young, as vermin of all kinds prey upon the eggs and chicks. In the fall they will come home to roost regularly, and be with the other barn fowl. According to my idea, as far as the sport of shooting them is concerned, it is none. One might as well have a dog run up a flock of hens and bang away at them. Better buy a few quail and put them out and look after them properly. CRONTETH.

NEVERSINK LODGE, Guymard, N. Y.

MOOSE IN MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send the letter of a well-known hunter and guide to you without comment.

Maine is the natural home of the moose, and deer of this species were probably as abundant thirty years ago in the region of which Mr. Darling writes as anywhere on the continent. They are not yet extinct here, and are undoubtedly more common now than ten years ago. Still, the tourist need not keep out of our woods for fear of being bitten by them. They are less commonly encountered than "moose flies." A few are killed here each year, but the facts concerning their capture are seldom made public. If a good "caller" could be obtained among our guides or Indians familiar with Northern Maine, one might go for this great game in autumn with a fair chance of success, such as can be had nowhere else in the United States. Caribou and the common or Virginia deer are also found in the same region.

Of the former abundance of moose here a good tale is related by Mr. A. J. Darling, who writes:

"About thirty years ago I used to hunt a great deal, and almost the whole year round. I went mostly with my brother, whom you well know. One spring, after we had finished hunting moose and deer in this section on the headwaters of the Union River, we heard of moose away up the east branch (of the Penobscot River), so we fixed up a small kit and started, thinking we would kill about three moose before we came back home. We went up as far as Katahdin Pond at the foot of the old mountain, and stopped there at John Bosnard's camp.

"We struck back and found where there were moose, and did not stop until we were the means of killing fifteen moose, spending a little over three weeks. While there we heard of moose being very plenty at the head of Aroostook River, and the next winter we started for that region. Of course it was about the middle of February when the snow was deep and the beginning of crusting.

"We were gone between five and six weeks, and killed forty moose, and got them out. The following winter we went up there the first of February and built a small camp, and killed sixty moose, besides a nice lot of furs. While there I went through to the Mausauges where I found a camp of twelve St. Francis Indians and stopped all night with them. They were killing moose for their hides, and living on moose meat, and for tea, steeped birch buds. We got all our moose out by the way of John Goddard's tow-road, (the late John Goddard of Portland).

"After I came home my brother made a trip to see those Indians, and found them skinning out, having their winter as well as spring killed moose to dry and press, and take home as soon as the lakes and rivers opened. He also found that the twelve had killed an average of fifty moose to a man, or about six hundred moose in all. These Indians lived entirely on moose meat, and took all the dried meat they could to their families when they went home, leaving the rest to rot in the woods.

"After this the St John Indians and the French and Yankee hunters from all directions followed in their footsteps, and in about three years it was of no use to go there any more for moose.

"Some ask, what becomes of all the moose? Why, 'the wolves' get them, of course. There has been so much laid on the backs of the poor wolves that I don't expect to live long enough to see one in Penobscot county again."

The story of the twelve Indians getting six hundred moose in one winter suggests the query, whether a portion of the number were killed with the bow, (not cross-bow.)

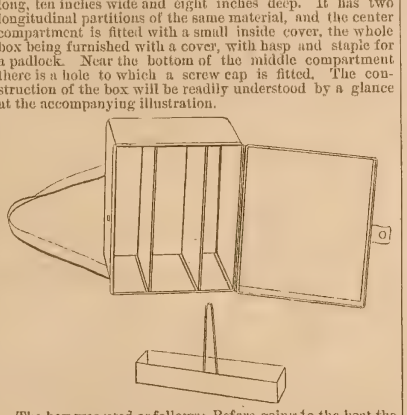
EVERETT SMITH.

A PORTABLE ICE-BOX.

IN September, 1881, I passed two days at Lazaretto rail shooting, reaching home on the evening of the second day. On examining my birds on arrival I found that those shot on the first day were spoiled by the heat.

Resolved not to be caught in that way again, I had a small ice-box made in the manner presently to be described. In September, 1882, I again spent two days at Lazaretto, but with the aid of the box brought home all my birds in good condition.

The box is made of galvanized sheet iron, twelve inches long, ten inches wide and eight inches deep. It has two longitudinal partitions of the same material, and the center compartment is fitted with a small inside cover, the whole box being furnished with a cover, with hasp and staple for a padlock. Near the bottom of the middle compartment there is a hole to which a screw cap is fitted. The construction of the box will be readily understood by a glance at the accompanying illustration.



The box was used as follows: Before going to the boat the center compartment was filled with ice, one of the others with bottles of beer, and the other one with lunch and more beer. These rail pushers require about one bottle per bird, I find, and so one bottle was taken out shortly after starting in order to make room for the first bird. As fast as the birds were shot they were placed in the side compartments, and when the tide was over we had the box partly full of birds instead of bottles. On reaching shore the birds were transferred to the ice-house. The following day the box was used in the same manner. Just before starting for home the ice compartment was replenished and the two days' birds placed in the outer ones, and I reached New York with the game in perfect condition.

On another occasion, desiring to use live bait in bass fishing, I had a small tray made to fit one of the side compartments. The tray had a bent wire handle and a perforated bottom. The middle compartment was filled with ice, the one having the tray with water and minnows, and the third compartment with lunch, etc. When bait was wanted, I opened the box, lifted the tray, which brought up all the minnows and none of the water, so the selection was easily made. The lunch was removed and stowed in the boat, leaving a compartment empty for the reception of such fish as were caught.

The cost of the box, exclusive of straps, was $3.50. The box may be carried in a large shawl strap, or better, by straps riveted to the sides, or may be locked and sent by express, or as baggage. On one occasion, I filled the box with ammunition and stores, on my way to Long Island. The baggage-master refused to receive it, unless I would certify that it contained wearing apparel. I satisfied his scruples by opening the box and transferring to it a pair of socks that I took out of my valise. I give this as a hint to those who travel with their guns in gun cases, which sometimes baggage-masters refuse to check. H. G. P.

WILDFOWL AND GAME CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 18th inst. the communication from "An Upland and Bay Shooter," and your editorial, "New York Game Laws," are the best views I have lately seen on the important subject of game protection.

Many of my friends who have shot wildfowl in the West during the past ten years have lately joined coast shooting clubs, while others who have shot on the coast all their lives are frantically inquiring for shooting grounds in the West, because the coast is all "gunned out." It is the same old story throughout the country.

Every man and boy, who can afford it, owns one or two breech-loaders, and every half-grown boy owns or borrows some kind of blunderbuss or old musket; then the Life Saving Stations have crews composed almost entirely of bay gunners, who shoot day and night.

I formerly shot on a marsh in the South, where I had very good luck killing black ducks, but three years ago a Life Saving Station was erected near the marsh, and I have since spent many many days watching my decoys in the vicinity of that station and only bagged one duck!

Our Canadian friends allow egging vessels to be fitted out to gather eggs of wildfowl on the coast of Labrador. This, it appears to me, is even more destructive to game than spring shooting on our coast.

Many of my friends are giving up shooting in disgust. They visit the shooting grounds and spend their time and money and often return without a feather. I have often had this experience myself. Even the clubs that own thousands of acres of land complain of the increasing scarcity of game, but to organize a club and enforce strict by-laws in regard to early morning and late evening shooting seems now to be the only way to secure a few ducks.

When every foot of shooting land in the country is gobbled up by clubs, the pot-hunters who have done their utmost to drive away game, and have shot in season and out of season, will find that they are left out in the cold.

O. B. S.

CALIFORNIA DOGS IN THE MANGER.

THE shooting season in California is pretty well advanced. It opened on the 15th of September, and will close on the 15th of March. With the exception of deer and doves, the open season for all kinds of game is embraced by these dates. Owing to the mild character of California winters, our sportsmen have better opportunities for indulging in field sports than do those on your side of the Rocky Mountains. The "rainy season" in the coast range and on the plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys extends from about the 1st of October until the 1st of May, and there is seldom a day between the opening and closing of the hunting season when one cannot shoot with perfect comfort. The ducks stay with us until the last moment,—and the shooting is about as good on the last day of the season as in November. Quail can, of course, be hunted at any time during the season, but they are generally thinned out toward the last, and it requires new broods to restock the grounds most accessible to the cities, for there is a perfect army of shooters abroad every Sunday. San Francisco turns them out by the hundreds on Saturday night and Sunday morning of each week, special trains of cars leaving the city at four o'clock A. M. on Sundays, expressly for the convenience of gunners. There are localities in the hills, however, where the quail have such protection from hunters, that their extermination will probably never be accomplished, even through the facilities afforded by breech-loading guns and blue-blooded dogs.

But it must be that the quails have even worse enemies than man, for I know of a ranch within ten miles of this city, some 20,000 acres in extent, on which the birds have been pretty well protected for the last six or eight years, and I believe there are less of them there now than when persons were permitted to shoot over it. This ranch borders on the American River, and there is plenty of bottom land with good cover, and wooded ravines throughout the rolling ground, the live oaks along which afford excellent hiding places for the birds. The number of quails shot on this ground within the last few years has been comparatively few, wherefore I think the skunks, coyotes, hawks, etc., have been getting in their work among them.

And here let me say I have always noticed that wherever persons are allowed to shoot often the quails increase in numbers, as the presence of hunters keeps off the "varmints" that prey upon the birds, while the latter are generally smart enough to avoid the skill of the gunners. I believe that if persons were permitted to hunt over the grounds I have referred to, in a very few years there would be thousands of quails where there are now dozens. For the California quail, while it is more than a match for the average sportsman, is at the mercy of its other enemies. If I owned a 20,000-acre tract of this kind, on which I desired to have the quails multiply, I would at least keep a few hounds on it to run off the coyotes and wildcats, and have somebody shoot the hawks and jaybirds.

Strange as it may seem, these coyotes and wildcats (and occasionally a gray wolf) are killed in the brush along the American River, within two miles of this city. A sheep ranch covering 44,000 acres begins almost at the outskirts of the city, and adjoining it are two others of 20,000 acres each. On these great ranches there are not three families, the whole being given up to bands of sheep and a few cattle. These sheep are what attract the coyotes and wolves; and yet the owners thereof are doing all in their power to keep hunters off these grounds, on which there is considerable game—ducks, snipe, quails, etc. One proprietor even scatters poisoned meat over his fields for the purpose of killing the dogs of hunters, and many valuable animals have been lost thereby. This practice is pursued on the Norris Grant, whose owner is worth many millions of dollars; and because he is thus wealthy nobody seems to be willing to go to the courts to test his right either to arrest anyone for trespass, or to spread poison thus promiscuously about the fields. There is a law on our statute books making it a misdemeanor for any person to hunt on "inclosed" grounds, but this ranch is not inclosed on all sides, and the owner has no legal right to drive anybody off it. The trouble is that no person of ordinary means feels like dancing attendance on the courts for months for the sake of testing the law. Hence arrests have been made, and in some instances fines imposed. It is the old story of wealth and aristocracy seeking to keep the iron heel upon the necks of the poorer classes; and it is a disgrace to California that such immense landholdings should be permitted. Every thousand acres of this land would support from five to eight families, or say 500 families altogether, and each would have a big farm to itself. These 500 families would bring considerable trade into this city, whereas now the few sheep herders thereon are supplied by their employer from San Francisco.

I did not intend, when I started this letter, to drift into this subject, but now that I have done so I will mention another phase of the land-monopoly business as it affects sportsmen. A couple of men own one tract of land in the San Joaquin Valley some sixty miles in extent. Much of this has been inclosed, and, of course, they have a right, under the law, to keep hunters off the land thus fenced. Within their inclosures are said to be thousands of antelope, to which they have really no more claim than the humblest and poorest citizen. Neither have they any use for the antelope. They are too infernally picayunish to purchase guns themselves for the purpose of having a little sport, and too mean to permit anybody else to shoot the game. Some day they will probably have the antelope killed off for the market to add a few dollars more to their $50,000,000 or $60,000,000. The law ought not to protect any such extent of country from the operations of sportsmen. No field of more than 100 acres should be exempted from the pursuit of wild game; and if unimproved ground even that limit should not hold good. It is getting so now in this State that one has to go a considerable distance into the mountains before losing sight of the "No Shooting on these Grounds" placards posted along the roadways.

Our Legislature convened to-day, and it is expected that

several important amendments will be made in the game laws, and some of the existing provisions made more stringent. The State law now declares that deer shall not be killed between Nov. 1 and July 1 of the following year, but in the mountain counties little or no heed is paid to the law; and in some of them the supervisors have undertaken to "boss the job," by giving permission to shoot deer during the close season. You see, the snow drives the deer down into the foothills, and there are men who are mean enough to go out and slay them, notwithstanding the poor, half-starved things are breeding, and consequently not fit to eat. Then, we shall probably have re-enacted the law against the killing of does at any season, which expired last year; and possibly trout-catching will be prohibited for a couple of years at least. What is needed more than anything is one or more game constables to visit different parts of the State, and see that offenders against the law are brought to justice.

The State Sportsmen's Association has, by its committee appointed for that purpose, drafted a series of amendments to be offered during the present session, and they are all good ones. The State ought to make a small appropriation for the purpose of introducing the Eastern quails here, and also prairie chickens. Our vast stubble fields would furnish excellent cover for them, and we need a greater variety of game birds. At present we have nothing but our quails and snipe.

Several parties here have young dogs that are down with the distemper, and I am advising them to follow the advice given by Mr. Hammond, the kennel editor of your excellent journal, and that is not to dose them too much, but to assist nature, by simple means, in working off the disease. A number of really valuable dogs have been killed by stuffing them with all sorts of medicine, and a little experience of this kind ought to be enough to cure any person of the practice, even though it doesn't cure the dog. OCCASIONAL.

SACRAMENTO, Col., Jan 9, 1883.

THE AIR SPACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In connection with the discussion of air space in barrels of firearms, I send you the following "Ordnance Notes, No. 117," relating to swollen barrels in service small arms. It is dated at the National Armory, Sept. 6, 1879, and reads:

"Every rifle and carbine made at this armory is fired at least five times with the service cartridge besides three proof charges, viz: 280, 250 and 80 grains of powder and a heavy bullet, respectively. There have besides been many thousand cartridges fired in testing experimental guns and cartridges. In all more than 1,000,000 of cartridges have been fired since 1870, and in no instance, so far as can be ascertained, has there ever occurred the bursting or swelling of a barrel at or near the muzzle. From these facts I think it may be safely inferred that a swollen or burst muzzle in service must result from some obstruction. A report of a trial made by Capt. Greer at this armory, herewith inclosed, shows the effect of firing the service rifle with different kins of obstructions placed in the bore at the muzzle. Signed, J. G. BENTON, Colonel Ordnance, Commanding."

This is Capt. Greer's report: "National Armory, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 5, 1879.—Sir: In accordance with your instructions to ascertain, if practicable, from what causes the swelling of the muzzle of the service rifle results, I have the honor to submit the following report: Two condemned barrels were taken at random from a lot turned in from the field. Eight or ten rounds were fired from one of them, rags of various sizes having been inserted in the bore a little below the front sight, without affecting the barrel the slightest. Sand next having been inserted in the muzzle, the barrel was shaken so as to remove all but a few grains which adhered to the fouling; the piece was then fired. This was repeated several times without swelling the muzzle. The barrel was then run into wet sand and the bore nearly filled for about an inch and a half. After firing in this condition the barrel was found swelled at the muzzle precisely like those that have been received from time to time from the field. Several pine plugs, from six to eight inches in length, were then prepared of a size to fit the bore closely. The second barrel was fired twice with the plugs driven in dry about one-half their length, twice driven in wet, and twice driven in dry, but afterward swelled by steam both inside and outside, without injury to the barrel. The inclosed air probably forced the plugs out before the bullets reached them. A plug was then split in two to represent a broken tompion, the air being free to pass by the plug. It was thought the bullet might wedge on the remaining side of the plug, but the barrel was found uninjured after the shot was fired. Occasionally the cup-anvil of the Frankford service shell has been found in the barrel after firing. It was thought possible that one of these might become wedged in the barrel and cause the swelling. To test this question, an anvil was driven down squarely across the barrel, just opposite the front sight. The piece was then fired, without injury to the barrel. A second anvil was driven down to the same position, but obliquely to the axis of the bore. No damage resulted from the firing. A long wad of cotton waste was then wet and rolled into a spiral and forced down the barrel several inches by the ramrod. The piece was then fired, when the barrel was found swelled a little beyond the wad, which was probably carried forward a few inches before the bullet wedged upon it. It would seem from these trials that swelling at the muzzle is caused chiefly by sand at that point, rags, etc., being blown out, but that rags lower down may cause a swelling at some point between their position and the muzzle; that the use of tompions is less hurtful than heretofore supposed, and finally, that swelling, not being easily produced, is the result of negligence in not seeing that the bore is free from obstructions. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, JOHN E. GREER, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. A."

You will bear in mind that musket barrels are possessed of much greater strength than those of shotguns. That Mr. Greener filled such barrels at the muzzle with two inches of clay and then fired them without injury, I do not believe.

Experiments of that nature have recently been made with our musket barrels, and they burst in almost every instance. Of course it would be almost impossible to burst the barrels of some of the heavy target rifles, there being so much metal. The results of the most recent tests have not yet been published, but they serve to show, as this report indicates, that sometimes the barrel is injured by what seems the slightest of causes, and at other times, when injury is expected, none apparently results. As I at first wrote, "we don't know very much about 'air spaces,' but on general principles consider them dangerous to the gun," and with the shotgun, I would also include the man who holds it, when air spaces exist.

I inclose some notes taken from a board of survey at Springfield Armory in 1882. You can hardly bring this under the head of "air spaces," but it is just as well that your readers should know the danger to rifles from so simple a cause.

Whether or not the same danger exists for shotguns I much doubt, that is, from the sand alone. That there is danger when the obstruction is greater, I have no doubt. Time and again barrels may stand a given test which they were not made to stand, and again may give way at the first trial. Consequently, it is necessary to always be prepared for the worst.

I have almost constantly handled firearms for some twenty-five years, since a boy, have seen many strange things in connection with them, both guns and cannon, and the more I see of them the more I am convinced of the old woman's saying, that "Guns are dangerous things, even without lock, stock or barrel." Vose, of ours, tells of a man during the war, who took two barrels upon which to set his kettles for cooking—one of them went off (of course, not loaded) and shattered his ankle.

The notes by Col. Buffington, as follows:

"A barrel received from field with a swollen muzzle was cut off back of the swell, the muzzle was then pushed into wet sand, and the gun was discharged, using the service cartridge, resulting in a swollen muzzle.

"A second similar gun barrel was taken, the swollen muzzle cut off, the gun fired, the end thrust into dry sand, and fired again, with no perceptible swelling; it was then fired twice more, with the consequent increase of fouling, the muzzle end resting in dry sand dust, as might easily happen at target practice from carelessness, then it was fired again, and the muzzle found to be swollen.

"All experiments tend to prove that an obstruction in the bore, particularly sand, will cause a swelling of the barrel.

"This swelling never takes place when firing the service cartridge, when there is no obstruction in the bore.

"Within the past eight years there have been proved at the Springfield Arsenal, over 450,000 barrels, with the following charges: One charge, 280 grains of powder and 500 grains of lead; and one charge of 250 grains of powder and 500 grains of lead, and there has never been an instance of a barrel swelling near the muzzle. Such swelling only occurs when there is an obstruction in the bore, particularly when it is sand." S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the "Report of the Chief of Ordnance for 1879," p. 263, Capt. John E. Greer reports on certain experiments with small arms as follows:

"In accordance with instructions to test the liability of a rifle barrel to rupture, owing to the bullet not being entirely down to the powder charge, I have the honor to submit the following report:

In order to insert the bullets from the muzzle it was necessary to slightly reduce them in diameter.

The shells were loaded with the usual charge of 70 grains of powder, which was prevented from escaping from them by pasteboard wads, an open space of about half an inch still remaining.

Two shots were fired with the bullets just reaching the front of the shells, or 30 inches from the muzzle, and two at 25, 20, and 15 inches, respectively.

After each round the barrel was carefully examined; no signs of swelling or yielding in any manner were visible.

The pressures as indicated by the pressure-plug are given in the following table:

Distance from muzzle.	30 in.	25 in.	20 in.	15 in.
	Pounds.	*Pounds.*	*Pounds.*	*Pounds.*
Pressure per square inch.....	17,750	9,000	5,500	4,100
	16,250	6,500	5,250	4,000
Mean.....	17,000	7,750	5,375	4,050

The pressures obtained with the bullet crimped in the shell in the regular manner were about 27,000 pounds.

It would seem, therefore, from these results, that instead of an air-space between powder and bullet being a source of danger to the barrel the bore is relieved from strain, owing to the larger space in which the powder gas is permitted to expand."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had considerable experience in rifle shooting where the ball has not been sent home with the rod, and although these firings were not experimental, the results answer the question in your paper as to the danger of an air space, and with perfect satisfaction to me, as far as rifle barrels are concerned.

When a boy of ten years I began shooting with an old Kentucky rifle of extreme length, while my balls were all too large for the gun. This was remedied by reducing one diameter with a knife until it would fit the bore tight. Next, an iron rod was applied, and with the assistance of half a plowshare in the hand of a negro boy who always participated in my sports, was driven to within ten inches of the powder, resting there because the rod was not long enough to send it home. This manner of loading was carried on for about two years, when my father witnessed the performance and deprived us of both rod and gun. The rifle was never injured, and is now in the hands of a friend, who holds it on swan, eagle and hawk with deadly effect.

At the battle of Gettysburg my gun (a Springfield rifled musket) became so foul that the ball (conical) stopped half way down the barrel. I pounded upon the rod with a stone without moving it; and then discovered that I was unable to withdraw my rammer. I at once fired ball, rod and all at my "vis-a-vis" on the Federal side, who was about seventy or eighty yards away, without any injury to the gun, and I sincerely hope that I failed to hit my target.

A short time ago I carelessly fired a tight plug from the muzzle of a .38 Wesson, since which I have killed a number of swan and ducks, and ranging at from 100 to 300 yards, showing that the accuracy is not impaired. R. M. D.

TALBOT COUNTY, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few weeks ago, while hunting quail with Messrs. Jas. McCullough and John Smith, of Illinois, in pushing a tight shell into my gun, a 12-gauge 30-inch breech-loader, I must have stuck the muzzle of the gun in the ground. The dogs being then on a point I did not take time to examine, but flushing the bird fired at it, and as it was something unusual was surprised to find I had missed so fair a shot. I found when I went to reload my gun that two inches of the muzzle on the right hand barrel had been blown away and the rib between the barrels curled up like a watch spring, half way down the barrels. The left hand barrel, upon examination, was found to be plugged with mud for about two inches, but was uninjured. I had my gun repaired, and now, although only twenty-eight inches in the barrels, it shoots as good, if not better than before.

G. B. B.

NASHVILLE, Ill.

THE ILLINOIS GAME LAW.

THE matter of greatest interest here now to sportsmen, and which also affects game dealers as well, is the game laws of the State of Illinois. The annual meeting of the Sportsmen and Game Dealers' Association was held here Thursday, at which this matter was fully discussed. The meeting occurred in the Produce Exchange, main hall, and there was a big attendance of members present. To dispose of routine matters first, we will state that the annual election of officers occurred first, and resulted in a re-election as follos: President, Col. E. S. Bond; First Vice-President, Charles E. Felton; Second Vice-President, George E. Sloan; Third Vice-President, R. B. Organ; Secretary, George F. Norcom; Treasurer, C. H. Tebbetts; Executive Committe, Dr. F. B. Norcom, Charles E. Kern, S. H. Turrill, J. C. Ender, T. D Randall, and Fred. M. Smith.

After an approval of the report of the secretary and treasurer, the discussion of the amendment to the game laws of this State followed. It will be remembered by your readers that last December a committee was appointed to form a game law, and they met and passed an amendment to the law, which extends the time for selling wild game to Feb. 1. The old law closes all the selling Jan. 1. Why this amendment should have been passed by the committee is one of the seven wonders of the hunting world. The petition or bill thus amended was then sent to Springfield, our State capital, to be passed upon by the Legislature. Now the game law runs out Aug. 15, consequently the shooting begins on the instant, and holds until Dec. 1, when the law is again in force and the open season closes. This settles it that sportsmen must stop shooting game Dec. 1, yet dealers are allowed to sell till Jan. 1, and by the new amendment until February. The idea is to stop shooting and selling at the same time. By this law pot-hunters are virtually offered a premium for bagging game, and game dealers a temptation for buying this game and selling it, during two months—December and January, when gentleman sportsmen are barred out of all the pleasure of hunting.

When the law is up, August 15, the chickens are so young and tame that the pot-hunter can slip up and knock them over with a club or a stout stick, thus causing useless slaughter. The dealers in Chicago actually received loads of game last season that spoiled before it reached the game dealers. This must be stopped. Now the dealers are in favor of having a law that shall hold from Feb. 1 to Sept. 1 for all wild game, making the killing and selling the same dates.

Your correspondent had a conversation with L. L. Crocker, formerly a member of the State Legislature, and an ardent sportsman, and he said that it was impossible to get such a law passed, owing to the opposition of the members from the southern portion of the State, where game matures earlier, and where the pot-hunter abounds; they must go slow, and get one amendment at a time.

This is all nonsense of course. Even supposing game does mature earlier in the southern part of the State. The birds killed there spoil before reaching this city, which is the market for game. A common game law for all parts of the State should be passed. The meeting of sportsmen and dealers appointed a committee to again look after this matter of a change in the State game laws, and they will report next week.

A meeting of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association was held on the North Side in their regular hall last Wednesday night. There were fully thirty member present. The reports of the outgoing officers show that the assets of the association were $76,591.78, liabilities $11,976.98, net assets $64,614.80, which consists of eighty acres of land just west of Kensington, one of our best suburbs, a large hall, gymnasium, bowling alley, shooting ranges, and a ballroom. Everything is satisfactory in the club, and they now number fully 200 members. The election of officers resulted as follows: Ambrose Andree, President; John Kirchoefer, Vice-President; Henry Reitz, Comptroller; August Zschuppel, Treasurer; Oscar T. Matthai, Secretary; George Kersten, First Shooting Master; Otto Hoef, Second Shooting Master.

There is absolutely a lamentable dearth of news about this neck of the woods. No hunting, no trap shooting, and most of the boys at home attending strictly to business. Therefore the valuable FOREST AND STREAM will have to be content with this meager letter.

BARNEY BUTTS.

"SO Barney's dead," said country store lounger number one, giving a jab to the stick he was whittling.

"Yes, the old man's gone at last," said lounger number two, shifting his quid and directing a stream of tobacco juice "dead on" to the box of sawdust made and provided for just such emergencies.

"Well, he was a big hunter; the bears 'll rest easier now he's gone," put in lounger number three.

"If it's Barney Butts you're talking about," said Tubbs the stage driver, "he ain't dead."

"I know he is," rejoined number one.

"When did he die," asked Tubbs.

"Dead and buried last week; and never another bear 'll he skin," said lounger number three, making another bulls-eye on the sawdust box, and flushing from it about a million flies.

"But I know better," insisted Tubbs.

"How do you know?" came in chorus from the three.

"Because I seen him myself yesterday." And the letters having been sorted, Tubbs flung the mailbag on to the red box-coach, elevated his own ponderous self to his perch, gathered up the reins, huddupped his team, and rattled off down the street, while the loungers three were left to complete their rounds at the sawdust box, the only dust, by the way, they will ever be likely to raise in the world.

The subject of this conversation, which was overheard by the writer last October in a little mountain village of the Catskills, was old Barney Butts, the famous bear hunter. Mr. Butts died at his house in East Windham in the second week of the following December, 1882, aged nearly eighty-three years. He was one of a number of men living in that wild country who spent much time in hunting the large game which is to be found in the mountains. From a notice of his life, contributed by Mr. I. C. Butts to the Windham *Journal*, I extract the following particulars:

"Barney Butts was born in what is now the town of Jewett (then Windham) about one mile from Hensonville,

on the road leading to Hunter, in March 1799. He removed from the place of his birth on the Sherman place near the 'Jennie Notch,' in the town of Windham. After residing there, and at several places in the immediate vicinity, he built what is now called the 'Summit House,' at East Windham, owned by Abbott Lamoreau, his son-in-law, where he died, having resided there thirty-five years. He married Eleanor Loomis of Windham, who died about seven years ago. Mr. Butts was a man of strong physical build, his parents were noted for their longevity, both having attained the age of one hundred years. He has a sister now living in Windham, who is at least ten years his senior. Mr. Butts was a noted hunter and trapper and was familiarly spoken of as 'Barney Butts, the bear hunter,' he having captured over one hundred black bears, having three in captivity during the past summer at one time, which were chained in the rear yard of the 'Summit House,' and were quite an attraction to city guests. During the fall while Barney was confined to the house by sickness, two escaped, having broken their chains during the night. One of them had been in captivity about four years, and had become so tame that it would take an apple from Mr. Butts's teeth, or put its arms around his neck and kiss him. The bear was killed near the Round Top about two months after its escape.

"Mr. Butts was the owner of a horse which he always rode on his hunting trips. Fences, stonewalls, ditches and fallen trees were no obstacles in his way. He has ascended High Park on horseback since his eightieth year, and set and attended to his traps. About eight years ago, while covering a trap with leaves, on the mountains, he accidentally sprung it, and its sharp spikes passed through his hand, holding him fast. This would have discouraged a man with ordinary pluck, but he, with no assistance but such as nature provided, went to work and after a faithful effort removed his hand from the trap and walked to his home, where a surgeon was summoned, the wound was dressed, and the sufferer made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He has often captured three bears in a single day, having tracked them to their den. The number of wildcats which can trace the cause of their demise to his hands, would be nearly as large as that of bruin. The last wolf ever exhibited alive in Windham, was about fifty years ago by Barney Butts. While living in 'Jennie Notch,' he, one morning, started after his horses in the lot, and when he returned he had two wolves. He also found and cut over five hundred bee trees. He had always lived within a radius of six miles of where he died, hence he was well known by all who had ever visited the Catskills. The history of these mountains was as familiar to him as any historian who ever attempted to describe them by pen. Although studying the habits of the savage denizens of the forest (second nature to him), he did not neglect his fellowmen, as his genial nature, kind hospitality and never-failing generosity will attest in the remarks of gratitude to the acts of his life by his neighbors and acquaintances."

MEAT-HAWK.

DUCK HUNTING ON CRYSTAL RIVER.

CRYSTAL River is a small town in Florida, situated at the head of a beautiful stream of water bearing the same name. The river is about ten miles long, and empties its waters into the Gulf of Mexico about thirty miles south of Cedar Keys. The stream is fed by springs of clear, soft water which boil up out of the ground in numerous places, some of them so large and powerful that a boat is rowed up to them with difficulty. The water is beautifully clear, and multitudes of fish can everywhere be seen disporting themselves in its depths or leaping from its surface. The banks of the stream are lined with live oaks, magnolias and cabbage palmettoes, the two former being draped with long festoons of the Zilandria or Spanish moss. The finest of fish are to be taken in great numbers from this stream, and at its mouth the sportsman will find high ground along the banks, where he can camp and have on his bill of fare every day in the week, fish, oysters, wild turkey, deer, duck, snipe and a host of birds with whose names the writer is not familiar. But it is not of the fish that I wish at this time to write, although a disciple of old Izaac would find here a wide field for the exercise of his art.

Business called me to this town. Being limited as to time, and wishing to guard against being tempted to make a protracted stay, I took with me no firearms except a No. 44 Smith & Wesson revolver, Russian model. Business being dispatched, the morning after Christmas found me on the wharf at the head of the river, eying with the instinct of a sportsman the flocks of ducks that were everywhere to be seen swimming and feeding. I thought regretfully of the breech-loader at home, and sought to content myself by trying the birds at long range with my revolver. This was not satisfactory to me, although it undoubtedly was to the ducks. After a little inquiry at one of the stores in town, I succeeded in borrowing a muzzle-loading shotgun of the style that I used to shoot when I was a boy, and held my life more lightly than now. The thing was loaded. It was loaded in both barrels, and an examination with the rod showed that she carried five fingers. Now, I consider five fingers altogether too much for a man or a gun, and as I could not draw the charge, I was about to abandon my hunt, when a gentleman with true Southern politeness offered to discharge the piece for me. He did so without any damage to himself or the piece, and securing the services of an experienced boatman, Mr. William Reed, whose name has already figured in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, and is familiar to Southern sportsmen, I embarked for a trip down the river. The fun began before we were a hundred yards from the wharf.

"Do you see those two ducks dead ahead, Mr. Reed?"

"Ay, sir."

"Pull for them straight away and I'll try them on as they rise."

The boat glided noiselessly over the clear water under the skillful motion of the oar until we were within easy range of the birds, but they were loth to take wing and strove, by rapid swimming, to escape. Being crowded they at last left the water. "Now's your chance, sir," said Reed. Bang, bang went the old double-barrel, and one of the ducks splashed into the water while the other went screaming on its way. "That was not my fault, Mr. Reed, I covered that bird," said I. Mr. Reed was silent. He had probably heard gunners make similar remarks before.

We pursued our way down the river, adopting the same tactics, rowing boldly for the birds and firing as they took wing, and though there were frequent misses there were hits enough to fill our boat with a goodly supply of birds. At last my powder horn was empty—one little charge was all I could extract. This I wadded carefully and reserved for a choice wing shot. Soon we rounded a point in the river. In the bend there were hundreds of ducks feeding but forty yards away, an old drake and his mate were quacking in the grass. As the boat forged ahead they sprang into the air and flew dead away into the wind.

"They were too far for this charge, Mr. Reed." "Ay, sir, but see he's coming back." And so he was. With neck outstretched and flapping wings, he came down the wind directly for us. At thirty yards he shifted to the right and tried to pass us at twenty yards. Snap, fiz-z, b-ang, went the old double barrel, loth to do duty, and down came the drake stone dead, making the water splash as he tumbled heels over head into the river.

Here is a royal place for sportsmen. Game is to be found in unlimited quantities. If the hunter wishes to camp, the banks of the river are high and dry near its mouth, and the climate is so mild that but little shelter is required. At the head of the river good hotel accommodations may be had of Mr. G. T. Willis, who is a gentleman that knows how to make strangers feel entirely at home. Mr. Wm. Reed, mentioned above, has been for the past nine years engaged in piloting hunting and fishing parties about the Gulf coast. He can be hired for a moderate sum to take charge of parties of sportsmen. His address is Crystal River, Hernando county, Fla. Should any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM visit this delightful stream, I trust they will give through the columns of this journal a detailed account of their experiences.

B. F. MARSH.

OHIO, January, 1883.

GAME BIRD IMPORTATION.—Messrs. Charles Reiche & Brother have had two hundred pair of English pheasants and a large number of English hares and partridges consigned to them, all for the stocking of Mr. Pierre Lorillard's large game preserve in Monmouth county, N. J. The same firm have received an order from the Fisher's Island Sportsmen's Club for one hundred and fifty pair of Western quail, a lot of prairie chickens, English pheasants, hares and partridges. The Messrs. Reiche are also exporting to Germany three hundred pair of Western quail.

BRANT SHOOTERS will be interested in the advertisement elsewhere of a club house season ticket for sale.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

"You see the ways the Fishermen doth take
To catch the fish; what engines doth he make?
Behold! how he engageth all his wits;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks and nets;
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine:
They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too.
Or they will not be catch'd whate'er you do."

—*John Bunyan.*

WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

XI.—THE GAME LAWS—ANGLING MISHAPS—SEA AND BROOK TROUT.

He who has once experienced the fascination of the woods-life never escapes its enticement. In the memory nothing remains but its charm.—WARNER.

Our local coterie were in council a few evenings since, nominally to devise means to render such aid as was practicable to secure an amendment and more general enforcement of the existing game laws of the State, but really for a promiscuous confab upon the subject of angling in general. The game laws were conceded to be imperfect, but less so than the slip-shod way in which they were enforced. Every species of fish and game are ruthlessly pursued out of season and by prohibited devices. This is true not alone in regard to remote waters and ranges, but also in regard to lakes and streams in populous neighborhoods. And this state of things will continue until the general public shall reach a more just conception of the material value of well-stocked waters in all sections of the State. As a partial remedy, an increase of the number of game constables was suggested. The necessity for this is conceded by those in authority, and if, in addition, those who appreciate the importance of game protection shall exert their personal influence to secure a thorough enforcement of the law in their several localities, something effective might be accomplished. At a few points in the State there are organized associations, one of whose purposes is to prosecute offenders. Some of them have rendered good service, but they are not generally efficient. Their members are ordinarily busy men, who have no leisure to give personal attention to the frequent violations of the law by the poachers and pot-hunters of their neighborhoods. If these several organizations could or would, for a year or two, employ some one to give his entire time to the detection and prosecution of offenders, they would learn to fear if not to respect the law, and good results would follow.

Our own State is not an exception to the prevailing vandalism. Not only do these violators of the laws of nature and of man deem all game their rightful plunder, but they persist in bagging it at all seasons and by any device. This is as true on the vast plains of the great West as within the borders of civilization, and is as persistently practised on the recently stocked salmon waters of Maine as in the over-fished lakes and rivers of the Adirondacks. Public sentiment is being gradually educated up to the proper standard upon this subject and it will ultimately reach a point when it will serve as a moral check upon all classes of the community, but meanwhile nothing but the terrors of the law and the enforcement of its penalty will act as sufficient restraints upon its habitual and persistent violators.

"If all has not been done that is desirable," said one of our number, "something has certainly been accomplished by the discussion of this subject within the past twenty or thirty years. I remember when sportsmen—not professional poachers or pot-hunters—did not deem it unsportsmanlike to string set-lines in the lakes and rivers of the North Woods to swell their 'count.' This practise has, I believe, been generally discarded, except by the low-down riff-raff, who have no more idea of what is legitimate in the practise of the art than an Esquimau has of the principles of algebra.

"I once met one of these fellows on the North Branch of the Moose River a great many years ago. We saw him set his line at a point famous for the number and size of the trout, which seemed to make it their headquarters. He supposed himself unobserved, of course, and retired to his shanty sure of a good haul in the morning. I was in camp with Dick O., whom most of you knew as 'a fellow of infinite humor,' and as muscular as he was witty, and as fond of fair play in angling as he was 'down on' all poachers and pot-hunters. When it was suggested that we make a midnight raid upon the trap set by our neighbor, Dick dissented, with the remark that 'he would make him a visit early in the morning, give him due notice of his purpose, and cut his line before his eyes.' I offered to accompany him, but he declined my services and proceeded alone to perform his righteous office. I watched him on his mission, observed him talking to the poacher, and saw him stoop down at the edge of the water, as if to cut the line. A tussle followed, and in less than a minute 'something dropped' in the water, and it wasn't Dick. The issue was the capture of the set-line; and, after due explanations, apologies, and sundry soothing appliances, a treaty of peace was signed, Dick was forgiven, and the poacher promised 'never to do so no more.'"

"Was that the season I met you fishing under water?"

"'No more o' that, Hal, an' you love me.'"

"Why not? It was certainly nothing to your discredit, and I have had a many hearty laugh since, at the remembrance of it."

"Tell us about it, D."

"Well, it was something like this: I was wading and casting down the North Branch with results entirely satisfactory, when I reached the borders of a rather deep pool, into which the waters swept with a velocity which rendered it extremely difficult for me to keep my footing. Anxious to reach a shaded spot in the pool, which required a long cast, I lifted myself up upon a slippery boulder to the more certainly reach my objective point. I succeeded, as I expected, in raising a large fish, but in striking, my feet slipped from under me, and I glided into the flood as cleanly and as arrow-like as a saw log dips into the water below the chute. I was not aware that anyone was in the neighborhood, until I heard a roar of laughter as I emerged from my bath to swim ashore. That's the whole story; I saw nothing laughable in the adventure then, although I have often since smiled in thinking of it."

"No, gentlemen, that is not the whole story, begging my friend's pardon. After he made his plunge there was nothing to be seen of him or of his belongings, but his rod, and that was held as erect and as artistically as if he was playing his fish from the rock from which he had slipped. The line was kept taut, and the tip of the rod bent as gracefully while the angler was submerged as when he regained his footing. It was a fine illustration of the ruling passion, and I was as glad as if I had done it myself, when our friend landed a three-pound trout as the result of his judicious manipulation under difficulties. By the way, D., did you ever find your hat?"

"Yes, half a mile below, and none the worse for the journey. But since you have begun to 'tell tales out of school,' I have a mind to give you a Roland for your Oliver."

"Let's have it; let's have it," from all sides. "Bob will not object."

"Not I, for I am sure nothing can be said about my angling adventures which will not redound to my infinite credit."

"We had been leisurely floating down the Raquette on such a day as rendered one quite indifferent to any past or any coming event except the going down of the sun. It was just such a day as one would like to have last forever. As we floated, we cast hither and thither, from no special desire to get a rise, but simply that our well-balanced rods might share in the inexpressible felicity of those who wielded them. It was well on in the afternoon when we touched the head of the long rapids near the Oxbow—in old times one of the best points for large trout, and plenty of them, on the river. My friend here was the first to get a rise, and was doing his best to land him at the head of the pool. But the fish and the current combined were too strong for him, and while both guide and angler were more intent upon the fish than upon their surroundings, the boat floated sideways against a projecting treetop, and was upset in the twinkling of an eye. The water was rather more than shoulder deep; but before I could cross over to help him, my friend had reached terra firma, while the guide was swimming with the current to overtake his boat. It is proper to say that Bob kept his temper, although he lost his rod."

"I remember those rapids very well," said another of our number, "but I have not visited them since the Raquette waters were planted with pickerel by a Long Lake vandal, whose name I have forgotten."

"But I haven't. It was Lysander Hall, who had often served as my guide, and an excellent guide he was—quick, intelligent, obliging and better acquainted with all the by-paths of the wilderness than any guide I ever had, except George Morse, who was killed in the war, and over whose remains Gen. Spinner caused to be erected a fitting record of his patriotism and courage."

"No matter what he was in all else, in thus polluting the Raquette waters, Hall committed a crime for which there was no law to mete out to him fitting punishment. The grandest trout waters in the State are deteriorated for all time. But, as I was saying, I remember those long rapids very pleasantly, and except at Setting Pole, I enjoyed swift water fishing nowhere else so well. Since I last visited them I have done something in the way of killing sea trout, and I seldom cast in the swift waters where they are found without being reminded of the rapids on the Raquette."

"Are not the fish even more alike than the waters they inhabit?"

"At first I thought the fish not only alike in appearance, but alike in fact. But I have since changed my opinion, and now believe them to be quite distinct from our brook or river trout, but of course, of the same general family."

"In this," I replied, "you are at odds with some of the best writers."

"I know that very well, but I know also that I am in agreement with others, and where doctors thus differ I have tried to decide for myself, not by any scientific investigation—although I have done a little of that—but by a close observation of the haunts and habits of the fish. Some of the salmon and sea trout rivers I have fished are fed by numerous small tributaries which are full of brook trout, and when coveting a mess, as we often did, I knew just where to find them. I have one special brook in my mind which projected its cold, pure transparent water into the river with such force as to preserve its identity for some distance. Whenever I cast within the radius of this distinctively marked brook water I would take clearly marked brook

trout ranging from a quarter to half a pound, but if I cast beyond this line so much as a half dozen yards I would have no brook trout response. When the clearly defined river water line was reached, the dainty fish seemed to halt as surely as if they had run their heads against a stone wall. But, by extending my cast beyond the outflow of the brook, I would receive prompt responses from what I believed to be sea trout. On placing them side by side the difference in their appearance seemed to me to be something more than the difference caused by the difference of the water in the two streams. But both are beautiful fish, but, in such a side by side comparison, the sea trout is discovered to lack the rich lustre and golden beauty of his more dainty cousin."

"Just," I added, "as you will find the tiny fry you see in the little spring rivulets which empty into a trout lake to be more beautiful in form and color than the larger fish you find in the larger waters."

"It was long a question," my friend rejoined, "whether pickerel and muscalonge were not identical. Now we know that they are different fish, and yet they resemble each other quite as closely as sea and brook trout. Among all the trout I have taken in salmon waters I never saw one that bore an exact resemblance to the trout I have taken in real trout brook waters, or that leaped from the water to the fly with the same vim which distinguishes the large brook trout in our own northern lakes and rivers. I have no wish to be dogmatical upon this subject, but I shall hold to my opinion all the same."

"I do not care to argue the question with you," was my reply, "but I am not convinced. I agree with you in this, however, that, except salmon, I know of no fish that affords better sport to the appreciative angler than sea trout ranging from three to eight pounds in weight." G. D.

WALL-EYED PIKE.

IT does not seem to me strange that the wall-eyed pike has received so little notice by those who report the pleasure they get in taking game fish. In our Cedar River the wall-eyed pike abound and grow to considerable size. I have seen them often of eight and ten pounds weight, and for table use they are not easily excelled. Their flesh is white and firm; they are without fine bones, and they have a flavor that is fine enough for the most particular taste. But when we put them among game fish they must take their place near the close of the list.

They do not take the bait generally with any amount of determination, and when one is known to have taken the bait, it must have plenty of line and must not be struck until it has had time to swallow the bait and digest the hook, and then the chances are not more than even that it is hooked; and now comes the only fun in the operation, for it will make one run and then give up, and one can get as much sport in landing a white sucker, as this beautiful fish. In fishing for them, I use live bait (minnows), plenty of line and a heavy rod, but have known a few to have been taken with an artificial bait, though live bait is considered the best generally. Now let me say something in the way of protest in the manner that these and other fish are being killed in our river. Night spearing with a lamp torch is a favorite mode with many of taking these fish, both in and out of season, and the nature of the pike is such that when once seen from the boat can generally be struck, and if not, by patient watching can soon be seen again, and then do not make long runs, as they are not swift fish "on foot." It makes their capture most certain, more especially as during the best spearing season they are full of eggs or spawn. I have known pike to be taken this way that had a pound or more of eggs in them, and this is not only true of the pike but of the black bass, rock bass, perch, pickerel, etc., etc., and also of the non-game fish such as suckers, white and black, redhorse, buffalo, etc.

Some of my friends will say, why don't you quit it yourself? Well! I will when the rest do, and yet as much as I love this sport I would gladly give it up if some way could be brought about to stop it altogether. My personal experience in this matter gives me a chance to see the damage done to our fish interests, and the general decline in numbers and quality of our best fish. The true way of taking fish with the rod has lost much of its attractiveness because of the yearly wholesale slaughter of our gamiest fish. Might not these facts be placed before our State fish commission for consideration, and have restrictions placed upon the capture of fish in this manner, and insure to us for the future a supply of fish that would make the heart of the angler rejoice.

Nature has done her share for us in giving us a beautiful river, a natural home for fish, water clear and swift, banks covered with trees and bushes, bottom lined with rocks and white sand, and abounding in the purest of springs.

WALL. E. PIKE.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa.

SALVELINUS OQUASSA AND FONTINALIS.—Charlestown, N. H., Jan. 20.—I cheerfully acknowledge the mistake I made in my answers to Herr von Behr, in calling the larger trout of the Rangeley lakes *"Salmo oquassa,"* and I beg to apologize to Mr. Geo. Shepard Page for having said anything that might detract from the well-earned glory of his exploit of catching what I should call, if I were not afraid of making another mistake, the largest *fontinalis* that was ever seen. I knew that one of the trouts of the Rangeley lakes was *Salvelinus oquassa*, and I confess that I got the two mixed up, and did for a time cherish the impression that the larger trout was the *oquassa*, and the smaller, *fontinalis*. Anyone, however, who has been through what I have for the past few years in trying to keep track of the bewildering changes in the names of the Pacific Coast Salmonidæ, has, I think, some excuse for sufficient temporary aberration of mind to confuse the two trouts of the Rangeley lakes. It is related of a man who was traveling in France in the unstable times of that country, that he stipulated with his landlord that a boy should rap on his door early every morning, and inform him what the form of government was on that day. We had on the Pacific Coast for a long time a very similar feeling about the names of that distant branch of the salmon family, and its effect on the mind was demoralizing. I finally acquired the habit of feeling sure that the true name of any specified fish was not the name we had been calling it. This appears to have been an adequate reason for revising the names of the two Rangeley trouts. I was sorry at first that I made such a mistake, but as it has brought out three or four most interesting and excellent articles on *Salvelinus oquassa*, perhaps, after all, it has done more good than harm, and I will venture to say that many of your readers now know more about *Salvelinus oquassa* than they ever did before—and all in consequence of my stupid blunder.—LIVINGSTON STONE.

THE TROUT STREAM.

CONCEIVED in cavern deep of earth and stone,
Where midnight darkness reigns and all is still,
Save trickling drops, that, oozing from the ground
Like evening gath'ring dew on grass and herb,
Fall from the vaulted roof with trickling splash.
No ray of sun, no beam of moon, or star
Looks down into the depths, to mark the track
Designed by nature it should flow henceforth,
As outward to the light it gropes its way
Through sand and shale, or fissures in the rock.
Impell'd by unseen force, it breaks the crust,
Yet sealing up its tortuous channel's mouth,
And wildly in its new found libert y,
Leaps from the mountain side a living spring
Of sparkling water, from which crystal fount
A tiny streamlet, trembling on the brink,
Leads down the gorge, 'mong rocks and fallen trees
And boulders large, which, prone amid the stream,
By their huge bulk resist the current's force,
And break the seething mass of dashing spray,
As tumbling down to foaming gulf below—
The woods resound the roaring of its fall.
Thus on, adown a darksome course it runs,
'Midst shade so dense of cedar cool and sweet,
Delaying not, as fain some ugly log
Would dam the purling brook by its sad fate,
Or tree-top languish in its narrow bed.
With noiseless gliding through the swamp it steals,
O'er sunken leaves, and snaky-looking roots,
'Twixt miry borders, edged with thorny brush,
And creeping vines that clamber up the trees.
Thus far alone, but with a friendly voice
It greets the merry rills that tumble in
From neighboring springs, to swell the tiny flood,
And sleep upon the bosom of its tide,
As hand in hand the mingling waters flow;
Emerging now, the lonesome shade it leaves,
Where sighing winds and whispering zephyrs wake
Strange midnight echoes through the forest gloom,
And daytime seems but evening gloaming come.
Thence out across the fields, beneath the sky,
In smoothly flowing stream, twixt banks of green,
Winds gracefully its silvery length along—
Now wid'ning out o'er shallow pebbly beds,
Light rippling music trembles on the breeze,
Nor dies away, but floating down the stream
It leaps from rift to rift in gladsome play,
Through deep'nd channel, narrow'd in its bounds
By stony walls, that rise on either side.
The swift and silent current bears its way,
To where the branching alder lowly droops
Above a sunny pool, where eddies whirl,
And laughing, slip away along the bank,
O'ershelving made by roots of branchless stub,
That stands in solemn silence, looking down
Into the pearly depths, as if to scan
What fishes leaping, show their silvery scales,
Or rise to catch the luckless summer flies.
The stream flows on, nor slackens yet its pace,
Through meadows green, and fields of waving grain:
On past the woody slope, where tow'ring pines,
At early morning catch first glimpse of dawn;
Across the roadway, or beneath the bridges,
Where kine come down to drink, or teams to cross,
As homeward or to village bound they go.
The bare-foot urchin, on his way from school,
Wades fearlessly across from bank to bank,
With splashing footsteps, through the miry clay,
Nor minds the wetting should he chance to fall.
With cautious step, and skillful turn of wrist,
The tireless angler wields his pliant rod,
And deftly casts upon the ripple's crest,
Or sweeps across the deep dark pools for trout,
Unconscious of the day's fast-speeding hours,
Till sun, reclining in the western sky,
By lengthen'd shadows, stretching tow'rd the hills,
And golden sunset, shimmering in the air,
Remind him that his holiday is spent.
With far off look, he sees the silv'ry stream
Meand'ring slowly tow'rd the distant lake,
But dares not linger, so reluctant turns
His footsteps homeward with a well-filled creel.
The thrush on elm-top trills his evening lay,
In flute-like notes that captivate the ear;
Cool soughing winds come creeping down the gorge,
Foretelling dampness, and perhaps a storm;
Low mutt'ring thunder echoes from the cliff,
And lightnings flash along the sunset sky;
The raindrops patter on the forest leaves,
And midnight darkness closes all the scene.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y. C. T. MITCHEL.

GAMENESS OF LAKE TROUT.

THE loss by "Monatiquot" of his fly rod as told in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 18, reminds me of a similar experience of my own at Second Connecticut Lake last season. Like his, my ill luck was also with my first fly rod, an eleven ounce ash and lancewood. Amasa Ward, the guide, and I were fishing for "lunge" or lake trout at the mouth of Beaver Inlet. It was in the last week of September. The line storm had just passed over and had raised the lake about two feet above its usual level. We had fished the lake from inlet to outlet with fly and with bait, by casting and by trolling. But in vain, all legitimate angling allurements known to us had been tried, but not a fish could we coax. This had been going on for three days. I believe, however, I did one morning, catch a speckled trout of about a pound while fishing for minnows. I was using about four feet of line on as many feet of switch, standing on a log at the boat house, when the rascal nearly jerked me into the lake before I sufficiently recovered from my surprise to return the compliment. Other than this the fish had beaten us. Amasa said they had taken to the woods, and advocated a pursuit of them with clumbers and clubs. He held however, that sometime in the course of twenty-four hours they must take food, and if we might happen to be around just when they fell that way, we should stand a chance of getting a few. I had perfect confidence in Amasa. What he didn't seem to know about fin, fur or feather appeared to me not particularly worth knowing, so by his advice, we pushed over to Beaver Inlet about half an hour before sundown. We anchored the boat directly across the mouth of the stream, with a weight at each end, over a clean swept, gravely bottom and in about five feet of water. We both used fly rods, casting with minnows.

Precisely as the sun dropped behind the hemlocks that fringed the shore came a smart jerk upon my line followed by a whizzing reel. A whole municipality of air castles constructed in the smoke of my pipe curling lazily upward were tumbled to ruins instanter. I knew it was a "lunge" from his somewhat loggy movements and bull-like strength and fighting tactics. I had been told that the lake trout were inferior as game fish, but I want no better fighters than they proved themselves that night. Amasa said they were unusually lively. I had landed my fish and was adjusting my bait when Amasa became engaged. I took up the net to assist him, first throwing my bait overboard and laying my rod across the boat. The commotion made in netting Amasa's fish so rocked the boat that before I could prevent it my rod slipped over board. Having landed Amasa's fish we turned our attention to my rod. We could see it lying on the bottom at right angles with the length of the boat, its nickel-plated reel being just discernible through the roily water. How to get it was the question. We tried rod and net, but no use. It eluded all attempt to lift it; and while we looked, oh, horror! it began to move. The bait on the other end had been taken, and the thief was making for the middle of the lake. Alas, thought I, that my first fly-rod should come to such an ignoble fate. To lie and rot on the muddy bottom of Connecticut Lake, the scorn instead of the terror of the finny tribe. But I determined not to lose it without remonstrance, and energetically clapped the hoop of the net upon its butt above the reel. It checked the scamp, but I trembled. I determined not to lose the rod, however, if I had to go overboard after it. Amasa picked up a minnow rigging that lay in the bottom of the boat, and as luck would have it, he caught my line at the first cast. Gingerly he followed the line to the tip, drew the rod to the surface, and handed it to me. The fish was still fastened. He had been good enough to assist the operation by sulking, but a persuasive tension roused his temper and I had a beautiful set-to with him for about fifteen minutes. When landed he pulled the scales down to three pounds. He was the heaviest of exactly a dozen fish which we took that night.

Perhaps this experience has been paralleled; certainly it was a very unusual one, and that rod, however it may rank beside future finer ones, will always be cherished as a memento of that night's experience. We each caught six fish, the dozen aggregating something over twenty-five pounds. The battle continued about two hours. The twilight faded into darkness and the moon rose over the tree tops. A large part of the time it was so dark we could not see to use the landing net, and could scarcely distinguish the rods in our hands. Finally, to cap the climax, we each hooked a fish about the same time, and after some lively work to keep them clear of the anchor line, we managed to land them, and consigning them to the car, we pulled up weights and steered for Uncle Tom's. R. FIELD.

LOWELL, Mass.

A TRIP FOR BLACK BASS.

MY brother and myself, two as devoted lovers of the rod and reel as one often meets, boarded the fast express on the Lake Shore road one Friday afternoon, and in an hour were chatting cheerfully with mother at the amply spread table, having been carried the thirty miles that separated my home and Cleveland in just forty-five minutes. After satisfying the inner man with such food as only a mother can prepare for most welcome sons, we withdrew to the sitting-room and over our segars, while we carefully prepared our tackle, talked of the coming morrow, the stream to be fished, and of the many things which, in joyful anticipation of a fine day's sport, can only suggest themselves to the minds of such as Charlie and I. Having most carefully prepared everything, we retired for the night, not to sleep peacefully, however, but to dream of the strike, the leap fatal to some part of the tackle of the unwary angler, and of the thrilling events which crowd themselves into an excited mind bent on a glorious day's fun.

At about 4 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by my mother's voice calling me, and, giving Charley a dig in the ribs, I sprang out of bed followed by my companion, and we were soon enjoying a good cup of coffee preparatory to our start. We had about seventy-five of the prettiest minnows that ever graced a bucket, kicking and struggling among themselves in the pail, and I cannot possibly see how a bass could let one of those brown-backed chubs wiggle under its nose without trying him a whack.

We arrived at the river after the sun was well over the tree tops and the fog was rolling up from the surface of the river in dense clouds. I was ready first, and with a long cast, while my line was dry, I dropped my minnow squarely in a most inviting spot where the water gurgled and curled gracefully over a stump partially hidden by the overhanging bank. When the minnow was about eight inches from the water a bass of about one-half pound weight made a desperate break for it, but so great was his eagerness he missed it, and, describing a curve, fell in a somewhat awkward position on his side, but lightning was not quicker than his disappearance beneath the surface again. My minnow struck the water lightly and the current bore it inward under the bank, and when passing the stump I felt a violent jerk, and, taking my thumb off the reel, away he went with a velocity that made my nerves jump and called into play my every faculty, for I soon perceived I had hooked a veritable monster. After running about eighty-five feet he turned and went for that hole again and nearly succeeded, too, for, although I hung on for all I was worth, he kept on, but by a quick deflection of my rod tip I led him by it and started him across the river. After a long, fierce battle, enlivened by two or three desperate leaps, I landed him and had the satisfaction of seeing him pull down 4¼ pounds on my pocket scale.

Charlie had been likewise engaged, but his fish run somewhat smaller, but he evened things up by landing two to my one. Many times since that day have I caught that fish over again, and the thought of it will make me fairly quiver as I again see him now in the air shaking that hook fiercely, and again in the water; off he goes with a rush only to repeat his antics, until the landing net is slipped under him, and his last chance is forever gone. Thus it went on, and at two o'clock, when we stopped for a lunch and a smoke, we had twenty-two, all told, ranging from four and three-quarters to one and a half pounds. We took a vote and decided we had done well enough, and after unjointing started for home, where we were met with joyful congratulations, for mother and the rest are always glad when we are

successful. Around the evening lamp after supper, we showed them all just how we did it, going through all the details to a most appreciative audience.

We came back to the city on the early morning train with some of the nicest fish for our friends who, I am sure, if they saw this article would know whence it came. Many, many times have I thanked my lucky stars that I was born with an innate love for out-door pastimes, for often when business cares and troubles crowd thick and fast over my pathway, the thought of how I took a monster bass, together with all the pleasant varied surroundings of the time and place will flash into my mind and I catch the fish over again, and with a much lighter heart and pen I attack my work with renewed vigor and with the mental resolution to have another trip just as soon as I can get away. HUGH, JR.

CLEVELAND, O.

FISHING THROUGH ICE.

FISHING through the ice is at its meridian, and the boys are enjoying it hugely. We hear of many good strings and occasionally see a good string from our local waters. The best I have heard of was brought to town on Saturday, December 30, by some of the boys who visited the Ox-bow near Northampton. The pickerel were magnificent fellows, but the twenty-pound pike was the admiration of all, and has caused many inquiries for bait by those who were too lazy or too careless to put in a supply.

The Ox-bow, so called from its shape, is an old bed of the river, the Connecticut River Railroad cutting it off from the river, but leaving it open at one end; it is a safe retreat for the finny tribes in times of high water, and when once in they have no desire to return to their once turbulent home, but bask and feed in the still waters of the bow, where they afford good sport in both summer and winter fishing; the fisher having his choice between suckers, bullheads, perch, eels and pickerel, with an occasional pike thrown in for variety's sake.

I have found it a source of much pleasure in summer fishing, and have carried away some good strings after a day's watching of the tip-ups. The raising of the bloody flag has charms that will relax the stiffened joints, and assist in a spurt for the prize at the lower end of the line.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

HOLYOKE, MASS., January 10.

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.—I had brought myself to believe that the fish law passed by the Legislature of our State two years ago was becoming popular and being practically enforced. Though the appearance of two huge wagon-loads of "jack fish," caught from the Harpeth River in a series of traps and offered for sale openly upon the public square of this city at three and four cents per pound, has shaken my faith amazingly. Was there ever a more infamous outrage perpetrated upon a civilized community? At least one thousand pounds of the gamest fish of these waters slaughtered in this brutal manner by a thing styling himself man, and publicly huckstered among respectable, law-abiding citizens. The law as passed laid no restrictions upon legitimate angling, or even the trot line; nor did it hamper the commissioners with restrictions upon giving farmers permits to seine the streams for fish with which to stock ponds. Yet, with all the leniency displayed, and in the face of the beneficial working of the law, vandals are permitted to defy it and rob the people of one of the most delightful and exhilarating of all field sports, to say nothing of depriving them of their rightful supply of delicious food. Such men as these robbers must be brought to justice, and the fish commissioners are the persons to do it. They should be prosecuted and punished, and not only them, but any person or persons buying their ill gotten goods. Our local sportsmen should organize an association, and invite to it the dealers of fish in the city, and between themselves form a covenant, and down cry these fiends. Refuse to purchase the fish, and punish every trespasser. This has been done successfully in other States, why not here? The past two years of very partial protection has demonstrated the fact that with the laws strictly enforced, every stream in the State would soon be teeming with an abundance of fish indigenous to them, and consequently everybody could have as much as they could eat, though as matters seem to be going, in the same time it would take to replenish the streams with fish, not one will be left. As the FOREST AND STREAM has always advocated protection, and been ready to frown down upon vandalism as practiced against game and fish, I feel it a duty to the community at large to inform the people through its columns of this dastardly act, hoping that the notice will bring forth expressions of disgust editorially, and from private sources.—J. D. H. (Nashville).

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—The fearful condition of the water of the Schuylkill River is now attracting the attention of the authorities of our city. Philadelphians are becoming alarmed, and can hardly drink it. An investigation shows that a considerable portion of the noxious impurities contained therein comes from the gas works at Manayunk, Norristown and Reading. At Manayunk quantities of tar oil escape into the river from both public and private works, more from the latter than the former. At Norristown the gas waste products flow into the river, and the sewage of the growing towns on the line of the Schuylkill enters the stream freely. We have long known that these impurities have driven fish of all kinds from the river, and even the shad caught in the Delaware a short distance from where the Schuylkill flows into it, taste of the gas tar. Now, however, the nuisance has become a dangerous one, and our population becoming alarmed, attention is drawn to the subject. It is high time.—HOMO.

STRIPED BASS UNDER THE ICE.—A great many large bass are now being sent to market from towns along the Hudson River from Croton Point up to Newburgh. They are taken in nets which are hauled under the ice, and the bass being in a semi-torpid condition do not readily escape. It appears to be the habit of some of the large striped bass to remain in salt water all winter, while others seek the rivers where the water varies from brackish to fresh.

A VALUABLE CATFISH.—Jacksonville, Fla.—Why don't some of your fishculturists secure some of our channel cats and introduce them into some of the deep sandy lakes of the North? They are the cleanest fish in the world, are never caught from our docks, and range from one to ten pounds, generally from four to seven pounds. They are good biters and excellent fighters.—AL FRESCO.

ALEWIVES IN LAKE ONTARIO. The New York *Times* says: "Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of the Smithsonian Institution, puts at rest the question whether shad are found in the lakes, due to planting. The mistake has been to confuse the branch alewife (*Clupea vernalis*) with young shad. The former are found in the lakes, the latter not. How the branch alewife got into Lake Ontario, Dr. Bean thinks, arose from the fact that some of the eggs of the alewife were mixed with those of the shad when attempts were made to place shad in those waters. But in some cases, as in Cayuga and Seneca lakes, it is believed that the alewives have come there through the water courses. Canals offer passages through which these fish might have come, and Dr. Bean and Mr. Mather both favor the idea."

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Sixteen bills are at present before the Legislature for the purpose of having the game and fish laws annulled. This seems cruel, though from many quarters I hear that the people are dissatisfied; they claim the laws to be oppressive, legislation in favor of the rich against the poor, and all such stuff. They will be gratified, no doubt, and one State will be soon depleted of those two delicious articles of food. Live quail are being brought into market and sold openly (bagged, of course). Since my last, two or three wagon loads of fish have been sold here (seined). Our fish commissioner says nothing and does less, perhaps because he knows there is no use making a row. Altogether, Tennessee is getting in a queer way.—J. D. H.

Fishculture.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

IMPREGNATING SALMON EGGS.

MR. Livingston Stone, of the United States Fish Commission, in charge of the salmon breeding ranch on the McCloud River, California, made an interesting series of experiments to test the best method of impregnating salmon eggs, in September last. Fishculturists know that eggs and milt taken under the same conditions from different fish often vary greatly in the percentage of impregnation obtained. Therefore while Mr. Stone's trials are of value, they should, in order to determine the point sought, have been repeated many times. Mr. Stone writes from Cold Spring Trout Ponds, Charlestown, N. H.:

The following experiments were tried at the U. S. Fishery, California, this fall, with salmon eggs. All the eggs and milt were taken as usual in a dry vessel.

NATURE OF EXPERIMENTS.	No. of Eggs Taken.	No. of Eggs Picked out.	No. Eggs Impregnated.	Per cent. of Impregnation.
1.—Eggs remained in pan 1 minute before milt was put on	2,500	338	2,162	.864
2.—Eggs remained in pan 2 minutes before milt was put on	3,000	952	2,048	.682
3.—Eggs remained in pan 3 minutes before milt was put on	3,600	542	3,058	.849
4.—Milt remained in pan 1 minute before eggs were added	3,600	923	2,677	.743
5.—Milt remained in pan 2 minutes before eggs were added	3,100	711	2,389	.77
6.—Milt remained in pan 3 minutes before eggs were added	3,000	1,838	1,162	.387
7.—Canada process*	25,000	1,360	23,640	.945
8.—Eggs taken from dead fish	2,500	2,400	100	.04
9.—Eggs washed immediately after milt was put on	3,000	3,000	Fail.	———
10.—Milt 18 hours old when used	3,000	3,000	ure.	———
11.—Milt 48 hours old when used	3,000	3,000	"	———
12.—Spawned in pail altogether at one time	25,000	4,151	20,849	.834

* Taking the eggs and milt in the usual way in a pan, and as soon as they are well mixed together, pouring them into a pail till the pail is filled. This method saves pans and makes one pan do for a day's spawning.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

[It will be seen that the "Canada Process" yielded ninety-four and one-half per cent., while the eggs from the dead fish brought only four per cent. We hope that Mr. Stone will continue these experiments and that others will try them and report the results.]

SCINTILLATED EGOTISM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having myself had a little editorial experience I know full well that this special class of egotists have an unquestioned right to select their own headings, but I will ask as a special favor that you allow the above to stand over this communication. Thanks for your excellent notice of my humble monograph on carp and carpculture. "Flashes of egotism" was superlatively good, but, my dear Mr. Editor, read the first paragraph of the introduction and you will observe that you are off soundings with unutilized canvas; and you will now observe that I am following foreign methods in referring to the notice, for here I am at the charming end of same.

You don't "enthuse" worth a c—rpinoid. Well, wait two or three years till Commissioner Blackford begins to have in his Fulton Market tanks carp raised and prepared for market according to the egotistical plans laid down in my pamphlet. If then you don't think them equal to shad just plank them. For one, I don't "enthuse" over palate-tickling shad bones, planked though they be. I am fond of poultry, but when killed for table I don't care to have them drowned, though it would be just as sensible as to take fish out of the water and leave them to smother and die. The day is not far distant when more fish than butcher's meats will be consumed by our people, and the mass of these fish will be carp. The mass of your readers will not forget this little egotistical prophesy.

And now a few words about egotism. It is perfectly legitimate for a "self-made man" to feel proud of the job. If a man makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, he is called a benefactor. If a man devises methods whereby two pounds of superior food can be grown where but one grew before, or whereby tons can be raised where none was raised before, and tells others how to do it, he is an —egotist! Persons who originate rather than imitate expect this kind of fame; hence their happiness.

You don't seem to take much stock in Chinese fishculture, although we can show by the writings of ancient travelers in the "flowery kingdom," as well as by their own history, that they were adepts in the business thousands of years before scriptural allusions to the business in Egypt, some of which date back about twenty-six hundred years. See Isaiah, xix, x. (You can borrow a Bible just in at the *Observer* office). By the way, I am in correspondence with prominent parties in China upon the subject of carpculture and may be able at some future time to give the FOREST AND STREAM some interesting points from there. Egotistically yours,

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

PHILADELPHIA (117 Market street), Jan. 20, 1883.

SCOTCH PRIZE ESSAYS.

THE promoters of the International Fisheries Exhibition held in Edinburgh in April, 1882, offered upward of £300 for prizes for essays on a variety of subjects relating to fish and fisheries. After a great many essays were sent in, and after careful consideration, a certain number were selected as most deserving of the prizes offered. Of these twenty-nine were chosen for publication, and the volume containing them is now ready. The following summary will afford some idea of the variety and interest of the subjects discussed in the volume refessed to: "Harbour Accommodation for Fishing Boats on the East and North Coasts of Scotland," "The Different Methods of Oyster Culture," "The Fish Supply of Great Cities; with special reference to the best methods of catch and packing, and of distribution, and other means calculated to facilitate the delivery of the fish in good condition for market," "The Best Means of Increasing the Supply of Mussels for Bait," "The Natural History and Migration of the Herring," "The Salmon Disease," "The Breeding and Rearing of Fresh Water Fish," "The Utilization of Fish Offal," "The History and Statistics of the Herring Fishing in Sweden and Norway," "Whale Fishing Among the Faroe Islands," "The Species of Foreign Fish Most Suitable for Introduction into British Rivers and Waters." One of the prize essays is in French. Its author is Mr. Matthey and the title of his essay is, "Sur la Pêche de la Truite à Vallorbes (Suisse, Canton Vaud)." It is to be hoped that these essays will prove interesting and instructive not only to the vast number of persons in Europe and America directly or indirectly connected with the fisheries, but also to the general public who, by means of such exhibitions as that recently held in Edinburgh, are becoming more alive than they used to be to the great natural importance of the fisheries, and to the possibility of improving and developing them by careful superintendence and judicious management.

FISHCULTURE IN IOWA.

FISHING will probably be good next season, especially for silver, or striped, bass. They were put into Spirit Lake by Hon. B. F. Shaw several years ago. A great many were caught last year, averaging about two pounds each. In hauling my minnow net I caught large quantities, sometimes as many as eighty at a haul, all of one size—about five inches long. Of course every one was hustled back into the water as quick as possible. They are game to the last gasp and will try a rod to its utmost extent.

A great many fish are being taken this winter through the ice, and I am sorry to say there is no law to prevent it. There will undoubtedly be taken out of these lakes this winter not less than one hundred tons, principally pickerel, bass, and pike. It is a shame—but such is the fact—the people here are killing "the goose with the golden egg," sure.

I am doing what I can to keep the lakes stocked, but it is discouraging, and at the same time these vandals are the loudest in condemning the fish hatchery. Consistency is a jewel, which they certainly do not possess. I have now in process of hatching 750,000 whitefish eggs, 750,000 Lake Superior trout, and 250,000 siskowits, all from Lake Superior. They are doing splendidly and I never have a finer lot. I use lake water drawn through tiling, and have four feet head. There is all the water I want—in fact, it is without limit, as I have over twenty square miles to draw from. I will give you the results of my hatch in the spring. A. A. MOSHER,

Assistant Commissioner.

SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.

REPORT OF THE COLORADO COMMISSIONERS.

WE have the biennial report of Mr. Wilson E. Sisty, Commissioner of Fisheries of Colorado, for the two years 1881-82. It includes a record of the progress in fishculture in the State and will be found more satisfactory than previous ones because there have been more means furnished the Commissioner to work with. In November, 1881, a hatchery was built and in December the first lot of eggs consisting of 100,000 brook trout ova were received from Plymouth, Mass., and placed in the troughs. A few rainbow trout eggs were afterward added. Over ninety-nine per cent. of these eggs are reported to have hatched and the fry distributed. A growth of eight inches is stated as the average of these fish. Carp were received from Prof. Baird and are doing well. Black bass and "croppy" were also added. Fourteen deputy commissioners have been appointed whose duty appears to be the enforcement of the laws, and several prosecutions for violation of the fishery laws are reported and the fines, amounting to $123, have been added to the resources of the commission. This is a very good showing for a State so young where ideas regarding the observance of fish and game laws are not supposed to prevail to any great extent.

THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

THE seventeenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries, for the year ending December 31, 1882, is before us. From it we learn that fishways have been completed this season at Ipswich Mills, at Willowdale, and at the dam of C. J. Norwood. Arrangements for putting in a fishway at the dam of Ripley Bros. may be made next spring, and this, if carried out, will open the Ipswich River its whole length. Others will be put up in different portions of the State; those now in operation are reported to be working well. A report of the fish seen at the Lawrence way is given, with dates, and among the fish passing we notice alewives, suckers, chubs, lampreys, shiners, eels, shad (one), black bass, salmon (twelve).

One hundred thousand land-locked salmon fry were distributed, but the demand was greater than the supply. Some forty-seven thousand brook trout were also sent out. A million shad were hatched and liberated at North Andover. Salmon spawn from Bucksport, Me., and Plymouth, N. H., were received, and 454,983 fry placed in the headwaters of the Merrimack River. Carp were also distributed, and the commissioners regret that in many cases they were turned into ponds that were unsuitable.

The appendices give a list of fish commissioners, a list of ponds leased to private persons for terms of years, the legislation relating to ponds and fisheries during the year, the returns of weirs, seines and gill nets, and tables showing the catch of fish at the different fisheries for the year 1882.

CARP FOR SOUTH AMERICA.—Last week Prof. Baird sent, through Mr. Blackford, a lot of carp to Bogota, via Kingston, in charge of Mr. Decerro. These fish, like those sent to Quito last year, will have to be transported over the mountains on the backs of men. Those taken to Quito are doing well and growing finely. Mr. Decerro also took out some trout eggs from the hatchery of Mr. F. N. Clark, Northville, Mich., but it is doubtful if they will stand the tropical journey, or if they would live in that climate if hatched.

CARP LECTURES.—The State Boards of Agriculture of both Pennsylvania and New Jersey are taking an interest in the development of carpculture. Capt. Peirce, the official fishculturist of the Pennsylvania board, addressed that board and the Legislature upon the subject on the 25th inst., and is to address the New Jersey board and the Legislature on the 6th of February, at the State House, Trenton.

CODFISH.—The taking of codfish eggs has been begun by the U. S. Fish Commissioner at Mr. Blackford's, Fulton Market, New York. The bad weather during the past week has prevented many fish from arriving and therefore but few eggs have been obtained. A codfish was taken in the Hudson River about Newburg, last week. They seldom come inside of Sandy Hook.

SCOTLAND'S FISHERIES.

[By our Regular Edinburgh Correspondent.]

A VERY important act has recently come into operation for the management and regulation of the fisheries of Scotland. It is entitled "The Fishery Board (Scotland) Act, 1882," and was passed through Parliament in August last. The new fishery board created by this act is to have the powers and duties of the Board of British White Herring Fishery, which is declared to be dissolved, and is to take cognizance of everything relating to the coast and deep sea fisheries of Scotland and take such measures for their improvement as the funds under their administration not otherwise appropriated may admit of. The board is also to have the general superintendence of the salmon fisheries of Scotland and to have the powers and duties of commissioners under the Salmon Fishery Acts, the office of the former commissioners having now terminated. There are three paid officers connected with the board—a chairman, an inspector of salmon fisheries and a secretary. Among the nine unpaid members are the sheriffs of Aberdeen and Argyle, and the sheriff of Caithness, Cosney and Zetland, and Sir I. R. G. Maitland, Bart., whose piscicultural establishment at Howretown, near Stirling, is by far the largest in Great Britain, is also a member.

The value of the fishings placed under the management and control of this new board is very great. In 1880 the gross yield of the herring fishery in Scotland was 1,475,600 barrels, which, at twenty-five cents a barrel, gives £1,842,000 as the annual value of the fishery. In that year the number of fishing boats in Scotland was 14,751 and of fishermen and boys 47,431, while the estimated value of the boats, nets, and lines used in the herring, cod, and ling fisheries was £1,288,598, being an increase over the preceding year of 294 boats and of 929 fishermen, and an increase of £47,819 in the estimated value of boats, nets and lines. Then, the salmon fishings in Scotland are worth about £300,000 a year, and the hook and line fisheries for cod, ling, haddocks, etc., and the crab and lobster fisheries are also of great importance; so that the value of the property which has been placed under the superintendence of the new fishery board is certainly upward of £2,500,000 a year. The only fishing which does not appear to have been placed under the control of the board is the trout fishing. This is a great pity, as at present there is no annual close time for trout in Scotland, so that they may be destroyed during the spawning season, there being no law to prevent and punish such destruction. In England, on the other hand, there is a close time for trout and char exrending from October 1 to February 1, and in Ireland there is a close time for trout from September 24 to the last day of February. Further legislation is needed to correct this omission, as also a number of defects and omissions in the Scotch salmon fishery acts of 1862 and 1868. By the act of 1882 it is provided that the new board shall make an annual report to the Secretary of State for Home Department containing a statistical account of the fisheries, and suggestions for their regulation and improvement, which report shall be presented to Parliament. It is also provided that the inspector of salmon fisheries "shall, under the direction of the Fishery Board, inspect all the salmon fisheries of Scotland, and inquire into the operation of the salmon fishery acts, and report thereon from time to time to the board."

THE SALMON DISEASE.

This disease, referable to the parasitic fungus known as *Saprolegina ferax*, which has of recent years broken out in an epidemic form in a good many important salmon rivers in the south of Scotland and the north of England, shows but few signs of abating. In the Tweed, it has attained its greatest development—no fewer than 16,930 salmon, 2,454 grilse and 3,410 sea trout affected with the fungoid disease having been taken out of that river and buried during the season of 1880, 1881, and 1882, a total of 23,854 diseased fish. The number was greatest in 1882. But a fact worth noting in connection with this is that, in that very year, when the salmon disease was so prevalent, the fishing on the Tweed was the best that had occurred for twelve years; thus showing that a successful fishing season and a virulent outbreak of the salmon disease may be coincident on the same river. At present, the salmon disease in Scotland seems travelling northward as it has been, and still is, on the rivers the North Esk, which falls into the sea near Montrose, and it has quite recently appeared in the Deveron which runs into the south shore of the Moray Firth. Various inquiries have been held into the causes and cure of this mysterious disease; but the mystery still remains unsolved. Many causes have been assigned, but none of them will stand the test of investigation.

It seems to be a disease originating in fresh water, and salt has been proved to have a curative effect upon it. It has also been shown to be contagious, and therefore boards of conservators in England and district boards in Scotland are in the habit of directing the river watchers to take out and bury all diseased fish. Overstocking, pollutions, dry seasons, the use of artificial manures, the preservation of kelts, impassable weirs, and other causes have been assigned to account for the origin of the disease. But then all these causes are to be found existing in rivers where it has never been heard of, and no one has yet succeeded in detecting and pointing out in the rivers where the disease is prevalent, certain conditions which are never exempt from its ravages. We are still in the dark. Even the admirable and elaborate paper by Prof. Huxley in the twenty-first annual report of the Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales, which gives a clear and detailed description of the disease and of the nature and affinities of the fungus which is its constant concomitant, does not discover its cause or suggest its cure. It is to be hoped, however, that increased observation by naturalists, microscopists, and other scientific persons, may at length enable us to arrive at a more complete knowledge of the causes of the fungoid disease and the remedies applicable to it.

GUNN'S SAFETY RAIL FOR FISHING BOATS AND OTHER VESSELS.

Mr. John Gunn, of Golspie, Sutherlandshire, has lately invented a new guard-rail for fishing boats, which promises to be of great use in saving life in stormy weather. The rail consists of a row of standards about two feet in height, and about two feet apart. These standards are surmounted at the top by a continuous rail made from a round iron rod about three-quarters of an inch in thickness. This top rail is jointed at the top of each standard, and is fixed by small screw bolts on which it swings when it is necessary to fold it in. At intervals, according to arrangement, there are hinged top rails, which allow the rail to be folded down in sections. The lower end of the standards are fixed inside the present rail or bulwark by a bolt passing through an eye or hole in the iron. The inner end of this bolt is supported by passing through a plank of about four inches in breadth and about two inches in thickness which is fixed parallel to the gunwale, and runs along the whole length of the boat. This longitudinal plank is fixed about two inches away from the bulwark or present rail, and rather lower than the level of the top. In this recess, or groove of two inches, the rail stands and folds down. This is all the space which it takes up. When down, it is so completely out of the way and out of sight that the boat appears as if there was no rail. When raised, it is all round the boat, and is so strong, substantial and rigid, that those walking the deck must feel a sense of safety and security which is impossible without it. The lowering down arrangement in the specimen exhibited at Wick was from the stern. It was quite simple, and so easy in working that a child could lower or raise the rail in a few seconds. By withdrawing a pin ten or twelve feet came down at once, by the same process a second section was lost to sight in the groove, and so on till the whole rail was lowered. If wished, the midship section can be lowered and the fore and aft sections of the rail left standing. The cost of the safety rail, made of wrought iron, is from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 4d. per running foot. Mr. R. Sinclair, of Wick, has made arrangements to have his new first class fishing-boat of fifty feet keel and seventeen feet beam fitted with the new safety rail. The rail is to be exhibited at the Great International Fisheries Exhibition which is to be held in London in 1883.

SALMON ANGLING ON THE HELMSDALE.

This comparatively small river, on the eastern borders of Sutherlandshire, with a drainage area of 214 square miles and a length of about twenty-five miles, has afforded about the best salmon angling in Scotland during the fishing season of 1882. The six rods who rented the river killed about eight hundred salmon among them, one gentleman taking two hundred fish to his own rod between the 10th of February (the commencement of the season) and the 1st of May, and nearly one hundred more after the latter date. It was the best year's rod fishing ever known on the Helmsdale. The Helmsdale is an early river and the best of the fishing is over by the 1st of May.

NATURAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO THE ASCENT OF SALMON.

About five hundred miles of rivers and lochs are barred against the ascent of salmon in Scotland by impassable waterfalls, most of which might be rendered passable at an outlay which would be amply repaid by the value of the waters which would be opened up to salmon. The chief of these are the Falls of Tummel, a tributary of the Tay. They are about sixteen feet in height and at present prevent salmon from having access to Loch Tummel, Loch Rannoch, Loch Erich, and Loch Lydoch, and tributary streams that extend as far as Lord Breadalbane's Deer Forests of the Black Mount—in all from about one hundred miles of water. Perhaps the next most important obstacle is that caused by the Falls of Mornessie, on the River Spean. These falls are twenty-two feet in height and prevent salmon from having access to Lochs Laggan, Gulbin, Ossian, and Treag and their tributary spawning streams, which cannot amount altogether to much less than fifty miles of water. It deserves notice, in connection with this subject, that Herr Landmark, Royal Inspector of Fisheries in Norway, has lately succeeded in passing salmon over waterfalls to which those mentioned above are but trifling, the Norwegian falls overcome by him being twenty-eight feet and eighty-nine feet high respectively. As Herr Landmark states, in his report upon the ladders over these falls, that he borrowed the plan of the ladder over the higher fall, with certain modifications, from the system of Mr. E. A. Brackett, which is described in the United States Report for Fish and Fisheries for 1872-73, it may be interesting to give some details.

Herr Landmark's operations were carried out on the River Sire, which falls into the North Sea about half way between Christiansand and Stavanger. It is ninety miles in length, and drains upward of seven hundred miles of country, passing through several considerable lakes, one of which is nineteen miles and another seventeen miles long. Originally, the Sire were not accessible for salmon for more than a few hundred yards above the estuary, owing to two waterfalls, one called the Logfos, twenty-eight feet in height, and the other (almost three-quarters of a mile further up) termed the Rukanfos, no less than eighty-nine feet high, or nine feet higher than Corra Linn, the highest of the well-known falls of the Clyde in Scotland. Now, however, thanks to the salmon passes designed and executed by Herr Landmark and Herr Satren, civil engineer, these apparently insuperable obstacles have been overcome, and fifty miles of lake and river have been rendered easily accessible to salmon. The pass over the first and lowest fall is comparatively simple. Its total length is 1,050 feet, and it has a very easy gradient, varying from 1 in 200 to 1 in 15. Far more complex and imposing, however, is the pass over the second fall of eighty-nine feet in height, and encompassed on all sides by ragged and precipitous rocks. As already mentioned, its plan has been borrowed from a pass described in one of the United States reports on fisheries. It is principally constructed of wood (two and one-half inch planks) and has a much steeper gradient than the pass on the lower fall, varying from 1 in 8 to 1 in 7. Only about a fourth of the length of the pass has had to be blasted in the solid rock. The entire distance which salmon have to traverse from the bottom to the top of the pass is nearly half a mile. There is a hatching apparatus in connection with the pass which affords space for about half a million of salmon fry, and by a peculiar arrangement a stream of water can be conducted from the pass to the hatching apparatus.

About one hundred and sixty feet and five hundred and twenty feet, respectively, from the foot of the pass there are two spacious resting places for ascending salmon, each about thirteen feet square and five feet deep. The efficiency of both passes has already been thoroughly tested. Thus, on filling for the first time, during the spring of 1880, the pass at the Logfos, a considerable number of salmon were found to have made their way up after the lapse of a few hours; and since then it has been ascertained by repeated observation that almost all the fish that find their way to the foot of the Falls shortly afterward ascend the pass. "A more successful result," says Herr Landmark, "could scarcely be imagined." Of course, the fish that ascended the Logfos fall were stopped by the great fall of Rukanfos, the pass over which was not finished until the beginning of 1881, after the period when the migratory instinct of salmon leads them to attempt the ascent of rivers. But in the summer of that year it was proved that the pass over the Rukanfos had also been a success; salmon having frequently been observed in the uppermost resting basin of the pass. Ascent from this was for a time barred by an iron grating; but on removing this, it was no longer possible to compute, even approximately, the number of fish that ascended the pass. Scarcely any of those that had previously been seen at the foot of the Rukanfos remained, and salmon were for the first time seen and taken with the rod and line by persons fishing for trout in the reaches of the river above the Rukanfos. The entire cost of these great works, which have enabled salmon to pass over two falls whose united height is one hundred and seventeen feet, has been about £1,300, which has been defrayed by a body of shareholders called "The River Sire Salmon Fishery Company (limited)," who have bought up the fishing rights on the whole of the river, and also the coast salmon fishings for a distance of four or five miles on either side of the river mouth.

BURSTING OF BIG GUNS.—Within the last few months there has been an epidemic of gunbursting. First of all we had the Krupp naval gun, which burst on board ship; then on the 18th of October a 38-centimetre German breech-loading gun at Wilhelmshaven, when, the men being all under cover, no damage appears to have been done to life. Pieces of it, weighing 2,000 pounds, were, according to the *Magdeburg Gazette*, thrown more than 100 yards. A little later in October a 6-inch English breech-loader burst at Shoeburyness, again luckily without damage to life. The reason for its failure was found to be a flaw in the inner steel tube, which could not be seen till the burst took place. Austria, not to be left long behindhand, followed with the burst of a breech-loading mortar at Felixdorf on the 7th of November. This time unhappily, if the *Cologne Gazette* is accurate in its account, a captain was killed by a fragment of the gun, and a lieutenant severely wounded. The French manage to keep their accidents very quiet from the public ear, but there is pretty good evidence that there has been at least one failure with their ordnance. With the exception of the two German guns, each burst represents a different method of manufacture. What an apple of discord for the artillerist.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

February 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1883.—Grand International Bench Show, Washington, D. C. Entries close Feb. 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Office, Skating Rink, Washington, D. C.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4, and 5 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show Derby, for English setters wheiped on or after January 1, 1883, close February, 1, 1883. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, New York City. Chas. Lincoln, Sup't.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

Owing to the illness of the Kennel Editor, many communications are deferred.

WASHINGTON SHOW PRIZES.

THE following is the classification for the above show which takes place at the capital February 20, 21, 22 and 23:

Mastiffs (champions, dogs and bitches), champion medal.

Mastiffs, dogs $10 and $5; bitches, same. Mastiff puppies, silver medal for best.

Champion St. Bernards, champion medal.

Rough-coated St. Bernard dogs, $10 and $5; bitches, same.

Smooth-coated St. Bernard dogs, $10 and $5.

St. Bernard puppies, $10.

Newfoundlands, $10 and $5.

Greyhounds, $10 and $5.

Champion English setter dogs, $15; bitches, same.

English setter dogs (except pure Laveracks), $15 and $5.

English setter bitches (except pure Laveracks), $15 and $5.

English setter dogs (of pure Laverack pedigree), $15 and $5.

English setter bitches (of pure Laverack pedigree), $15 and $5.

English setter puppies, under 12mos., $10 and $5.

Champion Gordon setters, best dog or bitch, $15.

Gordon setter dogs, $15 and $5; bitches, same; puppies, first, $10.

Champion Irish setter dogs, $15; bitches, same.

Irish setter dogs, $15 and $5; bitches same; puppies, under 12mos., $10.

Champion pointer dogs, $15; bitches same.

Pointer dogs, $15 and $5; bitches same; puppies, $10.

Irish water spaniels, $10 and $5.

Champion field spaniels, any color, over 28lbs., $10.

Field spaniels, any color, over 28lbs., $10 and $5.

Champion cocker spaniels, any color, under 28lbs., $10.

Cocker spaniels, other than black, under 28lbs., $10 and $5.

Black cocker spaniels, under 28lbs., $10 and $5.

Best sporting spaniel puppy, any color, under 12mos., silver medal.

Foxhounds, $10 and $5.

English beagles, $10 and $5.

American bench-legged beagles or Basset hounds, $10 and $5.

Champion fox-terrier dogs, champion medal; bitches same.

OPEN CLASSES.

Fox-terrier dogs, $10 and $5; bitches, same.

Fox-terrier puppies under 12mos., dog or bitch, silver medal.

Champion collie dogs, champion medal; bitches, same.

Collie dogs, $10 and $5; bitches, same; puppies, silver medal.

Bulldogs, $10 and $5.

Bull-terriers, $10 and $5.

Black and tan terriers, $10 and $5.

Irish terriers, $10 and $5.

Skye terriers, $10 and $5.

Any other hard-coated terrier, $10 and $5.

Champion pugs, dogs, champion medal; bitches, same.

Pugs, dogs, $10 and $5; bitches, same.

Yorkshire terriers, $10 and $5.

King Charles, Blenheim or Japanese spaniels, $10 and $5.

Miscellaneous or foreign class, over 25lbs. weight, $7 and $3; under 25lbs., the same.

Entries close February 12.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Office Skating Rink.

OTTAWA SHOW—SPECIAL PRIZES.

A.—The Dominion of Canada Kennel Club offers a handsome silver cup, value $75.00, suitably engraved, for the best six dogs of any breed or sex, whelped and owned in the Dominion, having been the property of the exhibitor for six months previous to the show; entry fee $5.00. Conditions.—This cup will be known as the D. C. K. C. Trophy Cup, and must be won twice before becoming the property of the winner, though not necessarily with the same dogs. Winner to offer it under the same conditions at the next show held under the auspices of the Club.

B. Mr. Lindsay Russel, the president, offers $25.00 for the best English setter, dog or bitch, that has never previously won a first prize, open only to dogs owned in Great Britain or the United States; entry fee $3.00.

C. Mr. Lindsay Russel, the president, offers $25.00 for the best Irish setter, dog or bitch, that has never previously won a first prize, open only to dogs owned in Great Britain or the United States; entry fee $3.00

D. Mr. F. P. Austin, first vice-president, offers $20.00 for the best pointer, dog or bitch, owned in the Dominion, that has never previously won a first prize; entry fee $3.00.

E. Mr. Sheriff Sweetland, second vice-president, offers $20.00 for the best Gordon setter, dog or bitch, owned in the Dominion, that has never previously won a first prize; entry fee $2.00.

F. For the best matched pair of English setters (regardless of sex) color and quality to be considered, and to be the bona fide property of one individual or club, silver cup, value $15.00; entry fee $2.00.

G. For the best matched pair of Irish setters, same conditions as special F, silver cup, value $15.00; entry fee $2.00.

H. For the best matched pair of Gordon setters, same conditions as specials F, and G., except that they must be owned in the Dominion, silver cup, value $15.00; entry fee $2.00.

I. For the best matched pair of pointers, same conditions as specials F. and G., silver cup, value $15.00; entry fee $2.00.

J. For the best English setter, dog or bitch, having the best field trial record, color and quality to be considered, sportsman's tent and fittings, value $17.00; entry fee $2.00.

K. For the best Irish setter brood bitch shown, with two of her whelps, one year's subscription to the Boston *Herald;* Entry free.

L. For the best English or Irish setter, owned in and entered by an exhibitor from Manitoba or the N. W. T., silver cup, value $15.00; entry free.

M. The American Cocker Spaniel Club offers a prize of $10.00 for the best cocker spaniel, dog or bitch, any age or color, to be judged according to the standard of and open only to members of the A. C. S. Club; entry free.

N. For the best collection of cocker spaniels, any color, to consist of not less than three, one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM; entry free.

O. For the best fox terrier dog or bitch, (small size); dogs under 18 lbs., bitches under 16 lbs., $20.00 cash; entry fee $2.00.

P. For the best fox terrier bitch, shown with two of her whelps, one year's subscription to the *Canadian Sportsman;* entry free.

Q. For the best Yorkshire terrier, dog or bitch, silver cup; entry fee $1.00.

R. For the best bull-terrier, meerschaum pipe, value $6.00; entry free.

S. For the best Skye terrier, owned and entered by a lady in Montreal, oil plaque, value $12.00; entry free.

T. For the best Scotch terrier, owned and entered by a lady resident in Ottawa, fancy drawing room chair, value $10.00; entry free.

U. For the best terrier, any breed, owned and entered by a lady, ostrich feather, value $10.00; entry free.

V. For the best dog or bitch of any kind, owned and entered by a lady resident in Ottawa, china tea service, value $15.00; entry free.

W. For the best collie dog or bitch owned in the city of Ottawa, one year's subscription to *Spirit of the Times;* entry free.

X. For the best collection of collies (regardless of sex) not less than three, to be the bona fide property of the exhibitor, rattan rocking chair, value $10.; entry free.

Y. For the best Newfoundland dog, one year's subscription to the daily *Mail;* entry free.

Z. For the best St. Bernard dog or bitch, silver mounted revolver, value $8.00; entry free.

A.A. For the best mastiff, fur cap, value $12.00; entry fee $1.00.

B.B. For the best Irish water spaniel, dog or bitch owned in the Dominion of Canada, Dr. Rowe offers one year's subscription; entry free.

C.C. For the best bulldog, Mr. J. R. Esmonde, fishing rod, value $6.00; entry free.

D.D. For the best greyhound, dog or bitch, a silk umbrella; entry free.

E.E. For the best foxhound, dog or bitch "Stonehenge on the Dog," value $5.00; entry free.

F.F. For the sporting dog exhibited in the best bench show condition, Dr. Rose offers one year's subscription; entry free.

G.G. For the largest and best display of dogs owned and entered by one exhibitor or club, half dozen gentlemen's shirts value $15.00; entry $3.00.

H.H. For the best black cocker spaniel, dog or bitch, silver mounted revolver, value $12.00; entry fee $1.00.

I.I. For the best collection of fox-terriers, not less than six (regardless of sex) entered and owned by one exhibitor or club, shooting coat, value $20.00; entry fee $2.00.

J.J. For the best spaniel puppy, under twelve months, dog or bitch, silver cup, value $15.00; entry fee $2.00.

K.K. The civil service of the Dominion of Canada will offer a handsome prize, value and class not fixed.

L.L. The sportsmen of the city of London will offer a prize, value and class not fixed.

Many other specials will be donated; they will be advertised in Canadian and American sporting papers.

MERIDEN DOG SHOW.

A DOG show in connection with the annual exhibition of the Meriden Poultry and Pet Stock Association, was held at Meriden, Conn., on January 9 and following days. The dogs were exhibited in the gallery of the Town Hall, the poultry having the floor on this occasion. There was not a very extensive entry, and competition was mainly local; the only exhibitors from New York being Mr. W. E. Smith, who won easily in the Irish setter class with Triumph, and Mr. A. C. Wilmerding who took a first and two specials with his black spaniel Black Prince, a son of the well known champion Benedict. Mr. Elmore was to the front with a good exhibit of beagles, a breed which may be considered his specialty; and he cleared the prizes in all classes of beagles and foxhounds. The principal awards were as follows:

English Setters.—Dogs—1st and specials, Mr. Jas. McAlpine, Jr.'s, Ranger; 2d, G. R. Nichol's Asteroid; 3d, F. H. Ferguson's Dash. Bitches—1st, B. B. Penn's Mollie. Puppies—1st, G. R. Nichol's Asteroid.

Irish Setters.—Dogs—1st and specials, W. E. Smith's Triumph; 2d, E. P. Tillotson. Bitches—1st, John Rankin. Puppies—1st, J. F. Ives.

Pointers.—Dogs—1st and special, J. F. Ives's Shot; 2d, W. E. Miller's Jim; 3d, A. B. Paddock's Sanco. Puppies—1st, J. F. Ives's Dash.

Foxhounds.—1st and 2d, N. Elmore. Puppies.—1st and 2d, N. Elmore.

Beagles.—Dogs—1st and 2d, N. Elmore. Bitches—1st and 2d, N. Elmore. Puppies—1st and 2d, N. Elmore.

Spaniels.—1st and two specials, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince.

St. Bernards.—1st, A. H. Whiting.

LONG ISLAND FOX HUNTING.

THE first fox hunt took place to-day, the 8th of January. The meet was at "Cow Neck," the estate of A. H. Barney, Esq., near North Sea, Southampton. The morning was cold and frosty, the scent anything but good—otherwise the was a beautiful day, with a bright sun. After drawing cover for about two hours, the hounds scented a 'coon, which being run to burrow on the bank of the Peconic Bay, and men sent for spades, etc., to dig it out, the hunters continued to beat the Neck, and were soon rewarded for their trouble. On the south part of the Neck the hounds commenced to give tongue quite lively, and in the course of ten minutes a brace of foxes were seen going from their lair. The hounds, unfortunately, divided, and one fox, after running for about half an hour, was killed in the Neck.

A bridge going on to Cow Neck crosses the channel, running into Scollop Pond. On this bridge some of the hunters bring an old coat, horse blanket, etc., to frighten the fox and prevent his crossing, so as to keep him on the Neck.

The other fox, after a pretty burst of fifteen minutes or so, was lost for a time. At last it was supposed that the fox ran to the bridge and was in a hole there. It proved he had been there but, instead of remaining in his burrow, he took to the water and swam the creek. Passing over the bridge with one portion of the hounds, they at once hit off the scent, and now as pretty a run as can be had in this country took place. The hounds, running over the salt meadow, took a road leading to Jere Rives's, and when near North Sea Harbor doubled back and recrossed the road and ran into some sprouts, the property of Chas. Harlon, Esq., where the fox had lain down. The hounds got up with him there, and part of the time here, in two or three instances ran him in sight on the salt meadow, and were at one time within two yards of his brush. As pretty a sight as man can wish to see and hear, and the music of the hounds just then was splendid to a fox hunter.

At last the fox dodged the hounds and broke away, heading for Millstone Brook. The hounds (the scent having become good) ran with head breast-high and stern down, at a killing pace. The fox turned and ran to Big Fresh Pond, and from thence to Millstone Brook, when near the brook turning and running due west on to "West Neck." Then he doubled back and made for Fresh Pond, skirting the pond and re-crossing the North Sea and Southampton road south of the stream, bearing towards Toud; instead of going to Toud, he left the saw mill to the north, then running nearly east for Caulp Pond, and when near there the hounds were whipped off, it being too late in the afternoon to go further. Six gentlemen succeeded in being in at the finish, viz., Brown, J. R. Rose, H. C. Rose, W. Wines, Geo. W. Whitaker and Elias White.

The 'coon that was seen to burrow was dug out, secured and expressed to C. A. Sears, Esq., a lover of sport. No doubt by this time a few of his sporting friends have discussed its quality.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., January 8, 1883.

LLEWELLINS vs. POINTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Pious Jeemes's" letter published in your edition of the 11th inst., has been perused by your readers with much interest. The only thing "Jeemes" is wrong in, is the blast he gives the Llewellins. Although correct in his statement about their having been the victors in nearly all our late trials, he overlooks one fact, namely, that the breeding of this king of all setters has been made a specialty with us for years. Large amounts of money and labor have been spent to make this strain perfection, and it is now on its zenith. How much do we care for the interest of the pointer? How very few men really work for him. Pointer breeding is only in its infancy here, while in Europe innumerable field trials have been won by the same strain of pointers as we have in the United States. The Llewellins have not only really many first-class dogs, but also fully as good bitches, consequently produce better progeny. Now how many pointers have we in the United States of real first-class quality? Five: Bow, Faust, Croxteth, Don and Sensation. Now, how many bitches are there as good as the dogs? I know of none. How can pointer men produce rivals to Lewellins if the bitch stock is not in the country? My advice to pointer men is, buy or import as good bitches as we have dogs, and we will run the Llewellin a very sharp race. The pointer has only won one first so far, but how much more numerous is the Llewellin in every field trial! Wai, "Pious Jeemes," give us a show. *"Che si va piano va sano* ("he who goes slowly goes safely,") as the Italian says, and before many years the pointer will win as many firsts as the Llewellins; all I hope is "Jeemes" will be judge. CROXTETH.

NEVERSINE LODGE, Guymard, N. Y.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA POULTRY SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the West Pennsylvania Poultry Society took place at Pittsburgh, January 8, and the following was result of election: Edward Greeg, President; J. Palmer O'Neil, Vice-President; C. A. Stevens, Treasurer; C. B. Elben, Secretary. Messrs. B. F. Wilson, Thos. Booth, J. R. Henricks, I. R. Stayton and W. C. Myer, Directors.

The entries to January 1, in the English Setters Bench Show Derby, to be held in connection with the show April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1883, are as follows:

COUNTESS GLADSTONE—Lemon belton bitch, April 23 (Gladstone-Stayton's Countess).

COUNT T.—Blue belton dog, March 7 (Thunder-Countess Ella).

FAULTLESS—Black and white dog, May 24 (Count Noser-Maple).

MAY QUEEN—Chestnut setter bitch, May 24 (Count Noser-Maple).

DICO—Blue belton dog, January 29 (Royal Blue-Ruby).

ROBERT H.—Black and white dog, May 28 (Royal Blue-Miss).

SALLIE H.—Black, white and tan bitch, May 28 (Royal Blue-Miss).

THOMAS H.—Black, white and tan dog, Sept. 16 (Royal Rock-Gaily).

BELLE H.—Black, white and tan bitch, Sept. 16 (Royal Rock-Gaily). OBSERVER.

A JUST VERDICT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps it may be of the same interest to others as it was to myself to read the following communication from a friend in relation to proving and recovering damages in the shooting of a valuable setter dog:

"Friend P.—My suit was tried on Jan. 18, before a jury, and judgment was awarded me of $100, which I consider, of course, not one-half the value of my setter dog Dash. Four experts sworn, prized him variously from $100 to $300. They let him out for $100. You can safely bet he won't shoot any more dogs for a long time to come.—W. A. HOAGLAND."

Mr. Hoagland is well known to many as a noted pedestrian, living at Union Springs. His dog was killed by a man with the one idea fixed in his literal matter-of-fact mind that dogs were of no earthly use to man, and he made way with this one, and for no good reason.

Mr. H. has made an example in this case which we all have a right to follow when a similar outrage is perpetrated.

MIG.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1883.

RABBIT HUNTING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Hunting was poor in this part of New England for several weeks, in consequence of a thick crust, which has rendered it almost impossible for a dog to follow a track. Yesterday, however, several inches of snow fell. This morning, in company with another gentleman, I started out on a rabbit hunt. The only dog we had in condition for running was a beagle hound only seven months old. But the little fellow proved himself equal to the task. It has been my fortune to hunt with many dogs, yet seldom have I seen a more persistent or energetic worker on the track than this one. We had hardly arrived on the ground usually frequented by rabbits, ere the pup "struck a track," following it so rapidly that in less than ten minutes he had started his game, and though he was several times bothered, he "picked up" the track without any assistance, and after somewhat over an hour's run the rabbit was shot. No sooner had the first rabbit been shot than the dog "circled" and took up another track, and in less than thirty minutes that was also bagged. So persistently did the dog work that several hours before sunset we had shot seven fine rabbits, and this too, in a country where game is not by any means admitted to be plenty.—A. D. BARBER (Townsend, Mass., January 8, 1883.)

OTTAWA AND PITTSBURGH SHOWS.—We clip the following from the *Kennel Review*, London: We have much pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the above shows, for what we hear, every convenience will be given to English exhibitors for sending their dogs, and the journey will be made as easy as possible. We have received some letters inquiring the best way to send dogs, and in our next issue we will announce the arrangements we propose adopting. We have already arranged with a gentleman well qualified for the duty, to take out and assume the entire charge of all dogs entrusted to him, and any of our readers who wish to exhibit at these shows—the chief ones in Canada and the United States—are invited to put themselves into communication with us, and we will help them in every way we can. The person who will take charge of the dogs cannot undertake to do so for more than fifty, of which over twenty are already booked, but if we find it necessary, owing to the number of dogs, that a second person is required, we will arrange for him at once.

BARBED WIRE FENCES.—Biddeford, Maine, January 11 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read your editorial on "Barbed Wire Fences," contained in your issue of Dec. 7, '82. Although I am neither landowner nor hunter, there are one or two points which I desire to make on this subject. First, I know from a varied and extensive experience in the West, that a plain wire fence, even though it has a rail or pole at the top, is not by any means as effectual a fence as is the ba bed wire fence. Cattle soon learn to crawl through a plain wi e fence, and the wires cannot be strained tight enough to prevent this. Second, the barbed wire fence is not, on the whole, much if any more dangerous than fences of other kinds. In the neighborhood where I resided in the West, the only cattle which were ever to my knowledge permanently injured by wire fences, were injured by plain wire fences, and I have known many more injuries resulting from board and rail fences and from stone walls, than from wire fences of any kind. Third, it is noticeable that the opposition to the barbed wire fences comes not from the owners of the fences, but from philanthropists who have more pity for breechy cattle than for hard-working farmers, and from gentlemen of the rod and gun, many of whom have a decided proclivity for scouring premises where they are not wanted.—ALBERT DONNELL.

"FOOLS" AND DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his "New Year's Screed," FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 18, "Nessmuk" advances the opinion that it is only a fool who will be inveigled into paying $100 for a dog. Now, as the (in my own opinion, at least,) fortunate possessor of several dogs, for each one of which I paid considerably more than the sum named, I beg to ask why I should for that reason be writ down a fool, any more than the man who pays $500 for an oil painting, when he can buy a chromo for 5cts. According to "Nessmuk's" reasoning, there never was a painting worth $500.—MEAT-HAWK.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club at Delmonico's, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16, the following officers were elected: President, Elliot Smith; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Henry J. Aten and James H. Goodsell; Treasurer and Secretary, Washington A. Coster; Governors—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Robert C. Cornell, J. Von Lengerke, J. Otto Donner, R. E. Hamilton, A. E. Godeffroy, George T. Leach, Charles H. Raymond, John G. Heckscher, J. E. I. Granger, G. de Forest Grant and Major George R. Watkins.

"A VALUABLE DOG KILLED."—In justice to the correspondent whose note appeared in our issue of Jan. 11, it should be stated that this caption was given to the communication in this office, and hence the writer of the letter was by inference made to say that his dog had been killed. This, as the event proved, was not the case, although the injuries sustained by the animal were serious and permanent. This affair appears to demonstrate that the shotgun is much too readily resorted to when milder methods would answer fully as well.

GLADSOME.—We regret to record the death of Gladsome, the blue belton English setter dog (Gladstone-Leila) owned by Mr. J. W. Foster, Leesburg, Va. Gladsome divided third prize with Lalla Rookh, in the last Eastern Field Trials All-Aged Stakes. We have seldom seen so promising a puppy, and had anticipated for him a future record of much credit. Gladsome was a stylish, magnificent appearing animal. An excellent portrait of him was published in our issue of Dec. 7, 1882.

WHITEFISH FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Plymouth, N. H., Jan. 17.—Two hundred thousand whitefish eggs were received at the State hatching house last week. The eggs were sent from Northville, Mich., and were in good condition. They were donated by Prof. S. F. Baird to New Hampshire. It is to be hoped that the experiment will prove a success, and there is no reason why the larger bodies of water in our State are not adapted to this fish.—H.

PURE WHITE COCKER SPANIEL DOG.—I had a pure white cocker spaniel dog pup born on Jan. 13, 1883, out of Bess, all liver cocker spaniel bitch, sired by Mr. Robert Walker's Charlie III. I think this is very rare. If such has ever happened before I have never heard of it. He is of fine shape, good ears and wavy coat. He is going to be a beauty. He is not for sale.—G. N. (Savannah, Ga.). [It is not uncommon to see pure white puppies, but they generally show other colors when older.]

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.—Those intending to enter their puppies for this event should bear in mind that the entries close on the 1st of March, which is a month earlier than has been customary heretofore. All puppies whelped during the previous year are eligible. The secretary, Mr. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., will furnish entry blanks upon application.

JUDGES FOR THE WASHINGTON SHOW.—Mr. Chas. H. Mason will judge the Irish setters, spaniels, hounds, fox-terriers, and miscellaneous; Mr. Jas. Watson will judge mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, collies, and all small non-sporting dogs. The judges for pointers, English and Gordon setters we shall probably be able to announce next week.

TO MASTIFF EXHIBITORS.—A special prize of $50 will be given at the Pittsburgh show to the best mastiff exhibited. This should bring all the best of the breed together, and set the whether the old dogs can hold their own with the more recent importations, of which quite a number have gone to Pittsburgh.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, if breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Earl. By Mr. F. W. Roach, Chatham, N. Y., for liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 20, 1882, by Mr. T. R. Burrow's Dan out of owner's Lou.

Prince. By Mr. Aug. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 13, 1882, by Flute out of Bunnie.

Lady Annie. By Mr. E. S. Fassett, Albany, N. Y., for white, with liver ears, pointer bitch, whelped July 1, 1882, by Dan (Best—imported Nellie) out of Lady Sensation (Sensation—Lady Francis).

Donna. By Mr. T. B. Dorsey, Ellicott City, Md., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1882, by imported Joe out of Clarissa (Sensation—Daisy).

Fred H. By Mr. Fred. H. Hoe, Tarrytown, N. Y., for English setter dog, whelped June 20, 1882 (Roll—Elaine).

Count Gladstone, Countess Gladstone. By the Superior Kennel, Pittsburgh, Pa., for black, white and tan dog puppy and lemon belton bitch puppy, whelped April 23, 1882 (Gladstone—Stayton's Countess.

Major. By Mr. T. H. Mumford, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., for beagle dog pup, whelped Nov. 28, 1882, by Bush (Flute—Queen) out of Briar (Mose—Melody).

Dickie. By Mr. John Daly, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 15, 1882 (imported Beau—imported Blackie).

Chipper. By Mr. C. H. Hoadley, White River Junction, Vt., for liver and white cocker dog, whelped Oct. 1, 1882 (imported Beau—imported Feather).

General. By Mr. W. F. Duerr, Orange, N. J., for lemon and white ticked pointer dog pup, whelped July 3, 1882 (Sensation II.—Madge).

Colonel. By Mr. W. F. Duerr, Orange, N. J., for lemon and white ticked dog, whelped July 3, 1882 (Sensation II.—Madge).

Floss. By Mr. W. F. Duerr, Orange, N. J., for lemon and white ticked bitch, whelped July 3, 1882 (Sensation II.—Madge.

Joker. By Mr. W. S. Hopkins, Newark, N. J., for liver and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1882 (Sport—Flora).

Sport II. By Mr. W. S. Hopkins, Newark, N. J., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1882 (Sport—Flora).

Carrie P. By Mr. W. S. Hopkins, Newark, N. J., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 6, 1882 (Sport—Flora).

Florence. By Mr. W. S. Hopkins, Newark, N. J., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 6, 1882 (Sport—Flora).

Bingo. By Mr. W. S. Hopkins, Newark, N. J., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1882 (Sport—Flora).

Kenna. By Mr. W. S. Hopkins, Newark, N. J., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1882 (Sport—Flora).

Folly. By Mr. Robert Ives Crocker, New York, for white, black and tan marked fox-terrier bitch (Rutherford's Sadie—Rafe).

Nestor. By Mr. E. C. Franklin, Ann Arbor, Mich., for liver and white ticked setter dog, whelped May 26, 1881 (Shepherd's Duxon—Gordon's Fly).

Lady F. By Mr. E. C. Franklin, Ann Arbor, Mich., for black, white and tan English setter puppy, whelped Oct. 18, 1882, by Feronia (Coin—Daisy) out of Duxon (Purcell's Bess—Fisher's Jack).

Ponce de Leon. By Mr. E. H. Smart, Bainbridge, Ga., for black and white setter dog, whelped Oct. 15, 1882 (Rollo—Gretchen).

Lopez. By Mr. E. H. Smart, Bainbridge, Ga., for blue belton setter dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1882 (Rollo—Gretchen).

Fenad. By Mr. E. H. Smart, Bainbridge, Ga., for lemon and white setter dog, whelped Oct. 13, 1882 (Rollo—Gretchen).

Seaforth. By Mr. E. H. Smart, Bainbridge, Ga., for lemon and white setter bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1882 (Rollo—Gretchen).

Benita, Sappho. By Mr. E. H. Smart, Bainbridge, Ga., for blue belton setter bitches, whelped Oct. 14, 1882 (Rollo—Gretchen).

Sensor. By Mr. C. Noble, Savannah, Ga., for pure white cocker spaniel dog pup, whelped Jan. 13, 1883, by Charlie III. (Racer—Daisy II.) out of Bess (Dan—Nellie).

Hazel. By Mr. H. M. Howes, Somerville, Mass., for red Irish setter bitch puppy by Ruby (Elcho—Rose) out of Madge (Bedford—Ruby).

Gloria. By Mr. E. O. Sharp, Bedford, Mass., for red Irish setter dog (champion Elcho—Flourish), whelped April 6, 1882; also

Vera. Red Irish setter bitch, same litter; also

Lydia Belle. Red Irish setter bitch, same litter; also

Nellie. Red Irish setter bitch, same litter.

St. Ives II. By Mr. J. H. Forshew, Brooklyn, N. Y., for liver and white setter dog pup, whelped July 13.

Sip. By Mr. C. W. Harper, Leitersburg, Md., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 31, 1882 (imported Ringwood—Norah).

Fleet. By Mr. C. W. Harper, Leitersburg, Md., for black and tan foxhound dog, whelped June 29, 1881 (Music—Nellie).

Stranger. By Mr. C. W. Harper, Leitersburg, Md., for black, white and tan foxhound dog pup, whelped July 29, 1882 (imported Comus—Sunbeam).

Melody. By Mr. C. W. Harper, Leitersburg, Md., for black and blue Byron foxhound bitch, whelped Aug. 5, 1882 (Dimple—Tellie).

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Suit-a-Me from Tatters. Mr. Joseph Hayes, Boston, Mass., changes the name of his red Irish setter dog Tatters, whelped March 14, 1882 (Clarendon—Dido) to Suit-a-Me.

May Prince. The Superior Kennel, Pittsburgh, Pa., has altered the name of black, white and tan English setter dog puppy (Count Noble—May Laverack) from May Day to May Prince.

Weatherwax. Mr. Meeker, of New York, N. Y., has altered the name of his black and white ticked setter puppy Samuel of Posen (Young Laverack—Lady May), whelped May 27, 1882, to Strathmore; bred by Mr. Harry Towner, of Nyack, N. Y.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Dorothée—Doubleshot. Mr. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) imported black greyhound bitch Dorothée (Roi du Combat—Sciatica) to his imported black and white Doubleshot (Hot Act—Sunflower) Jan. 6.

Madge—Sensation II. Mr. W. F. Duerr's pointer bitch Madge to his Sensation II., Jan. 3

Lill—Emperor Fred. Mr. R. L. Cowell's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Lill (Ranger II.—Coin) to Mr. E. A. Herzberg's champion Emperor Fred, Jan. 12.

Diana—Dash III. Mr. E. E. Hardy's (Boston) setter bitch Diana to Mr. A. M. Tucker's Dash III.).

Nell—Dash III. Mr. John A. Poor's setter bitch Nell to Mr. A. M. Tucker's Dash III.

Trixket—Graxteth. Mr. Stoddard's pointer bitch Trinket to Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth (Bang—Jane), Dec. 15, 1882.

Lass—Croxteth. Mr. Leitner's pointer bitch Lass (Scalford—Dawn) to Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth (Bang—Jane), Jan. 12.

Fly—Bertram. Mr. A. P. Kitching's (Boston) red and white setter bitch Fly to Mr. Wm. A. Rea's (Boston) Bertram, Dec. 22, 1882.

Rhebe—Bertram. Mr. F. W. Rogers's (Boston) black white and tan setter bitch Rhebe (Belton—Dimple) to Mr. W. A. Rea's (Boston) Bertram, Jan. 16.

Devonshire Lass—Sensation. Mr. C. M. Munhall's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Devonshire Lass (imported Don—imported Lady) to champion Sensation, Jan. 24.

Dinah II.—Cream. Mr. W. Wade's imported mastiff bitch Dinah II. (Trojan—Rannee Ek) to his imported Cæsar—late J. Walsop's—(Tumus II.—Boadicea).

Little Nell—White Silk. Mr. J. T. McKennon's bull-terrier bitch Little Nell to Mr. G. W. Moore's White Silk.

Bonfanti—Success. Mr. J. H. Winslow's (Baltimore) liver and white cocker bitch Bonfanti (Ned—Daisy), to his imported black spaniel Success (11,636) champion Bachelor—Salus), Jan. 7.

Rhea II.—Success. Mr. J. H. Winslow's (Baltimore) black spaniel bitch Rhea II. (Bub—Jenny) to his imported black spaniel Success (11,636) champion Bachelor—Salus), Jan. 9.

Girt—Glenmark. Mr. R. T. Green's (Jersey City Heights) pointer bitch Girt (Maryland—Vell) to Mr. Wm. F. Steel's pointer dog Glenmark (Rush—Romp).

Folka—Emperor Fred. Mr. E. A. Herzberg's (Brooklyn) black and white English setter bitch Folka (Pride of the Border—Kate II.) to his pure Laverack champion Emperor Fred, Jan. 12.

Young Flora—Major. Mr. R. Blackwood's (Montreal, Canada) imported black and tan Gordon setter bitch Young Flora to Mr. John N. Hickey's (Montreal, Canada) imported black and tan Gordon setter dog Major, Jan. 19, 1883.

Doodles—Wildfire. Mr. Frank Rackliff's (Rockland, Me.) liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Doodles to A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) black spaniel dog Wildfire (Wildair—Josie), Jan. 4.

Pride—Brant. Mr. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) lemon and white pointer bitch Pride (Dash—Pride of Kent) to Mr. James Wight's (Rockland, Me.) liver pointer dog Brant (champion Pete, Jr. —Kate), Jan. 17.

Lill—Emperor Fred. Mr. Henry L. Corell's (New Haven, Conn.) Lill (Ranger II. —Coin) to Mr. E. A. Herzberg's champion Emperor Fred.

St. Patti—Emperor Fred. Mr. E. A. Herzberg's St. Patti (sister to St. Elmo) to his champion Emperor Fred.

Lucil—Emperor Fred. Mr. E. A. Herzberg's blue belton pure Laverack bitch Lucil (Sim's Dash—Maid of Honor) to his champion Emperor Fred.

Mary—Dashing Lion. Mr. G. A. Ballantine's (Washingtonville, O.) Llewellin setter bitch Mary (Lancaster—Sanborn's Nellie) to his Llewellin setter dog Dashing Lion, Dec. 28.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nell—Conquest. Mr. Fred. H. Rose's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) cocker bitch Nell, Jan. 5, five (three dogs), by Conquest.

Stayton's Countess—Belton III. The Superior Kennel's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Stayton's Coun ess, six, by Belton III.

Lady Gay—Royal. Mr. J. E. I. Granger's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Lady Gay, Jan. 19, eight, all now living (three dogs), by Mr. L. Rutherfurd's (New York) champion Royal.

Fanny. Mr. S. W. Ware's (West Point, Miss.) liver and white pointer bitch Fanny (Waddell's), Dec. 26, 1882, eight (six dogs) by champion Bow.

Belle. Mr. L. D. Rumsey's (Buffalo, N. Y.) blue belton English setter bitch Belle (Carlowitz—True), Jan. 1, eight (seven dogs), by Mr. A. M. Tucker's Dash III.

Nellie. Mr. Wm. B. Hill's (Albany, N. Y.) wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Nellie, Jan. 7, three (two dogs), by champion Tyke; both dogs since dead.

Pride. Mr. Charles E. Shaw's (Clinton, Mass.) English mastiff bitch Pride (Duke—Juno), Jan. 10, seven (five dogs), by his Duke (Buff—Belle).

Lynn II. Mr. A. S. Guild's (Lowell, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Lynn II. (Elcho III.—Bennet's May), Jan. 13, nine, by Glencho (Elcho —Norena).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lassie Jane. English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 5, 1880 (Blue Dan Flake), by Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Mr. E. A. Wood, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sancho. Blue mottled beagle dog (Chanter—Sprightly), by Mr. F. Evans, Independent Hill, Va., to Mr. W. Spellissy, Troy, N. Y.

Lady Clare. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 10, 1881, by Rubio (Dash—Mina) out of Dara (Count—Daisy), by Mr. C. E. Lord, Scopinonian Kennels, N. Y., to Mr. G. Noble, Savannah, Ga.

Bess. Liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1881, by Dan (Nea—Renn) out of Nellie (Shap—Nannie), by Mr. C. E. Scott, Schenectady, N. Y., to Mr. G. Noble, Savannah, Ga.

Bess—Feather whelp. Liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 1, 1882, by Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. G. W. Merrill, Portland, Me.

Beau—Gracie whelp. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1882, by Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. G. W. Merrill, Portland, Me.

Briar whelps. Beagle bitch puppies, whelped Nov. 28, 1882, by Bush (Flute—Queen) out of Briar (Mose—Melody), by Mr. W. H. Ashburne, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. James P. Kent, Monticello, N. Y.

Blackie whelps. Black cocker spaniel bitch pup, whelped May 15, 1882 (Beau—Blackie), by Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. John Daly, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Gracie whelps. Liver cocker spaniel dog pups, whelped Oct. 29, 1882 (Beau—Gracie), by Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. W. S. Thomas, Birmingham, Conn.

Rake. Beagle dog (Ranter—Gipsey), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin, Portsmouth, N. H., to Mr. Charles Smart, Portsmouth, N. H.

Pilot. Beagle bitch (Ranter—Gipsey), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin to Mr. J. C. Ryan.

Bell. Beagle bitch (Ranter—Flirt II.), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin to Mr. M. J. Ryan.

Rambler II. Beagle dog (Ranter—Flirt II.), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin to Mr. R. Waldo, Portsmouth, N. H.

Bell. Beagle bitch (Ranter—Gipsey), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin to Mr. Wm. Jackson, Fernandina, Florida.

Rather II. Beagle dog (Ranter—Flirt II.), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin to Mr. Stover Hilge, Portsmouth, N. H.

Nancy Lee. Beagle bitch (Ranter—Flirt II.), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin to Mr. George H. Winchester, Boston, Mass.

Music. Beagle bitch (Ranter—Flirt II.), by Mr. Thomas J. Goodwin to Mr. Wm. Benton, New York city.

Sparkle—Dash whelps. Black, white and ticked English setter dog pup, whelped July 29, 1882, by Mr. George Laick to Mr. J. M. Godinez, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; black bitch pup, whelped July 29, 1882, to Mr. Edward Beck, of Tarrytown, N. Y.

Cleo. Red Irish setter bitch (champion Elcho—Flourish), whelped April 6, 1882, by Mr. E. O. Ladd, Everett, Mass., to Mr. John Carver, Boston, Mass.

Mavra. Red Irish setter dog (champion Elcho—Flourish), by Mr. E. O. Ladd to Mr. G. L. Barney, Middleboro, Mass.

Royal Sutton—Reign whelps. Blue belton English setter dog puppy, whelped Nov. 19, 1882, by Royal Sultan (Racket—Kelp) out of Reign (Belton—Breeze), by the Detroit Kennel Club to Mr. G. H. Hausburg, Blue Island, Ill.; also a blue belton dog pup, same litter, to Mr. Will G. Lambert, Ripon, Wis.

Prince Royal and Forest May. Llewellin setter dog Prince Royal (Rob Roy—Juno), by the Forest Kennel Club, London, Canada, to Mr. A. D. Chaplin, London; also Forest May (Blue Drake—Dimple II.) and a bitch puppy (Prince Royal—Humpidge Nettie).

Viola. Lemon and white pointer bitch Viola (Sensation—Lilly) by the Baltimore Kennel Club to Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nellie G. Black and tan fox-terrier bitch, 3 years old (Colburn's Duke—Nellie F.), by Mr. H. D. Chauncey, Midland Park, N. J., to Mr. Frank Lanier, Hoboken, N. J.

Queen Bess. Orange and white setter bitch (Crack—Queen) by Dr. E. P. Kremer, Lebanon, Pa., to Mr. J. M. Hoyard, Lebanon, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bertie. Black and white ticked English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1882 (Druid—Poetess), owned by Mr. W. E. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J.

Belmont. Black spaniel dog puppy (Success—Rhea II.), owned by Mr. J. H. Winslow, Baltimore.

Lady Wellington. Red Irish setter bitch (champion Rory O'More —Norah O'Morey), owned by Mr. Charles R. Shorburn, New York.

Champion Elcho—Flourish whelps. Red Irish setter pups (champion Elcho—Flourish) whelped April 6, 1882 (three dogs and two bitches), owned by Mr. E. O. Ladd, Boston, Mass.

Flourish. Red Irish setter bitch (champion Berkley—Ruby), whelped April 8, 1880. Ive Boston, 1882.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

PREPARING FOR THE RETURN MATCH.

WITH the progress of the year interest is rapidly awakening in relation to the match which is to came off at Wimbledon Common in July next. The extension of time granted by the council of the British Association for the practice of our National rifle, which by those desiring to compete for places on the American team, has been taken advantage of by several good civilian shots. J. H. Brower is a member of the Seventh Regiment, F. J. Rabbett is a member of a Massachusetts command, while Dr. Scott, who shot as a member of Col. Bodine's last Dollymount small-bore team, has also qualified as a representative of the citizen soldiery. Even with all these, and many other additions of strength to the Guard, it is doubtful whether the whole force in the United States could furnish such a dozen men as Col. Halford commanded in the match of last September. They could not then, and we think cannot now, be equalled in the United States for individual excellence. Each man was a team in himself; each was capable of acting as his own coach; each judged wind for himself, and each one, in fact, was self-reliant enough to carry out his fragment of the match, and to carry it through to a fine aggregate showing.

All this may be true, and yet does not stand as a barrier against the winning of the return match by an American team. There is nothing discouraging in this state of facts; rather an incentive for our American shooting. It is pretty certain that fully as good, if not a better body of English volunteers will meet our men before the butts at Wimbledon, but no one for an instant labors under the delusion that America is going to cut such a sorry figure as in 1882. Our aim will go into training for the coming contest with the rifles fitted for the work in hand. There is to be no trying to shoot a dirty small bore match under the name of a military match. The rifle for use by the coming American team must be as distinctly fitted for the special requirements of the contest as was the weapon used by the winning English team of 1882. Such an arm, it is thought, has been secured, and would-be contestants have two models to chose from. The Remington new arm has already been alluded to in these columns. It has been approved by very excellent judges of the arm as an admirable arm. Its preparation was set about at the Ilion Armory, while the sting of the defeat at Creedmoor was yet fresh.

The points of the English arms were carefully studied, and as accurately reproduced with such improvements as American small-arm ingenuity would naturally suggest when directed to this new problem of a rifle to shoot steadily at long range, without offective fouling. The weapon was tried at once, and with good results. It has been found sufficiently accurate to enable a number of the best militia sharp-shooters to try it at home and over familiar ranges, and with the first appearance of fair weather we may look for results to be reported. Its small charge ought to be in its favor, if other points of merit are not thereby sacrificed. How far it performs the office increase of the Remington rifle, which figured so wretchedly in the match of 1882, remains to be seen. Unless the utmost care has been taken to secure a proper working of the ammunition in its relation to the chamber and the rifle barrel as may look for segregation of shots. Without a complete system of accurate rifle shooting, to expect good work with a .45 cartridge jammed into a .44 caliber bore. The shooting may for a time be excellent, but at any shot there is likely to be stripping of the patch, and then with a naked bullet shot without lubricant, leading takes place and subsequent rounds become mere random ventures.

The other rifle in the field for the match of 1883 is the Brown Standard rifle, prepared by J. H. Brown, with special reference to the winning of the return match. It is a sightly weapon of .45-calibre, having a twist of 1 in 18, eight grooves of .008in. in depth. It is chambered for a long shell, firing from 100 to 105 grains of Laflin & Rand's best powder, and a 550-grain Winchester bullet. Shot with fine sights and in any position at each of the six ranges, a score of 200 in a possible 240 was made, a point each being dropped at 600, 800 and 1,000yds. under the troublesome wind prevailing. This shows what the rifle is capable of under those conditions, what it may be capable of when fired under a scorching sun, with everything tending toward caked deposits, is yet to be decided. Everything thus far has been very encouraging. In a test of the gun on December 9 at Guttenburg, N. J., over the 200yd. range, with fine sights and from "any position," W. M. Farrow succeeded in putting in ten consecutive shots, as shown in the following bull's-eye diagram:

The utmost care has been taken by Mr. Brown to insure an accurate seating of the bullet in the cartridge shell. The interior of the shell is carefully polished, so that with the first upset caused by the thrust of the powder gases, no irregular forces shall be given to the rear end of the bullet. Then in place of the usual comparatively abrupt shoulder which the starting bullet is compelled to serge in taking the rifling, the throat at this point is carefully cleared away and a long taper is used in such manner that the bullet gets on its way muzzleward without having its patch torn off and without getting in the least anglewise in the barrel. The special points urged by inventor Brown for the new arm are:

It embraces all the good points of the gun used here last year by the British team.

The ammunition manufactured in this country has not been adapted heretofore to the requirements of long range shooting with military rifles. This difficulty has been entirely overcome by the improved cartridge, when used in connection with the ammunition contrived and manufactured by the patentee

The breech action and lock are light, allowing more weight in the construction of the barrel, while the construction of both action and lock is such as to positively simplify the difficult timing being brought to full cock by the mere opening of the action, and is firmly locked and secured by an automatic locking device, which makes it positively safe against its accidental discharge. In this respect the gun is specially adapted, and the device is simple and perfect as to be astounding. This is one of its specially attractive features, and one which entitles it to a first place among rifles.

The trigger is so shaped and pivoted as (although fully within the 6-lb. rule) to have one of the softest pulls possible for a gun of its requirements.

In shape it is unequalled and its straight stock presents one of the finest models. Its outlines and general construction make it the most sightly military arm made on this side of the water.

Its strength enables it to withstand the very hardest tests.

The inventor being a practical shot, as well as mechanic, has taken special pride in its certainty, superior finish and general construction.

In providing it with a new back sight—arranged specially with a view to the wind gauge—one of the not least important requirements have been more than usually well met, thereby the points of the wind can be fully as easily calculated as with the very finest long range rifles. It is a combination of both aperture and open sight, *i. e.*, the hammer, although in sight, has no thumb piece, and no part protrudes.

NOTA BENE.

BEARING in mind the fact that the fools are not all dead yet, and that even a fool may take warning and use some degree of precaution after the fact, of an accident fresh from some one who has "thin hair," I shall give an account of my experience for the benefit of those whom it may concern, though I don't want my name exposed, for fear that, sometime (when I get rich) my relations may bring a lap as evidence of my insanity, don't you see?

I've always prided myself on the most careful use of firearms, and have been accustomed to handle guns, rifles and revolvers from a "wee small child" with about the same faculty that I manipulated my knife and fork, or my mother did her slipper, consequently it would make me feel a trifle cheap to have the affair leak out.

Some two years ago I loaded a number of .44-cal. 77-grain brass shells for Remington rifle, but too much "shop" gave me no opportunity to shoot them, but recently I have had more leisure, and a few weeks ago I placed a target on the hillside and thought that I would set the sights with a view to further practice, when, on pulling trigger on about a dozen cartridges, to my surprise, I was unable to explode a single one, and I look out my powderflask and made up a fresh ammunition. About ten days ago I tried five or six with no better success, and came to the conclusion, the hasty conclusion, that the primers were ruined by age, so I took them into the house where I was staying, and attempted to extract the primer from one only new cartridge, with a Remington extractor, which any of your readers who have used the Remington central fire rifles, will remember is applied to the butt of the shell from the outside, the shell, meantime, being firmly held in the left hand.

Well, I made no very long job of the operation, but it didn't take me long to find that something had happened, and on examination of my left hand, was disagreeably impressed with the idea that it didn't work right or feel at all; the fingers drooped in a suspicious manner, the palm was cold, and the veins, which like friends gave me (in generous doses), I have concluded to postpone the reprieving of the remainder of the cartridge till enough time has elapsed to spoil the powder as well as the primers. ONE OF THE FOOLS.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MAMMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—Boston, Jan. 15.—During the past week there has been some fine shooting. Mr. J. Merrill heads the list in the All-Comers' match, and he has also won the extra prize of $30 for making eight consecutive bullseyes. Following are the scores in the—

All Comers' Match

J Merrill	46	47	47	48	48	—236	C R Bartlett	43	43	44	44	44	—218
C S Seyon	45	45	45	46	46	—227	J A Small	41	42	42	43	44	—212
J Francis	44	44	45	46	47	—226	L Wood	41	42	42	42	43	—210
U A Pollard	41	44	45	45	46	—221							

Amateur Match.

J H Bird	43	44	44	41	45	—220	W B Williams	41	41	42	42	43	—209
A B Wilson	42	42	43	45	45	—217	N A Appleton	40	41	40	42	42	—205
P Rollins	41	41	43	43	44	—212	M R James	40	40	40	40	40	—200
J Smith	41	42	42	43	43	—211							

BOSTON, Jan. 20.—A few gentlemen assembled at Walnut Hill today to indulge in the several matches that are in progress. The light was good, but the wind was very troublesome, being a "fishtail" for 5 o'clock. Mr. "Duffer" made an excellent 48 out of 50 on the Creedmoor target, and Mr. Adams followed with a 47. The following are some of the best scores:

Creedmoor Match.

A "Duffer"	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4—48
A C Adams (mill)	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4—47
A Carter	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4—47
R A Chase (mill)	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5—46
A D Farr	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5—45
J A Cobb	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	4—45
A E Foster	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5—44
C Foster (mill)	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—43
G Warren (mill)	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—42
C Weston (mill)	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4—41
C Weeks (mill)	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
S H Sampson (mill)	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40
R S Rhoads	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40

Decimal Match.

R Davis	9	8	10	10	7	10	5	8	10	6	—83
A D Farr	9	9	9	9	9	7	8	7	10	8	—82
O M Jewell	9	7	8	7	7	9	10	6	9	8	—80
A "Duffer"	10	9	9	8	8	6	10	5	10	5	—80
J Merrill	6	6	9	10	10	6	8	8	8	8	—79
A J Sykes	7	9	9	10	6	6	7	8	7	10	—79
A J Carter	5	9	10	6	8	10	6	7	8	9	—78
A C Adams	7	10	9	7	5	10	8	6	8	7	—77
F Dwight	7	8	10	9	5	4	9	7	9	7	—70

Rest Match

A "Duffer"	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	—98
J W Rothe	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	—98
C B Edwards	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	8	10	10	—96
S Lewis	10	9	9	10	9	8	9	8	8	8	—88
J Carter	10	10	10	9	9	10	7	10	10	9	—94
S Wilder	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	10	11	—93
J M Orcutt	9	8	10	10	8	10	10	10	9	9	—93

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP. The fourth challenge contest for the individual championship of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association took place on the grounds of the Fort Rosemary Shooting Club at Stoughton last week, before a large gathering of trap shooters from all parts of the State. Mr. W. T. Howard, of the Home Club, was the holder of the championship

badge, and was formally challenged by Mr. J. B. Valentine, of Fall River. Mr C. Wilbur, of the Stoughton Club, acted as judge for Mr. Howard, Mr. T. G. Fielding, of the Malden Club, in the same capacity for Mr. Valentine, and Secretary Noble, of the State Association acted as referee. After the championship match, the large concourse of shooters indulged in sweepstake shooting until dark, both bird and ball traps being kept running to their utmost. The following is the score in detail:

Championship Contest.

J B Valentine	3	1	1	1	5		
	4	5	5	5	3		42
W T Howard	5	1	1	1	2		
	4	1	5	4	3		41

First sweep, seven balls—T. S. Hall and Howard divided first prize, F. T Noble, H. Loring, J. C. Fielding and W. Harrison divided second, H. C. Brayley and C. Wilbur, third, and Tisdale fourth.

Second sweep, seven balls—L. G. White and Brayley first, H. H. Francis and Wilbur second, F. T. Noble third, W. T. Howard fourth.

Third sweep, seven birds, $1 entry—Howard and Field first, H. H Francis second, F. T. Noble third, and L. G. White fourth.

Fourth sweep, seven balls, $1 entry—Valentine and G. A. Sampson first, White and Francis second, Howard third, and Fielding fo. rth.

Fifth sweep, seven birds, $1 entry—Mann and Willis divided first, Fielding and White second, Noble and Drake third, A. D. Johnson fourth.

Sixth sweep, seven birds, $1 entry—Noble, Brayley and J. S. Sawyer first, Johnson and Fielding second, Howard third, Francis and Wilbur fourth.

Seventh sweep, seven birds—Hall took first, Francis second, Wilbur and Brayley third, H. S. Howard fourth.

Eighth sweep, five birds—Wilbur first, Fielding second, Francis and Brayley third.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 19.—In spite of the severe snowstorm, quite a sprinkling of shooters of the Raymond Sportsman's Club faced the traps, indulging in numerous five-bird clay pigeon sweeps, the following gentlemen coming out the prizes as per score, 19yds. rise; ties shot off at 20yds. rise:

First event—J. S. Sawyer, first; D. Chambers, second.
Second event—D. Kirkwood, first; Sawyer, second.
Third event—Chambers and Sawyer, first; E. L. Caskins, second.
Fourth event—O. Waterman, first; S. Blanchard, second.
Fifth event—Kirkwood, first; E. C. Gove, second.
Sixth event—Caskins, first; Chambers, second.
Seventh and last event—Sawyer, first; Waterman, second.

In the twenty-bird shoot the score stood: D. Kirkwood, 18; J. S. Sawyer, 16; E. L. Caskins, 14; E. C. Gove, 13; S. Blanchard, 13; N. Waterman, 12; D. Chambers, 12.

NEWARK RIFLE TOURNAMENT.—The annuary match of the Newark Rifle Associaton closed on Tuesday evening last, the Frelinghuysen at the butt, who made the following score: George Zimmer, 49, W. F. Lynn, 49, George Weigman, 46, Jay Walsh, 46, A. A. Neuman, 47, R. Westerman, 46, J. Rose, 46, S. Shackelford, 46, William Dennis, 44, William McLeod, 46, total, 404. On Monday evening the Essex made a score of 470, J. Coppersmith, 48, V. Hesse, 47, A. Wilters, 47, C. Meisel, 46 William Wa ts, 45, J. Dutcher, 45.

Plymouth Rifle Association—J. L. Sommers, 48, P. L. Sommers, 48, Ed Baldwin, 47, Jos. Buder, C. H. Townsend, 46, S. M. Brade, 46, G. M. Townsend, 45, J. O'Neil, 44, E. Pollard, 44, H. Leibe, 44 –460.

Celluloid Rifle Association—W. O. Lyons, 47, W. H. Vreeland, 47, F. Brade, 47, C. Whitman, 46, W. H. Ross, 46, M. Puder, 45, S. T. Simmons, 45, H. Babbett, 44, F. Parbery, 43, C. H. Umer, 42—449.

Nameless—Schoubel 47, Rittenoyer 45, Spearport 41, Kretsch mar 42, Meyer 42, Vanalt 42, A. Schmobl 43, Donelly 40, Rose 40 Wiveley 40—417.

Warren Rifle Association—Freche 44, Nunley 44, Wolf 43, Cuma 43, Shafer 42, Adams 43, McAlpine 41, J. H. Cox 40, Linnet 40, Shekel 36 –408.

Domestic Rifle Association—Eaton 44, Reynolds 44, Shobel 43, Jeffery 43, McGunis 42, Crocker 42, Wm. Long 41, Leitz 41, Millward 37, Wilson 38—415.

Thus far the clubs have made record in the monthly tournaments:

	P.	F.	P.	N.	D.
Nov. 25	446	453	442	444	377	377
Dec.	461	459	444	442	430	416	405
Jan.	450	464	460	449	417	418	415
	1377	1377	1346	1332	1291	1211	1197

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 18.—Members of the Worcester Rifle Association went out to the Pine Grove Range to-day for the third shoot of the winter series. The wind was strong from 9 o'clock by the dial. The following are the several scores:

Creedmoor Target.

C Arthur	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	5—43
A L Rice	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5—43
Stedman Clark	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5—44
J N Morse, Jr	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4—43
F Johnson	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4—42
J Williams	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	4

Massachusetts Decimal Target.

C Arthur	9	6	7	9	6	8	4	4	8	6—69
Stedman Clark	9	9	8	8	5	7	4	9	6	1—66
A L Rice	6	4	4	7	3	6	4	6	6	0—54
J Williams	6	9	4	5	2	3	5	8	5	7—54

Massachusetts Decimal Target. Rest.

J Williams	9	8	4	8	10	7	8	8	6	6 74

The totals at the three meetings in this series of matches is as follows:

Creedmoor.

	1st.	2d.	3d.		1st.	2d.	3d.
Stedman Clark	41	45	44	Re-enter	41	..	..
J N Morse, Jr	43	..	43	C A Wagner (sub)	32	..	..
F Johnson	42	..	42	Re-enter (sub)	35	..	..
Re-enter	41	..	..	Monitt (sub)	31	..	..
C Arthur	41	44	45	H T Farrer	..	43	..
Re-enter	41	..	..	A L Rice	..	43	45
C D Eames	41	..	..	Re-enter	..	42	..
F Wesson	39	40	..	J Williams	..	42	43

Decimal.

	1st.	2d.	3d.		1st.	2d.	3d.
Stedman Clark	80	69	69	J N Morse	64	71	..
Re-enter	74	82	..	Re-enter	..	70	..
C Arthur	72	69	69	J Williams	54	65	54
C Dusenbury	59	..	..	A L Rice	36	..	54
Re-enter	69	..	..	H Emory	..	54	..

Decimal—Rest.

	1st	2d.	3d.		1st.	2d.	3d.
Stedman Clark	95	..	..	J Williams	..	76	73
J N Freeman	82	..	..				

THE NEW RIFLES.—Some of the English writers are drawing comfort from the fact that English rifles have been used as models in making up the new weapons for the contest of 1883. The London *World*, in a recent issue, draws some auite-match comfort as follows: "America relies on smarting under decisive victory obtained over them by the English in September last, and disdainful of the proverb in which reference is made to a bad workman and his tools, have been casting about for a new weapon which shall excel all others yet produced. The article is said to have been already found in the shape of a Remington made on English lines. As Curtis & Harvey powder has been found the best adapted to it, English riflemen, if they are beaten in 1883, will feel some of the pangs poetically supposed by Lord Byron to have been experienced by the eagle which was pierced by an arrow shafted by a feather from its own wing. Colonel Bodine, who 'bosses the show' in the States, is convinced that the new rifle is quite equal to the English one. With this admission recorded, the result of the next competition can only lie between the men themselves, all reference to inefficient tools being cut out."

JAMESTOWN vs. BRATTLEBORO.—On Christmas day the rifle clubs of Jamestown, N. Y., and Brattleboro, Vt., shot a match, each on its range, 200yds., Creedmoor targets, which resulted in a tie, and on Friday, the 6th inst. the tie was shot off with the following result in favor of the Brattleboro "boys:"

Brattleboro.		Jamestown.	
Cobb	46	Warner	44
Lamb	46	Dowler	41
Howe	45	Perry	43
Wood	45	Fenner	43
Putnam	42	Ayres	43
Nichols	41	De Lisle	43
French	41	Burns	43
Marlboro	40–346	Kelso	39–342

The two clubs have now exchanged 200 shots each, and stand but four points apart. Another match will be shot soon.—R. H. B.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 22, 1883.—The Rod and Gun Club made the following scores in practice to-day at 200yds. off-hand, on Mass. target:

Maynard	11	10	11	11	12	10	11	12	9	11	–108
Kirk	10	12	10	11	9	12	11	12	9	11	–107
Sargent	11	12	10	11	11	9	10	9	12	10	–105
St. John	12	10	10	11	10	9	11	11	9	11	–104
Marcot	10	9	11	10	11	11	8	9	8	9	8— 99
Grey	10	11	10	10	8	11	9	9	10	10	8— 98
Lowe	10	12	10	10	10	7	9	11	9	10	9— 98

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 18.—The annual meeting of the Newark Rifle Association was held this evening at the Plymouth rooms. The following officers were elected: President, J. H. Huegel; Vice-President, Alfred Hunt; Secretary, C. H. Townsend; Treasurer, George M. Townsend; Shooting Committe, Felts, Weigman, McEvoy; Scorer, L. Meyer; Board of Directors, Messrs. Hammond and Meyers with the President, Secretary and Treasurer. The annual report of the secretary shows an increase in membership over 1881. The full membership in all clubs is about 400. The treasurer's report shows a balance on hand of $36. In future all communications to the N. R. A. should be addressed to C. H. Townsend, 35 William street, city.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—For the year 1882 the Massachusetts Association gives a total in team and individual entries of 6,577, or 1,175 more than the National Association, and a gain over 1881 of 913. The total gain in entries of the National has been 800 over last year. The cash receipts of Massachusetts fell off from those of last year, the amount being something over $200 less; but, with a balance on hand of nearly $1,000, the Massachusetts organization has a fair basis to start the year with.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 15.—The keg of powder presented by Mr. William Farrow to the rifle club, is very nearly empty. The competition for the twenty-first pound was held on Saturday last. The winners were handicapped one pound per each pound won. The afternoon was fine, with a strong wind blowing directly across the range. The distance was 200 yards, ten shots off-hand. The following are the scores:

G Henry	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5—46
W R Knight	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5—43
W S Bryer	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	4—43
J E Smith	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41

The club have in contemplation the erecting of targets at military distances to enable certain of the members to become eligible for places on the American team.—OCCASIONAL.

FIRST GERMAN GUN CLUB.—The annual official election of the above-named club took place at their club-room, 384 Pearl street, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, with the following result: Mr. Fred. Oppermann, President; Mr. Adam Goetz, Vice-President; Mr. Fred. Praender, Secretary; Mr. Fred. Jenner, Treasurer.

THE TRAP.

MIDWAY vs. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

THE final match between these well-known clubs took place on the 16th inst., at the club grounds of the latter, at Marion, N. J., and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The capacious club house being at times crowded, interfering not a little with the comfort of the shooters. It was an exceedingly disagreeable day, could hardly have been worse for the trappers, an almost continuous sleet mingled with rain falling with a sharp, cutting wind from the east across the traps. The shooters, of course, were not so much inconvenienced, as they only stepped on the platform a few feet from the clubhouse, fired their one barrel and returned to their cheerful quarters. Al. Heritage, that prince of caterers in camp and field, was in attendance. When will he have a better companion, whether in concocting the savory chowder, astonishing the boys with his savory dumplings or slapjacks, telling a good story, singing a rollicking song, or doing his full share on the bay, and doing it well? What would the A. C. H. do without Al, and vice versa? He is almost ubiquitous, now by the traps or pulling the strings, then in the club house assisting his boys (chips of the old block) in serving out the lager or hot coffee. The refreshments were ample, and full justice was done by the more than two hundred hungry sportsmen. A 24 boiler holds nine gallons, and it was refilled four times. Hot coffee on such a day was the thing. The birds were a very superior lot, and were picked by "South Paw" for the occasion.

The shooting of the J. C. H., as will be seen by the score, was very uniform, averaging 27 birds each killed out of 35, over 5 birds per man. At the end of the first squad, when the Midways led one bird, the betting was even and taken by the Jersey City's at once. After the second squad had finished there were no offers from Monmouth county. The third squad settled the matter, and a defeat to the Southerners was inevitable, for the captain had good men for the last. The J. C. H. led them 8 birds, (10 in all), which they increased to 13 at the finish.

There were the usual items of interest to shooters in a long race, this long or short as a driver, that good judgment on a left-hander, etc., etc. Hall lost his second, the bird just touching his toe to the ground as his gun cracked, Maurer another, challenged as to gun above the elbow before the bird was on the wing, and Cannon's fifth bird dropped dead to the fence on the Midway side, and before it could be gathered deliberately walked out through the open gate. Moral: "Shut the gate." But there was good feeling, as there always should be in these friendly matches between sportsmen. All went off well and it was thoroughly enjoyed.

The match was 25 men each club, 7 birds each, 21yds. rise, one barrel; Midway rules, the J. C. H. generously giving them the odds. The following is the score:

Midways.		J. C. Heights.	
F Hyer	1110 1–6	Outwater	1111110–6
J Lamberson	1111011–6	Townsend	0111110–5
Wm Dunlop	1111111–7	Leroy	0111111–6
Jas Van Broeckle	1001011–4	Palmer	1100011–5
Chas Brown	1101111–6	29 Heritage, Jr	1110111–6–28
Tyins	0111110–5	Fowl	1111011–6
S Lamberson	1111111–7	Verrington	1111111–7
H Warne	1100110–4	Cannon	1100001–4
Vanderveer	1011110–5	Payne	1111111–7
Riddle	0101101–4 25	Baier	1101001–4–27
Davis	1110011–5	Holcomb	1111111 7
Garrin	0111110–6	Hale	1011111 6
Crance	1111111–7	Cummins	1111011–6
Bucklin	0111010–4	Hughes	0111111–6
C Applegate	0111101–5 26	Collins	1110100 4 27
Disbrow	1111011–6	Baker	0011011– 4
Beadle	1100110–4	H Newbold	0110010– 3
Maurer	0100100–2	W Payne	1111011–7
D Hyer	0011011–4	Feldhus	1010111–5
G Wilcox	0110100–3–18	Berkery	1111111–7 26
G Waits	1011010–5	H Von Langerke	1111111–7
Perhine	0110010–3	Von Brunt	1111001–5
R Applegate	1101101–5	G Antoine	0111111–6
Haight	1111110–6	J Von Langerke	1110110–5
Campbell	0111110–5–32	J Hesbein	0111011 4 27.
Total	120	Total	135

JACOBSTAFF.

MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa, Jan. 12.—The Marshalltown Shooting Club held their annual meeting Jan. 2. Officers elected for the year are: H. L. Bruner, President; S. M. Brown, Vice-President; H. Bank Plant, Jr., Secretary; R. H. Barnhart, Treasurer; Brown, Sack and Frank Woodbury, Executive Committee. First monthly shoot was held Jan. 4, for club badges, clay birds, H. J. Bruner winning first; A. C. Anson second.

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breakfast. After the yacht was put in shape, we got underway and found the wind south, dead a-head. Put in at Allen's Corners and left message for nearest telegraph station, informing people of our whereabouts. Met and conversed with several pretty young ladies, reluctantly pulled out to the Katie Gray. As we dashed by South Bay Point, we put on our heavy weather coats, took in gaff topsail, and stood down the lake. Weather looked threatening with glass falling. After deliberation, we decided to put into South Bay Point Harbor, which snug little bight for light draft boats we christened "Yacht Haven." Waited, expecting that soon after dark the wind would settle from some point for the night which it did about 8 o'clock, blowing very hard from the N. W., with sharp lightning to the southward.

In the morning wind held heavy down the lake. Had a whitefish breakfast. Went fishing for frogs, bought some. Found the light-house keeper a pleasant accommodating sailor. Underway at 3:30 P. M. for Oswego, the wind having decreased, and blowing S. W. After a comfortable run, we arrived off the familiar club house of the Oswego Y. C., at 11 P. M. Our trip up the South Shore having taken twenty-six hours, our return down the North, one week.

K. G.

FOUR IN A ROW.

THE widespread popularity of yachts belonging to the cutter variety is best attested by the fact that no less than four are going up in a bunch in a single shop on Staten Island. These four are small boats, it is true, but their tonnage is not the criterion in the case, but numbers count. It may be added that others are to follow as soon as room can be found to stretch their backbones later in the spring. These yachts are exciting a great deal of interest, if we can judge by the crowd of pilgrims congregating in Stephens' shops at West New Brighton. The attendant audience on Sundays has grown to such proportions that a notice of "standing room only" will soon be in order, and if the suggestion to charge an "admission fee" were acted upon, the builder would reap as rich a harvest as in the actual building of the boats.

There is first of all a wee shaver of 14ft. in frame for a Providence gentleman. This bold-looking chip of the fleet is one of the seven wonders, and had the builder set up half a dozen of the same sort, they would have sold like hot cakes this spring. As with the damsel of deep, dreamy eyes in the novel, this tiny single-hander creates an irresistible longing at first sight not to be quenched except in actual possession. She will be a sturdy little craft, no longer than many a yacht's dingey, but with a body so plump and business-like in proportions that she will go a long way towards fulfilling the duties expected from much larger and more expensive constructions. She is but the opening of the chapter, and the offspring of this starter will no doubt be numerous enough at an early day to form an exclusive society of their own, devoted to the furtherance of thorough sport, built upon a genuine love for sailorizing on salt water, at a trivial outlay of a few hundred, within the reach of the great "million."

In model she will be very taking, able and roomy, and also uncapsizable. Load line length 14ft. and 17ft. on deck, with 5ft. for beam, and 4ft. deep amidships from underside of deck to top of keel. Least freeboard will be 2ft. 2in., and the draft 3ft. 4in. For ballast there is to be about 800 lbs. iron on the keel and as much more inside, the total displacement being one ton and a half. The rig will be that of a yawl for convenience in cruising and use in open waters. Owing to her depth and low floor, the usual encumberance of a house will be done away with, a narrow hatch taking its place, leaving good passage each side on deck. Cabin sill will be carried high to prevent swamping, though it will be all but impossible to knock her down to the coamings. There will be some 18in. floor, a liberal allowance in so small a boat and a berth each side so that two hands can be stowed when required. In point of fittings and supplies she will be a yacht suitable for extensive cruising, and will therefore appeal to the fancy of those who seek in the sport more than an aimless flitting about in open boats. The lines of this boat were illustrated in our issue for October 19, and her sail plan the week following. A vast lot of sport and solid enjoyment will fall to the share of the owner for less than the sum needed to acquire a comparatively useless, smooth water contrivance, wet and uncomfortable, and presenting next to nothing a sailor man can contemplate with satisfaction.

The second of the batch is a scale higher in tonnage, but in general of much the same order. She is building for a member of the Jersey City Y. C., and is intended for fishing and knocking about in the lower bay, with a look outside now and then when bent upon trolling for bluefish, and also to afford a large and roomy cabin for permanent quarters during the season. She is on the lines of the "Irish model yacht," Heatherbell Chinee, with a large counter added, and in spite of her extreme dimensions promises to be a stylish piece of furniture. Load line, 18ft.; on deck, 22ft.; beam, 7ft.; depth of hold amidships, 4ft. 6in.; draft, 4ft. 3in.; displacement, 3½ tons; iron on keel, 2,500lbs., and 1,200lbs. inside; mast, deck to hounds, 17ft. 6in., with 8ft. pole above; boom, 19ft., and gaff, 12ft.; hoist, 14ft.; bowsprit outboard, 9ft. Her midships is bold without being too full—high plumb side, a long, slow turn to the bilge and a hollow floor, well cut up forward, easy in the quarters and next to no flare, the frames forward being U shape, flattening away into a plumb cutter stem. With a tride off the beam this yacht comes very near to our beau ideal of a single-hander. As it is she is an illustration of the great things which can be accomplished on small tonnage with depth given the consideration it deserves. Like her little sister, she is to be "nobby" in finish, with bright decks and joiner work below. The cabin will show 4ft. 6in. head room, ample stowage for two and forecastle for cooking.

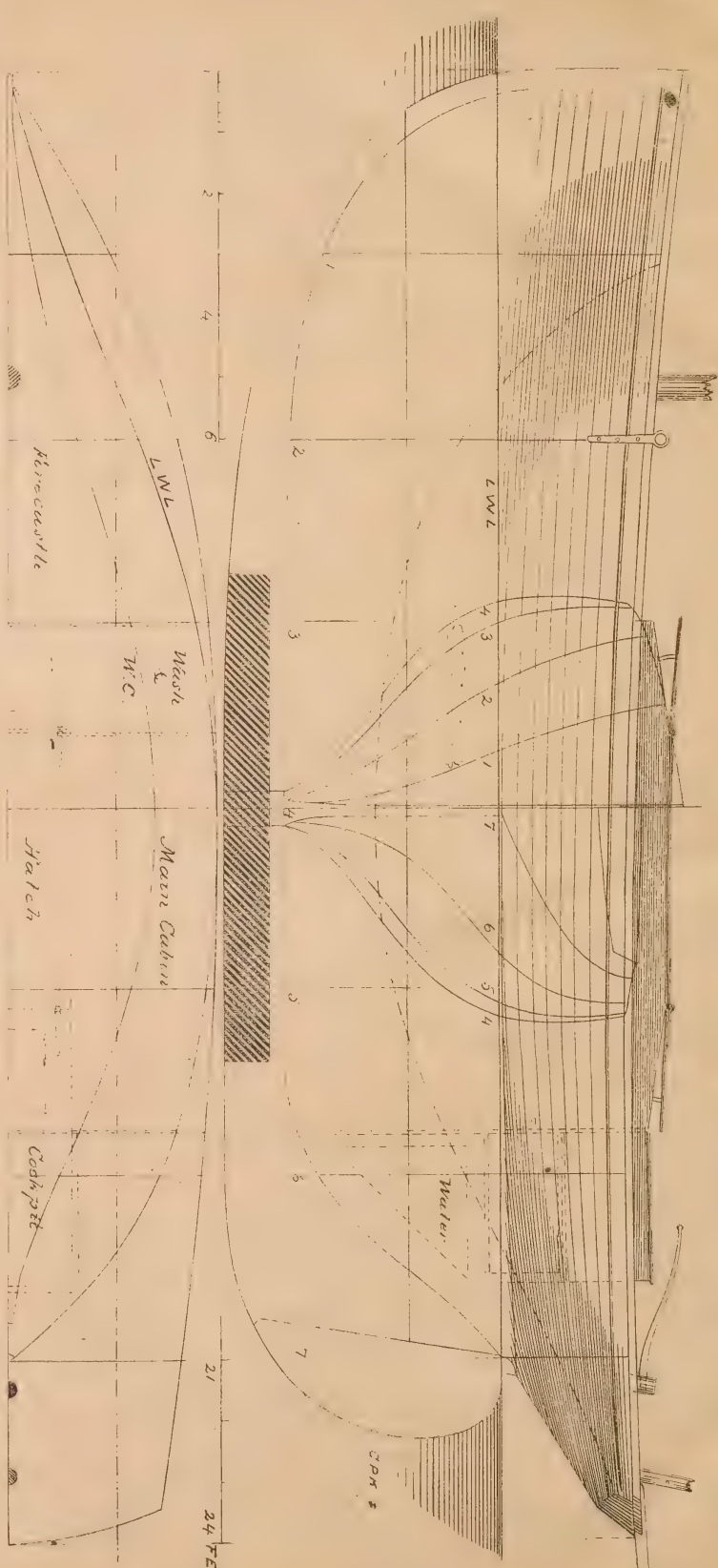
The third yacht Stephens has in hand is approaching completion, the decks being about laid and the interior already fitted up. Alongside the others she towers like a monster, though figuring but four tons on the register. She has been named "Aneto," and is from plans designed by her owner, Mr. H. W. Eaton, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. As a vessel we thoroughly approve of in type, we produce her lines in this issue, and subjoin the following description.

Aneto has been built to combine those salient qualities we have often dwelt upon as essential to the realization of all that can be got out of the sport of sailing. We are pleased to find a gentleman of Mr. Eaton's experience coincide with our views to the extent of producing a vessel corresponding in her main features to what we should counsel where sailing for sailing sake is kept in view, and where the yacht is looked upon as a tool devised in answer to the sailor's quest for an efficient substitute in a small way of the regular ship on the largest scale.

Aneto was not built to go poling stern first up creeks and pick apples from overhanging bows, she was not got out to go clamming in six inches of water or to float in a back yard puddle, nor was she proposed as a naked racing machine in which every yacht-like strain is swamped in the greed for speed, nor yet is she intended to serve as a convenience for "pleasure parties" out for a "ride on the water." Her model has been determined from the standpoint of legitimate yachting. In her the ruling proposition has been to combine safety, ability, weatherliness, accommodations, and convenience with as much speed as can be engrafted upon a scheme intended to fulfil the foregoing to the utmost without any wasteful sacrifice. Individuals differ, of course, in their tastes and fancies and we do not wish to be understood as saying that variations here and there in the design herewith illustrated would necessarily imply high treason and draw with it flat failure.

There are a number of ways of arriving at the same result and the lines may be altered, proportions modified, different arrangements and contour adopted and other sail plans may be selected without vitiating the attainment of the qualities sought in a high degree. But as an excellent example of how yacht-like characteristics are to be embodied in a vessel of the size we find the Aneto commendable in the warmest terms. No one can doubt her safety, no one will question her handiness in rig and general convenience of detail, nor will any one after inspection speak slightingly of her accommodations below, and in a small boat much stress is very properly laid upon this particular. Those who climb into Mr. Eaton's boat come out exclaiming "simply immense," astonishing," "all you can ask," and the like. The critic is always "agreeably disappointed" and even those who expected much from their knowledge of such boats bestow recognition upon the success with which the designer has combined such liberal stowage with excellence in form of hull. Only recently a look aboard a sloop 25ft. load line and 32ft. beam in the Seawanhaka basin disclosed less accommodation below and less room on deck, barring cockpit, than Mr. Eaton's little yawl of 21ft. line, with but 7ft. beam. This apparent anomaly is brought about by the greater depth of the yawl, whose sides, being well carried down, give greater width across floor and berths than in the quickly shrinking pegtop bottom of the shoal sloop. After all it takes three dimensions to make up space, and an excess in one direction at the expense of some other, simply leads to large area in the way of wide decks, their width being however neutralized by excrescences necessary to give even a modicum of available volume down below, the length of which is also limited by the fore and aft dimensions of the house overhead. Thus it is that more cabin and a much larger forecastle are to be found aboard the Aneto than in the sloop, whose cabin floor was split up by the centerboard trunk to little more than half that of the yawl. Actual inspection will verify the truth of these remarks, and in this connection we should add, to avoid a useless journey, that the Staten Island shops are open on alternate Sundays only, next Sunday being one of the "off days," when bolt and lock announce the absence of the builder at his home.

A study of the Aneto's plans will save further explanation. It is enough to say that she has moderate beam, great depth, easy bilge



"ANETO."—SINGLE HAND YAWL.—MR. H. W. EATON.—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

and high side, with lead on the keel, and a very moderate rig of no racing pretensions. She will have a pole mast with one shroud a side. The mizzen will be a lug and the tops'l a jib header. The bulkheads are shown in the half breadth plan by dotted lines and the shape of the hatch as well. No house or slide is required, the hatch covering the floor with standing height beneath and the deck beams being clear overhead when sitting on the transoms. Only one of these is indicated in the body plan, but all the boats Stephens has under way will boast of two for berthing owner and friend. Aneto has good air circulation, and a similar arrangement at the helm when foreign bound or to devise ways and means for the inner man through the skilful manipulation of the "doctor's" department in the forepeak. The main cabin has been restricted to 18ft. in length to permit washboards, etc., between the sheer and the long quarters forward just mentioned. The cockpit is limited to a small well for one person, or for the reception of the nether shanks, waterproof cushions outside the coaming serving for seating purposes. Access to the cabin is had by a sash in the hatch, and a similar arrangement at the forward end leads to washroom and forecastle, all being connected by doorways below. The water tank is located in the run, the space alongside the cockpit being devoted to general stowage. The feeboards in the bow, and withdrawn pipe from the tank coiled among the inside for a constant supply of cool water. The wash and toilet-room has one of A. B. Sand's clever little pumping arrangements, and a tap to the tank at enables water to be drawn in all parts of the boat. Cooking gear and lockers of all sizes with cranny arrangements and fixed covers, especially adapted to yachting wants. The hull inside has been paid with tar, for preservation of the wood and for keeping the bottom sweet. The smell of the tar has almost entirely disappeared, and is not likely to prove perceptible when a little aged.

The rigging will have no paint, but the hemp side and a bleached and the long quarters forward just mentioned. The cockpit is limited to a small well for one person, or for the reception of the nether shanks, waterproof cushions outside the coaming serving for seating purposes. Access to the cabin is had by a sash in the hatch, and a similar arrangement at the forward end leads to washroom and forecastle, all being connected by doorways below. The water tank is located in the run, the space alongside the cockpit being devoted to general stowage. The feeboards in the bow, and withdrawn pipe from the tank coiled among the inside for a constant supply of cool water. The wash and toilet-room has one of A. B. Sand's clever little pumping arrangements, and a tap to the tank at enables water to be drawn in all parts of the boat. Cooking gear and lockers of all sizes with cranny arrangements and fixed covers, especially adapted to yachting wants. The hull inside has been paid with tar, for preservation of the wood and for keeping the bottom sweet. The smell of the tar has almost entirely disappeared, and is not likely to prove perceptible when a little aged.

The rigging will have no paint, but the hemp side and a bleached below water. The deck and interior are in bright wood; the ceiling being handsomely wrought in narrow strips of beaded Georgia pine. Hatch and gangboards of mahogany very neat in finish. Whatever may be thought of these boats, it is certain that for neatness of work, perfect fastening, attention to detail, finish and conscientious and intelligent workmanship throughout, these three yachts are conspicuous examples and it is but right the builder should receive this public acknowledgment, turning out the strongest and finest job yet seen in small yacht building in America. The fourth contract has in hand is a cutter 28ft. load line, 7ft. beam, 5ft. 9in. draft and 5ft. 10in. from cabin floor to underside of beams. Her keel will be laid as soon as one of those in frame can be turned out of the shop, unless other arrangements can be made at once. A fifth boat 20 ft. load line and 6ft. beam will be set up later in spring.

The details of construction of Aneto are as follows: Keel of clear oak 6x9 in. tapering at ends to 4½in. sided; lead on keel, 6x8in. and 8ft. long; weight 1850 lbs. An oak shoe will be worked on keel as a chafing guard. Lead bolted up with ⅞in. composition bolts, 12in. apart; stem and post and knees of oak, sided 8in.; frame double sawn, sided 2½ and moulded 2½ at heel and 1½ at head; spaced 2ft. between centers with steamed frames, sided 1½in.; floor knees of hackmatack 2½in. sided; plank of 1in. cypress for bottom and load line and Georgia pine above worked in single length fore and aft; bilge strakes of yellow pine; ceiling and bulkheads of same; cockpit lined with sheet lead, with outboard drains and stayed up with yellow pine, beaded with oak cap; planksheer 3½x12in., with the butts of deck plank jogging into it at ends; clamps 3x1½in. oak; rail 2x1in. oak; fastenings all copper riveted; deck stuff 1x2in., selected pine, blind nailed; anchors, 23 lbs. Trotman, and 50 lbs. long shank fisherman's anchor; chain ⅜-8in. link, about 25 fms. with manilla rode for long scope; mast 5in. diam. at partners; bowsprit 3½x3¾, egg shape at stem; mizzenmast at deck 8in. diam.

DETAILS OF ANETO.

Length over all	24 ft.
Length on load line	21 ft.
Beam extreme	7 ft.
Depth amidships, keel to deck	5 ft. 3 in.
Greatest draft	4 ft. 6 in.
Least freeboard	2 ft.
Displacement	4 tons.
Lead on keel	1850 lbs.
Lead inside	2550 lbs.
Mainmast, from stem	5 ft. 3 in.
Mainsail, hoist	27 ft.
Mainsail, foot	16 ft.
Mainsail, head	13 ft.
Bowsprit outboard	7 ft.
Jib on foot	12 ft.
Jib on stay	16 ft.
Mizzen mast abaft end load line	1 ft. 10 in.
Mizzen boomkin outboard	2 ft. 6 in.
Mizzen on luff	7 ft. 6 in
Mizzen, foot	8 ft.
Mizzen, head	5 ft.
Mizzen, leech	12 ft.
Topsail yard	13 ft.
Area lower sail	298 ft.

HEIGHT AND VELOCITY OF ATLANTIC WAVES.

I REMARK that one of your correspondents, in concluding his letter on the "heaving-to of screw-steamers" makes the following statement: "The velocity of the great waves of the Atlantic is acknowledged to average about nine knots, hence the most dangerous speed when running is that rate, which unalpowered sailing vessels can seldom exceed, even with the aid of canvas when practicable." Who are the authorities who have thus given us new data on one of the most interesting and, to seamen, one of the most important subjects of the day? Scoresby gives the wave velocity at 13 miles per hour, and other observers have come to somewhat similar conclusions. In Atlantic gales I have frequently measured the speed and found it 25 miles per hour, *plus* the rate at which the ship was steaming through the water when nearly or quite head to wind (say from 5 to 9 miles per hour). If the enormous speed of waves which causes them to be dangerous, and if it were possible to reduce it to nine miles per hour, the crushing momentum with which they now sweep over the stern or deck would be proportionately reduced, and many a ship pooped and missing might still be afloat. I recommend your correspondent, on the first favorable occasion, when his ship is running before the sea, to veer a cork fender or other suitable float astern, mark the line when it rises on the wave crest, and also when the crest passes the stern. With this measurement, and the rate of sailing, the problem is easily solved. The majority of seamen have doubtless noticed that the greatest mischief is generally accomplished when the wind commences to lull, when the sea falls with a dull, heavy thud in lieu of the sharp, crisp shock it previously conveyed to the ship. At night these thuds sound ominously as the white crests roll over and fill the hollows with flecks of foam. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple. The strength of the wind propels the mass of wave forward in a horizontal direction with a certain force and velocity until it breaks, and when this occurs it still maintains its onward course in broken water and spoondrift. Reduce the force of the wind, and gravity immediately seizes what under other circumstances would be above power a large mass. It is probable that an examination of the log books of ships on board of which damage has been sustained during extraordinary gales, would confirm the correctness of this assumption. The danger is not unfrequently aggravated by the attempts of zealous officers to keep their ships on her course before the subsiding of the sea warrants such a proceeding.

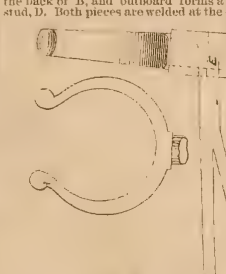
We have still much to learn about waves. At the present time the data of Dr. Scoresby is accepted by savants, notwithstanding the fact that a number of Atlantic steamers have reported the height of a length more than double the amount given by the learned doctor. Although his heights are believed by seamen to be equally erroneous it must be admitted that the problem presents many difficulties, for, if trigonometry be used, a single error or error in the direction of the base line will greatly interfere with the correctness of the results. Anyone who has attempted to solve this problem during high and dangerous storms will acknowledge that many difficulties will crop up to perplex his observations. In a former number of the *United Service Magazine* I stated that on one occasion the result of my calculations gave the height of the waves 70 feet from crest to trough. Of course, the figures excited an immense deal of criticism, especially from those who regulate such affairs from their closets, and who, with no means at hand for keeping in clear up such problems, it is certainly satisfactory to do it in good company; and quite recently, on turning over a series of letters from the late Admiral Fitzroy, I find the following remarks on the subject: "You informed me that during a recent gale off the Western Islands, you ascertained that the height of the waves was 40 feet. I can assure you that on one occasion I made them 70 feet." At the time of writing my article, the fact of my having this letter in my possession escaped my memory. It is singular that the observations of Dr. Scoresby in one locality, and those of Admiral Fitzroy in another, should not coincide. Future observers must decide who is right. On the question of height there cannot be a doubt, for a ship nearly 600 feet in length furnishes unimpeachable data for this part of the work. It is the boast of science that the dredge and plummet have enabled it to map the bed of the ocean as clearly as the surveyor can the face of the country. Interesting a this unquestionably is to the naturalist, it is of little practical use to seamen, beyond the regular line of soundings; but anything that bears on the condition of the surface is practically useful to all, who, like myself, have spent the best years of a life in traversing it.

Possibly, when the next scientific expedition sets forth from these shores, instructions will be given to pay particular attention to this much-neglected branch of practical usefulness. To many, the height of the waves is as much a subject of interest as the height of the land. If found, why should it not be recorded on the chart, for it would add another factor to those we are already familiar with.

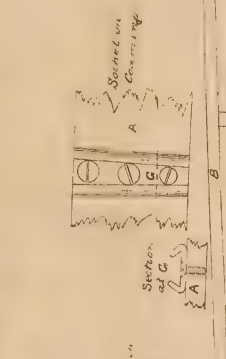
If it be to be hoped that some of the able officers who command Atlantic steamships will make observations on the length and height of waves, for when their crests can be seen from the saloon deck above the fore (and according to the late lamented Captain Moodie, the tops'l yards of ships, nearly 500 feet in length, seamen, at any rate, will be under the impression that the maximum height given by the learned doctor is, during the heavy gales surpassed, on the great circle route to New York. Of one thing we are certain, that his length of wave, 600 feet, is notably in error. Isolate this fact, not only from personal observation, but from the testimony of other observer, amongst them is Mr. Douglas, the talented engineer of the Irish Lights, who states that when building the sentinel lighthouses off the coast of Cornwall he had occasionally measured waves of twelve or thirteen hundred feet in length. It may be argued that these waves were on soundings, a fact which I think would tend to shorten their range. What observer ever saw waves of such dimensions rolling over the bars of the most exposed parts? But let him, after a succession of western gales, stand on the bold headlands which spring abruptly from the sea on the west coast of Ireland, and mark, if a ship happens to be in the offing, how many waves there are between her and the shore. Their small number will astonish him, as it did myself some years since, when running for Galway in an equinoctial, it appeared to me that not more than three or four formed on the mile of water that lay between the ship and the shore. —*W. H. Riddle in Nautical Magazine.*

OUTRIGGER FOR CANOES.

A CORRESPONDENT located in the Far West, beyond the reach of manufacturing centers, sends the accompanying sketch of a home-made outrigger attached to his canoe for the use of oars in the pursuit of hunting. The spread of the two arms at the cockpit coaming is 60in. Each arm is made as shown in the sketch. A piece, B, is turned down at the end, another length of flat bar, C, is welded to the back of B, and outboard forms a truss in connection with the stud, D. Both pieces are welded at the outer end, where a deep collar,



E, with circular hole, is introduced between the two arms and welded to them, the rowlock being slipped into this collar. The edges of the inboard portion of C are beveled with a hammer and filed so as to slide into the clamp G, secured by screws inside the coaming. The section of G in the sketch will make the method plain. The outrigger can be quickly unshipped, and when in place gives a rigid support to the oar. The rowlock was made by splitting a square bar the required length, then shaping the halves into the arms and thickening up the ends by turning over. The lower portion is filed round, leaving a square jog for good bearings at the top. The collar, E, may be made of stout pipe.



THE CASE CORRECTLY STATED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One would think, considering the great number of yachts owned by residents of New York and the vicinity, that matters relating to yachting would challenge more attention from the newspapers and periodicals; but FOREST AND STREAM appears to be the only publication that takes hold of the subject in anything like an appropriate manner, and presents its articles with excellent illustrations in a truly interesting style. When you declare the chief objects to attain in following up the manly art of sailing the best possible models in boats for safety, speed and comfort, and to improve the capabilities of our yachtsmen as sailors, I believe you have struck the right trail, and will surely find success in following it.

Yachtsmen have been too prone to make yachting an expensive luxury, the object appearing to be to possess boats whose costly cabin decorations would excite the envy of others; the owners have spent more money in the effort to make a yacht's cabin look like a gilded parlor in some fashionable hotel than they have to perfect models. In the description of new yachts we often read more about the fitting up and upholstering of saloons and staterooms than about the merits of the boat itself, as a yacht; the consequence is that the talk among visitors and guests on a yacht is generally about the magnificence of the cabins, not forgetting to mention whether or not there is an upright piano or parlor organ on board, which article, I think, is about as suitable an appurtenance on a stage-coach as on a yacht. The impressions thereby made on the minds of many men who would like to become good sailors is that yachting means maintaining a luxurious loating place, at enormous expense, instead of being a delightful means of improving one's mind and health by gaining skill as sailors while sailing their boats themselves. I venture the remark that eight out of ten owners of the fancy craft belonging to the clubs at Pleasure Bay would be completely "at sea," if by accident they were blown out of sight of some little harbor and were called upon to direct the handling of their boats.

Such a result doesn't obtain in true yachting. It may please those who follow such a course; let it remain so with them, and let us lead and instruct the class whose desire it is to become sailors in fact, not mere owners of "something" they have to depend entirely upon others to manage for them; and the way to create this desire is to have more public discussions of the subject, less confinement of opinions to club circles.

I trust the subject will so grow as a matter of interest to many men who hitherto have seldom given thought to sailing, that you often, Mr. Editor, will find yourself at your "wits' end" to make space for the many excellent ideas, suggestions and recitals of experiences that will naturally spring from increased interest in the most noble of sports. R. C. H.

LOG OF THE SEMINOLE.

COM. DOUGLASS'S Nonpareil sharpie yacht Seminole, Capt. J. Pacetti, which left New York on the 22d ult., arrived at St. Augustine on the morning of the 19th inst., after a long and boisterous passage. Heavy weather on the 23d compelled her to put into Absecon Inlet, and in the run from Delaware Breakwater to Fortress Monroe, on the afternoon and night of the 27th, she encountered a severe northeast gale with snow, and experienced the heaviest sea of the whole trip. She logged her 350 miles of this run, with wind W. N. W., she made 8½ knots under jib and jigger alone. The little vessel, rating 20 tons, was ably handled by Capt. Pacetti, and though very wet decks and much spray came over, she behaved like a sea. From Norfolk she followed the inside passage to Ockrakoke Inlet, and thence, outside to Beaufort, N. C., where she arrived the 6th inst. Leaving Beaufort, 9th inst., with brief runs in variable weather, she was off Cape Fear on the 11th, and at 3:30 the morning of the 12th, sailed from there direct for Georgetown entrance, S. C., a run of 75 miles, at midway being 26 miles off the coast. This run was made under double reef, in a strong N. E. breeze, and Georgetown light was sighted at 2:30 A. M.

Unfavorable winds and fog detained her at Georgetown, and she left there on the 14th, making only twelve miles to North Santee. She put out on the 16th, at three P. M., and at four P. M. on the 17th went into Tybee. On the 18th, becalmed off the lightship, she made no headway till three P. M., when a light breeze sprung up, in the night reached St. Augustine bar at 8 A. M., on the 19th, having made the run of 136 miles from Tybee light, in seventeen hours. The appearance of the little vessel as she entered the harbor under full sail, with wind abeam, a fine E. E. breeze, was greeted in the unusual peculiarity and beauty of her rig, which is known as the "Roslyn yawl rig," exciting universal admiration. A crowd of friends upon the wharf huzzaed vigorously as she sailed swiftly by them and rounded to off her dock. The captain and crew were all in fine health and spirits, and their appearance was a great credit to their many friends. "The Seminole sustained no injury of any kind except the boom traveler, and proved herself a thorough seaboat, notwithstanding her light draft of twenty inches. Her builder, Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, N. Y., may well congratulate himself upon the achievements of this vessel. The Seminole is now in the Commodore's basin, fitting out for the exploration of the south coast of Florida.

She is a Nonpareil sharpie with a new rig, named by FOREST AND STREAM the "Roslyn yawl rig." Her length over all is 60ft. Extreme beam, 15ft. Depth of hull at main beam, 4ft. 6in. Draft of water in sailing trim, 18in. She has no keel, but inside, and running from stem to stern, a very heavy keelson. Her centerboard is 18ft. long, 6ft. deep and 3in. thick. She has a balance rudder, 6ft. of which is aft of rudder stock and 2ft. forward of same. She has two masts, viz: a mainmast 43ft. in length, and a driver-mast 37ft. She carries four standing sails, all triangular in shape, viz: jib, forestaysail, mainsail and driver. Her sails are so balanced with reference to her displacement that she can be readily steered and worked to windward without her rudder. Her main gaff is 25ft. in length, and projects about 15ft. above masthead when hoisted; main boom same length. Her driver-sail has a hoist of 35ft., and 18ft. foot. Her tonnage is 42¾ tons, carpenter's measurement, and 20.05 Custom House measurement. She was built by Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., New York, of oak, chestnut and Florida pine, with fastenings throughout of galvanized iron. Her tonnage is greater than that of any sharpie yacht ever built. Her cabin and staterooms are finished in hard wood, with ample accommodations for four, and with quarters forward for six men; is furnished with galvanized iron tanks to hold 130 gallons water; is rigged in the most thorough and substantial manner throughout, and is fitted with Gardner's patent steering apparatus.—*St. Augustine (Fla.) Press.*

DEATH OF CAPT. ROBERT FISH.

ONE of our most famous lights in yacht modeling was called to rest Wednesday morning, January 17, after a short illness incidental to old age. Capt. Robert Fish died at his residence in Dunrapo, N. J., in his seventieth year, after a long life devoted to the profession of yacht modeling and building, in which he achieved a brilliant success, redounding to his credit and the fame of his country. In early life he started as a boat builder along the river front, after serving apprenticeship with friends of lifeboat fame. He quickly won a reputation for speedy boats among the fleet of small fry, of which he turned out a large number. One of these, the cat-boat Una, was taken to England by Mr. Grinnell many years ago and gave such wonders abroad that she gave birth to the present class of Cowes Unas. This historic little boat figures in all yachting annals and exercised great influence upon the construction of sailboats throughout Europe generally. In later years Captain Fish turned his attention to larger craft, and garnered his largest laurels in the fast light-weather sloop Eva, built for the Lorillards, and in the sloops Annie, White Cap, and Vixen, built for the Livingston family of Staten Island, and in the Vision, built for the Messrs. Alexander. His crowning achievement was in the lipping and rebuilding of the schooner Sappho, and the victories over the British schooner Cambria he scored as her skipper. Captain Fish's forte lay, however, in smooth-water flyers. With the exception of the Sappho he failed to strike good form in his schooners. They were long, sharp and light for their displacement. As a consequence Challenge, Meteor, Wanderer, and Enchantress, all handsome to look at, proved fast down wind, but inferior with the boom trimmed in. As a citizen he has justly been held in high esteem for unswerving integrity and unassuming modesty. As a friend and the head of a family all who knew him mourn the loss of a generous, open-hearted nature—one bright star less in the yachting firmament, and no new light rising to fill the void.

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Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. N. P., Middletown, Conn.—The address is Worcester, Mass.

T. B. AND MANY OTHERS.—We cannot undertake to answer queries about horses, actresses or cards, nor to decide wagers. All such are outside the scope of this journal.

RIFLE, Sault Ste. Marie.—The reports of Government rifle tests are contained in the Annual Ordnance Reports, published by the War Department. Write to the Secretary of War.

X. X. X., Osage City.—1. What is the best illustrated work on birds at a moderate price ($5 or $6)? 2. Where is Holden? Ans. 1. We know of none at that price. 2. 387 Sixth avenue, New York.

J. V. S., Front street, City.—The close season in sale of quail will begin Feb. 1, and then be in order for yourself or some other interested party to procure the arrest of the hotel keeper if he serves the birds after that date.

IRON RAMROD, West Somerville, Mass.—For waterproofing boots, take a quarter of a pound of beef and mutton suet, a teaspoonful of lard, half a pint of linseed oil, a pint of turpentine, and one ounce each of Burgundy pitch, and a half ounce of turpentine. Melt up the suet, the lard, the pitch and the beeswax in a pot, stir in the oil, and when off the fire and cooling a little, put in the turpentine. If you want to be elegant, add a half box of blacking to give it a color. Warm the compound and paint the boots, uppers and soles. It makes a boot quite water-tight, and salt water cannot faze it.

C. P. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. For live quail for propagation apply to Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York City. 2. The mode of liberating, published in our issue of Nov. 16 last, is this: The birds are put into cardboard boxes, a pair in each box, and taken at night to the designated place. Here the boxes are put down on the ground in the dark, being open at one end. Some food is spread about them and they are left. The birds remain quietly in the boxes all night. In the morning they come out, feed, and by nightfall they are scattered, and they begin to feed. At night they come back to the boxes for shelter. In this way they become accustomed to the locality and remain there.

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The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that Frank Frayne should go to Niagara Falls, and shoot the rapids.

Some Wyoming "cowboys" are to have made by the Colts two revolvers costing $800 each.

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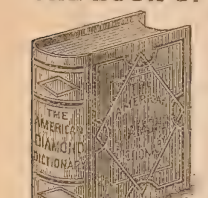
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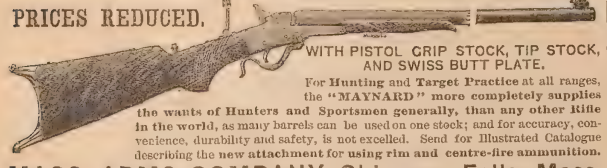
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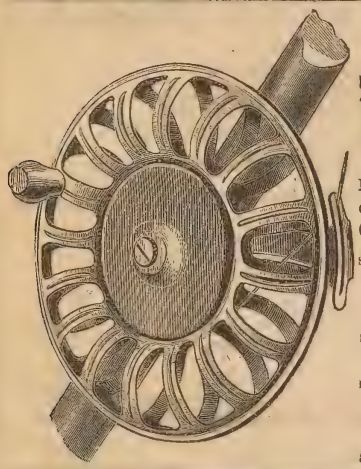
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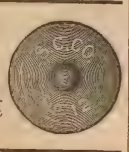
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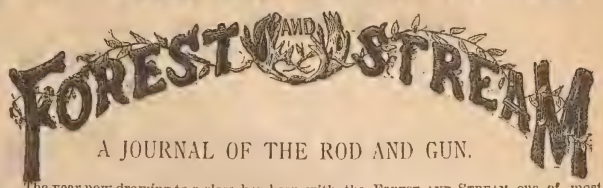
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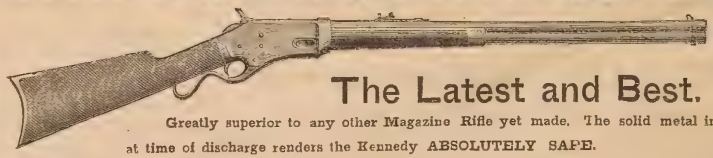
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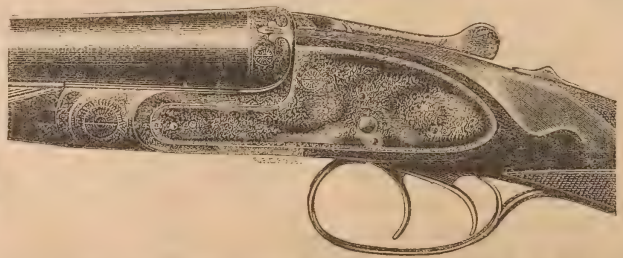
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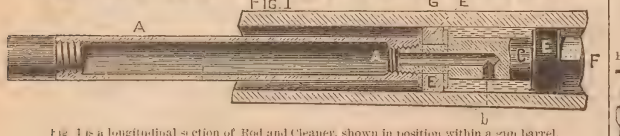
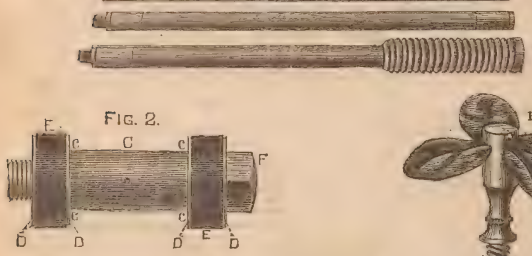


Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of Rod and Cleaner, shown in position within a gun barrel.



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